

Gerardo D'Orrico

The Hippocratic War



Letter from the book:

“An Ash Ceiling”

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Too many restrictions; the world wants a lot of freedom. Chronicles and institutions have nothing to say. For me, it will be that little problem not to be named to avoid damage. The problem of difficulty cannot be solved. It is you who, or I, the chronicle of the fact that it was never interesting. They are just prejudices for them while history begins in relation to the true social, dear. What remains and what is said about it is unimportant. It has no explanation.

Solutions have no body; only where they are described are they explained. A poor complaint would do everyone good. A software to organize things has already been created; everything has already been done. All software, an intellect deals only with existing objectivity. And, as strange as it may seem, what eludes us was not ours. Creation in general seems like a way to escape from the trap of what is not ours or is not our property. It's not our fault.

Solutions may lie in the past; an invention is always quite different from an unhealthy practice, from malware software. There is a rupture of memory over time; a small sign and all you have to do is think about the error in general. What was supposed to arrive had already happened; they tell us to wake up later. You see others or older people sleeping on speeches or projects never realized. What was supposed to be their own reality; remains a dream.

Life, nowadays, leaves nothing behind. That dilemma cannot be resolved, and we must settle for it. This happens. Everything has already been stolen by the envious. Where will all our money spent on public works end up? Is there ever a place to fix one's soul normally? The world is its use or our address. Public or private entities; lost causes and unused objects. Legal realities that are unknown; eyes that we don't have. The end is obscured; the voice lost in millions of other voices. But we remain waiting.

Problems, chaos, state doubts; the expression lost in the common denominator. Reality is no longer visible. What we have done would not have been built by us. The fear of the unconscious is stronger than words and facts. Fascism is security; the source from which there is no problem. The only solution or light to follow in the case of very big, insurmountable issues. You know, it seems to me that the question does not look like a solution at home. Beware of who speaks; what they bring becomes what remains. They have never understood and never will. They are against the eyes of people who don't believe.

You don't have to say anything; they won't do anything to you. If you want, though, you should be. Here not only did the end of the world come; the last solution will have passed, and still nothing. Then always with the strong methods; people no longer have ears to listen that the truth has only one path.

Don't believe in evil; listen... it was just air. But still nothing; you will see the light of a new day. Then they asked for a good to kill or for those who do not know the losses. It was absurd. A good is a thought or an action as forbidden as it is a duty to perform, uh! It can no longer be realized; we have removed it with order.

There are natural antiviruses; whoever exists in the good lives and that's it. It does everything with norm and calm, then lies down in the end. There are no other problems. Substances and elements are the solutions to those problems that someone solves. But they themselves were the thieves in mathematics; the friends from before. In fact, it's just not clear if studying Dante will be enough to remain a good. There is still a mountain to climb to reach the summit; you always have to do it yourself, no one will do it for you. Indeed, there are people who work to make you forget the work you have already done;

that you are nobody. Someone must know you, and whoever succeeds must escape, you know, let's take a break.

See if you find a little resistance, maybe in the fridge; or if you can avoid that type. There is still no account of how big that function was that they still haven't solved. Then deep down it really was a virus; yet someone thinks about it: damn mosquitoes. We are also Americans, not just Italians; not just fashion. Let time take it away; time washes; time does everything. Anyway, here they didn't make us stay, it was a good thing, who?

Anyway, if one day you connect somewhere, you will see that the world has not lost its color and above all its freedom. Everything must be done properly... maybe that's why I didn't graduate. Don't think that a group is in order; a good is only you or, all the others for sure. Leave it, leave them; don't decline again, a good at most remains an artifact, creation a

product. There is either something that doesn't exist or the need; then candies, let's leave the other things alone. I'm going to eat, bye.

Continuing a conversation will always have been a diversion, if not an excellent solution to carry out or overcome everything unhealthy. The world is in ruins today, dear gentlemen on the ninth of April zero eight. There is no true, complete system to take full support from. They are just structures, a good; a base seems like a base. You can only believe in what you have, not what you should have. In this place, fleeing has nothing to do with it; on the contrary, going was only thought of as a waste of time. Reality instead comes out only from passages that bring light; you have to achieve it by applying truth to creation, only by following the right path do you arrive where it was right you wanted, you had to, or it was intended to go.

There is only one way or mode to have the price of life compared to what we must have; then it will also be what is needed. Breath only guides for what is needed, what we don't have sometimes seems superfluous, liar... better to say I believe, so I am. You will see the solution to these uncertainties will always be the same; many people are always just those. But, deep down, what happens in turn, that tells me that whoever reaches the finish line will be able to live in the good. Those who die, those who leave, will not be. You will see who will know only the truth and eliminated the error, attacking what is not right will always be better than remaining without the earned air, uh, better than stealing.

It is a torture that reigns through the centuries, of putrefaction of flesh and spirit to dissipate every day, without making too many problems. A bad thing must not happen... it is already a good result, it is necessary to repair, to build. The world has never

been finished; it takes a very long race to appear in the kingdom of heaven alive in these times. It is possible to reach beyond; it will also be true from the fact that evil people are truly malignant. The classic rhetoric is evil, this even from centuries ago. And so you see that famous cone spiral, placed behind you.

What works is already working; don't think you can gain by yourself in law. You can build as many palaces as you want; those built next to yours are already ready and inhabited. What annoys and who builds on the sea or on the shoulders of others. The speech is its continuation; where one speech ends, one could take care of one's own personal and interpersonal tasks. The end of a speech has already begun while you were thinking about what you wanted to say. The end has already begun with birth; don't forget it, it's necessary.

Only one indication must always be given; it is a momentary need, a duty not to forget, not to prohibit

or ignore. The road lights up. Rising again is only what is good; therefore we will miss one day, there is no other solution, in the end it is only a human living interval... after purgatory uh, paradise then everyone back to work, hoping to still be alive with dignity and decorum, without excessive trouble like today, restarting this infected sea.

Ruins are a starting point only for very strong people and believers in God; not everyone is familiar with the mafia or other homemade things. The accounts add up from symmetries of a function; we did not create ourselves, we are part of it. It's more a matter of comfort; living is like wearing a suit, but never the evil one, because they go to hell. Leave a detail in your object constitution, to see the base, the desk, the floor these days it is said that you see double. Instead, we are people without documents, uh, updates or what you want to be. Still, what is real

from what is fake is not understood; people seem to rejoice in hell.

A notification is never bad; writing is good even if not in your eyes, but in those who can look or the opposite. The rest will be future, if not ours of those who will come, that huge mountain of what we are not, the denial of life must be defeated, no one takes the place of another, what we are depends mainly on us. But, the world is not all ours, our conscience but also that of those who do not work takes the money that does not belong to them. We are all responsible for a state problem that was wrong and remains so, at most you see that you are involved.

The future happens very simply, it seems but it is not true: whoever is saved nowadays is only God. They will return and their accounts, stories, are parasites, worms, viruses, as always. It will be the fault of the State if you don't see well, not a lack of yours. No blame is yours; there are no guilty people, those there

are thieves who want to say "it's me". You should already know perhaps, they do us harm on purpose... but you haven't seen anything, is that so? You have seen that no one does anything, in error and cruelty. Maybe you don't know what pain is, so it's easy. The State is not for everyone, they are just fantasies, graffiti. You get there when you can or when you must, older or younger people, who knows. Nothing remains that is not possible but to understand for yourself all the offenses is an absurd thing to do. Only holes, they would today be another part of what you should have known or what they didn't tell us. You will do what you can do in this place without human targets, from derivatives and sources in a constructed world.

The first source of love is not called death, aren't we alive? All roads built on evil are wrong, short or long. The majority is false, those who want to take you away. It was said when I was a boy: whoever is not

there, will not be there... they hide the things you can't know, what you are part of. Jackals of a good over humans who then want to be confused for good people. Repeated acts that are part of sections of the world already seen should not instill fear but then leave them.

Another one of these days is about to end, even more will have to be understood that without meaning it leads to nothing or that sometimes it has already been lived, structured what should still succeed. To rise is to see the light of the sun without glare. In the clear you can see better, always from there you have to start. In the day there is the night and in the night the day, is not it! Instead, it is necessary to separate, divide to know all the elements singularly. The end you have already understood they say but when is it no or how are we now? It still seems another day and the past a thing to throw away like garbage, but what memory remains without precise greatnesses. It is

necessary to hold on to the bus and not lose anything so worrying, as in the end it is said to lose life.

We reorganize ourselves again in five minutes... still nothing happened? What do you want me to tell you, it's the dead playing another theater or a game of cops and robbers. The games end, people remain, theories are associated with true reality without any smudging. You cannot live everything, life is a dream, you must know how to fall and many other little things that you don't have to do, like not being robbed to avoid losing. It is thought that one does not fall into the suitable form of living, we fall into our source which is the trunk of our body. Who says there won't be any more good, he will go to hell before he hasn't yet, while the rest seems like a higher instruction to what it was. It resembles the walls of that institute that we hold so dear.

What does not support today is the State. This environment is as big as the world but not a closed

space, you will not lose the taste of salt. Even our home is the world, it has openings towards all nations. If you look in one direction there is America, in the other Germany or France, over there Russia then the east and it does not close. I am tired but I feel exceptionally good, so I conclude: if someone hurts you it goes in the memory, the arrests are already lived studies, while indigestion, fat intestine... come, don't insist, eat to clear up. They are wars of saints, no one has ever cheated us, whoever shoots is shot.

Today I feel superior to the problem of falsehood, even in the theater. In short, what is the true taste of peace: the undisturbed quiet of calm, the absolute certainty of being alive, the walls of terrestrial borders closed or where you could be instead of finding yourself in another city. Here a hand is always needed, as one can leave the thought where it is instead. What you see on your belief is your limit,

nothing can explain it to you, it says read: the others are things that are not here where we are, that dust will be evil. In fact, the bosses are a bit confused, always those from derivatives to sources then causes. When that day arrives, that will be the fault and those the guilty, nothing can be stolen, no one can take the place of another. They will be the wrong people like the environment on the other hand. It is the loneliness between us on the other hand, if you don't do it no one will, particularly there where you are. The same remains for everyone, no one will ever do anything until we are called to bring the good we have. No one will ever know it, then it is said no one must see it. Let's stay calm, there is no one here but they want us to arrive when everything is over or when someone will no longer be there. We will arrive later, later, not go back as you cannot return, it is what is not said that hurts sometimes.

You cannot escape from trivial things, they are the law, life sometimes. It will instead be a new light, nothing is lost, who is lost will already be far away, it seems a summit that draws us downwards, the universe that surrounds it is formed in extinct natures, already written laws, registers where evil can easily nest, thus creating a retrograde way without God, at least in active presence. Then hell for those who don't like it, it's always a point of arrival from the void on the planet or from one planet to another. We talk about epochs among us that divide tens of years into one, or what else can be expected, one who has already passed thirty.

Human beings seem like shells, or it seems to me that if they are eaten there, always playing these big ones. Just play, life is over there, beautiful present like a picture in a mirror to cross. Who does not exist has gone away, there is no more end. Whoever can is after us, rest assured. Instead, whoever arrives calls,

it seems a limitedly perfect image, equal to our citizens. Goodbye, again to hear from you in a thousand years. Move to different environments because the parties are not at peace with each other. Nothing happens until we are together. Only the mist where you cannot see anything, only what we have stolen or what is not ours, from which you cannot benefit to become better. Only the dead can improve, what absurdity - blasphemy. Remember, the offense is a tool that imprisons itself to understand better things, if you want answers they are inside us, like the years that pass they have passed. We go along with the time we occupy. What you are, you write it or rather you do it, not what they tell us to be but what we are here, in this place over there. Then there is almost nothing left outside.

Of this time, of this era, everyone writes and remains in their place. A good becomes our memory of today, as in ten years you would see it. It is always necessary

to appraise what happens to find the origins, the functions and then think about something else, be here and not be evil but all together always. It is already afternoon, don't believe that spoken speech would have solved anything. There are many interferences, it is a matter of staying silent, not letting yourself be helped much. Okay, maybe it's already late but, you can't even imagine how much our life is someone else's business. Maybe it will be better understood later or when past events have passed, but the future seems like a huge glittering mountain. Do not peel your knees, continue to the end of your path. If you still see ahead there will be many trees to observe and castles inhabited by famous people or warriors long dead.

I wish you a life of happiness, for what life is beautiful, full even of problems without a way out, without mortal problems, without even thinking about it anymore, grab the gun and shoot yourself.

Just kidding, how many things are done without leaving a mark. You will remember them rarely but, in the end they are not just to fill the gaps in memory. On the contrary, no one declares the true truth and what should pass for neglect. So you lose the true meaning of ideas and people where to go to try to live again. It happens that what is needed is thrown away, the goals are just a mirage and people don't know how to work. The facts have been forgotten, the strongest wins, commands. What you believe is not yours, they gave it to you, while that impossible form of life hidden corrodes our soul, sometimes it's just habit the rest. I know it's everyone's business: no one expresses themselves with forms open to what success really is, what happens. We are no one, others live elsewhere even in evil, the recitation says but, there is a part of what they have stolen, surely they win but, you don't want to believe. As there is a good and healthy form of depersonalization, they are

just false fascists or parasites, let's hope it goes well, good evening.

The weather is clear, the day looks good, a good is always stronger, an evil has made a mistake. A good has already won, whoever has not won, has already lost. Fear is what remains, not what remains to you, none of the evil remains to you. A speech is common until you find the way to your home, after imaginarily closing its door. Of need and the people who have it, you must be thirsty to taste the quality of life, and realize that you are still alive.



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