

Paloma Mensajera
Chilean Stories

©Aurea Catena Editores, 2016 All rights reserved

©Roto Picante, 2016
©Nobody, 2016

ISBN: 978-956-9655-13-5

Cover Design: Iskah de Élelin
Cover image: "La Paloma" (The Dove), Iskah de Élelin

First edition: August 2016

Printed by DIMACOFI

Any form of reproduction (partial or total), distribution, or transformation of this work without the express prior authorisation of the intellectual property rights holder is prohibited.

Paloma Mensajera *Chilean Stories*

**Pedro León
(Roto Picante)**

**Alberto Vergara (Don
Nobody)**



LA FUENTE COLLECTION

D E K A L I O P E

MESSENGER PIGEON

Lonquimay, the boy Alejo, trains his messenger pigeon to take a message to his father, who is in the south.

The messenger pigeon carries the message in its left foot, flying low and watching its journey. Sometimes it sees beautiful places, other times it sees smoke signals, and often it encounters birds of prey that try to attack it, chasing it through the mountains, where it must hide among the rocks and in the holes between the walls.

The next day, the condor appeared and offered to accompany her on her high flight. They got lost and ended up at the Atlantic Ocean.

— "Where are we?" asked the little dove.

– We are in the Andes Mountains," replies the condor, "but we are lost. The good thing is that my wisdom could be useful to us, as I know very well what high-altitude flights are like. The best thing we can do is travel to the Pacific Ocean. So the condor sets off with the little dove, heading for the Pacific Ocean. They decide to follow some channels that will lead them to the ocean, but that is how they get caught in a storm of wind and snow. In the midst of the chaos of this storm, the little dove separates from the condor and tries to find him, but during the flight, the little dove loses the message in the immensity of the mountain. For a moment, the little dove despairs, but decides to look for her friend the condor so that the two of them can search for the message. That is how she finds him at low altitude.

– I've lost the message I was carrying for Alejo's father," says the little dove, very worried. "I dropped it in the mountains. Please help me find it.

– "We'll search until we find it," says the condor.

To search for the message, the little dove and the condor decide to go down into the mountains, looking among the trees and rocks, but they have no luck. Many hours pass, but the little dove and the condor cannot find the message.

– Little dove, we can't find the message, and it's time to eat.

– said the condor. I know some trees nearby with

There are lots of pine nuts here, we could go and eat, and then come back to look for the message.

— You're right, condor, if we don't eat, we won't be able to search for the message properly. Let's eat," said the pigeon. "Then we'll rest, as it's getting late. We should sleep and search for the message tomorrow in the sunlight.

So the little dove and the condor decide to go and eat pine nuts to replenish their energy; then they find a cosy tree where they rest for a while, waiting for the next day to arrive.

Early in the morning, with the first rays of sunshine, the little dove and the condor resume their task of searching for the message.

— There are very few of us, perhaps if we get some help we could find the message faster, says the dove to the condor. In the distance, the little dove sees a gathering of seven animals: a huemul, a wild boar, a puma, a fox, a goat, a sheep and a llama.

The little dove asks aloud if they have seen a very small piece of paper, rolled up with a ribbon, and says to them, very anxiously and eagerly, "Have you found the message I was carrying for Alejo?

The fox stands in the middle of the gathering and shows the message, asking if that is what the little dove was looking for. The little dove, very happy, flies to where the fox is and hugs him, crying.

The fox tells her that he will deliver the message, but only if she helps him find his mother, Mrs Fox, because he hasn't seen her for a long time. The little dove decides to help him, showing her nobility; besides, it was the fox who had found the message.

– I have a lot of travelling to do, and perhaps on that journey I will meet your mother. If I see her, I will tell her how worried you are and ask her to come and see you, the little dove promises.

– Thank you very much, I hope to see her soon, says the fox, who gives the message to the little dove.

The little dove takes flight again alongside the condor.

– This is as far as I can help you, little one. These are my lands, this is where my family is, and I always want to look after them. If you continue flying further, I won't be able to accompany you, says the condor.

– Thank you very much, condor, you are very generous, you have helped me a lot, but I have to continue my journey. I must deliver this message to Alejo's father, and I also have to find the fox's mother, says the little dove gratefully, hugging the condor with her tiny wings, and they say goodbye.

The little dove continues its journey, arriving near the Calle Calle River, where it encounters a black-necked swan carrying four cygnets on its back. They seem very happy with their father; one is very still, while the others are a bit mischievous, but all are very content. The little dove asks if he has seen Alejo's father.

– "I saw him a while ago. He was working at the pier. He was a tour guide," said the swan.

– "Thank you, Mr. Swan. I'll go look for him right away," smiled the little dove, seeing this happy family.

– "Wait a minute, little dove," interrupted the Swan, "he's not here anymore. Alejo's father has gone north.

The little dove quickly said goodbye to the Swan and happily began her journey north, but there was a problem: in her immense happiness, she forgot that she did not know the area, and so she got lost shortly after setting off.

The little dove arrives at a huge gulf, where strong winds blow her off course, carrying her to the Pacific Ocean, where she meets a whale.

– "What are you doing, little dove?" asks the whale.

– I'm looking for Alejo's father, said the little dove, shivering with cold.

– "I can help you if you want," replied the whale. "Sit on my highest fin so you can rest." The little dove said, "What's wrong with you? You're so slimy..." "I feel sick and I need to rest," she replied.

Guided from above, she could see and took her to the nearest cove. They arrived at the cove and found a disaster. The inhabitants were very sad, discouraged, and very disheartened, and she couldn't understand why. Suddenly, she saw the seal lady and flew away.

He slowly approaches and asks, "What is happening here? Everyone seems strange, different from other areas. As you may have noticed, there is a large black stain in the sea, many fish and birds are sick, and many others are dying in the sea. The fishermen still do not know how to solve this problem, they have no food and poverty is rampant. Now feeling more confident, he dares to ask if he has seen Alejo's father in this place.

– He was here seven months ago, said the seal.

– Eureka! We need more people like that around here. The seal jumps for joy and starts telling us that Alejo's father, as he called himself, had brilliant ideas. He told us that we had to attract tourists to this place, and she quickly goes off to talk to a local interpreter.

The fishermen immediately had to start cleaning up and, with all their strength and energy, work together to rebuild this beautiful place.

They arrived from all over with lorries and boats, strange but fabulous machines, scientists, divers, with pumps to extract the oil, and they carried out many tests and examinations on the sea.

After a month, they were still very tired, but their spirits were higher because of the progress they had made. Radio and television promoted this beautiful, clean, charming, lovely, fascinating and wonderful place, and many tourists were already on their way.

The little dove then said to herself, "I must resume my task," and continued flying at low altitude until she reached a peasant woman who was milking a cow. The little dove asked her if she had seen Alejo's father, to which she replied that she did not know him. The peasant woman invited the little dove to stay with her for a while so that it could rest and feed. She then took it to the dovecote, where it stayed with the other doves, who welcomed it warmly and suggested holding a meeting with about 70 pigeons and doves.

They begin inviting all the pigeons in the area, and on the seventh day they all gather and the meeting begins with the presentation of the messenger pigeon. The pigeon tells them that it has a message for Alejo's father, and all the pigeons offer to help. Soon they set off to search for him, spreading the news to the south and north.

An older pigeon accompanies her south. The little pigeon and the older pigeon reach some ice floes and encounter a penguin incubating an egg.

The little pigeon asks if he has seen Alejo's father, to which the little penguin replies that many tourist boats pass by there, and he was guiding the tourists, who were heading north.

Further on, they found the penguin, who told them that she had seen them on a cargo ship as crew members. Among the ice floes

they find a swallow flying where the cargo ship was going. The swallow was heading north, beginning its journey north in a low flight.

The three arrive at an island at the house of the Chilote lady. She invites them to stay in the henhouse.

– "Little messenger pigeon, what are you doing here?" asked the Chilote lady in the morning.

– I'm looking for love, as the song says, and I have to deliver this written message to Alejo's father, as well as another message, only this one is verbal. I must tell the fox's mother that he misses her and ask her to please go visit him, replied the little dove.

– "May I ask who this mysterious love is?" asked the lady.

– Only the trauco knows. He told me he was around here.

– They say that the trauco is very wise," said the Chilote woman, "but he is invisible, charming and irresistible.

The little dove goes to the seashore and cries out seven times, 'Trauco'.

– Trauco, trauco, trauco, trauco, trauco, trauco, trauco – He tells her he is here in a dovecote.

The lady from Chiloé invited her to stay until Sunday, because there would be a minga with curanto and lots of mudai, and there is a dovecote in the church.

In that dovecote, she meets a very industrious and romantic little pigeon who invites her to fly to the nearby villages; there they meet a white crow and ask him about Alejo's father. The crow tells them that he went north, was with a vixen, and she stayed behind, near that hill, he pointed out.

The young pigeon continues with her friend, the young pigeon, drawing many pirouettes in the air, and seeing her so happy, he asks her to be his girlfriend. The young pigeon says, "I like you," when suddenly she sees the fox's mother and sings her the message. Happy, the fox sets off on her way, wanting to end the wait for her son.

The two walk along and arrive at the stilt houses in that place.

The little pigeon invites her to eat crumbs at the Caleuche, where they are given out for free. There, in that place, you have to endure hunger and satisfy your appetite. They gather some food and continue on their way. On the way, they give some crumbs to a sad pigeon in its loft.

- We will meet up with other pigeons and doves coming from other villages, and we will ask them if they have seen Alejo's father.
- I am happy to be with you, and also to meet these pigeons here at the Caleuche.

Seven pigeons gather to eat crumbs with their children, the little pigeons who are always playing, jumping and hopping around everywhere.

The little pigeon asks for their attention to ask them about Alejo's father.

– It will be very difficult to find him, because many inhabitants and pigeons have been killed here, and they do not know them.

He always dresses in white and his name is Lautaro, but they call him Don Lauta. No one has seen him.

They fly off to the Chilote woman's house, because today they are celebrating the minga. While they are celebrating, the dove takes flight northwards through the mountains. Birds of prey come after her, wanting to attack her and steal the message she is carrying in her left foot. She hides for a few days in some of the local inhabitants' huts.

The inhabitants also quarrel among themselves, because they are facing invaders who want to take their land away from them, and the women work and work on the tasks of the hut and the fields as well.

The dove emerges from the smoke and flies north, hoping to find Alejo's father. Many mule drivers pass through that area with their animals, and the little dove asks them about Alejo's father. "I haven't seen him, little dove. If you want, I can help you look for him in a village seven leagues away." The little dove travelled on the back of the donkey, who asked her how Alejo lost his father.

– He lost his father in the war. He ran away, and no one knows where he went.

They arrive in Chol Chol, where the little dove begins to ask about Alejo's father. Everyone knows him and says he is a father.

He is very good and also good to the community. The mule driver asks the little dove, "Are you staying or shall we continue? Because I have to deliver these animals so they can be shipped north." The little dove says, "I'm going with you, mule driver."

At the next port, there is a fishing cove where many seagulls gather, and she asks them about Alejo's father. A seagull tells her that they do not know him and offers to accompany the little dove. They begin to search the coves for him, visiting many coves along the seashore. They arrive at an island where there are some rock monuments, standing on one of them with the seagull on the shore. There is a gathering of six fish: a conger eel, a sea bass, a hake, a salmon, a horse mackerel, a sawfish and a guest lobster.

The little dove flies towards them and asks if they have seen Alejo's father. The assembly of fish agrees to go and help the little messenger dove. The little dove thanks them and leaves with the seagull to explore the island. On their way, they meet the inhabitants, who are scantily clad, and ask them what brings them to this place. They reply that they are looking for Alejo's father. The men tell them that the only ones who can tell them are the moai, who are always investigating what happens on this island.

They go to talk to the moai, and the little pigeon asks them, "Do you know anything about Alejo's father?" One moai replies that he is a crew member on a merchant ship.

The seagull thanks them and says to the little dove, "Let's get out of here," and they fly off to the mainland, arriving in Coquimbo. They rest on the deck of pirate Sharp's galleon, who says to them, "What are you doing on my ship? I don't allow anyone here. Leave. Leave before I eat you." Very frightened, they fly away and go to explore the town. During their wanderings, they find the Third Millennium Cross, which is very large. They compete and fly up to the top, where they can see the whole city and its neighbourhoods. They climb down because they can find Alejo's father. They arrive at a church because there are always many pigeons there and they can sleep there that night.

The next day, they walk through the streets. In a square called Plaza San Alberto Hurtado, many people have gathered. La Palomita and La Gaviota begin to ask them if they have seen Alejo's father, when suddenly a boy and a girl say they saw him in a truck, selling goat cheese in the neighbourhoods. The two run through the streets looking for him. There they find Mrs. Juanita, who makes bread, and ask her about him. She tells them that he was there a little while ago and sold her seven goat cheeses. She asks them if they are hungry, and they both answer, "Yes, yes, we are hungry." Mrs Juanita replies, "I sent him to my friend Chuna, he has a shop and sells a lot of cheese." They head there to catch up with him and ask Don Chima about him.

Alejo's father replies, "He was here a little while ago, sold me seven cheeses, and then left for the island of Chañaral.

They set off on their flight across the high seas. The seagull says to the little dove, "This island is seventy miles away. You're going to get tired. Climb on my back. I'm used to making these flights."

They arrive on the island of Chañaral and set off on foot, exploring the island and following a path that leads to a house, where they ask a girl if she has seen Alejo's father. The girl tells them that she does not know him, but that perhaps his father knows him, as he is out collecting guano to sell. The father arrives and asks what this pigeon and seagull are doing here. The little pigeon says, 'Sir, I'm looking for Alejo's father to give him a message I have.' Mr Neftalí tells her that he left the island yesterday.

The dove and the seagull take flight towards the continent, which lies seventy miles away. The seagull says to the dove, "Climb onto my back again so we can go faster." They have flown day and night without stopping. They reach the banks of the Huasco River and begin to walk, coming across a huge olive grove.

Among the olive trees, they find a swallow. The little dove says, "Hello, little swallow, we are looking for Alejo's father." The swallow asks, "Who is Alejo, the mestizo?" The dove replies, "He is the one who betrayed his people in the Arauco War. He gave me a message to deliver to his father." The

swallow asks, "Is he the one selling goat cheese?" "Yesterday he drove by with a truck full of cheese," adding, "I know the Huasco River, I'll go with you," and the three of them walk off towards the mountains. Seven leagues away, they find some workers harvesting olives and ask them what they are looking for in the area. The little girl replies, "We are looking for Alejo's father, who sells cheese around here." One of the workers, Ian, tells them that yesterday he passed by in a truck with cheese, heading for the village of Potrerillos.

The three of them set off for Potrerillos, but the seagull injured its wing, so they had to walk. It took them seven days to reach Potrerillos. There were few shops, and they began to ask about the cheese seller. They were told that he had been there recently. Mrs Fresia told them that the cheese seller was her friend Andalicio. The three looked at each other, and the swallow said that no one here knew Alejo's father. The seagull said, "Let's go to the port of Caldera, where many merchant ships arrive. Alejo's father might be there."

They fly away and arrive at Caldera, landing on the deck of the Caleuche and beginning to talk with the crew. The swallow talks with the captain because he has travelled many seas. The captain tells them that he knew Lauta, who is

the father of the mestizo Alejo and rescued him from the shipwreck of the Angamos, but he has not seen him for seven months.

The three of them get together and agree to go and see the flowering desert. They fly high and enter the desert. After flying for so long, they are caught in a sandstorm, so big that they cannot see each other and they fall from exhaustion.

They manage to take shelter among some large rocks. The storm lasts seven days, and they are thirsty and hungry. That day, they head for Tierra Amarilla and begin to ask about Don Lautaro, Alejo's father. None of the inhabitants know him. The dove, the swallow, and the seagull leave Tierra Amarilla and arrive at Quebrada del Salado. They begin to ask about the goat cheese seller, who now sells his wares from a basket, and are told that he has gone to Caleta el Barquito. They arrive at Caleta and begin to ask the fishermen. Don Juancho tells them that he has gone to Mejillones. In Mejillones, they begin to ask if anyone has seen Don Lautaro, Alejo's father. The inhabitants tell them that they are waiting for him. The three stay there for several days and meet three torditos who invite them to the tamarugal forest to listen to the songs of the diucas, where the thrushes and loicas also sing. Several days pass in all this.

The dove, the swallow and the seagull bid farewell to their lovers and headed for the tamarugal pampas, entering through the Port

of Tal Tal. They are walking when three police officers appear and give them the order: "Stop right there!" the officer says. "You are under arrest for being vagrant birds." The second officer tells them they are lice-ridden birds, and the third police officer says, "You are birds of prey who go around doing harm, and you are looking for Lauta, the cheese seller."

They spend seven days in prison, thirsty and hungry, then they are taken to court. The town magistrate. The prosecutor accuses them of being vagrant, lice-ridden birds of prey. The magistrate declares them innocent and of public benefit and sets them free as harmless. The whole town cheers them on.

The three of them go to a village where a big religious festival is being held, attracting many people who come to camp and pay homage to Our Lady of Carmen de la Tirana. They sleep in the church's dovecote, from where they watch as crowds of people and vendors arrive, and rumours spread that Lautaro is among the thousands gathered there.

The three split up in different directions, searching for Alejo's father. The swallow finds him next to a large tamarugo tree, goes to find the messenger pigeon, and finds the seagull. She tells them, "I found Don Lauta!" The seagull replies

"Is that true?" The swallow says yes, pointing to a tall tamarugo tree next to the black woman who is praying. "Let's go find her."

– They hug her, there is Don Lauta, the three of them head towards the largest tamarugo tree.

The dove perches on Don Lautaro's shoulder and whispers in his ear that this is a message sent by his son. With joy, the message and mission are accomplished. She tells Don Lauta about her journey, and Don Lauta reads the message to the dove, in which Alejo asks his father for forgiveness for betraying his people. Don Lauta tells the messenger pigeon to tell him that it is gentlemanly to forgive, and that it is necessary to repair the damage done to the people with good deeds.

The very happy dove flies through the sky and tells everyone everywhere that there are always alternatives in life and that it is necessary to compensate with noble and simple acts to improve life.

CHILEAN STORIES

DEPRESSION

Roberto, a carpenter, is overcome by unemployment syndrome. He sees everything as bleak, with an uncertain, negative future and no way out. His self-esteem has plummeted to the depths of his existence. He does not want any more struggles with misfortune, but his determination as a worker, to fall into the immensity of despair, keeps him from doing so.

He leaves the confines of his home to breathe the fresh air of the street. But the city is dark, with no visible life, uneven streets, collapsed buildings, closed shops, buses with cans hanging from them, flat tyres rolling backwards, abnormal.

The most terrible thing is that there are no children playing, bringing life to the streets. A dog with a saw on its back, a cat with a hammer hanging from its tail, a goldfinch pushing a wheelbarrow, a lion eating corn.

What's going on? Roberto wonders, I don't think it's because I'm out of work that everything is upside down.

It's true, Roberto, when you're unemployed, nothing works, everything is against us.

Therefore, I sympathise with your low mood, which is similar to mine, says his partner.

"SECURITY"

It happened on 30 April 2014. The police officer, stationed on the corner of

Santa Rosa and Alameda, watched with concern the behaviour of a nervous man who was looking around, as if afraid that someone would catch him in the act, crossing Alameda several times. The police officer counted 14 times this insane behaviour. To avoid greater harm, he requested the presence of his superior.

Lieutenant, look at that guy, he has crossed Alameda 15 times, from Santa Rosa to Mac-Iver and back again.

But Corporal, I don't see any problem with that. Answer me.

What if he's planning a bank robbery? Think about it.

You're right, Corporal, let's arrest him.

Arrested and interrogated, the repeat offender answers on the way. But, my General, tomorrow is May Day, and two million workers will be marching down the Alameda.

there will be two million workers marching, so I'll take advantage of crossing today.

Don't you see, Corporal, this is a cautious man.

Then, Lieutenant, let's help him.

The three of them leave, hand in hand, singing,
Mandandirundirundan...

YES, IT WILL BE—

— Good morning, miss

— Good morning, sir. How can I help you?

— I'm here to return this mobile phone that I found in my seat...

— But, grandad, we don't sell that type of mobile phone here and we don't know who it belongs to—

— That's what I'd like to know, so I can return it to the idiot who lost it.

"Sir, let's do this: take it with you, and when they call, you'll find out who it belongs to, okay?"

Eureka! I'll do that. Goodbye, sweetheart. (He leaves.) He arrives home, and his wife scolds him.

— Where have you been, dear? Where you left your phone. I haven't been able to call you

Your bedroom.

THE DRUNKARD

She smiled, even as blood covered her face.

You won't get away with this, thought Julin, and he went back on the attack, saying: Goodbye, my sweet little girl, I'd eat you up with chips. The three-piece wardrobe spun on its heels and threw a direct "hook" at the "come mote", knocking him flat on his face in the middle of Mapocho Street with Patricio Linch, year 48, in Quinta Normal. Julin, with his backside exposed, also received powerful kicks from the lady's pointed shoes. He tried to get up, but received a heavy blow to the back that sent him back to the ground. When he looked up, he saw a huge mass.

He stood up, but his balance fled to the side of the "priest guillas", disappearing into the distance. With his bones aching and his flesh throbbing, he felt himself being grabbed by the armpits. Suspended like a sheet hanging from a string, he heard something like this.

"Damn drunkard," said the three-piece wardrobe, "don't you realise I'm your wife?"

UNKNOWN

Fear is a living thing," says the dying man.

How can you say such nonsense, you fool, handing out the shells
and calling them fish heads?

Says Eugenia, his wife.

I went through that stage, now I wait to be welcomed into heaven,
while I linger on the brink of death.

Fear prowls like a policeman, the dusty street, the stones of fear,
hidden underground.

The dogs' barks can be heard, fearful, hiding curled up with their tails
between their legs.

Eugenia is afraid that when her husband dies, they will take her house
away from her. She struggles to avoid ending up on the street.

Her children are terrified of being orphaned.

Fear takes hold of the neighbours, lest the dead man die before they
can prepare the wake.

Buying flowers, waiting for the money from the collections, they fear
that the 'bad ducks', the beggars, will attack them.

The two dogs are nervous at the foot of the bed, sensing that their
master is leaving.

It's incredible, but true, that animals feel more than humans, says
Maria.

I think what we fear most is the unknown. Adds Juanita.

DEMAND

Shouts that are shrill, violent, intelligible, scandalous, terrible, cruel, are heard in the house of the Pérez-Jorquera couple.

The noise attracts the neighbours from the block, and everyone comments on the possible turn of events.

A man rushes out of the house, covering his face with his hat.

Once again, the brother insults their neighbour Raquel, says Alejandra, Raquel's friend.

Since their mother died, they have been fighting over ownership of the house, says

Carmen, a neighbour close to the events.

Unsteadily, Raquel leaves the house and hugs Alejandra. Raquel, with teary eyes, stutters, walks with uncertain steps, covers her face with obvious marks from punches, the pain is visible in her eyes, her arms are bruised, her throat can barely speak, her gestures are tired, she looks from one neighbour to another.

She says: Now I'm going to sue my brother for mistreatment and abuse. Raquel's friends accompany her to the police station to file the complaint.

RESISTANCE

As a construction worker With my
hammer, I strike Energetically the
flat head
And defenceless head of that nail
Which, with its sharp, pointed tip
Penetrates that board, which, with
Its knots at the ready Vomiting
cellulose, rebels,
resists, refusing to be part of the
coffin, where
the putrid remains of the thief and murderer Pinochet.

READING FROM THE BOOK

... "and the money flowed."

Author: Guillermo Atías.

Edition: 50,000 copies in 1972. Publisher:
"Quimantú"

Dedicated to textile workers.

The novel takes place between Wednesday and Friday night. The main characters are:

Yellow worker: Mario Caro Trade union representative.

Saboteurs: Don German (liaison with the boss). Business owner: Don Miguel, textile magnate.

Miguel and German use yellow workers to destabilise production. Mario Caro must answer to the representative to obtain information from the union.

The novel unfolds through monologues.

As for words and their meaning, there is no problem, except for those used by the lumpen, many of which are repeated throughout the novel.

Pijerio – Thief from the upper class

Cartuchona – Pretends to be

innocent Patín – Prostitute

Chora – Childish, daring Choriflaj

– Acting superior Futre –

Exploitative boss Cahuín –

Entanglements

Pertusa – Orgy Mocha –

Fight

Fulera – Fake

Contumelia – Beating

Estrila – Complaint Jeta

– Bulging mouth

Hilacha – Defects

Crestón – Big crook

THE CRY OF LIFE

—Good morning, daughter. How are you this morning?—The cheerful, sweet voice startles Doris.

"Good morning, Mum, I'm fine."

—Doris sits up in bed and kisses María affectionately, her lips serene, knowing she is loved.—

"Javier came yesterday to ask about you."

Her pale voice matches her weak spirit.

"Doris," says the doctor, "you'll be fine soon."

Maria says cheerfully, running her hands through Doris's blonde hair.

"But Mum, don't worry, we all know that everyone who is ill will get better. I don't see anything serious in my case."

Her convincing, calm manner reassures her mother.

"Remember, yesterday was your work anniversary, and they missed you at the party."

"That's how it is, they forget about my permission."

"Hahahaha, it's obvious they love you, daughter."

A tear appears curiously in María's eyes.

—I'm going to see if your sister has arrived.—

He leaves the room and closes the door. Suddenly, he hears a painful moan and returns to the room, frightened.

"Mum, the cry of life comes from my womb."

"And it's as beautiful as when you were born."

They embrace each other joyfully.

"The girl will be named María Doris," both mothers exclaim.

THE RUSH

Felipe leaves his house in a hurry, afraid of being late for university. He goes back to close the front door.

With his shirt untucked, his tie tied around his head, his jacket crooked and wrinkled, and his mismatched shoes without laces, he limps in pain and makes hideous faces. He quickly gets on the bus without looking at the sign and asks the driver,

"Where is the bus going?" he asks the driver.

"I have no idea, young man, read the sign."

"Dear sir, I would have to stop the vehicle,"

"Impossible! 'La galla' would remember my mother." He shakes his head angrily.

Felipe counts out the fare in £10 coins. His hands are sweating with nerves.

"Here, this is for the fare."

—On top of that, he pays me with £10 coins.— I throw these to the chickens.— Enraged, red with anger.

Putting his words into action, he opens the side window and throws the coins into the street.

The violent noise of the coins hitting the ground, groaning yellow with pain, wakes Felipe.

Confused, he looks at the calendar and realises it's Sunday. He looks in the mirror and sees the driver, but as it's not him, he goes back to sleep.

JOSELITO

In reality, my neighbour José has black hair and a four-inch nail-like fringe. He wears beach trousers with colourful marine motifs. His gestures are confident, sure of where he is going, his carnival-like face exuding brazenness.

"Good afternoon, everyone."

He claps his hands boisterously, breaking the silence.

The neighbours greet him with smiles; they like him because he knows how to tell good lies. Whatever Joselito says is as false as a three-storey mare, but he tells them so smoothly that they seem true. Clearing his throat, he says, "I was coming back from drinking a glass of wine when a dog came running by, barking like a freshly castrated pig, followed by a croaking toad.

'Go back to my toad, you filth-hungry, skinny son of a bitch.' I was doing little ballet jumps.

On top of the wolfish dog is a cat in heat, meowing.

"Give me back the mouse you took from my snout, you crafty francolin."

The dog growled nastily. "I can't, my wife gave birth to three puppies, I have to bring her food."

José, happy to tell his jokes, thought everyone believed him. Mrs. Juanita, with her grey hair, moves her three-wardrobe skeleton and retorts to José, her features red with anger, she said.

"Hey Joselillo! What you're saying is the stupidest thing I've ever heard. Stop lying, you little brat. I'd rather watch the lies on TV."

José kicked the ground in anger, his face contorted into a mocking grimace. His fanaticism was so intense that his hair fell to the ground in clumps, leaving him bald.

THE JAY CATWALK

"Come on in, ladies and gentlemen! To the parade of beautiful girls showing off the season's magnificent clothing." A mellifluous voice, skinny, pure cemetery bones. A gangly, cynical, and hypocritical individual, a worthy example of these events.

—We see model Fabiola, wearing a Canadian mink coat and a short dress that shows off her assets.—

The young woman walks like an automaton, her gaze fixed on an empty point, devoid of emotion.

Discreet applause, the audience wants more, twelve more young women parade down the runway. The sensuality increases, the clothes become fewer and fewer.

The model from the US is applauded wildly, hands swell with the effort, the madness unleashed endangers the venue, which wobbles on its ethereal cotton foundations.

How can one not applaud loudly when, without her clothes, it is her naked skin, showing her blonde sex, freshly dyed carrot colour. Someone from behind shouts, "Shameless!".

UNDERSTANDING

"Berta, pass me the hammer and some nails."

Jacinto, up on the roof, tries to fix the loose zinc sheets.

"When are you going to get the hammer?" Jacinto insists.

"Wait, I'll go to the neighbour's, I lent him the hammer," says Berta, frightened by Jacinto's angry voice.

Jacinto comes down from the roof, irritated, furious.

"How many times have I told you not to lend out the tools? If we keep this up, we'll be left with our arms crossed and I won't be able to work."

"Where's the saw?"

"Our son-in-law has it," Berta replies.

Jacinto's anger erupts like a winter storm, with thunderous fury, panting like a rabid dog.

—So, you've lent money, the wallet, the level, and other "trifles." If we continue like this, we'll be ruined.—

Berta takes the heat. She never thought they would be poorer, being good people.

"Look, Berta, we're not a charity. We can't keep supporting neighbours, sons-in-law and all our relatives. You have to realise that at our age, no one is going to help us."

"I'm sorry, Jacinto, it just hurts not to help."

—Berta, remember when we started our marriage, no one was able to throw us a crumb of bread. We fended for ourselves in the puzzle of life.—

Berta, distraught, dries her tears with the apron she wears in the kitchen.

"What shall we do now, Jacinto?"

"In my opinion, we have to retrieve the tools, atrochimoche, because if the zinc sheets fly away today and it rains, we'll be left with nothing."

"I'm going to look for them right away, Jacinto," exclaims his wife.

"Berta, don't go. I'd rather some furniture get wet than you catch a cold."

"If I get wet, it's the punishment I deserve for not consulting you."

—We will be blinded by helping people who will try to keep asking for things without making any effort to escape their uselessness and live off others,—

Jacinto and Berta embrace each other.

HYPOCRISY

Humanity died. She
was so good, say the
Martians. She gave us
everything she had.
Earth above
Earth below
No one remembers her anymore
Not even the Martians.

FATAL DESTINY

Good morning, how is the patient? Asks the doctor. I am his sister, what is my brother suffering from?

He has a cyst in his right lung. We are giving him intravenous penicillin, which is frustrating, given that we are in 1952 and there are no better remedies.

Lucio Córdova Hospital, Doctor.

The lady wears poor clothes, which she covers with a homemade apron. Sign this document to transfer your brother to another hospital that has better medicine.

When should I return, Doctor?

Come back tomorrow to find out where he is being taken.

The lady returns the next day, heading to the new facility, where the front reads

I,M,I, Morgue.

She cries...

COMMUNICATION

I write. So that some words are not carried away by the wind. It is how I communicate with others; I am one of them. It would be illogical and senseless to write about nothing. My brain is grateful not to be isolated from my hard-working hands. That pencil in Ristre helps me develop friendships with people. My pen runs like a runaway horse. Across the spacious lines of my notebook, before which it becomes immense, it is difficult to cover it with flowers, trees, little houses, gardens and dreams.

THE WINDOW WITH BARS

The window is so high that only the clouds moving in the sky can be seen.

How to take one that Cecilia thought would caress my face with its fluffy cotton and intoxicate her with its colour and softness as she thought of her beloved.

She tried a table, a chair to climb up and reach that high window so she could see the colours and her people, but she couldn't. Seven years confined, condemned for giving the judge a dirty look.

They have forgotten me, the one who cares about me. They deny my husband family visits, just like my son and mother, Cecilia mused. Suddenly, she learned from other inmates that the elderly judge who had sentenced her had died.

Her solicitor managed to get her out of the unjust prison and she returned to her old life, among her own people.

The only thing she took with her from the cell was a piece of pink cloud.

PIROPERO

—I saw her pass by, indifferent, I looked at her, her features, not very graceful.

But she wobbles when she walks. Oops! The way she does it drives me crazy, I suffer.

But she has two beautiful, even, agile, provocative legs, as if saying, 'Look at me, follow me'.

Lance, one of my best compliments.

I wish I were a shoe to caress such beautiful legs, I mean. There go the legs, he said.

My bum still hurts.

MY GUIDE

Nibaldo Martinez, my sixth-grade teacher at School 107, meeting in Sierra Bella with Berna today (painter Sicareli).
A man of great wisdom, beyond the university of life.
He has an athletic physique, his hair slicked back with gel, strands of silver peeking out from his sideburns. Square chin, thick lips, light eyes, kind gaze.
The curious thing is that when he spoke a word, he turned it into movement, using his whole agile body.
He taught me how to face my life as a proletarian.
Life is not just numbers and dates, it is also needs that must be met. He told me, and that is how I understood it.
Sometimes he would sit among the students to eat beans from the school.
His neatness was reflected in his clothing, his polished shoes looked like two walking suns.
When the noise in the room became too much, he would say, 'Gentlemen, silence, if you please.
When he arrived at his workplace, he brought a briefcase, erasing our tasks brought from home.
Let's see the notes.
Red, a 7
White 7
Brown 7
Galileo got a 7 from me. Monachita got a 5 for being annoying.
Suarez 5
Pacheco a 7
Muñoz a 6 and Agüero a 6.
Don't forget, young people, to use full stops, commas, question marks and exclamation marks correctly. Their light steps don't bother anyone.

Solidarity to the point of pain. At break time, he didn't play football with rag balls.

He played goalkeeper, and out of respect, no one scored on him.

Skilled at teaching, we all learned. Make good use of his lessons.

I still see him in my memories. With his nimble hands, he points to our future.

His style projected the image of a primary school teacher. He never complained about being a working-class teacher.

Although I will never be a teacher, his example guides me.

ETERNAL CONDEMNATION

We survive in a sea of iniquity and unjust Roman Catholic civilisation that worships the golden calf of stupid and irrational neoliberal consumerism.

A society that maintains and applies the longest condemnation in universal history.

Two thousand and sixteen years crucifying Christ.

And continuing to cause harm for centuries to come.

If the Lord's body were among us, we would have it hidden away in the foul-smelling dungeons of exclusion, in neglect and painful misery.

No more of this hysteria that makes you so ugly.

How long will we Christians continue to be so evil?

THE DEAD

The compadres, Anterio, of sturdy build and cheerful disposition, and Sapiro, of trembling physique and prissy character, both from the contru-cesantes.

Both are hustlers, willing to do whatever it takes to bring home the bacon, as they had little education. From the town of San Rafael de la Pintana, they go out to look for work in various places. They went to the company "Las Siete Casas Impeque," but they no longer make them, so they were turned away.

Things did not go well for them at the stone factory, as they threw concrete mixers and stones at the police.

On one of his adventures, Sapiro saw a hole in the road. He went in and came out on the other side of an empty grave where there was a lot of clothing. He thought that the dead man had forgotten to take it with him when he left. On Sunday, they sold those clothes at the market. Now everyone is dressed up, and the police are on high alert, with the constant robberies, they think... but since there are no reports, "Tanquilein".

But what happened to the dead man, bored with his loneliness, he changed graves and went home.

These chaps made a killing with the sales when they covered the clothing market.

They enlarged the hole, drying coffins and selling them at the fair for twenty quid. They also rent them out for forty-eight hours with a refund if the dead man is not returned.

They made so much money that they rented a truck with a trailer and a 200-square-metre warehouse.

They were so successful that they bought a cemetery, creating a monopolistic industrial complex with no competition. Now the cemetery and the warehouse are called Los Muerteros.

THE CARELESS BRAIN

Once upon a time, there was a brain with Alzheimer's disease. Due to the usual things in life, most people have their electricity cut off, and this gentleman also suffered the same misfortune, leaving him in the dark.

So he went to pay the bill, otherwise how could he light up the light bulbs of his ideas?

As he walked along, thinking about bills, he realised he was not on the right street. Despite using his electrical and cellular powers, he could not figure out which street he was on and began to despair, but luckily, a block away, he spotted Mr Cerebellum. "Hey, Mr Cerebellum! Look, I'm a bit lost on my way to pay the electricity bill. Could you tell me where it is?"

Mr Cerebelo, who is always moving his hands because he has to deal with the glandula and pituitary hormones every day of his life, told him to go down this vein and turn at the celiac bone with the corner of the middle rib, and there you will find the office you are looking for. Thank you, Mr Cerebellum, but don't work so hard or you'll get sick. The brain continued on its way, but with such bad luck that it tripped on the middle rib and fell flat on its face, falling into the lagoon called 'Bladder' (it was full of water) and went rowing in its hat down the river called 'Urethra'.

THE IMAGINARY PATIENT

Lately I have been feeling very ill, I have not been able to figure out the cause, or perhaps it is my imagination, which haunts me day and night. I dream about the pain, which is sometimes unbearable, and I cannot sleep.

What could it be?

But I'd better go to the doctor. And what a day.

Although the surgery, the town and the community are extremely poor, it is always clean.

It is tidy, and its staff are ready to face the daily battle for public health.

They strive with the few resources they have. Miss Francisca Mella stands out, not to detract from anyone else.

Her anatomical measurements, 1.70 metres tall, 92-58-90, speak of her goodness, ripe wheat resting on her hair.

But what is most striking are her lips, full and moist, making one want to make a potion with them.

How to reach them is my sickening musing.

He takes my pulse, although it is normal, suddenly it speeds up, he tells me, next to her, my pulse quickens and something else. I lie down on the stretcher, I put on my act, I start breathing, every ten minutes. This gentleman needs mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, says Miss María de los Ángeles, to give him more colour. He was breathing every 11–13–15 minutes, and he was closing his eyes.

I felt the old man's lips, but it was Miss María, so it wasn't so bad.

Francisca Mella, the beautiful one, was kissing the doctor.

In a fit of rage, I threw myself off the stretcher.

DON NOBODY

Nobody in this world can force you. Not even
the tyrant, traitor, murderer, and thief.
Not the fat, money-grubbing boss. Not
the ideas harassed by television. Not the
mouth plastered with silence.
Nor the back bent by exploitation. Nor the
generous lungs and silicosis. Nor your
eternal hunger.
Not your navel, encrusted and dragged along.
Nor the empty shoes of playful balls. Nor the
armed cowardice of traitorous generals. Nor
your family demanding truth and justice.
Not the greed surrounded by banks.
Not generous friends.
Not your beautiful
children. Not the
shepherd pope.
Not God himself.
Not the empty pockets and bare
hands. Not the hard-working
hands. Not even Satan himself.
Not the terror of unemployment.
If you are a nobody, no one can force you against your will to
defend your rights. Wake up, reveal yourself and fight!

LINDA DARNELL

Prologue

Year 55, last century. I worked at Pel-mex, combining films in different cinemas in Santiago.

They summoned me to the head office.

I am greeted by the manager, Linda Darnell.

What is your name? – she asks immediately.

– Juan Pasten, miss.

– I reply humbly.

– How old are you? Do you work here?

– Tell me, lovely.

– Four years, lovely.

– From now on, you will be my secretary.

– I don't know anything about that, and besides, my clothes aren't suitable for this job.

– I said, frightened.

– Don't worry, I've got an outfit ready for you. All you have to do is look in those drawers for a copy of "Gungadin".

Darling, you're the owner of those blue eyes that drive me crazy.

A woman in her forties, slender, with ripe wheat-coloured skin, runs her fingers through her hair, which falls over her pearly shoulders. She laughs at my attentive gaze on her body.

I sat down at her desk, opposite the bathroom, and she went in, leaving the door open.

Don't imagine anything, I saw how she let herself go, putting on a transparent dressing gown. Her anatomical shape highlights her front.

– They give them away for free here, I thought. She sat down next to me. I threw myself onto her gazelle-like body, sinking into the jungle of my youthful desires.

The warrior Diios Tor, standing at attention, assaulted the mound of Venus.

Epilogue: After five years searching for Gungadin, I ended up asking for water.

UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER

- "What right do you have to lie in my bed?" says Griselda.
- "By the right that your desperate, anguished cries give me," I reply.
- The scandal isn't enough for you, when Mario caught us.
- It's impossible for me to forget you.
- Get out of my bedroom and forget me!

How can I, when I held her in my arms in a cheap hotel in the Franklin neighbourhood? Her pale pink body, her nipples brushing against my hairy chest... I left feeling bitter.

On my way out, I ran into Mario, who used to be so ruddy, now thinner, always understanding.

"Did you see her?" he said.

— Yes, but thinner, with her eyes wide open and her snow-white hair.

— What can you do, that's how time is.

— You're right, Mario. Forty years don't pass in vain. Take care of yourself, Mario says goodbye.

— Same here.

Dragging my feet, I get home and turn on the light. Again, in the 21st century, this keeps happening, all because my neighbourhood is working class.

I go into my room, open the bed, lie down as long as I am, and lower the lid of my black drawer.

That's where my memory ends.

HOUSEWIFE

Surrounded by four walls. Of
brick.
Of planks.
Of
cardboard.
Of gangoches.
Or loneliness?
I don't think they envy you,
The walls always.
They will oppress you.
Like pyramidal presses, coffin-like. Like
four walls of.
Stupid television box. Or
the round building.
Of a proletarian washing machine.
How much, until when? You will
endure that pain of confinement.
What awaits you?
A black box.
Earth above.
Earth below.
Few will remember you.
Only the four walls. They
will remain by your side.
Who will set you
free? You know
that.
Wherever you are.

SUFFERING HEART

The huts stood side by side, begging the wind and rain not to destroy them.

Their tin roofs bore the oppressive weight of the downpour. The boards creaked, the earthen floor turned to mud like soap. The cold seeped through the tin walls. But who cares if inside we throw down the rich drink between pears and moustaches. Fill up your glass, Lady Juana, with red wine and the other one, barbed wire, whatever comes our way, that's how we earn our money, and let the landlady get angry. Crammed into the wooden seats, we didn't care about the downpour. While the women endured the weight of the storm to protect them from the weather.

It's incredible that we destroy our own bodies by eating just anything. Not even a pig is such a pig as to gobble down so much junk food. The bombs keep exploding until one day, your heart sits down in the pre-heart attack chair. That's when I realised how irresponsible my behaviour was. With great difficulty, I opened my heavy eyelids and, with the force of a whip, threw away the pork chop stuck in my throat. My heart looked at me gratefully from its chair.

The happy dog ate the fried chop, and the cat said, "Meow!"

Now I have named my heart Longine, for it will never be separated again.

ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE

— Hello, Pedro! How are you?

It had been a long time since I had seen my dear friend. We went to primary school together and lived near each other.

— Hello Juan! It's been so long since I've seen you. I'm fine, but how are you?

you?

— I'm doing well, and you, why are you so down?

— I'll tell you, with the crisis of '82, I lost my job.

— But Pedro, that was over 20 years ago.

— Wait, after a week without work, my home became a living hell.

One desperate night, I went to the chicken coops in Ariztia, and in a manner of speaking, I used the modus operandi of the thugs, in my underwear, and when the dog saw me, he barked in outrage. I grabbed three chickens by the neck, and with the cackling of the birds, I was caught red-handed, in situ. I ended up in the sack. The judge sentenced me to seven years and one day.

I asked my solicitor why the sentence was so long.

He told me, one year for disturbing the dog, one year for making annoying noises and being half naked.

— "And the rest?"

— I ask.

— Four years for giving the judge a dirty look and deliberately sticking my tongue out at him.

— And the other year?

— Because you're not going to pay me without giving me a report.

— And the day?

— For stealing your chickens, it was the day you committed the crime.

— My family and I declared the judge a bad person.

— Hey Pedro, what are you going to do now?

— I will try to get back to the status quo.

MY DEAR PODIATRIST

— Alberto, you can do without travelling by metro or other vehicles, but your feet are unbeatable for that task, the age-old task of walking on your feet.

Beautiful words, colourful voice, cheerful bell tower of Miss Claudia, my podiatrist.

My toes dance happily when they feel her lily-white hands.

My grumpy toenails flee, shattered by her magic scissors, skilfully wielded by her.

I owe her part of my happiness, just as foreign debt cannot be repaid.

— Bye, come back in another month.

I look into her eyes and see sincerity in all its intensity.

COUPLE'S ARGUMENT

- "Is this any time to arrive?" says Marta.
- "Those of us at the office have agreed to go to a fire tomorrow at noon," says Ernesto.
- "If it's a bloody fire, with your belly scorched, you're coming."
- It's a dry fire, because the firemen open the taps, the wet water runs out and they leave the dry water.
- I'll dry you out, I'll wring your neck until your ears are dry.
- I swear, my dear, from now on I'll go to fires without fire.
- I'll kick the fire right out of your backside.
- Tomorrow I'll put tin cushions on my backside, guichichiu.
- Come and mock me, you infamous baldie, I'll cut off your dick so you can't put out any more fires.
- I've never hit you on the back of the head, darling, if women notice me, it's your fault.
- You're so cute, they look at your soft belly.
- I'll do gymnastics at the fire station.
- If only you could lose weight with your money.
- The only thing I have is you, my darling.
- (silent), I'm going to get the water pistol so this old alcoholic will die.
- What are you muttering about, you little witch?
- (Throws a swimsuit).
- Nothing!

"CONESO"

To hell with it!

A typical phrase from Master Ruiz. Hence the nickname coneso. A 1.70 metres tall, sun-tanned features from so many years in construction, wavy hair, smiling blue eyes, calloused hands, firm in his greeting, with a frank, level gaze and super communicative words. For his work, always true to the facts, because he interpreted the blueprint, which he knew inside out. I met him in 1980, at a construction site in Ñuñoa. I worked as a storekeeper. " , Master? Listen to this recording," said Master Ruiz.

He turned on the tape recorder.

I heard a hissing, intermittent, hoarse voice, with gurgles, semi-choked.

— "What do I care about that!" I said, imitating "that" with a laugh, in a tone of voice similar to his. "That voice is the sulla!" he insisted. "I'll record it again, so you'll believe me," he added.

Faced with such a threat, I keep my mouth shut. But there is always a worker who comes in to ask for materials. I have to note their arrival and departure in the warehouse logbook.

— Do I hear that? It's his voice! That's because he smokes so much. Why doesn't he quit?

— Actually, although I respect him a lot, I felt like confronting him about his nosy attitude. "Actually, it's not because I smoke," I replied.

— "Do you want to quit smoking?" insisted "Pesado". "Okay, fine!" Without knowing what to expect.

"Gonza! Master Ruiz is calling. Go to the pharmacy and buy a packet of Franol to give to this little bird before it flies away."

Accustomed to having my chest burning like a volcano from nicotine, I took two tablets and it was an incredible sensation. The icy winds from the south penetrated my bronchial tubes and lungs. Faced with that freshness, I quit smoking!

But Ruiz's daily support helped me immensely in this endeavour.

- "You are far from being incapable of doing what is good for you." "Regenerate yourself."
- The icing on the cake was that money I saved, which I invested in books. What a lesson!

THE GIFT

Marcelo is thinking about what gift to give his girlfriend.
If I give her perfume, she'll surely say she doesn't smell bad.
If I give her lipstick, she will say she doesn't have chapped lips. If it's
shampoo, she will say she doesn't have dandruff.
If I give her earrings, she'll say she's not a slave.
If I give her high-heeled shoes, she'll say she's not a dwarf.
If I give her trousers, she'll say she doesn't have hair on her legs. If I
give her a handkerchief, she'll say she's not a snotty-nosed kid.
If I give her a bra, she'll say she doesn't have saggy breasts. If I
give her a watch, she'll say she's not late.
If I give her a car, she will say, "Do you want me to die in an
accident?" Marcelo says to Leonor, "I owe you a gift."
She says, 'T've got one.
She kicks him in the backside, and Marcelo falls down.

THE VOWELS

I'm in your bed A
week Happy your
sister Take away
my desire. It's my
duty To have your
assets In my
pleasure

And always maintain I
am very happy I smell
with my nose Your
fragrant skin

That you give without
restraint I am eager
For your beautiful body
Which is very warm
With my harassment
Finally the light
I enter like a cross
Without fuss or bother
I illuminate your angelic body with light

First Edition
August 2016
Santiago, Chile