

– It looks nice. Grzegorz Glinka, who is this guy? – inquired Teofil, sipping strawberry compote.

– Quit worrying about that. I have this strange feeling that you forgot to say thank you.

– God be thanked.

– And what with you, do you still want to be a priest? – scoffed the mother

– Of course.

– Then why don't you go back to church? When was the last time you went?

– I can't remember.

The book made quite an impression on Teo. After reading it, the young man realized that anything is possible in life, which made him feel much better. He was motivated and ready for action. However, the constantly recurring traumatic memories kept him stuck in his tracks.

– Hey, daddy! And did you know that the guy from that self-development book you bought me last time is supposed to be in Poland soon? – he asked one time.

– Yes? What for? – the parent was curious.

– Reportedly he will have a speech for less than a hundred thousand people. At the national in Świński Ryj.

– Where?

– Well, in Świński Ryj. There, where the corruption scandal was, some club was relegated.

– I remember something, but through a fog. I don't follow Polish football.

– Dad, but that's basketball.

– Oh there.

- Well, never mind. Shall we go? I would like to go.
- We'll see. Check how much tickets are for.
- Wait a minute – spoke an excited Teo, launching his laptop.
- Well, let me tell you, there are not many of these tickets left. Almost all of them are sold out. Possibly somewhere in a side sector or VIP.
- And how much are the VIP ones for?
- This much – whispered the son of Amina and Yusuf, showing the ticket price on the laptop screen.
- Well, well, the man values himself. But, are there heated chair made of gold or what's the point? – asked his father cynically, not believing his eyes.
- Dad, it seems like you haven't been to any event for a long time – laughed the teenager.
- Seats are right under the stage, and in addition, you have an hour-long consultation the next day. I would like to talk to him – he added after a while.
- Well I haven't been and I won't go now either – spoke Yusuf firmly.
- Why?
- Too expensive, come on.
- As you wish, but I think you'll give me money for the ticket, won't you?
- So much?
- Well, just that much.
- I don't know, but I feel it's worth it.
- Cool, so pop out the cash – rejoiced Teofil, hugging his father.

In the not-too-distant future, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Muntari got on a train and went to the largest incentive event in the country.

– Where is such a beautiful bachelor going? – asked the old woman sitting at the window.

– To the event – answered the seventeen-year-old rather proudly.

– Excuse me, where to! I did not hear!

– Dear lady, I'm going to Świński Ryj to meet with Grzegorz Glinka.

– Whom! – raised the voice of the hearing impaired woman.

– Well, with Glinka. With Grzegorz Glinka! He's the guy who wrote a book called *The Tools of Self-Development*. It is really great. Have you read it!

– Glinka's book!

– Yes.

– I don't know him.

– Do you really not know him?

– Who?!

– Fuck, more of her... Okay, fuck, for now I shall take a nap – thought an irritated Teo, holding his head with one hand.

Then he closed his eyes and fell asleep, and when he woke up, he was almost there. There was no sign of the old lady; she must have gotten off somewhere along the way. He traveled for another ten minutes or so, then got off at his destination station and ordered a cab, which took him to one of the hotels that were near the National Stadium.

– This is here, the end of route – the cab driver announced.

– One hundred and twenty zlotys – he added rapidly, starting to bite the biggest nail on his left hand.

– How much! – horrified the teenager.

– One hundred and twenty, I say! It's Saturday.

– Aha, I understand. Please wait a moment, I need to find my wallet.

After a moment, the young man grabbed the handle of the back door and, feeling a sudden rush of adrenaline, fled from the old and neglected car, in which he had the very dubious pleasure of staying.

– You'll see me again, shithead! If I catch you, I'll pull your legs out of your ass! – thundered the enraged cab driver.

– Good luck, you greasy old man! – managed to mouth off the son of Mr. and Mrs. Muntari.

Less than an hour later he was already outside the stadium.

– Excuse me, maybe you want to buy a ticket? Five hundred zlotys – he was accosted by some “ticket tout.”

– No, thanks. I have mine – replied the boy.

– Then maybe you want to resell for three bucks? – insisted the stranger.

The brief conversation that both gentlemen allowed was just a waste of time, both for one and the other of them. Entering the stadium, Teofil felt a great excitement. He liked literally everything he saw, but he was most impressed by the man for whom he was there. The man spent most of his event talking about the Law of Attraction, although there was plenty of information regarding self-discipline, building confidence, planning, or at least goal setting. The icing on the cake was a joint meditation, attended by some one hundred thousand mortals.

The next day, Teo went to an hour-long meeting with the author of a book he got from his parents.

– What’s up? – I began in my style after greeting the son of Amina and Yusuf.

– Nothing, actually. If you had been born black, you would have had an uphill battle all your life, too – Teofil announced, giving the impression of being severely depressed.

– Do you think complaining about what was yesterday will make tomorrow better? – I continued, looking my interlocutor straight in the eyes.

– Actually, I don’t know. I’m sorry, but I’m totally mentally shattered.

– I understand, I’m terribly sorry. Do you want to talk about it?

– Yes, otherwise I wouldn’t be here.

– Then go ahead. What happened?

Teo was completely honest with me, he even shed a few tears. I think it wasn’t easy for him to talk about what was really bothering him, but he managed. A big bow to him.

– No one gave us the right to decide about another person’s life, but each of us has the right to live our own way. And that’s why I think you should respect your friend’s decision. That was his choice. I know it’s hard to understand and even harder to accept, but you make decisions too. Sometimes probably the right ones, sometimes undoubtedly paranoid, like everyone else. Would you like someone – let’s call it by its name – charging into your life with their shoes? I don’t know, but perhaps you like it when someone criticizes you, your decisions, behavior, etc. Yes or no? – I asked.

– I don’t think anyone likes it.

– Do you understand me now?

– I think so, but nevertheless it still hurts.

– My friend, but what hurts you? Does your ass burn?

– Well, no. Then how can I live with it?

– Change your thinking and your reality will change... Instead of mourning the death of a friend, just be grateful for having met him. For what you learned from him. For all the moments you spent together, both pleasant and less pleasant, because each one was special. Besides, each moment was some kind of lesson for you, so enjoy it, be grateful. Remember that this was his choice, which he was entitled to, so you should respect it. Smile at the world, and you will see that the world will soon smile at you. I don't see any other solution. Living a negative past, you will not build a positive future. Try to understand this, I ask you very much.

– Maybe it makes sense – Teofil said, smiling uncertainly.

– And by the way, back to the fact that you are black, as you said yourself. Heck with that. I'm white, others are yellow, and still others... it varies. Believe me, it doesn't matter at all. Completely doesn't.

– Doesn't it?

– Not at all.

– But what do you mean?

– Well, you can be a drunk, a drug addict, a degenerate or any other sort. You can come from the poorest part of the world, have any skin color, be jobless, drowning in debt and hold a grudge against everyone about everything. You can whine and complain. Yes, you can, but you don't have to, because what you do about it is entirely up to you.

– Up to me? I don't think I quite understand.

– You always have a choice, you decide your life. All you have to do is make the right decision, whereby I will immediately point out that not making a decision is also a decision. Just move your ass! That’s all you should do – I stated, laughing from ear to ear.

– It seems to me that what you say makes sense. Thanks! And did you know that a few months ago I read your book?

– Oh, I’m very pleased. Which one?

– *The Tools of Self-Development.*

– What are your impressions?

– Honestly? Awesome! Yet I wonder why nothing has changed in my life since then.

– I think I know the answer to that question.

– Do you? Why?

– Do you have any dreams?

– I would like to become a priest.

– Well, that’s cool. Cool dream, and do you go to church?

– I used to go, but I stopped.

– Do you think it’s possible to become a servant of God without going to the Lord’s Sanctuary?

– Probably not.

– Well, of course not. And do you remember what you should do to move forward?

– Move your ass.

– Exactly. You’ve read the book, maybe even with a lot of commitment, but have you implemented anything from it into your life? I know that you know, but knowledge alone is not

enough here. You can know more than me. You can read all the development books there are in the world, but... if you don't act, nothing will change in your life. Absolutely nothing, my friend. Well that's life, and you can't cheat life.

– Oh, fuck! – resounded the son of Mr. and Mrs. Muntari, looking at me in such a way that I felt quite insecure.

– Now I get it. How simple it is! Grzechu, we are out of time, the hour has passed – he added after a while.

– Teo, forget about time, it is only an illusion. I would like you to know that in life you should enjoy the way, not the destination.

– How should I understand this?

– Let me tell you a story. I am sitting at a poker table, there are a lot of players around me. One of them is my master. Vodka is pouring, marijuana, pills, some are snorting. Suddenly the master gets up and walks away. I need to take a rest. He said. Well, and he went to think about his strategy for the next part of the game. Chicken, pussy, no guts! Screamed the other players. Don't come back, because you have nothing more to offer! Thundered the most broke one. I sat and watched, trying not to judge, although judging is a thought process that can't be stopped. OK, you can, but only a few can do it. What was wrong with him? Has it faded? I began to wonder. After all, he's the master here, rest assured, he'll surely come back, he'll manage. I thought. I wanted to wait him out, like a wily poker player, but not to win with him, but to have fun. Soon after, he returned. With a confident step, he approached the table. He sat down, looking at all the players as if nothing had happened. Another hand. All in! He said quite confidently. And everyone called, except me, and he won. He won the next few games, during which I managed to eat a whole packet of chips. I wasn't in a hurry, so I waited and waited and waited until we finally met in the grand finale. He had more chips than me, but he sat slumped,



or at least that was my impression as I steadily raised the stakes. So what, all in? I asked. Pass. He replied. His expression spoke for itself. I've never seen someone so drenched in sweat before. At the same moment I got up from the table and said, thank you. I gave up the game. I found that I preferred to enjoy the road, not the destination. This journey was really special for me, unpredictable here and full of sublime feelings and emotions. You don't always have to win the whole pool to feel like a winner.

– And the money?

– Oh, that, we split it in half.

– I don't understand any of this.

– Life is not about having or not having, but about being.

– What?

– When you leave this world, you won't take with you any real estate, cars, expensive watches or other valuables. You won't even take your old, torn pants, which you may have put away somewhere, sometime for darkest hour.

– But I don't have such pants – said the teenager, as if he seriously didn't catch what was at stake.

– Friend, forget about all titles and diplomas. Your body, photos of your loved ones, this will also remain here. Everything, do you understand? Everything. The only thing your soul will take away, passing to another dimension, are the feelings and emotions you experience every day in many events, situations or circumstances. Negative and positive, all that you are able to feel in your own heart. You know what, I have this feeling, bordering on almost certainty, that we were born to make our souls happy, and in order to do that, you have to learn to feel...

– Soul, you say. You're right, I didn't think that way.

– And that’s why I think all this self-development is a total shit, but when you combine it with spirituality, then it leads to true happiness and fulfillment.

Teofil slowly began to regain his joy in life, until it finally got to the point where he woke up every day with a smile on his face, and when he went to bed, he couldn’t wait for the next day. The young man passed his high school diploma without much trouble. Having said goodbye to his parents, he left to study at the Higher Catholic Spiritual Seminary in Gołodupce. The large building in which he resided consisted of several blocks and was surrounded by a huge garden, which was dominated by a certain characteristic style – simple forms and minimalism in the choice of color. In case anyone didn’t know, the seminary is a residential home for seminarians, though not exclusively. It is the place where alumni prepare for the priesthood. Its foundation is the chapel. In addition, there are lecture halls, a library, a dining hall, a gym, sports halls and many other rooms. Teo shared his room with Dominik, Kacper and Szymon. Each of them was different, and as a result they learned acceptance.

– Hey, why do you want to serve God? – Mr. and Mrs. Muntari’s son once asked.

– I have always felt that my place is at the altar – Szymon replied.

– Ever since I can remember, I wanted to work with people. To lead them to salvation, to God, is the greatest value for me – Kacper announced without hesitation.

– And I came here to find my calling. In peace and quiet. I would like to have a family, but I think somewhere deep down I feel that I should become a priest. I also studied marketing and management, but it wasn’t for me – spoke Dominik, wrinkling his forehead gently.

– Fil, and you? What are you doing here? – Szymek asked.

– Actually, I don’t know, because after what I saw, well, fuck, I started to wonder... This is not what I expected, however, I feel that I should stay here.

– But why? Why? – Kacper inquired.

– He, he. He, he, he. Well, that’s how I feel, just like that – announced Teofil with joy.

– Domi, how long do you think you will keep celibacy? – he added after a while.

– Ha! As God gives, brother. As God gives. Ha! Ha! Ha! – laughed a peer.

For the first two years the men learned the ins and outs of philosophy. Studies as studies – colloquia, exams. In the third year, theology began, and as a result, each of the potential priests could finally put on a cassock and a collar.

– Teo, what does your day at the seminary actually look like? Has anything changed? – asked Amina with curiosity, hosting her son at the family home.

– Actually, not much. The only difference is that now we prepare more in terms of school work. That’s all. I continue to get up at a quarter to six, then a quick toilet, morning prayers, meditation on the Word of God, and, well, the Eucharist. We have breakfast at seven-thirty, and lectures begin at eight. At noon we have a break for the self-examination, or, if one wishes, for the “Angelus” prayer. Lunch is scheduled at one o’clock. After that, there is time to ourselves, until four o’clock, but it is worthwhile to devote it to studying. Four-thirty we return to classes, which continue for less than an hour. At six o’clock we have adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, after which we go to dinner. We eat, drink, then...

– Exactly, son, exactly. I assume you mean free time? – interjected Yusuf, with a broad smile on his face.

– Of course, although some people are on duty, so they shop, wash floors, clean toilets, etc.

– And what else do you do?

– We surf the Internet, play soccer, ping-pong, snooker, and... such things – said Teo, turning his head to the side.

– What exactly do you mean? – the parent kept pushing.

– Forgive me, but I can't tell you everything.

– That's okay. You'll do what you want with it, but remember that easy decisions are hard lives, while hard decisions, are... easy lives – the father stated nonchalantly.

Rather, no one at the sanctuary lacked time to pursue their passions. Some seminarians fulfilled themselves by running their own channels on the YouTube platform, while others realized themselves by belonging to the church choir or something like that. There were also those who deviated from social norms, behaving outrageously and reprehensibly. These people did not find recognition in the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Muntari's son, who decided to report them discreetly by sending anonymous complaints, both to the police and to the curia. The content of one letter read: "I kindly inform you that sexual intercourse between alumni takes place at the Higher Catholic Spiritual Seminary in Gołodupce. Sexual abuse of children and adolescents by Catholic priests has also been noted. With greetings, Good Soul." Unfortunately, but no one reacted...

In his fifth year of study, Teofil shared a room with Piotr and Paweł, whom he at first had no objections to. The clerics had plenty of common interests, which fostered a special bond between them. Called to order, the son of Amina and Yusuf finally began to close his eyes to certain matters that occasionally got out of hand. One evening he was assigned to wash one of the corridors. While working, he ran into excited friends.

– Oh, Teo! Are you coming with us? – asked the first of them.

– Where to?

– Hookers, Teo. To hookers – announced the second one.

– He, he. I can't, I'm on duty.

– No problem. As you can't go to hookers, they will come to you – continued Paweł, looking carelessly in the direction of the exit.

– Ha! Ha! Exactly! – concluded Piotr.

A few hours later, "Picia" and "Pablo" returned from the whore house, bringing with them a Russian prostitute named Daria. The girl could barely stand on her feet, as well as the guys.

– And what now, "Saint?" – mumbled Paweł, looking at Teofil.

– Come on, we'll do her in three! – suggested an exultant Piotrek.

– Into the mouth fifty, in the pits a hundred – spoke the pale woman.

– Well, I think you guys are completely crazy! I'm going to get some air. When I come back, this whore is not to be here! Do we understand! – thundered an irritated Teo, not believing his ears and eyes.

On his way out, he slammed the door. He went to the garden to think about his calling in peace and quiet, because no matter what, he expected a very different life in the seminary.

– Love, joy, gratitude, compassion, understanding... It was supposed to be so beautiful, and how is it? They just fuck at every step, jerks! Either among themselves, or, worse, with minors, occasionally with whores, professing the rule: the younger, the better. Fucking pedophiles! Holy fuck, it makes a person burst from the inside. Love, joy, gratitude, damn you! Sympathy, understanding... Seemingly everything agrees, but is this how it should be? Where is this world going? Later they explain themselves with the fact that, after all, it was the Lord God who ordered to live in love, to love each other, so they fuck like some animals. God gave, the priest

took. And what will you do if you do nothing? I don't know, I don't fucking know... Quit the hell with it? But what next? Maybe some business I would start. In fact, why not? Just what kind of fucking business? But on the other hand, I'll get a single room soon, so it should be much better. Okay, it would be appropriate to say a Hail Mary. Nothing else! – he was just analyzing, sitting on the bench.

At the same time Piotr and Paweł were having fun with Daria. Unexpectedly, the love triangle moved to Teofil's bed. The light-hearted woman was passionately sucking the male genital organ of "Picia," while "Pablo" was watching everything closely, performing the act of masturbation.

– Good, switch – he said, smiling warmly at the other participants of their fun.

Suddenly Daria took a new position, hosting his penis in her mouth. Piotr, on the other hand, used the opportunity to go behind harlot to go into her absolutely.

– Daaa! – she moaned.

Causing her pleasure, he moved gently back and forth. Paweł was delighted, for it was the first time in his life that someone was sucking him all the way to his balls.

– Okay, now me – he stated a few minutes later.

– Move on me – he added, looking at the girl.

He began to move up and down alternately, but quite quickly ran out of breath, as he lacked abdominal muscles.

– I don't have the strength, move your ass a little! – he exclaimed, giving Daria a slap on the ass.

– Da, da, haraszo! – she spoke in her native language

Having taken control of the situation, she felt really important. Groaning every now and then, she smacked the genitals of one, while doing good to the other in a different way. Soon after, there was another switch. This time it was “Picia” who was on the bottom, the harlot was sitting on top of him, and “Pablo” was fucking her from behind. The guys fully satisfied their sexual needs, ejaculating at the same moment, then parted, each in his own direction, leaving the naked prostitute on Teofil’s bed.

– He’ll return and have a blast – laughed Piotr, getting ready for bed.

– He’ll thank us yet – Paweł stated jokingly, having turned off the light.

– I think we broke his bed a bit. Do you think he’ll get upset?

– Nooo, I think he’ll get mad.

When he returned, he turned on the light and was simply stunned, because he did not expect to find a prostitute sleeping on his bed. To top it off, the smell of drying sperm was in the air.

– Fucking hell, I don’t believe it – went through his mind.

– God, You see and do not thunder! – he screamed, breathing fire and feeling the fumes from his ears.

– Why are you howling? Is something wrong? – awoke “Pablo.”

– What the fuck is this! – thundered Teofil, pointing his hand in the direction of the awakening Daria.

– Into the mouth fifty, in the pits a hundred – said the delighted daughter of Corinth.

– Get dressed and get the fuck out! Now!

– “Saint,” will you finally shut your mouth? – asked the frustrated “Picia.”

– Pjetsot – said the girl proudly, looking at those she did well.

– Will you pay? We'll settle up tomorrow – suggested Paweł.

– The lady is already thanked. God bless you – responded Piotrek, handing the prostitute five hundred zlotys.

– Jewra, not zloty – she announced, not hiding her surprise.

The next day, the son of Amina and Yusuf personally appeared at the police station to inform the uniformed officers about what was happening behind the seminary walls in Gołodupce.

– Really? That's not possible – the police officer was surprised.

– Just like that! – declared Teo, beating his hand on his chest.

– Any names and surnames?

– Piotr Kaszalot, Paweł Zakościelny, Teodor Szlachetny, Grzegorz Komuna, Dawid Piwowarski, Dominik Paździerz...

– A lot of it, but well. We'll take care of it, please, priest.

– God bless.

All such reports were to go directly to the desk of district commander, who had long controlled the development of the whole situation. This man turned out to be Aleksander Niegodziwiec – a good acquaintance of the former parish priest of Our Lady of Money parish in Fat Cats.

– Hello, who is this! – asked Father Bogdan, picking up the phone.

– Bodziu, listen. I think... – said the commandant.

– He won't listen until he is told who he is talking to – interrupted the pastor insolently.

– Oleczek.

– Ah, Oleczek! You could have said that right away, not. What?



– It seems to me that we found this snake. Imagine that he himself came to the police station and broke loose. The guys said he had an identical voice to the guy who used to report anonymously from a phone booth at the seminary. There is no coincidence here, Boguś. We got him! The question is, what do we do with him?

At the same time, there was a sighting between Marianna and Beata, which took place at the prison in Rajty.

– Nothing – pronounced Papudrakowna, speaking into the prison handset.

– What do you mean nothing? Where did you get the money from? – MJ inquired.

– Embroideries, pictures, things like that.

– Do you mean tattoos?

– Exactly! I see you haven't forgotten the prison speech.

– You must be kidding me. When did you start?

– I don't remember, but it was a long time ago. They always gave me cigarettes, until they finally stopped. Well, not that! No grace. To work they didn't let me go, after all, I'm in jail for murder, so it was necessary to take care of my own interests, disregarding others. You know that I love to draw. One time, such Balbina, we shared a cell together, she put a tattoo needle in my hand, well, and I did not give it back.

– Not bad. I'm glad you're doing well. And did you know that they elected a new pope?

– What do you mean, what happened to the old one?

– He died of coronavirus.

– What! When?

– Somehow recently.

– I don't believe it. And who did they choose?

– Tadeusz.

– What Tadeusz? What kind of man is he?

– Previously, he was the right hand of Włodzisław Siarczysty, who left this world so suddenly.

Too bad, because I liked his speeches. When are you leaving?

– Soon.

Priestly ordination was fast approaching, so preparations for it were in full swing. Alumni of Higher Catholic Spiritual Seminary in Gołodupce were very excited about this event, and in relation to this they talked about it every day.

– “Saint,” I am happy for you, believe me, but without you we will be sad here – announced one of the younger seminarians.

– Okey dokey, brother. You'll manage – said Teo, staring at the floor.

– Are you all right?

– Yes.

– Are you sure? You look blurry.

– Ay, because I have a terrible confusion in my head. I don't know what I should do.

– And what do you want? What does your heart feel?

– On the one hand, I have always wanted to serve God, but on the other hand, I don't know myself anymore. To be a part of this... To be and not be able to do anything about it is a bit like fighting windmills.

– The Lord's judgments are inscrutable.