



A Christmas Carol

The family table filled slowly. Everybody was arriving on time to the New Year's Eve dinner. The flame of a beautiful red wax candle danced and seemed to welcome them. The music of the carols went up the fir covered with wreaths, and filled up the dining room. Lights were shining. The eye blasted by a rubber ball was shining at the bottom of the soup bowl. I kept eating. I acted normal. "At Christmas 80% of the population will experience symptoms of anxiety, stress or sadness. The psychologist Amaya Terrón recommends everyone to adjust this celebration to their personal circumstances and financial situation. This expert reminds us that happiness is not related to the quantity and quality of gifts one receives." (La Vanguardia, December, 5, 2012). A man who committed suicide asked if he could sit at the table. I didn't refuse.

(...)

JUAN ÁLVAREZ M.P. (45 years old), L'Hospitalet de Llobregat. November 12, 2010. He was going to be evicted from the house he had occupied with his wife and underage daughter. He hanged himself in the street.

ISABEL (56), Malaga. July 7, 2012. Disabled woman. She threw herself from the eleventh floor of her home.

X, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria. October 23, 2012. He jumped from a bridge after losing his job and being communicated by the bank he was going to be evicted.

JOSE MIGUEL DOMINGO (54), Granada. October 25, 2012. He hanged himself just before being evicted.

AMAIYA EGAÑA (53), Barakaldo. November 9, 2012. She threw herself out the window of her home on a fourth floor, when she was going to be evicted from her apartment.

RICARDO G. M. (50), Córdoba. November 6, 2012. The victim could not pay the rent.

(...)

In any case, a suicided person is better than a poor one. The poor are all the same, and besides, they always ask for something. Although I felt the cold coming from him, I told myself - while there is life there is hope-. I kept eating. Time for dessert came. The man shouted strange words that didn't let us listen to the Christmas songs. He stood up and began to insult us. He was very rude, really bad mannered. "The distance between words, deeds and acts keeps growing exponentially. One has to die, in this case voluntarily, to leave proof of the manipulation. One has to sign with blood the painful truths so they can be recognized as such" (Javi Ruiz, Vitoria, March 10, 2008. He had participated in the General Strike of 1976 where police killed five workers. He committed suicide on March 10, 2008). "As my advanced age doesn't let me react differently (although if a greek fellow had picked up a kalashnikov I would have followed) I see no other solution than to end my life in this decent way before having to scrap food from the trash to survive" (D. Christoulas. He shot himself in front of the Parliament of Athens on April 4, 2012). Dying to be able to live. It was then that I had to call the police. Felip Puig, the head of the Ministry of Interior, came swiftly to protect me from the intruder and the blood splashed him. On these days, suicide has become a political weapon.

But the best suicide is suicide without death. Then we can keep spitting.