

Light imprint in the mud

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Intention

True, who intended to write, seeks to find a subject that would interest the widest possible group of readers: simple theme, better if universal, rooted in popular characters and a protagonist who represents his own epic in the tables that theater. And no character-actor there is no work, what is important is that the reader is immersed in the intrinsic strength of the work, engaged with the kernel of the knot, character and rhythm, so that exchange the spotlight as a reader and will motivate you to direct your gaze to the topic. Then, the character, veiled by the realism of the work, takes a back seat and invigorate your sense with the hammering of successive situations until the end. The writer reaches its greatest achievement when matter and character come together in the web of the plot. That's what happens here, from the beginning to the end, the character embedded in your paper, not just talk about every moment of his performance but in parallel, the work itself. In addition, the matter must be credible and nothing more credible than the truth bluntly expresses the reality, plain, simple, in good conscience. Nobody can get their faults skip awareness, and crime, with punishment or forgiveness are universal categories.

Designed without an eye literary writing in his spare time, these scribbles are simple personal data collection, some, not invented, drawn from the depths of memory and remembered in the light of recent experiences after succeeding years, of which the author confesses mere notary. Certainly, they are private events, small items of unfinished history of the life of a person of the lot but, precisely because currents could well have happened also to the reader. Of course, for each person's story is, and should be, the most important because, as the man he is and his circumstances, conditions, always be taken into account, although he sometimes exceeded. Simple narrative, only have the absolutely extraordinary real. Observed each event independently, could be considered inconsistent, but most of them, given the repetition and parallelism of situations and aspects, and stereoscopic magnified view, the reader may change his initial appreciation and regard them as interdependent. Furthermore, by not pretending to be a paradigm of anything less may be for anybody, because they are just examples to the contrary. If, however, they are brought here because the author thinks he sees in them a mysterious symbolism. This happens as in the history of ancient wisdom, in broad daylight, aided by his lamp, looking for streets and

squares of a man with a brand, with its symbol tattooed, which is, knowing that the symbol is one of the multiple paths through which passes the wisdom of God in his eternal quest of man. And, to each event in our lives, God will sign with gesture itself, which carries a hidden meaning, added. The important thing is that our spirit is aware of such individual events to read the symbolism in them, hear the mysterious call shema and remembrance and hope our personal encounter with the light that clarifies everything. It is emphasized to ensure that nothing happens for nothing: we know that for sure, chance is the god of fools. The case is about something, but do not know why. When trying to find the root cause of the various events of our existence there is the image of a guy who, by repetition or otherwise, and subjugates us, ultimately, drives us to elevate to the status of symbol. Discovered the symbol, to try to interpret it, we enter a dark well, unfathomable, mysterious, that fills the spirit of silence and looks wistful. Then, suddenly, comes the light because she so desires and we realize that, in our game, received yellow cards for mercy, but we know that long ago we had to show a red final.

No facts were narrated which subjugated the author to write, but the symbolism underlying the urgent need to make them known. The annotations, personal echoes of situations in constant refrain, has been transcribed inoperative after passing the filter of reason and the indecipherable translucent lens.

In short, this is the biographical story of a pilgrim, a pilgrim in search of shell-marked milestones in the cliffs that mark your route, try to find a safe path. Those who read it will find a double thread, not in parallel but strongly interwoven warp and in such wise, that is sometimes not clear what belongs to the realm where reality ends and fantasy realm. The stories are just that, interesting, but certainly not the most important. He confesses that this disorderly leaf notebook, or even made the basting and that a novel would not hesitate to throw into the fire, has one purpose: to show milestones blurred and incomprehensible to mortal glance, but transparently visible in the light of some of its stelae. If the reader will serve to meet theirs, the two ends, but would feel very comforted.

Book I Chapter I: A Retrospective

Indeed, to paraphrase Ortega surely man is always himself and his circumstances. Arguably, the best window to see the essence of every man is the study of their own history, as she set every circumstance of their daily. Moreover, no notes, rightly, palpable, right, then, to treat even the most simple, use a magnifying glass, led, here on poor to the rich past, with focus on object looks correct, subject or circumstance. Furthermore, deficiencies that are discovered by common Serna, are ignored, resulting in the observation becomes mere speculation. Thus, although we can conclude with Calderon, the allegory, that any speculation of life is only dream and fantasy, if you ignore the time-honored comedian turned his lens different from the usual way, eg, upside down, as a mirrors. It is prudent to say that the story of a life has not always been well told by basting every event concatenated to the next, narrated always forward and never backwards. There are events which invite you to be watchful eye and anyone can apply the above story suggests irregular type of approach.

This happened to our character, Emilio, with some gimmick. Your old glasses, outdated with the passage of time, not allowed to see well and had to be replaced. He had two sets in use: one for near to far with other crystals that darken as light, if excessive, most of the time prevented him from seeing clearly. I had heard that the progressives were great. So, it was an ophthalmologist. Physical prescription needed not only to the optician the ride, but also for the mutual society, providing it with the invoice, to pay off the prosthesis. The clinic was beautiful, fitted with all the technical and assistants had the well-endowed young women who shake their ponytails through the rooms and hallways to make play with the flight of white coats. Sprawled in his chair, the doctor did the usual first-toddler test: funduscopy and testing of auxiliary lenses, pointer in hand, in a strange alphabet reflected badly on the wall. With the recipe in his pocket, came to an optician recommended by the doctor. A clerk takes your order, choose crystals in a heartbeat classified in advance on a shelf and fits in the saddle. Be assembled and tested once, not that look good or bad, is that there was no cake and said so. The optician said it was normal, as were progressive lenses, bifocal not: take time to adjust to them. He lowered his head and left the room. The coach would be right but what was clear was that they never distinguish if I had a few steps from his nose was hedge donkey statue or cruising. Three days spent in the alleged adaptation: still could not see at all. Grumbling, he retraced the path.

He returned to the optical shop, without more, put the recipe in his hand. Pissed the owner of the missteps made him get off to a shop and cellar in his presence, thoroughly checked point by point all the notes and symbols of the recipe. The result of the machine left no room for doubt. Everything was right at graduation: the diopter cylindrical, spherical, their tenths and hundredths. Giving

and turning, finally discovered the blunder: he was in the sign. One more for less, or vice versa, which in this case does not matter, just who faithfully stands degrees off axis. There were so many degrees, but less than few. Thus, he will return to the doctor to change the direction of graduation. But it should say how and who has learned, as the doctor gives the optician after a year, many hard to win and also he has a friend. He has to go, making new, to make the correction. When he returned to the doctor, he became like a basilisk. The machine is not wrong: he has the best on the market.

After fighting tooth and nail with him, told him maybe it was the sign. Without giving budge, upon checking, the doctor blotted cardboard and sent his secretary remake. With the new graduation, he directed his steps to the shop and the owner set up the crystals. Miracle!, And watched. Putting his hand on the shoulder of the customer, accompanied him to the door and dismissed him with a smirk, to see with spectacles of yore, you had to flip it over, pin forward and backward. He was prescribed glasses for that, looking ahead, saw behind her neck. They were not close, not even close, not progressive: it had in its hands the invention of the century, glasses regressive. Indeed, the situation was portentous. It resembled a car driving at night have the look, not forward, as prevention of another coming on, it would be normal, but has to attend constantly to the mirror: the important thing is to be the gauge of the vehicle light it moves away, gets lost and blurred in the night of your back. All things considered, so it will be impossible for you to dazzle, but it is likely that, accustomed to constant darkness, never able to scan even the smallest white ray of light.

This event, trivial in itself, was the genesis of long hours to support the head in his hands. What would it mean, what is your message? Did she refer to the past or present? Was looking past the future? Or, Perhaps, both at the same time? Because, if so, the safety of an unattainable happiness disappear thanks to the uncertain future, because it could envision such perks punctilious and thoughtfully reviewing individual and collective history. There are hidden truths that human beings continually force you to ask, is man himself and his circumstances? Or otherwise, he and his story, are the same thing? Because our history, we anchored at the bottom of the memory and we can all access it easily. With that would come to this conclusion: only your story gives a full reason for your existence. But the story of every man is a futile series of stories lacking in substance and content or, by contrast, is valuable, important, often difficult to recognize and expose? Is not history the wealth of individual stories intertwined in time and space, embedded, in turn, total time and every personal circumstance embedded in the overall story and universal?

Chapter II: The incomplete story

While it is true that every person has the story of his life, is not less than every day of your life is filled with the blade of a dream story. There are dreams that last longer, others much less. Short or long, is not transferable, fingerprint own unique, each has its own and different from the neighbor. Moreover, not only differ in quantity but in quality and accuracy by time, because dreams are nothing like the life of youth with those of passive somnolence in the elderly. With vapors of night, everybody dreams of an actor's dream of his own story: everyone dreams of improving their performance in the personal theater of the makeshift tables, no one can escape its spell. On the night of every life we dream so often that many of the dreams, indefinite, fleeing and hiding ghosts and what the important and principal. Upon awakening each morning, each embodying his dream is no different from what was asleep, but perfectly knotted then had the previous day, while awake. When we believe in our dream at last we will get to taste the cake at hand and take flight over daily pettiness, woke up without knowing the final, leaving with a bitter aftertaste of impotence. In the diffuse cloud between reality and fantasy, we would go back to sleep, just at the point where it left off to finish with good things, but, when they fail, we suspect, not without a hint of envy, that always the dream of the neighbor has been better than ours.

Like everyone else, Emilio had his dream, long ago, long, continued day after day in random night of his life bear. Both dreamed of without ever reaching the end get to know that you are looking for an explanation, he sensed, for many of its features, it was the unfinished tale of its history. He noted that breaking the patterns of logic and was completely muddled: I did not understand the beginning, know the final and had only loose data, intermediate, real or fantastic, repetitive, strange and veiled meanings. I was supposed to sleep, story, history, himself, did not exist. But there are realities, weave the fabric of their lives without knowing what the cause, corroborating the unfathomable mystery that surrounds man's existence.

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A long time ago, there was once a king who ruled a far-natured country and that it was effective counselor to a friend of childhood games. The king was very powerful monarch who wanted all his subjects he had given many proofs of his love for the common people, especially the poor. In all corners of the kingdom

there were many anecdotes about him and all went in that direction. But at the time, especially one filled every mouth is said that one evening when the king was riding his daily walk with his counselor and a small entourage, found lying next to some bushes to a child. As the king observes the surroundings and finds that the infant had been abandoned, I decided to gather and bring to the palace in order to care for it. His companion, determined to dissuade him, gave him all kinds of reasons: personal and that which would upset their parents when they went to look for him, that by not finding him, would be filled with anguish and, finally, would die of grief, and reasons state, that court had not liked the king's predilection ragged with all he encountered, and what would the queen to see the child living in the palace and see the care they would receive at the expense of its own which belonged to the princes, sons of his own blood, ending with other string strung on, first, that if Patatin, then, that if potatoes. All were ignored by his majesty, and the counselor, biting his tongue, had to help raise the child to the real horse's back. Castle Road, counselor, recalcitrant, and charged again, so heavy was put into their considerations, and so sure was he of his reasons, which was played at the stake the best pair of red horses of his stable. The king, without blinking, he accepted the bet. Was to discover whether, over time, the child would make good the popular saying: crows, you will draw the eyes, as claimed by the Minister, or be fulfilled to perfection the promise of goodness that reflected the child's eyes, as King firmly secured. This, proactive, ordered that the child had no lack of anything in his life and that was the counselor who will provide shelter, to enforce their orders promptly and report their progress, of which, he said, would be very pending. So the question was settled. By accessing the parade ground of the castle, the party was divided in two: the king, who left for the entrance of the main tower, where his escort will guide you to his chambers, and the counselor, with the child into custody, he goes to his palace, royal gift, placed in the center of a garden.

The first step took Salim, counselor, so that no one recognized its origin, was d ar rename the child, who decided to call Salof. He then made arrangements to hand over the child to the family Rossi, who served under the command of one of the most valued knights by the king. This family consists of husband and wife and their seven children lived in premises located on the outskirts of the castle, thus a blurring his previous identity as vast family. There was no official presentation of the new member. Salof he said to himself that everything was spoken in advance. From the beginning felt a kind of umbrella sheltering him at all times in their new home, perhaps sustained by the invisible hand of the mother, but sometimes supposed to be a source of rejection of any of the children. Salof because another child was not: having reached the final, was considered the first, and was entrusted with the custody and care of others without their parents for being the oldest. Soon recognized that the mother, since his rather had to attend to their offspring, the father, full-time laborer, who is close your mouth so

much food, and that each child's work is an aid to home, so Nor should he be left behind in chores.

He never explained the origin of that child. Nobody asked for it. Neither in the early stages of discovery and during the rest of his life Salof himself gave some information. Supposed to be hospice or something. As any parent claimed him, everyone thought the same: it has been abandoned to their fate.

Salof was growing in the familiar surroundings of peasants, with the troubles and joys that entails, many of the former and less of others. If during the day is busy fetching water from the spring of place or look for the field of food supplies to serve pork, which always produces disgust, has each second remaining before the arrival of dusk, it is the time children gather in the square to start their games and give vent to their freedom. But where it really feels truly happy is when they send in the company of Evodius, son of the master baker of the place, the forest to collect firewood. There the spirit of adventure and is stepping inflames the true country of fantasy where everything is accomplished. Yes, their walks through the woods looking for the fairy of animals were a failure, never to see her, and lost in the woods in fruitless search, however I used to know every inch of the forest, locating each nest and burrow, put name to this stream, to the cave. It is true that back crippled with the weight of the beam but, even in such moments, fully enjoy and strengthen their fighting spirit whenever circumvents gullies, trees scale up or across to the top of its crown to count every nest egg turtle doves cooing in the tree to the next, indeed, interrupted by the visit of the intruder.

It is young and someone decides they do not grow crooked tree co mo avejeo field; idleness is the mother of all vice. So you give it a wise didacta to instruct in various branches of science then, starting with Latin, it is based cultures. Grew in stature and didactic trained him in his image. Spend a long time of preparation and other dilated practices. Salof an altar boy, deals with abbots and monks, when exercising as a page with several gentlemen. Frequenting the treatment of such persons, now and more time in court that on the mountain and, thus, met the daughter of a gentleman. Their relationship was a happy marriage ended and she bore him 4 children. He soon left the cabin of his parents room in the mansion of his father and, once changed status and rank, was appointed clerk in the palace secretariat.

Never wondered how he could get as high. He realized that yes, he was lucky to come across characters that rose like bubbles of foam on the wings of a gentle wind. He thought to himself that chance and so I had wanted, and did not need to think more. And they told everyone who would listen. But, as envy is a bad adviser, his enemies were told that their language, distorted, reached the ears

of Salim. He examined the situation and felt that the occasion arose identic, unexpected and safe asset. He hastened to tell the King the apparent lack of appreciation of his protege: korea all the people just need to put him in songs, was so public and notorious! The voice of the people agreed with him and wanted to collect the bet. The king admonished him for his impatience, indicating that the quench if given time to time, who gives and takes away reason. Decided to put the ultimate test of upstart who branded it palpably demonstrate that Salim was wrong. It wanted to know what kind of test would expose him with the excuse of arranging, but the king replied that he needed to know: he who would be directly specific ends and that is complete, the result would be analyzed: only then, the pair of red horses would block final. Soon after, Salim learned that the king had summoned the wise magician traveled few court after court and that, alone in her room, she confided the task, giving precise instructions and secret.

That mysterious meeting marked the peak of before and after the life of Salof. Suddenly, something came up. It was unknown, mysterious, and impossibility to discern concrete and subtly permeated every experience, every moment. A strange sort of air of evil had seized him and gave him a rare disease. Salim, scared Salof state and obviously fearful that the king asked you care bills he had with his protege, hired the most famous doctors to treat their disease. But all in vain, as it was getting worse and worse with each passing day. His pupil came to be mysterious and sordid hallucinations thought spirit, dwelling in a body without flesh and bones, and people assumed that the poor suffered a powerful spell that he was unarmed. Then his mind, more and more obscured, became the most incredible delusions: he believed to be dead, who belonged to the world of the living and that his spirit as he wandered by strange ghostly specter spaces and places. That's when everyone thought that he had supplied some wicked sly and sneak a poisonous potion singular, in order not who knew very well, and nobody doubted that he had lost under the old real life as much folly based had to be at least deplored by the king. His brothers openly mocked him and even his own mother scolded him sins that even remotely remember having done. As his memory faltered, meant that prosecutors would be right, be right. His mind, in such a precarious state, was completely unhinged when, at the climax of misfortune, he was informed that his wife had been killed off a cliff at the bottom of a chasm: the quiet bay cinnamon ran crazy riding, racing, flung into space. Stunned, not a single tear flowing in his eyes, not one complaint come to our lips. He thought: chance has been sold in the sight of Fortune. Crazy luck, changing and how blind you are! Yesterday, shone at the summit today, mocking, I throw a dark pit. What could I do? Nothing. You will have to be, just so, he said, resigned.

Just awoke at that point. Back in reality, was thoughtful and comforted, was

only a dream. However, it remained concerned because he thought the king's secret test. But more effort you put into guessing what the outcome would have been as enigmatic final set, failed to find either that night or in succession. And still waiting for if, in a happy chance, the mystery is revealed in one of the nights of his life. The big question, who was the winner of the bet?, Ignore it and grips. It's only natural of man that you invade a permanent uneasiness to ignore the end of the dream that matters most.

Avejeo, solano opposite field, that is rarely exposed to the sun.

Chapter III: Prologue

As, indeed, can only bear witness to experiences after they have taken place and think of life after living it, it may be useful in the beginning the description of certain biographical data that toured, highlighting the projects and come to pass are the pillars and paving the way to better serve global understanding followed. It is well known that a story is not worth a whit to imitate but to think about it calmly and repeatedly.

Our hero comes to the world within a poor family, working, real void, without property, eldest of eight children. His older gives prerogative and duty of care and the smallest house in the absence of their parents. His childhood is that of another brother and the social environment, at first hostile, becomes promising beneficial thanks to the intervention of different characters that come to life: the teacher D. Fabriciano, the priest Don Basilio. A small-scale steps in different work sections: home, altar boy, buttons, an assistant at a spinning mill, a student and, finally, master. In permanent forge ahead in pursuit of fragile stubborn truths, piloting his sailboat weak insecure irregular mast to breath new projects: novizgo, marriage, knowledge, leisure.

Immersed in events classified wonders, not in themselves but because the completion of them should have been one for simple statistical correlation, it manages to emerge unscathed from all of them. Without ceasing to be consubstantial, act of filling in his life and, if not given proper attention, here's the paradox, it is precisely because of its reiteración, its frequency. Some are related to the most diverse elements: water, air, earth, fire and sky. So, have their foundation in the water events such as the baho of Piélago, that of the Paya or Ribadelago Dam, in the air, as the swifts or touch the souls, on earth, as in the Madrid bee horse or bull, on fire, like the first death, the immaterial body, purgatory, in the sky, like the fog, unexpected shutdown or kiss.

Concentrate, in solitude, reflect, become aware of the past and discover the stadium where he spent his life: his time seems to be governed by a clock on the hour hand is quicker than the minute hand. Feel your firm steps on the platform, but when passenger train, walking the corridors looking for the seat marked on your ticket, the legs become clumsy, is destabilized, frequently stumbles and the machine that ran with normal walking in a slow roll their units suddenly doubles its speed and the cars fly so senseless, rear, insanely fast, ahead of the first. Then all activity slows delayed slowing, slowly regains its normal rhythm. Acceleration and braking will happen without knowing why.

In the same way that a housewife decides to furnish the room with new

modular, renews the arrival of the next season or replaced as the fashion that prevails, and is busy in a thousand projects, to come apart in his hands as weak house of cards, discard them one by one, over time, to lose himself with a new one after the bitter harvest of the ineffectiveness of previous vain. Designer archetype of failure to finally reach an understanding of how ephemeral it is any kind of foresight and the urgent need to move the rudder and change course, then, if not seasoned sailor, just to be tanned in a thousand tempests and storms, is a sailor advised that, realizing the impending storm, decided to lower the sails and heave his ship to the current leaving the reconduzca beneficial to the only port in boom, back in the skyline. With help, patience and humility will be safe voyage. I have decided: that is your final draft, which will dedicate all his effort until the last breath.

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Is it important now that the cradle of its birth were Femoselle, was born in the neighborhood of Santa Colomba at 3 am one December 17, two years before the start of the war or who has celebrated the arrival of the new century year two thousand? No, it matters little. The where and the when did not matter. At 75 years, fifteen in solitude, these details are trifles. It only matters that came into the world within a family. And now, even that, since the main loop is broken and only care about the memory of hands tightly clasped, from their parents, who got death itself loose, and that his life ended as they had lived together with their hearts beating in unison. Dilated were their lives: more than 90 years says the reminder. But in the thought of how close one can only child birth and death are therefore not so many years of life no time for anything and it's time you least expect: birth and death are true and fists, and some nearby stations between stops required grief and absence.

Create the environment, but not enough, is the substance of every birth. He thinks the world come to join him and, given our natural instability in total dependence. We arrived in a familiar environment confined to certain social status, cell wider circles that make towns, provinces and countries. We are, though, the only intelligent and social animal in the world and, as such, required mutual subordination. Our host status, your circle of varying wealth and prosperity, which is today and gone tomorrow, not significant enough for us to cling to it. Not even you, in your case, legacy crest surname is in custody as only as a pledge. Every birth is referenced by the pair of parents within their area and when that environment, whatever the cause, is distorted and predecessors have disappeared, no longer exist that link the name fool, born comes to life meaningless, it is diluted and add nothing. Ensures that, for every parent and natural but to die, born of flesh, being only meat from the beginning of life is nothing and will spend his life in a poor, empty of content. He says if someone

thinks he can be reborn just like that, rising with an enormous personal effort on its ashes like the phoenix, commits a mistake and will happen as Icarus, in their eagerness to fly to the sun, did not anticipate that the feathers of his wings, soldered with wax, on the approach to the sun, would melt, and, fatally, would fall into the abyss. Make efforts to think positively, but concludes that all reality is negative frame: every personal effort is futile because a terrible fatalism seems to preside over its star. Unless this is their hope that someone, outside, powerful, help you out of the ring-pass. He repeatedly asked why he came to the existence within his family there and not any other, for example, in the very heart of Africa? What is the cause? Who was interested in the events of his life and events?

During the first days of its existence, it had to spend Emilio too bad, because either could not find his mother's breast, or milk in it was, however strong or watered down, not going well. And cried and cried, day and night. His father, who came home to sleep after spending the night working at the factory Regojo spirits can not fall asleep crying both child and mother goes out with him in his arms to silence him while the father sleeps. And he, r to r, still crying. Maybe cry of embarrassment, I have to milk fat, she thinks her mother but that puts more bays, still crying. Perhaps it is because of the worms, but more lombricinas gives nothing solves it continues to cry. Is it hunger? Total tit I decided to change and, until he was three months, it paid a neighbor who baked bread in Santa Colomba, which by then had also given birth. The change took effect, finishing the tantrum: he had been premiered days of the child who lacks food and milk from the mother if the contest had not found his mother's milk?

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Everyone knows that water is the most abundant substance on the face of the earth, occupying an area of approximately three-quarters and that there are lots of dissolved substances, which report their characteristics: thus, the salinity seas, with the cycles of tides and currents, do not get corrupted. It is also said that the living being is made up mainly of water, so that in some species becomes 99 percent by weight: water is essential and irreplaceable, without this element could not be subsistir.

From before conception, man's existence depends on the presence of this element. Hard is the arrival of man in the world. Before baby, takes place the happiest of his life in perfect intimacy with the mother: the calm sea floats in amniotic fluid within the Raft of the placenta supplies the blood that you have experiences parallelized, then rejoices their joys, their sorrows grieve, smile with known contacts rock the cradle of the womb or voices compliment him "son of my womb" and cries, yes, strange cries when he branded as fetus. But, like there

has to be always out, with such crush, the blood goes to his head and this red, feels he is going to explode. I wish to return to the womb, but force you to come into the world breaking waters. It has to breathe and beat him, his first real big mouths air protest song. Not to rely on his mother, but it definitely separates him cutting the cord that unites them: this is the cost of your first lesson, that of life in freedom. Shall verify later that the man, since his lights until his death leaves no apprentice.

Lying if I said that Emilio remember your baptism. Have him review of distant conversations, occasional or documentary, when was reduced and the name of his godfather, took place two months after birth when the godmother, Aunt Asunción, sister of his father, and her husband, Emilio, the Dodge Sordo led him to the baptismal font. If you remember that, in the killing, her godmother stood proudly near the fire bell to his godson a choricico to pass on the eve of Epiphany when the bonus was to ask, and the hot potatoes with mixed meat eating with chilli espurriadas syllabicate putaparió obliging each bite was so spicy lunch. If you get perfect knowledge on the date of First Communion. Nine years would I remember vaguely, without much joy, as he completes an obligation. Illusion put his mother to join a large group of children and that he still remembers taking him to the church, clutching a hand to hers and held in the other new white rosary and a book with pearl pasta. What luck! Had parents and godparents: Moor was not.

The utter helplessness of man is found even in the key moments of his existence, as is the daily need for its revival. In the daily struggle to simply live, and that mysterious intangible reborn, we must lead by the hand and led him, if you are benefactors, they will be under intrinsically gifts of the spirit that dwells in the water and bread, no by which they may have their own drivers or the personal efforts of the neophyte. And that man comes into the world as dried seed of a flower, unique, yes, but to extend its corolla and exhale your perfume, just before the sower, his care, water and heat it to germinate in the sun will grow and bear fruit as for insured. But alas, how much seed is lost by not finding a gardener, lacking care, become the food of birds, land semba light or being smothered by weeds, the heat of summer in this life and be consumed, at last, without roots or become new seed.

Book II: childish

Just a child has outgrown its infancy, and his mind made the first comparison, and is willing to dive into the unknown, soared because of everything that surrounds him. Senses that are not yet made by walking, but stares at the entrance and asked why the ants always walk in single file, lifts his eyes to the immense blue of the guirlios and I always wondered why wedding, watch the nest swallow under the cornice and spits why you always have their singing contest before dawn on the light wires, or restless simulates the flight of the sparrow on the streets endeavoring who barter their bones arms of feathered wings. His lack of formal logic maturation populates it with its sheer imaginative and rich children.

Prior to any development there is logic in the child's uncontrollable desire handling, body balance necessary complement, and games help to this end. Thanks to her, the senses are developed and observation of the unusual around him helping to fuel his imagination. So, what child has not made and unmade lint balls of wool on the soul of cat gut? Are not the most bounce? Who has not owned a childhood that catch well the curves in a serpentine path painted on the floor? Who does not know that they do not get a childhood burdened and, though very slow, with them come on over? Who has not collected views of matches or clay colored balls to play with his gua chiquilí concerned or has a broken soda bottle to have a crystal ball, to bounce, not break and also part of the Instead of clay? Or simply, who has been deprived of conquering new domains to hit or run jincache byways rod after the director of a skyrocket? Look, look how that kid is on his way to the blacksmith to weld the officer an iron ring and double the guide groove to compete in the endless race through the streets of place competing with other children who have theirs the ass of branding. Look how short the top of the top pole to dance more and get more blunt nail to sidewalks and replace it weevil, tow to play thieves, observe their ability, such as saliva the end of the rope so that it does not slip, wraps increasing circles and tight from the nail and spear with which his master on a top punishable in the circle inscribed in land because they did not dance or rate raged. See him now in the fields under the trees. Search the stain leaves a nest and, once discovered, climb the branches regardless of scratches or scrapes and has eggs. If the female does not hate the nest by its repeated presence, will grow the offspring, born to him the pelomalo, canyons and feathers sprout, until tramp. Meanwhile, cut fig branches to make the red-tipped stud, yearling oak branch till the handle and both have a gun ready to shoot pieces of paper highlighted in saliva either to heat your hands or shoot your ear Otherwise, amen that one foot may last a negro butt right or crook to help him in his wanderings. See him as pursuing lizards, hunting flies, threading in a straw to catch wasps, which then enclosed in a pit covered with a glass or See him as the arm pulls the sting of a bee that, in bite angry, lost his life. See how looking at the

slaughterhouse goat horns to extract the mocha and manufacture a bullfighter cow nailing them in tables. See him in the schoolyard or in the square at dusk. Now is the hammer game, leapfrog, sticks, king of the monument, the little steps of St. Andrew, the English esconderite all four corners, the mother, rope, pump, then the cow, with its enclosures and runs, a cloth and sticks by flags crutch, and always a thousand symphonies of nursery rhymes repeated until it reaches a greater ordering him to return home because dinner is served. Why will not stop life in childhood! His universe is reduced to a square and a game. And he is so happy!

Guirlio, swift. His name is the onomatopoeia of "guirl" that is the sound made when adult swifts, flying community, he passed the nest. **Jincache**, win game in which portions of land by successive blows a skewer or tip if digs into the field. **Mocha**, domestic marrow extracted from goat's horn and the cow to be built to play the bulls. **Ratera** tops set with special key that is launching itself on the top rival who did not dance, because it penalized rate.

Chapter I: The jar of honey

In those years, before the robot activity with the arrival of all types of machines, each job in particular had a special grace. The scale of the rough and washing clothes also had its charm. Mothers and a flock of children come to the brook of Olives, near the village stream, which has in its vicinity everything you need: shade of elm, bold and olive trees, and rocks, many rocks, linked by green for the oreo . They carry in one hand, laundry blunt grooves in the other, kneeling Tajuelo and head, zinc bucket full of clothes. Part is yours, part alien. The washed fixed price: a real-dozen other small parts for sheet camera. Soap apart, so thin as water, low spreads and large pieces, worn, are reduced to thin shells. It's cheap: its alternating iridescent report their factory comes from remains of rancid butter and dregs of the harvest of oil, that align with the risk of caustic soda in a copper pot, knead the mixture with water and slowly and so as not to cut, move in the same sense of clockwise with the aid of a stick, being hung in the cauldron Llares descending down the chimney. This, the fireside, spending hours of dead desktop after dinner.

An episode that took Emilio on tenterhooks for months, occurred in this scenario: the honey. Mediated fall when, helping her mother to bring Tajuelo, accompanied him to the stream of Olives. Instead of staying in the cadozo along the path, headed for a second, more guarded, less crowded, where the water is

clear, and plenty of ballast, the oreo is fast. After increasing the pool with rocks and grass, his mother begins to wash while the infant strives to make a cane to navigate the rapids of the creek in continuous ups and downs on trails adjacent. More women and children reach the same end. Among them there is the talk. Individual child's play becomes an ongoing collective patter in the vicinity. First hunting wasps, lizards and then, finally, looking in vain for the llorga or trace of a rabbit.

But lo, the expedition leader Otea, behind the wall that delimits a farm, the flutter of a cloud of bees. With eyes wide, all watch and see, in nearby trees, swarms hanging from the branches and six towers overflowing honey combs on a large table. All around, many more bees flock to the combs, honey suck: they go nowhere, making a deafening noise. In the vicinity not see anyone. Someone commented how sweet is honey, how are the bees and are repeated endlessly and with regret, to no one! But who is the handsome who dares to jump the fence? The smallest, Emilio, a reflex, climbs, and, without saying a word, is helped by others to climb. Determined and unconsciously passes, goes to the table, loaded with a pair of combs and returns to the wall where his friends wait and collect them. For six or eight times repeated the tour supporting the combs in his red jersey as their length does not fit in the arms and, given its weight and the vicinity of bees in the combs each bearing, others around him noticed that made the theft of his efforts, he was forced to walk in short steps, you are. The adventure ended happily, did not suffer a single pang. After the congratulations of others, was happy and, when the leader decided that honey would make a great merendola to which were invited all those present said that a family member know much honey and wax separated. Everyone would have their mouths closed keeping the secret, because the date was not yet decided.

Can not remember which was the container in which the son of Miranda del Arco arranged the panels, but the group disbanded in the act, perhaps for fear that the love of honey or a guardian present with his carbine appeared suddenly. The exploit was discovered when her mother, who sought him found him returning with the red jersey dripping a sticky, yellowish liquid. After the scolding, right there he took the jersey, which washed arrived stealthily in the stream. The child had told what happened, but I hid everything about tea.

With the bread prepared, much time passed between anxiety and alienation. It will be today, then tomorrow, but the meeting did not reach the difficulty of the fluid of honey finally learned that the meeting would be in the Muradales at nightfall. Overall, a small jar of honey slices divided among many children, the anxiety was in shivers, honey did not give anything. Besides, by then, the desire had gone.

Llares, iron chains pending from the center of the fireplace to hang a container, usually a boiler. **Llorga**, the rabbit hole that makes for a bed and hiding: it remains in it during the day. **Tajuela**, sitting or kneeling bench, table with grooves to launder.

Chapter II: Tadpole Pond

Naturally, one would expect, also his life was always subject to ebbs and flows of water movement in constant struggle between falling into the abyss or saved in extremis, as one walks the fine circus tightrope.

One thing that does not fit in any way in the minds of children is why they have to sleep nap: early in the afternoon the children do not sleep! The dream invades them being tired. The nap is a thing of older workers, not children, they play. And, indeed, must be at noon, immediately after eating. They express their disappointment with twists and turns tucked between folds of the bed sheets. In this uneasiness arises, irremediable, liberating rebellion.

Free Emilio he felt when, after suspecting that their parents would be asleep, slips quietly out of bed and, in steps of feline guard access to the portal, quietly opened the front door without moving the shutter, not being the squeak of the hinges on the street delate. Ya you have to semi eyelids eyes, accustomed to the darkness, before the glare of the afternoon. Then, steer uncage, run to the square and it is to others such that have to bathe in the charca. Están discussing whether to the Holy Christ of the Ages or in the way it is flat and the other have to climb a hill. "Better to go to the Cicutina in the Tormes, which has clean water, not drink or mules and no mean flow." "But the river is far away and seek my mother I'm not going to the Bridge. For bathing, the pool is more than enough." Finally, choose the second, as the Holy Christ adjoins the cemetery and give repelús. Emilio says he can not swim. Neither am I, says Antonio Vacico. With an "as you learn" everything is settled and compact group head for the pool of the Ages.

Soon the group is broken: the voice of "whichever comes first, the night is the mother, the last, sailing" start hostilities with a race without brakes. Some are so skilled and so eager to go, passing the Cross of the Jail, and take his shirt together. Cruzan Old Town Square: here, a foreshortened staggers to lose the brace overalls, there another, on one leg, get out of the baggy leg. And healthy and holy pilindriqui streak, their clothes by flag in hand, guided bike resembling imaginary Dry rising wind, reach the pond in an amen, and without thinking twice, they dive into it.

For some time, his feet soaking, Emilio looks at the stunts that take place before his eyes: diving from the side of the path of perfect dives Manzanal or belly with that lift a sea of foam, like dog shows, breaststroke and back and endurance contests underwater. At last, timidly, newcomers jump into the pond and make the first steps in desire for emulation, but without lifting feet off the floor, dragging in the mud of the shore, then brace as young in the nest for the first time moving their wings and dive float, they sink and rise, repeating the game again and again. Because birds feel tramp and safety of the shore not fun. This cool, even if left alone, decide to check your progress. Nadan, advance, do not walk and the occasional mouthful of water makes them cough. Go ahead, nothing stops and his hands tucked in the crevices of the stones of the wall, throw the water splashing to the shore, which is growing further. It is not known if it was fatigue or overconfidence, the case is that, while Antonio subject in the wall to the center of the pond, Emilio started back to shore taking a big leap: the liquid penetrated into their noses and sank. In the same way a ball bounces and bounces vertically, without deviating one iota of their origin and destination in increasingly short jumps and slow, and the castaway reaches the bottom, rises to the surface, repeated and tired, shortness, swallowed water and now is going to be powerless. The situation is hopeless and nothing can make your partner, trying to deal it while pushing told to rest swam back. Little gets and fear, which is a bad counselor, it sinks. In another blow, fortunately, sink and dive, head out, dive and repeat until the foot feels the softness of the mud of the shore. Is saved. A shivering chill invades him and joins two tadpole pond. How do you know my mother! Fear not, for me no one will know: it will be our secret.

Chapter III: A day of fishing

It is said that, who knows combine work with leisure has won the battle for happiness because, it argues, leisure time is not an expense but latent income differential increased by the rest, adds resistance to fatigue and changes for future work previous weariness of this euphoria. Scientific truth that flies in the face with reality because work is scarce and economy of effort that leads nowhere. Many use the leisure, not as a weapon, but as a last resort, because the lack of work, even temporarily, some have to do, and spend their leisure time at work, say submerged, but better be called survival.

Every child relies heavily on his father. If mother's sensitivity, tenderness and love, father's power, strength, safety, caring and loving mother is helpful everyday father, the idealized model for the future. She will go the way that mark the real roles of the mother, the child's father chase patterns, sublimated, the girl is industrious ant, control your time for sauces in the kitchen, the embroidery

frame in the living room, the child, Bee in companies without discerning adventurer, a prince of the time, the world and feels that you have on hand a protective umbrella.

One day at lunch time his father told him "come with me tonight Tormes": Emilio sensed the beginning of new adventures and more, upon learning that would take sacks of wool mattresses and wash mowing: supposed a couple of days off. Middle of the afternoon when they reached the stony river and a swim in the limpid element mitigated the heat of the sunshine. Then the father picks a cadozo and is dedicated to bay primed with larvae that had been found under stones wet. He then pulled out of the pardejos alfarjuelas for fish and eels strings, the child took place pebbles in ballast at the bottom of the nets while the father knotted ropes hooks and take the bait. Soon the river was decorated by buoys floating cork in the top of the pardejos and caressing the back, on the opposite side, the counterweights. Then, looking eel, they released the ropes in deep and dark. Then, waiting time and gleaning of flat stones that cut the water, counting the stars reflected in dinner tiny waves break on the blanket lying on the sand. Ringing a thousand iridescent butterfly wings and rumors of river bay sleeping child. On its face, a kiss in the moonlight. All is peace. Silence.

A strong pressure on his chest was awake: the father's hand he claims to remove nets and ropes: raising fish. The point is raised and while the moon looks almost not see. He's half asleep and all stones are determined to find the big toe pokes through the hole open sandal. The ballast is resbalina and often, the foot beyond the water and the nose of the rear encounter it. Do not care too much about tripping: fishing is abundant and many barbels and are imprisoned in vogas pardejos. The two look rope eels! Great is his gall happy to untangle the network and hold the slippery eel, sanded his hands, trying to reduce the powerful tail while being removed from the mouth the bait.

The heat of the fish convalecerá new day and must take it home, you will not miss. Emilio is already uphill alfarjuelas shoulder, toward the place. You must hurry, before his mother get away with clothes. Leave the path, which is rodeo, and take the shortcut that leads to the grove. But at night, in the mountains, the goat paths intersect, you are confused, the clumps are twins, the shadow of the gigantic broom and the bush garranchos steal his new red hat. Anda lost, slips, falls, gets up and transported fishing sweats with fear and is coated with dust from the road. Stunned, he turns his steps, looking for a track on the floor sure you hide the stars, and returns the remaining still for hours in the maze. Do not know how it went but I remember how little he weighed legs when that morning came up to the cemetery. With great relief he heard the familiar chimes of the clock in the square. Mentally, he ran, was six.

Alfarjuelas, small farmer saddlebags that hang from one of his shoulders. **Garrancho**, acute and hard part of a plant that can cause injury to only contact with any body part. **Pardejo**, mesh or network for river fishing, marked with corks, that make buoys and weighted with river pebbles in the bottom.

Chapter IV: The Piélago

For days his father, from the top of the failure of Moriana, a Portuguese watched across the Douro. Found that, thanks to ranfuelle, but perhaps also drawing on trubisco funnel placed in Yelda, managed to abundant fishing at the shore. By implication, assumed that the opposite bank of the river, sunnier, was populated shelter schools of fish and decided to try with their own gear on that side of the river, opposite the Armena failure. Emilio led him to serve him his assistant. The joy of it was manifested in the continuous jumps was twisted down the goat path leading to the beach of the Piélago bao. Short was made to the road. Of course as steep hill and down, all the saints help.

Already in the sand, the father says he will go through the bathroom to go to the Portuguese side and asks if he dares to cross it. Behold the deceptive placidity that mirror and the child answers affirmatively. He explained that as the beam is very wide, go upstream, where it begins to expand and from there, always start biting against the leadership, will swim the stream carried away: thus, would cross the river with less effort. However graph begin the journey. His father, who is ahead in slow strokes and steady pace so you can make her wake, she turns her head from time to time and see how your child is a few steps. Still sailing in calm waters somewhat, they are two thirds of the way and have fallen almost to the center of the beam. Father attacks the center of the river, strong current, looks back and looks terrified as the vein drags his son to the cliff of rocks with which it closes the bathroom. Time is short because, after all those forces exhausted son, fears the tragedy. With speed and great efforts, aided by the cumulative force of the apex of the vein, returns to his hand, just grab you getting before the wavy vortex flow above the cliffs and his bones to wrap collide and bounce off the granite ledges . He was lucky that the beam makes the vein backwater before traitor, spit to the left. Only they could tell.

After the experience, the father was silent throughout the day and his gaze was lost in the buoy line of the cane, while the son Sardinian hand caught in the sand, where the stream of Olives flows into the Douro. A few days later, Angel, his brother, he denounced the Civil Guard and poaching pardejos withheld a month later, recovered. One thing and another ended with the fans that the father had to fish. In the end, rod and gear thrown into the river ended, forever.

Piélago, proper name of one of the payments of the term. **Ranfuelle**, river

fishing device consisting of a network supported on a fork that has a long circular to bring fishing varal **Trubisco**, existing poisonous root race, which was used for fishing. **Yelda**, Yelda put the equivalent of leaving to soak, usually 24 hours, crushed and mixed with trubisco very wet ground.

Chapter V: Monaguillo

Great joy he felt that his friend Joseph later invited him to climb the bell tower to touch the Rosary. As fan to accompany him, the priest Don Basilio, asked if he wanted to be an altar boy. The mother gave her permission and was soon learning the Confiteor and other answers to help mass, qui omnia Regem and Staba Mater to sing at funerals and funerals with priests and a sacristan. Not only did their chores peace but to explore a new world opened before him. He felt like it offered the possibility of new adventures. Because I work, what they say really work, only on Saturdays and still took it with joy. Finished morning Masses, the three altar boys, Joseph, Antonio Mortar, and he, and Ramiro, the sexton, had to sweep the church once divided into quarters, the aisles, the central transept, the presbytery, sacristy and altar. The longest time spent in sweeping but not removed and placed in pews with which every little bumped and ships invading the side altars, as the cruising stools and central banks, facing the altar, to be less and equidistant moved and could easily sweep between them. The case is, always paired with his friend Joseph in such need and played the central nave was more extensive and, as his companions ended before helping them. The baptistery, located in the back, rarely swept in whole or moving heavy coffers of old guilds on both sides of the side walls behind the church.

Each time they remained in the church Emilio was time for adventure. For adventure was getting new knowledge or new experience. That was how I had to put on the chest in the sacristy, put in reverse order the priest to say mass is coated, the vestments to celebrate: first the chasuble and manipulate, and color for each day, according to the fair, described in the book of saints and, above them, cingulate, dawn and Amit deployed, that the surplice, a kind of short alba is used for other celebrations, bonnet and cope, when the celebration is out of the church, manly when exposed the Blessed Sacrament canopy in processions with the virile, that the coals to the incense were brought from the priest's house and he needed to move gracefully Aviv have arranged the incense in the shuttle finely ground, mixed with little myrrh, for the priest to sprinkle it over them, have ready the music stands for change in the missal, and, above all, be aware that the Blessed lamp is not turned off, change the oil parched, crowded before is completed.

If distracted sensed the watchful eyes of the sexton, he was sniffing a candle in hand, subsequent holes altarpiece, which had piled saints, Old Basing, frayed

clothing and banners damaged, no tassels, all unused . Remire looked and a saint shiny black dress, no eyes, he always struck and, try as he never did know who was represented: the clerk did not know. He learned that it was more rewarding to help mass on the right, it was who put the cruets on the altar, poured water over the celebrant's fingers in the sink and touched the bell to raise the consecration, not the left, which only helped raise the chasuble. Aside from the fat bitch that bent end of the Mass and morning and Amit, received priest in the sacristy of Don Manuel, he steals, or the actual receiving of Don Basilio. Quickly memorized the use and timing of each bell ringing, bell Angelus prayers or mass or ordinary; pealing of milling in the solemn and weddings and at funerals and mournful tolling funeral Mass, the bell of the old clock and the bomb , alternately or in unison with the millers in processions. He noticed that the bells herald officiate as found in Holy Week, wearing black ribbons altars, the monument erected for the occasion, filled with candles and candles and bells fall silent, but rattles are heard, the big and girl wood, with iron rings and plates, in the same places that the people in plays his drum crier to announce the sale of fish or the bay.

Chapter VI: The Bells

He liked, rather than being bell-ringer of the bell tower to feel cocky. The tower, with their holes, floors and stairs, no secrets for him. He proved a holiday that, while playing for the procession pulled from a Chinese tower to the street by a passing waiter, who gave no miracle. As he scolded him, the bell ringer laughed and threw another stone fell near him, beginning a stoning from top to bottom and vice versa. Realizing the unequal battle, his pride wounded, the young man became exasperated and did not want a kid would get his way: but they entered the church, went to the bell and tried to climb the stairs. But found that that was off limits when a cloud of stones and pieces of shingles prevented him from moving forward. Angered, that action should not go unpunished, rose and retreated before the onslaught of throwing material. Finally gained access to the first floor of bells but by then the enemy was entrenched on the top floor of the bell of the clock, which can only be accessed by an old wooden staircase. In addition, well stocked with supplies: badgers and mortar shelling roof. If the boy had thrown him to give, would have ended right there the story of the boy, but only trying to scare defended. The waiter got the order to reach the top of the tower and after a brief fling around the railings of the dome and suppose that he had caught, feet, why would you want?, The boy sneaks down the stairs of wood, recklessly jumps from stretch to stretch of stone, the church runs and locks with a key in the sacristy. Alarmed by the blows that the boy was at the door, gets into the carpet roll altar for the holidays and there sleeps. When he awoke it was night, the door is closed and out of the sacristy by a narrow circular barred window facing the street, not been possible without danger of breaking their necks. Never knew it was the lad and if the procession ended with or without ringing of bells.

Chapter VII: Balls

Another episode full of adventure was the balls. By then, the wall of the church was pediment where children play on the ball side boundary serving the buttresses. The pediment was true at the Castle: too far. No wonder that each fits misdirected volley the ball into the roof. From the tower you could see multiple rocket rods weddings and parties and retained in the channels of colored wool balls or leather covered, without an owner, inviting someone to pick them up. From one of the empty bell ringers watched the show a thousand times, but all in vain because it was impossible to reach them because there was no access. Round and round the problem was in the first third of the tower, about 10 meters high, a closed door, blinded by road from God knows when, which could be reached by a pier that ran from near the door to the opposite wall in diagonal false, and that coincided near one of the landings of the stairs. He reported his findings to colleagues whom he encouraged to carry it out, only had to march on her beam, slowly, open the door and they'd be picking up balls on the roof. The other altar boys refused replied that it was foolhardy and the first to try it would shatter. For weeks, between playing and ringing of bells, Emilio was devoted to practicing on empty: the first on a beam secured to the railing of the stairs, then on the first section of the pier in question. Until one day he wanted to do the show with his comrades. To the question "Who do you said the pier is healthy?" He replied that he was perfect, he had found. The first tranche was complicated: from the landing by the railing, climbed the pillar that reaches the first beam, then hands and feet on the wall in the beam reached the end of the pier. There the hands do not help because the wall is far away from the tree moves with very short steps, balancing with arms, not looking down but staring into the beam until it touches the wall. He has spent a third of the beam. Then, with hands on the wall and feet on the beam progresses rapidly until, by being too close to the wall, the beam will require more difficult still, the hands-equilibrium formula. Comes to the door and, as the wall prevents the bend because of the narrow space between it and the beam, with one foot tries to remove dirt and debris that prevent open. Little material got removed and, as he was tired, he retraced his steps, leaving the task for another time. There was applause for the deed. Like the boy who is not surrender, for a few days left and came back on the beam until the door opened. To reach the roof, waded the dome of the church full of pigeon droppings, bones, feathers, found not a pigeon! Treading carefully through the canals, dug through the balls and all he found were dried by the sun, rotten. Now, not rocket rods he wanted.

Chapter VIII: The guirlios

Do not you dare believe that a failed venture to discourage him, because if the stain with a green dwelling is removed, restless soul throughout the adventure

beats. It is the dream of life itself. And poor child, and the man, who feeds on dreams! Because dreaming, you can even daydreaming. Dreaming is what Emilio has a boat sitting in the Plaza while others nap, looking at wedding guirlios fly around the tower of the church. That beautiful resemble circles! That wings as long, fast! Chilléis not both, that are going to wake up! Many hours and days passed over the boat trying to figure out which of those guirlios a mother board and that the stones of the wall of the tower has its nest. Over time it invades the perplexity only seeing guirlios many who come again and again, check back later one only enters and leaves the same hole with **Civac** in its beak. Identify each of the holes, decide whether it will be interesting to make sure the nests are only young or eggs. The company is not easy, because not being able to locate the nests on the inside of the stone tower to be perfectly assembled, no work of erosion, to inquire, we must look on the outside of the tower. The only access is a small hole left in an old bell-ringer in the eastern part semitapiada which can be accessed from the staircase. Once you have provided that there is room, without stopping to think, after the morning Mass the following day, keeps the keys. Between naps, climb the ladder, climbs to the bell-ringer, and after several tests, he realizes that you can only go outside crawling back on a boat through a narrow hole, which will narrowly. Not without effort, he put head to the outside pushing with the feet and hands in the crack between two pillars, slowly pull the body and is incorporated. With rhythmic movements is so far away, now places a hand or the other, then one foot to the next in the interstices of the granite stones, looking into the mess he saw a mother. He was right. In a hole, finds two eggs and a couple of feathers, that nest so rare. But if the output had been complicated, the entrance, his back, has nothing to envy, especially stress and accumulated fatigue. But the raid was entirely successful. Did not end there, but that was repeated many times, so that one afternoon while in full wall excursion on the mind, seeing Richard, the son of Mrs. Fortune, was running to see his mother and did not walk with little girls: told that his son had fallen from the steeple. She ran and saw him perched, fearful, he waited to come down: with the eel he ran to the mountain, or the espadrille bottom. Not daunted by such Emilio but continued on his idea, and thus was born as farming eggs, bad hair sprout and guns, and when he supposed that it would leave the nest soon, decided to take it and take it home. The company was not plain sailing, but had experience climbing on that side of the tower to the same forward, put his hand into the hole of the nest is easy, but trying to catch the swift refuge in the background. Then, holding an uncomfortable position, you need to reach out, pull the end of a wing, pull the hand after the guirlio ajar and it does not import or scrapes on knuckles stone and the deep scratches from the nails of the bird, attached and slid down the wall with one hand and get back in the hollow of the bell ringers. At last, sweaty, is relieved. The adventure ended when, proud, proudly showing other neighborhood kids his conquest, the size of the wings, sharp claws, knowing that guirlios not fly from the ground, place it landed in the street, uphill, and enjoy the time. One slip

and the bird, turning around, flapping its large wings on the pavement runs along the street, takes off in search of their parents and my Emilio froze, staring at the beautiful guirlio, until he lost sight of.

Civac, Civac at the peak, is the food that the bird carries the nest repeatedly.

Chapter IX: The Souls

For more than three years who served as an altar boy found the man's social status can be measured exactly by the amount and size of the candles that look at funerals. If you die a violent death, as has been thrown into the well or hanged, buried her close relatives without bells and cross, cure or candles, no headstone or niche: we sing in the civil square outside the cemetery, if is burial of third party presides over the wooden cross, the coffin does not stop at the Via Crucis, mutter a responsibility in the church cemetery, no tombstone niche, do not sail or you look and the funeral is simple funeral Mass, prayed, which calls the prayer bell, if it is second, the box will stop and pray at every cross, you have prayers in the cemetery, has its niche with stone and furnished with half paneled sail in funeral Mass, which summon the milling, if first, takes the silver cross, we look at the mass burial, the head of each cross, the candles are lit, the bells ring of death until the arrival of coffin to the place of rest, the Dies Irae sung in the church cemetery has three days cemetery and funeral are with as many candles, and if first-in first, everything is the same as the first except that the candles are candles of a quadron. Only one of the first-in first offered prayed a novena of Masses. The distinction of the type of burial is important because the same number of candles that receives the priest and the sacristan to look at the mass burial and funerals, every altar boy receives: the latter spend less, especially climbing the bell tower of to signal the start of the Mass after the funeral dirge or attempting to shut down as quickly. The priests end up spending their own on the altar, sacristan and altar boys in the trade sell at low prices: a wage.

He was a sage who said "who wants a crook son acolyte that goal and if you want it more, which makes him sexton." Perhaps that will come to Emilio condition of drain specifications cruets and eat bread wafers angel, and he came and cuts printable form his character. Or that, by dint of chanting litanies and bells while others turn their dead weep, it is stiff feeling, arising out of the man and malice seeps through the pores of your skin. Not that the good mystery and fear have fled as night has to look deep dream image of the Nazarene, down from its altar, walk around the church, then runs after him and a little voice is saying "Nazarene, Nazarenito", nor the fear of lingering memory of a dead image, but is entrenched behind the shield of pretense pretentious, as when, for bet resist a

small window looking out an autopsy on a drowning man, seeing how open the skull with a hammer to study the brain and chest torn rib cut with a saw to gain access to the viscera. Yes, he had to swallow. but resisted!

All your experiences with death as with most mortals, you may feel alien and distant, are natural, others occur. So, remembering the dead on All Souls' night was not the least to impress. There was a Brotherhood of Souls from time immemorial and today the brothers are not aware of that as they took the bar years ago, or reserves of wax that keeps an old chest, which, by chance, in the toilet on Saturday, move to sweep after getting back, left a trail of candles greening and that quickly, the clerk distributed to those who discovered the find.

The Feast of All Saints was a requirement that the butler that carries the staff provide the sacristan of the need to buy sardines, bread and wine and altar boys at home collected bundles brethren to have enough to make fire, roast with it and not stay warm that night. Because from dusk until midnight, for more than five hours, it sounds a touch slow, mournful, persistent, bells, and for this time of year, the air is cold since the sun goes down. At night, wind gusts hit the bells. Each stroke of the clapper of the bell of the clock, just the ringing faded away, 'said the soft bronze a thousand pitches miller light harmonic tones with many other children, whose set is very different to listen with her, under the floor in the bell-ringer who is blind in the fire lit. They played two hours and now it's the turn of Jose and Emilio: this, in the Clock, that, in Milling. Meanwhile, the sacristan and Antonio put sardines on the grill. Emilio, rather than watch, Miller, Clock, Miller, tested Clock, Milling, Pump, Molinera. This rotation is more pleasing, and though Joseph says he is forbidden to touch the Animas Pump night, he keeps climbing until the sexton and you loose a scolding. Wounded in his pride, every time you pull the rope of the bell of the clock does with all his might so that ends up breaking the rusty pulley shaft along which the rope, now slip on the granite pillar. Continues its strong commitment to the bell, in an effort to rescolgarse and the wind whip on their cheeks. Up a few steps of the staircase leading to the roof top and from there tinguinda repeatedly throws the rope between his hands into the opposite wall, the stone rubbing the rope is fraying, and after a while, break the rope and he falls through the stairwell going around on the steps to reach the first landing, head down and his whole body stringing the abyss. At the intersection of two tables, one foot he is trapped, entangled just buckle sandal. A few minutes of imminent danger as the buckle can break free and fall into the abyss. The clerk gets to hold him and lift a portion of the rope frayed, leading to the bell-ringer bank blind. Everything was a shock and multiple bruises. As a compliment, it was he who dined more sardines and lemonade. For the rest of the night, the bells were others for him. His mother never found out about this event and not the miracle of his rescue.

Book III: The world of work

It seems that the nature that forces the humble to the physical dependence is overwhelming and sometimes fierce. Hunger and thirst, fatigue and cold, life condition, forced by elementary functions or physiological adaptation to the environment. How difficult is to understand *society and culture* then when *entertainment* is about to reach a stage at least on satisfying basic needs! Hardship and welfare, poverty and wealth are not successive situations and next in a line, but rather tight, remote and unknown to the occupier any level. When, moreover, abundant offspring, are relegated to a dead letter the rights of children, as the former, the right to life is in danger and any other is turned upside down by the obligation of each member to work on behalf of the common subsistence . Given this vital need, man has a single lever as a weapon, the strength of his arms and continued to work hard: the field will rise from this minimum threshold in tough situations, the father and mother are required urgent family the nightly brainstorming how they can calm the hunger to his own, inventing them have busy work day, night and rest in the pantry to provide for the rigors of winter weather. This achieves a pet special meaning, because the pig fattening porker that he may or taking care of hens, so relieved from their posts, is safe food for sustenance. Here, if there is diversification of work, scheduling at all, big or small, has his own within the general framework of the prevailing season or each particular time. If the father every day of the year goes to the field to perform the work of vineyard, olive grove or orchard, the mother, hastily after finishing the housework, is a pawn and children, fellow slave of the required tightness. It is true that truth often alienates false friends and, always, poverty is a rejection front wall safe. But to be believed, despite all the sorrow, the truth must always be ahead.

Chapter I: The pig

The child is seven years, and the block gurriato growls forgotten games in the plaza, take a bag or sack and walking paths and fields to fill. Today is going to sink their tiny Chancas, guarded by **Reviron** in arable land. Distinguishes good edible wild herbs: **lambujo**, watercress and **sour** salad, ergot, especially for his sweetness, of jars, bush berries, drunkards, and strawberry almendruco to eat on the go. Do not forget that the pig really likes lecheriegas poppies grow tender and fresh breads interspersed with arable land in orchards, among cabbage or on the slopes of earth moved: To spread a bunch in between. Kill the hungry! Tomorrow brétulas collect the wilderness, wild lily pads for entrecocerlos morons in the

cauldron of Llares with cabbage and potato peelings, seasoned with a handful of save yourselves, to ship it in the morning and evening. Lastly, look for the white bells of convolvulus, and ajunjerlas celinchos in vineyards or scratched arms and legs perching on elm elms or with a sack on his back, without fear of vertigo, until the same cup, to go down and repelling leaves, because with a third watering meal eats the pig up a scabby head. If food is voracious, it is more in your drain that fills the waste dump and a fetid smell permeates. New bed and from the precise dry sack muña now to fill the ditches, straw rest of the plots, the walls dry acedones, magariza, lavender and barceo to chop the branch, keeping the hard roots of the latter therefore clean and combed, with them on rainy days are made of durable brushes scrub floors. About fifteen days remains dry bed of the dump during which the pig seems to enjoy making her pits and mounds and needs to be re-spread. At the end, Emilio going, trip after trip, with a basket of dung muralda road shoulder where the frost will become fertilizer for esterca. Although wicker basket soft surrender the remaining head and marks on his skin, has to resist until the end of vacating the block, although you are charged too much weight and have to rest on the road supporting the basket on a wall, stand firm at all cost, although the rust and drips from running down his face, but leave in shame for the foul smell that follows the load corrupting the neighborhood has to obey. You can always spread the race for a rescaño of cake with a piece of bacon on the food left over from the previous day.

Lambujo, meluja plant that grows in streams used in salads. **Reviron**, pieces of skins or skins old boatman who, because they contain large numbers of fish, burns well, especially in the Pulijón used. **Aceda**, acid-tasting plant, sorrel.

Chapter II: The wood

At that time, a task reserved for the older children was gathering firewood for heating the home and in disadvantaged families, for resale to widows or rich, take her to the bakery in which changes to a cake bread or even delete burning rum factory in exchange for half a pint of that liquid, six beams fill the bottle or worth a wage. For something must serve its nascent strength, it can be harnessed, it will not be all play in the square or the school playground, although this loss of class sessions. In rare cases, the wood is proper, no matter what kind of wood it is that any type has its accommodation at any time, fat, thin, green or dry: the thin, dry and warm easily turn on the green, and invites to burn a thick trunks, no matter whether or bundles of branches tocorros vines, traps, legs, bits of olive filly or pruning himself ramon put in his time, that all will soon be spent, because

there is nothing to eat much like fire. Thus, Emilio soon had to learn to pick **menugas** surrounding the town to encendaja, to stretch in the morning and, with the fresh, crosses paths badea streams, land runs, vineyards, olive groves and hills looking for dry wood, weighing less, uproots tallagones broom, broken bushes, dry branches of trees, the green, rather than chop, form belt, never a foot green!: a crime, the overcrowding here and there small piles, manufactures with green broom, in the absence of lees, two makeshift brooms made of twisted ropes to tie the bundle, overlaps in fat wood broom twigs that serve as wall and save your back and shoulders garranchos, neatly placed for each suit their branches do not interfere and hit very well together to make prefabricated lianas and does not break during transport is to undo the knot that encloses the entire beam. If work is your clothing, people close to the woodshed is what it is in tow. Some times, at the head, others on their shoulders or back between forced and continuous breaks. Worse, the distance traveled several miles, between four and six, because the best and sometimes only wood is in the banks of rivers where the owners, so costly to his haul, let it lose. It is not easy and requires agility and endurance. It must scale up goat paths danger of slipping on the moss of the slabs, and finding passages in the fault time, taking the beam, a tree or gully he cuts off, jump fords, up slopes on all fours with the beam slopes. Already in the plain, to rest when bruised legs and shoulders under a shadow, wipe the sweat with the back of the sleeve and drinking creek water on his face, and do not forget to be supported by the beam on a wall enough high to reload it with little effort to resume the march. Breaks, at first, are long, from time to time by the stream, he began a steep climb, then come about every little, so that every shred of strength left. To secure the beam to the woodshed, well, well you warm, four times: one, to boot, two, to lead, three, and four to cut when burned. There rest. Without knowing why, in times of increased tiredness always came to mind a part of the sentence that the grandfather hummed, sitting very comfortable on his knees: "Over the great rivers, he was called to raise Arise treacherous dog if you want to pick up, with this esparto rope to tie you have, with this rope, I have to whip knots; of this gall and vinegar have to take. "

Menugas, wood, small branches to begin to burn fat.

Chapter III: The basket of grapes

Emilio his father always kept a dutiful respect bordering on fear. Each job requires him is diligent compliance order because its mandate does not support replication. For the father, has no part time or measure, is a continuum, with no

rest, no Sundays or holidays. The weariness of their daily work, permanent: now the factory, then the vine, morning that if the garden, then the olives, but you drowsy, he drives away sleep and spends nights in half sailing accumulating stress and mood. It has so many mouths to feed! In winter, after all, throws them into the oven and burn them there with the broom beam bunches or arm, and, if the grinding of brandy and over, there is always a wall to get up. But when summer arrives in August, finished the harvest, through to harvesting, recreation attacks their nerves, undermines their health and an air of anxiety pervades the house. So meals are tense and silent, lest any unforeseen, being hot or cold, for soda or salt, for garlic or bodajos, brawl is triggered and the home becomes hell, fear reigns, in which only conciliatory language of the mother gets to mend fences.

At a dinner in mid-August, the father told the older son wanted to try figs and grapes mature Piso, for dinner. No nap, around midsummer, our hero is seen with a basket of the vineyard road. The mother has detailed the exact status of the strains of Verdejo red ink and theta madrid goat, which ripen earlier. Although reluctantly leaves home, the eight kilometers of road calming his temper at that age because the troubles are forgotten as they are acquired. The grapes were really little more than pregnant women, but still dug through it considered mature, with some figs, filled the basket with cogüelmo, which put a wall with vines vines so they do not fall in transport. Verdejo strains found no red, but if you saw along the hallways of Tormes two neighbors, watching their goats, *Varicose Veins*, Pepe and Jesus. They shouted and they spent the afternoon playing with a swim and do all with wicker seats to soften, that served as the group, which crossed the ford. In the company of Varas came home at dinner, when the father asked for grapes, saw, said he had sought any clusters esbabados and mature, but until the ink madrid were tough. And the voices begin. The mother, hiding, scrutinized the basket, asked the boy if he had fallen and, as this will say no, he explained, the grapes were green because they have brought as cross and Malvasia and Verdejo instead of goat's teat. Increased moodiness of the father who, returning to Verdejo, reproached him who could not distinguish these strains. On the wall below the gathered near the pond. They took the white-headed duck, the Verdejo appears that you are spread throughout the vineyard, just had to look at their Babos are red. It marimorena weapon and comes from and what you're walking back to Ram, you'll learn. The mother says that tertiary and those hours are not the grapes. The boy leaves home. Do you obey? Actually fears a beating. The night is cold, turns on the outskirts of town, seeking refuge, the hours become eternal and ultimately, fatigue and sleep pays into a road culvert. At daybreak, as her mother saw the basket, he sought and found. He says it's all over, and again asked to be more careful with what he says, and goats, which, apart from very clever, sometimes tend to put their nose where they should not.

Chapter IV: The pitcher of water

Now, every town or city has running water, is easy to open a toilet or kitchen tap, no one appreciates the importance of water it arises. But years ago, that simple hand movement was unthinkable and it was very different. Since Emilio could hold in their hands a small earthen pitcher, he is seen several times a day from the nearby road Mergúvez well and, later, as growing up, to the distant source of Noria Mary or next April. It is necessary to carry water from the well for washing soda cooking utensils or stone boat or platform, entrecocer the boiler for pigs or change the water of olives and **tasty** entremozos made, in addition to water for drinking and cooking. The first task is learning children: every evening, upon leaving school, after preface rescaño of bread with sausage, chocolate chip, or an orange, comes up in groups, each with its jar in tow path of the spring. For rich, is the public service of water carrier, with four pitchers in Cangas del burro, Paging streets and serves real pitcher. Today they say that water is scarce and everyone has it: forget the hours spent by the spring in the middle of summer, waiting in line and jack, by collecting tear to tear with the cans, gardening or walking during nap in search of a pit without exhaust spring, rope, and shod in hand to the rim, sneak up to get back home with a pitcher full. He warns that you fill the pitcher today, tomorrow will be empty, routine work day boys and girls. How to find the rich vein of a source whose source never runs out and appease their thirst for water once and for all? If I had to stand for hours waiting their turn in the curb, I would with pleasure, then, finally, grief and work would be over. Remedy formidable. Would be made full and final miracle!

Tasty, tasty, tasty stop by successive changes of water, both to the olives as the entremozos or chochos.

Chapter V: trillique

During a summer spent his vacation home in Cibanal Manuel Cortes as trilliqui. No light mules running around nap parva. but the yoke yoked cows that carry the trail, very slow, very slow. So there is no danger he said his mother, who is a friend of the daughter, Teotista, lowering the market every Saturday with his donkey with a load of peppers or acorn. Actually agree on a mutually beneficial exchange: send the kid a summer trillique and the other would give the donkey for the work of harvest. Because barter is common among those without cash, check exchange serving the work or products of the earth. The boy had gone several times to Cibanal with his mother carried fruit to sell in exchange for

potatoes or beans in the pod dries, charged to the outward and back, bent on winding roads. The Civil Guard monitors the road for the sake of smuggling and leakage of goods do not pass through the box to pay the sales tax octroi that swelled the municipal coffers. Just as all roads lead to Rome, all paths end in a road: there watching the couple. Stop!. Do not talk, walk, the mother says softly tempered by the folds of her headscarf. Stop!, Who will? She says that if Zach, that if the vineyard, that if the wind: words without meaning. Let, which is duller than a wall. Feigned deafness are free to stop by the firehouse for forfeiture, people close to home their precious cargo of food. Teotista no money to pay the wages but the donkey will solve Jera his father.

The work of that summer were not reduced to drive the sledge, but needed to learn the payments of the term in which the masters had meadows and roads leading to them, herding cows and oxen in hours of naps during the early days, from the beginning of harvest, and to remain vigilant lest the meadow, with the fly, cows graze and stop, crazy, jumping to escape the stone walls near misplaced and falls, or gets out in time of heat , pulling the reed beat-guarding the entrance, or run towards the bull in the meadow next door, that all we should consider. And that, to the same sunset that, wisely, has returned, preventing any mixture with other people's cattle, you're never sure until the gate close behind them main corral every house that prides itself in front of living space for owners. During the remaining days, the activity of all branches and all seem to work piece without notice someone is perceived fatigue. Without even finish dinner, with the bit in the mouth, the reapers, and maintained by the day, marching to the sprawling pajero and the cot mattress rye or filled with dried corn husks, you'll see how to fix yours and not lose squeamish about watching the time whether or not it up to your kidneys an ear, that soon you wake up from sleep to go to moon and mowing, you know, at sunrise the couple has to be back in the era with a load of bundles of **thatch**. Then, threshing, placed in a circle bundles cinch to break his sickle and hit the couple unce trail, instead of branches attached to the shaft in case of mules, is ruled with a rod of bites which, as the devil, fear of cows, his heavy hooves and lighter load the heap trillique sprawling lazily at the world round straw, dust and sweat. Tempts sleep over the early start and you shake up the tornadera while emparva, for flints hills and dissect the pellets hidden: the sun and the water squeezed from the jar is finished: it has to go to the next source to fill it is rest and eat lunch hour steers: let them go on the heap, the donkey comes with the basket of ten: a good lunch of octopus and potatoes with fresh salad: lettuce and tomato that yesterday evening, picked up in the garden, bring the boot of wine, which the owner settled in the shadow of the Facina: it is for men, you, drink from the jar, put the cool in the shade of the house.

Their work was hard this summer was higher that suffered the donkey, who had no vacation. No transport was reduced to donkey loads of grapes at harvest,

but the season was extended for the collection of olive sacks by the steep slopes of olive groves and took the opportunity that winter would soon be united to the home for traps of wood and olive Reviejo fillies. It was not fair a sturdy saddle leather-trimmed wool light because the donkey wearing sayaguesa much has to be broken: the garranchos loads of firewood would hurt him. Revamped the donkey plowed the pelaeros of olive trees and hawthorns, was prepared with a view to the garden next spring, as the earth was in season, collected green or dry grass that serve as very good manure or ashes, especially the sea of cheap.

Thatch, cane cereals, once devoid of grain.

Chapter VI: The cotton mill

He also had to fill her mother's advice: look for a job which will assist in the cost of studies, and nowhere better, he suggested, that in a yarn factory, that corals, rich sons of the people, were in the capital: they could send the one in the Plaza de Viriato, alongside the hospital, corner of Sacramento Street, which, without losing time after school hours, could work. Difficult to contact rich: they belong to a distant realm, a senior, privileged, ideal, and you vegetate in sewer surreal. When your head wants to emerge at their level, it is likely that you run right out without it. Difficult is that you live in shacks connect with mansions. But not impossible. And so, after several walks in the vicinity of Queen Street and repeated attempts to enter the house arched gate, did the interview with the gentlemen, but at the time, did not require that plant personnel to have central the entire template. What he could do was to go to St. Jerome, on the other side of the Douro, and made orders for the factory manager, Mr. Da Pena, was the one who knew the needs of the same. Made contact with him, grizzled character, engafado, serious, cagey, and said first I did not need anyone, but then, thinking that the girl was a countryman of the owners, hired him as an apprentice, provisional, for one hour daily from 9:00 to 22:00. Begin the following month. Happy whistling made his way back home. Had a job and salary, would have on their expenses.

Half an hour earlier than agreed reached the front doors. Asked by the manager's office and told him he was wanted for the ship from the factory. Upon entering it, a huge noise, multiform, fills the whole ship full of huge machines. Expected to be full of men but in addition to charge, a second and two mechanics, according to later learned came from the old foundry, were women, single working girls. One of them asked, but the noise prevents you from hearing your reply and sign directs you to an office. It is the manager, waiting for you. This

marks the site will work and the daily task: Allegan alpacas a kind of cotton pressed into large carding machines and the cotton fluff, check that the drums were turning red along with other medium to make wicks not overflow; check that the spindles remain in the long spinners, replacing the empty or unravel the thread of those who have been jammed in the guide wire, and the moments when everything was normal, learn how to fill one of the spindles in small machines located four blind spots. At the beginning everything was a strange gibberish names and other activities in remote locations that need to be on time and apencar responsibly. After the occasional gaffe, logic in a rookie, young and surrounded by girls, the boy is done with the situation and is pleased to work once put into the environment. That day was a personal success and I was strengthened and increased with the recent friendship of several young female workers. That state of euphoria lasted three months: at the end of the first claimed a reward, he waited in the second to be transformed into wages, and seeing in the third that nothing would change, reported leaving home immediately because the work for each month worked had paid fifty pesetas. He had for half a dozen sandwiches. It was not salary or bonus: it was mockery made alms. It arose in her breast rebellion broke his promise to his mother and decided to keep his pride: his work had to be worth more than a poor alms.

The response was immediate in the form of reproach, was irresponsible. It is always better than nothing. But to him that, and nothing was uneven. The criticism struck a chord and reminded him every bit as all living dragged to study. Thus, a growing sense of responsibility took hold to rebuke him constantly to be applied in their studies to keep remembering that the grant had to overcome significant average score that was required to keep it. Of course, at that age, that comes equal responsibility will therefore not surprising that long hours of study remain relaxed in many other fun games.

Life tasted a brand new release of its former slavery, something like one out of Egypt into a promised land rich honeycombs. Every so often reminded him that his path had to do it, would be fraught with difficulty and for a long time, if you wanted to go with it, could not act with inconsistency but spring grasshopper ant diligence and foresight. Predicted ice, and winter ice would, but eagerly awaited their first honey. Four were by then the corners of his life: a study table in the house of the employer, the high school classroom, meeting with friends in class and play in the halls of the Youth Front. At that age, life and everything chirigota takes the feeling of play, but the background behind an embryo responsible and alert to new experiences together little by little we are becoming adult.

Book IV: The young

The period of life in old age remember most nostalgia is the youth. The once exuberant bloom is now withered dreamy shade of that rapture and its spirited and live light on the cloud top winds flying on their own, many years have passed!, Only weakness is no vegetating in dense fog. That triggered a thousand arrows to so many horizons and it does not seem to care sight: no perspective or goal, is simply routine. One, old wisdom without sap, passive meditation, slow water lying stagnant backwater in permanent, sterile remember, the other continuous driving force, affirmative action, unstoppable, stream water that cascades down the light strumming in search of lush valley , lush.

No one is young or youth suddenly comes out of the blue, the condition causes a number of operating with delayed fuse. The infant does not grow without more simple modification of complexion, height and weight gain and other physical characteristics that resemble an older but new person changes and transforms his body and spirit as tree forms its growth. Eventually, the young feel that burst in being mad thousand seedlings in spring, unknown. Fear the unexpected, certainly a lot, ride a stretcher. When least expected, suddenly, takes hold in your new state, is integrated into panda and feels able to address business and incredible adventures exotic. Every day thousands of ideas created and wasted pilgrims. Nothing matters, nothing daunted. With vivid imagination reconstructs with them is enhanced and recreated them. Master and servant both of his fantasy, in a flash back to reality and a deep sigh rises to his throat.

Goldsmith personality, faces his own mirror, observe each of your body changes, studying each new hair: it exalts, investigates each pimple or grain denigrates him, fantasizes about the big picture that restores the lens and a beam wandering rays in the air: violet laser ambiguous vibrate your soul makes the least sense decompensated invade it. Burin now sad, then spirited, nested circles dots in pristine lake, is enjoyed with his creation, real or imaginary. Here chisel constant encouragement is hidden sounds in the other, the friend, although atenace definitely trying to choose between all your experiences. There jerky or chisel, strengthens convictions and others, fluttering in the nest of the gang and it sometimes hurtful punch, others last grinder, shaping the social dimension and solidarity. A relentless struggle curd minimum defeats and victories fleeting shapes his life. It anvil and hammer, forge of life modeled on his own inner fire.

Chapter I: Scholar

Blessed be the day it occurred to D. Fabriciano, the teacher approached her desk! He said he wanted to talk to his mother, who was home that night. He

turned around and left heart every color in his face. As the teacher observes a pupil surprise, told him it was not a punishment but a possible work. Transferred them the task, but not hearing any comment, spent the day on tenterhooks. No class should know that he had forgotten he had noticed in the teacher's face an air of mystery to him indecipherable.

Recalling the years of school, you get faithful images of places and people, intervening in one way or another in their childhood, were decisive for the rest of his life: a priest walks Square aquiline, D. Basil, unrepeatable thousand sermons that fill the church come to Canon in the diocese of Zamora, in the basement of City Hall, the kindergarten and Mrs. Restituta, up, up the stairs, in recess, the bust of Galiana, which , riding a white horse, took the habit of handle on the running of the bulls, created commissions to join ferosellanos scattered efforts around the world to raise the water and splashed the people Tormes public sources titled with the name of nations, whose residents provided financial support: Portugal, Argentina, Cuba, Venezuela, Chile, etc., in the Plaza, right, what is now health clinic, day care for children of D. Julio and his wife, parents of Julito, the radio and television, on the left, with an entrance down the street from the chapel of Christ of Santa Colomba, on the foregoing, the graduate school of small, D. Salvador, the master of the road and the older, D. Fabriciano, his teacher, the Paseo, in a quiet room, before Antonio Píriz after Manolo, that of the Fund, a typewriter typing ...

Start the meal to cook in the pot, his mother went home from the teacher for news and did not arrive until nightfall. He said he was at a City Council meeting, it was late, morning, had told D. Fabri, before eating, with his son again. I had to heat the helmets: if your child worth to study, and so on. As she said it with what?, He had to explain something. Who had revolutionized well was Doña Encarna, with whom he had great confidence because not in vain did his laundry and helps with the cleaning. In short, D. Fabri, Deputy Mayor, has raised a proposal to establish a scholarship for children of the people that are worth and lack of means, that he had spoken with the pastor, D. Basilio, and he supports the proposal. Paco Galiana, Mayor, there will be less. Total, you will get everything without a hitch for the boy. As the father doubted the mother topped: Imagine, sponsors, D. Basilio Sánchez Campano, D. Fabriciano Sastre and D. Marino Galiana Francisco Hernandez. With these three legs is well established the pit. Tomorrow, at the right time, I go there with the child. At the time nor dreamed of the Principle of Equal Opportunity and scholarships only specific religious institutions or culture in head dripped privileged. Hence the importance of this initiative, like wildfire, was extended to social institutions, arriving later the popular work by grants from the IOP. No wonder, then, that stokes the fire who want to bring the coal to its sardine and enjoy the perks of 3,000 pesetas a year. The City Clerk has a son, Yeyo, the same age also requested. There will be a test

to award it: reading, beads, and spelling skills. The result of the score was even. The difference in means tipped the scales next to Emilio. Rarely misery brings benefits!

There is only prepared for entry into the institute for free tuition at the home of D. Fabri in spare time between classes gives Announces Well, the daughter of D. Juan, the apothecary of the square, and César Antonio Montes Vaquero (the test is passed without difficulty), use the time studying hard, then, to keep the scholarship, must try and take each course with high B average, eight minimum, apply this summer to study Latin, which, being unknown, his teacher says will be tough, the coadjutor D. Eutiquiano, who lived in the square: learning declines, burn indelibly, so that neither an exception escape: soul, capra, dea, filia, free, aequo, femdom, Asin make the dative and ablative plural in-abus , not-is, to distinguish their men from the second they do in-is, go to a tailor Up the street, opposite the tight, blue suit to test the buttons of the Society of Castillo and win some fat bitches in summer: only has to deal with the control of books in the library and meet the demands of the partners, and find a boarding house: Mrs. Manuela, Up the street, which gives figs and nuts by placing the bundles in the Tellerinas barn, which has an inn at 12 San Miguel Curtains in Zamora where he served his young mother, she raised her daughter, Nena, hence the friendship also had dinner every octroi de Pinilla night at the entrance to the stone bridge, Berdión Thomas, her husband, who works as a collector of consumption, a staunch regular malt, roasted barley mixture of chicory, a handyman of the mill, which gave the mañuzo guy a banknote of 100,000 frames of the German national debt in times of such a Nazi

Chapter II: Social Assistance

Do not think that only in times of economic crisis, visit the public containers of waste from streets and sidewalks of the gleaning of waste and that the soup kitchens are filled with starving people desirous of a bowl of soup, or belong to a section of the church, or organization of the regime. It is said that the child comes into the world bringing a loaf of bread under his arm, and also the opposite, if misery rarely knocks on your door at birth, it comes with the prize of the cake under his arm: in this case had the luck on their side: the birth and helped to enroll in the list of dining Social Relief, located in the basement of what was coffee and later Birria Dance and Casino. It is true that, better to fall into the grace to be funny and, better yet, have friends, even in hell. From these facts, because anyone can apply, either because the charge, Traffic, (a) The Taratolas outside home or friend wash his clothes because Filo, officer or director, who lives in the corner of the square, right is that, as member of the family is more from a diner a few months of life. Although his memory does not go as back recently and this time, the son of Philo has given him a photo so testifies: there

our hero is in a dining room table, sitting and eating with other children, along with a frontispiece, which are highly visible emblem of the Eagle of St. John, the yoke and the bundle of arrows. Filo, the daughter of Manelao, never hid that from an early age, the infant fell in love, who calls his Emilito since.

When our character for study Zamora went home, too, for a year, visited for lunch and dinner, accompanied by Manito, messenger of the head of the Work and other helpers of the same, units of the called Drop of Milk, Social Assistance, located in El Riego Street, near the court premises, where now stands a residence for the elderly disabled. In this case truly know who may have had to allow him to receive such food assistance: means that, through the master D, Fabri, he was correspondent in Fermoselle Falange and collect membership fees.

Chapter III: The Payas

Would be seven o'clock in the afternoon one day closer to San Pedro when a group of young people chatting in the shade of the elms that line the path of the Clown. They celebrate with a snack ready for the appointment of Angelita estudiantina as godmother. The boys left the comfort of benches, tables and freshness of the shadow of the Three Trees Moreras and walked away up to where it is lost in the orchards and fences made path that leads to dangerous antics vat . Prefer to heat, bathe and enjoy the party, with singing and guitar, alone, before being engulfed by the mass of the crowd that floods the rides. While the girls stretched under an elm tree, medium-dry grass, linen and offer them a snack consisting of tortillas, peppers and sausage and prepare the lemonade and soda, kids, new Robinson, dense reeds in by leading to the Drowned beach of fine sand. Once there, have fun and splash. The thick trunk of an old poplar at the water serves as makeshift trampoline. Sitting on it, which birds cool, dry their suits. Every one throws his bravado to be the fastest and bet who will arrive before the girls where they are. Moved like a spring, without naming referee to give the kick-off, standing on the stem, swaying him to serve them Trolley shuttle drives them: the branch, tired of enduring, suddenly, squeaks, creaks and breaks, leading to Emilio after them, unaware, it sinks and disappears under the water absorbed by the swirl of a pot. His companions, eager to fight the competition and absorbed in their heat, or learn about the mishap. When they reach the shore continue with their laughter and jokes. Later Emilio currency that goes up the path, downstream, going pale and tired. Surprised they ask how it gets there. He explains the failure of the branch, its plunge into the water in the middle of a valley and as repeatedly tried to surface swimming strongly but failed because every attempt I got the strong swirling deeper and deeper. Then the group come the usual questions of what, how and why, and expect answers. A swirl of water is so powerful because it is a tornado turned upside down, if you boot trees and rooftops, a person, more willingly. The basin is a large open hole in rock songs

that roll hits for centuries inside: sometimes serves as a basin of dead. A sink full of water, throw a fly in it, remove the drain plug, what will become of the fly. How did you get out? He says, without strength or air in the lungs, foreshortened swam downstream and leaving some fifty feet away from the tree. Someone said he was lucky, because it made sense to get into pointless after being beaten and that the tangential force of the whirlpool itself you ejected from the bowels of the basin expulsándote of its mouth and is saved in extremis.

Book V: Man Chapter I: Ribadelago

After the last course of the race, decides to seek work. First request a school and is included on the waiting list for interim Provincial Directorate, then march Ribadelago de Sanabria, where the company has opened Moncabril works in several pits. Reach their offices faced confused and asked if he is a specialist stonemason, formwork, rebar or mason. As studies have said, he is sent to the chief of staff, Mr. Mochón. This informs you that there is no work for their personal characteristics but if you want you can cover a square grocer in Camp One, up on the mountain. Access and chief of staff gives a handwritten note to attend him in charge of work. Had signed the note under the door open because, in its view, will quickly rise, along with a shipment of bags of cement, the cable car platform that connects the inclined plane, the foot of the mountains, with a landing in the summit, called Base Camp. It is the cable car in command and the foreman of the gang of workers who load trucks transporting materials to make them on site. The foreman helps you climbed to reach the destination in one of these trucks. The hoarse snorting sniffing diesel engine sets the field recently cleared path and wheels, ant legs overloaded their way among moss, brooms and rocks of the mountains. They explain that cut up the trucks for posting on the inclined plane but get there by going around to Verin, down the road from Puebla to Orense.

Manolo, Manager, Civil Guard who had left the Guard Corps and son, little older than he is an affable young man who heads the group of workers from Camp One camp is made up of several wooden barracks: this, for office that, to store material, one double, one, one for dining and bedroom of the workers. The office had three units: the immediate office, other with bunk beds for the manager and the third, with two others, one for the cafeteria manager and another newcomer to the grocer. The manager described by a sketch of the situation, the material is lifted from the Central Ribadelago Base Camp is stored in the One and from there distributed to the dam of Vega de Tera, which is very close, and de Vega Conde, Camp Two, a distance of half mile upstream. He explained that his job would be to keep track of the store entrances and exits of the cement. He will take care of other materials. Three months was the source of the river saw Tera, which cites only four things: that the work was light, almost always others in the office that paid very well, the terrible storm of hail and pierced stone the roof of the barracks and the manager's farewell party, coinciding with the Civil Guard Patron: going to America. That same day the telegram came from the provincial to take charge of an interim school. Opt for the performance of his career, says goodbye to all including Mr Mochón and let Moncabril.

Chapter II: Faramontanos of Tabara

Fearful and expectant, opens office!, Get in the car line Puebla. Pozuelo de Tabara arrives. The local priest expected daily correspondence collector's hands, who always asks for new ones. This change with the routine and add words that leads to master and introduces Faramontanos. The priest, paternal, he says: Son, take your suitcase, Get down, stay at my house tonight and tomorrow, without more, come back. Do not go to these people because there is a mess Morrocotudo: school burned. While giving all credit to the priest's words, thanks you for your interest, but decides to continue his march to the people, at least, to take possession.

Tabara and gets off on making the ramp leading to Faramontanos Table. Two-plus miles separate the mill of Faramontanos Tabara, go far, especially when walking behind a car of cows returning laden with flour and feed. Open up a fellow of the party, stick to the shoulder, which spurs the lower back and a response to accelerate their progress or predict that the car does not tip over in the ditch, the car squeaks, behind a donkey dangling two bags on their backs tied by the handles, after him, Mr. Emilio and low, old, shuffling, small steps, it seems dumb. The walk, at last breaks the old tongue, D. Jose, a school teacher, perpetual interim administrative data tirade including: one more day of service is important to move up the ranks, and running the scales. That evening, be submitted to the mayor, taking office at the city council, to officiate three copies of the letter diligence and take the morning mail.

The mayor informs them, the people have no inn or tavern or home teachers. Esmeralda, butcher, married, no children, was the patron of the former master. Twenty-five pesetas a day comes: that is now price, full board. There remain the two, as the 1149 salary per month to each one on a peak. Don José, renamed by Esmeralda as Don Pepe, is a singular individual, it is unclear if his old age, living in their world outside of reality, or why. Despite his continual attempts, the boss will never get to know the name of his wife or if married, hugging or divorced. It closed box with a thousand faces unpredictable, as revealed on that night to ask how Esmeralda preferred steak or if after each turn, he asks her to give him a pound of flesh mummy. She completes and so it while dining all makes squares of meat mallet with saintly patience, click one with a fork and polite, it gives diners, and discover the secret that oil is richer. What is striking is, above all, her outfit and strange habits that lead to comical situations.

Now because the climate is extreme Castilla or because their dwellings only having heating or cooking hearth filled with straw pressed, the fact is that our character, great chilly, explains his unparalleled figure wearing long coat, balaclava masks and that a disproportionate hidden to the eyes, in such wise, that

prevented the biggest laugh contain a discrete, put fear in the hearts of his students and all explode with laughter. His grown black beard looks great when it washes white tufts. When questioned at that marbling, explains that in winter, sleeping masks filled with cotton wool, well, cold sheets will not attack your ears.

Then, in schools, from American aid given to students during breaks a glass of milk and a piece of cheese. Cheese, canned, is easy to distribute, not the milk powder, comes in large drums and precise heat water daily in the squid, add and dose the powder as the number of students: 25 grams per serving. At first, new, all students take it, but then always in the drinking extra milk, because all have it fresh in their homes, and it is difficult to complete the remaining part of the month in grams of milk powder. The landlady, who has a hen with chicks in the barnyard, asking me to sell him some milk left over in school, because babies do not thrive. Don Pepe, past days had given him a kilo bag of the patron, notes the improvement of animals and asks the owner as he has given milk to have grown so much, because his wife unsuccessfully brood care and want use the same method when the people go on vacation. Esmeralda, naughty, smell easy prey, he explores false innocuous conversation, it elicits, and found the weak point of old, he digs in his sting. He explains that, milk, warm, given to each chick with a syringe just as full. He does not understand how you can get that for every drink chicken ration brother. Esmeralda, sly, he says he has to take the chickens one at a time without waiting for an answer and asks: "Do not see the holes, a short distance on either side of the peak? In one of them gets the needle of the syringe with his ration of milk, it has already injected and fed to a chicken. So with everyone. " When you return to the village, Don Pepe complains that everyone, all chickens will die. Esmeralda blames the credit: it is very easy to have an infected poultry. Don Pepe lowers his head, sighs and nods as if to say "in all are skinny dog fleas."

The first two years of his practice he spent in the place you were in an amen. The fear of the priest of Pozuelo vanished. Esmeralda had told him that if he wanted to live without surprises, no group should be neither the priest nor the supporters of the doctor, who go to slaughter, with everyone and anyone, with them even in the coffee. So he took the median school daily and on Sundays and holidays, with young people in dance and wineries. Prepare spare oppositions that let children's theater trials with older students when they are not going to mount the leaf start to entrecocerla tender and jara get a kind of frosting they call drug. No walks neglects Gaspar, husband of Esmeralda: Cañiza close to the fold, pick up sheep in the corral and pods and feed supply under the Tenada cribs. He is happy in the village, of which only goes on vacation. Approves the opposition and provisional school chooses. Contest of the vacancies of Ribadelago knows only in Sanabria, and choose. However, after ask, someone advised to quit, it is preferable that you pull down a well before taking possession of such a people,

lost and forsaken of God. The charm of the lake attracts him and he comes back, by choice.

Chapter III: Prey

Ribadelago hamlet of the town hall is Galende. The teacher who acts as secretary of the Municipal Board, meticulous, lives in the Bridge Market and extends the possession dated September 15, fifteen days after the appointment to take advantage of outside legal and travel arrangements. Once there, instead of looking board in the town, visit Moncabril units and the chief of staff, which remains the same, lets take a room at the Town Hall's singles around central facilities, eating with a small stipend for an additional administrative and other employee benefit and commissary benefits. The school, in new plant, built and equipped by the company, is located on the outskirts of town, just opposite the road junction of the private road Zamora leading to the village. The distance of a mile between them, is walk that runs four times a day, which makes the people just walked on and interact with the technical staff of the plant, encouraging you to be prepared to work on it as a qualified electrician . As you work clean and produces a good salary, on the advice of Manolo, an electrician who worked at the plant, acquired the collection of books Roberjot electricity in five volumes, one of which is the core and distribution networks, and hand goes to work.

The remaining time for Christmas and during elapses quickly learns the various technical features of the complex elements of the company. So Porto Dam has the capacity of 50 million cubic meters of the dam Conde Vega, which is compacted soil, twelve million, the Vega de Tera, whose work is almost completed, only ten, that the flow water coming from dams and falls from high above the turbines of the plant is minimal thanks to the technique used in pressure piping, etc.. Soon the rainy season began that turned into snow storm in the mountains, so that from early December already cut the road to Puebla. With the cold and constant changes of temperature in the back and forth to school boards is reproduced in angina, high fever and sores on their lips that hardly heal for the wedding scheduled on vacation in late December. Augustine, the manager of the commissary, he manages to rent a house in the village to live the future spouses. Have ready in a school room with his suitcase Roberjot the title completed and other belongings out of stampeding down the fever subsides time and open communications. But none of this happens. It is December 22, the fever has subsided, the car line does not, or lorries. Sitting in a chair, eager, impatient witnesses the turn of the crank on the phone with the manager of Rodio, outsourcing company, wants to be online to talk to Madrid. Is not hear, but listen to the conversation voices from this side of the phone. "No, not normal flow, too many waterways. Yes, he has injected cement. Tons, as usual. Is not progress. No, the Vega de Tera. When you arrive, we'll talk. Yes, I go now. No, the Sanglas

". Run with it. Thanks to the bike and the skill of the pilot, came to Zamora on December 23, just in time to finalize the preparations for the wedding.

Chapter IV: The wedding

The wedding day is the culmination of all joy and happiness, the central landmark of a life of hope, the unyielding pull of before and after. Is 27 and the December sun ripping band-carpeted Vulture Street Church Road. And curious guests, groom and best man, awaiting the arrival of the bride at the door of the church of San Vicente. A few minutes to give twelve. The car comes with the bride and the bridesmaid, descended from him and formed the party. Go through the gate, enters the church throughout the cruise: in front, Angelita, the bride, the arm of Don Fabri, teacher sponsor and supporter, he is Josephine, the godmother, a friend of Angelita with her boyfriend, Emilio, then the tiny hands of Anabel, eager to raise the ends of the long tail, not drag, close, Spies, with red-edged black cape, noise racing to occupy a privileged position at the end of the bench, and up in the choir, the band's music sets the pace Nahor with notes and chords wedding march. How happy is the bride beautiful, all white! Satin satin fitted bodice extending into the skirt with tail, gauze veil of tulle illusion, subject to the dressing of the tiara, bouquet of white roses small orange, white gloves, white shoes. It is a virgin white, pale and smiling. There has never been so beautiful bride. That ceremony so romantic! Next to the words of another, mixed with the exchange of rings and jingling of the silver deposit, you can hear wood and string instruments and their timbre resonates with echoes merged on top of the vault: Chopin Tristesse filled with the air of sweet melancholy, Gounod, in his Ave Maria, waving premium violin, suspends the soul and provokes sighs, the culmination of the dream comes with Reverie, Schumann, which pervades all and raising the spirit arroba infinite regions.

After the honeymoon, spend the day in Fermoselle Reyes with parents, family. The next day back to Zamora in the car line because they have to ship the furniture in the truck that will not Ribadelago and may take longer because they have received a note from the mayor of the course Galende to be resumed without delay or excuses the 8th of January. So the day 7, missing a quarter to eight in exiting the bus, are in the garage with bags waiting. But here a slight detail that subverts all expectations: the key to one of the bags has been forgotten. The morning is cold, freeze very strong. As time permits, Emilio, prefers not to force the lock, returns home and goes brings sweating because he has run a mile. In the car line, devoid of heat, cold and stays Zamora reaches high fever that forced him to bed for two days: the tonsils have been played.

Tonsils are known to prevent other more serious illness because they say that the antibodies generated by increasing the percentage of body defenses, in the end, it is nice to have, he said resignedly. But this time was inopportune, producing suffering and anguish just because they have to be bedridden, even if with all the care, when needed to resolve more issues! Nobody could foresee that those tonsils were prescient: We were going to save a serious calamity.

Chapter V: The flood (January - 1959)

At dawn on day 9, violent knocking at the door of the house awake at all. Magdalena, Angelita aunt, sister of his mother, eagerly asked if the newlyweds have left the village. He says no, they are in bed because Emilio is sick. Thank God, he says. There has been a major catastrophe in Ribadelago. 72 EAJ tune, radio Zamora: repeats the news. On the night of 8 to 9, at exactly 0:05, the dam of Vega de Tera has suffered a break and eight of its ten million cubic meters of water in a large flood, earth and stones have drawn sweeping the town of Ribadelago and causing many deaths. With the flood waters of the lake have risen nearly seven feet tall. That afternoon, even with a fever, Emilio takes the bus and goes to town to learn firsthand the situation and offer an initial assessment of damage to the educational superiority. As the line drive the market only goes up to the bridge, because the traffic is cut from there to Ribadelago spent the night in the Bridge. Learned from a guard service, known, also lived at the residence of the Town of Moncabril, that access to Ribadelago was totally forbidden and could only mixed with the gang of workers to work to clear debris at dawn next break in a truck. That helped him up Guard transport as if it were a laborer.

When it comes to Ribadelago, the first thing you try is to inspect the school. A guard with a red cap plate cuts off the road, says he is about to reach the Minister and the school door should remain closed. Emilio insists and tells her not to worry, that will not put in evidence, he knows other inbound access. The Guard finally agrees to the visit, if it is quick. To take a look, scale a rock Emilio, arrives at the school hall and cry dies on his lips when he saw the floor covered with bags full of blankets, the school is transformed into a morgue. No wonder the guard would not let him enter. In a brief look, found that his bag had disappeared, desks, chairs, teacher's desk, there was no glass, the side door had been ripped off and turned into a gap in front of another on the opposite wall, and in it, miraculously, remained hung from the top in unexpected balance, a triptych wood and leather embossed representing the Immaculate Virgin.

He left with the soul in a fist and walked through the streets amidst the rubble, listening to the tragedy was higher because some uprooted trees clogged the bridge, causing a backwater that did raise the water level until the eye bridge, finally relented, and that many had saved the Council to reach the bell located on

top of a promontory high; saw the detached wheel carriage with which the flood had crowned the tower of the church, the bus line, which appeared a mile away from the garage, the owner of the house that Augustine, the commissary had bespoken for him to be to live there says "here should be" because the flood did not respect or foundations. His friend Manolo, the electrician, the books, who lived opposite the school, lost both wife and daughter. He began to realize the dire situation that these people went at night, in darkness interrupted his sleep. Make sure the picture is gruesome and desolation, total. Mud and rocks fill it all, and hoarse cries ayees heard everywhere. Under a persistent drizzle, the echo of the mountains returns names of persons sought for false hope and in the valley each finding confirms an object disappearance and deep kissing appears in the garment he wore the loved one. A knot grips the throat when you have cases like the friend who, when the flood came, takes his wife and daughter, fleeing to the upper floor of your home and how a stroke of water separates the family, he is saved, his wife is found lifeless on the door pillar and the girl are still searching. Because relatively few bodies are counted, but people are missing a lot. The great hope of yesterday, today is cropped. At last they will say the total one hundred and forty four victims. Blessed are those who have found and buried their dead, the rest will not see again: lying under a huge tongue of mud, sand and rocks to the northwest of the lake, no one knows how deep. Nervous and helpless before the disaster, the next day back to Zamora.

Why man will endeavor to fight with nature rather than its ally and continue together each with their fate? But no. Owner not only feels but it is believed God, ignoring basic laws that both are exposed. Irritated by such transgression as if it were to be aware, following the dictates of his higher Self, breaks moorings and brings anguish and suffering to man, unconscious, he was subjected: violence returns after contempt calamity throws in fair payment.

Mrs. Petra Bedate Inspector gives a sigh of relief when he came into his office says he is happy to see him alive but has not come to the village the day I had to. He explains the tonsil, she is incredulous, as has been said her school, she sent home, is available to the Inspectorate. Three months later requested assistance for the class of students Ribadelago established in a classroom Hospice, now the Parador de Turismo: The master of exercise know the students, not the terrible psychological blow parts. A month later, students and teacher were sent to the people occupying the new facilities recently constructed temporary. They consisted of painted wooden pavilions and church school green and low houses of brick and cement for homeless families, administrators and teachers, the latter bill rushed, zero service, cuisine in smoke, lounge and bedroom required day and night electric stove, without charge, to dry the ground soil moisture and the walls. They say they will build a new town along the road, there, by the source of the slope of the Rooster. This project does not matter to the

neighbors on mattresses in the warehouse of the pastor, beds, sharing food and money, as Spain and the world have turned to for help. Decline the relocation of their families on farms several acres of irrigated and dry land far from here, the government provides to the Plan Badajoz. They hope every day that the lake dredging machines discover remains of missing family every morning and evening going to the bar to quell his impatience with brandy. Time passes and few bodies are recovered and, when this happens, all hell breaks uproar calling for all the families have not found theirs. Gossips say the search will end soon and that, ultimately, to avoid greater evils, where they discover a corpse buried there himself. One hundred forty-four people, simple people, the people, and not a single engineer! Have appeased by the lives of the beast of the night, fueled by the incompetence of fools. Rest in peace and forever.

At the end of June, the diaspora (engineering, administrative, company staff, doctors and teachers), was over. If just part of the water stored in the dam of Vega de Tera that disaster had taken place, what would happen if the dam broke Porto Bridge, five times more capacity, located at higher altitudes, between mountains with side swept that directs the water towards the power station? Emilio asks Move property of Ready, the artisans of mud, white, and technicians in Mayaro land and remove the dust to blow in May, with the shaping cans, jugs, etc. Being in this town saw the birth of their first child in the clinic of Perpetual Help after a pre-delivery within 36 hours.

This assignment was a springboard for another two years sought by reference to a friend Angelita, a native of that city, who worked as a nurse at the clinic Galache, which was familiar, though Don Manuel de Avila, father's hunting companion This discouraged from the start: Guarrate.

* * *

Guarrate a people with specific characteristics and special. In the beginning was based on small hamlet hamlets where the inhabitants lived, growers extensive dryland estates leased to the Earl, with the right to property after a long period of absence, in the so-called Palace of the Count lived charge, that was the one who collected the fees. The village was burnt a large fire, precisely the same day as other people do the same with that of Ataquines. Then part of the property, payment of Monte Toro, was transferred to the National Colonization Institute, its inhabitants were settlers from the Institute and he at last gave them the property after thirty years of payments of fees. So the workers went from being attached to land owners to be defined a new way of life. In addition, a herd, more vibrant, were given new wings.

Settled permanently in the center of a family with children, surrounded by

the comforts that first paycheck job and let (washing machine, television), following 36 years, divided in half between unitary school and college Guarrate Picavea Macias Valladolid, had to be filled with some activity: it is not going to be watching as his wife overboard a game lumps based bed or the patience that each thread gets to say filtré watermark; gape in as series of endless woven lace strips, see how the pins are distributed over the skeleton of the drawing marked subject to steel or continue viewing the shuttle past continuous tiny fingers on the crochet hook. So I decide to go with her partner D. Paco, Square coffee bar or the street from the Palace, either: the first, well-off clientele, the second working people. I noticed that the common game board and playing cards most are in the cafe in the Plaza outside the triplet, since it's own game reserved and cures, is one of the noblest games. The items were tute bar or dominoes.

In a game, Emilio met an older gentleman, D. Juan, secretary of council, which was also the secretariat of the Brotherhood of Labradorers. Shortly after he retired and was asked to fill the vacancy in interim, agreed, and later managed the property, after some tests conducted for this purpose by the Chief Officers of Trade Unions. The monthly salary almost to the Master (833 pts.) So it was worth it, and as he was in office about twelve years, ultimately received compensation, for then there were accumulated in various government services. The work at the secretariat of the Brotherhood was light and was reduced to two parts: 1.-Simple accounting in the Official Records of tonnage and Treasury on revenue espigadero summer pastures that farmers leased barracks outsiders, it accounted for strong earnings, and the lease of WINTER and spring pastures, which were divided affordable local farmers means all income, after deducting office expenses, save and secretariat, the rest is distributed to each farmer in proportion to acreage in the term for use of their pastures. 2 .- Book of inputs and outputs of writings, mainly two provincial entities, the Agrarian Chamber and the National Association of Wheat. In relation to this entity, the work was only manufacture the C-1 of the farmers, and supporting documents needed for planting and harvest delivery of grain silos in the county of the National Wheat Fuentesauco.

Because they are building new houses for teachers, a good season passed pension house known Angelita, hearty and good people with whom we had great friends, so that, once built houses, spent the afternoon watching the bullfighting which was then broadcast in black and white Spanish television. The friendship was broken by a daughter married to the eldest son of one of the farmers: it happened that one night, just open the secretariat of the Brotherhood, presented his father was very angry with another rancher it was felt cheated with the distribution of the use of barracks WINTER and spring pastures. So much so that, putting a gun on the table, said that night, appearing as another farmer, was going to break open a couple of shots a bad person. Needless to say, and convinced him out of the Secretariat, leading him to take a few wines. Having warned the child

how dangerous such an attitude, the whole family left the relationship, we assumed that they would have thought we were going to tell the other party.

Sometimes it breaks the selfishness supine all concoct schemes. It happened that a colleague thought that if asked for help to friends, shift to another Master, owner, of its kind and such vacancy adjudicarian it to his wife, then in another location, so that husbands would meet. Seen this way, it seems laudable, it not that lead to flushing them out, it was necessary that the spinster teacher was insolvent to take the class or be declared legally short of trial, as desired by the other, urging the director to sign a certificate in one of those ways. As he refused, not being responsible by not being a doctor, became such a conflict to the Municipal Board of Education: records were instructed, they took statements from the parties and ultimately to the single teacher early retirement, but the inspection did not allow Master consort with her husband in the village, moving to another location further away than I was before.

He had all the time in the world. Looking through old publications of the Journal Mandos, entered the hobby of building radio sets, starting with the simple galena. After measuring devices were: tester, vacuum tube tester, generator and analyzer waves of high and low frequency, resistance and capacity gauge, and finally, construction and verification of a superheterodyne radio, jukebox including, after studying all types of valves, from the oldest to the modern red series Series Octal and Noval. Then came the turn of experience with printed circuit boards, diodes and transistors, along with television, antenna installation and repair of old TVs.

In Valladolid discovered a new field: the computer. His first steps gave the old Spectrum, then with a 48-k Oric memory that stored the data in an audio tape, then a 58-Comodote k, and finally, with a 64-PC k of memory, floppy drive 5 1 / 4 and OS 1.1. It's time schedule: first batch, Basic, GWBasic, Cobol, Pascal, C, C ++, and Visual. And reading books and more books: art, philosophy, science, and who is obsessed and rush to find somewhere in science and truth, united in one, together. Where are you, really? Why are you hiding? Light your torch, is manifest!: I'm looking for, total truth. Hurry, I do not have time!

It was then, after a holiday to Alicante, it was decided to purchase an apartment in that city, urbanization John XXIII.

Book VI: Journey to the Center of the soul

Chapter I: The first death

No one can say that the beginning of all autobiographical narrative has the power to be the time marking the beginning of what happened since the subject is born until his death, beginning with appropriate background and moral reflections as completed, or that their understanding precise logic is a linear, as if it were another story. In the course of our existence we are aware that a situation we have lived before, that a certain unknown character we have seen, or the feeling of having walked through the streets of a city we visited for the first time. Is that all life, being real, not a road runs flat and straight but perhaps circular, studded with mountains mountains to be scaled and separated by troughs or ditches have to wade through and it is not easy for someone to conclude which of them is near the top or where to place the of his term. One could say that after so many times up and down the slopes of the circle of your range, there comes a time you can not locate either the cardinal or the ordinal to each, and, if you force another twist, a say more: you get to confuse you reduce valleys and mountains to plains buttes, so we can only keep in mind that in every mountain, a pair of bounding or surrounding valleys. Thus, each story can be started by anyone, as milestones are and stand for something important. Perhaps most significant is the culmination and fixing the breach, which separates the before after. Besides, we all have very deep printed that the ultimate goal of being eaten alive is buried in a deep valley, pierced his last mountain, near the end. From the beginning it must have set eyes on the ultimate goal, goal, because we know that in every ending, for better or worse, and nothing more final than death, is the essence and epitome of a life, has been very long or extremely short.

* * *

Little personal experience, experiential, Emilio had until then to death. Every time the fence was because he saw, or had taken place in childhood mixed with disconnected data, such as when her grandmother came home or strange in any case, it was always a companion more casual viewer of each event mournful. Thus, it would have five years when her grandmother, Rosalia, Asleep at the home of the Road, who, dying, had left her to care for and where he met his death eight days before his side because of pneumonia. Until then he carried her mother and then had his first face to face with death. Despite repeated the mother, "not push the child to death! Do not let the kiss! Then he dreamed it! "Not psychologically affected him at all when the child did, as passenger shame not to his face tinged pink to see that all eyes were on him or if he dared to put her lips on the face of the dead wax. Not when the ten years she helped with three other children to take to the cemetery, by hand, the small white box with the remains of

the daughter of Manuel, the Falla: by removing hooks of iron, was rescued from the pit, nailed as it was in the mud, whom his mother had lost her arms in her leap into the void when he jumped into the pit, and which earned him nothing, at first, heavy skirts held him afloat as When soaked, they themselves helped to sink into the mud. Not when, as young boy, helped to shoulder the box Manolo's sister, the rubbish, the dancing and cafe on the square. Not when he learned that an old man hanging from a beam hanging in the doorway of his home near the Cross of the Prison: the closer you see a man tries to undo the knot to lower, and failed, without thinking it offered, he cut the rope and helped down: I just remember this blood that purple was her fat neck and long tongue, he escaped through the mouth. Not even affected him when, newly married, the second day of Christmas, the cries for help from the wife of Turner Square, went to his flat, for half an hour he was making word of mouth, until the doctor arrived, Martinez who, after putting a shot to the heart, by the way, told you to leave, there was nothing to do, which was blowing air into the mouth of a corpse.

These situations had been in vain trifles compared to what happened to him in time before us. Earlier, he had been a mere spectator and forgetful: now it is suffering in the flesh of another unforgettable experience.

Actually, the main node of this story begins when the protagonist and his wife decide that the dream of his life, shared for so long, then finally a reality. Years before, thinking about old age, had acquired an apartment by the sea in Alicante. The area has mild climate and can enjoy sea and sun, not only in the summer, but have planned to spend the winters there when he retires, avoiding the rigor of the plateau. That bundle of illusions that seemed bound and tied it broke the rope to break the weaker side, health care, that nobody can buy. Only apply for retirement, a rare disease takes hold of her husband. It was originally diagnosed by simple muscle spasm a pinched nerve between two cervical vertebrae: the truth is that it causes back pain so strong that not let you breathe. Soon aggravated unrhythmicity heart pounding in a body taken to the limit sensitivity and stress rampant, leading to ongoing angst attacks. If during the day it goes badly, the minutes of the night are a punishment for not getting a restful sleep time. Myograph are worthless obtained the sharp pain piercing the nerve, and tender, and the subsequent prolonged course of rehabilitation in a specialized clinic: every slight improvement, it is always a long period of acute pain. Fail sedatives, are null sessions of massage, heat and the magnet, and any physical improvement is fleeting. You think of a psychological treatment and consultation with psychiatrists. If interneers are that your heart is normal contracture, they say, should not hurt when you move with more powerful sedative, for psychologists is stress from overwork simple: heal with rest and a metered and Lexatin Mutabar intake. All useless. Over time, the illness worsens and causes a severe depression that requires the request for sick leave.

That situation breaks all his schemes. He believed essential in the Centre, has to leave everything left in the hands subordinate, including management. He knows that, on the sly, you are preparing a tribute for his retirement. He had tacked the end of year party, his last year in active!: I had planned the staging of the zarzuela Los Gavilanes by eighth grade students, designed the decor, the costumes, the voices of the choir chosen and prepared papers and interpreters. Still, he thinks, if no time is done in playback performance. It's easier, faster and even the show can end with the sound vibrating the triumphal march of an opera: Aida, without going any further, neither of pearls come. Will this slump, is. His wife, realistically, believes that it is best to get away from your workplace and the family moved to Zamora.

Despite the decision, the disease not only does not yield, but increases in the darkness of the bedroom and there reaches its climax. After noon, bedridden, nerves tense, worried that a move to prevent stoke pain, tired of enduring the same position for so long makes a nod and, from deep within his brain a dull sounding crunch whiplash. Post a strange feeling, a sort of shock increased, from an internal central unknown, it spreads throughout the body, not as gentle wave propagating in the lake after the stone that threw out the baby and goes dim to their confinement, but giant wave comes amid terrible tsunami, eager for power, launching ships on steep rocks, the wrecks in them, removes sleeping deep sand, foam and later up, tired of roaring and smashing, dies on a lonely beach, and smooth leaves, naked, his body in the sand. That terrible lightning born in the very center of his head went through her body to die on your toenails. In terror, opening the lids a moment. The four white walls around him were dying of a rare red, no, well, orange.

Concentrating on the sea drop all his days, traces the history of his life in an instant and become aware of his past. He discovers that his time is governed by a relentless clock that the hour hand goes faster than the minute hand. His feet, not firm, the note perched on the platform of a strange unknown station. Passenger train runs aisles looking for the seat of his ticket, his clumsy legs and face are destabilized, the locomotive, which ran prior to slow roll up in their units, suddenly doubles the speed and the cars fly so senseless, the rear, crazy, fast and violent, ahead of the first, incomprehensible! and the coil. Spend some time and control the fly without slowing slows delayed. Finally, the convoy stops slow, lazy.

Note that your senses, once so sensitive, fail now, the tongue is stuck to the palate dry stubble, a stranger runs his freezing cold bones, not one note of your muscles, is motionless, believes hear screams, but not a single beat heard in parietal; ceases his will and peace laxity total stranger invade. Everything, no shred of logic, it overflows, it goes beyond. Lower eyelids, he resigns himself: all

this can only be a terrible truth, the inescapable reality, the total order, the final death. He's dead! ...

* * *

A deathly silence filled the instance. The dinner conversation far he is whispering. When they discover their status, the stillness of the room is broken and filled with voices, wife, children. Move him, urge him to speak, to open your eyes. No answer or to suggest a gesture. We built him up. The bones do not support, the muscles do not contract, your body is cold, without force, straight. All useless runs wild, fearful faces, anguish in his heart, furtive tears.

"Nothing matters, and all about".

My God! A phone! The mother asks for help to eldest son. In emergencies, a physician on call. An ambulance. This always has to happen on Saturday! Minutes endless. The ambulance arrives, is wrapped in a blanket and clothes with blanket. Turn the siren screams and the way to hospital, vengeja body on the stretcher, under the body, one arm is flat on the canvas, the opposite, hanging, swinging. Draw a curve for the ambulance, his hand note the cold metal bracket. Reach the entrance, open the gate, opening eyes with infinite laziness. Hurry, running through the hall porters: they have to come soon. White light, white coats. A doctor.

"Bones broken on wide band of light and pulling shaken, his betrothal." "It's twelve. Spies, wrapped in red-edged black cloak, waiting for the bride to the church door. And curious guests, groom and best man, wait. There comes a car with bride and bridesmaid, descend and form the procession. The tiny hands of Anabel strive to raise the tail end: being walked. Crossing the wide gate. The procession enters the church under the wide, curved bow of the cruise: in front, Angelita, the bride's arm Fabri, the sponsor, are followed by Pepita, the godmother, her longtime best friend and the boyfriend. Noise races occupy privileged position at the end of a central bank. Up in the choir, the band sets the pace with notes and chords wedding march. How happy is the bride beautiful, all white! White satin dress satin, fitted bodice, long tail, gauze veil of illusion tulle, crown, bouquet of orange blossoms, white roses, white gloves, white shoes. It is a virgin white, pale and smiling. There has never been so beautiful bride. "

- Poisoning by massive ingestion of drugs, someone says.
- Impossible, the wife denies.
- Dismissed, quickly rectified.

- Or by drugs, someone suggested once.
- No, the patient is addicted, it is stated outright.
- Preventive intravenous injection, if any, prescribed. Do not trust!

"A hot vivid, sharp, runs slowly throughout your body. I notice your blazing fire in his slow way through the icy veins! Feel the flame travels every millimeter of artery and cranny of the heart and giving more bluntly, it stops and there for home. Does life again? Nasty stethoscope "

- All constants appear normal, they are surprised.

You are offered a glass of water. Refuses. We need to drink. We undertake: papo down a mouthful. Ask many questions followed: do not find a single answer.

"Words unintelligible. Questions without rhyme or reason. What do they say? ¿Madness? "

- Its been obvious danger involved. You have to login. The head complete the form.

"They prescribe isolation?"

- What we do, cries the eldest son's wife: responsibility for the child with a weight of slab.

- Dad, do you take home? Do we go home, asks Ruben forward. In all, expected yearning, angst. Only silence hurtful, cutting, all.

In supreme effort manages to move the eyelids, eyes half open. Watch a time. He sees his wife beside him. Unable to speak! She sends in resignation, a loving thought.

"Geli, see? Nothing can be done, no remedy is in order. Read my look!"

She looks, do not understand. He blinks slowly, slowly. His eyes fixed on a point vague air instantly want to soak up all the time still fits. His memory vague.

"Romantic ceremony! Next to each other, mixed with the exchange of rings and silver tinkling of earnest, sound wood and string instruments. Its timbre resonates with echoes fade at the top of the dome. Chopin, with Tristesse fills the

air of sweet melancholy, lingering kiss perpetual alliance unites the couple for eternity, with his Ave Maria, Gounod Tremola the premium on the violin, the anima leads suspended and sighs, and on top of Reverie dream come arpeggios, Schumann, invasive, uplifting sign and infinite regions ... "

Feels about himself for all to see, the expectation and anxiety will overwhelm others. Although surrounded, alone, helpless, defeated. If I could fight! Too late Guard Down! Close and your eyelids. Lower your head once and for all. Swing your crazy legs from the edge of the table, alternative, limp, tame, without hope. One can only hope for the clock to engulf his last grain, often of sand. All over. Is submerged in a pit. God, that ... peace! "

"Ask again. What a pleasure it is! Having to get off the Tabor! "

- Are we going home?, Plead for the umpteenth time.

How strange! What? Realize. Hey. Then he is alive. Loops of cloth not imprison his arms. Suddenly, a spring, strange, unthinkable, moves him, drives him. With great determination, not fantasy!, Off the table in one leap, surprising everyone, even himself.

- Leave it here tonight or tomorrow will have to go back!, Ruling the doctor.

With hope reborn for new spray and fearing that it may become cold frost, ultimately, leaves the hospital supported by arms, tumbling, total zombie. They take him away. Listen noise: loud noises. In bold stroke full of fears, looks out the window: white lights, yellow lamps, crazy lighting, world of lights, dazzling colors, does not recognize the path. Is at home, back, calmer. Seated around the table, eager to hear, you hear talkative. Takes little time and have the strength to smile and even laugh at the doctor. Look to want to lock him up! He says he realized everything, but could not speak. Do not know how he got out of the trance but the view is that hard won battle. The smile on their faces. They think, Zamora, brings very bad memories: return to Valladolid tomorrow. Peace wrapped sleep late at night. The next morning, his mind still locked in its nebula, ranging from travel, he supposed, submissive, silent, that the fate of this flight was to end in home care, with keepers. Zamora and Palencia What?, Who cares! For that matter, is not it the same? Does the name of the place where you locked up, man?

Who would have known what we now know! Now lie dead sure that is not to be plunged into absolute silence, for in it are the deaf and live, nor is the darkness closed, because the blind live in it, nor the deepest sleep, because the essence of Life feeds on dreams. In it, bringing in mortal suspense, nothing is not

the dead matter: do not stop your eyes the color of the walls, no furniture in the burial chamber, or the quality of the dress of the shroud, or if the box is walnut or pine, or in black tulle flowers and mourning. He moved tears, cries and lamentations of his own, but, at the time, feel and note that all human power and the only true failure is a state of complete nullity hopeful with humble submission, that soaks your folds, the floods and completes you. He knows that what truly lie is not the strict separation of yours, affections, his touch, the sound of his words, then, death, any idea of possession or correspondence between human being no longer disappears or adjective; all traces of the sensible world becomes distant and vain, not as lost in memory or as if it never existed, but in such a way that, for the one in this trance, and all worldly matters, and disclaims all for all entered and belongs to another sphere. Worm you were in life, with fine threads of your cocoon and working death in him now in grave you lie silently waiting to be liberated butterfly to fly away forever. Only then will you understand that the Creator of life and receive Him, and, in fairness, he gave simply no more. He now knows that the barrier of death scale without difficulty and that's just another milestone in the path of life, and that, in death, we bring you peace. More, importantly, follows that, without being really at peace not get pass the death because an intimate sense of unease or guilt comes over you, your rides persists and last hurdle. With the trial that feeling starts defining another life, very different, as is proven that death is not the end of life. Clearly, despite all the past has only been one death removable. The real death, ultimately, must be in force otherwise. He thought to himself: Be warned!

Chapter II: Verdict: Guilty!

Since then arise uncertain times, is in intricate crossroads and will, subject to possible decision, no minimum discernment of reality. Are you disposed of or, perhaps, sane? The death brings only madness or insanity is an intrinsic sign of death? Do you just dreamed that he died and it all happened, or is dreaming his life living and is a continuation of that dream? Or, in the same, is not dead, because he thinks I live, or live another life, precisely because he died? It's like going crazy. Enough, unsuitable for reeling more. Stop your speculations do not lead anywhere. Back to reality, still living your dream. Wait just a minute! Come to think carefully, without witnesses, in the purest truth, who would give impetus to get out of the last state of prostration and the strength to jump off the stretcher to the hospital in the state of invalidity was , bordering with the purest anything?

After that false alarm, stupid appreciation, error of the senses, peace came to the house, not Emilio's disease. No sleep or rest: his bad greens. Coconut fruit worm recommend your mood: the head, to explode, the muscles taut nerves, unleashed, the air is not enough; lazy, the heart stops, or at least devoid of rhythm, beats mad. To hurt the marrow of the nerves, rails of pain itself. For new

doctors are useless potions and external. Evil is not muscle, nerves or back inside. The worm bone almond remorse of his life and a stale bitter guilt oozing born, grows, it invades and alarm light turns red, short. If he fled the world of the living not separated from the womb of the sane, or cloistered her body in the realm of shadows, had to be blame because it has yet unpunished. And you have to pay penalty! Who could live at ease with his conscience! Because she did not sleep or let you sleep, is a mirror that outlines all your features, in white, black, gray, and brings color to how much ink you have, whether it's yellow, red or purple, with her veil or not worth fold, because it shines the clear light which penetrates and sees your privacy, you want to sleep, but wakes you up as a zealous guardian. Faithfully judge you: you, your own voice, coming from deep, it's your own judge. You fear your fault, right, imminent, and although you do not want, and you repeat relentlessly urgent, insistent, that once you put in peace.

* * *

That sunny afternoon in June bore all the anxiety that, for years, shackled her womb. The shutter ajar, dim the living room, sitting at the table with red skirts, where the troubles between the two are always clear light of hidden truths, the couple departed, without a even a mild cup of coffee.

She gives up his coffee pot, he stirs the dregs of his soul.

She dives into his eyes, he, with both hands on his head, the light pouring through the vessels amounting to his temples.

She face patient to him, hounding him eventually. She, as always, wait.

Actually, it is he who speaks and outrage. So much time has been moved!

He opens his soul, she reveals penalties, she returns a smile, pleased.

Hurt him much harm, for a whole life has been wicked.

She suggests a pouty face new circumstances.

I have forgotten in a corner of the kitchen has been a ruin, she looks friendly.

He has spent his life absorbed in work, earn money.

She, hardworking, never wasted.

Is embedded in books, her broken leg at home, household chores.

For one, leisure, entertainment and trifles, for another, caring for children.

It for all, he only for himself.

She outlines a gesture of affectionate reproach: Is that all? Only your health care.

Time is short and follows his exhibition: inconsolable tears rolling down her cheeks, color of the tablecloth are the veins of his eyes. Submissive, beaten, fervently on bended knees, begging forgiveness. A thousand times repeated sin and supplication. He failed. To her, that he gave his life, body and soul!

So strange question: What happens? I've never been so humiliated and suppliant. And he asks, between fearful and waiting: Is there another woman? That and the saying goes: the first, broom, the second wife.

No, no, a thousand times no, responds with a hoarse cry that tears the soul.

Not sure how to say how much I feel that you have made to suffer rather than make her happy. Totally defeated, submissive, silent. Do not understand! Or, perhaps, yes, and silent. Sure, alone, much more has cried and prayed for God to have mercy and shovel into your body all the evil he suffers. They look in silence tender. Spend a minute, an eternity, a mixture of uncertainty and love in the other.

The doorbell rings the door, a visitor arrives: it is Julia, Secretary: pretending, requests reports on a document to complete and takes the opportunity to ask how he is. Try to cheer him up, has to recover, the banquet is ready to retire. They say goodbye at the door, he stays in the room lost in thought. Cherry chews watered down in tears. She returns. The soft tissue of his hands clean a trail of tears and with an affectionate kiss, one bathed in smiles, pleased, melted in tender embrace, to love and silent wings, comes peace.

When he realized the reality that the two had talked for some time on the landing of the door does not know why. Today recalls that on one occasion, Julia had said on the sidelines of happy memory: What a great guard sitting next to you!, And in another, later, revealing a secret kept hidden: If you knew what angel missed!

* * *

For every moment of peace and love, intimate, vivid, much misunderstanding and indifference! When you lose, weigh, that great gift is love! Don vulnerable, think about having it, believing it appropriate for your effort and

won the corner soon as the object to recover in the near future, at will, without realizing that it is good that requires daily care and cultivated with loving care in only school of fidelity. That loyalty is to love what the tree sap, without one, the other dying as a rose without irrigation, however beautiful it is. And continuous irrigation, because love is a given to another, without end, without expecting anything in return. It is a feeling that unifies and your unit is broken when a party brings nothing since then, barren scatters. Amador, the more you give your love, the more you get the beloved: it is double mirror reflected light. Because love is not only shared sense but urges unity of action with two hearts in the same direction and perfect phase, so that their amplitudes add up and we both benefit. Can there be feeling so great as love? There is nothing comparable, it is the only one that survives, nor is there language that has words to express its sublimity, and painter who can reflect all the tones in the context of a canvas with colors mean dumps taken the rough linen. What a beauty! How happy! Anyone who possesses this gift not neglect it because if two hearts beat in unison, the embodiment of both is just sublime in one spirit and the infinite pleasures drunk with peace and quiet.

If this is true in worldly love, gift imperfect detachment ephemeral, what is the spiritual assessment, raised the most, such as losing one's life for another, since we do not get get anything in return? It is easy to understand! He says, Christ died for the sins of men. Not deduce from this that the sin has such power over the Son of God, but was the love of the Creator in His image, man, that made possible coming into the world precisely to rescue the perverse power of all men sin, turning to the primeval state of creation. Can there be love like that?

Without discussion, there is nothing comparable to love another. If to take a driver's license you must carefully read, play carefully and successfully carry out the examination, or put much effort into something so minimal, you should not ask: How do you test my life love the other? Because at the end of life, we shall consider in a single subject, the most important review you love.

Chapter III: Road to Calvary.

His soul was pleasing to the Lord.

So quickly you get from evil.

(Wisdom 4.14)

In this world, the fleeting minutes of happiness that gives you flee from your hand as vaporous wispy cloud swept by terrible hurricane that hit battlements, tottering pillars and shoot down all your walls. Thus, peace and strength with evidence given by Angelita too much, suddenly vanished in a moment, to inform you of a serious illness of her younger son had been admitted to the clinic Corachán of Barcelona and needed a lung deficiency an urgent operation. He had been fighting bravely with the husband. But now, delivery and devotion was to be divided in two different and distant, united and separated by their love for their wife and mother love. How come its obligation to leave his mother without wifely duty? Husband and son were in critical condition, leaving an impossible run to the other. Realizing that justice lies in the balance of the mean, fight and convinces her husband to the need to travel together, always claiming that four eyes see more than two for making any decision. It will not be alone as he wants! The trip is decided and, as he expressed insecurity to drive, it is decided that both will come to Barcelona in the car's son, Juan Carlos. His spirit was thus reaffirmed that decision, outwardly. Inside, the heart bleeds to see the suffering of the father and son involved in, away from the care of a mother. His uneasiness, until check the status of absent, no evidence on his face, always with a smile on the lips, to avoid influencing the husband, given his condition. The trip lasted all the dissimulation.

Already in the clinic have to wait until the operation can be performed, then the child to recover from pneumothorax has been submitted. His time there is an ordeal for everyone: for the child, postoperative pain, for the father, because his mental state leads to endless days of suffering, sleepless nights and total restlessness and mother, constant struggle between his duty mother and a wife because her husband urged to back: says he can not take it anymore. So, stay in the clinic was minimized and as she gave herself permission to transport the sick, they rented a taxi and took him to the Seo de Urgel, place of work. The ride was bumpy for passing the Cadi tunnel, a young woman rushed to his car into a taxi: it was all a scare and the cab with some damage. Finally, Emilito was admitted to the clinic social security and husbands returning by train, hastily. The love of wife had beaten the mother's obligation.

Suddenly, her improvement was remarkable. Rested, slept and let him sleep. Quiet again. I had to recover and it would be best take advantage of this summer to spend vacation time in Alicante, by the sea. They made a first stage of the journey home to Immaculate in Tudela del Duero, Valladolid. Angel, her husband, Police in the town, said he had been a daring driving, sick there. He said he was fine, not driving tired. Is it not better go quieter, bus? Go slowly, who ran after them? Speaking of travel danger remember two moments that made the return of Baza the end of the test, and his brother Angel Emilito: stuck in Madrid, in the middle lane of the M-30, with abundant but fluid traffic, a Land Rover ahead on the right and suddenly invades your lane, with steering wheel, without control. The clash is certain: it must not stop because the later cars would hit him. Without hesitation accelerating and passing through the gap left by frightened drivers, using the left lane, the road ahead. They all throw their hands in their head, saying good-saved. Someone said a woman driving and was scared of a bee that had entered through his window. The other occurred near Villalba. Of the three lanes, drive on the right. Slope, trying to overtake a slow car, more, half of the maneuver, a truck invade your lane and forces him to travel on the left, the truck, which has no straight path, check it against the rail. No braking because its track car coming very fast, and decides to accelerate to pass the truck. At the summit, there is retention, are the red lights: the output for the Valley of the Fallen. As the left is crowded, it requires a speedy move perpendicular, getting stopped safely on the shoulder on the right: fear passed, but all ended in good. The evening was spent talking about different things with their children. In the morning, they resumed the trip.

* * *

The stay on the coast was new honeymoon. Contributed, in just minutes, each element: beneficial sun rays falling on pale skin and brown them, sand beach towels curd tattooed anchors and sailboats; fringes moving sea breeze refreshes your shelter umbrellas; vision of Sylphs in brightly colored bikini, warm blue water, breadth of horizon broken by a steam Tabarca way, tourists in sandals and shorts, this coming, that to be, tourist caps, cameras and flashes, traveling bag hung at back. On the avenue, mixture of races, language twister, blurred faces and a snack bar, beer, ice cream cone, tiger nut milk, almond, cavalcade of Moors and Christians, flares icing cream party and bonfires. Inner peace is our daily bread and majestic light, blessing of all nights. A whole Mediterranean world at his feet.

El Paseo de las Palmeras is buzzing at night. Although the evening cools, giving burden go, especially in the middle cross: coming from the beach, left, show up every afternoon with stalls and souvenir trinkets, and right near the old track start, parallel port, rows of wooden chairs, green and yellow, where lie the weary passersby. On both sides, old, sleep during the dog days sitting on the

couch or behind the curtain cucean, left his hiding place, wearing their best clothes, dresses, jewelry. Sitting on the banks otean the model for each traveler. Evening Concert: everyone stops and huddles next to the tent of the orchestra: patient, listening scores and get stamped but the shell expand the sound and better perceived to be at a safe distance.

So cheerful and happy they are there, the days fly by and diluted as a short spiral of smoke. They want to recall a lifetime spent together in one big trip on the occasion of the upcoming golden anniversary. But a note at the end of July I returned to reality and break the dream. They have completed fifteen years of deferred payments from the floor: they have to go to the notary for the mortgage and settlement of final writing, upon payment of the fee for. With that, culminating in his sleep. Everything is in order. He has a joy in intimacy, is well, is euphoric, but a halo of concern indescribable torments her: her mother is old, alone. He has to return, wants to see. In vain he wants to prolong the stay and the time of happiness, she in a hurry. He hastily returned discouraged: it is weekend, both Saturday and Sunday, traffic will be impossible. On Monday, 31 ends, proceed ahead to the holidays. The two days in early August and the road congestion will be true flood. It is best to leave on Thursday 3, center right of the week and quiet road. She, submissive, accepting, but the glow of his face perennial dying, the luminosity radiated away and turns into mist. What happens? Are you afraid? Oh, yes, perhaps afraid of the fog dense fog made, like that night, in which Zamora also going to visit his mother made him stop the car off the road until it passed a truck that followed dim lights behind his back gauge. But in time we are in, in midsummer, there is nothing to fear from that quarter.

They live a false sense that everything remains the same: he prepared the bike because she wants to take for the enjoyment of children, is Valdi, before leaving a scour the house and leave rodeón for cleaning blinds back, look how is meticulous!: in September and remain quiet return for a while, no hurry will. An unusual tiredness and laziness has made them nap past three days in bed distinct praetexta heat. He has asked to sleep apart. She always preferred to narrow beds. It's time to get used to sleeping alone! He said.

* * *

Being immersed in grief, helpless, how difficult is to follow the logical thread of thought! The memories are crowded into the narrow door of memory, in the shadows, coming out, strung on string not well disposed, but scrambled beam without binding. The relationships that are interwoven web, entangled in the mesh, unpardonable. It's like when you pick the cherries in a basket. Strips of one of the tails, trying to separate him from his predicament with the other, stifling a mad impulse of pride and breathy sigh breath in imperceptible: a I, two you come,

and if you come three, please will not you fall! Even the postman who daily pass through your door, does no more, put the letter in the mailbox? Do not ring the bell to let him open the portal and press it again, for your information that carries news? Now is the preacher who claims: listen to your side of authority. Do you hear the beat of the drum by the piercing sound of his horn? With repeats loudly in public squares and towers for everyone to hear, loud and clear. This is because, cherries stuck, go together letter and proclamation, the one with the two.

At dusk the day before the game, children play in the streets of the garden. The terrace is full of song. Leapfrog jump, play in the wheel King of the Monument: On the one doing the mule to the two, the clock, to the three little steps from San Andrés, one, two, three. There is no two without three! They play without a break: The first, without touching, to the second, estimates that get you down, in third, sinking my knee, never sail. Old saying in the mouths of children. Although not want: the third time's the charm!

* * *

1995. August 3. All six of her soft warm morning. The preparations for the return trip they have taken an hour long. Packages are loaded into the trunk of the car with the bicycle frame and wheels removed. The avenues of Alicante are silent and still empty of cars and pedestrians: only occasional worker goes to work in a noisy motorcycle. At this time, the lights are useless junk that still impassive monotone change of lights. The wisps of smoke Ducados outputs from the corner of the lips of Emilio ply inside the Volvo, mixed with classical melody notes scattered through the speakers. Angelita, attentive copilot, watching in the dark streets filled with shadows and light signals nonsense. Thus, to leave the city and be on the road.

Outside the city, car ramps hill winds in the wake of the snake of red lights and white eyes, yellow, on the other side of the line. On the horizon, on the right is a great bread red outlines. With the first rays of sun in August, confident, serene, quiet, she sleeps, rests. He toiled all morning finishing the chores and travel. Quietly, walking speed, is consumed elongated tongue with teeth bordering each mile stone. No rush. They arrive at Albacete, and surpass it come galloping to the genet. To overtake a truck and climb into a false ledge. On the landing, a curtain of fog cover the sun, covers everything. Two rows of cars stopped. There is retention. What had hitherto been quiet, safety, peace, becomes quickly, swiftly, nerves. A fog bank stops them. He changes his habit of headlong rush for quiet, and braking. When it comes to contact with the fog note, better, feels that, really, he does not drive, do nothing, just holding the steering wheel, without a will. Something completely nullifies stranger: note a strange sense of peace and tranquility in the midst of the mist that hides everything. The impact is

safe and, yet, in the final meters left to go, give control and the car running alone, without government, until it hits and stops.

The small collision with the stopped car ahead, without lights or driver makes it to himself. Try reverse gear is positioned at the edge of the road, right in the shoulder, standing at no risk. Everything is futile. Events are developing rapidly. Something has impacted very strong blow to the back. What a brute! He says simply. A number of new hits, shaking him, bring him and carry him across the road. Dazzling headlights bulging eyes of others as soon see them in front and side. A heavy trucks have been beaten and after a string of cars will reach everywhere. Look to the right of his wife, and a drop of blood overlooks one of the holes in his nose and a trickle on the left side of the corner of his mouth. His head is propped on his seat. She has not heard a single voice for prevention. Still asleep. Called, no answer. A screaming calling for help. Try to open the door on his side. See shadows on the asphalt and yells that does not leave the car: one dead on the road. Palpa is your face and no glasses. A veil of blood clouded his eyes. Shout for help!, Pleading. They come to help strangers. They want to open the passenger door and can not mean any rush, racing. Crowbars aided, open the door and take the car. He tries to loosen, without success, Nuco chain, the dog, then the tire is attached to a truck. They help you out of the car. In trying to join you experience severe pain in the left side. Sitting hunched over, leaning on the wheel of the truck, waiting for the ambulance arrives, someone has already called. Fog, without glasses, falling blood in their eyes, see shadows running between cars pileup. They explain that she is attending. After long wait, the ambulance arrives: some nurses will go up in bed and while watching him, looks at his wife, recommended them. No need to worry, another team is awaiting her, are professionals. The ambulance has to make a detour to take the highway back to Albacete. The return is endless. Le Allegan General Hospital.

* * *

The trolley wheel hurried through corridors crowded with strangers and fed directly into an elevator. Reaches a crowded room, ancillary medical, green robes. We listen and, as he recounts, among them say, crystals on the scalp, left eyelid cut, scratch on right shin. He shows strongly the allergy relief medal around his neck bearing. What is your name, I asked mechanically. Give your name. What is allergy? What a question! If you are engraved on the medal! The group order. Are you on any treatment, take any medication? Previously, yes. Mutabar Lexatin-3 and 2-25. Where does it hurt? On the side. A lot? Yes Note something else? Numbness in the little finger of the hand, the left. Return the table to travel corridors: they take X-ray. After waiting eternal waiting room, shoot plates on head, neck, chest and hands in painful positions. He asks not to stop: how's your wife, where is. Those doctors do not know it: not in that plant. That's the

diagnosis, no patients. Be in another. They take you to a room shrouded in darkness. It is without glasses. It hurts and pulls the eyelid and acute pain makes you hunched over the belly. The wait is unbearable, heat, muggy. We put in a separate bed by a screen of salmon-colored curtains. Young nurses in white coats come and go through the site by working to move the sliding curtains produce anchors whose chirp atrocious. I undressed, covered her shoulders with pajama jacket, blue. The girl is more skillful and served with kindness. I place a needle into the vein on the back of his left hand reached by the anesthetic serum mixed with a plastic bag hung on a metal support in T. Every so often give you a shot in the gut that causes a short, sharp pain, for the irrigation of blood, he explains. Time has stopped. In the treatment room will give tender points on the skin torn left eyelid. It would make the cut with a glass of the car to jump, with some of the wire-rimmed glasses or. Her scalp bloodied pieces of glass removed. He returned to the same room without doors. Tired, scared, overwhelmed. Half asleep in a fetal position and sleep state is sheltered in the envelope of the sheet. It is the **hurricane** of their new den.

"Can not open eyes, not to distinguish anything in that darkness of shadows away. Wanders, squatting. Walk barefoot, naked. It shows you want to cover up their dirty shame, but the short-covering clothing that is insufficient. Looking at his wife. The quest to look longingly after each curtain on each bed. Curtain that is sensed, empty bed. A curtain, a bed, another shade, another. Finally the final curtain, the last bed. Not found: this on another floor. He has to go to it. In their attempt, rather than walking, crawling wasting untold efforts. Thus, every door that gets transferred is a great success, with each getting endless hallway ahead, challenge up, each step that achieve scale, past suffering. Never mind that the steps swing dress up slide that is sinking. He has to get up and grab the railing with all his strength not to fall, it provides support and she slips. He is sweating and the last remaining strength he soon abandoned. Is it day or night? Open your eyes for a moment and thinks he sees a waving hand behind the glass. No can do more. We weigh the eyelids. Rest for a moment. "

Hear a whisper: Do not move so much!

A flank pain roused him. Four strong hands clinging to the corners of the bottom sheet of your bed will rise like a feather, I lay in the stretcher, loaded into the elevator and go to X-ray. The process is repeated, this time faster: check something. Back, a doctor places a catheter in the back from which a wire and a tube for introducing painkillers and medicines, and punctured less. Then he drilled between two ribs on the left side and into the hole, put the entrance of a tube to drain the lung. The tube is hooked to a machine, the Pneumo. Pneumothorax should be equal to Emilito clinic in Barcelona. Then fill with patches with wires head and chest and place a tube clamp on the nose to inhale

oxygen. It happens that, always when you are calmer because, relaxed, begin to relax, is when the clamp bartered by a plastic mask whose interior has a container with water in which cast a suffocating substance that produces steam or touches prick gut. It never fails. If the dripping stops, the output of the oxygen is not between these limits or Neumo stops, press the bell at hand. Ask a nurse as is his wife and says he does not know because she just started her shift. When it asks another, and in the same sense, he says it is only auxiliary plant, ask your doctor. Look around: it is another room. Crushes him very sleepy. And if it was ... Resisted. In a rollover, a strange taste come from the stomach empty, he climbs to the mouth, produce impotence, shrinking his heart and forces you to stay very still.

"It's in a dark passage, low, narrow, gray rocks, wet, sebaceous. For he goes idle, tiring. Creeps clinging to every rock outcrop, but the dirt that covers all makes slips, falls and loses much of the way achieved as wall sliding down spiral. With determination and effort goes forward, again and again you try, so many that has long since lost track of time. Finally, after incredible fight, makes it to a passage widens and becomes a cave floor. There does rest, half crouching, protecting your kidneys sore on the strength of a hard rock. The place is cool, moist, unpleasant. Is lit by the occasional torch. Several young men talk to each other, wear warm clothes. Apparently alien has come to northern lands. Repeatedly, she asks. Do not interrupt your conversation, no answers. Rest for a while and decide to continue your search for another passage. Now he's on a rock long, sloping, with cutting edge and vertex sharp. It takes a long time trying to cross it without getting forward at all. "

When you lie in the ICU, the hands of time lock, was clubbed. During the day the visitation even though it is somewhat distracting your consciousness mired in the torpor that produce the drugs, the darkness and silence. Certainly not know if it is day or night and raise your eyes to the curtains covering the glass. From time to time, between two palm visor, I saw a face that does not distinguish, your eyes trying to pierce the darkness and see a hand seems to make a greeting. You do not know who he is, but the gesture is appreciated in the soul because it removes the blind anonymity and you reunited with someone who shows love you. It's a morale booster that blurs all the pain and unbearable tedium masks for a short period of time, just to find the veil of the curtain. The night will slow, suffering, but you hope that the morning lights the window again.

When you move your plant and installed in another room, the first thing you notice is that the sun penetrates through the cracks of the blinds and you can order that through them the more or less light, at will. Still tied to machines, bed and wall, in the middle of a web of tubes, but visitors are no longer simply ghosts but real people. Each patient has family and friends around his bed. Of course it bothers the shouting of the visits, do not try to speak quietly, do not understand that they ignore the sign of "Silence", you know hung in the center of the door. Certainly much hullabaloo dull, boring you telling the gossip visit your neighbor and even the noise bothers you that produces the currency rent a movie on TV. For movie are you! You close your eyes and after a first moment, you realize you are among them and share their lives in forced bank, where patience anvil forge solidarity eaten, drinking your own bile as you always respond with patience, compromise. The TV news gives: great flood in a camp of Huesca. There are hundreds of dead.

Soon clapping sound warning that visiting time is over and, according to the footsteps go away down the hall, we bring you physical relief and the spirit is empty of any mixture of poisons. Leave all and is with you shift your child. Now Reuben Immaculate swap with Angel, her husband and his Violeta, Juan Carlos, or replace, if necessary, Emilito. Rarely two children together is far from Albacete as sources or targets and everyone has to attend to their chores. You repeat the same question: how is your mother? Is it better? And you get the same answer: well, rest. What you have to do is think about improving and healing. But where is she? Upstairs, all in unison, they respond. The children do not lie. All claim to the same effect. Tired of half-sleep and torpor comes over you. But the concern does not let go and runs away from you the rest.

"He continues his march to crawl through the aisles, approaching the door jambs, wood strip in an effort to move, opening doors to no avail. In one of the halls in darkness discovers a woman sitting on a couch. I only see the hair on the head, that of its top. First believed to be more to the fixed copper color is black discovers that corresponds to a brunette. His wife is a brunette. As if they had agreed, becomes an instant head toward him. It's her, but it seems distant. When trying to close, after an incredible effort to look into the face, proves to be a different person: she gets up from his chair and leaves the room. Not because it falls in their efforts. Again and again looked for more, despite all their efforts to find floor after floor crossing, it was useless. He had disappeared as if the earth had swallowed. "

Violet, at his head, wiping the sweat from his face and touch his shoulder, while saying: do not move so much that you'll fall out of bed. If eventually you

drop all the pipes. Sleep, relax, relax. He told his daughter's strange encounter with his mother, warts and all. She replied: simple figurations yours: it's on the top floor. Meanwhile, his hands holding his and stroked his forehead as he wipes sweat.

Does not appear for days the doctor: it has taken a holiday weekend. Eagerly waiting for you, know that it is considered thorough and accurate. We ask for the true state of his wife. She did not lie. Spend the morning visiting, but the days go by and substitute different people who know nothing, nurses, technicians, physicians assistants, you know everything. When he finally shows up and asks avid response, she did not look away but his eyes are set in, take notes of the patient and answers to be interested and will send one with news of their own state. Slow pass the hours, days and the room fills with new tenants. There comes a woman whose husband doused with alcohol and then set it on fire: he had found in bed with another. He was serious, because their private parts, apparently not so noble, were singed, roasted belly is. When they were her relatives, blamed everything on him, and vice versa. The reasons given to voices bothered him too much and he raised such a headache and even swear that when he visited, he saw faces there together making love. Annoyed at heart, was glad when they marched. There is a talkative patient who insists on talking all day. He receives visits, Galician: Galicia is his wife and family will soon be with them because they are going to be discharged. Do not tire of doing exercises with a device that contains balls of colors. "You will also have to practice a lot until you get hold high above the red ball." No street or sleep or rest or rest stops. The man smokes at night: grilled sees cigarette glowing in the dark. Violeta says he never turns off the pilot on the TV.

He's been admitted several days, will they be twenty?, And one son later said he would request his transfer from Albacete: all this time they have spent away from home in constant travel and everything is abandoned. It's been the worst and can travel. The patient did not seem bad because, although it is not good, is willing to leave this world, stampede. His wife will come with it. Initially, the hospital director refused because it considered risks involved, but, at the insistence of the children, go on two conditions: that the transfer is made by controlled mobile unit and the receiving hospital has adequate facilities. They had already made arrangements with Zamora Medical Center and, upon checking, the director gave his approval. They would leave the next morning.

The wait was long, as he prepared for shipment in the afternoon. They take him on the stretcher in the ambulance to install it in the hall and watch as the doctor who treats him turns to another and makes delivery of medicines to be provided on the trip, and the implementation schedule of each. The patient, attentive, mental notes. The doctor says goodbye, he introduces another young,

beardless, who has never seen, and as the doctor noticed a gesture of surprise, and he explains that he has instructed. Thanks for your care to the present, promising to return someday to extend them to others. Beside the bed are his children. Asked how her mother will return. Respond to go in a car after the ambulance behind.

The journey time between a host of mishaps. The pain that it causes the continuous movement of the stretcher bumps in the road, it is horrible: that unity is hard springs or he is in very poor condition. The journey is eternal: the ambulance must be old, too slow. It is also strapped to a stretcher in the back compartment, alone: others share the driver's cab. Whether because of the bumps or make a move because the truth is stranger soon serum needle out of the vein and, concerned, call your doctor. This, how much effort he does not get back to place. It's raw recruits in the month when doctors take vacations. It is time for replacement of medication: indeed, the doctor will try, but every effort is futile. The sick, bored, suggest you not try again: when they reach the Zamora already placed in the clinic. Impossible for you ever run into more cress. They come to Madrid, parked the ambulance and left alone. It's hot and more, in there: they have gone out for a beer, in no hurry to return and he is consumed. It is worse without their medications and lack of painkillers increases pain. When you finally arrive and resume the trip. It is the never-ending story: know the route, ask the patient for it: it informs them that they killed him because that just happened by Morales de Toro. They wonder Zamora and address of the clinic. Live improvisation! The patient gives. When finally the ambulance arrives, have long since dimmed.

Ruben expected. Long ago it came to question the delay. In the conversation, to enter the elevator, the sound of the wheels of the stretcher through halls and auxiliary nurses and orders, do not get to know if the ambulance has arrived with his wife. Once installed on a spacious room and rearranged oxygen mask, catheters and needles into the vein, a nurse washed his whole body without giving any care to see their intimacies: sphincter as seen! Is inhibited by displaying their genitals to strangers. Rest tonight and tomorrow, is the subject of further reports for the record, plus the usual beams and plates. As seen, a new doctor, new tests and different or not get along with them, or distrust of the white colleague. They say to update data, but he believes it is only evading the issue. Today, the collection day, tomorrow, analytical last moment of decision. They run day and come pots, to charges by the minute and not by accident but by social security: company through!, Whereas for him, bound and consumed with impatience, do not stop to pass the hours, stretched into centuries. With incredible slowness, an improvement is evident. The table is arranged to collect tissues saliva and sputum, it is dangerous to swallow. It should drink plenty of water to soften the mucosa to remove a lodged in the bronchus. It should fill the mouth and breathe

deeply and calmly: one day, when least expected, going to lightning shot out a ball after a little fit of coughing.

The impatience of waiting is softened when the visits. Surrounding her bed, her parents are now, tomorrow, a brother coming up from the village where he spends holidays coinciding with the August bullfights, always by his side one of his sons and all interested in the course of your health. One morning, as agreed, their four children sat on the edge of his bed, which comforted him greatly. After the moment of the usual questions about his health, the atmosphere thins, the discomfort is usually tense silence reigns and anxiety becomes so palpable that can be cut with a knife. Reuben, the oldest, take my hand warmly in hers and spoke on behalf of all, makes a supreme effort and no more, he says, Forgive us, we've cheated. Mom is dead. How difficult to tell the father a son of his mother's death! What is impossible to assume! Doctors, continues, and advised him how dangerous because your state. He died in the accident. But if you saw her without a scratch! He died neck was broken, a stroke unhappy with the seat back. The new blood ran cold, was stunned, not a tear from his face furrowed relief: the baby to drink in silence, remembering every moment of the event, the trickle of blood running down his nose and stuck to drop the corner of his lips. I had so often feared and rejected by unthinkable today confirms it. Where, where he is buried? In Fermoselle, in the niche that she bought for grandma Transit. Why is fate so cruel? Now she relies on it! And he, without going to his funeral!, Anguished groans. Believe it, there were all crying. Who were they? Your children, grandparents, siblings, Barcelona, parents and siblings who accompanied Ramonita from Albacete, the whole village. He fired only one missing in the end! Now there is only solitude, for not attending the tears. Oh, God, how can anything be more hopeless? What do I reserve?

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Need to leave early and visit the grave of his wife. Peremptory obligation is required and only four opposed walls. Tired of being among them. For days recovery exercises with the physiotherapist and make short trips by giving first steps down the hall. So medical discharge from the force, ensuring you are well. Although the doctor recommended more days for a full recovery, he jumps up and asks the final. He soon finds himself down the stairs. No car or taxi wants: it must demonstrate that it is strong, but once on the street, leaning on the arm of her children, note that your legs are bent and, upon arriving in Santa Clara, requires a bank to rest a moment . While in Yours and get the sympathy of a friend first, Revell. Has to overcome misfortune. Life goes on. It looks at the people walking down the street here and there as if nothing had happened, without any concern on their faces. What you may not have stopped everything and keep life normal rhythm? Does not anyone realize what is happening? All

outside his misfortune, everyone goes back and forth as if nothing had happened, each immersed in his daily walk. No note or mourning or grief anyone but a carefree life without the slightest attachment to the neighbor, perhaps only contempt. It hurts my heart! You will need to be. Life goes on and you have to rebuild yours, he repeated. He has to live life with enthusiasm, and know that everything on it is pure fantasy, illusions and miseries they always depend on local conditions. He is alone, wandering in the middle of this nonsense walk, surrounded by the noisy crowd of the fair, and one more, whatever.

A Tramp: If I were rich, live in a house as well and Asao.

How rich you are to enjoy the sun in a single day and the stars of the night!

One, born standing up: How could I imagine that I was happen to me!

Do you think you are done differently clay than others?

A servant: If I were the master, would my wheel thousand servants.

With how easy life is supported by someone who depends!

One, it was for wool: If I could turn back!

Shorn, now you just located: you is the right to protest!

A son of a bitch: Oh, if the birth was twice ...

Are you in your right mind? Are you willing to suffer the anguish of another party?

An old, I, twenty and happens, does it? I removed it bailao!

Why this desire? Animal usual! Stumble on the same stone!

A farmer: Rainy day: morning forge tavern later.

How will you spend your loneliness? ¿Flog a dead horse and drowned in wine?

Your memory: Yesterday, at the beach, orange with holes.

How would she like to taste his black aguachirri now pouting!

In fits and starts, unparalleled anguish in the soul, with its tangle of memories, makes it to his sad home. Solo, four gray walls await a room relief through a window. Perhaps it a beam of light at the dawn of that awful night when the ghosts go to bed overwhelm bored.

Chapter IV: Descent into Hades

"This generation is an evil generation;

asks for a sign, and will not be given another signal that the sign of Jonah. "

(Luke 11.19)

Why, Emilio, sleep does not arrive? Perhaps the memories and past experiences, future, appear strong, excessive, and gripping your mind. Shortness of breath is a sign of trouble and been faithful longing. Perhaps physical cause of your insomnia the sorry state of your lungs, damaged, not one hundred percent ventilated. Doubts whether the act of breathing is involuntary, reflex, and is governed from the depths of memory, or is it voluntary and governed by the brain from some secret place and remote. Sure that if one night you'll forget to breathe, you would be forgiven death. Yawning, frequent and too much relief you a moment, is another sign pointing cause and effect real status: insufficient air reaches your lungs and the bloodstream to your brain is exhausted, without oxygen. If you could control certain involuntary muscles, which force your breathing even sleeping, exercising, breathing slowly, retaining the air so that abundant oxygen from getting to the edge of the brain, could govern your thoughts, or even none at all. But it might not be any lack of physiological type that unleashes deathly fear but the fear of physical death, how close have you been, is, the fear of stopping breathing. It is very likely that the main cause of that fear is a hidden occult knowledge that death inevitably follows the payment of the condemnation and guilt. Be strong. The first thing you should do is to forget such thoughts, disastrous and unsolvable. You'll have to stop thinking. You need to be able to erase all thoughts apprentice and get to put your mind totally blank so I could sleep a few minutes and thus to obtain rest.

Surely you will not be easy because it requires strong willpower, maximum concentration and allow time to time. All this seems to be against you in these moments of weakness and haste, as it is known that, always, skinny dog, all are fleas. You'll have to draw the strength to get an iron will, concentrate your

thoughts on not being of any grass and have lots of patience, you, who eventually escapes as sand between your toes as a child. Self-preservation will stimulate you in the hard work that you require: do not give up! Struggle, but not get and keep your life in perpetual candle. Gradually you will see that trying to mold to your liking your feeble powers is like trying to get iron forged steel as its gangue prevent brittle bond, sparking the disaster, there is still the first step of a good pot, the secret is hidden in the pantry the alchemist. Before you have to go through the stage of false fears, imperceptible at the beginning and then grow uncontrollably to extremes and you can never control their origin. You will spend great trouble to discover that what happens is that one of your lash rubs on the fold of the sheet. Wander for hours in endless night cradled in your silence of droopy eyelids. If a strange noise comes suddenly, forces you to press the switch on the light, dazzle your eyes and, seeing no anything other than your loneliness, false alarm and disconnect your back to your previous state of prostration. With what you will and the principle able to sleep without a single moment. Once you've tried everything imaginable and you have failed in all your endeavors, they have gone all possible projects, even unthinkable, when by dint of throwing fuel to palpate your loss and understand that you're really up, without a single solution, burning in the fireplace until your last robbery. That's when you've learned to temper your crazy impulse control and opposed the effort: easy fill of laxity. Only she will reach the rest it craves.

One of October, Friday. Their children have charged the pastor of Feroselle Mass after a month and notify the father. Although you say that, given her condition, she must attend to avoid strong emotions, he replies that's fine. Also, how will not be present? So, they spend the weekend with the grandparents. Visit the cemetery you arrive. The father walks hesitantly, sinking the floor at his feet. We have a niche with no name or letter. Saliva fills his mouth bitter, aftertaste unknown, unreal flavor. She is there. The heart bleeds on the inside, your eyes are dry but hold the marble face. Again and again his fingers touch the cold stone, then twist: it refuses to believe the sad reality, of course, intertwined, are made prayer. Silence in the living, dead silence. Whispered prayer on the lips, gentle breeze in the canopy of cypress.

While everyone believes that it has not affected the visit to demonstrate not against, the procession goes inside. Not only is restless but distressed. Want to receive communion at Mass and confession needs. Urgently needed, not a common confession, but an empty integer, total, to redeem their sins and return the desired peace. It invades a new restlessness excessive considering the time elapsed since the last confession, and that consideration must be long, necessarily exhaustive. It must be remembered, isolated and sink into contrition. Is empty of

worshippers left the church as the rosary, the gloom of the evening is spread by the cruiser and hopes that the priest comes and enters a confessional. Leaves the sacristy, he addresses him directly and he sits on a bench in the center of the church, alone, without witnesses. One bis-bis, which initially confuses him, has the power to open wide your heart and show all the miseries of his soul. Repented, confessed their sins openly and with the need of someone who is drowning, looking forward to the solution. The eyes have bathed in tears, clasped his hands eager to answer, consolation: he has spoken with such frenzy and repetition, that the priest, perhaps moved by compassion, he absolves even before it has finished. It is quiet a couple of hours and more unrest, inexplicable, haunts him.

With the Mass that Friday does not get the peace he longs for he always has to spend some time after the end of the battle to heal the wounds. Friday was a bad pain, just follow your passion, then, shortly after the end of Mass, you have to lie, not so many emotions together has resisted. He has not eaten and nothing worth caring for his mother. Delirious, spends the rest of the afternoon in bed with constant restlessness, incessant. His children decided to return to Zamora before dark, he agrees not very willingly. Drunk, get into the car, a feeling of freefall, vacuum, filled with anguish the pit of his stomach, dizzy and makes it cling to the emergency grip the door, soft note, inconsistent. On the way he closes his eyes. Remember every moment of the accident left alone with his thoughts, constantly swallowing mouthfuls of distress. While they believe that sleep, the car moves and takes you to a new destination uncertain. An infinite though it invades to leave the village. Back left her, alone, accompanied by the dead. Relax, they say. What one is in his last and cold marble floor! And a certain question, hateful, garnishes and grips: How and what will replace it? Unfinished, unanswerable. It is impossible to find! Finding a lost needle in the haystack.

Secrets has the soul tries to discover the reason, without reaching that are locked with seven keys, without owning any. Moreover, if the reason is clouded because there is no consciousness, then the soul is closed and all reason ark unthinkable. Ghostly mists nourish and balance not only the folly it is governed. Moreover, if a fault which strikes hammer, it is not uncommon and a corace inwhichthe itself to avoid any interference, either own or someone else that can deface their fault. Whether it's true if you lied or, ultimately, is hidden guilt. Without faithful as a reference, increases the nonsense in court and consolidated in a victim of the most complete distortion, yesterday you were a man, you are only puppet now, without head or feet governing sustain you. It is sane, never want to open secrets of the soul so well kept that dress them failed business, the more cruel for the failures.

* * *

When you get to try to get him into bed Zamora, but opposes and prefers to lie on a sofa without undressing, fears that any change will produce new insecurity. I have a headache and suspect that the old pain again, the beats and, therefore, the old depression. Reclining, accommodated him with pillows placed under it so it does not have armrests or forced posture may annoy you. Hidden from all that is bad and nervous. Weakens his body, the senses of balance. The TV stays on to entertain your time, but he closes his eyes to see it distorted the figures, each point on the screen image, the square is transformed into a different color increased thousands of times. Whispers hears about their status as powerful speaker and his beats can count them one by one in the vein of the wall on each side of his head, then resonate through the fabric as sheepskin pad of hype. The cologne perfume that fills the house, she irritates. Their fragrance reminds smelling purple flowers violet holy hate not knowing what. Her daughter says it is always used. You have to eat and drink, you have not eaten. He refuses, offer to take you to the service, if it has been necessary: each child holding his arm, back, the son is pushing. And plaster goop spilled on the ground only is his body and his feet dragged, without strength, with infinite labor, he is moving on slowly. A sense of dignity trampled runs through your body every time you push your son last parts. It is for him to taunt, reproach. Look in the mirror and see reflected changing faces elusive analyzing quietly here in the middle, is he, a stranger, there, right, his daughter dressed in black, sometimes with luciferin face, sometimes in forced smile and offended responds with a stranger, "But Dad!" there, to the left, the son, whom he recognizes as soon as is now transformed into a benevolent Jesus, a cuckold Belial, along with, Reuben who also face changes every few minutes. Yellow bile and urine back into the couch. He sits with his head in both hands as it weighs heavily, really focus on your situation. Serve macaroni, which tries to eat but, minimum sensitivity, slide the corners and fall straight into the dish, will introduce a Mutabar pill, which is on their lips stuck to her saliva, a glass of water to swallow and discovers that every drop that passes their tissue iron ball impact and soup spilled on the floor. It is totally immaterial note. His wristwatch pierces the meat and bones of his wrist and has to pick it up in the air to avoid falling to the pavement. Guessing mockery, delivers it to Juan Carlos, with the alliance of their wedding. See what your body is a mere skeleton of four primary colors yarns in warp pure, without any other mixture, rag long, loose thread here in the limbs, short and knotted there in the bars, schematic design of robot man in wire, simple, transparent, bright colors. No, this is not the result of an excited imagination, feverish, though your senses are about to explode. It's all so real! Hopes and expects that this nightmare will end soon. He must have patience, patience and shuffle. Above all, silence. It will be his great secret, kept to himself. What would serve to tell someone? Who would believe him? What would they think? Typically, it is completely crazy. From the next room comes the voice clearly speaking of Juan Carlos worried Violet: You must inform Ruben. How is your father ...!

Chapter V: The indictment

*Violent witnesses were presented:
accused me of things that did not even know,
cruelly mocked me.*

(Psalm 34)

It is well to leave the slumber inoperative, leaving open places to evaporate the nightmare, to seek new air, think about simple things escape the existential burden. So when Ruben midmorning asked to leave for a walk with him Valori, there would take by car, it seemed an idea or pearls. Always helped by his son, they come to the forest, parked to the right of the road and have a walk. Walk in small steps, leaning on the arm of the child. Plus, in a display of about independence, it loose. Reuben forward, slowly, he goes back. But he betrayed his little strength, drag your feet walk the land of looms and high fruit column hump bowed by an inhumane burden. The park, frequented a thousand times before leafy, it is unknown and barren landscape. The review of each parcel of forest is mysterious signs, with rare birds and indecipherable signs that, at all costs, Emilio tries to hold in mind is that, for whatever reason, lost in the maze. He looks up and sees his brother, Moses, who drinks beer in a bar in the field. He laughs wryly perverse and prolonged brutality. Decide to ignore and says, rejoicing, pointing:

- Reuben, there is your Uncle Mose.

Your child will not get him. Figurations own. Fearing discovery, looks down the winding path. Do not want to see more figures of ghosts in the posts. What will laugh as his brother? He soon tired of that walk instead of giving relief burden, so he decides to return. On one side of the road, seeing him pass, is expecting her mother and a brother. Accuse him laugh, call him a scoundrel, insult him, put him to give birth. What is the reason? How do you accuse? We repudiate as unclean dog. Even my own mother does! It's all so strange! But all is not going to go wrong. Should have serious reasons for which are held as well. And so mysterious that, despite strenuous efforts, not guess. His analytical mind is now always so helpless and posture of their own sea of incomprehensible, it is impossible to decipher or colleague. A serious guilt, unknown, gigantic increases and at times to infinite proportions so that completely overwhelms your being. Finding no reason to discard it, just find a way out: give up. In his soul ends

humility and nesting in it, as a last refuge, blanket. Cree will pay high price soon, in just fertilizer, something ignored. He has before him a difficult situation immediately, which must meet personally, promptly, precisely, where the state is most precarious. His forces diminished, can they endure?

Slowly the hours passed, the idea of guilt is taking shape indefinitely. As the general physical and mental wobbles is reaching the absolute limits, the senses are triggered and all control is gone. In vain attempts to use trickery reason, before a thousand times valid: this inevitably fail. The despair and helplessness, formidable, terrible storm unleashed. Begin hovering clouds of cotton misleading, then overcast sky and a fine mist appears that permeates to the bone, you want undaunted rain abates, but rain grows and finds no place of shelter, the storm rages, becomes in storm, comes a thunder storm rages and add the fear: coxless boat is drifting and tidal waves, destroying the trail. And without a minimum lifeline! Instead of beach, steep rocky reef await you: the boat will not go or tables. Who had a lifesaver! On the horizon is not a breath of light. The impetuous storm, eager to inflate their lungs, sucks all the heat and leaves you cold, sucks for the center of his whole gigantic cone, he resigned, unable to resolve anything, turns and turns on the crazy turns of the vortex which dry leaf hyped by the random winds. Suspended in the air, in the center of the storm, how hold your feet? In the midst of vertigo, where do you target? Dragged and victim of such a vortex, where to find grip? Fast and too high you climb, too. The greater the fall!

Chapter VI: Resurrection!

All light bothers you, prefer the darkness. Opposite, on TV, without pause, continues its programming, crazy, full of distortions different in each and every one of the lines of the screen so that even the colors happen to be out of phase. Eyes closed, place the palm of your hand on your forehead. Be isolated, each time focusing on what to do to avoid errors. But the couch is soft and flabby place where to settle their senses and stir it. Expected time, your worst enemy, is exhausted. Need to quickly discard false results and quickly find the true solution, but, undeterred, the clock, five feet short of his head, remarked frantic ticking. Risk has to dive into the unknown ocean depths of his mind, lest an inordinate fear of his last hour swamp their reason and will, as it is known that this plot is the devil's favorite and she nods her false and real lies. Still, do not suspect that Jonah's whale is ready to engulf and dissolve it in her womb as it is easy meal, frugal. Do not think that in such a situation, it is impossible to disentangle because of their status, sleepless nights and later consequences. Simply want to escape the nightmare that is trapped between its claws, look at each instant the

momentary output, flight urgently forward. Then there will be time to explore other possibilities. It will not surrender without a fight. Although little strength remaining, the burn struggling, resisting at all costs. Nestled in the chair, thinks that the first is the dose. It does not discuss the immateriality of the body or it is already in mind. At this point does not analyze whether or not guilty, just accept the blame, nothing more. Most important business is entirely absorbed him, in need of a quick solution. What will the outcome of the trial after his death? It must be because it is in a strange place special. Thus, he reasons: corporations do not have, then it is your soul that is locked up there, suffering terribly. As a completely unknown which has been the sentence, his distress lies in the uncertainty of the nature of the place. If unfortunately this is hell, no solution, but if, by chance, was purgatory, then I would be saved, such is their fear does not care too much time you can stay in it. Play Russian roulette with six-shooter revolver loaded with three bullets, bullet yes, no bullet, risking an eternity. Where will impact the hammer? As much as is determined to figure out where it is, it fails because the two states have in common the untold suffering of the soul. And, how the condemned suffer! Now aware that your body has a certain location immaterial. He is tied hand and foot to an eccentric wheel, spinning ceaselessly, is attracted by something invisible, like magnet, precisely where it supports the head. When the wheel away, experience relief as it gives time to fill their lungs stunted, but when it gets closer to the mark fatal, the pain is worse, slowly, gradually, until it becomes unbearable, so that it is impossible or breathing. As your speed is never the same, the length of time of each pass can not be predicted because sometimes slows up and other speed increases and not given a minimum break. If each new turn the pain of sense he shudders, the damage is terrified because he knows that, in disgrace, never see the face of God and never be reunited with his beloved wife longed to celebrate their golden wedding.

Open your eyes, looking at the clock on the wall marks the ten. He has to endure. Look to the vagaries of the device which is moored. Are cyclical, like the clock. He curls up on the pad, you get pain of abortion and birth together. First one. God, drowning, that agony! Then, a hundred. Look at the clock again, ran another minute. Endless minute! Perhaps this terrible ordeal, you never end? Among sigh and sigh, spend eternity. And so little strength detract! Slowly over time and the relentless treadmill of pain and suffocation continues, reset does not allow the slightest force. Is exhausted, it must abandon all hope. Is not the time to plead. Finally, recognize that their time has passed, the clock has spent his entire arena. Knowing great sinner, how dare you beg? And, who else? Does the Redeemer? Now! And from here? It is not possible, as is well and truly dead! Never find a remedy. Or, maybe, yes. The variable intensity of unquenchable fire that gives a new thread of hope. Probably, their status and stay in that place are not definitive. But to turn? Who to trust such a decisive issue? If the top does not ask for help, who condemned you dare!, It is only the communion of saints that,

after all, were good and men like him. They are the last table, she puts her trust, mild, in the final. But time goes on, unabated, unabashed, the pain unbearable, the torture continues, the reason nothing escapes and the whole set is coming. No can do more. Definitely abandoned, surrendered. The bottomless pit will welcome you, for sure. It does not reach the minimum breath, blood, and will be gone as much to exploit his veins, he flees the last glimmer of hope in his battered right: only fate remains uncertain. No one can say that you fought until the end, even the impossible. But you can not more, throw in the towel. Finally, your struggle has been in vain. It's all over. Come what God wants!

Indeed, no one can say that you have surrendered without a struggle, as it came to a head. Both wanted to tie the rope, and strong, they're out of rope, now I can not untie. A steady, singular with your particular battles waged war without observing strategies, or disdain, it was unequal combat between different champions. In the field you made false honor, fight face to face real champion, endowed with quick charger and your best weapons against the champion of cloth that resists tooth and nail to defeat, and the frenzy starts the fight, forgets that the essential: his feet were sunk in sand inconsistent. On one side, the Almighty, the One, the small, finishing, you, the other. You always so cerebral, you should have predicted the result: your clothes are tattered, your bonds are broken, covered with wounds and bleeding, simple garbage at her feet, and pleading. His right hand holds the double-edged sword which glittering lightning, ready to slice your head as reward for your warlike coat of arms, foolishness. Submissive, proud neck low before, just wait blow your neck, about the final: it will annihilate you. Impossible that there could be a different ending.

Do not know how much time has passed in its execution, in hopes overwhelming, because the sun is out. Look at the clock on the wall: seven in the morning of Sunday, after a month of another death. Olga Viza gives the early-morning news. It looks at the TV and the shock is enormous as see and hear perfectly. Now the sounds, words and music can be heard without distortion, the colors of the screen and the enclosure are sharp, their contours are framed, does not see anything wrong, everything is orderly and faithful reflection of everyday reality. With misgivings, first look hands, then his body: as if by magic, have regained their normal appearance. Look at the room: it is as before, everything is in place. He gets up, is still weak. Fearful, he walks to the bathroom, the mirror reflects your face. Neither is recognized: it must be to old, old. Do not like it and decide to shave the beard he wore for decades curly. Change appearance. Meanwhile, Violet, you've heard, gets up, startled, in principle does not recognize him and asks if something happens. He replies that's fine. She explains that last night when he left, he seemed asleep, that takes three days very strange, not

recognizing anyone: they were all very worried. To show that enough is enough, ask the watch and its alliance. All wake up and miss crossing himself and ask them to explain why. Well I would like to please, but no explanation that has happened during those three days. What happened that night and, in particular, now drawing near dawn, who could describe it? No, not that there's been a strange portent. Then he emphasizes: It's been an incredible miracle! Is in sight, is obvious.

Acid out of that dark abyss and dark to light without shadows of the dawn of the world was like coming from the rabid doom, full of uncertainty, a vital safety regrowth dyed a bright hopeful unknown. The motive or reason was not able to find it so much he tried but found that, in the same way that nighttime sleep is the awakening of a new day, for every dark abyss in the complete darkness of the night gives us a new dawn of light, and concluded that it is wise to take the opportunity, perhaps unique, not being that darkness will not re-wrap and let him return.

Truly God's ways are inscrutable. Lord of death and life, when he wants us to hurt or heal us, we descended into the abyss deep or elevate us to the highest summit, and all without reason to reach our poor reason. But reasons have to do what he does. Perhaps the method of his wisdom to the poor mortal act consists, first, that it expresses a fear of God for their evil actions, which accuses her conscience, then you follow a turning point that turns fear into scared irrepressible unless heard by the judge and consequently to provide secure eternal damnation, unforgivable, fair and certain, then, man, stripped of all personal conceit it failed in its efforts to find the solution itself, since it was not another resource, decide to get into the hands of the Creator, and finally, pleasantly lighted in his encounter with the Light, reunion, finally, peace itself away from any kind of fear. You've been in your gut, even in a minor, the consequences that follow the evil of sin, only your sins. If they have suffered only yours, do you have to wonder, for the sins of men, for all, the Lord cometh drops, no sweat, but blood for each of your pores? See yourself up in the most contemptible rubbish. But mark this: until payment is tanned with the winter frost and heat is thus transformed into new life. Expected, imminent, that a righteous sword slice your head. But, behold, the Lord, O sweet, indescribable wonder!, The Mighty, the Victorious, he approaches his enemy grabs you with tenderness in your loving arms friend, lovingly clean the sweat of your face, shake dust with love your clothes, and caress you up as a child. Is there someone who can understand so much mercy and compassion? Wanted reliable signs, lights that light the way some of your life. There

you have it! Do you still believe that luck smiles at you because you touched the deepest mysteries of death and life, hell and glory? Do not think that they reveal all, or give you for your pretty face: Someone wants to show you, because you have in high esteem. You have to recognize, understand its meaning, free and act accordingly. Visiona your step terrible night, remember every moment of your death than you thought, keep in mind your status, remembers your fall into the abyss, the torture suffered, exhausted and your spirits from hell you were rejected. Then, look carefully at this morning: when the lights of the stars cease to become apparent in the blue vault, there is a time when the world is colored iridescence unthinkable as the arrival of the first light of dawn awakens the world of lethargy of the darkness of night. No, certainly not. This is no time to stop and think about doing work on understanding the contrary, it is time for feeling, to open wide the heart and reach the innermost corner making their fibers more delicate fins without ceasing. It is time to thank and love without limits. Desperate for your terrible night, collected a host of misfortunes pulse throughout your life dull, never suspecting that, like the seed must die so that it can bear fruit, could lucidity at the right time, crucial when with the arrival of the star stream of light destroys darkness king, life resurfaces, bustles and encouraged all in the same manner as spring buds burst. It is that, precisely that, the instant incredible, wonderful, it reaches the ineffable gift, balm of faith that saves, ray of light emerged not really know how to reassemble the chaos of this whole world. Tune your ear. That you have experienced, all that dawn, wonderful and incomprehensible at the same time, all together, mysterious, unthinkable, is not the happiest suggests that witnessed the dawn of ages? Get out of your silence, rejoice, sing praises, shout with all your strength and all thy soul, Resurrexit! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! As another Lazarus, Christ will shout: Alma, Salt of the grave! A out! Vive!

Chapter VII: Live your now

The children say to each other that this peace may be temporary, so they must be convinced to evacuate medical visits and prescribed a treatment that achieves long recovered. But he does not seem to work.

- Neither they nor I trust in the goodness of the concoctions that I will prescribe: best to let nature take its course.

- It would be wise to consult with practical stretching of tendons and the like, because, ultimately, you are tense, he repeated.

- You know I've always suspicious of healers and their art.

- What if the evil eye? What someone who loves you wrong? Visiting a psychic would be solved.

- Witchcraft and sorcery, as if we were in the middle ages, not!

- A friend of mine, Dr. internist only recipe exotic herbs and medicines. It homeopath and has a lot of clientele and reputation, insistently reminds Reuben.

- For testing, nothing is lost, others insist on approval.

So heavy that the children are put at last condescends. Well, what you say well, of course not. When accompanied by Reuben, taking a walk are directed to consult the doctor, land and soil venirseles appear above the streets are narrow, the adjacent buildings surround him and feels that at any moment to collapse on him in his wandering that dismal alley. When they arrive at the house, enter the portal and climb a ladder in which, by putting his feet, sinking each of its steps as when you bend your legs numb and do not find support. They spend a landing and access to the elevator. This, instead of rising, it seems crazy down to the basement, which never arrives, while a feeling of anguish he ascends to the stomach. That feeling of dizziness is worse when it stops with a thud and makes you swallow. They enter the doctor's office, young, with glasses look deep. Ask about family history, personal and how he came to this situation. Write down everything, see a special formulary contains entries for words matched with the answers that emerge in the interview. In order says improvement will come, but takes time: at first did not notice and it will require patience. It has the pharmacy to request an exotic medicine, the need to seek out: the flower or rose Bethlehem, consisting of tiny white balls to break under the tongue: after a month has to go back to see the improvement and will advise whether treatment has to change. When they go out, the father seems to be better and your child still wearing a thong sandals, what a coincidence, similar to those used for Jerusalem Jesus Christ.

It happened just as the doctor had anticipated: the improvement was slow, had to repeat the treatment with further doses of the Rose of Bethlehem, but more distant. As a couple of months pass and the improvement did not come with the

speed he needed, got tired and stopped taking them. He never knew if the balls of the Rose of Bethlehem had served or was some time before you heal the incurable wounds.

Alma, what this pitiful state? What overwhelms you? Stillest Why not? What are your thoughts? Do you blame for her death? I know: do not go your way, you stop trying to park on the shoulder of the road and the disaster occurred. Remember that you've stopped driving, he recognizes at once that neither too little nor ruled anything and everything happened as it had been decided. Then, when he wanted, when you submit, came to you, recognized the flower, not yours, the more fresh and blooming in your garden, and cutting it, rise on wings and happy, took her with him . Could there be better fate? Course, can not be certain, not know his whereabouts, you feel guilty if, for a possibly fatal, was condemned for her and want to do the impossible, and you. Do you watch if for lack of attention on your trip, plus his death, only because of you, the worst had happened? So questions constantly: "My wife, where are you?". A thousand times you call, eager, you resort to a thousand ways to find your destination with no response and that only serves to take away the dream. Poor fool. You, you've always had answers for everything you do not find an answer you do not know that you can offer. Do not you know the fate of the one you call your loved one takes his owner, who is also the love? Could you provide better mansion? You, as always, failed, not him she is in good company. This includes you. Do not you remember that you got so heavy that at last gave you to understand your destiny? If you've even been lucky enough that your cherished dream to give you their loving gentle kiss goodbye and told you that you have "other dwelling", rising spiral of smoke that rubs off! Away, then, you useless ghosts that keep you from sleeping, yet being your cross, knowing that they are, do not resist, courses through your ordeal with them, rejoice and walks with his memory. Do not waste energies. Try, which ostrich, divert your poor attention and even try to learn not to think. You know: it is not lawful to forget. Even getting to put your mind completely blank, always tarnish the fog of uncertainty that rules the destinies of man and try to prevent sleep and rest. What these extraordinary efforts for wanting to rule it all? If neither you own a single cell of your brain, how can you be master of your mind? How long will you stay in that state? Let time pass, he is an antidote to the pain and grief. Remember that whenever it rained, it stopped raining, only with patience in suffering the wounds heal. In addition, you now have for you all the time in the world. You only get to meet him. He will give you all the peace that you need.

But, retired, no joy, nothing to do, how to fill the yawning void of time on the run through your fingers? In constant rowing in stormy sea, continuous

rotation and swirl endlessly dragged into your path without a goal, how can you break and destroy the local web of your thoughts? You may leave traveling the wide world, with visits to other places, meeting other people. But, alas! the support staff once there, you are missing. We need to, embedded in the tumult of faces, always travel alone and do not satisfy you, nothing resolved. Always very pragmatic, it's time to bring flowers to your wife's grave, but you check soon wither, or light a candle in his memory poor, but you see his fiery wick consumes the wax smoke spirals in vain: for more replace him know if you never get served its purpose, but at least keep alive in your memory. Perhaps, what you need is determination and the fear of another tragedy I complexes. Renew your life by jumping the barriers that surround you. You must have a new vehicle that will facilitate your travels. Sitting in it, but look a thousand times the seat next hoping to find the face of your beloved, you'll never even sound the same old songs that arise from the cassette. The atmosphere inside, before filling with sharp tones and holidays, has become a kingdom indefinitely packed full of sounds serious melancholy. Since nothing ever stays the same. Or yourself. From now on, his memory will visit you at every moment and it will be impossible to live without it. But life is done every day, lives in the memory. Living **with** his memory will bring you past sublime moments of love, peace in the present and lasting peace for the future. But make no mistake, do not live **in** the memory: usually found only cobwebs and shadows new to feed the ghosts of the past and worthless for something positive.

Travel, travel to Catalonia. Visit your parents in Sabadell. Let them her last days bearable. Your mother, paralyzed, wheelchair burned by the explosion of the gas bottle of butane and the shock of the attack, calls for the caresses of his children, and you're the greatest. The poor senses and the end of his days. You can not accede to their wishes that around the village, the land of his birth, she needs special care, and mechanical equipment are needed more than one person for your attention and you are alone. Neither can it be separated from her husband clings to life for him and your father's hands are attached limpet-like to her every hour of the day, waiting patiently, sitting in armchairs, together. The life of your father languishes in silence and die as a candle flame whose oil runs out. What can you do if you do not suppress her tears and kiss your tears in your presence? Can you give hope? Finally, your parents die, follow your destiny: born to live and die in company together, and that they do. And yet, how short is your life! I know you think in the negative: Is that all she has to be a poor memory a picture framed in yellow? You will cover the stain with the double death of two, well you know the time, the best thief, which put them in your hands yesterday, today I take it off, without compassion. All I thought yours and that just because you left!

You are eight siblings, have four children and several grandchildren. Did you complain? You have to choose from. Now spend some time with this brother,

tomorrow with the other, they all offer. It is true that everyone has their way of life, chores, and you'll continually be relegated to the corner of a bedroom of their house, but it comes down to learning to live together. You can visit your children and grandchildren will find solace. Now one, then another. But keep in mind that each has to build his life and that the visit should be time-wise, as fresh fruit, because you know that fish, eight days stinks. Be realistic. You must live and let live, surrounded by loved ones, in close distance, in a world of solitude. Though painful, you must learn to let go of attachments, which are ballast. You'll have to live with your memories and bridge to yours. Only life is learning workshop: you can provide advice, expertise and assistance. They lost their mother and from today you have to be for them mother and father. You, now, without father or mother or wife to support you, you have to be help and support of all. Not only fend for yourself but crystallize your rock arenas safe for your family. You think your life is not worth anything, but she is all you need: bottle hidden in the living essences. Your past and your future is locked into it. If you meditate on the lines that outline your own story, surely thou shalt bring forth some good.

* * *

Keep in mind you are never alone, that someone is watching over you. Do you remember your trip to Valladolid, a Christmas Eve? Juan Carlos was driving, was obscured by fog and everyone on the road in a hurry to reach their destination. Going up the hill of Toro, a car that I was asked step. When I was overtaking, suddenly, a wild horse from the path to the left of the road passing through it perpendicularly, without the rider, despite his efforts to prevent it. Everything happened so quickly that Juan Carlos was only able to spread to the right, the horse jumped over the back of the car and rammed the vehicle traveling behind. The news came on the morning news the next day a man died as a result of the blow received by a horse. Do not you see? That is if it's true: someone who either loves you, sailing is permanent for you.

* * *

Valladolid's teammates want to say a Mass for his wife and in his memory. Everyone loved her and cry. For inner imperative agrees to attend despite their physical and psychological. Immaculate accompanying the child. The Mass takes place at mid-morning in late September at the church located near the school Picavea Macías in St. Peter the Apostle. At the exit, condolences, memories come alive, come the tears. All come and surround you with greetings. Pats, handshakes, hugs or kisses. Each pat on the back will close, getting a little more to the cold and harrowing reality with every handshake, you swallow your bitterness bite by bite, every hug spurs intimate memories, you compress the heart and opens the floodgates occluded your eyes, every kiss comes wrapped in a tip:

pull themselves!, a real shame!, life goes on! How many times drink the same cup?

These are moments you want to forget but after a while, you have one of the protagonists very present in your mind as the memory is the best balm to heal wounds. How can we not thank you Dona Emilia, the inspector, leaving office tasks, approaches and grieves? How can we forget the embrace of Elizabeth, parvula, swimming in tears each other? Or the kiss of Victoria, special education, in words that comfort the soul, it says it is time to pray for Angelita, she from heaven always watch over their children and me. Or those of Julia, in sigh of grief: If you knew that Angel is gone! How can you forget such people that just make you vibrate in such moments? In contrast, memory falters when you've recorded something false that for some reason you did not want to retain. Another parvula, and do not know why it was never my cup of tea. Your name and now comes to mind. The fact is that in such a situation, practice, told me that being retired would spend the time in social work, visiting sick or something and that there were many Onges purpose. I tried to hide a grimace of distaste for wanting to run my life given my state at the time!, And angrily threw his advice in the sack of oblivion. Julia, the secretary, as an aside, handed me a watch engraved: the memory of the companions of my retirement party, under the circumstances, never came to fruition. Emilio, wiping a tear unstoppable with the index of your hand, suspects: you are many things to see in so little time to live!

Is common to say that the old, the council, which will serve as a great help in everyday practice because situations like that are going to live, has long passed them and selected him. And that is the actual experience that you believe only because it is yours and very personal, it really is a rather general and enjoy or suffer from many of your peers, your own time, but until then you have never noticed. Just as every situation taxed on their remembrance in the clean slate of individual memory, common to all, experienced by successive generations, is consolidated in standard and eventually becomes part of the common heritage of mankind. The old man, for years, and nothing will be old, but always stay in your memory board elephant.

No, it is unusual that you follow the advice of someone considered inferior. Who do you have in pedestal, you do not find flaws in it. If only to emulate his virtues, he still unconditionally, sometimes by lifting, vacuuming up the scale of values that you have discovered forged in him as in comparison with your idol, and all costs, do not want anything but get slighted in comparison. The goal that you have imposed have to reach it, and overcoming. Less time to think back and get over it: the ideal was never your goal. Therefore, it is very strange to keep in my memory, or as a vague memory, the words spoken by those comrades they were conducive to forgetting, and the context in which they occurred. True

removes all anxiety and loneliness deep well where they live and from the center of his whirlwind, forward looking firm handhold that support you. So is vital and necessary that you hand to your enemy, ofrecértelo, an Assyrian you hot iron.

* * *

It must get out, distracted, no matter what. Seek the company of outsiders and their conversation to break the monotony and the silence of the hours, but nothing gets in their struggle against drunkenness it feels to climb the stairs of the Casino or try to play the game of dominoes. Faces and old friends attitude extremely slow receive aid. In this way will require a long time have not calculated. Then he remembers the advice of Caty, the forgotten parvula, but do not know where to go to contact any of social organization. Perhaps the pastor of Christ the King, where he goes to Mass, we can report. He comes confused, wants to do something and do not know why. The priest tells you that you can collaborate in the work of parish Caritas part of the group. Access, is paired with another widower, visit homes of the needy and called the solidarity of the work. While there, his partner says that you attend some courses that are imparted in San Torcuato, catechesis, in the evenings, which encourage and accompany you. Put apologize, it's November, leaves late and the church is far away. The same friend tells you that in Christ the King will also give. Decides he will go to Christ the King. He is closer to home if you're late.

A couple of days that began catechesis. There, no one asks why you come here. Is to launch a new path neocatechumenal in several stages. Initiates, common people like you, are taught. They say that some have more than twenty years down the road that began in Madrid such a Kiko Argüello. They discuss the Bible readings and give personal echoes. It is well and has the approval of the Church. They try to concepts already known, so it will be to see what is what. In any case, if not convinced, take time to go and leave it, start a new search.

No explanations were catechists but was shocked that the lyrics of the songs that shatter with their guitars. They seem composed especially for him and call him, and they comfort welcome you in their distress. Know something sublime awaits eagerly to him, who long ago lost all hope. The talks given by catechists have been the cause of change, as its contents already knew long ago. They themselves say they are dead and worthless. But here there is an indescribable feeling. This is something mysterious, spiritual, who has the song for clothing, looks at you with tender eyes and lights a flame in the darkness of your soul and enters the door of hope for new, soft and tender. The word, despite being well known and repeated, each time you sound different, increasingly eco sweet and persuasive: they say that faith has a different effect on each, which they spread the seed: the water that soaks the fields wilderness, falls from the sky, alone,

abundant and appropriate for every need.

At first, he thought he was engaged in an illusion, in whom accurate handle itself, but with the passage of days away their doubts and decides to try that path is presented as the only and true. So glad to have found it feels like a cloud that is carried in a twinkling that saves all stumbling. But do not imagine that all that is. Something special you are reserved. Before you need to consider whether what is best for you, get to work your own free will, secure your will and firmly decide your consent. You must choose whether to continue or abandon sign and go.

- Determined to continue to acquire the Jerusalem Bible to read and meditate in their homes. It will find appropriate answer to each question. The word clearly states: "Ask and you shall receive" and the word always comes true.

That night, the old couch in red skirts, the question of the path to follow seizes your soul and not sure which to choose. Then decided, among anxious and fearful, pleading, cried to the Lord and asked for a clear answer, short: what path should choose to be sure of reaching him, with her? Did you think of the memorial of his life and follow the Way, in community? He took the Bible, opened it at random, any page, pointing his finger one of his lines and she turned her eyes. Immediately came the reply and reading left him stunned.

"It is good to keep this while those of the hand,

because the feared God with all that comes out. "

(Ecclesiastes 7, 18)

Verse unparalleled! Nowhere in the Bible there is an answer. Unique solution in one place, written to him directly, bright, clear as the light of day.

If the Sage urgently need advice, you ask, and in giving, you receive it from him, you'd be foolish if not followed and the most foolish things of the world if you forget.

Has decided to rewind: remember and retraining will be his final project. He devoted all his efforts, until the last breath.

Thereafter, it is true that no vacuum filled pauses, was devoted to reviewing every step, every moment of their history and look into it its mysterious meaning. As a high lookout tower, had the vision of all the hillocks of his life. That's when he found himself stepping through your particular desert. Weighed each stage of his life in particular and all together and the overall result left him speechless. He

saw these always had been, without beginning or end, without substance, without substance, full of dry hay, barren, and bare white bones scattered and buried in the sand dunes that trap and treacherous gorge covered in cobwebs being foolish; recalled their icy nights and days of darkness scorched by the summer, recognized each of their own idols and, finally, he wept to see that so many call, as much help and undeserved mercy, had paid to waste time, wasted. She cried tears of all sizes, of all sizes: thick, hard ice, for her heart of flint mounted hail, medians, cold or warm frost tears incomprehensible and petite as the mist you can not see the sun and live in the darkness that consumed his life dull.

He acknowledged this was bad sentinel instead of standing, vigilant in his post, either to make friends with the friend who comes, whether to alert the guard to the enemy presence, a thousand times he fell asleep in the comfort of his box; and, yet, with so many moments of forgetfulness and misunderstanding, after a while, when I least expected, found at last their true thirst and the rock from which flows the water of life, relief and true manna collect accurate, beautiful and pure mystery!, before the sun comes blazing and make it disappear forever ...

Book VII: The finger of God

*I know, Lord,
man is not of his way,
that is not who's right behind.*

(Jeremiah, 10, 23)

Chapter I: Pillars

In the beginning, before ever be counted, there was a Creator, Supreme Wisdom, God, the One, the author of that exists, anything creative architect, until the unthinkable and unimaginable. The Bible tells figures in the wonderful story of creation: how and when carried out so that every creative act, a different preexisting chaos disappears. So we know that, after the creation of the court of celestial beings, spiritual, pure, there was the first act of arrogance and defiance of a being acting in freedom, a first pulse that the wickedness of Lucifer check the goodness of God, definitely established the eternal struggle between good and evil. Any concrete plan of God for man, tells us that in addition to create you King of creation in his image and likeness, natural gifts and grants him preternatural placed along its length in Paradise, comes the story of his first fall for sin and the coming of evil into the world, with all its consequences: pain, disease and death. It is logical to infer that the physical fabric of the universe, constitutes a defining moral aspect. The creation of light and its separation from the darkness, the creation and separation of the lower upper waters, the seas and land, animals and plants as well as the intelligent man, lord of all it endorse the statement, and maybe it is true for that material in the ocean diving with the senses given us, we climb higher stages without stopping at each one too long. Often, apathy or convenience, gawk at the routine physical perception, next, that is, stared raptly at the nearby tree and forget that behind it there is a lush forest and unknown.

The perception of the sensible world indicates the existence of five basic elements that directly affect the daily life of living and, therefore, of men. His cosmic position is defined, differentiated within a huge sphere, endless. The central base is **earth**, of which man was formed, over which runs another essential: **water**. To fertilize the water, both must be in constant contact. From the man she drinks and cleaned. The breathable **air** and wraps around them is subtle, is beyond the physical senses of man but the breeze cool the sweat of your face and to enjoy the fullness of its purity, it should rise on the wings of imagination, believe bird feathers . The **fire**, which wounds and burns, seizures comes from the bottom of the abyss and gushes through the crater of a volcano slopes drooling, whereas the other, cauterized, strengthens and purifies, comes from on high ridges and valleys, inundating ray permanent, gentle, beneficial. The outside, the **sky** is blue region; unfathomable vault, to which man strives to place limits on sending probes to investigate the paths of the stars. The sun, source of light, it sends streams of light photons whose corpuscles unknown black holes which in turn feed tirelessly interstellar matter. The other type of sun, light, immaterial, impervious to strange looks, well not utopian but missed, is the thunderbolt with which the man of hope tinged his hard everyday reality. In short: each element is leaking or independent but important part of a huge crystal ball reveals a fluid whose universal landscape, quiet, beautiful, quiet snow, which, once disturbed by a very simple movement of the hand of the magician, come floating here and there tiny little stars twinkling in the briefest flash: this is the destiny of man: light and harmonize for a brief moment the whole motley universe. Such is the fate and the lightness of their lives dim flash.

* * *

Surely, the sensible world can be explored by man through the windows of the chemistry of their senses as you communicate with the outside. Science is built step by step thanks to the tenacity of its workers with an eye on their test tubes or other measuring instruments created for this purpose, trying to discover the laws governing the formal interaction of each material element in the rest of the cosmos, including the man himself. Thus, each property can be discovered by an intelligent observation and experimentation. Even with logic and abstraction, science and objects are discovered, worlds distant or close, invisible, theoretical, to even invade the field of research ideas with other ideas. But only by the spirit of water and fire is discovered the real world of the unknown, the intangible, spiritual, and this time, slowly but with tenacity, the portion of land, that man is, is soaked with its beneficial . That is not the physical laws governing the material world, because it is at least intangible region par excellence, or the ideas, as these require a basic substrate sensitive, or time and units, as being what it is timeless, it does make sense and the extent of eternity or a part thereof, for neither there can be no limitation on it. If man does not realize that your feet are on earth and

that it is a slave, any claim is futile. He is king of creation, in usufruct. No wise by science have to be able to discover the region unfading Wisdom by time and effort taken.

Furthermore, the creation is a reality enigmatic. The fact that the man manages to something mysterious and leads him to ruminate about it. Possessive in nature, fight with all their might to discover the hidden truth, and if were to get, try to appropriate it without wanting to share with another about the possible benefits that may report your discovery. Because, ultimately, it will not get it because you do not own this world, but may be subject to their greed, fear and enters his conscience tells you that you will receive a resounding punishment. Then, wanting to be conducive to the Creator, who secretly tried to deceive, makes amulets, altars up, offer sacrifices and worship of tribal gods, gives the title of chief gods of elements which will command respect, lightning, mountains or deep; divinizes minors, homespun, god of waters, jobs, crops, and fails to conceive of life without satyrs, nymphs and fauns. The mystery of the unknown makes too much plot. Had to be content in seeing what you see and think that creation is born, as is the living.

The century sage strives to develop his theory of the formation of the universe for which, making use of their expertise in engineering, built a special X-ray machine and amalgam in the remote past magic phial with the dressing of future scenarios. He wants to explain the how and the end. He has too much haste. Do not stop to think what is important is the existing reality and that he is one component. He asks her why. Observed spiral galaxies, study paths of stars, knows the meaning of red or orange color of distant stars, looking so high and distant that I do not see that his foot, this foot on the corolla of a flower, there says a confusing way that erases ant path that relies on their expertise, back beyond the eyes to the strange neighbors near and far who was born dead. Is preoccupied with his eye glued to the telescope at night, under the microscope by day, watching undiscovered creature creation. Looking further, in such detail, that forgets the near, the next obvious. The creation is hidden from him by a mysterious veil because the outer mysteries can only come from inside an in-depth look clean.

Located behind the glass window in your winter, if not clean the moisture from your breath that tarnish, prevent see through your eyes. Are limited, you walk in the dark, you make successive approximations to take it for certain, you want to enter their domain and its vastness escapes you, and although the senses, and stops overwhelms you. Then you reflect and know that nothing is born of chaos and that, ordered by immutable laws, there is the creation of the universe colossal world with its elements by unlimited power. You take a step further and discover that this work continues, does not collapse, because someone holds it in

time. You move and surprise you a new creation: you yourself are part of the continuous creation and that it is what sustains your life. No longer needs to go outside and be wise: there is a new eternal creation whose veil has been broken, absolutely real and true mystery: finally, it has become light. You do not get to it, comes from the top of a cross beam of matchless love, unfading. Then guess unit. The three creations are being recorded to a simmer in the history of each man three, universe, birth, salvation, hidden mysteries, the three governing life. But the enduring love felt in the daily reality forces you to conclude that the latter is the only true creation, encompassing the others, its ultimate objective. The veil is torn to discover the empty tomb, for then the miracle will become flesh in you, desvelándote the mystery of creation, and next that matters most: art image created in the likeness of the very Trinidad.

* * *

God, man, history and freedom. Four names that encompass the whole substance of the universe, immobile four pillars forced to coexist for ever. No one can miss, or our reason for being away. If there is humanity, both individually and collectively considered is because, in God's eternal story, That was a time when, thanks to an act of unparalleled love, was pleased to create what exists, endowed man with power over the rest of the creatures with special thanks, including the gift of freedom, and gave him a book with blank pages on which individuals and peoples, could they please write a personal or collective history and specifically the noble desire of the pursuit of happiness. But we must stress that no man's happiness depends on an understanding of the existence of such pillars but their interrelationship. Together, firmly assembled, the backbone of all existence, gives life to an internal current from the very marrow: love, driving force of any achievements, tireless, always in perfect phase, at full capacity, is the foundation of everything, all-pervasive and , placed in the hands of man, a thousand times becomes spurious due to misuse or abuse of the free gift of freedom and, as dire spot, just get black smudge in the text of its own history. Historically, the wisdom of God understood the natural helplessness of man to achieve personal fulfillment and loving-kindness fall, acting over and over again, without pause, consent to become a man himself, not only for his life that serve as an example, but to point out the guidelines necessary to achieve the desired happiness. The unspeakable wonder of his love not only lies in the unthinkable in his divine descent to become a simple man, with all its reality, including death, but also, that, when resurrected, does not rise glorious walks away without more to enjoy the deserved reward for his obedience of a servant, but remains patient, with each man, constantly waiting, ready to be helpful, if, despite all the sorrows and all circumstances.

It is said that history is the teacher of life. But they learned how little nations

of their teachers! We know that history repeats itself in different cycles and different situations, but even so, learn from our past mistakes. Is known to be blunted and that the best concocted empires fall, but the politician is busy on a new project he calls historic and framing his own biography, that dictators succumb engulfed by the freedom that subjugated and always there is a New ideologue dictator feeder, with labia, dazzles the masses, who considered impregnable walls, over time, eventually collapse, but erecting walls of misunderstanding about the crumbling debris, that the fratricidal wars are disappearing generations, but invent ever more deadly weapons making sure the extermination of the enemy in record time and thus end the war before, that the lips talk of social justice and solidarity, but they make laws for minority party related, that the fallacy is common currency to mask the truth, double veil covering the eyes of justice and personal selfishness is what matters. So, the prevailing injustice, hatred, their real seats, away any hint of God and goodness, and evil rules over the world.

Chapter II: Weigh

It is easy to get to the natural knowledge of the existence of a God! Ojea, leafing through books on science: she'll show up. The laws governing the universe incredible and for each planet, star, constellation or nebula, suggest a colossal power and wisdom that created such enormous macrocosm and governs in a sovereign way by physical laws for each and every one of the system elements. Look at your environment, observe the natural laws that govern life: the sun, with its heat, along with water, is the source of energy, sunlight, from which derives the basic source of all life chemistry: as photosynthesis of plants, base of the pyramid of all other living beings. Out to the field: at night you see the wonder of the starry sky, the day you'll have a cataract, an up or flower bed where workers bees suck nectar or enhance their beauty thousand kinds of colorful and fragile butterflies. Dive within. You realize that everything you know about the world and you owe it to yourself information comes through the senses and the reticular tangle of neurons and other organs such annexed not only distributes information but governs both your life voluntary and involuntary. What mind could organize everything and with such wisdom? The man, although the high level of animal life could not be: it notes that this body of science is set to detail, as well as be of others, superior to him.

How easy it is accommodated in the belief that God exists, just like that! To deny its existence, claiming never to be seen, is foolish, because we would be giving the same reasons simplistic blind, who denies the existence of the light that enlightens others to be unable to perceive it. That God, which we assume away, allows us to acquire our private little plot of happiness even if it is based on human desires: power, money, property, or sex., It scrupulously respects, above

all, our freedom of action. Each personal achievement you get, your ego grows as autonomy, even if you failed in any of your projects, life is long and you think that time will have to get the next one. So, there comes a time when, as money begets power, fame and it provides plenty of both are built roll you want, and at the top, you think not only self sufficient but powerful. Know from experience that the neighbor who died yesterday was not the pit got anything in your life and perhaps the time to take your beards to soak. But prefer to place a veil over the matter in which, after all, that happens to others and you're alive and kicking, master of yourself in your ivory tower. Besides, what to think about sad things today? Have enough to think of your business and enjoy this moment of glory. You're not going to be the author of barter your present happiness by a future that we now have to think not.

How difficult is to get off the donkey! Because the macho of travel and driving is, above all, very yours. True born child of your sleepless nights and can not give it up for anything. No matter what others go on foot. If you want to get saddle to fight like you and build your future. Do not remove from yours to hoist it to others deserve it not for their lack of audacity. That life is lucky and luck favors the bold. In addition, each club hold your candle. You will not be your bra to anyone, if necessary, to pull himself over you stomping your earned interest. Or you showered criticism, as in the tale of father and son traveling on a donkey: mount the father raise the child or both the ass, always criticize the father of the position you take. You will not worry about others. Your mission is to enjoy your sweet time. Never mind that come to pass in everyday life around you. How can you stand to discern whether or not it dulls your vision for the future? Yours is the present. Right? The future for nuns, priests, soothsayers and necromancers, who live it.

It is easy to miss the path in the labyrinth of life! Because our life path is narrow and tortuous. And we walked all intertwined in it. In our comings and goings, compelled to choose, which of their roads to choose? Either they all look the same. But, alas, that a return to the starting point and other mask the exit door and suddenly you're faced with a wall that prevents you from proceeding. You can not be guided by their side as they hedge on your head, cut to same height, impede vision. Its streets are parallel, perpendicular, square, are twins, we were sent to the center and engulfs you in it his relentless swirl. Every night, made to sleep, you get into the sleep of the day and the day do not look up the pole, you will not see much to open your eyes if it is cloudy or closures as the sun dazzles you. True, the polar points in the direction it travels faithful by way of stars. But is such a man to look down the path you walk! In addition, walking the labyrinth, with streets blocked off for the same pattern, which indicates the right direction? Will this, perpendicular, or that, the parallel? Even being in the exact address, you sure have taken the right direction or walk to the opposite? Come to a stop, what

bus to take? This, Did you start the trip or is returning back? Because, depending on which make, choose different destination. Prudente is that you look closely at the pole of each stop on your route. Someone, proactive, high, has enrolled in a cross sign, the outline of the way stations. Take a look at the intermediate why spend and decide if that is the end is which, indeed, want to go.

How easy is recognizing that we all die! Nobody knows when, or how, or where. But the certainty of death is absolute and general. To this there is indeed a privileged and able to avoid serving of rare seed. We will all be measured with the same standards. At that point, the self before the Almighty, to be finished, personal purchases are in futile as happiness worked privileges becomes unhappy, anxious, knowing that everything you own is out of hand. Thus each man struggles in life to exhaustion at the end to anything. Their expectations of happiness can never be fulfilled! Born to be a slave, and always will be, by nature, for sure. And the terrible thing is that you can never expect anything, because with the death perhaps very close, a distant God, who suspects without mercy, all outputs will shut their helpless hands while thumping frenzy the handles heavy doors. Think. If this sounds like a game, try to play good cards in this triplet, four tricks if you play against, if you go just a poor, and keep in mind that if you're stubborn, you will knuckle, for sure. I assure you this is not a game like chess where you can choose between long or short castling to defend your life, because you, the king, it is that you are exposed to ambushes or you can give a check, not worth you you know all the openings, middle game, gambits and sacrifices no longer worth to sacrifice a pawn, a larger room or queen of them, because the end game is always checkmate! The downside of the game of life is that you can not replace again the pieces on the board. The game is no return.

How terrible to think that after death there is hope! The once powerful man is now less than a poor devil. Less than mere pebble, which eventually breaks down into sand grains and thus obtains its future prospects. Less than bush, if it loses its leaves in autumn, there's a spring in which he hopes to breathe new regrowth and survival. Any animal unless it has full and final settlement in fulfilling the aspirations of their primal instincts. Because of the freshness of a young man of yesteryear, finally leaving only the worthless without blood and muscle lusterless skin, skeleton attached to a bent, the blue sea of his youthful look now sleeps in the basins of purple circles under his eyes and their deft hands and feet before they are callous light arthritic knots, dragged barely. The mind, fast yesterday, clear, lucid, is ghost numb, dull, hazy, and the iron will, reduced to senescence inoperative, freedom independently, already in full decline, perhaps depending on the base, and inner feelings, which are essential in the who based their future, left bundle-full of unfulfilled desires. If you do not have something more, a minimum submission, a blade of love, belief in a God all good, you can never find a faint ray of hope. And hope is the essence of life!

How important is knowing mud! It is wise to recognize that, with priority to be a man, you were made of clay puppet in the hands of the potter. Does the mud have on hand science and art to create itself? Where will the grace needed to be future dream motif center of the room? Barro, you have nothing own! Even the water that lightened your weight and makes you pliable, not yours. Thank you to anyone, in May in hand, you taken out of the anonymity of the mine, I exposed to the sun on a rock and hit you with evidence in the sieve separated the grains of rock and let see your essence, what you are, dust , simple accumulation of flecks without weight or value. So añadiéndote desposeyéndote of roughness and water in due measure, the potter will not only mold and make you a masterpiece ready to decorate the inner corner, not only will your mud within the indelible imprint of his knowledge of the artist to the delight of many, but especially His perfect patience, since the action of the potter on you will not be unique, but durable, artistic, modular, getting fractures and breaks, additions, new washes and a thousand compositions until the potter with his last stamp complete your perfect creation. Until then you can be converted into new work, but when the potter is satisfied that his work is finished, the clay will be introduced in the fiery furnace of love, which purifies and strengthens the work. So, be grateful, even proud, since the fingers of the author of Beauty perennial has left its mark on you, your mud. Moreover, O miserable, despicable! If he sensed the patience with which the potter you work, the esteem in which you have and the high regions you want to elevate your life, keep it by the way, you sing a different story!

It is impossible, Emilio, who, alone, by yourself, see the indelible mark that you leave the finger of God! Is deep and from on high, mysterious path arising from the highest arcane love message written in invisible ink on the papyrus pages of your history, which revealed line by line, from time to time, you can guess by a special aura in your day gives its rain or storm. Enjoying that breath, if you stop and stare at each of the pages blank suppose you will see that the dense darkness in which sleep becomes hidden data in light of perfect clarity and is exposed throughout the text, becoming legible, revealed the breath of his magical steam. Then everything will become understandable by a kind of powerful X rays, and you will discover new hidden meanings in a vocabulary replete with symbolism. You will be aware that those who once thought dead letter comes alive in your story, is tangible and is revealing. His current reading differs essentially from the former due to its understanding, it is entirely acceptable and easy to follow. Only then, like the ray of sun breaking clouds, the dew soaks only your convoluted and mysterious parchment, it floods, it all disappears and becomes chiaroscuro palette of grays and vibrant colors, beautiful recompose your landscape without equal. So every time you see emerge at the top the rainbow in the sky, is a sure sign, keep it by the way, that in that moment, God's finger groove and sculpted a new line in your personal Leaf Journal. Have not you seen the rain and the sun shines its brand double reflection illuminates the

blue dome? Immovable is the signature that God seals in duplicate each of the chapters of your life.

Chapter III: A corner of the memory

Legend of the monk and the nun

The old grandfather had a strange legend of love. As the talking and remembers and says it. He had heard that centuries ago, when the Saracens ravaged villages and fields with constant raids, lived in the town of Fermoselle, a humble family of workers who had raised eight children and two twins, who were killed, besides the infant was taken to about not having to have to sustain.

Edelmiro, the firstborn, one of the protagonists of this story, was born one cold December night and, as a child, as the mother breastfeeds her breasts due to lack of milk, grew up with that of the udder of one of the goats, at that time abounded in many small flocks. It seems that goat milk was not very handy because often the worms vomited and filled his belly. No wonder the child cried day and not leave a wink to his father. Nor, the patient mother, that her husband slept, for field work would claim him the next day, I had to pasearle during the cold streets night cuddling in his arms until, faint and hoarse, finally shut up .

Edelmiro withstood countless attacks from worms and grew tall. That rubiales thin bony hands ivory complexion, when he was seven years old, his mother washed the clothes of the priest, he became a choirboy in the parish church. He learned to ring bells in all the touches of prayers, and recite Latin phrases strung in a row from the Staba Mater Magnificat, from the Introit to Ite Misa Est, Dies Irae through the funeral. It was the lord of the bell tower and the terror of the guirlios or swifts nesting in the holes left by the blocks of granite. At naptime, after the potential well located nests, climbed the steep stairs to access, sneak your body through a small window, turned on him, he clung to railings and outgoing and pray pray the other hand wanted the feathers of the young, sometimes finding their sharp nails. I preferred this life of emotions and a few chores to the continuing errands go and bring water from the fountain or go get a bundle of wood on the mountain.

Now he was free all the time in the world, unless it was busy helping the

Mass, Vespers and Compline touch, the sweep on Saturday and stumble in their daily grind with some other pew. His restless spirit leads him to amazing tricks like that that Saturday, sweeping the trip twice in the same pew with the sister of a brother, took him to anger, great job up to the top of the bell tower and from there released him. When he came down and saw the pew had resisted because he was stronger than he had calculated the business again and repeated the feat several times until it was completely destroyed. Bad, bad, bad being said, it was not. But junk had everything one can imagine and more, it was a long time. And also, the priest insisted on making him a good brother, sending him to a convent in the capital and began his studies.

Between books, classes and years passed and prayers, as applied, the priest was delighted with it because, well, it was emotional and sensitive. Although at times arose in anger ranger blowjob goat milk, as when he denied the enjoyment of leisure outlet for short periods of time on their land. And is it like to live with childhood friends and chat while sipping a any new chochos dish and a jug of wine in an old tavern and inn.

The owner of the inn, called Prudenciana, spent hours preparing meats and day beds for the few guests who ate and stayed overnight there. Few, occasional traveler or wanderer, but it was she who held the family with the few quarters of profits it produced. They say that in his youth he was a lusty wench, but, at that time, older, little remained of the grace of its former size. Knew him as very good at the needle and stews seasoned master each with its spice. It nothing more is said in legend, unless those spending their free time in all kinds of readings, lives of saints from all sorts of stories of love, even for deliveries. Her husband, one Antigenes, we only know who worked little and spent too much and useless, and it was unknown as a continuous and travel.

The landlady had three children, one male and two females. The man, the second one day left home following his father's footsteps and was never heard from him. No one remembers your name. Most, Magdalena, preferred the eternal mother and beggars, was the one that stood at the head of his deathbed and cooled his neck for eternity with a piece of marble stone. The child, Angelica, for his mother always had a prominent hole in her heart, until the day of his tragic death that ended his beat, all at once.

Angelica boasted to his name, he was a true angel radiating joy, tenderness, love. The first impression given by their appearance is the fragile young man: tall, thin, transparent skin of the face, pearl, long-fingered hands and walk organist modest. But when you looked closely you find a pair of deep black eyes, the unmatched smoothness of her pale skin, a straight nose, firmness on their lips, chin noble, the brown of his hair falling over her white shoulders. Gawk at her

and it was one. It was impossible to distinguish which of its virtues is the principal. Does the same strength, or kindness? Does fidelity or modesty? Is femininity, or humility? Perhaps it was an amalgam of them and the mysterious veil of his eyes did not allow anyone to discover and, for simplicity, was, as useless imitation of his faithful mirror, loving grin from his lips and the warm resonance of his voice cheerful.

Because angels sang like an angel! His voice was very powerful, sweet and harmonious, songs, psalms for the spirit of the hearing. It is sometimes accompanied with beautiful and unknown arpeggios of an old Moorish guitar, a merchant in love with his voice gave him and claimed to have acquired an antique shop with a fabulous sum in one of his trips to Saracen lands, sometimes a capella, stressed the lilting inflections of his voice by the skillful and compassionate clatter of castanets sound a happy and drove his fingers like nobody else. Always hides any look, but singing in the room more hidden, the song of their songs flooded the rooms, flying out of the house, paths and surrounding mountains and reaches the same sky. His sweet and strong voice, full of charm, brings messages of peace and courage back lost glory to the Almighty as well with sacred songs in the church choir, which cheers crippled, disabled and poor when they sing at parties for the benefit .

Edelmiro heard his voice at the inn and was spellbound. He did nothing out of the rapture, but rather more often with its output frequency of the convent, became a frequent visitor to the house and did not need the company of friends to stay for hours in it. He attended celebrations, masses and novenas, hoping she sang in the choir, learned guitar chords to accompany a vile imitation of their songs, sought his friendship, getting to join the chorus of his life. And when, finally, she agreed, firmness of character and refinement of their treatment, with humility, purity and innocence of their feelings, consummated the spell.

Angelica liked the weather in the solitude of a hill, not far off, at which agreed to back of a noble white horse, who knows the paths, among rocks and crags, fitted with a small basket with provisions for a frugal meal. Sitting in the shade of a sturdy oak tree that grew near the summit of the hill, spend hours meditating and chanting, as the story of shepherds who heard. At dusk, back, he is seen with the basket full of wild flowers. Edelmiro known such rides, and after continuous forced encounters gets to be his companion. Then came days of each other and true friendship in which they exchanged views on all things divine and human. Without knowing it, their souls were nesting in the flame of love, now subdued, later strong and vigorous, capable of breaking every barrier of time or space. In the afternoon of solitude, even in bad weather, Angelica takes the castle turret, he looks to the hill and look for the lone oak magic haste. Only fazed when not being watched out for the bush in a sea of fog. Edelmiro decided, at last,

breaking the bond of the convent and, next to the old oak stump, he declared and swore eternal love, by binding to it, for life, in the rite of holy matrimony. It was a lovely wedding, intimate, white carnations and roses, where the violas and other string instruments vied with the organ to sing Lauds and songs of joy echoed in all the vaults of the church. It seemed that God is pleased with this union and take game and bet on it, because, as bespeak rental home on the banks of the brook, before the couple lived there, the rain got worse in flood came the flood, which swept shores and banks, without leaving the house or foundation. Because of the spouses, hundreds of homes were gone and there was great slaughter in the area, count up to 144 dead. He said only a miracle of Providence could save the newlyweds. For so lucky, according to the custom and his pinch of pepper as it could be at least the people were baptized with the alias set, "the monk and nun."

For some years met as a couple and happiness that God grants the gift of children. A mutual love without limit and pure light up their lives for peace and harmony pervading the hours of their days and nights. In their work. Angelica was loving and faithful household hardworking manager Edelmiro rooms that gave her class that taught students. But, alas, no joy that lasts a hundred years, in addition to always strip the mountain goat and, it seems that neither Latins nor brushed thoroughly study the primordial Ranger of Edelmiro hair. The cause, it seems, were the constant delays in getting home that prevented spend sunny afternoons in the countryside with his wife and children. Slowly, the warmth of home away: it's time for the distance after the usual constant reproach. The repeated delays became abyss separator. The stubborn persistence in the wrong way to detract Edelmiro took time to share, money from their work to cover services and later as a final stop working, clinging to sit around and point out the treasury, fell into the hands of a greedy Jewish moneylender named Evaristo. Many rebukes he received, everyone. But not so changed.

* * *

At that time Saracen troops reached the gates of the castle with the desire to conquer it. The inhabitants, at first, managed to stop the few leading scimitars, but the hosts to appear on the thickness of the Moorish army, the defenders had to seek refuge in him. It was besieged for six days and the seventh, after bitter skirmishes and the titanic courage of the inhabitants to defend the battlements, Arabic rake penetrated the Arc, he took over, looted and burned haciendas houses haphazardly. Prisoners tried for seven days and either considered them hostage for ransom, or were slaughtered in the sight of people. As in his investigation discovered that the town was a refuge for a large colony of wealthy Jews, and eager to take possession of all his riches and jewels, to the best kept in hidden caches, mercilessly tortured many inmates, now considered irreconcilable enemies both the desire for money sought as prohibited by the religion of the

infidel.

When it was the turn of Evaristo, knowing the deadly hatred that Arabs were always to the Jews, to save himself, confessed that he had entrusted their savings, in good faith, the rich monk Edelmiro and he kept it. The claim of "rich" prodded his greed to Africa but to "friar" he unnerved his fanatical desire for cruelty. Soon the poor earned their woes and lamentations Edelmiro in torture and perjury by swearing that it had no assets. The Moor was good at languages unleash the arts of the shackle, the whip and the wheel was not part of the body to harm and hurt, not gushing blood flowed, but not such a pitiful state in the bolt struck the heart of the Moor piety. But as it found that there was rich, not released without obtaining something useful and came up with a trick play with their status as a monk.

The next day, in the courtyard that separates the entrances to the dungeons, they raised an altar, which was decorated with three crosses. Hung tied them in tiny Golgotha, the bodies of Angelica and Evaristo, with gross torture marks of the whip. Edelmiro dragged one of the dungeons and that led him to stay, noose around his neck, chained his feet and sat on a stool, alone and cold, faced with the crosses. Only a smoky torches lit the room with pitch. He sensed that the cross should be reserved deserted him. Watched closely, with great horror, a red, among coals, which could split into their flesh. For his lie went in droves all he had read and it was said that the Moors horrendous sacrifices performed with Christian prisoners. After suffering the slain yesterday, last night in sailing and spectacle before her eyes, her spirit wavered. It looked dead, with no solution.

Supporter of traps, the head of the Moorish guard rebuked him, frowning stern:

- Evaristo, what do you have to say about the serious charge that the Jew has launched against you?

- It's a crude revenge for the money I borrowed and never recovered, although I return. At present, I am poor, I have no where falling dead.

- Will accept who you are, as you say, desperately poor, as you so solemn vows imposed did. But not lie in front of a cross, saying you're not Christian monk. Just why should I order your death.

Edelmiro thought in a hurry. Why Is the Moor would order his death? Why lie or to be priest? He believed knowledge of Arabic thought: it would make sense that his anger came from being a monk. So he replied:

- I am not a priest, sir, I never will because it is public knowledge that I hung the first habits to marry the sweet woman you have to cross.

- But, Christian, if you are. Is not it true? I am told that often attend lectures in churches and synagogues.

- My feet never have set foot in a synagogue or heard their teachings.

At the end of pronouncing the last syllable, recognized the trap. For a moment he had seen the light that left him in complete darkness. And it was too late. So emphatically denying having attended a Jewish synagogue, implicitly claiming to be Christian and attending their offices. The Moor already have been informed of every step was a Christian and know that regular. His death and his wife were true. She looked frightened eyes pleading to his wife tied to the wood fire and a warm blood ran down his veins as a chill chilled limbs. With so much irreparable misfortune, felt lonely inhabitant of the world, stark naked, helpless. I could not more, but not surrendered. In last effort to save his life, he dared to lie:

- To hell with everything. Tell the truth. Yes, I was a Christian and as you know, I began studies for monk because my mother wanted it that way. I learned Latin, books and prayers, but soon realized that, instead of sanctifying as do others, distanced me over the holy things, without understanding the cause. Scripture says that Christ walks among men, but I never saw him. So, not only stopped believing in what I was taught and read in books, but the Christians I have for bitter enemies and hatred from my heart. No, I'm Christian!

A scream formidable, deep, terrible and heartbreaking Angelica left breast, pierced the air of the room, climbed up the tower and flooded villages and fields of black and evil omens. Then came an indescribable miracle: There was the rumble of thunder followed, like the mighty cry spark had turned into a formidable lightning zigzagging the skies and dumped in the middle of the hill, just the trunk of the sturdy oak, filling the atmosphere of ozone and sulfur, and his shot was so powerful that a pit sunk in the middle the mountain and the river changed course, forming at his feet two colossal failures. The fear ensued and flooded the heart of every living thing and in the magnificent event recognized the hand of God. Scared the Moor by trance so outrageous, that developed and have found mercy for their husbands, dropping to live in peace. But not so did not do justice to the Jewish Evaristo: during the last three days of stay of the Moor, his head looked high pica, as a flag placed in the tower.

A strange disease Edelmiro then takes over and there was not a barber or physician who could discover the cause and reason. He began his evil gnawing the bones of the back and limbs and continued stabbing pains in every muscle and

meat. If during the day spends hours in pure cry, nights full of pain and sailing are a hell. Nothing remedy: neither exotic healing herbs, rare and medicinal potions, even the loving care with which his wife cared for. As were so big his restlessness and pain, his spirit, at last, sick and in such wise, who firmly believed to be dead. Near total insanity, language does not articulate a word and there comes a moment lost consciousness can not discern whether sane or insane, dead or alive. Only after a while came to realize that their efforts not worth anything. Then let your body, life and soul into the hands of the light laxity and destiny, while sending submissive eyes, unresponsive, his wife, apologizing for not having strength to fight: In his utter helplessness, he left everything to the future . They took a moment of rest in a brief glimmer of lucidity lit up and his knees, confessed his sins to his wife, her quiet and happy, gave him a smile full of tenderness and forgiveness. It is unknown whether those tender glances were mixed loving forgiveness or compassion from God himself so much suffering to those that made the change. The fact is that, when left to sort Edelmiro all, when simply abandoned, allowed all to take its course, the mysterious illness, so persistent for so long, he left as suddenly as it had arrived.

Again peace came to that family, returned to peace and tranquility and is set up at home for a time a kingdom of happiness. Again renewed the outputs to the foot of the hill, turned on its end in failure. Edelmiro decided to fill his life of love and companionship of his wife to make her happy. But alas, that any rule in this world is ephemeral and that of happiness we make with our hands to plan the evening never completes when the day.

Just as a simple horseshoe a gentleman lost his kingdom, Edelmiro, for a give and take (white horse, black horse), he lost what he most wanted and loved. He believed that the spines of the noble white horse that was old and could not with the weight of the bodies of their masters. He did not realize that the black horse-block paths and unknown dangers of the mountain and the precious cargo entrusted to him in danger. So when both of were more excited when they returned pleased with the last tour, a dense fog blinded the light transforming it into darkness, hiding the dangers of sidewalk. Unfortunately, the horse stepped on crisp black stone and it broke. The animal stumbled and slid down the slope after them carrying the couple, who fell deep into the abyss. A couple of shepherds who witnessed the event, while offering their care to the victims, a boy sent to the scene with orders to report what happened. Little did they do for Edelmiro, who was battered, with ribs, broken bones and pointless, but less by angels, no trace of any wound, lay dead by hitting his head on a rock fatal.

His remains rest in a ditch facing west, where he grew up and died the sturdy oak, at the end of the path of the sun in the west, to where his gaze on his walks to the edge of the battlements of his beloved castle. Today's must-see for lovers and

curious.

The end of the story is even more gloomy and sinister. The unhappy Edelmiro took months to heal the wounds of his body, but have never managed to heal the soul. He was still in bed with their children sitting on it, when he was informed that Angelica had died (as the doctor had expressly forbidden, given their state), and taken holy ground. The poor had venírsele Edelmiro over the entire universe as a single tear, which will serve as a tiny relief, licked her dry eyes. One month after tragic event took place, marked by an ancient custom, after Mass month, including visits to the tomb. And should this be the last straw that broke the camel of his resistance, as was plunged into depression and madness total relief with brief moments of lucidity. For three days he was out of this world keep shocking experiences. Who wanted to hear, he recounted horrid states, even after death, with cruel visions that made his hearers shudder, especially for three long days and nights suffered: stairs that sink when it supports your feet in them and try to upload : is supported in a vacuum, the strap tied to his wrist, through flesh and bones fell at his feet, the indescribable to have an immaterial body structure supported by a faint luminous thread of wire, four-color, so that to give water to take medicines and concoctions mixed with muscle and bone pierces easily as heavy ball soup, the mother and brothers taunted up faults that does not recognize as their own, and to reject as a dog or not to recognize their own children, mistaking this with Jesus Christ or the one with Lucifer. But above all, of his particular purgatory.

Edelmiro had not had a grim vision, spectral died believing he feels his soul in torment, perhaps purgatory. Here time appears set for a target that crazy wheel turns and turns constantly at high speed and with exact precision. Attached to the end of one of their radios, is his spirit. The rotation of the target is more than fast, furious, and in each of his turns, going for a brand, an accountant and loyal, his spirit suffers pains that never mortal tongue can express. According Edelmiro, suffering increases as the soul neared the mark and has only a slight reprieve when away from it. And he explained that, increasingly the target accelerated to go faster and without pause, fatigue and restlessness grow, so that the soul is no more encouragement than a thousand times desired hope that the terrible ordeal ends in the next round. But the target rolled and rolled without stopping for three days as paper mill wind blown raging storm, did not stop until, in despair, folded and abandoned their resistance and conformed to the will and purposes of God, patient in ultimate act of humility.

The legend ends by pointing out that six months without sleep increased their madness. Later he found some relief in a pearl pink medicine known as Bethlehem, arrived from distant countries and manufacturing expert doctors, which melted by placing them under your tongue. They say they constantly

complain about her unhappy but not allowed to attend the funeral of his wife. For years, he was taking the same path and wander along the fault picking wild flowers to fill a basket that carries with it. In reaching its edge seems to look with longing and hope the silhouette of a loved one, never found. And, leaning over the edge, gives the river its nostalgic flower watered with tears. When asked to where it goes, always replies to the mountain, comfort. But to return, come back to his basket full of old roots of oak leaves or useless.

In this way, one by one they were spending years of loneliness and sadness. Although joy forever fled after his side lost distant echo of the cheerful song of his beloved, remembered and recognized the unfortunate each time he was exposed to losing his life and that God graciously kept it. He said that God had to send an angel with its wings to avoid falling from the heights as a child filled with crazy balances the air from the tower and the transept of the church, an archangel, so that God officiating Neptune him out of the depths of his kingdom, drew him to a quiet beach del Duero so as not to drown, to a new Moses to lead, opening the rampaging waters that did not leave his home ground, not touched a single one of their hair, as in the event of flood. That same God intervened directly in the time of tragedy and assured that all this was a consequence of the constant calls God had directed him to change his life without meaning and that while perceived never stopped to consider it as such, until it reached the inevitable. With sad tone of voice, acknowledging the loving treatment that God had given him and always said that continually praised.

So he spent his last years. Until one day he disappeared and no one Edelmiro seen again. Is it fall or be thrown into the abyss? Would they have eaten or done away wolves birds of prey? No one is sure of anything and continues the mystery of his death or his life, because their bones nobody has found. So, he says that he lives lost and bound Angelica is looking for, this, that what is found peace and that says it has killed since it was found among his papers a sense that is written and its true and last will. The document is a sad swan song crying hurt the absence of his great love with infinite humility expected to recover after his death with the ultimate hope of final resurrection, he really craves, and although expressly states that the destination was direct intervention in their misery, he folds, and in the abovementioned letter begs forgiveness to everyone for the terrible neglect that deprived them of the loving companionship of Angelica.

Everyone agrees on one thing: that she was a saint and that his dwelling is in heaven. It is common belief that, by the power of love she had, when you finish your stay in Purgatory Edelmiro their souls in life so different, now twins meet. And, as always, true love and firm faith moved the highest mountains, then a major earthquake will happen that shook fields, valleys and hills, the river run again for his old bed and failures Fraile sisters and nuns, with great joy of all will

rise and unite becoming hill, identical to the old. At the top will grow another sturdy oak: the shadow of the cup and its branches will be new shelter for future troubles of love.

You can Send It your suggestions to: atalayadeltorojon@gmail.com

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