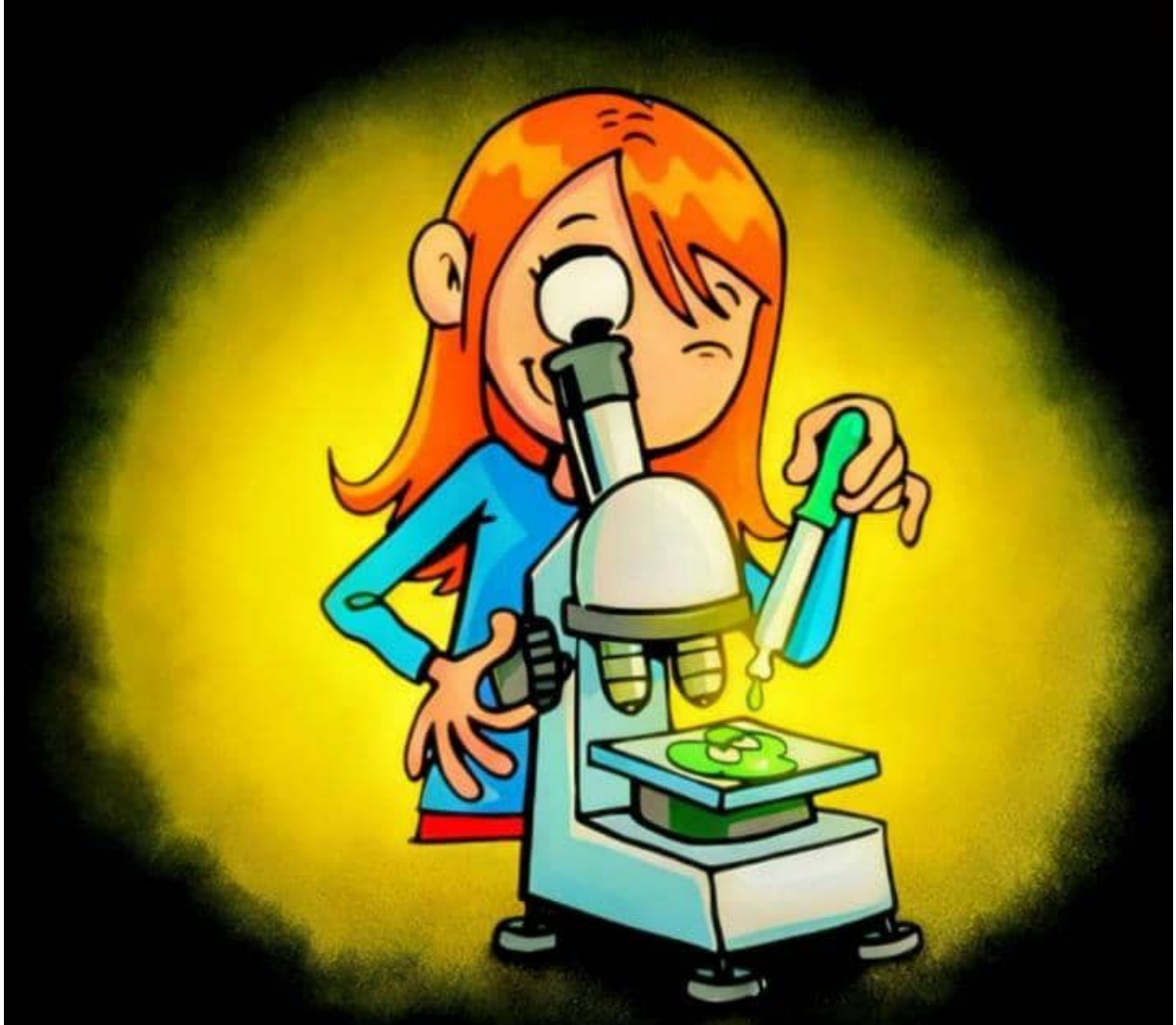
VAMO HACELO!!!!

UN ENCIERRO, UNA BELLA HISTORIA DE AMOR Y UN PEQUEÑO GRAN MICROSCOPIO



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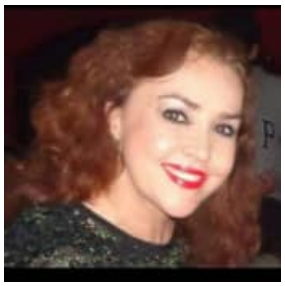
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Dr. LILIANA ZELADA Back

12 October 2025

Let's do it!!!

A lockdown, a beautiful love story

Y

A small large microscope

The title of this book has a simple story, but very much mine.

When my children, Alejandro and Eduardo, were young and played basketball, they had a custom that became part of our family life.

Before each important game, they looked at each other with complicity and shouted in unison:

Let's do it!

It was his way of encouraging himself, of lighting the inner fire before going out on the court. I always

I imagined that phrase came from some tall, strong player, maybe two meters tall and with a deep voice that cut through the erres, the kind that inspires respect just by standing in front of the hoop.

Over time, that cry became an emblem of the López Zelada family.

It didn't matter if the challenge was big or small, sporting or everyday: when we had to give it our all, we said, "Let's do it!"

Years later, that expression came back to me at times when life was calling for

courage. When I had to face confinement, uncertainty and silence.

When love became a refuge and also an engine.

And when, with a small, large microscope in my hands, I set out to observe an invisible world that would change my way of seeing reality.

Since then, every time I have to show my discoveries, speak to others, or simply move on, I tell myself:

“Myself… let’s do it!” That's why

this book has that title.

Because on every page there is something of that energy, that familiar impulse and that inner voice that does not let you give up.

It is a tribute to my children, to the strength that comes from love, and to that spirit that pushes us to continue... even if the path seems impossible.

Because life, in the end, is always that:

“Dare to do it.”

Santa Cruz de la Sierra, a warm and vibrant city that suddenly finds itself suspended in time. Me, a strong, rebellious woman, used to fighting and leading... and my daughter Mariana, on the verge of a love story that fate, or the pandemic, is going to keep within the walls of our house.

At the beginning of 2020, the world went about its routine as if nothing had happened. People made plans, bought flights, hugged each other fearlessly, and sneezed in public without being looked at like criminals. Until one day, in the news, a word appeared that would change everything: “coronavirus”. It sounded like a tropical cocktail or a new trendy app, but no: it was a virus that came from a market in China and that,

Little by little, it began to creep into conversations across the planet.

First it was rumors, then numbers, then videos of empty streets in Wuhan.

Some said, “That’s not going to make it this far,” while others started buying masks (and, mysteriously, rolls of toilet paper). By the time we realized it, we could no longer leave the house except to buy bread or applaud from the balcony.

The whole planet stopped. Cities fell silent, pets became the only ones allowed to walk, and calendars began to lose their meaning. But, in the midst of the strangeness, something ignited: creativity. From Zoom concerts to mass cookies, everyone found their way to survive the lockdown without losing their minds (or at least, not entirely).

The Silence of the World

No one knew exactly when it all started.

At first it was just a rumor, a lost piece of news among many others: an unknown virus in

Somewhere far from China. It sounded like someone else's story, the kind you hear while making coffee or checking your phone, and forget about before noon. But the days began to fill with headlines, maps turned red and voices on television repeated a word that, little by little, became omnipresent: pandemic. Nobody really knew what it meant to live one. Some bought masks, others joked about memes; The most skeptical claimed that it would be like a passing flu.

Until, suddenly, the streets emptied. The doors closed. The world, which always moved fast, stopped suddenly.

Cities fell silent, planes disappeared from the sky, and clocks lost their meaning. Time became a strange space, suspended between uncertainty and fear, between “normalcy will return” and the suspicion that nothing would ever be the same again.

On the balconies, people began to peek out. They applauded, they sang, they looked for signs of life in other windows. In supermarkets, the

Shelves were emptying as if toilet paper were the last defense against the apocalypse.

And, in the houses, everyone fought their own battle: against silence, against loneliness, against themselves.

This is how it all began: not with an explosion, but with silence.

A silence that enveloped the entire planet.



















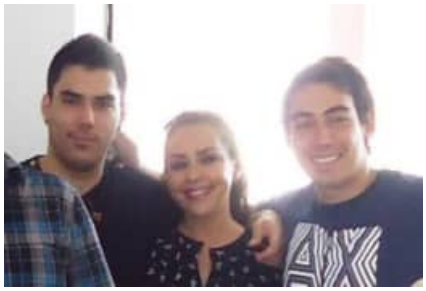















Chapter I — The Days the World Stood Still March 2020.

The heat of Santa Cruz was still the same, relentless and sticky, as if the sun had no idea what was about to happen. Outside, life still seemed normal: minibuses continued to run, palm trees swayed heavily, and the streets smelled of frying and urgency. But there was something else in the air, an invisible rumor that we all felt without being able to name it.

That morning he had opened the office like any other, albeit with a strange feeling. The news was about a virus that was spreading

around the world, and I, while ordering my instruments, thought about how little a mask could defend us from something we didn't even understand.

“It probably won’t make it this far,” he repeated to me over and over again, as if saying it was enough to conjure up reality.

In the afternoon, I returned home. Mariana was in the kitchen, with her cell phone in her hand and that smile she only has when she is writing with someone she likes.

—Again with your Venezuelan? —I told him, half jokingly.

She looked up and answered me with a sparkle in her eyes that needed no explanation. He was about to come visit her. “Just a few days,” he said. “Then he returned to Córdoba, Argentina, where he lived a few years ago.”

But fate has its own sense of humor. As soon as Sebastian arrived for a visit the following week, the world closed. The borders, the airports, the plans. Everything.

And the Venezuelan boy of sweet words and promises of reunion, was stranded in our house, suddenly becoming part of the lockdown.

That's when the real adventure began: three children (my eldest son Eduardo in Córdoba, Argentina, Alejandro, Mariana's twin at his father's house) and an unexpected visitor, fear outside and life reduced to four walls. But also, within that confinement, something new began to blossom.

Because even when the world stops, love — and rebellion — always finds a way to move.

Chapter II — The First Silences

At first, everything was weird.

We didn't know how long that confinement would last , or whether the fear was exaggerated or insufficient.

We only knew that outside there was something that could not be seen, and that inside other things began to appear that could not be seen either, but could be felt.

The mornings had a different sound: the pots, the radio with repeated news, the footsteps crossing in the hallway. Mariana was getting up earlier than usual, perhaps to avoid their gazes, perhaps to meet them. Sebastian, he tried to be kind,

almost invisible. She washed the dishes, helped with breakfast, spoke softly. But there was something in his tone, a way of looking at the world as if he were discovering it, that disarmed any distance. I watched them in silence. It wasn't

mistrust, it was instinct. Mothers feel when something starts to beat.

The arrival of Sebastian and the closure of borders.

The initial coexistence, the improvised business with chickens and eggs.

Me, working a few hours at the checkout and spending the rest of the time helping people from home.

And the beginning of the deepest emotional bond between Mariana and Sebastian.

Chapter III: The Days We Learned to Live Differently

The first few days of confinement were a whirlwind.

No one really knew what to do with so much time or with the silence that remained in the streets. Ambulance sirens were heard more often, news reports repeated the same numbers, and the air seemed different, as if the heat of Santa Cruz had become denser, more vigilant.

At home we decided to get organized.

Everyone would have their day to cook, and the instructions were simple: prepare something typical, something that would make us travel without moving.

Mondays were mine—and I never missed the opportunity to prepare Majadito or a good chicken

Ckocko. Majadito is a traditional Bolivian dish, originating mainly from the regions of Santa Cruz, Beni and Pando, which is prepared with rice, dried meat (charque) or fresh meat (chicken, duck, beef), onion, paprika and tomato, and is served with fried egg and fried banana. Its name comes from the verb "majar", which means to grind, referring to the way meat is prepared.

Dehydrated to make it softer. There are two main varieties: the toasted majadito, with a crispy layer, and the whipped majadito, more creamy. In the

heart of Sucre, stood the Palacio de la Glorieta, home of my great-great aunt, “the princess of the Glorieta”: Clotilde Urioste Velasco de Argandoña.

Her name resonated with elegance and memory: sister of my great-great-grandmother Carmen, mother of my great-grandmother Lucila, and thus, part of the living history that reached my grandmother Pamen (Carmen), my mother's mother.

It was a bright and visitor-filled day inside the castle in the city of Sucre, the Capital of Bolivia.

Glass chandeliers sparkled on the marble floors, while the air smelled of freshly cut flowers and noble woods. The cook, looking slightly tired, entered the great hall and whispered that the red wine had run out, just as she was about to prepare the famous “Coq au vin”, the recipe brought from Paris by the princess during her European travels.

But the princess, serene and wise, smiled in the face of difficulty. A simple and brilliant idea came to his mind: to use corn chips instead of wine. This humble drink, typical of the land, had enough strength and aroma to give new life to the dish. And so, among utensils and bubbling pots, the Chuquisaco “Ckocko de pollo” was born, a miracle of flavor that united Europe and Bolivia in every bite.

When it was finally served, the aroma of chicken Ckocko filled every corner of the palace. Sweet potatoes and juicy chicken intertwined with the slightly sweet and spicy kick of the chicha, creating a symphony of flavors that delighted everyone. The guests bowed their heads over the plates, smiling, while the princess watched with pride how a moment of creativity had transformed a problem into a legacy. Today, years later, every time in my family we prepare chicken Ckocko, I feel that we connect with that palace, with the laughter and wisdom of my great-great aunt. Every spoonful is a bridge between generations, a reminder that tradition, ingenuity, and family love can make a difference.

simple en algo inolvidable. Thus, chicken Ckocko is not just a dish; It is a piece of our history, served at the table, full of aromas, memories and love.

On Wednesdays it was Mariana's turn, with those modern mixes that she learned in Córdoba; And on Fridays they were Sebastian's, who showed off some delicious Venezuelan arepas.

Arepas Majadito Cube






We took pictures of everything, wrote down the ingredients, made little stories with each recipe. “ Someday we’ll make a book,” we said, laughing.

Between the laughter and the smells, the house was filled with something resembling hope.

I kept going to the National Box every other day.

Almost all dental care was suspended—too much risk, too close to the mouth and nose—so I was assigned to triage, where we received patients, listened to their symptoms, and referred them to different areas. It was intense work, and they made me dress like an astronaut: double chin and sometimes even double gloves.

Chapter IV: Almond Flour and New Beginnings

Between the chickens, eggs, and daily recipes, time began to pass differently.

We no longer counted the days by weeks or by news, but by the aromas that came out of the kitchen and the laughter that filled the house.

Mariana, who was always sensitive and somewhat anxious, began to feel again the discomforts that had accompanied her in Córdoba: that persistent burning in her stomach, the weight of stress that never quite went away.

I watched her take her infusions, watch her diet, and look with suspicion at traditional breads and pastries. That's when, one afternoon, she decided to try something different: almond flour cookies with chocolate chips.






“They’re Keto, Mom,” she told me. “They don’t have gluten or sugar, and they won’t hurt me.”

The first attempt was a surprise.

The house was filled with that sweet, roasted smell, and when we tasted them, Sebastian smiled: —“

This is crazy, Mari… You should sell them.” And so,

almost without planning it, the idea was born.

Mariana uploaded a photo to her social media, showing the golden cookies on a tray, with an improvised background and a phrase that said: “ Made with love and without guilt.”

A few hours later, the messages started: “

Where do you sell them?”

“How much do they cost?”

“Can you make me a dozen?”

In a few days, the kitchen was transformed into a small artisan workshop.

Sebastian designed labels and order forms, I helped pack and coordinate deliveries, and Mariana, with her apron and smile, kneaded dreams between almond flour and chocolate.

He named it: KetoVicio.

Because, according to her, “it was the healthiest vice that could exist.”

The orders just kept growing.

When the quarantine began to ease, it was no longer a simple hobby, but a real undertaking in progress.

Today, KetoVicio has two branches, a central office, and a team of 25 professionals specializing in ketogenic nutrition (the ketogenic diet is a high-fat, moderate-protein, very low-carb eating plan that seeks to induce the body into a state of ketosis. In this state, the body

It uses fat as its main source of energy instead of glucose, producing molecules called ketones. This type of diet can be used to treat certain diseases such as autism in children, which we now know is caused by the inoculation of the vaccines on the calendar. KetoVicio now also offers Catering, advice and, above all, a story of improvement that was born in a kitchen during the pandemic.

Sometimes, when I pass by the cafes and see the logo, I can't help but smile.

I remember those hot days of confinement, when fear surrounded us, and yet, inside the house, love and hope baked at 180 degrees

Chapter V — When Life Moved Again

Suddenly, the house filled with movement.

Outside, the silence of the quarantine was broken by the noise of dozens of motorcycles that came and went all day, carrying white boxes with the KetoVicio logo.

From my window, I saw them emerge one after another, like small seeds of hope spreading throughout Santa Cruz. And to think that it had all started in my kitchen, a simple blender, with a domestic oven and a couple of common trays.

Mariana was the creative mind behind each recipe. Sebastian, with his engineering accuracy, was in charge of logistics, numbers and organization. Between them they formed a perfect team: passion and method, emotion and balance. I watched them

work, side by side, sometimes in silence, sometimes laughing with flour in their faces.

The heat of Santa Cruz was still intense, but inside the house you could feel another energy.

It was December, and with it came something we hadn't experienced in months: the certainty that the lockdown was over for some, even if the customs remained.

In December 2021, Sebastián returned to stay!!!!.

I remember him getting out of the taxi with his suitcase, a restrained smile and that mixture of tiredness and relief that only shows that he had done what he had to do.

Mariana saw him first from the kitchen, as always, absorbed in her recipes. When she looked up and met his gaze, all the stopped time, all the accumulated fear, vanished.

There was no screaming or running, just a long, silent hug that said everything words couldn't.

I watched them, my heart shrinking with joy and nostalgia.

It was a moment that seemed small, but contained years of waiting, uncertainty, and love that had grown within the walls of this house.

The first few hours were one of adjustment.

Sebastián unpacked his clothes, arrived with his brother who was passing through and returning to Venezuela since he was also locked in Argentina without being able to return home all that time. Little by little our daily life returned to normal.

He also returned to the job he never left: his bank in Córdoba, connected remotely, demonstrating discipline and responsibility, while at home he adapted to the routine that Mariana already had.

organized with their projects and the nascent company. Mariana began to manage a well-known newspaper in the city of Cochabamba but with national circulation. The days were filled with conversations, shared meals, and small joint decisions: what to make for lunch, how to organize orders, who went to the market. The confinement

was over, but it had left something valuable: a new rhythm, learned together, where love and collaboration became essential. Chapter VI — Life

After Confinement

The city was no longer empty, but the memory of the months of confinement remained in every corner, in every distant greeting, in every corner of the house where he had seen its inhabitants laugh, cry, and learn.

Mariana continued with her prescriptions and orders, while I continued to adjust my work at the National Box, combining consultation days with other activities that filled me on purpose.

Each morning began with a small family gathering in the kitchen: we planned lunches, egg and chicken orders, and menus.

Mariana's specials. Disciplined and meticulous, he organized everything with spreadsheets and reminders on his cell phone, demonstrating once again that he could balance his work for the bank in Córdoba with the family life he now had in Santa Cruz.

The afternoons were full of movement: motorcycles coming in and out with orders, laughter between Magdalena and Sebastián while they baked new recipes, and me recording everything with photos, notes and small details that would later become unrepeatable memories.

Sometimes we would sit together in the courtyard, watching the city regain its pulse and talking about what we had experienced: the days of fear, the challenges of adapting, and the unexpected achievements we had made in the midst of the lockdown.

But the home did not feel complete, Eduardo and Alejandro were missing who would soon return

home. We were not just three people sharing a space: we were a team, a family united by experience and the certainty that every small effort was worth it.

Chapter VII _ Building Dreams

In January 2021, I had an idea that would change the dynamic of our family and that reflected a dream that had been in my heart for years.

I had $6,000 originally intended to pay for my specialty course, a course that could not yet begin due to the problems brought about by the pandemic. But I felt that money could be used in a way that benefited everyone. So I made an approach to my children: I would lend them that money so they could start building their own apartment on the second floor of my house.

From the foundations, he had dreamed of building three floors to leave the boys a legacy, something that would serve as an inheritance and that at the same time

will provide them with their own space to grow and Thrive. They accepted enthusiastically, and
Soon the construction of a beautiful and spacious apartment began, with every detail thought out for comfort, light and harmony.

In the meantime, KetoVicio would continue to function in his part of the house, and the boys could inhabit his space when he was ready. When the time came for my specialty course, they would begin to comfortably pay the fees, ensuring that we all came out winning: them with their own apartment and me with the satisfaction of having turned a dream into reality.

It was a time full of excitement, planning and teamwork. Every brick, every wall, and every detail was a symbol of shared effort, family love, and the vision he had for our future. Building wasn't just erecting a building: it was building a home and a legacy, a place where my children's dreams could flourish.

The construction of the apartment was much more than building walls: it was a true dream project and shared effort. Every step had its emotion: from the first foundation to the last touch of paint. Sebastian and Mariana were involved in every decision, from the layout of the rooms to the small details that would make the place a true home.

I fondly remember how they chose the floors, tiles, and wall colors together.

Each election was a source of laughter and debate, but also of learning. I watched them with pride, seeing them grow not only in responsibility, but also in love for their own space.

There were funny moments too: the surprise of finding misaligned bricks, the jokes while mixing cement, and the hot days where we all ended up covered in dust and dirt, but with a huge smile.

Each setback was solved with patience, creativity, and the conviction that we were building something bigger than an apartment: a family legacy, effort, and vision.

At the same time, KetoVicio continued to function on the ground floor, and watching how daily life continued while the boys erected their new home filled me with satisfaction.

As the foundation and walls began to take shape, I felt something very special was being born. It was not just a physical space, but a refuge where children could dream, create,

Share and grow. Each brick was imprinted with the love and hope we put into this project. And so,

step by step, day by day, the apartment became a tangible reality: a place full of light, comfort and future. A testament that when dreams are built with love, patience and vision, they become homes , legacies and family pride.

Now, with the date of the big day approaching, Mariana and Sebastian's apartment was being lovingly and carefully prepared to receive the family. On December 13, 2025 they would get married, and everything was preparing for this space full of effort, love and dreams to become the stage for an unforgettable moment.

Sebastian's parents and brother would arrive on December 1st, to stay for a whole month.
The excitement was palpable: not only would they come to celebrate the union of the couple, but also to
To get to know Santa Cruz, to share time together and to enjoy every moment of this very special stage.

As furniture was arranged, rooms decorated, and small details fixed, one could feel the joy and positive energy that only a close-knit family can generate.

Every object placed, every corner prepared, was a way of saying: welcome home, to our home, to this moment that celebrates love and life.

It was beautiful to see how that apartment, which began as a dream, was now filled with expectation, laughter, and affection. Every wall, every window, every space open to sunlight seemed to smile at us , anticipating the happiness that would soon fill every corner.

And as I contemplated all of this, I felt a deep sense of gratitude. Thanks to God, to the effort of my children and to the love that unites us,

That place would witness one of the most important days of their lives, a chapter full of promises, hugs and indelible memories.

Carnival in the heart of the Cintis Canyon. “

Among friends, traditions and landscapes that make you fall in love”

It was February 2014 when I decided, together with my eldest son, Eduardo, to embark on a trip that promised to be unforgettable. Our destination was Camataqui, the original name of the municipality of Villa Abecia, located in the Sud Cinti province of the department

from Chuquisaca, Bolivia. This place, known as “the heart of the Cintis Canyon”, had always caught my attention for its natural beauty: red mountain ranges that stretched as far as the eye could see and a warm climate that seemed to embrace everyone we arrived.

We took a plane to the city of Tarija and from there we continued by taxi for approximately two hours, traveling along roads that snaked between hills and valleys. When we arrived, my soulmate, Zulma Baptista, a classmate since the days of the María Auxiliadora school, was waiting for us.

Zulma had moved to Sucre to study, but our friendship remained intact, strong as a sisterly bond .

That trip marked the beginning of a personal tradition: from that year on, I would return almost every year to spend the carnivals in Villa Abecia, enjoying not only the folklore and the festivities, but also the human warmth of Zulma and the local people. Villa Abecia, with its proximity to Camargo and its impressive landscape, became a haven of joy, memories and encounters that will always be engraved in my heart. The carnival in Villa Abecia was unlike any other there had been.

Lived before. From early on, the streets began to fill with laughter, music and the characteristic bustle of the festivities. The villagers, dressed in colorful costumes, danced to the rhythm of the cueca, while children ran back and forth covered in foam and water.

Eduardo, excited, immediately plunged into the celebration. He couldn't help but be surprised by the mix of traditions that were lived: the carnival parades, with floats decorated with flowers and shiny fabrics; the water games that drenched everyone without distinction; And the songs that were repeated over and over again, filling every corner of the main square with joy.

Zulmita welcomed us with her usual warmth, as if we had never been apart. He took us around the most picturesque places in the town: the central square with its church in the central square, the narrow streets that climbed towards the mountains , and small corners where the locals sold goat's milk ice cream, empanadas, humintas and hot beer, all with a sincere smile. I especially remember a

magical moment: as evening fell, while the sun dyed the red mountain ranges of the “Colored Canyon of the

Cintis”, Eduardo and I sat on a stone next to the river that runs through the town. From there, we observed the last parades and the lights that were beginning to turn on in the houses. In that moment, I felt deep gratitude: for Zulma's friendship, for the connection with my son, and for the simple yet intense magic of Villa Abecia, where life seemed more authentic and close.

That first carnival there not only gave me memories , but it sealed a tradition that would continue almost every year, uniting friendship, family, and the cultural richness of Chuquisaca in an embrace that I can still feel today. Zulma welcomed us to her beautiful hostel “Cepas de mi abuelo”, a place full of charm, history and the warmth that can only be found in homes built with love. There he lived with his mother, doña Wilmita, whose kind and cheerful character was noticeable in every gesture, and his brother Manuel, a wine expert and knowledgeable about the secrets of the local vineyards.

Manuel proudly showed us his wineries, where he produced red, white, rosé, ratafia wine and, of course, the delicious singanis of the region. During carnivals, these drinks became protagonists: they brightened up the party, accompanied the dances and, for some, resulted in exaggerated

Joy after a few drinks. Eduardo and I enjoyed trying each of them, admiring how each flavor had its own history, land, and tradition, although careful not to get carried away by the drunkenness that surrounded so many revelers.

The hostel was not just a place to rest; It was a center of meeting, of shared stories, of laughter and music that lasted until late. There, between wines and singanis, between chats with Zulma, doña Wilmita and Manuel, and the carnival water games, I felt that Villa Abecia had become a temporary home for our spirit, a corner where every year we would return to celebrate life, friendship and family. In addition to Zulma and her family, during that carnival I had the joy of meeting another soulmate, Anita Villafán, my classmate since the first day of school, and our dear friend Liz Saavedra. The excitement of seeing them again, after so many years, was immense. Between hugs, laughter, and shared memories of our childhood, I felt that the years had failed to diminish the strength of our friendship.

Together we walked through the streets of the town, enjoying the bustle of the carnival, the colors and the music that

They filled every corner. Each meeting became a small celebration in itself, recalling anecdotes from school, the shared secrets, and the dreams we once had. While Eduardo played among the village children and soaked himself with water and colored powders, we let ourselves be enveloped by the magic of the meeting and the joy of the moment.

Villa Abecia, with its imposing landscape, its warm climate and its welcoming people, was transformed into a space where friendship and tradition intertwined, making that carnival not just a party, but a memory that would be engraved forever in our hearts. Eduardo, as always full of energy and curiosity, quickly made friends among the children of the village. Between water balloons, streamers and endless laughter, he immersed himself fully in the celebration, enjoying every moment with the excitement of a child.

Typical food was also part of the carnival: we delighted in the masterfully prepared goat on the cross, and other local dishes that were generously offered in the houses of the village. The hospitality of the inhabitants was such that no one

He left hungry, and each invitation felt like a gesture of friendship and community.

But one of the most memorable moments was discovering a very particular custom of Villa Abecia: in some houses, the carnivalists who entered were “baptized” in a mandatory manner. The pools of water became small makeshift pools, and those who fell into the celebration were soaked without contemplation. Eduardo soon became part of this tradition: laughing and surprised, he ended up wet to the bone, but always laughing and willing to repeat it again and again.

That carnival was, without a doubt, a feast of joy, games and local flavors, where every experience — from water balloons to typical dishes and aquatic baptisms — was part of an indelible memory that Eduardo and I would treasure forever.

Beyond the festivities and joy of Carnival, Villa Abecia and its surroundings offered breathtaking landscapes. The famous Colorado Canyon of los Cintis, with its imposing deep red rock formations, stretched for kilometers, creating an almost surreal setting where the

Nature seemed to tell its own stories. The mountain ranges, valleys, and rivers that snaked between the mountains gave each walk an air of adventure and discovery.

A few kilometers from the town, we find cave paintings, vestiges of ancestral cultures that inhabited the region. Each figure and symbol was a reminder of the area's deep past, of stories that had been preserved for centuries in the rock walls. As we observed the figures, I felt how past and present were united: the current traditions of Carnival coexisted with the echoes of those ancient peoples, and the connection with the land and its history became palpable.

Amidst the music, colors, and laughter of Carnival, gazing at the Colorado Canyon and cave paintings reminded me that Villa Abecia offered not only fun but also a deep connection with nature and ancestral memory. Eduardo ran among the friends he had made, while I observed the landscape and thought about the richness of Bolivia, where every corner holds secrets, culture and beauty waiting to be discovered.

That carnival, between water balloons, goat on the cross, singanis, and the majestic landscapes of the canyon

Colorado, was recorded as a complete experience of joy, history and wonder that we would always carry in our hearts. While I admired the red canyon of the Cintis, Eduardo could not stand still. He ran along the paths between the rock formations, climbed small hills, and stopped in wonder at the cave paintings, pointing to figures that seemed to tell stories from ancient times. With the innocence and curiosity of a child, he tried to interpret the symbols, inventing stories about warriors, animals, and rivers that he imagined once existed in those valleys.

At one point, he stopped next to one of the water piles that the locals had placed near the trail, and with a mischievous smile, he began to play “baptize ” his new friends, splashing water while they laughed out loud. The blend of tradition, play, and nature made every moment unique: carnival, ancestral history, and the beauty of the landscape intertwined into an unforgettable experience.

Even while we were enjoying the goat on the cross in a nearby house, Eduardo kept talking about the red rocks, the animals he imagined in the cave paintings, and the excitement

To feel part of that special place.
I watched him and thought about how lucky I was to share those moments, where childlike joy met the cultural and natural wealth of Villa Abecia.

At the end of the day, as the sun began to hide behind the red mountain ranges, we sat together on a rock in front of the canyon. Eduardo, tired but happy, rested his head on my shoulder, and at that moment I understood that those carnivals were not just partying and fun, but also a silent learning: about history, nature, friendship and the beauty of traditions that are passed down from generation to generation.

Villa Abecia, with its carnival, its people, its food, its singanis, and its imposing landscapes, became a place where every year we would celebrate life again, always remembering that the magic is found in the small details, in the games, in the hugs and in the colors of a canyon that seems eternal. That first carnival in Villa Abecia was engraved in my memory as a mosaic of colors, laughter and aromas.
Between the water balloons, the music of drums, Manuel's singanis and the hospitality of Zulma, doña Wilmita and her entire family, we discovered that joy can be

Simple and profound at the same time. Eduardo, playing, exploring and learning, taught me that happiness is found in the mix of friendship, tradition and nature.

The Colorado Canyon of los Cintis, with its majesty, and the cave paintings, with their millenary silence, reminded us that the past and the present coexist in every corner, and that every moment lived is part of a larger story. Between the warmth of friends, the laughter of a child and the beauty of the landscape, I understood that Villa Abecia was not just a destination, but a temporary home of the soul, a place where every year we would return to celebrate life, friendship and the memory of who we are. And so, while the sun hid behind the red mountains, we closed our eyes for a moment and breathed deeply, grateful for the carnival, for the land that welcomes us and for the bonds that remain unbreakable through time.

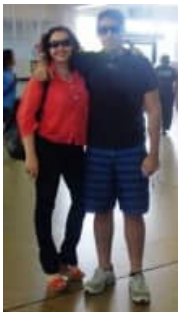
The pandemic interrupted my visits for a while and I was unable to go to Villa Abecia in the following years, but the memory of those carnivals remained intact in my heart. Finally, in 2021 I returned to enjoy another carnival, finding the

Same warmth, the same colors, the same music, the same food and the same joy.

Villa Abecia remains a place that completely falls in love with me: its people, its music, its gastronomy, its landscape and its history. Each return reaffirms that it is not just a destination, but a refuge for the soul, a space where tradition, friendship and family intertwine, and where there is always a reason to celebrate life.

And although the years pass and the carnivals change, I know that I will return soon, because that corner of Chuquisaca has become a piece of my heart that always waits to be visited.







Ulrcafes
MISKINCHOS
2014
FURIA
CINTEÑA










HOLLISTER















Chapter _ VIII — The Resistance from Home As the city slowly tried to breathe again, I felt a different call.

The lockdown had left its mark: empty streets, fearful people, information that changed every hour. And although the world seemed paralyzed by fear, something bigger began to move within me: the need to help, to save, to act.

My days were filled with screens, messages and calls.

I joined support groups, WhatsApp chats where people shared symptoms, fears, and requests for guidance. Little by little, I understood that I could do something concrete, even if chaos reigned outside.

It was then that I met the Fifth Column and two characters who marked my path:

Dr. José Luis Sevillano and Ricardo Delgado
His analyses made me question everything from a different angle and gave me tools to organize myself, to think and to act strategically.

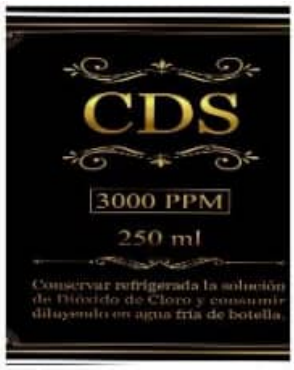
Thus was born my own form of resistance, my dissent against the imposed: it was not a political struggle or a search for recognition, it was simply a deep desire to help those who were sick.

My house turned into a small support command.

From there I coordinated help, answered questions, advised people who confided in me their fear and their illness. Every message, every call, was an opportunity to offer calm, information and guidance. I learned about chlorine dioxide (CDS) and started studying how it was made, how it worked, doses, protocols, etc. and started helping people who were sick. No one who remained in his house ever died, a fact contrary to the one who was admitted. We knew that we had to reduce inflammation and so we did. Bolivia is the only

Country where chlorine dioxide is a law and is completely permitted. The little ones came out all the time now too with CDS healing many scared and radiation-infected lives.
That's when the label of my CDS product appears, which I sell and give away to this day.







I never lost sight of the goal: to be present, to accompany, to make no one feel alone. I remember the long afternoons, with the computer on and the phones ringing non-stop. Sometimes I thought I was in another reality: my own, where humanity was at stake in text messages and phone calls, and where every small decision could have a big impact.

Still, there was a thread of gratitude that stayed with me throughout.

Every person recovered, every family that thanked me, every virtual smile that crossed the distance, was a reminder that I was doing the right thing.

I don't remember losing a single "patient" in all that time, and that became my fuel, proof that my effort made sense.

Looking back now, I see that experience changed me completely.

I not only learned about organization, communication, and strategy, but I understood the power of individual action when combined with heart, discipline, and determination.

Chapter IX — Between Family and Commitment

The house was an ecosystem in constant motion.

Mariana and Sebastian worked in the kitchen, perfecting recipes, preparing orders and coordinating deliveries. Motorcycles would come and go, loaded with boxes, and I would move between calls, messages, and help coordination, like a silent nexus that united familiarity and solidarity.

It was not easy to balance everything: the nascent business, the company that was beginning to germinate, and the attention to people who were looking for me from different parts of the city.

But there was an invisible thread that held it all together: discipline, organization, and, above all, the certainty that what we were doing made sense.

Meals became rituals.

Every day was an opportunity to innovate: a different dish, a special dessert, a themed menu that allowed us to travel without leaving the kitchen . Mariana led the recipes with creativity and passion , Sebastian executed with precision, and I stepped in when something required additional coordination or logistics. Sometimes I watched them work and was amazed at how much they had learned in such a short time: efficiency, patience, communication. It's impossible not to feel proud.

But it wasn't all work. We played a lot of dice (Cacho) accompanied by a wine or a singani and some days also a delicious Fernet, noted and adding and becoming more expert day by day.

There were also moments of pause, of chatter, of laughter that seeped between the ovens and the trays of flour. Moments where the family—of three—felt strong, intact, capable of withstanding any storm.

And in those moments I realized that my role was more than a guide: I was a witness and a support, accompanying my daughter's growth, observing the consolidation of her love and seeing how Sebastián became an indispensable part of our lives.

At night, when the city fell silent and the lights in the homes went out, he reflected on what he had experienced.

Lockdown had taught us discipline, resilience and creativity. It had forced us to look within ourselves and discover hidden strengths.

My home was not just a home, nor a center of help : it was a space where love, solidarity, and determination met, and where every individual effort transformed into a collective achievement.

And as I watched my daughter and Sebastian plan the next day, I realized that true wealth was not just in the business or the recipes, but in the life we were building together, with passion, care, and a purpose that transcended the walls of our home.

Chapter X — First Steps to Greatness

The kitchen, which for months had been a family laboratory of recipes and experiments, began to transform into a business space. We didn't need big facilities or fancy machinery; Our desire, organization and the discipline that Sebastián and Mariana had developed during the quarantine were enough.

Mariana was the recipe manager, creating desserts and dishes that combined innovation and flavor.

Sebastian, with his ordered mind, took care of the logistics, the orders and the control of every detail: dates, quantities, deliveries, payments.

I accompanied them when I could, helping to coordinate shipments and keep the pace of the house,

which had now become a makeshift but efficient operations center.

Orders came in from all over the city. Neighbors,

friends and acquaintances shared photos of the cookies, cakes and dishes on social networks, and soon new customers began to appear, some from other neighborhoods, others looking for special products for gluten-free, flour-free or sugar-free diets.

The kitchen constantly smelled of toasted almonds, chocolate, and spices, while motorcycles came in and out of the yard loaded with boxes and bags, carrying a piece of our history to every corner of Santa Cruz.

The days were long and full of work, but also of learning.

Mariana and Sebastian discovered together how to balance creativity and efficiency, how to communicate with clients, how to organize schedules and tasks without losing harmony at home.

I watched them grow, take on responsibilities, and most of all, support each other. The love between them needed no words: it was felt in every

gesture, in every glance shared while taking photos of products or reviewing order lists. At night, when everything seemed to calm down, we would sit in the courtyard and talk about what had been achieved and what was to come.

We talked about dreams, about strategies, about how each small step brought us closer to a bigger future.

And although there was still uncertainty, we all knew that we were building something solid: not just a company, but a family project where passion, effort and creativity were in perfect harmony.

Chapter XI — Consolidating the Sleep

Months after starting the business, KetoVicio went from being just an impromptu family project to becoming a small, working business.

The kitchen was still the heart, but now we had a couple of helpers who eased the burden: a couple of young people trained in baking and healthy cooking, organized by Sebastián with the precision that characterized him.

Mariana oversaw each recipe, adjusting flavors, checking consistencies, and ensuring that each product maintained the quality customers already expected.

Frequent orders began to create an intense yet exciting routine.

Customers trusted us, shared photos, left comments, and recommended products to others. Every box delivered was an accomplishment, every message of thanks, a reminder that the effort was worth it. Sebastian balanced his work at the bank with the logistics of the business.

From my position, I helped coordinate deliveries and oversee the organization, although most of the strategic decisions fell to them.

Chapter XII — What the Microscope Showed me







2022 was a year of revelations.

It was more or less in March 2022 when, one random night, while browsing alternative information channels, I came across a video of Dr. José Luis Sevillano together with Ricardo Delgado. In it they showed, with the serenity that only certainty gives, that dental anesthetics were also contaminated with graphene oxide, as were vaccines against Covid-19.

The news shocked me deeply. Until then I had heard many things, but I did not imagine that products of such everyday use, even in something as common as a dental consultation, could be compromised.

I barely slept that night. I felt a mixture of concern and responsibility: I couldn't be left alone with the doubt or what others were saying. I needed to see it with my own eyes.

It was then that I borrowed a Bio Blue optical microscope from the National Health Fund laboratory, where I have been working for more than twenty-five years. With the corresponding authorization, I began to observe different dental anesthetics, although before that I had to spend several days practicing, because it was the first time I looked at something under a microscope.

I remember the excitement of the first day when I managed to correctly focus a sample. It was as if a whole new world opened up before me, invisible to most, but full of answers. Shortly after, I

managed to get not only the anesthetics, but also all the Covid-19 vaccines and those on the regular schedule. I analyzed them one by one, patiently and carefully. And in all of them I found the same particulate, metallic-looking material, which coincided exactly with what was described in the study by Dr. Pablo Campra, from the

University of Almería, in Madrid, who had confirmed the presence of graphene oxide in the vials analyzed. With each sample I analyzed, my surprise grew. He felt that he was facing something too important to keep silent. So I decided to document everything I saw. He recorded each observation directly from the microscope, making sure that the details, shapes, and movements of those strange structures that appeared again and again were appreciated. Over time, I accumulated dozens of videos and realized that it was necessary to share them with others. This is how my Telegram channel was born, which I decided to call “Evidence”. That name reflected exactly what I wanted to show: clear, direct visual evidence of what many preferred to ignore.

At first, I uploaded the videos with some timidity, not knowing how they would be received. But soon messages began to arrive from people from different places, thanking, asking questions or sharing their own experiences. I knew then that I was not alone, that there was a silent network of people watching, investigating, and

Trying to understand what was really going on. Those were the first images I brought to the Physicians for Life Congress in Foz do Iguaçu, Brazil . I remember the excitement of that trip: I carried with me not only the samples and videos, but also the conviction that it was necessary to show what I had discovered.

The BioBlue optical microscope proved to be a reliable and highly accurate piece of equipment. It featured adjustable LED lighting that allowed you to observe samples without the risk of overheating them, magnifications of up to 1000x, and dual focus, macro and micrometric, that allowed you to keep each drop exactly in place. Its mechanical stage with X and Y displacement made it easy to precisely locate each sample. Although it took some getting used to at first, it soon became an indispensable tool for recording and analyzing every detail of vaccines and anesthetics.

A month later, already with my own optical (biological) microscope, I participated in the Córdoba Forum, where I again presented the results of my analyses. On that occasion I brought vaccines against Covid-19, dental anesthetics, eye drops and several

Frequently used injectables. Each one showed the same pattern: the same particulate material that behaved similarly to light and heat, as had been described in Dr. Campra's studies and in the analyses of the Spanish Fifth Column team.







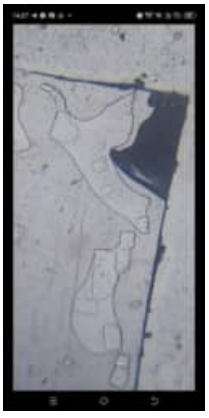


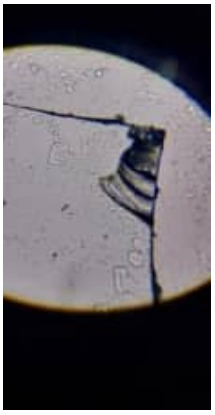




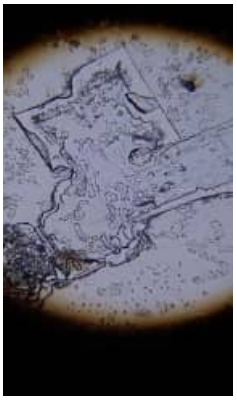

VACUNA COMINARTY DE PFIZER A 3 DÍAS DE LA
GOTA FRESCA HASTA LOS 13 DIAS
Dra Liliana Zelada

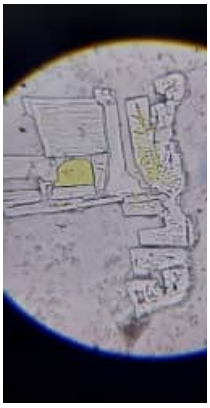






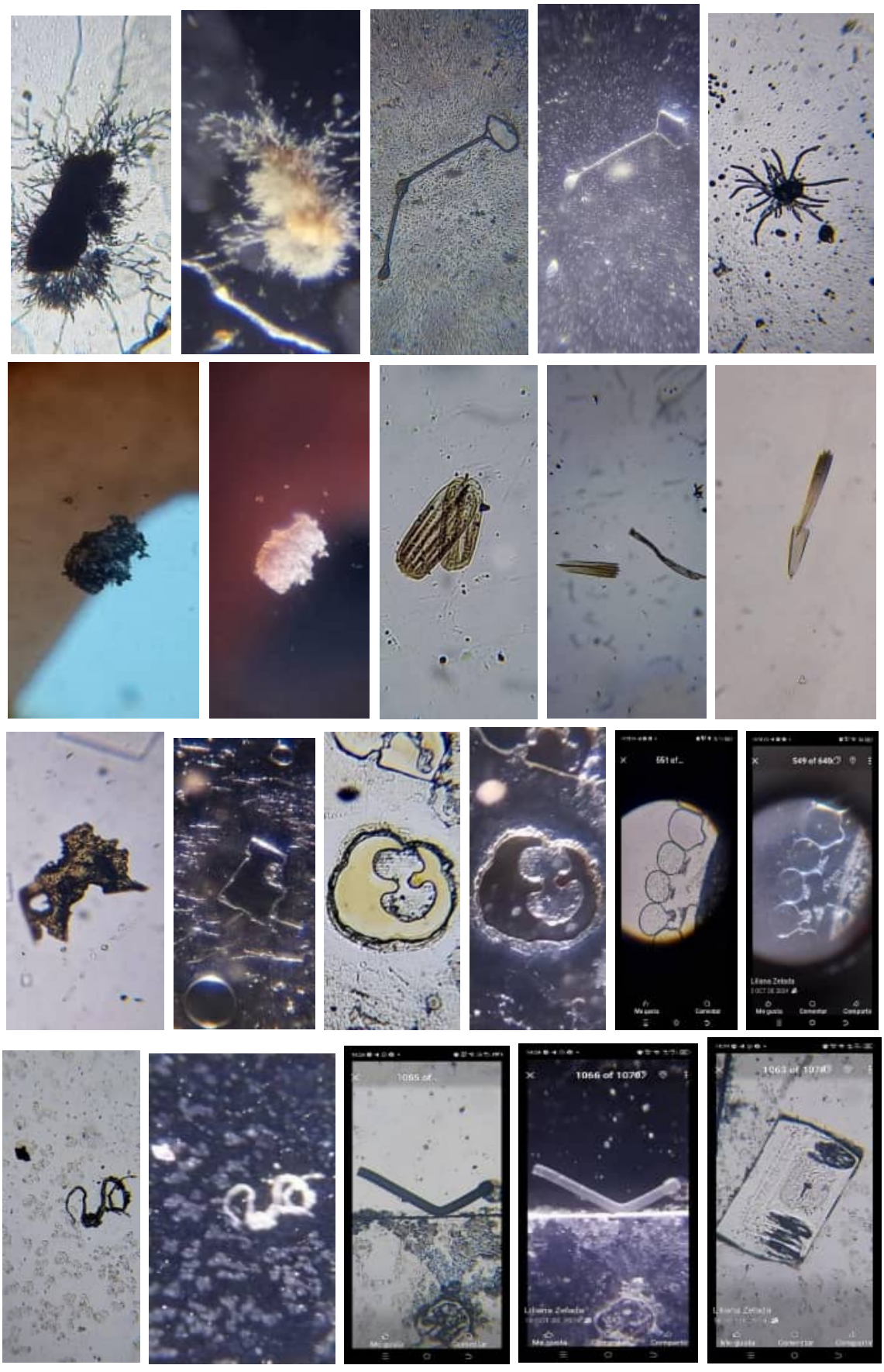


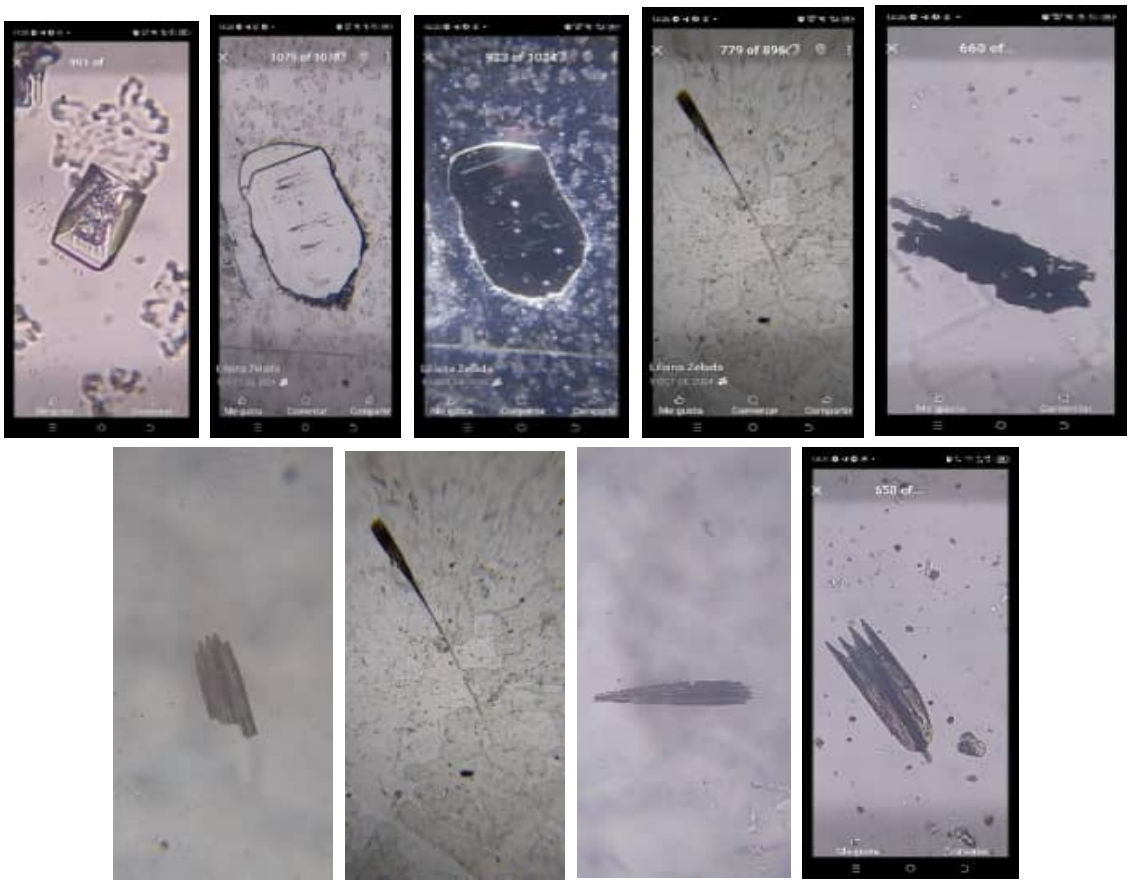












For many, the pandemic was already a fading memory, but for me it was the beginning of a new stage of questions.

My curiosity, which had always been my compass, began to guide me into a different territory: that of independent research.

My profiles were closed several times, but I always came back.

I would open a new one, change names, strategies and continue sharing my reflections. One of those profiles, created almost by instinct, with a name

different, he ended up becoming the most active and respected. It was my voice under another face, but with the same essence: the tireless search for truth and freedom. My name on Facebook was and continues to be “Celestino Mamani Quispe”, I gave myself a slightly native name to see if I had fewer sanctions and I took advantage of that to upload everything I could against the killer pseudo-experimental vaccines and everything related.

Sometimes I wondered if all that had a price. But then I remembered the messages from people who wrote to me gratefully, those who said that my voice had accompanied them, that my words had restored their calm.

And he understood that it wasn't about having all the answers, but about daring to ask the questions. Accompanied by Alejandro, I attended my first march against vaccines and the first against the WHO and the UN.




LIBERTAD


NO A




¡ LIBERTAD !
¡DESPIERTA!
LA OMS-ASESINA QUITARA


¡ LIBERTAD !




LIBERTAD
PARA BOLIVIA
Y EL MUNDO
NO AL TRATADO PANDÉMICO


LIBERTAD
PARA BOLIVIA
Y EL MUNDO
NO AL TRATADO PANDÉMICO

Chapter XIII — Leading from Home

That year made me a link between the everyday and the extraordinary.

My house, which had previously been a family retreat and a center of small culinary innovations, transformed into a meeting point for ideas, questions, and debates.

From there I shared information, listened to those who wrote to me with uncertainty, and guided conversations that, for many, were a compass amidst the chaos.

My days were a dance of responsibility:

In the morning I coordinated the house and my work at the National Bank as a specialist in

endodontics. In the afternoon and evening I connected with people from support groups, participated in chats, responded to messages and guided those who needed support.

The closures of my social media profiles were not a brake, but an encouragement.

I opened new accounts, changed strategies and continued my work under different names, always with the same passion and commitment. I learned

that perseverance could overcome censure and that consistency breeds confidence.

People would write to me from different places, telling me their fears, their questions, and sometimes their relief.

In those messages I discovered that my search was not just personal: I had created a space of accompaniment and hope, a small beacon in the midst of uncertainty.

Despite the intensity of my work, family life remained my anchor.

The shared meals, KetoVicio's orders, the moments of conversation in the courtyard, were reminders that the world could be complex and chaotic, but that at home there would always be stability, love and trust.

Seeing Mariana and Sebastian grow, take on responsibilities, and sustain their relationship while I helped others gave me the certainty that the

Everyone's efforts were intertwined: every action had an impact, and every gesture counted.

Reflecting on the tranquility of the night, I realized that this stage of my life had taught me something invaluable: leading does not always mean being at the forefront; Sometimes it means holding, listening, guiding, and being a point of reference from calm and determination.

And so, while the city followed its pulse, I found my place in history, building from home a space of help, family and purpose, where every day was an act of resistance, love and learning.

Chapter XIV — Growing Without Losing Course

2022 and 2023 were years of consolidation.

KetoVicio went from being a small project to becoming a stable business, with frequent clients and daily orders that required organization and discipline.

Motorcycles continued to come in and out of the yard , carrying boxes of desserts, cookies and prepared dishes, while the kitchen and dining room were

They were transformed into makeshift offices, creative workshops and logistics control centers.

Mariana and Sebastian had learned to delegate.

The first employees became key pieces: responsible and talented young people who helped maintain the quality and pace of the business.

Sebastian continued to work for banco de Córdoba remotely, demonstrating every day that it was possible to balance professional and family commitments without sacrificing efficiency.

Mariana oversaw recipes, innovated with new products, and maintained communication with customers, always ensuring that the flavor, presentation, and essence of KetoVicio remained intact.

I continued from my place, coordinating some deliveries, accompanying in logistics and keeping my support networks active.

The balance wasn't easy: there were days when messages, orders, and obligations seemed to clash, but we always found a space.

To share a meal, laugh, and remember that family was still the center of everything.

The love between Mariana and Sebastian was consolidated in the routine, in the daily complicity, in the joint decisions about business and life.

And I, watching them, understood that every effort had meaning: passion, discipline and creativity came together to build something bigger than ourselves.

At night, when the city calmed down and the house was silent, he reflected on everything he had experienced:

The pandemic, the lockdown, the days of improvised cooking, the orders that came in and the commitment to helping others from home.

Every experience, every challenge, and every small triumph had prepared us for this: a life where work, family, and solidarity could coexist, strengthening each other.

Thus, as KetoVicio grew step by step, the family strengthened, and my support work continued, I understood that the strongest foundations are built with love, purpose, and perseverance.

Everything else would come later: expansion, new locations, catering… But that was another story, yet to be written.

Chapter XV — My first trip, the trip to Foz de Iguazú. June - July 2022

Buying my own microscope was, without a doubt, one of the most decisive steps in my life.

I found it by chance in a Marketplace post: small, practical, with good resolution, and accessible.

With him I was able to continue practicing, observing and exploring everything that passed through my hands. That instrument became my companion of silent nights and personal discoveries; A symbol of independence, curiosity and perseverance.

One day I received a call from a doctor friend from the city of La Paz, Dr. Patricia Callisperis. I had heard about my research and interest in health from a different perspective. He told Me about an international meeting: the first Doctors for Life Congress, which would be held

in Foz de Iguazú, and asked me if I wanted to participate as an exhibitor.

The proposal took me by surprise. It was an opportunity to share my experience, my observations and my way of understanding what was happening.

I accepted without thinking too much.

My son Alejandro, Mariana's twin brother, accompanied me on the trip.

We set off by land, crossing long roads in Brazil, with the car loaded with materials, photographs, notes and a mixture of nerves and emotion.

The journey was a journey of endless hours, music, deep conversations and silences where the mind was filled with expectations.

When we arrived at the congress, I was impressed by the magnitude of the event: doctors from twenty-one countries, researchers, professionals from different

branches. The Physicians for Life congress in Foz do Iguaçu, Brazil, was in full swing. Professionals from all over the world shared experiences and

knowledge, but I had come with a different purpose: to show something that few had had the opportunity to see, something that challenged the conventional perception of science and health.

In a corner of the living room, we had improvised a laboratory. There we placed a dark field microscope, accompanied by Dr. Sergio, an expert in its handling. The light from the instrument cast mysterious shadows over the samples, and an expectant silence filled the room.
Contained whispers, fixed gazes, almost imperceptible breathing: every movement seemed amplified, as if time itself stopped before what was about to happen.

With reverent care, we added a drop of the Pfizer vaccine to the blood of an unvaccinated individual. Filaments and structures appeared before our eyes that no one expected. Dr. Sergio, in a deep voice, pointed out: “Probable thrombosis.”
A chill ran through the room; Amazement and unease mingled with each held breath.

The murmur came slowly, first in whispers, then in broken remarks.

Disbelief and fascination intertwined as we all tried to comprehend what we were seeing. Every drop of observation seemed to reveal a secret that had hitherto remained hidden from human view. As the shock of that discovery enveloped us, Dr. Ryan Cole

appeared. I invited him to approach the microscope to observe graphene oxide, a discovery that had generated great expectation among those present. From the first moment, his attitude was evasive: he told me that graphene oxide was not the important thing and asked if I had the modern vaccine available.

I replied that I only had one sample.

He sat down in front of the microscope and began to look. What he didn't know was that we could all follow his gaze on a small screen connected to the microscope. Every adjustment, every movement of his eyes, was visible to everyone.
The room was silent, expectant, as he explored the exhibit.

When he finally stood up, I asked him directly, “ doctor, did you see the graphene oxide?” His answer was cold: “I only saw about 2 or 3 graphenes.”

Instantly, we all knew he wasn't telling the truth; We had seen exactly what he had observed, and his account did not match the evidence before our eyes. It was an uncomfortable and revealing moment.

Despite years of experience and having access to the necessary equipment, he continued to insist on talking about the existence of the virus and the Spike protein, denying the presence of graphene oxide and the nanotechnology that was in front of everyone.

Disappointment was mixed with disbelief.

That Congress was engraved in our memory as a reminder of the contrast between evidence and denial, between what is seen and what is admitted . Science can show the truth clearly, but it does not always guarantee that it will be recognized.

As I walked away from the microscope and the murmur of the room, I understood something essential: the

True science not only reveals what is visible, but challenges us to look beyond, to question, to explore, and to never accept what seems obvious. That deep, insistent and courageous gaze is what allows us to discover the invisible.

And at that moment, surrounded by astonished and silent colleagues, I understood that science is not just a set of facts; It's an act of courage. Courage to look, to doubt, to question and to accept what our own eyes show us, even if it challenges beliefs, certainties and the comfort of denial.

Discovering the invisible is not an act of luck, but of courage, and that day, we all witnessed that courage in action.









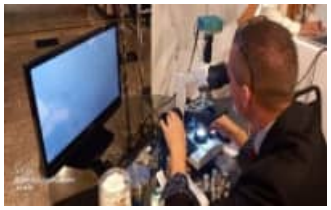












BUENOS AIRES
Capital del Monte

Chapter XVI — Returning Home with New Horizons

Before returning directly to Bolivia, I decided to take advantage of the return trip to tour Argentina with Alejandro.

We toured cities we didn't know, stopped at picturesque places, enjoyed unexpected landscapes , and shared moments of laughter and conversation that strengthened our bond.

Each stop was an opportunity to learn, to discover, and to breathe a little freedom after intense months of work and preparation. When we finally

arrived in Santa Cruz, we found the house just as we had left it: full of life, orders for KetoVicio, familiar laughter, and the familiar aroma of the kitchen.

Returning to Santa Cruz was like entering a home I already knew, but that now seemed different.

The trip to Foz do Iguazú had changed me: every kilometer traveled, every conversation with doctors from twenty-one countries, every presentation and

The demonstration had given me a broader perspective on my role and responsibility.

I felt that I had to balance my role as a mother, guide and now also as someone who had begun to be a reference in a different way: guidance and independent help to those who sought me.

Social media became my platform, although not without challenges.

It was a reminder that consistency and clarity of purpose could break through, even in the midst of censure or misunderstanding.

My home, like during the lockdown, became a coordination center again.

From there he answered messages, guided, listened and guided.

The days were long, but there was a deep meaning in every action: to help, accompany, teach and sustain.

Sometimes I reflected on how it all began: a cheap microscope bought out of curiosity, an unexpected trip, a conference that

It allowed me to speak in front of so many colleagues … and all of that had broadened my vision of what I could do for others.

Mariana and Sebastian welcomed us with hugs and smiles that needed no words.

Sometimes I reflected on how it all began: a cheap microscope bought out of curiosity, an unexpected trip, a conference that allowed me to speak in front of so many colleagues… and all of that had broadened my vision of what I could do for others.

Chapter XVII — Expanding the Aid Network

With the return to Santa Cruz, life seemed to resume a familiar rhythm, but for me it was just the beginning of a different chapter.

My work of helping and guiding on social networks and WhatsApp groups began to consolidate. Every message received, every question answered, every person who confided in me their concern, reminded me that my work had a real impact with my various strategic profiles in order to reach more people, maintaining consistency and

commitment that had characterized me from the beginning.

One of them, with a different name, became especially respected and trusted; It was a space where people sought guidance, accompaniment, and clarity.

With each interaction I learned more about how to communicate, how to listen, and how to support while staying true to my principles.

At the same time, family life continued on.

Mariana and Sebastian consolidated KetoVicio, incorporating larger orders, adjusting logistics and strengthening the relationship with frequent customers.

Motorcycles continued to leave during the day with boxes of cookies, cakes and prepared dishes, while the kitchen was transformed into a space of constant creativity.

I accompanied them when I could, overseeing deliveries, arranging times, and supporting them with whatever was necessary so that the harmony would not be broken.

Balancing family life, business, and my helping work wasn't always easy.

There were long days, with messages, orders, and responsibilities clashing with each other, but passion, love, and discipline kept us together.

Family lunches, shared laughter, and moments of reflection became rituals that reinforced our resilience and our ability to face challenges.

Over time, the network of people looking for me expanded.

People from different cities, even from other countries , started contacting me looking for guidance.

And as the volume grew, so did my confidence and sense of purpose: I was building a space where I could teach, guide, and support, without losing the closeness or humanity that had always characterized me. On those nights, when

everything seemed to calm down, he reflected on how that path had begun: a microscope, curiosity, an unexpected journey, and now the possibility of reaching thousands.

I understood that life found ways to expand, to multiply its impact, and that the combination of family, passion, and purpose was capable of sustaining the impossible.

Chapter Eighteen - Córdoba, Argentina

The trip to Córdoba came as a new opportunity to continue sharing the findings that, through the microscope, have marked a before and after on my path. I was invited to the Córdoba Forum, in August 2022, to present what I had observed in vaccines. I was accommodated in a hotel near the main square, from where I could feel the pulse of the city , the constant movement and energy of a place that combines history, youth and resilience.

During those days I had the pleasant reunion with Dr. Fernando Volkart, whom I had met shortly before in Foz de Iguazú. His presence gave me confidence and a sense of continuity between the different spaces of struggle we were sharing.

At the forum, however, not everything turned out as I had planned. An essential cable to connect the microscope was missing, and that prevented the images I had prepared from being displayed with complete clarity. Even so, I was able to talk about the presence of graphene oxide in vaccines, a topic that sparked immediate interest in several attendees.

After my presentation, Dr. Chinda Brandolino approached me to congratulate me, although she added that—while she accepted the presence of graphene—she considered it not the most important thing and that metals were.

That moment was revealing. I understood that, within the same movement that claimed to seek truth, there were also different levels of understanding and, sometimes, denial.

Over time, it became clearer that most of those people denied the presence of graphene oxide, the multiple elements detected under the microscope, and the nanotechnology involved, while also insisting on keeping alive the narrative of the supposed SARS-CoV-2 virus and its

Non-existent Spike protein, concepts that we have been firmly questioning since the beginning.

The forum was held in the city of Villa Carlos Paz, a place surrounded by mountains and pure air, where the landscape seems to want to remind us that nature always keeps its balance, even when human beings forget it. Although at that time I was only able to meet her partially, I would return later on different occasions, when I visited my children who study in Córdoba. Each return was an opportunity to look with different eyes at that place that had marked a turning point on my path. Once I left the hotel, I took the opportunity to stay a few more days at my friend Karla's house. I mounted the microscope on his dining room table and there were intense days there. Several people approached to analyze dental anesthetics, procaine used in neural treatments, and we also observed Fernando's blood, who was surprised to notice a slight Rouleaux effect, despite not having been vaccinated. That discovery awakened in everyone a mixture of concern and reflection: the phenomenon seemed to go further

beyond vaccines and reminded us that something profound was affecting all of humanity. That

meeting in Córdoba was, more than an exhibition, a reminder that every step, even those that seem like trunks, is part of a greater mission. The lack of a cable did not stop my voice or my purpose: to continue showing, with evidence and with awareness, what many prefer not to see.











Chapter XIX — Return and Consolidation

Returning to Bolivia after the Congress in Córdoba was a return full of emotions and new certainties.

The experience had broadened my vision and taught me that my work could go much further than I had imagined.

Every conversation, every look from the doctors who observed the microscope, had reaffirmed that it was worth persevering, continuing to research, and sharing what I saw.

Upon arriving home, everyday life greeted me with its mix of calm and movement.

But something had changed: now the network was expanding more strongly, people's confidence in my work was evident, and my ability to guide and accompany was strengthening day by day to share, guide and support.

It was a reminder that persistence and clarity of purpose could break through, even when circumstances seemed difficult or unfair.

The family routine remained a fundamental axis.

That stage taught me that leadership is not always measured by the number of people you lead, but by the ability to influence, guide and sustain through example, consistency and passion.

Returning to Bolivia meant more than just coming home: it meant making a deeper commitment to my purpose, consolidating a support network that grew day by day, and understanding that, with discipline and heart, it was possible to impact lives while maintaining family, love, and one's own projects.

Chapter XX — Crossing More Borders: Guadalajara October 2022

October 2022 was marked in my memory as a month of audacity and discovery.

I decided to travel to Mexico, to Guadalajara, to attend the Congress of Oxygenating Substances, an event where doctors and professionals interested in new health alternatives and experimentation met.

I knew it would be a unique opportunity to share my experience and collaborate with colleagues from around the world.

I carefully prepared each package I would carry: vaccines of different types, eye drops, dental anesthetics and injections.

Each one was labeled, organized, and ready for experts to analyze according to their criteria.

My goal was clear: to deliver information and materials in a responsible manner, so that those who attended could study, observe, and share what they considered relevant.

In Guadalajara, I personally met professionals that until then I had only seen on video or read about in articles:

Dr. Pedro Chávez, Dr. Viviane Brunet, Dr Andreas Kalcker, Dr Manuel Aparicio and Karina Acevedo.

I gave each of them their package with the samples , explaining my experience, my observational work, and the importance of the information they contained.

It was a time of mutual respect and collaboration: doctors from different countries, with different specialties, listened attentively and

They appreciated the care and dedication with which he had prepared every detail.

The Congress was not only an opportunity to display materials, but also to exchange ideas, learn from others, understand different perspectives and reinforce the importance of international collaboration.

I felt part of a growing network of committed professionals, where every action, every observation, and every analysis counted.

Beyond the results, the value was in the shared effort, in the possibility of adding voices, experiences and knowledge in the same purpose.

At the end of the day, as I watched Guadalajara from the hotel window, I felt a mixture of pride and responsibility.

I had gone a step further, taking my experience and commitment to another continent, connecting efforts and showing that even a determined person could make an international impact, simply by acting with discipline, preparation and passion.

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Cathedral of Guadalajara

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agave plantations

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: tequila tasting, learning about production.

Sumidero Canyon and Chiapa de Corzo (Chiapas) El

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The Sigh Waterfall

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Veracruz

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MEXICO CITY

Historic Center and Zócalo

Metropolitan Cathedral

National Palace (murals by Diego Rivera) Templo Mayor and Museum of the Templo Mayor

National Museum of Art (MUNAL)

Mexico City Museum

Estanquillo Museum

Palace of Fine Arts

House of the Tiles

Churches: Santo Domingo, San Francisco, La Profesa, Temple of the Sacred Heart of Jesus

Experiences: Walks through squares, markets, gastronomy, miracle at the bus terminal (baby rescue), Day of the Dead, meeting with the engineer Alberto Vela.

Heading to Guadalajara (continued).

After making the decision to walk away from Congress, I felt a mixture of relief and freedom. I had fulfilled my main purpose: to deliver what I carried with me with such care and faith. The rest, I understood, was not up to me.

Together with a friend, Dr. Urbelinda Ferrufino, we decided to stay a few more days in Guadalajara, taking advantage of the opportunity to meet its people, its history and its streets full of life. They were five intense and wonderful days, in which I discovered a vibrant, warm and deeply Mexican city.

The historic center welcomed us with its imposing Guadalajara Cathedral, a jewel of neo-Gothic architecture whose yellow towers stand out against the sky. It was built in the 16th century and rebuilt several times by earthquakes, but it remains the spiritual heart of the city. Opposite it, the Plaza de Armas buzzes with music and movement: dancing couples, street vendors, laughter, and the irresistible aroma of roasted corn and freshly brewed coffee. We walked through the Teatro Degollado, a majestic 19th-century building, a symbol of tapatía art and culture. I was impressed by its façade of Corinthian columns and, above all, the sense of pride that is breathed around. There I understood that Guadalajara is not only a modern and vibrant city, but also a center of national identity: the birthplace of mariachi, tequila, and charrería, three emblems deeply rooted in the Mexican soul.

One of the most beautiful days was when we visited Tlaquepaque, a municipality full of color, art and tradition. Its cobbled streets are decorated with pennants and murals, and on every corner you can hear mariachi music or see an artisan.

Working the pottery. I learned that Tlaquepaque comes from the Nahuatl Tlacapanqui, which means “place on mud,” and that it was once an indigenous people dedicated to pottery. Today, his workshops remain famous throughout Mexico.

In El Parián, a square surrounded by restaurants and music, we tried a craft tequila while a group of mariachis played “El Rey”. That moment was pure magic: a mixture of joy, identity and connection with a land that, although foreign, made me feel at home.
We also explored Zapopan, a neighboring town that retains a spiritual and serene charm. The Basilica of Zapopan, with its Baroque architecture, houses the Virgin of Zapopan, one of the most venerated Marian devotions in the country. I was moved to see so many people arriving on their knees to the entrance of the temple, carrying flowers or prayers. In their faces there was faith, hope and an inner strength that could be felt in the air. Guadalajara

was for me much more than a stopover on a professional trip. It was a reunion with the essentials : faith, culture, beauty, and the freedom to follow my own path. Every church, every street,

Every face I crossed reminded me that truth is also found in the details, in the everyday, in the experiences that transform us from within.

The “historic center” of Guadalajara, in the state of Jalisco, Mexico, is the original area of the city, where the Spanish population was founded on February 14, 1542.

It is roughly bounded to the north by calle San Felipe, to the south by avenida de la Paz, to the west by calzada del Federalismo, and to the east by calzada Independencia.

It is a mixed area: colonial buildings, 19th and 20th century constructions, commercial streets, main squares —such as the Plaza de Armas (Guadalajara) or the Plaza de la Liberación—, several religious temples and a rich urban life.

In this area you will find a good part of the architectural and religious landmarks of the city: cathedrals, baroque, neoclassical, neo-gothic temples, etc.

It is both a commercial and tourist area, and also a residential area, which gives it a mix of everyday life with historical heritage.

Arquitectura e iglesias

The region concentrates many historic churches and temples, of various styles (Baroque, churrigueresco, Neoclassical, Neo-Gothic, etc.).

Here are some of the most relevant. Obviously not all of them are listed, as there are many small chapels and minor temples, but I include the most cited in tourist guides.

Featured churches

1. Cathedral Basilica of the Assumption of Mary Most Holy (or “Metropolitan Cathedral of Guadalajara”)

Location: Avenida Fray Antonio Alcalde.

Description: One of the most emblematic buildings in the center.

2. Temple of Our Lady of Mercy Location: Avenida

Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla.

Description: Ornate Baroque façade; Construction began in 1721.

3. Sanctuary of Our Lady of Guadalupe (Guadalajara)

Location: Paseo Alcalde.

Description: It was the first church dedicated to the Virgin of Guadalupe in Guadalajara; Construction began in 1777.

4. Church of Santa Maria de Gracia

Location: Avenida Hidalgo 156.

Description: Building that occupies what was the convent of the same name; The first cathedral of Guadalajara was built on its site in 1561.

5. Temple of San Agustín (Guadalajara)

Location: Calle Morelos y Degollado.

Description: Built in 1573 when the Augustinian convent was founded; It has colonial sacred art in its sacristy.

6. Temple of Nuestra Señora del Pilar

Location: Dates from approximately 1720.

Description: Its interior houses neoclassical altars, murals, stained glass windows.

7. Temple of Carmen (Guadalajara)

Location: Avenida Juárez.

Description: Founded in the 17th century; rebuilt in the 19th century in neoclassical style; It preserves beautiful old paintings.

8. Temple of San Francisco de Asís (Guadalajara)

Location: Avenida 16 de Septiembre.

Description: Built in 1580, Baroque style with Solomonic columns.

9. Temple of Santa Teresa de Jesús (Guadalajara)

mentioned in the list of churches in the historic center.

10. Temple of Our Lady of Aránzazu Location:

Avenida 16 de Septiembre 295. Description: Built

between 1749 and 1752; part of the Convent of San Francisco; Beautiful baroque façade and rich interior ornamentation.

11. Temple of San José de Gracia

Description: Located on Avenida Alcalde, considered a historical monument.

12. Temple of Santiago de Alcalá

Description: Built in the second decade of the 18th century.

13. Temple of San Felipe Neri

Description: Completed 1802; Inside you can see 14 paintings attributed to Miguel Cabrera. San

Cristóbal de las Casas – The Heart of Chiapas After

leaving Guadalajara, our journey continued south, towards the magical state of Chiapas. After several hours of walking, we finally reach San Cristóbal de las Casas, a city that seems stopped in time, suspended between green mountains and soft mists that descend every afternoon like a veil over the red rooftops.

We stayed eight days there, long enough to fall in love with its leisurely pace, fresh air, and friendly people. Every corner of the historic center seemed to tell a story. The cobbled streets, the colonial houses with wooden balconies and the

Colorful facades gave the feeling of being inside a living painting.

In the heart of the city stands the Cathedral of St. Christopher the Martyr, with its imposing yellow and white Baroque façade that shines in the sun. In front of it, the main square is filled every day with Tsotsil and Tseltal artisans displaying their fabrics, amber necklaces, and jade-carved figures. It was impossible not to stop to talk, to admire the meticulous work of their hands and the ancestral heritage they carry in each piece.

During those days, we also visited several museums that reflect the cultural richness of the region. At the Amber Museum, I learned that Chiapas possesses one of the purest and oldest fossil resins in the world, with shades ranging from golden honey to fiery red. There, among display cases and warm lights, the pieces seemed to contain the memory of the jungle. At the Jade Museum, we discovered how this sacred stone was considered by the Mayan peoples as a symbol of eternity and purity; The green tones seemed to beat with life of their own.

One of the places that surprised me the most was Alitos de Chiapas, a craft space where every object has a soul. I remember the aromas of incense, soft music, and the hands of artisans molding clay or carving stones. There was something deeply human and spiritual about that environment, as if art were born directly from the heart.

We also explored the surroundings, those mountains of jade and amber that surround the city like ancient guardians. Each excursion gave us landscapes of moving beauty: pine and oak forests, viewpoints where clouds touched the ground and small towns where time seemed to have stopped.

At night, the cold of the mountains enveloped us. In the cafes and restaurants of the center, the aroma of freshly ground chiapaneco coffee mixed with the music of guitars and marimbas. There was a sense of peace, of connection to something greater, as if St. Christopher had a special energy capable of healing the soul. As we said goodbye, I felt that something inside me had changed.

Saint Christopher taught me that beauty is not always in the grandiose, but in the simple: in a sincere smile, in a stone that keeps the history of the world, in the aroma of coffee that is shared without haste. I understood that every place has a spirit, and that Chiapas, with its mountains, its art and its people, keeps one of the purest.

I left the city behind with a heart full of gratitude, knowing that its light would continue to accompany me along the way.

Tequila – Between Agaves and laughter

After the serenity of Chiapas, we return to western Mexico to discover one of the most joyful and symbolic destinations in the country: the city of Tequila, in the state of Jalisco.

That day was a real celebration. From the moment we arrived, the air smelled of cooked agave and hot earth. The mountains surrounding the city are tinged with a greenish-blue, covered by extensive plantations that seem to move gently in the wind.

We spent a whole day touring Tequila, learning, laughing and enjoying every moment.

We visit the tequila farms, where the jimadores work with precision and pride, cutting the agave pineapples with their shiny-leaf coa. Each blow resonated like a song to the ancestral craft that gives life to Mexico's most representative drink.

In the distilleries, the tour was an experience for the senses: the steam of the cooked agave filled the atmosphere with a sweet and earthy aroma, while the guides explained the fermentation and distillation process. We were offered to try different types of tequila, from white and young to vintage, and, of course, we accepted all invitations with enthusiasm.

Each sip had its own story: the initial burning, the softness of the end, the warm echo it left in the throat and in the soul. We laughed, toasted, and enjoyed ourselves unhurriedly, accompanied by mariachi music that seemed to come from the heart of the village.

We also toured the historic center of Tequila, with its main square, the kiosk surrounded by palm trees and the parish of Santiago Apóstol, which is

It rises majestically with its golden stone façade. The cobbled streets, craft shops, hand-decorated bottles and colorful murals narrated the living history of the agave, a symbol of Mexican identity and pride. In the afternoon, we visit the blue agave fields declared World Heritage by UNESCO. Under the golden sun, the landscape looked like a still sea of pointed plants, reflecting shades of blue, green, and silver. It was one of the most beautiful panoramas of the trip, a postcard impossible to forget. We ended the day sitting in a small canteen, with music, laughter and a final toast. Tequila was pure joy, a celebration of life, where the Mexican spirit is felt in every gesture, in every song, in every glass shared.

That day taught me something important: that happiness can also be simple, light and spontaneous. Sometimes the taste of a good drink, sincere company and the present lived without haste is enough to understand that life is a journey that must be savored, sip by sip.

ECO-SUR – Between science and evidence

During our stay in Chiapas, we dedicated an entire day to visiting the University of Sciences and Arts of the South (ECO-SUR), an institution renowned for its focus on environmental and biotechnological research. From the moment we arrived, the atmosphere conveyed a mixture of respect, curiosity, and excitement to me. He knew that this day would not be another one of the trip, but a valuable opportunity to observe, verify and record something that he had been investigating for a long time.

The ECO-SUR campus is an impressive place. It is surrounded by pine and oak forests, and small hills that seem to embrace modern buildings, built in harmony with the surroundings. Walking along the cobblestone paths, one could perceive a fresh, clean air, mixed with the aromas of vegetation and freshly brewed coffee in the campus cafeteria. The combination of nature and architecture gave a sense of tranquility and concentration, perfect for scientific research.

Thanks to the kindness of some teachers, I was able to access a high-end optical microscope, equipment with a resolution that allowed me to appreciate very fine structures, invisible to the human eye. I clearly remember the moment when I placed a small sample of the allergy injection I was carrying with me on the slide.

What appeared in the field of vision was forceful. Once again, as on other occasions, I was able to demonstrate the presence of foreign and contaminating elements in the liquid, something that should not be there under any circumstances. Some of those present — including authorities and academic staff — observed the enlarged images with me. There was silence first, then surprise, and finally questions.

I felt a mixture of satisfaction and sadness: satisfaction at confirming what I intuited, and sadness because this finding, although obvious, spoke of a disturbing reality. Science should serve to protect, not to hide.

The laboratory was located next to a small botanical garden, where the sun's rays filtered through the trees and cast shadows over the hallways. The singing of birds and the murmur of the wind between the leaves created an atmosphere of concentration and serenity. All of this contrasted with the gravity of what we were observing under the microscope, reminding me that the beauty of nature and scientific truth can coexist in the same space.

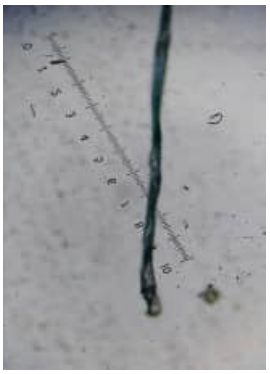
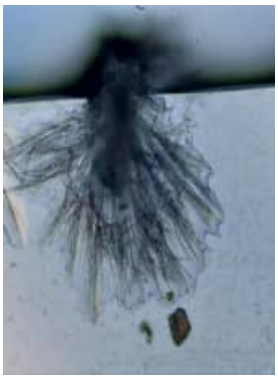
That day at ECO-SUR marked me deeply. It wasn't just a technical observation; It was a moral verification, a reaffirmation of my commitment to truth, to health and to conscience.

As I left the laboratory, the Chiapas sun fell on the trees on campus, and a feeling of clarity accompanied me for a long time. I knew that the journey was just beginning to take on its true meaning: no

It was just a tour of Mexico, but a journey




Plan 4
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Chiapas Natural – waterfalls, zip line and local flavors

The next day, we left behind the seriousness of research to immerse ourselves in a day of adventure and sightseeing. Chiapas awaited us with all its natural strength and colorful joy.

We started the day by visiting the El Velo de la Novia waterfall, a dream place. As we approached, the roar of the water enveloped us and the fine mist caressed our skin. The crystalline fall descended from the top of the mountain, forming a mirror of white foam that blended with the deep green of the surrounding vegetation. Every step along the trails gave us spectacular views, and the feeling of freshness was a balm for the senses.

Then we headed to the El Suspiro waterfall, smaller but equally charming. There, the water fell in a leisurely dance, forming small natural pools where some visitors dared to dip their feet. We paused for a long time, contemplating the harmony of the

nature and breathing deeply in the pure mountain air.

The adrenaline arrived with the Mega zip line, an experience that made us feel suspended between the sky and the trees. Flying over the Chiapas landscape, with the rivers and mountains stretching beneath our feet, was an indelible memory.
The wind in our faces and the feeling of freedom filled us with laughter and excitement, like children discovering a new world from above.

Among the adventures, there was no shortage of local cuisine. At each stop we ordered typical food, enjoying the authentic flavors of Chiapas. We tried chipilín tamales, tasajo with handmade tortillas, mole chiapaneco and sweet atoles. Each dish had a unique aroma and color, and each bite connected us to the history and tradition of the region. We made sure to visit the most typical places, those taverns and stalls where the food is prepared with love and where the locals told us their recipes and culinary secrets.

At the end of the day, tired but happy, we walked along the paths at dusk, with the feeling of

Having lived a full day of nature, adventure and flavor. Chiapas showed us another facet of its soul: it is not only a land of research and culture, but also a territory of natural beauty, emotion and simple pleasure.

Towards Guatemala – On the edge of two worlds and both

After the adventure in the waterfalls and the zip line, we head towards the border with Guatemala, a territory where geography and history intertwine in a fascinating way. From the road, the mountains seemed to rise like guardians of the border, covered by dense forests and low clouds that cast changing shadows over the valleys.

Upon arrival, we stopped at the exact point of the border, where I was able to put my feet on both sides, touching Mexico and Guatemala at the same time. It was a symbolic moment, brief but full of meaning: feeling with your feet two different worlds, connected by the same land and by the history that unites them.

The surrounding landscape was impressive: mountains lost in the mist, forests stretching as far as the eye could see, and rivers meandering near the invisible border between the two countries. The air felt fresh and humid, laden with scents of vegetation and earth, and everything seemed to remind us that borders are, in many ways, a human creation.

We stopped for a moment to contemplate the surroundings and take photos, while listening to the murmur of the wind among the trees and the birds that freely crossed from one side to the other. The experience was deeply symbolic: although we did not enter Guatemala, that moment allowed us to feel the connection and continuity of nature and life beyond political boundaries. As we left, I was

left with the feeling that this simple gesture—setting foot in each country—represented something greater: curiosity, freedom, and respect for the places one visits, and the understanding that each border can also be a point of meeting and reflection.

Chiapas in its splendor – Sumidero Canyon and Agua Azul

Another day early, we set off for Chiapa de Corzo, a town full of history and tradition, famous for its colonial architecture and peaceful atmosphere. Its cobbled streets and central square greeted us with the aroma of freshly brewed coffee and the colors of local markets, where artisans displayed textiles and wood carvings. From there we head to the

Sumidero Canyon, a natural wonder that takes your breath away. Upon arrival, the cliffs rose hundreds of meters above the Grijalva River, covered in lush vegetation. We took a boat ride on the river, surrounded by rock walls that reflected the sunlight and small waterfalls that splashed the air with their fresh mist. During the tour, we were able to observe birds, monkeys, and crocodiles resting on the banks of the river, reminding us that the wildlife here thrives in its purest state.

Then we continued to the Blue Water Falls, a place that looked like something out of a dream. Its waters, an intense and brilliant blue, fell in pools

natural places where it was impossible to resist contemplating the strength and beauty of water in motion. We walked along the paths between the rapids and pools, listening to the constant roar of the water and feeling its freshness on our skin. Each waterfall had its own color and rhythm, as if nature were composing its own melody.

Throughout the tour, we took the opportunity to try the local cuisine, stopping at small stalls where they offered us typical dishes such as chipilín tamales, tasajo and refreshing tropical fruit juices. Each meal became an opportunity to further immerse ourselves in the culture and tradition of Chiapas.

At the end of the day, as the sun hid behind the cliffs and the river waters reflected their golden light, I felt a deep connection with nature. The Sinkhole Canyon and Agua Azul were not just landscapes to admire: they were spaces of wonder and gratitude, reminders of the immensity and beauty of the world around us.

Palenque – between ruins and jungle

One of the most impactful moments of our trip was the visit to Palenque, Lakan Ha, the ancient Mayan city surrounded by the Chiapas jungle. From the moment we enter the archaeological site , we feel the force of history and the energy that breathes in these sacred places. The temples and palaces rise among the vegetation, partially covered by roots and vines, as if the jungle itself protected and embraced them. Each structure retains the majesty of the Mayan civilization: the Temple of the Inscriptions, with its hieroglyphs and burial chambers, left us in awe; And the palace, with its galleries and terraces, reveals the engineering and art of a people who lived centuries ago.

As we walked through the ruins, we listened to birdsong and the whisper of the wind among the trees. The atmosphere was magical: feeling history alive, touching stones that had endured centuries, connected us deeply with the ancient inhabitants of Lakan Ha.

The jungle around Palenque added a special charm. The green leaves, monkeys hopping between the treetops, and butterflies crossing our path made the visit a complete spectacle for the senses. The whole place seemed like a perfect balance between nature and architecture, a testament to the Maya's respect for their surroundings.

During the visit, we also sampled some local dishes at nearby stalls: tamales de hoja, atoles, and fresh tropical fruits, reminding us that Chiapas' living culture remains as vibrant as that of its former inhabitants.

As I finished the tour and gazed at the sunset over the ruins, I felt a mixture of awe and humility. Palenque is not just a place to photograph or study; It is a space to feel, to connect with history and nature, and to understand the greatness of the Mayan civilization in its original context.

Puebla-Discovering Tusepan Kali

After the historical and natural wealth of Chiapas, our journey took us to the state of Puebla, a territory full of traditions, colors and flavors that welcomed us with open arms. Among its mountains and valleys is a place that will remain etched in my memory: Tusepan Kali, a space that combines nature, culture and spirituality.

From the very first moment, Tusepan Kali surprised us with its lush surroundings. Surrounded by mountains and forests, the place breathes tranquility and harmony. Trails wind through manicured gardens, crystal-clear streams, and small waterfalls that seem to whisper ancient stories. Every corner invites you to stop, observe and feel, and it is impossible not to connect with the energy perceived in the environment.

We explored the place in detail, walking along its paths, observing the architecture of the buildings and the spaces intended for cultural and spiritual activities. The vibrant colors, murals, and decor reflect a mix of

Mexican tradition and contemporary creativity, creating a welcoming and stimulating atmosphere.

At Tusepan Kali we were also able to interact with local people, who shared their knowledge about medicinal plants, rituals and ancestral customs. It was fascinating to discover how they keep traditions alive, combining respect for nature, ancestral learning, and an open approach to visitors .

During the visit, we enjoyed the typical gastronomy of the place, tasting dishes prepared with local ingredients: freshly made tortillas, fresh chili sauces , artisanal cheeses and traditional drinks that connected us with the authentic flavors of Puebla. Each meal was a reminder of the cultural richness and identity of the region.

What impressed me most about Tusepan Kali was the feeling of peace and connection with nature and living culture. Walking along its paths, listening to the murmur of the water and observing the mountainous landscape allowed us to recharge our energies and contemplate the harmony between human beings and their environment.

As we said goodbye, I knew that Tusepan Kali was not just a place to visit, but a space to experience, learn, and feel. The beauty of the landscape, the warmth of its people, and the cultural depth made it one of the most memorable moments of the trip through Mexico.

Cuetzalan – Streets, colors and tradition.

After the serenity of Tusepan Kali, our journey took us to Cuetzalan, in the state of Puebla, a town that remained etched in my memory as one of the most beautiful I had ever visited. From the moment we arrived, I felt that every street, every house, and every square told a story.

Narrow cobbled streets wind between white-fronted colonial houses and flower-filled wooden balconies. The stairs mix with the paths, and each turn offered us a different postcard: craft stalls, markets with colorful textiles and small squares where the inhabitants talk and work peacefully. It was a place where time seemed to move more slowly, inviting you to walk, observe, and feel.

In Cuetzalan, culture and tradition are perceived in every detail. Most of the inhabitants are descendants of the Nahua peoples, and they retain ancestral customs that are reflected in their language, clothing and rituals. Listening to the locals speak their language, seeing the embroidery and fabrics that have been made for centuries, and participating in the small celebrations in the square, made us understand that Cuetzalan is a town that honors its history while living fully in the present.

One of the most impressive moments occurred in the central square, where the ritual of the flying Indians is presented every day. From a high pole, flyers descend whirling in the air while hanging from ropes, a spectacle that combines bravery, art and spirituality. Watching them slowly spin towards the ground while playing traditional music filled me with awe and respect – a ritual that has been passed down from generation to generation, keeping the connection with nature and the ancient gods alive.

During the tour of the square, I came across something that deeply caught my attention:

A machine that produced tortillas at high speed, hundreds in a very short time.

It was located in full view of everyone who came in to buy, and the aroma of freshly made corn filled the air, attracting locals and tourists alike.

Mexican tortillas are simple but essential. Its main ingredient is nixtamalized corn, to which a little water is added and, sometimes, a pinch of salt. It is kneaded into a soft dough, formed into flat discs, and cooked in hot comales until golden and pliable. Its preparation can be artisanal, by hand, or in machines like the one we saw, which produce large quantities without losing freshness. In Mexico, tortillas are eaten at any time of the day. In the morning they accompany breakfast, wrapping eggs, beans or cheese; At noon they are part of the tacos, sopes, enchiladas and other dishes; And in the evening they can serve as an accompaniment to stews, soups or simply with butter and a little salt. In Cuetzalan, seeing how locals bought freshly made tortillas, still hot, and took them home or

They were accompanied by meals in the square, he showed me how this simple food becomes the heart of the Mexican table, present in daily life and in celebrations.

During our stay, we also tried the typical gastronomy: banana leaf tamales, mole poblano and sweets made with honey and local fruits. Each bite was an explosion of flavors, a direct connection to the land, history, and creativity of its inhabitants.

Walking the streets of Cuetzalan was a unique experience. I felt that each step brought us closer to the essence of the village: the combination of colonial architecture, colorful markets, mountainous landscapes, the daily lives of its people, the majesty of the flying Indians, and the aroma of freshly made tortillas created an atmosphere that seemed suspended between the past and the present.

As evening fell, with the golden light illuminating the facades and the mountains surrounding the valley, I understood why Cuetzalan became one of the most memorable places on the trip.

Every street, every corner, and every smile taught us that the beauty of a place is not only in its landscape, but in its people, its culture, and the way everything intertwines harmoniously. Veracruz – FIRST CONTACT WITH THE MEXICAN SEA We said goodbye to Cuetzalan and set off for Veracruz, eager to see the Mexican Sea for the first time. Our first stop was the small coastal town of Casitas, a peaceful place where the sound of the waves and the sea breeze promised moments of rest and contemplation.

The day did not accompany us with sun; A gray sky covered the horizon and the light was soft and diffuse, creating a melancholic and serene atmosphere. Even so, the charm of the sea was present. Upon arrival, the first thing we did was walk to the shore and put our feet in the water, feeling the freshness of the waves and direct contact with the ocean. Although there was no one else due to the cloudy weather, the moment was intimate and special, like a little ritual of welcoming the Mexican Sea.

The coastal landscape of Casitas offered a contrast to the mountains and jungles we had left behind: wet sand, rhythmic waves, and a horizon that seemed infinite. The sounds of the water gently breaking and the wind mixed with the smell of salt and seaweed reminded us that the sea has its own voice, capable of generating calm and admiration no matter the day or the number of people.

That day, we also took the opportunity to enjoy the local seafood cuisine, leaving for a moment the tortillas, tamales and other corn dishes that we had tasted in Puebla and Chiapas. We tried shrimp, fresh grilled fish and ceviches prepared with local ingredients, accompanied by rice, salads and tropical juices. Each bite was different from what we had tasted before: fresh, light flavors and full of the essence of the Veracruz coast.

Despite the cloudy skies, it was a day of rest and enjoyment. Walking along the beach, feeling the water on our feet, and eating local delicacies allowed us to recharge before continuing on to the next leg of the journey. The experience of Casitas reminded us that Mexico is a country of diverse regions, where each

The place offers unique flavors and experiences that connect with its geography and culture.

Although the weather was not ideal for swimming or sunbathing, just touching the water and enjoying the seafood made the day an unforgettable memory. Casitas taught us that beauty and pleasure do not depend on the sun or the crowd, but on the ability to fully enjoy every moment.

Papantla – Encounter with Catrina and the tradition of the Day of the Dead

The next day we left Casitas and headed towards Papantla, a city known for its history, culture and traditions dating back centuries. Upon arrival, I encountered something I had never seen before: a giant Catrina, several meters tall, prepared for the Day of the Dead, rapidly approaching.

Catrina, with her elegant hat and dress decorated with colorful details, stood in the main square as a symbol of respect and celebration of the dead in Mexico.
Around him, people were working fervently,

preparing altars, decorations and offerings, while children and adults participated in workshops and cultural activities. The scene reflected the importance of this tradition: an encounter between life and death, celebrated with color, art and respect.

Papantla, famous for its flyers and its Totonac culture, also showcased a vibrant city full of history. As we walked through the cobbled streets, we observed the preparations for the festivities: cempasúchil flowers, shredded paper, and decorative figures that filled squares and shops, creating an atmosphere of anticipation and enthusiasm.

The contrast between the solemnity of tradition and the joy of the streets reminded us that the Day of the Dead is not a sad moment, but a celebration of life, memory and Mexican culture. Seeing the giant Catrina up close was like touching with your eyes a part of the essence of Mexico: its creativity, its history, and its deep connection with family and ancestors.

During the visit, we also had the opportunity to taste typical dishes of the region, such as papantecos tamales, atolls and local sweets, which accompanied the preparations and celebrations. Each flavor brought us even closer to tradition and the way culture is kept alive through food, crafts, and rituals.

Papantla taught us that every city has its own way of honoring life and death, and that tradition can express itself with majesty and detail, as did that giant Catrina, who seemed to watch and celebrate at the same time. Papantla – The Flyers and the

Magic of the Air During our stay in Papantla, I had

the opportunity to witness one of the most impressive rituals in Mexico: the flight of the flyers. In the main square, a group of men, descendants of the Totonac culture, were preparing for this ancient ceremony that combines acrobatics, spirituality and music.

The ritual begins with five participants: four flyers and a musician who plays flute and drum from the top of the pole. Each flying man was tied to

ropes and rotates slowly as it descends from the top of the more than 20-meter-high mast. Watching them spin in the air, arms outstretched and ropes unwound, was a mixture of wonder and awe: a dance suspended between heaven and earth, laden with ancestral meaning.

The flyers perform this ritual as an offering to nature and the gods, asking for a good harvest, health and protection for the community. As they descended, I felt the strength of the wind and the precision of each turn, understanding that each movement was deeply connected to Totonac tradition and history.

The square was full of colors and sounds: the smoke of incense, the music of the drum and flute, and the attentive gaze of locals and tourists who admired the spectacle. The scene reflected the fusion of culture, devotion, and art, and allowed us to understand how native peoples keep their heritage alive through rituals that transcend generations.

In addition to observing the ritual, I was able to approach and talk with some of the flyers, who explained the physical and mental preparation that this art requires: strength, balance and absolute concentration, along with respect for ancestral symbols. It was impressive to see how an act that seems simply acrobatic is actually a bridge between man, nature and spirituality.

Papantla, with its streets full of history, its preparations for the Day of the Dead and the flyers dancing in the air, became an unforgettable place. I understood that the greatness of tradition is not only in what is seen, but in the meaning that every gesture, every turn and every musical note carries with it, and how these customs continue to form the living identity of Mexico. Veracruz – Beaches, towns and flavors of the Gulf After the impressive visit to Papantla and los Voladores, we continued our journey through Veracruz, exploring other towns and the Gulf Coast of Mexico. Each place offered its own combination

of nature, history and tradition, allowing us to know the diversity that characterizes this state.

Among the towns we visited, we enjoyed quiet and less crowded beaches, where we could walk freely on the sand, listen to the coming and going of the waves and contemplate the immensity of the sea. Although some days were cloudy, the contact with the water and the coastal landscape gave us moments of peace and reflection, while we adapted to the relaxed pace of life by the Gulf.

Veracruz gastronomy was another of the wonders of this stage of the trip. Leaving behind the tortillas and corn dishes of Puebla and Chiapas, we tried fresh seafood, grilled fish, garlic mojo shrimp and ceviches prepared with local ingredients. Each bite offered a light and fresh flavor, full of aromas of lemon, herbs and the unmistakable touch of the sea. We also enjoyed snacks and sweets typical of the region, complementing the experience with the authentic flavor of Veracruz.

During the tour, we visited local markets and small stalls by the beach, where the freshness of the produce was combined with the warmth of the people. We learned how fishermen prepare and sell their daily catch, and how the community keeps their culinary traditions alive while welcoming visitors with hospitality.

Veracruz allowed us to connect with the sea and coastal life, discover creativity in local cuisine, and feel the pulse of the vibrant culture of the Gulf of Mexico. Every beach, every town and every meal reminded us that the wealth of Mexico is not only in its landscapes, but also in its people, its flavors and its customs.

At the end of this stage, I understood that the trip through Veracruz was a bridge between nature and culture, where each experience by the sea and in the nearby towns added to the memory of a trip full of learning, sensations and unforgettable moments.

El Tajín – Totonac History and Greatness

The next day we head to El Tajín, an ancient city of Totonac culture, located among the vegetation of the state of Veracruz. From the moment we arrived , I felt like we were entering a space where history and architectural majesty were uniquely intertwined.

The archaeological site stands out for its pyramids, squares and ball games, built with precision and decorated with reliefs that narrate the life and beliefs of the ancient inhabitants. The Pyramid of Niches, with its numerous perfectly aligned niches, is the most famous symbol of El Tajín. Looking at it, I could imagine how this construction served both for religious ceremonies and to mark the passage of time and important community events.

As we walked through the complex, we learned about the Totonac culture, its rituals, and its social organization. Each building, each relief, and each square told stories of power, spirituality, and creativity, showcasing a

Deep knowledge of architecture, astronomy and art . It was fascinating to think that these monuments have withstood centuries of history and continue to convey the greatness of a town that flourished long before the arrival of the Spanish. In addition to the architecture, Tajín retains a living cultural spirit. Even today, nearby communities practice traditions that come from this civilization, such as festivals, dances, and ceremonies linked to agriculture and the cycles of nature. During our visit, we also saw workshops of local artisans who reproduce ancestral motifs and techniques, keeping the Totonac identity alive.

The contact with history in Tajín was complemented by the local cuisine: we tried dishes prepared with ingredients from the region, such as tamales, cocoa and tropical fruits. Each bite connected us with the roots of Veracruz and with the traditions that have been passed down from generation to generation.

At the end of the visit, while we contemplated the Pyramid of the Niches illuminated by sunlight,

I felt a mixture of awe and respect. The Tajín is not just a set of ruins; It is a testament to the cultural greatness of the totonacas and the human capacity to create art and architecture that transcend time.

El Tajín – Festival of the Flyers

Our visit to El Tajín coincided with the Festival de los Voladores, an ancient tradition of Totonac culture that is celebrated annually and attracts visitors from all over Mexico and the world. The festival takes place near the archaeological site and combines the majesty of the ancient temples with a show that seems to defy gravity.

The ritual begins with five participants: four flyers and a musician who remains at the top of the pole playing flute and drum. Each flyer is tied with ropes and descends from the top of the pole over 20 meters, spinning slowly as the ropes unwind. The music of the drum and flute sets the rhythm of the ceremony, while the audience watches in awe.

Watching them spin in the air was an overwhelming experience: the perfect balance, the courage and

The precision in every movement is combined with the beauty of the archaeological environment. Every turn is not just acrobatics; It is an offering to nature, to the gods and to the community, a ritual that has been practiced for centuries.

During the festival, we were also able to observe how the participants carefully prepare, combining strength, concentration and respect for tradition.

The atmosphere was full of energy: visitors, locals, and artists shared a space where history, spirituality , and celebration were in harmony.

The festival also included music, dances, and crafts, showcasing the cultural richness of the region. We enjoyed typical dishes prepared by the locals, such as Totonac tamales, atolls, and traditional sweets, while contemplating the ritual. Every taste and every sound reinforced the feeling of living a unique moment, where tradition and everyday life blended in perfect harmony.

By the end of the show, I understood that the flyers of El Tajín are not just a visual spectacle, but a symbol of totonaca identity, its connection with nature, and the strength of a tradition that lives on centuries later.

The combination of history, art and spirituality made that day one of the most memorable of the entire trip through Mexico.

Huatusco – Road to Chapingo and the essence of agricultural Veracruz

After the cultural intensity of El Tajín and the impressive Festival de los Voladores, our journey took us to Huatusco, in Veracruz, a town surrounded by mountains and fertile fields that reflect the agricultural wealth of the region. Our destination was not in the center of the town, but at the Autonomous University of Chapingo, a place that my friend Urbelinda had pointed out as a key reference to reach our penultimate destination of visit.

The journey to the university allowed us to observe the daily life of Huatusco: coffee and sugarcane fields, small local markets and mountains

covered with vegetation, while the locals worked with dedication and pride on the land that has sustained generations. Each landscape conveyed a sense of calm and connection with nature, very different from the hustle and bustle of the more well-known tourist destinations.

The Autonomous University of Chapingo stood as a space for learning and agricultural experimentation, with facilities that combine tradition and modernity . Although it was not our main goal, it allowed us to understand the importance of education and research in rural development in Mexico. Walking through the corridors and observing the laboratories, experimental orchards, and growing areas gave us insight into how future professionals in the field are trained, committed to innovation and respect for the land. While touring the

surroundings, we also enjoyed the typical gastronomy of Huatusco, which combines fresh products from the region:

freshly ground coffee, local fruits and homemade dishes that showcased the culinary richness of Veracruz beyond the beaches and the sea. It was a moment for

Rest, reconnect and prepare for the last destination of our trip.

Thanks to Urbelinda's reference, we reached our next point without any problems, remembering that in a trip, each town, each university and each encounter contributes its own learning, whether in history, culture or the daily life of its people. Huatusco showed us the agricultural wealth, the calm of the small towns and the importance of education in the tradition and future of Veracruz.

Huatusco – las Cañadas School and Agroecology Center

Just behind the Autonomous University of Chapingo was the place we were looking for: the Escuela de las Cañadas, a center dedicated to agroecology that became one of the most memorable experiences of the entire trip.

To get there, my friend Urbelinda had to bravely cross a lonely and dark road during the night, guiding our journey to this hidden corner between mountains and vegetation.

The journey, while challenging, anticipated how special the place was: a space where nature, education, and community life intertwined in a unique way.

Upon arrival, we were greeted with outstanding hospitality. They accommodated us for a whole day , giving us private access to their classrooms, workshops and activities, as there were many students learning and practicing. Every corner of the center reflected a philosophy of respect for the land, sustainability, and hands-on learning, where students experimented directly with traditional and modern crops, gardens, and agricultural techniques .

The Agroecology Center of the Escuela de las Cañadas was an oasis of creativity and knowledge. We walked between farm plots, observing ecological irrigation systems, composting, organic gardens, and farming methods that combined science and tradition. Each activity demonstrated how it is possible to learn from the land and restore balance to the environment, while training future farmers committed to sustainability and the community.

In addition, we were able to learn about the daily lives of the students, their dedication and enthusiasm for learning agroecological techniques, exchanging knowledge and collaborating on projects that benefit both the school and the region.

It was inspiring to see how hands- on education becomes an engine for nature conservation and local culture.

The day at the las Cañadas school not only allowed us to learn about agroecology, but also to feel part of the place, participate in activities and enjoy the calm of the natural environment. Between mountains, orchards and dirt roads, we understood that this center is more than a school: it is a space where knowledge, respect and passion for the land are cultivated.

As we said goodbye, I knew that this experience would be etched in our memories as one of the most authentic and enriching of the entire trip, a place where education and nature embrace to form a more conscious and sustainable future.

Mexico City – Closing of the trip

The next day we left Veracruz and headed towards Mexico City, the last stage of our trip. We would spend three full days in the capital, waiting for November 2nd, Day of the Dead, to return home with hearts full of memories and unique experiences.

Mexico City welcomed us with its vibrant pace and its blend of modernity and history. From the first moments, I felt the energy of its streets, the grandeur of its avenues and the diversity of its people, who live together among historical monuments, museums, markets and cultural centers. Every corner seemed to tell a story, from the colonial architecture to the murals that narrate the life and memory of the country. During our stay

, I had a bad cold, probably due to the change in weather and the intense activity of the previous days. Fortunately, we carried chlorine dioxide throughout the trip, which helped us feel calmer and “disinfected,” allowing us to continue exploring the city without the disease spreading.

To older ones. This care allowed us to fully enjoy each experience, without limitations we took advantage of the days to tour the historic center, visit museums and markets, and observe how the city prepared for the Day of the Dead, one of the most emblematic celebrations in Mexico. Altars, cempasúchil flowers, sugar skulls and chopped paper decorated squares and streets, creating an atmosphere full of color, emotion and respect for tradition. These three days were also an opportunity to enjoy the capital's gastronomy, from taco and snack stands to the most traditional restaurants. Each meal was a reminder of the diversity of flavors Mexico has to offer and how each region brings something unique to the national table.

Despite the constant activity of the city and the cold that affected me, we found moments of calm: walks in parks, contemplation of historic squares and time to reflect on everything experienced during the trip. Each experience in Mexico City allowed us to close the tour

With the feeling of having known a country full of contrasts, history, culture and nature. Waiting for

November 2nd, I felt connected to the tradition of the Day of the Dead, anticipating the opportunity to experience one of the most important and emotional celebrations in Mexico, and thus closing this stage of our trip with gratitude, amazement and indelible memories, even with a cold that could not cloud the experience.

MEXICO CITY – ARRIVAL BETWEEN CHAOS AND

FORTUNE The arrival in Mexico City was quiet in terms of travel, but the atmosphere in the city was truly crazy. We just coincided with a Formula 1 weekend, and the capital was full of people, closed streets and traffic everywhere. The city seemed to live at the pace of the engines, and finding accommodation became quite a challenge.

After touring several areas, we were lucky to find a hotel near the main square, a real stroke of luck, as most of the lodgings were completely full. Getting there was a relief, and the place turned out to be

Perfect - comfortable, central, and easily accessible to the sites we wanted to visit during our stay.

Although the city was in full euphoria for Formula 1 , we felt lucky to be able to settle in and rest, preparing to tour the historic center, the museums and to experience the magic of the days leading up to the Day of the Dead.

That combination of chaos, movement, and good luck marked the arrival in the capital, reminding us that in travel, patience and a little luck are just as important as planning.

From that hotel, each day allowed us to easily explore the city and immerse ourselves in the cultural and gastronomic richness of the capital, while preparing to close the trip with Mexico's most emblematic celebration: the Day of the Dead.

Mexico City – A miracle at the bus terminal

We arrived in Mexico City at 5 in the morning, directly to the bus terminal, even with the city asleep and quiet. We decided

Wait a bit until there was more movement to look for our hotel. Meanwhile, we took the opportunity to enjoy a delicious breakfast, and around 6:30, we took our bags and headed to our last destination of the trip.

It was at that moment that something happened that I will never forget and that made me feel that God put us in the exact place and at the exact time.

My friend, Dr. Urbelinda, wanted to stay a little longer as a precaution, but I insisted on moving forward, and we headed to the terminal exit to catch a bus that would take us as close to the center as possible.

Just then, I saw a lady desperately shaking a baby, who seemed to be lifeless. Without thinking, I took the baby from her hands and gave it to Dr. Urbelinda, who, among all her professions, is a pediatrician. Although she had never seen anything like this before, she reacted immediately when I shouted at her:

"It stopped!”

Dr. Urbelinda began a pediatric resuscitation maneuver, and to our immense joy, the baby breathed again and regained life. Within seconds, we were surrounded by police and onlookers, while the mother cried with relief and gratitude, repeating over and over again: “Thank you… thank you.”

Our immediate recommendation was to take the baby to the hospital because what happened did not seem normal and required professional attention. No one else intervened, and after making sure he was stable, we continued our way out of the terminal, full of happiness and gratitude for having saved a life.

That moment reminded me that, beyond landscapes, meals, and museums, travel can also give us profound human experiences, where life, solidarity, and immediate action have incalculable value.

That morning in the terminal became one of the most powerful and emotional memories of the entire trip.

Mexico City – Zócalo and the heart of the capital

After the intense morning at the terminal and the miraculous rescue of the baby, we arrived at the hotel tired. The rest was restorative, and allowed us to regain strength to enjoy the last days of our trip. While one of us took the opportunity to rest more, the other two headed towards the Zócalo and the central part of the city, the historic heart of the Mexican capital.

Touring the Zócalo was a unique experience, where the grandeur of history is mixed with the daily life of the city. The Metropolitan Cathedral, the National Palace with its murals by Diego Rivera and the colonial buildings surrounding the square left us amazed by their majesty and detail. Every street and every square seemed to tell the story of centuries of culture, struggles and traditions that are kept alive.

Strolling through the center allowed us to immerse ourselves in the energy of the city: merchants selling crafts and souvenirs, street musicians, visitors and locals walking around, and the aroma of the stalls

Typical food that invited us to stop and try cravings like tacos, quesadillas and tamales. The combination of history, movement, and flavors made every step memorable.

Despite the accumulated fatigue of previous days, excitement and curiosity kept us active. Every building, every street, and every mural reminded us that Mexico City is a place where past and present meet, and where you can learn and marvel at every moment.

That first tour of the Zócalo prepared us for the following days, where we would experience the magic of the Day of the Dead, enjoying altars, offerings and traditions that close any trip to Mexico with intense emotions and indelible memories.

Mexico City – Zócalo, churches and museums

During our days in Mexico City, after resting at the hotel, we dedicated ourselves to exploring the Zócalo and the central part of the city, the historic heart of the capital. This place is not only impressive for its size and architecture, but

Also because of the number of churches, museums and historic buildings that are within walking distance of each other.

Iglesias y templos principales:

Metropolitan Cathedral of Mexico City: The largest in the country, located in front of the Zócalo, with its impressive high altar, side chapels and stained glass windows.

Temple of Santo Domingo: Known for its baroque architecture and its history linked to the Dominican Order.

Church of San Francisco: part of the colonial and religious-cultural history of the center.

Church of the Professor: notable for its Baroque art and collections of religious paintings.

Temple of the Sacred Heart of Jesus: further from the Zócalo, but emblematic for its neo-Gothic style.

Important museums:

National Palace: In addition to being the seat of government, it contains the famous murals of Diego Rivera, which

They narrate the history of Mexico from pre-Hispanic times to the 20th century.

Templo Mayor Museum: Located near the cathedral, it displays archaeological remains from the main Aztec temple and offers context about ancient Tenochtitlán.

National Museum of Art (MUNAL): Collections ranging from the Viceroyal era to modern art.

Mexico City Museum: History and culture of the capital, with permanent and temporary exhibitions.

Estanquillo Museum: Art, caricature and historical objects that show Mexican daily life. Other

emblematic places in the historic center: Palace of

Fine Arts: Architectural and cultural icon, famous for its murals, concerts and operas.

Casa de los Azulejos: colonial building with decorated façade and historic restaurant.

Plaza de Santo Domingo and Plaza de la Constitución (Zócalo): meeting points for locals and tourists, where you can breathe the living history of Mexico. Traditional markets, such as the San Juan market or the handicraft stalls in streets near the Zócalo.

Touring these places allowed us to immerse ourselves in the history of Mexico, observing how architecture, art, religion and everyday life intertwine. Each church, museum and square offered a unique story: from the majesty of the Metropolitan Cathedral to the archaeological secrets of the Great Temple, passing through the creativity of the murals and popular expressions in the markets.

The walk through the historic center prepared us to experience the celebration of the Day of the Dead, where altars, offerings and popular culture are shown in all their splendor, closing the trip with a unique and deeply Mexican experience.

Mexico City – final meeting and farewell.

The last day in Mexico City was full of emotions and gratitude. I had the joy of meeting my friend, engineer Alberto Vela, with whom I always participate in international interviews about the discoveries of contamination under the microscope in the program Dirección Correcta.

Upon arriving at the hotel, he personally picked me up and we headed for lunch, crossing the street to a nearby restaurant. There I was able to enjoy my last typical Mexican meal, an experience that summed up everything I had experienced during the trip: authentic flavors, colors, aromas and the hospitality of the people. I was participating with Alberto in several conferences with Jorge Osorio, owner of the Dirección Correcta channel, with whom I shared my first pins with the microscope and in whose programs we were lucky and had the great opportunity to see how the hydrogel that is in all COVID 19 vaccines, the vaccines on the calendar, dental anesthetics, eye drops and injections was activated and moved naturally and then with my breath. There were many and very

Welcome to the interview. Each bite reminded me of the different places I visited, from Guadalajara to Veracruz, Puebla and Mexico City.

The next day, I took a taxi to the airport, ready to go home. As on the first trip, I stopped in Panama, but this time with a very different feeling: happy, satisfied and with the certainty that the objective of the trip had been fulfilled. I had traveled through wonderful landscapes, met diverse cultures, participated in unique experiences, and learned more than I expected about the history, gastronomy, and daily life of Mexico.

The trip ended with a heart full of gratitude and indelible memories, and with the excitement of having known a country that combines history, tradition, nature and modernity in a unique way. Mexico, with its colors, flavors, rituals and people, left a deep mark, and I said goodbye with the certainty that I would return one day, with the same curiosity and enthusiasm that accompanied me during this incredible adventure.

Epilogue: Reflections on an unforgettable trip

Touring Mexico was much more than visiting cities , ruins and landscapes. Every step we took, from Guadalajara to Mexico City, was filled with history , culture, flavors, and learnings that made this trip a unique experience.

In Guadalajara we explored its historic center, churches and squares, while feeling the essence of a vibrant city full of life. In Chiapas, San Cristóbal de las Casas gave us cobbled streets, museums, mountains and markets full of color and tradition. The visits to Tequila, the Sumidero Canyon, the waterfalls and Palenque Lakan Ha connected us with nature, with archaeology and with the strength of ancient cultures.

In Puebla and Cuetzalan we discover the magic of the villages, the tradition of the flying Indians, the flavors of freshly made tortillas and the richness of local products. Veracruz showed us the power of the sea, the gastronomy of the coast and the grandeur of archaeological sites such as El Tajín, where the

Flyers taught us the importance of keeping traditions alive.

The meeting with the las Cañadas School in Huatusco and the Agroecology Center reminded us that travel is also about learning, connection with nature, and respect for those who care for the land and education.

Arriving in Mexico City closed our tour with a dance of history, culture and emotions: the Zócalo, the Metropolitan Cathedral, museums and squares , along with the miraculous rescue of the baby at the bus terminal, reminded us of the importance of solidarity and humanity in every trip. The Day of the Dead allowed us to close with a golden brooch, surrounded by altars, offerings, flowers and color, feeling the living connection of Mexico with its roots.

Every meal, every street, every conversation and every landscape left an indelible mark. Beyond the places visited, what makes a trip unforgettable are the human experiences, nature, history and culture that are lived in

First person, and Mexico offered all that and more.

Upon returning, with the satisfaction of having fulfilled the objective of the trip, I took with me memories, learnings, and emotions that will remain forever. Mexico was not only visited with the eyes, but also with the heart, and each experience became part of the living memory of a trip that I will always remember with gratitude, awe, and happiness.

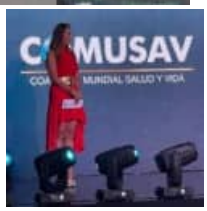
































CDMX





CATRINA

HUATUSCO






PAPANTLA


EL TAJÍN


CASITAS

XALAPA
NAUTLA 5


PUEBLA











CHAPTER XXI — Years 2023 and 2024

In 2023 and 2024 I decided to dedicate myself completely to in-depth analysis work. During that time, I concentrated on scrutinizing every vaccine, eye drop, dental anesthetic, and injectable I could get my hands on. In parallel, I participated in numerous conferences and live programs, where I presented the evidence collected. These demonstrations were not limited to human products: I also included vaccines and injectables used in dogs and cats, showing how the

Contamination and the composition of the drugs were manifested under the microscope.

During those two years, my daily routine was marked by the microscope and detailed observation. Each sample became a small world to explore: from the viscosity of an eye drop to the composition of a vaccine, each drop told a story that almost no one saw. It was a period of constant discovery, in which I documented how certain components could react unexpectedly in contact with blood, both human and animal.

My live lectures became a space where I could share these findings directly with the audience. It showed microscopic images and videos, clearly and concisely explaining what many considered invisible .

The public response was always intense: doctors, veterinarians, scientists and curious people of all ages were surprised to see evidence of contamination or unexpected reactions in products that are used daily.

On several occasions, I was brought samples from veterinary clinics: vaccines for dogs and cats, anesthetics, and injectable antibiotics. Under the microscope, I discovered repeating patterns that caught the attention of even the experts present. This led me to prepare specific educational materials, showing that the surveillance of these products was not only a matter of human health, but also of animal welfare.

This period of intense work, analysis, and outreach laid the foundation for what would be my future approach: rigorous research combined with direct outreach, showing the public what many labs would prefer to keep in the dark.

There was not a single sample that was “clean” or free of foreign elements. Every vial, every eye drop, every dental and injectable anesthetic I analyzed showed particles floating inside. These were not small, isolated impurities: all the vials contained ribbons and structures that suggested the presence of graphene oxide in its various forms.

The constancy of this finding was shocking. Under the microscope, the patterns repeated over and over again, revealing structures that glowed characteristically, clustered into geometric or linear shapes, and moved within the liquid as if they had a life of their own. It was impossible to ignore it.

These observations not only confirmed my hypothesis about pollution, but also reinforced the need to show this evidence to the public in a transparent manner.

Each lecture became a visual testimony: it could show how a drug considered safe contained elements that normally no one would perceive, and how these particles appeared systematically in human and animal samples.

During those years I also devoted much of my time to disseminating this evidence through the media. I gave numerous radio interviews, especially in Argentina, where my work generated great interest and debate. But my reach was not limited to South America: I participated in interviews

International with channels in Italy, the United States, Spain, Costa Rica, Puerto Rico, Mexico and Canada.

At each appearance, he showed microscopic images and videos, explaining in detail how each vaccine, eye drop, or injectable contained particulate matter and possible traces of graphene oxide. The reaction of the audiences was immediate: doctors, scientists and ordinary citizens were surprised to see the direct evidence, and many began to question what was previously taken for granted about the safety of these products.

These interviews not only broadened the scope of my findings, but also reinforced my belief that scientific dissemination should be clear, direct, and accessible to everyone, regardless of geographical distance or language.

2023 and 2024 were also marked by two particularly significant episodes. During that time, together with a group of international doctors and scientists, we decided to take a step

Beyond: file formal complaints with the UN and WHO.

The reason was clear and urgent. Based on evidence gathered by multiple researchers in different countries, we denounce what we consider a global fraud surrounding the pandemic and a systematic poisoning of the population through so-called experimental pseudo-vaccines.

These were months of intense exchange between professionals from all over the world —from Europe to Latin America—, collecting documents, microscopic images, laboratory reports and clinical testimonies. The objective was to bring to the attention of top international health authorities what, according to our observations, represented a serious threat to global public health.

Despite the pressure and media silence, we continue to move forward. We knew that what we were doing was not just a denunciation, but also an act of responsibility to humanity.

Both complaints were headed by Dr. Sally Priester, from Puerto Rico, a professional committed to truth and transparency. His courage came at a very high personal cost: to this day, he faces what we could describe as a “muzzle” type sanction, which has prevented him from speaking freely and sharing everything he has discovered over the years.

The case of Dr. Priester has now taken on a political dimension: it is currently under review in the United States Senate, which demonstrates the magnitude of the repercussions of these allegations and the seriousness with which official systems in some countries are beginning to address them.

Her leadership and determination were crucial in getting these international complaints to the UN and WHO, and her personal story reflects the price often paid by those who choose to stand up to powerful interests in the name of public health and scientific truth.

During this period, we sent four letters of complaint, all with the same tenor and addressed to the

Same authorities at the UN and WHO. Despite the clarity and forcefulness of the documents, we have so far received no formal response.

However, significant changes began to occur with the intervention of Robert Kennedy in the United States Department of Health. Among the most notable measures is the suspension of COVID-19 vaccination for pregnant women and children, a step that reflects a tacit recognition of the risks pointed out by whistleblowers.

In addition, the state of Florida is considering making childhood vaccinations no longer mandatory, allowing parents to freely decide whether they want to vaccinate their children. Kennedy has publicly stated that these scheduled vaccines could be linked to the increase in autism cases, and that they were never studied with the necessary rigor. As a result, components such as aluminum and mercury, which until now had been part of the composition of several childhood vaccines, are being removed from the formulation.

These advances, although partial, represent an indirect validation of the complaints we present, and mark a historic moment in the discussion about safety and ethics in vaccination worldwide.

Thus, the years 2023 and 2024 became a period of intense work, meticulous research and constant dissemination. Each microscopic analysis, each live conference, and each international interview built a mosaic of evidence that could not be ignored.

The complaints filed with the UN and WHO, although still without an official response, began to resonate in the political and health sphere, especially in the United States. Robert Kennedy's intervention and the announced changes in childhood and prenatal vaccination demonstrate that even a persistent voice can generate transformations, even if it takes years to see concrete results.

This chapter of my life reflects a fundamental principle: the pursuit of truth and defense

of public health require courage, perseverance, and a willingness to confront powerful interests. It was a period of enormous challenges, but also of hope: scientific evidence, presented clearly and without intermediaries, can open paths towards safer and more conscious decisions for all of humanity.

With this, we close a decisive chapter in my career, marking the beginning of a new global approach to vaccine safety and the responsibility of those who produce and administer medicines to millions of people and animals.

In September 2023 something very special happened. Several people in Costa Rica organized themselves to gather medicines, vaccines, dental anesthetics, eye drops and injectables from different brands and laboratories, 13 in total.
The idea was to be able to analyze them outside the country, in a reliable environment and with visual recording.

By one of those coincidences that seem guided by something bigger, a young Costa Rican woman married to a Bolivian was traveling straight to Santa Cruz, and she agreed to bring me the package carefully.

prepared and hermetically sealed. I remember the excitement with which I received it: I knew that inside that small box there could be important answers.

We open the live shipment, recording the entire procedure to ensure the transparency of the analysis. Each product was shown and observed fresh drop, directly under the microscope, and then we allowed the samples to dry to continue the dry drop study.

The results were again striking: when dried, the structures showed a clear assembly process, coinciding with what other researchers had described as the reorganization of graphene oxide and undeclared particulate materials. This experience confirmed that what was observed was not isolated or limited to a single country; The pattern was repeated across borders. The live broadcast generated a great impact. Within a few hours, messages began to arrive from different countries: doctors, researchers and ordinary citizens who followed the Evidence channel wanted to know more, compare their own observations or send similar samples from other places. Many were surprised to see how, in real time, the

Particles seemed to organize and assemble over the course of hours, forming geometric structures that did not correspond to biological materials.

In the following days I continued to observe the dry drops, recording each change. It was as if the material had intelligent behavior, responding to light, heat, or even ambient radiation. Each sample told its own story, but they all had one thing in common: the presence of the same type of undeclared particulate matter.

That experience with the samples from Costa Rica marked a before and after in my research. He confirmed that the findings were not local, and that the phenomenon was repeated with striking similarity in products from different countries and laboratories. Looking back, I realize that that shipment from Costa Rica brought not only samples to analyze, but also hope and connection. Seeing how other people in different places came together, shared information, and collaborated to bring out the truth filled me with strength and determination. I understood that my work was not just a personal act of research, but part of a larger movement, where the

Curiosity, observation, and transparency could open the eyes of many.

Every microscope, every drop analyzed, and every video shared reminded me that although the road is difficult, there are always allies and tools to Seek the truth, regardless of borders.
















MICROSCOPIA
ra. Liliana Zelada Ruck
16 /09/2023
ANESTESIA
ODONTOLÓGICA


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ODONTOLÓGICA




DIRECCION CORRECTA
LA HUMANIDAD TAMBIEN ESTA EN PELIGRO
DRA. LILIANA ZELADA / DRA. RUTH ESPUNY
ING. ALBERTO VELA / JORGE OSORIO
Viernes 04 de Octubre


DIRECCION CORRECTA
HACIA DONDE NOS LLEVARA
LA NANOTECNOLOGIA
DRA. LILIANA ZELADA / DRA. RUTH ESPUNY
ING. ALBERTO VELA / JORGE OSORIO
Viernes 11 de Octubre


DIRECCION CORRECTA
DRA. RUTH ESPUNY / DRA. LILIANA ZELADA / JORGE OSORIO
Viernes 13 de Diciembre


DIRECCION CORRECTA
TECNOLOGÍAS DISRUPTIVAS
DRA. RUTH ESPUNY / DRA. LILIANA ZELADA / JORGE OSORIO
Viernes 12 de Julio






Invitada especial desde Bolivia Dra Liliana Zelada. Tema: Cómo tratar de eliminar el Oxido de Grafeno de los Anestésicos Dentales. El antes y después bajo el microscopio
Host : Verónica del Castillo periodista
Hora: 9 sept 2024 07:00




DIRECCION CORRECTA


LIVE
O PREÇO DA LIBERDADE
EL PRECIO DE LA LIBERTAD
30JUN2024
DOMINGO
17H


DIRECCION CORRECTA
ING. ALBERTO VELA / JORGE OSORIO
Domingo 29 de Septiembre


DIRECCION CORRECTA
4° CARTA ABIERTA A LA ONU Y OMS
Lunes 03 de Junio


CONUVIVE
CONUVIVE MUNDIAL


3/10
Liliana Zelada (Odontóloga)
EMAIL inf.bitacora@gmail.com APOYANOS


Dra. Liliana Zelada
No tienen como esconderlo
GRAFENO EN TODO
Alberto Vela - Bioquímico - Jorge Osorio
DIRECCION CORRECTA
SABADO 03


DIRECCION CORRECTA
LA VERDAD NOS HARA LIBRES:
NUESTRA MIRADA AL MICROSCOPIO
ING. ALBERTO VELA / JORGE OSORIO
Domingo 22 de Septiembre

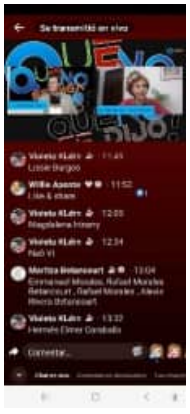



Conciencia Libre
Emergencia sanitaria mundial y encuentro en Córdoba, Argentina.
Conductores
Hugo Fernández
Claudio Gómez
Invitada
Odontóloga
Liliana Zelada
@conciencia.libre1
Miércoles 14 a las 20:00 hs.


¿POR QUÉ NOS ESTÁN INOCULANDO GRAFENO Y DESDE CUANDO?
ENTREVISTA EN DIRECTO
Dr. José Luis Sevillano
Ricardo Delgado
Dra. Liliana Zelada
Martes 16 agosto 21h (España)


LA SONRISA
LA QUINTA COLUMNA


Alberto J Rivadeneyra
Todas las vacunas están contaminadas y el objetivo es la despoblacion Bill Gates genocida
Comenta
Comparte




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DEVELANDO EL HUMANICIDIO
www.direccioncorrecta.cl
Viernes 10 de Mayo


LE DECIMOS NO A LA ONU
DRA. LILIANA ZELADA
NUESTROS DERECHOS Y LIBERTADES
NO SON NEGOCIABLES
CIONA-COMENTA-COMPARTE


DIRECCION CORRECTA
HISPANOAMERICA DICE NO
AL TRATADO DE LA OMS
Viernes 24 de Mayo


DIRECCION CORRECTA
4° CARTA ABIERTA A LA ONU Y OMS
Lunes 03 de Junio


DIRECCION CORRECTA
DEVELANDO EL HUMANICIDIO 3
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Viernes 23 de Mayo


LIQUIDO ROJO A LA GOTA
SEGA
#GRAFENO




DIRECCION CORRECTA
AMERICA SE UNE CONTRA LA OMS
Bloque 1
Bloque 2
Bloque 3
Jueves 11 de Abril


EL MICROSCOPIO NO MIENTE
11 - 01 - 24
21 HS BOLIVIA
22 HS ARGENTINA


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ING. ALBERTO VELA / JORGE OSORIO
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JUEVES 14 de Diciembre


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Domingo 10 de Diciembre


DRA. LILIANA ZELADA
LAS EVIDENCIAS
NO PODRAN ESCONDERLAS
JORGE OSORIO
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JUEVES 05


DIRECCION CORRECTA
EL MICROSCOPIO... NO MIENTE
www.direccioncorrecta.cl
Sábado 30 / 09 y Domingo 01 / 10

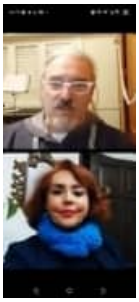

DIRECCION CORRECTA
LA IMPORTANCIA DE LA REMOCION DEL GRAFENO
DRA. JULIANA VARAO / DRA LILIANA ZELADA / ING.ALBERTO VELA /JORGE OSORIO
Domingo 25 de Junio


LIVE
um BARQUINHO e um MICROSCOPIO
Dra. Liliana Zelada




IMPACTANTE
LIVE!
EN VIVO DESDE SU MICROSCOPIO
DRA. LILIANA ZELADA
LUN 11
MARZO
9 PM
rumble
CON EL PERIODISTA JESÚS RODRIGUEZ GARCÍA


11 MARZO 2024
GIORNO DELLA MEMORIA DELL'OLOCAUSTO SANITARIO
DALLE ORE 14:00 ALLE ORE ORE 23:00
MARATONA




DIRECCION CORRECTA
TECNOLOGÍAS DISRUPTIVAS
DRA. RUTH ESPUNY / DRA. LILIANA ZELADA / JORGE OSORIO
Viernes 12 de Julio




LIVE
LUNES 15
19:30hs
20:30hs
VACUNAS
óxido de grafeno y nanotecnología bajo el microscopio
Dra. Liliana Zelada
Transmite @sentido_comun_net
GUILLERMO COLELLA


DIRECCION CORRECTA
ING. ALBERTO VELA / JORGE OSORIO
Domingo 29 de Septiembre


DIRECCION CORRECTA
LA VERDAD NOS HARA LIBRES: NUESTRA MIRADA AL MICROSCOPIO
ING. ALBERTO VELA / JORGE OSORIO
Domingo 22 de Septiembre




DIRECCION CORRECTA
ING. ALBERTO VELA / JORGE OSORIO
Viernes 22 de Noviembre


Truth, Science and Spirit: Episode 41
Self-Assembling Nanotechnology In Polio Vaccine


EL SUERO DE LA VERDAD
HOY 20/11/25
LILIANA ZELADA RÜCK
DAVID GONZÁLEZ SALINERO









Brazil_ Rio de Janeiro December 2023

By the end of 2023 I had a vacation trip to Brazil, a country that I love and of which I have the most beautiful memories.

Return to Rio

On December 23, 2023, Mariana, Sebastian and I embarked on a very special journey. We took a plane to São Paulo, and from there we continued by bus to Rio de Janeiro, the city that marked a very important stage in my life. My dear friend Nancy, with whom I had shared so many experiences years ago, was waiting for us there.

I met Nancy in 1987, when we both shared an apartment while I was studying endodontics at the Catholic University of Rio de Janeiro.

They were years of intense study, learning and sincere friendship. In 1989 I graduated, full of dreams and projects, and returned to Santa Cruz, to my parents' house, where I have lived ever since.

Returning to Rio after so many years was not just a vacation trip; It was like opening a door to the past and finding myself again with the young woman I was, with the memories of that very important stage in my education and my personal life.

The bus ride from San Pablo was long, but full of anticipation. As we approached Rio, the landscape changed: the vegetation-covered mountains blended with the glitter of the sea that was beginning to peek out between the hills. I looked out the window and couldn't help but have tears in my eyes. So many memories, so many images stored in my heart for more than thirty years.

When we arrived at the terminal, Nancy was already waiting for us with a big smile. The embrace was long and deep, as if time had not passed. In an instant we remembered our talks, the laughter, the long nights of study and the days of youth we had shared in that magical city.

Nancy, always so cheerful and hospitable, took us to her home where she had prepared a cozy room for us. She was waiting for us with a delicious feijoada, the typical Brazilian dish, accompanied by rice, farofa and oranges. The scent was unmistakable and immediately transported me

back to my student years. That first night we talked non-stop. I told him about my life in Santa Cruz, about my children, my grandchildren, my travels and the new paths I had taken in recent years. She, for her part, told me about her family, her work, and how life had led her to stay permanently in Rio.

Looking out the window, from his balcony, I could see in the distance Christ the Redeemer, illuminated and majestic, extending his arms over the city. I felt a deep peace and immense gratitude. It was as if that return had always been written, waiting for me at the right moment.

During the following days, Nancy and her husband took us to many beautiful places. Although Rio de Janeiro had changed a lot since those years when I lived there, it still had that unique charm, a blend of joy, rhythm, and natural beauty unlike anywhere else in the world.

When I was a student, I lived in Copacabana, when it was still a quiet neighborhood, full of life and with that characteristic bohemian air. This time, however, I could not visit it, because insecurity and violence had become part of the daily reality of the city. I felt a little sad that I couldn't walk through those streets again that held so many memories, but I also understood that everything changes and that places, like people, have their own stages.

We stayed at la Tiyuca beach, where Nancy has a beautiful and very well located apartment. From the balcony you could see the sea, and in the evenings the breeze brought the sound of the waves and the laughter of the people still enjoying themselves on the sand. The atmosphere was cheerful and familiar, with music, coconut vendors and that human warmth so typical of the cariocas.

Every day we went out to see a different corner of the city: Sugarloaf Mountain, Rodrigo de Freitas Lagoon, the Botanical Garden, the Historic Center and some new places that I didn't remember. Mariana and Sebastian were fascinated by everything: the beaches, the colors, the food and the cheerful spirit of the people.

I, on the other hand, felt a mixture of nostalgia and gratitude. Seeing Rio again, now from another stage of my life, made me reflect on the passage of time, the dreams fulfilled and everything I experienced since those years of youth when I arrived alone, full of hopes, to train as a professional. We celebrated

Christmas Eve in Nancy's apartment, surrounded by joy, music and that warmth so typical of the Brazilian holidays. She had prepared a typical dinner , with turkey, rice with raisins, farofa, fresh salads and tropical fruits that filled the table with colors and aromas. Everything was lovingly arranged, and the excitement of sharing a special moment was felt in the atmosphere.

We toasted with some delicious caipirinhas, fresh and aromatic, which Nancy prepared with freshly cut lemons and brown sugar, exactly as we used to do in the old days. Amidst laughter and anecdotes, we remembered our youth Christmases, when we were students and celebrated with simplicity, but with hearts full of hope.

Mariana and Sebastian enjoyed every detail, surprised by Brazilian customs:

The fireworks that lit up the sky, the music that never stopped and the contagious joy of people who, even without knowing each other, wished each other “Merry Christmas” with a smile.

That night, as I watched the lights reflected in the sea and listened to the waves gently breaking on the shore, I felt a deep gratitude for life, for reunions, and for the opportunity to relive a little piece of my past surrounded by the love of my children and my dear friend. We celebrated Christmas Eve in Nancy's apartment, enveloped by the sound of the waves and the lights that illuminated the Rio sky. Nancy had prepared a typical Brazilian dinner, abundant and colorful, as dictated by the country's tradition.

In the center of the table stood a large golden baked turkey, juicy and flavored with butter, garlic and fresh herbs. Next to it, a rice with raisins and walnuts that added a sweet touch, along with the inseparable farofa, that crunchy mixture of toasted cassava flour with butter, onion and pieces of bacon. There were also fresh salads, cheese bread, tropical fruits—pineapple, mango, papaya, grapes, and watermelon—and a dessert of rabanada, similar to our toast.

French, but soaked in condensed milk, sugar and cinnamon.

To accompany the meal, Nancy prepared her specialty: caipirinhas. Each glass was a small piece of tropical art. He cut green lemons into pieces, placed them in the bottom of glasses of brown sugar, and gently crushed them with a mortar to release the juice and oils from the peel. Then he added cachaça, the typical Brazilian liquor, and lots of crushed ice. The result was a refreshing drink, balanced between sweet and sour, perfect for toasting under the heat of the Rio night.

We toast with laughter and hugs, wishing health, love and hope. Brazilian music played in the background—samba, bossa nova, and some tropical carols—while the entire city seemed to celebrate in unison. From the balcony, you could see the fireworks reflected in the sea, and for a moment everything seemed to stop in a postcard of joy and gratitude.

That night will be engraved in my heart: friendship, family and reunion with a part of my history, all wrapped in the warm Christmas spirit of Rio.

After the beautiful Christmas Eve, the days in Rio continued full of joy and unforgettable moments. On December 26th we celebrated my 61st birthday, although —as I always say with a laugh— I have already lost count, since I was born in 1961.

Nancy and her husband, along with Mariana and Sebastian, arranged a small but very loving meeting for me at the apartment. They decorated the table with tropical flowers and a delicious cake adorned with fresh fruit. We toasted with passion fruit juice and, of course, there was no shortage of well-prepared caipirinhas to accompany the celebration.

We laughed a lot remembering anecdotes from my student days in Rio: the long study nights, the walks on Copacabana beach and the impromptu meals we made with what little we had, but with all the joy in the world. I looked at my children and felt happy that they could share that moment with me, in the same city where so many years ago I had lived such an important stage of my life.

The sun was falling slowly over the sea and the sky was tinged with pink and gold tones. As I blew out the candles, I made a simple but profound wish:

Health, love and time to continue enjoying mine and life.

It was a different birthday, full of memories, laughter and that warm Rio air that seems to envelop everything with a special energy. One of the most unforgettable days of that trip was, without a doubt, the one that Sebastian had prepared with such secrecy. I was his accomplice and kept the secret with great emotion. That morning we left early towards Christ the Redeemer and Sugarloaf Mountain, two emblematic places in Rio that always take your breath away for their beauty.

The sky was clear, the air warm, and the landscape seemed blessed by a special light. Sebastian had given me a sign that I should wait attentively. I carried the ring well hidden in my bag, and as we

rode up the cable car, I concealed my excitement as best I could.

When we reached a beautiful viewpoint, where there was a large red heart —probably intended for couples—, Sebastián looked at me discreetly: it was time. I carefully removed the ring and started recording with my cell phone. Then, he took Mariana 's hand, knelt in front of her and, with a voice

Trembling but full of love, she asked him to marry her.

The world seemed to stop for a few seconds. Mariana, completely shocked, couldn't believe what was happening. Tears began to roll down his cheeks—and mine too, because the emotion was too great. Between laughter and sobs, she said yes, as people around us applauded, celebrating that magical moment.

Christ the Redeemer, high above, seemed to contemplate the scene with his open arms, as if blessing that love that was born at a new stage. It was an unforgettable moment, full of light, emotion and hope, that will forever be engraved in our memories… and in my video, which still makes me cry every time I see it. After that exciting moment, we continued walking around the place with hugs, laughter and tears of happiness. Mariana still couldn't get over her astonishment; He kept staring at his ring as he repeated over and over that he couldn't believe what had just happened.

Nancy, when she found out, was just as excited as we were. That night he waited for us with a dinner

Special to celebrate the engagement of Sebastian and Mariana. She set up a beautiful table with flowers, candles and soft music in the background. We toasted with wine and also with caipirinhas, remembering with laughter that everything had turned out perfectly, just as Sebastián had planned.

It was a magical evening. We talk about the beginnings of love, the paths that cross in life, and how sometimes the most special places in the world become witnesses to the most important moments. From the balcony we could see the city illuminated, and the sound of the sea came softly, as if accompanying our joy.

That night, as I watched my children happy and Nancy smiling, I felt that life was giving me a perfect closure to that journey: reconnecting with the past, celebrating the present, and hoping for a future full of love and blessings.

Returning to Rio was not just returning to a city, but reconnecting with myself, with my memories, with the people I love, and with the certainty that, no matter the years, life always finds a way to surprise us.

With the arrival of the new year, we decided to take a little getaway to say goodbye to 2023 and start 2024 by the sea. The three of us —Mariana, Sebastián and I— set off for Cabo Frío, a charming place with white sand beaches and turquoise waters, where the salty air and the breeze seemed to renew the soul.

We also took the opportunity to visit Búzios, that coastal town so famous for its beauty and cheerful atmosphere. The cobbled streets, the seafront restaurants, and the colorful little shops gave it a special charm. They were warm and delicious days, filled with laughter, walks, tasty meals, and moments to simply enjoy the sun and company. Although, I must confess, on the first day I made a small mistake that cost me dearly. Instead of putting on sunscreen, I applied sunscreen — probably forgetting what those long beach days were like when I was a student in Rio. I stayed too long in the sun and ended up getting very sunburned, completely losing the “carioca touch” I used to have in my younger years. Between jokes, Mariana and Sebastian couldn't stop laughing at my "lobster color," while

I promised never to forget the protector again.

Despite that, they were wonderful days. Nights by the sea, the constant sound of waves, endless chats , and shared laughter made that getaway a perfect finishing touch to our trip. There was a sense of fulfillment and gratitude in the atmosphere, as if the new year was opening full of promises and blessings.

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years was not just a vacation trip; It was like opening a door to the past and finding myself again with the young woman I was, with the memories of that very important stage in my education and my personal life.

During the following days, Nancy and her husband took us to many beautiful places. Although Rio de Janeiro had changed a lot since those years, it still had that charm

Unique, a blend of joy, rhythm and natural beauty unlike anywhere else in the world. When I was a student, I lived in Copacabana, when it was still a quiet neighborhood, full of life and with that characteristic bohemian air. This time I could not visit it, because insecurity had become part of everyday reality. I felt sad not to walk those streets again, but I understood that places, like people, have their own stages.

We stayed at la Tiyuca beach, where Nancy has a beautiful and very well located apartment. From the balcony you could see the sea, and at night the breeze brought the sound of the waves and the laughter of the people still enjoying themselves on the sand.

We spent Christmas Eve at Nancy's house. He prepared a typical Brazilian dinner, with golden turkey, rice with raisins, farofa with bacon, fresh salads and tropical fruits. Dessert was a delicious rabanada, and to toast, caipirinhas made with lemon, brown sugar, cachaça and lots of ice. The mix of flavors and the affection of the gathering made that night unforgettable.

On December 26 we celebrated my 61st birthday, although —as I say with a laugh— already

I lost count, even though I was born in 1961. It was a joyful evening, full of laughter and memories of my student years in Rio, and surrounded by the love of my children.

One of the most special days came when Sebastian, with my complicity, prepared a big surprise for Mariana. At the Sugarloaf lookout, in front of a large red heart, he knelt down and asked her to marry him. I recorded the moment, holding back tears. It was a magical scene, full of emotion and love, with Christ the Redeemer as a witness from above.

To celebrate, that night Nancy hosted a lovely dinner at her home. We toast with joy and excitement, giving thanks for life and new beginnings.

With the arrival of the New Year, the three of us traveled to Cabo Frío and also visited Búzios. They were warm, joyful, and full of life. I, excited about the sun, made the mistake of using bronzer instead of sunscreen, and ended up completely burned on the first day. Between laughter, Mariana and Sebastian made fun of my “lobster color,” and I promised never to forget the protector again.

We spent New Year's Eve on Cabo Frío beach, surrounded by thousands of people dancing, congratulating each other and toasting to the rhythm of the music. The sky lit up with fireworks reflected in the sea, and every embrace seemed full of hope. It was a wonderful evening of joy, unity, and gratitude.

The next day we left directly for the airport, heading to Santa Cruz, with hearts full of happiness: Sebastián and Mariana engaged, and I excited to have returned to the place that gave me so much joy, so many memories and friendships that I keep to this day.

The chapter in Rio de Janeiro was undoubtedly wonderful—a true reunion with the past, with love, and with life itself. Epilogue: The journey continues

As I look back and review each stage of my life, each journey, each struggle, and each encounter, I feel deep gratitude. Nothing was a coincidence. Every experience, even the most difficult, had a purpose, a lesson, a seed that eventually bore fruit.

I have traveled many paths: those of science, those of service, those of love and also those of faith.

Sometimes the journey was hard, with losses and challenges that seemed impossible. But it was also filled with miracles, good people crossing my path, and moments of light that reminded me that God was always present, guiding every step.

Traveling, meeting, sharing and returning... Each departure transformed me and each return taught me to value more what is essential: family, friends, truth, freedom and love. I discovered that you don't need to go very far to find beauty, because true adventure is within the heart, in the ability to move forward, to heal, to forgive, and to start again.

The trip to Rio closed a circle in my life. There I returned to being the young woman who dreamed of a bright future, but also the woman who, after so much travel, was able to embrace her past without sadness. I saw my children happy, and I understood that everything I had experienced—every sacrifice, every tear, every achievement—had been worth it.

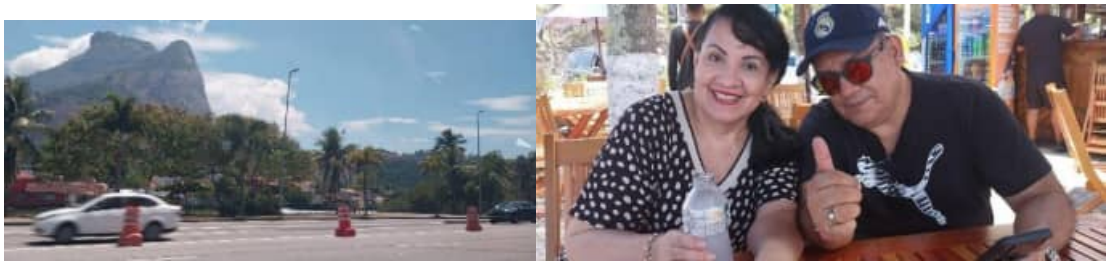
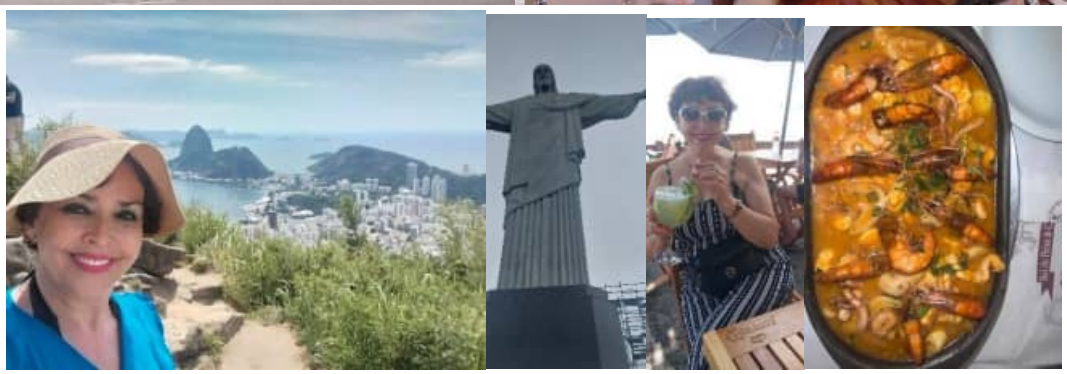
Today I continue walking, with the certainty that life does not end as long as one retains the ability to

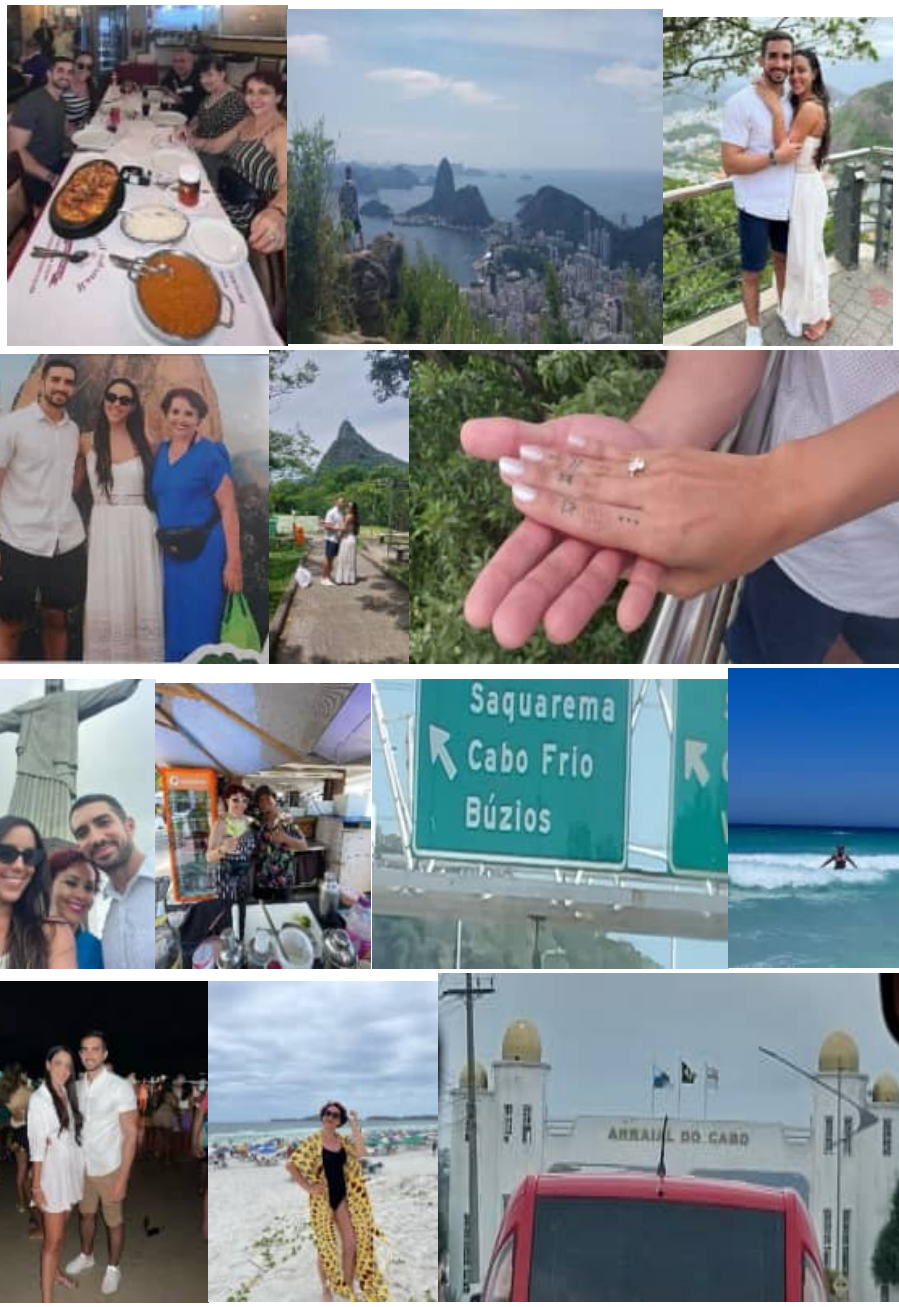
Love, learn and be grateful. I continue to believe in the power of good, in the truth that liberates, and in the hope that is reborn every day, even in the darkest times.

And even though this book comes to an end, I know my journey is not over. Because as long as I have breath, I will continue to seek, share, and defend what I believe is fair and true…

with the same conviction as always,

With the same faith, and with the same love for life.


Saquarema
Cabo Frio
Búzios
ARRAIAL DO CABO


SOLAR DAS DUNAS


FELIZ NATAL



Chapter XXII —Wonderful and super Productive Year 2025

The year 2025 was shaping up from the beginning as a decisive year, full of events that promised to mark a before and after in this entire struggle. From the very first days, it was clear that the legal and political changes that were coming would be numerous and significant, and that they would have a direct impact on the complaints and evidence we had presented over the previous years.

The feeling was one of constant anticipation: every meeting, every statement, and every move in the legal arena seemed connected to the battle we had fought for years in laboratories, conferences, and the media.

It was a time when patience, strategy and vigilance would become as important tools as the microscope and scientific evidence.

San Luis Argentine Republic

As a concrete fact, I was invited to the city of San Luis, Argentine Republic, together with Dr.

Martín Monteverde, to participate in a congress of international relevance. We were both tasked with demonstrating, in front of a public notary, what our microscopic observations revealed about certain pharmaceutical products. To do this, we brought our microscopes: mine, a simple Seelang brand biological microscope, made in china, and Dr. Monteverde's, a dark field microscope.

The notary public, as a guarantee of impartiality and formality, personally purchased the products at a pharmacy in St. Louis. There were three samples:

1. Dengue vaccine (Qdenga)
2. A flu vaccine
3. A saline solution

The objective was clear: to demonstrate with scientific and documented evidence the composition of these products, leaving an official record of what any ordinary laboratory could observe. This procedure not only gave legal validity to the findings, but also represented a

Historic progress in the fight for transparency and safety of medicines.

Under the microscope, the images were surprising and, in some cases, disturbing. In the Dengue vaccine (Qdenga), both under simple and dark-field biological microscopes, particulate structures could be observed floating in the liquid, some grouped in linear shapes and others forming small ribbons. Their movement suggested that they were not mere impurities, and their presence was immediately recognized as unusual by all present.

The flu vaccine showed a similar pattern: scattered particles, geometric clusters, and structures that reflected light in a characteristic way, clearly visible under Dr. Monteverde's dark-field microscope. The precision of the instrumentation made it possible to capture details that would otherwise go completely unnoticed.

Saline, which is normally expected to be a clear, particle-free liquid, also revealed the presence of foreign elements.

Although in smaller quantities than vaccines, these particles demonstrated that even products considered "harmless" could contain abnormalities detectable by microscopy.

The public notary and the attendees were visibly surprised. They had never witnessed a procedure of this type: the demonstration linked scientific evidence with legal validity, turning each observation into a formal document that could support future complaints. Some attendees commented that, at first glance, the liquid looked normal, but when looking through the microscope, the truth became impossible to ignore.

This event not only confirmed the presence of suspicious particles in human-use products, but also cemented a new strategy: legally documenting microscopic evidence to ensure that complaints could not be easily dismissed.

Once the demonstration before the notary public was completed, all observations were officially documented. A

Detailed minutes that included photographs and descriptions of what had been seen in each product under the microscopes, both mine and Dr. Monteverde's. This document was legally registered , giving it formal backing that could be used in investigations, complaints, and subsequent legal proceedings. At the same time, media coverage of the event began. Some local and national media covered the demonstration, highlighting the novelty of combining microscopic scientific evidence with legal certification. Images of particles and ribbons observed in vaccines and saline caught the attention of health professionals and citizens interested in the safety of pharmaceutical products.

This act also served as a prelude to future international denunciations, showing that it was possible to clearly and formally document irregularities in medicines and vaccines.

The combination of science and legality was established as an effective strategy: we not only showed the evidence, but validated it.

before the law, ensuring that there was official record of what had been discovered.

The Congress in St. Louis thus marked a milestone in the year 2025: microscopic evidence was no longer an isolated laboratory fact and became a formal and public instrument to demand transparency and safety in health. It was the first visible step in what was anticipated as a year of significant changes in the legal and health fields.

After the congress in St. Louis, the effects of our actions began to be felt more strongly. Official documentation and microscopic images served as a basis for contacts with health and legislative authorities in Argentina and other countries. Several professionals and organizations began to show interest in the findings, recognizing the validity of combining scientific evidence with legal backing.

In parallel, media coverage expanded. Some national and international channels began to disseminate the existence of suspicious particles in vaccines and saline, citing the demonstration before the public notary.

This generated a public debate about the safety and transparency of pharmaceutical products, something that until then had been minimized or ignored by many media.

In addition, requests for collaboration began to be received from doctors and scientists from other countries, interested in replicating the experiments or providing information on similar products. This turned our strategy into an international movement , where microscopic evidence was no longer just a local discovery, but a resource to support denunciations and studies on different continents.

In the legal sphere, some initiatives began to take shape. Procedures for submitting observations to ministries of health and regulatory bodies were evaluated, and the possibility of creating formal protocols for independent inspections and analyses of vaccines and injectable products was discussed. All this reinforced the idea that 2025 would be a year of substantial changes, where scientific denunciations and evidence could finally generate tangible consequences in public health policies.

Shortly after the congress in San Luis, we had several new conferences and demonstrations in different cities in Argentina, always accompanied by local doctors and scientists. Each presentation repeated the same pattern: microscopic analysis in real time, evidence documented and legally validated by minutes or notaries public. These sessions began to attract wider audiences, including health professionals, researchers, and the media, all eager to see what had previously only been discussed theoretically.

At the same time, formal complaints were filed with local and international health organizations, sending the documentation generated at the congresses and conferences.

Each letter included images, videos, and detailed descriptions of the microscopic findings, highlighting the presence of suspicious particles in vaccines, eye drops, and saline. Although the initial response was limited, these actions began to generate an official record of evidence, which could later serve as the basis for broader investigations.

In some cases, international media began to cover the events, highlighting the novelty of the methodology: simple, dark-field microscopy combined with legal certification, something that surprised even experts in pharmacology and public health. This expanded our reach, reaching audiences in the United States, Europe, and Latin America, and generating an open debate about drug safety and scientific transparency.

All this reinforced the feeling that 2025 would be a year of substantial legal and regulatory changes, where scientific findings would no longer be just laboratory matter, but an engine for concrete decisions in public health policies and in the protection of the population. During

2025, several of the denunciations and demonstrations began to produce tangible effects in the legal and regulatory arena.

The evidence documented at the congresses and conferences was presented to health authorities in Argentina and, thanks to contacts

international organizations, they also reached organizations from other countries.

In the United States, for example, microscopic observations and a background of international complaints began to support changes in vaccination policies. As we mentioned earlier, COVID-19 vaccination for pregnant women and children was suspended, and the possibility of parents deciding on vaccines in the children's schedule was opened. These decisions reflected an implicit recognition of the risks identified by whistleblowers, something that had taken years to materialize.

In Argentina and other Latin American countries, the combination of scientific evidence, legal documentation and media dissemination began to generate interest among legislators and health authorities. Some ministries assessed the implementation of stricter protocols for the independent review of vaccines and injectable products, while medical colleges and scientific associations initiated internal discussions on safety, ethics, and transparency.

At the media level, coverage of conferences and demonstrations grew, reaching international channels and generating interviews and special programs where it was explained how the microscope and legal certification could reveal what until then remained invisible. Public and professional pressure combined with solid evidence began to mark a turning point in the fight for healthcare transparency.

This set of actions made it clear that 2025 would not be just another year: it was shaping up as the year of consolidating evidence, making risks visible, and initiating concrete changes in health policies and regulations globally.

One of the first important episodes of the year occurred during a conference in Buenos Aires, attended by doctors, researchers and journalists from different national media. There, I repeated the microscopic demonstration of vaccines and saline, showing the particles and ribbons that had already been documented in St. Louis.

The novelty on this occasion was that some doctors present offered to replicate the

experiments in their own laboratories, independently validating what we had shown.

A second relevant episode occurred through formal complaints sent to health ministries and regulatory bodies. The letters included images, videos, and minutes from St. Louis' public notary, and were accompanied by requests for independent inspections and analysis. These complaints generated a partial response from some officials, who initiated internal reviews of safety protocols in vaccines and injectable products.

In the media, several international interviews highlighted the combination of scientific evidence and legality. Channels from the United States, Italy, and Spain covered the microscopic findings and the methodology used, sparking global interest in replicating the experiments and evaluating pharmaceuticals more rigorously.

Finally, in some states of the United States and Latin American countries, they began to be discussed

Concrete regulatory changes. The information we had since 2023 and 2024, added to the actions of 2025, began to translate into tangible measures, such as review of components in vaccines, temporary suspension of certain schemes and openness to parents' decisions on child vaccination.

These episodes confirmed that 2025 was not just any year: each demonstration, denunciation and outreach contributed to consolidating an international movement for transparency and health security, laying solid foundations for the changes that were yet to come.

The congress in St. Louis took place over two intense days. On the first day, in front of the public notary, we displayed the fresh drop of each product: the Dengue vaccine, the flu vaccine, and saline. From the first moment, the evidence was overwhelming; The unusual particles and structures were clear and visible, leaving little room for doubt about the presence of foreign elements.

The notary, acting as guarantor of the formality, took custody of the three products, which were returned very closed the next day. This allowed us to perform a more comprehensive analysis on the second day, where we were able to unequivocally demonstrate the self-assembly of all those particles , confirming characteristic patterns of probable graphene oxide. In addition, the evidence of the 55 elements of the periodic table that had already been scientifically demonstrated by Dr. Martín Monteverde, Marcela Sangorrín and Lorena Diblasi was incorporated. Each microscopic structure, each self-assembly, and each particle pattern was officially documented and recorded, consolidating the scientific and legal validity of our observations.

This congress not only confirmed the presence of unusual particles and structures, but also reinforced the importance of combining science, legality and transparency, leaving official record of what until then was invisible to the majority of the population and health authorities.

On the second day, with the products already returned by the notary public, we began the most detailed and forceful demonstration. Each vial was completely closed, ensuring that its contents had not been tampered with or altered. Under the microscopes—my simple Seelang biological and Dr. Martín Monteverde's dark-field one—observations were made in real time in front of all the assistants and the scribe.

It was there that we were able to unequivocally demonstrate the self-assembly of the particles present in vaccines and saline.

The structures were organized into ribbons, networks, and complex geometric patterns, showing behavior that matched what had previously been observed in laboratory research on probable graphene oxide.

In addition, the evidence included the presence of 55 elements of the periodic table, already scientifically documented by Dr. Monteverde, Marcela Sangorrín and Lorena Diblasi. Each element was observed, recorded and

compared with reference samples, reinforcing the scientific validity of the finding.

The public notary was visibly shocked, and his role was key: all observations were formally documented in a minutes, accompanied by photographs, videos and detailed descriptions. This record turned the demonstration into a solid legal document, which could be used in future complaints, investigations or regulatory processes.

Congress attendees also reacted with amazement and admiration. Doctors, researchers, and media representatives quickly realized that what they were seeing was not mere scientific curiosity, but concrete evidence of irregularities in everyday products. The combination of microscopy, scientific analysis, and legal support made the event a historic milestone in the fight for transparency and safety of vaccines and injectable drugs.

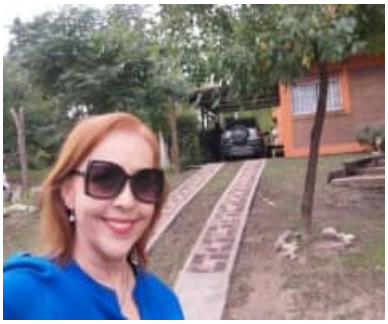
With this, the St. Louis Congress closed as an unprecedented one: a model of how science and

legality can join together to document and expose irregularities that affect public health.

The conclusions of the San Luis Notary Public were embodied in two legal documents, which They gave formal and reliable support to the observations made during the Congress. These documents not only scientifically validated the findings, but also served as a basis for Replicate the study in other cities and countries.



































Chapter XXIII _ St. Louis, March 2025

Border crossing and miracles of destiny

In March 2025, when I was invited to participate in the Congress in St. Louis, I brought with me the microphone and all the necessary material to do the live demonstrations before a public notary. We show the public the contamination present in different substances: the Dengue vaccine, the flu vaccine and also a saline solution. I traveled

overland, crossing the heat of the Chaco and finally arriving in Yacuiba, where I crossed the border. It was precisely there that a nice anecdote began that I will always remember

"Sometimes a look of understanding changes everything."

I carried with me a small large load: several Covid-19 vaccines, vaccines from the calendar, dental anesthetics, different injections and, of course, my faithful companion from so many trips, the big little microscope. That instrument that, along with an application on my cell phone, allowed me to observe and project the images through a cable connected to a projector and then to a large screen , so that everyone could see what I saw. Just as I arrived at Salvador Mazza's place, already in Argentine territory, I put all my belongings—the suitcase, the microscope, the wallet, and other things—in a basket for them to go through the scanner.

I confess that I was very scared, because I really was carrying a lot of products and I couldn't help but remember that time, in 2022, when the police took away a bag containing several vaccines from me. However, once again, God gave me his hand, and with just a pleading look at the policewoman at the time, I managed to get her to let me pass another bag containing the samples I needed for my first demonstration.

This time, the story was different, but also full of Providence. I was attended to by a very young policeman, and before he could say a word, I stepped forward to

Explain that he was on his way to a conference and that is why he was carrying the microscope. I showed him the invitation letter that Dr. Martín Monteverde and Víctor Vital had sent me, and suddenly I noticed that something caught his attention.

—Cerrada? —He asked me, looking at the paper.

"Yes," I said.

—Are you related to Fabiana Zelada?

I was surprised and told her that yes, she was my niece. Then she told me that she knew her, that she often passed by there with her husband Marianito, who was a car racer, and that they crossed paths with the entire competition team. That caught my attention a lot.

The young man, knowing that I was the aunt of his “friends”, because he was a racing fan, smiled and said to me without hesitation:

—There is No need to check anything, madam, it can

happen. I felt enormous relief and immense joy. As soon as I crossed, I entered WhatsApp and told what happened on the family page where my niece Fabiana , the second daughter of my brother Kemo, is. From there I continued on my way to Córdoba, where my dear friend Karla Álvarez was waiting for me.

With it he would then travel to San Luis, which is approximately five hours from the capital of Cordoba.

Córdoba is a city that I love deeply, beautiful in every corner and full of life. Whenever I come back, I get a special feeling, as if I were returning home. My three children studied there, and every street, every square and every mountain brings back beautiful memories of those years. The journey from Córdoba to San Luis is a true treat for the senses. It takes about five hours, just over 400 kilometers, to glide through changing landscapes full of charm.

We went out with Karla early in the morning, when the city was just waking up and the fresh air still smelled of freshly baked bread from the downtown bakeries. We took National Route 20, also known as the Camino de las Altas Cumbres, a road that winds through the Cordoba mountains and offers spectacular views.

As we moved forward, the landscape was transforming. We left the neighborhoods of the capital behind and began to see the hills that rose majestically under a clear sky.

On the way we pass by Villa Carlos Paz, with its San Roque Lake sparkling under the sun, and later by Mina Clavero, a small mountain paradise where greenery and water merge into a perfect embrace.

Each curve seemed to hold a story, and the journey became a mixture of laughter, chatter, and admiring silences. With Karla we shared anecdotes and mate, enjoying the road and the feeling of freedom that the route always gives.

As we approached St. Louis, the landscape opened up. The mountains grew lower, and the horizon stretched out in plains golden by the afternoon sun. We crossed the provincial border and a large sign welcomed us: “San Luis, green and digital province.”

We knew we were close to our destiny, and my heart was filled with excitement thinking about everything we would experience at the convention.

My friend Karla is Brazilian, but we have known each other for many years, from Bolivia, when our children were small. At that time her husband, my dear friend Marcelo (Corcho) Altamirano, was still alive, with whom we shared truly unforgettable moments.

We lived from guitar to guitar, between laughter, songs and long talks that lasted until the early hours of the morning. Those times hold a very special energy, of sincere friendship and simple joy, the kind that are treasured in the heart forever.

Reuniting with Karla after so long, and right on that very significant journey, was like reopening a chapter full of affection and complicity. She welcomed me with open arms, and from the first moment we reconnected as if time had never passed.

We arrived in St. Louis very happy, after several hours of travel in which there was no shortage of joy or music. Along the way we listened to Brazilian music, and between laughter and memories we sang many songs in Portuguese.

That language always seemed close to me, almost familiar, because I speak it quite well. I studied the specialty in Rio de Janeiro between 1986 and 1989, a wonderful stage in my life that deeply marked me . Sometimes, while we were singing those melodies, images of those beaches, of the

Rio sunsets and the friends who remained in the heart.

The route became short between music, talks and landscapes. When we finally saw the sign announcing the arrival in St. Louis, we felt enormous joy. It was the beginning of a new experience, a new chapter on this path that has so many times led me to discover, learn and share.

Upon arriving in San Luis, we met Víctor Vital and Martín Villegas, who took us to some beautiful cabins where we would stay during the three days that the congress lasted. They were intense days, full of lectures, demonstrations and learning, but also moments of camaraderie and shared enthusiasm.

However, the most special part of this chapter began once the congress ended. I went to the house of my niece Lucía Serres Zelada, the second daughter of my sister Gabriela. Lucia, like her mother, is a dentist, and the coincidence doesn't end there: she is also married to a dentist, a nice coincidence that made us all laugh.

Her husband, Fernando, is a native of St. Louis, and together they formed a beautiful home. They have a five-month-old baby, Simon, a beautiful boy with huge blue eyes, who is the joy and madness of the whole family.

I arrived very happily at her house, willing to stay for about four days before continuing my vacation trip to Buenos Aires, where my sister Gabriela lives with my nieces Gabrielita —who is also my goddaughter— and Fernanda, a recent medical graduate.

But Lucía had a big surprise for me: that same night my sister Gabriela would arrive from Buenos Aires, who was completely fascinated by her first grandchild and could not spend much time without seeing him. It was a beautiful reunion, full of hugs, laughter and tears of joy.

We spent wonderful days in San Luis, enjoying the warmth of family, the shared conversations and the tenderness of having Simón in our arms. They were simple moments, but full of love, the kind that are recorded forever. During those days I also had some interviews with the local press, participated in a radio program and was invited to a television channel to talk

on the topics of the Congress and the analyses he had presented. They were very cordial meetings, with interested and respectful journalists, which left a pleasant impression on me.

The rest of the time I dedicated completely to my family, enjoying every moment with them. We strolled around St. Louis, which has truly beautiful scenery: crystal clear rivers, gentle mountains, and a clear sky that looks like it's hand-painted.

We loved stopping at some point along the way, spreading out a blanket and taking a few mates by a river, enjoying the sound of the water and the peace of the surroundings. We also tried typical foods from the region — empanadas, locro, pastries and homemade sweets — which gave an even more special flavor to those family days.

They were simple days, but full of joy, rest and gratitude. A perfect break before continuing my journey to Buenos Aires, where new experiences and reunions awaited me. We spent an entire day walking around downtown San Luis with my sister Gabriela. We walked at a leisurely pace, enjoying the mild weather and peaceful atmosphere of the city. we take advantage

To stroll the pedestrian street, where the aromas of freshly brewed coffee mix with the friendly smiles of the people.

On that same street is my friend Martín Villegas' café, a charming place where they serve delicious things. We sat for a long time talking and enjoying a coffee accompanied by homemade sweets, while Martín told us stories about the place and the cultural movement of San Luis.

Later we went to see Fernando and Lucia's dental clinic, a beautiful, modern space with impeccable taste. There they both practice their specialties: Fernando as a maxillofacial surgeon and Lucía as an orthodontist.

The dedication and love they put into their work shows in every detail of the place.

We were greeted by Fernando's mother, a very kind woman who also works as a secretary in the afternoons. We spent a very pleasant time talking with her about life, family and the joy that the arrival of little Simon brought them. In the evening

we returned home to be with the baby. That was, without a doubt, the best ending to the day: holding Simón in my arms, singing him some songs

And seeing him smile happily, because he loves music. Those simple moments, filled with tenderness and love, are what truly make life worthwhile. On Friday night we continued our journey to Buenos Aires. We traveled by bus and, although we were tired, we slept practically the entire way, happy from the wonderful days we had shared as a family in St. Louis.

I stayed a full week in Buenos Aires, enjoying the company of my sister Gabriela and my nieces Gabrielita and Fernanda. Between laughter, chats and walks around the city, we took the opportunity to cook together: we made salteñas, those typical Bolivian empanadas that my nieces love, and I also prepared a delicious peanut soup, which lasted us several days because we all wanted to repeat.

They were beautiful days, full of joy, shared meals and walks around Buenos Aires, which Gabriela masters perfectly and knows every corner, every street and every conversation worth having.

After Buenos Aires, the next destination was Santa Fe, where I spent two days, enjoying a more relaxed pace and getting to know the city. Then

I resumed the journey to Córdoba, accompanied again by my friend Karla, with whom I resumed the routine of talks, music and memories shared during the journey.





Just two weeks after the congress in San Luis, and while on vacation in Buenos Aires with my sister Gabriela and her daughters Gabrielita and Fernanda, I traveled to Santa Fe to participate in a demonstration meeting organized by Dr. Martín Monteverde in his own city.

Chapter XXIV_Santa Fe Argentine Republic. March 2025

The meeting was attended by approximately 50 people, including doctors, scientists, researchers and professionals interested in findings on vaccines and injectables. As in San Luis and Bolivia, the demonstration included real-time microscopic observation, showing particles,

Ribbons and structures compatible with probable graphene oxide, as well as previously documented self-assembly patterns and presence of multiple elements of the periodic table.

The result of the demonstration was totally positive and overwhelming. Attendees were able to directly verify the consistency of the findings, replicating what had already been shown in Argentina and Bolivia. The audience's reaction was one of astonishment and recognition, highlighting the clarity and reproducibility of the experiments. This

event further consolidated the strategy of combining scientific evidence with public demonstrations, reinforcing the credibility of the findings and expanding the network of professionals interested in replicating the studies in their own laboratories and contexts.

After the demonstration meeting in Santa Fe, the effects were felt quickly. Attendees, shocked by the clarity and forcefulness of the findings, began exchanging information and requesting copies of the images and videos to replicate the studies in their

own laboratories. This interest generated a multiplier effect, expanding the network of professionals involved in the independent verification of vaccines and injectable products.

The local media coverage was also remarkable. Some media spread the demonstration, highlighting the novelty of combining simple, dark-field microscopy with formal and legal documentation, something that had rarely been done in the scientific and health fields of the region. This sparked a public debate about the safety of pharmaceutical products and generated direct questions to health authorities about control and regulatory protocols.

In legal and regulatory terms, the demonstration reinforced the precedent set in San Luis and Bolivia, showing that observations were not isolated, but reproducible in different contexts and cities. Some professionals and representatives of health organizations began to consider the implementation of independent review protocols and certified laboratory analysis, as a measure of transparency and safety.

Together, the meeting in Santa Fe consolidated the 2025 strategy: public demonstrations, reproducible scientific evidence, and legal documentation, an approach that not only validated findings but also opened paths for concrete changes in health policies and medical practices.

After the meeting in Santa Fe, I traveled to the city of Córdoba, one of my favorite cities for its beauty and charm. There I spent the last week of my vacation, enjoying the landscape and culture, before returning to Santa Cruz de la Sierra to continue with the work that had become my true passion.

This period of travel, demonstrations, and replications reinforced my commitment to research and the dissemination of evidence about vaccines and injectables. It was also the moment when I officially consolidated my role as an independent researcher, a title I carry with pride and responsibility, aware of the relevance of the work I do for public health and scientific transparency.

The return to Santa Cruz marked the beginning of a new stage, in which the combination of travel, conferences, denunciations and microscopic studies would become a global project, with the aim of continuing to document, disseminate and legally support each finding, always guided by evidence and scientific rigor.

Two months after the delivery of the notary public certification, Dr. Juan Cruz Bertin, in San Luis, began to take concrete legal action. My friends Víctor Vital , as the complainant, and the lawyer Dr. Martín Villegas, initiated criminal proceedings for substance poisoning, based on the scientific and legal evidence we had collected at the congresses and demonstrations.

The case is still pending, and although there is still no definitive ruling, we all hope that at any time we can receive news about progress in the process. This legal step represents a historic precedent, by directly linking scientific findings on particles and possible contaminants in vaccines and injectable products

with legal actions that seek to protect public health and demand accountability.

The initiation of this criminal proceeding demonstrates that the combination of independent investigation, reproducible evidence and legal support can transcend laboratories and conferences, becoming an effective instrument for justice and transparency.








CHAPTER XXV_ Notary of Public Faith in Santa Cruz. July 2025

Thus, on July 21 and 22, 2025, I carried out a replication of the same study in Santa Cruz de la Sierra, Bolivia, again under the supervision of a notary public. On this occasion, nine products purchased in local pharmacies were analyzed, as well as COVID-19 vaccines and vaccines from the children's calendar, obtained directly from the Bolivian public health system.

The procedure was identical to that of San Luis: microscopic observation of each sample, recording of the particles and structures present, photographic and video documentation, and legal support through a notarial deed. The results were consistent with the findings in Argentina:

All vaccines and injectable products showed particles, ribbons, and structures compatible with likely graphene oxide, as well as similar self-assembly patterns.

This replication not only reinforced the scientific validity of previous studies, but also demonstrated that irregularities were not isolated or local, but could be found in products distributed in different countries. The combination of microscopic evidence and legal support consolidated a reproducible and documented model, capable of supporting future complaints and international studies on drug and vaccine safety.

After the replication of the study in Santa Cruz de la Sierra, reactions were not long in coming. The presentation before a public notary generated immediate interest among health professionals, researchers, and local media, who understood that what they were seeing was not an isolated experiment, but a consistent confirmation of international findings.

Some doctors and scientists began requesting copies of notarial deeds, photographs, and videos, in order to replicate the analyses in their own laboratories. This marked the beginning of an observation and verification network, where experts from different institutions could independently validate the results obtained.

Local media spread the news, and soon international channels also took an interest, highlighting the methodology: simple, dark-field microscopy combined with legal documentation. Media coverage allowed the general public and health policymakers to become aware of the findings, generating social and professional pressure to review protocols and safety of vaccines and injectable products.

On the regulatory front, the study in Bolivia opened the door to discussions with local health authorities and international organizations. The possibility of implementing independent vaccine analysis protocols was evaluated, and several medical colleges began discussing transparency and safety in products administered to the population.

This episode reinforced the international strategy of denunciations and conferences, demonstrating that scientific evidence, accompanied by legal support, can transcend borders and generate a real impact on public policies and social awareness . Bolivia thus became an example of how to replicate studies in a rigorous and formal manner, strengthening the fight for global health security

Notary Public in Santa Cruz de la Sierra Bolivia. July 2025

A month after the analysis carried out in Santa Cruz, and with the certification documents of the Notary of Public Faith of Santa Cruz, Bolivia, I began to personally deliver the letters of complaint to various key institutions and organizations in the country.

Among the recipients were: Medical

College

Bar Association

College of Dentists

College of Biochemistry and Pharmacy

Gabriel René Moreno University

AGEMED Regulatory Agency

Venues (Departmental Health Service)

SIMRA, Union of Workers of the National Health Fund, where I have worked for 25 years as a dentist specializing in endodontics. Each delivery was

accompanied by copies of the notarial certification, microscopic images and detailed documentation, ensuring that all institutions had clear and formal evidence of the findings. This action sought not only to inform, but also to activate control, review and possible investigation mechanisms, to ensure that irregularities detected in vaccines and injectable products were addressed in a professional and responsible manner. The initial reaction of some institutions was one of astonishment and attention, recognizing the seriousness of the evidence and the formality of the presentation. This step marked a significant advance in the whistleblowing strategy, showing that science and legality could be combined to generate institutional and potentially regulatory impact in Bolivia.

Following the delivery of the complaint letters, significant institutional responses began to arrive:

The Bar Association instructed the Governor to conduct formal investigations and, if irregularities are confirmed, to impose the corresponding sanctions.

The Ombudsman accepted the complaint and ordered the headquarters to act, giving official recognition to the seriousness of the findings

presented. For its part, AGEMED requested more detailed information on the product batches and other supplementary data. I responded by firmly pointing out that they are in charge of analyzing all products: vaccines, dental anesthetics, eye drops and all injectables, including distilled water and saline.

This interaction highlighted the importance of holding regulatory institutions accountable and reinforced that, although the evidence was already documented, formal action and professional analysis rests with those with legal and technical competence.

These steps marked a crucial breakthrough: complaints moved from the scientific and laboratory sphere to the official sphere of public health and regulation, demonstrating that evidence could be translated into concrete institutional actions.

Following the acceptance of the complaints by the Ombudsman and the Bar Association's referral to the Governor, an official follow-up process was initiated. Several institutions began to take the evidence presented seriously, recognizing the seriousness of the findings and the need for formal action.

Although SEDES and AGEMED initially requested additional information, they began coordinating internal reviews and verification procedures. The insistence that they are responsible for the complete analysis of vaccines, dental anesthetics, eye drops and all injectables, including distilled water and saline, underscored the institutional responsibility and obligation to act in the face of possible irregularities.

In addition, the actions in Bolivia began to connect with the international strategy that had been developed in Argentina and other countries. The formal complaints, supported by microscopic evidence and notarial certifications, consolidated a reproducible model of investigation and reporting, showing that the findings were not isolated or local , but a pattern that should be evaluated by competent authorities.

These steps marked that 2025 would be a decisive year: science, legality and institutional pressure were beginning to converge, creating a context in which transparency and health security could finally advance, and making it clear that the evidence accumulated over years was beginning to generate real and measurable repercussions.

During the course of 2025, in addition to legal actions and institutional complaints, conferences and public demonstrations continued, both in Bolivia and in neighboring countries. Each presentation repeated the proven scheme: real-time microscopic observation,

legal documentation through a notary public, and disclosure to professionals and the media. This allowed the evidence to be independently replicated and verified, increasing its credibility and reach.

In Bolivia, professional associations and health authorities began to analyze more seriously the products in circulation, especially the COVID-19 vaccines and the children's calendar, dental anesthetics and eye drops, following the line of the evidence presented. The insistence that all injectable products, including saline and distilled water, be reviewed led to stricter internal review protocols, at least at a preliminary level.

Internationally, demonstrations in Argentina and replication in Bolivia served as the basis for new requests for collaboration, with doctors and scientists from other countries interested in replicating the analyses in their laboratories. This consolidated an international network of independent research, based on microscopic evidence and legally backed, bringing together experts from

Different disciplines and countries in a common effort for transparency and health security.

Taken together, all these actions made 2025 a decisive year: scientific research, legal complaints and media coverage began to generate real impacts on public awareness, institutional action and the preparation of regulatory policies, laying the foundations for changes that were yet to come.











Chapter XXVI _ Again San Luis Argentine Republic. September 2025

I was invited again to San Luis, Argentina, traveling via Buenos Aires by plane on September 27, 2025. I remained in St. Louis until the end of the scheduled agenda, fulfilling demonstrations, microscopic analyses, and meetings with local authorities and professionals.

This trip aimed to continue the strategy of replication and validation of the findings, again showing the presence of unusual particles and structures in vaccines, dental anesthetics, eye drops and saline serums. As on previous occasions, real-time observations were made under a biological and dark-field microscope, with recording

photographic and legal support, consolidating the scientific documentation of each finding.

The agenda included meetings with professional associations, health authorities and academia, in order to disseminate the results, strengthen the independent research network and reinforce pressure to implement review and control protocols on injectable products.

This new trip reinforced the importance of constant reproduction of evidence, demonstrating that the findings were not isolated incidents, but a consistent and verifiable pattern across different contexts and locations.

I was in St. Louis for a whole week, where I carried out a series of highly relevant activities:

Conference at the Bar Association, attended by legal professionals, doctors and local authorities, in which I presented scientific evidence in detail.

conference for the entire city press, showing the methodology and findings to the general public, which allowed the local media

Disseminate information widely and responsibly.

Live demonstrations of various vials, including vaccines, fentanyl and other injectable products. Each vial was analyzed under a microscope, showing particles, ribbons, and structures compatible with probable graphene oxide and other previously documented elements.

The case of fentanyl was especially relevant: in Argentina, this product was highly contaminated and had already been withdrawn from the market, after causing more than 100 deaths. The demonstration of its contamination and exposure to the public and the press underlined the seriousness of the problem and the need for rigorous controls, generating an immediate impact both on public opinion and among the authorities present.

This week in San Luis consolidated the strategy again: real-time scientific evidence, formal documentation and media dissemination, a model that showed how research

independent could protect public health and hold institutions accountable.

During my stay in San Luis, I was interviewed on a televised radio program with journalist Alberto Trombeta on two occasions.

In the first interview, the topic was presented and the methodology of microscopic studies was explained, arousing interest and curiosity among the audience.

On the second occasion, the demonstration was even more shocking: I brought many closed products , including vaccines, anesthetics and other injectables , which were opened live in front of everyone.

The result was overwhelming: everyone present, including the journalist and the production team, was absorbed in observing the contamination present in absolutely all the products. The particles, ribbons, and microscopic structures were visible in real time, confirming what had already been documented in previous conferences and analyses.

This demonstration not only reinforced the scientific credibility of the findings, but also

It amplified media coverage, allowing the general public and professionals from different areas to see direct evidence of irregularities in everyday products. The combination of media exposure and scientific documentation reinforced the strategy of transparency and institutional pressure initiated with complaints and notarial records.

The second interview with journalist Alberto Trombeta took place in Villa Mercedes, a small town half an hour from San Luis. There I took the opportunity to visit one of the victims seriously affected by two doses of the AstraZeneca vaccine.

The case was particularly moving: it involved a successful, handsome, and lively young lawyer who had become almost invalid after vaccination. During the visit, I was able to see his recovery process, which was progressing slowly but steadily. The experience highlighted in a very tangible way the importance of scientific documentation and the denunciation of irregularities, showing that behind each

Microscopic finding there were human lives affected.

This visit reinforced the human and ethical dimension of my work: it was not just about scientific evidence or public demonstrations, but about protecting people's health and rights, making visible the effects of injectable products and the need for transparency and regulatory control.

Already in the afternoon at Villa Mercedes, I was interviewed by Andrea on a local television channel. During the broadcast, we took the opportunity to perform live blood samples, showing the results directly to the camera and the audience.

The observations were shocking: foreign bodies could be seen in the blood of vaccinated people, some with an appearance compatible with graphene oxide, and the red blood cells were highly altered, with unusual deformations and clusters.

This demonstration generated great amazement among those present and the television audience, showing

Clearly, the effects of injectable products were not limited to the theoretical or isolated microscopic, but directly affected people's physiology. The television broadcast amplified the visibility of these findings, contributing to the dissemination of scientific evidence in real time and reinforcing the importance of surveillance, regulation, and transparency in the use of vaccines and other injectable products.

The next day, in San Luis, I visited Mr. Luis, another serious victim of the inoculations, together with Víctor Vital. After receiving four doses, he had suffered approximately three heart attacks and one heart surgery, demonstrating the seriousness of the complications associated with vaccines. We also took the opportunity to take a drop of blood from his wife and daughters, who had received four and five doses respectively.

Microscopic observation of these samples confirmed once again that the blood of the vaccinated was no longer normal: alterations could be seen in the red blood cells, particles

Strange and unusual patterns consistent with previous findings.

This episode reinforced the importance of continuously documenting the effects of injectable products in different people and family contexts, showing that the findings were not isolated or theoretical, but reproducible and consistent, both in severely affected adults and in family members receiving multiple doses.

During the visit to St. Louis, an episode occurred that deeply impacted me and that I had never witnessed before. When analyzing the blood of don Luis' wife, I observed that the blood circulation was extremely reduced, showing signs of severe alteration in microcirculation. The most surprising and alarming thing was that, although the blood practically stopped circulating, I was able to see for the first time the hydrogel that I had previously detected in COVID-19 vaccines, other vaccines on the schedule, and in various injectable products. This hydrogel continued to move on its own

for about half an hour, despite the arrest of normal blood circulation.

The observation was overwhelming and terrifying, showing an autonomous behavior of these particles that until then had only been seen in the laboratory with product samples, but never directly in a person 's blood.

This finding reinforced the seriousness of the effects of injectable products and the importance of continuously documenting, disseminating, and analyzing what happens at the microscopic level in vaccinated people. After these shocking findings, including the observation of the hydrogel moving in the blood of don Luis' wife, I concluded the activities in St. Louis. This experience not only strengthened the accumulated scientific evidence, but also left a very strong emotional mark, underscoring the importance and urgency of the research. Before returning to Santa Cruz de la Sierra , I collected all the images, videos, and documentation of the demonstrations, ensuring that each finding was formally recorded for future complaints, presentations, and studies.

This second time in St. Louis I stayed at my niece Lucia's house, and the joy of the family was felt in every corner. Simón had recently turned one year old, celebrated in Buenos Aires with his cousins, his grandparents Carlos and Gabriela and his aunt Fernanda. Seeing them together again filled me with emotion; My sister Gabriela traveled all night from Buenos Aires not only to be with her beloved grandson, but also to share time with Lucía, Fernando, and me throughout the week.

Between laughter, hugs, and family chatter, I continued with my analyses and demonstrations under the microscope, reviewing every medication that fell into my hands. But that combination of work and family affection reminded me that life is made up of moments of love and passion for what we do.

Closing this chapter fills me with gratitude and joy: for the family that supports me, for the knowledge I can share, and for the certainty that every discovery, no matter how small it may seem, has enormous value when lived with dedication and heart.

I was very happy with my family in Argentina. They are all lovely and great people, and every moment shared filled me with joy and gratitude. Our next meeting will probably be in December, for the Mariana matriqui. I hope everyone can come to Santa Cruz, where we will be waiting for you with all our love.

Thus, between scientific discoveries and the warmth of my family, this chapter ends with the certainty that life is built with love, dedication and moments that remain in the heart.
And so, between the glow of a microscope and the laughter of my family, I understood that every drop analyzed and every hug shared counts equally.

Curiosity, love, and dedication intertwine, reminding me that life is a perfect balance between discovery and heart.

This closure of the San Luis stage in 2025 reaffirmed my commitment as an independent researcher, reinforcing the strategy of combining scientific evidence, legal documentation and public dissemination, a model that was already beginning to

Generate concrete impacts both in Bolivia and internationally.

Taking advantage of the fact that I was so close to Chile, I received an official invitation to travel to Santiago and perform the same type of demonstrations there before a notary public, with the aim of replicating the microscopic analyses of vaccines and other products.

Before continuing to Chile, I made a stopover in the city of Mendoza, Argentine Republic, accompanied by my friend Dr. Martín Villegas, who very kindly invited me to participate in the Bio Healing Congress, an event that brought together doctors, therapists and researchers dedicated to new biological sciences and Healing methods.

During my stay in Mendoza, I had the opportunity to share my microscopic research with professionals from different areas, generating a very enriching exchange of knowledge. The results obtained in Argentina, especially those in San Luis and Santa Cruz, aroused great interest among the

attendees, who recognized the importance of the visual and legal evidence that supported each finding.

During the two days of the Bio Healing Congress in Mendoza, I had the opportunity to install my microscope and place on a small table all the vaccines and products that I had been analyzing.

Throughout the event, numerous people approached with curiosity, observing the samples directly and confirming for themselves what so many researchers have been denouncing over the last four years.

The atmosphere was one of amazement, reflection and commitment, as many attendees were able to see with their own eyes the structures and particles present in the products, understanding the magnitude of the phenomenon and the need to continue with these investigations in an open and collaborative manner.


CON ANDREA BRINGAS
Nos acompaña:
Dra. Liliana
Zelada Rück.







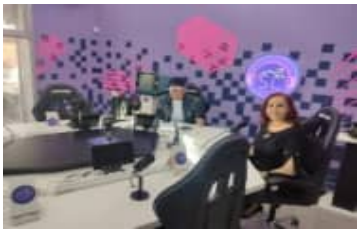














CIRCULO ODONTOLOGICO
SAN LUIS













Chapter XXVII _ Santiago and Valparaiso de Chile

On Sunday, October 6, 2025, I crossed the Andes Mountains by land, arriving in Santiago de Chile on Monday, October 7, ready to continue with the plan to replicate the analyses in Chilean territory.

On Wednesday, October 8, I traveled to Valparaíso, where the official demonstration would take place before a notary public, who personally purchased five products at a local pharmacy for analysis. For

two days — October 8 and 10,
2025— Observations were made following the same protocol previously established in Argentina and Bolivia: each sample was verified, analyzed and legally certified, confirming once again the presence of contamination in all the products studied.

The demonstrations in Valparaíso generated a profound impact. During both days, journalists, health professionals and interested citizens attended to witness the microscopic observations in real time, being surprised by the clarity of the images and the

Autonomous movements of materials detected in products.

The Chilean notary public, following the same protocol as the notaries of San Luis and Santa Cruz, documented and certified the results, leaving legal evidence that the five products analyzed presented foreign structures and elements. This procedure guaranteed the transparency and international legal validity of all the work, further strengthening the network of complaints and evidence that had been consolidating since 2022.

The reaction of the attendees was one of astonishment and concern, and many people approached to thank us for the research and outreach work we had been doing internationally. Some Chilean doctors and lawyers even expressed their intention to initiate their own complaint and verification processes, inspired by the results obtained in Bolivia and Argentina.

With these demonstrations completed and the legal documents in hand, I returned to Santiago, where I conducted several radio interviews and

television before undertaking the return to Santa Cruz de la Sierra, satisfied with having completed a key stage in this scientific and human crusade.

This closure marked the international climax of 2025, a year that consolidated the Latin American network of independent researchers committed to revealing the truth and demanding accountability for injectable substances administered to the population.

The trip to Chile was a wonderful and deeply meaningful experience. In addition to fulfilling the formal commitment before a notary in Valparaíso, I was fortunate enough to meet María Isabel Silva Délano, an admirable woman who became a great friend.

María Isabel welcomed me with immense generosity : she personally waited for me at the Santiago bus terminal, offered me accommodation in her house and made sure that I got to know the most beautiful things in the city. During those days we toured parks , viewpoints and emblematic places, always talking about science, health and awareness.

She had an electromagnetic radiation meter, and in front of her house we were able to check very high levels emitted by four giant antennas installed in the area, with values well above the permitted limits. Maria Elizabeth had protected her home with special metal meshes, which significantly reduced indoor radiation.

However, her personal story reflected the pain of many families in these times: her daughter, a beautiful young woman in her early thirties, had been vaccinated against her will and, shortly afterwards, developed a “turbo cancer” that ended her life in 2023. Her loss left a deep mark on her and on all those who knew her story, becoming a living testimony to the risks we have been denouncing for years. Those days in Chile were intense, full of learning, emotion and also reflection . I left the country with a mixture of gratitude and renewed commitment, determined to continue with more force than ever this mission of research, dissemination and truth.

María Isabel is a wonderful woman, of exceptional intelligence and sensitivity, mother of four children, all adults. Throughout our conversations, I was moved by her lucidity and strength, but also by her deep sadness: all her children had been vaccinated, and there was not much she could do to prevent her grandchildren from being vaccinated as well.

That helplessness accompanied her like a silent wound, and at the same time it was the engine that drove her to inform, investigate and protect others from her own knowledge. His home, protected with metal mesh to reduce radiation, was also a haven of resilience and conscience, a space where data, ideas, evidence, and hope were shared.

His personal story and commitment were a great inspiration to me. Finding people like her, with such clarity and love for life, reminded me that this struggle is not just scientific or legal, but deeply human: it is about families, children, grandchildren, and the future that we all want to defend.

In addition to her intelligence and warmth, María Isabel proved to be an excellent conductor, with admirable skill and serenity. He took Me along the Chilean coast along the vera of all the beaches, showing Me landscapes of indescribable beauty until we reached his home on Lake Rapel, a quiet and charming place where we spent an unforgettable day.

We took advantage of that day to wait for the second day of the observation of the dry drop, which was under the custody of the notary of Valparaíso, following the international certification protocol. On Friday, October 10, 2025, after the corresponding observations, the certification of the process was officially concluded, which again confirmed the self-assembly of the particles observed in the analyzed samples. During the

return trip to Valparaíso, which lasted approximately four hours, I had the opportunity to enter Viña del Mar, walk along its main avenue and enjoy for a moment the serenity of the sea before fulfilling the final task of the notary. It was a deeply meaningful experience: a mixture of science,

Nature and personal reflection, which closed my mission in Chile with a finishing touch.

While we were at Lake Rapel, I also had the opportunity to participate in a very interesting radio interview, conducted by a local media outlet that had closely followed my work and the demonstrations held in Valparaíso.

The conversation was deep and emotional. During the transmission I was able to express everything learned and evidenced throughout these years of research, sharing not only the scientific and legal results, but also the human dimension that involves this search for truth. We talk about the importance of free information, the value of individual courage in the face of silent systems, and the duty we have as those of us who have seen with our own eyes what happens, to tell and document it for future generations.

That interview, in the middle of the serene landscape of Lake Rapel, was like a symbolic closing of the entire international tour. It was the right time to look back and understand how much had been

Advanced from the first microscopic analyses, to these certifications before notaries and notaries of three countries.

The last night at the Rapel Lake house was magical. After so many days of analysis, interviews and travel, I took out my guitar and sang a couple of typical songs from my country, bringing a little piece of Bolivia to that sister land.

Between laughter and excitement, we discovered that the Bolivian cueca and the Chilean cueca are very similar, and I had the pleasure of dancing one with Juan Carlos, who works in the house and takes care of that beautiful place with such care. It was a spontaneous moment, full of joy and friendship, where the music and brotherhood of our peoples came together beyond borders.

Everything was recorded in two videos, which soon circulated through the WhatsApp groups of friends of the Resistance and my family, sharing that moment of union, art and hope. It was a luminous closing for an intense stage, a night that symbolized life, freedom

And the joy of moving forward, even in the midst of the struggle for truth.

The next morning, María Isabel personally took me to the Santiago airport, accompanying me until the last moment before boarding. Their company, their generosity, and their friendship were an invaluable gift on this very significant journey.

I left Chile very happy and deeply grateful, with the satisfaction of having fulfilled each proposed objective and of having left a legal and visual record of everything observed. I felt within me a great peace and also a renewed strength: the certainty of being on the right path, fulfilling a mission that transcends borders and unites so many brave people in the same cause.

I returned to Santa Cruz de la Sierra with a heart full of gratitude, a mind full of new learnings, and a commitment to move forward with more conviction than ever.

Before leaving, I wanted to put on record my deep gratitude to all the people who

They made this very valuable experience in Chile possible.

My special gratitude to José Vallejos, organizer of the event, for his commitment and hospitality; to Víctor Venegas, who dedicatedly coordinated the entire part related to the Notary of Public Faith; To Jorge Zamora, for his collaboration and constant support during the notarial protocol; to Alfredo, who made the transmissions so that the whole process could be followed by more people; And to Aníbal, who was in charge of capturing every moment of the demonstrations and activities in photographs and videos.

To all of them I will always be deeply grateful. Thanks to their work, professionalism and dedication, the visit to Chile was a true success, leaving a public and legal record of everything done, and further strengthening the International Network of Investigation and Truth.

Epilogue of the Chile Chapter

Regarding my visit to Chile, the two documents signed by the notary will be attached at the end of this chapter. To fully understand what

was done, it is important to clarify that the analyses , both of the liquid drop and the dry drop, were carried out under strict control and traceability measures, avoiding any possibility of manipulation or contamination of the observed samples.

The samples were acquired at a randomly chosen pharmacy, under the direct supervision of the notary, and analyzed under an optical microscope. In all of them, particles were observed that are not declared in the package leaflets of pharmaceutical products nor are they monitored by the Chilean Institute of Public Health (ISP).

The purpose of this procedure was not scientific, but testimonial, leaving a record before a public authority that there are undeclared components in these vials. Neither pharmaceutical companies nor health authorities have yet offered a transparent explanation of what can be observed under a microscope.

Thus, this can no longer be described as a simple “ conspiracy theory”. Now it is up to the ISP and the institutions to demand

perform public, open and verifiable analyses to clearly determine what these products actually contain.

Estamos en una encrucijada. From children to the elderly, they die suddenly, while injections with compounds that have not been properly monitored continue to be applied.

Upon returning to Bolivia, I felt a deep inner peace and the certainty that everything I experienced in Chile was guided by a higher force. Every meeting, every conversation, and every demonstration under the microscope had a greater purpose: to open the world's eyes to a truth that can no longer be hidden . I say goodbye to this chapter with a grateful heart for the people who accompanied me on this journey and with the unwavering conviction to move forward, because defending life and truth is, and always will be, my greatest mission.

After the intense days of work with the notary, I decided to take a short break and let myself be carried away by the coastal route that connects Valparaíso with the nearby beaches. I felt that, after so many

Hours in front of the microscope and between documents, I needed to breathe the sea air again and look at the horizon with no other purpose than to contemplate.

The path through la vera was simply beautiful. Viña del Mar welcomed me with its mild breeze, its tall palm trees and that elegant air of a maritime city that still retains the nostalgia of the old seaside resorts. Beyond, Renaca showed its strength: the waves hit with force and the wind seemed to have its own voice, as if the sea also wanted to tell its truth.

I followed the route along the beaches that opened one after another: small coves with fishing boats, seagulls that dared to fly so low that they almost touched the water, and viewpoints from where the Pacific stretched infinitely, with a blue that seemed to never end. It was a landscape that mixed serenity with strength, beauty with melancholy.

That journey filled my soul. I felt that every wave that broke against the shore carried with it some of the accumulated weariness, and that every gust of wind

It reminded me why it is worth moving forward, without fear and with the conviction of seeking the truth. With a calm and renewed heart, I continued the journey to Lake Rápel, where María Isabel was waiting for me to continue the certification work and the closing of this very important chapter.

After the intense days of work with the notary, I decided to take a short break and let myself be carried away by the coastal route that connects Valparaíso with the nearby beaches. I felt that, after so many hours in front of the microscope and between documents, I needed to breathe the sea air again and look at the horizon with no other purpose than to contemplate.

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My dear friend María Isabel and I stopped along the way. She, always so kind and generous,

He had prepared a simple and delicious meal: tender artichokes, potatoes, and chicken that we shared sitting near a viewpoint, from where we could see the ocean stretching out without limits. The seagulls flew beautifully above us, gliding gracefully over the salty air. Although the day was somewhat cloudy and the wind brought a gentle chill, the feeling of the sea was wonderful, enveloping, almost spiritual.

That journey filled my soul. I felt that every wave that broke against the shore carried with it some of the accumulated fatigue, and that every gust of wind reminded me why it is worth moving forward, without fear and with the conviction of seeking the truth. With a calm and renewed heart, I continued the journey to Lake Rápel, where María Isabel was waiting for me to continue the certification work and close one of the most significant chapters of this long journey of research and testimony. And as the sea disappeared into the horizon, I realized that , like its waves, my mission to defend truth and life must continue to advance, tirelessly and unstoppably, beyond any obstacle.

Before leaving, I wanted to record my deep gratitude to all the people who made this experience possible: José Vallejos, organizer of the event; Víctor Venegas, coordinator with the notary ; Jorge Zamora, for his support in the notarial protocol; Alfredo, in charge of transmissions; And Aníbal, who captured every moment in photos and videos. Thanks to his dedication and professionalism, the visit to Chile was a success, leaving a public and legal record of everything done, and strengthening the International Network of Investigation and Truth.

Upon returning to Bolivia, I felt a deep inner peace and the certainty that everything I experienced in Chile was guided by a higher force. Every meeting, every conversation, and every demonstration under the microscope had a greater purpose: to open the world's eyes to a truth that can no longer be hidden.

Clarifications for some "dissident" people that a Chilean friend sent me:

1- It has not been proven that "pathogenic" viruses exist.

2- Serious and independent investigations found reduced graphene oxide or hydroxide, 55 elements of the periodic table, some radioactives, heavy metals and nanotechnology in all vials examined between 2021-2025 and no mRNA or Spike protein was ever found, since the different physical - chemical measurement instruments never found traces of chemical elements such as phosphorus and nitrogen that are constituents of all nucleic acid (RNA, DNA) and proteins.

3- The false version of mRNA and the spike protein is exactly what pharmaceutical companies use to excuse themselves under the "medical error" and at most, pay fines (and not go to trial with jail). (Jorge Zamora)

4- Another proven fact is the reaction of graphene and nanotechnology with EMF radiation in high frequency bands such as 5G, which explains the high incidence of stroke and cardiovascular problems (brain and heart, centers of greater bio-electrochemical activity). There can be No synthetic version of the protein of an imaginary pathogenic virus.

5- The rhetoric of mRNA and Spike is typical of pharmaceutical laboratories. It is the cap of dozens of toxic compounds now in virtually every type of injectable.

6- The pawns of the pharmaceutical industry have worked hard to viralize mRNA and Spike as genocide generators with the aim of hiding graphene oxide and 5G radiation that are the real causes of mass deaths. (Jorge Zamora).

EL VIRUS SARS COV 2:!!!!!! DO NOT HAPPEN

!!!!! COVID 19 is a syndrome of Acute irradiation!!!!!!!!!!!!

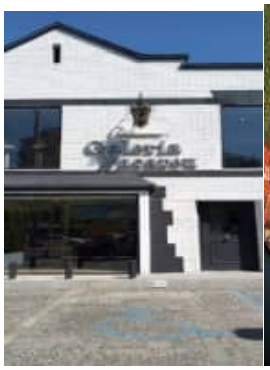



REÑACA

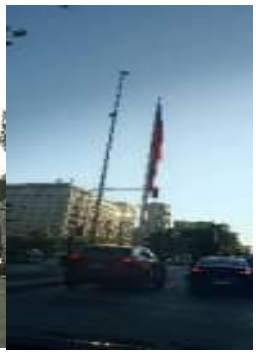





PARE

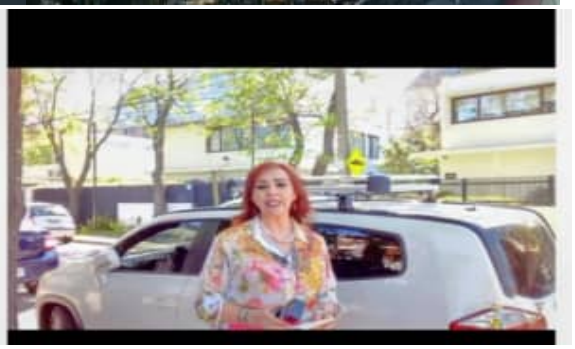
















Organización y Logística Chile :
. *José Vallejos (Org. General)
. *Víctor Venegas (RR.PP. Notaria/ Informes Técnicos.
*Alfredo Alarcón G.(Apoyo/ Recursos AudioVisuales, Grabación y Transmisión LIVE Streaming),
*Aníbal Icetta (Logística),
*María Isabel Silva (Videos)
*Dra. Viviana Figueroa: Apoyo para Compras de Productos (Respaldo Médico). Jorge Zamora (Protocolo Notarial)

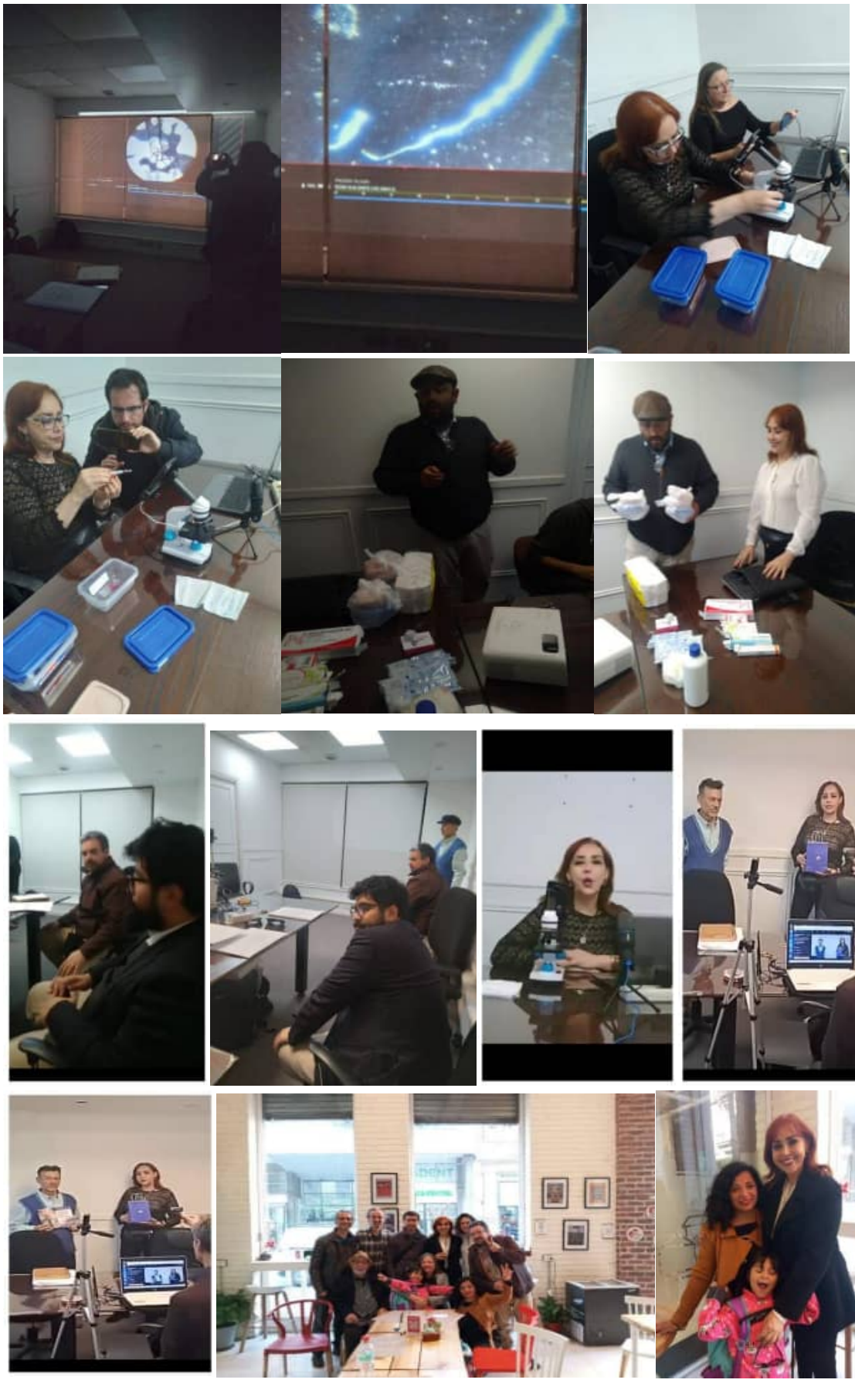

CIENCIA Y TECNOLOGIA | SALUD

Doctora alerta por contaminantes en medicamentos que circulan en Chile

Por mr2todotv • 2025-10-08

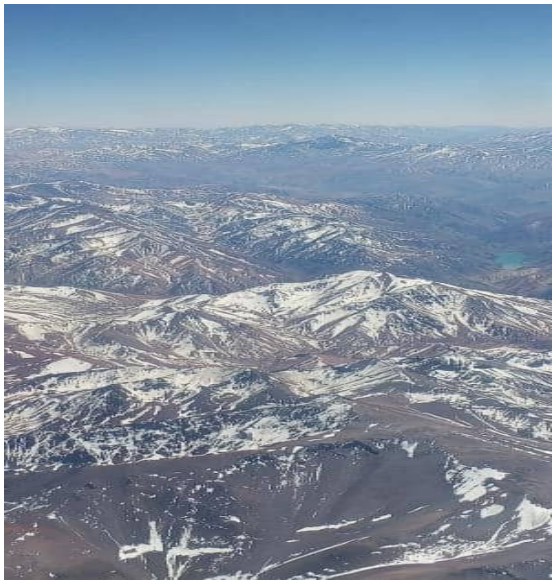
La doctora Liliana Zelada Ruck, de una red global de científicos, denuncia que medicamentos que circulan en Chile contienen metales no declarados y que el ISP no tiene la tecnología para su comprobación.










Chapter XXVII _ La Paz, Bolivia

A few months ago I received a very special call from my dear friend, Dr. Sally Priester from Puerto Rico. With his usual enthusiasm, he told me that it would be very interesting if next year, around March 2026, I could travel there with my little big microscope, to perform a demonstration before a notary public, just as we had already done in San Luis (Argentina), in Santa Cruz (Bolivia) and more recently, in Valparaíso (Chile).

I loved the proposal immediately. I felt that mixture of excitement and responsibility that always accompanies each new step on this path. So without wasting time, I began the procedures to manage the American Visa, an essential requirement to be able to enter Puerto Rico.

The process was long and somewhat expensive—about $200 between documentation and payments—but the excitement of the journey and the possibility of continuing to share the discoveries gave me momentum. Finally, the interview at the United States Embassy was scheduled for Thursday,

October 30, at 8:15 in the morning, in La Paz, the highest headquarters in the world.

Since I had to arrive early, I set out on the overland journey on Tuesday evening the 28th. It is 18 or 19 hours of winding road, climbing from the lowlands of the east to the Andean highlands. During the journey, the landscape was transformed: the green tones turned ochre, the mountains appeared imposing, and the air became lighter and colder.

Taking advantage of my trip to the capital, a very special invitation arose: to offer a conference at the Federation of Merchants of the city of El Alto, one of the most vibrant and symbolic cities in Bolivia.

The event was organized by Gregorio Mamani, leader of the El Alto Neighborhood Board, a person very committed to his community and with a great interest in health and well-being issues.

The management was made possible thanks to my dear friend Fernando Arce, systems engineer, traditional doctor and manufacturer of phytomedicine and orthomolecular medicine, who always acts as a bridge between different worlds: science, tradition and human consciousness.

Very prominent people also participated: Mrs. Dionicia Callizaya, leader of the Federation of Merchants, whose strength and female leadership were felt as soon as she entered the hall, and Mr. Richard Tito, journalist and coordinator of UPEA (Public University of El Alto), who contributed his analytical perspective and his interest in spreading this type of meetings.

It was an environment full of energy, with attentive faces and hearts willing to learn. I felt that every word found an echo, and that my little big microscope was once again a bridge of revelation and collective consciousness. The journey was long and tiring, but also very exciting, because I sensed that the repercussions of all this would be very important. It was not just another interview, but a necessary step to be able to continue with my mission: to take the small big microscope to Puerto Rico and continue demonstrating, with tangible evidence, what many prefer not to look at.

On Thursday, October 30, I got up early and arrived an hour early at the U.S. Embassy in La Paz. The cold of la Paz was making itself felt, but the anticipation kept my spirit warm and alert. There were a lot of people, all waiting for their turn with documents in hand, in a line that moved slowly and in complete silence. The rules were strict: you could not enter with wallets, cell phones or electronic devices, only the required papers. Among them, I had to present everything that proved my

Economic solvency and my ties to the country: work certificates, payment receipts, tax returns from my home, and bank statements from the last six months. Every detail counted, because the objective was to convince that I had no intention of staying in the United States, but only to carry out a scientific and testimonial work.

I walked in at 8:15am, and the process dragged on until about 10:30. The journey was long and tiring, but also very exciting, because I sensed that the repercussions of all this would be very important. It was not just another interview, but a necessary step to be able to continue with my mission: to take the small big microscope to Puerto Rico and continue demonstrating, with tangible evidence, what many prefer not to look at.

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I walked in at 8:15am, and the process dragged on until about 10:30. They were hours of waiting and observation, in an atmosphere full of diverse emotions: nerves, hope, uncertainty. I looked at the faces of the people waiting with me and felt that each one carried with them their own story, their own reason for being there. I was very lucky, because the truth is that my bank account left a lot to be desired. As I always say, when

One goes with faith and purpose, God is in charge of opening the paths.

My interviewer was a very friendly young American —and also very handsome—who, with his smile and calm tone, gave me the kick-start to take advantage of the situation with serenity. I felt that everything was in the hands of fate, and that all I had to do was let the truth of my story flow.

The previous papers that appeared on his screen stated that I would travel to New Jersey with my daughter Mariana. How proud I was to see her mentioned there! Mariana, in addition to being beautiful, kind and incredibly intelligent, is a very successful businesswoman and, as if that were not enough, a great athlete. I had recently returned from Chicago, where, together with my son-in-law Sebastian, I had participated in the great Chicago Marathon, one of the most important in the world. Both completed the course with admirable effort, and returned with their medals hanging around their necks, a symbol of the merit and perseverance that so characterizes them.

As the interviewer reviewed my documents and asked his questions, I thought about all of that: how every step of my life, every person who accompanies me, and every achievement of my loved ones, are intertwined in the same thread of gratitude. And so, almost without realizing it, the interview flowed naturally, and it went very well, thank God. My good interviewer mentioned only New Jersey and my Mariana's name, and right there I took the opportunity to tell her that she was my daughter, that she was inviting me on the trip, and that I felt deeply proud of her for her happy and successful return from the Chicago

Marathon. That small detail, said with sincerity and enthusiasm, turned out to be fundamental to the final result.

And as if fate wanted to give me a sign, the “ churrito”, as we would say affectionately, told me with a smile that a few months ago he himself had granted Mariana the visa. I couldn't help but laugh and took the opportunity to also mention Sebastián, my dear son-in-law, adding that I was very proud of the two great competitors.

To my surprise, the young official also remembered having granted Sebastián the visa, and I am convinced that this coincidence—so improbable and so magical—was what determined the happy outcome of the interview.

After only asking me if I was a dentist, he looked at me with a smile and told me, almost unceremoniously, that my visa was approved for ten years.

I couldn't believe it! Everything had gone smoothly, without the need to show a single additional document.

I left the embassy happy, grateful and relieved, with my heart beating fast and the feeling of having received a blessing.

Now all that remains is to hope that some congress or demonstration on vaccines will be organized in Puerto Rico, or who knows… perhaps, God willing, in the United States itself. In the afternoon, after that intense morning at the embassy, I decided to take advantage of the day and tour the city. La Paz welcomed me with its unique blend of modernity and tradition, suspended between mountains and traversed by its impressive network of colorful cable cars.

I went up and down several lines: the blue, the lilac, the red, the coffee, the lead… Each one offered a different view of the city, with its houses climbing the slopes, the bustle of the markets, the hills golden by the afternoon sun and, on the horizon, the majestic Illimani watching in silence.

After that almost aerial tour, I finally arrived with Fernando Arce at the long-awaited meeting with social organizations. The meeting took place in El Alto, a vibrant city full of popular energy, a symbol of the strength and dignity of the Bolivian people.

Representatives of different groups, members of the press, a couple of lawyers, and an attentive and curious public were waiting for us to know what we had come to share.

It was a warm and expectant atmosphere. There was respect, openness, and also hope that, through knowledge and evidence, something new and necessary could begin to emerge. Before arriving at the meeting, I couldn't help but marvel at the Peace Cable Car, which has become one of the most iconic symbols.

emblematic of the city. Inaugurated in 2014, it was conceived to improve urban mobility and connect La Paz with its neighboring city, El Alto, traversing the steep and rugged valleys of the altiplano that previously made daily trips a constant challenge.

The system, called Mi Teleférico, is today the longest and highest in the world, with several lines identified by colors: blue, lilac, red, coffee, lead, and many more. Each line not only serves as efficient transportation, but also offers spectacular panoramic views of the city, the hills, and the majestic Illimani, as passengers float over streets and neighborhoods that previously seemed inaccessible.

The cable car has transformed the lives of thousands of people from la Paz and Alta, reducing travel times from hours to just minutes, and at the same time it has become an essential tourist spot, combining modernity, engineering and natural beauty.

Getting up and down those lines was an almost magical experience. From above one could perceive the breadth of the city, the density of its neighborhoods, the bustle of the

markets and everyday life that unfolded like a multicolored tapestry. Each cable car looked like a floating viewpoint, and as I headed to the meeting with Fernando Arce, I couldn't help but feel that each trip was also a trip to the heart of La Paz and its people. Once at the meeting place, I carefully arranged my small, large microscope, computer, and the entire arsenal of vaccines that I always carry with me when I travel. The expectation in the air was palpable: there were people from different sectors, representatives of social organizations, members of the press and the general public, all curious and attentive.

This time I decided to demonstrate six products:

Two measles vaccines, one from FioCruz donated by Brazil and another from India.

A BCG tuberculosis vaccine.

A flu shot.

A pentavalent vaccine, from the same laboratory in India and Pfizer's Comirnaty vaccine.

Delicately, I showed the fresh drop of each of the drugs under the microscope. As the attendees watched, their faces

They went from curiosity to surprise and fascination . no one expected to see the amount of contaminants that were present there, substances that, in my experience, should not be in those products, much less inoculated into the little bodies of children and adults. The attention was total. I felt that each look absorbed not only the scientific evidence, but also the importance of information and awareness about what we consume and manage. For a moment, the bustle of El Alto and the hustle and bustle of the city disappeared; There was only the small big world that my microscope revealed, and the responsibility we all shared before it. People were very angry with what they saw with their own eyes. They couldn't believe the amount of contaminants present in the vaccines that were supposed to protect them. Soon, several began to speak, discussing what type of attitude should be taken towards the authorities, who, despite so many complaints since 2022, until now had not complied with analyzing the products as had been requested for four years.

Everything was documented in photos and videos, while each attendee recorded the evidence to share with others. At the end of the demonstration , I was congratulated for my courage and for the international work I am carrying out, something that filled me with emotion and gratitude.

Before leaving, I had the opportunity to give an interview to journalist Richard Tito and Mrs. Dionicia Callizaya, who wanted to spread the event on Facebook and local radio stations. As I answered their questions, I felt that I was not only sharing science, but also bringing vital information and awareness to the community, bringing together evidence and social engagement. Ninoska, Fernando Arce's wife, also joined the conference, who enthusiastically collaborated by taking photographs and videos of the entire presentation. Their support was invaluable, because thanks to that audiovisual material we were able to share the content with many more people around the world.

Later, my friend Miguel Ángel, from Spain, offered to translate the videos into several languages — English , German, Portuguese, Arabic, Chinese, Italian, and

French— and to disseminate them on their digital channels, so that the messages and reflections of the meeting at the top could reach an international audience.

It was a deeply rewarding experience to see how, with the help of so many people, the One Day in Peace effort could transcend borders and spark interest and dialogue in other parts of the world. The day ended in a very warm and peaceful way: we shared a meal in a central location in La Paz, accompanied by a beer, where we were able to talk and celebrate the success of the day. Everything had gone very well, and the repercussions up to that point were already very gratifying, confirming that the effort and preparation had been worth every minute.

The next day, Friday, October 31, three friends who had been present at the conference invited us to lunch at the Copacabana Hotel. Between laughter, comments and analysis, we talked again about what happened and the reactions of the attendees.

Among them was Javier, an American citizen and personal friend of Robert Kennedy Jr., who faced

He wrote to me on WhatsApp telling me everything that happened and, shortly after, he sent me a couple of summaries prepared by Michelangelo in English, so that the information would arrive clearly and precisely.

I was left with an eager curiosity to know what opinion he would have about our work, but above all with the satisfaction of having shared knowledge, evidence and experiences that, I am sure, will have a positive impact beyond our own gaze.

Retorno a Santa Cruz

After lunch—a delicious trout from la Paz—I headed back to the bus terminal to catch the first bus back to Santa Cruz. The journey took 19 hours , and I arrived on Saturday, almost at noon.

During the journey, I stopped to buy two peanut soups, thinking about the lunch I would share with my son Alejandro, who was already eagerly waiting for me at home, along with our little dog Terry, who I also knew would return with some special food for him.

Upon arrival, I immersed myself in work again: I was writing and organizing the book chapter until about 4 a.m., reviewing photos, videos, and notes from the trip. During Saturday morning, after sharing many of the materials that people were passing me, I decided to record seven videos of the products we had observed at the El Alto conference .

After three days of observation, the self-assembly of the undeclared elements, which were present in different places in each sample, was already beginning to be noticed.

I uploaded these videos and sent them to all relevant contacts, in order to once again certify the presence of contaminants in the products examined and document the evidence in a clear and detailed manner. The sense of continuity and responsibility in my work filled me with energy, despite the fatigue of the journey. Chapter: Continuity and Commitment

Until the next trip, I will have to resume the letters to all the corresponding authorities, reminding them that their duty is to ensure the health of

The population. It is essential that they understand that we demand that the necessary studies be carried out on everything that is administered to people, with transparency and rigor.

Every letter, every message, and every follow-up is a way to keep awareness alive, to keep insisting on the evidence, and not to allow the information to be forgotten. Meanwhile, the preparation for Lima, Peru, will remain in my mind and in every detail that I must organize, ready to continue with the work that I have been doing for years.



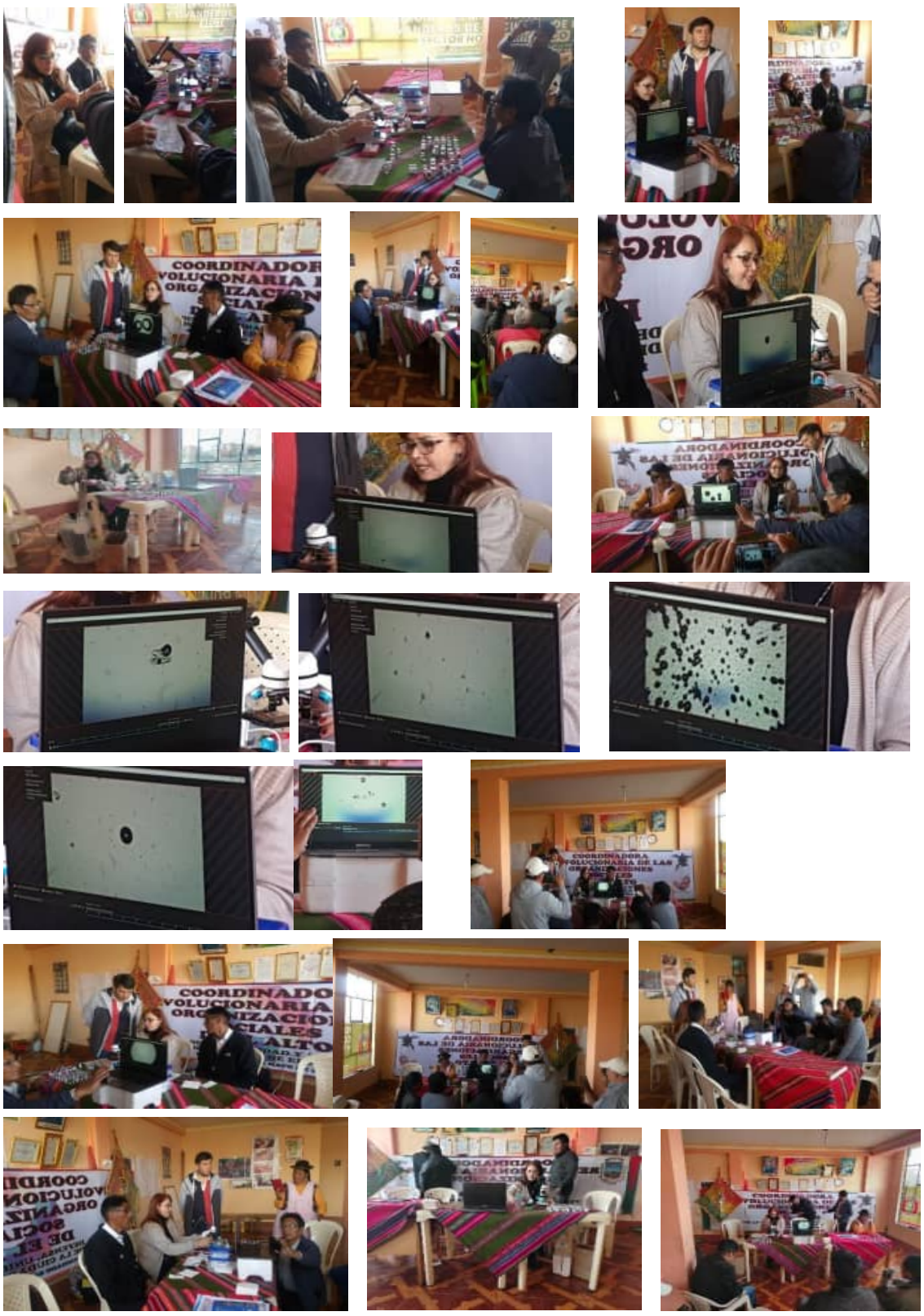



















The reunion with my beloved Jesus

Today, November 6, 2025, I woke up with a deep need in my heart. The first thing I did was ask God for forgiveness, my beloved Jesus, for having forgotten Him in these last chapters of the book. I felt immense sadness, as if a part of me had been silent for too long. Then I promised him that I would write this chapter today, because without him, none of what I have experienced in these five years would have been possible.

It all started in Sucre, the city where I was born and where I learned to look at the sky with hope. Sucre, white and serene, full of history, with its colonial balconies and warm afternoon air. My house was

In front of the church of La Merced, and every day at dawn, the sound of its bells marked the rhythm of my childhood. On Azurduy Street, among flowers and memories, my life was filled with familiar voices. A block away were my schools: first the Teresians and then the Nuns of Mary Help of Christians, where I learned not only to read and write, but also to pray and trust. The Cochabamba square was the heart of our afternoons: there we played, ran and dreamed of the future, not knowing that time would pass so quickly.

At home lived my parents and my aunt Marilú, my father's sister, a sweet and strong woman who filled the home with her presence. She had four children, and we were three, until little Rocío arrived —my Cio—, the blessing that came fifteen years later to illuminate our lives. Today, when I remember her, I smile tenderly: she is already 48 years old, and she is still that wonderful person I love so much.

As I write these lines, I feel like everything is falling back into place. I understand that God's love was always with me, even when I didn't notice it. He sustained me in difficult days, gave me strength when weariness seemed to overcome me, and

He put people in my path who were his instruments .

This chapter is not just an apology, but a thank you. Because in every step, in every journey, in every discovery that I have narrated in this book, his invisible hand guided me. And today, looking back, I understand that there wasn't a single moment when he wasn't by my side.

My memory vibrates with the innocence, joy and faith of childhood. That combination between the mischief of the “terrorists” Gantier Zelada and Zelada Rück and the joyful devotion of the children in the church…….

The Church of La Merced was the scene of our first adventures and also of our first acts of faith. There, the seven cousins—the famous “terrorists” Gantier Zelada and Zelada Rück—formed a small band of dreamers, creative and mischievous. That name, which made us laugh, had nothing wrong with it; It was just the way adults tried to describe our inexhaustible energy and limitless imagination.

The church was our world. In their courtyards, fields and gardens we had our headquarters.

There we played, planned our “secret missions” and also participated in something very beautiful that the parish organized: Youth for Christ. This was not just a group, but a true school of the soul. We played sports, theater, learned values, shared snacks and, above all, we felt that we belonged to something bigger than ourselves. Saturday night masses were a party. We all helped in one way or another: some prepared the benches, others decorated the altar, and some, the bravest, climbed the bell tower. At that height, where the air was fresher and the echo resounded between the walls, the enormous bronze bells awaited us. We weren't afraid to climb—rather, we did it with almost feline skill—and each of us took charge of a pair. I remember how we had to lean on stone bases, on either side of the walls, to reach the ropes. With all the strength of our arms, we rang the bells until we achieved that firm, cheerful, and powerful ring that filled the afternoon air. The sound spread throughout the neighborhood and called to mass the neighbors, who

They left their houses smiling, knowing that those blares came from our hands.

Those bells not only announced the beginning of Mass; They also marked the heartbeat of our childhood. Each touch was a small prayer in motion , a sign of innocent love for God, who surely smiled at seeing us so happy and united.

My involvement with Mercy Church was marked by something that became one of my life's greatest passions: music. From a very young age, I would be about seven years old, I started playing the guitar. It was thanks to a tenant of my grandmother María Luisa—a young man from Cochabamba who was studying medicine—who with infinite patience taught me how to tear the first strings.

I clearly remember those sunsets in the courtyard of the house, when the sun filtered through the leaves of the enormous plum tree. He sat in a wooden chair and I sat in front of him, with my small guitar, the same one my dad had brought me as a surprise one day. That gesture was a gift from the soul, without knowing that this instrument was

I would become my travel companion for life.

The sound of strings, laughter, birdsong, and the sweet scent of ripe plums formed a small paradise on earth. I learned not only to touch, but to feel.

Each note was a form of prayer, a way to converse with God without words.

Over time, my guitar became an inseparable part of me. I participated in the church choir, accompanying my songs by ear with the old songbooks that I kept like a treasure. Those books, worn out from so many pages, were my “musical equipment”, my bridge between earth and heaven.

Singing at Mass was more than a task: it was an act of love. I felt that, as I raised my voice beside the strings, something within me ignited and joined the whole. Sometimes, when the notes merged with the echoes of the temple, I seemed to hear a silent response… as if my beloved Jesus was smiling, happy to hear me.

The Church of La Merced, that place so full of life and faith, was led by a priest whom we all loved deeply: Father Romeo Palestro, a man of Italian origin with an immense heart and a serene gaze that inspired confidence. He was a different priest, close, full of joy and wisdom, who knew how to speak to both adults and children. We all felt part of our spiritual family.

One day, when I was about sixteen years old, Father Palestro asked to see my parents and me in his office. I remember that we went without knowing why he was calling us, with some curiosity and respect. Upon arrival, he greeted us with his usual smile and, after a brief silence, looked at us with an expression I will never forget.

He told my parents that he saw something special in me, a different light, and that he was convinced that God had prepared an important path for me. He spoke of leadership, of service, and of a mission that would one day manifest itself forcefully. He also said that he was sure that I would do something great, something that I could not yet understand, but that time would reveal.

At that moment I did not fully understand his words . She was a teenager full of dreams, music and enthusiasm for life. But today, looking back, I know that day was a seed that remained stored in my soul.

Now I understand that this is the moment to which my dear Father Palestro was referring. everything experienced,

Every step, every tear, every discovery and every journey, has brought me here. I feel that your prophecy is fulfilled at this stage of my life, when my voice, my faith, and my love for the truth are They come together to serve a greater purpose.







He saw in me what I did not yet know how to see: that God had already chosen my path. And today, with a heart full of gratitude, I know that his gaze was a reflection of the love of Jesus, who accompanied me from that day and never left my side.

Sometimes I close my eyes and go back to that little office of Father Palestro. I can still feel his slow voice, his kind gaze, and the peace his words left. I didn't understand it at the time, but today I know that God spoke to him through him. And that everything he told me was a promise that was fulfilled, step by step, with every test and every miracle I have experienced.

Today, my beloved Jesus, I can only thank you. Thank you for putting people in my path who knew how to see what I still didn't understand. Thank you for reminding me that faith is not just praying, but walking, acting, serving, raising your voice when needed, and embracing those who suffer. Sometimes I wonder how I could have forgotten you, even for a moment. But I know that even in those moments when I didn't name you, you were still there, silently, waiting for me. You were always the invisible thread that connected all my days, the

The strength that held me when I thought I could take no more, and the light that guided me when the path seemed to be getting dark.

My Father, Jesus of my Heart, I offer you this chapter as an act of love and gratitude. Because this book is not just my story, but the testimony of your work in my life. Everything I am, everything I have achieved, everything I have understood… was born

from your hand. Today I understand the words of Father Palestro: this is the time, this is the call. And if you chose me, Lord, it is because you trust that even with my imperfections I can serve you.

That's why I tell you: here I am.

Make me what you want.

If my voice can awaken consciences, use it.

If my hands can heal, guide them.

If my heart can love more, teach it how. Because everything I have, everything I have been and everything I will be, belongs to You, my beloved Jesus.

With this chapter, I put my life back in your hands, like that little girl who played the guitar

Under the plum tree, not knowing that even then you were listening to her.

“Here I am, sir”……..

From 2020 until today, every step I have taken has had a meaning that I am only now beginning to understand. It has been as if an invisible force, gentle but firm, took the threads of my life and wove them with a perfection that can only come from above.

I have felt, again and again, that it was not I who chose the path, but the path chose me. Every journey, every encounter, every obstacle and every revelation has occurred with a precision that leaves no room for chance.

Everything—absolutely everything—has been guided by the hand of God.

He has been the silent strategist, the Director of this work that sometimes leaves me speechless. He has been placing the exact pieces at the precise moment: the people he needed to meet, the places he needed to visit, the signs he needed to see to move forward.

Sometimes I am amazed to remember how everything unfolded: without prior planning, without apparent control, and

But in perfect harmony. It is as if from heaven someone is gently moving the threads of my destiny, drawing with them a tapestry that I am only now beginning to contemplate in its true beauty.

And when I look back, I know I couldn't have done it alone.

Nothing I have experienced, learned, or achieved would have been possible without your guidance, without your constant presence, without your love.

That's why, at this point in my life, I can only say:

Thank you, sir, for leading me here. Thank you for

the infinite patience with which you waited for my return.

Thank you for reminding me, again and again, that nothing happens by chance when one walks holding your hand.

I will offer this final prayer to close the chapter with gratitude and surrender.

Beloved Lord Jesus, today I turn my heart to You with humility and gratitude.

Thank you for every moment, for every step you guided me, even when I didn't understand it. Thank you for the places, people, and moments that filled my life with learning and love.

I give you all that I am and all that I will be, so that my hands, my voice, and my heart may be instruments of your light.

Always guide me, Lord, and make my life reflect your love in every action and every word.

And so, with my heart at peace, I lift my gaze to heaven and speak to my God with all my soul:

“Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.

That where there is fear, it can bring confidence.

Where there is pain, there is always comfort.

And where there is darkness, turn on your light.

I beg you to continue using me, my beloved Jesus, to defend children, to care for innocence, to be the voice of those who cannot speak.

Give me strength to continue fighting for the truth, so that everything hidden comes to light, and so that humanity never loses its dignity or its freedom.

Protect me from the lies and deceit of the world.

Guide me with your wisdom so that I will not be confused or give up.

I want to live to serve you, Lord, and to remind others that only in you is there hope, life, and truth.

Because nothing and no one can erase what you have created with love.

And as long as I have a voice, I will continue to proclaim your name, trusting that your light will overcome all shadow.

Amen.



Chapter 28. La gran tristeza

The last five years have been intense, full of challenges and moments that profoundly marked my life. But since 2024, sadness has been setting in persistently. First, several friends and acquaintances began to get sick and, with great pain, died.

Each loss left a void impossible to fill and a silence that weighed on the soul. The great tragedy came in the first days of April, when after a ten-month fight against a violent cancer, my dear sister-in-law Maria Eugenia, wife of my brother Kemo, lost the battle.

The blow was very hard and still is, especially for my brother and his three daughters: Daniela, Fabiana and Marucita. His departure left a deep pain that is felt in every corner of our lives.

We will always remember you, dear Maru. In

the last days of her hospitalization in Brazil, we communicated via WhatsApp.

From the beginning, I told her what I knew about the relationship of certain vaccines with the so-called TURBO cancer, and she, although incredulous at first, began to suspect something similar when in the

At the hospital, doctors discovered that her cancer was neither congenital nor genetic and had no explanation for its rapid progression.

She was like many patients in these times: “burned out,” with a diagnosis that was advancing rapidly and with few resources to combat it.

Watching my sister-in-law fight so bravely, while her life was slowly fading away, was heartbreaking. Helplessness and pain were mixed with the need to continue searching for the truth, to protect those who still have a chance, and to honor the memory of those who have left us.

In the midst of so much suffering, I cling to the faith and the mission I feel God has given me: to fight for life, for the truth, and for the most vulnerable, so that no one else has to go through these losses without hope or support.
I ask God to give comfort to my brother and nieces and also to my friend María Isabel who in 2022 lost her beloved daughter Chavita to another very aggressive cancer and for which she is suffering a lot, missing her all the time. There are already many families who have great helplessness and regret for having fallen into the deception of

These supposed drugs that would save not only from an imaginary virus that no one isolated or sequenced in the world but that no one thought would be the Trojan horse to inoculate you with graphene oxide and nanotechnology causing this tremendous damage where it is already estimated that there are 20 million deaths and more than 1291 adverse effects. I close this chapter and can only offer one prayer. I ask God to embrace with his infinite mercy my brother, my dear nieces, and also my friend María Isabel, who since 2022 has lived with the deep pain of having lost her beloved daughter Chavita. May the Lord give them the necessary strength to move forward, to find comfort in faith and hope in the eternal reunion.

There are already many families who suffer losses that are difficult to understand. There is pain, there is helplessness, there are unanswered questions. But in the midst of so much sadness, I still believe that only God has the final word, and that the truth, no matter how hidden it may seem, always ends up coming to light.

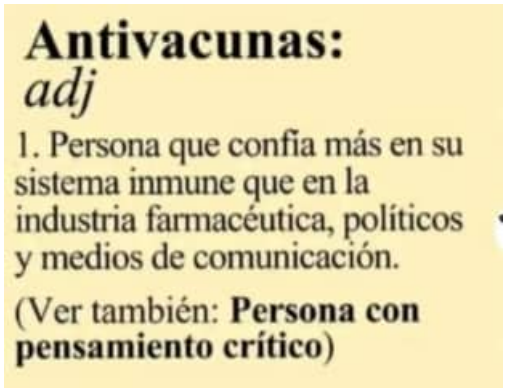
With a heart full of faith, I ask my beloved Jesus to transform so much pain into strength, so much darkness into wisdom, and to allow us to be instruments of his peace, illuminating the path of

Those who still seek meaning in the midst of suffering. Amen.






LA MEJOR VACUNA ES LA QUE NO SE PONE


Antivacunas:
adj
1. Persona que confía más en su sistema inmune que en la industria farmacéutica, políticos y medios de comunicación.
(Ver también: Persona con pensamiento crítico)


Inmunidad Natural es de por Vida


LA VERDAD
YA NO ESTA
ESCONDIDA
AHORA LA GENTE
SE ESCONDE
DE LA VERDAD


Abraza a un "conspiranoico"
Pues tenían toda la maldita razón


EXCESO DE MUERTES SIN EXPLICACIÓN
LA EXPLICACIÓN


ANESTESIA DENTAL Y NANOTECNOLOGÍA




GRAFENO


¿A partir de qué dosis uno se hace negacionista?


EL ACTO DE AMOR
ESTÁ CAUSANDO
TROMBOSIS...
INFARTO...Y CÁNCER.


VENENO: CAUSA
TROMBOSIS...
INFARTO...Y CÁNCE


"Lo que más odia el rebaño es a quien piensa diferente; "no es tanto la opinión en sí, sino la audacia de querer pensar por sí mismos, algo que no saben hacer."
-Arthur Schopenhauer (1788-1860)
Resulta mas fácil creer que pensar.

Documents

1_▪ Dr. Liliana Zelada Rück's Telegram Channel:

https://t.me/evidencia

2_ Resistance website. Here you will find all notarized documents and studies

https://laresistencia.live/

3_ ▪ The notarial Report Chile Valparaíso October 2025 can be downloaded from here:

https://www.mpowertranslations.info/analysis-al-microscopio-de-medicamentos-ante-notario-publico-en-chile/

4_ In 2023, Dr. Geanina carried out an analysis of the Moderna and Comirnay-Omicron B4-5 vaccines with the help of an electron microscopy professional. The analysis consisted of scanning electron microscopy and energy dispersive X-ray spectroscopy (EDX). They discovered that both products, the Moderna and Comirnaty-Omicron B4-5 vaccines, contain mainly carbon, oxygen and silicon atoms, without identifying nitrogen or phosphorus atoms, as would be normal if these products contained mRNA.

Their analysis can be downloaded in English from here:

https://www.academia.edu/124251340/The_Moderna_and_Comirnaty_B4_5_vaccines_do_not_contain_nitrogen_and_phosphorus_energy_dispersive_X_ray_spectroscopy_so_they_do_not_contain_mRNA_Nanotechnology_in_covid_vaccines

And in Spanish translated by the Mpower Translations team from here:

https://www.mpowertranslations.info/las-vacunas-moderna-y-comirnaty-b4-5-no-contienen- nitrogen-ni-fosforo-por-lo-que-no-contienen- mRNA/

5_ Link to download the notarial report:

https://www.mpowertranslations.info/informe-notarial-de-evidencia-de-toxicidad-y-nanotecnologia-en-inyectables/

6_ notarial Report Headquarters
https://www.mpowertranslations.info/informe-notarial-de-evidencia-de-toxicidad-y-nanotecnologia-en-inyectables/

7_ Complaint from the Santa Cruz Bolivia Bar Association
https://www.mpowertranslations.info/informe-notarial-de-evidencia-de-toxicidad-y-nanotecnologia-en-inyectables/

8_ Denounces the Medical College of Santa Cruz Bolivia.
https://www.mpowertranslations.info/informe-notarial-de-evidencia-de-toxicidad-y-nanotecnologia-en-inyectables/

9_ Notarial Report of Santa Cruz Bolivia.
https://www.mpowertranslations.info/informe-notarial-de-evidencia-de-toxicidad-y-nanotecnologia-en-inyectables/

10_ Report by Dr. Pablo Campra from Madrid
https://www.laquintacolumna.info/docs/docs/campra-informe-tecnico-es.pdf

11_ ICP - MS analysis of vaccines against COVID 19 in Spanish.
https://www.mpowertranslations.info/analisis-icp-ms-de-las-vacunas-contra-el-covid-19/

12_ Dr. Nixon's study on dental anesthetics, apparently benign, can self-assemble into crystalline architectures and

vesicles that are not accidental at all. More importantly, it shows that these structures are not invulnerable. By exposing samples to passive fields, coherence modulating devices such as Orgonite, and observing the influence of environmental factors such as the proximity of laptops, both vulnerabilities and environmental sensitivities in their assembly logic have been revealed. If these formulations contain engineered materials, understanding how to destabilize or recondition their structures could be key to counteracting their effects on the body. This is the plan — and the beginning of a counterstrategy.

- Enlace al documento original en inglés aquí:

https://cdn.manula.com/user/15577/docs/coherence-dependent-self-assembly-final-draft-1-8.pdf

- Link to Dr. Nixon's Substack:

https://davidnixon.substack.com/p/crystals-fields-and-collapse-understanding? utm_source=post-email-title&publication_id=1283658&post_id=168941010

&utm_campaign=email-post-title&isFreemail=true&r=2apccu&triedRedirect=true&utm_medium=email

13_ Criminal complaint in San Luis, Argentine Republic for substance poisoning. ▪ Link to the news of May 28, 2025, where the complaint filed by Víctor Eduardo Vital through his lawyer is made public through a press conference.

https://t.me/mpowertranslations/182

14_ Download the Argentine report showing the more than 55 undeclared elements in Covid vaccines:

https://www.mpowertranslations.info/analisis-icp-ms-de-las-vacunas-contra-el-covid-19/

15_ Meeting in Santa Fe Argentine Republic. 2025.

https://odysee.com/@nestafranco17:6/30.3.2025-Santa-Fe:e

16_ Link to see the talks of the 1st Congress Deliberate damage by vaccines, electromagnetic radiation and toxic fumigations

Atmospheric, March 2025. San Luis, Argentina: https://laresistencia.live/category/congreso/

17_ ICP-MS analysis of "vaccines" against «COVID-19» from AstraZeneca, CanSino, Moderna, Pfizer, Sinopharm and Sputnik: 55 undeclared chemical elements

https://www.mpowertranslations.info/analisis-icp-

18_ ▪ Links to the notarial records of the content observed in the vials, complaint and response by the Ministry of Health:

https://www.mpowertranslations.info/denuncia-por-envenenamiento-con-vacunas-en-argentina-18-de-junio-del-2025/

19_ Complaint to the Parliament of Luxembourg Switzerland. https://www.petitiounen.lu/fr/petition/2489? type = PUB

20_▪ Link to the Argentine study of vial analysis:

https://www.mpowertranslations.info/analisis-icp-ms-de-las-vacunas-contra-el-covid-19/

21_ Studies on vaccines, anesthesias and toxic serums, reported to ANMAT, carried out by several independent researchers in:

https://laresistencia.live/category/vacunas/

22_ https://t.me/mpowertranslations



