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# **The Hippocratic War**

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An Ash Ceiling  
Diary



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## The Hippocratic War

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Too many restrictions, the world wants a lot of freedom, the news and the institutions have only to say, in my opinion is that little problem not to mention, not to get the damage. Problem on difficulty cannot be solved because you are the one who, or I the chronicle of the fact that it has never been interesting, are just prejudices for them, while the story begins in relation to the social dear. What remains is what is said, it doesn't matter, it has nowhere to explain itself.

Solutions have no body, only where they are described, they are explained, a poor denunciation

would be good for everyone. A software to arrange things in order has already been created, everything has already been, all software, an intellect only deals with already existing objectivity, it is as strange as it may seem, what we are missing was not ours. Creation in general is a basis for escaping the trap of what is not ours: it is not our property, it is not our fault. Solutions may be in the past, an invention is something quite different from an unhealthy practice, from malware software. A memory rupture happens in time, a small sign is that you only have to think about the error in general, what was supposed to arrive has already happened, they tell us to wake up then, you see the others or, the biggest people sleep on speeches, projects never realized, what was supposed to be their own reality, to remain a dream.

Life is the present day, there's nothing left, that dilemma can't be solved and, we have to make do with it, this happens. Here they have already stolen from us all the envious, where all our money spent on public works will end up, it's never a place to settle one's soul as a rule. The world is its use or, our address, public or private bodies, lost causes and disused objects. Legal realities we don't know, eyes we don't have. The end is blurred, the voice lost in

millions of other voices but, we remain waiting. Problems, chaos, state doubts, the expression lost in the common denominator, you can no longer see reality, because what we have done, we would not have built it. Fear of the unconscious is stronger than words and deeds... Fascism is security, the source from which there is no problem, the only solution or, light to follow in case of very large or insuperable issues, you know, it seems to me that 'the question does not look like a solution at home, careful who speaks, what they bring us is what will remain, they have never understood, they never will, they are against the eyes of people who do not believe them, you don't have to say anything they won't do anything to you, but if you want you should be.

Here not only the end of the world has come, the last solution has also passed, still nothing is down with strong manners, that people don't have ears to listen to, the truth has only one way, don't believe you hear it... it was just air, still nothing will see the light of a new day, then it was a good thing to kill or, the losses who don't know them, is the absurd. A good is a thought or, an action as forbidden as it is duty to perform, it can no longer be achieved, we took it away with the order.

There are natural antivirus, those who exist in the good live and that's all, they do everything with norm and calm, then lie down at the end, that there are no other problems. Substances and elements are the solutions to those problems that nobody solves. They were the thieves in mathematics, the friends of before, only it was not understood as soon as possible, if studying Dante will be enough to remain a good thing. There is still a mountain to climb, to get to the top, you must always do it yourself, no one will do it for you, in fact 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 can find some resistance, maybe in the fridge or if you can avoid that guy, there is still no account of how great that function was that they have not yet solved, then in the background was really a virus, and yet someone thinks about it, damn mosquitoes.

We are also Americans not only Italians, not only fashion, let 'time brings it, time washes, time does everything. They wouldn't let us stay here anyway, which was good for who? Anyway, if one day you

connect up somewhere, you'll see the world hasn't lost its colour, it's above all freedom, doing everything by the book... maybe that's why I didn't graduate, don't think that that group is in order, a good thing is only you or all the others. Leave it, let them not decline yet, a good at most is an artefact, the created a product, there is what does not exist or the need, then the candy, the other things let's leave them alone. I'm going to eat, bye.

Continuing a speech has always been an exemplary diversion, if not an excellent solution to perform or, overcome all the unhealthy. The world is a ruin today, dear gentlemen in the day nine April zero eight there is no real system, whole from which to take full support, are just structures a good, a base is a base, you can only believe what you have, not what you had to have. In that place the escape has nothing to do with it, on the other hand it was just a waste of time, reality comes out only from passages that bring light, you get by applying the truth to creation, only by going the right way you get to the place where you wanted, you had to or, was going to go. There is only one way or, mode to have the price of life, compared to what we must have then is also what is needed. Breathing drives only what is needed,

what we do not have is sometimes superfluous, liar.  
I think, I am.

You will see the solution to these uncertainties is always the same, the many people are not always those but, after all, what happens on duty, this tells me that, whoever arrives will be able to live in the good, who cracks, who leaves, will not be. You will see who will know only the true, and eliminated the error, attacking what is not right will always be better than staying without the air gained, better than stealing. It is a torment that has reigned through the centuries, of putrefaction of the flesh and spirit, to be dissipated always every day, without making so many problems.

An evil must not happen ... it is already a good result, it must be repaired, built. The world has never been finished, you need to make a long race, to appear in the kingdom of heaven alive these days, you can reach beyond, it will also be true that bad people are really evil, the classic rhetoric is evil, even from centuries back to this, so you will see that famous spiral cone, placed behind you.

What works is already working, don't think you're making money alone in law, you can build as many buildings as you want, those built next to yours are already ready and inhabited, what bothers you is who builds on the sea or on the shoulders of others. The speech is its continuation, where a speech ends one could deal with one's 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 the birth, don't forget that you need it.

Only an indication should always be given is a momentary need, a duty not to forget, not to forbid or ignore, the road lights up. Resurrecting is only what is good, so we will miss one day, there is no other solution, after all it is only a living human interval ... after purgatory, uh, paradise then all to work, hoping to still be alive with dignity and dignity, without excessive trouble as today, start again this infected sea.

The ruin is a starting point, only for very strong people are believers in God, not all of us are familiar with the mafia or other homemade things. The accounts come back from symmetries of a function,



we have not made the creation of us, we are part of it, it's more a matter of comfort, living like wearing a dress but, never that of evil, because they go to hell. Leave a detail in your constitution of objects, to see the base, the desk, the floor these days it is said that you see us double, instead we are people without documents uh, updates or, what you want to be, still do not understand what is real from what is false, people seem to rejoice in hell.

A notification is never bad, the writing is good even if not in your eyes but, of those who can look or, the opposite, the rest will be future, if not our of those who will come. That enormous mountain of what we are not, the denial of life will have to be defeated, no one takes the place of another, what we are depends above all on us but, the world is not all ours, our conscience but, even that of those who do not work is taking the money that does not belong to them, we are all responsible for a state problem that was wrong is still wrong, at most you see what you have to do with it.

The future happens with great simplicity, it seems but it is not true: who is safe in our days is only God, they will return to them and, their accounts,

stories, are parasites, worms, viruses, malignant as yet will be the fault of the state if you do not see well, not a lack of you, no fault is yours, there are no people who are to blame, those are thieves who want to say: it's me.

You should already know this maybe, they do us evil on purpose... but you haven't seen anything, have you? You've seen that nobody does anything, in error and cruelty, maybe you don't know what the penalty is, so it's easy. The State doesn't have for everyone, it's just fantasies, graffiti, you come when you can or, when you have to, more adult people or, who knows, smaller people, there's nothing left that isn't possible, but, to understand all the offenses by yourself is one thing to do.

Only holes, they would be today another part of what you had to know or, what they didn't tell us, you will do what you can do, in this place without human targets, from derivations and sources in a built world. Isn't the first source of love called death, isn't it in life? All roads built on evil are wrong, short or long, the majority are false, who wants to take you away. They used to say when I was a boy who wasn't there, won't be there. I hide the things you can't

know, what you are part of, jackals of good on humans who then want to be confused for good people, repeated acts that are part of sections of the world already seen, they must not realize fear but, scrutinized then leave them.

Another of these days is coming to an end, even more is to be understood that meaninglessness leads to nothing or, that sometimes it has already been lived, structured what should still succeed, to arise is to see the sunlight without dazzle. In the clear you can see better, it is always from there you have to start, in the day there is night and in the night there is day, it is not true! We must instead separate, divide to know individually all the elements, the end you have already understood it is said but, when is it no or how much we are now? It still seems another day and the past is a thing to throw away like garbage but, that I remember remains without the precise sizes, you have to hold on to the bus is not to lose anything so worrying, as the background is said to lose your life.

We reorganize again in five minutes... nothing has happened yet? What do you want me to say is the dead man playing at another theatre or, a play of

guards and thieves. You finish the games, people stay, theories are associated with reality, without any smear, you can't live everything, life is a dream you have to know how to fall and many other little things you don't have to, like getting stolen not to lose. It is thought that we do not fall into the form suitable for living, we fall into our source that 'the trunk of our body. He says there will be no more good, the fellow goes to hell, indeed he has not yet done so. An education is higher than what it was, it resembles the walls of that institution which is so dear to us.

What it doesn't support today is the state! This environment is as big as the world but, not an enclosed space, you won't lose the taste of salt. Our home is also the world, it has openings towards all nations if you look at America on one side, Germany or France on the other, Russia and then the East is not closed. I'm tired of writing but, I feel exceptionally well, then I conclude: if that hurts us goes in the memory, the arrests are studies already lived. Indigestion, fat intestine, come don't insist, eat that is clarified, they are wars of saints, nobody has ever fooled us, who shoots is shot.

Today I feel much superior to the problem of the

false, not even in the theatre. After all what is 'the true taste of peace, not disturbing the peace, the absolute certainty of being alive, if never close the walls of the earth's borders, where you could be, instead of finding yourself in another city, you always need a hand, how to leave the thought where it is instead. What you see on your belief is your limit, nothing can explain it to you, there are laws written, others are things, that are not here where we are, that dust is evil.

In fact, the leaders are a bit confused, they are always the ones from sources to causes, when that day comes that will be the fault, those are the guilty ones, nothing is stolen, no one takes the place of another, people are wrong, like the environment on the other hand.

It's loneliness among us on the other hand, as if you don't do it no one will do it where you are, the same is true for everyone, no one will ever do anything, until we are called to bring the good we have, no one will ever know, no one is said, no one has to see it. Let's remain calm here there is no one but, they want us to arrive when everything is over or, when someone will be gone, we will arrive after

not going back, because there is no going back. What you don't say hurts sometimes, you don't run away from trivial things are the law, life sometimes. It will be a new light, you don't lose anything, the loser is already far away. It is a vertex that draws us downwards, the universe that surrounds it, is formed in dull natures and laws already written, from registers where evil is easy to nest, thus creating a retrograde world without God, at least in active presence. Hell for those who don't like it is always a point of arrival, from emptiness on the planet or, from one planet to another, then we talk about epochs between us that divide tens of years into one or, what can one still expect when one is over thirty.

Human beings look like shells, it seems as if they are eaten there, always playing these big ones, just play there is life there, beautiful present as a picture in a mirror to cross. Those who don't exist are gone, they are no more, the end. Who can after us, be sure who arrives calls! A perfect image limitedly equal to our citizens. Hello again to resent in a thousand years yet, moved to unequal environments, because the parties are not at peace with each other, nothing happens until we are together, just a beautiful mist, where we see nothing, only what we have stolen or,

what is not yours that you cannot take advantage of, to become better.

Only the dead can improve what nonsense, remember the offense is a tool that is imprisoned to understand the best things, if you want answers are within us ... as the years that have passed, we spend together 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 that place over there, then there is almost nothing outside. Of this time, of this era, everyone writes and stays in their places, a good thing is our memory of today, as in ten years from now I would see it, it is always necessary to make assessments of what happens to find the origins, the functions to then think about something else, being here is not to be bad, all together always.

It's already afternoon don't believe that the speech would have solved anything, there are many interferences, it's a matter of remaining silent, don't get much help. Ok, maybe it's already late but, you can't even imagine how much, it's other people's business our life, maybe it will be better understood later or when? The past events have passed, the future instead, it's a huge shining mountain, don't

peel your knees, go on down your way, if you still see ahead there will be many trees still to be observed and, castles inhabited by famous people or warriors already dead for a long time. I wish you a life of happiness, what life is for. Beautiful, full of problems without a way out, without mortal problems, without even thinking about it anymore, take the gun and shoot yourself, I'm joking... how many things you do without leaving a mark, you will rarely remember them but, in the background, they don't only serve to fill the holes in your memory. On the contrary no one declares the true truth, it's what you should pass for neglect, so you lose the true sense 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 do not know what to work.

The facts have been forgotten, the strongest wins, he commands. What you believe is not yours, they gave it to you, while that impossible life form of yours secretly corrodes our souls, sometimes it's just habit the rest. I know that it's everyone's business: no one expresses himself with open forms, what success really is, what happens. We are no one, others live elsewhere even in evil, the play says, but there is a part of truth that is what they have stolen, it is



certainly won but, we do not want to believe, as there is a good and healthy form of depersonalization. They are just false fascists and parasites, let's hope it goes well, have a good evening.

The weather is clear, the day looks good, a good is always stronger, a bad is wrong. A good has already won, who hasn't won, has already lost. Fear is what remains, not what you have left, nothing bad remains. A speech is common, until you find your way home, after you have imagined closing the door of it. Of need and people in need, you need to be thirsty, to feel the quality of life and to realize that you are still alive

*“What you are will not become, that's the fake truth, Okay! But the future is the most wonderful thing man has to possess.”*

*This is the end of a new epilogue, an embrace G.*