

ONDALIUM page does not pretend to be just a web of health, food supplements or cosmetics. It is really born with the intention of being a corner in which the WELL-BEING of the person is cared for from all perspectives. We believe that wellness has to start to flow from the inside, from what we feel.



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For this reason, the first article should be a calm reflection from inside. In this sense, few people have been able to express it better than the Asturian journalist Ángeles Caso in an article in his column "A certain silence" in January 2012, entitled "What I want now", published in the "Magazine" of La Vanguardia, who at the time was worth winning the prestigious Julio Camba Journalism Prize. After knowing the jury's decision, the author assured that the text is about "THE TRULY IMPORTANT THINGS OF LIFE".



## WHAT I WANT NOW

It will be because three of my dearest friends have unexpectedly faced this Christmas to very serious diseases. Or because, luckily for me, my partner is a man who does not have anything

material, but he has the healthiest heart and head I have ever known and every day I learn from him something valuable. Or maybe because, at this point in my life, I've already had enough good hours and bad hours to start putting things in place. It will be, perhaps, because some blessed angel of wisdom has passed by here and has allowed a breath to come to me. The fact is that I have the sensation -at least the sensation- that I begin to understand a little of what is called life.

Almost nothing that we think is important seems to me. Neither success, nor power, nor money, beyond what is essential to live with dignity. I do not care for crowns of laurels and dirty compliments. Just as I do not care about the mud of envy, the slander and the judgment of others. I set aside the complainers and sulky, the selfish and ambitious who aspire to rest in tombs full of honors and bank accounts, on which no one will shed a single tear in which a tiny particle of real grief fits. I detest the luxury cars that pollute the world, the fur coats ripped from a warm and throbbing body, the jewels made from the hardships of slave men who suffer in the emerald and gold mines in exchange for a piece of bread

I reject the cynicism of a society that only thinks about its own welfare and disregards the discomfort of others, on the basis of which it builds its waste. And the damned indifferent who never get into trouble. I point the finger at the

hypocrites who deposit a coin in the moneyboxes of the missions, but do not share the table with an immigrant. To those who applaud you when you are queen and leave you when you get pustules. To those who believe that it is only important to have and exhibit instead of feeling, thinking and being.

And now, now, in this moment of my life, I do not want almost anything. Only the tenderness of my love and the glorious company of my friends. A few laughs and a few words of love before going to bed. The sweet memory of my dead. A couple of trees on the other side of the crystals and a piece of heaven to which light and night come. The best verse in the world and the most beautiful music. For the rest, I could eat boiled potatoes and sleep on the floor while my conscience is calm.



I also want, of course, to maintain the freedom and the critical spirit for which I gladly pay all the price that has to be paid. I want all the serenity to cope with the pain and all the joy to enjoy the good. An instant of beauty every day. To desperately miss those who have to leave because I was lucky to have them by my side. I will never be back from anything. Keep crying every time something deserves it, but do not complain about any nonsense. Never to become, never, a bitter woman, no matter what happens. And that the day I have to vanish, a handful of people think it was worthwhile for me to walk around here for a while. I just want that. Almost nothing. Or everything.

