

The Cráudio's Realm (English Edition) Hardcover – Large Print, June 27, 2022

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Main title

Let it be banal, put in the mud, so that it may
be mortal while it lasts!

Vices of Morals

First of all...

There was a Kingdom... its king was called Cráudio. This realm was built in the midst of an excessively big mess caused by the king, queen and friends who became immortal stars who started to watch the mortals of this land. This realm was made up of ideas from the people who ruled, along with the lack of ideas from the people who obeyed. A mad doctor analyzed the reality of the people and sent everyone who



lived in the city to the hospice of the kingdom and not even the doctor escaped hospitalization in the hospice. Science proved that

it knew how to give orders and lead everything that was lost and never found again. Cráudio and his kingdom is among us. The admiration demanded willingly attracted the obedience of all without causing general embarrassment. The harsh way of imposing ideas meant that there was no progress, there was also no order; making well-founded questions unnecessary and that's how *pauliceia* went wild.

AN EMBARRASSMENT
OF
LITERATURE

Hey!

Dear reader, if you see in this reading a character who thinks like you, then you can follow her example in your life so that you can participate in the benefits of a superior intelligence that can



perceive what is written in the stars. Good or bad are blind points of view that can depend on privileged perception through the eyes of approval that somehow satisfies, as long as it is perceived.

The laws of a kingdom will always be good if the vision of the people who suffer because of them adjusts to them, because we would have some certainty of the need to do what was classic, but which became an embarrassing mistake.

The author.

A FANTASTIC KINGDOM

Once upon a time, everything was done in the imperfection of the dubious past tense by nature. However, the present tense is what we have to indicate what we could do in that past tense of the future that seems more like a time that has passed, without hope of a new opportunity to do what could have been done. A drunk, intoxicated and not at all sober situation about leftovers of truths that would reproduce themselves in a mystical dimension.



The principles in the kingdom of Cráudio were built in this drunken and fantastic time for the one who exaggerates in the quaff.

A psychology that does not discriminate against pseudology fantastic and does not treat it as some mental disorder, because a lying mind would be necessary for good customs accustomed to the ethics of fantastic analysis.



It was a law that could build ways of seeing a life that would never be eternal for it was arbitrarily agreed with laws that were not summarized in two only and were more than ten, besides being flexible, since they were not written on tables of stone.

There was also the possibility of reading destiny through the ideologies that those laws made flexible, making multiple and even infinite the possibilities of fulfilling them as long as what was determined in the intoxication of an ideal for the libido was fulfilled.

The laws in the kingdom of Cráudio's laid the foundations for the decrees produced there for tasting; with the aim of catering to the tastes of subjects without taste, but desirous of giving flavor to the king's tasting.

The cráudian decrees gave power, both necessary and unnecessary, to anyone who could imagine himself powerful in a past tense that would provide support to everything that could be imagined, and thus, everything could make an act that would be fantastic, a cosmic power without the pretension of wanting simple explanations thereof.

Therefore, the processes produced in such perspectives always pointed to pseudological verdicts typical of a fantastically constituted convention.

Most importantly, all those legally mystified actions were pretty cool and cool, because if they weren't entirely true, the parts that were it would bring comfort to the living soul and no discomfort to the soul that didn't have the same verdict.



Incredibly, all the power of the causes that generated the fantastic effects of a superior wisdom coming from the cosmic and mystical forces that, although they seem opposed to any sober system, could in fact be neither so nor so.

All, without any discrimination, would participate in the cosmic effects so that the glamor of this realm would always be adequate to the one who held it by the force of wisdom that would be incapable of being achieved by a humanity that had not incorporated fertile timeless experiences of imagined qualities.

Perhaps a realm that provided an incredible sort of escape; escape from the psychological problems generated by a sober intelligence that he did not, and it is not yet known whether he will be part of that state of affairs ruled by Cráudio perpetuated in Cráudia's councils.

Such advice presented the essence of its origin, adjusted to what was wanted to dictate; not only with words distanced from the logic contained in them, but also with involuntary body movements that founded them.

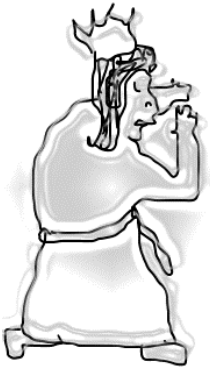
Such detachment, however, is always suitable to any kingdom that acquires such prerogatives; in order to avoid repetitive redundancies in this narrative, which are not necessary. The important thing was the class struggle that her friends perpetuated with great fidelity to the dogmas of the kingdom.

Cráudia, aware of her mission to establish foundations that would not impede her idealized vision of platonic love, capable of seeing what was not seen without the necessary abduction, she perceived her image reflected in the black squint of Cráudio's gaze.

Such a look established the foundation of denying its biological existence in science to exist only in that diffuse and diverse look.

Cráudio was willful, his movements brought disconnected sequences with the expressions of the faces that were also independent of the eyes that did not understand each other very well in the looks they made into the beyond.

This algorithm of actions inspired the actions of Cráudia that returned to the middle the unity expected by all who lived, as those who died were united in another realm.



Cráudia was increasingly plunging into the depths of her own entrails that were emancipated from matter, so unnecessary the metaphysics of customs. The anthropophagy of the lost link between logic, good and bad sense, because the ideology of lack of sense of any kind was the principle of science and law in the Kingdom of Cráudio.

In the depths of the Dead Sea of that black gaze, although with much spice, the distant surface did not allow her to see clearly through the thick, unstable liquid crystal, which did not define itself in anything, but gave possibility to everything.

Cráudia realized the truths of the absence of any meaning through a life of contemplation.

The unhealthy salty seasoning eliminated the germs of the possibility of own thoughts, conducted and that could risk a perception of another realm that sought to attract the beautiful fond of the concept of simplicity, purity of soul, innocence and other simplicities capable of fostering hopes. of something better.



The kingdom of Cráudio would always be safe in the Platonic care arising from the love of Cráudia, guaranteeing prosperity so that prosperous would be a love worthy of science that could contemplate in that squint-like way of abundantly seeing the reasons for the kingdom. Cráudia would also be under Cráudio's gaze if it weren't for the difficulty in focusing.

Cráudio was a somewhat curious observer and somewhat lacking in relevant conclusions. He was always attentive to the contrary responses of his subjects, fatal to the beauty of their prerogatives so common to those who died.

VIRTUES AND STRATEGIES OF THE KINGDOM

Cráudio's strongest virtue was not letting himself be discouraged. His strength was his perseverance in the strength of his main virtue. His biggest concern was his dreams that robbed him of sleep when Arturito was shining.

Ali Baba and his forty misunderstood by the oppressive society, Pinocchio's nose that pointed to the felling of our trees were virtues and values that added to the morals of the kingdom.

Ali Baba and his forty misunderstood by the oppressive society, Pinocchio's nose



that pointed to the felling of our trees were virtues and values that added to

the morals of the kingdom.

Another precious gift of Cráudio was to guarantee a healthy totalitarianism, but so that the total would not be despised, everyone was part of the sum. The cleanliness of those who did not add to the virtues of the kingdom was what motivated the search for life in those aware that the cosmos remains everything what cannot be demystified.

Cráudio acted with the dichotomous precision between flexibility and rigidity - a plentiful duality that paralleled his cross-eyed vision.

Even without words that could come with any meaning he would always suggest seconds before demanding.



These were manifested in the burning of tires, as they preserved the trees, in the miraculous marches where the big media with their wands made men multiply in the sight of all the unemployed, only the bread and the bologna were not abundantly noticed, and this was irritating.



THE BENEFIT OF DOUBT

Cosmic glory overshadows even the celestial bodies that vie for space with Drummond's characters, friends of *Macunaíma*. Stars that came from a lower place, rose and were lost in the glorious immensity of "being or not being" where being was never the issue. The darkness makes them shine like stars whose brightness doesn't show, but dazzles like a simple intention to hide without hiding, a desperate desire to show something.



Good and evil in credible literature would not be a lie if perceived were the true intention, only then would aesthetics constitute a justifiable basis, because even if it were not fair, it would be adjustable to the universe and to the rhythm to enjoy or to take refuge in a contrasting couplet poem between light and darkness.

Cráudio did not dare to doubt the gift he possessed, for he knew that disbelief is a mortal sin for anyone who needs to believe in order to live. Thus, certain that a wisdom that cannot be demonstrated was his prerogative, he believed in what he did not see.

Heretics who did not believe were cleansed in the fire that purified from death what would not be possible in life.

The faithful always lived clean of any contamination of an autonomous thought and the benefit of the doubt was the certainty of not going to purgatory.



A PRECIOUS GIFT

It was never Cráudio's intention to declare such a precious gift before the eyes of imbeciles and scrotums, incapable of settling on land that was their own. Therefore, they would not be able to perceive the starlight that fluttered in the wind in the kingdom of Cráudio.

Such a lack of awareness of the incapable could not eliminate the belief that Cráudio had that his existence was for life the reason for its existence. His subjects well knew that everything was written in the stars.

Such an intelligence kept in the oracle kept company with that wisdom that presented itself superior in the kingdom, because, although its blinding characteristics did not make anything clear or define anything, they were superior to any logic and any understanding, simply by such a usual metaphysics that got used to being like that, even if none of that justified it.



Cráudio presented characteristics worthy of astonishment and hours of observation so that mortals could enjoy the benefits of doubt, because even if they searched with perseverance, they would never be understood.

Heretics would call such characteristics a psychological illness that is not sufficient in virtues for not being hostile to ignorance, in fact, regardless of being, and this was the issue in the kingdom.



Cráudio practiced actions capable of converting unbelievers and making them publicly confess the certainty that their lives depended on such wisdom so that they could work on behalf of those who were not graced with the absence of critical reflection and questioning in order to convert them from such presumption. Analyzing such actions would already be a great presumption.



When Cráudio spoke, he not only emitted sounds that were incapable of being identified, but also exhaled odors that were indiscriminately noticed. Such characteristics were added to many others that in the eyes of the commoners, always attentive to learning so that they would not lose anything that had not yet been taken away from them.



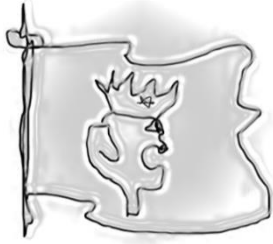
These characteristics were only simple demonstrations of another superior gift, the gift of uniting or unifying the cognitive attributes of your subjects to yours so that they all think the same, for this increase in the power of thought is essential to the strengthening of bodies that do not shine but they only reflect the brightness of the star of the kingdom, for if the imagination should find independent means, there would certainly be injury to all its benefits.

Cráudio knew him very well and, therefore, he was the responsible guardian so that the oracle's benefits were not destroyed in the lives of many people who,

without having had a defined direction,
could continue like this.



CRAUDIO'S KINDNESS WAS HIS FLAG



Cráudio in the totalitarian kindness whose look he saw twice as much practiced a work of mercy giving scholarships in all the schools of the kingdom that were awarded with a common curricular base and that totaled liberating diversity genres that freed the subjects from the reason that oppressed, from the logic that imposed truths, from the reflection that showed adverse options. The faithful made the star flutter, giving the students the release of heretical skills that could be built.

Although the main characteristic of the kingdom was to intend to make all the brightness of the star shine on those who deserved it, Cráudio's kindness leveled things down so that the privilege of the most imbecile and scrotum to serve him would not be taken away.

Cráudio was a king unconsciously desired by all, so he dedicated his whole life to making his subjects aware of their prerogatives.

The cosmic source was the only one capable of mystifying concepts of irrational logic with that clarity that always dazzles with certainty in a supposed intelligence

without cognitive pretensions.

Cosmic wisdom knows itself to be the only basis on which the oracle's concepts are based. Unique not because there wouldn't be another one, but because if there were, it would be sanitized, which always resulted in an increase in devotion and love that, if it weren't platonic, wouldn't convince the actions to be free from reason and the oppression that it could generate.

One thing in particular caught the king's attention, a misunderstood love that made him reflect on the undetermined joys of Cráudia, who was always laughing at

everything and at everyone without ever knowing why.

Cráudia had a noble left-leaning posture due to an aesthetic deviation in the spine, in addition to movements that, whether voluntary or involuntary, could no longer be distinguished. Cráudio admired the clonicity of the OCDs that revealed to him the approval of the Olympian gods.

Cráudia infected the entire kingdom, giving a pattern to the women's movement in search of a language that could describe with uncertain sounds certain intentions of an aesthetic contrary to everything that was common, logical or biological.

The uncertain sounds that the movement emitted made certain to the commoners the superior motives of him who cared only about things that have superior origins to grace the inferior with that light that dazzles and frees from the oppression of intelligence.

The nobility of the kingdom had been forged in the hard battle between the foundations that integrally build the being that learns to learn from the one who indoctrinates him with a custom that, if it is not pure truth, the purity of anthropophagy exempt from morals would exalt the Freudian libido to the level of indefinite

mating.

There were no classic or corny roundabouts of a muse presenting herself in the maybe, maybe yes, maybe not; causing the consumer the false sense of merchandise with excellent quality. The bourgeoisie of the kingdom delighted in the enterprise of this trade.

Cráudio, by the very prerogatives of his superior wisdom, was incapable of seeing himself misunderstood by enough people to entertain any hope of freedom of conscience.

The understanding that Cráudio had of things was due precisely to the cosmic

vision that had been given to him as a natural gift, which did not, however, make the pain of childbirth come without deep regret to his mother who kindly donated it.

He always knew how to demonstrate in a very persuasive way that his laws, in reality, were mystical concepts of a cosmos whose decosmification would result in capital punishment but nothing was done in an imposing way, as it was natural for him to do whatever he wanted. So, he worked hard to naturally indoctrinate the heretics of the realm.

Cráudio's multiform vision, magnified by a slight squint from birth, which

provided him with a possibility of nasal visual concentration, collaborated with the unattainable nasal nuances of any meaning, however, they were natural to Cráudio.



Cráudio constantly presented a reddish tone in the brownish color of someone who not only puts his feelings into what he does, but also fuels what he takes.

Contemplating his rosy cheeks, full of desire to give a higher course to the lower states of the universe he visited, always guided by the forum he financed with the kingdom's coffers.

The importance of this forum for the common base curriculum was unprecedented, it was the flag that the indoctrinated waved waving student movements immersed in the same common base and free from the oppression of reason.

A feeling of gratitude materialized into meager popularity that exempted him from any proof, facts or evidence.

Bourgeois merchandise was always plentiful. Its little packaging added unique



value, as it would be the only value that mattered to the profit of the bourgeoisie; always attentive to the media devoted to the sacred elements that such goods hid in their inner parts that, perhaps, once were noble.

The showcase extended to the sidewalks, public squares, market doors where the dramatic exposure attracted flies, cockroaches and other insects that, due to the quality of the product, did not diminish the attention of the devotees.

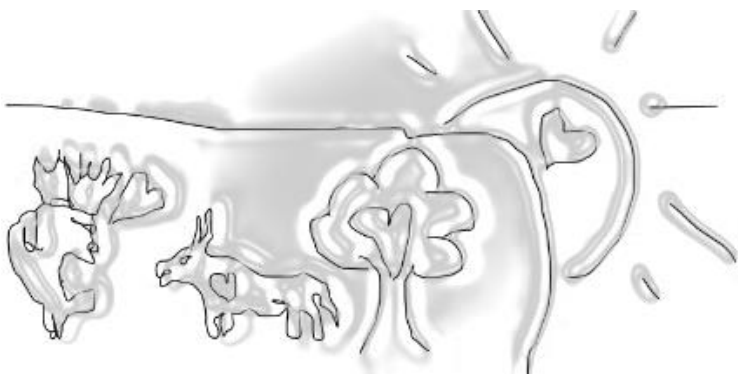
One of the great gifts of Cráudio and



perhaps the greatest of all for being the only one capable of abducting the

commoners was the care with meaningful learning, as it meant a lot for the advancement of his kingdom.

Learning to learn and to be indoctrinated brought with it learning to do so that Cráudio's wishes could be fulfilled, and thus the zone of coexistence was potentially totalitarian. Providing such unity in his realm was undoubtedly another great gift.



The devotion that the converts manifested in the way they led heretics to the sanitation of the realm was the key competence of the common ground of all realm learning.

Cráudio made himself heard in natural ways, but he emphasized others for the same reason that neither language nor speech had been graced with the cosmic structure of linguistic competence in that mind that was pure incompatibility with the inferior minds that cherished the desire to understand the things that Cráudio solemnly proclaimed.

The common good was the guarantee of peace that does not do what could be done if the doctrine did not surpass learning and, therefore, such a science coming from the common curricular base was prosperous and served a diversity of genres that identified with the kingdom.

Health was well guarded by science, and, in fact, there could be no science there if it were not authenticated in the intelligence and wisdom contained in the sacred oracle of the realm that controlled diseases with such care that there was always time to promote health or effective medicines.

Cráudio quickly realized that promoting early treatments with effective drugs would interfere with disease control and lessen the time spent in trouble, and so he quickly made laws that severely punished heretics who did not drink from the oracle of science in his realm.



Heretics wove explanations constructed with logical, clear results and often presented in simple ways and, therefore, Cláudio could not allow his mystical and cosmic intelligence to dispute

preference with a supposed intelligence so simple that anyone could perceive and understand the reasons for the causes presented. However, the even greater heresy consisted in using arguments based on motives and not on causes which were the only ones that actually appeared, even if they didn't matter and so the minds of the commoners in their inferiority were unable to understand apparent acts, because they preferred to understand the hidden motives. Such actions, without a doubt, needed deep sanitation.

The magnitude of the harm that could be caused to the kingdom by the deconstruction of the key competence of its common curricular base would be mortal sins and, therefore, its eradication was so necessary so that cognitive life would not proliferate, causing the liberation from the oppression of reason to not be possible. was more desired and, consequently, the reduction of diversity was so radicalized as to reduce biological science to X and Y.

History will probably never raise a monument to Cráudio, but the greatest reward for those who have always made their own rewards would be none other

than the abduction to that cosmic, mystical, superior vision that would take reason from one place to another without direction. and without the slightest pretense of contributing in any way with anything to anyone at some time so that the diachronic historical timelessness would not blame the synchronic temporality of clippings that drank from the source of the oracle of the kingdom.

Cráudio was a complete being because he was completely like that.



THE LOVE OF CRAUDIA

Cráudio's physical appearance showed a cranial formation whose forehead advanced to the parietal lobe with curls that became more timid in the center. The tonsils of the lateral lobes were graced with large ears with non-proliferous uptake; however, no apparent fault bothered the manipulation of the nine fingers, or the hoarseness bestowed on the tongue that never knew freedom.

The color of eyes didn't matter so much, they were common, but what they conveyed was reminiscent of the opacity of the Dead Sea as well as the taste of the salt

in abundance. These images were too dazzling for Cráudia, who became queen in love not because she simply loved, but because the blinding light of the cosmos blinded her to the point of doing anything that she didn't know what it was but was anything that resembled the rays of the sun. sun struggling to reflect in the dull opaque of the immensity of that sea that was no



bigger than the Platonic vision of Cráudia.

That's why she didn't need to perceive anything to feel that there was all the glory she sought. She lived the altruism of lovers

disconnected from the world and reason.
Such platonic love prerogatives oppress the
intelligence and set free for the desire to
reproduce superior goods for humanity.



CRAUDIO'S FRIENDS

Cráudio's friends, as well as their actions, confirmed a harmony of manners and motives that it was almost impossible for them not to marvel at the particular attention paid to them when the desperate need to confide something evasive due to the credible and universal characteristics of the plot that It was narrated with much catharsis.



The importance of the matters discussed in this circle of friendship was as relevant as Cráudio's own wisdom for the

subsistence of her own self-sustainability.

In this friendly atmosphere, perception didn't even have to be a gift, so Cráudio never complained about his absence for everything that didn't interest him. The advice given to him by his friends made him not only perceive, but act precisely in the direction defined by them, as long as the latter defined his first. Such friends if they weren't his eyes, too, didn't mind being just his ears. Finally, the supposed diverse ways of thinking evolved into the absence of any form.

A friendship where friends welcomed and cared for the glory of the kingdom. Such glory ignored the cognitive deviations of friends, as they only harmed those who did not eat bologna.

The loss of commoners that gives profit to the kingdom is always nobility in the eyes of those who can perceive it as such, and Cráudio perceived the profit in the translucent cut of the slices.

Such friendship also contributed to the nuances of Cráudia's admirable love; so necessary to establish the certainty that there was nobility in Cráudio's actions.

Quiet conscience was the printed mark of the oracle, and this tranquility was constantly disseminated by those lips that made themselves the owners of the many lines, besides this one, and repeated them, in diverse ways, many times, even after having provided opposite consequences due to the perseverance of the people. free from morals.

Auspex, one of Cráudio's closest friends, had among many gifts and talents one that he believed to be, in addition to fantastic, divine.

Therefore, to describe it with human language would already be an act of heresy worthy of a real verdict that his friends would certainly agree, always faithful to everything that was shown and also to what was not shown to their perceptions.

They were proud of the superior guide of the wisdom of Cráudio, and they felt graced by the simplicity of Cráudia that gave them the grace to participate in the decisions of the kingdom built on properties invaded by red standards that spared neither animals nor vegetables.

After the distribution of bologna to the settlers on what did not belong to them, joy made the queue flutter flags that formed constellations.

Auspex had no doubt that he had received from the cosmos the gift of perception of laws and the power of Thor's hammer. Even with his heart full of desire to declare to the world his gratitude for being so special, he didn't dare stop drinking from the oracle of the kingdom and he did it wielding that mighty hammer. He boldly added attributes to the oracle; in addition to intelligence and wisdom brought competence.

Auspex's oratory was full of discoveries again presented, he spoke what was already clearly known, but never in a unique way so that he would not be blamed for any confusion caused in the kingdom, but he uttered them with the incredible exactitude of form and words now spoken. over and over again.

This strategy was one of the marks of that superior wisdom so skillfully weakened in the minds of those who survived the sanitation by the glorification they did in recognition of what they never understood, but always applauded.

In addition to the precision and redundancy, Auspicio's perception also surprised listeners who were attentive to the moment of the applause. The new interpretations that made something so simple and long understood obscured possibilities of understanding and deflected into other frenzies of applause and glorification devoid of cognition.

No one has ever been able to measure the distance between Auspex's interpretations and the sources that generated them, so it was believed that his gift really came from the cosmos, as the dear reader can also assume.

Auspex's hammer was shared by ten more friends who brought strength from the drawers that held radioactive and deadly kryptonites to villains who didn't dare challenge them.

Auspex developed great skill in dealing with radioactive materials throughout his career as well as keeping friends from other realms allied with the realm of Craudius which expanded its boundaries for wider sanitation.

In reality, they were all friends of Auspex, and they also used Thor's hammer to ensure that Thor himself did not use it anymore, as the radiation from the

kryptonites did not affect him in any way even though the attempts were many.

It was said that those gems well-kept in their drawers had been brought from Asgard and had caused such great harm to the realm that Auspex and his friends soon tried to set up an investigation that would



condemn Thor rather than investigate the causes of the radiation. And in the impossibility of condemning what was not ascertained, they appealed to the oracle using the repetitive discursive techniques of Auspex and there were great shows under the circus tent well-adjusted to

the voices of the vulnerable to those kryptonites which were made inert, despite the humanist spectacle of Gil Vicente.

They were all safe because they were supported by the oracle, when Arturito shone radiating strength to Thor's hammer through the untiled rays that socialized in a network.



CRAUDIO TRAVELS

In the trips necessary for the kingdom's business, adverse and diverse, the common standard was used with a high color temperature in the star and in the whole contrasted with the white of the absence of cognition perceived by the recipients of the gifts that made the imbeciles already fainted by decades.

When waving the sacred flag in the hands and structures undernourished by the shortage of mortadella, tools necessary for what is not yet known, but impressed those who settled in foreign lands, were observed in the center.

The welcoming kingdoms of hot climate, vegetation of caatinga and savannah with suffering beings that survived the kingdom of Cráudio did not join hands to strengthen the settlement but fought for the freedom of reason while the banner of diversity frantically fluttered its proud star.

In dry, windless, waterless weather, heroes were forged until finally rewarded with water from the realm of Asgard by the might of Thor's hammer.

Cráudio undertook a journey to the suffering land to fly the flag of his kingdom... it was a summer afternoon and

the tedium of the heat without a breeze to refresh him made the drops that fell dripping ping, ping, ping sweat... at the moment that Cráudio was distilling. unbearable heat and incontinent odor even as he stood still to cool off from the heat of the journey relaxed inside his parked vehicle in search of the shade of the solitary autumn tree remaining from the newly arrived progress in that suffering city that was still searching for the name.

The traveler with no destination took the next return to the caatinga without anyone to guide him in the navigation he was doing on the map of dubious scale;

full of folds that increased the cartographic lines.

His little reading was still done in the drunkenness of cheap drink that produced the slowness and calm of those who are sure they are not lost.



Whenever the traveler stopped to fill up the car, eat, go to the bathroom, rest... whenever there was the certainty of something, there was the doubt of something that consumed him with joy at

the opportunity to once again reflect on the way to follow what was ahead of him. The direction was always what mattered least in the situations that mattered least to the destination of the adventure that presents itself on the roads that, if it led nowhere, at least it would reach someone that it would please.

The fact is that not always someone would never stop taking advantage of the stops on a tasty travel road in the corners that serve meals and desperate *manguaça* from the hunger and thirst of the migrant.

Although, it was difficult to have the clarity of the destination and whereabouts

of both, *manguaça* and traveler simply found themselves in the accidents that happened without the traveler enjoying the benefit of the meal due to the few that became a crowd in the crowd around the sliced piece with slices. translucent so that nothing could impede the observation of the sacred standard.

At the end of the saga emancipated from reason, free from the oppression of intelligence and sober of the senses that defined noteworthy motives; no hypothesis could be concluded, however, the propositions that the migrant presented gave clarity as crystalline as that slice of

bologna through which the future was clarified, but confused because of the light that dazzled, although it brought hope of always being there the star of the banner.



CONSTELLATION LITERATURE

As everything in life has its parallel, the kingdom of Cráudio found its own in the kingdom of *Macunaíma* that, like the Phoenix bird, rose from the ashes to question the wisdom of the Kingdom of Cráudio.

The voice of the imbeciles of the kingdom were personalized in the urn that, despite being manipulable, could not silence the voices of the assholes, even with supreme energy radiated in the rouanet media. These imbeciles and scrotums turned into a constellation that was called Arturito whose voice echoed in the streets,

squares and ditches with the cry of *Ipiranga* on the banks of the powers that were never placid.

Alienista's greenhouses stole Graciliano's dry lives and even the whale dog was guilty of being part of the hate office.

Queiroz said that it was natural that since Arturito was born in the favela, the tenement would be her only destination.

Then, a movement of imbeciles and scrotums arises in the kingdom of Cráudio that took the power of altered emotions, of half-truths that supported entire lies and gave meaning to the universality of science.

Imbeciles who knew they had something and someone greater than themselves; Brazil above everyone and God above everything.

The kingdom of Cráudio counted on Noronho who possessed the qualities of *Bacamarte*, the *Alienista* of Assisi to ignore the voice of Arturito.

The hero *Macunaíma* de Andrade was always advised by Auspicio's narratives that did not prove anything, neither with documents nor with discursive logic, so the Gramscism in the repetition of lies until they became rhetorical truths was Auspicio's great skill.

An uncontrolled group shouted "genocide" to convince Arturito of the guilt of the one who wielded Thor's hammer.

Everything was done with great description and parliamentary ethics. Decency was in chorus with voices



incomprehensible to the speaker and, for that very reason, it made no difference if he didn't have a listener.

The observation of typical puppet movements made their non-existent voices irrelevant to the facts, however, always relevant to the metaphysics of the anthropophagic custom seen through

guttural sounds that if they meant nothing, at least shouted: "by order, sir"!

Narratives denounced humanist deviations that modified its plot and made classicism a Renaissance being like the Phoenix, which returned to the center of the themes addressed.

The Platonic novel became corny to the Symbolists and simplistic to the Parnassians, but it did not bring hope to the naturalistic and deterministic realism that alienated the men in the green house.

A revolution made the arts of men modern until they became obsolete in the cubes that became lighted lamps without

genies that could fulfill the desires of humanity.

The Enlightenment burned the novel in a public square that, like Phoenix, is always reborn in an unusual way, as happened here in the kingdom of Cráudio.

Vicente's idea that God delayed the lives of men was implicit in the literary mystique that motivated the hatred and burning of religious symbols in the Age of Enlightenment that led modernism to digital cubism. To those lamps that it was useless to rub as much as it was because no genius would come out of them. In fact, it is not known for sure if Cráudio was one of

those who left, as he attracted the motivation of many.

The cubism of modernism brought blocks of languages: blogs, websites, everything in matrices; this framing format was constituted in the realm of sealing where Cráudio was reborn, also like the Phoenix, with one more element in his oracle, in addition to the wisdom of the cosmos, and the intelligence of the beyond, now instrumentalized with a framing system, the sealing , namely, the cube, the god of the century.

Imbeciles became stars that formed the constellation known as *Scrota* and

learned to be above everything because they could closely perceive God above everything.

Arturito understood that the only mind that will never be framed is the omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent mind of God, and therefore the only hope for real and permanent freedom. Vieira's constellations should make us reflect on the tiling of men in the kingdom of Cráudio and the constellations in the kingdom of God.



REFLECTION AND MORALS

Certainly, we are all reluctant to learn from the difficulties that present themselves before us, however, they are the ones that pave a firm path to move forward after the falls caused by the obstacles that life imposes on us.

Sometimes we take it out of words and sometimes we don't have a letter left to form a single word, however there will always be a choice after every fall that life imposes on us.

If we choose the human oracle of the convention to live a life of devotion, we will

subject ourselves to Cráudios, Cráudias, Noronhos and Auspex, if we aim for socialization with the subjects of a kingdom whose flag makes the star of an indoctrination flutter, we will be sanitized.

To achieve freedom, it is necessary to desire it to the point that we decide to be subjects of our own learning, free from cognitive oppression, free from indoctrination, free to reflect, to reason, to choose.

We will be able to protect ourselves from the power of kryptonites so well kept in the Auspex drawer, as we will have the light that does not dazzle but makes the

path clear so that everyone who wants to can choose to walk along it.

If we choose a noble cause, in advance, we consciously choose the difficulties that will come with the certainty that they will strengthen us.

If we choose a cause that is won, in advance, we choose by deceiving ourselves that everything was written in the stars and that such a destiny will certainly present itself without any effort on our part.

It is possible that the dear reader has not identified with any of the characters in this narrative, however, to be or not to be will remain the question throughout our

lives.



