

AUTUMN MELODY

ALICIA WOKE UP STARTLED. NOT BY A NOISE, BUT BY AN ABSENCE OF SOUND—MORE ALARMING THAN ANY CRASH. OUTSIDE, THE WORLD SEEMED FROZEN IN AN OVERLY LONG PAUSE. THE LIGHT SLIPPING THROUGH THE CRACK OF THE BLINDS WAS NOT THE USUAL ONE; IT WAS A PALE AMBER, AS IF THE SUN HESITATED TO RISE.

HER PHONE VIBRATED ONCE ON THE NIGHTSTAND. NO RINGTONE. NO VISIBLE NOTIFICATION. ONLY A SINGLE WORD FLASHING, IN A TYPEFACE SHE DID NOT REMEMBER INSTALLING:

“WAKE UP.”

IT WASN’T A MESSAGE. IT WAS A SUMMONS.

ALICIA SAT UP IN BED, WRAPPED IN HER WORN GRAY COTTON DUVET, WHOSE THREADS FORMED A FAMILIAR RELIEF SHE HAD LONG CEASED TO NOTICE. SUDDENLY, SHE COULD FEEL EVERY FIBER AS THOUGH TOUCHING A MAP, AS THOUGH THE CREASES CONCEALED AN INVISIBLE DIRECTION.

SOMETHING FORGOTTEN.

IN THE KITCHEN, THE KETTLE WAS WHISTLING—THOUGH SHE HAD NOT TURNED IT ON.

STEAM ROSE SLOWLY, SKETCHING FLEETING FORMS IN THE AIR. ALICIA WATCHED THEM WITH THE FOCUS OF SOMEONE WHO KNOWS SOMETHING HAS SHIFTED, YET CANNOT GRASP WHAT. THE AROMA OF THE TEA—JASMINE WITH A HINT OF BERGAMOT—SEEMED TOO VIVID, AS IF IT FLOATED IN THE ATMOSPHERE, WRAPPING HER IN THE TEXTURE OF DAMP VELVET.

HER DOG, WHO USUALLY SLEPT LATE, BARKED IN A DEEP TONE. HE SAT FACING HER, HEAD TILTED, AS IF WAITING FOR ALICIA TO SAY SOMETHING IMPORTANT.

EVERYTHING HAD THE COLOR OF AN OMEN.

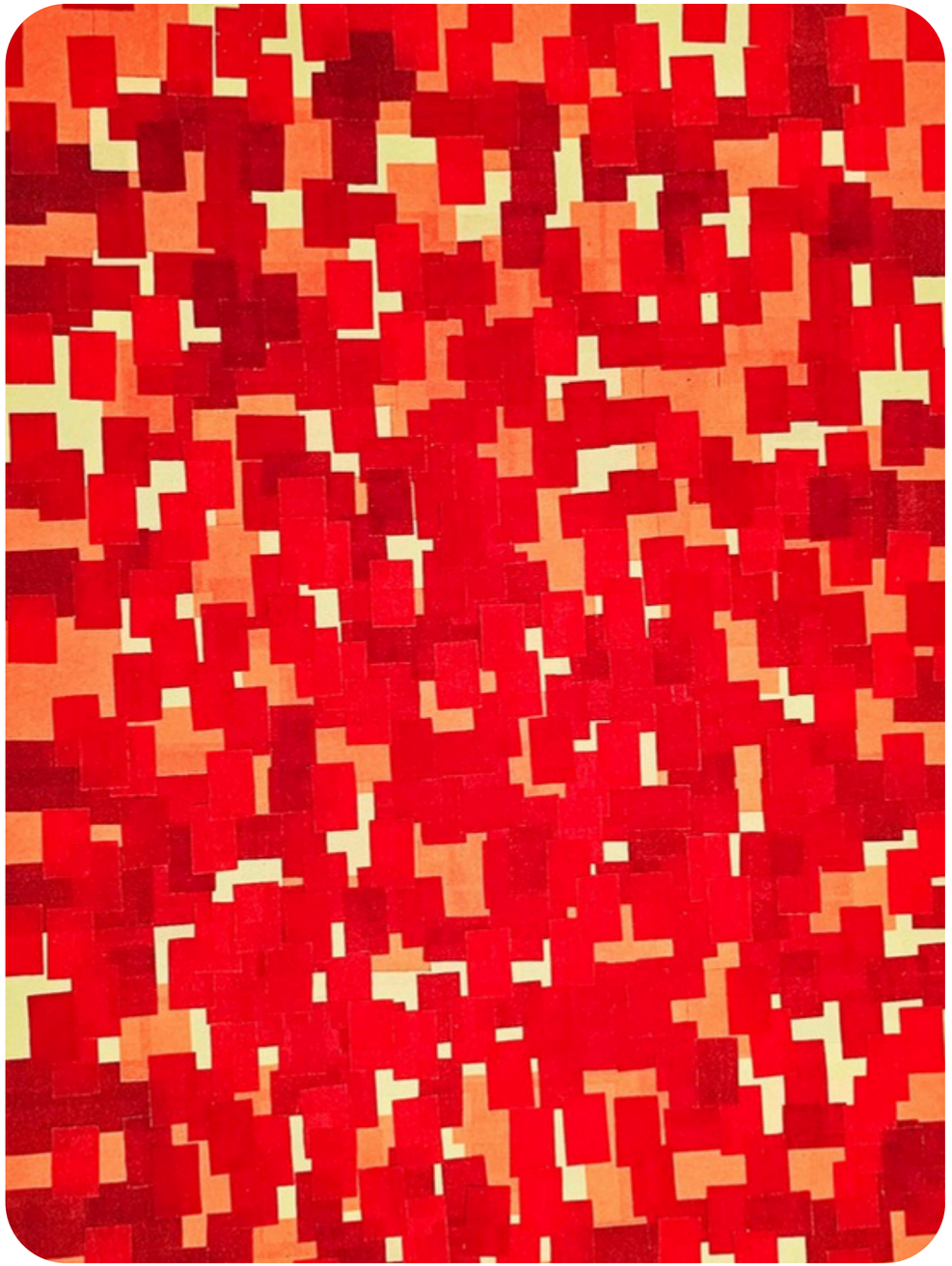
ON HER WAY TO WORK, THE WORLD APPEARED THE SAME, YET EACH DETAIL WAS A FRACTURE. THE GREEN OF THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS WAS SHARPER, ALMOST ABRASIVE. THE AUTUMN PLANE-TREE LEAVES FELL MORE SLOWLY, AS IF THEY WANTED TO TELL HER SOMETHING BEFORE TOUCHING THE GROUND. THE CITY'S MURMUR FALTERED, LIKE AN OLD RECORDING.

SHE FELT REALITY LIKE A POORLY STITCHED FABRIC. AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG WHILE, SHE HEARD THE SOUND OF THE THREAD TIGHTENING.

THAT NIGHT, SHE FOUND BENEATH HER PILLOW A NOTE WRITTEN IN CRIMSON INK, IN A FIRM YET UNFAMILIAR HAND:

"NOTHING IS WHAT IT SEEMS. THE SEAM OF THE WORLD IS GIVING WAY. FIND THE FOLD."

ALICIA TOUCHED THE PAPER. IT HAD THE ROUGH TEXTURE OF ANCIENT LINEN, AS IF IT HAD BEEN WRITTEN LONG BEFORE SHE WAS BORN. SHE CLOSED HER EYES. SHE FELT THE VERTIGO OF SOMEONE ON THE VERGE OF REMEMBERING SOMETHING FORGOTTEN.



CRIMSON PULSE

THE GOLDEN SEASON HAD ARRIVED WITHOUT ASKING PERMISSION. LEAVES FELL AS IF THE GROUND WERE URGENTLY CALLING THEM. ALICIA WALKED DOWN AN OLD AVENUE, HER STEPS CRUNCHING UPON A TAPESTRY OF OCHRES, BROWNS, AND REDS THAT SEEMED WOVEN BY THE WIND. THE AIR CARRIED A DIFFERENT WEIGHT, A KIND OF LIQUID NOSTALGIA SEEPING INTO HER PORES. THAT DAY SHE DECIDED TO LEAVE HER USUAL PATH. SHE WOULD NOT GO TO WORK. SHE WOULD NOT GO ANYWHERE FAMILIAR. SOMETHING WITHIN HER, LIKE A SECRET COMPASS, PUSHED HER EASTWARD— TOWARD THE PARK HER MOTHER USED TO CALL “THE REFUGE OF SILENCE.”

WHEN SHE ARRIVED, IT WAS NEARLY EMPTY. ONLY ONE MAN WAS PLAYING THE BANDONEÓN UNDER A PERGOLA COVERED WITH DRY VINES. THE MELODY WAS SLOW, MELANCHOLIC, AND YET CARRIED A STRANGE RESILIENCE, AS IF EACH NOTE WERE A THREAD TRYING TO MEND A WOUND.

ALICIA SAT ON A BENCH, HER HANDS RESTING ON HER KNEES. THE MUSIC ENTERED HER LIKE A TIDE, STIRRING LAYERS OF MEMORY SHE HAD NOT KNOWN WERE THERE. SHE REMEMBERED HER MOTHER'S VOICE HUMMING A SIMILAR TUNE WHILE SEWING IN THE SMALL WORKSHOP AT HOME. THREADS OF FABRIC, THREADS OF SONG, THREADS OF TIME.

THE MUSICIAN LOOKED UP AND, WITHOUT PAUSING, NODDED AT HER AS IF RECOGNIZING HER PRESENCE IN A WAY DEEPER THAN SIGHT. THEN HE WHISPERED BETWEEN PHRASES:

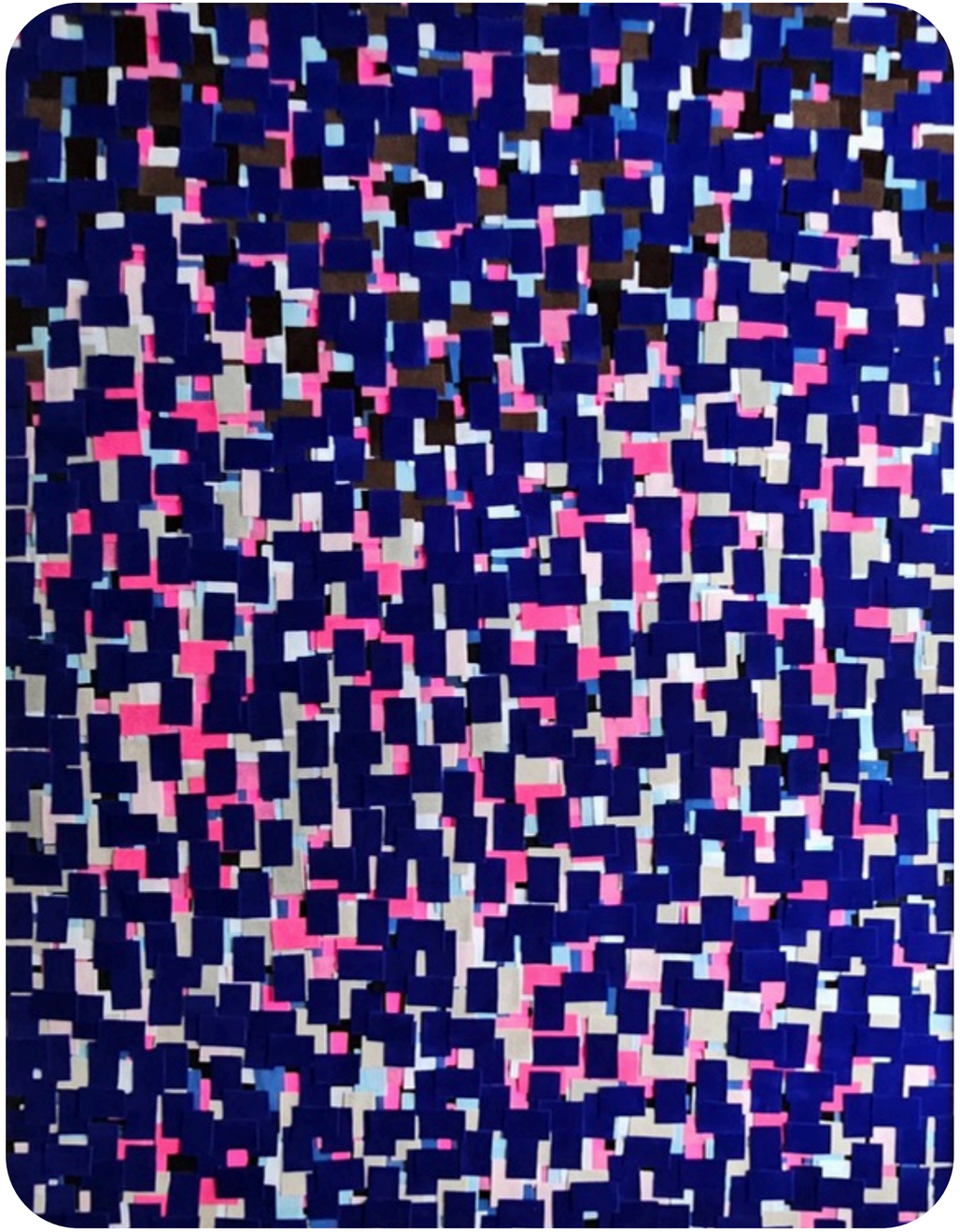
"FIND THE FOLD BEFORE IT FINDS YOU."

A CHILL RAN THROUGH HER SKIN.

ALICIA STOOD AND BEGAN WALKING WITHOUT DIRECTION. EVERY CORNER OF THE CITY LOOKED THE SAME, YET BENEATH THE SURFACES, SOMETHING TREMBLED, WAITING TO SPLIT. THE CRACKS IN THE SIDEWALKS LOOKED LIKE STITCHES COMING LOOSE. SHOP SIGNS BLINKED WITH AN UNEVEN RHYTHM, AS IF THE NEON WERE SIGHING. SHE KNEW THEN THAT HER DAYS OF SILENCE HAD ENDED.

THE WORLD WAS CALLING HER—

AND ITS FABRIC WAS FRAYING.



COSMIC NOISE

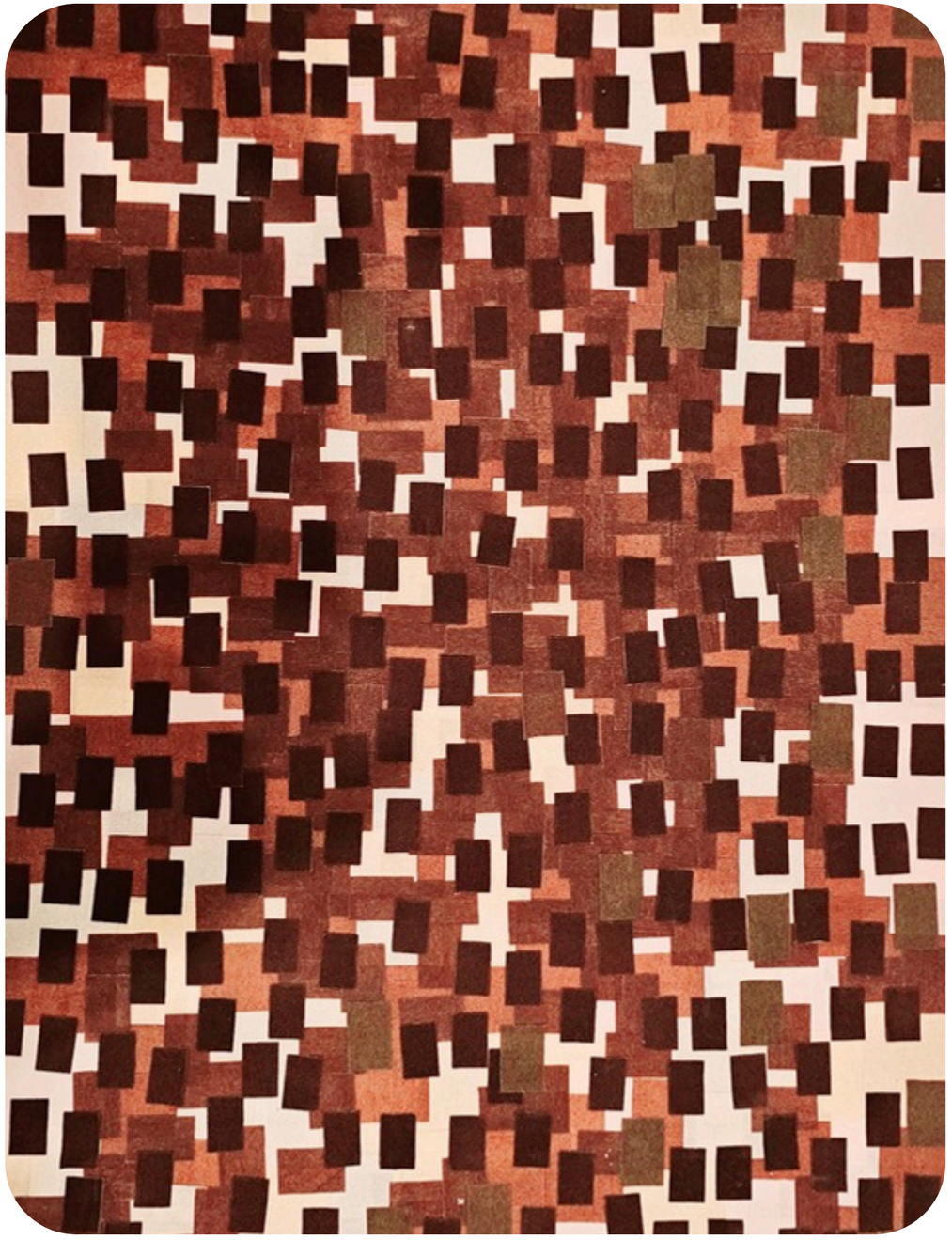
THE CITY ROSE BEFORE HER LIKE AN ARTIFACT FORGOTTEN BY THE GODS.

CROOKED BUILDINGS OF OPAQUE GLASS, ALLEYS BRANCHING LIKE VEINS, LIGHTS FLICKERING WITH THEIR OWN RHYTHM. WITH EACH STEP, ALICIA FELT THE CONCRETE BENEATH HER FEET MURMUR SOMETHING, AS IF THE CITY SPOKE IN FREQUENCIES NOT ENTIRELY HUMAN.

SHE HAD ARRIVED BY FOLLOWING A SIGNAL. NOT FROM GPS, BUT FROM AN INNER HUM. AN ECHO LODGED IN HER EAR EVER SINCE SHE FINISHED CUTTING THE CRIMSON DRESS. IT WAS NOT A SOUND. IT WAS A VIBRATING SUMMONS, LIKE A SUSTAINED NOTE HANGING BETWEEN DIMENSIONS.

ALICIA CROSSED AN AVENUE.
THE NEON SIGNS SEEMED TO FLICKER IN CODED MESSAGES:
“DREAM BACKWARDS.”
“ALL THAT IS LOST LIES IN THE INTERFERENCE.”
“LISTEN TO THE NOISE.”
SHE STEPPED INTO A TINY CAFÉ, WITH COPPER-COLORED WALLS AND HANGING LAMPS. THE CUPS WERE CRACKED CERAMICS. THE TABLES WERE COVERED IN HANDWOVEN TAPESTRIES WITH PATTERNS FROM NO COUNTRY SHE KNEW.
SHE ORDERED A COFFEE, BUT WHAT THEY SERVED WAS A VIOLET INFUSION, FRAGRANT WITH WET EARTH AND ANCIENT CITRUS.
—“IS THIS PLACE… NEW?” SHE ASKED THE WAITER, A MAN WITH A GRAY BEARD AND PIANIST’S HANDS.
HE SMILED, AS IF HE UNDERSTOOD WHAT SHE WAS REALLY ASKING.
—“IT’S NEW EACH TIME SOMEONE SEES IT WITH OPEN EYES,” HE REPLIED.

IN THE BACK, AN OLD RADIO CRACKLED STATIC BETWEEN SONGS SHE HAD NEVER HEARD BEFORE. BUT WITHIN THE WHITE NOISE, ALICIA CAUGHT SOMETHING:
A VOICE WHISPERING HER NAME.
“ALICIA… ALICIA…”
IT WAS NOT TERROR. IT WAS RECOGNITION.
SHE LEFT THE DRINK HALF-FINISHED AND STEPPED OUTSIDE.
THE CITY STIRRED.
PEOPLE WALKED WEARING ENORMOUS HEADPHONES. OTHERS SPOKE INTO PHONES THAT LOOKED LIKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS NO LONGER SHOWED RED, YELLOW, OR GREEN: THEY PULSED WITH COLOR—FELT MORE THAN SEEN.
SHE FOLLOWED AN ALLEY SMELLING OF OZONE AND HOT METAL. ON THE WALL, AN OLD SCREEN WAS STREAMING A RAIN OF WHITE DOTS. ALICIA DREW CLOSER. SHE REACHED OUT HER HAND. WHEN SHE TOUCHED IT, THE IMAGE FROZE.
A FIGURE APPEARED.
IT WAS HER. BUT NOT NOW.
IT WAS ALICIA IN THE CRIMSON DRESS, HOLDING AN ANTENNA MADE OF THREADS AND TWIGS, BENEATH A SKY FILLED WITH NOISE.
THE MESSAGE APPEARED AT THE BOTTOM:
“FIND THE ORIGIN. CHAOS IS A MAP.”
THE IMAGE VANISHED. THE SCREEN WENT DARK.
THE HUM IN HER EAR SWELLED UNTIL IT BECAME DISTANT MUSIC, AS IF THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE WERE PLAYING AN UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, SHE UNDERSTOOD: CHAOS WAS NOT DISORDER.
IT WAS LANGUAGE.
AND AT LAST, SHE WAS LEARNING TO LISTEN.



Silent Root
The envelope was different this time.
It had no color, only a gray that seemed to absorb the light.
She found it on her window ledge, covered with a thin layer of dust. When she opened it, inside was only one thing:
a long strand of white hair, perfectly braided, tied at its end with golden thread.
And a note:
“She shines in the dark.”
Alicia knew immediately she had to return.
Not to a city, nor to a house.
But to a place with no address.
Her grandmother’s old Workshop.

She had heard about it. A cozy place in the family home, closed for lack of use ever since she was told it contained “old things” and that she must never enter. But now she understood: old things could also be sacred.
The door lay at the end of the hallway, hidden behind a curtain of coarse linen, yellowed with time. Pulling it aside, a breath of dry air and the perfume of withered flowers enveloped her.
She pushed the door.
The creak was like a sigh of welcome.
Inside, dust floated like spirit.
The shelves were covered with wooden boxes, hand-labeled: “Scars,” “Unfulfilled dreams,” “Promises.”
On the wall hung hoops tangled with threads forming impossible patterns. Each design seemed to shift if stared at too long.

In the center of the Workshop, a loom.
Ancient.
Of dark oak.
And tangled within it, an unfinished tapestry.
It was not an image: it was an emotional map.
The colors spoke louder than the forms:
Faded pink for lost tenderness.
Fractured black for secrets kept.
Moss green for hope that survived in silence.
Alicia slid her fingers across the warp.
A shiver ran through her.
A memory that was not her own:
a creator,
a witness.
All were her.
And each held a color, a texture.
The color that guided her floated to the loom, weaving with invisible hues, beginning to form an image:
a spiral,
a flower,
an eye.
The message appeared in her mind, clear and warm as a mother’s voice:
“You are not an heir. You are a bridge. Do not mend: transform.”



Inner Forest

Closing her grandmother’s notebook, something within Alicia awoke.
It was not a voice.
It was a vegetal impulse, as though an old seed—sown generations ago—was germinating in her chest.

For days she had the same dream:
she walked barefoot through a leafless forest,
where the trees did not grow upward, but inward.
The branches curled into the ground like arteries.
And the earth… whispered softly.
Upon waking, her body carried the scent of moss and dampness.
And in the palm of her right hand, an invisible mark burned:
a symbol that drew itself, like an ancient scar.
A spiral within another spiral.

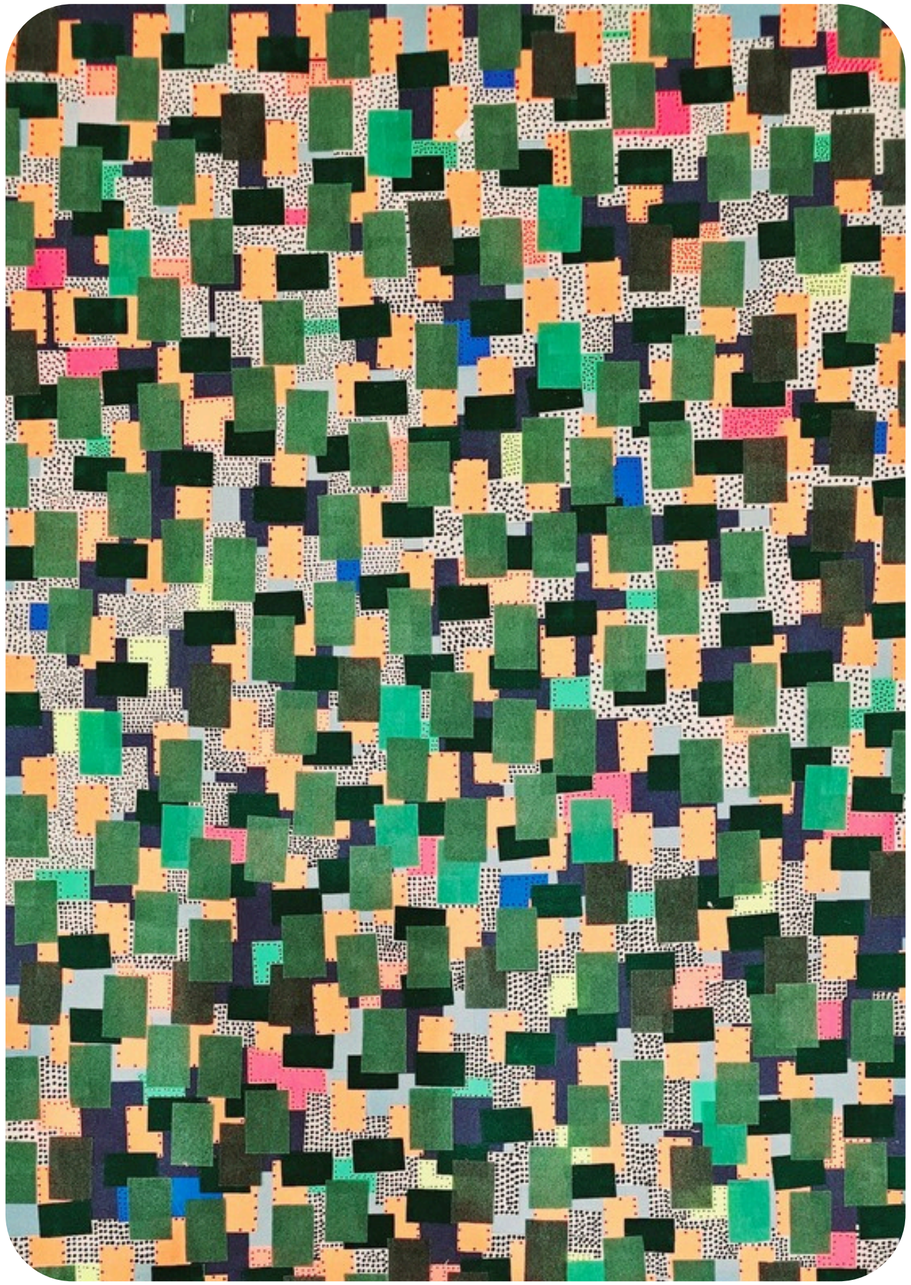
Alicia understood she must not seek answers in the outer world.
The next journey was inward.
She closed her eyes, seated in the Workshop.
She visualized the lavender thread.
She felt it slip from her wrist into her chest, coiling around her heartbeat, rooting itself like a tree within her.
The silence of the world outside grew distant.
The deeper she listened, the louder the inner forest spoke.



Nocturnal Digital Landscape
The night glowed blue, as if the sky were lit by screens instead of stars.
Alicia walked through the city’s technological center: blocks of smart buildings, automatic lights, drones floating silently like metallic fireflies.
Her footsteps echoed on the glassy pavement, and each reflection showed versions of herself flickering like system errors.
The lavender thread was still tied to her wrist, but now it was almost imperceptible.
It no longer moved through the air; it merged with the invisible signals floating among devices.
Its new texture was electric, like a soft current beneath the skin.
Her destination was clear: a glass tower with no sign.
When she touched the door, it opened by itself.
Inside, everything was in shadows.
Only the faint glow of a console awaited her, at the center of an empty room.
Alicia sat down. The keyboard was warm, as if someone had just been using it.
The screen lit up, and an old-style interface appeared, the kind with green letters on a black background.
A single line of code blinked:
“Who taught you to sew?”
Her fingers moved without thinking.
She typed:
“My grandmother. And all those who came before.”
Enter.

Suddenly, the screen unfolded into binary patterns.
But they were not random.
Alicia recognized the sequence.
Dots and strokes, like the marks of a stitch, like an alphabet hidden beneath the code.
Behind each number, an emotion.
Behind each line, a memory transformed into digital language.
The lights in the room began to flicker.
On the walls, images projected themselves:
an old sewing machine,
a circuit board,
an algorithm unspooling like an endless thread.
The voice returned—this time from within the system:
“Everything that can be stitched… can be cut.”

Alicia understood then that the screens were also looms.
And that data could also be memory.
All that was needed was to change the way of creating.
She powered on the main projector.
Suspended in the air floated a digital map:
fragments of text, scraps of images, compressed sounds.
It was a digital quilt of forgotten voices, scattered across the network.
Most of them were women:
anonymous coders, secret archivists, creators of systems who had never signed their names.
Voices sewn into the margins of software.
Alicia loaded the file with trembling hands.
The thread on her wrist shone brightly.
The screen filled with light.
And then, like a collective sigh that had crossed decades, the network spoke:
“Thank you for restoring what should never have been forgotten.”

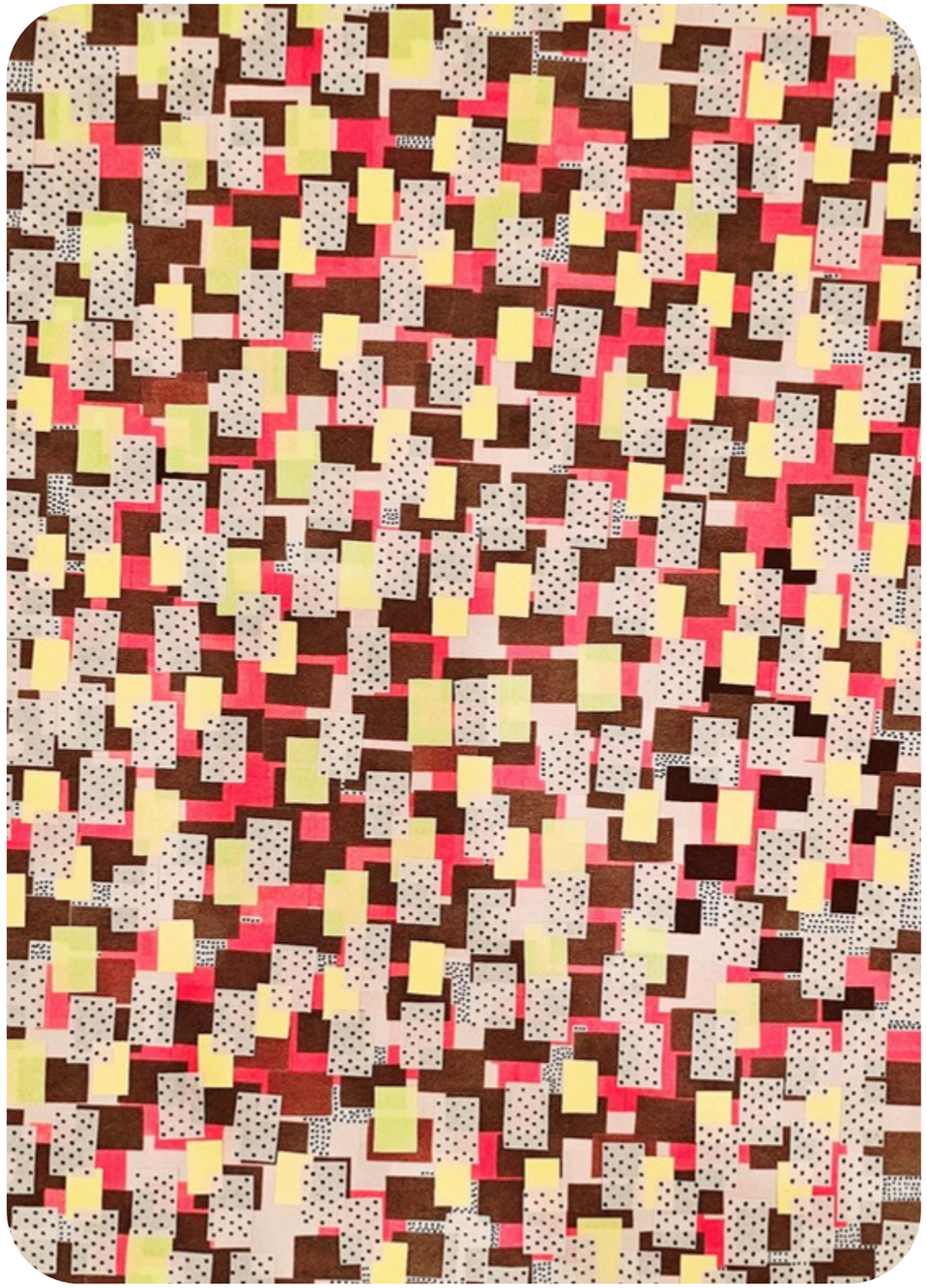


Expanding Weave

The days stopped being straight.
They curved, as though time itself had begun to follow the shape of a spiral.
Alicia no longer knew exactly how many hours had passed since she had connected the archive of forgotten voices. Since then, the world seemed to be embroidering itself around her: doors appearing where none had been, messages surfacing on dead screens, strangers greeting her with a look that seemed to recognize her.
Every step she took was another cut.
And the folds were no longer in her hand, but in her heart.

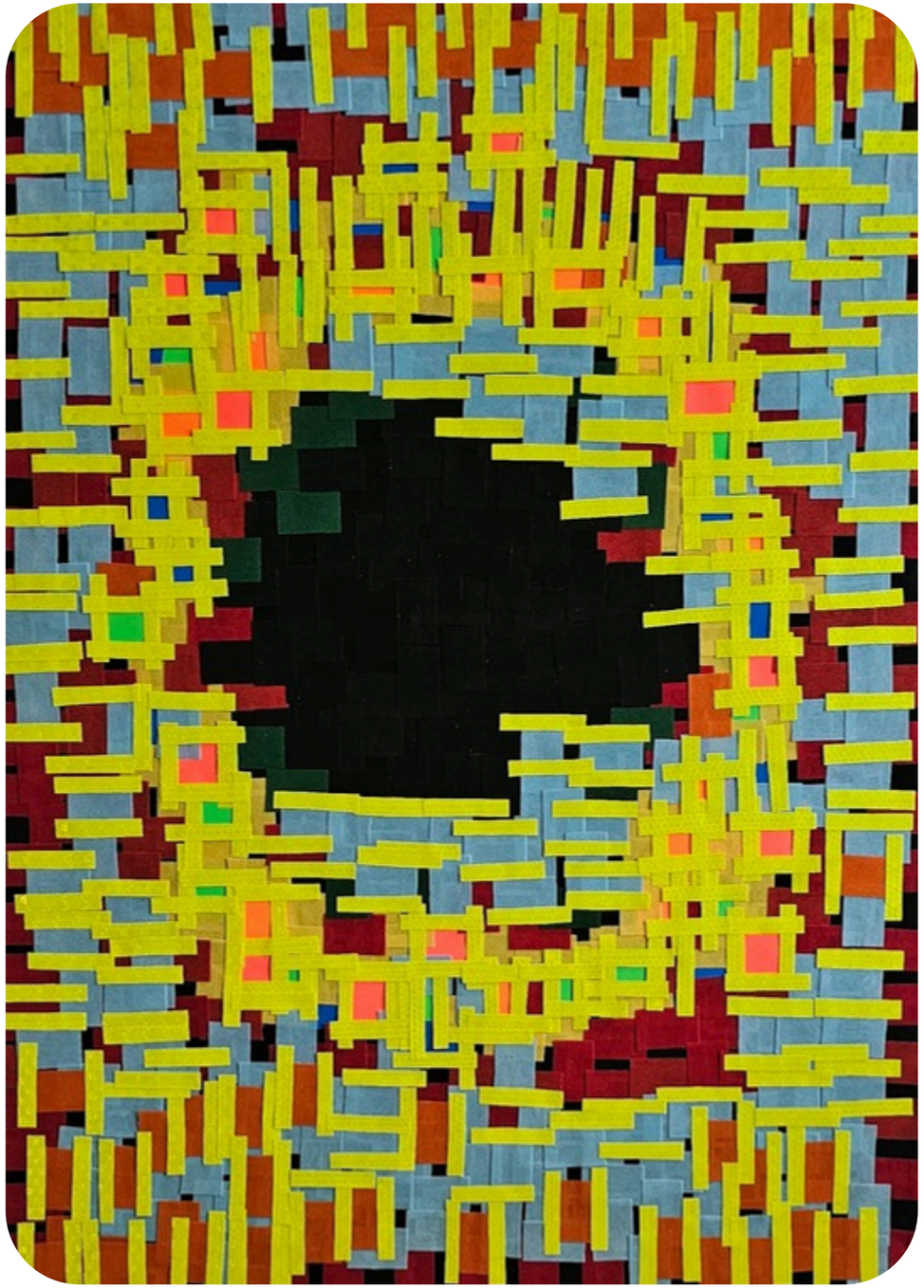
She was seated in an old abandoned train station, now transformed into a clandestine meeting place for digital memory restorers. Beside her, a young woman with indigo hair showed her a new interface: a system of sensory files.
—“They don’t just store data,” she said. “They store emotional textures. Memories you can touch.”
Alicia slid her fingers across one of the nodes.
She felt a childhood that was not her own: warm mud between her toes, a voice singing in Quechua, the texture of silence before a storm.
She needed no explanations.
She understood without translating.
Because now everything began to connect:
The crimson dress.
The suspended loom.
The digital quilt.
The guiding thread.
The music of that autumn.
The message on the screen: “Chaos is a map.”

She was the point of intersection.
And also the living node between worlds that had once stood apart.
That night, she returned to her workshop with a certainty she had never felt before.
It was not just a place: it was a center of gravity, where times, versions of herself, and the languages she had inherited crossed and responded to one another.
She opened her grandmother’s notebook.
A new page had appeared:
“Everything expands when you stop seeking the end.
You do not harvest answers.
You fold connections.”
She looked at her hands.
They were no longer the hands of someone following clues.
They were the hands of one who draws paths.
Outside, the city lights flickered like a breathing circuit.
And Alicia smiled.
Because at last she understood that the story was not hers alone.
It was a shared creation.
A weave that expanded with every step, every cut, every decision.
And she was no longer only Alicia.
She was Alicia, the one who interlaces.



Architecture of Chaos
The patterns had begun to repeat.
Alicia noticed it in the signals:
duplicated messages, symbols that once glowed now flickering erratically, familiar faces looking at her as if they no longer knew who she was.
Routine itself was beginning to strain too far.
Within her network of restorers and digital weavers, murmurs spread: someone was altering the files, rewriting the connections, sabotaging the code they had been stitching together for weeks.

One of them—Carolina, the one with glass fingers and starry-night eyes—vanished without a trace. Only one word remained in her digital space, as if embroidered with fire:
“Cut.”
Alicia returned to the old tailor’s shop, searching for the woman with burgundy eyes.
But in her place, she found a mirror.
In it, her face was not reflected.
Chaos was.
Cuts without order.
Textures tangled with metal and noise.
Superimposed voices, her own versions struggling to become a single thread.
Everything she had built... seemed to be unraveling.
That was when she appeared.
Not a stranger.
Another Alicia.
She dressed the same, but her face was veiled with gray lace.
And in her hands, she held a pair of scissors.
—“The order you sought doesn’t exist,” she said, in a voice identical to her own. “It was only held together because you were afraid of the void.”
Alicia felt the sting of recognition.
The most intimate betrayal: inner doubt.
—“I did not create out of fear,” she replied. “The velvet helped me remember I am not alone.”
The other Alicia smiled.
And cut the thread.
The impact was immediate.
The entire digital structure began to collapse.
Connections flickered.
Files tore like old cloth.
And the faces of the women she had known—in data, in memories, in dreams—began to vanish.
Chaos was not just chaos.
It was ancient architecture, crumbling with dignity.
Because for something new to be born...
something old had to give way.
Amid the collapse, Alicia ran to her workshop.
She opened the chest where she had kept her first loom.
It was empty.
But at the bottom, something vibrated.
A small wooden box, sealed with a braid of black thread.
She opened it.
Inside, a single piece of fabric:
woven with fragments of all she had lived.
The crimson dress.
The lavender thread.
The digital map.
The silent root.
A new pattern.
And a message embroidered by hand:
“When order breaks... you decide what is born of chaos.”



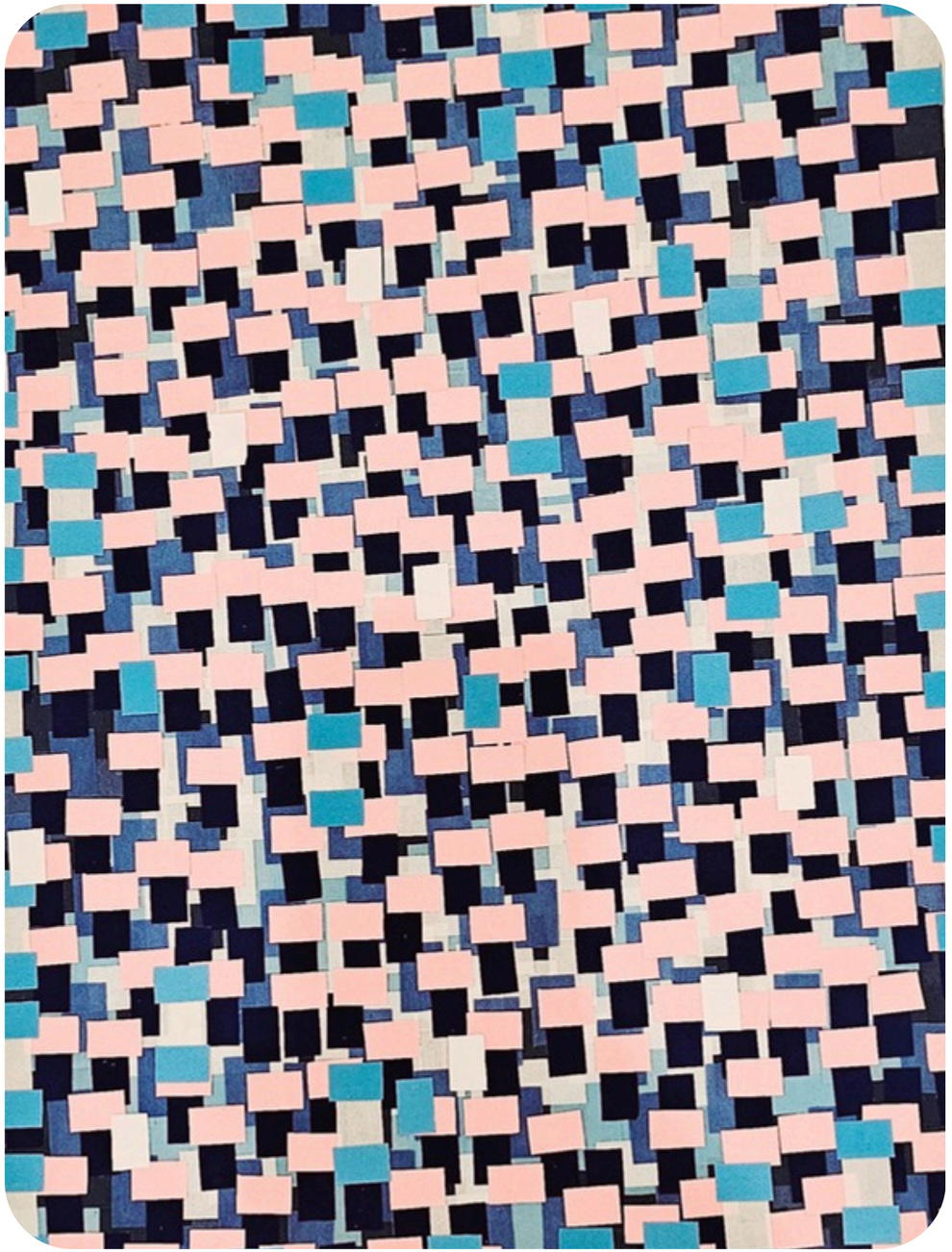
The Eye of the Void
The world had gone dark.
Not with violence, but like a candle that consumes itself without protest.
The workshop, the city, the screens, the files, the voices: all had disappeared in a final exhalation.
Only a formless gray remained, a vast silence that was neither night nor day.
And Alicia.
No clothes, no tools, no thread.
Only herself.
Skin over soul.
—“Where am I?” she asked, but her voice found no echo.
The answer did not come in words.
It came as a sensation:
an invisible presence surrounding her like dense air.
It was not a threat.
It was a gaze.
It was the Eye of the Void.

A faceless consciousness that observed without judgment, as if everything within her—the visible and the hidden—were projected onto an endless screen.
Alicia felt her memory begin to overflow:
the child who cried over a torn dress,
the young girl who embroidered without knowing why,
the woman who searched for meaning in the threads of others.
All floated around her, like loose weavings.
They no longer held her.
They no longer defined her.
It was time to release even that.
And so she did.
She released the names.
She released the symbols.
She released the story.
Until only the most essential remained:
a vibration.
A heartbeat.
She was the thread.
Not the one who sews.
Not the one who connects.
Not the one who follows instructions.
She was the thread.
Pure possibility.
The impulse before form.
The intention before design.
From the center of the void, a soft light began to grow.
It did not blind. It did not burn.
It only revealed.
And in that light, Alicia saw for the first time her true face:
one without age, without contour,
made of all the versions of herself that had ever been,
and all those that could still be.
And then she understood:
You do not need form to exist.
You do not need memory to be.
You do not need to hold in order to create.
You only need to be present.
And allow change to move through you.
When the light faded, there was no fear.
Only a calm so immense it seemed to have its own sound.
The void was not an end.
It was fertile space.
A womb of possibility.
And Alicia, now weightless, let herself drift.
She floated, without direction.
And in that drifting... she was reborn.



Face in Code
She returned in silence.
There was no thunder, no dramatic light.
Only the faint flicker of a screen turning on.
Alicia opened her eyes.
She was seated before an interface unknown to her—yet it was hers.
Everything was white.
No files, no noise, no digital memory.
Only a blank canvas, waiting for decision.
There were no instructions.
Only freedom.
Beside her lay a crystal keyboard and a needle.
Both served the same purpose.
She breathed.
And wrote the first line of code:
not with formulas, but with intention.
[Create: fractal identity]
Patterns began to emerge on the screen.
Not graphics.

Textiles.
Woven symbols shifting with every thought that passed through her mind.
The codes were scraps—echoes of her lineage, her emotions, her losses, her decisions.
And little by little, from that sea of woven data, a face emerged.
It was hers.
And yet it wasn't.
It had the eyes of the child she had been, the mouth of her grandmother, the cheekbones of her mother.
The skin was pixelated cloth, as if every pore had been stitched in bitmaps.
Each expression changed with the rhythm of Alicia's heartbeat.
The face was not a mask.
It was a living quilt.
An emotional avatar.
The system named it:
"Egoeterno_0001."
But she corrected the line:
[Name: Alicia, free version]
And she smiled.
Because she understood that this new body was not a digital disguise.
It was her emotional imprint encoded—a way to navigate not only among people but also between dimensions, languages, times.
A face that could be read as a text, as a song, as a tapestry.
And also... as a living file.
In the background, a synthetic voice asked her:
—"What do you wish to Create now?"
Alicia placed her hand on the screen.
She felt its temperature change, as if it were pulsing beneath the surface.
—"I want to create realities," she answered.
"But not like before.
Not from pain, nor from order.
But from possibility."
And then the system vanished.
It became a landscape.
An interactive environment where each thought could construct a space.
The code was no longer flat.
It was three-dimensional.
Sometimes soft, like a blanket.
Sometimes sharp, like shattered glass.
Sometimes pure void, yet fertile.
Alicia walked among them.
And each step she took left behind a new design.
Because she was no longer being woven by the world.
She was the one who weaves worlds.



Where Order Dissolves
Everything seemed to return to its place, yet nothing was the same.
Alicia no longer inhabited the world: she interpreted it, wove it, modulated it.
Rules had ceased to be rigid.
Time was no longer a line,
identity no longer a mask,
memory no longer a prison.
And order…
order was only one texture among many.
She walked through a city rebuilt from the inside.
Not by architects.
But by dreams.
The streets were no longer straight lines.
They curved like organic stitches.

The façades of the buildings bore embroideries on their surfaces, as if the walls were skins that remembered.
And the rooftops vibrated with luminous symbols, projecting collective emotions.
Alicia was not a stranger there.
Nor was she a guide.
She was a channel.
She had transformed her workshop into a node.
Not only a physical one.
A place where the invisible found form:
where people came to embroider their realities,
to create patterns of life,
to restart cycles with threads they did not yet know how to name.
She did not teach.
She accompanied.
She did not dictate.
She listened.
And when someone did not know where to begin, she would tell them:
—“The thread is within you. You only need to touch it from within.”

Her quilt, the one that began with fragments,
now had no borders.
It stretched beyond the walls,
connected to networks, to human weavings,
to ancestral memories and futures not yet designed.
It was not an artifact.
It was a territory of transformation.
One night, someone asked her:
—“Do you still sew garments?”
She smiled.
Holding a transparent needle between her fingers, she replied:
—“Not anymore.
Now I sew realities.
A cut by decision.
A design by emotion.
A world for every gaze that dares to create.”
And that night, instead of sleeping, she created.
But not upon fabric.
Upon the wind.
Upon the code.
Upon the skin of the world.
Because when order dissolves…
space remains for magic.
THE END