



## 60 REFLECTIONS OF DAILY PHILOSOPHY TO GET BY

RAQUEL CONTO ANTELO



# 60 Reflections of daily philosophy to get by

*This is a collection of sixty short stories with art-work from year 2013 to 2015.*

*The title is a small tribute to Atlántida Pereira, because she always says there is something of philosophy in my short stories; and to Rober Bodegas for his wonderful monologue about yogurts and the fake LCCasei.*

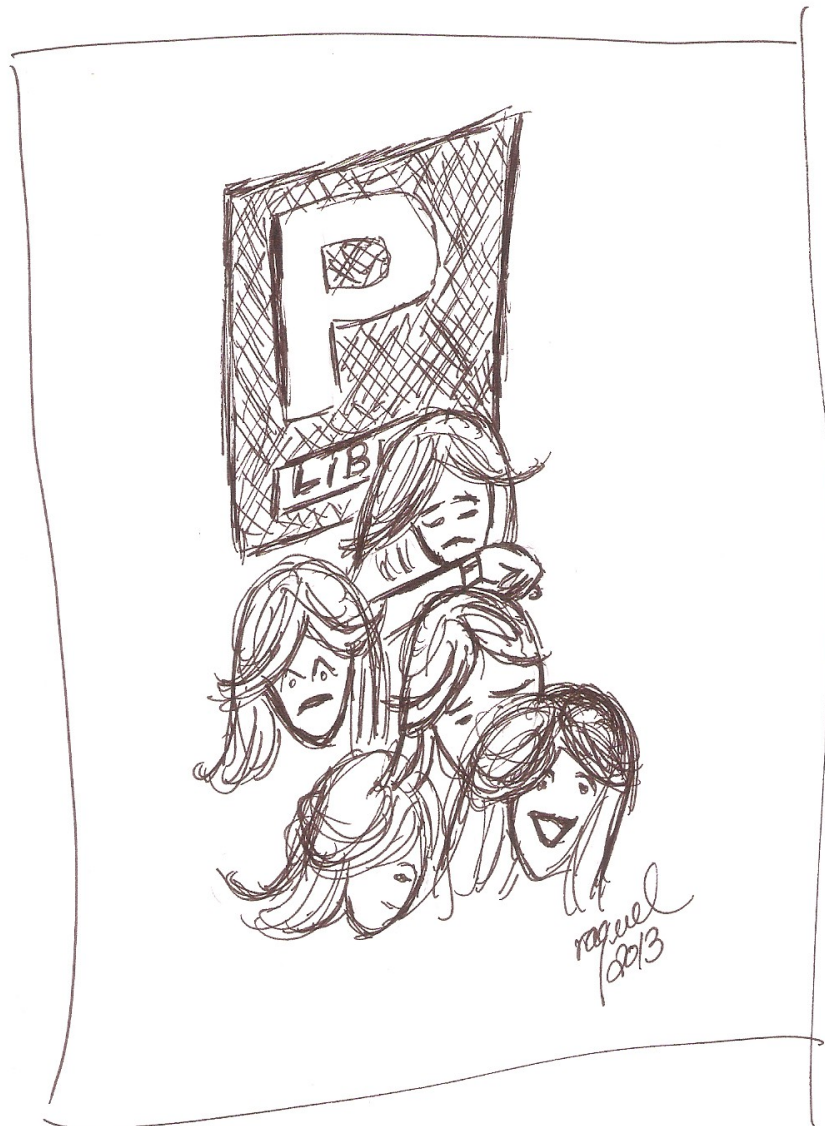




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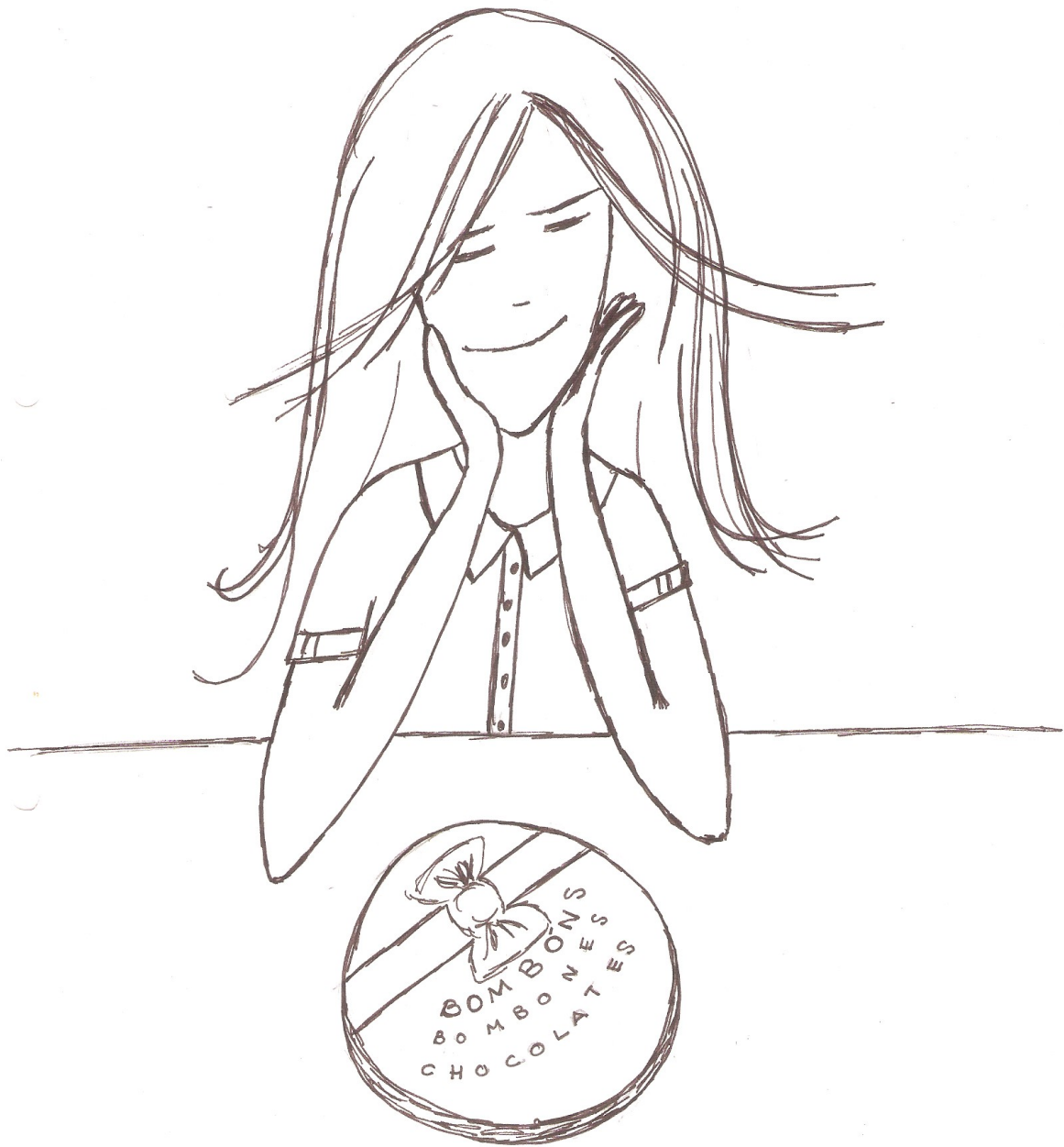
### **Parking was the real deal**

Arrive, I actually arrived almost two hours early, but parking was the real deal. Green line, blue line, yellow line. And what if I left it there in the middle of the street? Turn right, one-direction. Half an hour. Loading and unloading, full, keep clear, full, car park. Car park? Fifteen minutes. Car park, what else? Fast up the street, in a hurry down the street. Lost. Five minutes. Taxi! Elevator. Two minutes. On time. Relief.

- Please, accept our apologies, we are a bit behind. Take a sit, please.

I sat down, I kept the change the taxi driver gave me. And the parking ticket? Heartache. Easy, I left it in the car! Relief. How many underground car parks would there be?

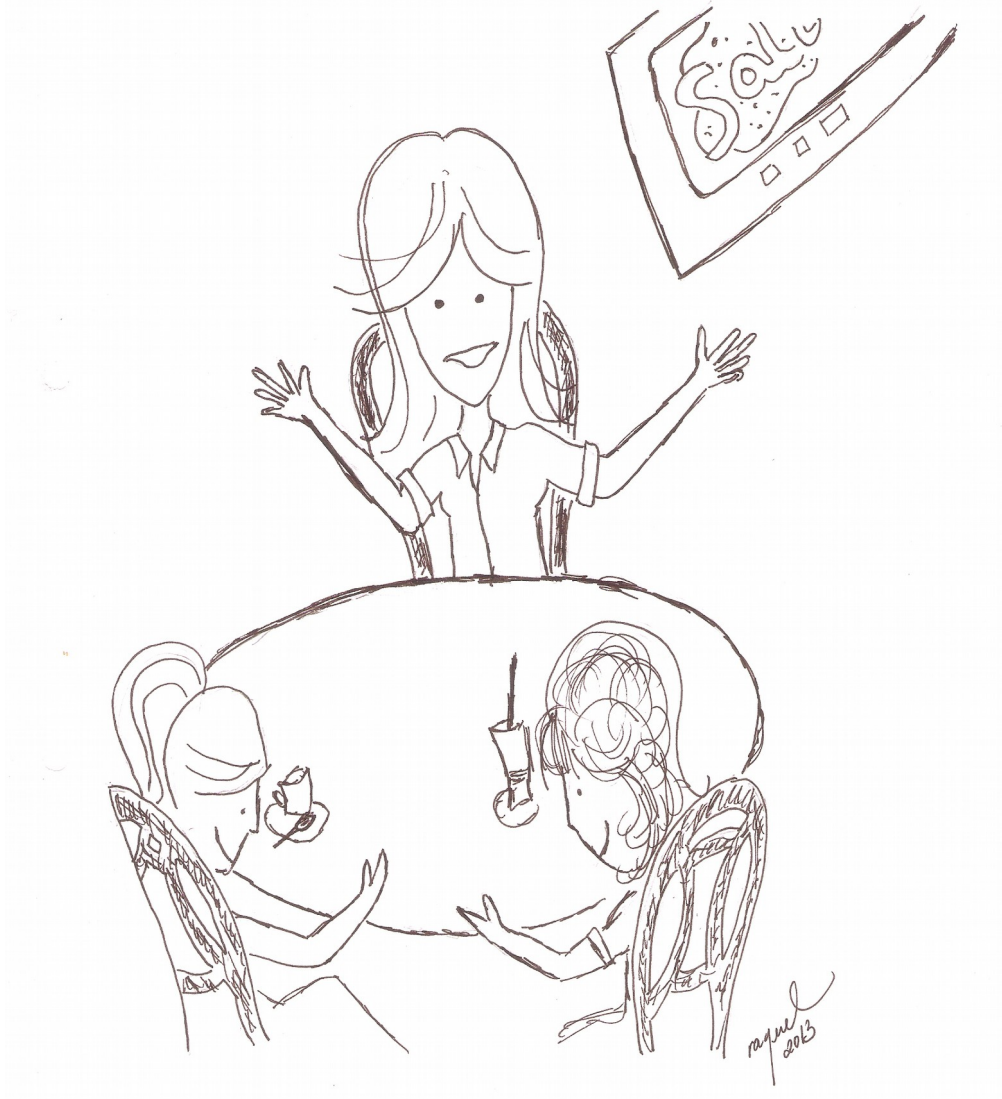
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### **Inevitable**

You cannot fight the inevitable, agent Smith says so, but I try. You can easily notice it, not because of my temper; I have a temper, sometimes bad, sometimes good. But because of that homesickness face in front of the telly or because of those stuck eyes when passing by. Don't think, it's the best you can do. But thinking is inevitable. Just a quick glance, just that, just to stop the thinking. Liar, just to get closer. Don't! Don't let the scent reach you! Too late. Only one. Two, because one is not enough. The box is empty... it was inevitable.

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**Save me!**

- I have to stop watching Sálvame! - She sat down in a hurry.

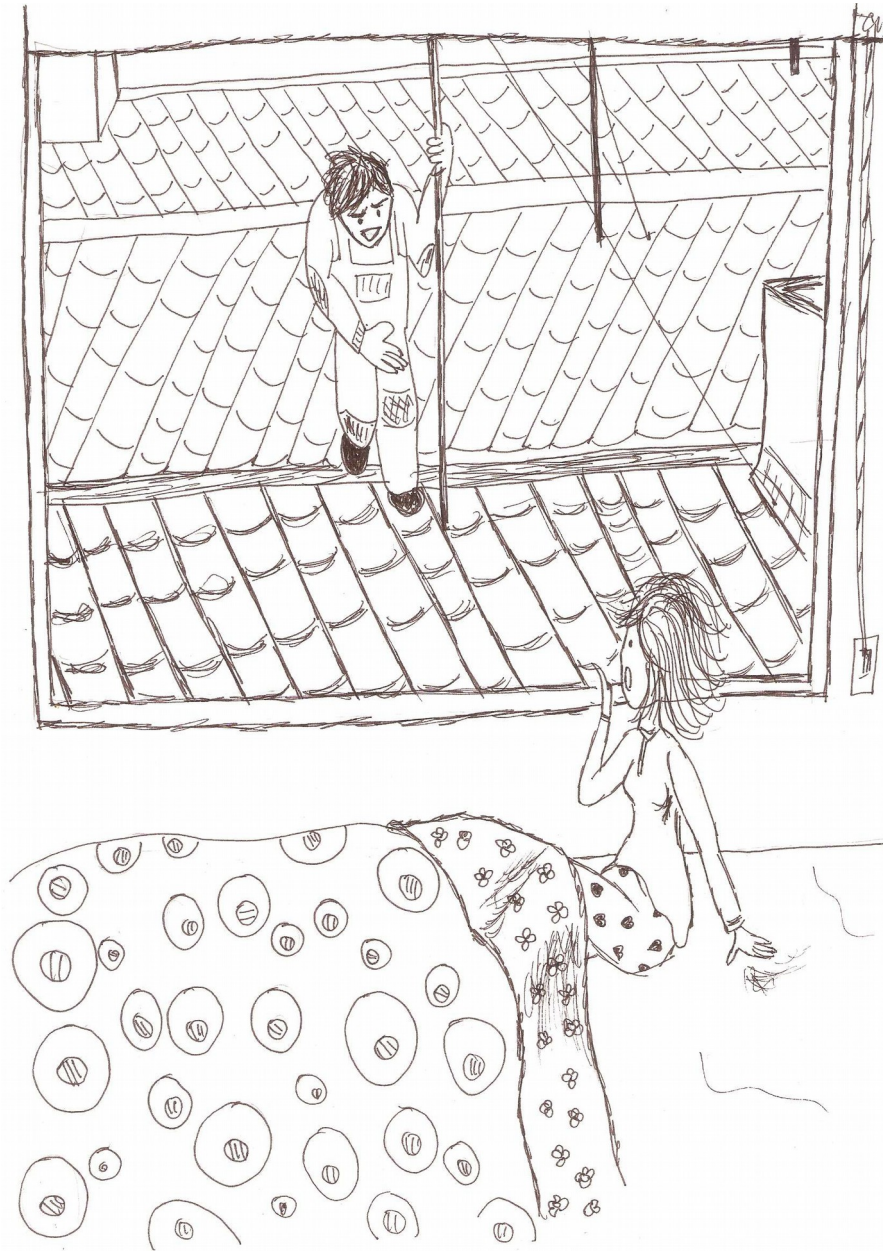
"But she says she never watches it, maybe for a microsecond if, by chance, she messes up with the remote" her friends said in low.

- I dreamt about Jorge Javier telling Kiko Hernández to sing me "Gavilán o paloma", it's his best singing - They looked at each other - but we had to dramatize it. I, lying on the couch like sleeping. He, singing softly caressing me like being in love. And he fell in love! And then I woke up! And the worse is that I woke up happy!

"It serves her right, she shouldn't criticize us" her friends laughed in low.

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### **A man on the roof**

The best of living on the fifth floor is having no building in the view. The best of the carpet of roofs is the bohemian and dreamy ambiance of the sweeps singing the chimneys harmonious melodies of your bedroom. The best of not having to lower the blinds or to need curtains is the day waking you up kindly ten minutes before the alarm clock. The best, is that feeling of freedom of sleeping outdoors and, even though, being safe.

- Manolo! Pass me the pliers! - The worst, is not knowing when they come to check the aerial.

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### **The night rate**

Here, the winter is long, six or seven months of long winter. In winter, the night falls at seven, at six or at five and, of course, the night rate doesn't start until ten. Four hours of walking in the dark are quite a lot of hours and Mother Nature is wise; the body gets used, of course. At first I didn't notice the advantages, sure walking around without bumping into something came in handy. Then, when I had to slip from an uncomfortable bed I began to see it clear, my sight had gotten used, of course. And then the bill arrived and I thought of it... it's their fault, of course.

*I freaked out when I saw that George Clooney's canvas covering a building at Lugo Square.*



### Innovation

The unexpected, the obstacles, the little surprises are the true driving force of the innovation. The plasters for the blisters, the essential compact tissues, a hair clip and a mirror, the shopping bag, the keys and the purse, the sewing box, the sweets and the teeth brush make up a precise jigsaw, almost a work of engineering, a small, light and, of course, elegant bag. Now, I'm thinking about a folding stool, because not always I can find a place to sit down when I'm impressed.

*At Santander they insinuated that they didn't want to be my bank any more because my incomes were below the minimum wage... I changed my bank, of course.*





### Automatic

- What did happen?
- He let out they charge a 4% commission, with a minimum of 3,95 euros for each transfer. I got shocked; they hadn't done it before.
- And, what did he say?
- That it was automatic, as my unemployment benefit is lower than the minimum wage... I asked if they were going to charge me for everything.
- And what did he answer?
- That it was automatic, 14 euros for the maintenance, 78 for the credit card... I demanded he closed my account! He told me about the mortgage, if I didn't pay I would be evicted, that it was automatic.
- And then, what did you do?
- I put the lottery ticket on the table... he burst into tears, it was automatic.

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### **The Cirque du Soleil**

I chose the tickets carefully, bought them and hid them just to make it more exciting. I worked out the time to park near and without too much waiting. I anticipated the coldest beer and the fresh popcorn. I heard again and again the account of the performance I saw right next to you. I listened to you praising the acrobatics, the music and the comedians. I put up with the change of our expensive painting for the grotty picture of the show's poster and you jumping along the corridor, but if we have to buy new curtains you'll get what for!

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### **Double-parking**

Things I hate: people that let their dogs off the leash in public spaces and, especially, those who don't pick up their "things". People that don't recycle, the ones that take the rubbish out at the wrong hours and, especially, those who shake their tablecloths out of the window. People that go through the red light, or six lanes across and, especially, when they are in a hurry to school with their children. People double-parking and, especially, those that stop to chatter with them taking up the whole lane when there is nowhere else to go.

- Lady, that's no excuse.

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### **Fever**

The worst of winter is not the rain, or the hail, or even the storms; the worst of the winter is the fever, not the cold, or the flu, or the pneumonia. The fever. Maybe it's because of the rain, the hail or the storms; but in winter I have a fever, always, without exception. And I have to face the consequences, headache, muscle heaviness, or the tiredness. I take advantage of the autumn to get ready, I work out, hoard supplies and sharpen the needles. And, at last, it comes... knitting non stop, it's a fever.

*The Ágora Centre's door weighs a ton,  
especially if the wind blows head on.*

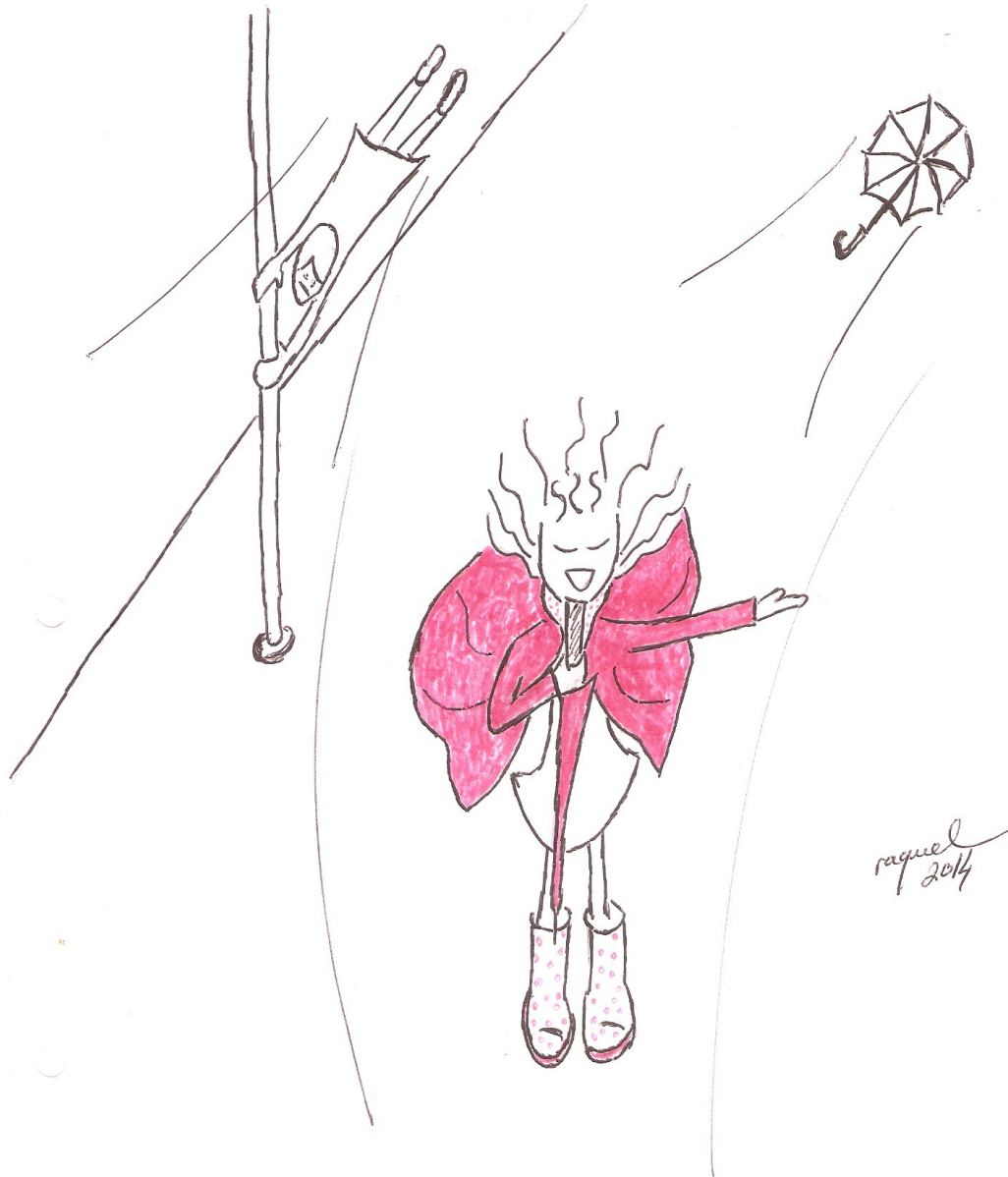


### The perfect exercise

Ten kilometres every day, Pilates, Cardio-merengue, Spinning, Kick-boxing, Jogging... The shape-up trousers, the technical t-shirt, the special socks, and the trainers with inner tube. The carbohydrates, the proteins, the calcium, the fibre and the five portions of fruit a day. So much effort, so much discipline, so much sacrifice and the mirror telling me it wasn't enough, I had to try harder. I was about to quit, to throw in the towel, to give it up; I almost thought it wasn't worth it. And, suddenly, out of the blue, I found the perfect exercise.

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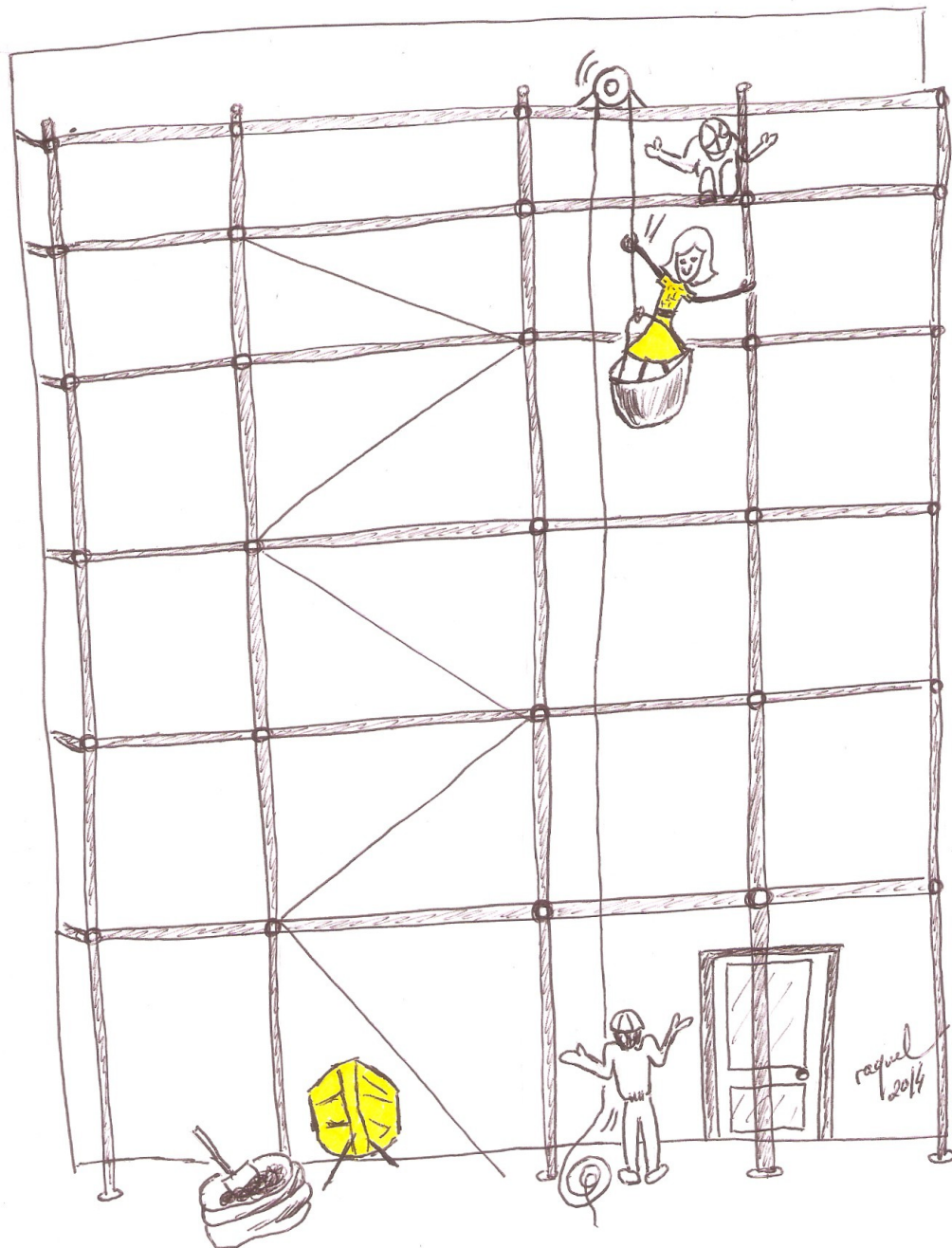




### Star

I dreamt of being a star. A sports star, when I got tickets for the finals. A film star, when the main actress drew from the audience some tears followed by applause. A fashion star, when the news-reader presented the swimming costume fashion show. A rock star... won't lie, I always wanted to be a rock star. Of course sports are tiring, scripts had a lot to study and for fashion I had the wrong centimetres, I mean, I had the centimetres on the wrong places. But maturity and time defeated all these fantasies, well, maybe not all.

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### Five stages

**Denial.** Home improvements are necessary, essential, it's well-known, an universal truth. **Anger.** The house is full of junk, trash, full of people and noise. **Bargaining.** They are nuisance, but once they are over one is satisfied with the result. **Depression.** So they say, it's hard to imagine with so much delays, because there are always delays, for no apparent reason, but there are always delays. **Acceptance.** Maybe it's because they last so much, they do, that one gets used to them, not as far as acceptance, just used. And, in the middle of that getting used, one ends up seeing their point.

*The pancakes, that big source of happiness...*

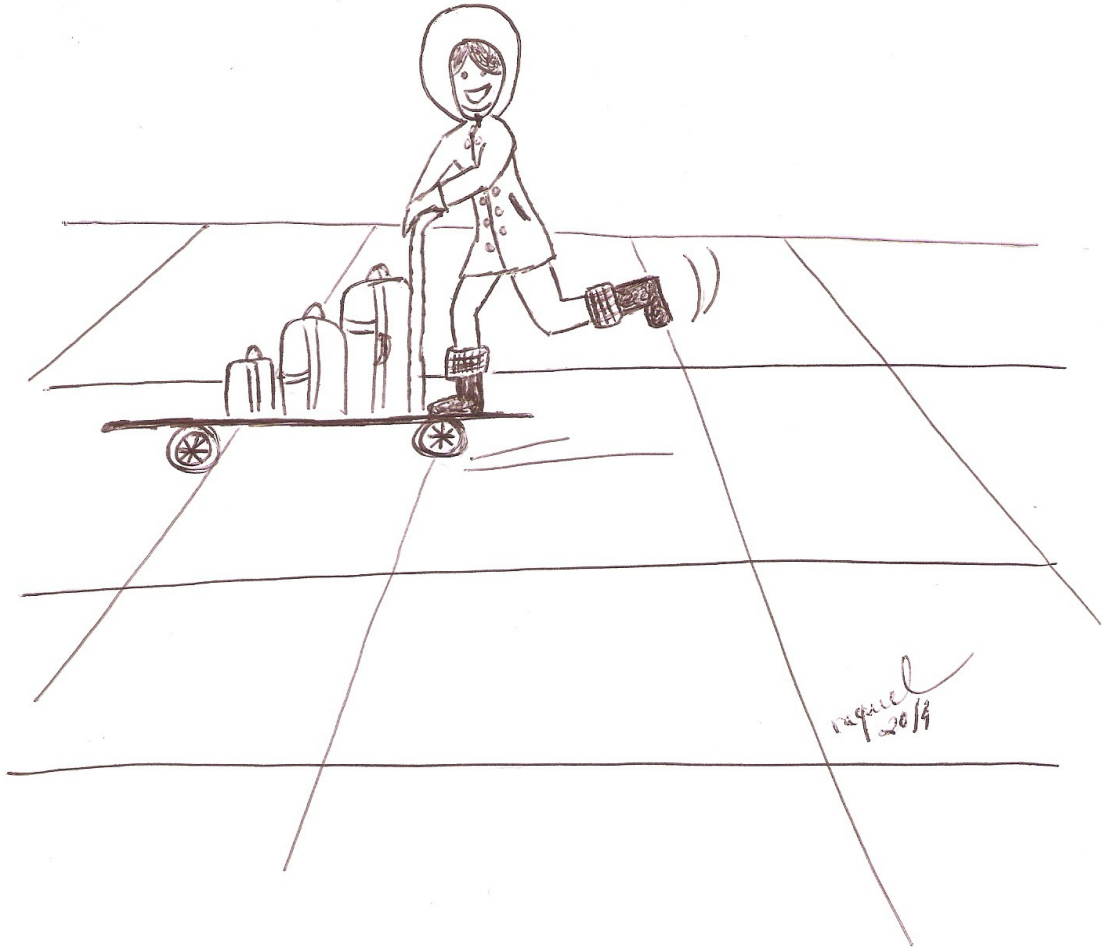


### **The formula of happiness**

The Oxford Dictionary of English defines happiness as the condition of full satisfaction. Making up the formula that let us reach that condition in the right moment might be difficult; we are beings capable of obtain a real happiness from a placebo, but incapable of putting a brake on that threshold of desire that always wants to go further on. And yet, the formula of happiness is so simple... water, flour, eggs, milk, salt and, perhaps a little honey, just in case the threshold didn't stop on time.

*There is a before and an after since that day  
Ana gave that Muscovites of Rialto...*

M	S	K	M	O	S	C	O	V	A			0	9	:	3	5
P	R	S	P	A	R	I	S					1	0	:	1	5
L	N	D	L	O	N	D	R	E	S			1	1	:	2	0
L	S	B	L	I	S	B	O	A				1	1	:	4	5
R	O	M	R	O	M	A						1	2	:	2	0



### Muscovites

They say the waits at the airport are the worst of travelling; although I am much of entertaining myself with simple things, especially when two essential elements of fun such as some good bearings and a polished floor meet. Packaging the luggage isn't an easy task either; in the beginning I thought the best remedy for the "just in case" were the small suitcases, of course if you have several small suitcases it isn't too much effective. But, at the end, so much effort has it reward, because if the Muscovites from Oviedo are that good, how good wouldn't the Muscovites from the very Moscow be?

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### **Disturbing**

- You have to see it! You have to see it! - My friends insisted.

It was the highest budgeted movie and the biggest box-office hit just in its first week. The critics supported it unanimously from the very preview. The most expensive actor, the best paid actress. Shot in real sets, with thousands of extras and incredible special effects that seemed a work of God itself.

- The thriller became art in the best sewn up script ever - the biggest expert among the experts in the most specialized TV show sold - In one word: "disturbing".

Disturbing? Disturbing is an old man sat down asleep on a bench at the park.

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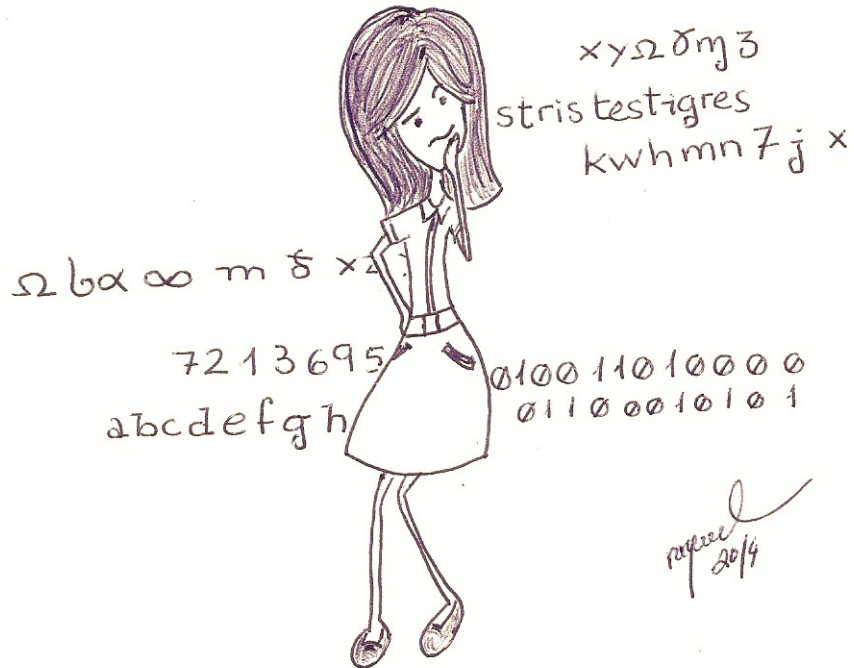
*Drawing a perfect route up you can  
make the most of the public places...*



### **The Great Urban Spa**

I'm gorgeous, it's true. It's not lack of modesty, just obvious. Hundreds of thousands of people stop me in the street to ask me for the secret, and the only explanation is that I'm a member of the exclusive Great Urban Spa. They offer, every day, a made to measure circuit, starting with a refreshing bath in Riazor Beach, followed by a feet massage at Orzán Beach, warmed up with a thalassotherapy session at the promenade; then, one dry sauna in Mango at the Obelisco and, finally, aromatherapy at Lugo Square Stradivarius... but I'm just telling you it's not within everybody's reach.

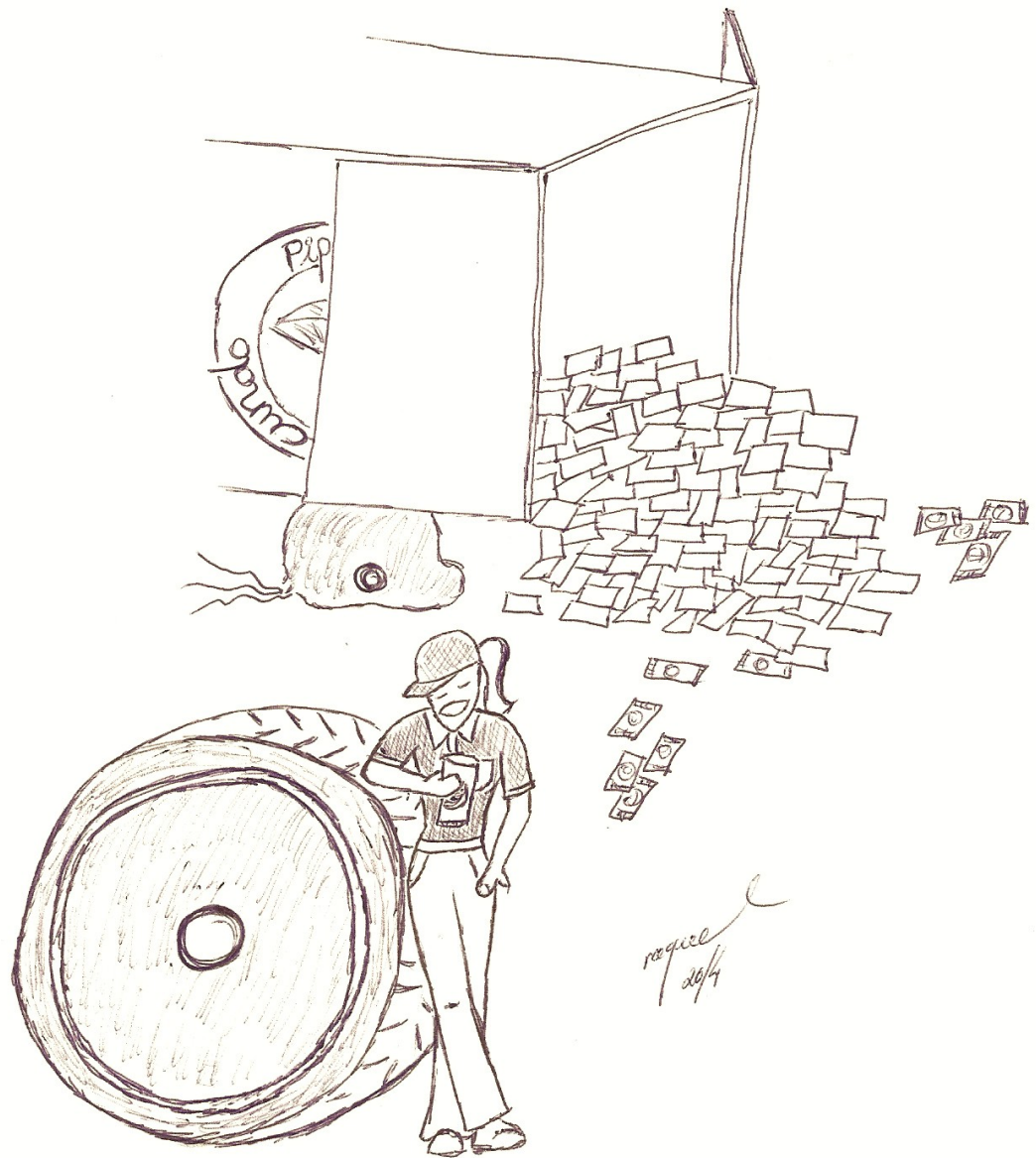
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### The key

They say security is the most important and I use to take the recommendations very seriously. All my devices, the applications, the social networks, the e-mails, the bank accounts, have their security keys, of those that mix numbers and letters, capitals and smalls; and the most delicate, those, those contain some special character too. But the important the good keys are, the more it is to protect them well, that's why I developed an infallible protection system, a hieroglyph only decipherable with an unique sequence of deductions, with a mental map... now I only have to remember which one.

*On my way to Cabana de Bergantiños  
I passed a big truck of Pipas Facundo,  
I was about to chase it...*

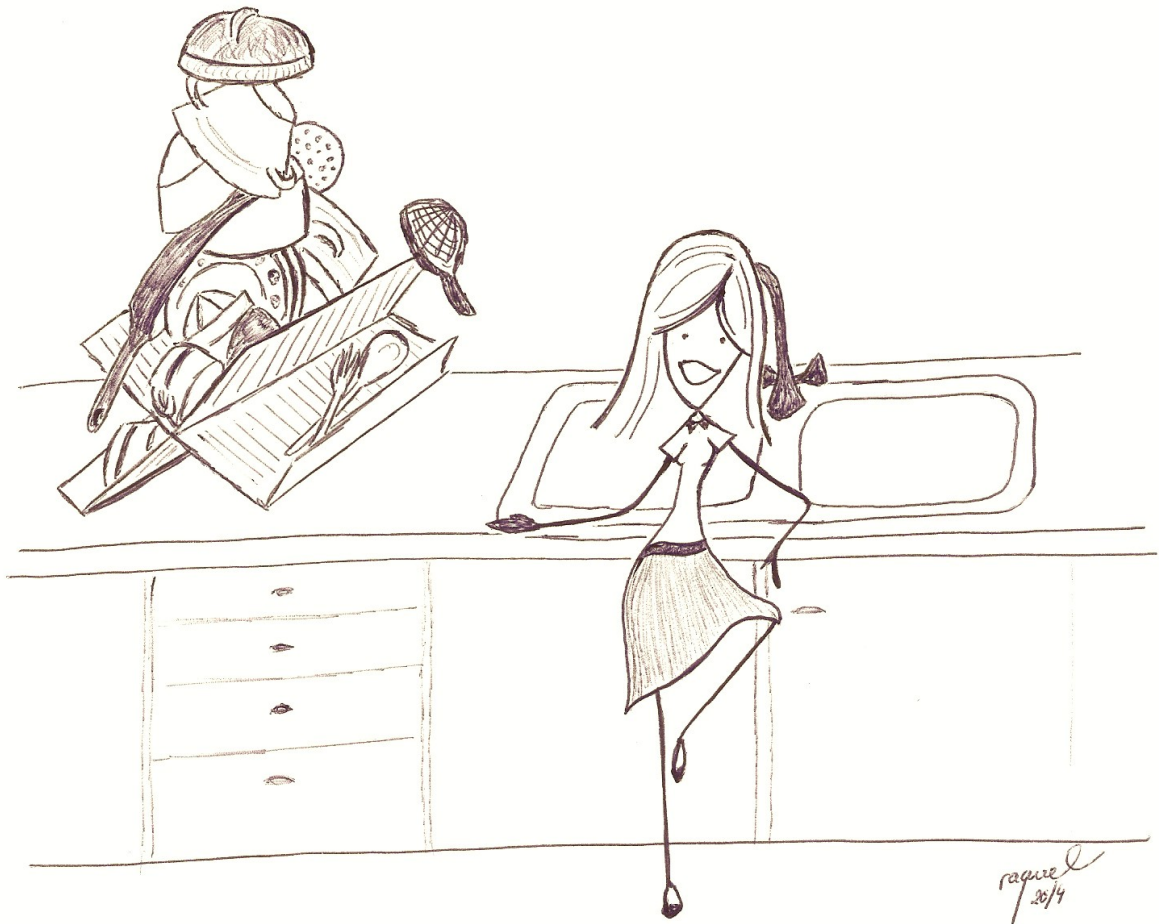


### Small problems

All the working days start the same way: yawning at 7:30. It's more difficult, however, to know how they end; sometimes you are early and you have to wait for them to open; sometimes you are late and you have to wait for them to open. And if you arrive in the noon you have to wait for the break to end, because at noon all the newsstands are close to a school. It also can be a traffic jam, roadworks or the parade of the potato's day and, the fewest times, a puncture. But the truth is that these small problems are the best of my job.

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### **Delicate balance**

Balance, that delicate something so hard to reach, almost impossible to keep. Trying to build a magnificent tower with the important, believing, wanting to believe the base is shaped up with the biggest things, laying the foundations of a solid, eternal pyramid; and, as the building grows, the memory remembers the small details. A quick remedy would be leaning them against the most consolidated structure, sprouting fragile branches, innocent light satellites that snatch its figure. It does not work all the time; sometimes it falls down to the ground; sometimes, even, trembling, even tempting that delicate balance, it withstands.

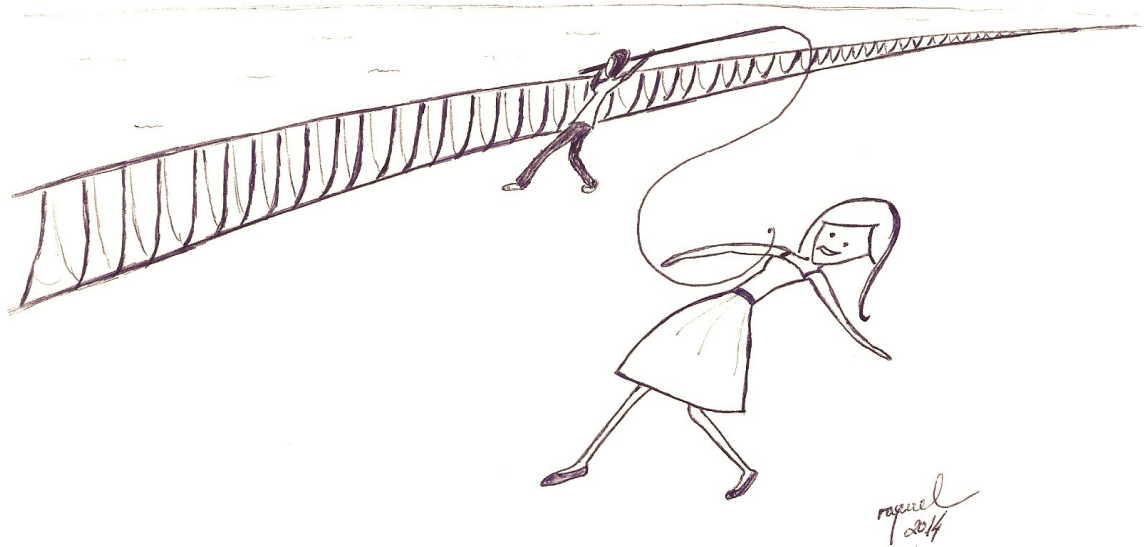
*Every time the water supply breaks down  
and it is very common,  
EMALCSA delivers a brown water...  
drinkable, they say.*



### **Lucky breaks**

I must admit Sundays I don't go out I don't shower, but it isn't that important. Then, seeing the water darken that way, I believed I was fading, but my skin wasn't getting thin. I thought, too, that I was at the beginning of one of the Castle's episodes about to shout hysterically because I had found the corpse of the rice casserole. And, at last, I got it, it was one of those lucky breaks when the water company, with no notice to increase the satisfaction with the surprise, supplies clay baths. At the same price and at home! The hair remains a bit stiff, but the skin remains kind of soft.

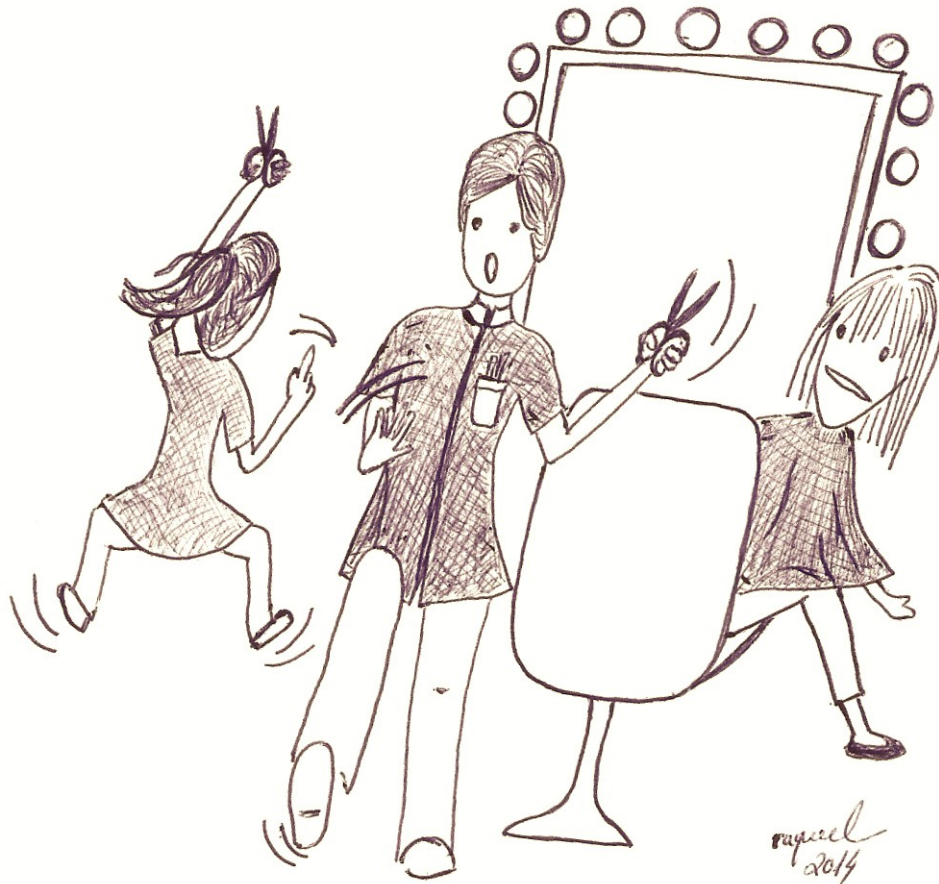
*People fishing at the promenade  
draws an idyllic picture,  
but they test our reflexes  
when they get excited casting their lines...*



### Reflexes

It's not that I'm not worried about getting old. I always say I don't come to terms with my age, but the truth is that I don't know how to be my age. I improvise. I don't mind about grey hair, seriously, I grew up with sci-fi movies where only the grey-haired were in charge, and I saw things in those movies become real. I don't take that well the rheumatism sharp pains, I make weird faces and, sometimes, people get scared. And yes, I have some kind of wisdom of that experience brings, but it's so nice to find out reflexes still work.

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### **The art of talking**

You may say that talking is an art. The art of talking! Although if it really is, it's one of those you have to handle with care, like the art of war. I'm not a master, maybe I never get to promote from follow the rules to set them. Maybe. I walk on the safe side of that thin red line that separates the kind from the effusive, the friendly from the excessive, the natural from the cheeky, the appropriate from the inappropriate. It's the good sense the experience brings, that experience that tells you to run away if good sense didn't arrive on time.

*Juan Flórez Cortefiel's shop-window flattens  
and it makes so hard to  
cat-walk glamorously along the pedestrian crossing.*





### Window-shopping

The best of window-shopping is standing there in front of a pair of fantastic shoes and see myself cat-walking lit up with the most professional flashes. Or in front of a gorgeous dress imagining myself dancing a waltz, yes, it has to be a waltz, it's a full dress and I have to sport it, in a ballroom with marble flooring, white and shiny, not slippery, with golden joints and an emblem in the middle. Some shop-windows are hard, too little room or too many people, but, some times, the effort is worthwhile. And the worst, those with terrible panes... I do not stop in front of those.

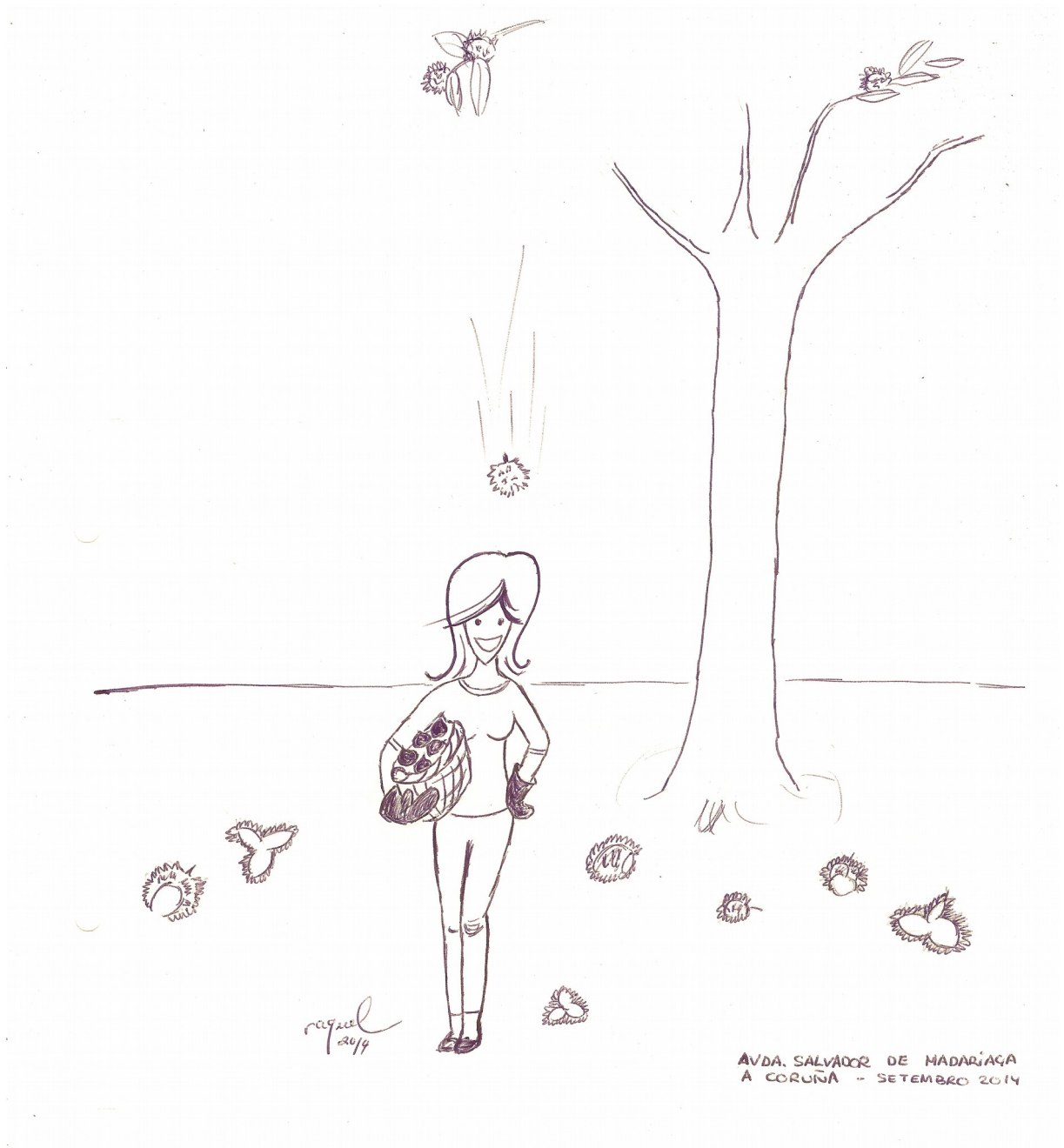
*You have to go to the beach,  
the sun,  
if it wants,  
will come too...*



### **My obligation**

I am a responsible person. Not responsible of those of "I want to talk to the responsible!", not even of those of "who is the responsible for this mess?" No. I am a responsible person of those who know their duties and act accordingly. Of those. I, as the responsible person I am, always fulfil my obligation; the rest usually does it too, I am not going to say the contrary. Sometimes, of course, they don't, but I keep being true to my condition and, sooner or later, they end up giving in to my persistence...

*In Setember the Salvador de Madariaga Av. chestnut trees,  
they let fall the ripe chestnuts...  
some of them still with the hedge on...*



### Opportunities

You have to take the opportunities, no doubts, no questions, no remorse, no mercy. It's easy, recognizing them is easy, how wouldn't it be if we have been waiting for them for so long? Daring is harder, taking the plunge, getting over the fears, the shame... that is hard. But you have to step in, you have to jump over the edge. And, once done, that feeling of complete satisfaction, of fulfilled duty, of inner peace. Always? Always. Even if you may have a bad smash? Even if you may have a bad smash.

*When it's raining, cars are so inconsiderate that,  
sometimes, it feels like taking advantage of it to shower.*

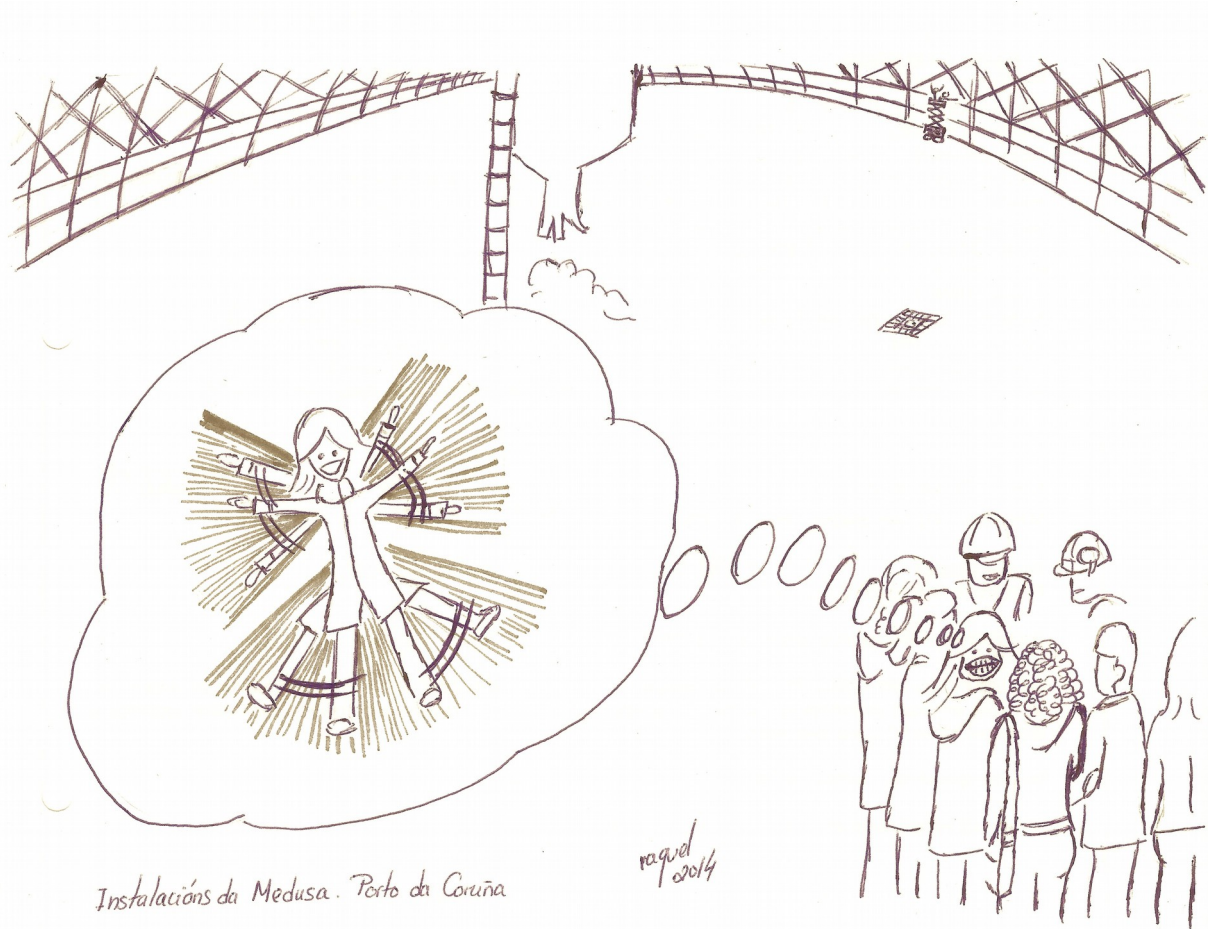


### Profit

It's going to rain, of course it's going to rain. Complaining is a waste of time. But, how wouldn't you complain if the worst thing of the rain is that it rains water? And water gets you wet! Maybe if it rained silver glitter, or marshmallows, or hot guys like in the song it would be easier. But water so tiring... of course you can make some profit out of it...

*The day we visit the Medusa premises at the A Coruña Port with the International Trade course, instead of listening to the explanations I kept busy imagining how it would be to roll down that immensity of coal.*





### Little black angels

I went in just out of curiosity, out of unconsciousness if you will, fascinated. I used to see it from the outside, I had never dreamt about seeing it from the inside. At a time, it lost mystery, it gained majesty. I walked on a coal floor up to a hole, a terrifying funnel with well sharpened blades. I looked at the sky, another terrifying funnel under a star of light. I felt like in a Moriarty's trap, I almost saw an invisible hand slamming the exit door. And, for a moment, a thousandth, I felt myself incapable of controlling the irrepressible temptation of lying down on the ground of that artificial immensity and drawing little black angels.

*San Ramón Stationer's in Carballo  
is one of those that smell of stationer's.*



### **Perversion**

Out of the blue, a taste in the roof of the mouth, the first notes of a song in the ear, an image in the retina, a scent in the nose makes a spring in the memory jump and, suddenly, a shiver of happiness goes down to the spine. And maybe it is a corruption of the sensations, an embezzlement of the stimuli, a perversion of the memory if you will but, sometimes, I look for that taste, those first notes, that image, that scent on purpose.

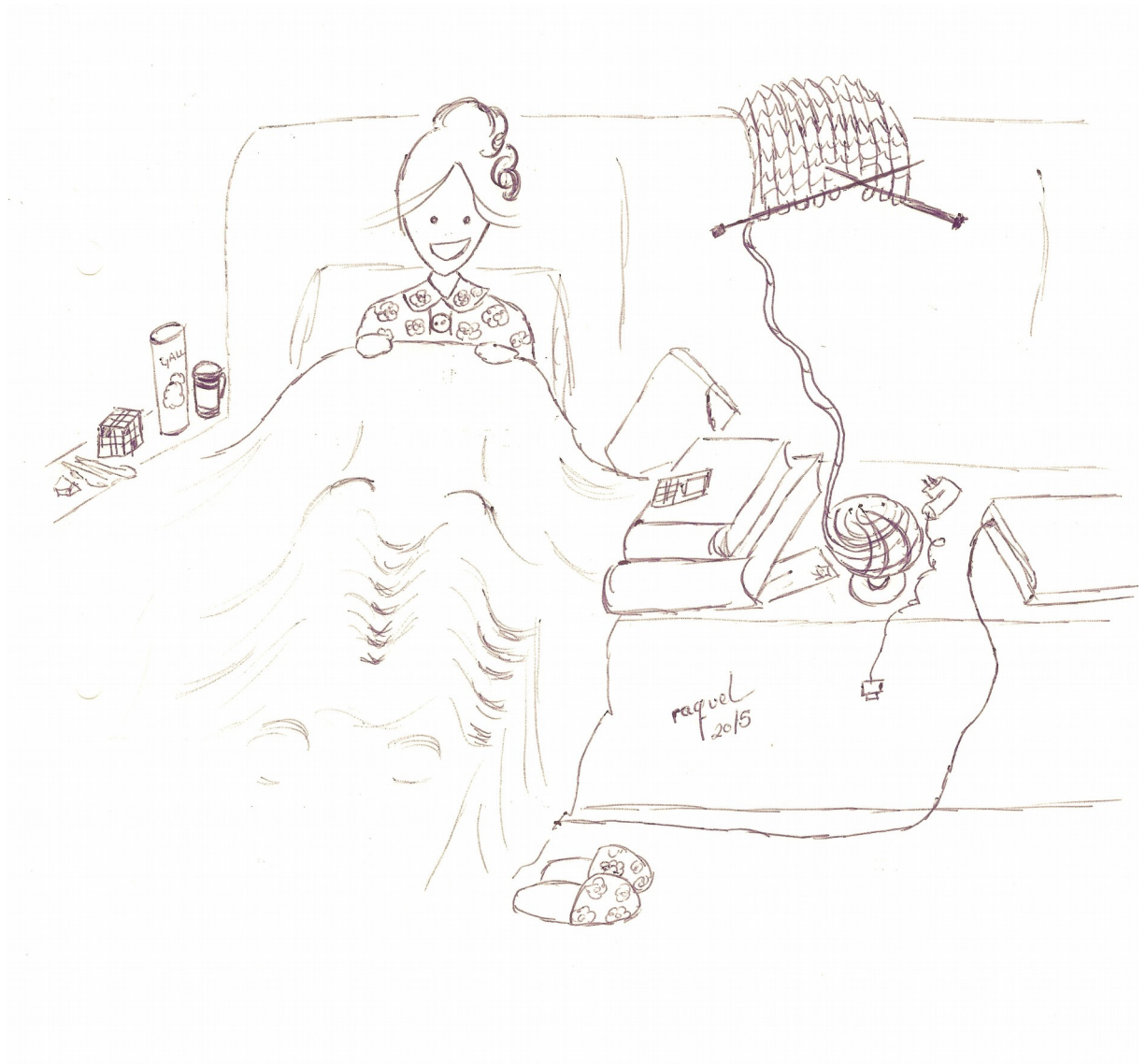
*I hope all the pips I swallowed when I  
ate mandarins don't grow.*



### **Life**

Life, according to the dictionary, a collection of biological phenomena; but if the definition were that easy we would not think it over and over again. Will it make sense in the end? I wish I knew... or better, I wish I didn't need to know. Which is the difference between that inert something and this latent something of a microsecond before? How does life suddenly spring up from a dry seed? Who puts the spell on those biological phenomena? No. Seriously. Who?

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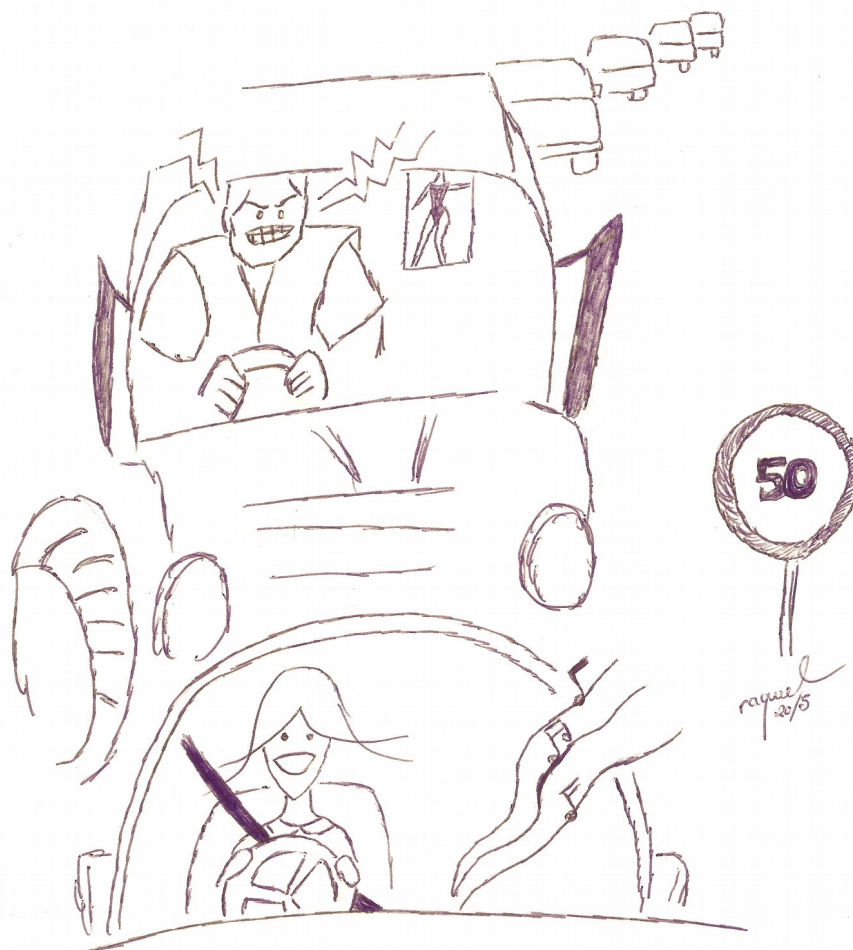


### **My world**

My world is the foam mattress that absorbs the strokes, the bubble of happiness that encourages the dreams, the protective universe that looks after the soul. The frame of the picture that portrays my existence: in the foreground the most important, the less important in the background. It is the shed you do not want to leave if the sun burns, the island you want to arrive at if there is a storm. My world, that much and, at the same time, that little.

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### Easy

Yes, I confess, sometimes I take things easy. It is my character, I cannot help it. I like enjoying the little moments: squeezing oranges by hand and sitting down to drink the juice; looking the clouds evolve until they cover it all and, then, how the sun clears the sky; brushing the shoes until they shine like new; listening to my favourite song on and on, not learning it of course. I mean, I only take easy things that must be taken easy, in my opinion, of course, which not always is the same as the rest's, well, almost never.

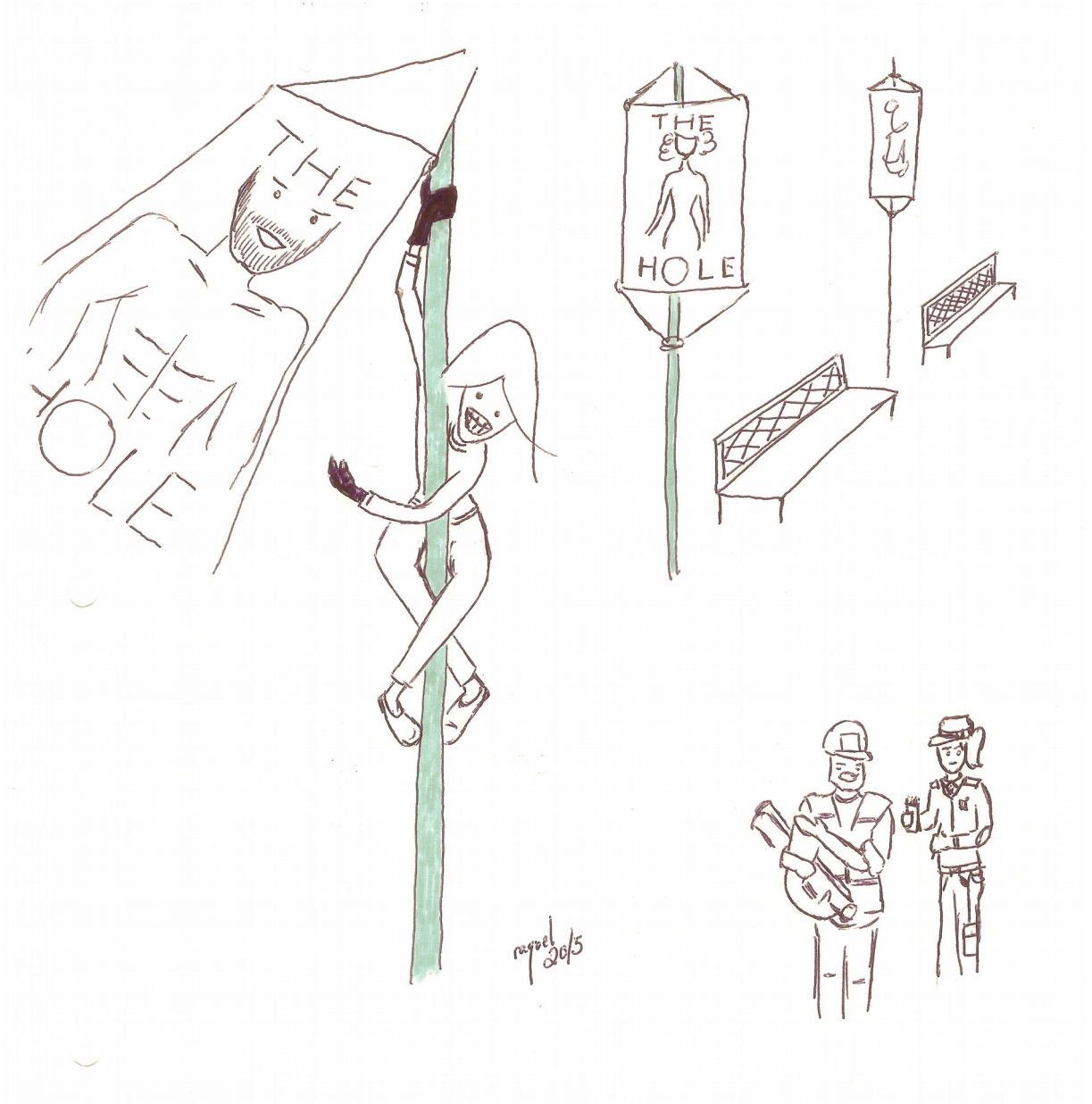
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### **Empathy**

One of the most difficult about job-seeking is facing that awkward question of indefinite answer you can easily fail. Or that opening paragraph of the covering letter where the definition of yours has to look objective enough not to be self-praise, but not that much it seems you do not know about yourself. And, years of trial and error gave birth to the "word", the one that condenses the virtues of the perfect employee, the ideal job-partner, the candidate every company is searching: EMPATHY. And I am not lying. I have a great ability to share other's feelings... or whatever.

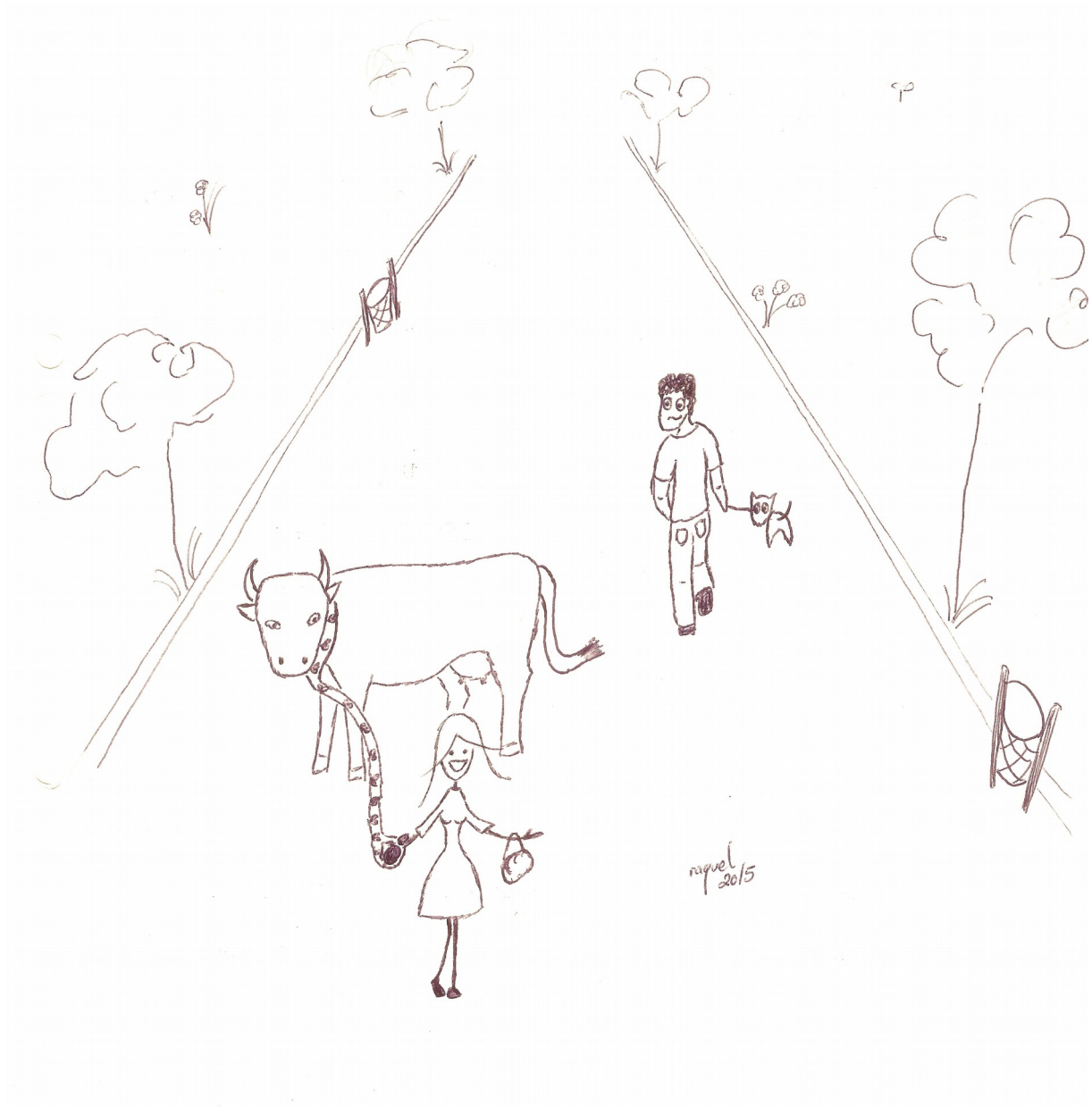
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### Something special

Even trying hard I cannot get to understand that something special that brings, at a time, admiration and envy. Admiration, for the recognition of the out of the ordinary. Envy, for the privation of that distinction. The inferiority complex self-caused, the poverty of the normal that turns us into mean human beings capable of anything just for getting closer, if only a bit, to that grandeur.

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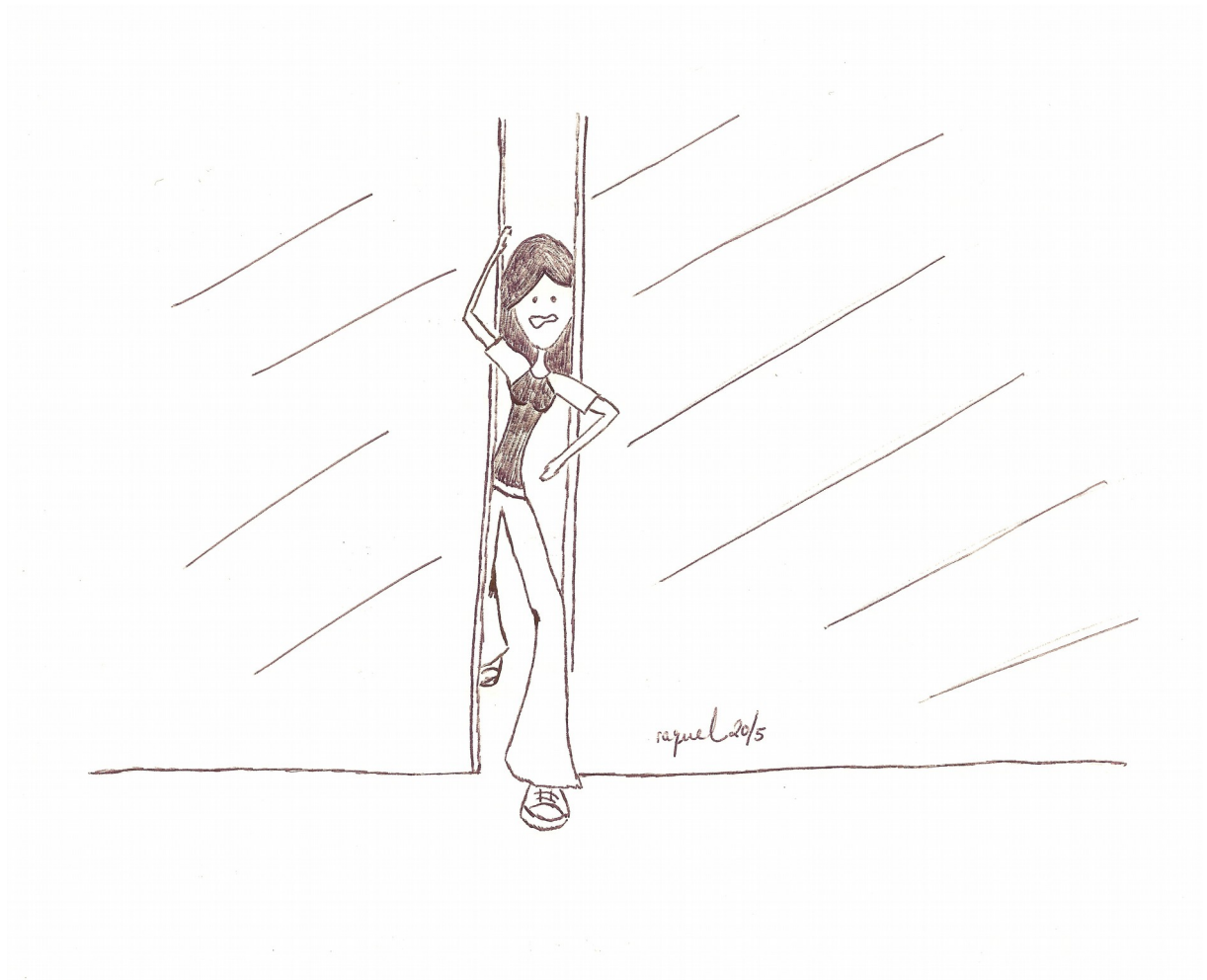


### Haughtiness

Maybe haughtiness is one of my weak points, I am not even taking the trouble to deny it, or bother to be ashamed. Yes, I was of criticizing people with pets, of making fun of the jewelled collars, of deriding the designer clothes. Yes, I was of not appreciating the amusement, the company, the love they provide. And yes, they say haughtiness comes with a price; and yes again, I am paying for that; but I do not do chintzy; I, when I do things, I do them in style.

*I often have to make gestures  
to make automatic doors open,  
I am beginning to believe I am invisible.*





### **Superpower**

Invisibility is a superpower like any other. Probably it is more attractive for those with a different one or none; we wish for what we don't have if we don't learn to love it, they say. And, for those who have it, until they learn to love it, far from a superpower it looks like a burden: with a great power comes a great responsibility. No wonder it has advantages: sneaking in the movies, insult the mayor in his very face, tickling the riot policeman's nape while he is tacking a comrade of mine... but being invisible not always means being ignored.

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### Delegate

A leader has the obligation of detecting talent and assigning the functions that help this talent raise to the maximum power. She also must trust and delegate pieces of her power to show that trust. This way, the team will become a well oiled machine that will not miss a part, in the event of being missing.

60 Reflections of daily philosophy to get by

*With this marathon thing there is people  
that go along the Promenade like crazy...*



### **Playing along**

The best is to have ideas of our own, to make decisions based on some principles previously chosen, to weigh the options up with a unique criteria. That is the best. But being true to that ideal, keeping firm, swimming against the tide, being the wrong note is an arduous task, really arduous. It requires hard work and perseverance; that's why, sometimes, I end up playing along.

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### **The force of nature**

Sometimes we are amazed by our own inventions: the fire, the wheel, the printing press, the plane, the television! And we get to believe that we can create, destroy, that we are in control. Sometimes we are amazed and we don't realize that, to stop the world, the only necessary thing is a force of nature, and not even a big one.

60 Reflections of daily philosophy to get by

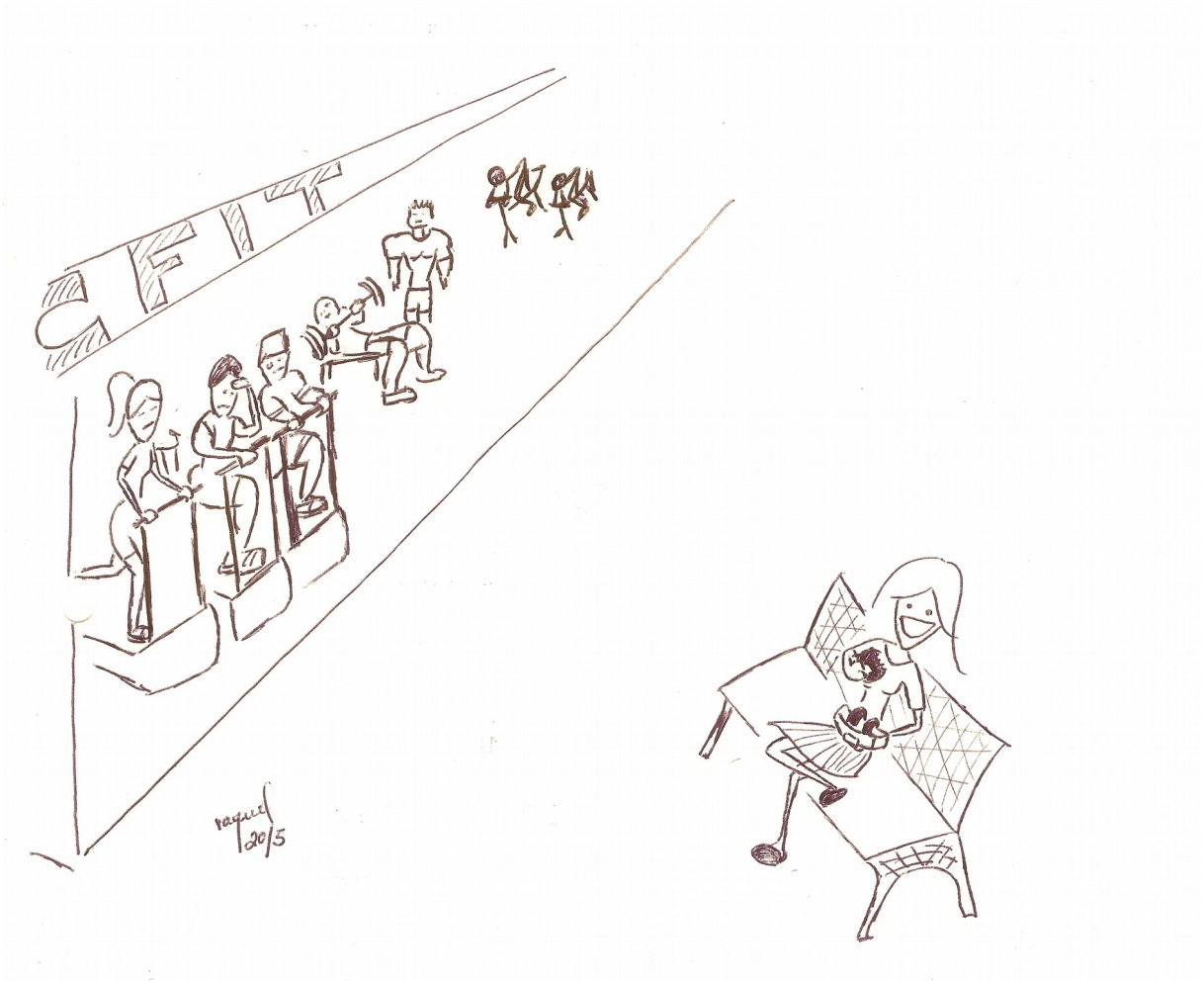




### Enough

You know a story is not finished when you get excited reading his name next to yours in something so insignificant as the list of the most popular names. And, from that day on, he seems to appear around every corner, and you think about doing something but when your glances meet you lose all sense of everything, and you learn to be happy with that because they say you are rich if you know when you have enough.

60 Reflections of daily philosophy to get by

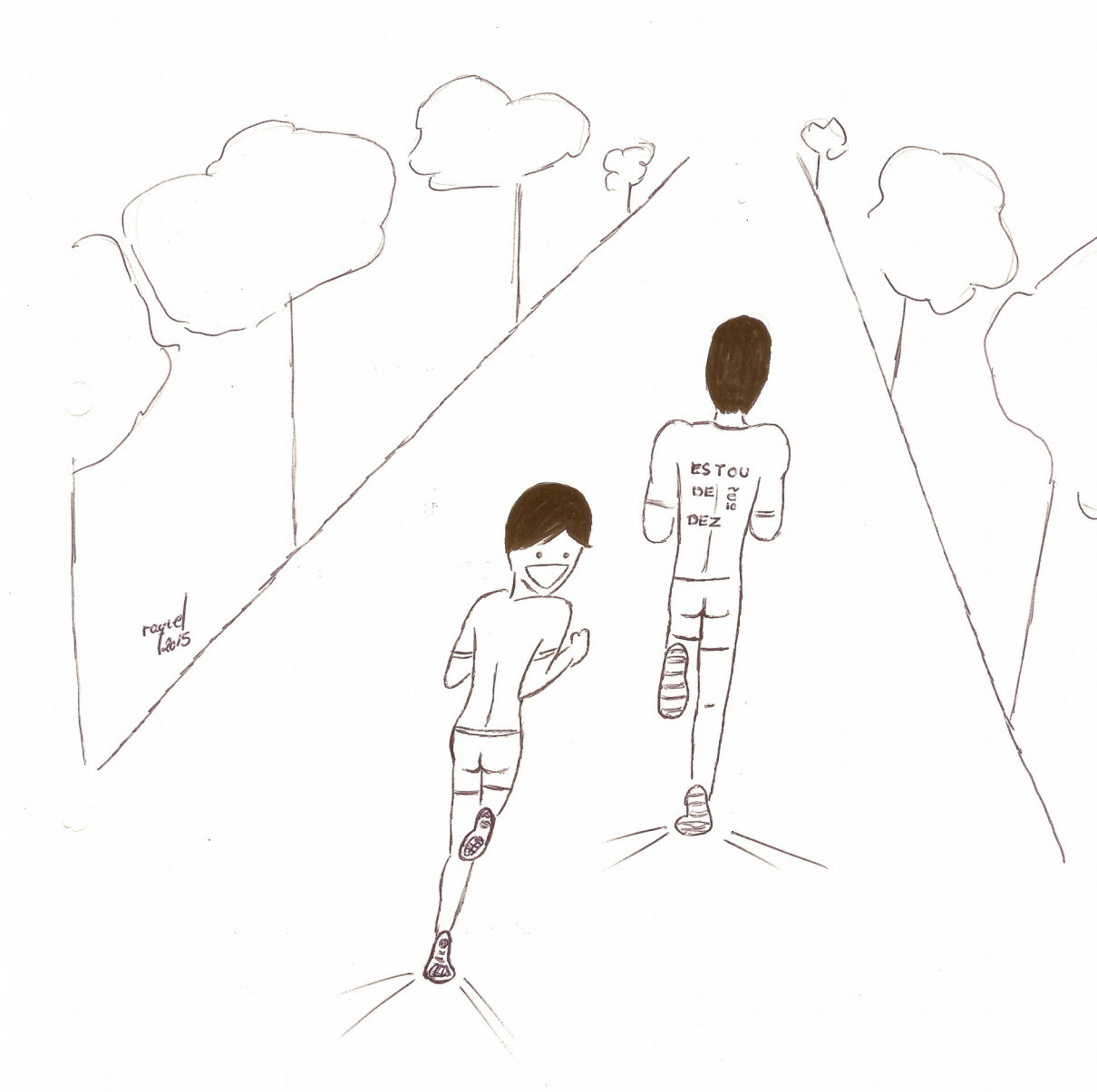


**The best free shows of the world**

**1. People working out in the trendy gym:** watched from the outside, relaxed, sat down in a street bench, dressed up with just ironed clothes smelling of flowers soap and, to upgrade it from best to sublime, eating a box of fresh chocolate donuts.

60 Reflections of daily philosophy to get by

*This is the Patricia Dopazo Maceira's short story,  
with love,  
thanks for your support and likes.*



### **Motivation**

As the adults we are, we know there are things we must do and I am not talking about morality or ethics, I am talking about more physical, more practical, more real things; things that do us, our life, our health, our body good. However, we are not always willing to do them and we have to look for a motivation that help us step that bit forward out of the inertia of the laziness.

60 Reflections of daily philosophy to get by

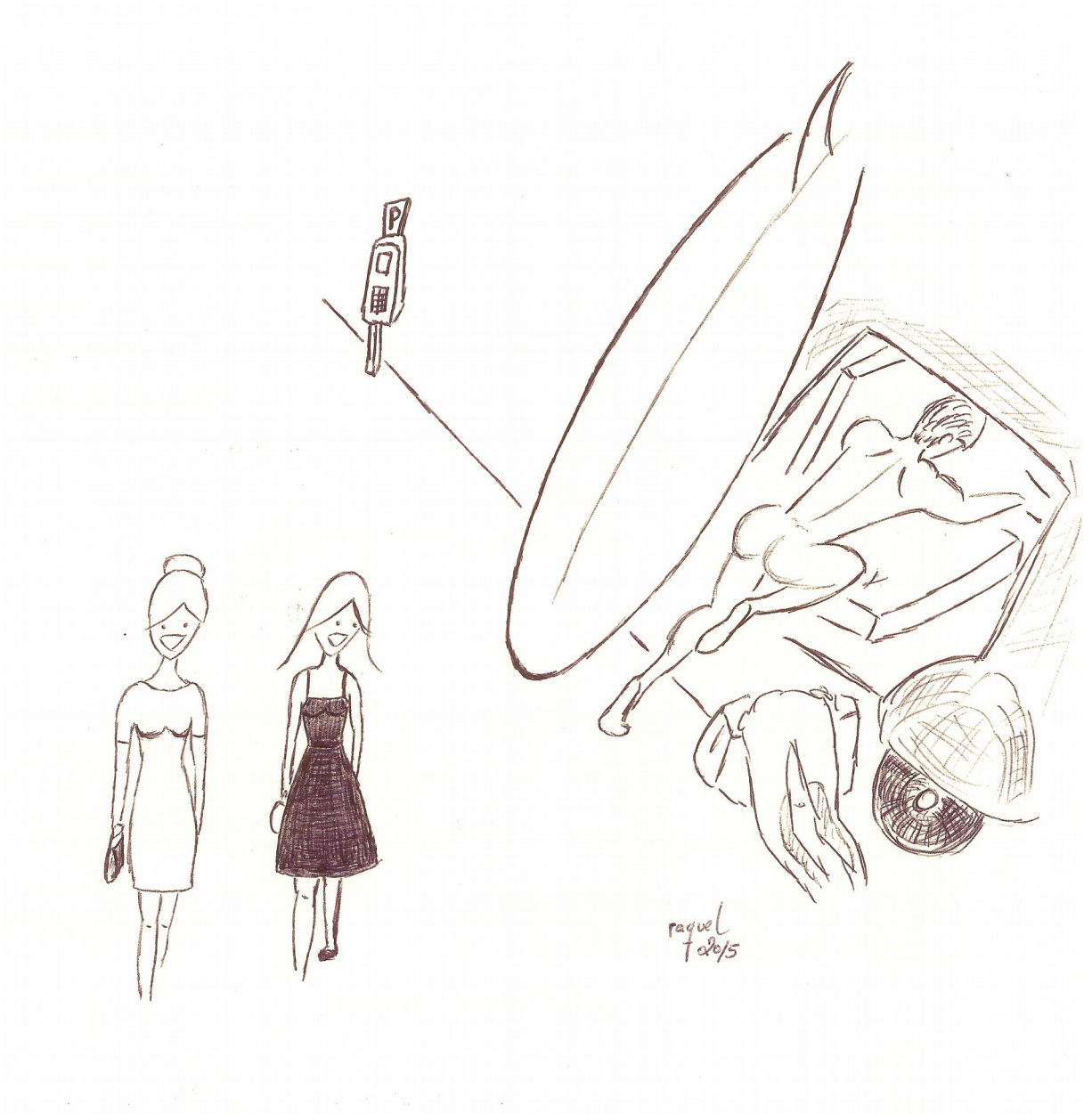


**The best free shows of the world**

**2. An electrical storm in a clear night:** watched from a lonely place, without light or noise pollution, without people or cars getting in the way, without trees that attract the lightning or animals that get scared and, to upgrade it from best to sublime, with the Hércules' Tower in the background.

*They say with the kilt they go commando,  
what I didn't know was that they go with the wetsuit too,  
or at least the surfers that change clothes in Zalaeta,  
I saw it myself with this very eyes of dilatated pupils.*

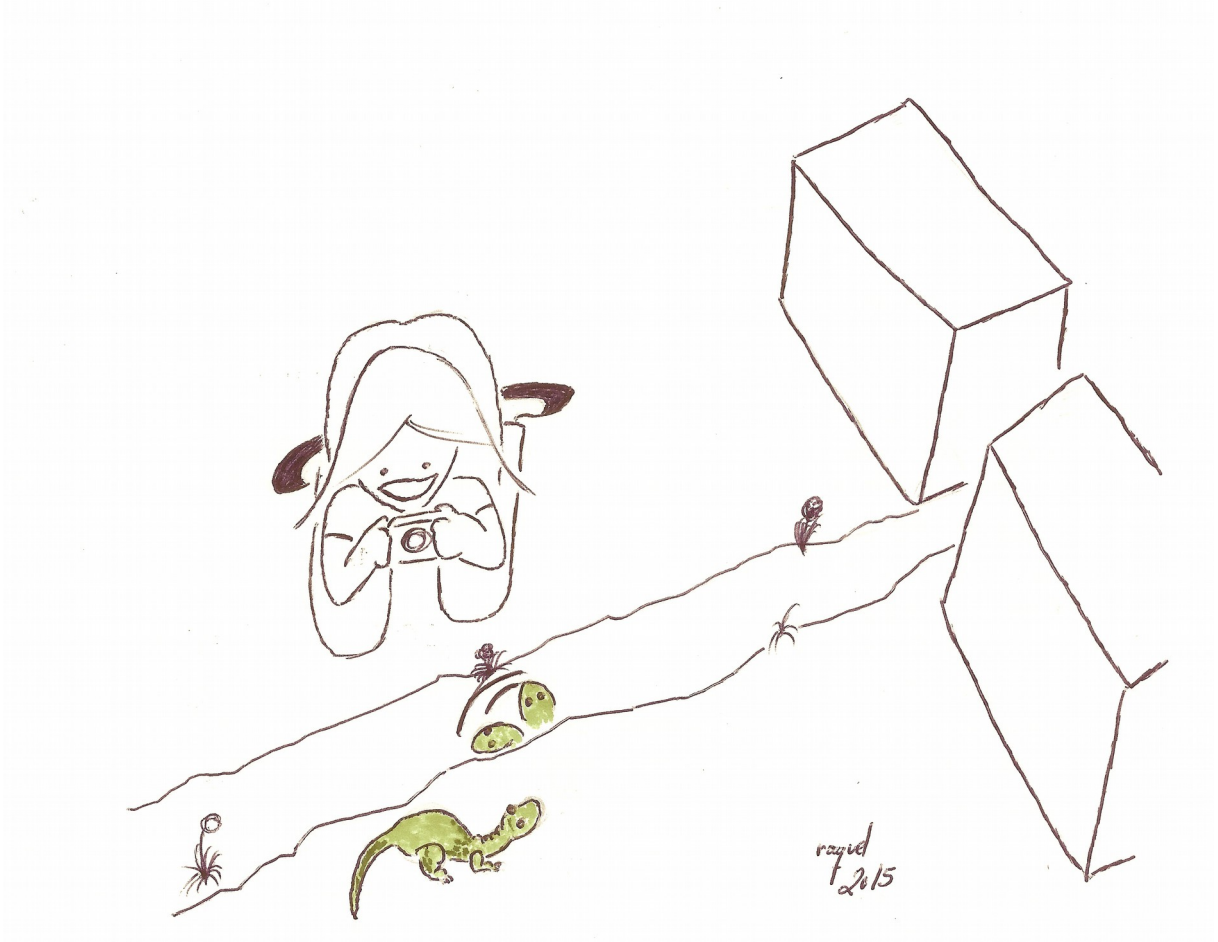




### **Myths and realities**

Between myths and realities there is a friendly struggle, a peaceful fight. About myths, we know some of them are true, checking is an obvious temptation. About realities, we know some of them become myths, they are weird, funny or interesting in excess to be just realities. But, as it was a too comfortable peace, ones and the others tempt us with questions we had not even thought about.

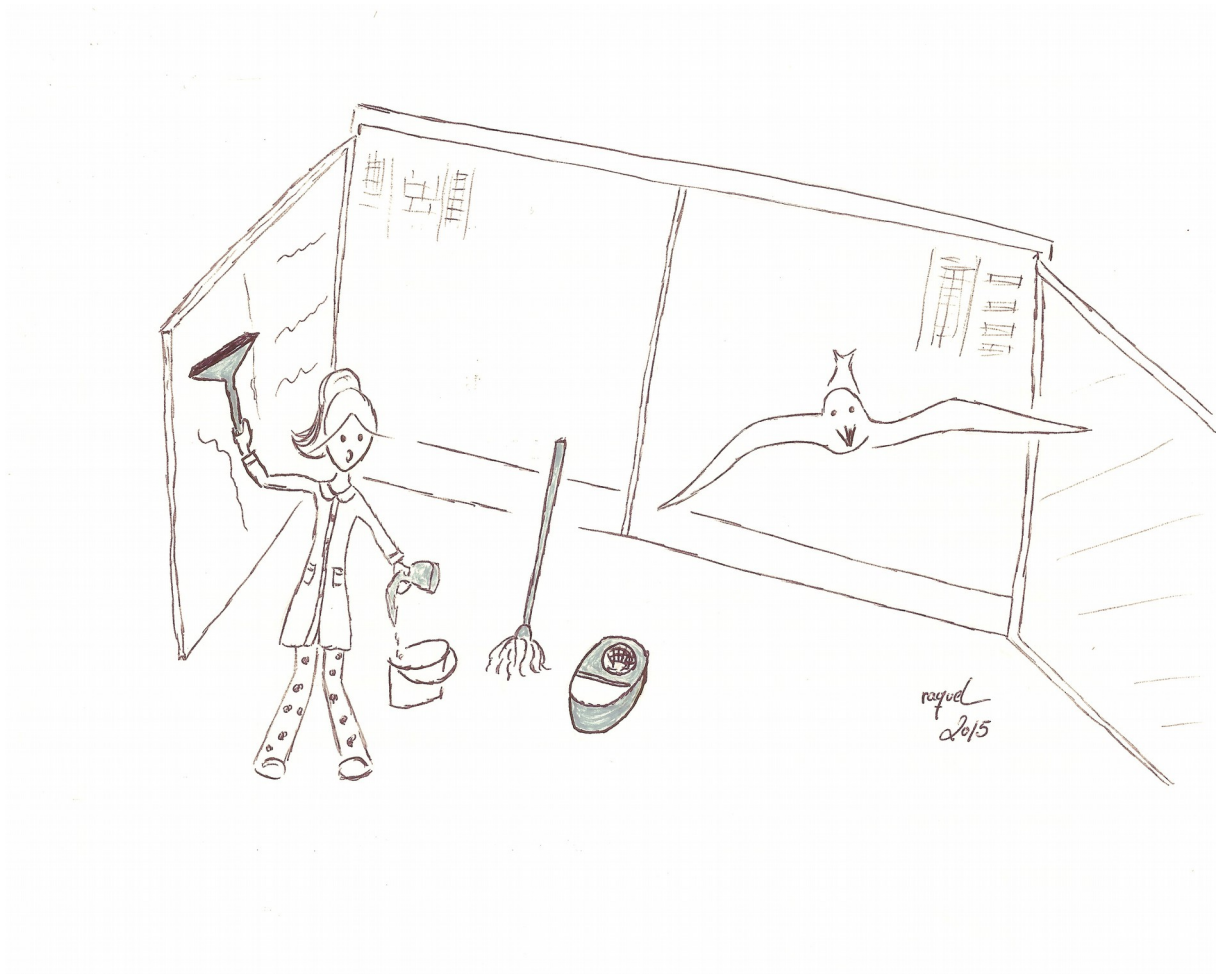
*At the San Pedro - O Portiño Promenade  
lizards come out through the expanded joins of the granite  
with the first spring rays.*



### **Paparazzi**

I like criminal investigation TV programmes, science fiction films and, of course, celebrity gossip shows. And maybe they have more influence over me than I get to perceive, it is not the first time my sight goes after a suspicious movement, my brain discovers a prehistoric species willing to reconquest its space and my hands take the camera out diligently like the best of the paparazzi to be the first and give the exclusive.

60 Reflections of daily philosophy to get by



### Unexpected visits

I tend to turn my schedule gaps into retreating, switching off, finding myself moments; I mean, I tend to turn my schedule gaps into a comfortable solitude, with no protocols or obligations. I turn those gaps into moments of relax, of care, of exfoliation... and the truth is that, at this point, I don't like unexpected visits, no matter how surprising they might be.

60 Reflections of daily philosophy to get by

*There is a tree at Santa Margarita's Park  
that, when it rains or freezes, it smells of Nivea.*

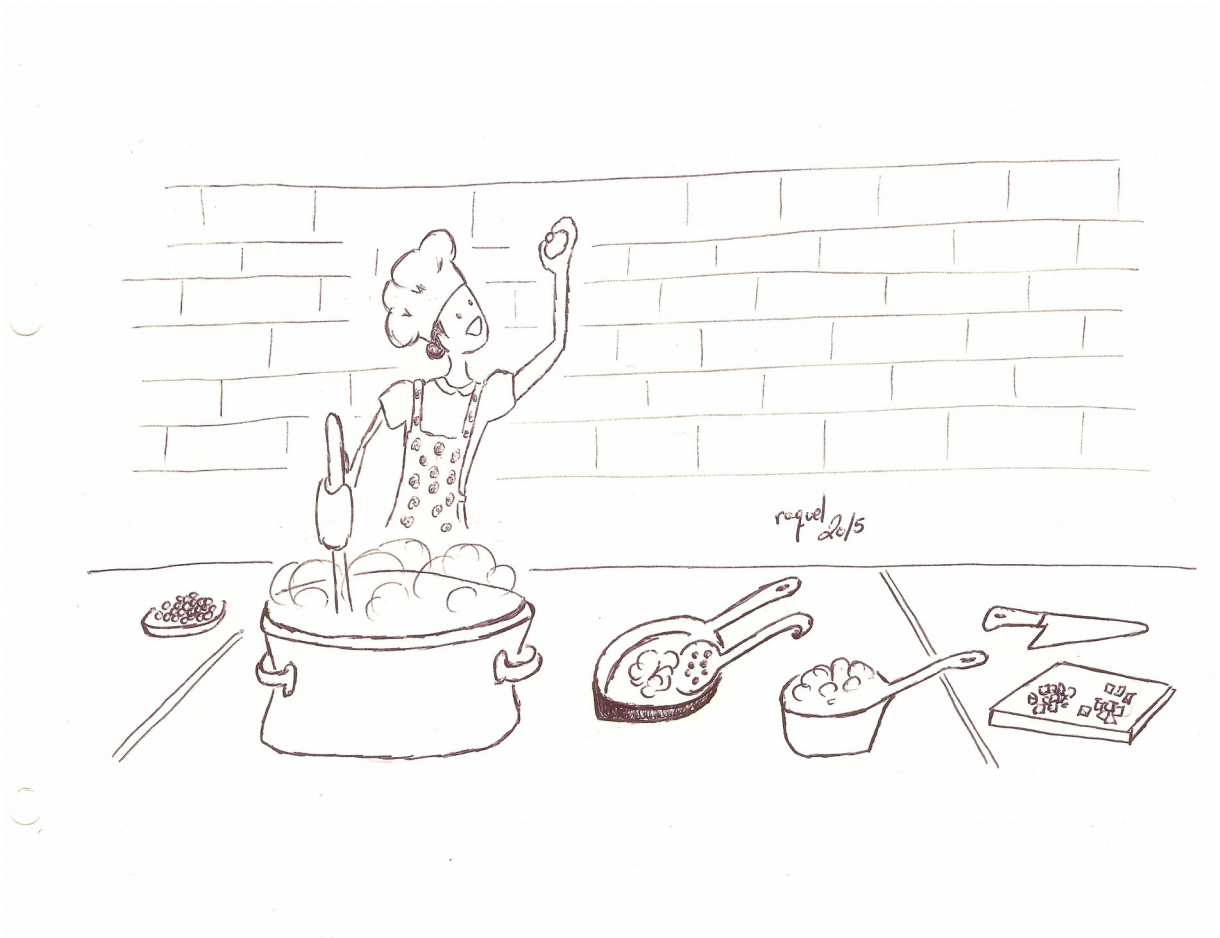


**The whole, the parts of the whole and the whole of the parts**

When I was learning to think they raised the following question: What do we percibe first: the whole or the parts? And the worst of non answered doubts is that they come back recurrently. The whole, I say in the beginning: I see the cat first, then her kidneys; but immediately I rectified, the parts: I see the buildings first, then the city. And maybe the perception depends on what we define as a whole and as a part; or on the parts being parts or wholes themselves.

60 Reflections of daily philosophy to get by

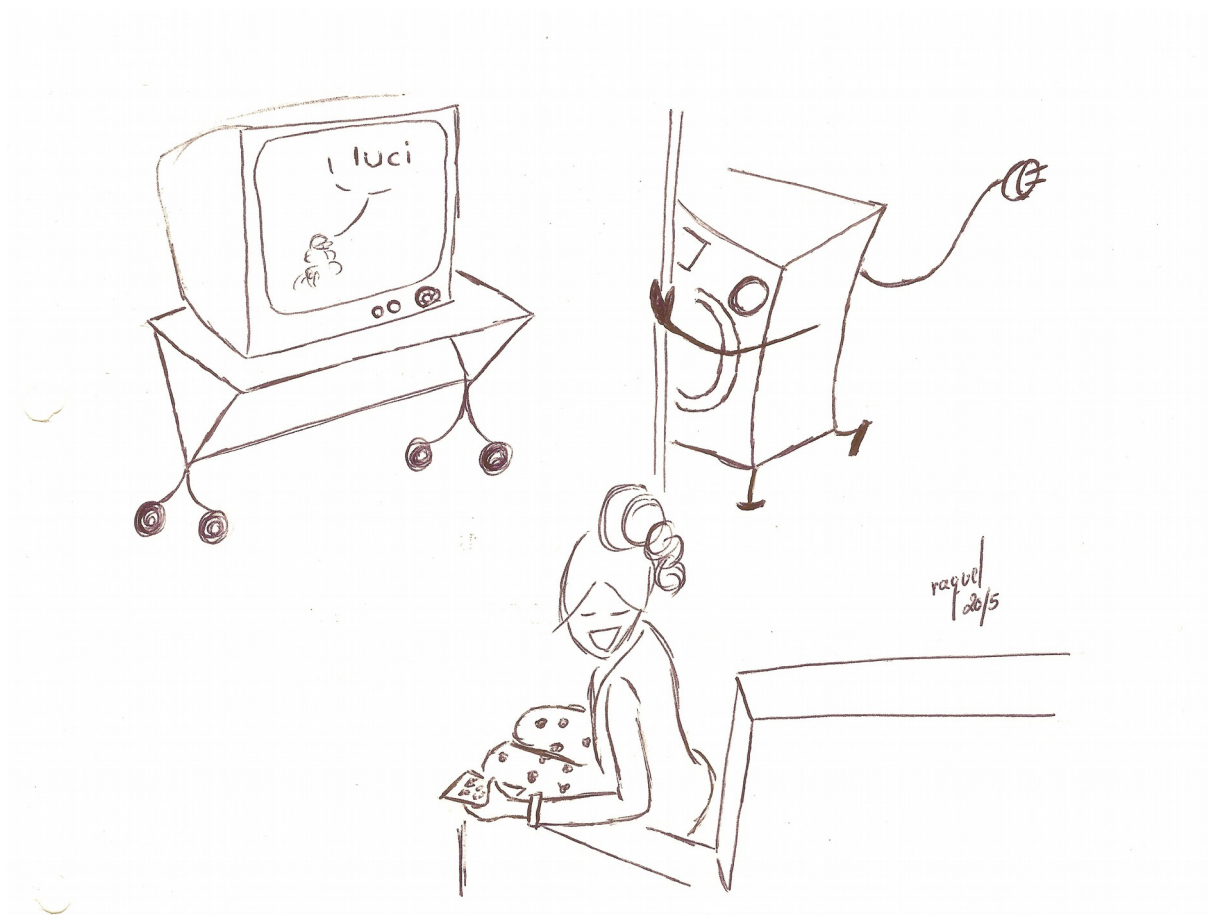




### **The chemistry in the elements**

Like a miser alchemist I look for an explanation that pleases my eagerness. I start from the same ingredients, I follow the same procedures and never, absolutely never, I obtain the same results. Like a miser alchemist I look for the combination of substances, I analyse their composition, I study every step of their transformation. I look for the chemistry in the elements and maybe I should look for the chemistry in me.

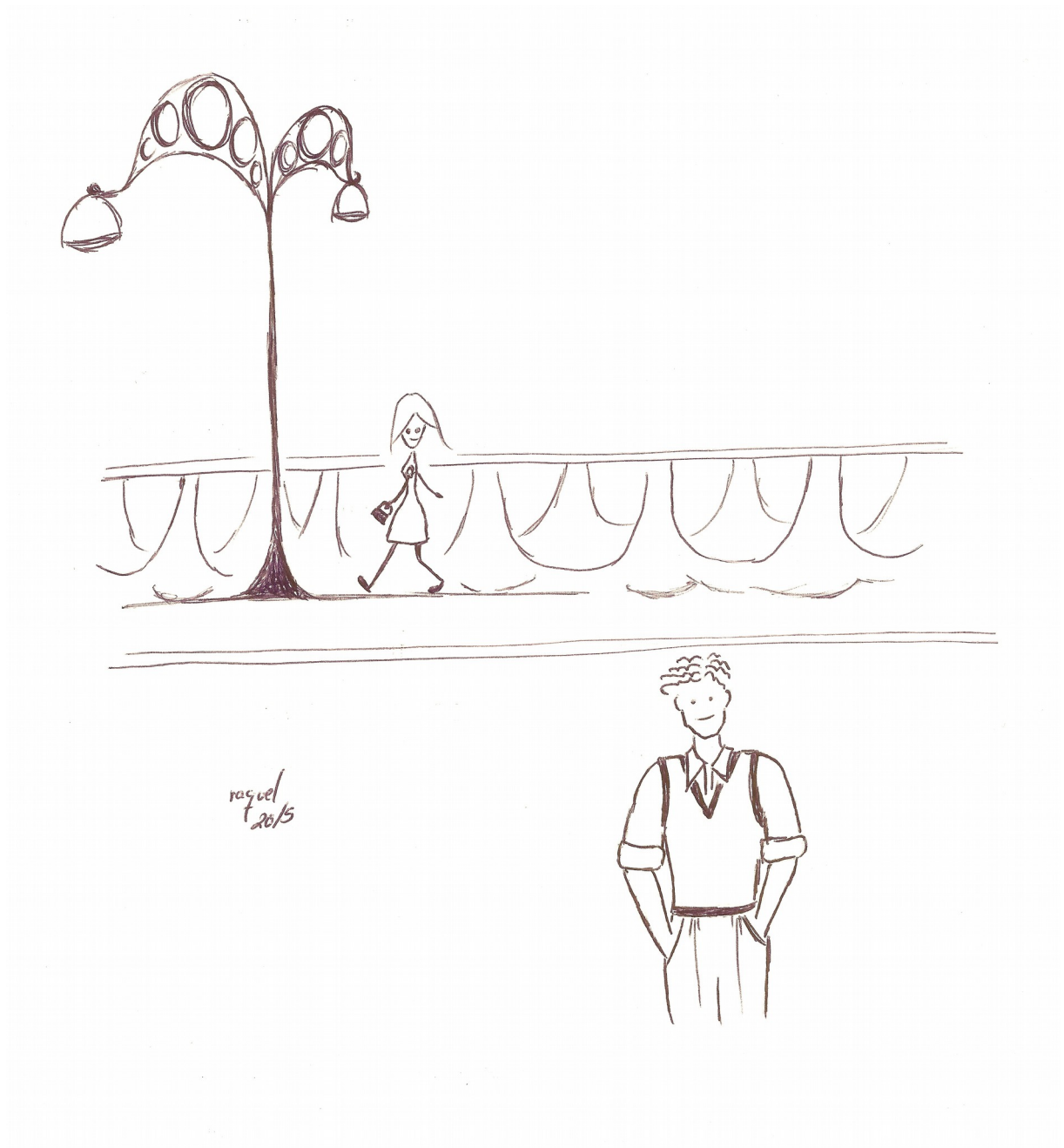
*The washing machine moves that much during the spin-dry  
that some day it is going to show up in the middle of the corridor.*



### **My favourite programme**

In front of the control panel doubts come to light, abundance difficults the choice. Back then, there were two or three, it was easier, the choice I mean; the lack of options makes the selection easier, but narrows our horizons. We had to learn to be happy with that, now we have to learn to prioritize. It is also true that you only doubt in the beginning, then, some options take hold settling the matter of choosing. My favourite programme is number six, it has a half an hour stand that gives me a break to watch the telly.

60 Reflections of daily philosophy to get by



### **Focusing on what matters**

Keeping our eyes on the way and avoid the distractions that apart us from our goals is essential. Being careful of not filling our mind with things that prevent us from thinking clearly, even with coldness. But we cannot lose our perspective, the contact with the world surrounding. Focusing on what matters is essential, but even more is to have it clear what matters.

60 Reflections of daily philosophy to get by

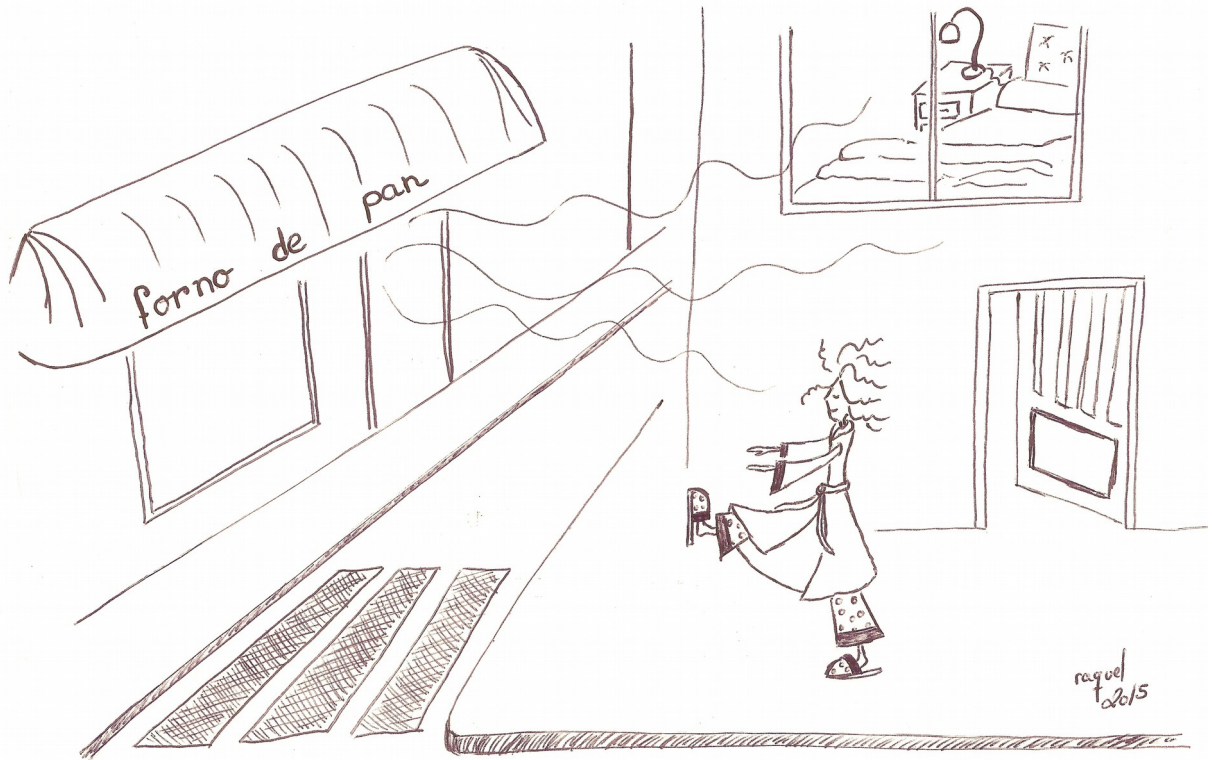


### Head in the clouds

I have my head in the clouds, not of those of soft feeling or nice fresh scent. No, I have my head in clouds of those of tireless storm brewing and humidity that volumes my frizzy hair up; of those that keep the ideas busy and distract the imagination. I have had my head in the clouds for so long that I should be used to, but their humidity volumes my frizzy hair up and they brew storms tirelessly.

60 Reflections of daily philosophy to get by

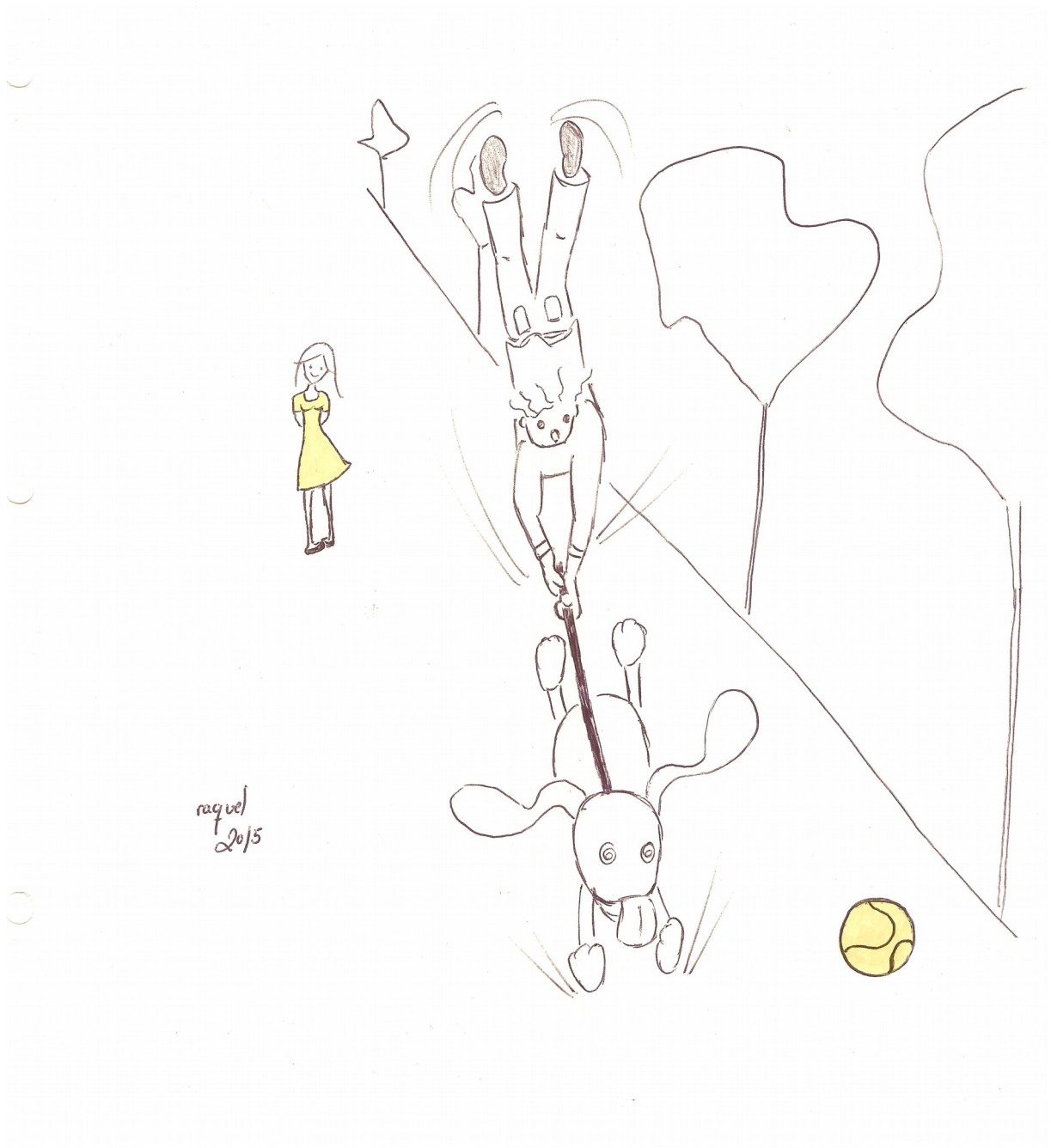




### **Awake actually**

Dreaming is my thing, I mean, remembering what I dream is my thing, they say everybody dreams. I remember it because dreams are so intense, so true, so real that sometimes I don't know if I'm dreaming or awake actually. They also say that we dream to learn, to face the fears,... to heal the obsessions, no, I can almost assure with absolutely certainty that they aren't useful for this, no, definitely not...

60 Reflections of daily philosophy to get by



### **A small demonstration**

When we love, I mean, when we know we are loved, we tend to interpret their wishes on the most convenient way and to impose ours as theirs. We tend to think that they eat out of our hand, that we can manipulate their will as we please, that they do as we tell with blind faithfulness. And, sometimes, a small demonstration is what we need to put us in our place.

*All shampoos say they reduce frizz,  
but I still haven't found one that really does it.*



### Try and fail

Living is an on going intent, falling and getting up, taking risks and keeping safe. It's moving among possibilities and picking options, learning and being amaze, dreaming and keeping our feet on the ground. Living is an on going try and fail... but it would be so nice to guess right for once.

60 Reflections of daily philosophy to get by



### **Truly vintage**

The usual is to live the time we are meant to live, to be contemporaries of our own reality, enjoy the moment and take the most of the day or, if you wish, the here and now of the song. But, like the cockle that doesn't open when cooked or the grain of maize that doesn't explode into popcorn, I feel from another time, it's not nostalgia, I live the past like the now, you can say I am truly vintage.

*At the Monte Alto Civic Centre they blame first three kids for the stain, than the bunch of excited adult people of the choir with each cup of coffee.*





### **The usual suspect**

Becoming a usual suspect is only a circumstance. A subjective circumstance that doesn't depend on the cause of the suspicion, or on who brings it up, it just depends on who presumes it. And that suspicion anchors in the person of the usual suspect a perennial and insurmountable label; maybe without even making a first little mistake that starts it. And maybe, also, that a different person, foreign to that presumption, even making lots of little mistakes, avoids it for good.

*The weather is what it is,  
we have to learn to live with it.*



### **Weird relationship**

I feel for him a deep and true love, I wish I could say he feels the same, but I neither can say the contrary. I open my eyes in the morning longing to see him, I am not always lucky, he does not always show up when I count on him to, and he tends to disappear if I got used to him. I don't know, it may be that we have been together for a while or that I begin to put up with him, but it seems I am getting the hang of this weird relationship.

60 Reflections of daily philosophy to get by



### Overcoming routine

About routine I know it makes days slow down and weeks fly. Days slow down because it takes the emotion out of them, the mechanics of the repetition annihilates creativity; it makes things easier, that is true, but maybe that ease is the one that dulls the enthusiasm. Weeks fly because it puts days into a boring colour uniform, it removes the feeling of moving forward and when the calendar gets to place us it is too late already. But I also know about routine that it runs away from imagination and I am plenty of that, of course I am.

60 Reflections of daily philosophy to get by



### **Three hundred metres away**

Because I know me I try to avoid it, I pretend not to hear, I pretend not to see. Because I know me and I know the consequences I try not to be visible, not to go noticed, not to give rise to it. But it is unavoidable. An innocent doubt, a map of absent-mindedness, makes sprout in my inner an irrational something that smells the rain in the air, looks for the cardinal points, talks non stop and, whatever the question is, always answers: three hundred metres away.

*XV Seat 600 Rally, Lugo 2015*

*This is Ana Barral F. de Soto's short story,  
with love,  
thanks so much for taking me with you as co-driver!*





### **Too literal**

A rally is a hard experience that requires a strong willpower, a high capacity for abstraction, a spare time on purpose. A rally is a work and, at the same time, a relieve, a joy, a coming out of the ordinary. It is a state of mind of happiness and inner peace; the reward for a superhuman effort, or something simpler and I am too literal.





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