



Universidad Latina de Panamá

Facultad de Ciencias de la Educación y Desarrollo Humano

Traducción del libro “Los Ocupantes” de Yoselin Goncalves Págs. 1-50

Proyecto final de graduación presentado como requisito para optar por el título de
Licenciatura de Inglés con énfasis en Traducción

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Finally, I am grateful to my family, whose love and encouragement have been my greatest source of strength throughout this journey.

Dedication

I dedicate this work with all my love and gratitude to my grandparents, **Arturo Varela and Eduvina Madrid**, whose values and example have always inspired me. To my parents, **Elvis Varela and Esther Almengor**, and my brother, **Elvis Jair Varela**, for encouraging me to pursue English and for constantly pushing me to give my best. And to my aunt, **Itzel Vanegas**, whose support and guidance helped me choose this path and walk it with confidence.

Introduction

For thousands of years, translation has been the bridge between cultures and societies. Over four thousand years, translation has played a major role in communicating people from different linguistic and cultural backgrounds. It promotes inclusivity and equal access to information. It allows people from different backgrounds to share knowledge, ideas, and emotions, promoting mutual understanding and cooperation. In areas like diplomacy, science, education, and literature, accurate translation helps ensure that messages are conveyed clearly and without changing the original meaning.

Translation techniques are essential tools that help translators make effective choices when transferring meaning from one language to another. These techniques provide a set of strategies for dealing with linguistic and cultural differences between the source and target languages. They include methods like adaptation, transposition, modulation, and equivalence, which allow the translator to preserve the message while adjusting the form. The purpose of these techniques is to produce translations that are both accurate and natural-sounding to the target audience. They are especially helpful when dealing with idioms, tone, or culturally specific references.

The purpose statement of this final project is to translate at least fifty pages of the book *Los Ocupantes*, written by Yoselin Goncalves, while applying various translation techniques that will determine our knowledge on how to implement them properly and functionally. In this project, we will try to answer the following question: how does the implementation of certain translation techniques reflect the meaning and content of the book *Los Ocupantes* written by Yoselin Goncalves?

In the first chapter of this translation work, we discuss the background of the project, including the importance of the translation of the book, a brief summary of *Los Ocupantes* by Yoselin Goncalves, and the details of the translation techniques. In the second chapter of this final project, we translate fifty pages from the source text in Spanish to the target language, English, in two columns. In the third chapter of this translation, we propose some conclusions and recommendations, as well as the challenges we face, and a glossary of the key terminology of this translation. Finally, a bibliography and an annex are presented.

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First Chapter

1.1 Antecedents

Book translation plays a major role in the global distribution of information such as knowledge, literature, and culture. Translation works as a bridge between languages, allowing stories, perspectives, and ideas to be accessible to readers all around the world, allowing cultural exchange of different societies, preserve diverse voices, and contributes to the development of literature. Through translation, literature that was once limited for only Spanish readers can be accessed by a larger audience. By translating “Los Ocupantes” by Yoselin Goncalves, it offers an opportunity for a Latin American narrative to be accessible for English speaking readers. Allowing them to have a new perspective of the author’s style, themes, emotions, and cultural elements, offering to meet Latin American experiences through literature.

Yoselin Goncalves was born on May 21, 1993, in Barquisimeto, Venezuela, and also holds Portuguese nationality. Goncalves is a publicist, writer, editor, and visual artist. Graduated from Universidad Tecnológica de Panamá in Literary Creation. She was also part of the Writers’ Training Program (PROFE) by Panamá’s National Institute of Culture (INAC) in 2017. Goncalves is the author of many books such as: “El acecho de los inmortales volúmenes I y II (2017), “No apagues la luz” (2019), “La cosecha” (2020), “Los Ocupantes” (2021), “Los lugares que escondemos” (2023), and “Feroces: Compilación de autoras jóvenes venezolanas” (2023). Goncalves’s writing focuses on psychological depth and poetic language. Her works often explore themes of identity, trauma, memory, and the supernatural.

Yoselin Goncalves is a Luso-Venezuelan writer known for her work in the horror and suspense genre. Goncalves has gained recognition for her unique style that uses both psychological tension and the supernatural. Yoselin Goncalves has been passionate about

literature from a young age, and has cultivated a deep interest in stories that explore fear and trauma. Her storytelling is marked by her rich character's development and emotionally intense plots. Over time, she has gained a loyal readership in Latin America by contributing to modern horror literature and engaging with her fans through book events and social media, where she shares insights into her creative process.

Los Ocupantes is a novel written by Yoselin Goncalves and published in May 2021 by El Taller Blanco Ediciones in collaboration with Editorial Gente Nueva. It was printed in Bogotá, Colombia, as part of the "Comarca Mínima" collection, with a limited run of 250 copies, each of 95 pages in its online version. The book's ISBN is 978-958-49-2784-2. The cover illustration was created by Juan Francisco Carrillo, and the layout and design were done by Editorial Gente Nueva. The editorial process was overseen and corrected by El Taller Blanco Ediciones.

The novel tells the story of the Rivera family, who move from Caracas to Barquisimeto, hoping for a better life. They end up living in a turquoise colonial house on 13th Street, in the Santa Isabel neighborhood. At first, everything seems normal, but soon the house starts to feel strange. There are creepy noises, weird things happening, and a feeling that something isn't right. What was supposed to be a fresh start turns into a nightmare. Besides dealing with money problems and family issues, they also have to face scary and unexplained events. The story focuses on each family member, especially the children, and how they live through all this. The house almost feels alive, like it holds the pain and fear of the people inside it. The novel mixes real-life problems with psychological horror, making it both emotional and scary.

"Los Ocupantes" shows how problems like trauma, poverty, and violence can affect families through many generations. The story is told through different points of view, showing how

each character is shaped by their past, especially things like loss, silence, and being left behind. Even though there are many dark and terrifying moments, there are also scenes full of love and strength, especially when the children try to protect each other. The novel explores how fear becomes a part of everyday life and how people learn to live with it. It uses elements of the gothic genre to talk about deep emotional and social pain, making the horror feel very real. The story also shows how women often carry the emotional weight of the family, but they also keep hope alive. In the end, the novel mixes fantasy with real-life struggles, creating a sad but powerful story.

The purpose of “Los Ocupantes” isn’t just to scare the reader, but to make them think about the emotional, social, and spiritual problems that affect our lives. The house in the story is a symbol of things like family trauma, money problems, and the invisible pain passed down from one generation to the next. Goncalves uses gothic elements to show the emotional effects of things like domestic violence, being abandoned, and feeling left out by society. By mixing normal everyday life with strange and scary moments, the author makes readers think about their own fears and the systems that cause people to suffer. The book makes us think about what it means to belong, to remember the past, and to keep going. In the end, the haunted house is not only a scary place, but also a symbol of memory, strength, and identity.

1.2 Justification

Translating “Los Ocupantes” into English is highly relevant for the author, Yoselin Goncalves, as it expands the reach of her literary work beyond Spanish-speaking audiences. As a Venezuelan author whose stories reflect deeply rooted cultural, social, and psychological themes, having her work accessible in English allows her voice to enter international literary conversations. The English translation provides an opportunity for Goncalves to connect with readers, publishers, and scholars from diverse backgrounds who may not otherwise have access to her writing. Additionally, the themes of trauma, identity, and resilience found in “Los Ocupantes” resonate universally, making the novel meaningful across cultural boundaries.

This translation is important for my academic and professional journey as a student for this career. It allows me to apply the theoretical knowledge and linguistic skills I have acquired during my studies on a real-world literary project. It helps me improve my skills in both English and Spanish, especially in expressing ideas clearly and accurately according with the literary text that includes cultural elements, emotions, and the author’s style. It is a good challenge that helps me grow as a future translator, as well as contributing to something so important like helping a Latin American author to reach more readers.

English-speaking audiences will gain access to a powerful Latin American story that explores themes of trauma, memory, and resilience through a culturally rich and emotionally complex lens. Educators and researchers in the fields of literature, cultural studies, gender studies, and translation will find the novel a valuable resource for discussion and analysis. The translation also serves readers interested in horror and gothic fiction with a psychological and Latin

American twist. Additionally, the project promotes Latin American voices in global dialogues, encouraging appreciation for regional literature beyond the dominant narratives.

1.3 Objectives of the Project

1.3.1 General Objective

To translate from Spanish into English the pages 1 to 50 from the book “Los Ocupantes” written Yoselin Goncalves.

1.3.2 Specific Objectives

1. To implement seven translation techniques from the source language of the book “Los Ocupantes” written by Yoselin Goncalves into the target language, in this case is Spanish, providing two examples per technique.
2. To demonstrate effective use of the mechanics of writing in the target language: punctuation, capitalization, coherence, and unity.
3. To analyze the structure of the target language so the syntax, semantics, and pragmatics of both languages are identified and translated.
4. To interpret the cultural and sociological aspects of the source language that may determine a fluid translation that also reflects an awareness of the culture of the target language.

1.4 Methodology

Translation has been around since ancient times and has always helped connect different cultures and languages. Over the years, it has evolved from simple word-for-word conversions to a complex field of study that looks at meaning, context, and culture. Today, it's considered a part of applied linguistics because it applies linguistic theory to real-world situations, helping us understand how language works across different texts and societies.

Applied linguistics seeks to address language-related issues in society, and translation fits naturally within this scope by dealing with bilingual or multilingual communication. Scholars in this field study how meaning is transferred from one language to another, taking into account grammar, syntax, semantics, pragmatics, and cultural context. Translation studies also examine cognitive processes, and textual analysis. As a result, translation is not just an art but also a science grounded in linguistic research.

Translation techniques are essential tools that help translators make accurate, context-appropriate decisions when transferring content from one language to another. These techniques include methods such as transposition, modulation, equivalence, adaptation, and literal translation, among others. They allow translators to handle challenges related to idioms, cultural references, and grammatical differences. By mastering these techniques, translators can preserve the original meaning, tone, and style of a text while making it accessible and natural to the target audience. Furthermore, translation techniques help in maintaining consistency, especially in technical, legal, and literary texts.

Artificial Intelligence and machine translation tools like Google Translate or DeepL are widely used, but they still lack the human ability to understand context, culture, and nuance.

This is where translation techniques become more vital than ever for human translators. Knowing how to apply the right technique can help translators refine or correct AI-generated drafts, ensuring high-quality and culturally sensitive outputs. While AI can assist in speeding up the process, it cannot replace the human judgment required in literary, legal, or emotionally charged texts. The translator's knowledge of techniques ensures that meaning is not just translated, but interpreted and adapted effectively. Understanding these techniques becomes crucial for maintaining standards. In this technological era, human translators equipped with strong technique knowledge are irreplaceable and essential for producing nuanced and accurate work.

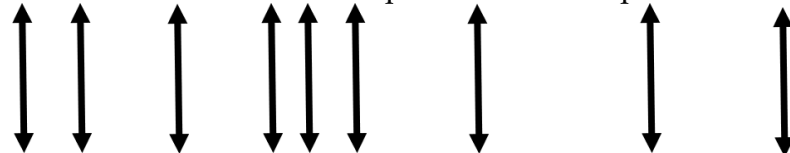
1.4.1 Translation techniques implemented

1. Translation Technique: Literal

Definition: “It may be useful to distinguish literal from word-for-word and one-to-one translation, Word-for-word translation transfers SL grammar and word order, as well as the primary meanings of all the SL words, into the translation, and it is normally effective only for brief simple neutral sentences” (Newmark, 1988, p. 56)

Example #1 (p. 9)

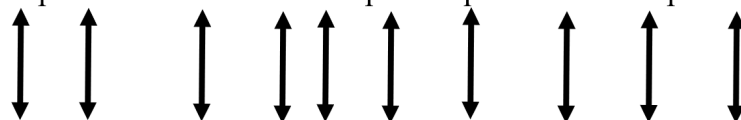
SL: Las otras ventanas de la casa permanecían completamente cerradas.



TL: The other windows of the house remained completely closed.

Example #2 (p.9)

SL: El pasillo terminaba en una puerta que conducía al patio trasero.



TL: The hallway ended at a door that led to the backyard.

Analysis: The analysis of the examples demonstrates that literal translation proves effective when the source and target languages share compatible syntactic structures. In both examples, the translations mirrors the original structure while maintaining clarity and fluency. These examples fulfill the definition given Newmark, because they are both translated “word-for-word” as shown with the arrows.

2. Translation Technique: Borrowing

Definition: According to Molina and Hurtado Albir (2002), borrowing is one of the basic translation techniques that involves “taking a word or expression straight from another language” (p. 499).

Example #1 (p. 3)

SL: Colección **Comarca Mínima**

TL: **Comarca Mínima** Collection

Example #2 (p. 9)

SL: La construcción se resguardaba detrás de una enorme iglesia, conocida como **Fraternidad Cristiana Maranata**.

TL: The construction was sheltered behind a huge church, known as **Fraternidad Cristiana Maranata**.

Analysis: This technique is applied to maintain the culturally specific names and titles to keep authenticity. For example, the title “**Comarca Mínima**” remains in Spanish and the word “Collection” is translated to clarify for the target audience. In example #2, the institutional name “**Fraternidad Cristiana Maranata**” is conserved to preserve its identity, ensuring that the proper names remain recognizable while still providing clarity in English.

3. Translation Technique: Equivalence

Definition: “Using a term or expression recognized (by a dictionary, through language use) as an equivalent in the target language. Examples: translating the expression They are as like as two peas in a pod into Spanish as Se parecen como dos gotas de agua (which literally means They are as like as two drops of water); translating "يونيو حرب 1967" into English as the Six-Day War rather than as the war of June 1967, a literal translation” (Molina Martínez, 2022, p. 10)

Example #1 (p.30)

SL: Les dijo en voz baja que se **fuera al demonio**.

TL: She told them in a low voice to **go to hell**.

Example #2 (p.12)

SL: Coño Virginia. ¿Estás loca, chica? **Casi me matas del susto**.

TL: Damn it, Virginia. Are you out of your mind, girl? **You almost scared me to death**.

Analysis: Following the definition given by Molina Martínez, these idiomatic expressions, “go to hell” and “scared to death”, are translated with their equivalent translation in the target language. The idiomatic expression “fuera al demonio” is not translated literally as “go to the devil” to give a more natural and common translation as “go to hell”, which is a more widely used expression. In example #2, “casi me matas del susto” is not literally translated as “you almost killed me from fright” but as “you almost scared me to death” to maintain the fluency and natural rhythm by using the established English equivalent to keep the emotional reaction of the character.

4. Translation Technique: Omission

Definition: “Omission means dropping a word or words from the SLT while translating. This procedure can be the outcome of the cultural clashes that exist between the SL and the TL. In fact, it is in subtitling translations where omission attains its peak in use. The translator omits words that do not have equivalents in the TT, or that may raise the hostility of the receptor.” (Iacovoni, 2009, pr. 1)

Example #1: (p.4)

SL: **Cuidado de la edición y corrección:** El Taller Blanco Ediciones.

TL: **Editing and Proofreading:** El Taller Blanco Ediciones.

Example #2: (p.36)

SL: Una tarde, Abril encontró, como al descuido, **en una de las gavetas de la cocina de su casa**, un arma y un paquete pequeño.

TL: One afternoon, Abril found, as if carelessly, **in one of the kitchen drawers**, a gun and a small packet.

Analysis: Both examples demonstrate the usage of the translation technique of omission (also known as reduction). Omission must be carefully used so that the meaning is not lost but rather enhance the natural flow in sentences. In example #1, the word “cuidado” is omitted in the TL as the expression “editing and proofreading” already implies that the edition and proofreading were taken care of. In example #2, “de la cocina de su casa” is eliminated in the TL. This chapter of the book is centered on Abril’s life and the house her parents owned, which she hated so much. So it is already implied that the kitchen they are describing is from Abril’s house. Keeping “de su casa” in the target language would be redundant, but still, without it, this information is not relevant, and it does not affect the context or the author’s intended meaning.

5. Translation Technique: Modulation

Definition: “Modulation involves using a **different phrase** from that used in the source content **to preserve the same meaning** in the target language. With this technique, you change a perspective to convey the idea in a way that aligns with the natural patterns of the target language. Thus, a reader in the target language won’t be confused by an unexpected phrase.

Example: In British English, the first floor is the floor which is above the ground floor. In Russian, it would be translated as “второй этаж”, which literally means “the second floor.” (Mustafin, 2020, pr.9)

Example #1: (p.13)

SL: De nuevo el vuelco en el estómago.

TL: His stomach dropped again.

Example #2: (p.30)

SL: Virginia despertó en la madrugada con intensas ganas de vaciar el estómago.

TL: Virginia woke up in the middle of the night with an intense urge to empty her stomach.

Analysis: In these cases, the most appropriate translation technique to apply was modulation, as their literal translation would have been too awkward for native readers. The adjustments made in these sentences do not affect the context but rather enhance the fluency and meaning. In example #1, “vuelco” is translated as “dropped”, which is more natural for a native English speaker to say than “his stomach turned again”. Next, in example #2, “madrugada” is translated as “middle of the night,” which refers to the darkest part of the night, a period between 2 am to 4 am. Instead of being translated to “dawn”, which refers to a time frame closer to sunrise.

6. Translation Technique: Addition

Definition: “A stylistic translation technique which consists of making explicit in the target language what remains implicit in the source language because it is apparent from either the context or the situation” (Vinay and Darbelnet, 1995, p.324).

Example #1: (p.46)

SL: Ella miró a Luz y luego hacia atrás.

TL: She looked at Luz and then back to the house.

Example #2: (p.17)

SL: Volvió con el vecino mecánico.

TL: He went back to working with the mechanic neighbor.

Analysis: In these examples, the translation technique of addition (also known as expansion or explicitation) is used to make explicit information that is implied in the source language without altering the original meaning the author intended. In the source language of the first example, it is said that Luz looked back, but where she looks back to is not specified. That's why this addition (back to the house) is used to ensure clarity for the reader. Similarly, in example #2 in the source language simply states that he went back to the mechanic neighbor but it doesn't specify where. That's why in the target language, “to working” is added to clarify that he goes back work again with the mechanic neighbor.

7. Translation Technique: Adaptation

Definition: “Newmark (1988) said that adaptation is the freest translation method that leads to the closest equivalence of the target language. Though the term is 'adaptation' but it does not mean to sacrifice the theme, character or plot of the source language. If so, it is not adaptation but creation. One example of adaptation product is the translation of Shakespeare's drama entitled 'Machbeth' adapted by the poet W.S. Rendra. He maintained all the characters

and the plot of the original work but he adapted the dialogue to Indonesian culture (Machali, 2000, p. 53)”.

Example #1: (p.19)

SL: La primera vez que consumió **perico** fue acuclillado en el pasillo de la casa, mientras observaba la cocina.

TL: The first time he used **snow** was squatting in the hallway of the house, while watching the kitchen.

Example #2: (p.19)





SL: Engañaba y maltrataba a su esposa, a sus hijos. Bebía. **Se drogaba.**

TL: He cheated on and mistreated his wife and children. He drank. **He was on drugs.**

Analysis: These two examples used the adaptation translation technique to maintain a more colloquial nuance the author ment to portray for the readers. In example #1, the term “perico” is a slang for cocaine, that’s why to keep the informal tone it is translated to “snow” which is a cultural equivalent in English for cocaine. In example #2, the expression “se drogaba” instead of being translated to “he drugged himself” was translated to “he was on drugs” to maintain a more colloquial and natural tone for the TL reader.

Second Chapter

2.1 Translated document

Source Language	Target Language
<p>PÁGINA 1</p> <p>LOS OCUPANTES</p> 	<p>PAGE 1</p> <p>THE OCCUPANTS</p> 
<p>PÁGINA 2</p> <p>*ESPACIO EN BLANCO*</p>	<p>PAGE 2</p> <p>*BLANK SPACE*</p>
<p>PÁGINA 3</p> <p>Yoselin Goncalves</p> <p>Los Ocupantes</p> <p>*</p> <p>COLECCIÓN COMARCA MÍNIMA</p> 	<p>PAGE 3</p> <p>Yoselin Goncalves</p> <p>The Occupants</p> <p>*</p> <p>COMARCA MÍNIMA COLLECTION</p> 
<p>PÁGINA 4</p> <p>Los ocupantes</p> <p>© Yoselin Goncalves ISBN: 978-958-49-2784-2</p> <p>Colección Comarca Mínima</p>	<p>PAGE 4</p> <p>The ocupants</p> <p>© Yoselin Goncalves ISBN: 978-958-49-2784-2</p> <p>Comarca Mínima Collection</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>Primera edición: junio de 2021</p> <p>El Taller Blanco Ediciones (Venezuela-Colombia) eltallerblancoed@gmail.com</p> <p>Tiraje: 250 ejemplares</p> <p>Ilustración de portada: Juan Francisco Carrillo</p> <p>Diseño portada y diagramación: Editorial Gente Nueva</p> <p>Cuidado de la edición y corrección: El Taller Blanco Ediciones</p> <p>Impresión: Editorial Gente Nueva Tel: 320 29 71 - 320 28 40 Bogotá, D.C</p> <p>Impreso en Colombia / Printed in Colombia</p> <p>PÁGINA 5</p> <p>A mi familia, que soportó por tantos años una oscuridad que no era suya.</p>	<p>First edition: june 2021</p> <p>El taller Blanco Ediciones (Venezuela-Colombia) eltallerblancoed@gmail.com</p> <p>Print run: 250 copies</p> <p>Cover illustration: Juan Francisco Carrillo</p> <p>Cover design and layout: Editorial Gente Nueva</p> <p>Editing and Proofreading: El Taller Blanco Ediciones</p> <p>Printing: Editorial Gente Nueva Tel: 320 29 71 - 320 28 40 Bogotá, D.C</p> <p>Impreso en Colombia / Printed in Colombia</p> <p>PAGE 5</p> <p>To my family, who endured for so many years a darkness that was not theirs.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>PÁGINA 6</p> <p>*ESPACIO EN BLANCO*</p>	<p>PAGE 6</p> <p>*BLANK SPACE*</p>
<p>PÁGINA 7</p> <p>«El lugar, con su cielo gris y sus hojas amarillentas, semejaba un teatro después de una representación, con los programas arrugados y tirados por el suelo».</p> <p><i>Otra vuelta de tuerca</i>, Henry James</p> <p>«Por primera vez advirtió qué parecidas a ojos eran las ventanas: reflejaban la luz del sol mientras guardaban dentro su propia oscuridad».</p> <p><i>El resplandor</i>, Stephen King</p> <p>«La vasta casa y sus sombras quedaban solas a mis espaldas».</p> <p><i>La caída de la Casa Usher</i>, Edgar Allan Poe</p>	<p>PAGE 7</p> <p>«The place, with its gray sky and yellowing leaves, resembled a theater after a performance, with crumpled programs scattered on the floor».</p> <p><i>The Turn of the Screw</i>, Henry James</p> <p>«For the first time, he noticed how much the windows resembled eyes: they reflected the sunlight while keeping their own darkness inside».</p> <p><i>The Shining</i>, Stephen King</p> <p>«The vast house and its shadows remained alone behind me».</p> <p><i>The Fall of the House Usher</i>, Edgar Allan Poe</p>
<p>PÁGINA 8</p> <p>*ESPACIO EN BLANCO*</p>	<p>PAGE 8</p> <p>*BLANK SPACE*</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>PÁGINA 9</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Capítulo 1</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>La casa de la calle 13 de Santa Isabel</i></p> <p>Se podría decir que todo comenzó cuando la familia Rivera se mudó de Caracas a Barquisimeto, aunque también podría decirse que toda la oscuridad contenida en su historia ya estaba dentro de ellos desde hace mucho tiempo.</p> <p>La casa de la calle 13 de Santa Isabel se resguardaba en el silencio del crepúsculo cuando llegaron aquella tarde de agosto de 1981. Se erguía luminosa, como dándoles la bienvenida, y sus paredes proyectaban un precioso tono turquesa que hacía juego con el jardín de rosas rojas donde resaltaban dos altos pinos.</p> <p>Los pétalos de las flores rozaban una ventana cerca de la puerta principal, cuya cortina blanca obstaculizaba la vista, aunque se podía entrever una tenue luz amarillenta.</p>	<p>PAGE 9</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Chapter 1</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>The house on 13th Street in Santa Isabel</i></p> <p>It could be said that everything started when the Rivera family moved from Caracas to Barquisimeto, although it could also be said that the darkness contained in their story had already been within them for a long time.</p> <p>The house on 13th Street in Santa Isabel sheltered itself in the silence of twilight when they arrived that August afternoon in 1981. It stood radiant, as if welcoming them, and its walls projected a beautiful turquoise tone that matched the red rose garden where two tall pines stood out.</p> <p>The petals of the flowers grazed against a window near the front door, whose white curtain obstructed the view, though a faint yellowish light could be glimpsed.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>Las otras ventanas de la casa permanecían completamente cerradas. El viento impregnaba los alrededores con la fragancia de las flores, los pinos y la tierra mojada. El pasillo terminaba en una puerta que conducía al patio trasero, un terreno amplio donde incluso se podía construir otra casa.</p>	<p>The other windows of the house remained completely closed. The wind impregnated the surroundings with the fragrance of flowers, pines, and wet earth. The hallway ended at a door that led to the backyard, a large lot where another house could even be built.</p>
<p>La construcción se resguardaba detrás de una enorme iglesia, conocida como Fraternidad Cristiana Maranata. Los árboles del vecino de al lado chocaban con suavidad contra su techo y el de la iglesia, causando extraños sonidos. Mercedes sonrió mirándola. Para ella no había nada mejor que tener un templo de Dios cerca de su familia.</p>	<p>The construction was sheltered behind a huge church, known as Fraternidad Cristiana Maranata. The next door neighbor's trees gently bumped against its roof, and the church's, causing strange sounds. Mercedes smiled as she looked at it. For her, there was nothing better than having a temple of God near her family.</p>
<p>Habían vivido casi toda su vida en Caracas, pero cuando los índices de delincuencia y la crisis económica aumentaron, tomaron la decisión de mudarse a una ciudad menos</p>	<p>They had lived most of their lives in Caracas, but when the crime rates and the economic crisis increased, they decided to move to a less</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>PÁGINA 10</p> <p>congestionada y peligrosa, a pocas horas de la capital. Barquisimeto era la mejor opción, pues la abuela Liduvina había vivido en aquella ciudad por varios años y solía contarles de la tranquilidad de sus calles, las amplias avenidas y la exquisita comida.</p> <p>Pero lo que privó por encima de todo fue la oferta de casas baratas que hubo a comienzos de los años 80. Los precios terminaron de convencerlos, y así llegaron a Barquisimeto aquel mes de agosto Alonso Rivera, su esposa Mercedes, sus pequeños Camila y Julián, de cinco y ocho años, la abuela Liduvina y sus hijos adolescentes, Víctor y Virginia, de doce y catorce años, hermanos de Mercedes, pero a quien esta terminó criando como a sus hijos.</p> <p>La casa estaba recién pintada y poseía la modesta elegancia de las construcciones coloniales del siglo XIX. Sin embargo, tenía</p>	<p>PAGE 10</p> <p>congested and dangerous city, a few hours from the capital. Barquisimeto was the best option, since grandmother Liduvina had lived in that city for several years and used to tell them about the tranquility of its streets, the wide avenues and the exquisite food.</p> <p>But what prevailed above all was the offer of cheap houses at the beginning of the 80s. The prices ended up convincing them, and so, they arrived in Barquisimeto that August, Alonso Rivera, his wife Mercedes, their young children Camila and Julian, aged five and eight, grandmother Liduvina, and her teenager children, Victor and Virginia, Mercedes's siblings, whom she ended up raising as her own.</p> <p>The house was freshly painted and possessed the modest elegance of 19th-century colonial buildings. However, it</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>un rasgo que, según como se mirase, podría resultar inquietante u original. Se hallaba inclinada de manera muy notoria hacia el lado derecho, por lo que desde cierta distancia semejaba una serpiente enorme en forma de pasillo que se desplegaba hacia la puerta trasera. Aun así, toda la familia coincidía en que era una casa hermosa, aunque de peculiar y sinuosa construcción.</p>	<p>had a feature that, depending on how one looked at it, could seem unsettling or unique. It leaned quite noticeably to the right, so from a certain distance, it resembled a huge snake in the shape of a hallway unfurling toward the back door. Even so, the entire family agreed it was a beautiful house, though of peculiar and sinuous construction.</p>
*	*
<p>No dejó de llamarles la atención la actitud del hombre que los esperaba en la entrada de la casa. Agitaba la pierna con nerviosismo y su rostro adusto, sudoroso, evidenciaba una hostilidad incomprensible, teniendo en cuenta que era el primer interesado en sellar la venta de la propiedad. Dijo dos o tres palabras como de pasada, no quiso conversar con nadie y casi se tropieza cuando les entregó las llaves antes de marcharse con indisimulada premura. A pesar de ese recibimiento, la familia no se echó para atrás. Entraron.</p>	<p>They couldn't help but notice the attitude of the man waiting for them at the entrance of the house. He shook his leg nervously, and his stern, sweaty face revealed an inexplicable hostility, considering he was the one most eager to seal the property sale. He said two or three words in passing, refused to talk to anyone, and nearly stumbled as he handed the keys before leaving with undisguised haste. Despite that reception, the family didn't back down. They walked in.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>PÁGINA 11</p> <p>Al ingresar, toda la luz que irradiaba hacia la calle, el colorido fulgor de las paredes, la fragancia y la belleza de la casa se desvanecieron de repente. Su interior desprendía un fuerte olor a pintura fresca entre otros olores que no supieron identificar. Recorrieron las cuatro habitaciones, la cocina ubicada a mitad del pasillo y el baño justo al frente de la puerta trasera.</p> <p>La emoción de haber llegado a la casa, así como el cansancio del viaje, los obligaron a descansar. Como aún el camión de la mudanza venía en camino con los enseres, extendieron tres colchonetas, de las que usaban para ir a la playa. Mercedes había traído también una hamaca que guindó en la sala, aprovechando los dos muros que estaban en medio en forma de adorno.</p> <p>Ahora la casa también los resguardó a ellos con su silencio.</p>	<p>PAGE 11</p> <p>Upon entering, all the light that radiated towards the street, the colorful glow of the walls, the fragrance, and the beauty of the house suddenly vanished. Its interior gave off a strong smell of fresh paint among other odors that they could not identify. They walked through the four bedrooms, the kitchen located in the middle of the hallway, and the bathroom just in front of the back door.</p> <p>The excitement of having arrived, along with the fatigue of the journey, forced them to rest. Since the moving truck with their belongings was still on its way, they laid out three sleeping pads, the kind they used for beach trips. Mercedes had also brought a hammock that she put in the living room, taking advantage of the two walls that were in the middle as an ornament.</p> <p>Now, the house also sheltered them with its silence.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p style="text-align: center;">*</p> <p>Julián era el más silencioso y retraído de todos. No tenía muchos amigos. No le interesaba ser sociable. Su expresión seria generaba distancia. La verdad es que le fastidiaba bastante hablar, aunque nunca supo el porqué de esos distanciamientos, de ese desgano de formar parte de un grupo. Leía bastante y solía escuchar música en soledad. No le gustaba ser interrumpido por opiniones absurdas o comentarios triviales.</p> <p>Esa noche, sus hermanas se movían a su alrededor, hablando, riendo. Virginia se sentó al borde de la hamaca donde se había acostado Julián y lo miró. Este guardó silencio. Podía estar horas en presencia de alguien sin decir palabra y ella lo sabía. Virginia le jaló el borde del pantalón con suavidad.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">—¿Qué escuchas?</p> <p>No se quitó los audífonos de su Walkman para responderle, pero a través de la</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">*</p> <p>Julian was the most silent and withdrawn of all. He didn't have many friends. He was not interested in being sociable. His serious expression generated distance. The truth was that talking annoyed him quite a bit, though he never knew the reason for that detachment. for this reluctance to be part of a group. He read a lot and used to listen to music in solitude. He did not like to be interrupted by absurd opinions or trivial comments.</p> <p>That night, his sisters moved around him, talking, laughing. Virginia sat on the edge of the hammock where Julian had lain and looked at him. He remained silent. He could spend hours in someone's presence without saying a word, and she knew it. Virginia gently tugged at the hem of his pants.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">—What are you listening to?</p> <p>He didn't take the headphones off his Walkman to answer her, but through the</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>música pudo oír su pregunta.</p> <p>PÁGINA 12</p> <p>—¿No tienes nada más que hacer? —le respondió.</p> <p>—No —dijo ella. Suspiró y miró hacia la habitación diagonal. Vio la puerta marrón con los ojos entrecerrados.</p> <p>—Ya es tarde, deberías ir a dormir —le sugirió.</p> <p>—Me quedaré aquí un rato más contigo —dijo ella sonriendo.</p> <p>Suspiró de nuevo y le subió el volumen a la música. Se quedó mirando el techo blanco, ligeramente carcomido, hasta que apagaron las luces. Tenía frío, pero no lo suficiente como para levantarse a buscar una sábana. Mercedes se acostó y les indicó a todos que era hora de dormir. Julián miró a su hermana para decirle que se fuera, pero se había quedado dormida con la mejilla recostada en su pie. Se inclinó para acomodarla y ella ni siquiera se movió. Todos estaban agotados. Entonces le bajó un</p>	<p>music he heard her question.</p> <p>PAGE 12</p> <p>—Don't you have anything else to do? — he replied.</p> <p>—No —she said. He sighed and looked into the diagonal room. He saw the brown door with narrowed eyes.</p> <p>—It's late, you should go to sleep—he suggested.</p> <p>—I'll stay here with you a little longer—she said smiling.</p> <p>He sighed again and turned up the volume on the music. He stared at the white, slightly eaten away ceiling until they turned off the lights. He was cold, but not cold enough to get up and get a sheet. Mercedes lay down and told everyone it was time for bed. Julián looked at his sister to tell her to leave, but she had already fallen asleep, her cheek resting on his foot. He leaned over to adjust her, and she didn't even move. They were all exhausted. So he turned down</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>el volumen a la música y se quedó dormido con los audífonos puestos.</p> <p>Abrió los ojos al escuchar el ruido. No era su música. Pensó que provenía de la casa y se concentró en oír bien. Era un sonido estático, como envuelto en una gasa mojada. Se quitó los audífonos, pero no escuchó nada. Se los volvió a poner, y de nuevo lo escuchó. Miró su Walkman. Algo hacía interferencia. Lo apagó, esperó un rato y después lo volvió a encender. La música sonaba distorsionada, no se entendía la letra de la canción. Lo apagó, no quiso darle demasiada importancia. Miró a Virginia, que seguía durmiendo a su lado. Se volvió a recostar y cerró los ojos.</p> <p>En algún momento de la noche, Julián volvió a despertarse por un movimiento en la hamaca. Se sobresaltó y casi cae. Virginia se inclinaba hacia él, con sus grandes ojos verdes, resplandeciendo como los de un</p>	<p>the music a little and fell asleep with his headphones on.</p> <p>He opened his eyes when he heard the noise. It wasn't his music. He thought it was coming from the house and focused on listening carefully. It was a static sound, like wrapped in wet gauze. He took off his headphones, but heard nothing. He put them back on and again heard it. He looked at his Walkman. Something was causing interference. He turned it off, waited a moment, then turned it back on. The music sounded distorted, he couldn't understand the lyrics of the song. He turned it off, not wanting to give it too much importance. He looked at Virginia, who was still sleeping next to him. He lay back down and closed his eyes.</p> <p>Sometime during the night, Julián woke again from a movement in the hammock. He jolted and nearly fell. Virginia was leaning toward him, with her large green eyes glowing like a</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>felino.</p> <p>—Coño, Virginia. ¿Estás loca, chica?</p> <p>Casi me matas del susto.</p> <p>—Mamá está cocinando.</p> <p>PÁGINA 13</p> <p>¿Ya era de día? Se sentó en la hamaca y miró por la ventana. Se veía el cielo teñido de un azul oscuro y una que otra estrella desteñida por las nubes. Quizás eran las dos o tres de la madrugada. Pero mientras veía hacia fuera, algo vino a su mente y su estómago dio un vuelco. Un frío le recorrió por la espalda. Miró a Virginia que también estaba intentando ver en la misma dirección.</p> <p>—¿Qué dijiste?</p> <p>—Que mamá está cocinando —dijo y después bostezó.</p> <p>Virginia desvió la mirada de la ventana hacia a la cocina. Julián hizo lo mismo. No se podía distinguir nada, la oscuridad era absoluta.</p> <p>—Me desperté porque escuché que</p>	<p>feline's.</p> <p>—Damn it, Virginia. Are you out of your mind, girl? You almost scared me to death.</p> <p>—Mom is cooking.</p> <p>PAGE 13</p> <p>Was it morning already? He sat in the hammock and looked out the window. The sky was dyed a deep blue, with a star or two faded behind the clouds. It might've been two or three in the morning. But as he stared outside, something came to mind and his stomach dropped. A chill ran down his spine. He looked at Virginia, who was also trying to see in the same direction.</p> <p>—What did you say?</p> <p>—That mom is cooking—she said and then yawned.</p> <p>Virginia looked away from the window to the kitchen. Julian did the same. Nothing could be distinguished, the darkness was absolute.</p> <p>—I woke up because I heard someone</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>lavaban los platos. Pero está oscuro todavía.</p>	<p>washing the dishes. But it's still dark.</p>
<p>De nuevo el vuelco en el estómago. Esperó un rato, pero nadie salió del pasillo. Vio la puerta de la habitación de Mercedes medio abierta. Siempre dejaba la puerta abierta del cuarto donde durmiese. A Julián se le cerró la garganta. Las palabras de su hermana volvieron una y otra vez: alguien lavaba los platos en la cocina.</p> <p>—Virginia... La mudanza no llega sino hasta mañana. No tenemos platos —le dijo Julián tratando de que no se le notara el miedo en la voz.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">*</p>	<p>His stomach dropped again. He waited for a while, but no one came out of the hallway. He saw the door to Mercedes' room half open. She always left the door open to the room wherever she slept. Julian's throat closed up. His sister's words came back again and again: someone was washing the dishes in the kitchen.</p> <p>—Virginia...The moving truck doesn't arrive until tomorrow. We don't have any dishes —Julián said, trying to not let the fear show in his voice.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">*</p>
<p>También Alonso se había despertado de golpe por el ruido. Todavía adormilado, fue a ver a sus hijos y los encontró despiertos. Sentados en la colchoneta, recorrían con los ojos todo lo que podían llegar a vislumbrar de la casa. El cabello negro de Alonso se le pegó en la frente debido al calor; y sus</p>	<p>Alonso had also woken up because of the noise. Still drowsy, he went to check on his children and found them awake. Sitting on the mat, they scanned everything they could make out in the house. Alonso's black hair stuck to his forehead because of the heat; and his</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>ojos verdes brillaban en la noche como una linterna que busca esclarecer lo indistinguible.</p>	<p>green eyes shone in the night like a flashlight that seeks to clarify the undistinguishable.</p>
<p>—Hay alguien en la casa —dijo</p>	<p>—There’s someone in the house—he said</p>
<p>PÁGINA 14</p>	<p>PAGE 14</p>
<p>—Nosotros —dijo Víctor medio en broma, pero la mirada recriminatoria de Alonso lo hizo guardar silencio.</p>	<p>—Us—said Victor half-jokingly, but Alonso’s reproachful look made him keep silent.</p>
<p>Mercedes también despertó cuando sintió moverse a su marido. Echó hacia atrás su cabello para tratar de ver mejor. Sus ojos almendrados, intensos, escudaron en la oscuridad. De pronto todos lo volvieron a oír: el sonido de alguien lavando los platos y al mismo tiempo arrastrando un objeto de metal pesado. Era un ruido extraño, como si atravesara una larga distancia, un sonido cansado de sonar.</p>	<p>Mercedes also woke up when she felt her husband move. She pushed back her hair to try to get a better look. Her almond-shaped, intense eyes scanned the darkness. Suddenly, everyone heard it again: the sound of someone washing dishes and at the same time dragging a heavy metal object. It was a strange noise, as if it crossed a long distance, a sound tired of sounding.</p>
<p>—No se preocupen—dijo Alonso para tratar de tranquilizarlos y tranquilizarse—, la casa es vieja.</p>	<p>—Don’t worry—said Alonso, trying to calm them down and calm himself, the house is old.</p>
<p>Con el correr de los días, y sobre todo en las</p>	<p>As the days went by, and especially at</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>noches, los ruidos se hicieron más frecuentes, despertándolos en la madrugada o introduciéndose en sus sueños. El temor de la familia comenzó a convertirse en costumbre. No podían entender de dónde provenían esos sonidos. Una madrugada, Mercedes salió a caminar por el patio en un intento por encontrar la raíz de los sonidos. Pero fue inútil. Solo había frío y negrura. Regresó a la cama temblando.</p>	<p>night, the noises became more frequent, waking them up at dawn or entering their dreams. The family's fear began to become a habit. They could not understand where the sounds were coming from. One early morning, Mercedes went for a walk in the yard in an attempt to find the root of the sounds. But it was useless. There was only cold and blackness. She returned to bed shivering.</p>
*	*
<p>Mientras vivieron en Caracas, el dinero nunca había sido un problema para la familia Rivera. Pero apenas se mudaron de ciudad, todo empezó a escasear tan rápido en sus vidas que apenas se dieron cuenta. El deterioro material, físico y anímico se fue haciendo cada vez más evidente, abriendo grietas de angustia en cada uno de ellos. Alonso se ganaba el sustento haciendo pequeñas reparaciones mecánicas y eléctricas, pero su verdadero oficio era el de</p>	<p>While they lived in Caracas, money had never been a problem for the Rivera family. But as soon as they moved to another city, everything began to run scarce so quickly in their lives that they barely noticed. The material, physical, and emotional deterioration became more and more evident, opening cracks of anguish within each of them. Alonso earned a living doing small mechanical and electrical repairs, but his real profession was that of a</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>pintor. Realizaba preciosos paisajes en acuarelas que vendía por distintas ciudades del país.</p> <p>Alonso apenas recordaba a sus padres. Sabía que eran de Monagas y que llegaron a Caracas en autobús hace mucho</p>	<p>painter. He created beautiful watercolor landscapes that he sold in various cities around the country.</p> <p>Alonso barely remembered his parents. He knew they were from Monagas and that they had arrived to Caracas by bus a long</p>
<p>PÁGINA 15</p> <p>tiempo. Sus vidas, quiénes fueron, qué hicieron... todo su pasado era una incógnita. Nunca nadie le habló sobre ellos. Su abuela se ponía a llorar cuando él, desde muy niño, intentaba saber más, preguntar más. Con el tiempo olvidó hasta sus nombres, pues murieron muy jóvenes, y tuvo que valerse por sí mismo desde muy pequeño. Empezó a pintar cuando tenía siete años y lo hizo solo. Nunca fue a un taller de pintura, el único consejero que tuvo fue su profesor de artística del colegio, quien lo ayudó a entender sobre el arte en general.</p> <p>Vivió en el centro de Caracas con su abuela la mayor parte de su vida. Ella trabajó como</p>	<p>PAGE 15</p> <p>time ago. Their lives, who they were, what they did... their whole past was a mystery. No one ever told him about them. His grandmother would cry when he, from a very young age, tried to know more, to ask more. Eventually, he even forgot their names, as they died very young, and he had to fend for himself from a very young age. He began to paint when he was seven years old, and he did it alone. He never went to a painting course, the only advisor he had was his high school art teacher, who helped him understand art in general.</p> <p>He lived in downtown Caracas with his grandmother most of his life. She worked as</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>enfermera y era la encargada de llevar el pan a la mesa. Cuando Alonso cumplió dieciocho años decidió salir a trabajar en vez de terminar la secundaria. No le interesaban demasiado los estudios. Quería dinero, seguir pintando y ayudar a su abuela.</p> <p>Empezó a trabajar de asistente de un vecino que era mecánico y aprendió muy rápido el oficio. En aquel entonces conoció a Mercedes en una fiesta y después de unos meses empezaron a salir. Un año después, entró a trabajar en una tienda de ropa. Fue una buena época. Los dueños eran extranjeros, gente bastante adinerada, y como Alonso era hábil en las ventas, ganó mucho dinero en comisiones. Por esos días, su abuela, poco antes de morir, le dejó el apartamento. Alonso sufrió mucho esa pérdida. Había sido la única figura materna que tuvo. Ese sufrimiento lo llevó a la bebida, y lo reafirmó en la pintura. Volvía a ellas, como aferrándose a un par de amigas</p>	<p>a nurse and was in charge of bringing the bread to the table. When Alonso turned eighteen, he decided to go out to work instead of finishing high school. He wasn't too interested in studies. He wanted money, to continue painting and to help his grandmother.</p> <p>He started working as an assistant to a neighbor who was a mechanic and learned the trade very quickly. At that time, he met Mercedes at a party, and after a few months, they started dating. A year later, he went to work in a clothing store. It was a good time. The owners were foreigners, quite wealthy people, and as Alonso was skilled in sales, he earned a lot of money in commissions. In those days, his grandmother, shortly before she died, left him the apartment. Alonso suffered greatly from this loss. She had been the only maternal figure he ever had. That grief led him to drinking, and reaffirmed his dedication to painting. He returned to them, as if clinging to a pair of friends.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>que lo aislaban de los problemas, de los recuerdos, pero también del presente. Pintaba paisajes, cosas que lo hacían sentir bien, una realidad alterna donde no cabían los pesares. Una vez intentó pintar a su abuela, pero no era muy bueno con los retratos. Entonces la convirtió en paisaje, en un hermoso atardecer similar a los que se ocultaban tras el edificio donde vivieron. Lloró toda la noche después de terminar el cuadro.</p> <p>PÁGINA 16</p> <p>Mercedes salió embarazada un año después y su padre los obligó a casarse.</p> <p>—No sé cómo vas a hacer—le dijo enfurecido a Alonso—.Tienes que casarte con ella. Mi hija no vivirá en la vergüenza por tu culpa, ni mi nieto crecerá sin padre. Ah, sí, claro. No era tu intención. Pero lo hecho, hecho está. Se casan. A mí no me queda mucho tiempo</p>	<p>, that isolated him from problems, from memories, but also from the present. He painted landscapes, things that made him feel good, an alternate reality where there was no room for sorrows. Once he tried to paint his grandmother, but he was not very good at portraits. So he turned her into a landscape, a beautiful sunset similar to the ones that used to hide behind the building where they had lived. He cried all night after finishing the painting.</p> <p>PAGE 16</p> <p>Mercedes got pregnant a year later, and her father forced them to marry.</p> <p>—I don't know what you're going to do—he said angrily to Alonso. You have to marry her. My daughter will not live in shame because of you, and my grandchild will not grow up without a father.</p> <p>Oh, sure. Of course. That wasn't your intention. But what's done is done. You're getting married. I don't have much time left,</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>y les dejaré un dinero. No es mucho, pero... se casan. No voy a discutirlo.</p> <p>Alonso aceptó y se casaron pocos días después. El padre de Mercedes no quería que los vecinos se enteraran de su embarazo. Un embarazo fuera del matrimonio era vergonzoso para la familia de Mercedes, apegada a un conservadurismo lleno de prejuicios.</p> <p>Sin embargo, Mercedes estaba feliz y se quedó en casa cuidando su embarazo y a su esposo. Alonso, en cambio, se hundía en la desdicha. Bebía más seguido y estuvo a punto de perder su trabajo en un par de ocasiones.</p> <p>—Si pierdes el trabajo, ¿de qué vamos a vivir?—le reclamaba Mercedes—, ese trabajo paga todo. Tienes que dejar de beber.</p> <p>—Estoy vendiendo mis cuadros.</p> <p>—Sí, pero no es suficiente.</p> <p>—Participaré en concursos.</p>	<p>and I'll leave you some money. It's not much, but... you're getting married. I'm not going to argue about it.</p> <p>Alonso agreed, and they got married a few days later. Mercedes's father didn't want the neighbors to find out about her pregnancy. A pregnancy out of wedlock was shameful for Mercedes's family, rooted in a conservatism full of prejudice.</p> <p>However, Mercedes was happy and stayed at home taking care of her pregnancy and her husband. Alonso, on the other hand, was sinking into unhappiness. He drank more often and almost lost his job on a couple of occasions.</p> <p>—If you lose your job, how are we going to live?—Mercedes reproached him—that job pays for everything. You have to stop drinking.</p> <p>—I'm selling my paintings.</p> <p>—Yes, but it's not enough.</p> <p>—I'll participate in contests.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>—No es suficiente.</p> <p>Alonso siguió pintando, pero también llegaba los fines de semana en un estado de ebriedad lamentable. Le parecía que la bebida lo inducía a un mundo que nadie más podía entender. Solo él. Hacía a la vez todo lo posible por seguir perfeccionando su estilo. Participó en varios concursos y ganó la mayoría de ellos. Pero era cierto lo que Mercedes le había dicho: no era suficiente.</p> <p>La tienda en la que estuvo trabajando sufrió tres robos en un mismo año. Después quebró. No se pudo recuperar de las pérdidas. Robaban en todos lados. A Alonso no le tomó</p> <p>PÁGINA 17</p> <p>demasiado tiempo darse cuenta de que Caracas ya no era un lugar seguro para vivir.</p> <p>Volvió con el vecino mecánico. Pero el dinero no alcanzaba y tuvo que buscar otros trabajos. Empezó a viajar al interior en camiones de carga, buscaba</p>	<p>—It's not enough.</p> <p>Alonso kept painting, but he also came home on weekends in a miserable state of drunkenness. He felt that alcohol transported him to a world no one else could understand. Only him. At the same time, he did everything he could to keep refining his style. He entered several competitions and won most of them. But what Mercedes had told him was true: it wasn't enough.</p> <p>The clothing store where he worked was robbed three times in a single year. After that, it went bankrupt. It never recovered from the losses. Robberies were happening everywhere. It didn't take Alonso</p> <p>PAGE 17</p> <p>to realize that Caracas was no longer a safe place to live.</p> <p>He went back to working with the mechanic neighbor. But the money wasn't enough, and he had to look for other jobs. He began traveling inland in cargo trucks, looked for</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>extranjeros en el aeropuerto, vendía perfumes. Eso le permitió mantenerse a flote por un par de años.</p> <p>A medida que pasaba el tiempo, la casa se fue llenando de niños. Sus pequeños, Camila y Julián, corrían de un lado a otro mientras él pintaba sus cuadros. Y seguía bebiendo. El apartamento era enorme, su abuela lo había podido comprar cuando trabajaba como enfermera. Siempre le gustó ahorrar dinero. Pero era la ciudad la que los mantenía en un estado de zozobra permanente debido a la delincuencia.</p> <p>Cuando Camila cumplió los cinco años, tuvieron una visita inesperada. Liduvina, la madre de Mercedes, les tocó la puerta un día con dos niños casi desnutridos a su lado. Virginia y Víctor eran sus nombres. Ambos los miraron implorando ayuda. Eran los hijos de Liduvina, pero ninguno pudo sacarle información sobre el padre. Ella nunca se llevó bien con Mercedes, la había abandonado</p>	<p>foreigners at the airport, selling perfumes. That allowed him to stay afloat for a couple of years.</p> <p>As time went by, the house filled up with children. His little ones, Camila and Julian, ran around while he painted his pictures. And he kept drinking. The apartment was huge, his grandmother had been able to buy it back when she worked as a nurse. She always liked to save money. But it was the city that kept them in a permanent state of anxiety due to the crime.</p> <p>When Camila turned five, they had an unexpected visitor. Liduvina, Mercedes's mother, knocked on their door one day with two nearly malnourished children by her side. Their names were Virginia and Víctor. Both looked at them, pleading for help. They were Liduvina's children, but no one was able to get any information from her about the father. She had never gotten along with Mercedes, she had abandoned her</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>estando muy pequeña. Además, siempre escucharon que hacía brujería y cosas raras. Liduvina nunca fue una madre de verdad, abandonaba a sus hijos por todos lados. Alonso estaba seguro de que además de esos dos pequeños con los que llegó, había también otros niños regados por diversas partes del país.</p> <p>Alonso se negó a alojarla al inicio, pero en realidad le tenía miedo, y terminó aceptando su presencia, al igual que Mercedes, quien al fin y al cabo era su hija y obedecía al llamados de la sangre.</p> <p>Liduvina no dejaba de hablar de sus trabajos de brujería como si estuviera hablando del clima.</p> <p>—¿Dónde estuviste? —le preguntó Alonso un día al verla llegar muy tarde a la casa. Liduvina lo miró con sus ojos penetrantes, furiosos. Se encogió de hombros.</p>	<p>when she was just a little girl. Besides, they had always heard that she practiced witchcraft and strange things. Liduvina had never been a real mother she abandoned her children everywhere. Alonso was sure that in addition to those two little ones she arrived with, there were also other children scattered in different parts of the country.</p> <p>Alonso refused to take her in at first, but in reality, he was afraid of her, and ended up accepting her presence, as did Mercedes, who, after all was his daughter and obeyed the call of the blood.</p> <p>Liduvina kept talking about her witchcraft work as if she were talking about the weather.</p> <p>—Where have you been? —Alonso asked her one day when he saw her arriving home very late. Liduvina looked at him with her penetrating, furious eyes. She shrugged her shoulders.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>PÁGINA 18</p> <p>—Por el campo. Yo vengo del campo, ¿sabes? Vivíamos muy adentro... yo hacía de todo, mis padres no hacían nada...</p> <p>—Sí, pero ¿dónde queda ese campo? Estamos en la ciudad.</p> <p>—Pues el campo.</p> <p>Alonso suspiró y desistió.</p> <p>En otra oportunidad, Liduvina, en uno de esos arranques en los que se confundían la locura y la maldad, le dijo a Mercedes:</p> <p>—No quiero más a esos niños. Son tuyos.</p> <p>—¿De qué hablas?</p> <p>—Son tuyos.</p> <p>—No son míos.</p> <p>—Bueno, yo no los quiero. Entonces échalos.</p> <p>—Pero... ¿cómo voy a echarlos...?</p> <p>—Pues así, mira...</p>	<p>PAGE 18</p> <p>—From the countryside. I come from the countryside, you know? We lived deep inside... I did everything, my parents did nothing...</p> <p>—Yeah, but where exactly is this countryside? We're in the city.</p> <p>—Just... the countryside.</p> <p>Alonso sighed and gave up.</p> <p>On another occasion, Liduvina, in one of those outbursts where madness and wickedness blurred together, said to Mercedes:</p> <p>—I don't want those children anymore. They are yours.</p> <p>—What are you talking about?</p> <p>—They are yours.</p> <p>—They are not mine.</p> <p>—Well, I don't want them. So get rid of them.</p> <p>—But... How am I supposed to get rid of them...?</p> <p>—Like this, look...</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>Antes de que se levantara, Mercedes tomó a los dos pequeños y los alejó de Liduvina. No era capaz de dejarlos solos con ella. Pero tampoco era capaz de deshacerse de su madre. Alonso no estaba muy convencido, pero jamás lanzaría a unos niños a la calle. Liduvina lo asfixiaba. Su malhumor, sus gritos, sus insultos. Las energías negativas que desplegaba por toda la casa. Ya no le apetecía vivir más allí. Por eso salía con frecuencia, bebía sin parar y empezó a frecuentar a una mujer que conoció en un bar.</p> <p>Tenían que mudarse. Tal vez en otro lugar las cosas irían mejor. O al menos, estarían más seguros. Además, Alonso quería una casa. El apartamento, a pesar de que era grande, lo agobiaba. Por ello, cuando murió su suegro, pensó en utilizar el dinero de la herencia de su esposa para salir de Caracas. Un amigo le dijo que en Barquisimeto estaban vendiendo casas muy baratas.</p>	<p>Before she stood up, Mercedes took the two little ones and moved them away from Liduvina. She couldn't bear to leave them alone with her. But neither was she capable of getting rid of their mother. Alonso was not very convinced, but he would never throw children into the street. Liduvina suffocated him. Her moodiness, her shouting, her insults. The negative energies she spread throughout the house. He didn't feel like living there anymore. That's why he went out frequently, drank non-stop and began to frequent a woman he met in a bar.</p> <p>They had to move. Maybe things would go better somewhere else. Or at least, they'd be safer. Besides, Alonso wanted a house. The apartment, even though it was big, it overwhelmed him. So when his father-in-law died, he thought of using the money from his wife's inheritance to leave Caracas. A friend told him that houses were being sold very cheaply in Barquisimeto.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>Necesitaban gente para el desarrollo de la ciudad. A Alonso le pareció una buena idea. Liduvina dijo que ella había vivido un tiempo en Barquisimeto junto al padre de</p> <p>PÁGINA 19</p> <p>los niños. Alonso intentó sacarle más información, pero fue en vano. Ella no quería hablar del padre, ni dar demasiados detalles sobre su vida. Sin embargo, la idea del viaje a Barquisimeto se materializó y les dio un vuelco a sus vidas. Estaban emocionados de comenzar una nueva etapa. Hasta Liduvina parecía haber cambiado un poco de ánimo. Alonso había pensado en dejar la bebida para dedicarse más a su arte y encontrar un buen trabajo.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">*</p> <p>Pero al llegar a la ciudad de los crepúsculos sintió que las cosas no iban a funcionar. La casa los hizo sentir que no eran bienvenidos. Vendieron todo para comprarla y ya no tenían mucho dinero para irse</p>	<p>They needed people for the city's development. To Alonso, it sounded like a good idea. Liduvina said she had lived in Barquisimeto for a while with the children's</p> <p>PAGE 19</p> <p>father. Alonso tried to get more information out of her, but it was useless. She didn't want to talk about the father or share many details about her life. However, the idea of the trip to Barquisimeto materialized and turned their lives around. They were excited to start a new stage. Even Liduvina seemed to have changed her mood a little. Alonso had thought about giving up drinking to dedicate himself more to his art and find a good job.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">*</p> <p>But when they arrived to the twilight' city, he felt things wouldn't work out. The house made them feel unwelcome. They had sold everything to buy it, and now they didn't have much money left to move</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>a otro lugar. Un vacío empezó a desplazarse por todos los rincones de la nueva casa, y terminó apoderándose de la voluntad de la familia.</p> <p>Entonces Alonso empezó a enojarse.</p> <p>El enojo comenzó con pequeños detalles. Cuando uno de sus hijos dejaba la puerta abierta, o no le traía el periódico, estallaba de repente. Se vencía a todas sus emociones y su perturbación interna se desbocaba. Pronto pasó de la bebida a las drogas. La primera vez que consumió perico fue acucillado en el pasillo de la casa, mientras observaba la cocina. A veces, cuando estaba ahí agachado, le parecía que olía a romero y cilantro, a pesar de que no había nadie en la cocina.</p> <p>Se debatía pensando de dónde venía ese enojo. ¿Era por los problemas económicos? ¿Porque extrañaba vivir en Caracas? ¿Porque se dio cuenta de que mudarse fue una mala idea? ¿O tal vez no fue una mala</p>	<p>anywhere else. An emptiness began to move through every corner of the new house, and ended up taking over the will of the family.</p> <p>Then Alonso began to get angry.</p> <p>The anger started with small details. When one of his children left the door open or didn't bring him the newspaper, he would suddenly explode.</p> <p>He gave in to all his emotions, and his inner turmoil spiraled out of control. Soon, he moved from alcohol to drugs. The first time he used snow was squatting in the hallway of the house, while watching the kitchen. Sometimes, when he was crouched there, he thought he smelled rosemary and coriander, even though no one was in the kitchen.</p> <p>He debated where this anger was coming from. Was it because of the economic problems? Because he missed living in Caracas? Because he realized that moving was a bad idea? Or maybe it wasn't a bad</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>idea? ¿El problema era la casa? Alonso no veía el día de irse, irse muy lejos, otra vez, pero esta vez solo. Engañaba y maltrataba a su esposa, a sus hijos. Bebía. Se drogaba. Vivía ensimismado en sus cuadros,</p> <p>PÁGINA 20</p> <p>en su rabia y en sus mentiras. Después vinieron los robos. Al inicio fueron pequeñas cosas. Billeteras y celulares. Pero después comenzó a robar autos y a estafar a la gente. Hasta que cayó preso. En la cárcel, Alonso aprendió a desarrollar diferentes tipos de habilidades manuales y artísticas. Desde pintura y carpintería hasta música y textilería. La cárcel terminó siendo parte de su crecimiento creativo y logró distraerle el desasosiego y la rabia que lo acompañaban desde hace años.</p> <p>Su familia, mientras tanto, tuvo que lidiar con su ausencia.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">*</p> <p>Los apremios económicos obligaron a</p>	<p>idea? Alonso couldn't wait to leave, to go far away, again, but this time alone. He cheated on and mistreated his wife and children. He drank. He did drugs. He lived isolated in his paintings,</p> <p>PAGE 20</p> <p>in his rage, and in his lies. Then came the robberies. At the beginning, they were small things. Wallets and cell phones. But then he started stealing cars and scamming people. Until he went to jail. In prison, Alonso learned to develop different kinds of manual and artistic skills. From painting and carpentry to music and textiles. Prison ended up being part of his creative growth and managed to distract him from the restlessness and anger that had been accompanying him for years.</p> <p>Meanwhile, his family had to deal with his absence,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">*</p> <p>Financial hardship forced</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>Mercedes a salir a trabajar limpiando casas en el vecindario. Aunque estaba resentida con su marido, lo visitó un par de veces en la cárcel, y en una de esas visitas quedó embarazada de Beatriz. Cuando Liduvina se enteró, se enfureció y le dijo que se fuera de la casa, la amenazó con hacerle una brujería. Mercedes tuvo que regresar a Caracas y se quedó con unos tíos hasta el nacimiento de la niña. Un mes después, regresó. Encontró a sus hijos temblando del miedo, con rasguños en los brazos. En ese instante supo que no volvería a dejarlos solos. Que nunca más permitiría que su madre les pusiera un dedo encima.</p> <p>De haber vivido de manera más o menos acomodada en Caracas, la familia pasó a sufrir de pobreza casi extrema en una ciudad que no conocían. A veces, tuvo que decidir si desayunar o almorzar, pues no siempre había alimento para las tres comidas del día.</p> <p>Alonso había cumplido su</p>	<p>Mercedes to start working as a house cleaner in the neighborhood. Although she was resentful toward her husband, she visited him a couple of times in prison, and on one of those visits, she became pregnant with Beatriz. When Liduvina found out, she was furious and told her to get out of the house, threatening her with witchcraft. Mercedes had to return to Caracas and stayed with her uncles until the baby was born. A month later, she came back. She found her children trembling with fear, with scratches on their arms. In that moment, she knew she would never leave them alone again. She would never again let her mother lay a finger on them.</p> <p>From having lived more or less comfortably in Caracas, the family went on to suffer from almost extreme poverty in a city they did not know. At times, they had to decide whether to eat breakfast or lunch, as there was not always enough food for the three meals of the day. Alonso had served his</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>condena, y de vez en cuando iba a la casa a visitarlos. s. A veces les daba dinero y otras veces se quedaba una semana porque necesitaba ocultarse de gente a la que le debía plata, o por otros motivos no del todo claros, pero que hacían suponer que la cárcel, lejos de regenerarlo, lo había envenenado aún más. Mercedes consentía esas</p> <p>PÁGINA 21</p> <p>estadías, aunque a regañadientes. Después de todo, era el padre de sus hijos.</p> <p>Una noche de Navidad, Alonso se presentó en la casa y les llevó regalos a sus hijos. Luego de las celebraciones, y mientras todos dormían, Camila sintió un jalón en la pierna que la despertó bruscamente. Abrió los ojos y miró alrededor. No vio nada extraño. Su hermana Beatriz dormía junto a ella. Su respiración la calmó, y el miedo se fue disipando. Pudo haber sido una pesadilla, se dijo. En la ventana se</p>	<p>sentence, and from time to time, Alonso would come by the house to visit them. Sometimes he gave them money, other times, he stayed for a week because he needed to hide from people he owed money to or for other reasons that were not entirely clear, but which suggested that prison, far from regenerating him, had made him even more addicted. Mercedes consented to these</p> <p>PAGE 21</p> <p>though reluctantly. After all, he was the father of her children.</p> <p>One Christmas night, Alonso showed up at the house and brought gifts for his kids. After the celebrations, and while everyone was asleep, Camila felt a tug on her leg that woke her up abruptly. She opened her eyes and looked around. She saw nothing strange. Her sister Beatriz was sleeping next to her. Her breathing calmed her, and the fear began to dissipate. It could have been a nightmare, she said to herself. The shadows</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>dibujaban las sombras del rosal, cuyas flores acariciaban con suavidad la cortina, provocando que esta se agitara un poco. La oscuridad y el silencio hicieron que Camila se encogiera entre las sábanas rosadas para buscar otra vez el sueño. Cuando estaba a punto de quedarse dormida, sintió otro jalón, esta vez con fuerza. Camila gritó y despertó a Virginia, quien vio a su hermana pálida, intentando sujetarse a ella con desesperación. Entonces gritó también. Alonso se levantó. Mercedes quiso hacer lo mismo, pero cuando intentó ponerse de pie, algo invisible la tomó con fuerza por la garganta e intentó estrangularla. Los gritos terminaron por despertar a Liduvina, Julián y Víctor. Nadie sabía qué pasaba, solo que el miedo se apoderaba de ellos como una sustancia envolvente.</p> <p>Para sorpresa de la familia, Alonso empezó a gritarle a ese ser indistinguible que asfixiaba a Mercedes que esperara a que él se fuera, que sabía quién era y que iba a</p>	<p>of the rosebush traced patterns on the window, its flowers gently brushing against the curtain, making it flutter slightly. The darkness and silence made Camila curl up beneath the pink sheets, trying to fall asleep again. Just as she was about to drift off, she felt another tug, this time, forceful. Camila screamed and woke Virginia, who saw her sister pale and desperately clinging to her. She screamed too. Alonso got up. Mercedes tried to do the same, but as she tried to stand, something invisible grabbed her forcefully by the throat and tried to strangle her. The screams finally woke up Liduvina, Julian, and Victor. No one knew what was happening, only that fear had taken hold of them like a suffocating substance.</p> <p>To the family's surprise, Alonso began shouting at the indistinct entity choking Mercedes, telling it to wait until he was gone that he knew who it was, and that it</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>morir. Le hablaba con la seguridad de estarse dirigiendo a una fuerza conocida. Luego corrió por toda la casa y cerró puertas y ventanas. Las manos invisibles que aprisionaban el cuello de Mercedes se aflojaron. Esta recobró el color, pudo volver a respirar y se levantó de la cama tambaleante.</p> <p>Según los chismes de la familia, una amante de Alonso que vivía en Caracas practicaba la brujería y estaba metida en un grupo llamado Rosacruz. La fraternidad de los rosacruces es mundialmente conocida como la antigua Orden Mística de la</p> <p>PÁGINA 22</p> <p>Rosacruz, con frecuencia abreviada con las siglas AMORC. Sus orígenes se remontan al Egipto faraónico y su símbolo es una cruz acompañada de rosas. Se trata de una organización esotérica, una especie de fraternidad que estudia el desarrollo espiritual del ser humano, convencida de</p>	<p>was going to die. He spoke to it with the confidence of addressing a familiar force. Then he ran through the house, shutting all the doors and windows. The invisible hands that had been gripping Mercedes's throat loosened. Her color returned, she was able to breathe again, and she rose from the bed, staggering.</p> <p>According to family gossip, a lover of Alonso's who lived in Caracas practiced witchcraft and was involved in a group called the Rosicrucians. The Fraternidad de los Rosacruces is globally known as the Ancient Mystical Order</p> <p>PAGE 22</p> <p>Rosae Crucis, often abbreviated as AMORC. Its origins are said to trace back to pharaonic Egypt, and its symbol is a cross accompanied by roses. It is an esoteric organization, a kind of fraternity that studies the spiritual development of the human being, convinced that</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>que el alma puede salir del cuerpo y trasladarse a cualquier sitio, pero con un tiempo limitado. Si el alma no regresaba a tiempo, moría. Al menos esas eran las historias que en aquellos tiempos se contaban sobre ellos</p> <p>Por eso Alonso cerró todo para que esa energía maligna no pudiera salir. Estaba hecho una furia. La casa vibraba bajo la presencia de esa figura femenina que podía percibirse a través de su reflejo en los espejos. Algunos lograron identificar las mejillas hinchadas y el cabello negro y alborotado de la amante. Gritaba, o al menos así lo parecía, pero sus gritos no llegaban a atravesar el umbral de la dimensión donde se encontraba. Estaba atrapada y muy molesta. Un aire helado recorría todos los espacios, todos los cuerpos que habitaban la casa.</p> <p>—Alguien está gritando «fuera» —le dijo Julián a Víctor.</p> <p>Ninguno había querido salir del cuarto.</p>	<p>the soul can leave the body and move anywhere, but with a limited time. If the soul did not return in time, it died. At least those were the stories that were told about them in those times.</p> <p>That’s why Alonso shut everything so that the malignant energy wouldn’t be able to escape. He was furious. The house seemed to vibrate under the presence of that female figure, visible only through her reflection in the mirrors. Some managed to identify the swollen cheeks and wild black hair of the mistress. She was screaming, or so it seemed, but her cries couldn’t cross the threshold of the dimension she was trapped in. She was trapped and furious. An icy air was sweeping through all the spaces, all the bodies that inhabited the house.</p> <p>—Someone’s shouting «out»—Julian said to Victor.</p> <p>Neither of them wanted to leave the room.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>Víctor apretaba una almohada contra su cuerpo. Había algo moviéndose por la casa, podía sentirlo. Él ya había escuchado voces antes, pero no se lo dijo a nadie.</p> <p>—¿Quién?</p> <p>—No sé, pero es la voz de un hombre. Tal vez de papá.</p> <p>Mercedes le rogó a Alonso que por favor dejara salir a esa mujer, que ella también tenía hijos. Por lo visto, sabía de quién se trataba y se compadeció de la amante, se compadecía de las circunstancias de su esposo todas las veces que sus emociones y su cuerpo se lo exigían, lo cual ocurría casi siempre.</p> <p>Sin embargo, a pesar de sus ruegos, tuvieron que discutir para que Alonso abriera las puertas y la dejara escapar. Final-</p> <p>PÁGINA 23</p> <p>mente salió, dejando un aire helado y huellas de pisadas por el suelo. Nunca se supo a ciencia cierta si lo que ocurrió</p>	<p>Victor pressed a pillow against his body. There was something moving around the house, he could feel it. He had heard voices before, but he didn't tell anyone.</p> <p>—Who?</p> <p>—I don't know, but it is a man's voice. Maybe dad's.</p> <p>Mercedes begged Alonso to please let that woman out, that she had children too. Apparently, she knew who it was and took pity on the mistress, she took pity on her husband's circumstances whenever her emotions and her body demanded it, which was almost always the case.</p> <p>However, despite her pleas, they had to argue to get Alonso to open the doors and let her escape. Fi-</p> <p>PAGE 23</p> <p>nally she left, leaving behind a chill in the air and footprints across the floor. No one ever knew for sure whether what happened</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>aquella noche de navidad estaba relacionado con la organización Rosacruz, aunque no podía haber otra explicación. O era eso o era la casa. O ambas cosas. Aquella experiencia quedó flotando en sus recuerdos como una pesadilla gelatinosa. Con el tiempo, se convirtió casi en una leyenda.</p>	<p>, that Christmas night was related to the Rosicrucian organization, although there could be no other explanation. Either it was that or it was the house. Or both. That experience remained floating in his memories like a sticky nightmare. In time, it became almost a legend.</p>
<p>*</p>	<p>*</p>
<p>La escasez de dinero y el ambiente sombrío que se imponía en la casa no dejaban de acorralar a la familia, por lo que no todos pudieron recibir una educación formal de pequeños. Los niños tuvieron que crecer aceleradamente y trabajar desde muy jóvenes para ayudar a Beatriz, la menor, en quien habían depositado sus esperanzas de que terminara sus estudios y se graduara de bachiller en humanidades.</p>	<p>The lack of money and the gloomy atmosphere that settled over the house kept pressing in on the family, which meant not all the children could receive a formal education when they were young. The kids had to grow up quickly and start working early to support Beatriz, the youngest, in whom they had placed their hopes of finishing her studies and graduating with a high school degree in humanities.</p>
<p>Víctor comenzó a trabajar desde sus trece años limpiando autos. Le gustaba pasar tiempo con ellos, pasarles el trapo por todas sus dimensiones. Sentirlos. Así como sentía las paredes de la casa. Desde el primer día</p>	<p>Victor started working as a car cleaner when he was thirteen years old. He liked spending time with them, wiping all their dimensions. To feel them. Just as he felt the walls of the house. Since the first day</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>que vió la casa, sintió una atracción que apenas pudo disimular. Esas amplias paredes de color turquesa lo llamaban. Un par de veces las escuchó hablar, aunque decían cosas indescifrables. Él sabía que no podía decir nada, era su pequeño y oscuro secreto.</p> <p>Todos los días se levantaba temprano, se daba una ducha, se vestía para trabajar y caminaba dos cuadras para llegar al trabajo.</p> <p>Una vez uno de sus jefes lo sacó a pasear en uno de los autos.</p> <p>—Es una Chevrolet c10. Hermosa, ¿no?</p> <p>—le dijo su jefe mientras cruzaban toda la 6 de Santa Isabel.</p> <p>—Sí, me gusta —le dijo Víctor —, me recuerda a las paredes de mi casa.</p> <p>PÁGINA 24</p> <p>—¿Las paredes de tu casa? No entiendo.</p> <p>Ah, ¿por el color?</p> <p>—No. Es porque se siente bien.</p> <p>—¿Se siente bien?</p>	<p>he saw the house, he felt an attraction he could barely hide. Those wide turquoise walls called to him. A couple of times he heard them speak, though they said indecipherable things. He knew he couldn't say anything, it was their dark little secret.</p> <p>Every day he got up early, took a shower, dressed for work, and walked two blocks to get to work.</p> <p>One time, one of his bosses took him for a ride in one of the cars.</p> <p>—It's a Chevrolet c10. Beautiful, isn't it?</p> <p>—his boss said as they drove across 6th Street in Santa Isabel.</p> <p>—Yeah, I like it—said Victor, It reminds me of my house walls.</p> <p>PAGE 24</p> <p>—The walls of your house? I don't get it.</p> <p>Oh, because of the color?</p> <p>—No. Because it feels good.</p> <p>—It feels good?</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>—Sí, bueno... a veces. Otras veces no se siente tan bien. Pero su carro está perfecto, señor.</p>	<p>—Yeah, well... sometimes. Other times it doesn't feel so good. But your car is perfect, sir.</p>
<p>—Eres un niño raro. Vamos de regreso antes de que noten que nos fuimos.</p>	<p>—You're a weird kid. Let's get back before they notice we're gone.</p>
<p>Siguió trabajando en ese lugar por varios años, hasta que su jefe murió de un infarto y el negocio quebró.</p>	<p>He kept working there for several years, until his boss died of a heart attack and the business shut down.</p>
<p>Julián estuvo por un tiempo buscando trabajo hasta que encontró uno como asistente en reparaciones de casas. Aunque su sueldo era escaso, ayudaba a pagar los estudios de Beatriz. Y también intentó reunir algo para su futuro. A pesar de lo agotador que era, le gustaba. Y lo mantenía casi todo el día lejos de la casa.</p>	<p>Julián spent some time looking for work until he eventually found a job as an assistant doing home repairs. Although the pay was low, it helped cover Beatriz's school expenses. He also tried to save a bit for his future. Despite how exhausting it was, he liked it. And it kept him away from the house almost the entire day.</p>
<p>Como en un acto reflejo de lo que vivía la familia, la casa empezó a deteriorarse. Las cerámicas se rompían sin motivo aparente, el llamativo color turquesa de las paredes se fue apagando, y en el jardín los pinos se inclinaron como si una tristeza imprevista doblara sus troncos. El rosal</p>	<p>As if reflecting the family's own condition, the house began to fall apart. Tiles cracked without any apparent reason, the vibrant turquoise color of the walls began to fade, and in the garden, the pine trees leaned, as if an unexpected sadness were bending their trunks. The rosebush</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>se mantenía vivo porque Virginia lo regaba casi todos los días, muchas flores se marchitaban a pesar de sus cuidados. Repararon lo que pudieron, que fue muy poco. No tenían recursos para emprender remodelaciones o hacer el mantenimiento debido. La familia veía el desgaste de la casa con una mezcla de pesadumbre e impotencia. A veces también como una proyección de sus propias vidas. Era como si les estuviera revelando su verdadero rostro, como si la belleza que al inicio los cautivó hubiera sido un espejismo. Una trampa. Vivían con tristeza, como inclinados hacia el lado de la desesperanza, asumiendo la postura de la casa donde habitaban.</p>	<p>stayed alive because Virginia watered it almost every day, though many flowers withered despite her care. They repaired what they could, which was very little. They did not have the resources to undertake remodeling or do proper maintenance. The family watched the house deteriorate with a mix of sorrow and helplessness. Sometimes, they also saw it as a reflection of their own lives. It was as if the house were revealing its true face to them, as if the beauty that had captivated them at the beginning had been a mirage. A trap. They lived in sadness, almost leaning toward despair, mirroring the posture of the house they inhabited.</p>
<p>Capítulo 2 Ruidos</p>	<p>Chapter 2 Noises</p>
<p>Desde que Virginia escuchó los platos chocar en la madrugada aquel agosto de 1981, no volvió a salir de su habitación en</p>	<p>Since Virginia heard the dishes clattering in the middle of the night that August of 1981, she hadn't left her room</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>las noches. Le aterraba la idea de volverlos a escuchar, de sentir esa sensación rara en todo el cuerpo cuando esos ruidos se le aproximaban. Pero aquellos extraños sonidos seguían regresando.</p> <p>Una noche despertó porque tenía unas intensas ganas de orinar, pero el miedo no le permitía pensar con claridad. El dolor por las ganas de ir al baño la mantuvo despierta por un rato. Miró el techo y pensó en llamar a sus hermanas, pero no quiso moverse por temor a orinarse encima. Cerró los ojos con fuerza. Pasaron quizás unos cinco minutos cuando se hicieron oír. Era como si alguien estuviera lavando los platos. Se quedó quieta, aterrada, apretando las sábanas con la mirada fija en el techo. No quería mirar, ¿y si ellos venían? ¿Y si le tiraban los platos? Se retorció aguantando las ganas. Soltó un gemido, Camila se despertó asustada y miró a su hermana.</p> <p>—Los platos...pipí—murmuró. Ella la jaló del brazo. Estaba a su lado, de pie,</p>	<p>at night again. The idea of hearing them again, of feeling that strange sensation spread through her entire body as the noises drew near, terrified her. But those strange sounds kept returning.</p> <p>One night, she woke up because she had an intense urge to pee, but fear clouded her thoughts. The pain of holding it in kept her awake for a while. She stared at the ceiling and considered calling for her sisters, but she didn't want to move and risk wetting herself. She closed her eyes tightly. Maybe five minutes passed when they made themselves heard. It was as if someone was washing the dishes. She lay still, terrified, clenching the sheets with her eyes fixed on the ceiling. She didn't want to look, what if they came? What if they threw the dishes at her? She squirmed, holding back the urge. She let out a moan. Camila woke up startled and looked at her sister.</p> <p>—The dishes...pee—she whispered. She grabbed her by the arm. She was standing</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>mirándola. Apenas podía ver sus ojos brillantes en la oscuridad.</p> <p>—Vamos, yo te acompaño a hacer pipí.</p> <p>Se levantó sudado. No quería ir pero tenía que hacerlo, no podía orinarse en la cama. Caminó detrás de su hermana, mirando por encima de su hombro. Ella abrió la puerta. Un aire caliente le rozó los labios. Salieron y se dirigieron hacia el pasillo. Virginia se detuvo. Camila la miró con el ceño fruncido.</p> <p>PÁGINA 26</p> <p>—¿Qué te pasa?</p> <p>—Escuché unos platos...</p> <p>—Otra vez lo de los platos. No se escucha nada. Vamos, que tengo sueño. ¿O quieres ir sola? —le dijo con una sonrisa maliciosa.</p> <p>Virginia negó y se acercó a ella. Se adentraron al pasillo. Tenía razón, no se escuchaba nada, pero tampoco quiso confiarse.</p>	<p>next to her, watching her. Virginia could barely make out her glowing eyes in the dark.</p> <p>—Come on, I'll go with you to pee.</p> <p>She got up, sweaty. She didn't want to go, but she had to—she couldn't wet the bed.</p> <p>She walked behind her sister, glancing over her shoulder. Her sister opened the door. A wave of warm air brushed her lips. They stepped out and headed toward the hallway.</p> <p>Virginia stopped. Camila looked at her, frowning.</p> <p>PAGE 26</p> <p>—What's wrong with you?</p> <p>—I heard some dishes...</p> <p>—Again with the dishes. There's nothing.</p> <p>Come on, I'm sleepy. Or do you want to go alone? —She said with a mischievous smile.</p> <p>Virginia shook her head and moved closer to her. They stepped into the hallway.</p> <p>Camila was right, there was nothing, but Virginia didn't want to let her guard down.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>Avanzó a pasos apresurados, queriendo llegar al baño rápido, orinar y regresar a la cama. Se le hizo eterno el camino y cuando iban pasando por la cocina, se aferró al brazo de su hermana y cerró los ojos. La escuchó riendo. El sonido de su risa hizo eco en el pasillo. Se le pusieron los pelos de punta.</p> <p>Llegaron al baño y su hermana la esperó en la puerta mientras orinaba. Lo hizo rápido. Le dolía la vejiga por haber aguantado las ganas. Cuando estaban de regreso por el pasillo, Virginia sintió un soplo de viento frío en la nuca. Le tomó la mano a Camila y la empujó hacia adelante.</p> <p>—¡Ay, Virginia! No hay nada. No me empujes porque le diré a mamá. Ya cállate y no llores que no escuchamos nada. Para la próxima, no me levantaré a acompañarte. Te vas a ir sola.</p> <p>Se acostó furiosa. Virginia lloró.</p> <p>A la mañana siguiente, una enojada Camila</p>	<p>She moved forward with hurried steps, wanting to get to the bathroom quickly, pee, and go back to bed. The walk felt endless, and as they passed by the kitchen, she clung to her sister’s arm and shut her eyes.</p> <p>She heard her sister laughing. The sound echoed through the hallway. It gave Virginia goosebumps.</p> <p>They reached the bathroom, and her sister waited for her at the door while she peed. She did it quickly. Her bladder ached from holding in the urge. As they were on their way back down the hall, Virginia felt a breath of cold wind on the back of her neck. She grabbed Camila's hand and pushed her forward.</p> <p>—Ow, Virginia! There’s nothing there. Don’t push me or I’ll tell Mom. Shut up and stop crying, we didn’t hear anything. Next time I won’t get up to go with you. You’ll go on your own.</p> <p>She lay back down angrily. Virginia cried.</p> <p>Next morning, an angry Camila</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>le contó a Mercedes lo sucedido. Esta le dijo que no se preocupara, que no pasaba nada con la casa y que seguro lo que escuchó fueron los ratones que a veces merodeaban por ahí. Abrió la boca para decir algo más, pero la cerró cuando se lo pensó mejor. Nunca vio ratones en la casa, ni ningún otro animal, a pesar de lo antigua que era.</p> <p>A veces los ruidos eran más frecuentes, tanto, que Camila terminó por acostumbrarse. Al inicio se despertaba aterrada, con ganas de salir corriendo de la casa, pero después empezó a calmarse y a controlar sus emociones. El miedo era casi siempre el mismo, pero siempre el mismo, pero siempre recordaba que esa era su</p> <p>PÁGINA 27</p> <p>casa y que ella también pertenecía a esa zona de conflicto, oscuridad y amor.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">*</p> <p>Como desde pequeños empezaron a trabajar,</p>	<p>told Merced what had happened. She told her not to worry, that there was nothing wrong with the house, and that what she had heard was probably just the mice that sometimes roamed around. She opened her mouth to say something else but closed it again, thinking better of it. She had never seen any mice in the house, or any animal, for that matter, despite how old it was.</p> <p>Sometimes the noises became more frequent, so much so that Camila eventually got used to them. At first, she would wake up terrified, wanting to run out of the house, but later she began to calm herself and manage her emotions. The fear was almost always the same, but she always reminded herself that this was her</p> <p>PAGE 27</p> <p>home too, and that she also belonged to that space of conflict, darkness, and love.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">*</p> <p>Since they started working from a young</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>casi no tuvieron tiempo de crecer como cualquier niño. Jugaban muy poco, pero cuando tenían tiempo, les gustaba divertirse creando historias que después dramatizaban en la sala, con un pequeño telón de tela y un par de sillas. Camila escribía las historias, Virginia era la encargada del vestuario, Beatriz ponía la música en la radio de Virginia y Julián y Víctor eran los actores principales. Casi siempre eran historias sobre guerra, peleas o amores imposibles. Historias replicadas de las novelas que leía Camila. Virginia se ponía furiosa y le recriminaba a su hermana que tenía que hacer algo más que solo escribir porque ella siempre terminaba haciendo todo en la obra, incluido buscar agua y comida. Aunque en las historias de amores imposibles ella era la protagonista. Pero su hermana muy poco escribía sobre esas historias, disfrutaba más de ver a sus hermanos peleando. A pesar de las peleas, cuando llegaba el día de la obra,</p>	<p>age, they barely had time to grow up like any other child. They hardly ever played, but when they had time, they liked to have fun creating stories that they would then dramatize in the living room, using a small fabric curtain and a couple of chairs. Camila wrote the stories, Virginia was in charge of the costumes, Beatriz played music on Virginia's radio, and Julián and Víctor were the main actors. The stories were almost always about war, fights, or impossible loves. Stories replicated from the novels Camila read. Virginia would get furious and scold her sister that she had to do more than just write because she always ended up doing everything in the play, including fetching water and food. Although in the stories of impossible loves she was the protagonist. But her sister wrote very little about those stories, she enjoyed more watching her siblings fight. Despite the fights, when the day of the play came,</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>todos se divertían. Una Mercedes alegre acompañada de un par de vecinos aplaudía riendo.</p> <p>Cuando no estaban jugando a las obras, cada uno se encerraba en su propio espacio personal. A Mercedes le parecía que sus hijos crecían demasiado rápido y que también se estaban volviendo un poco distantes.</p> <p>Víctor comentaba entre sueños sobre voces y ruidos que escuchaba seguido. Varias veces, Julián se despertó en la madrugada para escucharlo. Decía cosas sin mucho sentido, apenas se le entendían algunas palabras. Su piel oscura se perlaba del sudor. A veces se jalaba de los cabellos. Un día, Julián se lo comentó a su madre.</p> <p>PÁGINA 28</p> <p>—Son sueños —le dijo Mercedes.</p> <p>—No sé... pasa muy seguido. No creo que sean solo sueños. Parecen pesadillas, mamá.</p>	<p>everyone had fun. A cheerful Mercedes accompanied by a couple of neighbors applauded with laughter.</p> <p>When they weren't putting on plays, each of them was locked in their own personal space. Mercedes felt that her children were growing up too fast and were also becoming a bit distant.</p> <p>Victor commented in his sleep about voices and noises he often heard. Several times, Julian woke up in middle of the night to listen to him. He said things that didn't make much sense, barely understood a few words. His dark skin was glistened with sweat. Sometimes he'd pulled at his hair.</p> <p>One day, Julian told his mother about it.</p> <p>PAGE 28</p> <p>—They're just dreams—Mercedes said</p> <p>—I don't know...it happens too often. I don't think they're just dreams. The feel like nightmares, mom.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>—¿Tú las tienes?</p> <p>—Sí, claro...</p> <p>—Por eso. Es normal. Todos tenemos pesadillas.</p> <p>—¿Tan seguidas?</p> <p>—¿Qué dice cuándo está dormido?</p> <p>—No se le entiende nada. Balbucea. Aunque una vez dijo algo sobre las paredes...</p> <p>—¿Las paredes?</p> <p>—Sí. Fue muy raro.</p> <p>—Está bien. Solo ha sido una pesadilla.</p> <p>Julián no volvió a comentarle a Mercedes sobre las otras veces que escuchó a su hermano hablando solo. Repetía lo mismo: las paredes, paredes, el color, las paredes... A pesar de los ruidos, del miedo y las incertidumbres, fueron aceptando esas oscuridades. Por varios años, los sonidos se apagaron. Volvían solo de vez en cuando. Ese silencio se convirtió en una especie de tregua</p>	<p>—Do you have them?</p> <p>—Yes, of course...</p> <p>—That's why. It's normal. We all have nightmares.</p> <p>—So often?</p> <p>—What does he say when he's asleep?</p> <p>—I can't understand anything. He mumbles. But once, he said something about the walls...</p> <p>—The walls?</p> <p>—Yes, it was really weird.</p> <p>—It's ok. It was just a nightmare.</p> <p>Julián didn't tell Mercedes again about the other times he heard his brother talking to himself. He kept repeating the same thing: the walls, walls, the color, the walls... Despite the noises, the fear, and the uncertainty, they began to accept that darkness. For many years, the sounds faded. They only returned from time to time. That silence became a kind of truce.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>PÁGINA 29</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Capítulo 3</p> <p style="text-align: center;">La broma de Virginia</p> <p>Después de cumplir los veinte años, Virginia conoció a un chico que terminó por convertirse en su esposo. Se mudaron después de casarse, pues su marido había insistido debido a las pesadillas y los miedos que ella tenía viviendo en aquel lugar tan misterioso y opresivo. Virginia le dio la razón, pues desde muy pequeña quiso salir corriendo de aquella casa.</p> <p>Alejarse de sus oscuridades.</p> <p>A pesar de no vivir en la casa de la calle 13, llegó a pensar que la maldición de ese lugar la perseguiría a donde fuera.</p> <p>Un día, Virginia se quedó a dormir en su antigua habitación porque su esposo viajaba demasiado por trabajo y no quería quedarse sola en su casa. Se sentó en la cama a escuchar un poco de música en la radio.</p>	<p>PAGE 29</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Chapter 3</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Virginia's Prank</p> <p>After turning twenty, Virginia met a guy who eventually became her husband.</p> <p>They moved out after getting married, as her husband had insisted—because of the nightmares and fears she had while living in that mysterious and oppressive place.</p> <p>Virginia agreed with him, since she had wanted to run away from that house ever since she was a child.</p> <p>She wanted to get away from its darkness.</p> <p>Even though she no longer lived in the house on 13th Street, she came to believe the curse of that place would follow her wherever she went.</p> <p>One day, Virginia spent the night in her old room because her husband was traveling a lot for work and she didn't want to be alone in her own house. She sat on the bed to listen to some music on the radio.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>Estuvo por unos minutos cantando una canción, recordando buenos tiempos, sintiéndose bien, libre. Hasta que escuchó de nuevo ese sonido. Los platos se lavaban solos. Apagó la radio. Se levantó con el corazón en la boca. Empezaba a sudar. Se acercó a la puerta y la abrió. Todo se veía tranquilo. Salió con la intención de ir a la cocina, pero se quedó paralizada cerca de la puerta. De repente, los sonidos se detuvieron y escuchó unas pisadas. Unas pisadas que se acercaban hacia ella. Se llevó las manos al rostro. Por la rejilla de sus dedos vio un vestido floreado. ¿Ese era...? Bajó las manos justo cuando escuchó la explosión de risas de sus hermanas.</p> <p>—¡Las odio! —les gritó.</p> <p>Se rieron a carcajadas, con las manos en el estómago.</p> <p>—¡Buuu! ¡Los platos vienen a comerte!</p> <p>—dijo Beatriz en medio de las risas.</p> <p>PÁGINA 30</p> <p>—Ya cállense. Muy graciosas.</p>	<p>She spent a few minutes singing a song, remembering good times, feeling good, free. Until she heard that sound again. The dishes were washing themselves. She turned off the radio. She stood up, heart in her throat. She was starting to sweat. She walked toward the door and opened it. Everything looked calm. She stepped out, intending to go to the kitchen, but froze near the doorway. Suddenly, the noises stopped, and she heard footsteps. Footsteps coming toward her. She put her hands over her face. Through the cracks between her fingers, she saw a floral dress. Was that...? She lowered her hands just as her sisters burst into laughter.</p> <p>—I hate you! —she shouted at them.</p> <p>They burst out laughing, hands on their stomachs.</p> <p>—Booo! The dishes are coming to eat you! —said Beatriz between laughs.</p> <p>PAGE 30</p> <p>—Shut up already. Very funny.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>—Sí, fue gracioso —asintió Camila, entre sonrisas.</p> <p>Les dijo en voz baja que se fueran al demonio y entró de nuevo a la habitación. Quiso vengarse de ellas. Y lo hizo. Una semana después. En aquel entonces, Virginia era parte de un club de creyentes de la iglesia cristiana. Hacían juegos y viajes. Pero no estuvo mucho tiempo en esa iglesia, pues empezaron a surgir conflictos entre el pastor y una de las miembros. Al parecer la embazó.</p> <p>Pero antes del escándalo, viajaron al pueblo de Santo Domingo, ubicado por la vía Apartaderos-Barinas. Un lugar montañoso, formado junto a la Sierra Nevada, un precioso valle de origen glacial. Hacía bastante frío; pero desde que llegaron, quisieron explorar todo el sitio. Se veía enorme, hermoso.</p> <p>Podían llevar a dos personas más al viaje y a Virginia se le ocurrió</p>	<p>—Yes, it was funny —Camila nodded, smiling.</p> <p>She told them in a low voice to go to hell and went back into the room. She wanted revenge. And she got it. A week later. Back then, Virginia was part of a Christian church believers' club. They played games and went on trips. But she wasn't in that church for long, as conflicts began to arise between the pastor and one of the members. Apparently he got her pregnant.</p> <p>But before the scandal, they traveled to the town of Santo Domingo, located on the Apartaderos-Barinas road. A mountainous place formed beside the Sierra Nevada, a beautiful valley of glacial origin. It was quite cold; but from the moment they arrived, they wanted to explore the entire site. It looked vast, stunning.</p> <p>They were allowed to bring two more people on the trip, and Virginia thought of</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>decirles a sus dos hermanas que la acompañaran. Al principio se resistieron porque ninguna era religiosa, pero cuando les dijo que habría comida y chicos, armaron con rapidez sus maletas.</p> <p>En la noche se quedaron en una posada pequeña. Eran alrededor de quince personas. Al día siguiente fueron a escalar una de las montañas. El trayecto era largo, hacía frío, pero también querían escalar y disfrutar del paisaje. En aquel entonces se cosechaba por esa región un naranja a la que le decían puerquera. La llamaban así porque los agricultores se la daban a los puercos. Pero no podía comerla cualquiera, menos los de estómago sensible porque los hacía defecar a cada rato. Ellas comieron todas las que pudieron del suelo. Hicieron varios juegos, oraron mientras Beatriz y Camila bailaban al otro lado de la posada. Después de las diez de la noche, todos se acostaron a dormir.</p> <p>Virginia despertó en la madrugada</p>	<p>inviting her two sisters. At first, they resisted because neither of them was religious, but when she mentioned there would be food and boys, they quickly packed their bags.</p> <p>That night, they stayed in a small inn. There were about fifteen people. The next day, they went hiking up one of the mountains. The trail was long, and it was cold but they also wanted to climb and enjoy the scenery. At that time an orange was harvested in that region and they called it puerquera. They called it that because the farmers gave it to the pigs. But not everyone could eat it, especially those with sensitive stomachs because it made them defecate all the time. They ate as much as they could off the ground. They played games and prayed while Beatriz and Camila danced on the other side of the inn. After ten o'clock at night, everyone went to bed.</p> <p>Virginia woke up in the middle of the night</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>con intensas ganas de vaciar el estómago. Tenía que caminar un trecho para ir al baño porque este estaba fuera de la posada. Salió con rapidez</p> <p>PÁGINA 31</p> <p>sin mirar a su alrededor. El viento soplaba con fuerza, el sonido de las ramas y las hojas muertas le causaban un estremecimiento. Corrió hacia el baño y entró. No tenía puerta, sino que se cerraba con una larga cortina. No le importó mucho porque era de noche, no creía que alguien utilizaría el baño a esa hora. Pero al cabo de un par de minutos, vio por la rejilla de la cortina a sus dos hermanas debatirse también entre entrar o no al baño.</p> <p>—...no quiero. Prefiero aguantarme</p> <p>—decía Beatriz a Camila.</p> <p>—Dijiste que me acompañarías. Vamos.</p> <p>—No quiero.</p> <p>Las veía discutir. La cortina se balanceaba con suavidad hacia un lado, pero sin</p>	<p>with an intense urge to empty her stomach. She had to walk a bit to get to the bathroom, as it was located outside the inn. She rushed out</p> <p>PAGE 31</p> <p>without looking around. The wind was blowing hard, and the sound of branches and dead leaves made her shiver. She ran to the bathroom and went in. It didn't have a door, only a long curtain to close it. She didn't mind since it was nighttime, and she didn't think anyone would use the bathroom at that hour. But after a couple of minutes, she saw through the slit in the curtain that her two sisters were also struggling with whether to go in or not.</p> <p>—...I don't want to. I'd rather hold it—Beatriz told Camila.</p> <p>—You said you'd come with me. Let's go.</p> <p>—I don't want to.</p> <p>She watched them argue. The curtain swayed softly to one side but never</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>levantarse del todo. En ese momento decidió vengarse de sus hermanas por lo que le hicieron en la casa. Cantó las notas del coro de la iglesia, un sonido muy parecido al de la leyenda de El Silbón. Primero con suavidad, ahogando la risa. Ellas dejaron de hablar. Camila le dijo a su hermana que se callara y que escuchara. Virginia apretó los labios para evitar reírse y volvió a silbar. El sonido se hizo más fuerte. Gritaron.</p> <p>—¡El Silbón! ¡Correeeee! —le gritó Camila a Beatriz. Esta tropezó con algo y se cayó. Se escuchó su chillido. Camila la ayudó a levantarse. Virginia se tapó la boca para no soltar una carcajada mientras las veía gritar como locas y entrar de nuevo a la posada.</p> <p>—Les dije que me vengaría —dijo y se levantó después de hacer sus necesidades. Antes de tocar la cortina, esta se elevó hacia arriba. Dio un paso hacia atrás. Al parecer iba a llover. Salió del baño abrazándose</p>	<p>but never lifted completely. In that moment, she decided to get revenge on her sisters for what they had done to her at the house. She began singing the notes of the church choir, a sound very similar to the legend of El Silbón. At first softly, stifling her laughter. They stopped talking. Camila told her sister to shut up and listen. Virginia pressed her lips together to keep from laughing and whistled again. The sound grew louder. They screamed.</p> <p>—El Silbón! Ruuuuun! —Camila yelled at Beatriz. The latter tripped over something and fell. Her shriek echoed. Camila helped her up. Virginia covered her mouth to keep from bursting out laughing as she watched them scream like crazy and run back into the inn.</p> <p>—I told you I'd get back at you—she said getting up after doing her business. Before she could touch the curtain, it lifted upward. She took a step back. It looked like it was going to rain. She left the bathroom hugging</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>debido al intenso viento. Los árboles se movían con fuerza. Y de repente, mientras caminaba hacia la posada, se le hizo infinito el camino. Entonces lo escuchó. El silbido.</p> <p>Al inicio pensó que eran sus hermanas, pero ellas seguían gritando desde el interior. Se encendieron varias luces.</p> <p>PÁGINA 32</p> <p>Ella se detuvo. De nuevo el sonido, suave, luego más fuerte. Se llevó las manos a los oídos y entró corriendo también.</p> <p>—¿Qué hacías afuera? —le espetó Camila. Beatriz la miró furiosa. Los demás la miraron, confundidos y medio adormilados. Virginia temblaba, pero intentó mantenerse firme.</p> <p>—Ustedes empezaron primero con lo de los sustos —les dijo desafiante. Beatriz le tiró una almohada en la cara.</p> <p>—¡Con eso no se juega! —le gritó</p> <p>—¡Con lo de los platos tampoco! —les</p>	<p>herself due to the intense wind. The trees swayed violently. Suddenly, as she walked back to the inn, the path seemed endless. Then she heard it. The whistle. At first she thought it was her sisters, but they were still screaming from inside. Several lights turned on.</p> <p>PAGE 32</p> <p>She stopped. The sound came again, soft at first, then louder. She covered her ears and ran inside too.</p> <p>—What were you doing outside? —Camila snapped at her. Beatriz glared at her. The others looked at her, confused and half-asleep. Virginia was shaking, but tried to stand her ground.</p> <p>—You were the ones who started it with the scares— she said defiantly. Beatriz threw a pillow at her face.</p> <p>—You don't mess with stuff like that! —she yelled.</p> <p>—Neither with the plates! — she</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>gritó de vuelta y corrió a su habitación.</p> <p>No se hablaron en semanas, pero a Virginia no le importó demasiado. No dejaba de pensar en ese último silbido que escuchó, en el viento, en los árboles que parecían estar furiosos con ella. Les contó a sus hermanas esa experiencia años después.</p> <p>Le dijeron que se lo merecía, pero que ellas también.</p>	<p>yelled back and ran to her room.</p> <p>They didn't speak for weeks, but Virginia didn't really care.</p> <p>She couldn't stop thinking about that last whistle she heard, the wind, the trees that seemed angry with her. She told her sisters about that experience years later.</p> <p>They told her she deserved it but so did they.</p>
*	*
<p>Antes de que pudieran preverlo, la familia empezó a multiplicarse. Victor tuvo dos niñas, Alba y Noelia. Y poco tiempo después, nació Luz, la hija de Julián. Por su parte, Camila tuvo a Abril, Natalia y Edward.</p> <p>Sin embargo, a pesar de la alegría de los nuevos miembros, la familia había terminado por aceptar que junto a ellos convivían también otros seres de los que no podían librarse. No dejaban de sentir miedo, pero terminaron por acostumbrarse a esas presencias extrañas sin historias y sin</p>	<p>Before they could have foreseen it, the family began to grow. Víctor had two daughters, Alba and Noelia. And shortly after, Luz was born, Julián's daughter. Camila, for her part, had Abril, Natalia, and Edward.</p> <p>However, despite the joy of the new family members, they had come to accept that other beings lived with them, beings they couldn't get rid of. The fear never went away, but eventually, they got used to those strange presences with no stories and no</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>nombres. Aún al miedo se acostumbra la gente por necesidad. La pobreza los había obligado a quedarse y a soportar aquellos ruidos que surgían por las noches. No podían perder la casa; era su única propiedad, el espacio que los mantenía unidos, aunque sometidos al temor de sentirse invadidos por presencias que parecían conducirlos hacia un destino decadente donde sus sueños iban perdiendo brillo y vigor.</p> <p>PÁGINA 33</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Capítulo 4</p> <p style="text-align: center;">La llegada de Abril</p> <p>Cuando Abril nació, Camila tenía quince años y su padre, Adrián, diecisiete. De novios, él acostumbraba a mandarle cartas y chocolates por intermedio de Beatriz, aunque solo llegaban las cartas, los chocolates se perdían a la vuelta de la esquina, mientras Beatriz silbaba una canción y abría el paquete con entusiasmo.</p>	<p>names. Even fear becomes something people get used to out of necessity. Poverty had forced them to stay and endure the noises that emerged at night. They couldn't lose the house; it was their only property, the space that kept them together, although subjected to the fear of feeling invaded by presences to seemed to lead them towards a decadent destiny where their dreams where losing shine and vigor.</p> <p>PAGE 33</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Chapter 4</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Abril's arrival</p> <p>When Abril was born, Camila was fifteen and her father, Adrián, seventeen. When they were dating, he would send her letters and chocolates through Beatriz although only the letters ever made it, since the chocolates would disappear around the corner, while Beatriz whistled a tune and opened the package with great enthusiasm.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>Se podría decir que se trató de una bonita y corta historia, arruinada por las diferencias que pronto se volvieron enardecidos conflictos. Temiendo que Mercedes se enterara de su embarazo, Camila usó fajas ceñidas para evitar que se le notara la barriga. Eso trajo consecuencias para Abril, quien al nacer no pudo mover el cuello y un ojo se le desvió hacia la izquierda. La llevaron al hospital y el médico que la atendió no lo pensó mucho: la agarró de la cabeza y le hizo varios movimientos que la hicieron gritar y retorcerse del dolor. Pero funcionó. Abril pudo mover la cabeza y el ojo se le enderezó. Adrián era casi un niño y no se hacía a la idea de tener un hijo. Se la pasaba borracho, cantando a gritos mientras iba de copiloto en la camioneta de su mejor amigo, obviando entre tragos y amoríos las responsabilidades que debía asumir como padre. Camila era una mujer atractiva, de cabello largo, rubio, y una esbelta figura que no pasaba desapercibida. Había heredado</p>	<p>You could say it was a sweet and short story, ruined by differences that quickly turned into heated conflicts. Afraid that Mercedes would find out about her pregnancy, Camila wore tight girdles to hide her belly. That brought consequences for Abril, who, at birth, couldn't move her neck and had one eye turned to the left. They took her to the hospital, and the doctor who treated her didn't hesitate: he grabbed her head and performed several movements that made her scream and writhe in pain. But it worked. Abril was able to move her head, and her eye straightened. Adrián was practically a child and couldn't grasp the idea of having a child. He spent his days drunk, singing at the top of his lungs while riding shotgun in his best friend's truck, between drinks and flings ignoring the responsibilities he was supposed to take on as a father. Camila was an attractive woman, with long blond hair and a slim figure that never went unnoticed. She had inherited</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>los ojos verdes del padre y poseía una sonrisa capaz de detener el tráfico. Y lo detuvo, un montón de veces. Su personalidad era severa, aunque solía reír con facilidad. Le</p> <p>PÁGINA 34</p> <p>gustaban las novelas románticas, pero era olvidadiza, incapaz de retener en su memoria las historias que leía. A Adrián, en cambio, no le gustaba la lectura. Pero sí las fiestas, las bebidas, el rock y las mujeres. Era un hombre muy atractivo, simpático, siempre dispuesto a la alegría. Irresponsable, pero buena gente, como decían los vecinos. Intentaron vivir juntos, pero no funcionó. No funcionaba nada entre ellos. Adrián se marchó de la casa y poco después Camila se mudó al barrio El Dorado con su nueva pareja, Cristian, un moreno de manos fuertes y mirada penetrante que se mostró atento y trabajador desde el principio. Se mudaron a El Dorado</p>	<p>her father's green eyes and had a smile that could stop traffic. And it did, many times. Her personality was strict, though she laughed easily. She</p> <p>PAGE 34</p> <p>liked romance novels, but she was forgetful, unable to retain in her memory the stories she read. Adrian, on the other hand, did not like reading. But he did like parties, drinks, rock music and women. He was a very attractive, friendly man, always ready to ready for a good time. Irresponsible, but a good guy, as the neighbors said. They tried living together, but it didn't work. Nothing worked between them. Adrián left the house, and shortly after, Camila moved to the El Dorado neighborhood with her new partner, Cristian, a dark-skinned man with strong hands and a penetrating gaze who proved to be attentive and hardworking from the start. They moved to El Dorado</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>cuando el gobernador aprobó un proyecto de terrenos y casas para los más necesitados. Allí se asentaron y fueron tiempos más o menos calmos durante algunos años, hasta que otras tensiones abrieron heridas difíciles de cerrar.</p>	<p>when the governor approved a housing and land project for the most vulnerable, they moved in. They settled there, and for a few years, life was more or less calm, until new tensions reopened wounds that were hard to heal.</p>
*	*
<p>Con Cristian, Camila tuvo dos hijos más, Natalia y Edward. Al inicio todo parecía recomponerse en su vida. Hasta el día en que pisó de nuevo la casa de la calle 13. Decidieron celebrar los cinco años de Natalia en la casa de su madre, porque era más espaciosa y sus amigos eran de ese barrio, pues aún no conocía a mucha gente en El Dorado. Ese día, la casa se veía iluminada. Los globos amarillos rebotaban por toda la sala. Había un enorme pastel rosado, manteles coloridos y gorritos puntiagudos. La música animaba a la gente a bailar, mientras los más jóvenes hablaban sentados en los muebles y comían dulces.</p>	<p>Camila had two more children with Cristian, Natalia and Edward. At first, it seemed like her life was starting to come together. That is, until the day she stepped foot in the house on 13th Street again. They decided to celebrate Natalia's fifth birthday at her grandmother's house, since it was more spacious and her friends were from that neighborhood since she didn't know many people in El Dorado yet. That day, the house looked bright. Yellow balloons bounced around the living room. There was a huge pink cake, colorful tablecloths, and pointy party hats. The music encouraged people to dance, while the younger guests sat on the furniture, chatting and eating sweets</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>Después de picar el pastel, Abril distinguió al esposo de su madre de pie, frente a la cocina, en una actitud que le pareció extraña. Ella llevaba en las manos varios dulces, el gorrito lo tenía doblado y su vestido estaba manchado de diferentes colores. La mirada de Cristian parecía reconcentrada y mustia. Abril se</p> <p>PÁGINA 35</p> <p>preguntó a quién estaría viendo de ese modo. Observó a su alrededor; sus tías servían el pastel, Camila recogía el zapato que su hermana había lanzado bajo la mesa, sus tíos bebían entre chistes, Mercedes se acercaba con un plato de arroz con pollo. Cuando volvió a mirar a Cristian, este salía del baño. Le sonrió, o pareció sonreírle, cuando le pasó por un lado y después se unió a la celebración. Desde ese día, Cristian cambió por completo. De repente se les quedaba observando como medio perdido en sus pensamientos y cuando se le</p>	<p>After cutting the cake, Abril noticed her mother's husband standing by the kitchen, in a posture that struck her as strange. She was holding a handful of sweets, her party hat was bent, and her dress was stained with various colors. Cristian's gaze looked focused and somber. Abril</p> <p>PAGE 35</p> <p>wondered who he could be looking at that way. She looked around; her aunts were serving the cake, Camila was picking up the shoe her sister had thrown under the table, her uncles were drinking and joking around, Mercedes was approaching with a plate of arroz con pollo When she looked back at Cristian, he was coming out of the bathroom. He smiled at her or seemed to as he walked past, and then joined the party. From that day on, Cristian completely changed. Suddenly, he would stare at them, seemingly lost in thought, and when</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>preguntaba si todo estaba bien, asentía con rapidez y después se iba murmurando cosas sin mucho sentido. Era un hombre bueno, al menos al inicio de la relación. Trabajaba hasta muy tarde en la noche, y no lo abandonaba su alegría. Pero luego, vivir con él en casa se convirtió en una experiencia agobiante y peligrosa. Un día comenzó a golpear a Camila. Se llenaba de euforia indescifrable. Su mirada intensa solo expresaba odio y tal vez dolor. ¿De dónde venía todo aquello? ¿Dónde estaba aquel hombre con el que habían convivido los primeros meses y que era capaz de hacer cualquier cosa por su familia? ¿En qué se convirtió? ¿Por qué se convirtió? Los gritos, las lágrimas y las reconciliaciones perturbaban la casa. Cristian marginaba, insultaba y golpeaba a su madre casi a diario. Mientras tanto, algo dentro de la pequeña Abril se fue sin retorno. En medio del desespero y la confusión, lloraba encerrada</p>	<p>someone asked asked if everything was alright, he would quickly nod and then walk away mumbling things that made no sense. He was a good man, at least at the beginning of the relationship. He used to work very late into the night, and his joy never left him. But later, living with him became an overwhelming and dangerous experience. One day, he began to hit Camila. He was overtaken by an indecipherable euphoria. His intense gaze expressed only hatred and perhaps pain. Where had all that come from? Where was the man they'd lived with during those first months, the one who would do anything for his family? What had he turned into? Why had he turned into that? The shouting, the tears, and the reconciliations disturbed the household. Cristian marginalized, insulted, and beat her mother almost daily. Meanwhile, something inside little Abril left and never returned. In the midst of desperation and confusion, she cried, locked</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>en el clóset. El pastel, los globos danzando, los gritos... de repente recordó la fiesta de su hermana. Las paredes. El largo pasillo. Era como si la casa se hubiera instalado dentro de él. También en su casa se respiraba un aire enrarecido, aunque nada comparable al de la casa de la 13. En el barrio El Dorado, las calles todavía no estaban asfaltadas, y la luz y el agua se iban con regularidad, por lo que muchas veces Camila y sus hijos tenían que volver a la 13. O tal vez era una excusa para escapar y esperar a que las cosas se calmaran</p> <p>PÁGINA 36</p> <p>con Cristian. Pero Abril se sentía fuera de lugar allí. No era su espacio. Sus padres no estaban casi nunca, y no la atendían como hubiera querido. Camila la tuvo cuando era apenas una muchachita y atribuyó sus descuidos a que nunca pudo tener una adolescencia normal.</p> <p>Abril dejó de llamar a su padrastro por su</p>	<p>up inside the closet. The cake, the dancing balloons, the screams...suddenly, she remembered her sister's birthday party. The walls. The long hallway. It was as if the house had settled inside him. In her own home, too, there was a strange, heavy air, though nothing like the one in the house on 13th Street. In El Dorado, the streets still weren't paved, and the electricity and water would go out regularly, so many times Camila and her children had to return to 13th Street. Or maybe it was just an excuse to escape and wait for things to calm down</p> <p>PAGE 36</p> <p>with Cristian. But Abril felt out of place there. It wasn't her space. Her parents were hardly ever around, and they didn't care for her the way she wished they would. Camila had her when she was just a young girl and blamed her neglect on never having had a normal adolescence.</p> <p>Abril stopped calling her stepfather by his</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>nombre y lo bautizó como El Monstruo. Era el nombre adecuado para él. Golpeaba a su madre cuando llegaba borracho, o cuando tenía un pleito en el trabajo. Gritaba nombres desconocidos. Su violencia aumentaba y la personalidad de Camila se volvió errática. Abril no entendía cómo su madre soportaba tanta humillación y tanto sufrimiento. Quizás era una forma de mantener unida a la familia o de preservar su seguridad económica. O un amor oscuro, insano.</p> <p>Pero tampoco duró demasiado. Camila descubrió que Cristian la engañaba con la vecina, y esto fue la gota que derramó un vaso ya bastante maltratado. Decidió separarse de él, pero nunca logró recuperarse. Distintos hombres entraban y salían de la casa, sus romances se hicieron frecuentes y escandalosos.</p> <p>Una tarde, Abril encontró, como al descuido, en una de las gavetas de la cocina de su casa, un arma y un paquete pequeño</p>	<p>name and started calling him the Monster. It was the right name for him. He would beat her mother when he came home drunk or after a fight at work. He shouted names they didn't recognize. His violence escalated, and Camila's personality became erratic. Abril couldn't understand how her mother could endure so much humiliation and suffering. Maybe it was a way to keep the family together or to preserve their financial stability. Or maybe it was a dark, unhealthy kind of love.</p> <p>But that didn't last long either. Camila found out Cristian was cheating on her with the neighbor, and that was the last straw for a relationship already falling apart. She decided to leave him, but she never fully recovered. Different men began coming and going from the house, and her romances became frequent and scandalous.</p> <p>One afternoon, Abril found, as if carelessly, in one of the kitchen drawers, a gun and a small packet</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>con una especie de polvo blanco en su interior. Su curiosidad infantil la hizo intentar abrir el paquete, deseaba probar lo que había dentro pero no pudo abrirlo. El arma no la tocó. La vio cerca de unos papeles, como medio escondida. Era negra, rayada, posiblemente cargada. Le produjo una sensación extraña de inseguridad y cerró la gaveta.</p> <p>Camila dejaba a sus hijos al cuidado de niñeras. En cada salida se ausentaba por semanas y estas no eran capaces de lidiar con la presencia de otros niños por tanto tiempo. Entonces surgían los problemas. Para ellas, eran «los niños pobres que su madre abandonó». Una vez, Abril escuchó a una de ellas hablar por teléfono</p> <p>PÁGINA 37</p> <p>—Tienes que venirlos a buscar. Ya van doce días. ¿Dónde estás? La mujer se apoyaba en el borde de la puerta y sostenía</p>	<p>containing a kind of white powder. Her childish curiosity made her try to open the package, she wanted to taste what was inside but she couldn't open it. She didn't touch the gun. She saw it near some papers, half-hidden. It was black, scratched, and possibly loaded. It gave her a strange feeling of unease, and she closed the drawer.</p> <p>Camila would leave her children in the care of nannies. Each time she went out, she'd be gone for weeks, and the nannies weren't able to deal with the presence of other people's children around for so long. That's when the problems would begin. To them, they were «the poor kids whose mother had abandoned them.» One time, Abril overheard one of them on the phone</p> <p>PAGE 37</p> <p>—You have to come get them. It's been twelve days. Where are you? The woman leaned against the doorframe, holding</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>el teléfono con su hombro mientras que con las manos terminaba de doblar la ropa. Hubo una larga pausa. Luego dijo:</p> <p>—No es mi problema. Si no vienes, los tiraré a la calle. Otra pausa larga. Arrojó furiosa las camisas en el piso.</p> <p>—¡Eres una irresponsable!</p> <p>Abril se alejó y trató de no llorar. En el camino, uno de los hijos de la niñera le dijo que era una pordiosera. Suspiró y fue a buscar a Natalia, que en ese momento jugaba con las pocas flores que sobrevivían en el jardín. El cabello castaño le brillaba bajo un sol radiante. Natalia hablaba muy poco. Le gustaba el silencio y jugar con su juguete favorito. Su vestido raído, de flores amarillas, se balanceaba con el viento. Ya le quedaba muy pequeño.</p> <p>—¿Dónde está mamá? —le preguntó a Abril con un hilo de voz</p> <p>—Todo va a estar bien. Ven, vamos a comer. Busca a Edward. Cuando su</p>	<p>the phone with her shoulder while folding clothes with both hands. There was a long pause.</p> <p>—Not my problem. If you don't come, I'll throw them out on the street. Another long pause. She threw the shirts on the floor, furious.</p> <p>—You're so irresponsible!</p> <p>Abril walked away and tried not to cry. On the way, one of the nanny's kids called her a beggar. She sighed and went to look for Natalia, who at that moment was playing with the few flowers that still survived in the garden. Her brown hair shimmered under the radiant sun. Natalia spoke very little. She liked silence and playing with her favorite toy. Her worn-out yellow flower dress swayed in the wind. It was already way too small for her.</p> <p>—Where's mom? —she asked Abril in a faint voice.</p> <p>—Everything's going to be okay. Come, let's eat. Go find Edward. Whenever her</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>madre retornaba de donde sea que estuviese, Abril le imploraba que los llevara a todos con ella porque las mujeres que los cuidaban no eran buenas. Pero Camila no la escuchaba. Era como si dentro de ella arraigara una niebla que le impedía comprender el dolor que estaba causando. Y tras esa espesa neblina, se encontraban sus hijos, esperándola.</p>	<p>mother returned from wherever she had been, Abril would beg her to take all of them because the women who looked after them weren't good. But Camila wouldn't listen. It was as if a fog had taken root inside her, keeping her from understanding the pain she was causing. And behind that dense fog, her children waited for her.</p>
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<p>El trato al que habían llegado sus padres es que Abril, Natalia y Edward se quedaran con su madre en temporadas de clases, y con su padre, en vacaciones. Lo que no estaba en el trato es lo que solía ocurrir: que a veces Camila no estuviera con sus hijos cuando le correspondía.</p>	<p>The agreement their parents had made was that Abril, Natalia, and Edward would stay with their mother during the school year and with their father during the holidays. What wasn't part of the deal was what usually happened: sometimes Camila wasn't with her children when she was supposed to be.</p>
<p>PÁGINA 38</p>	<p>PAGE 38</p>
<p>Un día, su abuela paterna, Dorotea, fue de visita a casa de Camila. Era una mujer bajita, regordeta, de carácter dominante, aunque de espíritu protector.</p>	<p>One day, their paternal grandmother, Dorotea, visited Camila's house. She was a short, plump woman with a dominant personality, though a protective spirit.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>A pesar de todos los problemas, o acaso por eso mismo, se había encariñado mucho con ellos y procuraba estar muy pendiente. Por eso le impactó mucho llegar a la entrada de la casa y ver a Abril desaliñada, jugando en el patio con los pies descalzos embarrados en el lodo. Natalia estaba detrás con un pijama de flores ajado, viendo cómo su hermana amasaba la tierra con sus pies. Cuando la abuela se acercó, les preguntó dónde estaba Camila y el pequeño Edward. Abril se quedó unos minutos en silencio, pero la mirada insistente de su abuela la asustó. Le dijo que no sabía, que había salido en la mañana a buscar algo. Edward lloraba acostado en el sofá.</p> <p>—¿Qué algo? —le preguntó enojada.</p> <p>—No lo sé.</p> <p>—Algo de la bodega —dijo Natalia.</p> <p>—¿Cuál bodega?</p>	<p>Despite all the problems, or maybe because of them, she had grown very fond with them and tried to stay involved in their lives. That’s why she was deeply shocked when she arrived at the house and saw Abril, unkempt, playing barefoot in the muddy yard. Natalia was behind her, wearing a faded floral pajama, watching her sister knead the soil with her feet. When their grandmother approached, she asked where Camila and little Edward were. Abril stayed silent for a few moments, but her grandmother’s persistent stare scared her. She told her she didn’t know, that Camila had gone out that morning to look for something. Edward was crying on the couch.</p> <p>—What “something”? —she asked angrily.</p> <p>—I don’t know.</p> <p>—Something from the corner store—said Natalia.</p> <p>—Which corner store?</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>—No sé.</p> <p>La abuela suspiró y les dijo que se vistieran de inmediato. Mientras tanto, ella empezó a meter en una maleta todas las cosas de Abril y unas pocas cosas de Natalia y Edward. Tenía pensado llevárselos a Mercedes. Abril, en cambio, se iría a vivir con ella. Abril partió ese día sin saber que nunca más iba a vivir con su madre. Que nunca más volvería a ver tan seguido a sus hermanos. Esa separación se le fue ensanchando en el pecho a medida que pasaron los años.</p> <p>Meses después, los problemas se agravaron cuando El Monstruo quiso regresar a toda costa. El trato de repartición de los hijos seguía manteniéndose, aunque ahora Abril debía pasar vacaciones con su madre, que en ese entonces vivía donde su abuela Mercedes, pues la casa de El Dorado estaba en disputa. El Monstruo decidió darle guerra</p> <p>Era in-</p> <p>PÁGINA 39</p>	<p>— I don't know.</p> <p>Their grandmother sighed and told them to get dressed immediately. In the meantime, she began packing Abril's things into a suitcase, along with a few of Natalia's and Edward's belongings. She was planning to take them to Mercedes. Abril, however, would go live with her. That day, Abril left without knowing she would never live with her mother again. That she would never see her siblings so often again. That separation kept widening in her chest as the years went by.</p> <p>Months later, things got worse when The Monster tried to come back at all costs. The custody agreement remained in place, though now Abril had to spend vacations with her mother, who at the time was living with her grandmother Mercedes, since the house in El Dorado was under dispute. The Monster decided to wage war. He was re-</p> <p>PAGE 39</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>cansable. La llamaba todas las noches para gritarle que la dejaría en la calle, sin nada. Camila ignoró las llamadas por un tiempo. Cuando tenía a sus hijos a su lado, los miraba con una expresión perdida, como distante y alucinada. Abril deseaba abrirle la cabeza, meterse dentro y leer cada uno de sus pensamientos, coserse a sus recuerdos. Pero Camila era un misterio para ella. Para todos. Cuando se encontraba con su madre en vacaciones, Abril le rogaba que no volvieran a la casa de El Dorado. Intentaba convencerla, pero fue inútil. Camila no quería abandonar lo poco que tenía.</p> <p>—¡Pero mamá! —le suplicaba Abril, aterrada de su propio miedo, de esa sensación que le hacía hormigear las manos.</p> <p>—¡Vamos! ¡Apresúrate!</p> <p>—Pero no quiero ir.</p> <p>—Nos vamos.</p>	<p>lentless. He called her every night to scream that he would leave her on the street, with nothing. Camila ignored the calls for a while. When she had her children by her side, she looked at them with a vacant expression, as if distant and delirious. Abril wished she could open her mother’s head, climb inside, and read every one of her thoughts, sew herself into her memories. But Camila was a mystery to her. To everyone. When she met with her mother during vacations, Abril begged her not to go back to the house in El Dorado. She tried to convince her, but it was useless. Camila didn’t want to give up the little she had.</p> <p>—But mom! —Abril pleaded, terrified by her own fear, by that tingling feeling in her hands.</p> <p>—Let’s go! Hurry up!</p> <p>—But I don’t want to go.</p> <p>—We’re leaving.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>—Pero...</p> <p>—Vamos.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">*</p> <p>Esa vez llegaron tarde en la noche. Abril, de la mano de su hermana Natalia; y Camila con Edward, ya dormido, en sus brazos. Al aproximarse a la primera esquina del barrio El Dorado, Abril divisó la casa, sus ventanas vulnerables, sus desgastadas paredes de zinc, detalles que aumentaban más su ansiedad. Temía que alguien entrara de improviso. Y ese alguien en su mente era El Monstruo. Alzó la mirada y vio las nubes grises que se deslizaban por detrás de los matorrales y desplegaban extrañas sombras alrededor. Un inmenso árbol se inclinaba hacia un costado y sus ramas golpeaban el zinc. Daba la impresión de que la casa se pudiera caer en cualquier momento. Abril iba sintiendo cómo crecía el pánico en su interior, pero se aferró a la idea de seguir caminando y hacer todo lo que su madre le decía.</p>	<p>—But</p> <p>—Come on.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">*</p> <p>That time they arrived late at night. Abril, holding her sister Natalia's hand, and Camila with Edward, already asleep, in her arms. As they approached the first corner of El Dorado neighborhood, Abril spotted the house, its vulnerable windows, its worn-out zinc walls, details that only heightened her anxiety. She feared someone would suddenly break in. And in her mind, that someone was the Monster. She looked up and saw the gray clouds sliding behind the bushes, casting strange shadows all around. A huge tree leaned to one side, and its branches hit the zinc. It felt like the house could collapse at any moment. Abril could feel the panic growing inside her, but she clung to the idea of just keeping on walking and doing whatever her mother told her.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>PÁGINA 40</p> <p>Al entrar, buscaron unas mantas para protegerse del frío y se dispusieron a acostarse. Su madre había llevado una colchoneta que extendió en el piso e intentaron dormir. Como era de esperarse, Abril no lograba conciliar el sueño. Le parecía que iba a suceder algo horrible. No sabía qué, pero lo presentía. Cuando estuvo a punto de quedarse dormida, escuchó un ruido. Un ronroneo y después un sonido metálico. Se trataba de un motor, alguien abría la puerta de un auto. Abril se levantó e intentó distinguir en la oscuridad. Pasaron unos minutos, luego dos fuertes golpes en la puerta la sobresaltaron.</p> <p><i>Pam, pam.</i></p> <p>Camila preguntó en voz alta quién era. Los golpes se hicieron más bruscos. Como si quisieran atravesar la puerta. Abril se acercó a sus hermanos y los abrazó. Camila se levantó y encendió las</p>	<p>PAGE 40</p> <p>When they got inside, they looked for some blankets to protect themselves from the cold and got ready to lie down. Their mother had brought a mat, which she laid out on the floor, and they tried to sleep. As expected, Abril couldn't fall asleep. She felt like something terrible was going to happen. She didn't know what, but she could sense it. Just as she was about to drift off, she heard a sound. A purring, followed by a metallic noise. It was an engine, someone was opening a car door. Abril got up and tried to see in the dark. A few minutes went by, then two loud knocks on the door startled her.</p> <p><i>Pam, pam.</i></p> <p>Camila asked out loud who it was. The knocks grew more violent, as if someone were trying to break the door down. Abril moved closer to her siblings and hugged them. Camila got up and turned on the</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>luces. Abril podía ver cómo temblaba su madre, su vestido azul agitándose en el claroscuro de la casa. La miró a los ojos, aunque no pudo descifrar su mirada. El verde de sus ojos se oscureció.</p> <p>—No vayas, mamá —le pidió Abril.</p> <p>—Tranquila, todo va a estar bien —le respondió Camila caminando hacia la puerta. Abril vio su cabello rubio, su cuerpo temblando mientras se acercaba para ver quién tocaba. Cuando Camila abrió la puerta, El Monstruo entró hecho una furia.</p> <p>—¿Crees que puedes dejarme y quedarte con mis hijos? ¡Zorra! —le gritó.</p> <p>Ella dio dos pasos atrás y casi se cae de espaldas. El Monstruo descargó toda su ira con la casa. Tiró al suelo estantes, retratos, cuadros, ropa, utensilios de la cocina. Los cristales impactaban contra el suelo. Natalia y Abril le gritaban que se detuviera. Edward lloraba. Camila trató de dominar su temor y se acercó a ellos en un intento de protegerlos.</p>	<p>lights. Abril could see her mother tremble, her blue dress fluttered in the house’s dim light. Abril looked into her mother’s eyes, though she couldn’t decipher her gaze. The green in her eyes had darkened.</p> <p>—Don’t go, mom —Abril begged.</p> <p>—It’s okay, everything’s going to be fine —Camila replied walking toward the door. Abril saw her blonde hair, her trembling body as she approached to see who was knocking. When Camila opened the door, The Monster burst in, furious.</p> <p>—You think you can leave me and keep my children? You bitch! —he yelled.</p> <p>She took two steps back and nearly fell. The Monster unleashed his rage on the house—he threw shelves, portraits, paintings, clothes, kitchen utensils to the floor. Glass shattered against the ground. Natalia and Abril screamed at him to stop. Edward cried. Camila tried to push through her fear and moved toward them, attempting to protect them.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>—¡Esta es mi casa! —gritó él, señalándola con el dedo.</p> <p>PÁGINA 41</p> <p>Pasó en cuestión de segundos. De las cosas que arrojó al suelo, El Monstruo tomó una larga vara de metal. Camila se interpuso entre sus hijos y él. Cegado por la ira, lanzó la vara en su dirección. Abril reaccionó lo más rápido que pudo, una especie de adrenalina la hizo ponerse de rodillas en la colchoneta y empujar con toda su fuerza a Camila hacia un costado. La vara cruzó muy cerca de su cuerpo y se estrelló contra la pared.</p> <p>—¡Mamá! —gritó Natalia.</p> <p>Abril abrazó a su hermana. Las dos temblaban de pies a cabeza. El pequeño Edward no paraba de llorar. Antes de que El Monstruo se acercara de nuevo, entró otra persona a la casa. Era su hermano.</p> <p>—¿Qué estás haciendo? —le dijo apenas entró y pisó los cristales dispersos por el</p>	<p>—This is my house! —he shouted, pointing a finger at her.</p> <p>PAGE 41</p> <p>It all happened in a matter of seconds. From the things he had thrown to the floor, The Monster grabbed a long metal rod. Camila stepped between her children and him. Blinded by rage, he hurled the rod in her direction. Abril reacted as fast as she could, a rush of adrenaline made her drop to her knees on the mat and push Camila to the side with all her strength. The rod passed very close to her body and crashed into the wall.</p> <p>—Mom! —Natalia screamed.</p> <p>Abril hugged her sister. Both of them were trembling from head to toe. Little Edward wouldn't stop crying. Before The Monster could come closer again, someone else entered the house. It was his brother.</p> <p>—What are you doing? — he said as he entered and stepped on the glass scattered</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>suelo. Lo tomó de los hombros y lo miró seriamente</p> <p>—. Hey, ¿cómo puedes hacer esto delante de tus hijos? ¿Vas a matarla? ¿Quieres morirte en la cárcel? Porque yo no moveré ni un dedo para sacarte la pata del barro, coño. Vámonos antes de que hagas una estupidez. Estoy harto de ti, de tus desastres, de todo...</p> <p>Lo arrastró fuera de la casa en medio de maldiciones y lo empujó dentro de la camioneta. Arrancaron a toda velocidad. Apenas el ruido del motor se alejó, Camila y sus hijos se abrazaron formando un solo cuerpo hecho de temblores y llanto. Abril estaba convencida de haber visto el reflejo de la casa de la 13 en los ojos de El Monstruo o tal vez se tratase de su ansiedad por hallar una explicación a tanta violencia. No supieron de él por un buen tiempo desde aquel incidente. Desapareció por completo. Al año se enteraron de la noticia de su suicidio. Un tiro en la cabeza,</p>	<p>on the floor. He grabbed him by the shoulders and looked him severely.</p> <p>—Hey, how can you do this in front of your children? Are you going to kill her? Do you want to die in jail? Because I won't lift a finger to get you out of this mess, damn it. Let's go before you do something stupid. I'm sick of you, of your disasters, of everything...</p> <p>He dragged him out of the house amid curses and shoved him into the truck. They sped away. As soon as the sound of the engine faded, Camila and her children held each other tightly, forming one single body made of trembling and tears. Abril was convinced she had seen the reflection of the house on 13th Street in The Monster's eyes—or maybe it was just her anxiety searching for an explanation for so much violence. They didn't hear from him for a long time after that incident. He vanished completely. A year later, they learned he had taken his own life. A shot to the head,</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>poco después de decirle a su hermano que no podía olvidar ese rostro.</p> <p>—¿Cuál rostro? —le preguntó Camila a su excuñado.</p> <p>—El rostro de una mujer. Hablaba de ella en sueños. No lo sé. Mi hermano tenía problemas.</p> <p>PÁGINA 42</p> <p>*ESPACIO EN BLANCO*</p> <p>PÁGINA 43</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Capítulo 5</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Alguien está ahí</p> <p>Abril vivió toda su vida doblegada ante los recuerdos que terminaron por imponer sus decisiones, como un viento poderoso que la zarandeaba y la hacía perder el equilibrio de su voluntad. Mientras vivió con su padre, tuvo una niñez un poco más tranquila en comparación con lo que había padecido hasta ese momento. La mayor parte del tiempo era un hombre silencioso, salvo</p>	<p>shortly after telling his brother he couldn't forget that face.</p> <p>—What face? —Camila asked her ex-brother in law.</p> <p>—The face of a woman. He spoke about her in her sleep. I don't know. My brother had issues.</p> <p>PAGE 42</p> <p>*BLANK SPACE*</p> <p>PAGE 43</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Chapter 5</p> <p style="text-align: center;">There's someone there</p> <p>Abril lived her whole life bowed down by the memories that ended up shaping her decisions, like a powerful wind that tossed her around and made her lose the balance of her will. While she lived with her father, she had a somewhat quieter childhood compared to what she had suffered before. Most of the time, he was a silent man, except</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>cuando se emborrachaba, que incurría en escándalos. Nunca dejó la bebida. Su madre comenzó a desaparecer de su vida. Tal vez tendría unos nueve o diez años cuando Abril dejó de verla seguido. Solo tenía noticias de ella a través de su abuela o sus tías. Camila se convirtió en una extraña para Abril, quien llegó a admitir que nunca la conoció realmente. Fue una ausencia alojada en su corazón, un vacío imposible de llenar. Abril presentía que había perdido la posibilidad de una amiga que nunca llegó a serlo del todo.</p> <p>Durante las vacaciones, se quedaba con su abuela Mercedes. Aunque solía pasar mayor tiempo donde su tío Víctor, quien había construido una casa al lado. Frente a ella había crecido una enorme mata de mamón, a la que Abril y sus primas solían subir por las raíces para armar pequeñas casas con sábanas y tablas. Eran felices ahí arriba, hasta que crecieron demasiado y no pudieron seguir subiendo. En la casa de su</p>	<p>when he got drunk, which led to outbursts. He never gave up drinking. Her mother began to disappear from her life. Abril must have been around nine or ten when she stopped seeing her regularly. She only heard about her through her grandmother or her aunts. Camila became a stranger to Abril, who eventually admitted she had never really known her. It was an absence lodged in her heart, an emptiness impossible to fill. Abril had a feeling she had lost the chance at a friend who never truly became one.</p> <p>During the holidays, she stayed with her grandmother Mercedes. Although she usually spent more time at her uncle Víctor's house, who had built a home next door. In front of it, a huge quenepa tree had grown, and Abril and her cousins used to climb it by the roots to build little houses with sheets and wooden planks. They were happy up there, until they grew too big to keep climbing. In her uncle's house</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>tío también se sentían presencias. Eso les hacía suponer a todos que el problema no estaba solo</p>	<p>there were also presences. That led everyone to believe that the problem didn't lie solely</p>
<p>PÁGINA 44</p>	<p>PAGE 44</p>
<p>en la casa de los Rivera, sino más bien en el terreno. Eran esas tierras, las que pisaban todos los días.</p>	<p>in the Rivera house, but rather in the land itself. It was those grounds, the very ones they walked on every day.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">*</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">*</p>
<p>Un veinticinco de diciembre, después de los regalos y los juegos, Abril se quedó dormida en la habitación de su abuela. Despertó en la madrugada porque se sentía observada. Aunque conocida, seguía siendo una sensación perturbadora. Entonces abrió los ojos. Frente a ella vio a un hombre muy parecido a su padre, vestido de negro, con una venda blanca alrededor de la frente. Empezó a sudar, estaba hirviendo. Desesperada, intentó despertar a su abuela, que dormía a su lado. La sacudió con insistencia, pero esta no se despertó. Parecía</p>	<p>One December twenty-fifth, after the gifts and the games, Abril fell asleep in her grandmother's bedroom. She woke up in the middle of the night because she felt like someone was watching her. Though familiar, it remained a disturbing sensation. So she opened her eyes. Standing in front of her was a man who looked a lot like her father, dressed in black, with a white band wrapped around his forehead. She began to sweat, she was burning up. Desperate, she tried to wake her grandmother, who was sleeping beside her. She shook her insistently, but she wouldn't wake up. It was</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>como si estuviera muerta. ¿Ese hombre la mató? ¿Los mató a todos? Esas preguntas giraban en su cabeza mientras sufría por el ardor que se extendió en todo su cuerpo. El olor a sudor le causó arcadas. Intentó gritar, pero las palabras no salieron. Los minutos se hicieron eternidades. No podía dejar de ver al hombre al pie de la cama y él no dejaba de verla a ella. Escuchó de repente un ruido suave después unas pisadas. Estaba demasiado débil como para gritar. Luego vio por el rabillo del ojo que abrían la puerta. Se llevó la mano temblorosa a la boca y la apretó mientras cerraba los ojos con fuerza. No quería volver a abrirlos. De pronto, oyó un suave chillido metálico. Alguien entró. Juntó el poco valor que tenía para mirar. Una mujer rubia y de espalda ancha removía algunas cosas en la gaveta. Abril soltó un gemido.</p> <p>—Tía...</p> <p>Virginia se acercó, le puso la mano en la</p>	<p>as if she were dead. Had that man killed her? Had he killed them all? Those questions spun through her head as she endured the burning that spread all over her body. The smell of sweat made her gag. She tried to scream, but no words came out. Minutes stretched into eternities. She couldn't stop staring at the man standing at the foot of the bed, and he wouldn't stop staring back. Suddenly, she heard a soft sound, then footsteps. She was too weak to scream. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the door open. She brought her trembling hand to her mouth and pressed it there, squeezing her eyes shut. She didn't want to open them again. Suddenly, she heard a faint metallic squeak. Someone had entered. She gathered what little courage she had to look. A broad-shouldered blonde woman was rummaging through the drawer.</p> <p>Abril let out a whimper.</p> <p>—Aunt...</p> <p>Virginia came closer, placed a hand on her</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>frente y dijo algo sobre la fiebre. La levantó con cuidado y le habló, pero Abril apenas si la escuchaba. . Su tía la ayudó a salir de la cama. Aunque no pudiera verlo, porque tenía el rostro metido en el cuello de Virginia, presentía que aquel hombre estaba en el</p> <p>PÁGINA 45</p> <p>mismo lugar. Con la mirada fija en ellas. Pero ¿por qué su tía no podía verlo? ¿Iba a morir? Abril evitaba estar en la casa al anochecer o cuando no había nadie más. Le aterraba la idea de tener que ir al baño o a la cocina. Pero, sobre todo, pasar por el cuarto que la familia llamaba «la habitación de los locos». Era un cuarto donde se guardaban cosas y les había parecido divertido llamarlo así. Pero cada vez que Abril tenía que internarse en ese pasillo, lo hacía corriendo, sin mirar a los lados. Le temía a ese cuarto, por su negrura, por los objetos que disparaban sombras en las paredes, por el</p>	<p>forehead, and said something about the fever. She lifted her gently and spoke to her, but Abril could barely hear her. Her aunt helped her out of bed. Even though she couldn't see him because her face was buried in Virginia's neck, she could feel that man was still in the</p> <p>PAGE 45</p> <p>same place. His eyes fixed on them. But why couldn't her aunt see him? Was she going to die? Abril avoided being in the house at dusk or when no one else was around. She was terrified of the idea of having to go to the bathroom or the kitchen. But, more than anything, she feared walking past the room the family called «the crazy room.» It was a storage room they had jokingly given that name. But every time Abril had to go down that hallway, she ran, never looking to the sides. She feared that room, for its darkness, for the objects that cast shadows on the walls, for the</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>silencio. Pero en realidad nunca escucharon ninguna historia macabra sobre ese curioso espacio. Era solo un rincón extraño lleno de cosas que no necesitaban.</p>	<p>silence. But truth be told, no one had ever told any creepy story about that curious space. It was simply a strange corner full of things nobody needed.</p>
<p>*</p>	<p>*</p>
<p>Durante las vacaciones, Abril y sus primas Luz y Noelia, salían a jugar por las tardes. Luz era la menor y la más alegre de todas. Mechones de su cabello negro le caían en la frente y en las mejillas. Tenía la piel blanca y solía usar shorts y camisas muy largas. Noelia, de ojos oscuros, penetrantes; también tenía el cabello negro, muy cortito, y una piel morena barnizada por el sol. Su nariz era gruesa y los dientes se le disparaban en distintas direcciones. Por esos días, Abril llevaba el cabello alborotado y esponjoso. Su ropa casi siempre estaba sucia, llena de barro y dulces. En una oportunidad, Virginia les pidió que se fueran al patio porque tenía que limpiar la casa. Era un patio inmenso, con cosas inservibles</p>	<p>During the holidays, Abril and her cousins Luz and Noelia would go out to play in the afternoons. Luz was the youngest and the most cheerful of them all. Locks of her black hair fell over her forehead and cheeks. She had pale skin and usually wore shorts and oversized shirts. Noelia, with dark, piercing eyes, also had short black hair and sun-kissed brown skin. Her nose was broad, and her teeth stuck out in different directions. Back then, Abril wore her hair messy and frizzy. Her clothes were almost always dirty, covered in mud and candy. One time, Virginia asked them to go out to the backyard because she had to clean the house. It was a huge backyard, with useless</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>tiradas o extraviadas por todas partes. Hacía un sol tremendo, pero no les importó, la idea era divertirse. Estuvieron peleando por quién debía ser la primera en el juego. Noelia dijo que le parecía mejor jugar en el árbol, mientras que Alba se resistía pues no quería ensuciarse el vestido nuevo. En eso encontraron unas muñecas que habían</p> <p>PÁGINA 46</p> <p>estado buscando desde hacía tiempo. Estaban cerca de un montón de piedras y tierra mojada. Se acercaron y las limpiaron. Entonces oyeron que Virginia gritaba dentro de la casa:</p> <p>—¡Luz! ¡Sal! ¡Te dije que no entraras!</p> <p>Luz se sobresaltó y miró a sus primas sorprendida. Se ponía muy nerviosa cuando la regañaban.</p> <p>—Mi tía está loca —dijo Noelia.</p> <p>—Vamos —dijo Abril. Entraron por la puerta trasera justo cuando Virginia dirigirse hacia ellas.</p>	<p>or misplaced things scattered all over the place. The sun was blazing, but they didn't mind, what mattered was having fun. They had been arguing about who should go first in the game. Noelia said she thought it would be better to play in the tree, while Alba resisted because she didn't want to get her new dress dirty. That's when they found some dolls they had been</p> <p>PAGE 46</p> <p>looking for for a long time. They were near a pile of stones and damp soil. They went over and cleaned them off. Then they heard Virginia shouting from inside the house:</p> <p>—Luz! Get out! I told you not to go in!</p> <p>Luz jumped and looked at her cousins in surprise. She got really nervous when someone scolded her.</p> <p>—My aunt is crazy —Noelia said.</p> <p>—Come on —said April.</p> <p>They came in through the back door just as Virginia was heading toward them.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>Las miró.</p> <p>—Tía, Luz está jugando con nosotras.</p> <p>Ella miró a Luz y luego hacia atrás.</p> <p>—¿Entraste ahorita, Luz? —preguntó sin mirarlas.</p> <p>—No. No entré. Estábamos jugando</p> <p>—respondió ella al borde de las lágrimas y se alejó hacia la sala.</p> <p>—Escuché pasos, estoy segura. Vi a una niña correr por aquí. Era del tamaño de Luz...</p> <p>Nunca la habían visto tan nerviosa, tan pálida, sus facciones habían envejecido en ese instante. Sus ojos verdes se opacaron. Virginia era una mujer valiente para las niñas. La admiraban. Era muy religiosa y su personalidad irradiaba bondad. Tal vez les atraía su entusiasmo, su fuerza, y su comida. Cocinaba muy bien. Por eso las niñas se encontraban tan confundidas como</p>	<p>She looked at them.</p> <p>—Auntie, Luz is playing with us.</p> <p>She looked at Luz and then back to the house.</p> <p>—Did you just come inside, Luz? —she asked without looking at them.</p> <p>—No. I didn't come in. We were playing—she answered , on the verge of tears, and walked away toward the living room.</p> <p>—I heard footsteps, I'm sure of it. I saw a little girl run through here. She was Luz's size...</p> <p>They had never seen her so nervous, so pale. Her features had aged in an instant. Her green eyes had gone dull. Virginia was a brave woman, at least to the girls. They admired her. She was very religious, and her personality radiated kindness. Maybe what drew them in was her enthusiasm, her strength... and her food. She cooked really well. That's why the girls were just as</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>Virginia, a quien siguieron de cerca. Esta empezó a buscar por todas las habitaciones y recovecos de la casa, desesperada, en un vago intento de encontrar a la niña. Pero a una niña real. ¿Quién más podría estar corriendo por la casa? Las únicas niñas eran ellas. En medio de su desconcierto, se detuvo y se llevó las manos al rostro.</p> <p>—Oh, Dios.</p> <p>Esa niña misteriosa siempre estuvo presente en la casa. Algunos la habían visto corretear de vez en cuando. Pero no era la única presencia.</p> <p>PÁGINA 47</p> <p>Cuando Abril despertaba en la madrugada, los sonidos se hacían presentes y las sombras se alzaban por encima de las sábanas. Sentía la casa moverse. Crujían sus cimientos y ella notaba que se inclinaba un poco más. Las presencias querían ser escuchadas. Por mucho que intentara volver a dormir, las sensaciones y los ruidos persistieron por muchos años.</p>	<p>confused as Virginia, whom they followed closely. She began searching every room and corner of the house, desperate, in a vague attempt to find the girl. But a real girl. Who else could be running through the house? The only girls there were them. Amid her confusion, she stopped and brought her hands to her face.</p> <p>—Oh, God.</p> <p>That mysterious little girl had always been present in the house. Some had seen her running around from time to time. But she wasn't the only presence.</p> <p>PAGE 47</p> <p>When Abril woke up in the middle of the night, the sounds would come alive and shadows rose above the sheets. She felt the house move. Its foundations creaked, and she could tell it tilted a little more. The presences wanted to be heard. No matter how much she tried to fall back asleep, the sensations and the noises lingered for many years.</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p style="text-align: center;">*</p> <p>Alonso solía visitarlos de vez en cuando. En una oportunidad que se quedó un fin de semana y Abril lo observó pintar. Él captaba algo que ella no lograba percibir, pero no se trataba de las sombras de siempre, sino de esa especie de luminosidad esencial de las cosas que ciertos artistas consiguen entrever. Alonso había perfeccionado mucho su estilo y continuaba pintando hermosos paisajes con pequeñas casas hogareñas, siempre con un lago y, sobre él, la luna o el sol reflejándose en sus aguas mansas. Le impresionó su pasión, la forma en la que movía la mano en cada trazo. Deslizaba la punta de sus dedos por el lienzo, con ternura, sin olvidar ningún detalle. No decía palabra alguna mientras pintaba. A pesar del desastre que dejaba a su paso, de las pinturas en su ropa, de los pinceles desordenados, no parecía importarle nada que no fuera parte de ese</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">*</p> <p>Alonso used to visit them from time to time. On one occasion, he stayed for the weekend, and Abril watched him paint. He captured something she couldn't quite perceive, it wasn't the usual shadows, but a kind of essential glow in things, the kind certain artists are able to glimpse. Alonso had refined his style a lot and continued to paint beautiful landscapes with small, homely houses, always featuring a lake and, above it, the sun or moon reflected in its still waters. She was struck by his passion, by the way his hand moved with every stroke. He slid the tips of his fingers across the canvas with tenderness, leaving no detail behind. He didn't utter a single word while he painted. Despite the mess he left behind, paint stains on his clothes, brushes scattered everywhere, he didn't seem to care about anything that wasn't part of that</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>mundo de líneas y colores. Solo se dejaba guiar por algo mágico, único. A pesar de su carácter, entre violento y melancólico, cuando se entregaba a sus pinturas su rostro lucía amable, apaciguado entre sus cabellos alborotados y entrecanos.</p>	<p>world of lines and colors. He simply let himself be guided by something magical, unique. Despite his character , somewhere between violent and melancholic, when he surrendered to his paintings, his face looked kind, appeased between his tousled and gray hair.</p>
<p>Un día pintó la pared de la sala. Se veía radiante y hermosa, un paisaje repleto de árboles, animales y trazos de muchos colores. Pero en pocas horas los colores se desgastaron. Alonso fingió no darle importancia y dijo que quizás se debía a las pinturas baratas que había empleado, pero Mercedes</p>	<p>One day he painted the living room. It looked radiant and beautiful, a landscape filled with trees, animals and brushstrokes of many colors. But within just a few hours, the colors had faded. Alonso pretended not to care and said maybe it was because of the cheap paints he had used, but Mercedes</p>
<p>PÁGINA 48</p>	<p>PAGE 48</p>
<p>no estaba tan segura. Sabía que era muy detallista y precavido con sus materiales. Era capaz de empeñar cualquier cosa para comprar pinturas de buena calidad. Y, sin embargo, la pintura se hizo vieja casi al momento, hasta opacarse y ensuciarse.</p> <p>—Creo que a ellos no les gusta lo que</p>	<p>wasn't so sure. She knew he was meticulous and careful with his materials. He would've pawned anything just to buy high-quality paints. And yet, the mural seemed to age almost instantly, until it looked dull and dirty.</p> <p>—I think they don't like what</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>pintó papá. Deben querer su casa con su pintura original —razonó Beatriz.</p> <p>Estaba de pie mirando el lienzo, con los brazos cruzados. Beatriz tenía el mismo carácter extraño y distante que Camila. Se parecían mucho.</p> <p>—Dices tonterías —dijo Virginia.</p> <p>—¿Tú crees? —respondió.</p> <p>Virginia miró la pintura, el lago ya no tenía su coloración azul, sino más bien era negro, sin profundidad ni brillo. Tragó en seco.</p> <p>—Creo que mejor será pintarla de nuevo.</p> <p>Pero no hizo falta. Al día siguiente, el color turquesa que tenía la casa cuando llegaron por primera vez volvió a aparecer. A pesar del tiempo, la pared conservaría ese mismo color, pero derruido, opaco, sin vida. Un turquesa moribundo.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">*</p> <p>Los juegos de las niñas servían de contraste a los espacios lúgubres de la casa. Jugaban</p>	<p>Dad painted. They must want their house with its original paint—Beatriz reasoned.</p> <p>She stood in front of the canvas, arms crossed. Beatriz had the same strange and distant demeanor as Camila. They looked a lot alike.</p> <p>—You’re talking nonsense—Virginia said.</p> <p>—You think? —she answered.</p> <p>Virginia looked at the painting; the lake no longer had its blue color, but was rather black, with no depth or shine. She swallowed hard.</p> <p>—I think it’s best to paint it over.</p> <p>But there was no need. The next day, the turquoise color the house had when they first arrived reappeared. Despite the passing of time, the wall would retain that same color, but worn-out, dull, lifeless. A dying turquoise.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">*</p> <p>The girls' games brought contrast to the gloomy spaces of the house. They played</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>en el patio kickingball, voleibol y también simulaban concursos de belleza. Crearon un club, al que le cambiaban el nombre dependiendo de las vecinas que se incorporaran. El nombre del club estaba conformado por las iniciales de cada una, y consistía en una especie de academia de baile y modelaje. Abril se encargaba de traer desde la casa de su papá los premios y las bandas. Las bandas las hacía con papel y marcador. La reina casi siempre era Alba, luego le seguía Luz. La vecina, una morenita delgada y medio bizca, ganó una sola vez. Y solo porque Virginia</p> <p>PÁGINA 49</p> <p>les advirtió a sus sobrinas que no estaban siendo justas en el juego, y ellas, a regañadientes, le entregaron la corona y la banda de papel.</p> <p>El club siguió por muchos años. Se escabullían a las habitaciones de sus tías para probarse la ropa y aparentar que eran mayores. Las mayores de la casa. Tenían</p>	<p>kickingball, volleyball, and even pretended to compete in beauty pageants in the garden. They created a club, which changed its name depending on which neighbors joined. The club's name was made up of the initials of each member, and it functioned as a sort of dance and modeling academy. Abril was in charge of bringing the prizes and sashes from her father's house. She made the sashes out of paper and marker. The queen was almost always Alba, followed by Luz. The neighbor, a slim, slightly cross-eyed, dark-skinned girl, won only once. And only because Virginia</p> <p>PAGE 49</p> <p>warned her nieces they weren't being fair in the game, so, reluctantly, they handed over the crown and paper sash.</p> <p>The club lasted for many years. They would sneak into their aunts' rooms to try on their clothes and pretend to be older. The oldest girls in the house. They would have</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>largas discusiones por quién sería quién. Todas querían ser Virginia, y las disputas por quiénes serían Beatriz y Camila. Lo hacía a escondidas, por supuesto, aunque sus tías terminaba por enterarse de que jugaban con sus vestidos y tacones.</p> <p>Cierta vez, mientras Abril intentaba ponerse un vestido de Virginia, sintió, nuevamente, que alguien la miraba desde un extremo de la habitación. Estaba sola porque sus primas buscaban cosas en los otros cuartos. Fijó su vista en esa dirección, pero no notó nada fuera de lo normal. Había una camisa tirada en el suelo y un afiche de Winnie Pooh en la pared. Resopló y se empezó a vestir con rapidez, pero el vestido se quedó atorado en la espalda. Tiró los brazos hacia atrás en un intento de jalarlo hacia abajo. Al llevarse las manos hacia su espalda, tuvo esa sensación de nuevo. Alguien la observaba con fijeza. El corazón se le aceleró y comenzó a desvestirse. Miró hacia la puerta abierta, se</p>	<p>long arguments about who would be who. Everyone wanted to be Virginia, and they argued over who would play Beatriz and Camila. They did it secretly, of course, although their aunts would eventually find out they were playing with their dresses and high heels. One time, while Abril was trying on one of Virginia's dresses, she once again felt someone watching her from the far end of the room. She was alone because her cousins were looking for things in the other rooms. She fixed her eyes in that direction, but didn't notice anything out of the ordinary. There was a shirt lying on the floor and a Winnie the Pooh poster on the wall. She huffed and started to get dressed quickly, but the dress got stuck in the back. She threw her arms backward trying to pull it down. When she reached behind her back, she felt it again. Someone was staring at her. Her heart began to race, and she started to undress. She looked at the open door,</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>escucharon las risas de sus primas. También un chirrido. Quizás salían de la casa. Se esperó. No quería quedarse sola.</p> <p>—¿Alba?! —gritó.</p> <p>Las risas eran más lejanas. Seguía intentando bajarse el vestido, este cedió un poco, pero no lo suficiente. Varias gotas de sudor resbalaron por sus mejillas. No quería mirar hacia ese costado de la habitación, pero era imposible no hacerlo. A pesar de que no se distinguía a ninguna persona, la sensación de que alguien estaba ahí la tenía agitada. Sentía que su corazón daba brincos.</p> <p>—¿Alba?! —gritó más fuerte</p> <p>PÁGINA 50</p> <p>Volvió a bajarse el vestido, cedió un poco más. Su respiración se hacía cada vez más irregular. Quiso arrancarse la ropa de una vez por todas, pero se llevaría una buena paliza de su tía de solo intentarlo.</p> <p>—¿Alba, Luz? —volvió a preguntar.</p> <p>Las risas se desvanecieron. ¿Salieron de la</p>	<p>Her cousins' laughter could be heard. There was also a creaking sound. Maybe they were leaving the house. She waited. She didn't want to be left alone.</p> <p>—Alba!? —she shouted</p> <p>The laughter sounded farther away. She kept trying to pull the dress down, it gave a little, but not enough. Several drops of sweat slid down her cheeks. She didn't want to look toward that side of the room, but it was impossible not to. Even though there was no one in sight, the feeling that someone was there had her on edge. She felt like her heart was leaping.</p> <p>—Alba!? —She shouted louder</p> <p>PAGE 50</p> <p>She tugged at the dress again—it loosened a bit more. Her breathing was growing more and more uneven. She wanted to rip the dress off once and for all, but just trying would earn her a beating from her aunt.</p> <p>—Alba, Luz? —she asked again.</p> <p>The laughter faded. Did they leave the</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p> casa sin mí?, se preguntó. De repente, sintió la habitación caliente, como si respirara un vapor envolvente. Ya no sentía un par de ojos viéndola, eran más. En su agitación rompió un poco el vestido cuando intentó bajarlo. No le importó. Le corrió el sudor por la espalda y los rizos se le pegaron en la frente. </p> <p>—¿Qué pasa?</p> <p>Gritó. Era Alba quien estaba en la puerta mirándola con una expresión confundida. Cargaba unos pantalones en su brazo izquierdo. Alba era más alta que ella. Tenía la misma piel morena que su hermana Noelia y también los mismos dientes disparejos. Era muy nerviosa, le daban ataques de pánico casi siempre, por lo que Abril evitaba decirle lo que veía y sentía en la casa. Respiró profundo.</p> <p>—Ayúdame con el vestido, se atascó.</p> <p>—Estábamos afuera —le dijo.</p> <p>—¿Cómo así?</p>	<p> without me?, she wondered. Suddenly, Suddenly, the room felt hot, as if she were breathing in a thick vapor. She no longer felt just one pair of eyes on her—there were more. In her agitation, she tore the dress a little while trying to pull it down. She didn't care. Sweat ran down her back, and her curls stuck to her forehead. </p> <p>—What's going on?</p> <p>She shouted. It was Alba, standing in the doorway with a confused expression. She was holding a pair of pants in her left arm. Alba was taller than her. She had the same brown skin as her sister Noelia, and the same crooked teeth. She was very anxious, she had panic attacks almost all the time, so Abril avoided telling her what she saw and felt in the house. She took a deep breath.</p> <p>—Help me with the dress, it's stuck.</p> <p>—We were outside—Alba said.</p> <p>—What do you mean?</p>

Source Language	Target Language
<p>Abril alzó los brazos y Alba deslizó el vestido por arriba. Cuando se lo quitó, sintió alivio. La tela de celofán era muy incómoda.</p> <p>—Cuando entraste en la habitación salimos para ver pasar al heladero. Vine a buscarte.</p> <p>—¿No estaban en la habitación de mi tía Beatriz?</p> <p>—No.</p> <p>La miró. Sabía que no mentía. Entonces, ¿de quiénes eran esas risas que escuchó?</p> <p>Este tipo de situaciones se volvía recurrente en la casa, y como todo lo que se repite, entraba en la rutina de lo que se acepta con los años. La pobreza, la urgencia por llevar una</p>	<p>Abril raised her arms, and Alba slid the dress off over her head. Once it was off, she felt relieved. The cellophane fabric was extremely uncomfortable.</p> <p>—When you walked into the room, we went out to see the ice cream man go by. I came to get you</p> <p>—Weren't you in my aunt Beatriz's room?</p> <p>—No.</p> <p>She looked at her. She knew she wasn't lying. Then whose laughter had she heard?</p> <p>These kinds of things kept happening in the house, and like everything that repeats itself, they became part of the routine, something you grow to accept over the years. Poverty, the urgency to lead a</p>

Third Chapter

3.1 Challenges faced in the process of the translation

As students of 2-2025 Final Project, as a community of learning, we came up with the following challenges and solutions that we have faced during this Final Project:

Challenges	Descriptions	Solutions
Limited Literature Review	Difficulty finding comprehensive studies on specific topics	Extensive database searches, including journals, theses, and conference papers; consult experts in the field
Defining Clear Research Questions	Ambiguity or broad scope making research unfocused	Narrow down topics; formulate specific, manageable research questions
Data Collection Constraints	Accessing appropriate translation texts or corpus	Use online databases, open-access sources, or create your own corpus
Methodological Complexity	Choosing suitable translation analysis techniques	Review existing methodologies; consult methodology guides or experts
Language Barriers	Challenges in analyzing texts in multiple languages	Collaborate with bilingual scholars; use translation tools judiciously
Formatting and Citation Issues	Inconsistent citation styles or formatting errors	Use reference management software; follow institutional guidelines
Time Management	Procrastination or workload overload	Develop a detailed timetable; set regular milestones
Critical Analysis Development	Difficulty in providing in-depth critique of translations	Practice comparative analysis; seek feedback from advisors
Ethical Considerations	Handling copyrighted texts or sensitive data	Obtain necessary permissions; anonymize data where required

3.2 Conclusions

As 2-2025 students of the Final Project of the Bachelor's Degree program in English with an emphasis in translation, we cooperatively came up with the following shared and common conclusions after a long process of deliberating on them in many instances as a community of learning about learning that have grown together as family with a common goal:

The process of translation is an intricate and dynamic endeavor that extends beyond simple linguistic substitution. It requires careful analysis of the source text's structure, style, and context, as well as a comprehensive understanding of cultural, historical, and literary aspects. Effective translation involves multiple stages, including comprehension, interpretation, and re-expression, ensuring that the original message, tone, and stylistic nuances are preserved. This multifaceted process demands both linguistic proficiency and cultural sensitivity to produce a final product that resonates authentically with the target audience while maintaining fidelity to the source material's intent.

Achieving the essence of a book in the target language goes far beyond literal word-for-word translation. It involves a nuanced grasp of the underlying themes, mood, and emotional subtleties embedded within the original text. A translator must interpret the author's intent and reflect the original voice, allowing the target readers to experience a similar emotional and intellectual response as the original audience. This requires a deep engagement with the source material, creative adaptability, and the ability to re-create cultural references, idiomatic expressions, and stylistic choices in a way that preserves the heart of the book without diluting or distorting its core message.

An essential aspect of faithful translation is the respect for and understanding of both the source and target cultures. This entails recognizing cultural specificities and making informed decisions about how to adapt or retain cultural elements to avoid misinterpretation or cultural insensitivity. A translator must act as a cultural mediator, balancing faithfulness to the original context with relevance and accessibility for the target readership. This cultural sensitivity not only enhances comprehension but also fosters intercultural dialogue, celebrating diversity and promoting mutual understanding through the translated work.

The application of various translation techniques plays a vital role in ensuring quality and readability. Strategies such as semantic equivalence, dynamic equivalence, adaptation, and localization are employed to address linguistic differences, idiomatic expressions, and cultural references. Thoughtful use of these techniques enables the translator to overcome obstacles posed by language gaps, ensuring that the translated text remains coherent, engaging, and faithful to the stylistic and thematic elements of the original. Effectively applying these methods enhances the overall naturalness and authenticity of the translation, making it more appealing and meaningful for the target audience.

Ultimately, being faithful to the author's original purpose and intent is paramount in the translation process. This involves understanding the author's objectives, the intended audience, and the contextual framework within which the work was created. A translator must make deliberate choices that reflect the author's voice and message, ensuring that the translated version remains true to the original's core values and aims. By doing so, the translation not only respects the integrity of the source work but also provides a coherent and impactful experience for readers in the target language, fostering genuine appreciation and understanding of the author's creative vision.

3.3 Recommendations

As 2-2025 Final Project students of the School of English, we came up with the following recommendations:

To optimize the translation process for maintaining cultural fidelity, translators should prioritize thorough cultural research before beginning their work. This includes understanding the socio-cultural context, idiomatic expressions, and cultural sensitivities inherent in both source and target languages. Implementing a systematic pre-translation phase that focuses on cultural nuances can significantly reduce misinterpretations and enhance the overall quality of the translated text. Furthermore, adopting a collaborative approach involving cultural experts or native speakers can provide valuable insights and ensure authenticity. Emphasizing iterative review and feedback throughout the process helps refine translations, making them more aligned with cultural expectations. Ultimately, a culturally conscious approach to translation fosters clearer communication and builds mutual respect among diverse audiences.

Regarding the implementation of translation techniques, practitioners should adopt a flexible, context-sensitive approach rather than relying solely on rigid, formulaic methods. Techniques such as localization, paraphrasing, and adaptive translation enable translators to better capture the intended tone and cultural relevance. The integration of modern translation technologies like computer-assisted translation (CAT) tools and machine learning algorithms can streamline workflows and improve consistency, especially in large-scale projects. However, technological tools should complement, not replace, human judgment, which remains crucial for ensuring cultural appropriateness. Continuous training in new translation techniques and technology literacy can bridge the gap between traditional skills and emerging tools.

Encouraging ongoing professional development ensures that translators stay updated with best practices, ultimately improving the effectiveness and cultural sensitivity of their work.

Given that translation is a vital means of communication among cultures within a globalized world, it is essential to foster cultural literacy among translators. This involves integrating intercultural competence training into translator education programs, emphasizing the importance of understanding cultural similarities and differences. By cultivating awareness of cultural taboos, values, and social norms, translators can produce texts that resonate more meaningfully with target audiences. Moreover, translators should view themselves as cultural mediators, facilitating dialogue rather than merely transferring words from one language to another. Developing cross-cultural empathy enhances the translator's ability to adapt content appropriately and reduces misunderstandings. Emphasizing the intercultural function of translation underscores its importance as a bridge for global understanding and cooperation.

To effectively implement translation techniques in a rapidly evolving technological landscape, professionals must embrace innovation without sacrificing quality. Incorporating artificial intelligence and machine translation can significantly accelerate project timelines and handle large volumes of content efficiently. Yet, these tools should be used judiciously, with human oversight to ensure cultural and contextual accuracy. Training programs should include instruction on working with advanced translation technologies, alongside traditional methods, to foster adaptability. Moreover, developing customized glossaries and translation memories can enhance consistency across projects and languages. Continuous evaluation of new tools and techniques is necessary to stay ahead of technological developments and to maintain high standards of accuracy, branding, and cultural appropriateness in global communications.

Finally, translation should be recognized not only as a linguistic activity but also as a means of fostering intercultural understanding and diplomacy. Translators play a pivotal role in promoting dialogue, peace, and mutual respect among diverse communities. To maximize this potential, educational and institutional frameworks should encourage translators to adopt strategies that highlight shared values and cultural commonalities. Promoting awareness of translation's social impact can inspire more ethically conscious practice and increase public trust in translated content. Additionally, cultural exchange programs and international collaborations should be supported to enhance cross-cultural communication skills. Ultimately, embracing translation as a tool for cultural diplomacy enriches global interactions and contributes to a more interconnected and empathetic world.

3.4 Glossary

1. Retraído (Shy). “A shy person is nervous and uncomfortable in the company of other people”. (Collins Dictionary, 2025)
2. Vislumbrar (Glimpse). “If you get a glimpse of someone or something, you see them very briefly and not very well”. (Collins Dictionary 2025)
3. Pesadumbre (Sorrow) “Sorrow is a feeling of deep sadness or regret”. (Collins Dictionary, 2025)
4. Crepúsculo (Twilight). “Twilight is the time just before night when the daylight has almost gone, but when it is not completely dark”. (Collins Dictionary 2025)
5. Halo (Halo). “A circle of light appearing to surround the sun or moon and resulting from refraction or reflection of light by ice particles in the atmosphere”. (Merriam-Webster, Dictionary 2025)
6. Desvencijado (Rickety). “Liable to fall or break down because weak; shaky”. (Collins Dictionary 2025)
7. Escudriñar (Scrutinize). “If you scrutinize something, you examine it very carefully, often to find out some information from it or about it”. (Collins Dictionary 2025)
8. Fervor (fervor): “Fervor for something is a very strong feeling for or belief in it”. (Collins Dictionary, 2025)
9. Reojo (Glance). “If you glance at something or someone, you look at them very quickly and then look away again immediately.”. (Collins Dictionary 2025)

10. Carcomido (Gnawed): “to consume; wear away; corrode”. (Collins Dictionary, 2025)
11. Distorsionar (distort): “If something you can see or hear is distorted or distorts, its appearance or sound is changed so that it seems unclear”. (Collins Dictionary, 2025)
12. Desdicha (unhappiness): “the quality of being sad or not satisfied”. (Cambridge Dictionary, 2025)
13. Zozobra (Anxiety). “Anxiety is a feeling of nervousness or worry”. (Collins Dictionary 2025)
14. Fraternidad: “You can refer to people who have the same profession or the same interests as a particular fraternity”. (Collins Dictionary, 2025)
15. Implorar (Beg) “If you beg someone to do something, you ask them very anxiously or eagerly to do it”. (Collins Dictionary 2025)
16. Lozanía (vitality): “If you say that someone or something has vitality, you mean that they have great energy and liveliness”. (Collins Dictionary, 2025)
17. Ratificar (Ratify). “When national leaders or organizations ratify a treaty or written agreement, they make it official by giving their formal approval to it, usually by signing it or voting for it”. (Collins Dictionary 2025)
18. Vislumbrar (glimpse): “an occasion when you see something or someone for a very short time”. (Cambridge Dictionary,2025)
19. Prejuicio (Prejudice). “Prejudice is an unreasonable dislike of a particular group of people or things, or a preference for one group of people or things over another”. (Collins Dictionary 2025)

20. Umbral (threshold): “The threshold of a building or room is the floor in the doorway, or the doorway itself”. (Cambridge Dictionary, 2025)
21. Brujería (witchcraft): “the activity of performing magic to help or harm other people”. (Cambridge Dictionary, 2025)
22. Ensimismado (Engrossed). “If you are engrossed in something, it holds your attention completely”. (Collins Dictionary 2025)
23. Perturbación (disruption): “the action of preventing something, especially a system, process, or event, from continuing as usual or as expected”. (Cambridge Dictionary, 2025)
24. Escrutinio (scrutiny): “the careful and detailed examination of something in order to get information about it”. (Cambridge Dictionary, 2025)
25. Apatía (Apathy). “You can use apathy to talk about someone's state of mind if you are criticizing them because they do not seem to be interested in or enthusiastic about anything”. (Collins Dictionary, 2025)

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Annex

Los ocupantes

Yoselin Goncalves



EB
El Taller **Blanco**
EDICIONES



Yoselin Goncalves

Author



David, 28 de enero de 2025

Señora
Yoselin Goncalves
Autor de
"Los ocupantes"
E. S. M.

Respetados Señora Goncalves:

Por este medio le solicitamos la autorización para la traducción de la obra escrita por ustedes, titulada "Los ocupantes". Dicha traducción estará siendo realizada por los estudiantes:

- **José Acevedo (8-940-1707)**
- **Eileen Varela (8-983-526)**

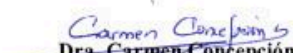
Esta traducción, será realizada con el objetivo de optar por el título de la **LICENCIATURA EN INGLÉS CON ÉNFASIS EN TRADUCCIÓN**. Los estudiantes serán asesorados por docentes de nuestra institución educativa.

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Sin más que agregar, le agradecemos su valiosa atención y contribución.

Atentamente,


Dra. Carmen Concepción
Directora Ejecutiva




Firma del autor



UNIVERSIDAD LATINA DE PANAMÁ

DECLARACIÓN JURADA

Yo Eileen Esther Varela Almengor con cédula de identidad personal número, 8 - 9 8 3 - 5 2 6 estudiante graduando del programa/carrera de Licenciatura en Inglés con énfasis en traducción declaro bajo la gravedad del juramento que el material que aparece en este trabajo de graduación, en la opción: Proyecto Final (Tesis, proyecto final, pasantía, otro), es de mi producción intelectual, en razón de lo cual exonero a la Universidad Latina de Panamá de cualquier responsabilidad relacionada con este aspecto.

Como constancia, firmo la presente declaración el día 16 del mes de agosto del año 2025.

Firma del estudiante: Eileen I.
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