



CHRISTOS KOTSIRIS

The Starlight blew

*The wretched life
of an American
Football Player*


FYLATOS PUBLISHING



© Fylatos Publishing,
Editor: Konstantinos Fylatos
Author: Christos Kotsiris

Republication of parts of this work is permitted for comment or criticism. Republication of a limited part of this work is permitted for scientific purposes. Reference to the title of the work, the name of the author, publisher, number of the page republished, and date of publication is mandatory. Any revision, translation, or utilization is prohibited without reference to the book's contributors and written permission from the publisher according to the law.

© Fylatos Publishing
e-mail: contact@fylatos.com
web: www.fylatos.com

ISBN: 978-960-658-xxxxxx

CHRISTOS KOTSIRIS

**The Starlight
blew**

*The wretched life
of an American
Football Player*

Fylatos Publishing
MMXXIV

DISCLAIMER

Views expressed and language used does not represent the beliefs and opinions of the author or his editor. This story may be read as fiction or not fiction, and has been inspired by the life of an American Football Player, Jerome Coehlo Eduardo Hormigo and his gruesome end: suicide by hanging himself in his cell in jail after his indictment for murder.

On purpose, changes have been made. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or places or persons, living or dead, is coincidental. The plot and all the characters' structure are entirely fabricated, and they have been added or exempted to avoid IDing, portrayal of persons now living or are dead and legal implications of any kind.

For the author stands the conviction that the culture of this book is governed by the thinking of the characters, their beliefs, and their loyalties and is simply something that solely exists on this paper and has been made for constructive reasons.

Of course, collective conscience and convictions have an impact on the personal core of the protagonist, Jerome Hormigo.

The potential of justice runs through the book and focuses on the protagonist.

I attest that the foregoing is a true statement.

Signs,

Clear J. Dwyer, Playwright

The Starlight blew

The wretched life of an American Football Player

translated to English from Portuguese

by Alfredo Garcia

CONTENTS

DISCLAIMER	5
FOREWORD	11
INTRODUCTION	19
INTRODUCTION PART I-My Apprehension	25
INTRODUCTION PART II-Introduce this point of view	27
CHAPTER ONE-Getting along	29
Getting along with lies	40
CHAPTER TWO-Time has Expired	49
Time has Expired Part I: Who was behind me, when I turned to look	61
Time has Expired Part II: Come to me, I'll take you away	74
Time has Expired Part III: Nowhere to return now	79
Time has Expired Part IV: The inside Story	84
CHAPTER THREE-College is always a chance	101
College is always a chance: Playgrounds	104
CHAPTER FOUR-All famous there	109
CHAPTER FIVE-As The Time Passes	113
As The Time Passes Part I, as The Time Passes Away	117

As The Time Passes Part II:	
Toddler as toddler, Youth as Youth	120
As The Time Passes Part III: Faith	130
As The Time Passes Part IV:	
College, boring times	132
As The Time Passes Part V:	
What is a “Nigga”?	136
As The Time Passes Part VI: 12 seconds flat	144
As The Time Passes Part VII: Large Lucindas and Sick Ducks	150
CHAPTER SIX-High School: good times	165
As The Time Passes Part VIII: Your own eyes	167
CHAPTER SEVEN-The wedding	169
CHAPTER EIGHT-Guy time	173
CHAPTER NINE-A great career	177
A great career Part I: A chance matter	179
A great career Part II:	
Not Squandering any opportunity	184
A great career Part III: Ignoring, ignoring, ignoring	185
A great career Part IV: Jamming the moral compass	188
CHAPTER TEN-On and Running	199
Jamming the moral compass. Part 1: Deranged	202
Jamming the moral compass. Part II: Deranged 1.0	203
Jamming the moral compass. Part III: Balancing family responsibilities	206
Jamming the moral compass. Part IV: Deranged 1.1	208
CHAPTER ELEVEN-Coaching for any meat	213
CHAPTER TWELVE-Misery of intimacy	215
Misery of intimacy Part I: Super B	217

Misery of intimacy	
Part II: Pilot's One Point Nine body	220
CHAPTER THIRTEEN-Not lived for children	221
CHAPTER FOURTEEN-Resolving matters negatively	223
CHAPTER FIFTEEN-Feelings in the Court Room	225
Feelings in the Court Room	
Part I: Specifications of Social Media	227
Feelings in the Court Room	
Part II: Guilty and anything else?	230
CHAPTER SIXTEEN-Feelings in The prison	233
Feelings in The prison No. 1 Letters	235
Feelings in the prison No7: Success Codes	237
Feelings in The prison No8: Pericolo Successo	238
Feelings in the prison No12: The Orchestra Conductor	238
Feelings in The prison No14: The feared columnist	239
CHAPTER SEVENTEEN-Mike The TFC was Jerome' calling card	243
Fate	245
CHAPTER EIGHTEEN-A heap of broken reflections	249

FOREWORD

Crimes give me hope, not sinlessness. Crime-free means done. This applies to all your endeavors. The following lines resonate with me, although I never did anything big.

Taking the higher road is never easy since only the selected few are willing to traverse the darkest and most spiteful path. They should thank God, Satan, or whatever they believe in deeply. To my level, nobody needs considerable arguments to grasp that movement dynamics cause a football player's key catalytic actions and reactions.

Football culture is understanding these relationships. Thus, comprehending all movements—from stirring to locomotion and fling to reposition—is crucial.

Since adolescence, life has guided me to my wants, aspirations, and hopes. As I sit in prison, my magnificent history floods me.

Human evolution has relied on commitments.

I, Jerome Coehlo Eduardo Hormigo, am seized by an unending commitment to my companions, killed Lerone “Brad” Hemings to prevent a return to my commitment.

In and around football, different circles are intertwined or related.

Power and blood are football's most crucial circles.

As an American football player, I wasn't swimming in swallow waters or an abstract entity. In flesh and blood, I was digging for the hidden riches while trying to protect my respectable existence, which I considered my primary priority.

Some football players can act as a Fifth Column by playing subversively and supporting the opposition.

Brazil's 7-1 loss to Germany in the 2014 World Cup final will be remembered. Brazilian's sad cries were heard for kilometers. The match, which occurred shortly after Brazil's government shifted, was reportedly a coup against President Dilma Rousseff. The Germany side led 5-0 at halftime after scoring four goals in six minutes, a goal-a-minute game. Next half-time, the Germans easily took the score up to 7-0 as if playing before empty goalposts. No defensive maneuver, action, or moral benefit distinguished the Brazilian National Team from a local one. Playing below zero indicates you can't be judged by morality. The Brazilian goal that ended the match 7-1 was a setup, a consolation goal. The Germans generously gave the Brazilian team time and a goal. This match signals the end of Brazilian football dominance. Brazil was eliminated at the final minute, causing national embarrassment because they lost the World Cup on home soil.

Young players are in demand in American football and other sports. Old horses' retreat hurts. Even the best players couldn't defeat their detractors.

I have inspired so many people, even unintentionally, which is one of the finest things you can accomplish in life. My spirit ignited and my talent inspired many.

Leaving aside new and old descents, upheavals, and crossings of two oceans—the Pacific and the Atlantic—I would rather dwell on the exclusive privilege of the American Football Player to be the epitome of the American Dream and the ultimate global expectation on the threshold of a new era.

This is about personal breakdown of an American football player. I went decadent until I became a deconstructed rag in prison.

In addition to becoming a scapegoat for a dangerous society, my world is sinking due to my terrifying and embarrassing personal problem.

In the beginning of my life, I fought for others' variety but ended up dealing with my own obstacles.

I ran like a rat through the maze. I tried to squeeze through the tight openings with fewer mistakes to reach the cheese.

My reality is dreadful since I, Jerome Hormigo, am convicted by law and in a hurry to escape this existence because incarceration is unpleasant.

I was the football scene protagonist, but it didn't matter.

Before condemning "this psycho crook" on social media, they said, "he really enjoyed every second of his murders, he deserves a life behind bars."

I suspect that I needed to be understood and comprehended from a different perspective because benefits had arisen since the beginning of my career, when I was launched as a symbol of the American Way, where any looser is seen as a threat.

The American route, my route out, gave me the means.

I ride my Coach hard, but maybe that's because my roots aren't imitative.

Realizing the coach is giving his men inconsistent instructions and inadvisable advice—to make heroic attacks on an iron wall of defensive players—isn't acceptable. It works differently.

However, this became a maze for me with no way out except for the cheese after my initial touch with the Horde.

The Horde enters and calls me unexpectedly. The Horde is my term for the huge anonymous crowd around

me. It makes a strong, low, slow rumbling sound like thunder. A terrible background noise that results from all kinds of noises. Ultimately, air, social media, and mass media send me a lot of unfriendly energy.

The Horde calls me till they obtain the expected response.

I was thrown under the bus as a result. I felt trapped because of the Horde's sheer power, taunts, and accusations.

I was anyone. Like everyone else, the Horde anonymously slammed me as I ran with the ball.

Supposed impediments have been removed.

The Horde forwards were so energetic on the loose that they neutralized my grid advantage while I tried inhumanely hard and tight. They're everywhere. Everyone knows, but a person's problems may not be revealed.

Instead of hiding, the Horde steals cars and muggers women and men in dark alleys. You have nothing to hide, therefore the Horde needs your complete potential. They consume you like superhuman serial killers and spew you on the broken.

What makes the Horde the sole Overlord? Like anyone, I thought I was the first to discover the Horde until I realized the harsh truth: many had discovered them before me.

By keeping the Horde in the light, I didn't throw a six. This massive undertaking won't provide me any benefits, only worries and the desire to kill myself. For me, this is unproductive.

Maybe I'm delusional, maybe there's no Horde.

Some people may have to do with less because greater has its own requirements. Since I couldn't afford to sit with my fingers in my ears, I should pay attention to these

terrible conditions. Jerome Hormigo is pushed to the limits of his sanity and crushed by the Horde's primary weapon: the spreading of rumors, allegations, and ideas to harm a person and his cause or help an opposing cause. I was into the darkness.

I hung myself because I saw no point in resisting and had no knowledge to serve as a bridge.

The Horde dominates my head and affects me. The Horde speaks dread and darkness, words so dire and full of hatred and spite that hearing them would injure you psychically, and meanings so foul and malice that anyone would rather avoid them than be targeted by them.

They try—and succeed—to imprint their distorted notions on me. Then I stop cognitively evolving. That's enough to make me forget my plans and think of imaginary pals and opponents. I became irresponsible.

You may ask what this Horde is. It wasn't invented by me.

The Horde is a comic book-like mass figure.

In reality, the Horde is unimportant, but it looks like nothing you've seen before, and you don't want to hear about it.

The Horde is made up of merciless criminals who pose as average, middle-class folks who are weary of saying sorry.

The Horde likewise purports to be revolutionaries, but they're just nasty bitches who execute people without trial for baseless allegations.

In the Horde, political control, fiscal attrition, social unrest, and internal divisions made even the slightest hint of dissident thought suspectable and lead to conviction without trial or proof.

The Horde refuses to relinquish control. They know prejudices and superstitions across the world may take decades to erase. The Horde understands they will boss around humans that make the same mistakes.

Although the Horde is present, many people, including myself, may dispute their existence or actions. Some people don't care or don't believe the Horde has grounds.

People think the Horde look like humans. They don't realize they're accepting lawde jure, ruled by animals who are only nice in people's minds.

People worldwide consider the Horde the most estranged.

Humanity must base judgements on species numbers. At times and locations, the Horde is stronger and numerous.

The Horde is a chaotic Reign of Terror that aims to kill all dissidents and everyone who opposes them.

They won't let me leave, and I realize there's no way out. Even my supporters will start to worry about their own survival.

I either give up my light or the Horde will extinguish my flame and "cure" me.

Anyway, I know I'm broken, not powerful.

The Horde is a mixed-race degenerate and wetback mess of scumbags and retards.

The Horde is a group of individuals at a specific period and place. This "place" could be on social media, mass media, or the internet.

Organized hooliganism and sophisticated promotion of unacceptable lies characterize it.

Lies are like fires that organizations forcefully stoke and spread rapidly.

As a ruthless guitar riff, the Horde repeats its main lies.

The Horde's lynching power causes excruciating stings through "crowd common experience" and frightens everyone, including me.

The sound of metal chains dominates when the Horde surrounds me. The 24/7 roaring is awful.

Horde momentum flattens my life, demolishes my residence, and forces everything in my life out of line and transformed from the ground up. All my relationships are broken. Even the tiniest veil covering my face was removed. I faced the Horde nude.

When facing the Horde, one may only flee. But they are everywhere, around me.

Even though I was first unresponsive to their suggestions, the Horde never tires, and they eventually overtook me.

For me, Jerome Hormigo, the world was dark, icy, and foggy, and I was falling apart. Deep tears were forming in my eyes.

Jerome Coehlo Eduardo Hormigo

INTRODUCTION

This book is about living and enjoying life. My suicide in prison left a trail of sadness and tears behind me. My great contrition forced me to explain my life. No one will doubt my love for American football again. I had something precious and had to let it go. I want to keep myself so I can't lose my memories. Now I realize that my life's work was simply temporary.

If left alone without my father, I doubt I would have been an All-Star football player.

First impressions always deceive. Like the weather, our moods fluctuate swiftly. Despite being wasted, weary, and wicked, I started loving myself again today. I stayed wild, no doubt. My story is about crime and finger-pointing.

I felt offended by History, not Justice, but this book gives me a chance to recover myself, already erased by Justice. I belong to History.

My top priority is honesty with myself and others. Honesty ensures that what you recognize in yourself is also recognized by others. My life ambition was to become a star, and I did. I recount the conflicts that led to my suicide from first person.

That aim was tough. I'm swaying at the wrong end of the rope!

Despite my wailing success, I am dead. The fans have thronged me after my countless killings. I'm now laying inside a coffin, that was bought with my money from a Burial House after my death. Seven feet under the ground I see the lettuce reversed.

“Nice death,” you may paradoxically hope, and I’d thank you for this despite your secret desire to cause pain. I could have foreseen your wish to hurt me.

Since my death was predetermined, I have disclosed the circumstances leading up to it. The city’s noise drowns my shouts, and I tremble at the thought that most Americans will find my story enthralling.

The chain of events began when I killed my snake friend Lerone “Brad” Hemings. As an Ethiopian, he was a spud muffin. He was a fat guy who wanted to be like me, a professional American football player.

But he was just a gutter brother. His football team was lower than mine. He posed as a professional footballer but was not.

Since I attracted all these spud muffins, I blamed God.

I considered Brad a “use him or lose him” man. He wasn’t a spring chicken, but I was bound to him like it was God’s will. Our vulnerabilities are all revealed following our unnatural partnership.

I was stronger than him. I was better than him and didn’t mind getting my hands dirty on my trash. Lucky Brad won a jackpot. In a negative sense. It required a lot of concentrated willpower, not scattered willpower.

He was a superb mind-fucker, effective manipulator, dirty, rotten liar, fabrication, perjurer, and future supervillain. He never stopped digging into my underbelly. He always sought to drain my tremendous football resonance, which I had earned through hard work and years of playing.

Compared to me, he lacked the talent to be a big player, so it was not surprising that he had never won an award during his football career. His character was anything the psychosynthesis of abusers and losers could supply. Brad

was methodically creating obstacles to test me and find my weaknesses. Once he identified them, he would use everything against me and cause me the most grief. I saw nothing else about Brad, and it was over.

Killing him led to my life sentence. Why didn't I know the ending?

How things are and how we see them matters. If I hadn't slain him, my life would be different. Instead, my situation worsened.

I wouldn't be a football player if I hadn't slain him. I'd be an empty shell, empty of the fighter's spirit, which was the womb of my achievement. Absolutely, I would have been someone else. I would be someone different.

I persisted because I'm a warrior.

For me, premeditation, strategy, and anything beyond tracing the murder was pointless. I'm not a killer. Unfortunately, this was the only way I could face a challenge head-on, right then, throwing my all into the murder of my ex-friend Brad.

His death helped me comprehend my dual identities as an American football player and Latino man. My first kill after my father's death was my potential to become a man.

I'm no longer searching for power, respect, and myself. Reality stopped being a projection of myself and became Hell!

This murder allowed many people to weave a carpet of lies, half-truths, reversed truths, real truths, and indisputable evidence in a fabric strong enough to cover up the real facts of this messed-up situation and delete any sign or clue of the pattern that could explain such human deeds.

I think my crime was pointless because of the power struggles.

Killing seemed like a means to negotiate my thoughts, actions, and behavior.

My Latino race and lack of true diversity finally stifled my life's work and crippled me.

Salvador Dalí's paintings depict reality as more intelligent, attractive, and warm from a different perspective by laying "carpets" on reflecting surfaces. The downside of reality is better than actuality. Crime is seen as an abstract item, but when viewed to be executed, it swiftly becomes an object of desire, a glance, a stare.

Exceptional paintings by Salvador Dalí exist inside their own oeuvre. We like it that way.

Despite what evil tongues say, I didn't appreciate Lerone "Brad" Hemings' murder or feel any intensity. Instead of shame, wrath, or sorrow, I was disappointed that I didn't feel as cool later. It was like driving all day on South Hydraulic Street in Wichita with his body in the trunk and not knowing where to dispose of it. "Perhaps next time, babe," I thought, "it will be perfect. The second time I plan everything properly, I'll be the perfect murderer, even if I use poison."

Celebrities who turn criminal, for better or worse, fascinate people. Uninformed people wonder how a smart, wealthy, and well-known person could waste everything by making bad decisions that land them in prison.

Cynical people rationalize celebrities' sulky attitude—that they are above the law—because so many who are jailed never serve time. Hard realists say their job skills make them criminals. My football skills had major limitations.

In my case, the lengthy clearance process costs money. Like many famous people, I'm thrown into the "valley

of darkness” at a sharp angle. Just lost my grade in mental, emotional, and personality maturity.

My acts were repulsive since I displayed all my stomach contents. Despite spitting out, people found me guilty of my heinous deeds. After that, I may serve a long prison sentence.

INTRODUCTION PART I

My Apprehension

I, Jerome Coehlo Eduardo Hormigo was a fearless player in the NFL.

I have held a messianic position as a religious or even political leader because of my sacrifice for all those whose conscience did not tingle them ever: the fucking bastards, the thugs, the punks, the crooks, the pranksters, the backstabbers, the liars, the drifters, the guts biters, the biased chargers against me, the accusers for my unproven errors, the tramps, the keyboard rambler, the perpetual nothing tellers.

I was hurt while playing the character of a very close buddy of one of my most boastful pals. Perplexing him resulted in me standing alone in a prison cell.

My murder victim, Lerone, always said that I was as bold as fear.

My father assured me that no one would be around to murder for me. Knowing that I needed to delve deeper within myself and explore my darkness, my father did not tell or inform me that I needed to learn how to kill before attempting to kill any snakes on my own. My father has passed away, and he will no longer be around to look after me if I kill my snakes and things go awry.

I must admit that my boss, the CEO of the Saint Angellos Team, John “Trip” DeCracken, was constantly aggravating me, driving me to return to my slacker ways.

No, I felt like I didn’t know this man very well. He constantly kept his brows up and his knuckles white as he

held his hands tightly in fists, his fingernails piercing his palm flesh.

You should have a strong stomach for that kind of stuff. Getting into the NFL undoubtedly requires bravery and courage.

I puked out all my convictions about the equality of all players and rejected all of my desires to fit in. My gut sank with pity.

INTRODUCTION PART II

Introduce this point of view

Good afternoon! Thank you all for joining me. I'm Jerome Coehlo Eduardo Hormigo, a self-proclaimed author in my quest to release the full potential of humanity.

I certainly appreciate the pleasure of having you choose my book to read.

As inexperienced as I am at writing, I cannot guarantee that this book will meet your expectations. I dare to try to fit your personality offset to my perspective of intellectual profundity.

I'm an ex-football star who, as I type these lines, had been convicted of first-degree murder by a jury verdict. This is what caused my suicide.

The exceptionally severe polarization between me, a loner, and society is only matched by the Horde's social media unfavorable attitude.

Yeah, I don't think about my pointless existence. I'm not writing these lines to chastise myself or to defend myself against your accusations; instead, I'm telling you my experience to warn you that what occurred to me was caused by the Horde's advances.

In the face of their scare tactics, roaring noise, and evil goals, I had the mental fortitude to exhibit anything but overwhelming support, buried beneath spasmodic agitation and frantic disturbance.

I endured the Horde's barrage of hostile charges, harsh shouts, and deafening noise without making any significant effort to elevate myself "to the demands of the circumstances". Instead, I was clapping with one hand.

The last time I stepped onto a football field, I was thrilled to be greeted with a storm of cheers from Saint Angellos's fans. My exploits had earned me numerous honors. I remember confidently sending the ball across the quad grass to George Caspar, a center back of Italian heritage, who grabbed it and sprinted to the left front, hitting it with his head.

George Caspar was a good player and not a coward, so he could hold the ball long enough for me to get close to the opponent's goalpost and then pass it to me, allowing to easily shoot it within their goalposts.

For the other football players, I'd eventually be recognized as one of the world's first pitchers. My runs in both seasons broke multiple world records. Many people referred to me as "having the greatest potential of all", and for good reason. I was referred to as "an American Football Player of the world for the world".

My physique had an unusual shape: I was undeniably large. My nose was Roman, and I had a patchy Latino torso. My skin was overall reddish-brown, and I developed long, ragged fetlocks.

CHAPTER ONE

Getting along

I had no one to assist me, to grasp the rope and embrace me, to add weight and make hanging myself easier. It was unavoidable for me to go up and fasten the rope at the other end. I had to pull it against my body weight. I began to pant intensely, as if after a strenuous workout. I could smell the strong stink of my sweaty armpits.

I, Jerome Hormigo, didn't hope for something I wouldn't or couldn't see. I was not impatient. The air was humid, and the sweat on my body fit me perfectly like a wet bathing suit. To secure my hands in the back, I put my hands in my shoes at my front and then tied both shoes with their laces. To ensure they wouldn't come loose, I secured my hands with the belt. Standing on my tiptoes, I inserted my head into the noose and began rotating myself. It was as if I was climbing a playground structure. My body ached constantly from years of crashing into the mat while delivering my finishing hits through the rim of the basket, the mental tension of taking and making a nice pass to my teammates, and the various physical strains of any game.

My true life became a recluse at the end of my life, refusing to trim my beard even after it went white. The other prison inmates had also secluded me, leaving me just encircled by security gates and guard dogs. I paused for a second, but my hesitancy quickly gave way to aggression.

Aggression may have been the key to my success, but it had resulted in a life sentence. Everything radiated a harsh sense of injustice.

I was not the small guy who got trapped in the system, but I was reduced to small fragments and pulverized by the Machine just the same. I don't think it's fair. Blindfolded Justice may be able to see anything.

This introspection was merely the beginning, but it was a defining factor in my relationship with my own past.

I was clutching a piece of wood between my teeth like a puppy in training to avoid breaking the silence with my gasps and to drown out any sounds. I was certain that no one would bring hope to my tyrannical imprisonment.

I was not human; rather, I was compelled to build my own world. I attempted to hear the trees three clicks away from my jail window, and my eyes looked between the bricks of the wall. I saw brilliant sparkle bits of raw crystals, and the loudness was deafening, mingled with chanting dull plunging and explosion sounds. I could feel my head becoming smoother, like a flat surface with no hair, nose, ears, or other projections.

It was then that I wondered why they had placed me here, and what was the vantage point of the unmistakable that had me condemned. I felt it was unfair, and I felt I was wrong.

Since I'm not here to stay, but to go —who is in prison to stay? — I attempt to seek and achieve my goals. I am marked as a stranger. It's no surprise I'm misguided; my vision is blurred, and I'm surrounded by decoys. I smile, but I'm not sure why, and I don't think I'll go along. I grin instead of saying, "Let me be, let me walk my way." I know you'd depart when the winds shifted, and so would I.

They promised me I'd depart when the winds turned, and they did.

But they never kept their promise, and now I'm a desperate guy with no history, present, or future. I was out-

side my persona, attempting to get within. Going within is the only way to get outside.

Every breath I took and every ray of light that caressed me were etched into my being. I found myself confronted by the absurd, deep in thought about my vulnerability and pondering the events of the afternoon. I paused to observe and then vanished from existence.

I thought I would end up alone. Even in the courtroom, I felt a distinct lack of support. Surrounded by my mother, brother, wife, and young daughter, I couldn't help but feel a sense of detachment, as if I were an island unto myself, Hormigo. I couldn't care less.

Simply desiring someone's presence and patience was not enough to bring it into reality. I had contemplated fading away from the world of fame. My whole world crumbled into pieces, after all. I found myself bound to the anchor of my existence, with a rope that seemed to hold the power to separate my soul from my body. I found it increasingly difficult to maintain my focus on my thoughts and emotions. I will never let go of the objects that I desire. I feel detached from my thoughts, as if my emotions have been suppressed.

I consistently scored goals season after season. Out of nowhere, Prison Brawl became the only game I could indulge in. After years of harboring deep-seated animosity, I am finally ready to let it all go.

I don't have any objections or anger. Instead, I will embrace the tranquil stillness that has enveloped my being, savoring every moment of blissful serenity. I will leave with a sense of euphoria, soaring with joy, dancing amidst the somber surroundings, forever abandoning my forgotten purpose. I feel as though I am gradually fading away. Every breath I manage to take feels phony, as the rope

leaves deep furrows across my neck while I'm suspended from the window bars.

It was that same window, through which I witnessed the evil stars, in a demonic dance around the red moon, and then lopping off the moon's scalp, ripping it from its skull and leaving it lifeless, just before I became so stubborn as to attempt suicide. Now the sky was filled with nothing but the moon's lifeless, yellow skull, which was agitated and dangling from the starry necklace.

The moon shrieked in agony and failed to speak a word; the scarlet drops fell over the dark blue expanse of the sky, as I recall it clearly. The cries of silence echoed through my entire life. It was a warning not to be ignorant that the red moon's scalp had been slaughtered, but I had tragically ignored the message. My yellow moon dangled in my prison cell window as if I were dangling from the bars.

A lump formed in the back of my throat as a result of the blood that surged and rushed to escape the impenetrable rope; I had the same taste of deception as any wrongfully condemned prisoner. I imagined that if I could see myself clearly, the blood particles that had gathered above and beneath the rope would be shining.

I had reached a crossroads. I anticipated a chill, but I had no idea it would be that severe. I felt a raging inferno of purple heat as it coursed through my entire being. "The force behind the power," I pondered. My formerly revered body broke down into its constituent elements as my spirit played a last game with the skies, and my every movement brought me closer to my demise, as if my head were a hover camera.

I found myself descending into a dreary tomb. It was unbearably chilly.

The book presents the story of an American football player, the story of Jerome Coehlo Eduardo Hormigo, a former football star who is now convicted of murder.

In a prison cell, he faces internal and external struggles as he deals with his crime, those around him, and the consequences of his actions until his final act, his suicide.

An autobiographical narrative of Jerome Hormigo, a psychopathic killer who has a special way of seeing life. The book gives us a profound insight into his life and beliefs, that leads him to recognizing the mistakes he made in his life.

In the text, we can see unfolding the hardest side of the American Football. Hormigo with his distinctive skills quickly establish himself as one of the top players, and promptly encounters the severe face of the law.

The protagonist at the end explores the idea of family, past traumas, and the enduring contradictions of life. Philosophical reflections on friendship, truth, and belief are included.