My Testament.

When I write these words Paradise has not yet begun, but I am sure, after 35 years of researching, writing and creating artistic work, that it is here, I'm going to achieve it in the coming months.

It could have been at any time in History, all that was missing was for the End of the World to come. Thus we include in Paradise all Human Beings of all times. We give it to those who have already died and we live Paradise for them too. For this they left the sign on their grave, whether they actually did it or not.

But I'll give you a date, of course. An annual day, not to rest or have fun, because everyone will do that when they feel like it, but a holiday so that we all remember this entrance to Paradise. This date is, of course, December 25th. Yes, the day that has been until now the day of Jesus Christ, and that happens to be the day of Christ, whether Jesus Christ, Juan Christ, Pedro Christ... or Jesús End of the World, the Christ of the End of the World.

There have been many Christs. They are at the origin of civilizations. In fact, they have shaped civilization, grotesquely, yes. The thing is that when they try to get to Paradise, they are lynched, and they are taken as givers of power to continue the Human Crime for 1,000 more years. After 1,000 years, another Christ appears, and we start all over again because there was not yet enough technology to destroy the Planet. Two singularities: Jesus Christ gave rise to the religion of the End of the World. And I, the Christ of the End of the World, finally get Paradise by using the open Door left by the previous Christs, especially Jesus Christ. Yes, dear friend, and tears are streaming down my cheeks as I write these lines, the Christs allowed themselves to be lynched by practicing their controlled dishit upon, that is, they knew they were making a mistake by allowing themselves to be lynched, but they felt that they were opening the Door. How dramatic, how

tremendous… Thank you very much, beloved Christs, here is your Paradise. You cannot know it because you do not exist, but you felt it at your time with greater or lesser intensity. Thank you, thank you, friends. I wish you could live this, we live it for you every December 25th and at every moment.

Now that we are living through this tremendous episode that is the entrance to Paradise, it is very important to leave such an episode clean, of course, because it will be remembered for as long as Humanity lasts. And we and future generations will have the reference that I leave, my web page that appears at the end of this text. Here is my work. It is finished. And I am going to give you some simple instructions so that this goes well.

I do not want to be famous in the current sense of the term. I do not want journalists or curious people waiting for me to leave my house to interview me. I will never grant any public interview. I do not want to be recognized on the street... Please respect my privacy and my old age.

Do not publish photographs of me and, if they ever show you one, tell that person that there are many photographs of different Christs of the End of the World, that it is not important.

Don't say where I live, and if someone tells you that Christ of the End of the World lives in their neighborhood, tell them yes, of course, that Christ of the End of the World lives in every neighborhood.

Don't look for me. I have changed my name and address, starting a new life without any connection to the old one, neither family nor friends nor anyone else who knew me. And I hope you and I meet sometime and we chat for a while. You will have no problem recognizing me. I have no age, I have no sex, my skin is not of any color... It will be very easy for you to know that it is me. Talk to me. Look, I love solitude enormously and,

nevertheless, I also enjoy a cordial, friendly chat enormously. Tell me things about yourself, I will do the same for my part. And tell me how your learning to live in Freedom is going...

I am already of a certain age, I am retiring. It has been 35 years of desperate depression with hatred, harassment and persecution of my fellow men. How grotesque, that you try to change the World and are harassed with overflowing anger. Roger Waters already says it in his song “The thin ice” from the album “The Wall” “Dragging behind you the silent reproach of a million tear stained eyes”. Well, mine has not always been silent, but rather hate-filled screams on many occasions. I come out of this stunned by so much pain. And I want to live my old age as the old live it. It would be nice if they put steps in important and long-lasting works so that we old people could sit and watch and debate whether the formwork should be done before the tiling. In short, we old people could watch how Humanity learns to live in Freedom.

Let it also be said that I have lived through euphoric phases, and that my work, changing the World, has been a wonderful adventure as a whole, and I know and feel that I have lived intensely, very intense sorrows and very intense joys. And you know, sorrows, joys, merge into a sweet, very sweet feeling, which fills life.

So, if someone asks you if you are the Christ of the End of the World, tell them yes, and chat a while with that person. And if you ask someone if they are the Christ of the End of the World, I will answer yes, of course, and we will chat a while. How wonderful.

Please do not fill up my email address that appears on my website. You have already thanked me, as I say below. Thank me on social media if you want, that's what they're there for, although I probably won't see it, but I'll know it's happening. Leave this email address in case someone wants to tell me something, I don't

know, significant, important... For example, I'd like Roger Hodgson to write to me. The author of the song "Fool's Overture", who asked me in 1977 “to lead us all home” (Supertramp). And it's done. Or some other hippie... anyway, leave my email address free, don't isolate me by saturating it. Thanks.

And don't ask me questions about the meaning of my work except when you and I are chatting. Everything you need is on my website, and then keep investigating others autors. I'm not a teacher, or a preacher, or a pastor, or anything like that. We'll chat when we meet, but don't saturate my email. Thanks.

Don't worry about when I die. It doesn't matter if the date is there, but it's better that it doesn't. Don't give warnings, don't investigate this or any other aspect of me or my relationships. What is on my website is everything, you don't need more. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the one who was, the one who came and the one who is. And you will also live Paradise for me, as for all the dead. Talk with me forever and ever, dear friend.

I have already been thanked. And they have done so in the most beautiful ways in which one can give thanks. I understand these thanks as being from All Humanity of All Time. I am very satisfied and I feel wonderfully well. That is all.

Wow, it was much shorter than I thought. Better so. Just one more thing so that there is absolutely no doubt: I shit.

See you forever. Jesús End of the World www.nuevaera.info
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