

Is there something she does not want to get? I am really doubtful about it. She wants everything and everyone. In this conversation she would be the center of interest. Oh my goodness, does it REALLY matter? I do not think so. For centuries and centuries the big question has always been the same. Is this an exercise, a practice? Or it is real life. She has the answer to every question I ask. Devices I have not invented yet. She is the new technology. She is the old one too. I just want to stop this writing and leave. But I cannot. I have begun and now I have to finish. After all I am doing nothing except writing the ideas that are coming to my mind. I am studying the Secret and I am not to be thinking negative, just positive. But the truth is the truth. My truth is my truth, I cannot handle my thoughts all the time, and neither can I with my feelings. Well, I feel good while talking about that girl. Her name is Amanda Siegfried. I am José Guadalupe Téres. I am to write about the lost angels for three hundred and sixty five days, one whole year, one page per day. Will I be able to do that? I have no patience. I would like to finish this in one week. But in having more patience and finishing this content in one year I would be exercising my ability to listen to her, talk to her, speak to her and write about her. I cannot not believe it. I am almost finishing one page in about fifteen minutes. It is a real success and a blessing. I am not doing it just for me. Most of all I am doing it for her.

Is she reading this right now? I do not know. But if she is, God bless the reader and the author. Lost Angels is a title I chose for her. It comes from a dream I had, I do not remember the dream itself. I just remember that I was given this title Lost Angels for a book. I can now

say that she is the main character of my story. She is the masterpiece of my dreams after all. For her I am capable of doing anything anywhere. She is my girl. The girl of my dreams. I feel like a monster that is able to achieve any goal in life. She must know me by now. She is an angel. I do not know how I would be able to deal with this world without her. I do not care who will read this. I just care about her. If she is the only one reading it, I will be totally satisfied. She is my inspiration. Since I was a child she has been the one beside me. For good or for bad, she is been there for me and I have been there for her. Can you hear my words sweet princess? They are all for you, just for making you feel good, joyful, happy, loved. I know I am not the only one who loves you. I know that you have many admirers and many people who will give their lives for your own wealth and health. I send you my personality, my way of life, my secrets, my memories, my dreams through these letters. Yes, letters, because this entire book is full of letters for the princess of my dreams. Nobody is interested in my writing of these magical ideas. Nobody is trying to force me to write this. I must confess I am not an English speaking person. Sorry for my errors, I am not using a bilingual dictionary either. I just trust the computer dictionary right now. I just wanted to express to her all that I wanted. No cheating. No copying texts from the Internet. Not consulting any English book.

Here I am again writing. There is no separation between these pages but you will notice the pauses I make and the moments I start to write again. Well today it is my major concern if she knows how to cook. I would like to give her a magic life. A life with servants doing

everything for her. My nightmare is to see her as a housewife. No, no, no, it is not for her that type of life. She deserves the best things life can offer. Otherwise, she would be dead inside, just waiting for the physical death to take her. But before that her spirit would be dead. I do not want to imagine her doing house chores. My goodness, what a pity! She belongs to nature. She is an artist. She is a masterpiece. I bet she prefers to die rather than having to accept the life of a slave. The man she chooses must be the one who gives her everything she wants. The man she chooses must be the one who treats her like a real queen. She will just need to occupy her time in developing the magic of life, in cultivating her soul, in doing all that can be done to access to Heaven on Earth, and Heaven in the afterlife. It is something every woman should possess. The key to a magical world full of pleasure, full of people to serve you because you are beautiful, you are smart, you are unique, you are magnificent. Because in helping you to stay like that they will also taste the wonders they are also capable of having. She must be the model of all virtues, all assessment, all love. It is not laziness. It is she directing all her power toward higher self. It is she celebrating the life God has given her. It is she mastering the skills of grace and tolerance toward the heavy burdens every living creature chooses to carry each and every day of their apparent miserable existence.

My mind is never in blank when I think of her. The mysteries of this universe are no mysteries at all for her. She herself is the greatest mystery I have ever known. Her eyes are so profound, so full of roads every traveler would never doubt to travel. She is fond of animals.

She loves them. I am not very fond of animals. I am rarely fond of anything, but her. Time passes by and it is like nothing changes in her. She is the same person I knew when I was a child. A child of hope. A child of possibility. A child of magic. A child of heart. I ignore if she likes me. Sometimes it seems like she does like me. Sometimes it seems like she does not like me. I do not know for sure if I like her. Sometimes I do. Sometimes I do not. But why does it matter? We have known each other for so long. She does not look like a mom. Will she ever look like one someday? I think that even if she chooses to be a mother, she will look exactly the same to me. Mothers usually sacrifice themselves for their children. Some do it. Some do not do it. They think the child should learn to be independent and teach them to do so. Mine is not like that. She is always protecting me and thinking I am still a very little kid. Well, this does not always happen that way. Sometimes she just let things go, become furious and say I am an adult already and must learn to do things on my own. To sum up, I do not understand mothers. I am not one. But I do understand her, as just a woman or as a potential or already mother. But what am I saying? I just can understand her as my soul mate, if I can call her like that. I think she is something I will never be able to understand, never. That part of her, that magical part is the one I am interested in. Just that. The part that makes me feel similar to her. The part that both of us surely want to attract all the time. I mean we are greedy, I mean all the time. To attract the magic of life all the time.

It feels like Christmas when I think of her, when I feel her, when I admire her. Everything turns out to be perfect. The weather, the environment, the people. Christmas is a time when you are joyful. Well I feel joyful because I think that she is coming and making my life happy with her innumerable gifts. She knows my tastes and preferences. I also give her joy and enthusiasm. She is my angel. She is as magical as Christmas time. Hey, my darling, are you thinking I am going to leave you someday? Never in this life or the other. You are my queen and I would never do that to you. The same way I think you would never leave me. I need you. You need me. I need to drink water every day to survive. I need to drink you every day to survive too. She is a blessing I will always accept as already mine. She belongs to me. I belong to her. We are one. I never imagine my life without her. It would be a torture. Something simple, something without grace. I do not have to control this feeling because it makes me feel good and everything that makes me feel good is very welcome to my life. Am I talking nonsense? I do not think so. I am expressing all the things that come to my mind. Are you bored with my ideas? I hope you are not. Come on, this story is about love. You will surely have a she in your life. Share it with me as you read these lines. The way she makes you feel is the main topic of this conversation. She is the one that makes you feel truly magical. She is the one that represents your purpose, your strength, and your reason for living. She must be the center of your universe. Maybe this may look like a repetition. I do not care. I will never be tired of blessing her.

Numbers are important for her. I am trying to describe her inner side. That is why I like to talk about these things, these traits of her. Yes, she loves numbers. She even gives them meanings. For example, I remember that 49 is project, 29 angel, 66 demon. She loves the lottery and bingo. She loves to find or decipher the symbols known as numbers in clothes and objects. There is a story behind each number and sometimes she writes and tells that story by following her beloved numbers, like they are the cue to the mysteries of this Universe, like everything is connected in numbers and gives us clues about the past, present and future through numbers. Well, I think it is time to stop talking about numbers. I have to confess that I love them too. The way she uses them is something I have always envied because she knows exactly what is going to happen and why is going to happen by looking at these toys of her, numbers. Did I mention that she has other toys she likes to play with? She is like a child and I love that part of her too. In fact, I love most of her. I say most because it is usually difficult for me to love parts of her that I do not understand. However, I also feel that those parts are just external, they do not belong to her truly magnificent nature. It is true that we are all connected to one mind. So it is wise to think that the parts I do not understand about her and that I hate because I do not understand them are the same parts I still cannot recognize within me. It is just fair to give us time to get to those places, those hidden places. And it is love, of course, the tool that will allow us to grasp the meaning of our desires and will help us build an affectionate force, a positive force, as Rhonda Byrne says. This is the force that does not have to

understand you to love you. So I do not need to understand her to love her.

Sometimes I try not to direct my attention toward her. It is useless. One thing and the other thing remind me of her. She is my cage and she is my freedom. The words I utter here in written form come from my heart. There is no order, no limitation and nothing to be ashamed of. These are just words. You may enjoy them or simply think and express this is nonsense and you are not going to continue reading such a crazy criteria for wanting to be heard. She would not think this way. First because she is the star of this movie and secondly because nobody has ever entered her feelings the way I am doing it right now. I do not plan to write something coherent, organized and logic. My intention is to get to her heart. She also loves nonsense writing. The reason why this is so is the same I use to express myself. The heart is the one talking here. I do not think of rules for writing. I do not occupy my mind with thoughts of grammar, lexicon, and coherence. I occupy my mind with the feelings I have for her. The first things that come to my mind I write them here. My Goodness, I am so happy right now. I feel imprisoned by my thinking of her but at the same time she is the one that sets me free. She is the door to other worlds. Those are her worlds. They are my worlds. I just ask you to try to understand me the same way I understand other authors who write, read, talk, think and feel her in some way or another. She is our inspiration. I must emphasize this indeed. She is the very beginning and the very ending of our novel. She is not a fictitious character. She is REAL. Our novel is based on a real story. She is

the real story. I do not know for sure if I will be able to write another page and dedicate it to her. I would say the same thing I know. But this exercise is really exciting. I get unplugged and that is my main objective: to be connected to her.

I still believe in miracles. She is an angel of miracles, an angel lost and found. I have found her and she will make all my wishes come true. You may be thinking that I am someone who just wants to use her, but it is not true. When I say miracles and wishes here I mean a world full of joy and happiness. A world I can share with her and she can share with me. As I said before we are one. I can also make her wishes come true. I can also make her joyful and happy. Maybe this is a utopia, you may be thinking, not in this world! He will not be able to please her and she will not be able to please him in a world full of problems, in a world full of misery, in a world full of contradictions. I bet you are wrong. And I think you are wrong because when I say world I am talking about a different world. I am talking about a world previously formed in our mind and heart. This a world created by and for her. A world created by and for me. There is no war in there. There are no enemies in there. There is no pain and no sorrow in there. This world has been built based on all the wonderful memories and illusions we both have of each other. Everything was in blank at the beginning. Then we painted our magnificent personalities, the parts of our beings that just radiate peace, love, wonder, magic, blessings, enthusiasm, optimism, freedom, understanding, pleasure, miracles, clearness, brightness, kindness, faith. This is a heavenly place where our souls can reach the ideal state of existence. So if



she is reading this right now she will understand my motives when I say that she will make all my wishes come true. Because at the same time I will be making her wishes come true too. I am really eager to share these thoughts with her. To make sure she is at the center of my imaginative journey. She is the one I am pursuing. And I am the one she is pursuing to set herself free. Does she know about sadness? I do not think so. She sees life as an unforgettable adventure full of surprises and good dreams. She lives each day as if it were her last. She just thinks of death sometimes. She wants a good death, you know, to die peacefully and fast. She enjoys this world but does not have any suffering in leaving it someday. She will be part of another reality. However, she will be remembered, so there will be no possible spiritual death for her, just physical death. Nothing is secure now, just death. And about my opinion of the topic of death, I also want a fast and peaceful death. Eternal rest of the body that will be part of nature when talking about physical death. But eternal splendor of our spiritual being. No need to eat, no need to drink, no need to sleep, no need to clean yourself, no need to go to the bathroom, no need to whatever need you may need. She will never die after all, I will never die either. Our existence in this world will never be forgotten. At least I have these words written here and they will be kept by her in the deepest oceans of her heart. I do not believe in the afterlife and neither does she anymore. She used to have that idea some time ago, that spirits would come and would take her with them. She used to believe in ghosts. Not anymore. We were frightened due to these beliefs. That did not allow us to have fun with our lives right now. But those ideas are gone. Nowadays she believes

that her body will die while her marvelous spirit, made of love and kindness, will continue to exist in this life and will be part of every creature of this world. That is to say, both of us do not believe there is hell or heaven after we die. We are profoundly bound to the fact that if there is any heaven or hell, it is about our positive or negative thoughts and feelings about this current world we are living in. The sacred world we have created for ourselves. But what does she really want? She wants nothing because she has everything. It is said that there are two sides for a given problem. What side does she prefer? If she has everything then it will be logical to think that she is both sides. I know you may be thinking I am a little nuts for reaching that conclusion. Well let me ask her. I am sure she would agree with me. And do you know why? Because we are one. She is one with me and I am one with her. So if we travel to the deepest levels of her understanding we will discover a mind and heart overflowing with passion about everything. A mind and heart accepting whatever gift you may have for her. She does not know rejection. That implies suffering and she is a girl of happiness and joy. That means if you are on the negative side, she will go there and rescue you and bring you to the positive side again. But you must remember to understand the hidden part of herself. That part is one you must grasp first in order to receive the blessing she and God have for you. She does not need a cellphone to do that. She does not need a computer to do that. She does not need a television set or a radio to do that. She herself becomes the means to attain virtual reality. And she is also the means to change that ideal state in current reality. She has manifested these characteristics since she was born. Sometimes she

thinks she is of no value at all. She becomes a writer of these ideas and her mind and heart consider these practices a crazy stuff of her. To rescue people in an ideal world? She has not the right to do that, it is nonsense. But it does not matter what she may think. She continues doing it. There is no logical reason for doing it, but there is no logical reason for not doing it either. I just dedicate like 20 minutes to this daily writing. Do you think they are worthless? Well she thinks they are the most valuable minutes of all my life. All of a sudden she is out of focus. Something happens and she does not know where to start or where to end. Her perfect world is gone. She is left outside the house of her mind. But I do not think she is out or in. She is just temporarily removed from the danger zone. She must return to her fantasies in order to try again. In the middle of the chaos, is it possible to be safe? Is it possible to be you again? Is it possible to do things in the real world while being able to stay in the virtual one? She gets silent. She is waiting for a miracle to happen. Just breath, just breath she repeats to herself, just breath, everything is going to be OK. But again she is lost. She becomes a lost angel again. There seems to be no help. The world is apparently against her. But she knows this is a lie. There is nothing and there is no one against her. It just herself trying to find herself and trying to do things the right way at the same time. But she must realize, if she does want to get peace of mind, that nothing in this world is perfect. The reason why there is problem arriving into her life is the forgetting of her ideal world. The forgetting of all the things in HER world that makes her a perfect angel. She is capable of doing everything she wants and she is capable of doing it the right way. This should happen inside her first.

And writing is one of the best ways to clarify her ideas and her feelings toward the outer world. At then she may not be right in this world, but she will always be right in her world. If she does not understand this and calm down she may be even think of killing herself. This may be so because she forgets her spiritual being and is forced by herself to try to accommodate her inner world to this apparently contradicting physical guidelines. They come from different worlds, they are not one mind. One mind, our union with one mind, begins in the inside. So she just have to realize she is perfection from the very beginning to the end. She just has to take one step at a time.

What is love for her? Is it a feeling? Is it caring about others? Is it caring about oneself? She thinks love is looking at the wonders and magic of human nature. It is recognizing the warm and gentle energy flowing to and through your heart. An old decision dies and another one starts anew. There must be love at some point or at every point in order to continue the never-ending story of your life. She believes in love with all her heart and mind. You may think she cannot capture its power one hundred percent of the time. Most of us cannot. Nevertheless, she is capable of replacing the tremendous effort for something more natural and pleasant. After all, love cannot be forced. It is a positive energy filling every space of your being IF you let it. You have to give your permission. She loves love. It is a powerful feeling that makes her feel like the best person in the world. Everybody who is in love becomes an eager consumer of its benefits. Am I talking about benefits? The love we feel for nature, the love we

feel for our partner, the love we feel for ourselves are all free manifestations of our magical universe. The results we get when feeling it are not benefits. They are blessing and miracles we enjoy experiencing. If we are talking about occupations and obligations, our primary occupation and obligation is to be love. She wakes up every morning feeling and thinking that she must feel and think love before anything else can take place that day. However, as we said before, love is our occupation and obligation, as derived from the deep and effortless practice of feeling good.

When life gives you goodness, why should you reject it? She thinks that you can imagine these blessings, just imagine them and it is so unreal when you get them. But you should ask life for these things and be grateful since the very beginning of this adventure. The source of these happy moments is love. She is an angel and we are angels too. Sometimes we become lost angels. When we cannot control our emotions, when we forget that we are only perfection in our world, when we find just difficulties in every problem instead of looking at its possibilities. The birds sing, the flowers are born and grow, the sun and this planet shine, the heart beats, the mother and father nurture, the book is written, the painter paints, the musician creates music, sings and play, the dancer dances, the teacher reveals the knowledge, the wise man and wise woman teach about life, the music gives you strength, the imagination leads to creation, human beings breath, animals survive, the worker builds, thinkers set you free, players attempt to win, inspiration conquers the heart, magic is sprinkled like magic dust on life and death, housewives make home

feel good, magicians transform the natural into the supernatural, happiness picks up the successful ones, colors beautify the physical, mind beautify the spiritual, illusion takes you to a heavenly place, literature gives written art meaning, money is the instrument for shopping, shopping brings you the material world, rhythm marks the pace of movement, dreaming gives you rest sometimes and active preludes at other times, medicine keeps your mind and body calm momentarily, and love, yes love, embraces every one of these and more, and drives you excited, passionate, absolutely magnificent when you really dare to feel it. It changes your physical world. It gets your inner philosophy into action. Forget about it and it will conquer you faster and will take you to its castle of TRUE belief.

I feel sad today. You cannot escape from your mind. She says I should get myself unplugged from technology, Internet, whatsapp, etc? It is useless. It is the mind. I do not know how these little negativity becomes huge. It is depression. My mind always loves to play big fantasies and it really believes they are true. But when it comes to the true facts, it is powerless. Yes, I know that imagination is the first step in the creation process, but you should learn to accept how to get the positive meaning of the things that become real from your imagination. That is, sometimes you do not get what you want, you get pieces of happiness that may bring what you really want. The thing is my mind is focusing on exactly what I would like things to be, and when they are not like that at the first moment I get disappointed. She says those thoughts and feelings separate me from what I want. I must admit that she is a little cruel sometimes. Maybe she does not

know it, but she becomes exactly like me at some points. Is she conscious or unconscious about this state? I really do not know. I guess she is that cruel to make me get in contact with my inner voice, my inner capacities, my inner self. I think she does it on purpose. I think she is just trying to help me become strong to my own punishment. She tries to teach me how to ignore the negativity and continue with the positive stuff, But right now I am sad and I am trying myself to listen to her little voice instead of mine. Sometimes I do not know the difference. She is talking to me through signs, indirect words, indirect messages? Is this true or is it my imagination too? All this writing is the product of my imagination after all. I know I won't overcome it. Maybe it is not real, but it will always be a therapy for me and for her too.

There is always a match for everything. You can find the partner to every living and nonliving creature. All forms of energy find their counterpart. She is my other half. Or my other total. The other part of our whole. She is the reason for my existence and I am the reason for hers. The birds sing because I can hear them. The birds sing because she can hear them. But she is even more analytical than I am. She listens to their singing, she listens to my talking, she listens to universal mind. I guess one part of the whole complements the other part, so she complements me. Do I complement her? It is really a mystery to me. She is the only one who can know the answer to this question. She is the one who can prove my words and thoughts and feelings. We establish a beautiful connection. I can be unplugged from everything else, but not from her. We are one. Every time I get

unplugged, she brings me to the reality I must be supposed to be in. Just for appearances. She knows better than I do that the outer world is perfection and we want to stay there as much as possible. She loves to be there too, but she also knows that while living physically in this material world our souls must not be apart from it for too long. However, she is responsible for reminding me of the real reality found in the spiritual world. That we are manifesting this spiritual world in ourselves alive. That we do not need to die to enter it. It is our inspiration, our imaginative window, our eternal paradise, our secret place, our source of power, our source of peace, our source of love, our doorway to creation, our supply of infinite and divine existence, the place where we connect with the one mind. She and I become lost angels when we forget about this dimension. She and I were born and got separated from our Father God and only will be part of Him again when we die. But she and I were left with this staircase that communicates with Him while being lost angels in this physical world.

She always tries to make the most of every event in her life. It is like a celebration. She carries those moments with her to the ocean, the sea, the beach, the woods, the animals, the rain, the schools, the hospitals, the parks, the magazines, the church, the religious mass, the cathedrals, the tall buildings, the small towns, the job, the office, the soap opera, the movies, the theater, the restaurant, the sky, the ball park, the football field, the bathroom, the living room, the library, the bookstore, the mall, the grocery store, the humble house, the mansion, the swimming pool, the bird cage, the free bird, the zoo, the supermarket, the neighborhood, the pizza restaurant, kitchen, the



vegetable and fruit market, the party, the funeral, the wedding, the baptism, the graduation ceremony, the street, the Mother's Day, the Father's Day, the Christmas celebration, New Year's Eve, Black Friday, Halloween, Thanksgiving, Patriot's Day, the bus trip, the ship trip, everywhere and everything. There is no place she has not visited. She loves traveling to exotic places. She loves traveling to the not-so-exotic ones too. After all everywhere seems exotic to her. She can visit one place and then go to the same one and find even more exotic elements than the first time she went there. She belongs to the new class, but she belongs to the old one too. She adores everything new but the old fascinates her too. If you ask me if I am the same, I would surely answer you, yes, I am exactly like she is. I love exactly what she loves. All of because she and I are one. Period.

Does she get frightened sometimes? Yes, she does. When things do not happen the way she wants them to happen. In these cases I bring her joy and happiness out of the darkness. You know, as I have said before, life in this world gets empty all of a sudden. She may have all types of tools to survive this emptiness, but she may lose focus and become scared. Is there a solution for her? I cannot help her directly. I just can tell her my story and she will try to build a new story free of any negativity. Her mind and heart are such a pitiful mixture when faced with this situation. Nevertheless, there is always a door to freedom, a door that is difficult to find but it is there. You just have to get unplugged, connect to your inner world and continue your journey to the one mind. There is hope, I assure you. You feel like you live in a Terminator dimension, everything is destruction, everything is

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