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O ESTRANHÃO

Ilustração de Carlos J. Campos



 Porto
Editora



Am I the odd one?

Hi there! I'm Frederic, which was my grandfather's name, Fred to family and friends (to you too). But I'm better known as Megaodd. A boy like any other with an above average IQ that's, at least, strange, don't you think?

Yes, I have my quirks or I wouldn't be myself but someone else with different quirks: I only relate to a few people, I like being alone to write poems or crazy stories and invent things that don't exist but I think should, and that is, for the majority, quite odd. They say I know too many things for someone of my age.



microphone-shaped
sponge (for bath singers)



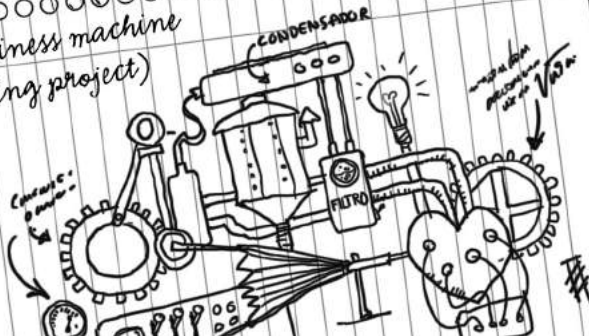
tape measure belt
(to control weight
without a scale)



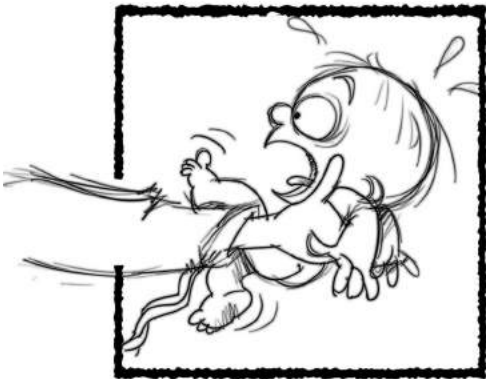
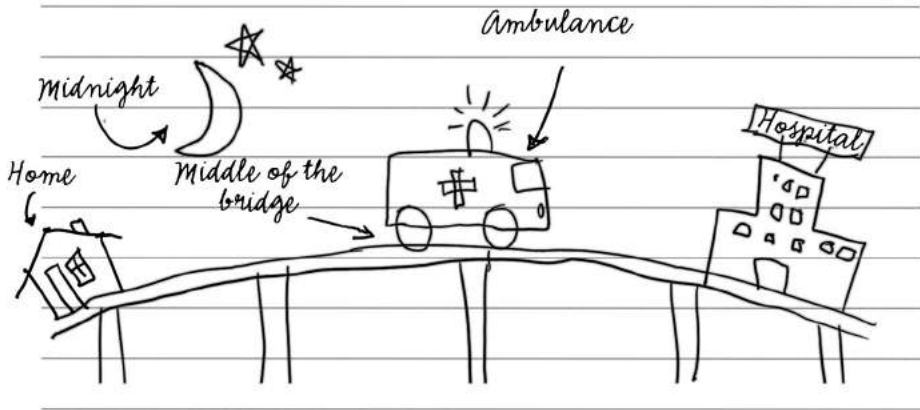
Fork-pen (useful at business
lunches to sign documents)



Happiness machine
(ongoing project)



It is also true strange things happen to me like coming into the world in an ambulance, in the middle of a bridge and in the middle of the night (only the ambulance was whole), when my mum was in the middle of the way to the hospital.

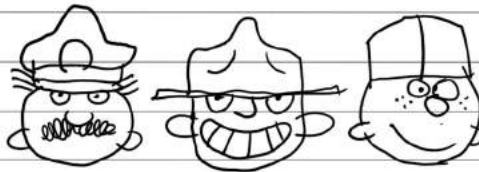
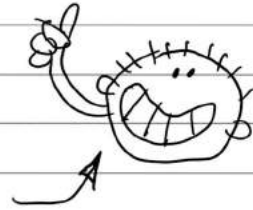


I was dreaming and enjoying the dream when suddenly someone turned on the light and the sound. I opened my eyes, scared, and the first thing I saw was a man in a uniform. I didn't like it. It was just a first aider but how could I know? Let's just think

about this for a moment: I came from a silent quiet place, in my mum's belly, and I thought I had arrived into a world experiencing an ongoing war because the ambulance siren was on.

Even to this day I flinch and cover my eyes every time I hear a siren. And I still hold a grudge against people in uniforms, no matter the uniform. Those people are part of an organization, the Police, Scouts or even MacDonalD's.

Therefore they aren't themselves
(they could actually be very
nice people) but robots who
slavishly comply with
organizations rules.



In conclusion, they aren't trustworthy.



Well, in any case I was born and that was it. I tried to resist and get back to my mum's belly but it was too late.

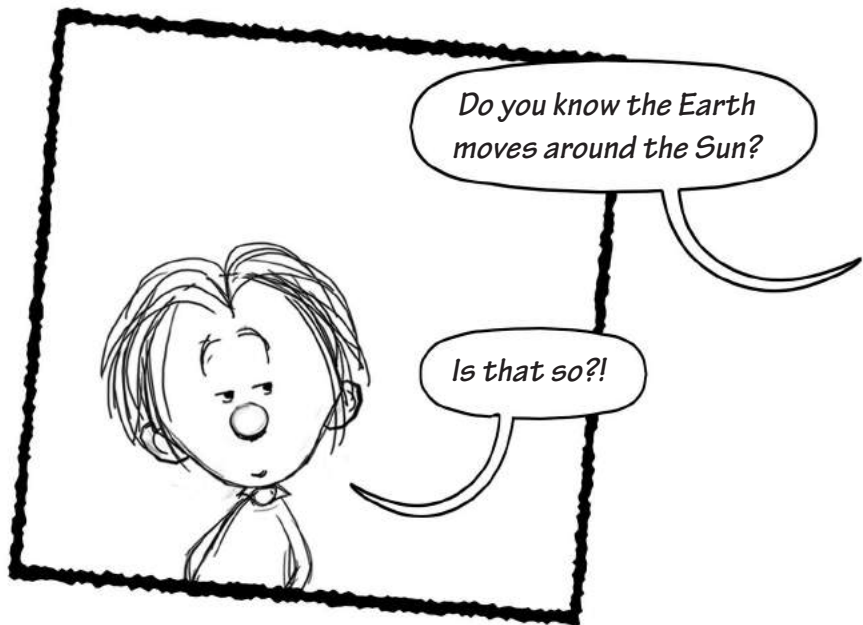
The man in the uniform (I have already said I don't trust them) had already cut the umbilical cord. Still to this day, when I take a deep breath, the world smells of ambulances and hospitals. But is that a reason to call me Megaodd? No. The problem is this: apparently, we use only 1% of our brain capacity. It's like carrying a 100 € note and being able to spend only 1 €.



I, from what they say, use 1,01%. Not such a big deal, don't you think? But it's enough to be called Megaodd.

And don't think I take pride in using a little bit more of my grey matter. On the contrary, I do everything I can to be inconspicuous. The trick is to adapt. That is how our species has survived for four million years and I have no alternative too, because I don't have another house, street to live in or another planet to live on.

I sometimes pretend to be stupid because I don't want to be bothered by those who pretend to be smart.



The problem is I can't always control myself and then people say "What a strange boy!". That was what my mum said the day she saw my 21st century inventions notebook and another one with crazy poems and stories. "Odd? Really odd!" my father said. And my sister:



From my home my nickname passed to the street and from the street to school and from school everywhere else. Now I am, fair or unfairly known as, Megaodd. Nicknames aren't something we choose, they are imposed on us. Even worse: they don't have expiration date. Some, the worst, stick to us forever, like a tattoo or a scar. My father has a friend who is still to this day called "Four-eyes" even though he now wears contact lenses.

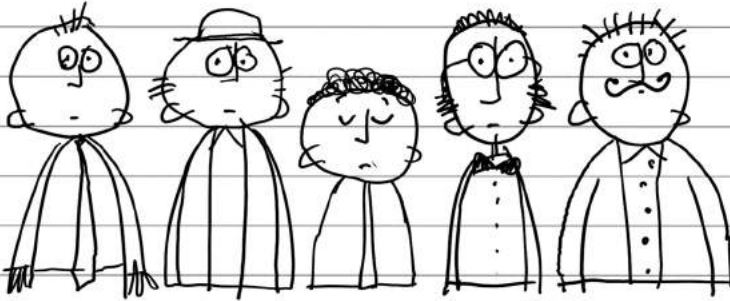
Let me tell you,
a nickname
can last a
lifetime





Megaodd... I should be the rule, the paradigm, the ordinary, and the others the exception but no, what counts is their point of view and there are a lot of them!

And because they're so many, almost exactly the same they think are the "normal".



That's how things are. And now, let's do this.
My story is moving forward, but don't count on great events, it's a story like any other, only a little odder, otherwise

it wouldn't be
a Megaodd's story.

