

Reference (book):

MOSSO, Mario Manhães. Environment, Education and Top Management – Strong Tales. Rio de Janeiro, ESC, 2011, pg. 18-19.

"Sailing is necessary. Living is not necessary."

Quote of Pompey, the Roman general in The Life of Pompey book.
Plutarch (46-119? A.D.).

1. The Bird's Eye

I was eleven years old. I only remember the day was beautiful; one blue day of autumn and soft breeze. We found the boys at Sugar Loaf Mountain¹ and went towards the beach, armed with pellets rifles. First, we would play as warriors and then hunting some birds. It was not a sin, though. After all, my parents had taught me killing was not a sin once we need to eat. And it was exactly what we would do.

Then we've walked to the jungle named The Way of Great Kiskadeei². On the left there was a tiny forest with some left ruins taken by the grass. We've organized into teams and finally started the war. We targeted each other and shot the enemies to kill. The battle was interrupted when Peter was shot on his leg. A half an hour war, everything with a frequent buzzing close to the head. How had the boys survived and grown into men?

We've started walking back together and a bird appearance immediately reminded us of our second mission in that day of glory. And we all began to target again and shoot the birds. We had purchased special pellets, called *diabolos* which had a rounded head and could make astonishing impacts.

We've been all bad shooters until I see a dove on a thread approximately five meters above our heads in three meters walking area.

I aimed with great concentration.

"Tec" the shotgun sound. The dove began to fall to my joy. But soon its body began to fall, I noticed something.

The dove dropped down in circles. Three feet diameters circles. Slowly. Slowly.

1 A well-known sightseeing in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

2 "Bem-te-vi" (*Pitangus sulphuratus*), native Brazilian bird.

Finally it reached the ground.

I was the first to approach accompanied by my colleagues euphoria.

It fell with outspread wings and it was struggling.

As I got close to the bird, I realized I had shot its eye.

I opened the gun quickly and loaded it with another *diabolo*. I leaned on his head and fired.

The bird remained with those jerky movements, though.

Where is the breeze? What color is the sky?

It took me a sometime I was stunned, but then, I repeated the motion. I leaned on what was left of its head again and shot for the third time.

The torture was not over, the bird was still moving.

At the fourth shot, I've finally sent the dove off of this world.

At this moment I realized the terrible animal was in me.