

I read the books that Rodier suggested, tomes with titles in big letters in which you discover the key to personal development – regardless of whether it was personal or not, what really mattered was the development, the exponential growth of riches like the rise of little “Myselfs.” There was no doubt about it: my life was getting back on track. I was making good progress in all of my endeavors; the future looked promising. Soon I’d attain that happiness that the specialists ensured to all those who agreed to follow their precepts.

And yet, I felt something growing, rising within me like lava from the depths of a volcano. A little swell of embers insidiously crackling in my stomach, waiting for an event, a new challenge to come and set it ablaze. When I mentioned it to Rodier, he just said, “Victor, buddy, let me ask you a question: what could possibly get in your way now? We’ve done the hard part,” he continued without letting me formulate even the beginning of a response to his question, convinced that yet again, he and he alone knew the answer, and that there was no chance that it might emerge from my lips. “Your Me,” he concluded in his teaching voice, “the trunk planted like a mast underneath an armchair, your Me has become so much stronger, just like your self-esteem. So take action, buddy, don’t be afraid.”