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SOBREVIVIENTES

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**PROYECTO FINAL DE GRADUCACIÓN COMO REQUISITO PARA OPTAR POR
EL TÍTULO DE LICENCIATURA EN INGLÉS CON ÉNFASIS EN TRADUCCIÓN**

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Thanks again to everyone who supported me

DEDICATION

Completing this stage of my life, I feel very blessed that God has given me the joy of completing this great challenge, I can't find words to thank my aunt godmother, an exceptional woman, a professional who encouraged me to move forward despite my studies retards were always there to support me, my dad for believing in me and never doubting my potential, my dear father, and he always supports me unconditionally through thick and thin. and finally, to my boyfriend who has believed in me and I thank him for his infinite love and unconditional support at this stage of my life.

The achievements that I have achieved to date, are especially from my dear aunt godmother, from her, for which I dedicate it to her as a result of her effort, love and time with me. To all the people who never doubted me and always encouraged me to move forward.

INTRODUCTION

First, Translation is a much more complex task than it seems. It is a profession where nuances, knowledge, research and adaptation to the target culture matter. Professional translation provides the quality and precision of the final text that is essential for effective communication of your content in markets around the world. That includes brand, products and services.

A careless translation greatly affects the image with which a company enters the markets it wants to access.

Second, Professional translation makes it easier for your content to reach countries, cultures and international markets. A good translation depends, to a great extent, on a good reception by the target audience.

Third, the objective of this final project is to translate at least fifty pages of the book "Sobrevivientes" written by Dhierich Jarwell Valderrama together with another group of authors, applying various translation techniques that will determine our knowledge on how to implement these techniques in an adequate and functional way. In this project we will try to solve the following question: how the application of certain translation techniques reflects the meaning and content of the book "Sobrevivientes"

Is a translation method the same as a translation technique?

No, it is not the same thing. In the field of translation, method and technique are different concepts. Thus, a translation method is applied to the entire text to be translated and translation techniques may vary within the same text, depending on the case and on the verbal elements to be translated. The difficulty is that if we do not have enough knowledge, we cannot apply the correct techniques. Sometimes, in the same sentence, two or three techniques can be used without changing the meaning of the sentence.

In the first pages of this translation work, we talked a lot about how these stories in the book overcome adversity in the face of injuries, tests, falls and discouragement, I learned to cope with problems despite everything.

As this work progresses, we translate fifty pages of the source text in (Spanish/English) into the target language in two columns (Spanish/English).

Finally, At the end of this translation, we have some conclusions and offer recommendations, as well as mentioning the challenges we face and a glossary with the key terminology of this translation. Finally, a bibliography and an applied one are presented.

CHAPTER I: PRELIMINARY INFORMATION

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1.1 Antecedents

The purpose of literary translation is to enable the exchange of literature, ideas, viewpoints, and concepts between a variety of languages and cultures. There are no limits or restrictions on which languages need translators. Almost every culture and country in the world has literary works by authors whose books are in high demand by those who do not read or speak the language in which they are written.

It is commonly perceived that a book translator has one of the most difficult jobs in the publishing world. An interpreter, who translates verbal communications, has the advantage of having the person who is translating for the present and being able to confer the validity of their interpretations. In contrast, a literary translator often works in a remote location, close to the author. In the case of classic works, the author usually dies.

Dhierich Jarwell was born in Chiriqui, Panama. Since I was a child, I have had an inventive mind, a manly voice and a talent for letters. He is passionate about capturing his experiences in ink and paper, seeking through his writings to invite the reader to reflect and introspect. he likes singing and literature. and his family is his priority.

The name of the book is Sobrevivientes, it contains 148 pages, its publisher is Grupo Editorial Diamante and its place of publication was in Mexico City

Sobrevivientes contains the winning stories of the international short story contest, Diamante. Its authors have something that identifies them: they are survivors. They have taken their trials, injuries, falls, as a basis to create stories that are light for others. they were not afraid. They took the risk and here they are. The 10 stories cover topics such as starting over, first love, grief, faith, forgiveness, healing guilt, breaking chains and never giving up.

The purpose of the book is to help people get up from some difficult situation they are going through, reading the stories of people who, despite adversity, got ahead.

1.2 Justification

The translation of this book is relevant for the author since it is quite a challenge for the student to take on the task of translating a book and it is an advantage, because it helps you develop the capacity for precision, very useful for any type of text.

It is important for me to translate this book because it would help me fulfill myself and put into practice all the knowledge acquired during my studies, the first thing is to read the entire book, understand it completely, analyze the whole story. That is where I think my greatest responsibility lies, in being able to probe all the layers of which the text is made up, it will inevitably be creative, so, yes, there is no doubt that the translator is the author of the book that he translates.

I consider that both of us will equally benefit when the book is finished, firstly because of my satisfaction at seeing results that I know will be very helpful in my professional career and for the author to see his book translated into another language, I think it will be very satisfying.

1.3 Objectives

1.3.1. General Objectives:

To translate from Spanish (or English) into English (or Spanish) the pages 99 to 148 from the book “Sobrevivientes” written by Dhierich Jarwell.

1.3.2. Specific Objectives:

- To Deliver a good quality translation of the content.
- To Apply in the best way all the necessary translation techniques
- To demonstrate effective use of the mechanics of writing in the target language (the book that is being translated): punctuation, capitalization, coherence, and unity.
- To analyze the structure of the target language so the syntax and pragmatics of both languages are identified and properly translated.

1.4 Methodology

Translation is essential in our professional and daily lives because, without it there would be a lack of knowledge of new studies, technological advances and mainly there would be a language barrier between people.

Therefore, the importance of the translator's work in such a changing world is to help globalize knowledge between different cultures and without their help we would not have access to literature and education from any part of the planet.

One of the main factors that underline the importance of technical translation is its commitment to the text. This means that there is a constant concern to keep it as close as possible to the original. In this way, mistakes such as ambiguity are avoided. In addition, a service like this is very useful to make your text clearer and more objective. This is also crucial for your technical base, contributing to the credibility of the company. With that it is also possible to note the clarification of concepts to facilitate the reading of the interested parties.

**CHAPTER II: TRANSLATION OF THE BOOK,
TECHNIQUES AND THEIR ANALYSIS**

CHAPTER II: TRANSLATION OF THE BOOK, TECHNIQUES AND THEIR ANALYSIS.

2.1. Translation of The Book: Survivors / Traducción del Libro: Sobrevivientes.

Sobrevivientes	Survivors
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Capítulo I	Chapter I
El ángel del amanecer	The angel of dawn
<p>Nayra oprime con mayor precisión e intensifica el masaje cardiaco. ¡Es el primer código azul de su carrera! Los nervios se funden con la adrenalina en sus venas.</p> <p>Tiene los ojos fijos en la paciente, moviéndose al vaivén de las manos; los guantes le estorban y provocan escozor, pero descarta quitárselos. No desea que el doctor Santoro, pendiente de cada acción, la reprenda de nuevo.</p> <p>—Enfermera, ¡aguarde! —se detienen, aliviados por el bip... bip... del monitor de signos vitales—. Lo conseguimos, está estable —resopla—, por ahora.</p> <p>—No se ofenda, doctor, pero... ¡se supone que debe estar feliz por salvar una vida! Y más en esta época.</p> <p>—Cuando usted vea quinientos pacientes más como ella, entenderá mi punto de</p>	<p>Nayra presses more precisely and intensifies the cardiac massage. It is the first code blue of her career! Nerves melt with the adrenaline in her veins.</p> <p>Her eyes are fixed on the patient, moving to the swaying of her hands; the gloves get in the way and cause the gloves get in the way and sting, but he rules out taking them off. She does not want Santoro, who is watching her every action, to reprimand her again.</p> <p>-Nurse, be careful! -They stop, relieved by the beep... beep... beep... of the vital signs monitor of the vital signs monitor. We got it, he's stable," she snorts, "for now.</p> <p>-No offense, doctor, but... you're supposed to be happy about saving a life! Especially today.</p> <p>-When you see five hundred more patients like her, you'll understand my point of</p>

<p>vista —el tono del médico en jefe de la unidad de cuidados intensivos la incomoda—.</p> <p>Señorita Rodríguez, observe con cuidado arroja la tablilla de información sobre la cama, esta mujer tiene más de treinta días en coma, es hipertensa, de noventa años, acorde con el registro, no tiene familiares vivos y es la paciente más crítica de todos los infectados —desborda frustración con cada palabra.</p> <p>Pacientes así saturan el sistema, agotan recursos y su respirador es muy valioso en estos momentos.</p> <p>Página 12</p> <p>Una luz rojiza ilumina el pasillo que da a la habitación. La enfermera patea el piso consternado, esa es la señal de un nuevo fallecimiento a causa del virus.</p> <p>—Doctor Santoro, me consta que usted lleva tiempo aquí en el Hospital Saint Ángelo, pero creo que se equivoca en todo —señala indignada el monitor—.</p> <p>Primero, la paciente se llama Miriam Nori —en su voz se nota el repudio que siente por los médicos que ven números en lugar de personas.</p>	<p>view. The tone of the head doctor of the intensive care unit makes her uncomfortable</p> <p>Miss Rodriguez, look carefully -she throws the information board on the bed-, this woman has been in a coma for more than thirty days, is hypertensive, ninety years old, according to the registry, she has no living relatives and is the most critical patient of all the infected patients.</p> <p>-she overflows frustration with every word. Patient sike this overwhelm the system, exhaust resources and her respirator is very valuable at this time. And her respirator is very valuable now.</p> <p>Page 12</p> <p>A reddish light illuminates the hallway leading to the room. The nurse kicks the floor in dismay, this is the sign of a new death due to the virus.</p> <p>-Dr. Santoro, I know you've been here at Saint Angelo's Hospital for some time, but I think you're wrong about everything," says the monitor indignantly.</p> <p>First of all, the patient's name is Miriam Nori -her voice shows the repudiation she feels for doctors who see numbers instead of people.</p>
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<p>la más crítica y no tener familia, es la más importante de cuidar, sin importar su edad; y tercero —eleva su voz intencionalmente—, su corazón ¡sigue latiendo!</p> <p>Un palpitar de cólera se nota en las sienas del doctor. Dos residentes se asoman, curiosos de tan acalorada discusión.</p> <p>—Su inocencia es impresionante, enfermera Rodríguez —su voz se impregna de soberbia—, así como yo llevo tiempo aquí, le recuerdo que usted tiene apenas un mes en este hospital, lo que me permite recalcarle la regla de oro de su profesión: evadir la muerte es imposible.</p> <p>—¿Qué tra...?</p> <p>—No me interrumpa —alza la mano—, no podemos esperar que los milagros ocurran y en estos casos es común que las profesionales mujeres se envalentonen creyendo que todos pueden ser salvados — la serenidad de Nayra tras la careta impresiona a los residentes—, pero estamos ante una pandemia, nuestra prioridad es ¡que todo alcance! — enfatiza—. Aunque eso signifique reasignar un respirador y convertirnos en “mensajeros de la muerte” —avanza, mientras observa los signos vitales tan desalentadores.</p>	<p>The most critical and not having a family, is the most important to take care of, regardless of her age; and third -he raises his voice intentionally-, her heart is still beating!</p> <p>An angry throbbing is felt at the doctor’s temples. Two residents’ peek in, curious of such a heated discussion.</p> <p>-Your innocence is impressive, Nurse Rodriguez,” his voice is impregnated with arrogance, “just as I have been here for a long time, I remind you that you have only been in this hospital for a month, which allows me to emphasize the golden rule of your profession: evading death is impossible.</p> <p>What tra...?</p> <p>-Don’t interrupt me,” he raises his hand.</p> <p>And in these cases, it is common for female professionals to become emboldened believing that everyone can be saved- Nayra’serenity behind the mask impresses the residents-, but we are facing a pandemic, our priority is that everything catches up! - Even if that means reassigning a respirator and becoming “messengers of death”,” she says, as she looks at the grim vital signs.</p>
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—¡No! —se interpone entre la señora Nori y el doctor Santoro.

—¿Qué cree que hace?

Página 13

—Impedir que nos vendamos al diablo — el temblor de sus piernas se disimula por el ancho de su traje blanco—, y si eso implica que debo vigilarla toda la noche, estoy dispuesta.

—Muy bien... —el reloj de pared marca las diez en punto—. Acepto su ofrecimiento, pero le recuerdo que, si esta mujer llega a empeorar o no veo cambios para el amanecer, usted será la única responsable y deberá...

desconectarla —sale de la habitación dando un portazo.

Nayra suspira con una abrumadora inquietud en su corazón mientras se recarga contra la pared. Respira hondo. Toma conciencia sobre el peso por la decisión impuesta, sin embargo, el bip... bip... que retumba en la habitación blanco marfil reafirma su determinación por cuidar de la señora Nori.

Afuera muere el día. La temida luz roja ilumina el pasillo dos veces más.

-No!" he interposes himself between Mrs. Nori and Dr. Santoro.

What do you think you are doing?

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-I'm preventing us from selling ourselves to the devil -the trembling of her legs is concealed by the width of her white suit-, and if that means I have to watch her all night long, I'm willing to do it.

Very well..." The wall clock strikes ten o'clock. I accept your offer, but I remind you that, if this woman takes a turn for the worse or I see no change by dawn, you will be changes by dawn, you will be solely responsible, and you will have to...

disconnect her -she leaves the room slamming the door.

Nayra sighs with an overwhelming restlessness in her heart as she leans against the wall. She takes a deep breath. She becomes aware of the weight of the imposed decision, however, the beep... beep... that echoes in the ivory white room reaffirms her determination to take care of Mrs. Nori.

Outside, the day dies. The dreaded red light illuminates the hallway twice more.

Aunque la tristeza se trasluce en su mirada, es un hecho al que trata con todas sus fuerzas de no acostumbrarse. “No son épocas de darle la corona de la vida a este virus”; sonrío para sí misma, desde el inicio de la pandemia, ese pensamiento transmuta toda resignación en vitalidad.

Se acerca con quietud a la cama, contemplando esa pasividad perfilada en el rostro de la señora Nori. El respirador cubre parte de su rostro, pero eso no le resta humanidad. ¡Todo lo contrario! Despierta su firme convicción, como enfermera y mujer, de que nadie merece quedarse atrás. La ternura agita cada fibra de su ser cuando divisa unos mechones rizados, cortos y de un suave gris perla, muy similares a los de su amada abuela. Mientras chequea los signos vitales, permite que su corazón viaje a través de su infancia.

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El jardín de dalias rosas y anaranjadas es testigo del amor que trasluce en el abrazo entre

Olga y su nieta, esa niña recién llegada de la escuela y poseedora de una dulzura capaz de revertir cualquier desánimo.

—¡Te amo, Tita Olga!

—Y yo a ti mi hermoso ángel. Dime ¿qué quieres hacer hoy? —ríe a carcajada limpia ante los gestos ingenuos de su nieta,

Although the sadness is visible in her eyes, it is a fact that she tries with all her might not get used to it. “These are not the times to give the crown of life to this virus”; she smiles to herself, since the beginning of the pandemic, that thought transmutes all resignation into resignation.

She approaches the bed quietly, contemplating that passivity outlined on Mrs. Nori’s face. Nori’s face. The respirator covers part of her face, but that doesn’t subtracts humanity. On the contrary! It awakens her firm conviction, as

nurse and woman, that no one deserves to be left behind. Tenderness stirs every fiber of her being when she catches sight of curly, short, soft pearl-gray locks, much like those of her beloved grandmother. As she checks vital signs, she allows her heart to travel back through her childhood.

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The garden of pink and orange dahlias is witness to the love that shines through in the embrace between Olga and her granddaughter, that little girl just home from school and possessing a sweetness capable of reversing any discouragement.

-I love you, Tita Olga!

-And I love you, my beautiful angel. Tell me, what do you want to do today? -She laughs out loud at her granddaughter’s naïve

su pensativa y su emoción, realmente piensa lo que quiere hacer, ¿cómo no amarla?

—¡Quiero escuchar Saurom, Tita! ¡Mírame, soy Joselito! —las risas de ambas aumentan con aplausos al mirar a Nayra imitar al bajista de su banda favorita, ese que, según la pequeña, siempre salta para alcanzar el cielo.

—Está bien tesorito, hoy escucharemos su nueva canción: “Ángeles”. Me recuerda mucho a cierta niña —Nayra deja de brincar con un enorme gesto de asombro y su boca abierta—, creo que la escribieron pensando en ti.

—¿En mí? ¡Ponla, Tita! ¡Ponla plis! Olga enciende su computadora y pone la canción en YouTube. La sonrisa tan pura y mágica de su nieta al escuchar esa combinación de gaitas y bajos confirma su acertada decisión de criarla después de la muerte de sus padres.

—¡Tita, escucha!: “Lejos de todos los miedos... que logré vencer...” —el viento acompaña la jovial voz de Nayra mientras zarandea el brazo de su abuela y la saca de sus pensamientos— es parecido a lo que me dices, ¿verdad? Que no debo temer nunca.

gestures, her thoughtful face and her emotion, she really thinks about what she wants to do, how can she not love her?

-I want to listen to Saurom, Tita! Look at me, I'm Joselito! -The laughter of both increases with applause when they see Nayra imitating the bass player of her favorite band, the one who, according to the little girl, always jumps to reach the sky.

-Okay sweetie, today we will listen to your new song: “Angels”. It reminds me a lot of a certain girl -Nayra stops jumping with a huge gesture of amazement and her mouth open-, I think they wrote it thinking of you.

-In me? Put it on, Tita! Put it on, please!

Olga turns on her computer and plays the song on YouTube. Her granddaughter's pure and her and magical smile as she listens to that combination of bagpipes and basses confirms her wise decision to raise her after the death of her parents.

-Tita, listen: “Far from all the fears... that I managed to overcome...” -the wind accompanies Nayra's jovial voice as she shakes her grandmother's arm and brings her out of her thoughts- it's like what you tell me, isn't it? That I should never fear.

—Así es, mi corazón con alas de cristal —
se recuestan en el pasto—, quiero
decirte algo —sus miradas se cruzan—:
Nunca olvides que la negatividad es el
miedo tratando de tirarnos, pero yo estoy
criando a un ángel tan valiente como el de
la canción, así que más bien diría que el
temor debería esconderse de ti — las
carcajadas de la abuela retumban en el
paisaje.

Página 15

—¡Sí! “Lejos de todos los miedos...”
—“... que logré vencer” ... —una sonrisa
se dibuja en su rostro.

La valentía inunda cada fibra de su cuerpo.
Resignarse no es su estilo. Reajusta su
careta y los nudos del traje de protección.
Eleva el volumen de las máquinas, pero eso
no impide que sus oídos capten el quieto
estruendo de un rayo en las lejanías de
Roma. Voltea expectante hacia la ventana.
Un escalofrío de ansiedad recorre su espina
dorsal: el cielo nocturno ilumina la ciudad
por los truenos sordos; cachetea
suavemente su careta y se repite que es una
lluvia normal de noviembre. Toma asiento
junto a la cama de la señora Nori y reposa
su cabeza sobre el barandal inferior,
mientras el bip... bip... del monitor,

-That's right, my crystal-winged heart,"
they lie down on the grass, "I want to tell
you something," their gazes meet.

Tell you something -their gazes meet-:
Never forget that negativity is fear trying to
throw us, but I'm raising an angel as brave
as the one in the song, so I'd rather say that
fear should hide from you -grandma's
laughter echoes across the landscape.

Page 15

-Yes! "Far from all fears..."

- "... that I managed to overcome" ..." -a
smile spreads across her face.

Courage floods every fiber of his body.
Resignation is not his style. He readjusts his
mask and the knots of his protective suit. He
turns up the volume of the machines, but
that doesn't stop his ears from picking up
the quiet rumble of lightning in the far
reaches of Rome. He turns expectantly to
the window. A shiver of anxiety runs down
his spine dorsal: the night sky illuminates
the city by dull thunder; it gently slaps its
mask and repeats that it is a normal gently
slaps his face shield and repeats to himself
that it is a normal November rain. He takes
a seat next to Mrs. Nori's bed and rests his
head on the lower rail, while the

<p>ambienta resonante la quietud de la habitación.</p> <p><i>Sus pies arden por el desconuelo de correr a ciegas entre la neblina púrpura, las lágrimas escuecen y salan la resequedad en su boca. Se ahoga en ansiedad con cada trote. El temor de “no llegar” duerme sus músculos. No quiere perderla otra vez.</i></p> <p>—Nayra...</p> <p>—¿Por qué te alejas de mí?! —estira su mano al notar múltiples cables y maquinas que se asoman, rodeando una camilla—, ¡no te vayas, Tita! ¡Puedo salvarte!</p> <p>—Tita se fue... Tu adorado ángel perdió sus alas... Ella ya no existe.</p> <p>—¡Cállate! —el odio hacia esa voz indolente envenena su furia.</p> <p><i>Las máquinas que rodean a su abuela enmudecen, el horror la paraliza, ¡los cables comienzan a envolver a Olga! Nayra intenta moverse, pero el suelo se derrite, hundiendo su cuerpo.</i></p> <p>Página 16</p> <p><i>Quiere salvarla, sabe que puede, pero es demasiado tarde: un abismo atiborrado en oscuridad anula sus gritos hasta caer...</i></p>	<p>beep...beep...beep...beep...of the monitor, resonantly sets the stillness of the room.</p> <p><i>Her feet burn from the disconsolation of running blindly through the purple haze, tears stinging and salting the dryness in her mouth. She drowns in anxiety with every jog. The fear of “not making it” numbs his muscles. He doesn’t want to lose her again.</i></p> <p>-Nayra...</p> <p>-Why are you walking away from me?! -He stretches out his hand as he notices multiple wires and machines sticking out, surrounding a stretcher-, don’t go, Tita! I can save you!</p> <p>-Tita is gone... Your beloved angel lost her wings... She no longer exists.</p> <p>-Shut up! -The hatred for that indolent voice poisons her fury.</p> <p><i>The machines surrounding her grandmother fall silent, horror paralyzes her, the wires begin to wrap around Olga! Nayra tries to move, but the floor melts, sinking her body.</i></p> <p>Page 16</p> <p><i>She wants to save her, she knows she can, but it is too late: an abyss crammed with darkness overrides her scream until falls...</i></p>
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<p>—¡No! ¡Tita! —su propio grito perturbado la despierta. Hiperventila, siente sus pulmones ásperos. Tiene los ojos desorbitados e irritados. Su frente, cubierta de sudor. Mira alrededor.</p> <p>Está en el suelo, de la oscura habitación. Confirma su angustiante sospecha. “Otra pesadilla”.</p> <p>Se pone de pie. Enciende la luz. Se calma cuando nota que el respirador y la paciente continúan en su sitio.</p> <p>El monitor muestra los signos vitales sin cambios. Siente vergüenza de su descuido. Observa el reloj de la pared: la madrugada se acerca.</p> <p>Los alaridos de consternación inundan el pasillo al crudo ritmo de la luz roja, poseedora de una macabra puntualidad como mensajera de la muerte en el Saint Ángel. ¡Tres! ¡Han perdido tres pacientes más durante la guardia!</p> <p>Pensar que tres familias más extinguen su sonrisa y su legado por una pandemia implacable estruja el corazón de la joven enfermera. Se asoma por la ventanilla frontal solo para atestiguar el colapso emocional en el suelo. Sus compañeras, las encargadas de velar por esas personas, lloran atormentadas. Comprende cada lágrima bajo sus trajes, el coraje de perder una vida frustra y mata por dentro, dejando</p>	<p>-No! Tita! -Her own disturbed scream wakes her up. She hyperventilates, her lungs feel rough. Her eyes are wild and irritated. Her forehead is covered with sweat. Looks around She is on the floor of the darkened room. He confirms his distressing suspicion. “Another nightmare.”</p> <p>He stands up. He turns on the light. He calms down when he notices that the respirator and the patient are still in place.</p> <p>The monitor shows unchanged vital signs. He feels ashamed of his carelessness. He watches the clock on the wall: dawn is approaching.</p> <p>Shrieks of dismay flood the hallway to the stark rhythm of the red light, three! They have lost three more patients during the shift!</p> <p>The thought of three more families having their smile and legacy extinguished by a relentless pandemic squeezes the young nurse’s heart. She peers out the front window only to witness the emotional collapse on the floor. Her companions, the caretakers of these people, weep in torment. She understands every tear under their suits, the courage of losing a life frustrates and kills inside, leaving an eternal taste in the</p>
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un sinsabor eterno en el alma. El impulso de salir y abrazarlas se frena a causa del amargo reflejo: su careta y una paciente que pende de un hilo; una persona que Nayra niega convertir en otra luz de la jornada.

“No son épocas de darle la corona de la vida a este virus”, se convence a sí misma.

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Su cuerpo da señas de agotamiento, pero se niega a claudicar; la pesadez en sus ojos provoca un fugaz mareo. Se sostiene del barandal, tratando de no caerse, mientras observa a la señora Nori. El remordimiento brota en su conciencia. ¿El respirador de su paciente es capaz de hacer la diferencia? ¿Está siendo egoísta en oponerse a darlo? ¿Su devoción y terquedad por su profesión realmente ayudan? Ha visto a sus compañeros perder el brillo en su mirada. Salvar vidas ya no es sinónimo de grandeza o virtud, y eso provoca que Nayra cuestione, en lo más profundo de su alma, si hace esto por su paciente o por ella misma.

—Hola, señora Nori —no está segura de si la escucha, pero continúa—, ¿sabe?

Creo que no nos hemos presentado, soy Nayra Rodríguez y he cuidado de usted desde que ingresó, ¡fue mi primera paciente! —conmovida, le toma la mano

soul. The impulse to go out and embrace them is restrained by the bitter reflection: her mask and a patient hanging by a thread; a person Nayra refuses to turn into another light of the day.

“These are not the times to give the crown of life to this virus,” she convinces herself.

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Her body shows signs of exhaustion, but she refuses to give in; the heaviness in her eyes causes a fleeting dizziness. She holds onto the railing, trying not to fall, as she watches Mrs. Nori. Remorse wells up in his conscience. Is his patient’s ventilator capable of making a difference? Is he being selfish in opposing giving it? Is his devotion and stubbornness for his profession really helping? You’ve seen your colleagues lose the sparkle in their eyes. Saving lives is no longer synonymous with greatness or virtue, and that causes Nayra to question, deep in her soul, whether she is doing this for her patient or for herself.

-Hello, Mrs. Nori,” she is not sure if she hears her, but continues, “you know?”

I don’t think we have introduced ourselves; I am Nayra Rodriguez and I have been taking care of you since you were admitted, you were my first patient! -moved, she takes

entre las suyas—. Tenía timidez de hablarle, aunque no parezca, ¡en especial porque soy la altanera de la unidad! —ríe nerviosamente y agrega—: Pero esta noche ha sido tan intensa... que deseo confiarle algo: no sé si estoy jugando a ser Dios. Tengo miedo, fe, todo al mismo tiempo, pero soy honesta —su voz se quiebra de angustia—. Si permito que la dejen morir, temo que se repita lo de cuatro años atrás... en esta misma habitación.

—*¡Por favor resiste, Tita! —un ramo de lirios blancos y los libros de estudios de enfermería caen de sus manos.*

El llanto desesperado de Nayra se escucha en todo el pasillo de cuidados intensivos.

Una cruda lluvia golpea con furor las ventanas; ella presiona incisivamente los botones de emergencia, ¡su abuela tiene una falla masiva de órganos! ¡¿Cómo es que no está nadie en el cuarto?!

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La mano de Olga se posa sobre el rostro de su nieta. Le pide que se acerque, quiere decirle algo. Los monitores no dejan de sonar. Nayra se acerca y teme lo peor.

—*Lejos... de todos... los miedos... No lo olvides, mi ángel...*

—*No, Tita no... no me dejes por favor...*

his hand in hers. I was shy to talk to you, even if it doesn't seem like it, especially because I am the haughty one in the unit! - She laughs nervously and adds: "But this night has been so intense... that I want to confide something to you: I don't know if I'm playing God. I'm afraid, I have faith, all at the same time, but I'm honest," her voice cracks with anguish. If I allow her to die, I fear a repeat of four years ago... in this very room.

-Please hold on, Tita! -A bouquet of white lilies and nursing textbooks fall from her hands. Nayra's desperate cry is heard throughout the intensive care corridor.

A raw rain is pounding furiously on the windows; she incisively presses the emergency buttons; her grandmother has massive organ failure! How come no one is in the room?!

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Olga's hand rests on her granddaughter's face. She asks her to come closer, she wants to tell her something. The monitors do not stop beeping. Nayra approaches and fears the worst.

-Away.... from all... fears... Don't forget it, my angel...No Tita don't leave me please...

<p><i>¡No sé cómo salvarte!</i> —la sonrisa de su abuela queda congelada en el tiempo—... ¿Tita? <i>La calidez del corazón de Olga enmudece, al mismo tiempo que el sonido perpetuo de la máquina de soporte vital tatúa una herida de soledad en Nayra.</i></p> <p>—Esa noche, juré convertirme en enfermera —la nostalgia adorna sus palabras.</p> <p>—. Mi abuela pensaba que son ángeles en la tierra, porque ayudan y lo dan todo sin esperar recompensa. Pero yo me sentí impotente, señora Nori. ¡No pude hacer nada! —se aguanta el llanto y sonrío resiliente—, temo que eso pase con usted; la incertidumbre por esta pandemia es insoportable y aunque no exista cura todavía, debo proteger la vida, sin importar la adversidad, y le prometo, aunque deba enfrentarme al hospital entero, que yo defenderé el aire que respira. Usted es importante, está viva y eso para mí es suficiente.</p> <p>“Su mano... ¿aprieta?”. Descarta la idea, recuerda que el cansancio puede ser traicionero.</p> <p>La intriga perfila su rostro al percibir una vibración inusual. El vidrio de la ventana con vistas a Roma y los aparatos de soporte</p>	<p><i>I don't know how to save you! -her grandmother's smile is frozen in time-... Tita?</i></p> <p><i>The warmth of Olga's heart is muted, at the same time as the perpetual sound of the life support machine tattoos a wound of loneliness in Nayra.</i></p> <p>In that night, I vowed to become into a nurse,” nostalgia adorns her words.</p> <p>- My grandmother thought they are angels on earth, because they help and give everything without expecting a reward. But I felt helpless, Mrs. Nori, I couldn't.... do nothing! -She holds back her tears and smiles resiliently, “I am afraid it will happen to you; the uncertainty of this pandemic is unbearable and although there is no cure yet, I must protect life, no matter the adversity, and I promise you, even if I have to face the entire hospital, I will defend the air you breathe. You are important, you are alive and that for me is enough.</p> <p>“Your hand... squeezes?”. He dismisses the idea, remembers that fatigue can be treacherous.</p> <p>Intrigue outlines his face as he senses an unusual vibration. The glass of the window overlooking Rome and the life support</p>
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vital tiemblan. Fuera de la habitación, el caos toma el control del pasillo. Médicos y enfermeras corren, olvidando distancia y protocolos. Se petrifica al oír el anuncio del parlante: “Código marrón, repito, código marrón: alerta de tormenta eléctrica”.

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Shock y desasosiego palpitan sin piedad en su corazón. Voltea y posa la vista sobre la ciudad: esas estrellas que suelen adornarla se han perdido por los nubarrones que empiezan a derramar su furia pariendo granizo entre ráfagas colosales.

“¿Estará listo el hospital para algo así? ¿Yo lo estoy esta vez?”, piensa para sí, e intenta alejar de ella el temor y la angustia.

¡PUM!

Un golpe en la ventana contraria provoca que gire, solo para descubrir con sumo coraje una etiqueta negra sobre la misma. Sus compañeros están clasificando a los pacientes en orden de atención, pero se niega a aceptar ese color que marca a la señora Nori como “paciente de recuperación nula”, le hierve la sangre, pues ella aún cree en su despertar.

Intenta quitar esa pegatina, pero un imponente estruendo detiene sus pasos.

devices tremble. Outside the room, chaos takes over the corridor. Doctors and nurses run, forgetting distance and protocols. You are petrified to hear the announcement over the loudspeaker: “Code brown, repeat, code brown: thunderstorm alert.”

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Shock and uneasiness beat mercilessly in his heart. He turns and looks out over the city: those stars that usually adorn it have been lost to the storm clouds that are beginning to pour out their fury in colossal gusts of hail.

“Will the hospital be ready for something like this? Am I this time?” she thinks to herself and tries to shake off her fear and anguish.

BANG!

A knock on the opposite window causes her to turn, only to discover to her utmost courage a black label on it. Patients are being sorted in order of care by her colleagues, but she refuses to accept the color that is marking Mrs. Nori as a “null recovery patient”, her blood boils, for she still believes in her awakening.

She tries to remove the sticker, but an imposing roar stops her steps.

Todo queda a oscuras. ¡La electricidad se ha ido en todo el edificio! Aunque es incapaz de ver, escucha el alboroto angustioso de sus colegas, y con gran razón, el generador de emergencia no enciende, los pacientes corren peligro.

Con la escasa iluminación de su celular, avanza a la cama y toma el pulso sobre el cuello. “No puede ser, está muy bajo...”, semejante resultado nubla su mente. El pánico parece quitarle el aire, ¡su paciente está a punto de morir! Una inseguridad enorme trata de apoderarse de ella mientras intenta pensar en cómo mantenerla viva.

—“... Lejos de todos los miedos... que logré vencer...”.

Reacciona ante tal susurro, apenas audible para ella.

—Es verdad. ¡Yo soy Nayra Silvia Rodríguez! —saca del carrito de emergencias un respirador manual—. Y usted no morirá hoy —retira la mascarilla de oxígeno de la señora Nori. Posa el aparato en su boca, con la esperanza de elevar el pulso.

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Sus manos, una en cada tarea, mantienen su firmeza. Aprieta la bomba de aire cada tres segundos. Tiene fe en que, en cualquier instante, el palpitar entre los músculos

Everything goes dark, the electricity has gone out in the whole building! Although she is unable to see, she hears the anguished uproar of her colleagues, and with great reason, the emergency generator does not turn on, the patients are in danger.

With the dim illumination of his cell phone, he advances to the bed and takes a pulse over the neck. “It can’t be, it’s too low...”, such a result clouds his mind. Panic seems to take his breath away; his patient is about to die! A huge insecurity tries to take hold of her as she tries to think of how to keep her alive.

- “... Far from all the fears... that I managed to overcome...”.

She reacts to such a whisper, barely audible to her. it’s true, I am Nayra Silvia Rodríguez! -She takes out a hand-held respirator from the emergency trolley. And you will not die today,” she removes Mrs. Nori’s oxygen mask. She places the device in her mouth, hoping to raise her pulse.

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His hands, one at each task, maintain their firmness. He squeezes the air pump for three seconds. He has faith that, at any instant, the throbbing between the muscles

incremente su velocidad. Truenos. Vidrios rotos y ráfagas. A pesar del traje y la careta, siente el frío de la lluvia calar su cuerpo. El rostro de Nayra refleja el pavor que la inunda. ¡El granizo ha destrozado la ventana! La cama se llena de ramas y trocitos de hielo. Ella se coloca como barrera entre su paciente y la tormenta. Continúa accionando el respirador manual. Ni siquiera la naturaleza tiene el poder de hacer que se rinda sin luchar. Grita de dolor por los golpes húmedos de pequeñas piedras en su espalda. Se exaspera, ¡el pulso sigue sin subir! Aun así, no se detiene ni por el agua entre sus pies; intenta no moverse. Un paso en falso puede hacerla resbalar. Nadie viene a socorrerla. A pesar de sentirse sola, exprime cualquier rastro de energía para continuar. El viento no tiene piedad y la brutalidad de sus ráfagas amenaza con zafar la pequeña bomba de aire. Sus manos se debilitan. “¡No, por favor!... ¡Ayuda! ...”, grita en su mente. “... la fuerza para poder seguir...”. La etérea calidez de esa voz inunda su cuerpo, al mismo tiempo que observa perpleja, unas manos posadas sobre las suyas, dándole soporte.

—No puede ser —voltea para descubrir esos ojos esmeraldas y los rizos gris

increase its speed. Thunder. Broken glass and flurries. Despite the suit and mask, she feels the cold of the rain soak into her body. Nayra’s face reflects the dread that floods her. The hail has shattered the window! The bed fills with branches and ice chunks. She stands as a barrier between her patient and the storm. She continues to operate the hand-held respirator. Not even nature has the power to make her give up without a fight. He cries out in pain from the wet blows of small stones on his back. He is exasperated, his pulse is still not rising! Still, he doesn’t stop even for the water between his feet; he tries not to move. One step in the false step could cause her to slip. No one comes to her rescue. Despite feeling alone, she squeezes out any trace of energy to continue. The wind is merciless, and the brutality of its gusts threatens to blow away the small air pump. Her hands grow weak. “No, please!... Help!” she cries out in her mind. “...the strength to go on...”. The ethereal warmth of that voice floods her body, as she watches, perplexed, hands resting on hers, supporting her.

-It can’t be,” she turns to discover those familiar emerald eyes and pearl-gray curls.

perla tan familiares—, ¡Abuela! Por Cristo, ya me volví loca —niega y sonrío

con nostalgia a Nayra. Tal gesto quiebra el corazón de la enfermera.

—Tita..., siento que no puedo, morirá y será mi culpa —sus labios tiemblan con cada palabra—: ¡Estoy aterrada! ¡Volverá a ocurrir! —su aliento consume todo remordimiento y angustia.

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El destello fugaz de un trueno ilumina la habitación, perpetuando el abrazo de Olga hacia su nieta.

—Yo crie a un ángel valiente... —como si la careta no existiera, la palma suave y amorosa de Olga se posa en su mentón, reconfortándola. Nayra cierra sus ojos —, ya no te culpes... Mis alas te protegen... Haz lo mismo con ella... Yo siempre estaré aquí... El silencio florece. El pulso palpita fuerte en sus dedos. El bip de las máquinas avisa del regreso de la energía. Se permite sentir alivio, mientras continúa accionando el soporte manual. Eleva su mirada y se da cuenta de que su abuela ya no está junto a ella. También descubre que la tormenta se ha detenido. Se apresura e instala nuevamente la mascarilla del respirador. Las pulsaciones se normalizan. Observa estupefacta cómo la puerta se abre seguida

So familiar, “Grandmother! For Christ’s sake, I’ve gone mad already,” she denies and smiles

wistfully at Nayra. Such a gesture breaks the nurse’s heart.

-Tita..., I feel I can’t, he will die and it will be my fault -her lips tremble with each word-: I’m terrified! It will happen again! - Her breath consumes all remorse and anguish.

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The fleeting flash of thunder illuminates the room, perpetuating Olga’s embrace of her granddaughter.

I raised a brave angel...” As if the mask did not exist, Olga’s soft and loving palm rests on her chin, comforting her. Nayra closes her My wings are protecting you... Do the same for her... I will always be here... Silence blooms. The pulse beats strong in his fingers. The beep of the machines warns of the return of power. She allows herself to feel relief, as she continues to operate the manual support. She looks up and realizes that her grandmother is no longer with her. She also discovers that the storm has stopped. She hurries and reinstalls the respirator mask. Her heartbeat returns to normal. She watches in amazement as the

de una estampida: es el doctor Santoro, una compañera y dos personas de mantenimiento. —¡Enfermera Rodríguez! ¡Seguridad vio la ventana rota! —su asombro y angustia se desbordan al ver las hojas y el agua en el piso—, no pensé que algo así pudiera ocurrir, pero, por Dios, este lugar es un desastre. Enfermera Rossi, revíselas para evaluar daños. Se aproxima hacia Nayra y la señora Nori, revisa minuciosamente a ambas y queda sorprendida.

—Doctor, ambas están sin un rasguño. Unas cuantas hojas en la espalda de Rodríguez y la paciente se encuentran muy estable a pesar del percance.

—¿Qué? —se acerca para leer los signos vitales—. Caramba... ¿Usted no se movió de aquí? ¿A pesar de la etiqueta negra y la tormenta?

—Yo di mi palabra de cuidarla hasta el último momento, con o sin código de color —se sienta para recuperar el aire—. Somos como ángeles en la tierra, ¿sabe? Estamos aquí para cuidar

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la vida, sin importar la adversidad y eso no lo cambia ni una pandemia ni una tormenta.

—En treinta años... nunca me he equivocado tanto con alguien como ahora

by a stampede: it is Dr. Santoro, a colleague and two maintenance staff. -Nurse Rodriguez! Security saw the broken window! -her astonishment and I didn't think something like this could happen, but my God, this place is a mess. Nurse Rossi, check them to assess the damage. She approaches Nayra and Mrs. Nori, checks them both thoroughly and is surprised.

-Doctor, they are both without a scratch. A few leaves on Rodriguez's back and the patient is very stable.

Rodriguez's back and the patient is very stable despite the mishap.

-What? -He goes over to read the vital signs. Wow... You didn't move from here? You didn't move from here, despite the black tag

-I gave my word to take care of her until the last moment, color code or no color code," he sits down to catch his breath.

We're like angels on earth, you know? We're here to take care

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of life, no matter the adversity, and that's not changed by a pandemic or a storm. In thirty years... Ive never been so wrong about anyone as I am now

<p>— baja la mirada. Puede sentirse el pesar en su voz—. No solo reconozco su inmenso valor y entrega—observa ambas enfermeras—, me ha recordado el verdadero significado de su labor. Yo podré tener mayor conocimiento académico, pero son su amor y sensibilidad las que dan fuego al cuidado de la salud — ofrece su codo, a modo de apretón de manos—. Tenía usted razón y siéntase orgullosa: salvó a Miriam Nori y me devolvió la humanidad.</p> <p>Gra... gracias. Pero su pronóstico es incierto todavía.</p> <p>—Eso no importa, su corazón está latiendo —le guiña un ojo—. Me gustaría saber: ¿cómo hizo para resistir ventiscas de más de cien kilómetros por hora?</p> <p>—Digamos que fue un milagro... Las carcajadas suaves de ambos dejan confusos a todos los presentes, pero se alegran de verlos así. El equipo de mantenimiento termina de colocar la ventana nueva, barrer las hojas y recoger el agua. Con el trabajo listo, el doctor les pide a todos retirarse, excepto a Nayra, quien con un ademán le indica continuar con su labor.</p> <p>Ella asiente, orgullosa de sí misma y pensando sobre lo que ha ocurrido</p>	<p>he looks down. You can feel the regret in his voice. Not only do I recognize his immense courage and dedication. " He looks at both nurses, "you have reminded me of the true meaning of your work. I may have greater academic knowledge, but it is her love, and I may have greater academic knowledge, but it is your love and sensitivity that give fire to health care," he offers his elbow in a handshake. You were right and be proud: you saved Miriam Nori and gave me back my humanity.</p> <p>-Thank... thank you. But her prognosis is still uncertain.</p> <p>- That doesn't matter, his heart is beating," he winks at her. I'd like to know: how did he manage to withstand blizzards of more than 100 kilometers per hour?</p> <p>-Let's say it was a miracle. The soft laughter from both leaves everyone in the room confused, but happy to see them like this. The maintenance finishes putting up the new window, sweeping up the leaves and collecting the water. With the job done, the doctor asks everyone to leave, except for Nayra, who gestures for him to continue with his work. She nods, proud of herself and thinking about what has happened</p>
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durante el apagón. ¿Acaso ha sido un juego de su imaginación?

Cuando regresa a su lugar junto a la cama, le llama la atención la delicadeza blanca de una pluma entre las sábanas palo rosa. La toma con cariño y coloca su mano sobre la de la señora Nori. Le recarga la cabeza en sus piernas, mirando al suelo. —No estoy muy segura de lo que pasó, ¿sabe? — confiesa con modestia—. Siento que de verdad estuvo aquí, justo cuando más la necesitaba, con ese sexto sentido que ella tenía —suelta

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una carcajada llena de nostalgia—. Es cierto, me culpé siempre de su muerte, creí que era mi deber salvarla, tuve miedo y sentí que me abandonaba, pero ahora veo que nunca fue así —titubea—. La realidad es que a todos nos llega ese momento de irnos, pero nuestro verdadero valor y empoderamiento como personas está en la compañía. Nadie quiere dejar este mundo estando aislado del amor vienen a su mente los fallecidos de la noche, lejos de sus familias—. Mi Tita no se fue sola, pudo verme y quiero creer que eso fue suficiente para ella. Y usted, tampoco se irá de esa forma. Aunque no tenga familia, me tiene a mí. Siente su conciencia en paz. Su abuela tiene razón: los médicos y

during the blackout. Was it a game of her imagination?

When she returns to her place at the bedside, the white delicacy of a feather between the rosewood sheets catches her eye. He takes it lovingly and places his hand on Mrs. Nori's hand. He rests his head on her legs, looking at the floor. -I'm not quite sure what happened, you know? -she confesses modestly. I feel like she was here, just when I needed her most, with that sixth sense she had," he lets out a wistful

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laugh. It's true, I always blamed myself for her death, I thought it was my duty to save her, I was afraid, and I felt she was abandoning me, but now I see it was never like that -she hesitates-. Reality is that we all have that moment of leaving, but our true value and empowerment as people is in the company. No one wants to leave this world in isolation from love the deceased of the night come to mind, far from their families-

. My Tita didn't leave alone, she got to see me, and I want to believe that was enough for her. And you, you won't leave that way either. Even if you have no family, you have me. Feel your conscience at peace. Your grandmother is right: doctors and

enfermeros son esos ángeles que, incluso a través de una mascarilla, pueden tocar el alma, devolver la vida y proteger la verdadera esencia del ser humano: el amor. La luz del alba resplandece en toda la habitación, anunciando el despertar del sol sobre Roma. “Bueno, creo que lo logré”, medita en su interior. Desconcertada pero segura de que esta vez no es agotamiento, eleva su mirada, permitiendo que las lágrimas empañen su careta por el apretón que envuelve su mano. Un par de joviales y destellantes ojos color verde esmeralda se abren despacio. Se colma de felicidad mientras se aproxima al rostro de su paciente. Le susurra tiernamente:

—Bienvenida al hospital Saint Angelo..., Miriam. ¿Reconoce mi voz?

Con un gesto dulce de afirmación, la señora Nori contempla a Nayra, mientras descubre, agradecida, que esa mujer de inmenso espíritu y traje blanco, cuya fe siempre la hace ver más allá, no es solo una enfermera que cuida de ella: es también, su ángel del amanecer.

El vagón número siete

Laura Castro

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La ciudad comenzó a despertar, abriendo sus pesadas pestañas metálicas y

nurses are those angels who, even though a mask, can touch the soul, restore life and protect the true essence of the human being: love. The light of dawn shines throughout the room, heralding the awakening of the sun over Rome. "Well, I think I made it," she muses inwardly. Bewildered but certain that this time it is not exhaustion, she raises her gaze, allowing tears to blur her mask from the squeeze that envelops her hand. A pair of jovial, sparkling emerald, green eyes slowly open. She is filled with happiness as she approaches her patient's face. She whispers tenderly:

-Welcome to Saint Angelo's Hospital..., Miriam.

¿Do you recognize my voice?

With a sweet gesture of affirmation, Mrs. Nori contemplates Nayra, while she discovers, thankfully, that this woman of immense spirit and white suit, whose faith always makes her see beyond, is not only a nurse who takes care of her: she is also her angel of the dawn.

The number seven carriage

Laura Castro

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The city began to wake up, opening its heavy metallic eyelashes and

observando cómo cientos de personas caminaban con premura hacia el andén de la estación, era un día frío, como casi todos los que traía el mes de enero. Joaquín esperaba tras la línea amarilla. El vagón número siete era su hogar cada mañana. Buscó el asiento de siempre, el tercero del lado derecho. El periódico en una mano y café caliente en la otra. El humo de la bebida empañó el cristal de la ventana, se apresuró a limpiarlo con la manga de su abrigo de lana azul. Le gustaba observar el paisaje, aunque fueran decenas de kilómetros de tonos grises. Absorto, se detenía en los rostros de sus compañeros de viaje, todos presos de la misma rutina. Uno, en particular, capturó su atención, el vagón pareció iluminarse, el tiempo se congeló, el ruido de las ruedas sobre los rieles enmudeció. Era ella. Restregó con fuerza sus ojos para asegurarse de que no se tratará de un espejismo engañoso. Ahí estaba; sin duda era ella. Un poco más delgada, muy bien conservada para su edad, pero con el mismo cabello color fuego. Su corazón se aceleró. ¡Estaba viva! De repente, el sabor de un café compartido, un trozo de pastel y la intimidad de dos amantes lo envolvieron. ¡Era ella! Se habían conocido muchos inviernos atrás, cuando la vida transcurría más despacio, él

watching how hundreds of people walked in as hundreds of people walked hurriedly to the station platform, it was a cold day, like almost every January. Joaquín waited behind the yellow line. Car number seven was his home every morning. He looked for his usual seat, the third on the right side. Newspaper in one hand and hot coffee in the other. The smoke from the drink fogged the windowpane, he hurried to wipe it off with the sleeve of his blue wool coat. He liked to observe the landscape, even if it was dozens of miles of shades of gray. Absorbed, he would dwell on the faces of his fellow travelers, all prisoners of the same routine. One captured his attention, the wagon seemed to light up, time froze, the noise of the wheels on the rails fell silent. It was her. He crunched his eyes hard to make sure it was not a deceptive mirage.

a deceptive mirage. There she was it was definitely her. A little thinner, very well preserved for her age, but with the same flame-colored hair. His heart skipped a beat - she was alive!

Suddenly, the taste of shared coffee, a piece of cake and the intimacy of two lovers enveloped him. It was her! They had met many winters ago, when life was slower, he

<p>era un joven chef repostero y acababa de inaugurar su propia pastelería, ella era profesora de idiomas, estaba comprometida y necesitaba un pastel de boda. Y coincidieron. De tantas pastelerías en Madrid, ella escogió la suya. La atracción fue inmediata, fuerte, sin retorno; nunca había visto una mujer tan hermosa. Estaba impactado por su largo cabello rojo, sus pecas que resaltaban sus mejillas, su piel pálida y sus ojos grandes color miel. Trató de disimular sus nervios, ella sonrió con amabilidad y él experimentó, por primera vez, el amor. No sabía cómo explicarlo, estaba preso de esa mirada, seguía cada una de las palabras que salían de esa boca, como un poema que deseaba aprender. El sonido de una campanilla lo hizo volver a la realidad. Un joven muy apuesto entró, la abrazó por la espalda y la besó.</p> <p>—¿Tienes un catálogo de tartas de boda? —preguntó ella.</p> <p>—Sí, claro —debió esforzarse para articular cada palabra—. Aquí lo tiene —se lo extendió, rozando la mano de la joven, y un cosquilleo invadió su estómago.</p> <p>La joven hojeo el enorme catálogo. Señalando uno y otro de los pasteles.</p> <p>—Este me encanta.</p>	<p>was a young pastry chef and had just opened his own bakery, she was a language teacher, engaged and needed a wedding cake. Out of so many bakeries in Madrid, she chose his. The attraction was immediate, strong, without return; he had never seen such a beautiful woman. He was struck by her long red hair, her freckles that highlighted her cheeks, her pale skin and her large honey-colored eyes.</p> <p>He tried to hide his nerves, she smiled kindly, and he experienced, for the first time, love. He did not know how to explain it, he was a prisoner of that look, he followed every word that came out of that mouth, like a poem he wanted to learn. The sound of a bell brought him back to reality. A very handsome young man entered, embraced her from behind and kissed her.</p> <p>-Do you have a catalog of wedding cakes? - she asked.</p> <p>-Yes, of course," she struggled to articulate every word. Here it is," he held it out, brushing her hand, and her stomach tingled.</p> <p>The young woman leafed through the enormous catalog. Pointing to one and another of the cakes.</p> <p>-I love this one.</p>
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<p>—Es bonito. Pero me gustaría algo más grande y vistoso —respondió el novio, tomando el catálogo para sí, en busca del pastel soñado.</p> <p>La joven pareja pasó una hora entera discutiendo por el pastel favorito. Que si de dos o tres pisos, que si chocolate o crema, que si con cintas plateadas o perlas. Al final, optaron por un hermoso</p> <p>Página 27</p> <p>pastel de cuatro capas con columnas, encajes y cintas plateadas, rosas blancas en cada piso y en la cima unos muñequitos enamorados fundidos en un fuerte abrazo. Solo faltaba definir el sabor.</p> <p>—Chocolate blanco con caramelo, mi favorito —se apresuró a decir ella.</p> <p>—Es mejor algo más elegante, amor. Quizá frutos rojos y licor de anís —rebatío el novio.</p> <p>—Sabes que no me gusta el anís.</p> <p>—A la mayoría de los invitados, sí; anda, tú has tomado la mayoría de las decisiones.</p> <p>—Pero esto es importante para mí.</p> <p>Joaquín miraba al joven, confundido, no lograba comprender cómo alguien podía desperdiciar la oportunidad de complacerla.</p>	<p>-It's pretty. But I'd like something bigger and more colorful," replied the groom, taking the catalog for himself, in search of his dream cake.</p> <p>The young couple spent a whole hour arguing over their favorite cake. Whether two or three tiers, chocolate or cream, silver ribbons or pearls. In the end, they opted for a beautiful</p> <p>Page 27</p> <p>four-tiered cake with columns, lace and silver ribbons, white roses on each tier and at the top some little dolls in love fused in a strong embrace. All that was left was to define the flavor.</p> <p>-White chocolate with caramel, my favorite," she hastened to say.</p> <p>-It's better something more elegant, love. Maybe red fruits and aniseed liqueur," the groom replied. You know I don't like aniseed.</p> <p>-Most of the guests do; come on, you've made most of the decisions.</p> <p>-But this is important to me.</p> <p>Joaquín looked at the young man, confused, he could not understand how someone could waste the opportunity to please her.</p>
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—Pilar, por favor, tiene que ser impactante, los queques de chocolate están por todos lados —ella asintió. El joven se dirigió ahora al pastelero—. Anota, por favor: frutos rojos con anís. Es para el 30 de junio. Se entregará en la casa de mi novia, esta es la dirección —le extendió un papel con todos los datos—. Le dejo este adelanto —puso sobre el mostrador el dinero—. Le ruego que sean puntuales. Vamos, Pili, mi amor. Joaquín solo alcanzó a asentir. No entendía lo que estaba pasando, solo sabía que el ver a esa joven salir del local, tomada de la mano de su novio, riendo y jugando, le provocaba escozor en la garganta. La noche trajo oscuridad e insomnio, la imagen de esa mujer lo mantenía intrigado. Calle Flores, segunda entrada, casa número 33. No sabía por qué, pero había memorizado la dirección y seguía repitiéndola mecánicamente en su cabeza. En un arrebato sin justificación, se levantó, fue hasta la pastelería, sacó su libro de recetas especiales, buscó los ingredientes en la alacena y horneó el mejor pastel de chocolate blanco con caramelo.

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La madrugada se impregnó del olor embriagante a tarta caliente que emanaba

"Pilar, please, it has to be shocking, chocolate cakes are everywhere," she nodded. The young man now turned to the pastry chef. Please note: red fruits with anise. It's for June 30. It will be delivered to my girlfriend's house, this is the address," he handed out a piece of paper with all the data. I leave him this advance – he put the money on the counter. Please be punctual. Come on, Pili, my love. Joaquin only managed to nod. She didn't understand what was going on, she just knew that seeing that young woman leave the premises, holding her boyfriend's hand, laughing and playing, caused her throat to sting. The night brought darkness and insomnia; the image of that woman kept him intrigued. Flores Street, second entrance, house number 33. He didn't know why, but he had memorized the direction and kept repeating it mechanically in his head. In an outburst without justification, he got up, went to the pastry shop, took out his special recipe book, looked for the ingredients in the cupboard, and baked the best white chocolate cake with caramel.

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The early morning was impregnated with the intoxicating smell of hot cake emanating from

<p>del horno. El temporizador indicó que ya se había completado el tiempo de cocción.</p> <p>Lo dejó enfriar un par de horas. Luego, lo cubrió con glaseado sencillo, sutil, repleto de sabor. Llamó un servicio de entregas y lo envió a la casa de Pilar. Joaquín no podía dejar de mirar el reloj. Sabía que en esos momentos el paquete debía estar en manos de la joven. La imaginó, sentada en el comedor, con los labios manchados por el caramelo, un poco de glaseado en su nariz, disfrutando cada bocado. Su piel se erizo ante la idea de verla sonreír satisfecha. El timbre del teléfono lo sobresaltó, se apresuró a contestar. La dulzura y timidez de la joven lo conmovió. —Hola. Quería agradecer el envío. No entiendo si fue un error o una muestra del pastel que encargamos ayer para mi boda, pero creo que hay un error, porque ese no es el sabor elegido —hizo una pausa, le ganó una risa traviesa—. Aunque leyó mis gustos, porque chocolate blanco es mi sabor favorito, pero muy común para una boda. Joaquín no lograba completar una frase. No pensó en qué haría si ella le hablaba, nunca imaginó este momento cuando se lanzó a preparar el pastel. ¿Qué excusa inventar? ¿Cómo decir que desde su visita no dejaba de pensar en ella? Nada, ni una palabra. Así que colgó. El teléfono volvió a sonar. Esta</p>	<p>the oven. The timer indicated that the cooking time had already been completed.</p> <p>He let it cool for a couple of hours. Then, he covered it with simple, subtle, flavor-packed frosting. He called a delivery service and sent it to Pilar's house. Joaquin couldn't stop looking at the clock. I knew that at that time the package had to be in the hands of the young woman. He imagined her, sitting in the dining room, her lips stained by caramel, a little frosting on her nose, enjoying every bite. Her skin bristled at the thought of seeing her smile in satisfaction. The ringing of the phone startled him, he hurriedly answered. The young woman's sweetness and shyness moved him. "Hello. I wanted to thank you for the shipment. I don't understand if it was an error or a sample of the cake that we ordered yesterday for my wedding, but I think there is a mistake, because that is not the chosen flavor – he paused, he won a mischievous laugh. Although he read my tastes, because white chocolate is my favorite flavor, but very common for a wedding. Joaquin could not complete a sentence. He didn't think about what he would do if she spoke to him, he never imagined this moment when he threw himself into making the cake. What excuse to invent? How to say that since his visit he did not stop thinking about her?"</p>
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vez no atendió, ni las veces siguientes. Tomó el cable y lo desconectó.

Minutos antes de cerrar la tienda, la campanilla de la pastelería anunció la llegada de un nuevo cliente. Joaquín levantó la vista para ofrecer ayuda al recién llegado y se encontró con sus ojos. Un escalofrío le recorrió la espalda. Intento saludarla, excusarse, decir algo, pero una vez más, no pudo.

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—Hola —dijo Pilar, inconsciente del efecto que causaba en él—. He tratado de comunicarme con usted durante todo el día, pero parece que tienen algún problema con su teléfono. No sé si me recuerda, ayer mi novio y yo encargamos un pastel para nuestra boda y ha sido un gran gesto de su parte enviarnos una muestra a casa, pero creo que hay una confusión.

—Claro que la recuerdo... —si ella supiera que no había podido dejar de pensarla. — Mil disculpas, no pude resistir la tentación —Pilar abrió la caja y sus mejillas se sonrojaron al mostrar una rebanada faltante—, pero puedo pagarlo. La verdad, es el mejor pastel que he comido. —No se preocupe, no hay ningún error —ella lo miró confundida y curiosa—. Ya es hora

Nothing, nor one word. So, he hung up. The phone rang again. This time he did not attend, nor the following times. He took the cable and disconnected it.

Minutes before closing the store, the bell of the pastry shop announced the arrival of a new customer. Joaquin looked up to offer help to the new He arrived and met his eyes. A chill ran down his back. I try to greet her, excuse herself, say something, but once again, she couldn't.

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"Hello," pilar said, unaware of the effect it had on him. I have tried to communicate with you throughout the day, but it seems that they have some problem with your phone. I don't know if it reminds me, yesterday my boyfriend and I ordered a cake for our wedding and it was a great gesture on his part to send us a sample home, but I think there is a confusion.

"Of course, I remember her... —if she knew she hadn't been able to stop think about it. "A thousand apologies, I couldn't resist the temptation," Pilar opened the box and her cheeks flushed as she showed a missing slice, "but I can afford it. Actually, it's the best cake I've ever eaten. "Don't worry, there is no mistake," she looked at him confused and curious. It's time to close. If I

del cierre. Si me permite, me encantaría ofrecerle un café y otro trozo de su pastel—no sabía de dónde había sacado el valor, pero ahí estaba, invitando a la mujer de sus sueños. Se sentaron, bebieron el café, envueltos en un diálogo trivial, repleto de silencios incómodos. Pilar no comprendía qué hacía allí. Joaquín se preguntaba lo mismo. Veinte minutos después, Ella iba camino a su casa, intentando entender lo que había pasado.

La madrugada llegó y encontró a Joaquín nuevamente en la cocina, horneando, esta vez, un pastel de naranja holandesa, que envió a la misma dirección la mañana siguiente. Retaba al destino, esperando que este le regalara un nuevo encuentro con Pilar. Durante todo el día paseo su mirada del teléfono al reloj, del reloj a la puerta, y otra vez al teléfono. Minutos antes de cerrar se dejó vencer por la desesperación. Apoyó su cuerpo sobre el mostrador, rendido, pensando cómo haría para quitar esa mirada de su mente. Y otra vez apareció ella. Allí estaba, parada en la puerta,

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con la caja de pastel en las manos. La abrió, mostró el espacio de la rebanada faltante, y sonrió. Joaquín entendió la señal. Nuevamente, preparó café para dos. La

may, I would love to offer you a coffee and another piece he didn't know where he got the courage, but there he was, inviting the woman of his dreams. They sat down, drank the coffee, wrapped in trivial dialogue, replete with awkward silences. Pilar didn't understand what she was doing there. Joaquin wondered the same thing. Twenty minutes later, she was on her way home, trying to understand what had happened.

The early morning came and found Joaquin again in the kitchen, baking, this time, a Dutch orange cake, which he sent to the same address the next morning. He challenged fate, hoping that it would give him a new encounter with Pilar. Throughout the day he walks his gaze from the phone to the clock, from the clock to the door, and again to the phone. Minutes before closing he let himself be overcome by desperation. He leaned his body on the counter, surrendered, thinking about how he would take that look off his mind. And again, she appeared. There I was, standing at the door,

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with the cake box in your hands. He opened it, showed the space of the missing slice, and smiled. Joaquin understood the signal. Again, he brewed coffee for two. The

<p>conversación se fue soltando poco a poco. Pilar le contó de su infancia en el campo, de la mudanza a Madrid hacía una década y de lo difícil que fue dejar todo lo conocido para empezar de nuevo.</p> <p>—Mi familia hizo un gran sacrificio por mí —fijó su mirada en la taza casi vacía—. Teníamos una gran propiedad cultivada de trigo. De niña me encantaba correr entre las espigas doradas. Era un pueblo pequeño, donde mi papá heredó esas tierras y el amor por cultivar. Éramos muy felices viviendo allí, pero nos vimos obligados a mudarnos a la ciudad.</p> <p>—¿Por qué? ¿Qué pasó?</p> <p>—Lo siento, no quiero hablar del tema. Además, es tarde y debo irme. En casa me esperan.</p> <p>Algo en la voz de la joven alertó a Joaquín. La vio partir, distante, como si su intromisión hubiera activado una muralla. Temía no volver a verla.</p> <p>Aun así, la necesidad de su cercanía vencía toda prudencia. Una vez más la madrugada lo encontró horneando, esta vez pastel de fresas con leche condensada. Y al igual que en la ocasión anterior, buscó un mensajero y lo envió a la casa de su musa. Las horas pasaron lentas. Le dolía ver avanzar el día y no recibir noticias. Todo su interior se tensaba ante el sonido de la campanilla de</p>	<p>conversation was gradually released. Pilar told him about her childhood in the countryside, about moving to Madrid a decade ago and how difficult it was to leave everything she knew to start over.</p> <p>My family made a great sacrifice for me," he fixed his gaze on the almost empty cup. We had a large, cultivated of wheat property. As a child I loved to run between the golden spikes. It was a small town, where my dad inherited those lands and the love of farming. We were very happy living there, but we were forced to move to the city. "Why?" What happened??</p> <p>"Sorry, I don't want to talk about it. Besides, it's late and I must leave. At home they are waiting for me.</p> <p>Something in the young woman's voice alerted Joaquin. He saw her depart, distant, as if her meddling had activated a wall. I was afraid I wouldn't see her again.</p> <p>Even so, the need for their closeness overcame all prudence. Once again, the Early morning found him baking, this time strawberry cake with milk Condensed. And as on the previous occasion, he looked for a messenger and sent him to his muse's house. The hours passed slowly. It hurt to see the day go by and not receive news.</p> <p>Its entire interior was tightened by the sound of the entrance bell. He looked for Pilar's</p>
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entrada. Buscó el rostro de Pilar en cada cliente. Nada. La tarde dio paso a la noche, hora de cerrar. Buscó las llaves, se acercó a la puerta, y un pie le impidió el cierre. Ahí estaba ella, con la caja de pastel en sus manos. Perdón por la demora —abrió la caja tímidamente, una vez más una tarta incompleta los invitaba a un café para dos.

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La charla los envolvió, cada uno deseaba conocer todo del otro. Él encendió el tocadiscos y le presentó su música favorita, ella le relató las aventuras del protagonista del último libro que leyó. El pastel se acabó en medio de historias y risas. La química entre ellos era tan innegable como peligrosa. Ambos lo sabían, y aun así tentaban a la suerte, dando un paso más en su mundo interior. Ella se marchó con la promesa de un mañana. Y esa promesa se repitió cada noche, durante quince días. Joaquín esperaba ansioso cada encuentro. Amanecía en la cocina, preparando un nuevo pastel, buscando sorprenderla con el sabor. Practicaba sus palabras, imaginaba sus respuestas. Estaba enamorado, lo sabía, no necesitaba más tiempo; desde el primer momento supo que esa mujer tenía la capacidad de romper todo su vacío, pero el saberla comprometida era una sombra que lo ahogaba. Estaba lleno de dudas. ¿Por

face in each client. Nothing. The afternoon gave way to the night, time to close. He looked for the keys, he approached the door, and one foot prevented him from closing. There she was, with the cake box in her hands. "Sorry for the delay," he opened the box timidly, once again a cake. Incomplete invited them to a coffee for two.

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The talk enveloped them, each wishing to know everything about the other. He turned on the record player and introduced her to her favorite music, she told him about the adventures of the protagonist of the last book she read. The cake ended amid stories and laughter. The chemistry between them was as undeniable as it was dangerous. They both knew it, and yet they tempted luck, taking another step in their inner world. She left with the promise of a tomorrow. And that promise was repeated every night, for a fortnight. Joaquin eagerly awaited every encounter. Dawn in the kitchen, preparing a new cake, seeking to surprise her with the flavor. He practiced his words, imagined his answers. I was in love, I knew it, I didn't need any more time; from the first moment he knew that this woman had the ability to break all his emptiness but knowing her committed was a shadow that drowned him. He was full of doubts. Why

qué Pilar seguía visitándolo? ¿Sentía algo por él? ¿Estaba segura de casarse? Dejaba esas preguntas en su cabeza; tenía miedo de que, al pronunciarlas, la realidad los golpeará y destruya ese espacio sagrado que cada noche abre sus puertas en la complicidad de un café con pastel. Por momentos, Joaquín olvidaba la existencia de ese compromiso, se detenía en su mirada, aprendía de memoria cada gesto de Pilar, ignorando el mundo que los rodeaba, hasta que la joven, con un comentario casual, lo hacía chocar de frente con la realidad.

—Si sigo comiendo pasteles, no voy a entrar en mi vestido —reía sin saber que sus palabras eran estacas para Joaquín.

—¿Por casualidad tienes una foto? —no sabía por qué había tenido ese arrebato masoquista, pero de inmediato lo corrigió—. De seguro verlo me dará más ideas para la decoración de tu pastel.

—Sí —hurgó en su bolso, tomó una fotografía polaroid y se la entregó.

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Sus dedos se rozaron. Fue como un choque. Como si una corriente eléctrica saliera de ambos. Un silencio incómodo los envolvió. Se miraron como si intentaran aprender sus rostros de memoria. Joaquín volvió la vista a la foto: una mujer, la mujer que amaba,

was Pilar still visiting him? Did I feel anything for him? Was she sure she got married? He left those questions in his head; he was afraid that, by pronouncing them, reality would hit them and destroy that space. sacred that every night opened its doors in the complicity of a coffee with cake. At times, Joaquín forgot the existence of that commitment, he stopped in his gaze, he learned by heart every gesture of Pilar, ignoring the world around them, until the young woman, with a casual comment, made him collide head-on with reality. "If I keep eating cakes, I'm not going to get into my dress," I laughed not knowing that his words were stakes for Joachim. "By any chance do you have a photo?" —I didn't know why I had had that outburst. masochistic, but he immediately corrected it. Surely seeing it will give me more ideas for the decoration of your cake.

"Yes," he rummaged through his bag, took a polaroid photograph and handed it to him.

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His fingers rubbed. It was like a crash. As if an electric current got out of both. An awkward silence enveloped them. They looked at each other as if they will try to learn their faces by heart. Joaquin looked back at the photo: a woman, the woman he loved, in a white dress attached to his waist,

en un vestido blanco ceñido a su cintura, que luego se desbordaba en una catarata de seda. Una punzada atravesó su pecho y se alojó en su corazón, pero no podía dejar de mirar. El cabello rojo de Pilar adornado por una pequeña diadema de flores, unas manos delicadas cubiertas por guantes de encaje. Era perfecta. Volvió la mirada a la joven.

—¿Puedo conservarla? —señaló la fotografía. Sabía que esta petición era una locura, pero no se resistió.

—Es una petición extraña —el rostro de Pilar se ruborizó—. Supongo que sí. Tengo otras en casa, mi madre insistió en una sesión completa antes de la boda.

—Gracias —tomó la fotografía y la guardó en su billetera.

En ese momento ella comprendió que habían cruzado una línea. Tuvo miedo. Él la tomó de las manos, pero la joven lo alejó abruptamente.

—No creo que deba volver. No es correcto que una mujer comprometida se cite todos los días con un hombre soltero y que vive solo —sonaba nerviosa, titubeante—. Esto no está bien, en mi casa ya sospechan que algo raro está pasando.

—Por favor, no me digas eso —trató de acercarse a ella. Pilar dio unos pasos atrás.

which then overflowed into a silk waterfall.

A twinge pierced his chest and lodged in his heart, but he couldn't stop looking. Pilar's red hair adorned by a small headband of flowers; delicate hands covered by lace gloves. It was perfect. He turned his gaze to the young woman.

"Can I keep it?" —the photograph pointed out. He knew that this request was crazy, but he did not resist.

"It's a strange request," Pilar's face blushed. I guess so. I have others at home, my mother insisted on a full session before the wedding.

"Thank you," he took the photograph and kept it in his wallet. At that moment she understood that they had crossed a line. He was afraid. He took her by the hands, but the young woman abruptly pushed him away.

"I don't think I should go back. It is not right for a committed woman to meet every day with a single man who lives alone, she sounded nervous, hesitant. This is not right; in my house they already suspect that something strange is happening.

"Please don't tell me that," he tried to approach her. Pilar took a few steps back.

<p>—Es lo mejor. Agradezco todos tus detalles y los buenos momentos, pero me caso en pocos días y no pienso volver.</p> <p>—Por favor, Pilar, somos amigos, nada más.</p> <p>—No insistas, Joaquín, respeta mi decisión.</p> <p>Ella tomó su bolso y se marchó sin mirar atrás, él siguió sus pasos con la mirada esperando que se volteara.</p> <p>Página 33</p> <p>“No insistas”, repetía en su cabeza, mientras precalentaba el horno y preparaba una nueva masa. “Ella ya no va a volver, no quiere volver, no debe volver, no es correcto, tiene novio y se va a casar. Ella es feliz y no eres parte de su vida, no puedes forzarla, de seguro está muy enamorada”. Sus pensamientos luchaban con el impulso de un nuevo intento por llegar a ella. Sacudió su cabeza. “Basta, esto no está bien”. Tomó papel y lápiz, y escribió: “Gracias por los mejores cafés de mi vida. Hasta siempre”.</p> <p>Terminó el pastel, esta vez de manzana, canela y nuez, y lo envió.</p> <p>Pasó el día peleando para no quebrarse. Debía continuar, tenía un negocio que atender, una vida que vivir. Llegó la noche. Un aguacero coronó el día más triste de su vida. Se preparó un café antes de cerrar. No</p>	<p>"It's the best. I appreciate all your details and the good times, but I get married in a few days and I do not plan to return. "Please, Pilar, we are friends, nothing more.</p> <p>"Don't insist, Joaquin, respect my decision.</p> <p>She took his purse and left without looking back, he followed in her footsteps with his gaze waiting for it to turn over.</p> <p>Page 33</p> <p>"Don't insist," he repeated in his head, as he preheated the oven and prepared a new dough. "She's not going back anymore, she doesn't want to come back, she shouldn't come back, it's not right, she has a boyfriend and she's going to get married. She is happy and you are not part of her life, you can't force her, she is surely very much in love." Her thoughts struggled with the impulse of a new attempt to reach her. He shook his head. "Enough, this is not right." He took paper and pencil, and wrote, "Thank you for the best coffees of my life. See you forever." He finished the cake, this time of apple, cinnamon and walnut, and sent it. He spent the day fighting so as not to break. I had to go on, I had a business to attend to, a life to live. Night came. A downpour capped the saddest day of his life. A coffee was prepared before closing. She didn't want to</p>
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quería irse, ese espacio le hacía sentir la cerca. La campanilla sonó, se asomó a ver, y allí estaba ella, empapada. Él se apresuró a darle una toalla para que se secase y le sirvió una taza de chocolate caliente y espumoso para que recobrar el calor.

—Perdón. No traje nada para compartir, me comí el pastel completo... —se notaba en su voz que luchaba por mantener la compostura—. No iba a venir, así que no tenía que compartirlo.

—¿Por qué cambiaste de opinión?

—No sé, no entiendo qué me pasa, me juré no volver, pero necesitaba verte. Es más fuerte que yo. Joaquín se acercó y le tomó las manos. Ella temblaba.

—Tranquila, está bien —le susurró al oído mientras le acariciaba el cabello.

—No me toques —se apartó bruscamente de él—. No debes.

—Sí, discúlpame, por favor —cruzó sus brazos, en un esfuerzo por no abrazarla.

—Yo lo quiero, no te confundas —sonaba fría, distante.

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—Creo que yo no soy el confundido...

—Debo marcharme, fue una tontería venir.

—Por lo menos espera a que pase la tormenta. Es peligroso salir con este clima.

leave, that space made her feel close. The bell rang, she peeked out to see, and there she was, soaked. He hurriedly gave her a towel to dry and poured her a cup of hot, sparkling chocolate to warm her up.

"Sorry. I didn't bring anything to share, I ate the whole cake... — he noticed in his voice that he struggled to maintain his composure. I wasn't coming, so I didn't have to share it.

Why did you change your mind?

-I don't know, I don't understand what's wrong with me, I swore I wouldn't come back, but I needed to see you. It's stronger than me Joaquin walked over and took his hands. She was trembling. "Quiet, it's okay," she whispered in her ear as she stroked her hair. "Don't touch me," he abruptly departed from him. You shouldn't. "Yes, excuse me, please," she crossed her arms, in an effort not to hug her. "I want it, don't get confused," she sounded cold, distant.

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"I don't think I'm the confused one..."

"I must leave, it was foolish to come. "At least wait for the storm to pass.

It's dangerous to go out with this weather.

—No puedo esperar —sabía que quedarse un minuto más la pondría en un riesgo mayor que la tormenta de afuera. Pilar se levantó con la intención de salir, Joaquín se interpuso entre ella y la puerta.

—Déjame salir.

—Estás loca. Afuera hay un diluvio.

Ella asintió y se sentó lejos de él, como si su cercanía le quemara. Esperaron en silencio el fin de la tormenta y una vez que se detuvo, Pilar se marchó. La madrugada llegó y encontró a Joaquín dando vueltas en la cama, tratando de controlar sus impulsos. Sus pies inquietos querían escaparse hasta la cocina, él luchó por detenerlos, pero perdió la batalla. Y ahí estaba, frente al horno, tratando de encontrar una razón lógica para lo que estaba haciendo y la encontró: amor. Envío el nuevo paquete con una nota: “¿AMIGOS?”. Esa noche la puerta no se abrió. Tampoco al día siguiente, ni al otro. Joaquín estaba desesperado, intentaba calmar con trabajo su necesidad de verla. En las noches, se quedaba en la cocina, preparando una y otra receta hasta que lo vencía el cansancio, llegaba a su cama, y observaba el techo dibujando el rostro de la joven. Su mente divagaba, estaba aterrorizado por la idea de no volverla a ver.

"I can't wait," she knew that staying a minute longer would put her at a greater risk than the storm outside. Pilar got up with the intention of leaving, Joaquin stood between her and the door.

"Let me out.

"You're crazy. Outside is a flood.

She nodded and sat away from him, as if his closeness burned him. They waited quietly for the end of the storm and once it stopped, Pilar left. The early morning came, and he found Joaquin circling in bed, trying to control his impulses. His restless feet wanted to escape to the kitchen, he struggled to stop them, but lost the battle. And there it was, in front of the oven, trying to find a logical reason for what he was doing and found it: love. I send the new package with a note: "FRIENDS?" That night the door did not open. Neither the next day, nor the other. Joaquin was desperate, trying to calm his need to see her with work. At night, he would stay in the kitchen, preparing one recipe or another until he was overcome by exhaustion, he would come to his bed, and he would watch the ceiling drawing the young woman's face.

His mind was wandering, he was terrified of the thought of never seeing her again.

No podía perderla, porque ahora la necesitaba. Una noche no pudo más, se escondió bajo las sábanas y rogó a Dios por la oportunidad de verla, por un sueño profundo o una muerte piadosa. Ninguna de sus peticiones fue concedida. Y otra vez debió levantarse y activar esa rutina vacía a la que llamaba vida.

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Las dos de la tarde lo sorprendieron cabeceando en el mostrador del local. Decidió cerrar el negocio para intentar comer algo.

Sintió golpes en la puerta. Maldijo al cliente inoportuno que no respetaba el rotulo de “Cerrado”. Decidió no abrir. “Pronto se marchará”, pensó, pero era alguien muy insistente y como el ruido no lo dejaba comer en paz, se acercó.

—¡Está cerrado, vuelva en una hora! — gritó furioso.

—Lo siento, por favor, abre —la voz del otro lado de la puerta era inconfundible.

Un escalofrío recorrió su espalda. Abrió deprisa y ahí estaba ella, con su vestido largo, lleno de pequeñas flores amarillas, el reflejo del sol sobre su cabello, sandalias que dejaban al descubierto unos pies pequeños. Era una visión mágica.

I couldn't lose it, because now I needed it. One night he couldn't take it anymore, he said. she hid under the sheets and begged God for the opportunity to see her, for a deep sleep or a godly death. None of his requests were granted. And again, he had to get up and activate that empty routine he called life.

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Two o'clock in the afternoon caught him nodding at the counter of the premises. He decided to close the business to try to eat something.

He felt knocks on the door. He cursed the unwelcome customer who did not respect the label "Closed". He decided not to open. "Soon will leave," he thought, but it was someone very insistent and as the noise would not let him eat in peace, he approached. "It's closed, come back in an hour!" He shouted furiously.

"Sorry, please open," the voice on the other side of the door was unmistakable.

A chill ran down his back. She opened quickly and there she was, with her long dress, full of small yellow flowers, the reflection of the sun on her hair, sandals that exposed small feet. It was a magical vision.

La contempló por eternos segundos, hasta que ella, con un pequeño gesto, le pidió permiso para entrar. Él se apartó de la puerta y le cedió el paso, disfrutando de la estela de dulce perfume que dejaba en su recorrido.

—Espero que no hayas almorzado. Traje algo para compartir.

Él se apresuró a hacer espacio en la mesa.

—Es Irish Stew—continuó ella—, un plato tradicional irlandés. Es de mis favoritos, mi abuela me enseñó a prepararlo cuando era niña. Joaquín probó una cucharada de aquel caliente estofado y se dejó llevar por ese embriagante y desconocido sabor.

—Está delicioso. Comieron, compartieron una botella de vino, pero no dijeron nada. Era como si la palabra pudiera romper toda la magia.

—¿Recuerdas que te dije que había una razón importante para mudarnos del campo a la ciudad?

Joaquín asintió con la cabeza sin decir una palabra. Ella respiró profundamente y continuó.

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—Estoy muy enferma, es un padecimiento de los que llaman raros, muy poco conocido y estudiado, pero que, si no se encuentra un tratamiento pronto, es letal. Mi corazón y mis pulmones están

He watched her for eternal seconds, until she, with a small gesture, asked him for permission to enter. He turned away from the door and gave way, enjoying the trail of sweet perfume he left on his way.

"I hope you didn't have lunch. I brought something to share. He hurriedly made room on the table.

"It's Irish Stew," she continued, "a traditional Irish dish. It is one of my Favorites, my grandmother taught me how to prepare it when I was a child. Joaquin tasted a spoonful of that hot stew and let himself be carried away by that intoxicating and unknown flavor. "It's delicious. They ate, shared a bottle of wine, but said nothing. It was as if the word could break all the magic.

Do you remember I told you that that there was an important reason to move from the countryside to the city?" Joaquin nodded without saying a word. She took a deep breath and continued.

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"I am very sick, it is a condition of what they call rare, very little known and studied, but that, if a treatment is not found soon, it is lethal. My heart and lungs are

<p>colapsando, tengo episodios muy fuertes de ahogo que me obligan a correr hacia el hospital —hizo una larga pausa, lo buscó con la mirada, reuniendo fuerzas para seguir—.</p> <p>Donde vivía, el hospital más cercano estaba a dos horas y media, lo que me ponía en alto riesgo cada vez que entraba en crisis, entonces mis padres decidieron venderlo todo y comprar una casa aquí, donde tengo más rápida y mejor atención.</p> <p>Joaquín trató de expresar su tristeza en palabras, pero ella lo interrumpió con los dedos sobre su boca y continuó.</p> <p>—Estos días no he podido venir porque tuve uno de esos episodios, así que fui con Marcos.</p> <p>—¿Tu doctor?</p> <p>—Mi novio —hizo una pausa—. Y mi doctor también, de hecho, fue en el hospital donde lo conocí. ¿Sabes?, en España solo hay tres especialistas que pueden ayudarme, él es uno de ellos. Empezamos en una relación estrictamente profesional, pero con el tiempo fue naciendo algo más. Él ha trabajado por muchos años tratando de encontrar una cura. Incluso, antes de conocerme, su madre murió de la misma enfermedad y él le prometió tratar de ayudar a personas que tuvieran la misma condición.</p>	<p>collapsing, I have very strong episodes of drowning that force me to run to the hospital – he paused long, looked for him with his eyes, gathering strength to continue.</p> <p>Where I lived, the nearest hospital was two and a half hours away, which put me at high risk every time I went into crisis, so my parents decided to sell it all and buy a house here, where I have faster and better care.</p> <p>Joaquin tried to express his sadness in words, but she interrupted him with her fingers over her mouth and continued. "These days I haven't been able to come because I had one of those episodes, so I went with Marcos.</p> <p>"Your doctor?"</p> <p>"My boyfriend," he paused. And my doctor too, in fact, was in the hospital where I met him. You know, in Spain there are only three specialists who they can help me, he is one of them. We started in a strictly professional relationship, but over time something more was born.</p> <p>He has worked for many years trying to find a cure.</p> <p>Even before she met me, her mother died of the same disease, and he promised to try to help people who had the same condition.</p>
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—No puedo creerlo, nunca hubiera imaginado todo lo que has pasado, ahora entiendo la fuerza que transmites. Me duele tanto, Pilar —no pudo contener las lágrimas. Tomó las manos de la joven y las besó.

—Mis órganos están fallando, los médicos no logran entender cómo funciona esta enfermedad —acarició la mejilla de Joaquín—. Ayer, Marcos convocó una interconsulta, y todos llegaron a la misma conclusión. En estos momentos, mi expectativa de

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vida se reduce a un par de años, con suerte. Aunque Marcos no se da por vencido.

—No puedo perderte —Joaquín se acercó a ella, la abrazó con fuerza, corrió el cabello aún húmedo de su rostro y la besó en los labios. Ella permaneció inmóvil, no correspondió el beso, pero tampoco lo rechazó—. No puedo perderte. repitió. La aferró con más fuerza contra su pecho.

—No puedo traicionarlo —Pilar se alejó de él suavemente.

—Lo entiendo, pero ¿estás enamorada?

—Antes de conocerte estaba segura de que sí.

—¿Y ahora?

No lo sé, yo no sé qué me pasa, él es bueno y generoso conmigo. Se que puedes tener

"I can't believe it, I would never have imagined everything you've been through, now I understand the strength you transmit. It hurts so much, Pilar—she couldn't hold back her tears. He took the young lady's hands and kissed them.

"My organs are failing, the doctors can't understand how this disease works," he stroked Joaquin's cheek.

Yesterday, Marcos called for an anticommutation, and everyone came to the same conclusion. Right now,

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my life expectancy drops to a couple of years, hopefully. Although Marcos does not give up. "I can't lose you," Joaquin approached her, hugged her tightly, ran the still damp hair on her face and kissed her on the lips. She remained motionless, did not reciprocate the kiss, but did not reject it either. I can't miss you —he repeated. He held her tighter against chest. "I can't betray him," Pilar walked away from him gently.

"I get it, but are you in love?"

"Before I met you, I was sure I did.

"And now?"

"I don't know, I don't know what's wrong with me, he's good and generous to me. I know that you may have

imagen diferente de él, pero te aseguro que siempre se preocupa por mí y yo le quiero, y mucho. Disfruto siempre de su compañía, pero desde el día que entré a esta pastelería no he podido dejar de pensar en ti —fijó su mirada en él. Ella lo amaba, no sabía cómo explicarlo, pero amaba a este hombre. — Pilar, yo no creía en el amor a primera vista, me parecía una chiquillada de novela, pero desde que te vi cruzar por esa puerta, juro que me enamoré. Te lo juro. Te amo.

—No lo digas de nuevo.

—Te amo, te amo, te amo.

Ahora fue ella quien se aferró a él. Así permanecieron por unos minutos. Luego, Joaquín la tomó de la mano y la invitó a sentarse.

—Pilar, ¿por qué no lo intentamos? Sé que es complicado, pero estamos destinados a estar juntos, lo supe desde que te conocí.

—¿Supones lo que te espera? Una vida de hospitales, agujas y noches de desvelo. Yo no

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quiero condenarte a ser mi enfermero —se esforzaba por hablar en medio de la congoja que le ganaba. Anhelaba estar con Joaquín, pero no soportaba la idea de ser una carga.

a different image of him, but I assure you that he always He cares about me, and I love him, and a lot. I always enjoy his company, but from the day I entered this bakery I have not been able to stop thinking about you — he fixed his gaze on him. She loved him, she didn't know how to explain it, but she loved this man. —Pilar, I didn't believe in love at first sight, it seemed like a little girl from a novel, but since I saw you cross that one door, I swear I fell in love. I swear.

I love you. "Don't say it again.

"I love you; I love you; I love you.

Now it was she who clung to him. So, they remained for a few minutes. Joaquin then took her by the hand and invited her to sit down.

"Pilar, why don't we try?" I know it's complicated, but we're Destined to be together, I knew it since I met you.

"Do you guess what awaits you?" A life of hospitals, needles and nights of insomnia. don't

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I want to condemn you to be my nurse—he struggled to speak out during the grief that won him over. I longed to be with Joaquin, but I couldn't stand the thought of being a

—Lo haría como la mayor bendición del mundo, si esa condena me permite pasar cada uno de mis minutos a tu lado — respiró hondo tratando de calmarse y continuó—. ¿A qué viniste, Pilar? Si realmente piensas que no podemos estar juntos, ¿a qué viniste? Pilar no pudo más, una verdad le quemaba en su interior.

—A que me salves —tomó el rostro del joven entre sus manos—. A que me salves, Joaquín. He vivido una vida con miedo, sin esperar nada, sin anhelar nada, porque siempre me supe condenada; pero tú me has hecho soñar, creer, esperar... —rozó los labios de Joaquín—. Quiero que me salves. No sé si me queda un año, dos o meses, pero quiero vivirlos contigo.

—Entonces... ¿qué esperas? Quédate conmigo.

—Solo te pido un pequeño tiempo. Tres días para acomodarlo todo. Y, por favor, no quiero que me envíes nada. ¿Hecho?

—Hecho.

Tres días eternos. El tiempo no pasaba para Joaquín. Sus emociones eran un torbellino. Pasaba de la alegría plena de imaginarla a su lado, a la certeza fulminante de que, si ella dejaba a Marcos, la condenaría al dolor,

burden. "I would do it as the greatest blessing in the world, if that condemnation will allow me. spend every minute of my minutes by your side," he took a deep breath trying to calm down and continued. What did you come to, Pilar? If you really think we can't be together, what did you come to? Pilar couldn't take it anymore, a truth burned inside her.

"May you save me," he took the young man's face in his hands. To me salves, Joaquin. I have lived a life in fear, without expecting anything, without longing. nothing, because I always knew myself condemned; but you have made me dream, believe, wait...," he brushed Joaquin's lips. I want you to save me. I don't know if I have a year, two or months left, but I want to live them with you. "So, what are you waiting for?" Stay with me.

"I only ask you for a little time. Three days to accommodate everything. And please, I don't want you to send me anything. Fact?"

"Done.

Three eternal days. Time did not pass for Joaquin. His emotions were a whirlwind. He went from the full joy of imagining her by his side, to certainty. fulminant that if she left Marcos, she would condemn her to pain,

porque él no había reparado en que no tenía ni los recursos ni los conocimientos para poder cuidarla. Se torturaba ante la idea de acortar sus días por culpa del egoísmo.

Llegó la fecha acordada. Sonó el teléfono del local, era ella. Joaquín no podía pronunciar palabras, sentía un nudo, una opresión en el pecho que no le permitía hablar.

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—Te elijo —dijo Pilar llena de emoción—. Mañana vendrá Marcos a casa, hablaré con él. Sé que entenderá. Me quiere bien. Y tú me haces bien.

Joaquín se esforzaba por decir algo.

—Yo... yo... —tosió con fuerza, como intentando desanudar su garganta—.

Yo... Está bien... Ahora tengo gente, pero te marco mañana, ¿sí?... —Y colgó. Pilar no entendió nada. Volvió a marcar, pero el teléfono daba apagado. Pensó en ir a buscarlo, pero se contuvo. Quizá la emoción le había ganado. Él respetó sus tres días, ella respetaría su silencio.

Llegó la noche, Joaquín cayó rendido en la cama. Todo el día lo pasó recordando esa llamada. Ese “te elijo” lo hacía feliz, pero el miedo al mañana no le permití serlo en plenitud

because he had not noticed that he had neither the resources nor the knowledge to be able to take care of her. He tortured himself at the thought of shortening his days because of selfishness.

The agreed date has arrived. The phone of the local rang, it was her. Joaquin could not pronounce words, he felt a knot, a tightness in his chest that did not allow him to speak.

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"I choose you," Pilar said with emotion. Tomorrow Mark will come home, I'll talk to him. I know you will understand. He loves me well. And you do me good. Joaquin was trying hard to say something.

"I... I...," he coughed hard, as if trying to untie his throat. I... It is ok... Now I have people, but I mark you tomorrow, yes?... — And hung up. Pilar didn't understand anything. He dialed again, but the phone was turned off. He thought about going to find him, but he held back. Maybe the excitement had won him over. He respected her three days; she would respect his silence.

Night came, Joaquin fell in bed. He spent the whole day remembering that call. That "I choose you" I made him happy, but the fear of the tomorrow did not allow him to be

En plenitud. Se durmió pensando en ella, repitiendo su nombre como una letanía.

Su propio llanto lo despertó sobresaltado. La pesadilla fue muy real. Pudo verla en un ataúd, vestida de novia, con flores en sus manos y una cruz sobre su pecho, mientras sus ojos abiertos lo miraban y lo acusaban. Se sentó los pies de la cama, sacudió su cuerpo intentando alejar esa sensación de frío. Y lo supo. El mejor regalo de amor que le podía dar a Pilar era la posibilidad de una larga vida. Marcos podía hacerlo posible, y él no se interpondría. Horneó el último pastel para ella, una tarta de frutos rojos y licor de anís. El silbato del tren lo hizo volver a la realidad, al vagón número siete. Se levantó decidido, movido por la ilusión de volver a verla, se acercó hasta el asiento de ella.

—No puedo creer que seas tú. Ha pasado tanto tiempo —posó su mano sobre el hombro de la pasajera.

—Disculpe, señor, pero está confundido. No lo conozco —de inmediato sacudió su hombro. Y levantó la vista hacia él.

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Joaquín la miró una nube pobló sus ojos. Era el mismo cabello, los mismos rasgos, como si el tiempo se hubiera congelado en ella. Disculpe, señorita, la confundí bajo la

in fullness. He fell asleep thinking about her, repeating her name like a Litany. His own crying woke him up. The nightmare was very real. He could see her in a casket, dressed as a bride, with flowers in her hands and a cross on her chest, while her open eyes looked at him and accused him. He sat at the foot of the bed, shook his body trying to push away that cold feeling. And he knew. The best gift of love I could give Pilar was the possibility of a long life. Marcos was able to make it possible, and I didn't get in the way. Bake the last cake for her, a cake of red fruits and liquor of anise.

The whistle of the train made him return to reality, to the wanderer number seven. He got up determined, moved by the illusion of seeing her again, he approached her seat.

"I can't believe it's you. It's been so long," he put his hand on the passenger's shoulder.

"Excuse me, point it out, but it's confused. I don't know him—he immediately shook his shoulder. And he looked up at him.

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Joaquín looked at her and a cloud populated his eyes. It was the same hair, the same traits, as if time had frozen in her.

"Excuse me, miss, I confused you," she looked down in

mirada avergonzada—. No quería molestarla, pero me ha recordado a una mujer que conocí hace ya muchos años— no sabía por qué, pero tuvo la necesidad de buscar la foto en su billetera—.

Es ella...

La joven tomó la foto, la observó atentamente y una lágrima rodó por su mejilla. Volvió la mirada hacia ese hombre, se detuvo en los surcos que el tiempo dibujó en su rostro. Y sonrió —Es mi abuela.

Joaquín sonrió y pudo percibir a lo lejos, el aroma de un pastel recién horneado, un pastel de frutos rojos con licor de anís.

Un ángel a prueba
Mara G. Quirón
Página 41

Lo primero que me explicaron, cuando me enlisté para ejercer como ángel guardián, fue que la palabra ángel, en el mundo humano, proviene de una palabra griega que significa “mensajero”. Y me pareció más que acertada para definir una de nuestras funciones, pero ser ángel guardián definitivamente es más complejo que enviar mensajes: debemos prepararnos para vivir como un ser celestial en la hostilidad terrestre, con los riesgos que eso conlleva.

shame. I didn't want to bother her, but it reminded me of a woman I met many years ago—I didn't know why but she had the need to look for the photo in her wallet.

Is she...?

The young woman took the picture, watched her attentively, and a limb rolled down her cheek. She turned her gaze to that man, stopped at the grooves that time drew on his face. And he smiled.

"It's my grandmother.

Joaquin smiled and could perceive in the distance, the aroma of a freshly baked cake, a red fruit cake with ani liqueur.

An angel to the test

Mara G. Quiron

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the first thing they explained to me, when I enlisted to practice as an angel Guardian, was that the word angel, in the human world, comes from a Greek word meaning "messenger."

And it seemed more than accurate to define one of our functions but being a guardian angel is definitely more complex than sending messages: we must prepare ourselves to live as a celestial being in earthly hostility, with the risks that entails.

<p>Creía que, en esta tarea, lo más difícil que podía tocarme, sería tener que enfrentar a un demonio en una batalla épica para proteger a mi humano.</p> <p>Confieso que esa idea, más que miedo, me provocaba emoción; y aunque una confrontación de ese tipo era poco probable, igual nos preparaban para enfrentar todo tipo de mal.</p> <p>Antes de descender a la tierra, mis maestros me repetían los cánones para conducirnos como ángeles custodios. El más importante era el de no intervenir por cuenta propia, es decir, que solo se puede intervenir a petición de la persona o en casos urgentes en que la vida de nuestro protegido esté en riesgo por un tercero o una catástrofe; pero olvidaron enseñarnos principios que, después de lo vivido, considero esenciales. Esta es la historia de mi primer trabajo en la tierra.</p> <p>Página 42</p> <p>Los ángeles tenemos personalidades únicas al igual que los humanos, usualmente protegemos a personas afines a nosotros, y a pesar de que nuestra vibración es alta al conectarnos con nuestros protegidos, convivir en la tierra puede afectarnos, somos empáticos con las emociones, podemos llegar a sentirlas como propias.</p>	<p>I believed that, in this task, the most difficult thing he could touch me would be to have to face a demon in an epic battle to protect my human.</p> <p>I confess that this idea, more than fear, provoked emotion in me; and although such a confrontation was unlikely, they still prepared us to face all kinds of evil.</p> <p>Before I descended to earth, my teachers repeated to me the canons for to conduct ourselves as guardian angels. The most important was not to intervene on your own, that is, you can only intervene at the request of the person. or in urgent cases where the life of our protégé is at risk from a third party or a catastrophe; but they forgot to teach us principles that, after what we have experienced, I consider essential. This is the story of my first job on earth.</p> <p>Page 42</p> <p>Angels have unique personalities just like humans, we usually protect like-minded people, and even though our vibration is high when we connect with our protégés, living on earth can affect us, we are empathic with emotions, we can come to feel them as our own.</p>
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Desde que conocí a Miguel, mi protegido, sentí una conexión única. Ambos poseíamos una curiosidad insaciable por explorar lo que nos rodeaba, aprendíamos rápido y disfrutábamos la compañía de los animales, en especial la de los perros. Mi humano era fantástico, su madre le había hablado de los ángeles, por lo que, de vez en cuando, pedía mi ayuda, y yo era feliz auxiliándolo de manera sutil pero eficiente. Siempre estuve orgulloso de él, sus logros eran míos también, sin embargo, mientras más éxito obtenía Miguel, menos necesitaba mi ayuda. Poco a poco se fue olvidando de mí, o quizá no era que me olvidaba, sino que ya no me tomaba en cuenta; eso sí, seguía manteniendo su esencia, sus valores, por eso podía quedarme a su lado, aunque solo como espectador.

No me molestó limitarme a observar, permanecí a su lado por si me necesitaba, estuve con él en sus momentos más alegres y también en el dolor; si bien no pedía mi intervención, yo estaba ahí. Mi humano era exitoso, o eso creía; apenas tenía 25 años y ya era un profesional ejemplar. Su trabajo le permitió comprar un auto y rentar una casa con suficiente espacio para Bruno, nuestro perro, un husky blanco con un ojo azul y el otro café; además, tenía un lunar

From the moment I met Miguel, my protégé, I felt a unique connection. We both had an insatiable curiosity to explore our surroundings, we were quick learners and enjoyed the company of animals, especially dogs. My human was fantastic, his mother had told him about angels, so from time to time he would ask for my help, and I was happy to help him in a subtle but efficient way.

I was always proud of him, his achievements were mine too, however, the more successful Miguel became, the less he needed my help. Little by little he forgot about me, or maybe it was not that he forgot me, but that he no longer took me into account; however, he still kept his essence, his values, that is why I could stay by his side, although only as a spectator.

I didn't bother to just observe, I stayed by his side in case he needed me, I was with him in his happiest moments and also in his pain; although he didn't ask for my intervention, I was there. My human was successful, or so I thought; he was barely 25 years old and already an exemplary professional. His job allowed him to buy a car and rent a house with enough space for Bruno, our dog, a white husky with one blue eye and the other brown; he also had a black

negro en la punta de su cola, que meneaba con fuerza al ver a Miguel.

Desafortunadamente, nuestro humano invertía mucho tiempo trabajando, mientras tanto yo pasaba el rato con Bruno, que, como cualquier cachorro, quería jugar y no comprendía porque su dueño lo ignoraba. Yo jugueteaba y hablaba con él, le explicaba

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Lo exitoso que era Miguel y porque debíamos de sentirnos orgullosos de lo que hacía. Bruno me miraba poco convencido, él percibía la situación mejor que yo. Incluso me advirtió sobre los nuevos amigos de Miguel: recuerdo que cuando los veía sus pelos se erizaban y gruñía intentando alejarlos. Yo creí que actuaba así por celos, incluso lo reprendí, pero nada estaba más lejos de la realidad.

La noche de la tragedia comenzó con una fiesta en un lugar alejado, una especie de bodega con mala pinta. Miguel tocó la puerta y esperamos. El único sonido era el de la brisa moviendo las hojas de los árboles, la fría noche parecía estar en calma. Abrieron la puerta y un vaho nauseabundo nos abrazó. Entramos. El lugar era una especie de club nocturno, con sillones rojos y azules, pequeñas sillas, y

mole on the tip of his tail, which he wagged vigorously when he saw Miguel.

Unfortunately, our human was spending a lot of time working, while I was spending time with Bruno, who, like any puppy, wanted to play and didn't understand why his owner was ignoring him. I would play and talk to him, explaining to him

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How successful Miguel was and why we should be proud of what he was doing. Bruno looked at me unconvinced, he perceived the situation better than I did. He even warned me about Miguel's new friends: I remember that when he saw them his hair would stand up and he would growl trying to push them away. I thought he was acting that way out of jealousy, I even reprimanded him, but nothing was further from the truth.

The night of the tragedy began with a party in an out-of-the-way place, a sort of shabby-looking bodega. Miguel knocked on the door and we waited. The only sound was the breeze rustling the leaves on the trees, the cold night seemed to be calm. They opened the door and a nauseating mist embraced us. We entered. The place was a sort of nightclub, with red and blue couches, small

una oscuridad rota por luces de colores que iban al compás de la música.

Algo no estaba bien, al llegar a la mesa de sus amigos, un presentimiento tocó con fuerza la puerta de mi corazón, debíamos irnos de ahí, de inmediato. Trate de transmitirle a Miguel una corazonada, pero no me escuchaba. Intente comunicarme con él, me esforcé, use mucha energía, no obstante, la vibración de mi protegido era demasiado baja, no logramos conectar. En su interior había tanto o más ruido que en el ambiente, estaba cargado de emociones densas y oscuras. Me sentí impotente, no había nada que pudiera hacer, excepto permanecer a su lado, observando.

Entre la multitud pude distinguir varios demonios, definitivamente debíamos salir de ahí. Pensaba en cómo sacar a Miguel de ese lugar cuando fui abordado por otro ángel guardián.

¿Eres nuevo por aquí Verdad? Su tono era amigable, tampoco parecía estar a gusto allí. No creí que fuera tan obvio le sonreí y encogí mis hombros.

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—Bueno, es que no es común ver a otro ángel en estos lugares. Cada vez somos menos los espíritus celestes habitando el

chairs, and a darkness broken by colored lights that went to the beat of the music.

Something was not right, as we reached the table of his friends, a premonition knocked hard on the door of my heart, we had to get out of there, immediately. I tried to transmit a hunch to Miguel, but he did not listen to me. I tried to communicate with him, I tried hard, I used a lot of energy, however, the vibration of my protégé was too low, we could not connect. Inside him there was as much or more noise than in the environment, he was charged with dense and dark emotions. I felt helpless, there was nothing I could do, except to stay by his side, observing.

Among the crowd I could distinguish several demons, we definitely had to get out of there. I was thinking about how to get Michael out of that place when I was approached by another guardian angel. You're new around here, aren't you? His tone was friendly, he didn't seem comfortable there either. I didn't think it was that obvious I smiled at him and shrugged my shoulders.

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-Well, it is not common to see another angel in these places. There are fewer and fewer celestial spirits inhabiting the blue planet,

<p>planeta azul, los demonios se están adueñando de todo con una alarmante rapidez. Los ángeles guardianes estamos quedándonos desempleados —sentí empatía por la resignación en su voz.</p> <p>—Lo sé, muchos de mis compañeros regresaron a casa en cuanto sus protegidos dejaron de ser niños —una punzada se instaló en mi pecho al decir eso. ¿Y si yo terminaba igual?</p> <p>—Escucha, estos son lugares peligrosos. Tu humano parece de espíritu débil, fácil de corromper. Te recomiendo que después de esta noche, lo alejes de estas personas y trabajes su espiritualidad —me aconsejó con tranquilidad. Pero yo no podía quedarme tranquilo luego de que llamó a Miguel corrompible y endeble.</p> <p>—Agradezco tu consejo, pero mi protegido y yo estamos bien. Él es muy exitoso, para que lo sepas, y yo lo he mantenido a salvo bastante bien —elevé el pecho, defendiendo mi labor. El otro ángel me observó con benevolencia, me dio una palmada en la espalda, comprendiendo mi molestia.</p> <p>—Lamento la intromisión. Si necesitas ayuda o quieres charlar estaré por allá. Solo recuerda que la soberbia puede cegarnos y como ángeles no debemos caer en esos</p>	<p>the demons are taking over everything with alarming speed. We guardian angels are becoming unemployed -I felt empathy for the resignation in his voice.</p> <p>-I know, many of my classmates went home as soon as their protégés were no longer children," a pang settled in my chest as I said that. What if I ended up the same way?</p> <p>-Listen, these are dangerous places. Your human seems to have a weak spirit, easy to corrupt. I recommend that after tonight, you keep him away from these people and work on his spirituality," he advised me calmly. But I could not stay calm after he called Miguel corruptible and weak.</p> <p>-I appreciate your advice, but my protégé and I are fine. He's very successful, just so you know, and I've kept him safe quite well," I lifted my chest, defending my work. The other angel looked at me benevolently, looking at me with patted me on the back, understanding my discomfort.</p> <p>-Sorry for the intrusion. If you need help or want to chat, I'll be over there. Just remember that pride can blind us and as angels we must not fall into those standards. Believe me, my young colleague; I've been</p>
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estándares. Créeme, mi joven colega; llevo siglos en este mundo — sonrió y se fue al otro lado de la habitación. Agradecí que se fuera, criticó a Miguel y puso en duda mi trabajo como ángel guardián. Los ángeles veteranos pueden ser molestos. Decidí ignorarlo, mi humano y yo estábamos bien, me convencí de que el hecho de que no me pudiera conectar con él era solo una etapa pasajera. Él estaba divirtiéndose, eso era lo importante, así que esperé.

Todo marchó bien, hasta que dos jóvenes ofrecieron a Miguel unas pastillas, con la promesa de que al consumirlas se sentiría

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increíble. Cuando tuvo las tabletas entre sus dedos, hice lo único que estaba a mi alcance, con mucha fuerza empujé su mano hacía un lado, lo que provocó que las tirara. Pero ese gesto no fue suficiente, en cuestión de segundos ya las habían recogido del suelo y, entre risas y burlas, decidieron ponerlas directamente en su boca, Miguel no opuso resistencia, dio un sorbo al vaso que tenía enfrente y las ingirió.

Bastaron unos minutos para que mi joven protegido se pusiera eufórico, estaba tan fuera de sí que ni siquiera notó la llegada

in this world for centuries," he smiled and went to the other side of the room. I was grateful he left, he criticized Michael and questioned my work as a guardian angel. Veteran angels can be annoying. I decided to ignore him, my human and I were fine, I convinced myself that the fact that I couldn't connect with him was just a passing phase. He was having fun, that was the important thing, so I waited.

Everything was going well, until two young men offered Miguel some pills, with the promise that by consuming them he would feel

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incredible. When he had the tablets between his fingers, I did the only thing in my power, with great force I pushed his hand to the side, which caused him to throw them away. But that gesture was not enough, in a matter of seconds they had already picked them up from the floor and, amidst laughter and mockery, decided to put them directly in her mouth. Miguel did not resist, took a sip from the glass in front of him and swallowed them.

It only took a few minutes for my young protégé to become euphoric, he was so out of it that he did not even notice the arrival of armed men at the party, the atmosphere

de hombres armados a la fiesta, el ambiente se tornó peligroso. Me esforcé para comunicarme con él, pero fue en vano, su intuición estaba apagada. Pensé pedirle ayuda al otro ángel guardián que estaba en la fiesta, pero antes de que pudiera hacerlo, un disparo al aire resonó en la habitación. Todos corrían de un lado a otro, Miguel se movía torpe por el efecto de las drogas y el alcohol, pero logró salir corriendo junto a otros jóvenes. Su auto estaba estacionado a unos metros de la puerta, caminé hasta él y sin que yo pudiera detenerlo, lo encendió. El trayecto de regreso a nuestro hogar requirió de mi intervención para evitar un accidente.

Cuando al fin llegamos a casa advertí que una joven merodeaba por la acera de manera sospechosa. Sus movimientos eran rápidos y poco armoniosos, podía ser una delincuente. No quise arriesgar a Miguel, así que me acerqué a ella e hice que su gorro volara lejos de la puerta de entrada. Como esperaba, la muchacha salió corriendo tras su gorro, despejando la calle de peligro para mi humano.

Miguel tuvo dificultades para abrir la puerta cuando lo logró, Bruno salió a recibirlo emocionado, tenía hambre y sed, pero se puso eufórico de ver a su dueño, su cola se agitaba de un lado a otro. El

became dangerous. I made an effort to communicate with him, but to no avail. his intuition was off. I thought of asking for help from the other guardian angel but before I could do so, a shot in the air echoed in the room. Everyone was running from one side to the other, Miguel was moving clumsily due to the effect of the drugs and the alcohol, but he managed to run away with other young people. His car was parked a few meters away from the door, walked up to it and without my being able to stop him, he turned it on. The ride back to our home required my intervention to avoid an accident.

When we finally arrived home, I noticed a young woman loitering suspiciously on the sidewalk. Her movements were fast and inharmonious, she could be a delinquent. I didn't want to risk Miguel, so I approached her and made her hat fly away from the door. As I expected, the girl ran after her hat, clearing the street of danger to my human.

Miguel had difficulty opening the door When he made it, Bruno came out to Bruno came out to greet him excited, hungry and thirsty, but he was euphoric to see his owner, his tail wagging from side to side. The puppy jumped up to his master to

cachorro brincó hacia su amo para darle un beso y recibir una caricia; en cambio, recibió una patada. Bruno aulló de

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dolor y volvió a acercarse a Miguel en busca de su mano. No pude creer lo que acababa de pasar.

El niño que cuidé durante años ya no estaba, tenía frente a mí a un ser humano ruin y vil, que comenzó a batir a golpes a un ser indefenso que lo amaba y confiaba en él. Miguel siguió con ese despiadado acto. Sentí cada golpe como clavos enterrándose en mi ser. No se percató de que cada herida hecha a Bruno era un daño para él también. Su alma se corrompió. Nuestro lazo se rompió. No lo soporté más y me abalancé sobre Miguel. Sé que lo sintió porque cayó al suelo confundido, buscando a su agresor. Miró a Bruno, que chillaba en el rincón de la sala, con la sangre brotando de su hocico, se acercó a él, lo tomó en sus brazos y lo llevó fuera de casa. Bruno se quedó herido, en el suelo, su respiración se hacía cada vez más débil. Traté de ayudarlo transmitiéndole mi energía, pero mi estado emocional disminuyó mi vibración, una desagradable onda de calor recorrió mi cuerpo, apreté mis puños y golpeé con fuerza la pared.

give him a kiss and a caress. To give him a kiss and receive a caress; instead, he received a kick. Bruno howled with

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pain and approached Miguel again in search of his hand. I could not believe what had just happened. The child I took care of for years was no longer there, I had in front of me a dastardly and vile human being, who began to beat a helpless being who loved and trusted him. Miguel continued with this merciless act. I felt each blow as nails burying themselves in my being. He did not realize that every wound done to Bruno was a damage to him as well. His soul was corrupted. Our bond was broken. I couldn't take it anymore and I pounced on Miguel. I know he felt it because he fell to the ground confused, looking for his assailant. He looked at Bruno, who was shrieking in the corner of the living room, blood pouring from his muzzle, went over to him, took him in his arms and carried him out of the house. Bruno lay wounded, on the floor, his breathing getting weaker and weaker. I tried to help him by transmitting my energy to him, but my emotional state lowered my vibration, an unpleasant wave of heat ran through my body, I clenched my fists and hit the wall hard.

Tenía que alejarme de ahí inmediatamente, quería quedarme con Bruno, pero de hacerlo, la ira me iba a invadir, y si eso pasaba, mi naturaleza celestial se vería afectada, podría convertirme en un ser oscuro, debía irme lejos de todo si quería mantener mi corazón puro. Confiaba en que otro ángel aparecería para acompañar al cachorro, y él estaría pronto en un lugar tranquilo. Volé alto, sin rumbo, necesitaba alejarme de esa situación. El aire de la noche enfriaba mis alas, las nubes ocultaban las estrellas, se aproximaba una tormenta.

Llegué al parque donde Miguel solía pasear a Bruno, me senté en una banca y recordé tiempos felices, que ahora parecían lejanos. No pude contener mis lágrimas, Bruno no merecía un final así. Lamenté no haber escuchado al ángel guardián de aquella fiesta. Incluso Bruno me lo advirtió, pero estaba tan deslumbrado

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por el éxito material de mi humano, que olvidé lo más importante. Mi soberbia no me permitió ver lo que sucedía frente a mis ojos, los detalles que advertían sobre la personalidad de Miguel.

I had to get away from there immediately, I wanted to stay with Bruno, but if I did, anger would invade me, and if that happened, my celestial nature would be affected, I could become a dark being, I had to get away from everything if I wanted to keep my heart pure. I trusted that another angel would appear to accompany the cub, and he would soon be in a quiet place. I flew high, aimlessly, I needed to get away from the situation. The night air cooled my wings, the clouds hid the stars, a storm was approaching.

I arrived at the park where Miguel used to walk Bruno, I sat on a bench and remembered happy times, which now seemed far away. I could not hold back my tears; Bruno did not deserve such an end. I regretted not having listened to the guardian angel of that party. Even Bruno warned me, but I was so dazzled.

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because of the material success of my human, that I forgot the most important thing. My pride did not allow me to see what was happening in front of my eyes, the details that warned about Miguel's personality.

<p>Mi humano había perdido su esencia, su sensibilidad, lo que lo hacía único. Me sentí culpable, quizá si hubiera estado más atento, si lo hubiera protegido mejor... Ese ángel tenía razón, la soberbia me había cegado. Creí estar en la cima del mundo, ser el mejor de los ángeles guardianes, pero fracasé. Y en ese momento comprendí la primera gran lección en la tierra: solo el que es humilde puede ver con la mirada limpia al otro, en toda su realidad.</p> <p>Dejó de llover, la noche se volvió más oscura y luego amaneció. Mi primer amanecer sin propósito no fue tan malo como esperaba. Permanecí sentado en la banca pensando en las opciones que tenía: la primera, quedarme al lado de Miguel, esperando a que se redimiera, pero para ello debía perdonarlo y no estaba seguro de poder hacerlo, ese es trabajo del jefe, yo aún soy un ángel novato. La segunda opción era irme de la tierra; y la tercera era vagar, esperando que algún humano necesitara un ángel guardián, pero eso podía llevar años.</p> <p>Mientras meditaba, un perro callejero se detuvo a observarme. Parecía un lobo, negro azabache, con su pelaje desordenado y ojos brillantes. Lo saludé con mi mano, movió su cola, se acercó de un salto y me dio un lengüetazo en la mejilla. Sonreí. Se</p>	<p>My human had lost his essence, his sensitivity, what made him unique. I felt guilty, maybe if I had been more attended, if I had protected him better... That angel was right If I had protected him better... That angel was right, pride had blinded me. I thought I was on top of the world, the best of the guardian angels, but I failed, and at that moment I understood the first great lesson on earth: only the humble can see the other with a clear look, in all his reality. It stopped raining, the night got darker and then dawn broke. My first dawn without purpose was not as bad as I expected. I remained sitting on the bench thinking about the options I had: the first one, to stay by Miguel's side, waiting for him to redeem himself, but for that I had to forgive him and I wasn't sure I could do it, that's the Chief's job, I'm still a novice angel. The second option was to leave the earth; and the third was to wander, waiting for some human to need a guardian angel, but that could take years.</p> <p>As I pondered, a stray dog stopped to watch me. It looked like a wolf, jet black, with its messy fur and bright eyes. I waved my hand at it, it wagged its tail, bounded over and gave me a lick on the cheek. I smiled. It felt good to be comforted. Maybe I could stay</p>
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sentía bien ser consolado. Quizá podría quedarme como protector de ese cachorro por un tiempo, hacernos compañía. Pero él tenía otros planes, me indicó que lo siguiera. Caminamos hasta un refugio de animales. Había muchísimos perros y gatos solos, justo como yo me hallaba. Me sentí identificado y decidí quedarme ahí. El pequeño ser de cuatro patas me había ayudado. Sí, suena raro, pero a veces hasta los ángeles necesitamos ayuda.

Los días transcurrían despacio en el albergue, mientras que mi mal humor iba aumentando. Humanos iban y venían, algunos

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tenían ángeles guardianes, otros no, pero los que tenían un puesto vacante vibraban en una energía muy densa, lo que hacía imposible lograr una conexión, tenía que encontrar un humano de alma pura y sin ángel de la guarda, alguien que en algún punto de su vida hubiera perdido a su ángel pero que de alguna forma regresó al camino de la luz. Probablemente, terminaría de contar todas las pulgas de los animales del albergue antes de que apareciera una persona con esas características tan específicas.

Pasé varios meses observando a los perros, no comprendía porque eran felices la

as a protector of that puppy for a while, keep us company. But he had other plans, he instructed me to follow him. We walked to an animal shelter. There were lots and lots of lonely dogs and cats, just like I was. I felt I identified and decided to stay there. The little four-legged being had helped me. Yes, it sounds strange, but sometimes even angels need help.

The days passed slowly at the shelter, while my bad mood grew. Humans came and went, some

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had guardian angels, others did not, but those who had a vacancy vibrated in a very dense energy, which made it impossible to achieve a connection, I had to find a human with a pure soul and no guardian angel, someone who at some point in his life had lost his angel but somehow returned to the path of light. She would probably finish counting all the fleas on the animals in the shelter before a person with those very specific characteristics appeared.

I spent several months observing the dogs, I didn't understand why they were happy

mayor parte del día: ellos estaban en una situación similar a la mía, esperando. Añorando que una persona los adoptara, pero no se impacientaban, ellos esperaban felices, agitaban su cola fuertemente cuando alguien venía en búsqueda de un compañero y se sentían tristes si no se los llevaban. Era admirable su capacidad de recuperación, porque en cuestión de segundos, volvían a centrar toda su esperanza y alegría en un nuevo visitante. No lo entendía. Día tras día, ponían toda su esperanza y alegría en cada nueva visita, olvidando la decepción anterior.

—Es que no comprendo; ¿cómo pueden seguir recibiendo así a cada visita? Llevan meses aquí sin familia, sin casa, siendo rechazados una y otra vez —el ángel del veterinario de turno me miraba divertido.

—Pareces novato. Te complicas por entender, pero no ves realmente —acarició a un pequeño cachorro recién llegado—. Los perros viven en el presente, mi querido amigo. Solo mira a este cachorro —el pequeño movía la cola alegremente—. No se preocupa por el futuro, disfruta el presente, pone en juego todo lo que es, ahora, en este instante. No se queda preso del pasado. Porque eso, no deja espacio para la esperanza —sonrió, puso su mano

most of the day: they were in a similar situation to mine, waiting. Longing for someone to adopt them, but they were not impatient, they waited happily, they wagged their tails loudly when someone came looking for a companion and felt sad if they were not taken. Their resilience was admirable, because in a matter of seconds, they were back to focusing all their hope and joy in a new visitor. I did not understand. Day after day, they put all their hope and joy into each new visit, forgetting the previous disappointment.

-I just don't understand; how can they continue to welcome each visitor like this? They've been here for months without family, without a home, being rejected again and again," the vet's angel on duty looked at me with amusement.

-You look like a novice. You make it hard to understand, but you don't really see," he petted a small puppy that had just arrived. Dogs live in the present, my dear friend. Just look at this puppy," the little one wagged his tail happily, "He doesn't worry about the future, he enjoys the present, he brings into play all that he is, now, in this instant. He doesn't stay imprisoned by the past. Because that leaves no room for hope," he smiled,

en mi hombro y continuó—. Los perros nos enseñan

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a disfrutar los instantes, esos pequeños momentos cuando la vida parece sonreírnos. No importa que tu realidad sea oscura, siempre puedes hacer algo para que las cosas cambien. Por eso, aunque pasen años en una triste celda, se esfuerzan por abrazar la alegría cada vez que alguien llega. ¡Son maestros en la esperanza!

—¿Esperanza?

—Esperanza, sí. Ellos tienen la capacidad de soportar la vida en el albergue, porque se aferran a la esperanza de que esta vez alguien pueda cambiar su historia. Allí reside su fortaleza, en creer que esta vez sí puede ser distinto. Y si en algún momento, alguno de ellos se derrota —señaló hacia un rincón, donde un perro estaba echado, con sus ojos nublados, vencido—. Verás que el ladrido de los otros lo obligará a ponerse de pie.

—No lo había pensado de esa forma — admití, reflexivo—. ¿Lo que me estás diciendo es que mientras creamos en que las cosas pueden ser distintas, hay posibilidad de cambiar nuestra realidad? —

put his hand on my shoulder and continued. Dogs teach us

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to enjoy the instants, those little moments when life seems to smile at us. No matter how dark your reality is, you can always do something to make things change. That's why, even if they spend years in a sad cell, they strive to embrace joy every time someone comes along. They are masters of hope!

-Hope?

-Hope, yes. They have the capacity to endure life in the shelter, because they cling to the hope that this time someone can change their story. Therein lies their strength, in believing that this time it can be different. And if at some point one of them is defeated," he pointed to a corner, where a dog lay with his eyes clouded over, defeated, "you will see that the barking of the others will force him to stand up.

-I hadn't thought of it that way," I admitted, reflectively. What you're telling me, "He said is that as long as we believe that things can be different, there is a possibility of changing our reality? -That is correct. Hold

Es correcto. Esperar aferrado a lo que puede cambiar y no a las experiencias de fracaso que hayas tenido. Esa fue mi segunda lección: Esperanza. Vivir el presente, haciendo todo porque ese día sea el mejor posible, sin aferrarme al pasado.

Habían pasado cuatro años desde la noche en que fui despedido, intentaba no pensar en lo acontecido pero los recuerdos son tatuajes del alma muy poderosos. Cuando creí que mi familia serían los animales del refugio, apareció en la veterinaria un recuerdo del pasado que lo cambiaría todo. Una joven con cabello rizado oscuro y ojos amables solicitaba realizar sus prácticas de veterinaria en el albergue. Todo

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indicaba que no tenía un ángel guardián que la acompañara, lo que me resultó extraño pues su energía era radiante. Algo en ella me parecía familiar, estaba seguro de haberla visto antes, pero no podía recordar en dónde. La curiosidad me hizo seguirla hasta la oficina donde la entrevistaron. Su nombre era Renata y le hicieron las preguntas de rutina, sobre la universidad, sus pasatiempos, aspiraciones, nada relevante, hasta que le

on to what can change and not the experiences of failure that you have had.

That was my second lesson: Hope. Living in the present, doing everything to make that day the best it can be, without clinging to the past.

Four years had passed since the night I was fired, I tried not to think about what happened but memories are very powerful tattoos of the soul. Just when I thought my family would be the animals at the shelter, a memory from the past appeared at the veterinarian's office that would change everything. A young woman with dark curly hair and kind eyes was applying for a veterinary internship at the shelter. Everything

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indicated that she did not have a guardian angel accompanying her, which was strange to me as her energy was radiant. Something about her seemed familiar, I was sure I had seen her before, but I couldn't remember where. Curiosity made me follow her to the office where she was interviewed.

Her name was Renata and they asked her the routine questions, about college, her hobbies, aspirations, nothing relevant, until

preguntaron por qué había decidido estudiar medicina veterinaria.

—Es una historia triste, pero con un final feliz. Cuando era más joven fui rebelde, hice cosas de las que me arrepiento —se detuvo pensativa y continuó—. Una noche escapé de casa de mis padres, estaba en la calle pasando frío cuando en una casa un perverso hombre, que probablemente estaba drogado, golpeó a su perro hasta dejarlo inconsciente. Después lo arrojó a la acera. Yo había escuchado el llanto del animal así que me acerqué a él. Pensé que moriría, pero sus ojos pedían ayuda, no quería morir. Como pude improvisé una camilla, volví a casa y convencí a mis padres de salvar al pequeño. Requirió muchos cuidados, tiempo, paciencia y dedicación, pero al final valió la pena. Este es él —le mostró la fotografía del perro en su celular—.

Bruno, eso decía su collar. Este es mi Bruno. La verdad, es que él me salvó a mí. Esa noche decidí que sería veterinaria.

No podía creer lo que acaba de escuchar. ¡Bruno estaba con vida! Esa chica le había salvado la vida. La miré con detenimiento nuevamente y entonces recordé: era la muchacha que merodeaba frente a la casa de Miguel, aquella horrible noche. En esa

they asked her why she had decided to study veterinary medicine.

-It's a sad story, but with a happy ending. When I was younger, I was rebellious, I did things I regret," she paused thoughtfully and continued, "One night I ran away from my parents' house, I was in the street getting cold when in a house a perverse man, who was probably on drugs, beat his dog unconscious. Then he threw it on the sidewalk. I had heard the animal crying so I approached him. I thought he would die, but his eyes were crying for help, he didn't want to die. As best I could, I improvised a stretcher, returned home and convinced my parents to save the little boy. Home and convinced my parents to save the little boy. It took a lot of care, time, patience and dedication, but in the end it was worth it. This is him," she showed him the picture of the dog on her cell phone

Bruno, that's what his collar said. This is my Bruno. The truth is that he saved me. That night I decided I was going to be a veterinarian.

He couldn't believe what he had just heard - Bruno was alive! That girl had saved his life. I looked at her carefully again and then I remembered: she was the girl who was lurking in front of Miguel's house, that

ocasión temí que fuera una amenaza y la espanté, pero ella terminó siendo un ángel en la tierra para mi querido Bruno.

Acompañé a Renata hasta su hogar, Bruno enloqueció de alegría al verla y luego ladró de emoción al verme. Mis mejillas se llenaron con lágrimas de felicidad. Todo este tiempo no había

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podido perdonarme por dejarlo solo. Pero nuevamente un perro me estaba dando una lección valiosa. El perdón. Debía perdonarme a mí mismo, para seguir adelante, para ayudar a Miguel. Esa era mi misión. Comprendí que hice lo que pude con la madurez y experiencia que tenía en ese momento, pude haberme esforzado más, pero lo hecho, hecho está. Esa fue mi tercera lección. Me perdoné y agradecí esta segunda oportunidad.

Era hora de enmendar mis errores. Cerré mis ojos y me concentré para encontrar a Miguel. La conexión entre nosotros, aunque débil, aún existía, y él no estaba tan lejos. Bruno me ayudaría a concretar mi plan. Abrí la puerta de la casa de Renata y convencí al perro de perseguirme. Como esperaba, la muchacha se alteró y salió

horrible night. On that occasion I feared she was a threat and scared her away, but she ended up being an angel on earth for my dear Bruno.

I accompanied Renata home, Bruno went crazy with joy when he saw her and then barked with excitement when he saw me. My cheeks filled with tears of happiness. All this time I had not

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I could forgive myself for leaving him alone. But again, a dog was teaching me a valuable lesson. Forgiveness. I had to forgive myself, to move on, to help Miguel. That was my mission. I understood that I did what I could with the maturity and experience I had at the time, I could have tried harder, but what's done is done. That was my third lesson. I forgave myself and was grateful for this second chance.

It was time to make amends for my mistakes. I closed my eyes and concentrated on finding Miguel. The connection between us, though weak, was still existed, and he wasn't that far away. Bruno would help me realize my plan. I opened the door of Renata's house and convinced the dog to chase me. As I expected, the girl got upset and ran desperately after her dog. I flew

corriendo desesperada tras su perro. Volé por la acera, asegurándome que Bruno siguiera tratando de alcanzarme.

Renata le gritaba a su perro para que volviera, pero él estaba divertido persiguiéndome, no sabía cuánto tiempo aguantarían corriendo. Creí que no lograríamos llegar a mi objetivo, pero lo hicimos. Llegamos hasta toparnos de frente con Miguel, su aspecto había mejorado, podría asegurar que su estilo de vida cambió. Su alma seguía dañada pero no era demasiado tarde. Detuve mi vuelo y Bruno se escondió temeroso tras mis piernas al ver a su agresor. Miguel, por su parte, se quedó petrificado. Los fantasmas del pasado lo habían encontrado, esos inconfundibles ojos calaron su corazón. — ¿Bruno? ¿Eres tú? —preguntó con voz temblorosa. El perro movió la cola al escuchar su nombre. A pesar de todo, seguía queriendo a su antiguo dueño. Fue el amor y no el miedo, el que lo impulsó a caminar hasta él, quien lo esperaba en cuclillas. El inocente ser lo olfateó con reservas, luego se abalanzó a lengüetazos sobre él.

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—¡Lo siento tanto!, no tienes idea de cuánto lo lamento, Bruno. Perdón, por favor perdóname

down the sidewalk, making sure Bruno was still trying to catch me.

Renata was yelling at her dog to come back, but he was having fun chasing me, I didn't know how long they would keep running. I didn't think we would make it to my goal, but we did.

We came face to face with Miguel, his appearance had improved, I could assure you that his life style changed. His soul was still damaged but it was not too late. I stopped my flight and Bruno fearfully hid behind my legs when he saw his aggressor. Miguel, for his part, was petrified. The ghosts of the past had found him, those unmistakable eyes pierced his heart.

-Bruno? Is that you? -he asked in a trembling voice. The dog wagged his tail at the sound of his name. In spite of everything, he still loved his former owner. It was love, not fear, that prompted it to walk over to him, who was squatting and waiting for it. The innocent being sniffed him with reservations, then licked at him.

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-I'm so sorry, you have no idea how sorry I am, Bruno. I'm sorry, please forgive me,"

balbuceó Miguel entre lágrimas, mientras lo abrazaba.

En ese instante Renata llegó respirando con dificultad, había sido una carrera larga. Se detuvo a observar la escena sin comprender bien qué estaba pasando. —Gracias por detenerlo, temí que no lo alcanzaría —le dijo a Miguel, mientras intentaba recuperar el aliento—. ¿Qué ocurre contigo, Bruno? ¡No puedes salir de esa forma! —reprendió al perro mientras acariciaba su cabeza. — ¿Cómo? ¿Cómo sabes su nombre? —inquirió sorprendido el muchacho. — Bueno, porque es mi perro. ¿Qué clase de pregunta es esa? —dijo irritada Renata — Es que, yo, él... —tartamudeó Miguel. Entonces lo comprendió: Bruno tenía puesto su collar la noche que lo arrojó a la calle. —¿Tú? ¿Qué? —Lo cuestionó con fastidio la joven. —Yo hice algo muy malo, pero ahora me has quitado un peso de encima. Gracias —Le expresó con sinceridad y lágrimas en los ojos. Renata miró con sigilo al hombre que tenía frente a ella, sentado en el piso, abatido. Parecía entender lo que estaba sucediendo. Pese a que maldijo al hombre que había lastimado a su amado perro, al confrontarlo así, sintió una pizca de lástima. —Me llamo Miguel

Miguel stammered between tears, while hugging him.

At that moment Renata he arrived breathing heavily, it had been a long run. He stopped to observe the scene without quite understanding what was going on. -Thank you for stopping him, I was afraid I wouldn't catch him," he said to Miguel, as he tried to catch his breath. What's wrong with you, Bruno, you can't go out like that! -he scolded the dog as he stroked his head. - How? How do you know his name? -asked the surprised boy. -Well, because he's my dog. What kind of question is that? -said Renata irritated. -It's that, I, he..." Miguel stammered. Then he understood: Bruno was wearing his necklace the night he threw him into the street. -You? What? -the young woman questioned him with annoyance. -I did something very bad, but now you've taken a weight off my shoulders. Thank you," she said with sincerity and tears in her eyes. Renata looked stealthily at the man in front of her, sitting on the floor, dejected. He seemed to understand what was happening. Although she cursed the man who had hurt her beloved dog, confronting him like this, she felt a hint of pity. -My

—le dijo, mientras se reincorporaba. —Soy Renata —contestó por inercia, de mala gana, mientras acariciaba a Bruno.

—Es un gusto conocerte —expresó él, con una retraída sonrisa.

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Miguel le tendió una mano y ella lo miró dubitativa pero finalmente se la estrechó, sus miradas quedaron enganchadas. La conexión había sido creada. El gesto se prolongó unos segundos más de lo habitual, el aire soplaba y el único sonido audible era el cantar de un gorrión, señal inequívoca de buena fortuna. Miré al cielo, no se divisaba ninguna nube, sentí la calidez del sol, acogiéndome en un abrazo, en ese momento supe en mi interior que mi estancia en la tierra se prolongaría indefinidamente y no podía estar más feliz.

name is Miguel," he said as he stood up again. -I'm

Renata," he answered inertia, reluctantly, while petting Bruno. -It's nice to meet you," he said, with a withdrawn smile.

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Miguel held out a hand and she looked at him hesitantly but finally shook his hand; their gazes locked. The connection had been created. The gesture lasted a few seconds longer than usual, the air was blowing and the only audible sound was the singing of a sparrow, an unmistakable sign of good fortune. I looked at the sky, no cloud was visible, I felt the warmth of the sun, welcoming me in an embrace, at that moment I knew inside me that my stay on earth would be extended indefinitely and I could not be happier.

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2.2. Translation Techniques and The Analysis

2.2.2. Direct Translation Techniques

1. Literal Translation

Literal translation is attempting a word-for-word translation that is as close as possible to the original, especially regarding the text's structure and grammar. While this can lead to very accurate translations, a rather large caveat exists. It can only be used for

certain structures between certain languages, as there is no universal magic wand for using literal translation on everything.

Example No. 1

S.L.	“Tu adorado ángel perdió sus alas”
T.L.	" Your beloved angel lost her wings”

Analysis:

Here I **applied** a word for word correspondence translation, the meaning is not lost and the author idea has been kept. Every part of speech is exactly the same.

Example No. 2

S.L.	Pero esta noche ha sido tan intensa.
T.L.	But this night has been so intense.

Analysis:

In this case, there is an exact word order from the source text into the target text. The meaning is the same, and the idea can be understood without a problem.

Example No. 3

S.L.	La conexión había sido creada.
T.L.	The connection had been created.

Analysis:

Literal translation technique is applied because word for word translation is accurate. There is no lack of sense and meaning from the source text to the target text.

Oblique Techniques

2. Addition technique

Addition is a translation technique by which extra words, short or even long sentences are added into the translated text to allow closer rendering of contextual meaning of the source text while being able to convey the logic, colloquial style and rhetoric of the target language.

Example No. 1

S.L.	Quiere salvarla, sabe que puede, pero es demasiado tarde: un abismo atiborrado en oscuridad anula sus gritos hasta caer...
T.L.	She wants to save her , she knows she can, but it is too late: an abyss crammed with darkness overrides her screams until she falls...

Analysis:

in Spanish we can talk without using the personal pronouns and people understands what the speaker is saying; but in English, sometimes that is not possible; that is why I added **she** the personal pronoun **she** in the beginning, **s** to the verb wants, because is necessary when using the third person of the singular. Also, I added **her** as an object pronoun to refer about the person she wanted so save, and in the other parts of the sentences I continued using she as a personal pronoun in order to keep the idea about the subject of the action.

Example No. 2

S.L.	Esa noche, juré convertirme en enfermera.
T.L.	At that night, I vowed to become into a nurse.

Analysis:

when using the word night, it is necessary to use the preposition of place “at”, also I added “I” in the target text to make clear who was the person doing the promise. In English is necessary to add the word to between 2 verbs, also I added the indefinite article “a” to make emphasis on the profession she wanted to become soon.

3. Omission

Just as it sounds, the omission consists of eliminating the expression from the source text in the target text. It’s a very bold move that is generally used in cases where the elimination of the concept does not alter the meaning of the original sentence or it is not relevant for its understanding.

Example No. 1

S.L.	Los nervios se funden con la adrenalina en sus venas.
T.L.	Nerves melt with the adrenaline in her veins.

Analysis:

In English is not necessary to use articles at the beginning of the sentences, so the word “Los” was omitted; Also, the Spanish pronoun “Se” it is not used in the English grammar, so it is not mandatory to find out how to replace it for another pronoun in English, because we can omit without changing the idea of the author.

Example No. 2

S.L.	Su abuela tiene razón: los médicos y enfermeros son esos ángeles que, incluso a través de una mascarilla, pueden tocar el alma, devolver la vida y proteger la verdadera esencia del ser humano: el amor.
T.L.	Your grandmother is right: doctors and nurses are those angels who, even though a mask, can touch the soul, restore life and protect the true essence of the human being: love.

Analysis:

In English is not necessary some times to mention the definite articles when referring to a group of persons, that is why I omitted the article “los.” I also omitted the word “que” because in the sense of the phrase on the target language that “que” word it does not keep the meaning. At the end of that sentence, the article “el” is not necessary in English when referring to a term.
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2.2.2. Oblique Translation Techniques

4. Transposition

Transposition involves a shift from one grammatical category to another, while still preserving the meaning. This translation technique is often necessary between languages with different grammatical structures.

Example No. 1

S.L.	Una cruda lluvia golpea con furor las ventanas.
T.L.	A raw rain is pounding furiously on the windows

Analysis:

In the example we applied transposition here changing the grammatical structure from the source language, that is in simple present, into a present continuous sentence in the target language. Also, the word “furor” in Spanish is a noun, but in the target language I put it as an adverb; those litter changes helped me to kept the author idea into the target language.

Example No. 2

S.L.	Sus compañeros están clasificando a los pacientes en orden de atención, pero se niega a aceptar ese color que marca a la señora Nori.
T.L.	Patients are being sorted in order of care by her colleagues, but she refuses to accept the color that is marking Mrs. Nori.

Analysis:

In this example, in order to provide a good translation here, I changed the source text from active to passive voice in the target text. With that simple change the author sense can be kept.

5. Modulation

Consists of using a phrase that is different in the source and target languages to convey the same idea: Te lo dejo means literally I leave it to you but translates better as You can have it. It changes the semantics and shifts the point of view of the source language. Through modulation, the translator generates a change in the point of view of the message without altering meaning and without generating a sense of awkwardness in the reader of the target text. It is often used within the same language.

Example No. 1

S.L.	Doctor Santoro, me consta que usted lleva tiempo aquí en el Hospital Saint Angelo, pero creo que se equivoca en todo —señala indignada el monitor—.
T.L.	Dr. Santoro, I know you have been here at Saint Angelo's Hospital for some time, but I think you are wrong about everything, she points indignantly at the monitor.

Analysis:

In this case, in order to convey the same idea in English, I used present perfect to express in another way the same meaning that we have in Spanish, and I also move “lleva tiempo aquí” at the end of the sentence in the target language to create a better emphasis on the source language text into the target language text.

Example No. 2

S.L.	—¿Por qué te alejas de mí?! —estira su mano al notar múltiples cables
T.L.	Why are you walking away from me?! -He stretches out his hand as he notices multiple wires.

Analysis:

As you can see, the source text question is in simple present, but in the target, I used present progressive to convey the same meaning. Also, in “estira su mano” phrase I used in the target language the same tense, simple present, but in order to keep the sense I had to use a phrasal verb “stretch out” to retain the meaning of the author here. In Spanish is not necessary to use a phrasal verb, but in English is mandatory in order to keep the meaning.

6. Equivalence

Similar to modulation, this is a translation technique that implies using a completely different expression to reformulate and transmit the same reality. Through this technique, names of institutions, interjections, idioms or proverbs can be translated.

Example No. 1

S.L.	¡Cállate! —el odio hacia esa voz indolente envenena su furia.
T.L.	Shut up! -The hatred for that indolent voice poisons her fury.

Analysis:

The proper way to translate “cállate,” which means stop talking into the target language, is to use a slang, that is why I used shut up, because keep perfectly the sense of this phrase.	
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Example No. 2

S.L.	¡Por favor resiste, Tita! —un ramo de lirios blancos y los libros de estudios de enfermería caen de sus manos.
T.L.	-Please hold on, Tita! -A bouquet of white lilies and nursing textbooks fall from her hands.

Analysis:

In this case, we can use a direct translation and say “please resist” but this phrase it doesn’t match the sense of the sentence, so I decided to use the slang “hold on” which means resist to but illustrated better the situation is happening in this sentence.

7. Adaptation

Also known as cultural substitution, cultural elements of the source language are replaced with an equivalent cultural element of the target language. This makes the text more familiar and easier to understand, especially with units of measurement.

Example No. 1

S.L.	—Enfermera, ¡aguarde! —se detienen, aliviados por el bip... bip... del monitor de signos vitales—.
T.L.	Nurse, be careful! -They stop, relieved by the beep... beep... beep... of the vital signs monitor of the vital signs monitor.

Analysis:

In this case the word “aguarde” has no a direct translation word into the target language, so it is necessary to find a word that best match the same meaning, that is why I selected to use the phrase “be careful” in English which keep the sense of the idea shown. The word “bip” in Spanish cannot be borrowed, because in English there is a proper way to express the same idea, so I adapted the word bip with “beep” in English.

Example No. 2

S.L.	¡PUM! Un golpe en la ventana contraria provoca que gire...
T.L.	BANG! A knock on the opposite window causes her to turn...

Analysis:

the noun “pum” which refers into an explosion, has no a literal translation into the target language, so the best adaptation into the target language is to use the word “bang” which refers to an explosion too. So, the sense of the phrase can be interpreted.

CHAPTER III:
CONCLUSIONS AND RECOMMENDATION

3.1. Conclusions

What we can conclude from my thesis is that if I don't learn the true story of the book, I won't know how to make sense of it. My main objective was to know the life of the compiler and the originality of my book is that it is a compilation of several authors. More interesting was the process of translating part of the story of each author into their survival stories and how interesting it is to learn about their stories so that they serve as an inspiration not to give up in difficult situations.

I started translating looking for synonyms without changing the meaning of the writers. It was quite a challenge to translate this book since I had to understand the situations from another point of view. And then, finally, I started to develop the work despite the difficulties, especially the grammatical part. I had a hard time understanding a lot of terms, so I had to look up synonyms that matched a specific translation of the story.

The area of translation techniques is very wide, many times I feel that they are similar and you don't know which one to use. Use many, for example: literal, addition, transposition, omission, adaptation, modulation, equivalence among others.

In general, I understood that there are no perfect translations, when it comes to learning, because each one gives a different meaning. Without a doubt, the techniques were fundamental to be able to finish my work; I worked with those that seemed logical to me, considering the knowledge I had acquired throughout my studies. It is difficult to transfer all the nuances of the original content. And each situation presents you with the need to resort to a different technique, you have to practice and master as many as you can.

Throughout my career I learned not only another language but also to make important decisions such as preparing for the future. There is no doubt that the university becomes more than a house of studies, since it is a space where you can give your opinion and see

different perspectives of the world. You will also meet wonderful people who, in addition to being classmates, could be co-workers in the future. Therefore, your experience as a university student will be very important in your life. Of course, the concern of facing a work environment either before or after graduation is highlighted. For me, my greatest wish since I was little was to reach the university stage, it is a dream that I have had since I was little. Therefore, being at that level of education, you should take advantage of every second to learn, meet and interact. In this way, you will have good memories of pleasant moments that only the university can offer you.

I can emphasize that the process to be graduated was hard, but among colleagues, teachers and family there will always be a second support and encouragement to continue. I feel proud and lucky with the process.

I am always thinking about the future, about growing more professionally with the help of God.

3.2. Recommendations

Reading the entire book before translating should be one of the most important habits of any translator, and as a habit it requires deliberate practice. That is why it is important to know that the more we can understand the meaning of the book that we are going to translate our readings, the greater capacity we will have when translating the text from one language to another.

Reading our book will mark and influence our way of seeing the techniques that we will need for a good translation.

Underlining words and phrases that we do not understand helps to understand the content of a topic and retain it, develops our capacity for analysis and observation, avoids distractions and waste of time, favors active study by forcing us to focus more attention, facilitates quick review, creation of outlines and summaries, forces us to consider the hierarchy of the ideas that we study, offers an active reading of the text, allows the extension and use of the specific vocabulary of the topic and allows a quick review.

The importance in translation as a means of interlinguistic communication is the technical and methodological basis where it is necessary to apply in a practical way the knowledge acquired and the skills developed in the English language. To achieve these purposes, it is necessary to understand the true meaning of the source texts (foreign or maternal) where linguistic and extralinguistic aspects are present.

I would advise future translation students to interpret with caution as translators are not robots, especially those who are in charge of translating books must have a certain sensitivity with the work they translate since it must maintain -as far as possible- the essence that the original author printed on it.

If you are a translator, you must understand that at times you must interpret certain ideas so that they are as similar as possible to what the author wanted to convey. There are proverbs, jokes or phrases that cannot be translated literally, this is where the translator must act as a learned interpreter.

3.3. Challenges

Challenges	Solutions
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Find a good book. • Contact a Panamanian author without having the physical book. • Guidance on book translation. • Time to complete the final project. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • For me it was an exceedingly difficult challenge, since there was not much variety of books available without having been translated before. Therefore, finding a book takes a bit of our time. Fortunately, I was able to find one. • In one of my first searches, I was pleased because I was able to contact an author who lives in Panama City, but unfortunately, she sent me the book in PDF format. I didn't have it in physical format, so I had to keep looking elsewhere. However, it was just one more obstacle that I was able to overcome. • Without a doubt, I had many doubts about how to carry out my final project, but I was self-motivated and asked for the necessary guidance to feel more confident about the steps I had to take during the whole process. • As we know time is our worst enemy, if we don't take advantage of it, it wins the battle. I can say that sometimes I was not going to be able to complete all the parts of the final project, but I managed

<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Finding all the techniques. • Find information about the author.	<p>to take advantage and finish everything.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• At times, I felt confused with some of the techniques as somehow or other the text was a bit sophisticated. However, with some basic theory and common sense I managed to complete all the required techniques. • In the book I could not find enough information about the author, however, searching the internet helped me to complete this section.
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GLOSSARY

El glosario tiene que ir de esta manera como aparece en la imagen

GLOSSARY

SPANISH	ENGLISH
A	
Acurrucar: Encogerse para resguardarse del frío o con otro objeto.	Snuggle: Settle or move into a warm, comfortable position.
Agobiador: que genera preocupación, ansiedad, tristeza, aburrimiento o dolor a un sujeto.	Oppressive: Causing people to feel worried and uncomfortable.
Arbustos: Planta leñosa, de menos de cinco metros de altura, sin un tronco preponderante, porque se ramifica a partir de la base.	Bushes: A plant with many small branches growing either directly from the ground or from a hard stem, giving the plant a rounded shape.
Archivadores: Mueble de oficina convenientemente dispuesto para archivar documentos, fichas u otros papeles.	File cabinets: A piece of office furniture in which files can be stored

1. Oppress / Oprime

Put pressure on something to subdue by force a person, people, nation, etc.

2. Anger / Colera

Anger, acute infectious-contagious disease that affects man, caused by the bacterium *Vibrio comma* and is characterized by repeated vomiting.

3. Intrigue / Intriga

Action that is executed cunningly and secretly to achieve an end.

4. Embarrassed / Desconcertado

Of misconduct, without government.

5. Newspaper / Periodico

A printed publication (usually issued daily or weekly) consisting of folded unstapled sheets and containing news, feature articles, advertisements, and correspondence.

6. Justification / Justificacion

The action of showing something to be right or reasonable.

7. Need / Necesidad

require (something) because it is essential or very important.

8. Seized / Aferró

Take (an opportunity or initiative) eagerly and decisively.

9. Startled / Sobresaltado

Feeling or showing sudden shock or alarm.

10. Battle / Batalla

Fight or struggle tenaciously to achieve or resist something.

11. Invested / Invertía

Expend money with the expectation of achieving a profit or material result by putting it into financial plans, shares, or property, or by using it to develop a commercial venture.

12. Prowled / Merodeaba

(Of a person or animal) move around restlessly and stealthily, especially in search of or as if in search of prey.)

13. Meditated / Meditaba

Think deeply or focus one's mind for a period of time, in silence or with the aid of chanting, for religious or spiritual purposes or as a method of relaxation.

14. Rookie / Novato

A member of an athletic team in his or her first full season in that sport.

15. Sniffed / Olfateo

Draw in air audibly through the nose to detect a smell, to stop it from running, or to express contempt.

16. Stealth / Sigilo

Cautious and surreptitious action or movement.

17. **Reality** / **Realidad**
The world or the state of things as they actually exist, as opposed to an idealistic or notional idea of them.
18. **Belongings / Pertenencias**
One's movable possessions.
19. **Ephemeral / Efimero**
Lasting for a very short time.
20. **Warmth / Calidez**
The quality, state, or sensation of being warm; moderate and comfortable heat.
21. **Scream / Grito**
Give a long, loud, piercing cry or cries expressing excitement, great emotion, or pain.
22. **Baggy eyes / Ojeras**
Bags under eyes are mild swelling or puffiness under the eyes. They're common as you age and the tissues around your eyes weaken, including some of the muscles supporting your eyelids.
23. **Hope / Esperanza**
A feeling of expectation and desire for a certain thing to happen.
24. **Pulsations / Pulsaciones**
Rhythmical throbbing or vibrating (as of an artery)
25. **Forgive / Perdonar**

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ANNEXES



