

A cradle, a God

A baby is born. He only knows how to eat, sleep and complain when he's upset.

He has no God, except his mother ... or the person who feeds him; although, obviously, he doesn't consider that person as God, but his benefactor, his source of good, pleasure, comfort and a sense of security and love.

He learns how crying, he gets attention.

He learns how smiling the beings around, they treat him with more sweetness and love.

He grows and begins to feel stronger to go around his surroundings helping himself with his hands and knees.

Then, his greater strength allows him to start standing up; unless his parents have previously committed the awkwardness of putting him to walk without waiting for the child to start that self-improvement on his own.

Later, he begins touching anything that catches his attention; that means: everything... which brings him to know words like: "no", "dirty" accompanied by that abrupt action of removing that interesting object off, or being abruptly removed from it.

It doesn't take long to know that there is someone who, by the tone as it's mentioned, must be a terrible being. They call him "the bogeyman".

So, with "dirty" and "bogeyman" is how, the long list of prohibitions and fears that will accompany his life, starts.

Then, the need to express his or her feelings, desires and discomforts comes out; but, it seems that crying and pointing out with the finger isn't enough; at least to cover his needs of a greater explanation about the people and the world around him.

Apparently it is necessary to use, in an appropriate way, those sounds that grown-ups emit continuously and they aren't easy to express, they are quite difficult; his throat gives him a series of sounds, but they are not enough, he also has to move his mouth and tongue properly to get them.

Something very similar to that must be the first feelings of a baby.

Depending on who he is raised with, he has to produce some sounds or others, some of which other children (who are grown in other places) don't have to emit, nor he has to produce the sounds that those other children are forced to emit; and throughout his life it is very possible that he will never have, or be able, to produce them, since the sounds of any language are not natural, but artificially produced in order to be able to speak that language which has fall to his lot.

Till that very moment, every child in the world was similar to him, maybe whiter, blacker, blonder, more brown, but they all had the same needs, they felt the same curiosities, they behaved alike (crying a little or a lot, more or less smiling); but now, they have to force their mouth to copy the best as possible those sounds used in their particular environment and then differences arise: now they are Catalan or Basque or Castilian or Flemish or Franco or Anglo-Saxon or Celts or Germans or Slavs or Jews or Arabs or Chinese or Japanese or Koreans, and a long etcetera of different children; they are no longer children trying to understand "the world", but

children who have to begin understanding “their peculiar world”; the one in which they’ll have to speak and make themselves understood.

But, if before that moment in which you need to copy the language of the adults that surround you, you’re taken and educated in another place with different language and culture, it will not be what it could have been: if the Basque or the Catalan or the Flemish or the Scottish (or whatever) boy or girl is taken (for example) to India and grow up there with the language, the religion and customs of the place, he or she will never be a Basque either a Catalan or a Flemish or a Scot (or whatever), he or she will speak very possibly Hindi (or any of the other 21 official languages) and there is an 83% chance that he would be Hindu and that he would never speak (quite full of “logical” arguments) against the Castilians, French or English (or other “whatevers”), but quite full of “logical” arguments against Pakistans.

This is something which leads us to think that nationalisms, when radicalized, become fanatical, they are as stupid as any political or religious fanaticism; once again, a sample of the stupidity of this *homo* who uses his reasoning to reason unreasonable things.

Likewise, depending on where he or she is (or raised and educated) they will have a “True God and Holy Book”, different from the “True God and Holy Book” of the other children.