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Author: odin dupeyron Category: Self-help, editorial welmer fabric: Diana Collection: Out of page Collection: Unknown Format: Ã "pub Ã" Kindle Date: 2016/05/12 Language: Spanish Price: free isbn: 978-607 -07-3428-1 The author of this book: you have come to this book search for: download Ã "we take a coffee? Without registration, download â we try A coffee? With Odin Dupeyron complete in free format PDF, read eBooks We take coffee? Online in Spanish PDF EPUB shows other self-help books continue to Paletladelibros support, the only site that allows you to download Ã We will learn a coffee? free pdf download pdf | Download epub 1 odin dupeyron took coffee? 2 thanks and dedication to my family: Sara and Humberto. My brothers Odette, Natasha and Ãsterlen. And among all others, In particular at Angeli Estrada, Elizabeth and Doa Ã at Bety Unda, my grandmother and my pride. To my favorites: Marivi and Rafael. Ã Ã * Rika, Ã Rika and Rika. Lizette, Angelo and Andrea. Gerardo, Adela, Mauricio and Isabel. Alejandro, Silvia, Jean and Fabiola. HÃ © ctor, dÃlia, jana and juan. Cristiano Marcia, Rigo, Luly and Ricardo. Consuelo and Tania. Jackie Lilia Esther Patrick. Charlie. Cristian RocÃ and the dacia. Rosa Martha, Coca and Hugo. Oscar. FabiÃn Miss Lupita. Dr. San Roman. Father Antonio. And of course, Marisol Mijares and CÃf © Sar Lambonon. For my worshiped nail that takes care of me: Patricia HernÃndez. To listen to me, to be there, or for leaving me. With it helps me, for supporting me, or because I had betrayed me. To remember, or to forget. With me understood, for me excluded, damaging or for saving me. A few for my joy when they made me laugh. For others from my pain when they made me cry. But all of you for my inspiration! Which comes from these emotions. What I write here are the traces of my life and they are undeniable part of these traces. I love them deeply. 3 a letter index by the author ... Xi the introduction ... I of the forgiveness ... 15 I am a poet ... 21 At first and in the end I had to be one of those who love ... 28 Another night. ... 32 quia Ã N lost? And I ... 38 Where you stayed ... 40 Friendship is a rose that grows ... 46 My best friend ... 47 If I don't want a night the wind wrapping a desperate cry .68 Oda would have Sing to be loved. ... 71 Love is a dream of cute suicide of love to be ... 83 Something more deceived ... 86 Flowers Insomnia How? ... 87 I don't want ... 87 in the dark ... 88 4 When I don't have ... 88 Search ... 88 Ay Pain ... 89 My Heart ... 92 But you've always been there. .. 95 already regularly in peace how difficult it is the viltÃ pain what we did? Love forbidden badly patited to you Adios I want to see you sign the cross as a ten-year-old night it was worth it? Love Mao Love of the new Eternity of Guava Ge Cri Ra to love my freedom Thanks to pump the happiness ... 193 5 Letter by the author Almost 10 years ago An editorial that allowed me to publish what Without limitations, without limitations and without conditions to which I called dissident editorial that he says differently. For 10 years this little small Powerful editorial, held in the first places of the most sold books to my first book and color, Colorado This story was not over and helped me give birth to and take the world my two second books we take coffee? And, years later, a project book to those entitled in your life just what you don't want to lose? For 10 years we work hard to reach books over all sides, to cover the demand and to transmit a philosophy of being, to think, to feel and act; A lifestyle. In these 10 years we managed that this book we took a coffee? It has been closed for a few years (2010) within the (sometimes 10 times 20) books more sold in Mexico. But, as well as it is also good to recognize your successes and your triumphs, it's also good to know your limits, today the demand of the book is of this scope and to the extent in places, that the small dissident publication able to cover that required. And, even if I embody myself in my realization and although I like to clarify the wonderful egg that was dissident publishing, it seems to me that it would be egotric and narcissist do not recognize that today I can't give that jump with my editorial. It would be ego E and I will not open the possibilities and let the book come where I have to arrive, so as a welcome - IX - 6 Diana Editorial, thank you for letting me again between writers and thank you for helping us to get more people with The feeling, love and passion that characterize we took a coffee? I hope more readers can always join now that it will be under your signature. Odin Dupeyron - X - 7 Introduction when I write, I have the imagination that, when your eyes find my words, for a magical moment over time we are together. For a moment, when one of my words makes you feel, you feel what I feel or what I heard when you write about them, and then, for a small space of time, we both feel the same and we are, even if far away , accompanied about the speech of about Ã. I believe in the originality of each of the people and constantly celebrate the differences that exist between each of us. The ideal world for me, would be here where everyone is celebrated that differences that make us unique and original; A world full of Jews, Christians, Mormons, tall, low, fat, skinny, heterosexual, homosexual, blond, black, white, redheads, of all tastes and all shapes, always different, always different, but in the background , in spirit always the same. With the passage of time I discovered that, somehow that I can't understand, we are all one and at the bottom of our soul we are unquestionably equal, we come from the same place and we are going to stop in the same place; We have the same desires to be happy, to be loved and love; We have the same needs to share with other successes, joys, pain and miseries; We have the natural need to make friends, besides being alone in specific moments. We have the same laugh, which, even if it is expressed in different ways, at the bottom at the bottom, shoots with the same joys; We have the same cry as most of the time feels with the same intensity and with the same pain. We all feel very young at the time of death, and everyone, just all, we get excited about love, And it is incredible as - I-3 for the soul no matter to nationality or boundaries; For love, pain and happiness some attention, if you are poor, rich, if you are a politician, a doctor or a sick person. In front of the beauty of a body or soul, before the touch of the hands of the person who loves on your skin, the stomach is added and accelerates heart, be a Mexican, Arab, Thailand or Hawaiian. The pleasure of making love love, I don't know about religion, sex, eth or social class. We are miraculously as different and at the same time in an equal way; We are only here, passing, passage. Our stay our Brevima Estancia on this land. It is not incredible that, despite many years of existing on the planet, have we not yet learned to respect our differences? It is not incredible as despite the little period of life that each of us has, instead of celebrating those differences, do we condemn them? We live a life that tries to be like others or trying to believe that others believe in what we believe or that others behaved as we would behave; When true equality goes beyond. The true equality of man is spirit and feeling. We are going very quickly, we are too fast, life is so short and though so, we let ourselves capture from the vortex of routine, we before a company that judges us, we count and condemns us. How many times do we take time to talk, meet us, to share something more than banal dishes and newspapers? How many times do we take the time to sit and learn from our equality and our differences? How many times we show us how really we are; Without masks and without fears? Instead, we move away, we hide each other, we hide and we are constantly hurt. There are few possibilities in which we really take the time to share the notes, to comment on what has been learned from what we lived 9 would not be wonderful to review the notes? Do you notice them? Transmission of experiences, fears, loves, frustrations and desires that have made us what we are now? And not just to give advice, assume or feel, no, when we talk, when they express ourselves, we learn from ourselves perhaps more than our interlocutor can learn from our lives. Because talking and talking about our experiences from the background of the heart is a way to make synthesis, to see and above all things, to spend clean. And in life there are so many times when he would come for us so well to spend clean. Between your hands, right now, many years of my life have been found, my notes, my personal notes, what I cried, what I went, what I suffered, what I was wrong and how much I learned from that That I lived this is my way of sharing those years with you. Allow me accompanied under his arm on a sunny day or on a rainy afternoon. When you have nothing else to do, it prepare a good cup of coffee and biscuits, or a glass of wine, ham and bread serrano, and we talk about life. DÃf Ã Jame makes you a company in the long ranks of the bank, in the subway or in the way traveling for your work. Or sitting on the desk of some parks, an ice cream, I know how to fill me with AzÃcar, chocolate, cake, Moronas. DÃf Ã JAME wet if it rains on the street. I want to be there and you know I'm here. This book is completely me, I live in these leaves. As you take your eyes to these words, you can see myself straight into the eyes of the soul and we can talk about the times as you want. What do you think? Have we taken coffee? - 3 - 10 A bit of me has never added to be a writer and the less I didn't want to write a book, I didn't even think that this possibility can exist. My real dream had to be an actor, stopping in the scenarios, feel the lights on my face and feel the wonderful incomparable sound of the applause. But NiÃf Ã or, I was not allowed to act despite coming from a family of artists; My father is one of the best actors I've ever seen on a stage. So my day of cute dreams was that, I saw myself recite, acting, acting but never write. During the first thing I wrote was like 14 and was theater; Which has always been my great passion, but (I recognized it then and I can recognize it now), it was not very good; In fact he was quite bad and not for something else, but because he expressed more fantasies for children and that the real wishes to say something; Main reason I currently write and for a few years. In any case, this phase of the writer did not last long and did not give many fruits, even if it started to sit some bases. 11 Let's take coffee? Later, when he studied the 18-year-old performance, the writer who lived inside me and I could now be clear on ideas. I wrote many sketches and projects, which later moved to television, he did not express all my feeling, but my way of seeing life in the comedy. Thank God I learned in early age, that at least for me (and I believe faithfully respect for everyone), a bit of life comedy lightening and that if we do not learn to laugh by ourselves, then we are really lost. At 19 I left my home alone live; I don't fight with my mother or angry with life. I just wanted to look for my freedom; To find me, to find my life and above everything to take the reins of my destiny. It was in that year, when I started writing these essays, these thoughts and poems; I didn't want to them with any specific purposes, he only lived in me the desire to speak, for example, of transmission or express what he had inside. I still remember exactly the first thing I wrote. I call something because when I wrote it, he didn't know if he was verses or prose or poetry, it was just something. Something that came from the heart so: if I could have in my arms, if I could tell you how much I love you, if I could only for a brief moment of love and will give you what I carry inside. If you only want, if only you will allow me. What would happen? What would happen if in you there could be the seed of this love that does not end? What would happen? - 6-12. Odin Dupeyron has given you, I would have given me, and in the Vaiva © n of our bodies, between kisses, smells and moments, our life would be marked. And in the total climate of our meeting, when we are one in motion, I swear for you I would live for you! And then they die as they said. But now happy to have tried some sky for my way and a little hell in my past. Obviously I had fallen in love, and obviously it was not corresponding to it it was certainly frustrated. I don't remember the exact dates of everything I wrote, I just remember what I heard, what I was living and everything I squeezed my chest; Feelings and thoughts that wanted to get out of most of me and shout in the world, but that they don't have the courage to do it, at least not at the moment. Then it was so that Dante Dupeyron was born, which was the name with which he baptized the writer he was carrying inside for whom? Because it's one of my 5 names so, 5 names! My full name is Dante Humberto Jorge Ivan Odino because? It's a long history (then he will tell you). But in the way to meet me and I recognize me, Dante, the first of my names, was the beginning of the research, was the first window inside me who opened in the world. A second moment I decided to make a small collection of Algos that Dante had written, to which titled Footprints of Dante Dupeyron. I already had 20 years 13 we had a coffee? The following text wrote it as an introduction to the compilation: they managed to take me, enclose me in a cage, in a house, in a city, in a state, in a country, under a government and the laws. Enclosed between the borders, perhaps trapped by my breath. They have linked me with invisible wires of needs beliefs: money, the desire to own; For the terrible conviction of having always more. Loneliness; Excellent and faithful friend and teacher, which I can't fully experience the conviction of someone's needs by my side to be happy. Light, gas, telephone, car and all those things I think I need, but in reality they are just ways to reach an end. Unfortunately I got used to all this for many years of second, and it's not easy to get rid of it. But today I start the way, the way to learn to not want, do not depend, not to expect anything from anyone, the way of freedom, but, in the meantime, continued to trapped, chained, withered. This is why the need to create another being was born, someone who lives within me, which does not depend on nothing and from anyone, who has not been blocked. So, Nace Dante, an imaginary son; my interior niÃf Ã or that no one can take because it moves in the immeasurable spaces of the imagination, where everything can be, where everything - 8 - 14 odin dupeyron is reached, where he laughs and shouts freely, where being is Limited only for this: to be! Dante Dupeyron was born in Mexico, D.F. In the colony of the valley, the year was 1989. I don't remember the day well, but I want to think that it was a very sad and cold of February: The parents of him were the illusion and a terrible need to express feelings and free himself. He was born in times of love and lack of love, between joy and sadness, despair and hope, between the life and death of everyday survival. He never thought of writing a book or making a compilation, I wanted solely to the capture what my inner voice dictated, with the heart in vivo and my truth in the ink. And so, eager to capture him feelings of him on a card, he had the courage to surf the world of internal thoughts, words and poems. Thinking only in the cadence of the words, not in the exact medical, not in perfect rhyme, only the harmony of things, in the way go of an emotion, with the only goal of giving shape, from a melodic way, for the prayers that They pushed the inside of their soul for a way out, an escape route, an escape abroad. Dante is therefore, so that only a window that shows us the feelings of a human being, which like everyone, wants to transmit, expand or - 9 - 15 we take a coffee? Transcend, communicate something vital to him: his truth. Perhaps somewhere there will be someone who, reading how Dante writes, can be reflected and perhaps for this reason it helps him to express himself or feeling; And at that moment, at that precise moment, they will be alone, he will vibrate simultaneously and on the same frequency, thus demonstrating that we are really one, that there is only a force and a certainty: life. And to me nothing, I have to give myself once again with this immense pleasure that I teach me when I write, and if what Dante writes makes you feel you continue to write. That was the beginning of everything that was written in this book. Many years have passed since that miraculous birth. And even if Dante is not dead, he published the pen to deliver him to Odin, he who go responsible for the words of him. Now, Dante watches only me carefully for a corner of the heart. It is the voice that reminds me that I must be honest in my words when I write, be able to support them with my actions; It is the voice that resonates me always to know, that before writer, actor, creative, moppet, director or a theater teacher, rather than playing any role in society and before any label I am a human being, which yes He feels, that he shouts, that he laughs and he should keep looking at himself. Now, after so many years of drilling within me, I know that knowledge of themselves never ends. And even if the 16 trip Odin Dupeyron for the interior is one of the most growing adventures I lived, that knowledge is also the light that illuminates the darkest parts of our life, which many times do not want to discover. But rewards on the road, for those who dare to look like they are, in truth they are endless. We build and remote constantly, every day it happens, The days, until the day of ours We are manufacturers and destroyers by nature: We build and destroy everything around us, but in the first place we do it with ourselves. I think we have the titanic task of going better than we arrive, full of experiences and experiences, good, some worst and other worst, but in the end, that it is really worth it, it is to live everything what you dÃ. So let's start like this book. Every time you see these coffee cups: it means you will read a new writing or new poetry or a new topic, in short, a new story. We started? 17 Have you taken coffee? Bar?

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