

Title: The old man and the dog

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My fundamental thanks to those who live all the processes of my life, my family: to my wife Eliana, who always understand and patiently respect my immersion for hours between books, leaving other pleasures for later, for example, the Sunday walk or the summer ice cream. To them my infinite thanks for your understanding and support.

To my parents and to our productive talks and useful life advice, where I often took refuge pleasantly.

To my brothers, of whom I have learned a lot, who unknowingly infected me with the passion for writing?

To the work friends who trusted me to carry out the knowledge and translate them into books

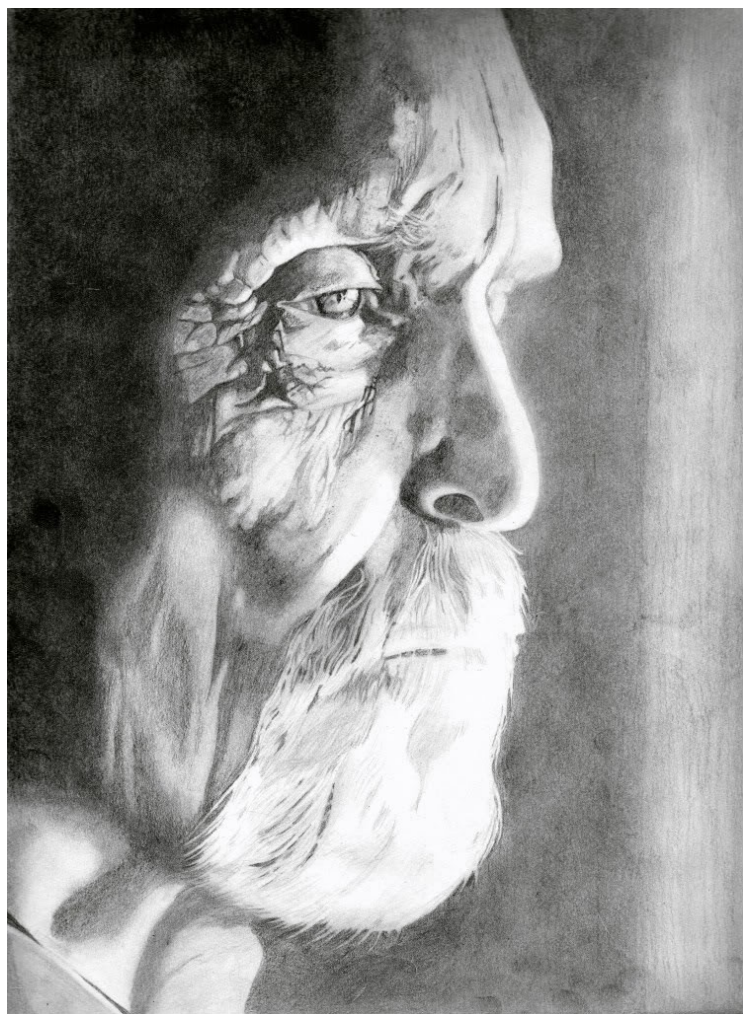
To the acquaintances, to their questions, concerns and demands, that they have taught me so much.

To all those entrepreneurs who fundamentally taught me that dreams with action are productive realities.

To my clients, who every day allow me to work in order to elaborate better products

To all of you who invest their time in reading
these ideas, thank you very much for being there,
and welcome

Copacabana is a small town on the shores of Medellin Colombia, with a warm but at the same time winter weather at many times of the year, had a brief but glorious time of settlements and neighborhoods that grew along with their companies. But I'm getting ahead of myself; our story begins even earlier, when Copacabana was nothing more than a piece of land whose name did not even appear on the map.



I want to tell you about an old man who almost does not pronounce words only the specific. He had a tired face: tired of laughing and tired of getting angry. He lived in this small town called Copacabana, at the end of the street, near the corner. It is not worth describing it, almost nothing differentiates it from others. He wore a gray hat, gray pants, and a gray jacket and in winter a long gray coat. He had a thin neck whose skin is dry and wrinkled. The white buttons of the shirt tighten him too much.

On the lower floor of his house he had a room; maybe he was married and had children, maybe he lived in another city before. Surely it was once a child, but that was a long time ago, where children were dressed as adults. Where they looked like in the photo album of a grandmother.

In his room there were two chairs, a table, a rug, a bed and a wardrobe. On the small table is an alarm clock, next to it are the old newspapers and the photo album; on the wall hung a mirror and a portrait.



The old man worked in the mornings and in the afternoons; He spoke a couple of words with his neighbor, and at night he sat at the table.

It never changed. Even on Sundays they were like that.

And when the man sat at the table, he always heard the clock ticking.

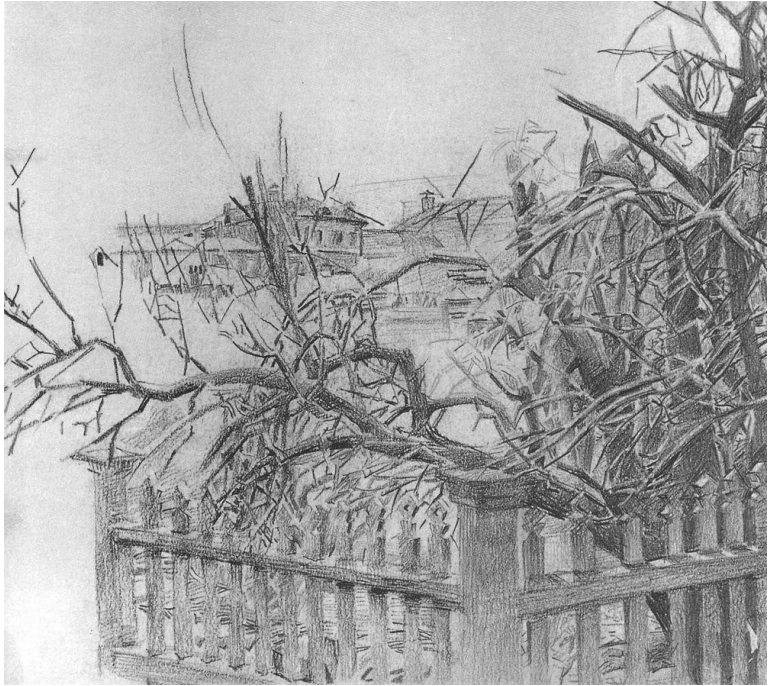
But there was a special day: a sunny day, not so cold or so hot, full of bird chirps, with happy people, with children playing. And the special

thing was that, suddenly, everything liked the man.

And he smiled.

"Everything will change now," he thought.

He unbuttoned the first button of his shirt, took his hat in his hand; he quickened his pace, swayed on his knees as he walked and became very happy. He reached the street where he lived, inclined his head to greet the children, walked home, climbed the stairs, took the keys from the bag and closed his room.



But in his room everything was the same: a table, two chairs, a bed. And when he sat down at the table, he heard again the ticking and all his joy was gone, nothing had changed.

Then the man had a huge fury.

In the mirror he saw his face flush: how he closed and opened his eyes; then he fisted his hands, lifted them and hit the table; first one hit, then another and he began to hit and hit as if he were playing a drum, while shouting again and again: