

In a police's television series, the young lady killer says to the cop, talking about her dad that was a rich man that had the habit of hunting:

- "the major pleasure of the hunter is to see in the eyes of the animal the life slipping away".

In the film "Ben Hur", in a new version, Judah Ben Hur said to Messala, the enemy that he wants to see dead, this phrase: - "I want to see the life in your eyes disappear".

It is easy; too easy kill an animal with a potent weapon with telescope scope and special bullets. The hunter is not exposed and shoots it from a safe distance, because the reach of the weapon is large. The hunter pays huge amounts of money to have the pleasure of take the life of an animal that never did anything against him.

This is also present in the human being in dispute with your opponent, how we can see in "Ben Hur" the film. The death of enemy is above all things.

The man is like that: full of mischief and nonsense. The happiness of the wicked is to see the suffering of the others. Being good and honest is privilege of a few.

Recalling that comes to my mind a story told by friends Spirits that happened with a hunter that had pleasure in see the life disappear of the eyes of animals.

There was a millionaire that had taken advantage of everything you could imagine in pleasures and privileges and someone told him about the joy of hunting and look to the death in the eyes of animals. This had seemed interesting to him and he bought the paraphernalia to the expedition.

He participated of safaris to all corners of the world where he could kill an animal as a part of the macabre fun that they provide to guise of sports and tourism. Money can buy everything and the death of animals worth real fortunes.

After some years of hunting, he went to Africa to participate of a safari where the hunting would be a lion. The entourage was prepared with guides and chargers after he paid the amount for each kind of prey.

They entered at savannah, a territory of lions, in the middle of the dry season. They were carrying tents and all comfort that was possible and pitched camp.

At the first Day the lions were so far away and they could not hunt them. They came back to the camp where they spent the night. In the morning the hunter washed his face, put his clothes for hunting and looked at himself, pleased, at the large mirror strategically placed on the table. He felt as a giant in strength to snatch the prey that was roaring at savannah. He was a god of clay in a heaven designed by his own pettiness.

They left the field in special jeeps and around noon they found a pride of lions that were resting in the shade of a large tree. From a distance, with binoculars he watched the lion chosen to death. Took aim and fired. The lion felt the bullet strike entering in its chest and turned aside. Upon hearing the explosion the other lions fled, leaving the dying leader.

The hunter came close to the lion and looked into its eyes tightly, expecting to see the light fades in its eyes. Within minutes its life was slipping away and the vitality disappearing in the sad eyes of the beast.

The hunter watched the death arrives replacing the light of life in the melancholy look. It was death, stiffening the bright of those eyes, became them opaque.

Then the photos were taken to the memory of the moment and the satisfaction of having committed a crime against a being that should live freely in nature obeying the dictates of the Lord.

With the end of the adventure the hunter returned to camp with guides and assistants. The sun was down and they decided to spend the night at that place. When the hunter lay to sleep he had a feeling of accomplishment.

The night was dark and the roar of the animals fills the dark night carrying the fear in its melody. After mid night the wild howls of animals of savannah grew and filled the night with the pain of lions crying for their leader.

The dim light of lamp was brightening the tent where the hunter was having troubles to sleep. The roars of the beasts became louder and next. Suddenly the hunter listened screams of his auxiliaries to look for a shelter.

When he opened the tent he felt a paw beat in his chest and crush him, throwing him back to the interior of tent.

The blood sprouted of his mouth while he trudged looking for his rifle. He could not catch the weapon, because the lion snapped up his neck imitating the tragedy of death in the savannah.

The hunter only have time to look in front, in the mirror, his eyes asking for help while his life was fading of them in the middle of melancholy.

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