

HIPPIE

Paulo Coelho's life remains the primary source of inspiration for his books. He has flirted with death, escaped madness, dallied with drugs, withstood torture, experimented with magic and alchemy, studied philosophy and religion, read voraciously, lost and recovered his faith, and experienced the pain and pleasure of love. In searching for his own place in the world, he discovered answers for the challenges that everyone faces. He believes that, within ourselves, we have the necessary strength to find our own destiny.

His first novel, *The Alchemist*, has now sold more than 85 million copies and has been cited as an inspiration by people as diverse as Malala Yousafzai and Pharrell Williams.

Paulo Coelho's books have sold more than 225 million copies worldwide and he is the most translated living author. He has won 115 international prizes and awards and in 2007 was named a United Nations Messenger of Peace.

ALSO BY PAULO COELHO

The Alchemist

The Pilgrimage

The Valkyries

By the River Piedra I Sat Down and Wept

The Fifth Mountain

Veronika Decides to Die

Warrior of the Light: A Manual

Eleven Minutes

The Zahir

The Devil and Miss Prym

The Witch of Portobello

Brida

The Winner Stands Alone

Aleph

Manuscript Found in Accra

Adultery

The Spy

Hippie

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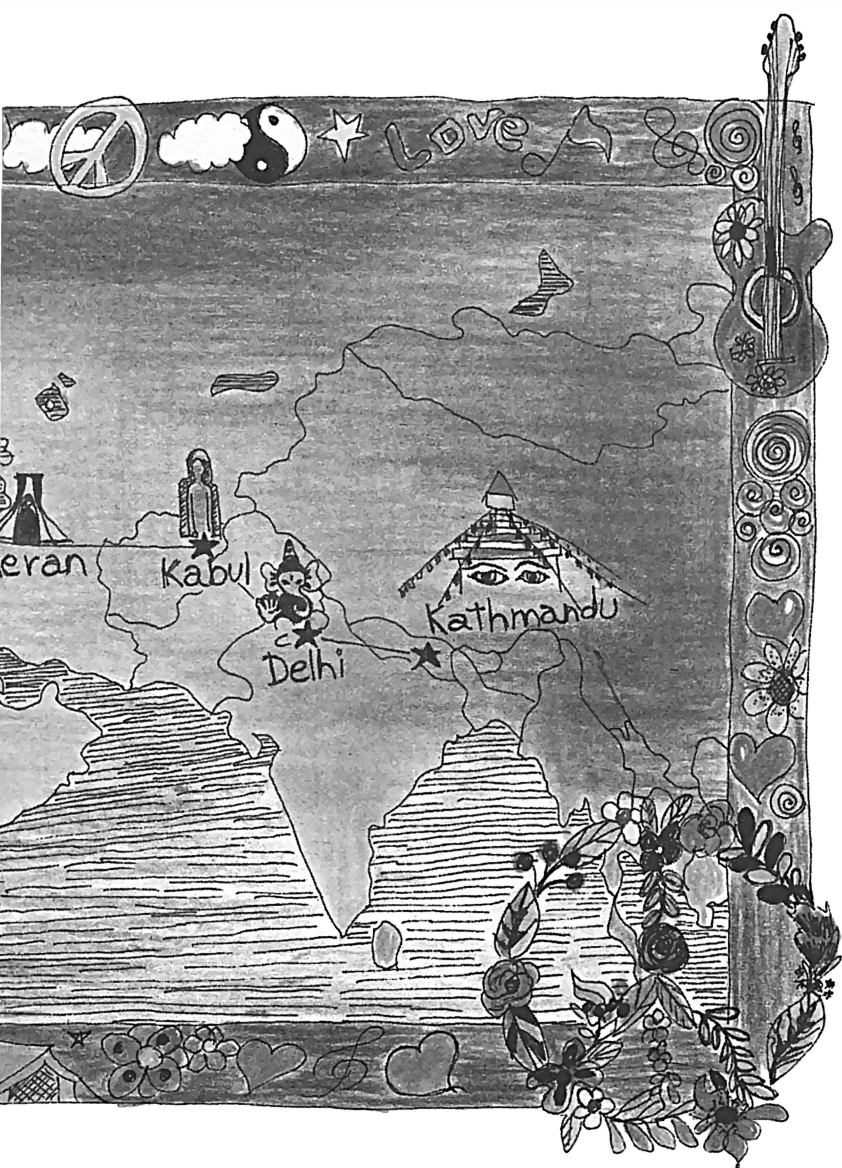
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O Mary!
conceived without sin,
pray for us who turn to you!
Amen.





He was told, “Your mother and your brothers are standing outside and they wish to see you.”

He said to them in reply, “My mother and my brothers are those who hear the word of God and act on it.”

—LUKE 8:20–21

I thought that my voyage had come to its end
at the last limit of my power,
—that the path before me was closed,
that provisions were exhausted
and the time come to take shelter in a silent obscurity.
But I find that thy will knows no end in me.
And when old words die out on the tongue,
new melodies break forth from the heart;
and where the old tracks are lost,
new country is revealed with its wonders.

—RABINDRANATH TAGORE

*For Kabir, Rumi, Tagore, Paulo de Tarso, Hafez,
Who have been with me ever since I first discovered them,
Who have written part of the story of my life,
Which I tell in the book that follows—often using their words.*

The stories that follow come from my personal experiences. I've altered the order, names, and details of the people here, I was forced to condense some scenes, but everything that follows truly happened to me. I've used the third person because this allowed me to give characters unique voices with which to describe their lives.

Hippie

In September 1970, two sites squared off for the title of the center of the world: Piccadilly Circus, in London, and Dam Square, in Amsterdam. But not everyone knew this: if you asked most people, they'd have told you: "The White House, in the US, and the Kremlin in the USSR." These people tended to get their information from newspapers, television, radio, media that were already entirely outdated and that would never regain the relevance they had when first invented.

In September 1970, airplane tickets were outrageously expensive, which meant only the rich could travel. OK, that wasn't entirely true for an enormous number of young people whom these outdated media outlets could see only for their outward appearance: they wore their hair long, dressed in bright-colored clothing, and never took a bath (which was a lie, but these young kids didn't read the newspaper, and the older generation believed any news item that served to denigrate those they considered "a danger to society and common decency"). They were a danger to an entire generation of diligent young boys and girls trying to succeed in life, with their horrible example of lewdness and

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“free love,” as their detractors liked to say with disdain. Well, this ever-growing number of kids had a system for spreading news that no one, absolutely no one, ever managed to detect.

The “Invisible Post” couldn’t be bothered to discuss the latest Volkswagen or the new powdered soaps that had just been launched around the globe. It limited its news to the next great trail awaiting exploration by those insolent, dirty kids practicing “free love” and wearing clothes no one with any taste would ever put on. The girls with their braided hair covered in flowers, their long dresses, bright-colored shirts and no bras, necklaces of all shapes and sizes; the boys with their hair and beards that hadn’t been cut for months. They wore faded jeans with tears from overuse because jeans were expensive everywhere in the world—except for the US, where they’d emerged from the ghetto of factory workers and were worn at all the major open-air shows in and around San Francisco.

The “Invisible Post” existed because people were always going to these concerts, swapping ideas about where they ought to meet next, how they could explore the world without jumping aboard one of those tourist buses where a guide described the sights while the younger people grew bored and the old people dozed. And so, thanks to word of mouth, everyone knew where the next concert was to take place or where to find the next great trail to be explored. No one had any financial restrictions because, in this community, everyone’s favorite author wasn’t Plato or Aristotle or comics from some artist who’d attained celebrity status; the big book, which almost no one who traveled to the Old Continent did so without, went by the name *Europe on 5 Dollars a Day*. With this book, everyone could find