

Energy thief



The only way to wait is to grab on tight to the facts of the matter.

I can not allow myself to retain the image of my phone, connected to the computer, opening up files without my having touched it. I must have imagined it.

I can not give an explanation to emails I've received with various sections unreadable because they are computer language because I understand nothing of computers.

That the machine suddenly says that it does not recognize a new application without having connected anything to it must have been because something was broken when State Security returned it to my mother. Or since it is not my own computer I may not understand it well.

Maybe its better to believe the "instructor" when I asked her about the car that was following us a few nights ago (verified) and she answers me that maybe it was someone jealous spying on a lover and got confused with our car. Maybe I should look for a different explanation to her answer, when, two days later, I asked her about a car that was following me to an exhibit and she said that the car that I described to her did not match the model that they use (Geely). Must be I don't know much about cars.

Probably the gentleman that drew near to us in the street to tell us that someone was taking a video of us from the opposite sidewalk, must have been a mad street-person.

I tried to explain to my mother that we mustn't exaggerate when she saw a technician redirecting the camera in our corner post so that it could capture our street and the entrance to our building, and that it wasn't because of us, because the camera will capture much more important things; that it had nothing to do with us , that we mustn't exaggerate.

Neither should I think that the antenna that they directed to our house and to the stairs in our house from the building next door, was placed by State Security. It doesn't matter that it was placed only two weeks ago.

I shouldn't try to solve the problem of my cell phone having such bad connections recently. Nor that every time that I make plans for a foreign television interview the "instructor" calls me in for another type of interview, because coincidences do exist.

I can not think that the video images of me getting out in my house with State Security agents and policemen, or entering and exiting the police station, or dressed first as a civilian and then as a jail bird, will be used in a *Mesa Redonda* ("round table"). They will not give me that stardom, unless they are very desperate.

I can not find a connection with the sudden importation to Cuba of Ernesto Luis Laffita, one of the people most enthusiastic with our #YoTambienExijo campaign, and that gave us moral support, urging us on and promoting us (although it was my "instructor" who asked him what people we had in common and how he knew me) but I can be happy that he is finally reunited with his family.

I can not think that any of this has anything to do with me, because the only way to wait is to grab on tight to the facts of the matter, without looking for an explanation.

Because I know that this new antenna was placed there not to listen but to rob me of my energy.

Tania Bruguera
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