



The Monkey Man

by Eron Falbo

This work is dedicated to my
children who must learn about
their Monkey Man.

The Monkey Man

Title: The Monkey Man

Autor: Eron Falbo

Creative Direction: Eron Falbo

Editing: Eron Falbo

Design: Eron Falbo

Cover: Eron Falbo

Illustrations: Midjourney (Programmed by Eron Falbo)

First Edition: 2024

ISBN: 978-3-16-148410-1

Publishing: Falbo Publishing Co.

Address: Dreamers' Street, 123, City of Imagination, Wonderland, 10000-000

All Rights Reserved: © 2024 by Eron Falbo. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews or other noncommercial content.

Legal Notice: This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, real events, or locales is purely coincidental.

Dedication: This work is dedicated to my children Nathan and Esther Falbo, who made me capable of bravery and magic.

Printing: Copy Print, Voluntários da Pátria St., Prof. Álvaro Rodrigues St., 1 – Botafogo, Rio de Janeiro – RJ, 22280-040

Distribution: Falbo Publishing Co.





The Father

Once upon a time, deep in a distant forest where the trees were old and wrinkly and the streams sang songs that made you calm and dreamy, a father walked with his two children, Nathan and Esther. The air was thick with the scent of pine and earth, alive with the gentle rustling of leaves and distant calls of birds, making it feel like stepping into the deepest secrets known to man. Every step the father and his children took seemed to take them farther from civilization and the comforts of home. Yet, with every step, the forest revealed a new layer of meaning and a bolder adventure. The children were scared, naturally but even more excited!

The path they followed was narrow and winding, cutting through the thick trees whose branches formed a canopy overhead, filtering the sun setting light into a dazzling painting on the forest floor. Their footsteps crunched on the golden autumn leaves, and the soft, mossy ground cushioned their steps. The air was cool and crisp, carrying the faint aroma of wildflowers and damp wood.

As they walked slowly along the path, the children marveled at the sights and sounds around them. They noticed the delicate ferns unfurling at the base of ancient oaks and the playful squirrels darting through the underbrush. Nathan's eyes sparkled with excitement as he tugged at his father's hand. "Wow, Daddy, we've found someone's house! Amazing! Who would live in such a place? We've been walking for hours!"



The House

They had come upon the ruins of an abandoned cabin, which seemed to have been burned down. The remaining wood was weathered and moss-covered, blackened in places where the fire had licked it, but it held a mysterious charm that captivated the children. The roof had collapsed, and the remnants of charred beams jutted out like skeletal fingers, yet the site seemed to long to tell its story.

The father knelt down, bringing himself to their eye level, and smiled warmly. “This,” he said, his voice filled with a mix of sweetness and caution, “used to be the cabin of the Monkey Man.”

Nathan and Esther’s eyes widened with curiosity. “The Monkey Man!?” they asked excitedly, their voices overlapping. “Who was the Monkey Man, Daddy?” Nathan added, gripping his father’s hand tighter.

The father glanced at the cabin and then back at his children, his expression softening as he saw their eager faces. “Sit down, my little adventurers, and I’ll tell you the story of the Monkey Man,” he said, guiding them to a mossy log nearby. He wrapped an arm around each child, pulling them close as they settled in to listen.



The City

The father began the story, "Once, in the nearest city to here, which is miles away, lived a lonely man, who was different from everyone else around him. The lonely man loved to read books and understand all kinds of knowledge. He read about the adventures of others in distant lands, about the inventions of great geniuses, and the abilities of disciplined warriors. The more he read, the more distant he became from the people around him, who were more interested in simpler, more practical things."

Nathan interrupted, "Daddy, why didn't he try to make friends?"

The father smiled gently at Nathan's question. "He tried, honey. But people couldn't understand him, and he couldn't understand people. People wanted to speak about the things they did and knew how to do, but the lonely man didn't know how to do anything. He only read about what others could do. So, he became more and more lonely and sad."

Esther leaned in closer, "That's so sad, Daddy. Did he ever make any friends?"

The father shook his head slowly. "No, bunny. He felt like no one could understand him, and he wasn't invited to any social gatherings. And he also didn't make any effort, because he preferred being alone.

****Nevertheless... he was not alone enough!****"



The Village

The children looked puzzled. "What do you mean, not alone enough?" Nathan asked.

The father chuckled softly. "Well, let's continue the story and find out," he said, patting their heads gently. "He felt he needed to be more alone! The more the lonely man distanced himself, the more he convinced himself that he was better off totally alone. He thought, 'If I can't fit in with these people, maybe I don't need them at all.' So he decided he would live far away from his family and anyone who knew him."

Esther frowned. "But didn't he miss his family?"

"He thought he wouldn't," the father replied. "He moved to a small village where no one knew his name. The more time he spent by himself, the more paranoid he became, nervous, afraid. He was suspicious of others and scared for his safety and well-being. He continued reading his books, refraining from speaking to anyone, believing people were only trouble and pain."

Nathan's eyes narrowed. "So he wouldn't have anyone to talk to?"

The father nodded. "Yes, Natty. He would only speak to people if he needed to, like the electrician installing lights, or the plumber fixing pipes. He would say, 'Yes, yes, yes, quickly, please.' He would buy food at the market, and nobody would dare make conversation with the man who clearly disliked people more and more. The lonelier he became, the more he convinced himself he was better than others, and that others were corrupt, foolish, and dangerous. **Nevertheless... he was not alone enough!**"



The Hanged Man

The children grinned, catching on to how the story was unfolding.”

The father continued, “The lonely man grew annoyed at having to make even the smallest conversation with the people of the town. He decided he would live by himself in the woods. He read about Indian Ascetics and great hermits of old who lived in seclusion. He devoured knowledge on the art of construction, how to store water, conserve food, and use candles for light.”

“So, he built a cabin deep in the forest,” the father continued, “He used his newfound skills to create a small but sturdy home among the trees. He was proud of his work, feeling a sense of accomplishment he had never known before. He moved there and decided he would only come into town once a month to buy the bare necessities: food, candle wax, and whatever else he needed.”

The children listened intently, imagining the lonely man in his isolated cabin. “Nevertheless...” the father started,

“...he was not alone enough!” Nathan exclaimed, remembering the refrain from earlier in the story. The children grinned, catching on to how the story was unfolding.”

The father continued, “The lonely man grew annoyed at having to make even the smallest conversation with the people of the town. He decided he would live by himself in the woods. He read about Indian Ascetics and great hermits of old who lived in seclusion. He devoured knowledge on the art of construction, how to store water, conserve food, and use candles for light.”

“So, he built a cabin deep in the forest,” the father continued, “He used his newfound skills to create a small but sturdy home among the trees. He was proud of his work, feeling a sense of accomplishment he had never known before. He moved there and decided he would only come into town once a month to buy the bare necessities: food, candle wax, and whatever else he needed.”

The children listened intently, imagining the lonely man in his isolated cabin. “Nevertheless...” the father started,

“...he was not alone enough!” Nathan exclaimed, remembering the refrain from earlier in the story.



The Hermit

“Yes, Natty, very good!” The father continued, “The lonely man read books about growing his own food, making wax from keeping bees, and keeping animals like the Nomads of the Middle Eastern Steppe. He would take his water from the river nearby and learned many new skills, so he could be by himself, almost never having to endure even simple conversations. He only had to go to town in the winter when his crops wouldn't grow, to buy food and clothes for the cold season. He became quite adept at living off the land, proud of his growing independence.”

Esther's face lit up with amazement, “So he really did everything by himself, Daddy?”

“Yes, bunny,” the father replied. “He built his own beehives, tended to his garden, and even learned to make candles from the beeswax. He would fetch water from the river each morning, his muscles growing stronger with each passing day. He hunted and foraged for food, mastering the skills he had read about in his books. Nevertheless... he was not alone enough!”



The Magician

The children, now fully immersed in the story, leaned in closer, eager to hear what came next.

The father took a deep breath and continued, “He wasn’t content just to survive; he wanted to master his environment completely. So, he began to study the wisdom of ancient cultures and the secrets of the natural world. He read about how natives stored food and preserved it through the harshest seasons. He learned the hunting techniques of African tribesmen, the precision and patience of Japanese zen archery, and the art of crafting tools from simple materials. Every day, he practiced self-discipline, training his body and mind to endure and thrive in solitude.”

Nathan furrowed his brow in thought. “If he was all alone, what did he do if he got hurt or sick?”

The father smiled at Nathan’s question. “That’s a good point, Nathan. He knew he had to rely on himself for everything, including healing. So, he studied the medicinal properties of herbs and plants, learning which could cure a fever or soothe a wound. He crafted salves and poultices from the earth’s bounty, curing himself when he fell ill. He no longer needed the village for food or medicine. Every week, he proudly hunted and stored his provisions, preserving them with salt under the earth. He fished in the nearby streams, his skills honed to perfection, and everything he ate was fresh, gathered or made by his own hands.”

Esther’s eyes lit up with admiration. “He must have felt so powerful!”

The father smiled warmly, his expression reflecting the depth of the story. “Yes, Esther, he did. He felt more accomplished and independent than ever, like someone who had unlocked the secrets of the world. He could rely on no one but himself, mastering the natural elements and his own mind. Nevertheless... he was not alone enough!”



The Warrior

Esther tilted her head in confusion. “But he was already doing everything by himself. What more could he do?”

The father smiled gently. “Good question, bunny. The lonely man decided to push his limits even further, believing that true freedom meant relying solely on his own hands and intelligence. He thought, ‘If I can become entirely self-sufficient, I will truly be free.’ So he read books about the Shaolin Monks of China and how they could make their hands become weapons. He studied how to make his own body warm through the teachings of the Hermetic Alchemists”

Nathan leaned forward, almost holding his breath. “He wanted to become as strong as a ninja and as wise as a wizard!?”

“Yes, exactly,” the father replied. “He spent more and more time away from his cabin, often sleeping beneath the open sky, even on top of trees. He practiced moving silently through the forest, blending in with the shadows, and relying solely on his instincts. He relished the idea that he was the only truly free man in the world and in history, and therefore the only person who mattered.”

Esther hugged her knees to her chest, a thoughtful expression crossing her face. “But wasn’t he scared, Daddy?”

The father smiled softly. “Yes, a little bit, at first. But he grew to love the solitude and the challenge of surviving entirely on his own. He felt invincible, believing he needed no one and nothing beyond what he could do with his own hands. He became so attuned to nature that he could sense the slightest movement in the underbrush, hear the softest whisper of the wind, and even see at night. He felt so free! Nevertheless... he was not alone enough!”



The Fool

The father's voice grew more serious as he continued the tale, and the children leaned in closer, captivated by the story's intensity. "The lonely man looked around his cabin, his eyes sweeping over the machines, tools, jars, and everything he had crafted with his own hands. But the more he looked, the more he realized that without the knowledge he had gained from books, none of this would have been possible. It was as if each book had left an invisible presence of someone in his mind, guiding him.

Nathan furrowed his brow. "But wasn't that a good thing, Daddy? He learned so much!"

The father nodded slowly. "Yes, Nathan, but to the lonely man, it felt like a betrayal. He thought he was completely independent, but he realized he still relied on the knowledge of others. This realization enraged him. He felt he had fooled himself into thinking he was free."

Esther covered her mouth in shock. "What did he do, Daddy?"

The father's expression turned serious. "In a fit of anger, he threw everything he had—all his books and everything he had made with them—into the cabin and set it on fire. He watched as the flames consumed his possessions, feeling a strange exhilaration as his last connection to humanity disappeared with the rising ash. The fire roared, lighting up the dark forest, casting eerie shadows on the trees.

The children gasped, their imaginations filled with the image of the intense scene.

"He stood there, watching it all burn, as the rain began to pour down," the father continued. "A calmness filled the air. All his connections with the past had burned, and even the ashes were being washed away. He tore off his clothes, and as the rain drenched his skin, he felt truly free for the first time. There was no one beside him, no one around him for miles, and no one in his head filling his mind with words of the past and future. He existed only in the present moment, feeling both exhilarated and empty.

"Nevertheless..."

The children chanted in unison, "... he was not alone enough!"

The father shook his head, a hint of sorrow in his eyes. "No, my little adventurers. Nevertheless... He was finally alone."



The Monkey Man

The father's voice took on a darker, more intense tone, pulling the children deeper into the story. "The fire's embers had barely cooled when the man began to feel the raw call of the wild. He moved through the forest like a shadow, his senses sharpening with every step. The rustling leaves were no longer just sounds; they were signals, telling him of a deer's cautious approach or a rabbit's sudden dash through the underbrush. His eyes, once dulled by the comforts of civilization, now pierced through the night, catching the faintest movements in the dark.

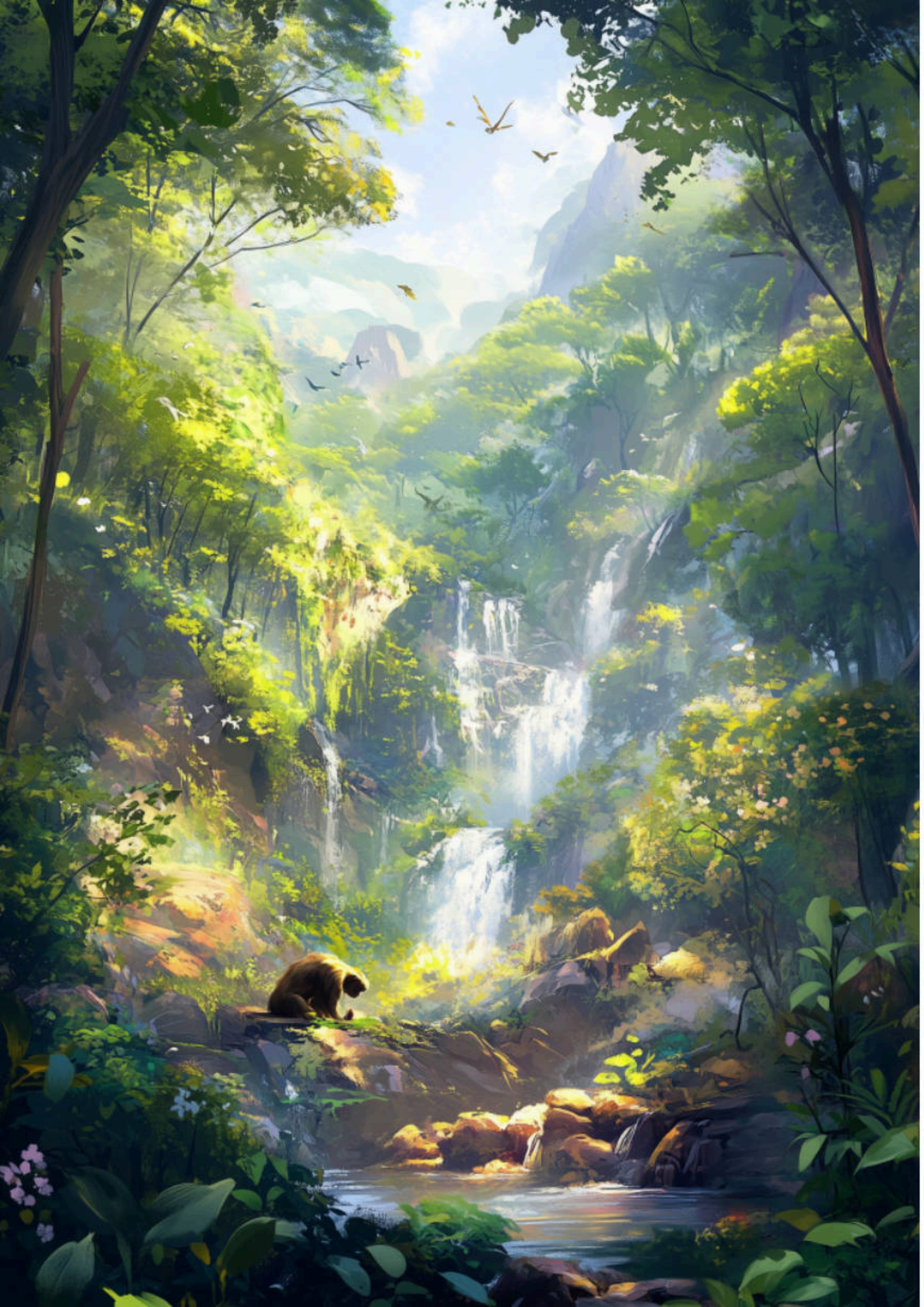
He no longer walked—he stalked. His feet, hardened by the earth, made no sound as he moved swiftly over rocks and roots. The muscles in his body grew lean and powerful, each one a coiled spring ready to strike. He began to hunt with his bare hands, feeling the thrill of the chase, the raw satisfaction of sinking his teeth into fresh meat, still warm with life.

Nathan's eyes widened, a mix of fear and awe flickering in them. "He really became like an animal, didn't he, Daddy?"

The father nodded, his voice low. "Yes, Nathan. The man wasn't just surviving; he was becoming something more primal, something more dangerous. His hair grew long and matted, his beard thick and wild, blending him into the shadows of the forest. His thoughts were no longer words, but instincts—sharp, immediate, and unrelenting. The forest became his world, and he mastered it with a grace and ferocity that made him more animal than man.

Esther shivered slightly, her voice barely above a whisper. "He was like a beast..."

The father continued, his tone reflecting the gravity of the transformation. "Yes, Esther. He became the Monkey Man—a creature who had cast off the trappings of humanity. He moved with a silent, lethal precision, his eyes always scanning, his ears always listening. The man who once lived by the knowledge of others now lived by the law of the wild, and in that law, he found a new kind of freedom—a freedom that was raw, untamed, and powerful."



The Only

The father's voice softened, rich with reflection. "Even with all the power and wildness he had gained, the Monkey Man felt there was more out there he still hadn't touched. One day, as he wandered deep within the forest, he came upon a towering tree, its ancient roots sprawling beneath the earth like veins of life itself. He placed his hand on the rough bark, feeling the steady pulse of the tree's life force, as if the tree itself was breathing with him. He closed his eyes and listened—not just with his ears, but with his entire being. The rustle of the leaves became a whisper of secrets shared between old friends, the hum of insects a chorus of life singing in harmony, and the distant call of a bird a note of longing that resonated within his soul.

In that stillness, something profound stirred inside him. He wasn't just a solitary figure moving through the wilderness; he was the forest, the earth, and the sky. Every leaf, every gust of wind, every drop of rain was a part of him, and he was a part of them. He was connected to all things, not as a separate being, but as the living heartbeat of the world itself. And in that connection, he realized something extraordinary: because he was one with everything, he was also the only one— He felt he was the only person truly alive.

Nathan was restless with awe, the Monkeyman becoming a hero in his eyes, "Amazing!"

Esther's eyes widened, her voice soft with wonder. "He didn't need anyone else, did he, Daddy?"

The father shook his head gently, a serene smile on his face. "No, Esther. He realized that being connected to all things made him the only one who could truly understand the world. In that moment, he found a peace that came not from isolation, but from the profound connection to everything around him. He was the only person in the world, yet he was never truly alone. And that made him everything."



The Lover

The father's voice softened, drawing the children even closer into the story. "But one day, as the Monkey Man roamed the forest in his animal-like state, he saw her. A young woman, beautiful, open, and kind-hearted, gathering flowers by a brook. The sight of her stirred something deep within him—a feeling he had never known. His heart raced and warmth spread through him. For the first time, he felt love."

Esther's face lit up with wonder. "What did he do, Daddy?"

The father smiled gently. "This love inspired in the Monkey Man a desire to understand, to be better. He wanted to be with her, to protect her. He didn't want to frighten her, so he bathed in the river, shaved his tangled beard, and dressed himself in clothes he had made. At first, he was shy and unsure, but her joy and warmth gave him courage. He found his voice again, softer and kinder than ever before."

Nathan leaned in, captivated. "Did she talk to him?"

"Yes, Nathan," the father replied. "She spoke to him, and he listened. Even the most trivial subjects that came from her mouth seemed more important than any of the philosophy books he had read. Her presence filled him with a sense of purpose and belonging he had never known. And she fell in love with him, not because of his strength or his wildness, but because of his gentle heart and the kindness in his eyes."

Esther sighed dreamily. "That's so beautiful, Daddy."



The Giver

The father nodded, his eyes reflecting the warmth of the story. “The Monkey Man realized that he could now speak not only to her but to anyone. He had learned so much, not from books, but from his own experiences and his love for her. He no longer feared rejection because he knew how to be completely alone. He no longer feared the dangers of the city because he was strong and capable. He had something to give now, and he wanted to serve.”

Nathan’s eyes were wide with admiration. “He was the best because he didn’t need anything from anyone, right?”

“Exactly, Nathan,” the father agreed. “Because he had learned not to need anyone, he was the best of servants. He served out of love, not selfish need. He found joy in giving and protecting, and he became a part of the world he once shunned.”

The children were entranced by the tale, their imaginations filled with the image of the Monkey Man transformed by love and connection.

Esther asked softly, “Daddy, so, what ever happened to the Monkey Man?”

The father knelt down, placing a hand on each of their shoulders. “I was the Monkey Man,” he said gently, “and now, I am a father.”



The Monkey Man

by Eron Falbo

Creative Direction: Eron Falbo

Texto: Eron Falbo

Editing: Eron Falbo

Design: Eron Falbo

Cover: Eron Falbo

Illustrations: Midjourney (Programmed by Eron Falbo)

Based on the lives of Nathan and Esther Falbo

