

It wasn't my intention to go to **Nowhere**. In fact I was looking for something without knowing what, neither where; but I had to continue my way and so I found myself in a place of **Nowhere**.

When I arrived, the long walking had opened my appetite. In **Nowhere** I found a place good enough to satisfy my hunger and make possible to eat **Nothing** (the specialty of **Anywhere**, restaurant of that place) leaving, finally, my stomach quiet.

Through **None** Street I strolled in search of **Nobody**; because **Nobody** could tell me where to find what I looked for. More to say, **Nobody** would be able to make me understand which really is what I looked for, as neither I knew by myself the reason of my search; but I knew that **Nobody** could help me.

In front of the gates of a great building, there were a lot of standing people talking cheerily. I came closer, they looked at me, **Nobody** came to me. I understood that I had to speak so I threw my question, especially to **Nobody**.

"It is quite long that I'm looking for, without knowing what I look for; but I am convinced that in **Nowhere** I will find what I search and then, whenever I find it, I will know what I was after. Is anybody able to help me?" I asked looking at **Nobody**.

From among all those people, **Nobody** was sufficiently sagacious and kind to give me an answer.

Nobody told me "Dear friend"; I awaited eager and anxious, "**Never** is the appropriated hour in **Nowhere** for everything to clear up, mainly for somebody who, if **Nothing** has eaten (as I guess), that person is not in the right condition to find a goal. Firstly, it is necessary to finish the digestion properly (as there is enough time before it is **Never**) and then, with no tiny piece of **Nothing** in the stomach, it will be better understood.

How too long it is when you are waiting for **Never** to come!...