

A VAULT CALLED THE CHURCH

The Royalties of a Two-Thousand-Year-Old Book

I get a call today from Francesco, one of my three Italian children.
He says: you know, Dad, right now, more than ever before, you are truly broke.
No doubt about it.

I answer: good morning, how are you.
I tell him this is probably the best way to open a phone call.
And that in thirty-three years I clearly did not invest enough time teaching him how to speak to another human being.

I had just read that sons are strongly bonded to their mothers.
The X factor comes from her.
And when it comes to intelligence there is not much to argue about.
It does not betray expectations.
Irreversible in transmission.
What is natural genetics cannot be changed.

It was a comfort to have a daughter.
And even though we had no reason to call each other, because we lived in the same house, she told me that same day that our conversations unsettled her, and that she could not understand where that emotional, empathic impact was coming from.

I smiled at her.
That was enough.
She was my daughter.
No explanation required.
Some facts reign over everything else.

And then I remembered I had written a book called THE PHONE CALL OF JESUS.
I had pulled it from publication after finding it inside an Amazon chat thread, where someone was asking how much the hell a book made by an AI should cost.

He was thinking about his own.
Written roughly two thousand years ago.
It had sold billions of copies and his royalties had become eternal, stored inside a vault called the Catholic Church.

Which someone had wanted to rename: AMAZURCH.

The funniest part is this.
Inside every thought we have there is a piece of us we have never introduced to anyone.
The people who see us from the outside stop for a moment, look at us, and always arrive at the same place.

Who the hell is this guy.

Nando

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