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Graduation Seminar

Thesis Submitted to obtain the

Licenciate in English with Concentration in Translation

Topic

Translation and Analysis of the book "*Ibis of Imaginings A Poetic Diary 1965-1994*" from the author Jan G. Otterstrom F. from English to Spanish and the book "*Detrás de la Puerta Magica*" from the author Sael Smith Sojo from Spanish to English.

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Dedication

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Abstract

The aim of this thesis is to investigate the effect of the translation methods and procedures used to translate the literary documents. As it is qualitative research, the work focuses on collecting and analyzing non-numerical data in order to understand concepts, opinions, and experiences, in this case theories used by different authors cited in the investigation to create a good quality translation of the documents. The research also highlights a deep analysis of the source text and the process used in the translation, which covers a series of points including grammar structures, vocabulary, text style, and translation techniques. Moreover, the level of difficulty expected from the literary translations is analyzed, which helped to improve the translation process. The research ends in an interesting process using the translation theory to render the best possible translations in order to transmit the message that the authors intended.

Resumen

El objetivo de esta tesis es investigar el efecto de los métodos y procedimientos de traducción usados para traducir documentos literarios. Al ser una investigación cualitativa, el trabajo se enfoca en la recolección y análisis de datos no numéricos para entender conceptos, opiniones y experiencias, en este caso se emplean teorías utilizadas por diferentes autores citados en la investigación para crear una traducción de buena calidad de los documentos. La investigación destaca un análisis profundo de los textos fuentes y del proceso usado en la traducción, lo cual cubre una serie de puntos que incluyen estructuras gramaticales, vocabulario, el estilo de texto y las técnicas de traducción. Además, el nivel de dificultad esperado de las traducciones literarias es analizado, lo cual ayuda a mejorar el proceso de traducción. La investigación finaliza con un proceso interesante que utiliza la teoría de la teoría de la traducción para obtener las mejores traducciones posibles para transmitir el mensaje que los autores deseaban transmitir.

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Chapter I

Introductory Framework

The translator's role is more than just change the language of the original text, the translators eliminate the borders between cultures and even time. In the literary world, the authors tell a unique story shaped by the time in which they lived and their own life experiences, and the literary translators bring those stories to present times and to the people all around the world, so that everyone has the chance to read those stories. Reading the writings of the greatest literary minds such as J.R.R. Tolkien and William Shakespeare, regardless of the time and place, is gift that only translations can give to the world. As John Conington, the English scholar who translated the *Aeneid* of Virgil, said: "*Without translation, I would be limited to the borders of my own country. The translator is my most important ally. He introduces me to the world.*"

The first chapter of this research will focus on the background of the translation as a profession, and for some as a form of art. Different studies that examine the history and origin of the need to translate in order to communicate between cultures and to preserve documents written in dead languages, the evolution of translation and the challenges of literary translation, consider literature one of the most difficult types of translations. The studies will also talk about why translation is one of the oldest professions in the world and, because of its role in the communication, is still one of the most important jobs for humanity.

This research will focus on one of the most challenging types of translation: literary translation. It meant to explain why this type of translation has been the center of countless

debates and why there is no correct or incorrect method to translate the different genres that exist in literature. According to Nida (1969)

“Translating consists in reproducing in the receptor language the closest natural equivalent of the source-language message, first in terms of meaning and secondly in terms of style.”

The first chapter explains, using different studies, the main problem or challenge of literary translation and the different approaches some translators have used to overcome those difficulties.

On the other hand, by exploring and analyzing the different methods and approaches from the different translators, it meant to draw the best contributions that each translator has made to the endless debate of literary translation, and use that information to improve the process of translating the different types of literature. Finally, this research’s goal is to aid current and future translators by using its conclusions to improve their own process of translating literature.

1.1 Problem Statement:

Literary translation’s problem has been a discussion topic for several decades; what is the best method to translate? Many translators have proposed their own ideas and approaches, and they all have good points, and their methods are used in different types of translations, but there is no definitive procedure that works for all the genres of literature. To translate a literature text, the translator has to have deep understanding of both the source and target language and the author of the original text, because the goal of a literary translation is that the target readers feel that the text was written in their language. For that

reason, the literary translators have more challenges. They can only rely on their knowledge and skills to achieve the best possible result. Every author has a unique style to tell their stories. Regarding what words to use, expressions, phrases, events and because of other details of the narration, they usually trust their writings to a specific translator who can transmit the same style into the target language. The authors, because of their love for their work, are very careful with choosing which translator should handle the translations. Usually, the chosen translator not only is able to transmit the written style but the essence as well, of something that makes the book or story unique or special. For example, the translator Lucia Graves who has translated all the writings of the Spanish author Carlos Ruiz Zafon. Reviewing other translations is used for some as a tool to find the right direction for the translation. With that purpose, the question that this research hopes to answer is: What is the effect of procedures and methods used to translate the book "Detrás de la Puerta Mágica" from Spanish into English by the author Sael Smith Sojo and the book "Ibis of Imaginings A Poetic Diary 1965-1994" from English into Spanish by the author Jan G. Otterstrom F.?

1.2 Objectives.

1.2.1 General Objective.

To analyze the effect of procedure and methods used to translate the books “*Detrás de la Puerta Mágica*” from Spanish into English by the author Sael Smith Sojo and “*Ibis of Imaginings A Poetic Diary 1965-1994*” from English into Spanish by the author Jan G. Otterstrom F.

1.2.2 Specific objectives.

- To translate the books “*Detrás de la Puerta Mágica*” from Spanish into English by

the author Sael Smith Sojo and “*Ibis of Imaginings A Poetic Diary 1965-1994*” from English to Spanish written by Jan G. Otterstrom F.

- To apply various translation techniques to the documents in order to achieve communicative texts, so the translation can be as natural as possible.
- To evaluate the effect of the translation techniques applied on the documents.
- To create a glossary with the most relevant terminology found in both texts.

1.3 Justification of the study

Translation is one of the oldest disciplines. Its purpose is to break the barriers between cultures and languages in order to share knowledge. Translation can be divided into two: oral translation, nowadays known as interpretation, and written interpretation. Ever since the first cultures met each other translation became necessary.

Translation has allowed for priceless documents and knowledge to withstand the passing of time and the natural barriers imposed by different languages, the extinction of ancient tongues, and the evolution of the languages.

Documents such as the Bible, which was originally written in ancient Hebrew, are the perfect example of the importance of this discipline.

Literary translation is one of the most difficult types of translation because of all the variables it has, and also because there is no proper guide. For decades, translators have been debating about the correct process to translate the pieces of literature. Literary documents, such as stories and poems, present the challenge that is not only to translate the words but to also understand the authors, their background, motivations, style, and purpose of their works. Because of all of these variables, literary translation's main goal is to maintain the author's essence, so that any reader, regardless of language, must believe that

the book or story was originally written in their language and that it was written by the original author, and that is why literary translation is one of the most challenging types of translation.

Throughout history, with all the theories, approaches, and methods countless translators and scholars have created and investigated translation techniques, and they have reached the only conclusion most of them, especially the modern translators, have agreed on the fact that the best way to translate such complex pieces of information is to rely on their own knowledge and cleverness to understand the author and do their best to preserve the figurative and emotional impact on the reader.

Among literary genres, poetry is considered by many as the most difficult to translate. Even if the translators master all the necessary abilities for the literary translation, they still need what some have called “the heart of a poet”, or the natural skill of writing poetry. However, it is not impossible to translate poems, not just more challenging than other literary documents. The translators need a deeper understanding of the author and the purpose or message behind the words.

Every translator should understand the most important aspects that literary translation teaches: even when the individual words have a literal translation in the target language, it does not mean the whole sentence or expression has the same literal translation. Languages, regardless of how close they may look, have their own rules and culture and a literal translation may change the meaning of the original words. A translator must know the source language and culture as well as the target language and culture. This is wisely remarked by the words of Emperor Charlemagne, a known polyglot who cleverly stated that having a second language is having a second soul. Every new book, story, and poem that is translated has the potential of becoming new teaching material for translators, new and

seasoned equally. Every new research and work about literary translation reveals new methods and techniques, even new points of view, that might help the process of new translations.

1.5 Antecedents

In 2006, Professor and translator Mourad Zarrouk from the University Abdelmalek Essaādi published an article about the microhistory and history of translation in the magazine *Sendebār* where he presents the history of this discipline in great detail. The history of translation, understood as the exercise to rescue the past of linguistic intermediaries, establishes a discipline without its share of problems, such as the lack of information. The written translation is not older than five thousand years, with the origin of the writing and the oral translation is as old as civilization. In that aspect, Julio Cesar Santoyo (1987) wrote that the first so-called period of the oral translation began maybe with the first use the language: for thousands of years with the need of an intercommunity relationship, there was also the need for oral translation or interpretation.

Many historians have their opinions about what chapters of history should be considered more important to the history of translation. George Steiner says that the theory, practice and history of translation can be organized in four periods: the first one begins with Ciceron and his famous precept of translate *verbum pro verbo*, in the 46 B.C until Hoderlin, that closes this phase in 1804. Friedrich Schleiermacher begin the second phase with his essay *Ue-ber die verchiedenen Methoden des Uebersetzens* in 1813. This phase was characterized for the theory and the hermeneutical research. In 1946, Valery Larbaud, with her work *So us l' invocation de Saint Jérôme*, starts the third stage that expands until the sixties. Several Authors like Bengamin Heidgger and Hans-Georg Gadamer initiate the fourth and last stage. This stage focuses more on the contact between the translation and others disciplines such as psychology, anthropology and sociology, as well as some of their intermediate disciplines: fundamentally ethno linguistics and sociolinguistics (Steiner, 1998,

p.327-330). While Santoyo divides history in four different stages that include the oral and written translation as the first two stages; however, this variety of opinions only confirm the fact that translation is such a complex topic of discussion that anyone can have a unique point of view. At the end of his study, Zarrouk concluded that it is important to understand the whole historical context, not just stages or specific parts that some historians and translator focus on, to appreciate how far the translation itself has reached and how far it can still evolve.

Betlem Soler Pardo, professor of the University of Valencia, made a study in 2013 called *Translation Studies: An Introduction to the History and Development of (Audiovisual) Translation* that focuses on investigating different studies about translation and explaining the point of view of several translators. Now some authors she analyzed and their theories will be mentioned explaining their point of view in the translation like a field of academic investigation. Mary Snell-Horby (1988) defines translation as an interaction process between the author, the translator and the reader; and mentions their complexities in the following quotation:

Translation is a complex act of communication in which the SL-author, the reader as translator and translator as TL-author and the TL-reader interact. The translator starts from a present frame (the text and its linguistic components); this was produced by an author who drew from his own repertoire of partly prototypical scenes. Based on the frame of the text, the translator-reader builds up his own scenes depending on his own level of experience and his internalized knowledge of the material concerned (1988, p.81).

Patrick Zabalbeascoa (1996) defines it as a communication act, and a human and social activity. Since they are not perfect, translation is also considered imperfect. And finally, Carbonells's (2006, p.48) definition of translation is the following:

Translation is a form of communication and a means of achieving things. However, in translation the original communicative act is relocated to a different setting, where different actors perform for different purposes: there is a mediation mechanism which qualifies the whole act at different levels.

In the 1980s, Newmark (1988) highlighted the fact that there was not much written about the theory of translation or traductologie and those new contributions were necessary:

In relation to the volume of translation, little was written about it. The wider aspects were ignored: translation's contribution to the development of national languages, its relation to meaning, thought and the language universals (1988, p.4).

The British scholar stresses that Eugene Nida was the first linguist to be concerned about translation itself, and he also highlights his rejection of the proposition that translation was/is a science and insisted on seeing this proposition as a theory of communication (Newmark, 1988). Newmark main contribution to the discipline is the distinction he established between the concept of communicative and semantic translation:

“Translation theory derives from comparative linguistics, and within linguistics, it is mainly an aspect of semantics; all questions of semantics relate to translation theory” (1988, p.5).

For Newmark in order to be able to translate a text, one has to understand it and analyze it first.

Noam Chomsky and Eugene Nida are the main representatives of the concept of Equivalence. Jean-Paul Vinay and Jean Darbelnet (1958), Roman Jakobson (1959), Eugene Nida (1959), and J.C. Catford (1965) coined the word “equivalence”. The concept of equivalence has generated controversy and has been studied by many authors, mainly because of its importance in the process of the definition of translation. They and many more scholars had many theories about the concept of equivalence with a lot of shades.

The Russian structuralist Roman Jakobson (1959) proposed three interesting categories to interpret the concept of translation: *Intralingual* translation or rewording: an

interpretation of verbal signs by means of other signs of the same language; *interlingual* translation or translation proper is the most traditional way of translating and the one considered the genuine one since it consists in translating a text into another language; *intersemiotic* translation or transmutation: an interpretation of verbal signs by means of non-verbal sign systems such as music or movies. (Jakobson 1959-1966, p. 233). He also approaches the problem of equivalence stressing the fact the perfect equivalent between words in languages does not exist.

In the 1970s Even-Zohar discussed the ideas proposed in previous years and applied them to studies on comparative literature, resulting in what is known as *the polysystem theory*. Even-Zohar (1978) thus states:

The idea of the literary polysystem need not detain us long. I first suggested this concept in 1970 in an attempt to overcome difficulties resulting from the fallacies of the traditional aesthetic approach, which prevented any preoccupation with works judged to be of no artistic value (1978, p.22).

His idea of the polysystem understand literature as a dynamic and heterogenous complex system constituted by numerous subsystems, where different literary schemes are put into groups and is interrelated with other systems which belong to the socio-economic and ideological structures of each society. Thus, in literary analysis not only does the textual production matter, but also the acceptance in a historical context and its relationship with other literatures. Culture is conceived as the organizing axis of social life, a system of systems. Gideon Toury follows this theory and proposes a translation analysis in which translation is understood as the result of a cultural transfer; he later proposes a concept of norms based on these ideas.

Toury divided these norms in three categories. First, the initial norms refer to basic choices of the translator, either choose adequacy which consists on respecting the culture

norms of the source text or choose acceptability which consists in embracing the norms of the target text. The second, the preliminary norms refer to the translation policy which was carried out before the translation process. And third, the operational norms regulate the decisions which will be made the process of translation itself, these include footnotes, omission or addition of paragraphs, etc.

Betlem Soler Pardo finished her study by concluding that translation is a constant dichotomy between being faithful to the original text and being faithful to the target text, which implies not only respecting the culture but also the target language's society and rules. That is why translating is a difficult task that has no correct or incorrect answers, but different opinions or approaches. Finally, the job of a translator consists on communicating, even though what they are translating belongs to two linguistically and culturally different systems, always respecting the fact that perfect synonymy does not exist in language.

In 2019, Francis R. Jones Head of the Translating and Interpreting Section of the School of Modern Languages at Newcastle published an article in the Routledge encyclopedia of translation studies about the literary translation and how the literary texts are different from other types of texts and why the translation dominates theoretical debates. Literary texts enjoy high social prestige; they typically aim to provoke emotions and/or entertain rather than influence or inform; they have no real-world truth-value: they are judged as fictional, whether fact-based or not; they may demand extra reading or listening effort by audiences, but deliver messages or experiences beyond the commonplace. In addition, their meanings may be ambiguous and may use poetic language like rhyme. A single text may not display all these features, but the more it does, the more

literary it will appear to its readers. If genre is understood as a class of communicative act whose typical shared features are roughly agreed by a community of users (Andrews, 1991, p18; Stockwell 2002, p. 33-34), literature may be seen as a cluster of related genres. Literary translation thus draws on a cluster of strategies and skills, some shared across various literary and non-literary genres and some more genre-specific.

Source-target text relations in literary translation have been the topic of millennia-long debate. The nature of these relations is often ranged along a spectrum, with four archetypal positions: cribs, literary best-fits, adaptations or versions, and literary works whose closely reference foreign-language works. Cribs may be intended to allow readers access to the source. Literary best-fits try to reflect source semantics and style while functioning as target-language literary works (Holmes 1988, p. 53-54). The adaptations or versions are characterized by looser relationships between the source and target texts and are particularly common in drama and poetry, where the playwrights and poets may see themselves as licensed to creatively re-interpret source works to connect with a certain audience. Literary works may closely have a reference to the foreign-language works, it is a common creative-writing practice that often overlaps with adaptation and versioning (Collings, 2016). German poet Barbara Köhler's *Niemand's Frau* (Nobody's wife/woman), for instance, reinterprets Homer's *Odyssey* from its female characters' viewpoint (Johnson 2016).

Translations inevitably reveal the stylistic and lexical preferences of their translators as well as aspects of their identity. Although, deviations from the source text may be deliberate, some believe that the translators' reluctant to breach the ethic of source-writer loyalty means that such marked deviations are relatively infrequent, even in

ideologically charged contexts. Literary translation also interacts with larger, more diffuse, imagined communities whose membership is based more on peoples' beliefs and self-image rather than on interpersonal contact (Anderson 1999). One such community is that of culture.

Jones finished his article saying many argue that literary-translation quality depends on how well a translation functions as a literary work that is mediated for a target culture audience by a specific translator, that although translators need to understand the source's literariness, the degree and nature of the textual match between source and target text is less crucial. Jones also mentions that more work is required in how key factors such as translator, publishers and readers actually assess the quality of literary translation and to examine the process of literary translating.

Maite Fernandez Estaña, translator and coordinator of Literary Translation in the school Billar de Letras of Madrid, wrote a book called *Taller de Traducción* in 2019 that works as a compilation study of her years of experience as well as a guide to translate books from English to Spanish. She divided her study in two parts, the first one to analyze the linguistic and cultural problems and the second one focus on all the details any translator, especially the literary translators, cannot overlook. She began by talking about the general challenges or problems the translators usually face during their careers for example the fact that most of the time the translators do not receive the credit for their translations even when they are as good or even better than the original, Justo Navarro talks about that situation in his provocative essay: *El traductor es creador*. He said that the fact the author can spend years working in the document, but a translator only has a few months to recreate the same document in a different language.

For most people, translation is only replacing words with their counterpart in the target language ignoring the cultural meaning behind every word. One of the first rules of translating is to understand the message, seen the text as a whole to be able to transmit the message in the target language, even if it means to use less, more or different words. In literary translation is one most complicated skill to master. Fernandez also mentions the situation when the languages are so different that there are words or expressions that cannot be translated. She uses the example of anthropologist and linguist Edward Sapir (1884-1939) and his student Benjamin Lee Whorf (1897-1941) when they started to study the native American languages and realized they did not follow the “universal” grammatical rules because their culture saw the world differently from the Europeans.

The first part concludes that the languages are in constant change, new words are added to the dictionaries, old ones are eliminated from the common use, and it is impossible for a translator to be aware of all the changes. In order to make a good translation, it is important to understand that it may be difficult but no impossible, the final result is not going to be an exact replica of the original but that is the point of understanding the target language. The goal is to adapt the document to the target language and culture but keeping the message. The translators walk between cultures, learning from each and every one of them.

The second part analyze the rhetorical aspect, in literature these aspects such as word play, metaphors and hyperboles are constantly used. However, this communication style makes sense in their source language, a translator must find the closest possible meaning to those expressions or slang in the target language, if they even exist.

Literary translators need to dominate the same linguistic resources as the writer, in a way they should be writers as well. Going back to the point that translators need to understand the text and the author. It is important to point out that skill because it is the translator who decides when to change, eliminate or add words and when to follow the original text and when to adapt to the target language rules. Fernandez said that a literary translation is faithful to the source material when the translation causes the same effect in the readers of the target language as it caused in the readers of the source language.

Fernandez concludes the second part by saying that the style is essential in literature. It is not only the author but the genre, time and place. A translator should be ready to write poetry, chronicle or novel of any time period or at least be prepared to learn the style. A work of art can only be matched with a similar work of art. Fernandez compares the literature with puzzle, every aspect is a piece, and once the translator has all of them, he can create the new version or a faithful reflection of the original puzzle.

In 2018, the professor Meritxell Serrano Tristan of the National University of Costa Rica (UNA) made a study mentioning and analyzing the translations made from 1970 to 2015 in several types of literatures such as poetry, theater and chronicle. Through the decades the number of translations was increasing for the first three decades, then decreased in the 2000s and increased again in the last decade, mostly because the technological tools the translators can access that help them in their works.

Decade	Publications
1970-1979	18
1980-1989	23

1990-1999	44
2000-2009	31
2010-2015	45
Total	161

Literary translations published per period in Costa Rica

In the first decade, 1970-1979, from the eighteen published literary translations ten were translated by Jose Baileo Acuña (theater and poetry). During that time, there was a particularly focus on William Shakespeare’s sonnets. Not all the translations had the editorial seal, *The comedy of Errors* and *Macbeth* were versions produced by the University of Costa Rica (UCR) without any bibliographical or editorial data because the translations were meant for the students of the UCR. The magazine *Kañina* published the translations with the editorial seal, the translations were located between “Creations” and “Translations” because on a certain level, it put the job of the translator at the same level as the literary creation. With the literary translations published during this decade the editorials such as *Editorial Universidad de Costa Rica* and *Kañina* had an essential part in the diffusion of the thoughts and creations from different parts of the world and time. In the second decade, 1980-1989, there is a slightly increase in the published translations that now included more genres and more authors including texts from the indigenous people of Costa Rica and Brazil, letters of William Walker, a chronicle of Mark Twain. In this decade, the editorial Libro Libre publishes *Rusticcatio Mexicana* of Rafael Landivar, translated from Latin to Spanish by Faustino Chamorro, a professor of the UNA. The text was first published in Italy in 1781 and republished in a corrected and increased version in 1782. This text represents a song to the men, nature, and customs of the region between the north

of Mexico and Nicoya in Costa Rica, places that were part of Nueva España at the time when text was originally written. Professor Chamorro did such an impressive work with the translation that he won the national price “Aquileo J. Echeverria”. Rafael Gutierrez published a review talking about the responsibilities of a translator and pointed out that professor Chamorro required a perfect understanding of the Latin and had romance in the veins, and above all, be a poet. With that review is seen again that a literary translator in order to achieve a correct translation needs to be a poet or a writer. The translations of this decade kept a few trends from the previous decade like Shakespeare’s works and add new ones like the indigenous literature and it allowed other magazines and newspapers like the *Revenar* to publish different translations.

In the third decade, 1990-1999, the national interest in translation increased a lot, with more translations of indigenous literature such as myths and legends of the Bribri of Costa Rica and the Bocota of Panama. Most of the magazines that published the translations were affiliated with the public universities. During that decade the Editorial Universitaria Centro Americana (EDUCA) was responsible for get the literary translation a lot of attention using works from both, national and international authors. This decade increased the interest in translation and culture that even the “Letter of Alexander the Great to his mentor Aristoteles” was translated and published.

The fourth decade, 2000-2009, saw an increased in the poetic translations. Most of those translations were published for the Foundation Casa de Poesia, an entity that since its creation has made festivals where poets from Central America and the rest of world gather and can show their works. Thanks to Casa de Poesia, this decade focusses in making the

literary translation more important to the culture, showing a change in the way this part of the literature is perceived.

Because this study was published in 2018, this last period only covers six years, from 2010 to 2015. It is the period with the biggest number of published translations, with poetry still been at the top of the genres. In this period, more types of documents are translated such as an anthology of children's stories from Brasil and the comics made their way among the literary texts and translations. According to professor Serrano the increased of translations in this period is because the culture the last decades create and the use of new technological tools translators can use to improve the quality of their work.

As a conclusion, professor Serrano said that the literary translation in Costa Rica is an important part of the country's literature. By studying it, understanding it and projecting it, it helps to improve a professional area that is not studied enough in this and many other countries. The literary translations go beyond the geographical borders between countries allowing people to read texts that were impossible to read in their original language, the best example are Shakespeare's works. To study the translations and their relation with the culture helps to define the literary identity of the country and highlight a form of creation that is not as recognized as it should be.

1.5 Scope

- To analyze the different approaches learned in this research.
- To assist the current and future translators by giving them different points of view of the methods and approaches.
- To use the best methods to achieve a translation that is faithful to the original text but follows the target language rules.
- To use the results of the methods employed in the translations to aid future translations of similar types of texts.
- To increase the number of people that could read the texts in both their original language and the translations.

Chapter II

Theoretical Framework

Intro

The translation process began before the translator starts writing. It begins the moment the original text is read. The first step in the translation process is to analyze the text, the style of the author, the formality, difficulty, the message, and the target audience. Translating is more than just writing words in a different language, and more than just to know how to talk in both the source language (SL) and the target language (TL). A translator must understand the culture of both languages just to start, then it is essential to understand the author; next understand everything regarding the text and finally write the text in the TL.

Translation generally involves two phases: a first phase in which the translator understands and interprets the source text, and a second phase in which the translator's interpretation is rendered in the TL. Sometimes the translation is considered a new version of the original text, and the translator becomes an author. To achieve a proper translation with the same impact than the original text, the translator must also master the procedures and methods of an efficient translation process.

This chapter will explain each part of the translation process as well as the methods and techniques that every translator uses. The importance and difficulty of each aspect will be widely explained to give a clearer vision of all the work a translator must do in order to know which method works better, and which techniques should be used. Also, it will explain the importance of the glossary and how it can be created.

2.1 Text Analysis

The analysis of a text should not only ensure only full comprehension and correct interpretation of the text or explain its linguistic and textual structures. It should also provide a reliable foundation for each and every decision which the translator has to make during the translation process. According to Emery (1991, 567-577) text analysis should be based upon a multiplicity of criteria: it should be as comprehensive and multidimensional as possible. All the approaches to text analysis share a common goal: the elucidation of the linguistic features of the source text for the purpose of reproducing or evaluating a (maximally) equivalent target text. For Newmark (1987) understanding the text requires both general and close reading. General reading to get the gist; here the translator may have to read encyclopedias, textbooks, or specialist papers to understand the subject and the concepts, always bearing in mind that the function precedes the description. Close reading is required in any challenging text, of the words both out of and in context. In principle, everything has to be looked up that does not make good sense in its context. This has been acknowledged as a truth that in Nord's words (2005) Most translators agree that analyzing the text comprehensively before beginning the translation process is the only way to ensuring the source text (ST) has been wholly and correctly understood.

One aspect that should always be present in the translation process and can only be understood after the analysis is the style. The style of the author and the text, and sometimes the style of the languages, need to be meticulously analyzed in order to start the translation process.

2.1.1 Text Styles.

Simply put, style is another tool on every translator's tool-box, style is the way in which a translator's uses language to deliver the final product of the translation process.

The style of the author, the type of text and from both the SL and TL should be a starting point in the translation process.

No translator should assume that the genre or type of text determines the style. According to Newmark (as cited in Nida 1982), we distinguish four types of literary or non-literary text. The dynamic sequence of events, where the emphasis is on the verbs is known as narrative. When it is static, with emphasis on linking verbs, adjectives, and adjectival nouns, it is called description. The style is discussion when there is a treatment of ideas, with emphasis on abstract nouns, verbs of thought, mental activity, logical argument and connectives. And finally, the dialogue is when the style emphasizes on colloquialisms.

Each language has its unique meaning for style, and so its relation with the translation process may change depending on the SL and the TL. Many translators agree that some parts of the translation should be universal. It means that regardless the language those aspects should never change. Some stylisticians concerned with the translation of style will always have an important question in their minds: which aspects of style are universal and which are inextricably linked with a particular language?

2.1.2 Stylistic Scales.

For a translator, it is important to characterize the readership of the original text and then of the translation, and to decide how much attention has to be paid to the TL readers. The average text for translation tends to be for an educated, middle-class readership in an informal, not colloquial style. Knowing the target audience will help to decide on the degree of formality, generality and emotional tone that needs to be expressed when translating.

2.1.2.1 Scale of Formality.

Choosing the correct words is more than just using the one that fits the context the best. Understanding how formal should the word-choice be is fundamental for a translation. There are many ways to express the same message, to know which way should be used is to know what kind of target audiences is the translation meant to. The age and level of education are some important aspects to consider for the proper formality level. Newmark talks about different levels such as neutral and formal, where he shows how to express the same idea with different words, all of them with a specific group of readers in mind.

Another aspect a translator should take into account is the time of the text, some authors like to write stories that are located in a different time period, so they used specific words to create the atmosphere. The translator must use words in the TL that could transmit the same feelings and send the reader to the time the author wanted.

The scale of formality can be divided into eight categories:

- **Officialese:** The consumption of nutriments is categorically prohibited in this establishment.
- **Official:** The consumption of nutriments is prohibited.
- **Formal:** You are requested to refrain from consuming food in this establishment.
- **Neutral:** Eating is not allowed here.
- **Informal:** Please don't eat here.
- **Colloquial:** You can't feed your face here.
- **Slang:** Lay off the nosh.
- **Taboo:** Lay off the fucking nosh.

2.1.2.2 Scale of Generality or Difficulty.

It determines the level of complexity of the documents. Newmark provides a list in which this scale is divided on simple, popular, neutral, educated and technical. To determine the level of complexity is important to know the purpose of the document. The levels of difficulty go from the simplest being for children to the educated ones that focus on educational texts mostly used in schools or universities and the technical that contains technical vocabulary generally found in documents such as operator manuals.

The level of generality or difficulty is usually determined by the purpose of the text or the translation. A text can have several translations with different levels of difficulty, these are commonly what people know as adaptation, because the translator has a lot of freedom, and it changes a lot of the source content to adapt it to a specific target audience while keeping the message. The literary texts are the best example of these changes. It is easy to find the same story written with different levels of difficulty. A translator must understand how high or low is the scale of difficulty of the source content in order to know how to change depending on the purpose of the translation.

2.1.2.3 Scale of Emotional Tone.

A challenge for the translator is to transmit the feelings behind the message of the source text. Newmark divided the tone in intense, which focuses more on giving the message by using intensifiers. Warm tone provides a message with more gentle vocabulary, and factual tone is usually a combination of both tones. The purpose is to be able to have the same emotional response from the target audience than the source text readers. In order to recreate the same emotional background along with the translation, the translator must become an author similar to the original and understand the source text in a

deep level.

2.1.3 Text Function.

The function is basically what the purpose of the text is, or what intention does the text has. Basically, it is whatever the author wanted to achieve when the text is read. Few texts are purely expressive, informative or vocative, most include all three functions with an emphasis on one of the three. The translated text should have the same function than the original text.

2.1.3.1 Informative.

This function is concerned with any particular topic of knowledge. This function focuses on external situations or facts of a topic. It follows a standard format like newspapers or scientific documents. There are two aspects that should be emphasized when describing the informative function. First, most of the informative texts are found in several types of organizations such as international organizations. Second, most of those documents present lack of proper grammar structures, resulting a task for the translator to correct them. This type of text focuses on facts, and usually informs readership on technology and science, media, education, and so on.

In some cases, for an informative text, the translator's focus is to transmit the message, only the facts that are relevant to the readers.

2.1.3.2 Expressive.

The core of this function is the mind of the speaker, the writer, the originator of the utterance. Newmark divided this function based on the types of documents. The expressive function applies mostly to literature such as novels, theater and poetry, and it has its own

expressive structure with poetry being the most intimate expression, and plays that are addressed to a large audience, which, in the translation, is entitled to some assistance with cultural expressions. Then, the authority documents, usually political speeches, have the personal “stamp” of their authors. Although they are denotative, not connotative. Finally, documents like autobiographies are expressive when they are personal effusions, when the readers are a remote background. These texts express the feelings of the author behind the words.

2.1.3.3 Vocative.

The core of this function is the readership, the addressee. Newmark uses the term vocative in the sense of “calling upon” the readership to act, think or feel. In fact, to “react” in the way intended by the text. There are several factors to take into account in this function. The relationship between the writer and the readership, which is realized in various types of socially or personally determined grammatical relations of forms of address. The text must be written in a language that is immediately comprehensible to the readership. For translation, the linguistic and cultural level of the SL text has to be reviewed before it is given a pragmatic impact. This type of text aims for the reader to take action in a specific way. This style is mainly found on advertisement, documents from political parties, religious organizations, manuals, and the like.

2.1.4 Translation Methods

Should the translation be faithful to the original text or should the translator should be more creative and focus on transmitting the message following only the TL rules. The methods are applied to the entire text to be translated. Each method produces a different result. the translator must choose carefully the method that works the best with the text in

order to achieve the best possible result.

2.1.4.1 Semantic translation.

This method takes more account of the aesthetic value. Further, it may translate less important cultural words by culturally neutral third or functional terms but not by cultural equivalents. The main characteristic of the semantic translation is to be flexible. It admits creativity and allows for the translator's intuitive empathy with the original text. The semantic translation's main objective is meaning.

According to Newmark (1982) The purpose of this type of translation is to write the exact message of the original text into the target language, following the target language grammatical structure.

2.1.4.2 Communicative translation.

The communicative translation attempts to render the exact contextual meaning of the original text in such a way that both content and language are readily acceptable and comprehensible to the readership. It is a subjective procedure, because it aims at achieving a possible effect on the readers. Newmark (1982) explained that this translation is likely to be smoother, simpler, more direct, and conforming to a particular register of language, tending to under translating to use more generic, hold-all terms in difficult passages.

2.2 Translation Procedures.

The procedures are techniques that help the translator to produce a natural and accurate translation for the target text readers. These procedures can be seen as strategies for solving a problem faced in translating a text, or any segment of it.

According to Newmark (1988) unlike the translation methods, the procedures are used for sentences and the smaller units of the language.

2.2.1 Transposition.

This procedure is the first technique towards oblique or free translation. It operates at the grammatical level, and it consists of the replacement of a word class by another word class without changing the meaning. The transposed expressions are usually more literary in character. For Walinski, it involves replacing one word class with another without changing the meaning of the text. It is considered a highly versatile translation procedure. The transposed expression sometimes has a substantially different stylistic value than the base expression. In some situations, this type of translation is optional, and in others, it is obligatory. It is a helpful tool for the translator, but it is especially directed to help the reader understanding of the message from the SL text. What is the most important is to choose the form that best fits the context. For example, the words “hand knitted” (noun + participle) are translated “tejido a mano” (participle + adverbial phrase) in Spanish.

2.2.2 Modulation.

This procedure can be complicated for the translator because it requires the translator not just to translate but most important it requires perception of the text to be translated. It can generate misinterpretations from the target language readers if the translator is not familiarized with the language when translating. It involves changing the form of the message through a change in perspective. An alteration of this kind may be required in contexts where a literal or transposed translation still sounds unidiomatic or awkward in the TL, despite being grammatically correct. As with transposition, in some cases, it may be optional, while in others it is obligatory.

It can also be understood as a variation of the form of the message, obtained

by a shift in the point of view. This change can be justified when the close translation results in a grammatical correct text, but it is considered unsuitable, unidiomatic, or awkward in the TL. The purpose of the modulation is to make a translated text more readable for the target readers while also retains the original meaning. For example, the sentence “it is not difficult to show” is not translated into the literal “no es difícil de demostrar”, even though it is grammatically correct, but into the modulated “es fácil de demostrar”.

2.2.3 Omission

This technique is used when the translator needs to avoid redundancy and repetition of ideas that can be expressed in a single and simple way when translating them into the target language. Instead of being a procedure that changes or modifies the SL text or idea, it tries to provide a simpler and natural way to understand the same message of the SL text in the TL readers. This procedure is used to deal with the cultural disparity existing between the SL and the TL. In fact, translation by omission is very common in subtitling. There are words that are written in the sentences because of the grammar rules of the language such as the subject in English, but when those sentences are translated into a language with different rules like Spanish where the subject can be omitted because the structure of the sentence, the omission of those extra words is applied not only to follow the rules of the TL, but to add naturality when the target audience reads the translating text. Another use is when the word is not necessary in the TL to understand the sentences, and if translated, it might feel redundant. For example, the question in English “Are you

sure?” is translated to “¿Estás seguro?” in Spanish, omitting the pronoun “you”.

2.2.4 Amplification.

The amplification aims at reinforcing the idea of the source text when it is translated into the TL text, mostly because of the lack of an equivalence to express the word or idea of the source text. This procedure is basically the contrary of omission, and it is also named expansion. The procedure is applied by using more words in the target text to cover syntactic or lexical gaps. It also covers when a target-text word grammatically needs the support of another word. For example, the expression “Frequently Asked Questions” (FAQ), usually found in a lot of web pages, it is translated to “Preguntas Frecuentes” in Spanish.

2.2.5 Explicitation.

This process tries to express with a wider vocabulary the ideas of the SL to provide a better understanding of the text in the TL reader, similar to the amplification. This means that sometimes the implicit terms of a language are understandable for one language but still missing meaning in another language, forcing the translator to bring the implicit to the explicit to achieve a proper translation of the SL.

This procedure is used when the general meaning of SL word or expression needs to be distributed over several words in the TL. This technique is used with the words that do not have a match in the TL and the meaning has to be explained in the text itself. For example, the sentence in Spanish “aquí hace frío” in English can be translated as “It is cold in here”.

2.2.6 Literal Translation.

Also known as *word for word translation*. Walinski (2015) explains it by

saying that it relies on the direct transfer of a text from SL into a grammatical and meaningful text in TL. Using this procedure, the translator focuses predominantly on adhering to the linguistic rules of the target language. Walinski also points out that this type of translation is more common when translating between two languages of the same family, such as French and Italian, and works most efficiently when they also share the same culture. Despite seemingly limited scope of applications, this procedure is preferred in translations where more emphasis is laid on preserving the verbatim meaning of the original text, which is often the case with legal translation. For example, J.R.R. Tolkien's trilogy "The Lord of the Rings" is translated as "El Señor de los Anillos" in Spanish.

2.2.7 Punctuation changes.

Because every language has its own punctuation rules, it is impossible to assume that they can be literal translation. These changes must be done by applying the rules of the TL, even in languages that are similar like Spanish and English. The symbols such as the period and the semi colon may be the same, but their use might differ between languages. Depending on which language acts like the TL and SL, there may be words that are omitted or added in the translation in order to follow the rules of the TL. Even the smallest mistake can affect the final result, some languages have punctuation differences so similar that it could be easily mistaken. In Spanish, the interrogative and exclamation marks are written at the beginning and ending of the sentences while in English are only written at the end. For example, the questions in Spanish use an interrogation symbol at the beginning and at the end of the question: ¿Cómo estás? But in English only the last symbol is used: How are you?

2.2.8 Compensation.

This technique compensates for being unable to translate a word or phrase in one specific place by expressing the information at another point in the document. The aim is to balance the semantic losses that translation involves. It introduces a SL element of information or stylistic effect in another place in the TL text because it cannot be reflected in the same place as in the SL. For example, in a Spanish-English translation, there are words like “tú” and “usted” that share the same translation; you, but they have a different level of formality, so the translator needs to compensate the lack of clarity by using other words to explain the level of formality.

2.2.9 Equivalence.

Also known as reformulation, produces an equivalent text in the target language by using completely different stylistic and structural methods. The equivalence is typically employed to translate idioms. For some people, equivalence is only about finding the match of the SL word in the TL, but this statement cannot be farther from the truth. To use a proper equivalence, the translator needs a deep understanding of what the source content is trying to convey and an equally understanding of the TL in order to find the correct word, words or expression with the closest meaning to the original content. It does not simply cover the meaning of the content but the tone and style of the delivery.

The challenge with this technique is to use the correct word in the TL for the correct target audience. There are several cultures that share the same language, but several differences, which is the case of most Central and South

America where most of the countries have Spanish as native or first language, but they have different idioms or different meanings for many words. This diversity of cultures may complicate the translation process because the translator needs to be sure that the words used are correct in the target culture. The expression in English “Better late than never” is translated to “Más vale tarde que nunca” in Spanish.

2.2.10 Adaptation.

It is used when the type of situation referred to by the SL message does not function in the TL culture. In such cases, the translator must recreate a situation that can be regarded as more or less equivalent. This procedure is common in translation of titles of books and movies. According to Walinski, translators are often reluctant to make use of adaption, as it invariably affects not only the syntactic structure, but also the development and representation of ideas within the paragraph, chapter or the text as a whole.

This procedure is used to deal with culturally-bound words or expressions in translation. Usually, the translator uses equivalent words that are readily-made in the TL and serve the same goal as those of the SL. In other words, the translator substitutes cultural words of the SL by cultural words of the TL. It enhances the readability of the translating text and eases the receptor’s understanding of the original text ideas. For example, the word “fútbol” in Spanish is translated to “soccer” in English, because the English word “Football” is a different sport.

2.2.11 Borrowing.

It refers to the case where a word or an expression is taken from the SL and used in the TL, but in a “naturalized” form. That is, it is made to conform to the

rules of grammar or pronunciation of the TL. According to Walinski (2015) borrowing is relatively the simplest of all procedures used for translation. It involves using foreign phrasing in the target text. The reason for the gap in the target language is usually metalinguistic. One of the reasons for using borrowing is that the concept discussed in the source text is relatively unknown to the target audience.

Borrowed words may sometimes have different semantic significations from those of the original language. It is not always justified by lexical gaps in the TL. It can also be used to preserve the semiotic and cultural aspects of the original word in translation. For example, English borrows the words “café” and “résumé” from French.

2.2.12 Calque.

It is the case where the translator imitates in the translation the structure or manner of expression of the source text. It may introduce a structure that is stranger from the TL. According to Walinski (2015) it is a special kind of borrowing in which the TL borrows an expression from the SL by translating literally each of the original elements. The result creates either, a *lexical calque*, which preserves each of the original elements; or a *structural calque*, which introduces a new construction into the language. Calque is widely used by translators to deal with names of international organizations. For example, “White House” in English is translated as “Casa Blanca” in Spanish.

2.2.13 Sentence inversion.

The correct order of the words in a sentence relies on the grammatical rules of each language. Based on several studies, it was determined that there are several forms, depending on which part of the sentence needs to be changed. Many languages share the same basic structure for a sentence, subject-verb-complement, but the rest of the parts of the sentence may differ depending on the language. In English, the adjective is located before the noun, but in Spanish it goes after it. This technique relies on an understanding of both languages and in the correct interpretation of the source text. There are types of texts such as poems that not always follow the proper grammatical rules, so in those cases the translators must come up with a way to transmitting that singular structure into the TL following a similar pattern that author in order to achieve the same result. By doing this procedure correctly, they will give the target audience the feeling that the text was originally written in their native language. For example, the adjectives are before the noun: the red car, but in Spanish they go after the noun: “ el carro rojo”.

2.3 Glossaries.

This part will explain the importance for the translator to develop a glossary with all the content and definition of the most difficult terminology of any text. The development of a glossary is not complicated; nevertheless, it requires to be very organized and deeply investigated in order to provide the real message of the subject or terminology. A well built glossary will not only help the translator to improve the translation process by allowing

access to words or definitions that could be useful for the translating document without the need of spending more time looking up for it, but it will also help the readers. Because the language relies on the culture, there many populations that share the same language, but because of their unique cultures, their languages are different. They may use words or expressions that only make sense in their cultures or use known words but with a different meaning. In those situations a glossary will help the reader to understand words that are not used in their culture or are used in different contexts.

- Relevance for the translator

The glossaries explain the most specific vocabulary of the respective field or subject matter. It will not just help the translator to understand the meaning of the vocabulary less common or complicated of the text, but it will help the TL readers and users of the document. It is a useful document that helps translators to use the correct terms thanks to a list containing specific terms from each industry. In fact, a good translation requires the translator to work meticulously. They need to have a perfect command of the language and use accurate, appropriate terms.

- Relevance for the translation process

It helps to facilitate the process because it is a faster way to look up for phrases or terms faster and understand thoroughly the information of the text. It increases productivity because the translator does not need to translate the terms that it already contains. It provides shorten delivery times and guarantee a consistent terminology because the terms are faithfully translated into the target language. Consistency is achieved across

different documents.

- How to create a glossary

Basically, a glossary is a list with the most difficult terminology, so it is important for the translator to highlight those words during the first reading of the document that is going to be translated. For some, the glossaries serve as the foundation for the translation memory database. In order to build a good glossary, the translator should update it regularly, the terms must be in alphabetical order and in words or groups of words, maximum five, rather than including phrases. The translator should write everything related to the meaning or possible meanings of the words.

Chapter III

Methodological Framework

The third chapter of this study will focus on the set of procedures, methods, and tools that will guide this research process in a systematic and structured manner. It will provide a structure for conducting research, collecting and analyzing data, and drawing conclusion. It is going to explore complex social phenomena and involves the collection of non-numerical data through methods such as observations and document analysis. This research will use open-ended questions and in-depth analysis of data. This chapter will explain what approach will the study take to analyzed the established problem and how the researcher will obtain and analyze the information in order to came up with conclusions that could solve the problem and fulfill the objectives that were mentioned in the first chapter.

3.1 Research Approach

Research is a data collection process meant to describe, explain, predict, and control the observed. Because this paper is about translation, the research approach will be the qualitative approach. According to the Oxford dictionary the word qualitative is related to the nature and properties or characteristics,

Based on that definition, this research is meant to analyze the translated texts and the translation process itself based on the objectives that were established in chapter one. The qualitative approach begins by examining the facts and reviewing previous studies about the research subject at the same time, in order to create a theory that is consistent

with have been observed.

A problem will be established, but it will not be not as specific as it would be with the quantitative approach, this approach focuses on the recompilation of data that get the numbers to prove the broad general points of a research. It is a process that will be built with the context and the events that will happen according to the development of the study. This type of research usually produces questions before, during and after the data collection and analysis. The qualitative approach has several stages and during some parts of the research, it will be necessary to review previous chapters or stages.

To begin research using this approach starts with the understanding of the context of the study, identifying potential information sources that might guide the researcher to a deeper level of understanding of the research and the practicality of the study. During the research, the data sample, recollection and analysis, although they are different phases, are made simultaneously and they influence each other.

3.2 Research Design

Because of the nature of this study, a descriptive research design will be used. It is a type of research design that aims to systematically obtain information to describe a phenomenon, situation, or population. More specifically, it helps answer the what, when, where, and how questions regarding the research problem rather than the why. With this method, the researcher does not control or manipulate any variables. The variables are only identified, observed, and measured.

This design has several defining characteristics. It is quantitative in nature

because the collection of quantifiable and systematic data that can be used for statistical analysis but the qualitative data can be used as well. The variables are not controlled or manipulated.

The data collected in this research provides a base for further research as it helps to obtain a comprehensive understanding of the research question so that it can be answered appropriately. This method is generally carried out through cross-sectional studies. It is a type of observational study that involves gathering information on various variables at the individual level at a given point in time.

This research design will be used in this paper because it allows the researcher to thoroughly investigate the background of a research problem before further research can be carried out. It is used to explore and document the nature and scope of a problem, to identify trends and patterns, and to provide a basis for subsequent research. The findings of this method will help to inform decision-making, policy development, and program planning.

The descriptive research is beneficial in several contexts. It can be used to measure changes in variables over a period of time, allowing trends to be identified and analyzed. It can compare different variables and how different demographics respond to different variables. It determines the different characteristics of the subjects. It is a useful tool when trying to test the validity of an existing condition as it involves conducting an in-depth analysis of every variable before drawing conclusions.

3.3 Information Sources

For a paper like this one, the information comes from different types of sources, from the greatest minds in the field to the most current researches and thesis and for the data collection instruments, which in this case they will be glossaries, the definitions for several words from the most known dictionaries such as the Cambridge and Marriam-Webster. The purpose of the information sources is not only to gather explanations and definitions for the different parts of the research but to establish a background. The University of Minnesota, Crookston divides the sources in three categories: Primary, secondary and tertiary based on the originality of the material and the proximity of the source or origin.

The primary sources for this study are several books from different translators from different time periods and parts of the world such as Peter Newmark and Eugene Nida. Their books talk about every subject that is presented in chapters one and two; the history, the evolution, the different approaches, and methods. It goes from the origin of translation itself to every aspect that a translator should master during the translation process.

The secondary sources consist in several theses talking about the historic background and articles of different translators explaining their own point of view about different aspects of the translation.

The tertiary sources consist of dictionary definitions, for this study many of the definitions presented come from the Cambridge and

Marriam-Webster dictionaries. These definitions are focused mostly in the glossaries that are used as data collection instruments.

3.4 Analysis Categories

According to Bengtsson (2016) the analysis categories change depending of the type of research, because this is qualitative research the analysis categories are not linked to any particular science, and there are fewer rules to follow. Therefore, is possible to find confusion in matters concerning philosophical concepts. The main issue is to achieve the rigor and credibility that make the results as trustworthy as possible.

This study will use the semantic and communicative translation methods depending of the variables presented in the texts of each document, Newmark define these methods in a very simple way; the semantic method attempts to render, as closely as the semantic and syntactic structures of the second language allow, the exact contextual meaning of the original text and on the other hand, Newmark defines the communicative translation as a freer process which purpose is to make the reading process easier for the TL reader, this means that the translation focus more on the target language and use more generic terms that are easier for the target audience to understand.

Because the documents are literary, there are several variables in the sentences, expressions and words. For those situations that will appear during the translation process, the translation procedures established in chapter 2 will be used. The transposition, for Walinski (2015), involves replacing one word class with another without changing the meaning of the text. For modulation, Vinay and Darbelnet (1995) explained it is a variation of the form of the message, obtained by a shift in the point of

view. The modulation is meant to adapt the message to the TL grammatical rules and make it more natural for the target readers. The omission is used to provide a more natural sentence structure in the TL by handle the cultural disparity existing between the SL and the TL. The amplification shares the same purpose of the omission but it is the opposite, while the omission eliminates words that are not necessary, the amplification adds more words to transmit the message correctly. The explicitation is used when a word or expression cannot be literal translate or the translation itself cannot explain the correct meaning and in order to transmit the meaning it requires to be distributed over several words in the TL. The literal translation, also known as *word for word translation*. Walinski (2015) explains it as a direct transfer of a text from SL into a grammatical and meaningful text in TL. The punctuation changes are essential regardless of how close the SL and the TL are, each language has its own punctuation rules and they need to applied in the translation. The compensation is commonly used when a word or phrase cannot be translated in one specific place and expresses the information at another point in the document. The next procedure is equivalence, also known as reformulation. This procedure is use when there is no translation for the original word or phrase, usually a idiom, so the translator needs to find the correct word or phrase that has the closest meaning in the TL. The adaptation is used when the message or situation in the SL does not function in the TL, so the translator must recreate a situation or message that can be regarded as the close equivalent to the original. Borrowing, according to Walinski (2015), is the simplest of all procedures because is using the original word of the SL in the target text when the word has no translation and the meaning is unknown in the TL. Calque, according to Walinski (2015) is a special king of borrowing in which the TL borrows an expression from the SL by translating literally each of the original elements.

The sentence inversion is changing the order of the words in a sentence to fit the grammatical rules of the TL. Finally, the glossaries is one of the most important tools for the translator and the translation process because it allows a quick access to words and definitions previous used and that need to be used again.

3.5 Data collection Instruments

For this study the instruments are going to be several charts, all of them for the purpose of explaining the process of translation, answering the research question and achieve the objectives. The first chart will use the text analysis elements: text style, the scale of Formality, Generality, Emotional tone, text function, and the type of translation. According to Newmark (as cited in Nida 1982) we distinguish four styles in literary and non-literary texts; narrative style that has a dynamic sequence of events, the descriptive style is static, the discussion style is a treatment of ideas, and finally, the dialogue style emphasizes on colloquialisms. The scales are used when the translator knows the target audience and translation is adapted to them. The scale of formality is to know what kind of words and expression can be used to transmit the message and it has eight categories: officialese, official, formal, neutral, informal, colloquial, slang, and taboo. The scale of generality or difficulty determines the general level of complexity, according to Newmark this scale is divided on simple, popular, neutral, educated, and technical. The emotional tone scale is for the translator generate the same emotional response from the target audience than the original text readers. The text function determines the purpose of the text; informative, expressive, and vocative. The following chart represent the analysis that will be used in chapter five.

Text Analysis Elements	Behind the Magic Door	IBIS of Imaginings. A Poetic Diary
Text style		
Stylistic Scale of Formality		
Stylistic Scale of Generality		
Stylistic Scale of Emotional Tone		
Text Function		
Types of Translation		

Table 1. Text analysis of the translated documents.

Source: Researcher's creation

The second chart is colored-coded chart that will be implemented as a part of the previous instrument. This chart will analyze the with the translation procedures applied to the ST in order to translated to the target language. Each translation procedure will be assigned a color to spotlight the procedure within the text, allowing a better understanding of how each procedure was applied according to the situation of each part of the text. The chart below is an example of the tool that will be used in chapter five.

Procedure	Example	Explanation
Transposition	Transposition	Highlighted in yellow
Modulation	Modulation	Highlighted in green
Amplification	Amplification	Highlighted in purple
Explication	Explication	Highlighted in blue with white font
Adaptation	Adaptation	Highlighted in red
Compensation	Compensation	Highlighted in light blue
Equivalence	(Equivalence)	Red font in parenthesis
Literal translation	Literal Translation	Highlighted in red with white font.

Table 2. Color coding of the translation procedures found within the texts

Source: Researcher's creation

The last instrument is the creation of the glossaries. There are going to be two glossaries, each per text of 25 words each. They will contain difficult words, terminology, and expressions used and translated within the texts. The glossaries will consist of a five-column table: Source Text term, Target text term, Grammatical Category, and the definition.

Source text term	Target text term	Grammatical Category	Definition

Table 4. A glossary that contains the most relevant terms found in the document

Source: Researcher's creation

3.6 Collection data process and data analysis

The collection data process will start during the translation process with each word or expression that presents a challenge to translated, or when any of the procedures previously explained is required to translated that specific word or expression, will be written in the glossary. The data analysis will be done by using fragments of the original text and its translation and explaining how the translation process was done to achieve the final result.

Chapter IV

Translations

4.1 Translation from Spanish to English: Behind the Magic Door

Behind the magic door

Chapter 1

Long ago, in a place far away, there was an old cabin that hid a secret. Around the cabin, there were always people from all over the world protecting it and making sure the cabin remained hidden, a mission assigned to them for being of noble heart.

It was the year 2001, a strong earthquake shook the town of Tayutic, where the Somith family lived, who was about to start a magical adventure.

Oliver and his mother were doing the dishes just after lunch, it was a sunny day. The children's dad was cleaning the yard from trees' leaves, and Lucas and his sister Daniela were helping him, it was one of their favorite house chores. They listened a big noise and a lot of the leaves fell from the trees; the ground was shaking slowly but continually. Lucas and Daniela, that were laughing while doing their chore, stopped and looked at the tree's branches moving from one side to the other. Daniela did not understand what was happening. Suddenly, Lucas screamed and ran to the door to go inside the house. Daniela was following him pale with fright while their father was trying to stop them before they went near the crystal door. All of a sudden, a branch fell directly under the children. Their dad jumped over them to protect them from the branch. Still, he could not protect them from the shards of glass coming from the door and scratching the dad's skin and the children's arms and legs but the children were safe and sound. Oliver and his mother went to the yard and saw the three of them on the floor, everything in the house was falling apart and every glass in every window started to break and the scream of the neighbors were listened all over the town.

– Dad! – Daniela was whispering in pain.

Julia picked up the children and looked concerned at her husband, Caleb, that was

laying in the yard, unconscious, as a result of the hit he took from the branch.

Julia and the children followed Daniela and looked at their father on the floor, but the earthquake was not stopping and Julia had to take the hands of her children to get them out of the house, leaving her husband behind to make sure the children were away from danger.

– Mom – said Oliver with great sadness–. We have to get him out of there.

Together they tried to pick him up and took him outside the house, to await the help.

Once outside, they called the ambulance, but it took a while to get there because the road was full of rubble from the earthquake.

When the ambulance arrived, they took Mr. Caleb to the hospital and the children were with Mrs. Lidia, a neighbor always willing to help.

The whole family was shocked, the children were crying for their dad and the house, that saw them grow up, in ruins.

Minutes later, their mother arrived and told them their father had died. Julia was hugging her children in the yard while looking at the nearly destroyed house. The earthquake was over and everyone around them looked devastated. Many neighbors arrived running looking for Lidia. She was a sweet old lady and suddenly her house was full of people looking for shelter. While she was walking helping everyone, she looked at Daniela crying in silence, about her father's death, and walked toward her with a handkerchief, cleaned her tears.

The next day, the whole family and neighbors went to the church with great sorrow to attend Mr. Caleb Somith's funeral. They walked up the hill with the coffin to put it in the cemetery on the top of the mountain where he would rest in peace.

Chapter 2

They did not know where to start to repair their home, and with a lot of nostalgia, they pick up some of their stuff and went to Mrs. Lidia's, where they spent the night. Mrs. Lidia's house was not as affected by the earthquake as the Somith's house; however, it still needed a lot of repairs which Julia and the rest of the neighbors did during the next few

weeks to thank her for taking them in.

One afternoon, while Julia was in front of her house, Lidia approach her and told her:

– Don't worry, you'll see, one day it will be as beautiful as used to be.

Julia did not know that she was about to receive some really bad news from the engineers in charge of her home's repairs. When the repairs started, they discovered that the ground was in a danger zone and it was sinking little by little just like all the houses in the neighborhood. Mrs. Julia and her family had to find a new place to live.

Everyone had to move to different places to live, the whole town was in a danger zone and no one could live there. The families started to move out and the town was getting emptier. Julia had found the perfect place to live, just half an hour away from her family's house and the community looked well-organized and clean. It was a town called Canahanda, which had a beautiful forest surrounding it that gave the town an air of freshness. "At least in the photos it looked nice", Julia thought, to comfort herself, with a lot of nostalgia for leaving her home.

Finally, the time to leave had come for Mrs. Lidia, she was moving to one of her oldest children's house in the north of the city. The children made a cake to say goodbye and filled her with hugs.

The next day, the family Somith woke up early to start their journey to Canahanda.

They were a regular family, the mom, Julia, was a brave and determined woman, with a gentle voice and beautiful face, admired by many for her artistic abilities, she dedicated herself to her home with love and enjoyed painting and making sculptures. She had brown hair and eyes and dark skin. The youngest child was Lucas, he had dark, curly hair with some freckles that gave him a certain air of mischief, and skin as dark as his siblings. The middle child was Daniela, she had green eyes and brown, straight hair, her smile was big and beautiful and full her face with light. The oldest child was Oliver, he had a soft smile that made him look like a gentle boy, with curly hair like his father, and slanted and penetrating eyes.

When they arrived in Canahanda, it was sunset and it was really cold. When the children looked at the house, they left the car quickly excited to see their new home.

The house seen beautiful, it was a two-floor house, color white, with a big hallway

with a big crate that the children would later use to store their toys. The house seemed pretty modern and the children were excited to choose their rooms. They went inside and the living room had a big window on one side that illuminate it; the stairs, even though they were a little faded, were very elegant, the kitchen and the dining room were next to each other with a big door leading to the yard. On the second floor there was a big room, the children were inseparable so they thought that they could share the room if the three beds fit in. There were two other bedrooms in front of the big one, and one of those two was going to be Julia's room. The children chose the room for her, she agreed because she was busy with the moving and did not have time for that. Julia's room was blue, with a beautiful lamp on the roof and the windows overlooked the front yard.

– Wow! – said, Lucas.

After that, they went to check the dining room and the kitchen. The kitchen was beautiful with the wall painted grey, and there was a red hourglass, with a drawing of the sun on the top and a moon on the bottom.

The next day, the children wanted to know more about the house's surroundings. The house had a huge piece of land in the back and they were excited to see the animals and explore near the trees. So, the children went out and saw squirrels, birds, raccoons, and a lot of insects, they were very happy. Lucas saw a cute puppy that ran near some bushes.

– Look, a puppy! Let's follow him – said Lucas excited.

The children follow the puppy for a while, but they lost sight of him, while they were following him, Daniela distracted herself looking at some ants that were carrying rose petals and bread crumbs.

Seconds later, Oliver and Luca realized Daniela was not near them.

– Where is Daniela?! – said, Oliver.

– DANIELA! DANIELA! – they shouted at the same time.

While they were looking for their sister. Daniela was still observing the ants going near a big Oaktree. She looked up and saw an old cabin with a lot of plants around it, her curiosity led her to the cabin's entrance and it was there where Lucas and Olive, curiously, found her.

– What are you doing in this place? – asked Lucas.

– I was just following the ants – said Daniela – Look how they carry those rose

petals.

– Let’s go! – ordered Oliver taking Daniela’s hand, but Lucas looked carefully at where the ants were headed.

– Check it out, Oliver – said Lucas astonished.

The small cabin was ugly, made of wood with a lot of flowers around it, with only pieces of the white paint that once had, in the front, there was a corridor with a roof that was about to collapse; still, there was something that awoke the curiosity of the children so they decided to go in.

Once inside, they observed the furniture and spider webs hanging from the roof, in the middle of the living room there was a chandelier covered with spider webs. The webs had a magical glow with the sunlight of the sunset. Despite the creepy the cabin may look; the children were amazed by the antiques they found inside. Suddenly, a mouse appeared running toward them and Daniela screamed. The little mouse looked at her with shiny eyes and then looked at the ants that were inside, Daniela felt that the little mouse was trying to show her something so she decided to come closer. The mouse gave her a small piece of cheese, she looked at it confused, it was then that she knew that place was something more than special. She saw the ants going inside a hole in the floor and the mouse followed them and hid with them. Daniela realized the hole was near a hidden door, beneath a big carpet in the cabin’s floor.

Oliver and Daniela realized it was late when they saw the sunset in the mountains.

– It’s time to leave – said Oliver.

– Yes, you’re right – said Lucas looking through the window.

Despite that, Daniela did not want to leave, she could not stop looking at the ants. She was sure the mouse wanted to show her something. She had the impression that those little beings wanted her to follow them somewhere. Daniela, however, had turned around and left with her brothers before the night covered the forest, but her mind could not stop imagining what that mouse wanted to tell her and to what place those peculiar ants were leading her.

Their mother was waiting for them for dinner and asked them:

– Why are you late? I was worried.

– Something strange happened – answered Daniela, looking back.

Julia closed the door

– Tell me everything. Did you have fun out there? – asked Julia while sitting at the table.

– Can I tell you? – said, Daniela.

– Yes, you – said Julia – You can tell how was your exploration of the surroundings.

Everyone sat down, Julia had already served the dinner. Daniela kept talking about the ants carrying the rose petals and the nice little mouse that she found in the abandoned cabin. When the fatigue was too much, the children stood up and went to brush their teeth.

– Hey, Dani – said Lucas whispering – why did the mouse give you a piece of cheese? Did you eat it?

– No, I didn't. I put it in our room. – she said – Do you want to see it?

Julia was cleaning the kitchen when she heard some drums far away. “It must be a party,” she thought, then the noise stopped.

– It's probably my imagination – she said, looking outside.

The drums sounded again and she looked outside again and once more the sound stopped.

“Could be the children?” she wondered with a weird face.

The children jumped to the beds. The beds had a beautiful roof that resembled an old-fashion tent. Their mother entered the room to tuck them in, read them Pinocchio and Puss in Boots, and gave them a good night kiss.

Later, when they were sleeping, Lucas heard:

PUM! PUM!

He jumped out the bed calling Oliver.

– What is it? – asked Oliver.

– I heard drums – said Lucas, looking out the window.

– What drums? – Oliver answered.

– Be quiet so we can hear them – said Lucas.

Oliver stood quiet and was able to listen to them.

Oliver woke up Daniela and she got up from her bed, rubbed her eyes, and stretch her arms, she sat down wrapping herself with her blanket while she wondered why they

woke her up if it was still dark.

– Listen, Daniela, the drums. – said Oliver grabbing her hand and getting her out the bed.

They looked through the window, the sound was coming from the woods, it was clear that the sound was coming from the small cabin they visited early that afternoon.

– What was that? – said Daniela while taking the blanket off.

– I don't know – answered Oliver – It looks like it's coming from the old cabin the ants led us to this afternoon, tomorrow we can investigate.

They went back to bed, thinking about what they might find the next day in the cabin, for a moment they could not sleep imagining what could be happening in there. Around 2 a.m. they heard the drums again. Daniela opened her eyes, closed them, and started to dream about the magic that surround that place.

Chapter 3

The next morning, they received a visit from one of their neighbors that work on the next-door farm. Mr. Victor Big Eyebrow was tall, chubby, with a grey and thick mustache, without a single hair in his head, blue eyes, teeth as big as a squirrel, and wore a black gabardine that made him look mysterious.

He was mostly known as Mr. Big Eyebrow, Julia met him when she signed the papers when she bought the house. That morning he went to the Somith's house to give Julia the documents with the rules to live in Canahanda, given that he was an active member of the community.

– Good morning, ma'am. – said Mr. Big Eyebrow.

– Good morning, Mr. Big Eyebrow – answered kindly Julia.

Mr. Big eyebrow greeted the children with a twisted little smile and a wicked and mocking face, they smiled him back with hesitation.

– Hello children – said Mr. Big Eyebrow.

– Hello – answered the children frightened while hiding behind their mother.

After that, a lady with a shrill voice arrived. She was blonde, thin, with some freckles, eyes as blue and deep as the ocean, wearing moon-shaped glasses, and light clothes with soft colors, her personality seemed nice.

She greeted Julia with a hand gesture and gave her some empanadas of chiverre. Then, she greeted Mr. Big Eyebrow.

Right away she introduced herself saying:

– I'm Carmen, Carmen Olivia Robles, these empanadas are for the afternoon snack, I hope you enjoy them – said Mrs. Carmen smiling.

– Hi, Carmen, it's a pleasure to meet you, thank you both for the visits, we're glad to meet our new neighbors. These are my children: Oliver, Daniela, and Lucas – said, Julia.

That morning the sun was shining and the wind blowing softly, Julia was in a great mood and felt that it was going to be an amazing day, she was happy to meet the neighbors and for such a sunny and fresh day in the new neighborhood.

Julia made an observation and said:

– Oh, Mr. Big Eyebrow, be careful with the ants in the garden, you have a beautiful garden and those ants are up to no good.

– Sure ma'am, I get ready every summer to poison those annoying insects.

– I believe you – claimed Carmen – Julia, if you need help with your garden Mr. Eyebrow is the right man for the job.

– Appreciate the compliment, Carmen. Well, I have to go, Welcome to the neighborhood, Mrs. Julia – said Mr. Big Eyebrow while walking on the sidewalk.

– I have to go as well, I have to make a wedding cake... forget to tell you, I'm a baker if you need anything you can come to my house – said Carme pointing to a house diagonal to Julia's. – the little house with gnomes in the garden, I love those little creatures. Well, see you soon, bye little ones – said to the children while she was walking waving her skirt.

Julia closed the door and the children ran to spy on Mrs. Carmen through the window, Daniela was looking at her carefully as her skirt was waving with the wind. She was looking at her as if Carmen was some kind of fairy godmother, with her pastel colors and hair glowing under the sunlight.

When she got to the street, she saw the kids in the window and softly she waved her hand goodbye, Lucas and Oliver hid under the window, Daniela was staring at her with admiration while Carmen was smiling.

– Doesn't that lady look strange to you? – said Oliver hidden behind the window next to Lucas.

– A lot – answered Lucas – she is like a grown-up with a child's clothes.

They both laughed out loud and Daniela said to them:

– Why are you laughing? She is beautiful and nice.

While the boys were still laughing, Daniela was still observing her through the window carefully. She saw Carmen as she entered a white house with pink borders in the windows and colorful decorations in the front yard.

Lucas got up and said while trying to mimic the way Carme walked and spoke:

– Hi, I'm Miss Carmen.

At the same time, Oliver was laughing out loud holding his belly and moving his feet.

– It's not funny! – said Daniela upset.

Their mother interrupted them to ask them for help to unpack some of her stuff, Daniela was still thinking about the fairy godmothers, playing with every single thing she found in the box.

– Miss Carme is beautiful – said Daniela.

– Beautiful? – said Oliver – She is funny. Didn't you see her crazy face?

– Didn't you hear the way she spoke either? – said, Lucas.

Julia called them for lunch, Lucas and Oliver were still laughing about Carmen's light and fresh appearance.

Julia was wondering why the boys were laughing and Daniela was trying to shut them up. Julia had a noble look and a smile full of maternal love.

During lunch the children were quiet and ate quickly so they could go to explore outside. They were anxious to return to the old cabin, even though it was a little creepy, their curiosity was drawing them to it.

As soon as they finished their lunch, Lucas got up in a hurry and went to the hallway where their toy box was to look for his binoculars; Daniela and Oliver followed him very excitedly. They were ready to leave the house as soon as possible, they even forgot to tell their mother they wanted to go out, but Julia stopped them at the front door and asked them where they were going, the three children answered her at the same time

that they wanted to explore a little bit more outside. With a lot of softness, Julia told them to return soon and warned them not to go very far away because they still did not know the area very well.

What happened after that changed completely the life of those children forever.

Chapter 4

They walked in the forest happy to return to the mysterious cabin that gave them so much curiosity. While they were walking, they were admiring the beauty of their new home. They were happy to start a new life in that small town. When they arrived at the cabin, they saw the ants carrying the rose petals and admired their hard work because the petals were much bigger than themselves. It was a colorful time of the year with lots of flowers everywhere and lots of pollinating insects surrounding them, the little forest was full of peace and the sound of the wind stroked the trees and gave the view a touch of freshness at the same time the children were following those particular insects that led them back to the old and damp cabin they saw the day before.

– Look! – said Daniela – this is the hole the little mouse used to enter.

– It looks like there is a door on the floor. Let's open it! – said Oliver excited.

Oliver and Lucas cleaned the door and started to move it to find out what was on the other side, Daniela was looking outside the cabin with the binoculars through the window and was able to see the dog that surprised them in their last expedition. The door was made of the same material as the floor as a way to camouflage it with the wood so no one would discover it, but Daniela's interest in the ants and the nice little mouse allowed the children to discover it. With a lot of effort and using the walls as support, they managed to open the door a little bit, a space big enough for them to go to the other side; however, no one wanted to be the first one to go down because it was dark and they were afraid to find something scary.

– I wouldn't go in there, maybe we should tell Mom. – said, Lucas.

– No, Lucas. We just need a little bit of light, let's try to clean the windows, it might help. – said, Oliver.

There was not much to do to light up the house except take off some old blankets that were hanging on a couple of windows because the rest of the windows were already

uncovered, once they remove the blankets the light entered the house and they could see better all the objects and old furniture inside; an old and solid table was near the floor door with some stained and rusty chairs, some dusty and broken jars were visible near to what once was the living room, a big rocking chair was next to the chimney and in the other side there was an interesting round little table that gave the impression of its legs been alive with a cup and a large teaspoon on it. The place seemed alive again, however, complete darkness remained on the other side of the floor door.

Daniela had left the cabin looking for the puppy and made a big entrance with the puppy in her arms which distracted Oliver and Lucas from their objective with the floor door.

The puppy had black fur, dark eyes, pointy ears like arrows pointing to the sky, and a pretty short tail.

– Isn't he beautiful? – said Daniela when the puppy tried to lick her cheeks.

– Of course, he is – answered Oliver surprised, while approaching to pet him – Maybe we can keep him.

– He is too cute – said Oliver terrified taking a few steps back.

He tripped over a jar and was about to fall over the floor when they heard a powerful thunder.

– It's time to go home, the rain is coming – said Oliver looking at the sky.

Daniela hugged the puppy and looked at her brothers with fear, they all left walking quickly but not running.

Julia was doing the dishes and she told herself:

– Where could my children be? It's going to rain soon.

Someone knocked at the door at that moment, she thought it was her children returning from their expedition so she rushed to open it.

Indeed, it was her children, Oliver, Lucas, and Daniela with the puppy.

– I'm glad you made it home, children – said Julia excited to see her children.

Although, almost immediately she noticed the puppy and was shocked.

As soon as they enter the house, Daniela said:

– Mom, can I keep this puppy?

– Oh my God! What a surprise, it's beautiful... Of course, he can stay, I think it

will be great company for everyone, sweetheart. – answered Julia while petting the little one.

Oliver and Daniela were celebrating, but Lucas run away and locked himself in the bedroom.

Oliver and Daniela opened their room door and saw Lucas crying. He turned on the TV, lied down in his bed, and started watching TV shows.

– Lucas, what’s wrong? – asked Daniela.

– I don’t want a puppy!! – yelled Lucas, crying with sadness.

Their mother opened the door and entered the room and said quietly:

– What’s the matter, Lucas?

– I don’t want a puppy! – said Lucas with a spoiled voice to his mom.

– Oh, come on, Lucas... it’s just a baby, you shouldn’t be afraid of it. We’re going to grant you something important; you will name the puppy, that will be your task. In the meantime, let’s go to eat and think of a good name for our new pet. Let’s go!

Everyone went to the dining room to have dinner, they sat down in silence waiting for Lucas’s reaction which seemed more relaxed, because he was really happy to name the puppy. He heard a voice behind him telling him:

– Don’t worry, you get to choose the name – said Oliver while getting up from the table, obviously he was happy.

– Of course, I’m happy – said Lucas seeing the food on the table.

It was pizza, the children’s favorite food.

After enjoying the dinner, they went to brush their teeth and when Lucas was done, he said to his mother:

– His name is going to be Black.

– Who? – said Julia that forgotten about the puppy.

– The puppy, mom – Lucas reminded her.

– Ahh! That’s a nice name – answered Julia, glad to see Lucas finally accepted the puppy in the house.

When they went to bed, Julia read them the usual stories; The Puss in Boots and Pinocchio.

The children enjoyed the stories their mother told them every night and that night

was no exception, they were all in their beds hearing carefully the story of Pinocchio, but there was someone else listening to the story that was not invited. A gecko was carefully observing the book's pages from the roof, the little guy made himself comfortable in a corner and watched for a while, when it started to walk it stumbled and fell over Oliver's face, who was about to fall asleep. Oliver jumped from the bed and Daniela and Lucas were shocked because of their brother's scream.

Julia used a very long toy and tried to remove the gecko from Oliver's bed, so the little animal went to the window's border, saw the family, and left.

At that moment, everyone was laughing and thanked their mother.

Chapter 5

The next day, the children woke up at 6 a.m. and went to their mother's room to wake her up, they filled her with kisses and hugs and did not stop saying:

– We're hungry, we're hungry – they repeated non-stop.

After breakfast, the children were excited to go to play in the old cabin.

Daniela proposed to her mother that they had a picnic near the forest so they could show her the old cabin they were all so excited about.

Under a tree in a small glade in the forest, they found the perfect spot. They put a blanket there, played with a ball and with a frisbee, ate fruit and cookies, and enjoyed their mother's company in that beautiful place.

When the ants started to arrive to take the leftovers, Lucas remembered it was the ants who led them to the old cabin. He called Daniela happily to follow the ants again.

– Where are you going, children? – asked Julia.

– We're going to the old cabin we found the other – said Daniela.

– I think I should go with you, to see this cabin you have been talking about.

– Yes, Mom! That would be great! – said Oliver – Let's go for a lantern to investigate what's on the other side of the door we found on the floor.

The children ran full of joy, curiosity, and excitement to fully understand that mysterious place. They looked for the lanterns in a rush and returned to the forest where their mother was finishing picking up the blanket and the picnic basket and was getting ready to go with their children to the cabin.

The cabin looked the same as always, it was terrifying but at the same time magical. The children were excited to enter the cabin and were talking to their mother about how amazing it was on the inside and how incredible was each one of the objects inside, which they had already seen the last time they went inside. That day, the cabin looked happier and even a little bit cleaner than the previous times. It seemed the positive energy of the children was starting to affect the atmosphere surrounding the cabin. Although, Julia looked at that place so ancient and dusty with some mistrust.

Finally, Oliver showed his mother the floor door and everyone approached it to cross to the other side. Once on the other side, a mysterious and soft wind started to surround them, the lanterns helped to see everything better; however, it was a narrow tunnel so they had to walk in line, one behind the other, to reach the end of the tunnel. Julia led the walk while the children were excited walking behind her. Julia hesitated for a moment if they should continue but something was telling her that they needed to find out what was the secret behind that old and abandoned cabin.

The tunnel's walls looked like they were glowing, they were a little bit wet and mossy but it seemed to affect the excitement of the children. Suddenly, they found themselves in front of a huge wooden door with an amazing carving that looked like the face of a wise old man, the wood was brown, but the face had green eyes like emeralds, a big wide mouth, and a beard that reaches the floor and worked as decoration for the bottom of the door. What caught Julia's attention was the strange symbol hanging in the door like a nose, because the rest of the door was carved as a human face except that odd nose.

Julia saw the dirt in the door and tried to clean it, but she was surprised when, after she rubbed her hands on the door to clean the dust, the door started to talk.

While the door was coughing, it said:

– Oh “*cough, cough,*” who woke me?

– Hello? – said Julia shocked and nervous.

– Hello – said the children amazed, behind Julia.

– Welcome children, excuse the cough, it's been a while since the last time I opened my eyes. As you may see, this is not a very visited place. It's been a long time since this place had guardians, about time for you to come to this humble kingdom.

– Kingdom? I only see a door in the middle of a dark tunnel – said Oliver.

– Ha, ha, ha... you're the guardians, but there are more out there, in your world there are lots of guardians and in the deep of the Earth, in each town, valley, city, mountain, in every corner of the world there are kingdoms like this one. Those who can open me will find the most beautiful magical kingdom that they have ever seen. We're the ones who keep this planet alive, for we're the ones in charge of keeping the air clean and breathable, protecting and restoring the mantle over the planet. We have other jobs, but recently humans have been giving us more work, our old friend Simon will explain everything to you. He'll be your guide, however, only a clean soul and pure heart may pass, one of you will do it because I can sense the goodness in your hearts.

– Excuse me, sir. How can we open you? – asked Daniela.

– Quite simple, just put your hand in my heart and I will open it.

Daniela, who was the most fearless and impatient of the family, looked everywhere for the heart, but could not find it.

– Where is it?! I want to see the kingdom.

Julia tried to calm her down.

– My heart is right here – said the door. At that moment, a red light started to glow on the left side. After cleaning a little bit and removing all the dust and moss, they could see, clearly, a shiny rock that was hidden behind the dirt of the dark door.

Daniela put her hand over the rock and the door closed its eyes while the heart was changing colors quickly making a magical sound that the children had not heard before, after a few moments the door said:

– You have shown me your soul, little girl. Only a pure heart may open this door, be welcome! – and the door opened.

The place was amazing even for those used to seeing it. A forest was in front of them, a lot of light, a white light, and they could smell flowers they had not smelled never before. There were palm trees with purple leaves, people with pointy hats, magical animals, and beautiful streets with cobblestones, and everything was seen as extremely natural and peaceful.

A unicorn flew past them, and while they were walking, they saw unimaginable things; a wizard got into a cauldron and came out again, and a dragon was flying far away, the children were amazed like never before.

Suddenly, a voice surprised them. It was a man with a friendly face greeting them, he had green eyes, wore glasses, had a short beard but with lots of hair, also some grey and black hairs, and he was wearing a brown coat with a green tie with circles, he seemed to be his forties.

– Welcome to Magic Müller, I’m your guide, my name is Simon.

Chapter 6

Simon Appleton was a nice guy; he took the children with him showing them all the wonders of the place; the magic plants planted along the road and the spectacular creatures that lived there. Julia and the children stopped a moment to watch the little fairies working on a little garden near the lake, then continued the road with Simon to his house.

The children, now called “guardians,” hurried to catch up with Simon. Next to Simon, there was a giant turtle near a very particular little house. The turtle had big wings, and a horn like a unicorn, it was colorful, a wise and nice face that gave the feeling of peace, and in its shell, it carried a sign that said “Ride me.”

– Please, children get on – said Simon.

The children and Julia went up some stairs that Simon pointed at, after they were on the turtle, the stairs and the sign disappeared causing astonishment in the children. They were on the shell of Asgard, the turtle, everyone was excited and saw that the shell had sat for them, it was amazing. All of sudden they started to ascend to the sky, the clearest sky they had ever seen, with just a couple of clouds and birds flying around, they saw dragons far away.

– Hey Asgard! Do you have anything to say?

Surprisingly, the turtle spoke:

– Greetings, congratulations for being part of our team. I hope you enjoy this adventure a lot and that you fulfill your duties as guardians with responsibility, it’s a serious matter but it’s worth it.

Finally, they arrived at a place with a beautiful forest, lots of tall and amazing trees that looked like they glow with the sunlight. They got down of the turtle and walked a white road that looked endless, at the end there was a throne and a very tall woman sitting in it; the Queen.

– How are you, Simon?
– Very good – answered with a big smile, while making room for the guests.
– Welcome to Magic Müller, children, and mother, mi name is Amara; I hope you enjoy your stay.

Chapter 7

The queen was very tall, with green deep eyes, light brown hair, a pointy nose, loose and comfortable clothes, and was wearing a lot of bracelets; additionally, a little talking cat was always with her. Oliver and Lucas saw the cat while Simon was talking with the queen about the children's mission in the kingdom.

– Now, you are part of this team – said Mr. Appleton while putting a badge on them, the badge had the same shape as the front door.

Simon and the queen decided to give a cat to each one of the children, the queen explained to them that the cats were special and they had magical powers that would help them to face any obstacles they may face in their mission.

– What mission? – asked Oliver.

– Oliver, in this kingdom we have the mission of protecting the magic from the humans. That's why we choose children and a few adults, so they help us to protect our kingdom and to make sure the rest of the world does not know about the existence of magic. It would be a very big risk to let the rest of the humans know about our kingdom and us. Humanity's greed could let to a terrible use of the power that is hidden here.

Oliver was wondering why the queen knew his name because he never mentioned his name to her, for him it was odd. "The queen must be really smart," he thought, "she knows everything."

– Come, I will show you your mission. – the queen stood up, raised her hand pointed to the throne and it shrank, then she put it in her purse, behind where the throne and a door showed up. Everyone followed the queen across the door, to a room with a lot of cat decorations; statues, and paintings, the cats were an essential part of that world. Once inside, each child chose their cat, according to the queen they were the best partner for a magical guardian.

The queen was born in the year 1970. When she was seven years old, she fought a

dangerous villain called Jack, who had killed her parents. She accomplished peace and became queen at a very young age. She had always loved magic, especially the ants' magic, so she enjoyed watching the ants working; however, the ants' job is not what everyone thinks. They are the greatest allies of the kingdom; their job is to recollect leaves of the outside world and bring them to the kingdom where they turned them into magic dust. After that, the elves used the dust to make prodigious juices, mixed with other plants of the kingdom, that were sent to each one of the plants of the world to give them color and energy to the flowers of the outside world. That is how the legend that there are elves at the end of the rainbows was born, although, is not a legend anymore, those the elves from each magic world sending the juices. Without that juice and dust, the world would be a colorless place, and that is the reason the queen enjoyed seeing the ants working since she was a child, they help to keep the balance between the outside world and the magical world.

The first animal the queen met was the cat. When she was a child, her mother gave her a cat and for that, she enjoyed visiting the nursery of magical cats.

When the queen was 27 years old, she married a prince called Abdiel, who helped her to keep the magical land a secret.

They had a girl named Ana, she was as beautiful as her mother, with a pretty smile. Ana enjoyed playing in the rivers and watching the sunsets, and she preferred birds to cats, unlike her mother.

The queen and her husband ruled with love and for a while there was peace, the elves worked hard, with only a few insects causing small problems. They were not aware that outside the kingdom, a group of magic hunters was being organized to end all the magical worlds. There were a lot of magical worlds around the world, with children and adults protecting their secrets from the rest of the world.

Chapter 8

The queen ordered Simon to guide the children to the store to get whatever they may need.

The store was in the forest, in a town divided by a yellow road, with a playground and houses where the people of the kingdom lived. At the end of the road, there was a huge

tree that turned out to be the store where the children could get everything they needed to continue with their duty.

Outside the store, there was a sign that said: “Magic Müller Store.” The store was run by a small old man, with grey hair and a mustache, with some amusing wrinkles in the skin.

– Hi, Appleton – said the old man to Simon.

– Hello, Mr. Bass. I would like to introduce you to our new guardians; Oliver, Daniela, and Lucas, children, this is Sael Bass, owner of the store Bass-stuff, in case you need something for your mission here is where you can find it – said Simon quietly – as well as magical articles.

– Nice to meet you, Mr. Bass – said Oliver politely.

– We came so they may get their wands and other tools, I hope you find the best for each one of them. – said Simon coldly.

The old man looked at the children one by one carefully and then went to look in an old and used box.

He pulled out three wands, gave one to Lucas, and said:

– This is your magic wand – it was a beautiful black wooden wand. After that, he looked at Daniela and gave her a brown thick wand with a couple of wrinkles in the lower part where Daniela held it – this one is yours, Daniela – said Mr. Bass with a tender voice. He looked for more wands in the box while thinking out loud:

– Mm, where it could be. Okay, let’s see, here it is. This one is for you Oliver – and gave him a black and white. It was beautiful and Oliver was really surprised.

– ha, ha, ha, my wand is better than yours – said Oliver with a mocking voice to Lucas and Daniela.

– Be careful, Oliver. You could lose your right to that wand for showing off. – said Mr. Bass startled.

– Very well, Lucas, you have the black oak wand. You can bewitch your enemies and lift objects that aren’t within your reach, it may be useful to clean your room – said Bass while winking his eye – besides, this wand can shoot a sunlight beam for when you’re in danger, use it with love.

– Wow – said the three children at the same time, the astonishment was obvious.

– Daniela, your wand is very powerful, it can turn into a staff and shoot water blasts at your enemies. You can also turn it into a magic rope and trap evil people, use it wisely.

– Incredible – said Daniela.

– Oliver, with this wand, you can transport from one place to another with only thinking about it, you can also transport one more person with you. Additionally, it can turn you invisible in the face of danger and while that power is active you can turn invisible to anyone that touches you finally, it can create protective shields, remember to use it with the heart.

– Well, children. It's time to begin your training. – said, Simon.

Simon took them to an amazing building where they would train every afternoon after classes, so they can learn to fight and master their wands.

They trained for several months while making real friends in the magical world and enjoying every moment. During that time, Daniela met an elf named Yiyi that trained her to learn the elf languages, they become good friends.

But not everything was fun. After a lot of training, Simon gave the children the mission to visit Whisper Mountain where they would test their skills fighting a troll that lived there. The mission was to defeat the troll and find out where the troll hid the fantastic honey that the elves used to create medicines.

Chapter 9

Life continued pretty normally, except for the afternoon training with Mr. Simon, other members of Magic Müller helped the children to improve their skills to protect the kingdom. Their mission of defeating the troll had them a little nervous and at the same time very excited to be able to face real danger on that mountain that, according to some rumors, was terrifying. Anyway, the training was the most important for them and the funniest part of the day as well, so they were excited to go on the train.

Julia adapted herself pretty well to the new atmosphere, she and Miss Carmen had become friends, so she was always close to the family sharing with them afternoon snacks and taking Julia to new and beautiful places that were in the neighborhood, even to the wish fountain that the children loved to visit. Julia did not remember anything about the magic

door, the children tried to tell her several times with no luck. Lucas asked Simon why his mother did not remember anything, Simon explained to him that not everyone has enough faith to believe in magic and that when that kind of person's magical adventures are just a dream, and do not believe they happened.

However, the children continued enjoying this new place and the challenges they were facing. The neighborhood was quiet and every weekend Julia and Carmen loved to make picnics with the children and the loyal pet, the friendship grew little by little and for Carmen, it was great because she did not have children of her own but always wanted. Carmen and Julia became good friends and with the children made a beautiful garden in the house, to sow plants was Carmen's favorite hobby. Julia always wanted to have a beautiful garden like Carmen's and it helped Julia because, at the beginning after the move, she used to spend a lot of time mourning about losing her home and her husband at the same time.

For the children, Carmen was a godmother that brought them joy in their new life, nevertheless, Mr. Big Eyebrow was not the best neighbor for the children. For them, he was a dark person, they were afraid of him, but Carmen and Julia admired and respected him a lot for being a great collaborator in the community.

Mr. Big Eyebrow had a very important position in the city council, so he helped Julia to get a job in the art gallery, where she was in charge of organizing cultural activities for the town.

Julia, despite trying to lead a normal life, still had a few dreams that were memories of her journey to the magical world. Sometimes she pinched himself to wake herself up believing that was not happening, but her dreams were deep. She wanted to tell Carmen about her dreams but didn't seem right because Carmen might think she was crazy.

In the school, the children were not popular, but they did not care because they had each other and were close. That's why they couldn't wait to go to their house after school and go to the forest behind their home and let their imagination fill their minds.

One of Oliver's classmates was Mr. Big Eyebrow's son, and that was one of the reasons Oliver did not like Mr. Big Eyebrow. His son was always looking for new ways to bother Oliver.

That was how the Somith spent their days, their new town had brought them great

surprises and, despite the difficulties and the mourning in which the whole family was living, everyone was getting used to it. Even though, the mission of fighting a troll terrified Lucas, Oliver, and Daniela seemed excited. The magical world gave them hope and to learn that the changes and sadness were part of life.

Chapter 10

After many days of training, Simon, at last, led the children to Whisper Mountain which the children had to climb to reach the place where the enchanted tree with the magic honey was located. Crossing the forest, they will face the troll that was guarding the honey; for a long time, many tried to get to the honey but none could defeat the troll. Simon trained the children for that moment, so he and the children could join forces to defeat the troll and bring the honey safely back to the kingdom. He was confident they could accomplish what others considered impossible.

Daniela was so excited that on the day of the mission, she woke up earlier than her brothers to say goodbye to Yiyi, her elf friend. They both wanted to see each other before beginning the quest and Daniela wanted Yiyi to wish her good luck.

They left early to complete the mission with Simon, before sunrise. They felt a soft and cold breeze and the mist covered the forest; some nocturnal animals were still hooting in the trees. Once they reached the place, Simon and the children did not show any type of fear. Simon was leading the group when the troll showed up. Simon said:

– We don't want any trouble; we just need to cross to the other side of the cave to get the honey.

The troll angry yelled:

– No one will have the honey!

At that moment, Oliver's white cat jumped and grew to fight the troll but the troll hit it with his club which made the cat return to its original size and ran behind Oliver.

The troll tried to hit Oliver, but he teleported behind the troll and Daniela turn her wand into the rope to trap de troll taking advantage of that the troll was distracted and looking for Oliver, Lucas shot him with the sunlight ray to blind him and Simoon could restrain the troll with some huge magic nets. While the children were celebrating, a person they did not expect suddenly appeared, a man with a huge red gabardine came flying very

confident to them. When he saw the troll on the ground, congratulated them and introduced himself:

– Hello, Mr. Appleton, good to see you. How are you? Did I make it in time for the fun?

Addressing the children, said:

– I’m Tim, you may call me Tim. I have come to help you with the process of retrieving the honey because the bees might complicate the situation, so I’ll show you how you should do it.

The children introduced themselves. Next, Tim started to walk with Simon while the children followed them. They were getting higher and higher up the Whisper Mountain and plants were very gloomy; in the distance they heard echoes of voices in pain singing with sorrow. When they were getting closer, the voices of the sorrows started to penetrate their minds and they all started to feel pain in their bodies. The pain was so intense their legs were shaking, they felt chills in the entire body and a sense of fear that made them want to go back. A strong wind started to blow, Simon and Tim were taking big strides and motivated the children to continue. The passage seemed endless but after a while, the wind and the voices stopped.

Tim guided them to a cliff. In there they saw the magic honey, in a small forest where there was an enormous tree, bigger than any tree ever seen.

– Listen, children, many birds, tort unicorns, and even planes have crashed with that tree. It reaches the sky, the real sky – said Tim with enthusiasm.

As soon as they arrived, the bees were furious and started to attack them. Tim began to talk in a strange language, like a buzzer, and the children heard something like this:

– *Rarraz zomito magicuz voto nicolicuz palizrolizmejaz kikionizi zzz.*

The bees nodded their heads and answered:

– *Zolico pzmonien nicolicuz zicuraz.*

The children realized the conversation was:

– We need honey for our potions, we came from Magic Müller, and the queen Amara Kelton sent us. With all due respect, we want to ask you for permission to use the honey.

– We can give you all the honey you need, but we need authorization from our queen bee before doing anything.

At that moment, the queen bee came out of the honeycomb. The children were surprised to see Tim talking with her in their buzzer language without difficulty.

– *Carizcuioz holoziz pazoniz pazacaz.*

Finally, Tim let everyone know the queen's answer:

– The queen has requested, that to give us the honey we must bring her a very special flower called Helianthus. This flower can only be found in the cave of the troll and gave the bees very powerful honey. The bees hadn't been able to get it because they couldn't defeat the troll. She's asking that we defeat the troll so they can go inside the cave.

– That shouldn't be a problem, we already defeat the troll. – said, Oliver.

– It's not that simple, Oliver. We knocked down and trapped the troll, but that won't stop him completely.

– You're right, Mr. Appleton. We need to take the troll away from the cave – said Tim making weird gestures with his hands – right now, he is trapped in the nets, but those won't hold him much longer.

– So, we must move quickly and take to... where? – Daniela hastened to say.

– the question is not where but how – said Tim thinking while looking at Simon waiting for an answer.

– There is another cave in the mountain where we can lock the troll, however, how do we get there? – said Tim while looking at the children.

– Flying, obviously – said Daniela, thinking that Tim could carry the troll.

– I can't carry the troll. I couldn't fly with something that heavy. – said, Tim.

– Hey, children, Oliver can teleport – said Mr. Appleton happily.

Tim and Oliver went flying searching for the troll. While they were flying over the mountain, Oliver heard the whispers in the air and felt the same as before when they were walking. Tim almost lost control because of the whispers but was able to resist. As soon as they reached the cave, Oliver walked near the troll and went inside the cave to look for the flowers the queen bee mentioned, they were beautiful. Oliver and Tim noticed the troll woke up and was fighting to free himself from the nets. Oliver used his wand quickly to

send the troll to the cave Simon told them about and leave it there forever. Oliver felt sorry for the troll; living in a mountain full of creepy and bewitching whispers can't be nice, thought Oliver as he flew away with Tim.

– You're merciful, aren't you? – said Tim – you should know that long ago there was a war with the troll, only a few survived and promised to live in peace in the mountains far away; however, there are some like that one that is still furious and want to overthrow the queen. Well, I advise you not to worry about him, they have magic as well and he can protect himself against the whispers.

Oliver felt relieved, although the troll was not the nicest being, he still felt compassion for the pain the troll could suffer.

Finally, they returned with good news for the queen bee. She sent some troops to inspect the cave and found a clear passage to it. The queen agreed and bees started to produce delicious honey. Simon put a bottle beneath the honey drip and started to fill it.

They went back to the kingdom happy and proud of themselves for having accomplished the mission. The children's smile was huge, they never thought something like that could happen to them. That night, the children were exhausted and went to bed early without having dined. Julia looked at them tenderly before closing the door of their room, the children looked like they were smiling contentedly while sleeping.

Chapter 11

Oliver, Daniela, and Lucas changed their favorite superhero, it was not Batman anymore but Tim, a hero that could fly and talk with the bees.

Daniela and Lucas became good friends with Miss Carmen. Every afternoon after school they went to her house and played a strange board game called Cromo's King, but it bored Oliver a little. Oliver preferred to stay home reading, playing video games, or drawing; because he had inherited her mother's artistic talent. Cromo's King was about a kingdom called Cromo, the board was the map, and the players competed to reach the empty throne to become king or queen.

Those days, they weren't training as often as they used to. After the quest for the magic honey, Queen Amara and Mr. Appleton decided that once per week was enough training. Oliver started to get bored and the days started to pass very slowly, especially

when his siblings spent all day talking about Miss Carmen's board game.

One afternoon he was so bored, he decided to join their siblings to play Cromo's King, but the board game was not his forte, and at one point he felt so frustrated that did not want to play anymore. He went to the garden and started to feel deeply the absence of his father, in the middle of Miss Carmen's beautiful roses and geraniums, Oliver started to cry.

Chapter 12

During school time, Oliver started a friendship with Oscar, Mr. Big Eyebrow's son. Oscar took advantage that Oliver was distancing himself from Daniela and Lucas, introduced him to his friends, and put Oliver on a bad road. Oscar taught him to make fun of others, steal their lunches and skip classes to play video games.

Oliver continued with his training with Simon to master his wand's magic, however, Simon noticed Oliver was going through a tough time dealing with his father's death and getting used to his new life. Every time Simon tried to get close to him, Oliver avoided him, so it was pretty difficult to talk to Oliver.

When Oliver trusted enough in Oscar, he told him about Magic Müller, telling him about everything magical they found in there, especially their battle with the troll. Oscar did not believe anything he said, but he thought that the best he could do was play along because Oliver made that story up to avoid talking about his father's death and the whole tragedy that made them move to Canahanda.

When Oscar was returning home, he was telling his father about all the crazy stories Oliver told him. For the first time, his father was interested in Oliver despite the fact he never showed any kind of interest in his son.

Mr. Big Eyebrow always told Oscar to play along with Oliver's stories and insisted he asked Oliver if he had any evidence about that magical world.

– Who knows, maybe he's telling the truth – said Mr. Big Eyebrow to Oscar laughing.

Oscar felt sorry for Oliver because he knew Oliver was suffering from his father's death and that was why he distanced himself from everyone, sometimes Oscar's friends made fun of Oliver which made Oscar spend more time with Oliver than his friends, every

time they were better friends. They shared the snacks Oscar stole from the school and in the afternoons, they rode their bikes while Daniela and Lucas played Cromo's King with Miss Carmen.

One afternoon, after training, Oliver considered taking Oscar to Magic Müller and took him the next day. He tried to tell Daniela before leaving for school but didn't tell her because he imagined she would not agree with that insane idea.

After school, Oliver and Oscar rode their bikes to the forest searching for the cabin and the entrance to the kingdom. Oscar still believed everything was a lie but continued to play along. It was odd for Oscar to see his friend going inside a tunnel under that cabin, that looked like it was about to fall apart. However, he was not believing Oliver until he saw the strange door at the end of the tunnel; a door that, despite the moisture around, it was good as new, glowing in the middle of the darkness.

The moment they entered, something happened that Oliver could never have imagined; suddenly, the sky was covered in darkness. Then, everyone stayed quiet and shocked looking up, because no one knew what was happening. The wind started to blow very hard, the noise of a storm seemed to get closer, a black clown looked to come towards them, and while all the animals took refuge from the strong winds a man showed up and from the black clouds a voice could be heard saying:

– The door has been open for someone who wasn't summoned, its presence warns darkness.

Oliver looked at that man's face but instead of being afraid, he was happy to see him, it was his father. Oliver had no idea, but since his childhood, his father was a guardian in their old town, and even in his adulthood continued protecting the magical kingdoms together with other adults.

Caleb tried to explain to Oliver that it was extremely dangerous to bring unauthorized people to the kingdom because its existence must remain a secret.

– If a magical kingdom is discovered a lot of terrible things may happen and it might lead to their destruction and the outside world would lose all its colors. Besides, inside these kingdoms, there are a lot of powerful objects that, in the wrong hands, could cause many disasters. – Caleb said warning Oliver.

Tayutic's earthquake was caused for a magical disturbance because some men

found the magical kingdom beneath the town and were trying to break in and stole its magic, the council had to send an army of elves and fairies to investigate the situation but the humans used dark magic and managed to get inside. The first forests were destroyed and some magical creatures perished; however, a young warrior called Mayawell surpassed her magic limits and managed to hide the rest of the magic world, closing the road to the humans and leaving Tayutic inhabitable so no one could invade it ever again. The battle caused the earthquake that made them leave their home, but at least, that magical kingdom will not be invaded again by ambitious people who only seek fame and power, at least now it will be saved.

Oliver never thought his father was involved with the magical world; for him, it was amazing that they were part of the same group of protectors of that fantastic land. However, Oscar saw a pair of big eyes staring at him and telling him: “You, dark one.” Oscar was terrified and ran to the door but he could not open it and more creatures flew toward him calling him “dark one” over and over. Oliver did not understand anything; however, he tried to help his friend to escape because he was worried about Oscar. Then he remembered his wand gave him the teleportation power, so he grabbed Oscar and only thought of taking him to his house where he would be safe.

Once in Oscar’s house, they made some tea and sat down to talk. Oliver was quiet and happy to see his father but Oscar was agitated because the sky darkened when they entered and wanted to know why those creatures called him the “dark one.”

– Don’t tell anyone about this, Oscar, not even your father – said Oliver very seriously.

– How am I going to tell him that? He’s never with me, doesn’t pay attention to anything I say, and never makes me lunch for school, that’s why I have to steal. I make fun of others because it makes me feel better about myself. – said Oscar overwhelmed.

– I’m sorry, buddy, I didn’t know – answer Oliver with pity.

Mr. Big Eyebrow returned home, greeted Oliver that was on his way out, and went straight to his office to finish some bills. Once he was alone with his son, he asked Oscar about the magical kingdom which Oscar answered he did not know anything more. His father force him to tell where had he been all afternoon. Oscar ended up revealing every last of his friend’s secrets.

Meanwhile, Oliver returned to his house feeling guilty for all the troubles he had caused in the kingdom. “Maybe I could write a letter to Simon, or the queen...” – he thought – “I’m sorry, I hope there’s no problem with taking Oscar to the kingdom, he is my friend and I know nothing bad will happen if he learns about the kingdom.”

Suddenly Carmen showed up.

– I know everything, Oliver, I was there. Didn’t you see me?

She explained to him patiently the importance of keeping the world safe – There are people outside in the world who wish to destroy the magic, they don’t want or don’t understand its importance for this world. Some people seek to conquer it because they believe it will grant them power. That’s why the door chooses only the right people to be part of the team. You’re lucky to be part of it but you cannot bring anyone else.

– Why everything went dark when Oscar entered? – asked Oliver curiously.

– It seems that Oscar, somehow, is related to someone who wishes evil for the kingdom, that’s why everything went dark and your father came to warn us. So, we have a new mission; we must find out why Oscar is a dark one, I don’t think he wanted to harm the magic, he didn’t even know it existed, but someone close to him does – answered Miss Carmen.

– But Oscar is good, I know it.

– Don’t worry – said Carmen – Maybe someone close to him knows more about Magic Müller than we imagine. That’s what we’re going to find out.

Chapter 13

Oscar and Oliver did not know how to start a normal conversation after what happened. For Oliver what had happened was suspicious and had doubts about this friend Oscar was weird to talk to someone who had friends that call him the “dark one,” besides he was starting to be afraid that they could some magical way to harm him. Oliver being so talkative and extroverted decided to break the ice and start the conversation with Oscar. After a while, they both concluded that Mr. Victor Big Eyebrow could be the real “dark one” for being related to Oscar.

Some days later, Oscar found out that his father attended meetings frequently. Then, He and Oliver decided to follow Oscar’s father to see what those meetings were

about.

Miss Carmen was also following him and found the two boys near the meeting place.

– What are you doing here? – asked Carmen.

– Nothing, just hanging around – said the voice with a trembling voice.

Immediately, Carme realized they were spying on Mr. Big Eyebrow, then she smiled the told them:

– Let’s spy on him, together.

They went near the meeting place, close to a window, and started to listen to people talking about how magic should not exist in the world and how important is to eliminate everything related to magic. Mr. Victor said everything Oscar had told him and that’s how they heard everything about the plan to end magic; they were planning to use Oscar to reach the door and then close it forever.

Miss Carmen spoke with the boys, invited them to her house, and told them that she was also part of the protectors of the magical world, although Oliver already knew, and that she was spying on Victor to find out what they were planning. That was how Miss Carmen, the children, and Oscar began their plan to stop Victor from approaching the door.

Chapter 14

Oscar continued sharing a lot with Oliver and even became friends with Daniela and Lucas. Lucas had the idea of starting a secret club and building a treehouse for it, Julia, who was very comprehensive and wanted to see him happy, help them to build their base.

Oliver spent his time making drawings about the kingdom, he was more than happy with everything that had happened. He saw his father and drew him everywhere and now with his best friend, who was also friends with his siblings, were building together a treehouse using the designs Oliver drew. Nathan, one of the employees of the art gallery where Julia worked, was helping them build the house. The days for Oliver were bright and beautiful, he woke up full of light, glowing and energetic. Every morning he would smile remembering the look of his father that day that he could see him in the kingdom.

On the weekend, Mr. Big Eyebrow visited the children to see the construction of

their tree house, Oscar had a lot of doubts regarding his father but he was still his father and did not want him to be suspicious of anything regarding the children's plan to continue spying on him. Oscar was able to remain calm and act as naturally as possible around his father. In the following days, Mr. Big Eyebrow did everything that was within his reach to get more information from Oscar about the magic door and its location, but Oscar pretended everything was a dream and probably none of that could happen in real life.

However, the children were not aware that while they were trying to distract Mr. Big Eyebrow with the construction of the treehouse, one of the members of the magic opposition group entered the house and went upstairs to investigate the children's room and found all of Oliver's drawings, took pictures and left the house without anyone noticing.

It was difficult to keep such a big group away from them, especially with Mr. Big Eyebrow so close to Oscar and looking for clues in everything his son was doing.

Unfortunately, Oliver's drawings were essential for the next meeting of Mr. Big Eyebrow and his group. Miss Carmen was watching the whole meeting through a hole in a wall of Victor's meeting place. Victor knew someone was spying on them and that the meetings were no longer safe, so he said his plan out loud to make sure Miss Carmen heard him.

– Now we have a possible appearance of the entrance to his magic world, we'll start an exhaustive search next Saturday at dawn, and we'll meet right here – said Mr. Big Eyebrow out loud to guarantee Miss Carmen heard everything and believed those were their real plans. In reality, they have other plans; they were going to send a group of hired children to look for the cabin that Oliver drew and once they had the location, they would meet the Friday before sunrise and walk to the cabin armed and ready to pass through the door and eliminate everything in there.

Miss Carmen warned the kingdom to be prepared and alerted the children, that was getting ready to stay in the cabin on Friday night and wait for the attack at dawn.

Everyone in the kingdom was worried and Simon was preparing his finest elf soldiers to protect their land. Queen Amara was giving serious commands to the fairies and elves, while King Abdiel was gathering the strongest creatures of the kingdom to fight with courage and save the magic.

Yiyi and Daniela were making sachets filled with boom-ty powder to throw at the

invaders and paralyzed them. As the hours passed everyone was getting more nervous, that night Yiyi told Daniela about Oliver's encounter with their father and also that their father was a guardian of the kingdom since he was a child and after his death, his spirit is still a part of the kingdom. Daniela was a little disappointed to learn that Oliver, despite the trust they had between them, never mentioned anything about that encounter and at the same time was thrilled to get the chance to see her father again and to defend the same cause he defended for so long. A couple of minutes later, Simon went to Yiyi's house with an important message.

– Good afternoon, ladies, I see you're getting ready pretty well – said Mr. Appleton and continued to deliver the message – Miss Somith, we'll have a meeting in the morning, the queen has requested to bring Mrs. Julia so she has given this potion for your mother, it's called "Memorize", so she can remember everything and help us. Besides you'll need to stay three days away from your house and it's impossible to do it without her noticing, she must know what's happening.

– Will we see our dad? – dared to say Daniela with some shyness, while looking at the Yiyi, although she was asking Simon.

– Yes, you will. Everyone must participate in this fight. Go with your brothers and give the potion to your mother. We'll be expecting you tomorrow morning – said Simon to conclude.

When Daniela returned home, she told her brothers about the important meeting the next day in the kingdom and showed them the potion Simon gave her for their mother. The children decided to go to the kitchen and offer their mother a cup of tea, she was surprised by her children's gesture.

– We want to do something nice for you, Mommy – said Lucas, while placing a pillow on her chair. Oliver was heating water in the kettle and asking her what flavor of tea would she like to drink.

– You must be tired, Mom, of standing in the gallery all day. Do you want some cookies with your tea? – asked Daniela.

After drinking the tea, Julia started to remember everything that had happened little by little, all that happened the day they found the door. She felt dizzy and her view started to cloud and for a moment she thought she was going to pass out, but was always to

recover, looked at the children and said:

– WHAAT??!!

The children looked at each other with complicity, while Julia continued talking.

– I should have suspected when you started making me questions after that picnic, I can't believe it.

Black started to bark running around the living room, Julia looked at him and asked if the dog was magical, the children laughed and were happy their mother was part of the “club.”

Julia could hardly sleep, she was anxious for the meeting, as was expected. Daniela had mentioned that their father would be there and she really wanted to see him, even for a moment.

Early in the morning, before sunrise, Julia woke up to make breakfast and a cup of tea specially to calm herself. The children started to approach the kitchen little by little and a long conversation about what to expect from the meeting began. Julia pinched herself to make sure nothing was a dream.

When they arrived at Magic Müller, Mr. Appleton and Caleb were waiting for them to take them to the queen's meeting room.

– Daddy! – said Lucas while running to hug his dad, followed by Daniela that had a smile full of love.

– I'm sorry, Dad, for bringing Oscar, all of this is my fault. – said Oliver looking at the floor.

– Come here, Oliver. None of this is your fault, there are always going to be evil people out there that will never understand the value of friendship and faith like you do. You have a great heart, son.

The four of them were hugging while Julia was looking at them with love.

– Julia, as beautiful as ever. – Caleb looked at her eyes and kissed her. No noise was made, Yiyi and Daniela were admiring their colorful boom-ty, and the boys were climbing the stairs of the tortunicorn, and getting ready to fly to the castle.

– I have missed you so much! – Julia tried to say while a tear ran down her cheek.

– I know – said Caleb – you have done a great job with the kids, look at them, they're so brave and have grown so much – they both looked at the children that were

already sitting next to Simon.

The meeting room was ready and the most important leaders of each specie of the magical creatures were there, each took a sit and the queen and king began the meeting.

– Your attention, please. We are here today because of the threats that his kingdom has had. We have received word that next Saturday we'll be attacked by a group of humans who want to destroy the magic under the excuse that such magic could become a threat to their world. These people don't understand the meaning of our duty and that's why we must defend ourselves and do our best to avoid any casualties on either side. – explained Queen Amara.

– We plan to use everything we might need; wands, potions, boom-ty dust, sleeping plants, frozen spells, and even more in our main defenses. Once we managed to capture the invaders, we will give them oblivion potions and Mr. Appleton will give them new memories to return them to their normal lives and they may continue their lives without any problem. As for the leader of this dark group, we will take it to the central magical council, where the sentence will be decided. – said King Abdiel. – Now we'll hear your opinions and advice.

The meeting went by quietly, Yiyi asked for more help in the making of the Boom-ty, Declan, a dragon trainer elf, requested protection for the chest of the dragons, and Caleb advice to be in Magic Müller three days before the invasion.

When everybody went back home, they tried to act as naturally as possible; Julia wrote to the children's high school to let them know that the children would be absent for three days. They continued building their treehouse and, even though Julia was dying to go with the children, she stayed in the house to continue her work in the gallery and prevent Mr. Big Eyebrow from having any possible suspicion about their plan.

Chapter 15

Back in Magic Müller, everyone was getting ready to face the invaders next Saturday, no one was aware that the attack was going to happen before that; however, Oscar began to suspect everything his father was doing and even though he was not going to be in the kingdom during the invasion, he wanted to investigate too and be part of Oliver's team.

During those days, Oscar saw his father coming and going from nowhere and lock himself in this office for hours with different men that went to meet up with him. Usually, Oscar did not see their faces because they were quick to enter and lock the door, plus they all wore hoodies, but he could recognize one of them for how his golden tooth was shining when he entered the house and remembered seeing someone like him hanging around the school. Oscar, with that suspicion, rushed to tell Julia and together discover that the man was the owner of the Jewelry Store “The Diamond” and was also an art lover because he bought a very expensive piece in the gallery. Julia remembered him very well and together went to his house and found other men with him and was discussing the best way to open the door the next morning, they did not believe they should wait two more days. Immediately, Julia and Oscar went to warn the children, that were already in Magic Müller, but neither Julia nor Oscar were allowed to open the door and did not know how to open it. Oscar suggested slipping a letter under the door, at that moment the door awoke and recognized Julia.

– Don’t worry, Mrs. Somith, I will give your message to the children and Simon as soon as possible – Then the door went back to sleep.

Mimi, a little fairy that was flying near the entrance, saw the letter and awoke the door to ask it if it had seen someone on the other side.

Yawning, the door answered:

– Indeed, Mimi, I saw Mrs. Somith with a boy, they seemed to have an urgent message.

Mimi did not want to wait and opened the letter, read it, and then passed the message to the first creature that saw so everyone passed the message until it reached Simon that was training his team. Simon alerted everyone and with everyone's help, they put the cleverest traps behind the door and in the surroundings. It was a busy afternoon but everyone managed to go to sleep early to save their energy.

The night was difficult for Oscar, he could not close his eyes thinking about his father’s plans against Magic Müller. The next day, early in the morning, he heard when his father woke up and left the house, so Oscar woke up too, picked up his coat, and ran to Julia’s house to let her know it was time. Then, they both ran to the old cabin to see what was happening.

The battle begins

Mr. Big Eyebrow and his henchmen were ready to break into the cabin, the battle was about to begin. They were ready to blow up the cabin to locate the road to the kingdom and destroy it.

Oscar and Julia followed them and were hiding when they suddenly heard an explosion; they blew up the cabin! Oscar covered his ears. Julia got up and ran to the cabin, Oscar followed her and they found Mr. Big Eyebrow giving instructions, while the others were entering the magic world ready to end everything.

– Victor! – said Julia startled.

Mr. Big Eyebrow looked back at Julia, and pulled a wand out of his vest; his smile was terrified, and laughed so hard that his squirrel teeth showed. He rose his hand and created a huge fire blocking the way to Julia and Oscar, later, the fire decreased. He didn't move, didn't try anything and, suddenly, he said:

– Our battle starts here. The magic world is a danger to humans. Their magic is nothing more than witchcraft.

Oscar tried to talk some sense in his father, tried to convince him it was a mistake, but Mr. Big Eyebrow said to him:

– One day, son, you will thank me.

An echo was heard saying “zos zos” and the fire grew a lot more in front of Julia and Oscar, who ran away quickly.

– Brother! What are you doing?! – said Simon enraged, his face turning red with anger and looking at Mr. Big Eyebrow.

It looked like the plans of the goblins and elves were succeeding, the humans were falling into the traps until one of them found a way to avoid them and some goblins were hurt with arrows and guns.

The humans set Yiyi's house on fire and the rest of the elves' houses were near the forest's entrance as well. A tree fell because of the fire and started to spread the fire across the forest near Mr. Sael's store.

Simon approach Daniela and Oliver that were waiting for instructions behind a tree.

– Daniela, try to eliminate the fire with your wand, use all of its power. Oliver, go to Big Eyebrow and try to capture him, we must get him out of here and take him to the dungeon. – said, Simon.

– Did you call him “brother”? – asked Daniela confused – So, Simon Big Eyebrow...?

– It’s a long story – said Simon – We are losing, the fire is too strong, we need more tortunicorns with water to stop the fires, we have too many wounded. Keep trying to stop the fire, Daniela, I’ll go with Asgard to get more water and help you with that.

A moment after Simon was on top of Asgard, he looked at the sky and saw a part of it open in a strange shape. Caleb appeared in the opening and this time he was not alone; he was with Julia’s father. Caleb greeted everyone waving his hand and whispering something to Julia’s father. The whispering continued and at that moment, a group of people were seen coming from a hill; they were guardians from other magic lands ready to join the fight.

Furious, Mr. Big Eyebrow shot to the sky turning it dark as night and Julia’s father and Caleb vanished.

Julia saw a gigantic troll beating with his huge club the wizards with pointy hats and also the magical creatures. Two wizards with cowls were standing behind Victor. They were his followers, with angry faces and ruthlessness, awaiting their master’s command to attack.

– Finish them! – said Mr. Big Eyebrow.

The two wizards attacked with their wands, making a blast similar to fireworks but these fires were a mind-control spell that affected everyone in front of them; luckily the spell could be lifted with water, and other villagers flew in some tortunicorns over their friends with water to eliminate the spell of Victor’s wizards.

Oliver used his wand to create a shield to protect the creatures from the attacks, while the small creatures were looking for shelter and trying to protect their families. The mission to get closer to Victor was getting a lot more complicated for Oliver in the middle of the battle.

Tim arrived at the battle with an army of elves shooting magic arrows at their enemies putting them all to sleep in an instant.

A dashing elf called Mateo came riding a white dragon that spitted green fire. It landed on the ground laying his head on the ground so that Mateo could get off to fight. Elián, the leader of the knights of the kingdom, took down the wizards following Victor. Finally, they were winning.

Oliver saw Victor trying to escape, he teleported himself and took Daniela with him so she could use her magical rope to trap Victor, and they succeeded. However, Victor's wish of destroying everything caused a gigantic werewolf to show up and started to walk toward the good people.

Lucas lifted some big rocks and threw them straight at the werewolf, but he was too strong to get knocked down. Tim faced him and managed to knock him down, then Lucas took advantage of the opportunity and shot at his eyes with the sunlight beam and finally, they defeat the beast.

– That's what I call super – said Mimi while throwing boom-ty to the enemies.

Victor let out an evil laugh and the darkness in the sky disappeared and - boom! – Victor covered himself in smoke and escape from Daniela's rope. The laughter was still heard, but no one could see him anywhere.

Carmen was in battle, helping Daniela. They both were shocked to see that Victor had escaped from the rope. In the middle of the commotion, Lucas found Victor creating explosions and laughing, even though he was losing the battle and his men were being taken to the grasslands to have their memories erased and replaced with new memories to send them back to their homes, Victor did not surrender. Behind his explosions there were more spells, he lifted a villager and threw him far away, then he summoned a gronock, a hideous creature with sharp fangs, and tiny slimy tongues, their skin was wrinkled and stained by the evil in their hearts but with some traits of an elf, because they were once elves who were banished for causing conflicts in the kingdom, their appearance would scare anyone and the children were terrified to see it. Victor commanded it to attack Daniela, Oliver, and Carmen. Miss Carmen stood in front of the children to protect them from a strong gust of wind, suddenly they heard a buzz; it was a tiny fairy that her wand to freeze the gronock for a few seconds, more than enough for the children to attack. Daniela tied it up with the rope, Lucas strokes it with the sunlight beam and the monster faded. The fairy looked at the children and smiled at them.

Victor still refused to surrender and all of a sudden, the children notice that his hands were furry.

– Is he wearing gloves? – asked Lucas.

Victor's eyes turned white, started to shake horribly, and scared everyone, his ears looked like an animal's ears, he was moving his head and his teeth turned into fangs, then his eyes changed to red, his skin covered in fur, and claws in both hands; he became a werewolf! As soon as the transformation was completed, he attacked Mimi, who attacked him back. Lucas bewitched him and made him sing opera, the spell was powerful so Victor could not fight it. The children were laughing until they saw something that changed their mood; a dead magical puppy, they ran to cover it with a blanket and returned to the battlefield, the fight was over. Lucas continued controlling Victor until Simon arrived and stopped the spell and transformed Victor back into his human self and took him to the prison to face the judgment of the Magical Council.

Tim arrived flying in a dragon with Elian, followed by Mateo who was riding a tortunicorn to take the injures to the hospital.

The kingdom's hospital was full of magic, the kingsleys, magical creatures who could heal wounds, worked there. They had human form, but were much taller, with green and purple eyes, smooth skin, and pointy ears. The Kingsley leader was called Terry Craft. He was preparing the hospital to receive the big number of wounded that he knew was coming.

The magic world was not the same as before, the destruction of the battle made it horrific. The heat of the fires was overwhelming, but the survivors were picking up the rubble, stopping the fire, taking the wounded to the hospital, and taking the humans to their homes with no memory of the kingdom or the magic, instead, they had new normal fully human memories.

After several days of working and with the help of the children, including Oscar, the kingdom was recovering. The queen and king called a new meeting to let them know the decision of the council regarding Victor Big Eyebrow.

– Here we are once more, but this time is not to plan our defenses but to feel thankful to be able to continue with our duty and return to our normal lives. We all mourn the lives that were lost, but in that pain, we also found the joy of having defeated the

invaders who wanted to destroy us. – Caleb said to start the meeting, he was the chairman of the Council and was leading the meeting with the queen and king.

– For those who didn't know him, Mr. Big Eyebrow was a wizard. His mother was an elf who married a human guardian in the magical world of Mexico City, they had two children: Simon and Victor. Sadly, she got sick and died, her husband was so depressed that died of sadness in his room and their children were adopted by different families that kept them apart. Until Simon learned about the magical kingdoms and became a very important wizard in Magic Müller. He decided to look for his brother. To his surprise, Victor had no idea about the magical world and his life hadn't been very good after he was adopted, so, he started to envy his brother to the point of wanting to destroy him. Sometime later, Victor began to look for magical worlds to destroy them and eliminate all the magic in the world.

Most of those present there knew their story, although they could not anticipate Victor wanting to destroy them. For Julia and the children that was big news, and they felt sorry for Victor.

– Maybe he had terrible adoptive parents – said Oliver to Tim.

– Yes, you're right, Oliver. – answered Tim.

Queen Amara asked for everyone's attention to explain that despite Victor having succeeded in attacking other kingdoms, this time he had failed.

– Besides, this time we were lucky enough to capture him because this time his plans were different. He has studied so much magic that he has mastered it, also remember he is half-elf and has magical blood. As punishment, we will extract all of his magic, erase his memory of this world including Simon, and then he will relocate so he may live a normal life.

Oscar was sad and asked:

– What about me? I don't want to forget this world. I want to live here, if possible; my father never paid me any kind of attention and I always felt that I lived alone.

The queen gave Oscar two options: erase his memories about his father or his memories about Magic Müller.

– You could live with us if you want. – said, Julia.

Oscar looked back on his memories and had never been happier than when he met

Oliver and his family, because his father never took any interest in him. So, he decided to keep his memories of the magical world and the Somith family.

At last, the kingdom returned to normal, the happiness of its people filled the whole world with color, and the magic was still alive and protecting all of us. The children hugged and danced with joy, their lives were changing and their adventures had just begun.

The End

4.2 Translation from English to Spanish: IBIS of Imaginings: A Poetic Diary

La Muerte de las Bellas Artes

Mis espuelas con canto plateado mientras
cabalgaba por el borde
y ahí estaba, la Ibis,
de pie por su equinoccio.
El río la seguía;
su velocidad le daba movimiento
y en su movimiento, significado:
el pie fijo de la presunción renacentista.
Desde las hojas mi pistola quebrantó
el cráneo de sus pensamientos
y el río con su velocidad
la alejó de mí.

Abril, 1970

Odisea del Río Pend Oreille

Una gentil lluvia cae
en el río Pend Oreille
sobre el álamo, abedul y tamarack
la continuidad de la posteridad
debo lograrlo por los niños
un relámpago capturado en una
exhibición purificadora.
El tiempo pronto a acabarse

el balbuceo causa impaciencia
tanto que hacer
cuales son los encargos de la vida
perdidos en el tiempo
viajeros atrapados en ilusiones de la
mente
el río alejándola de mí
la ruptura de las hojas se silenció.
Una lluvia ligera
gris y calmada
gran oído francés de nobleza
en un sombrero de piel de castor
llevado por canoa
la moda desaparece
como la muerte inquieta al vanidoso.
Montañas y ríos de palabras
madera verde, palabras verdes
abeto, cedro y tamarack de palabras conos
caídos
la primavera, esperanza para la
inmortalidad.
La lluvia moja la hoja
palabras de agua

corriendo profundo
la gravedad de su eterno invierno
la hibernación del oso negro
el Ursa del cielo del norte
acechando el invierno y verano
colgando silencioso pero seguro
la llave al pivote
guía a la estrella del norte.
La lluvia aún persiste
una niebla de palabras
nubes cargadas de palabras
el poder de la palabra es el movimiento
una vida de palabras,
palabras de purificación y redención
palabras de limpieza y santificadoras.
Desde la lluvia
una cubierta para las palabras
enmarcados justo para tal ocasión somos
una nueva era
mucho está sucediendo
donde se encuentra el horizonte
imagina a lo lejos una esperanza de
palabras

“nosotros que poseemos fuerza debemos
soportar las dificultades del débil y no
sacar placer para nosotros”.
Una nueva forma florece
confianza en las palabras
para cumplir con los pedidos de muchos
la presión de las palabras
pueden herir
“pero ser, hacer y vivir del bien por el
bien”.
Debes triunfar
ganador de palabras
el poder de las palabras en una lucha
desinteresada
tú que “sabes de proviene tus
bendiciones”.
Gansos a lo largo del río
que están diciendo
en este regreso de la primavera
luego los dos
macho y hembra
volado solos en pareja
la lluvia ha cesado.

La Cabina

Solía vivir en una cabina
un ataúd erguido
o casita iluminada para teléfonos
en el bosque por un camino solitario,
abetos en invierno y álamos en verano
mirando el exterior, el mundo pasaba en
pedazos
mi visión se descuidaba
en muros madera fuerte fina
solo fragmentos de mundos girando
afuera
luego dormí encima del río
flotando como horizonte
esperando mi desfile fúnebre
cuando ella pasó a la deriva
cráneo destruido y alas rotas
una cojera húmeda cubierta en plumas

mi corazón se conmovió
con la corriente del río
y me puse en movimiento
mi extraña caja a la deriva
girando de costado y luego derecho en el
remolque de las corrientes
estoy seguro que molesté
a los dolientes, elogiador y organista de
seguro perdí las ofrendas de despedida
pero avancé a pesar de todo
a la deriva, volcado y remojado jadeando
hasta que nadé
dando vueltas y rodando, una nutria
divirtiéndose
sin notar mi tabernáculo
mientras el mar me llamaba
para salvar el ave que derribé.

7 de Julio, 1991

El ibis de pensamientos

Sentí un escalofrío de desesperanza en
mis últimos momentos con ella capturada
en una velocidad llena de quietud
su debilidad rígida flotando
en la cara cóncava
de los resplandecientes azules celestiales
de la tumba eterna
perdida en su cierre turbulento
de la cresta colapsando golpeando dentro
de la rasgadura del túnel un conducto a
una repercusión
en la milagrosa misericordia del entierro
de la naturaleza.
Mi condenación me ha perseguido
recordando cuando en un delirio
premeditada
con miedo a la revelación de la
abnegación
y su peso de conocimiento mi pistola
disparó a través de los jóvenes arboles del
arroyo destruyendo el cráneo de sus
pensamientos
luego fue imposible escapar de mi

memoria
yo justifiqué su destrucción
hasta que mi preocupación empezó a
consumirme
mi única esperanza era su vida
y su evocación dimensional de palabras.
Queriendo creer que ella podría
reaparecer
esperé en una constante ansiedad
de ánimos
a través de un ciclo completo de mareas
sintiendo cada variación axial de la
gravedad
mientras las aguas y me preguntaba con la
esperanza de verla sola con el albatros
el innovador de la tarde de la convección
o durmiendo con pelicanos a la luz de la
luna
hasta que las colinas despertaran
en sus refugios corrosión corrugada en
medio de la reunión con el gallo.
He estado atemorizado de ella y mi ruina
perderla fue mi manera de superarlo pero

con su muerte una parte de mí se
oscureció
ocultando mi luz con culpa
hasta que fui en busca de ella
para satisfacer mi necesidad interior una
vez más
pero solo en mi mente ella vuelve a vivir
como quetzales de los horizontes
profundos
en una armonía oculta con las hojas de
corteza
y flores amarillas con un toque de
translucidez esmeralda
para una florida soberanía de plumas.
Me dormí en la mira del amanecer de mi
vigilia
soñando con un vuelo de grullas
adelantándose a la nieve
sobre la superficie nublosa de la mañana
del somorgujo despertándose en
sorprendentes ráfagas de terminación
presiento una nueva conjugación de
resolución
viendo vagamente la etimología de mi

trabajo
el prefijo y sufijo de mi separación física
ahora la escucho en el viento
las corrientes cálidas de su disolución
agitando los cielos.
La calidad de querer a alguien se
convierte en la proporción del amor
la energía de mis palabras y el consuelo
del perdón
su valencia debilitante en la evaporación
es la asimilación de una nueva conexión
porque no somos más que una joya de
condensación
en una lluvia de galaxias
toda esta circunspección de cristal una
arruga conteniendo nuestra hélice de vida
espolones plegados de inclusión
reflectante
ventanas de visión sin distorsión
de nuestras restringidas culturas de
pensamiento.

July, 1991

Poemas de 1965-1970

Deslumbrante, me elevo hacia el despertar

Tus ojos brillan
como ópalos rotos detrás de cola de
pescado
mientras observas la suave llama de aceite
de la lámpara
saltar y bailar en una expiración sin fin.
Un tributo solitario a la edad,
porque el primer y vigésimo año han
pasado
y sus temporadas también,
como focas irrigadas vislumbradas en su
estallido
a través de campos de verano de jacintos
de berilo y zafiro.

Ideas en el espejo de la inclusión poética

Era la forma
de aquel inicio en mi habitación,
la sordera rota del refugio.
Desde mi ventana,

las frágiles intimidades de la luz
acariciaron el frío cielo nocturno hasta
someterlo
mientras los reflejos en mi espejo eran las
tangentes de vigésimo tercer año
como la neblina de junio
cargada sobre el cauce
hasta que los tonos del amanecer
trajo los acantilados de Dover ante mis
ojos
y nuestro ferry rompió el agua de manera
más métrica.

Solo es la cola de un caballo

Durante la lluvia dorada de finales de
octubre,
doblado entre los álamos,
como una variedad de ojos ansiosos, mis
numerosos veranos susurraban sus
despedidas.
He escalado ese prado,
donde nuestros fuegos nos han liberado
de las noches

y todas estas historias contadas una y otra vez.

Pero era distinto,
similar a regresar al hogar de la infancia
y encontrarse con un extraño.

Mientras estuve ahí en el silencio del
ayer,

los escalofríos de las cadenas me
golpearon,
triturando el aire,
y escuché el pecho de un caballo agitarse
mientras su cabeza estalló blanco sobre
los jóvenes arboles del arroyo.

Me acerqué y observé
que era un árabe blanco
encadenado,
por deambular.

Una futura desesperación

Estoy hambriento de esas fastidiosas
plagas de un tiempo antiguo
que cuelgan de mi corazón como gotas de
lluvia en un tendero
y vacían las cabañas en los cañones.

Las eternidades se ríen de las confusiones
de la hoja de oro

y los árboles se doblan bajo el peso de la
nieve.

El tiempo juega a las atrapadas con el hijo
del vecino, y ellos ríen y hablan del
verano pasado.

La enfermedad vino al vecindario,
y las mujeres fueron y vinieron y
hablaron de una cura.

Pero durante todo el invierno solo pude
pensar en usar mi bolígrafo para escribirte
y preguntar:

“Soy el gorrión que es vigilado por el
halconero, o es mi nombre escrito en el
aliento de fuego, y las alas de relámpago
y el trueno de los mil ojos?”.

Mi alma continúa esperando en el
pensamiento del monte Herman. Anhele
conocer como uno, los cuarenta veranos
de mi corazón y ver tus ojos, pero las
cortinas de mi hogar tiemblan,
y el viento es una parodia vacía de mis
sueños; la corriente un murmullo de

frustración,
y un tiempo entre conchas desechadas de
la playa del sur.

**Para M. Hernández y V. Agudo,
creadores de guitarras magnificas.**

Dibuja con cuidado tu avión,
amigo humilde con rizos plateados y ojos
conocedores del grano.

Puedes escuchar la orilla del mar y las
alas cafés regresando en la primavera;
puedes verlas

llegando

a través de rizos de Chipre,
cantando avellana y sonriendo

y la única almendra de la costa en aceite
de oliva dorado;

¿Puedes peinar con delicadez la luz de las
estrellas a través de su cabello con dedos
líquidos?

“Sí”, respondió él

“Me siento como uvas nuevas creciendo
bajo el sol”.

Y luego, con rizos plateados y ojos
conocedores de grano

él volvió a inclinarse
y dibujó con cuidado el avión afilado con
piedra.

Santa madre de nuestro amado señor

Tu hijo, con vestimenta escarlata y
sandalias rotas,

un niño fuera del desierto

ser alanceado hasta su última lagrima
pero eran eternas

y resurgir como muchos de nuevo como

luz de un globo de cristal

para ondular carruajes de perlas del amor
del Señor

y descansar en los santuarios celestiales
donde las flores florecen en medio del
fuego.

Desde fuera del sueño

Mi amor me dice

que ella vio camellos

durmiendo en el desierto.

Ella dijo que se vino una brisa,

que levantó la arena a su alrededor:

esparciendo sueños verdes de elogios de

palmares a través de océanos de
fracciones esparcidas.

Mi pequeño amigo

Mi amigo, con ojos de oliva,
¿a donde te diriges?
Por supuesto,
hasta la orilla de mar para poner piedritas
juntas y cantar.
El sol, me temo, no te compadecerá, mi
amigo almendra, tan café y seco como la
arcilla de un alfarero.
Ayuda al pescador a tender sus redes.
¿Conoces las suturas de su dedo?
Sí, las que son para atrapar branquias;
para hacer los fuegos oler dulce. Algún
día, también tendrás un bote. La sal seca
se endurecerá rígida y blanca; tus brazos
agotados dolerán y anhelarás dormir.

La capilla

Las paredes de la capilla rodean
un centenar de voces de veranos de alfalfa
en los templos de álamo y malva loca y
llenos de lunas sobre tréboles y centeno.
Sentado entre estos corales
llamando al hogar sus nombres en tierras
fértils y me susurran,
sin creer en el amanecer blanco del mar y
yo te contaré sobre las estrellas
temblando;
sobre la carpa de Orión cayendo
al sonido de aguas temblorosas entonces
conocerás, igual que ellos, el resplandor
del cristal y la velocidad de las nubes.
¿Qué conjunto de piedra, ahuecado en
una habitación, puede soportar tanto?
Sus esposos les enseñan a sus hijos la
dicha y milagros de orar
y sanar sus hogares bajo
las palmas callosas antes del verano y
moverse en palabras de devoción.

Confianza

Te llamaré, desde un torbellino de alas,
con una voz como las notas de amatista
de un pianista y recordarás las noches que
cayeron como lluvia a tu alrededor
y los ancianos, hablando en la reverencia
de la pianola
y el tintineo de sueños de cinco centavos.
Recordarás los cisnes del lago
donde solías jugar
y tu abuela hablaba sobre los pájaros.
Recordaras mi voz, de esas noches
contigo
y las largas caminatas, el aroma de
naranja y jazmín
y el sonido del mar, apoyado contra ti.
Te veras a ti mismo, como te veías
en ese entonces, en tu espejo a la par de la
ventana de geranios
y tu cabello dorado en el sol. Escucharas
las palmares susurrando por las calles
y las hijas de Jerusalén llorando
y en ese momento, me verás
venir, fuera de la ciudad,

sus cortinas de satín temblando,
porque no puede ocultar sus rostros.
Me verás en esas horas
y ahí sabrás que SOY YO.

Zopilote en Acapulco

Ven, siéntate.
Dobla tu pliegue,
mi amigo buitres,
con toques blancos, capucha negra, alas
intentado elevarse, extrayendo,
empujando.
Tu cabeza, escupió sangre;
ojos ardientes en sus pozos superficiales;
tu pico, más fuerte que sus entrañas,
arrecostado, sin vida, oloroso, lugar para
gusanos.
Tú sabes.
Tu estómago fluye con intensidad
sabiendo.
Ven, siéntate.
Deja tu capucha fluir.
Siéntate conmigo
y prueba la dulzura de la sal, sal tropical.

Sin título

Ella fluyó de mi valle como fantasías y
sentó en unas rocas
observando a las mujeres,
bajo el sol,
lavando la vestimenta.

Recolecciones de la Jolla

Su hermana gritó por lavanda debajo de
las tranquilas palmeras
y la abadía se estremeció en enredaderas
de uvas.
Era por la tarde en el patio de su padre.
Micaela paseaba en su jardín de geranios
y buganvillas
mientras el niño de cerámica se mantenía
de pie
en el estanque de lirios
y ella pensó en las campanas, oxidadas,
que colgaban de los arcos de la torre.
Su hermana gritó por lavanda debajo de
las tranquilas palmeras
y Micaela tomó un taxi hacia la casa de su
padre.

La cena se sirvió en el patio
y su padre se sentó a fumar mientras la
hermana de Micaela bajaba las escaleras
de azulejos
con aves en sus ojos y sentó en silencio.
La cena acabó y poco fue dicho mientras
las campanas de la abadía le susurraban
en fracciones al viento y la luna persistía
en el jardín de Micaela.

Que es el asunto con el amor

Daphne era una virgen verde o árbol
perseguido por rizos de mar de cabello
azul cuando un arte de física, en Tesalia,
Peneo actuó
y carne se veía como corteza
y su cabello cubierto de hojas.
La idea colorea la metáfora.
En el patio, debajo de la yuca seca,
macetas de siena son rellenas
con la caza verde de Apolo.
Fruta en la canasta,
aquí bajo el sol deseándote;
mientras la yuca florece en tu cabello.

Caqui es melocotón en nuestra
participación, mientras el viento de hueso
de ballena nos acaricia.

Oh, esas cañas

Esas cañas cantan sobre noches en
naranjas
y de la librea de un yermo errante de
pezuñas de plata
y del río floreciente, translúcido con las
eras, devanado como gardenias enlazadas
a través de su trenza doradas
y de Pegaso bailando en los techos de
Triana.

Me senté en mi jardín escuchando a las
fuentes de la lluvia excepcional;
la luna escondida detrás del velo de las
buganvillas y los pétalos caídos de mi
rosa reflejan mi amor por Micaela.

Esas cañas traen sus canciones llorando
encima del tren de la montaña y cantan
entre ellos como si fuera la corte de
Eleanor d'Aquitaine.

La Sonata y Domenico Scarlatti

¿Qué diferencia podría hacer
si Scarlatti era feliz
en la fiesta portuguesa de Bárbara Ann?

Con una infeliz escandalosa por madre,
Bárbara solo podía recurrir a su padre,
un despreocupado con bigote de
vacaciones lamentables.

Luego, en una fiesta de jardín ambiental,
Ann decidió volar a Ferdinand.
Scarlatti estaba encantado.

Al trabajo en bicicleta

Pedaleando a través de la lluvia dorada,
¿puedes ver mis radios plateados?

No puedes escucharlos,
contra el aire de la mañana,
en la hojas cayendo,
ingenio brillante en mi propio aire, dando
la vuelta al mundo sobre goma.

Botticelli audaz escapando del verano.

Las calles no son el término de mi visión.

Un extraño solitario pedaleando con
intención para ejercitar que árboles son
estos sin sus extremidades.

El frío es pesado en la hora;
sin embargo, el hielo es como fuego
donde poca sangre fluye
y mis plegarias se estiran
desde esquinas por todo el camino.

El viaje

De noche estuve
en la proa del bote,
observando su estela.
Su emoción cortante sobre el mar
era luminiscente
con los dinoflagelados.
Estábamos en un sendero brillante,
eliminando la oscuridad,
cruzando como banco de peces,
ellos partirían en todas las direcciones:
una miríada de meteoritos.
Por un momento era Orfeo,
el viento salado contra mí;
mi canción era la energía y el espíritu de
la maquinaria de nuestra nave.
El Argo, una tripulación esforzando en la
noche,
mientras yo determinaba nuestro curso,

el dispensador de luz de nuestro viaje.
Mientras yo cantaba más allá de nuestro
destino marcado;
más allá de nuestra presencia actual.
Mi canción es la creación
de mis horas en el mar.
Ver agua brillante
mueve mi tiempo:
caminar en La Jolla de nuevo,
las noches en jazmines y estrellas,
la carpa de Orión cubriéndome,
el gran eucalipto doblándose
como huesos apenas en su carne;
el sol de la tarde con azules relucientes
rodando el naranja y lavanda a través del
océano;
hermoso desde la playa, con el cielo
inundado en una conmoción blanca sobre
la costa, formando el día.
Las gaviotas se vuelven más amistosas,
estando alrededor encorvadas,
el viento sacudiendo sus plumas;
y varios pelicanos,
deslizándose rápidamente a través de la

superficie del mar
y dos leones marinos de regaliz, girando
con gentileza en contra las olas,
luego desapareciendo por un minuto.
Las gaviotas agarraron el viento, riendo y
silbando desde sus barrigas. Por doce días
y noches
estuvimos sobre el mar,
perplejos solo por la ambigüedad de la
distancia,
siempre mirando hacia el horizonte, mi
canción grita para conocerla.
Sabiendo la ubicación de la tierra, solo
necesitábamos encontrarla.
En el séptimo día de la segunda semana,
anclamos
y llevamos nuestros botes pequeños a la
costa,
encontramos abundancia de frutas y agua
sabrosa:
piña, papaya y melones amarillos en
enredadoras.
No puedes llegar a una tierra, comer e irse
y olvidarse de ella.

Tantos eran los patrones de las estrellas
ahí durante la noche
y los días abundantes en coral
y hojas como orejas de elefantes.
No podíamos olvidar ser,
como olvidar a Cristo.
Hemos asumido su fuerza,
haciendo las paces con él aquí.
Tenemos esa cantidad de compañía en el
mar.
Las montañas cantan a mi alrededor.
No estoy sobre el mar.
He viajado todo Julio ese día, cruzando
por el Valle de Manti y Ephraim,
la cuna de tantos sueños.
No viajé como un extraño;
mi sangre ha venido aquí antes,
mi carne le dio vida a los árboles.
La sutileza de la granja se manifestó en la
perspicaz creencia
que la vida no terminaba aquí, ni nunca.
Luego, Demóstenes demostró una nueva
forma a la impresión de los atenienses:
la fuente de la ratio legis, nuestro orden.

El Argo no estaba sin propósito.
Ratio legis, les enseñó a los ancianos, era
el objeto natural de la idea, pero más
expresivo que el objeto.
Para dibujar una forma, el status quo,
llamado luego como el ius naturale:
la imagen ya no era el contraste
definitivo de la aparente muerte del
cuerpo de Susanna,
su copa con cymar fluyendo
pero el principio de su movimiento,
bien razonado, era eterno.
No podemos definir por otros:
el viaje es hacia una ciudad puesta
en contra de la noche
pero rota en prisiones de lluvia
por la mañana.
Fuimos personajes, pero también somos
autores.
Los hombres de los minerales arrastrados
a tiempo; el velero estirado por el viento.
Una gaviota gira y se sumerge; un pez
volador rompe el agua una cruz arrojada
de plata, atrapada solo en el sol.

Navegando por el mundo con las estrellas

Navegando sobre el abisal del mar,
mi balandra navega los pilares del sol
de ondas refractadas;
el ritmo de la ballena piloto rompe
el agua;
esperamos a la noche.
Las vistas del sextante describen
el intelecto.
Sobre los océanos estamos por encima
del mundo.
Cresta del viento navegando
por la estrella de la constelación:
vela mayor de foque, vela de proa
en el viento;
el cielo de la serpiente de verano
en las manos de Ophiuchus y Antares
clava la columna de Escorpio.
En la ausencia de la luz del sol
de las aguas profundas,
creaturas bentónicas como esponjas de
vidrio viven en cieno.

La vida no se originó aquí, de acuerdo
a la ciencia, pero deambuló desde el
litoral,
nuestras esferas pelágicas superiores.
Sin viento ni corriente de nuestro lado
perturba la tranquilidad a miles de brazas
de nuestro casco; la oscuridad de la noche
siempre está presente; aire delgado destila
todo.
Soñando en la superficie, un albatros se
eleva asustado.
Subiendo en el cielo del este,
que albatros aclara a Pegaso, atrapando el
rocío del mar de la caza del delfín;
él tocó alas con Cygnus
pero se devolvió al rostro de Draco.
El viento cambia; la vela mayor revela la
calidad de la mente del norte.
Jirafa amarilla, estirando por acacia, ¿eras
el deporte de Cefeo o el caballo de
Casiopea?
Sin coherencia en nuestro extravío leemos
el modernista por línea.
El consensus Gentium, hundido

en el sentido de la rima, se acomoda
cortésmente en la obesidad y el limo
del lodo.
En el fondo se alaba la igualdad: ningún
cambio diurno o estacional en la luz
o el calor de ese lugar. Miembros
del abisal, por necesidad, carroñeros de
comida que cae o caníbales de su raza
bentónica.
La superficie está muy por debajo de mí.
Estoy atrapado en el viento de las
estrellas.
La estrella Arturo centellea el cielo
occidental.
Rompe agua con más profundidad,
llevando osos a través de los cielos
que trazamos solos.
**La forma de la arcilla sobre la rueda
del alfarero**
¿Qué elocuencia es el giro
si los elementos de sus dedos
no son los que tiene en sus manos,
ni la imagen en su visión

es la forma que está tomando en donde se
ubica?

¿Podría la razón ser religiosa
si lo fuera, pero la forma en el vidrio
o debe ser el ser de la sombra arreglado
con la arcilla?

¿Es la belleza del diamante
que aumenta con una lámina
o por ese sonido del movimiento en el
aire, hasta que te aseguras que es una cola
roja girando?

¿Es el coro de los vientos del álamo
o el eco de las aguas de arroyo
que encanta al jinete ensillado mientras
desciende por el borde del cañón?
¿O es la razón en el descubrimiento de tu
niño que la caída de hojas es la cercanía
del invierno:

¿el castaño, amarillo y luego el hielo?
Pero el trigo de invierno es satisfactorio
Junio:
debajo de la nieve la vida brota esta
noche.

La respuesta esta en la demanda de

arcilla, la regla dominante de su diseño,
que definimos nuestra propia deidad.

¿Dónde en su giro, cuando los pies del
alfarero ya no empujen la rueda ni sus
dedos manejen su genio?

¿Está terminado al final,
ante la puerta del horno?

No, el final no es el giro, pero la unión de
la forma con fuego.

Sabaoth

Que anchos parecen los cedros
en comparación a la pendiente del señor
Herman;
una ola de ellos esta furiosa a mi lado,
mientras el ritmo hace rodar el eco del
acero del cielo
sobre las espaldas de los cúmulos, rotos
por los rayos del sol estentóreos, y
ventanas cerúleas que se cierran y abren,
volviendo dorado los valles de los olivos,
ámbar y azafrán en sus movimientos.

Estoy parado donde Sabaoth pasó cuando
vino de caminar en el mar,
las costas de Sidón y Tiro hacia Galilea,

a lo largo de las costas de Decápolis hasta
los oídos que se abren al estruendo del
agua precipitada y los hilos de lenguas

Los gansos en la noche

Nuestro planeta se curva bajo el ala de los
gansos,
tomando sus turnos en el cielo de finales
de Octubre, fantasmas grises abren el aire
mortal,
cubriendo en sombras los jardines que
mueren.

La bandada, como arco de ático, se
arquea con reverencia, describiendo el
espacio en calidades de su escape.

No verán atrás hacia la nieve arrastrada ni
al hielo tomar sus aguas como un ladrón.

El amanecer sorprendido con la llamada
de bocina, el cambio del viento de cañas
inclinadas. Cargando los lagos,
lanzando el agua hacia el cielo, ascienden
con resolución en sentido de partida.

En un suave viento de estruendo de alas,
migran hacia la vida.

Las horas llenas de vuelo invitan a mis

cortados para dar canciones.

seguidores, en la noche de calabaza
contra el diseño del álamo amarillento,
para componer la guardia, el arco de alas,
y conocer y trazar su curso en línea.

Poemas de 1971-1985

El ensueño de las Montañas Oquirrh

El viento que explota la flama de mi alma
silba a través de mi casa de esquisto
construida por los sueños de mi abuelo
pastor para su esposa e hijos.

Construyendo con piezas de esquisto su
visión de un hogar, granero y corrales
mientras aquí en contra de noventa años
de viento, lluvia, sol, hielo y nieve me
siento como estas matas de hierba
centinela
sembradas con valentía en este suelo
renuente y flores elocuentes como arcoíris
frágiles pero boyantes apoyadas contra
este viento de montaña rocosa.

Cascada Spokane

En febrero, vientos del sudoeste trajeron
un deshielo temprano: esmaltado de roca
de agua proveniente de cortinas de vidrio
vital derramando una transparencia una
transparencia reflejada de aquel día

caluroso de invierno, cayendo en
torrentes, montañas de nieve, pasaron días
y noches de una deriva silenciosa,
agitando corrientes profundas de agua.

Rápidos de violencia blanca chocaron en
el nexo de la oposición.

Árboles, sin hojas, se alzaron en contra la
crecida del río cuando, inflando los
mares, llegaba desde el continente donde
enormes turbinas revestidas de hormigón
ancladas a redes eléctricas arrancaron
hasta la última gota de las cataratas de
salmón.

Arbusto en fuego

Toma tu arbusto en fuego
y ponlo en un jarrón
antes de que incendie el mundo.

Luego huye a las montañas:
escucha los truenos,
regocíjate en la lluvia.

La tormenta pasará

y te habrás escabullido en la noche.

La mitad de la vida

Viajar tarde y ventanas de fatiga abren la
atracción de la luna; mientras capas de
dolor lavado se agitan en mi cráneo
y la mitad de la vida realza su advertencia
certera y ominosa de que la juventud ha
escapado;
dejándome para recordar cuando intenté
medir las dimensiones de mi mente al
cerrar mis ojos para observar y el cielo de
la noche se abrió para estrellas más
jóvenes dando energía a grandes
nebulosas fluorescentes
adornando brazos espirales de galaxias
estaciones espaciales como faros
brillantes señalando el infinito; mientras
antiguas novas explotan a través de
horizonte de años luz reponiendo gases y
enriqueciendo fracciones de los elementos
pesados, eternos manantiales de brasas,
formando capullos de nubes de moléculas
para el nacimiento de otra estrella.

Viento de agosto contra la cima

Harrison

Como las nubes de trueno retumban, los
vientos más fuertes prevalecen,
esparciendo las últimas olas plateadas del
sol a través del lago mientras una división
torcida de curvas de cornisas de granito,
elevándose al cielo como grandes velas,
convirtiendo el mundo en un clima más
violento
y tejas de relámpagos
recalcan la tormenta que se acerca.

Testimonio

Arraigado en lo profundo de nuestro
bosque lleno de vida,
mi testimonio es reconfirmado
en el convenio diario
mientras escalo hacia su cumbre sagrada
y los árboles se mueven como mi corazón
con el viento del fuego.
Los zapatos son puestos aparte y el
exhausto se arrodilla frente las ventanas
de cedro
y los susurros de la mañana calman una
mente ansiosa.

Perforando nubes galácticas, años luz se
convierten en un instante;
el poder del mundo no tiene tiempo ni
restricción.

Regocijo agradecido, seguro y
reconfortante,
como un navegante del mundo, sextante y
compás al pie fijos en mi sala de
navegación de madera, mientras el sol de
la mañana brilla a través de un fuerte
rocío.

Suite estrella, mis niños

Las inundaciones del oro carmesí de
otoño
por cañones esmaltando el último éxtasis
del año.

Días y años concebidos de los sueños
arraigados al valle.

Pioneros a Sion,
su problema iluminando estrellas, eran
una visión,
y los ancianos de hoy,
volando hasta los confines de la Tierra,

silbando la palabra,
recordando el convenio.

Como peregrinos en una tierra extraña,
estamos resguardados en apartamentos de
historia.

Nuestro pequeño niño necesita una
hermana, y un abuelo pasa del borde;
sus caballos corriendo hacia los campos
de invierno,

Junio en trigo es preservado esta noche; la
música de su vida

nunca podemos olvidar.

Acunado debajo del cielo de invierno, la
espada de Orión, brillando en el viento,
silbando a través de árboles estériles.

El mundo que ella hace se mide en su
canción.

Ella es la inventadora, la soñadora,
viajando a través de océanos,
la mirada a la deriva.

La adversidad hace crecer y fortalecer, la
alegría es refinada.

Más brillante que las estrellas, la sinfonía
del sol, mi sangre, problema, sangre,

esperanzas, trabajo y Su gloria.

Poemas de 1986-1988

Los faros de nuestro amor

¿Qué ocurre cuando la mente escapa,
volando de sus restricciones?
El aullido de agua salvaje
a través de abedul y pino:
la dispersión violenta del tiempo de las
hojas y acículas, sus ramas enroscadas
como sogas;
nuestra diminuta seguridad
rota y enviada en desorden.
Los rincones más profundos de nuestra
conciencia investigados:
su energía liberada,
combinando vastas nebulosas de memoria,
comprimida para explotar,
pionero a través de las fronteras del
entendimiento.
El abrir de su puerta:
revelando horizontes arremolinados,
nuevos significados de amor solo
imaginados a distancia en una calma sin
dimensión
pero ahora forma, imponentes destellos de

luz,
faros de nuestro amor,
convirtiendo mi corazón en su atracción,
consolando y sanando con su química.

Legiones de Herederos

El viento dobla mi página
y yo le doy vuelta,
buscando entre las flores de primavera y
los esqueletos de la juventud del verano
pasado
para que las palabras registren este
momento de anhelo.
Entendí que no estaba aquí por casualidad.
Ayunando para atravesar el velo y estar
cara a cara con el energético ancestro
ordinario.
Miedos como vientos fríos de montaña,
corriendo a través de las praderas
desoladas del medio oriente, cristales
árticos flotando en un rito de matrimonio
noruego. Luego dichas de las sinfonías de
la luz de sol navegando con ritmo brillante
en lagos de verano.

Agua de renacimiento

El Lago Louise nutrido por grandes
glaciares, un hábitat de verano para la
regeneración de la vida.

Pero la ecuación no está completa. Poco
conocidas son las muchas caras, esperando
por la eternidad, sabiendo mucho más que
nosotros, comunicándose solo cuando nos
sacrificamos a escuchar y luego,
no siempre oímos.

Muchas veces hemos tenido que atender
nuestras mentes y oídos, esforzándonos
para entender su simple petición de
conocimiento que solo nosotros podemos
pasarles; liberándolos para avanzar.

Esto es más trascendental que la
infatuación del amor:
almas atraídas por legiones de herederos,
con la esperanza de que, mientras la escena
final se acerca, ellos serán escuchados y
sus sueños serán recordados.

En el camino

Truchas veloces de vidrio eclosionando
devociones turbo cargadas bajando las
largas praderas de asfalto con líneas largas
amarillas; cantando: “¿Cuántas millas más
hacia Montana, Manhattan?”

¿Qué clase de chiste es esta chica de
ciudad?

Cuatro corredores de los Rolling Stones
contra la divisoria continental: grandes ríos
en el cielo de constelaciones silenciosas
deformadas por la gravedad y la realidad
amortiguada de Goodyear. Arpegios de
colinas, ponis indios, patios desordenados
de mala hierbas, cercas rotas, guitarras de
postes telefónicos, sus cuerdas riendo,
cansado de dormir y susurrando: “Te amo-
apúrate a casa esta noche”.

Bailemos en cuadrilla, Abuela

Las fronteras de la mente consciente solo
se abren, dando vueltas tan altas como un
halcón buscando;
el ratón de campo con mejillas llenas de

semillas corre a su agujero, mientras
nosotros recordamos a nuestros ancestros
con correa de cuero y algodón y las malas
hierbas rebotan, chocan y se pegan como
memorias a través de la mente en duda y la
plegaria de mi bisabuela por mí
atravesando una vasta pradera de
esperanza.

Pasando el océano: de Missouri y el Platte;
girando y repartiendo los destellos de
enaguas y fogatas de rueda de carreta crea
sombras de ruedas de fortuna
mientras niños de ojos azules agotados
empiezan a soñar examinando un trébol de
cuatro hojas preservando su edad de
inocencia en una alemanda olvidada y una
buena estrella;
su horizonte occidental extendiéndose en
una noche de artemisa:
el coyote persiguiendo al cauteloso Jack
para acabar con su vida.

La mañana vino con prisa: un par más
mientras el maestro del carruaje llama;
¿alguien quiere bailar conmigo?

Un pie alto y un pie bajo
y las goletas, como una onda oceánica
ondulante, estirada en una línea pasando a
través,
sus radios como manos sujetando al niño
en su bendición del sacerdocio, mientras
giran su cima a través de años de trabajo y
luego juego; alguien ha visto a mi chica;
sé que una lagrima brillaría
si solo pudiera escuchar y el camino
Yellow Rock.

El polvo rugiendo:
sus pies ya con dolor de las millas de
empujar a los bueyes y soñando con
margaritas de prado y berro de arroyo
fresco. ¿Pudo ella haber visto sus siglos de
nietos?

Lanza un pequeño beso – buen trabajo
bailando
y date una buena mano y
veinte millas que fueron contadas como
Gracias.

Si debo morir

Si debo morir para amarte,
déjame morir mil muertes;
al dolor galáctico a la luz
luego caer en la sombra de septiembre
para purificar mi vista: para ver, soñar
contigo mil sueños; para acostarse en la
orilla del verano
sin conocimiento sobre nuestra desnudez;
para despertar contigo mil amaneceres;
viajar en mil mares
luego correr hasta que nuestras gargantas
se sequen;
ser para ti el verde sombrío del otoño; para
levantar mil gansos
de los campos amarillos aventados para
dormir tu valle,
un descanso de olvido eterno
y de mi montaña un millar de árboles
arqueándose hacia el infinito:
flechas hacia a mil estrellas
para iluminar tu noche,
si debo morir para amarte.

Deshielo seguro

Mi corazón cauteloso se demora perplejo
al expandir los chillidos de frescura a
través de los horizontes una vez inactivos;
miedos a la soledad de la pertenencia,
encontrarla a ella al fin.
La búsqueda entre las arenas de un sin fin
de costas, tramos de playas
y calas escondidas;
la memoria de Abraham nunca se
oscureció,
conociendo la canción
pero solo escuchándola antes en sueños y
ahora en cantos de coros: el carbonero,
oriol y la alondra del prado;
el temblor del álamo, los pinos responden;
la constancia de los arroyos;
el rocío de iris amarillo púrpura; rosas
rojas violentas, refugio secreto de helecho
verde;
barítono, bajo, alto y tenor;
Villa Lobos y el coro de Sor.
Este es mi campo de acción:
la extensión ondulante del mar.

Mi bolígrafo y tinta en su marea.
Llegando hacia ella con gentileza pero
queriendo más:
fuentes una vez congeladas en su marea,
ahora el suave aire hindú, prados de
Chinook,
inicia en el deshielo seguro.

Delfín

Olas gigantes brillantes de rocío del mar
una conmoción de inundación
como un delfín dando vueltas
enfatisa amar el océano.

Ranas de Primavera

Pensando en las ranas de primavera
emergiendo con la temprana caída de
lluvia, al menos cinco meses sellados en
lodo,
para despertar la humedad luego rezumar.
Moviéndose libre, olvidando todo excepto
cual es la dirección. Praderas pantanosas
empapadas jubilosos cuando finalmente
limpian la última mancha de lodo,

liberando su laringe para un rebote de
trinquete de mezcla de cantos:
“¿hay alguien más ahí afuera?”
y luego otro canto de totora de dos
y luego tres:
“estamos esperando por la luna y el baile
del esplendor del amor”.

Carpintero

Las neblinas de la mañana hacen
santuarios sagrados de abetos. Detrás del
velo de despedida de la lluvia.
El destello de las alas del carpintero, luego
resonando como una búsqueda de sustento
que hace retroceder la embestida.
La destrucción del árbol en el balance:
asegurado solo cuando las gaviotas
descendían sobre las horas de grillos.
Entonces el carpintero libera la mañana de
los miedos de la noche.

Océanos

El temeroso silencio – el incremento de la
gravedad, implacable y luego el estruendo;
aplausos explosivos convirtiendo energía

en vida surgiendo inmutable sobre
arrecifes del tiempo acumulados liberando
espuma sobre los extendidos acumulados
de arena; deslumbrante – disipado en su
propio cansancio.

Queriendo soldar la tierra y el agua para la
venida del triunfo del amor. Partes iguales
abarcadas por la expansión del cielo del
espacio sin tiempo;
llamando desde las señales intermitentes
del sol en aguas esmeraldas; profundas y
silenciosas y los vientos de pradera
provenientes de la noche ártica.

Recordando la dirección de la búsqueda de
Jason para apaciguar a los dioses –
paciencia y presentimiento;
nunca abandonar el misterio del amor;
escuchando al que carga siglos de amor;
quien quiere para ella la felicidad que ella
abandono muy pronto: la tristeza del error;
el arrepentimiento de huir. El anhelo
atrapado en la metáfora de la naturaleza:
lodo impactado por un rayo luego el genio:
el artífice del mundo. Las olas crecen y

chocan una y otra vez sin cesar en su
mensaje: la luna llena
el círculo de la vida arrojado sobre la mesa
de vida del océano

El dilema del sueño

El dilema del sueño se sujeta como mantas
que se deslizan dentro de un largo tubo de
sueño,
acelerando a la puerta de plantación,
cruzando el umbral del jardín:
¿Qué significa o debe significar en
absoluto?

La cruda verdad se pierde en el
significado:
la visión del viento;
las catacumbas del movimiento; viéndote a
ti mismo recordando eventos que nunca
sucedieron, enfrentar pérdidas en mares
atestados.

El azul ultramarino de intelecto definiendo
familias desde profundidades doradas de
recolección buscando la entrada y salida de
esta expansión física,

el fin del mundo se mostró brevemente en
una larga noche de sueño.

Llevando con nosotros historias de
viajeros solitarios, extraños en esta tierra
extranjera;
guitarra y lápiz para registrar nuestro
rumbo;
una voz entrenada en argucia desequilibra
la carga.

Dejando un mundo confundido en su
propias descripciones;
atrapado en sus garantías políticas;
frases manipuladas por el poder
pero poder sin relevancia excepto para
destruir;
para incinerar la fabricación de resistencia.

Vivir más allá significa impresionar a los
vecinos extranjeros pero solo lastima
mientras la lluvia oscura de depresión
económica amenaza pero aun así
guerra es paz
y pobreza es prosperidad mental.

Los dilemas del sueño como ojos en
blanco, parpadeando con incredulidad

cautelosa en nuestra presencia en aquellos
que conocemos.

¿Volveremos a estar aquí; podremos
encontrar esta calle, esta tienda, esta
puerta, esta dimensión de esperanza?

El rostro sonriente que te ama
más profundo y más alto que los dominios
gubernamentales; no es
impresionada por bandoleras o cintas,
de servicio o títulos,
solo abrir las puertas hacia memorias
inundando los campos con madurez verde
y amarilla, fruto de la suave y cálida luz
del sol,
queriéndote solo a través de cortinas de
costumbre luego eternidad:
ese vistazo del cielo
lanzando como una noche estrellada.

Monte Rainer

Rainer, rey de montañas,

¿Por qué te angustias:

el enredo claro;

los humos pesados del comercio;

la acumulación de la riqueza

en la búsqueda del poder?
Rey de la montaña, conservador del
silencio,
constructor de la resistencia del carácter,
¿por qué miramos sobre ti y no vemos?
¿Esta su majestad encantando?
¿por qué no podemos devolvernos de
nuestra propia auto destrucción?
¿Será Mercedes Mercer Estates nuestra
salvación?
¿Será la humildad alguna vez descubierta
en nuestra prisa?
Tu dignidad es eterna.
La visión de la tierra tu fuerza.
Tu energía podría agitarse y cubrir los
imprudentes monumentos del hombre en
momentos de una muestra sin suspiro.
Tu mensaje no puede ser silenciado:
no hay poder en la vanidad
solo virtud perdida.

Compras con Sarah

El ritual de la moda, desfile de vanidades,
¿Qué es el arte?
La guía cuidadosa de la madre;

la indulgencia del padre
todo en la apariencia:
el aura, el ambiente y el sutil misterio.
El apaciguamiento de la psique.
Color de malva, azules amarillos,
del Ártico al Pacífico,
videodisco del sol y playa, reproduciendo
la urgencia
de la llama fugaz de la vida.
Gloria de las plumas
en el baile de apareamiento;
diseños de aprobados por celebridades
girando con prisa hacia el final.

Hoguera

Mi aliento agotado; una vista resignada.

Las brasas apagándose rápido.

Alguna vez una llamarada consumiendo su
frenesí,

sombras parpadeantes contra el cielo,

ahora un parpadeo de recuerdos, marcando

nuestra cubierta iluminada por las estrellas.

.

Sueños de cedro

penetrando la noche lejana,

acomodando mi porte en constelaciones,

preservando cuadrantes de esperanza

mientras las brasa se desvanecen en

silencio.

Chapter V

Data Analysis

Once the translation process is complete, the data analysis is the next step in the research. This chapter will discuss the data analysis of the work done above. The researcher will do a detailed analysis of the source text regarding the text type and other categories, using the instruments previously established in chapter III. This analysis is an essential part of the translation process because it helps to understand better the translation itself and the source text better.

5.1 Analysis and interpretation of the results

The results of the data analysis presented in this section were accomplished by the use of the color-coding of the text which highlight the different translation procedures, the text analysis proposed by Peter Newmark, and the glossaries.

5.1.1 Text Analysis

Text Analysis Elements	Behind the Magic Door	IBIS of Imaginings. A Poetic Diary
Text style	Narrative	Narrative
Stylistic Scale of Formality	Neutral	Formal
Stylistic Scale of Generality	Simple/Neutral	Neutral/Educated
Stylistic Scale of Emotional Tone	Factual	Warm

Text Function	Expressive	Expressive
Types of Translation	Semantic	Semantic

5.1.2 Color-Coding Chart

Procedure	Example	Explanation
Transposition	Transposition	Replace word class with another
Modulation	Modulation	Variation of the source message
Amplification	Amplification	Add more words
Explication	Explication	More words in order to explain the message or meaning
Adaptation	Adaptation	Adapt the expression to the TL
Compensation	Compensation	Explain a word in another part
Equivalence	(Equivalence)	Equivalent word in TL
Literal translation	Literal Translation	Word for word

5.1.2.1 Behind the magic door

Paragraph 1

Hace mucho tiempo, en un lugar lejano, había una casa vieja que escondía un secreto. A su alrededor siempre hubo gente protegiéndolo, personas de diferentes partes del mundo se encargaban de cuidar que esta casita permaneciera oculta, una misión que se les había designado por ser personas de corazón noble.

Era el año 2001, un fuerte sismo movió todo el pueblo de Tayutic, donde vivía la familia Somith, quienes estaban por comenzar una mágica aventura.

(Long ago), in a place far away, there was an old cabin that hid a secret. Around the cabin, there were always people from all over the world protecting it and making sure the cabin remained hidden, a mission assigned (to them for being of noble heart).

It was the year 2001, a strong earthquake shook the town of Tayutic, where the Somith family lived, who was about to start a magical adventure.

Paragraph 2

Oliver y su madre estaban secando los platos después del almuerzo, era un día soleado. El papá de los niños recogía las hojas de los árboles del patio. Lucas y su hermana Daniela le ayudaban, era una de las tareas de la casa que más disfrutaban hacer. Se escuchó un estruendo y las hojas de los árboles se cayeron, la tierra temblaba lenta pero continuamente. Lucas y Daniela, que estaban riendo al hacer su tarea, se detuvieron y miraron las ramas del árbol moverse de un lado a otro. Daniela no comprendía lo que estaba pasando. De pronto, Lucas gritó fuertemente y corrió hacia la puerta del jardín para entrar en su casa. Daniela lo seguía muy pálida del susto mientras su padre trataba de detenerlos para que no se acercaran a la puerta de cristal. De repente, una rama

del árbol se desprendió y se precipitó hacia los niños. Su padre se lanzó heroicamente sobre ellos y la rama cayó sobre el padre, y él sobre los niños, protegiéndolos del golpe de la rama. Aun así, no pudo protegerlos de los vidrios que saltaron de la puerta y rasgaron la piel de su padre y las extremidades de los niños, sin embargo, los niños estaban bien. Oliver y su madre llegaron al jardín y vieron a los tres en el suelo, todo en la casa se venía al piso, los vidrios de las otras ventanas empezaron a romperse y los gritos de los vecinos llenaban el barrio de terror.

Oliver and his mother were (doing the dishes) just after lunch, it was a sunny day. The children's dad was cleaning the yard from trees' leaves, and Lucas and his sister Daniela were helping him, it was one of their favorite house chores. They listened a big noise and a

lot of the leaves fell from the trees; **the ground was shaking** slowly but continually. Lucas and Daniela, that were laughing while doing their **(chore)**, stopped and looked at the tree's branches moving from one side to the other. Daniela **did not understand what was happening**. **Suddenly**, Lucas screamed loudly and ran to the door to get inside the house. Daniela was following him **pale with fear** while their father was trying to stop them **(before they went near)** the crystal door. **All of a sudden**, a branch **(fell directly under)** the children. Their dad jumped over them to protect them from the branch. Still, he could not protect them from the **shards of glass coming from the door** and hurting the dad's skin and the children's arms and legs but the children were **(safe and sound)**. Oliver and his mother **(went)** to the yard and saw the three of them on the floor, everything in the house **(was falling apart)** and the glass in every window started to break and **the screams full of fear of the neighbors were listened all over the town**.

Paragraph 3

—¡Papá! —susurraba Daniela con dolor.

Julia levantó a los niños del piso y miró con preocupación a su esposo Caleb, que yacía en el patio inconsciente por el golpe de la rama.

Julia y los niños siguieron a Daniela y miraron a su padre en el suelo, pero el terremoto no se detenía y Julia tuvo que tomar a los niños de las manos para sacarlos de la casa, dejando a su esposo en el patio para poner a sus hijos a salvo.

– Dad! – Daniela **was whispering in pain**.

Julia picked up the children and looked concerned at her husband, Caleb, that **was laying** in the yard, unconscious, **as a result of the hit he took from the branch**.

Julia and the children followed Daniela and **looked at their father on the floor**, but the earthquake was not stopping and Julia had to take the hands of her children to get them out of the house, leaving her husband behind to make sure the children **were away from danger**.

Paragraph 4

—Mamá —dijo Oliver con gran tristeza—. Hay que sacarlo de aquí.

Juntos trataron de levantar a su padre del suelo y lo llevaron frente a la casa, para esperar la ayuda.

Al salir llamaron a la ambulancia, pero esta tardó mucho en llegar debido a los escombros que había en el camino por el terremoto.

Al llegar trasladaron al señor Caleb al hospital y los niños quedaron al cuidado de la señora Lidia, una vecina que siempre estaba dispuesta ayudar.

Toda la familia estaba conmocionada, los niños lloraban por su padre y por la casa en escombros que los había visto crecer.

— Mom — said Oliver **with great sadness**—. **We have** to get him out of there.

Together they tried to pick him up and take him outside the house, to await the help.

Once outside, they called the ambulance, but it took a while to get there **because the road was full of rubble** from the earthquake.

When the ambulance arrived, they took Mr. Caleb to the hospital and the children were with Mrs. Lidia, a neighbor **always willing to help**.

The whole family was shocked, the children were crying for their dad and **(the house, that saw them grow up, in ruins)**.

Paragraph 5

Minutos más tarde, su madre llegó y les dijo que su padre había fallecido. Julia abrazaba a sus hijos en el jardín y miraba su casa casi destruida, el terremoto había pasado, y todo a su alrededor se veía triste. Muchos de los vecinos llegaban corriendo a buscar a Lidia. Lidia era una anciana muy dulce y de pronto su casa se llenó de gente que buscaba refugio, mientras ella caminaba atendiendo a todos miró a Daniela y se dirigió hacia ella, con un pañuelo, limpió las lágrimas de Daniela que lloraba en silencio en medio de la confusión por su padre y el terremoto.

Minutes later, their mother arrived and told them their father had died. Julia was hugging her children in the yard while looking at the nearly destroyed house. The earthquake was over and everyone around them looked **devasted**. **Many neighbors arrived running looking for Lidia**. She was a sweet old lady and suddenly her house was full of people looking for shelter. While she was walking helping everyone, she **saw Daniela crying in**

silence in the middle of the commotion, about her father's death, and walked toward her with a handkerchief, cleaned her tears.

Paragraph 6

Al día siguiente, toda la familia y los vecinos fueron a la iglesia con tristeza para el funeral del señor Caleb Somith. Caminaron colina arriba con el ataúd para dejarlo en un cementerio que estaba en lo alto de una hermosa montaña donde descansaría en paz.

The next day, the whole family and neighbors went to the church with great sorrow to attend Mr. Caleb Somith's funeral. They walked up the hill with the coffin to put it in the cemetery on the top of the mountain where he would rest in peace.

Paragraph 7

No sabían por dónde empezar las reparaciones de su hogar, con mucha nostalgia recogieron algunas de sus cosas y se dirigieron a la casa de doña Lidia, donde pasarían la noche. La casa de doña Lidia tenía daños menos graves que la casa de la familia Somith, sin embargo, necesitaba muchas reparaciones que durante algunas semanas Julia y los demás vecinos estuvieron realizando como agradecimiento por su hospedaje.

They did not know where to start to repair their home, and with a lot of nostalgia, they pick up some of their stuff and went to Mrs. Lidia's, where they spent the night. Mrs. Lidia's house was not as affected by the earthquake as the Somith's house; however, it still needed a lot of repairs which Julia and the rest of the neighbors did during the next few weeks to thank her for taking them in.

Paragraph 8

Una tarde, mientras Julia Somith estaba afuera frente a su casa, Lidia se le acercó y le dijo:

—No te preocupes, ya lo verás, un día estará tan hermosa como antes.

Pero Julia no sabía que recibiría una muy mala noticia de parte de los ingenieros encargados de la reparación de su hogar. Cuando empezaron las reparaciones descubrieron que el terreno de la casa estaba en una zona de riesgo y que se empezaba a hundir poco a poco al igual que otras casas del vecindario, por lo que la señora Julia y su familia tuvieron que buscar un nuevo lugar donde vivir.

One afternoon, while Julia **was in front of her house**, Lidia approach her and told her:

– **Don't worry, you'll see, one day it will be as beautiful as used to be.**

However, Julia did not know that she was about to receive some really bad news from the engineers in charge of her home's repairs. **When the repairs started**, they discovered that the ground was in **a danger zone** and **it was sinking** little by little just like all the houses in the neighborhood. So, Mrs. Julia and her family had to find a new place to live.

Paragraph 9

Todo el barrio tuvo que moverse a otros lugares para poder vivir, el pueblo de Tayutic estaba sobre un terreno peligroso y nadie podría quedarse, las familias se

iban retirando poco a poco y cada vez el barrio se veía más vacío. Julia había encontrado un lugar perfecto para vivir, a solo media hora de la casa de su familia y en una comunidad que parecía ser muy organizada y limpia, el lugar se llamaba Canahanda y tenían un hermoso bosque alrededor del pueblo que le daba un aire de frescura a todo el lugar. Al menos en las fotos se ve bonito, pensaba Julia, dándose consuelo a sí misma y con mucha nostalgia por dejar su hogar.

Everyone had to move to **different** places to live, the whole town was in a danger zone and no one could live there. The families **started to move out** and the town was getting emptier. Julia had found the perfect place to live, just half an hour away from her family's

house and the community looked well-organized and clean. It was a town called Canahanda, which had a beautiful forest surrounding it that gave the town an air of freshness. “At least in the photos it looked nice”, Julia thought, to comfort herself, with a lot of nostalgia for leaving her home.

Paragraph 10

Finalmente llegó la hora de partir para la señora Lidia, quien se mudaría con uno de sus hijos mayores al norte de la ciudad. Los niños hicieron un pastel para despedirla y la llenaron de abrazos.

Al día siguiente, la familia Somith se despertó muy temprano para empezar el viaje a Canahanda.

Finally, the time to leave had come for Mrs. Lidia, she was moving to one of her oldest children’s house north of the city. The children made a cake to say goodbye and filled her with hugs.

The next day, the Somith woke up early to begin their journey to Canahanda.

Paragraph 11

Ellos eran una familia común, la mamá Julia era una mujer valiente y decidida, con voz suave y con un rostro hermoso, admirada por muchos por su trabajo artístico, se dedicaba con amor a su hogar y además disfrutaba pintando cuadros y haciendo esculturas. Julia tenía cabello castaño, ojos cafés y piel trigueña. El niño menor se llamaba Lucas, tenía el cabello color negro y rizado, algunas pecas que le daban un cierto aire de picardía a su rostro, y la piel color trigueño al igual que sus hermanos. La niña del medio se llamaba Daniela, ella tenía los ojos verdes, el cabello castaño y liso, su sonrisa era abierta y hermosa y hacía que su rostro se iluminara. El niño mayor se llamaba Oliver, tenía una sonrisa suave que lo hacía parecer un niño muy gentil, y el cabello rizado como su padre, ojos achinados y mirada penetrante.

They were a regular family, the mom, Julia, was a brave and determined woman, with a gentle voice and beautiful face, admired by many for her artistic abilities, she dedicated herself to her home with love and enjoyed painting and making sculptures. She had brown

hair and eyes and dark skin. The youngest child was Lucas, he had dark, curly hair with some freckles that gave him a certain air of mischief, and skin as dark as his siblings. The middle child was Daniela, she had green eyes and brown, straight hair, her smile was big and beautiful and full her face with light. The oldest child was Oliver, he had a soft smile that made him look like a gentle boy, with curly hair like his father, slanted eyes, and penetrating eyes.

Paragraph 12

Cuando llegaron a Canahanda, estaba atardeciendo y hacía mucho frío. Al mirar la casa los niños bajaron del auto rápidamente, con mucha emoción y deseosos de ver su nuevo hogar.

When they arrived in Canahanda, it was sunset and it was really cold. When the children looked at the house, they left the car quickly excited to see their new home.

Paragraph 13

La casa se veía hermosa, era una casa de dos pisos, muy blanca, tenía un corredor amplio donde había un cajón grande que luego utilizarían para guardar sus juguetes, era bastante moderna, los niños se veían ilusionados y con muchas ganas de entrar para escoger sus cuartos. Entraron a la casa, la sala estaba iluminada por una gran ventana que tenía a un costado; las escaleras, aunque estaban un poco despintadas, eran muy elegantes, la cocina y el comedor estaban al lado con una puerta enorme que daba al jardín, en el segundo piso había un cuarto enorme, los niños eran inseparables así que pensaron que si cabían las tres camas en ese cuarto ellos podrían dormir todos juntos ahí, frente al cuarto grande había dos cuartos más de menor tamaño, uno de esos sería el cuarto de la señora Julia. Los niños le eligieron el cuarto de su mamá, ella estuvo de acuerdo, estaba bastante atareada con la mudanza como para ponerse a escoger su habitación. El cuarto de Julia tenía la pared color azul, y una hermosa lámpara colgaba del techo, las ventanas daban al patio del frente.

—¡Wow! —dijo Lucas.

The house seen beautiful, it was a two-floor house, color white. It had a big hallway

with a big case that the children would later use to store their toys. The house seemed pretty modern and the children were excited to choose their rooms. They went inside and the living room had a big window on one side that illuminate it; the stairs, even though its paint was a little faded, were very elegant, the kitchen and the dining room were next to each other with a big door leading to the yard. On the second floor there was a big room, the children were inseparable so they thought that they could share the room if the three beds fit in. There were two other bedrooms in front of the big one, and one of those two was going to be Julia's room. The children chose the room for her, she agreed because she was busy with the moving and did not have time for that. Julia's room had blue walls, with a beautiful lamp on the roof and the windows overlooked the front yard.

– Wow! – said, Lucas.

Paragraph 14

Luego fueron a ver el comedor y la cocina, la cocina era hermosa, la pared era de color gris, había un reloj de arena de color rojo, con un dibujo de sol arriba y un dibujo de luna abajo.

After that, they went to check the dining room and the kitchen. The kitchen was beautiful with the wall painted grey, and there was a red hourglass, with a drawing of the sun on the top and a moon on the bottom.

Paragraph 15

Al día siguiente, los niños querían conocer un poco más los alrededores de la casa, la casa tenía un lote enorme

en la parte trasera, y ellos estaban ansiosos por ver animales y explorar cerca de los árboles. Entonces los niños salieron de la casa, vieron ardillas, pájaros, mapaches, y muchos insectos, ellos estaban muy felices. Lucas vio un cachorrito tierno y pequeño que corrió cerca de unos arbustos.

—Miren, un cachorrito, vamos a seguirlo —dijo emocionado.

The next day, the children wanted to know more about the house's surroundings. The

house had a huge **piece of land** in the back and they were excited to see the animals and explore near the trees. So, the children went out and saw squirrels, birds, raccoons, and a lot of insects, they were very happy. Lucas saw a cute puppy that ran near some bushes.

– Look, a puppy! Let’s follow him – said Lucas excited.

Paragraph 16

Los niños siguieron al cachorro por largo rato, pero lo perdieron de vista, mientras ellos lo seguían Daniela se entretuvo mirando una filita de hormigas que llevaban pétalos de rosa y migajas de pan.

Segundos más tarde, Oliver y Lucas se dieron cuenta que Daniela ya no estaba cerca de ellos.

—¿Dónde está Daniela? —dijo Oliver.

—¡Daniela! ¡Daniela! —gritaron al mismo tiempo.

The children follow the puppy **for a while**, but they **lost sight of him**, while they were following him, Daniela **distracted herself** looking at some ants that were carrying rose petals and bread crumbs.

Seconds later, Oliver and Luca realized Daniela was not near them.

– Where is Daniela?! – said, Oliver.

– DANIELA! DANIELA! – they shouted at the same time.

Paragraph 17

Mientras estaban buscando a su hermana, Daniela seguía la filita de hormigas y observaba como las hormiguitas iban cerca de un gran roble. Ella alzo su mirada y vio una pequeña choza vieja y llena de plantas alrededor, su curiosidad la llevó hasta la entrada de la choza y fue allí curiosamente donde Lucas y Oliver la encontraron.

—¿Qué haces en este lugar? —preguntó Lucas.

—Solo seguía las hormigas —dijo Daniela—. Miren cómo llevan pétalos de rosa.

— ¡Vámonos! —ordenó Oliver tomando a Daniela de la mano, pero Lucas miraba con atención la cabaña hacia donde se dirigían las hormigas.

—Mira eso, Oliver —dijo Lucas con asombro.

While they were looking for their sister. Daniela was still observing the ants going near a big Oaktree. She looked up and saw an old (cabin) with a lot of plants around it, her curiosity led her to the cabin's entrance and it was there where Lucas and Olive, curiously, found her.

– What are you doing in this place? – asked Lucas.

– I was just following the ants – said Daniela – Look how they carry those rose petals.

– Let's go! – ordered Oliver taking Daniela's hand, but Lucas looked carefully at where the ants were headed.

– (Check it out), Oliver – said Lucas astonished.

Paragraph 18

La pequeña choza era muy fea, y de madera, tenía flores alrededor, la pintura blanca que algún día tuvo ya estaba cayéndose a pedazos, en el frente tenía un corredor con un techo que estaba a punto de colapsar, pero había algo que les llamaba la atención a los niños: la casita tenía algo que les despertó la curiosidad y por eso decidieron entrar.

The small cabin was ugly, made of wood with a lot of flowers around it, with only pieces of the white paint that once had, in the front, there was a corridor with a roof that was about to collapse; still, there was something that awoke the curiosity of the children so they decided to go in.

Paragraph 19

Cuando estaban adentro observaban los muebles y las telas de araña que colgaban del techo, en medio de la sala había un candelabro cubierto por telas de araña, las telas emitían un mágico brillo con la luz del sol, que estaba por ocultarse. A pesar de lo tenebroso que parecía, los niños estaban maravillados con las antigüedades que había en aquella casita vieja. De pronto apareció un ratón corriendo hacia ellos y Daniela gritó, el ratoncito la miró con sus ojos brillantes y luego miró la fila de hormigas que estaba adentro, Daniela sentía que aquel tierno ratoncito quería mostrarle algo, entonces decidió acercarse. El ratón extendió una patita y le dio un pequeño trozo de queso, ella lo miró desconcertada, fue entonces cuando ella supo que ese lugar era algo más que especial. Ella vio la filita de hormigas entrando por un agujero en el suelo y el ratón las siguió y se ocultó junto a ellas, en ese momento Daniela observó que el agujero estaba cerca de una puerta, oculta por una gran alfombra en el piso de la choza.

Once inside, they observed the (furniture) and spider webs hanging from the roof, in the middle of the living room there was a chandelier covered with spider webs. The webs had a magical glow with the sunlight of the sunset. Despite the creepy the cabin may look; the children were amazed by the antiques they found inside. Suddenly, a mouse appeared running toward them and Daniela screamed. The little mouse looked at her with shiny eyes and then looked at the ants that were inside, Daniela felt that the little mouse was trying to show her something so she decided to come closer. The mouse gave her a small piece of cheese, she looked at it confused, it was then that she knew that place was something more than special. She saw the ants going inside a hole in the floor and the mouse followed them and hid with them. Daniela realized the hole was near a hidden door, beneath a big carpet in the cabin's floor.

Paragraph 20

Oliver y Daniela se dieron cuenta de que era tarde, cuando miraron el sol ocultarse en las montañas.

—Ya es hora de irse, Lucas —dijo Oliver.

—Sí, es cierto —dijo Lucas, fijándose por la ventana.

A pesar de eso, Daniela no quería irse, no quitaba la mirada de la filita de hormigas, estaba segura que el ratón le quería mostrar algo. Ella tenía la impresión de que aquellos animalitos querían que ella los siguiera hacia algún lugar. Daniela sin embargo tuvo que dar la vuelta e irse con sus hermanos antes de que la noche cubriera el oscuro bosque, pero su mente no paraba de imaginar lo que aquel ratón deseaba decirle y hacia qué lugar la podrían estar guiando esas curiosas hormiguitas.

Oliver and Daniela realized it was late when they saw **the sunset** in the mountains.

– It’s time to leave – said Oliver.

– Yes, you’re right – said Lucas looking through the window.

Despite that, Daniela did not want to leave, she could not stop looking at the ants. She was sure the mouse **wanted to show her** something. She had the impression that those little animals **wanted her to follow them** somewhere. Daniela, however, had to turn around and left with her brothers before the night covered the forest, but her mind could not stop imagining what that mouse wanted to tell her and to what place those peculiar ants were leading her.

Paragraph

21

La mamá los estaba esperando para la cena, y preguntó:

—¿Por qué llegaron tarde? Me tenían preocupada.

—Es que algo raro sucedió —dijo Daniela, viendo hacia atrás.

La mamá cerró la puerta.

—Cuéntenme todo. ¿Se divertieron allá afuera? —dijo la madre, sentándose a la mesa.

—¿Yo te cuento? —dijo Daniela.

—Sí, tú —dijo mamá Julia—. Puedes contarme cómo ha sido su exploración por los alrededores.

Todos se sentaron, Julia ya había servido la cena. Daniela no paraba de hablar de las hormigas que cargaban pétalos de rosa y del ratoncito simpático que se encontró en la choza abandonada. Cuando el cansancio era demasiado, los niños se levantaron de la mesa y fueron a lavarse los dientes.

Their mother was waiting for them for dinner and asked them:

– Why are you late? I was worried.

– Something strange happened – answered Daniela, looking back.

Julia closed the door

– Tell me everything. Did you have fun out there? – asked Julia while sitting at the table.

– Can I tell you? – said, Daniela.

– Yes, you – said Julia – You can tell how was your exploration of the surroundings.

Everyone sat down, Julia had already served the dinner. Daniela kept talking about the ants carrying the rose petals and the nice little mouse that she found in the abandoned cabin. When the fatigue was too much, the children stood up and went to brush their teeth.

Paragraph 22

—Oye, Dani —dijo Lucas en voz baja—, ¿por qué el ratón te dio un queso? ¿Te lo comiste?

—No, lo guarde en nuestra habitación —dijo—. ¿Quieres verlo?

La mamá Julia estaba recogiendo lo de la cocina, y escuchó que a los lejos sonaban unos tambores. “Debe ser una fiesta”, pensó, luego el sonido se detuvo.

—Seguro es mi imaginación —dijo ella, viendo hacia afuera.

Se escucharon de nuevo, y ella volvió a ver para afuera pero el sonido dejó de oírse de nuevo.

“¿Serán los niños?”, se preguntó con cara extraña.

Los niños se tiraron a la cama de un salto, las camas tenían un hermoso techo que asemejaba ser una tienda de acampar antigua. Su madre entró al cuarto para arrojarlos, les leyó Pinocho y el Gato con Botas y les dio un beso de buenas noches.

– Hey, Dani – said Lucas **whispering** – why did the mouse give you a piece of cheese? Did you eat it?

– No, I didn’t. I put it in our room. – she said – Do you want to see it?

Julia was cleaning the kitchen when she heard some drums far away. “It must be a party,” she thought, then the noise stopped.

– It’s probably my imagination – she said, looking outside.

The drums sounded again and she looked outside again and once more the sound stopped.

“Could be the children?” she wondered with a weird face.

The children jumped to the beds. The beds had a beautiful roof that resembled an old-fashion tent. Their mother entered the room to tuck them in, read them Pinocchio and Puss in Boots, and gave them a good night kiss.

Paragraph 23

Later, when they were sleeping, Lucas heard:

PUM! PUM!

He jumped out the bed calling Oliver.

– What is it? – asked Oliver.

– I heard drums – said Lucas, looking out the window.

– What drums? – Oliver answered.

– Be quiet so we can hear them – said Lucas.

Oliver stood quiet and was able to listen to them.

Más tarde, cuando estaban durmiendo, Lucas escuchó:

¡Pum! ¡Pum!

Se despertó de un solo salto llamando a Oliver.

—¿Que sucede? —preguntó Oliver.

—Escucho tambores —dijo Lucas, viendo la ventana.

—¿Cuáles tambores? —respondió.

—Silencio para oírlos —dijo Lucas.

Oliver se quedó callado, y logró escucharlos.

Paragraph 24

Oliver despertó a Daniela y ella se levantó de su cama, se restregó sus ojos, y estiró sus brazos, se sentó abrigándose con su cobija mientras se preguntaba por qué la despertaron si todavía estaba oscuro.

—Escucha, son tambores, Daniela —dijo Oliver, agarrándola de la mano, y levantándola de la cama.

Oliver woke up Daniela and she got up from her bed, rubbed her eyes, and stretch her arms, she sat down **wrapping herself** with her blanket while she wondered why they woke her up if it was still dark.

– Listen, Daniela, the drums. – said Oliver grabbing her hand and getting her out the bed.

Paragraph 25

Ellos se fijaron por la ventana, el sonido venía del bosque, se escuchaba claramente que la dirección de donde provenía aquel ruido era de la pequeña choza que habían visitado aquella tarde.

—¿Qué fue eso? —dijo Daniela al tiempo que se quitaba la cobija de encima.

—No lo sé —respondió Oliver—. Parece que viene de la choza vieja adonde nos guiaron las hormigas esta tarde, mañana podremos investigar.

They looked through the window, the sound **was coming** from the woods, it was clear that the sound was coming from the small cabin they visited early that afternoon.

– What was that? – said Daniela **while taking the blanket off**.

– I don't know – answered Oliver – It looks like it's coming from the old cabin the ants led us to this afternoon, tomorrow we can investigate.

Paragraph 26

Ellos se acostaron en la cama, pensando en lo que podrían encontrarse al día siguiente en la choza, por un momento no pudieron dormir de tanto imaginarse lo que pasaba en la choza. Más o menos a las 2 am, se escucharon tambores de nuevo. Daniela abrió sus ojos, los cerró y empezó a soñar con la magia que envolvía aquel lugar.

They went back to bed, thinking about what they might find the next day in the cabin, for a moment they could not sleep imagining what could be happening in there. Around 2 a.m. they heard the drums again. Daniela opened her eyes, closed them, and started to dream about the magic that surround that place.

Paragraph 27

A la mañana siguiente, recibieron la visita de uno de sus vecinos que trabaja en la finca, vecina. El señor Víctor Cejón era un señor alto, robusto, tenía un bigote canoso y grueso, y no tenía ni un solo cabello en su cabeza, sus ojos eran de color azul, tenía unos dientes grandes como de ardilla y vestía siempre una gabardina negra que lo hacía verse muy misterioso.

The next morning, they received a visit from one of their neighbors that work on the **next-door farm**. Mr. Victor Big Eyebrow was tall, chubby, with a **grey and thick mustache**, without a single hair in his head, blue eyes, teeth as big as a squirrel, and wore a black gabardine that made him look mysterious.

Paragraph 28

Él era más conocido por Sr. Cejón, Julia lo conoció cuando firmó los papeles de la compra de la casa. Había llegado a la casa de los Somith aquella mañana para dejarle a Julia los documentos sobre las normas para vivir en Canahanda, ya que él era miembro activo de la asociación de la comunidad.

—Buenos días, señora —dijo el Sr. Cejón.

—Buenos días, Sr. Cejón —dijo amablemente Julia

He was mostly known as Mr. **Big Eyebrow**, Julia met him when she signed the papers when she bought the house. **That morning he went to the Somith's house** to give Julia the documents with the rules to live in Canahanda, given that he was an active member of the community.

– Good morning, ma'am. – said Mr. Big Eyebrow.

– Good morning, Mr. Big Eyebrow – answered kindly Julia.

Paragraph 29

El Sr. Cejón saludó a los niños con una sonrisita algo torcida, y con cara malvada y burlona, ellos sonrieron con indecisión..

—Hola niños— saludo él.

Mr. Big
—Hola —dijeron asustados los niños, al mismo tiempo que se ocultaban tras su madre.

Luego llegó una señora de voz chillona, era de cabello rubio, delgada, tenía algunas pecas en sus mejillas, sus ojos eran azules, tan profundos como el océano, usaba lentes en forma de luna, y ropa ligera de colores suaves, su apariencia era simpática.

eyebrow greeted the children with a **twisted little smile** and a wicked and mocking face, they smiled him back with hesitation.

– Hello children – said Mr. Big Eyebrow.

– Hello – answered the children frightened while hiding behind their mother.

After that, a lady with a shrill voice arrived. She **was blonde, thin, with some freckles, eyes as blue and deep as the ocean, wearing moon-shaped glasses,** and light clothes with soft colors, she seemed nice.

Paragraph 30

Ella saludó a Julia con la mano, y le dio unas empanadas de chiverre. Luego se dirigió al Sr. Cejón para saludarlo.

En seguida ella se presentó diciendo:

—Soy Carmen, Carmen Olivia Robles, estas empanadas son para el café, espero que las disfruten —dijo la señora Carmen sonriendo.

—Hola, Carmen, es un placer conocerla, les agradezco la visita, nos hará bien conocer a los vecinos. Ellos son mis niños, Oliver, Daniela y Lucas —dijo Julia.

She greeted Julia with a hand gesture and gave her some **empanadas of chiverre**. Then, she greeted Mr. Big Eyebrow.

Right away she introduced herself saying:

– I’m Carmen, Carmen Olivia Robles, these empanadas are for **(the afternoon snack)**, I hope you enjoy them – said Mrs. Carmen smiling.

– Hi, Carmen, it’s a pleasure to meet you, thank **you both** for the visit, **we’re glad to**

meet our new neighbors. These are my children: Oliver, Daniela, and Lucas – said, Julia.

Paragraph 31

Esa mañana el sol brillaba y el viento soplaba suavemente, Julia se sentía de muy buen humor y sentía que sería un gran día, estaba feliz de conocer a los vecinos y de tener un día tan soleado y fresco en su nuevo vecindario.

That morning the sun was shining and the wind blowing softly, Julia was in a great mood and felt that it was going to be an amazing day, she was happy to meet the neighbors and for such a sunny and fresh day in the new neighborhood.

Paragraph 32

Julia hizo una observación y dijo:

Julia —Oh Sr. Cejón, tenga cuidado con las hormigas en el jardín, tiene usted un hermoso jardín y esas hormiguitas andan haciendo de las suyas.

—Claro, señora, me preparo cada verano para envenenar a esos molestos insectos.

—Ya lo creo —afirmó Carmen—. Julia, si usted necesita consejos para hacer su jardín el Sr. Cejón es el indicado.

—Gracias, Carmen, por el cumplido. Bueno, debo irme, bienvenida al barrio, señora Julia —dijo el Sr. Cejón mientras se alejaba por la acera del frente.

—Yo también me voy, debo preparar un pastel de boda... olvidé decirle que soy pastelera, si necesita algo, me puede buscar en mi casa —dijo señalando la casa que estaba diagonal a la izquierda—. La casita con gnomos de jardín, me encantan esas criaturas, bueno, nos veremos pronto, adiós pequeñines —dijo a los niños mientras se alejaba haciendo volar sus faldas al caminar.

made an observation and said:

– Oh, Mr. Big Eyebrow, be careful with the ants in the garden, you have a beautiful garden and those ants **are up to no good**.

– Sure ma'am, I get ready every summer to poison those annoying insects.

– I believe you – claimed Carmen – Julia, if you need help with your garden Mr. Eyebrow is the right man for the job.

– **Appreciate the compliment**, Carmen. Well, I have to go, Welcome to the neighborhood, Mrs. Julia – said Mr. Big Eyebrow while walking on the sidewalk.

– I have to go as well, I have to make a wedding cake... forget to tell you, I'm a baker if you need anything you can come to my house – said Carme pointing to a house diagonal to Julia's. – the little house with gnomes in the garden, I love those little creatures. Well, see you soon, bye **little ones** – said to the children while she was walking waving her skirt.

Paragraph 33

Julia cerró la puerta y los niños corrieron a espiar a la señora Carmen por la ventana, Daniela veía aten-

tamente cómo sus faldas volaban al viento, la miraba como si fuera una especie de hada madrina, con sus colores pasteles y su cabello brillante en la luz del sol...

Julia closed the door and the children ran to spy on Mrs. Carmen through the window, Daniela was looking at her carefully as her skirt was waving with the wind. She was looking at her as if Carmen was some kind of **fairy godmother**, with her pastel colors and glowing hair under the sunlight.

Paragraph 34

Al llegar a la calle, Carmen observó a los niños en la ventana y se despidió con un suave movimiento de su mano, Lucas y Oliver se escondieron bajo la ventana, Daniela la miraba con admiración mientras Carmen sonreía.

When she got to the street, she saw the kids in the window and **softly waved her hand goodbye**, Lucas and Oliver hid under the window, Daniela was staring at her with admiration while Carmen was smiling.

Paragraph 35

—¿No te parece extraña esa mujer? —dijo Oliver oculto tras la ventana al lado de Lucas.

—Oh, sí —respondió Lucas—. Es como “grande” con ropa de niña.

Ambos rieron a carcajadas y Daniela les dijo:

—¿Por qué se ríen? Ella es hermosa y simpática.

Mientras ellos reían, Daniela seguía observando por la ventana con atención, ella miraba a Carmen entrar en una casa blanca con bordes rosados en las ventanas y decoraciones coloridas en el patio del frente.

– Doesn’t that lady look strange to you? – said Oliver hidden behind the window next to Lucas.

– A lot – answered Lucas – she is like a grown-up with a child’s clothes.

They both **laughed out loud** and Daniela said to them:

– Why are you laughing? She is beautiful and nice.

While the boys were still laughing, Daniela was still observing her through the window carefully. She saw Carmen as she entered a white house with **pink borders in the windows and colorful decorations in the front yard**.

Paragraph 36

Lucas se levantó y dijo, mientras se meneaba, tratando de caminar y hablar como Carmen:

—Hola, soy la señorita Carmen.

Al mismo tiempo que Oliver se reía a carcajadas sosteniéndose la panza y moviendo los pies.

—No es gracioso —dijo Daniela enfadada.

Lucas got up and said **while trying to mimic the way** Carme walked and spoke:

– Hi, I’m Miss Carmen.

At the same time, Oliver was laughing out loud holding his belly and moving his

feet.

– It’s not funny! – said Daniela upset.

Paragraph 37

Su madre los interrumpió para que ayudaran a desempacar algunas de sus cosas, Daniela seguía pensando en las hadas madrinas, jugando con cada cosa que sacaba de la caja de la mudanza.

Their mother interrupted them to ask them for help to unpack some of her stuff, Daniela was still thinking about the fairy godmothers, playing with every single thing she found in the box.

Paragraph 38

—Es hermosa la señorita Carmen —dijo Daniela.

—¿Hermosa? —dijo Oliver—. Es muy graciosa.
¿No viste su cara de loca?

—¿Ni tampoco oíste cómo hablaba? —dijo Lucas.

La mamá Julia los llamó para comer el almuerzo, Lucas y Oliver seguían riendo sobre la apariencia ligera y fresca de Carmen.

– Miss Carmen is beautiful – said Daniela.

– Beautiful? – said Oliver – She is funny. Didn’t you see her crazy face?

– Didn’t you hear **the way she spoke either**? – said, Lucas.

Julia called them for lunch, Lucas and Oliver were still laughing about Carmen’s light and fresh appearance.

Paragraph

Julia se estaba preguntando por qué los niños se estaban riendo y por qué Daniela los estaba tratando de callar, Julia tenía una mirada noble y una sonrisa maternal llena de amor.

Durante el almuerzo los niños estuvieron silenciosos y comieron rápidamente para poder irse a explorar los alrededores. Estaban ansiosos por regresar a la cho-cita vieja que, aunque parecía un poco tenebrosa, les generaba mucha curiosidad.

Julia was wondering why the boys were laughing and Daniela was trying to shut them up. Julia had a noble look and a smile full of motherly love.

During lunch the children were quiet and ate quickly so they could go to explore outside. They were anxious to return to the old cabin, even though it was a little creepy, **their curiosity was drawing them to it.**

Paragraph 40

Al terminar el almuerzo, Lucas se levantó con prisa de la mesa y fue al corredor donde habían puesto la caja de juguetes, para buscar sus binoculares; Daniela y Oliver lo siguieron muy emocionados y se dispusieron a salir de la casa tan rápido que olvidaron decirle a su madre que querían salir, pero Julia los detuvo en la puerta y les preguntó hacia dónde iban. Los tres niños le contestaron al unísono que querían explorar un poco más afuera. Con mucha ternura, Julia les ordenó regresar pronto y les advirtió que no se alejaran demasiado ya que aún no conocían bien el lugar.

Lo que pasó después cambió totalmente la vida de los niños para siempre.

As soon as they finished their lunch, Lucas **got up in a hurry** and went to the hallway where their toy box was to look for his binoculars; Daniela and Oliver followed him very excitedly. They were ready to **leave the house as soon as possible**, they even forgot to tell their mother they wanted to go out, but Julia stopped them at the front door and asked them where they were going, the three children answered her **at the same time** that they wanted to explore a little bit more outside. With a lot of softness, Julia told them to return soon and warned them not to go very far away because **they still did not know the area very well.**

What happened after that changed completely the life of those children forever.

Paragraph 41

Caminaron por el bosque muy felices de regresar a la choza misteriosa que tanta curiosidad les causaba. Mientras caminaban, admiraban lo hermoso de aquel lugar que era su nuevo hogar, parecían muy felices de empezar una vida nueva en aquel pequeño pueblo. Al llegar a la choza observaron las hormiguitas llevando pétalos de rosa y admiraron su ardua labor de caminar con pétalos mucho más grandes que ellas mismas. Era una época del año muy colorida, había muchas flores de colores alrededor, muchos insectos polinizadores las rodeaban, el pequeño bosquecito se llenaba de una enorme paz y el sonido del viento acariciaba los árboles y le daba un toque de frescura a la vista al mismo tiempo que los niños seguían el camino de aquellos curiosos insectos que por supuesto los llevaron a la choza vieja y húmeda que habían visto el día anterior.

They walked in the forest happy to return to the mysterious cabin that gave them so much curiosity. While they were walking, they were admiring the beauty of their new home. They were happy to start a new life in that small town. When they arrived at the cabin, they saw the ants carrying the rose petals and admired their hard work because the petals were much bigger than themselves. It was a colorful time of the year with lots of flowers everywhere and lots of pollinating insects surrounding them, the little forest was full of peace and the sound of the wind stroked the trees and gave the view a touch of freshness at the same time the children were following those particular insects that led them back to the old and damp cabin the saw the day before.

Paragraph 42

—Miren —dijo Daniela—, este es el agujero por donde entró el ratoncito.

—Parece que hay una puerta en el piso, ¡vamos a abrirla! —expresó Oliver con gran emoción.

Oliver y Lucas desempolvaron la puerta y empezaron a moverla para poder descubrir lo que había allí, Daniela observaba con sus binoculares por la ventana y

logro ver al perro que los había sorprendido en la expedición anterior. La puerta estaba hecha del mismo material que el piso, lo hicieron como tratando de camuflarla entre la madera para que nadie la descubriera, pero la curiosidad de Daniela por las hormigas y el simpático ratoncito hizo que los niños la pudieran descubrir. Con mucho esfuerzo y apoyándose en los muros, lograron abrir un espacio suficiente para poder entrar, pero ninguno de ellos quería ser el primero en bajar porque estaba realmente oscuro y temían encontrar algo desagradable.

– Look! – said Daniela – this is the hole the little mouse used to enter.

– It looks like there is a door on the floor. Let’s open it! – said Oliver excited.

Oliver and Lucas cleaned the door and started to move it to find out what was on the

other side Daniela was looking outside the cabin with the binoculars through the window and was able to see the dog that surprised them in their last expedition. The door was made of the same material as the floor as a way to camouflage it with the wood **so no one would discover it**, but Daniela's interest in the ants and the nice little mouse allowed the children to discover it. With a lot of effort and using the walls as support, they managed to open the door a little bit, a space big enough for them to **go to the other side**; **however**, no one wanted to be the first one to go down because it was dark and they were afraid to find something scary.

Paragraph 43

—Yo no entraría ahí, tal vez deberíamos decirle a mamá.

—No, Lucas, solamente necesitamos un poco de luz, tratemos de despejar las ventanas, tal vez eso funcione —dijo Oliver.

No había mucho que hacer para darle más luz a la casa excepto quitar unas mantas viejas que colgaban en un par de ventanas porque el resto de ventanas estaban descubiertas, una vez que las quitaron la luz iluminó la casa por dentro y los objetos y muebles viejos se vieron más claramente: una mesa antigua y sólida estaba cerca de la puerta del piso y unas sillas manchadas y herrumbradas la rodeaban, jarrones empolvados y rotos se dejaron ver cerca de la que posiblemente algún día fue la sala, una enorme silla mecedora estaba junto a la chimenea y al lado de esta había una curiosa mesita redonda que daba la impresión de tener sus patas vivas, una taza y una larga cucharita estaban sobre la mesita. El lugar pareció cobrar vida, pero dentro de la puerta en el suelo no se veía ni el más mínimo rayo de sol.

— I wouldn't go in there, maybe we should tell Mom. — said, Lucas.

— No, Lucas. We just need a little bit of light, let's try to clean the windows, it might help. — said, Oliver.

There was not much to do to light up the house except take off some old blankets that were hanging on a couple of windows because the rest of the windows were already uncovered, once they remove the blankets the light entered the house and they could see better all the objects and old furniture inside; an old and solid table was near the floor door with **some stained and rusty chairs**, some dusty and broken jars were visible near to what once was the living room, a big rocking chair was next to the chimney and in the other side there was an interesting round little table that gave the impression of its legs been alive with a cup and a large teaspoon on it. The place seemed alive again, however, **complete darkness remained on the other side of the floor door.**

Paragraph 44

Daniela había salido de la choza para buscar el perrito e hizo una gran entrada con el cachorro en sus brazos lo cual despistó a Oliver y a Lucas de su misión con la puerta del piso.

El cachorro tenía los pelos color negro, tenía ojos oscuros, sus orejas puntiagudas parecían flechas que apuntaban hacia el cielo, y su cola era bastante corta.

—¿No es hermoso? —dijo Daniela, cuando el cachorro sacaba la lengua y trataba de lamerle los cachetes a Daniela.

—Claro que es hermoso —contestó Oliver sorprendido, mientras se acercaba para acariciarlo—. Tal vez nos podamos quedar con él.

—Es demasiado lindo —dijo Lucas aterrorizado, dando algunos pasos atrás.

Él tropezó con una vasija, y estuvo a punto de caer acostado, en ese momento sonó un trueno muy fuerte.

—Es hora de ir a casa, ya va a llover —dijo Oliver viendo el cielo por la ventana de la sala.

Daniela abrazó al cachorro y miró con temor a sus hermanos, todos se fueron caminando de prisa, pero sin correr para su casa.

Daniela had left the cabin looking for the puppy and made a big entrance with the puppy in her arms which distracted Oliver and Lucas from their objective with the floor door.

The puppy had black fur, dark eyes, pointy ears like arrows pointing to the sky, and a pretty short tail.

– Isn't he beautiful? – said Daniela when the puppy tried to lick her cheeks.

– Of course, he is – answered Oliver surprised, while approaching to pet him –
Maybe we can keep him.

– He is too cute – said Oliver terrified taking a few steps back.

He tripped over a jar and was about to fall over the floor when they heard a powerful thunder.

– It's time to go home, the rain is coming – said Oliver looking at the sky.

Daniela hugged the puppy and looked at her brothers with fear, they all left walking quickly but not running

Paragraph 45

Julia estaba lavando sus platos y se dijo a ella misma:

—¿Dónde están mis niños? Pronto lloverá.

Alguien tocó la puerta en ese instante por lo que ella pensó que eran sus niños que regresaban a casa de la expedición, así que se apresuró para abrirla.

Efectivamente eran sus hijos Oliver, Lucas y Daniela con el cachorrito.

—Qué bueno que llegaron, niños —dijo su mamá emocionada de ver a sus hijos. Aunque casi de inmediato notó al pequeño cachorro que la hizo sorprenderse.

Al momento de entrar en la casa, Daniela dijo:

—¿Mamá, puedo quedarme este cachorro?

—Oh, mi Dios, qué sorpresa, es precioso... Claro que puede quedarse, creo que será una gran compañía para todos, mi cielo —contestó Julia al tiempo que acariciaba al pequeño peludo.

Julia was doing the dishes and she told herself:

– Where could my children be? It’s going to rain soon.

Someone knocked at the door at that moment, she thought it was her children returning from their expedition so she rushed to open it.

Indeed, it was her children, Oliver, Lucas, and Daniela with the puppy.

– I’m glad you made it home, children – said Julia excited to see her children.

Although, almost immediately she noticed the puppy and was shocked.

As soon as they enter the house, Daniela said:

– Mom, can I keep this puppy?

– Oh my God! What a surprise, it’s beautiful... Of course, he can stay, I think it will be great company for everyone, sweetheart. – answered Julia while petting the little one.

Paragraph 46

Oliver y Daniela estaban celebrando, pero Lucas se fue corriendo y se encerró en su habitación.

Oliver y Daniela abrieron la puerta de la habitación, y Lucas estaba llorando. Él prendió la televisión, y se acostó en su cama y se puso a ver programas de TV.

—¿Lucas, que te pasa? —dijo Daniela.

—¡No quiero un cachorro! —gritó Lucas, llorando de tristeza.

Se abrió la puerta y entró su madre y dijo tranquila:

—¿Qué pasa, Lucas?

—No quiero tener un cachorro —dijo Lucas con voz mimada a su madre Julia.

—Oh vamos, Lucas... solo es un bebé, no debes tenerle miedo, pronto te vas a encariñar con él y serán buenos amigos. Te vamos a conceder algo importante, le pondrás el nombre al perrito, esa será tu tarea, mientras

tanto vamos a comer y piensa en un buen nombre para la nueva mascota. ¡Vamos!

Oliver and Daniela were celebrating, but Lucas run away and locked himself in the bedroom.

Oliver and Daniela opened their room door and saw Lucas crying. He turned on the TV, lied down in his bed, and started watching TV shows.

– Lucas, what’s wrong? – asked Daniela.

– I don’t want a puppy!! – yelled Lucas, crying with sadness.

Their mother opened the door and entered the room and said quietly:

– What’s the matter, Lucas?

– I don’t want a puppy! – said Lucas with a spoiled voice to his mom.

– Oh, come on, Lucas... it’s just a baby, you shouldn’t be afraid of it. We’re going to grant you something important; you will name the puppy, that will be your task. In the meantime, let’s go to eat and think of a good name for our new pet. Let’s go!

Paragraph 47

Todos se fueron caminando hacia el comedor para cenar, se sentaron en silencio esperando la reacción de Lucas que ya parecía más calmado pues Lucas estaba demasiado contento por ponerle nombre, y escuchó una voz atrás de él diciendo:

—No te preocupes, eres quien le va a poner nombre —dijo Oliver, levantándose de la mesa, muy contento, por supuesto.

—Claro que estoy feliz —dijo Lucas, viendo la comida del plato.

Era pizza, la comida que los niños adoraban.

Everyone went to the dining room to have dinner, they sat down in silence waiting for Lucas's reaction which seemed more relaxed, because he was really happy to name the puppy. He heard a voice behind him telling him:

– Don't worry, you get to choose the name – said Oliver while getting up from the table, obviously he was happy.

– Of course, I'm happy – said Lucas seeing the food on the table.

It was pizza, the children's favorite food.

Paragraph 48

Después de disfrutar alegremente la cena se fueron a cepillar los dientes, cuando Lucas terminó le dijo a su madre:

—Se va a llamar, Black.

—¿Quién? —dijo la madre que en ese momento no se acordaba del cachorro.

—El cachorrito, mami —le recordó Lucas.

—Qué bonito nombre —respondió su madre, satisfecha de ver que su hijo finalmente aceptó la idea de tener un perro en casa.

Cuando se fueron a acostar, Julia les contó los cuentos de siempre, El Gato con Botas y Pinocho.

After enjoying the dinner, they went to brush their teeth and when Lucas was done, he said to his mother:

– His name is going to be Black.

– Who? – said Julia that forgotten about the puppy.

– The puppy, mom – Lucas reminded her.

– Ahh! That's a nice name – answered Julia, glad to see Lucas finally accepted the puppy in the house.

When they went to bed, Julia read them the usual stories; The Puss in Boots and Pinocchio.

Paragraph 49

Los niños disfrutaban los cuentos que su madre les contaba cada noche, esta noche no era la excepción, todos estaban acurrucados en sus camitas oyendo con atención la historia de Pinocho, pero había alguien más escuchando el cuento que no había sido invitado, un gecko observaba con atención las páginas del libro desde el techo, el pequeño amiguito se acomodó en un rinconcito y observó durante un rato pero cuando empezó a caminar dio un paso en falso y cayó sobre la cara de Oliver, quien estaba empezando a conciliar el sueño, el niño se levantó de un salto y Daniela y Lucas se asombraron por el grito de su hermano.

The children enjoyed the stories their mother told them every night and that night was no exception, they were all in their beds hearing carefully the story of Pinocchio, but there was someone else listening to the story that was not invited. A gecko was carefully observing the book's pages from the roof, the little guy made himself comfortable in a corner and watched for a while, when it started to walk it stumbled and fell over Oliver's face, who was about to fall asleep. Oliver jumped from the bed and Daniela and Lucas were shocked because of their brother's scream.

Paragraph 50

Julia agarró un largo juguete tratando de alejar al gecko de la cama de Oliver, entonces el dulce animalito se paró en el borde de la ventana, los miró y se fue.

En ese momento todos reían y agradecían a su madre.

Julia used a very long toy and tried to remove the gecko from Oliver's bed, so the little animal went to the window's border, saw the family, and left.

At that moment, everyone was laughing and thanked their mother.

Paragraph 51

Al día siguiente, los niños se levantaron a las 6 am y fueron al cuarto de su madre para despertarla, la llenaron de besos y abrazos y no paraban de decir:

—Tenemos hambre, tenemos hambre —repetían sin parar.

Después del desayuno los niños estaban muy emocionados por salir a jugar en la choza vieja.

Daniela le propuso a su madre hacer un pícnic cerca en el bosque para así mostrarle la casita vieja que tanta admiración les causaba a los pequeños.

The next day, the children woke up at 6 a.m. and went to their mother's room to wake her up, they filled her with kisses and hugs and did not stop saying:

– We're hungry, we're hungry – they repeated non-stop.

After breakfast, the children were excited to go to play in the old cabin.

Daniela proposed to her mother that they had a picnic near the forest so they could show her the old cabin they were all so excited about.

Paragraph 52

Bajo un árbol en un pequeño claro del bosque encontraron un lugar perfecto y pusieron una manta allí, los niños jugaron con una pelota, lanzaron el frisbee, comieron frutas y galletas, disfrutando de la compañía de su madre en aquel hermoso lugar.

Cuando las hormigas empezaron a llegar para llevarse las sobras de comida Lucas recordó que las hormiguitas fueron las que los guiaron a la choza vieja, entonces llamó con alegría a Daniela para que siguieran las hormigas de nuevo.

Under a tree in a small glade in the forest, they found the perfect spot. They put a blanket there, played with a ball and with a frisbee, ate fruit and cookies, and enjoyed their mother's company in that beautiful place.

When the ants started to arrive to take the leftovers, Lucas remembered it was the ants who led them to the old cabin. He called Daniela happily to follow the ants again.

Paragraph 53

—¿Adónde van, niños? —dijo su mamá.
—Vamos a la choza vieja que encontramos el otro día.
—Me parece que debo ir con ustedes para conocer esa choza de la que me han estado hablando.
—¡Sí, mamá, sería genial!!! —dijo Oliver—. Vamos por una linterna para investigar qué hay debajo de la puerta que encontramos en el piso.

- Where are you going, children? – asked Julia.
- We’re going to the old cabin we found the other – said Daniela.
- I think I should go with you, to see this cabin you have been talking about.
- Yes, Mom! That would be great! – said Oliver – Let’s go for a lantern to investigate what’s on the other side of the door we found on the floor.

Paragraph 54

Los niños corrieron llenos de alegría y curiosidad con la emoción de terminar de conocer aquel misterioso lugar, buscaron las linternas apresuradamente y volvieron al bosque donde su madre terminaba de recoger la manta y la canasta del pícnic y se disponía a encaminarse con sus niños hacia la cabaña.

The children ran full of joy, curiosity, and excitement to fully understand that mysterious place. They looked for the lanterns in a rush and returned to the forest where their mother was finishing picking up the blanket and the picnic basket and was getting ready to go with their children to the cabin.

Paragraph 55

La choza se veía igual que siempre, era terrorífica pero mágica a la vez. Los niños se mostraban emocionados al entrar en la choza y comentaban a su madre sobre lo fantástico que era ese lugar y lo increíble de cada una de las cosas que había dentro, las cuales ellos ya habían visto cuando visitaron la casita anteriormente. El día de hoy la choza se veía más alegre y hasta un poco más limpia que las primeras veces, parecía que el ambiente se estaba empezando a contagiar con la energía positiva de los chicos, aunque Julia miraba con cierta desconfianza aquel lugar tan antiguo y empolvado.

The cabin looked the same as always, it was terrifying but at the same time magical. The children were excited to enter the cabin and were talking to their mother about how amazing it was on the inside and how incredible was each one of the objects inside, which they had already seen the last time they went inside. That day, the cabin looked happier and even a little bit cleaner than the previous times. It seemed the positive energy of the children was starting to affect the atmosphere surrounding the cabin. Although, Julia looked at that place so ancient and dusty with some mistrust.

Paragraph 56

Finalmente, Oliver mostró a su madre la puerta en el piso y todos se dirigieron hacia ella para entrar. Una vez que entraron al suelo por aquella puerta, un viento misterioso y suave empezó a rodearlos, todo se veía más claro por las linternas, pero era un túnel angosto y debían caminar en fila para encontrar lo que había en él. Julia encabezaba la marcha mientras los niños ansiosos

la seguían, ella dudó por un momento si debían seguir, pero algo le decía que debía averiguar lo que ocultaba aquella casilla vieja y abandonada.

Finally, Oliver showed his mother the floor door and everyone approached it to cross to the other side. Once on the other side, a mysterious and soft wind started to surround them, the lanterns helped to see everything better; however, it was a narrow tunnel so they had to walk in line, one behind the other, to reach the end of the tunnel. Julia led the walk while the children were excited walking behind her. Julia hesitated for a moment if they should continue but something was telling her that they needed to find out what was the secret behind that old and abandoned cabin.

Paragraph 57

Las paredes del túnel parecían brillar y estaban un poco húmedas y musgosas pero aquel lugar nunca parecía perder el encanto que había causado en los niños. De pronto se encontraron frente a una enorme puerta tallada en madera, el tallado formaba una especie de cara muy bien hecha con rasgos de anciano sabio, madera color marrón, tenía ojos verdes como esmeralda, una boca grande y ancha y una barba que llegaba hasta el piso adornaba la parte baja de la puerta. Lo que más llamaba la atención de Julia era el símbolo extraño que colgaba de la puerta como si fuera una nariz, ya que el resto de

la puerta estaba tallado en forma de una cara humana excepto su extraña nariz.

The tunnel's walls looked like they were glowing, they were a little bit wet and mossy but it seemed to affect the excitement of the children. Suddenly, they found themselves in front of a huge wooden door with an amazing carving that looked like the face of a wise old man, the wood was brown, but the face had green eyes like emeralds, a big wide mouth, and a beard that reaches the floor and worked as decoration for the bottom of the door. What caught Julia's attention was the strange symbol hanging in the door like a nose, because the rest of the door was carved as a human face except that odd nose.

Paragraph 58

Julia observó la suciedad que había sobre la puerta y se dispuso a limpiarla llevándose la gran sorpresa de que, al frotar sus manos sobre la puerta para quitar el polvo que había en ella, la puerta empezó a hablar.

Mientras tosía la puerta iba diciendo:

—Oh, coaf, coaf, ¿quién me ha despertado?

—¿Hola? —dijo Julia con asombro y nerviosismo.

—Hola —saludaron los niños asombrados, atrás de Julia.

—Bienvenidos, niños, sean bienvenidos, disculpen la tos, hace mucho que no abro mis ojos, como podrán ver este no es un lugar muy visitado, hace mucho que esta zona no tiene guardianes, ya era tiempo de que alguien se acercara a este humilde reino.

—¿Reino? Yo solamente veo una puerta en medio de un oscuro túnel —dijo Oliver.

Julia saw the dirt in the door and tried to clean it, but she was surprised when, after she rubbed her hands on the door to clean the dust, the door started to talk.

While the door was coughing, it said:

- Oh “*cough, cough,*” who woke me?
- Hello? – said Julia shocked and nervous.
- Hello – said the children amazed, behind Julia.
- Welcome children, excuse the cough, it’s been a while since the last time I opened my eyes. As you may see, this is not a very visited place. It’s been a long time since this place had guardians, about time for you to come to this humble kingdom.
- Kingdom? I only see a door in the middle of a dark tunnel – said Oliver.

Paragraph 59

—¿Quiénes son los guardianes? —preguntó Julia, quien estaba segura de estar en un sueño.

—Ja, ja, ja... ustedes son los guardianes, pero hay más allá arriba, en su mundo hay muchos guardianes y en lo profundo de toda la tierra, en cada pueblo, valle, ciudad, montaña, en cada rincón del planeta hay reinos como este. Sí, los que puedan abrirme se encontrarán con el reino mágico más hermoso que hayan visto, somos quienes mantienen vivo a este planeta, pues nos encargamos de mantener el aire limpio y respirable, protegiendo y restaurando el manto sobre la tierra, además tenemos otras labores, pero los humanos nos han estado dando más trabajo en estos tiempos, ya se los explicará

nuestro viejo amigo Simón. Él será su guía, pero solo un alma limpia y de buen corazón puede hacer que los deje pasar, uno de ustedes lo hará porque puedo percibir buenos corazones entre ustedes.

- Who are the guardians? Asked Julia, who was pretty sure to be dreaming.
- Ha, ha, ha... you’re the guardians, but there are more out there, in your world there are lots of guardians and in the deep of the Earth, in each town, valley, city, mountain, in every corner of the world there are kingdoms like this one. Those who can open me will find the most beautiful magical kingdom that they have ever seen. We’re the ones who keep this planet alive, for we’re the ones in charge of keeping the air clean and breathable, protecting and restoring the mantle over the planet. We have other jobs, but recently humans have been giving us more work, our old friend Simon will explain everything to you. He’ll be your guide, however, only a clean soul and pure heart may pass, one of you will do it because I can sense the goodness in your hearts.

Paragraph 60

—¿Cómo te abres, señor? —preguntó Daniela.

—Muy simple, pon tu mano en mi corazón y se abrirá.

Daniela, que era la más intrépida e impaciente, buscó por todo lado dónde estaba el corazón, pero no lo podía ver.

—¿Dónde está, dónde está? Yo quiero ver el reino —se apresuró a decir.

Su madre trató de calmarla.

– Excuse me, sir. How can we open you? – asked Daniela.

– Quite simple, just put your hand in my heart and I will open it.

Daniela, who was the most fearless and impatient of the family, looked everywhere for the heart, but could not find it.

– Where is it?! I want to see the kingdom.

Julia tried to calm her down.

Paragraph 61

—Mi corazón está aquí —dijo la puerta. En ese momento una luz roja empezó a brillar en su lado izquierdo, al limpiarla un poco más quitando el moho y el polvo que había sobre ella, se pudo ver claramente una roca brillante que se escondía detrás de la suciedad de la oscura puerta.

Daniela puso su mano sobre la roca y la puerta cerró sus ojos mientras el corazón cambiaba de colores rápidamente emitiendo un sonido mágico que los niños nunca habían escuchado, después de un rato la puerta dijo:

—Has logrado mostrarme tu alma, niña, solo un corazón noble puede abrir esta puerta, sean bienvenidos; y la puerta se abrió.

– My heart is right here – said the door. At that moment, a red light started to glow on the left side. After cleaning a little bit and removing all the dust and moss, they could see, clearly, a shiny rock that was hidden behind the dirt of the dark door.

Daniela put her hand over the rock and the door closed its eyes while the heart was changing colors quickly making a magical sound that the children had not heard before, after a few moments the door said:

– You have shown me your soul, little girl. Only a pure heart may open this door,

be welcome! – and the door opened.

Paragraph 62

El lugar era impresionante incluso para los que estaban acostumbrados a verlo; un bosque se extendía frente a ellos, había mucha luz, una luz blanca y se aspiraban olores fragantes a flores desconocidas. Había

palmeras con hojas de color púrpura, había personas con sombreros puntiagudos y animales mágicos, hermosas calles de adoquines y todo se veía extremadamente natural y pacífico.

Un unicornio pasó volando cerca de ellos, a medida que iban avanzando se veían cosas impensables, un mago que se metió por completo en un caldero y volvió a salir, un dragón volaba a lo lejos, los niños estaban boquiabiertos.

The place was amazing even for those used to seeing it. A forest was in front of them, a lot of light, a white light, and they could smell flowers they had not smelled never before. There were palm trees with purple leaves, people with pointy hats, magical animals, and beautiful streets with cobblestones, and everything was seen as extremely natural and peaceful.

A unicorn flew past them, and while they were walking, they saw unimaginable things; a wizard got into a cauldron and came out again, and a dragon was flying far away, the children were amazed like never before.

Paragraph 63

De repente los sorprendió una voz, era un hombre con cara amigable que los saludaba, tenía ojos de color verde, usaba lentes y tenía una barba corta, pero con muchísimo pelo, además, tenía canas y algunos pelos negros, también, usaba un saco color marrón una corbata verde con círculos y aparentaba tener unos 42 años

—Bienvenidos a Magic Müller, soy su guía, mi nombre es Simón.

Suddenly, a voice surprised them. It was a man with a friendly face greeting them, he had green eyes, wore glasses, had a short beard but with lots of hair, also some grey and black hairs, and he was wearing a brown coat with a green tie with circles, he seemed to be his forties.

– Welcome to Magic Müller, I'm your guide, my name is Simon.

Paragraph 64

Simón Appleton era un tipo simpático, llevó a los niños con él por el camino, mostrándoles las maravillas del lugar, les mostró las mágicas plantas que había a lo largo del camino y las impresionantes criaturas que las habitaban, Julia y los niños se detuvieron a observar a las hadas diminutas trabajar en un pequeño jardín cerca del lago, Simón siguió su camino hacia su casa.

Simon Appleton was a nice guy; he took the children with him showing them all the wonders of the place; the magic plants planted along the road and the spectacular creatures that lived there. Julia and the children stopped a moment to watch the little fairies working on a little garden near the lake, then continued the road with Simon to his house.

Paragraph 65

Los niños ahora llamados GUARDIANES se apresuraron para alcanzar a Simón. Con Simón Appleton había una tortuga gigante que estaba cerca de una peculiar casita, la tortuga era increíble tenía alas gigantes y un cuerno como un unicornio, era muy colorida, su rostro sabio y simpático les generaba paz y en su caparazón llevaba un letrero que decía “móntame”.

The children, now called “guardians,” hurried to catch up with Simon. Next to Simon, there was a giant turtle near a very particular little house. The turtle had big wings, and a horn like a unicorn, it was colorful, a wise and nice face that gave the feeling of peace, and in its shell, it carried a sign that said “Ride me.”

Paragraph 66

—Por favor, niños, suban —dijo Simón.

Los niños y Julia subieron por unas escaleras que les señalaba Simón, en ese instante las escaleras y el letrero desaparecieron mágicamente y los niños hicieron expresiones de asombro. Iban directo al lomo de Asgard la tortuga, todos estaban muy emocionados y vieron que sobre su caparazón había una especie de asientos ordenados en fila como en un autobús, era increíble, de repente empezaron a elevarse hacia el cielo, un cielo cla-

ro con algunas nubes y pájaros que volaban alrededor y además observaron dragones a lo lejos.

– Please, children get on – said Simon.

The children and Julia went up some stairs that Simon pointed at, after they were on

the turtle, the stairs and the sign disappeared causing astonishment in the children. They were on the shell of Asgard, the turtle, everyone was excited and saw that the shell had sat for them, it was amazing. All of sudden they started to ascend to the sky, the clearest sky they had ever seen, with just a couple of clouds and birds flying around, they saw dragons far away.

Paragraph 67

—¡Hey, Asgard! ¿Qué tienes que decir?

Increíblemente la tortuga habló:

—Hola, los felicito por ser parte de nuestro equipo, espero que disfruten mucho esta aventura y que cumplan con responsabilidad sus labores como guardianes, es un asunto serio, pero de verdad vale la pena.

– Hey Asgard! Do you have anything to say?

Surprisingly, the turtle spoke:

– Greetings, congratulations for being part of our team. I hope you enjoy this adventure a lot and that you fulfill your duties as guardians with responsibility, it's a serious matter but it's worth it.

Paragraph 68

Por fin, llegaron a un lugar donde había un hermoso bosque, muchos árboles altos y hermosos que parecían brillar con la luz del sol. Se bajaron de la tortuga y caminaron por un camino blanco que parecía eterno, al final del camino había un trono donde se encontraba una mujer altísima, era la Reina.

—¿Cómo estás, Simón?

—Muy bien —respondió con la cabeza y con una gran sonrisa, mientras hacía espacio para dejar pasar a los invitados.

—Bienvenidos a Magic Müller, niños y madre, mi nombre es Amara; espero que disfruten su estancia.

Finally, they arrived at a place with a beautiful forest, lots of tall and amazing trees that looked like they glow with the sunlight. They got down of the turtle and walked a white road that looked endless, at the end there was a throne and a very tall woman sitting in it; the Queen.

– How are you, Simon?

– Very good – answered with a big smile, while making room for the guests.

– Welcome to Magic Müller, children, and mother, mi name is Amara; I hope you

enjoy your stay.

Paragraph 69

La reina era demasiado alta, tenía ojos verdes y profundos, su pelo era castaño claro, tenía una nariz puntiaguda muy divertida, su ropa era holgada y cómoda y usaba muchísimas pulseras en sus brazos; además, a ella siempre la acompañaba un pequeño gatito parlante. Daniela no paraba de observar el gatito, Oliver y Lucas lo veían también mientras que Simón conversaba con la reina sobre la misión que tenían los chicos en el reino de Magic Müller.

The queen was very tall, with green deep eyes, light brown hair, a pointy nose, loose and comfortable clothes, and was wearing a lot of bracelets; additionally, a little talking cat was always with her. Oliver and Lucas saw the cat while Simon was talking with the queen about the children's mission in the kingdom.

Paragraph 70

—Ahora son parte de este equipo —dijo el señor Appleton poniéndoles una insignia con la forma que tenía la puerta enfrente.

Simón y la reina decidieron entregar a los niños un gatito para cada uno, la reina Amara les explicó a ellos que los gatitos eran gatos muy especiales ya que los gatos tenían poderes mágicos que los ayudarían a enfrentar las situaciones que se presentarían debido a su misión.

—¿Qué misión? —preguntó Oliver

—Oliver, en el reino mágico tenemos la misión de proteger la magia de los humanos, es por eso que escogemos a los niños y algunos adultos, para que nos ayuden a proteger nuestro reino y así las personas no sepan que existe la magia porque sería un riesgo muy grande

si los seres humanos supieran de nuestra existencia. Los humanos son codiciosos y su codicia los puede llevar a hacer un mal uso del poder que aquí se esconde.

— Now, you are part of this team – said Mr. Appleton while putting a badge on them, the badge had the same shape as the front door.

Simon and the queen decided to give a cat to each one of the children, the queen explained to them that the cats were special and they had magical powers that would help them to face any obstacles they may face in their mission.

– What mission? – asked Oliver.

– Oliver, in this kingdom we have the mission of protecting the magic from the humans. That's why we choose children and a few adults, so they help us to protect our kingdom and to make sure the rest of the world does not know about the existence of magic. It would be a very big risk to let the rest of the humans know about our kingdom and us. Humanity's greed could let to a terrible use of the power that is hidden here.

Paragraph 71

Oliver se preguntaba cómo la reina sabía su nombre, era un poco extraño, él nunca mencionó que se llamaba Oliver. “Creo que la reina es muy inteligente”, pensaba Oliver, “ella lo sabe todo”.

—Vengan, les mostraré su misión. —La reina se levantó de su trono, señaló el trono con su mano y este se encogió, ella lo tomó y lo metió en una pequeña carterita y detrás del trono apareció una puerta. Todos siguieron a la reina por la puerta, al entrar había una habitación con muchas decoraciones de gatos, estatuillas y cuadros de lindos gatitos, los gatos eran parte importante de este mundo y por eso había todo tipo de chineos para ellos. Una vez adentro, cada uno de los niños escogió su gato, según la reina los gatos son la mejor compañía para un guardián mágico.

Oliver was wondering why the queen knew his name because he never mentioned his name to her, for him it was odd. “The queen must be really smart,” he thought, “she knows everything.”

– Come, I will show you your mission. – the queen stood up, raised her hand pointed to the throne and it shrank, then she put it in her purse, behind where the throne and a door showed up. Everyone followed the queen across the door, to a room with a lot of cat decorations; statues, and paintings, the cats were an essential part of that world. Once inside, each child chose their cat, according to the queen they were the best partner for a magical guardian.

Paragraph 72

The

La reina Amara nació en el año 1970. Cuando tenía 7 años, se tuvo que enfrentar a un villano malvado llamado Jack, quien había asesinado a sus padres; la reina logró la paz, a muy corta edad empezó a ser la reina de Magic Müller, desde niña le encantaba la magia de las hormigas y por eso disfrutaba mucho observar cómo las hormigas hacían su trabajo, pero las hormigas no hacen el trabajo que usualmente nosotros pensamos que hacen las hormigas: son las mejores aliadas del reino mágico; ellas recolectan pequeñas hojas del mundo real y luego entran en sus agujeros para llevar aquellas pequeñas plantas hacia el reino mágico, allí las hormigas procesan aquellas plantas, las convierten en polvillo mágico.

Luego, con este polvillo los duendes hacen jugos prodigiosos, mezclados con otras plantas del reino, que luego serán enviados a cada una de las plantas del mundo para darle color y energía a las maravillosas flores que existen en el mundo humano. Además, no es solo una leyenda que hay duendes en el final del arcoíris porque allí están los duendecillos de cada mundo mágico en la tierra; sin ese jugo Mágico y sin el polvillo mágico que extraen de las plantas las hormigas el mundo sería un lugar gris, es por eso que desde niña la reina ha disfrutado demasiado ver el trabajo arduo que hacen las hormigas para que todo siga con normalidad en el planeta tierra y en el mundo mágico.

queen was born in the year 1970. When she was seven years old, she fought a dangerous villain called Jack, who had killed her parents. She accomplished peace and became queen at a very young age. She had always loved magic, especially the ants' magic, so she enjoyed watching the ants working; however, the ants' job is not what everyone thinks. They are the greatest allies of the kingdom; their job is to recollect leaves of the outside world and bring them to the kingdom where they turned them into magic dust. After that, the elves used the dust to make prodigious juices, mixed with other plants of the kingdom, that were sent to each one of the plants of the world to give them color and energy to the flowers of the outside world. That is how the legend that there are elves at the end of the rainbows was born, although, is not a legend anymore, those the elves from each magic world sending the juices. Without that juice and dust, the world would be a colorless place, and that is the reason the queen enjoyed seeing the ants' working since she was a child, they help to keep the balance between the outside world and the magical world.

Paragraph 73

El primer animal que conoció la reina fue el gato, desde que era niña su madre le dio un gato y por eso le encanta visitar el hermoso criadero de gatos mágicos de Magic Müller.

La reina, cuando tenía 27 años, se casó con un príncipe llamado Abdiel, quien, junto a ella, mantenían el secreto de la tierra mágica.

Tuvieron una hija, y ella se llamaba Ana, era tan hermosa como su madre y tenía una linda sonrisa, disfrutaba jugar en los ríos y mirar los atardeceres, aunque su madre adoraba los gatos ella prefería las aves.

The first animal the queen met was the cat. When she was a child, her mother gave her

a cat and for that, she enjoyed visiting the nursery of magical cats.

When the queen was 27 years old, she married a prince called Abdiel, who helped her to keep the magical land a secret.

They had a girl named Ana, she was as beautiful as her mother, with a pretty smile. Ana enjoyed playing in the rivers and watching the sunsets, and she preferred birds to cats, unlike her mother.

Paragraph 74

La reina y su esposo gobernaban con amor el reino de Magic Müller, hasta el momento todo había estado muy tranquilo, los duendes trabajaban arduamente y a pesar de que los insectillos mágicos que invadían los patios y con los que era difícil lidiar, no había mucho alboroto, pero en este momento, afuera de este reino se estaba organizando un grupo de cazadores de magia que

deseaban acabar con los reinos mágicos del mundo. Alrededor de la tierra había muchos lugares como el reino de Magic Müller donde también se podían encontrar niños y adultos que llevaban como misión mantener el reino mágico en secreto de los humanos.

The queen and her husband ruled with love and for a while there was peace, the elves worked hard, with only a few insects causing small problems. They were not aware that outside the kingdom, a group of magic hunters was being organized to end all the magical worlds. There were a lot of magical worlds around the world, with children and adults protecting their secrets from the rest of the world.

Paragraph 75

La reina le dijo a Simón que los guiara a la tienda para comprar lo que necesitaban.

Y en el bosque había una tienda, en verdad en los bosques no hay tiendas, pero en este bosque sí. En medio de un pueblito dividido por un camino amarillo, se podía observar un parque de juegos y algunas casas donde vivían los habitantes de Magic Müller, una vez que acababa el camino al fondo del pueblo había un árbol enorme que, además de ser un árbol, era también la tienda donde los niños comprarían las cosas necesarias para continuar con su labor.

Afuera de la tienda había un letrero que decía "Magic Müller Store". Entraron en la tienda atendida por un anciano bajito con bigote gris, cabello gris, y quien usaba un bastón, además tenía unas cómicas arrugas en la piel.

The queen ordered Simon to guide the children to the store to get whatever they may need.

The store was in the forest, in a town divided by a yellow road, with a playground and houses where the people of the kingdom lived. At the end of the road, there was a huge tree that turned out to be the store where the children could get everything they needed to continue with their duty.

Outside the store, there was a sign that said: “Magic Müller Store.” The store was run by a small old man, with grey hair and a mustache, with some amusing wrinkles in the skin.

Paragraph 76

Afuera de la tienda había un letrero que decía “Magic Müller Store”. Entraron en la tienda atendida por un anciano bajito con bigote gris, cabello gris, y quien usaba un bastón, además tenía unas cómicas arrugas en la piel.

—Hola, Appleton —le dijo el anciano a Simón.

—Hola, señor Bass. Quiero presentarte a nuestros nuevos guardianes Oliver, Daniela y Lucas, chicos, él es Sael Bass, el dueño de la tienda Bass-stuff, por si necesitamos algo para nuestra misión, aquí encontraremos de todo —dijo Simón con mucha paciencia—. También vende artículos mágicos.

—Mucho gusto, señor Bass —dijo Oliver con mucha educación.

—Hemos venido para que ellos obtengan su varita y demás implementos, espero que puedas encontrar lo mejor para cada uno de ellos —dijo Simón fríamente.

– Hi, Appleton – said the old man to Simon.

– Hello, Mr. Bass. I would like to introduce you to our new guardians; Oliver, Daniela, and Lucas, children, this is Sael Bass, owner of the store Bass-stuff, in case you need something for your mission here is where you can find it – said Simon quietly – as well as magical articles.

– Nice to meet you, Mr. Bass – said Oliver politely.

– We came so they may get their wands and other tools, I hope you find the best for each one of them. – said Simon coldly.

Paragraph 77

El anciano miró a los niños uno por uno muy detenidamente y luego fue a buscar en un cajón viejo y gastado.

Del cajón sacó tres varitas, luego se lo sirvió en la mano a Lucas y le dijo:

—Esta será tu varita mágica. —Era una varita negra y con madera lisa bien bella. Luego se dirigió a Daniela y le entregó una hermosa varita de color marrón, gruesa y un poco arrugada por donde la tenía que sujetar—. Esta será la tuya, Daniela —dijo el señor Bass con una voz enternecida. Buscó un poco más de varitas entre las cajas mientras pensaba en voz alta:

The old man looked at the children one by one carefully and then went to look in an old and used box.

He pulled out three wands, gave one to Lucas, and said:

– This is your magic wand – it was a beautiful black wooden wand. After that, he looked at Daniela and gave her a brown thick wand with a couple of wrinkles in the lower part where Daniela held it – this one is yours, Daniela – said Mr. Bass with a tender voice. He looked for more wands in the box while thinking out loud:

Paragraph 78

—Mmm, dónde está, okey, veamos, aquí la tengo. Esta será para ti, Oliver —y le dio a él una varita de color negro y blanco. Era una hermosa varita, Oliver estaba realmente sorprendido.

—Ja, ja, ja, tengo mejor varita que ustedes —comentó Oliver con voz burlona sacándole la lengua a Lucas y a Daniela.

—Hey, Oliver, ten cuidado, podrías perder tu derecho a la varita por presumirla —anunció el señor Bass alarmado.

—Muy bien, Lucas, tienes la varita de roble oscuro, con esta varita hechizarás a tus enemigos, podrás elevar

cosas que no estén a tu alcance, será útil para ordenar tu habitación —le dijo Bass mientras le guiñaba un ojo—. Además, esta varita puede disparar luz solar para cuando te encuentres en peligro, dale un uso con amor.

– Mm, where it could be. Okay, let’s see, here it is. This one is for you Oliver – and gave him a black and white. It was beautiful and Oliver was really surprised.

– ha, ha, ha, my wand is better than yours – said Oliver with a mocking voice to Lucas and Daniela.

– Be careful, Oliver. You could lose your right to that wand for showing off. – said Mr. Bass startled.

– Very well, Lucas, you have the black oak wand. You can bewitch your enemies and lift objects that aren’t within your reach, it may be useful to clean your room – said Bass while winking his eye – besides, this wand can shoot a sunlight beam for when you’re in danger, use it with love.

Paragraph 79

—Wow —dijeron los tres al unísono, se notaba la cara de asombro en los tres niños.

—Daniela, la varita que te acabo de entregar es muy poderosa, se transforma en un bastón y podrás disparar chorros de agua a tus enemigos o bien convertirlo en una cuerda mágica para atrapar a las personas de mala voluntad, úsala con sabiduría.

—Increíble —expresó Daniela.

—Oliver, con esta varita te podrás transportar de un lugar a otro con solo pensarlo y además podrás transportar a alguien contigo, también tiene el poder de hacerte invisible ante cualquier peligro, podrás hacer invisible a quien te toque en el momento de tu invisibilidad o bien crear escudos protectores, recuerda también usarla con el corazón.

– Wow – said the three children at the same time, the astonishment was obvious.

– Daniela, your wand is very powerful, it can turn into a staff and shoot water blasts at your enemies. You can also turn it into a magic rope and trap evil people, use it wisely.

– Incredible – said Daniela.

– Oliver, with this wand, you can transport from one place to another with only thinking about it, you can also transport one more person with you. Additionally, it can turn you invisible in the face of danger and while that power is active you can turn invisible to anyone that touches you finally, it can create protective shields, remember to use it with the heart.

Paragraph 80

– Well, children. It's time to begin your training. – said, Simon.

Simon took them to an amazing building where they would train every afternoon after classes, so they can learn to fight and master their wands.

They trained for several months while making real friends in the magical world and enjoying every moment. During that time, Daniela met an elf named Yiyi that trained her to learn the elf .

become good

Paragraph 81

Pero no todo sería diversión después de mucho entrenamiento, Simón les dio la misión de visitar la montaña Wisper, donde pondrían a prueba sus habilidades y pelearían con el troll que vivía allí, luego de luchar contra el troll su misión sería encontrar el lugar donde el troll escondía la miel fantástica que utilizaban los duendes para fines medicinales.

languages, they friends

But not everything was fun. After a lot of training, Simon gave the children the mission to

visit Whisper Mountain where they would test their skills fighting a troll that lived there.

The mission was to defeat the troll and find out where the troll hid the fantastic honey that the elves used to create medicines.

Paragraph 82

La vida continuó muy normal, bueno, casi, los niños cada tarde iban a entrenar con el señor Simón, algunos otros miembros de Magic Müller también ayudaban en su entrenamiento para mejorar sus habilidades y proteger al reino de Magic Müller. Su misión de vencer al Troll los tenía algo nerviosos, pero a la vez les emocionaba poder enfrentarse a peligros reales en aquella montaña, que según decían era tenebrosa, en todo caso la hora del entrenamiento era lo más importante para ellos y esa era la parte más divertida del día para ellos, por lo que la esperaban con grandes ansias.

Life continued pretty normally, except for the afternoon training with Mr. Simon, other members of Magic Müller helped the children to improve their skills to protect the kingdom. Their mission of defeating the troll had them a little nervous and at the same time very excited to be able to face real danger on that mountain that, according to some rumors, was terrifying. Anyway, the training was the most important for them and the funniest part of the day as well, so they were excited to go on the train.

por eso cuando viven aventuras mágicas simplemente las recuerdan como un sueño y piensan que nunca pasó realmente.

Paragraph 83

Julia se adaptaba bastante bien al nuevo ambiente, había hecho gran amistad con la señorita Carmen, quien estaba siempre muy cerca de la familia compartiendo con ellos tardes de café y llevando a Julia a conocer los lugares hermosos que había en su nuevo barrio, incluyendo la fuente de los deseos que a los niños les encantaba visitar. Pero Julia no recordaba nada de la puerta mágica, los niños trataron de mencionárselo en varias ocasiones sin lograr ningún resultado. Lucas, con mucha curiosidad, le preguntó a Simón por qué su madre no recordaba nada de lo sucedido. Simón le explicó que no todos tienen la fe suficiente para creer en la magia y

Julia adapted herself pretty well to the new atmosphere, she and Miss Carmen

had become friends, so she was always close to the family sharing with them afternoon snacks and taking Julia to new and beautiful places that were in the neighborhood, even to the wish fountain that the children loved to visit. Julia did not remember anything about the magic door, the children tried to tell her several times with no luck. Lucas asked Simon why his mother did not remember anything, Simon explained to him that not everyone has enough faith to believe in magic and that when that kind of people experience magical adventures are just a dream, and do not believe they happened.

Paragraph 84

Sin embargo, los niños seguían disfrutando de aquel lugar que los rodeaba y los llenaba de nuevos retos. El vecindario era muy tranquilo y todos los fines de semana a Julia y a Carmen les encantaba hacer pícnic con los chicos y con su fiel mascota, su amistad fue creciendo poco a poco y para Carmen eso era grandioso ya que no tenía hijos y siempre soñó tenerlos. Carmen y Julia se hicieron buenas amigas y junto con los niños hicieron un hermoso jardín en su casa que era uno de los pasatiempos favoritos de Carmen: sembrar plantas. Julia siempre quiso tener un jardín tan hermoso como el de Carmen y eso fue una gran terapia para Julia que al inicio de

la mudanza se la pasaba llorando en cada rincón por el terrible duelo de haber perdido su casa y a su esposo al mismo tiempo.

However, the children continued enjoying this new place and the challenges they were facing. The neighborhood was quiet and every weekend Julia and Carmen loved to make picnics with the children and the loyal pet, the friendship grew little by little and for Carmen, it was great because she did not have children of her own but always wanted. Carmen and Julia became good friends and with the children made a beautiful garden in the house, to sow plants was Carmen's favorite hobby. Julia always wanted to have a beautiful garden like Carmen's and it helped Julia because, at the beginning after the move, she used to spend a lot of time mourning about losing her home and her husband at the same time.

Paragraph 85

For the children, Carmen was a godmother that brought them joy in their new life, nevertheless, Mr. Big Eyebrow was not the best neighbor for the children. For them, he was a dark person, they were afraid of him, but Carmen and Julia admired and respected him a lot for being a great collaborator in the community.

Para los niños, Carmen era una madrina que les hacía felices en su nuevo vecindario, sin embargo, el señor Cejón no era el mejor vecino para los chicos, él era una persona más bien oscura para ellos, los niños le tenían miedo, pero Carmen y Julia le tenían gran admiración y respeto por ser un hombre colaborador en la comunidad.

Paragraph 86

El señor Cejón tenía un puesto importante en el municipio de Müller, por lo que ayudó a Julia a conseguir un trabajo en la galería de Arte, donde ella se encargaba de organizar las actividades culturales que se organizaban en el pueblo.

Julia, a pesar de tratar de llevar una vida normal, todavía tenía algunos sueños que en realidad eran recuerdos de su viaje en el mundo mágico, a veces se pellizcaba para tratar de despertar creyendo que eso no estaba pasando, pero sus sueños eran profundos. Ella tenía un gran deseo de contarle a Carmen sobre sus sueños, pero no parecía correcto porque pensaría que estaba loca.

Mr. Big Eyebrow had a very important position in the city council, so he helped Julia to get a job in the art gallery, where she was in charge of organizing cultural activities for the town.

Julia, despite trying to lead a normal life, still had a few dreams that were memories of her journey to the magical world. Sometimes she pinched himself to wake herself up believing that was not happening, but her dreams were deep. She wanted to tell Carmen about her dreams but didn't seem right because Carmen might think she was crazy.

Paragraph 87

En la escuela los niños no tenían mucha fama, pero eso no les importaba mucho, ellos se tenían el uno al otro y eran bastante unidos, por eso deseaban terminar las clases para llegar a la casa, salir a jugar y llenar de imaginación sus mentes en aquel bosque que había atrás de su nuevo hogar.

In the school, the children were not popular, but they did not care because they had each other and were close. That's why they couldn't wait to go to their house after school and go to the forest behind their home and let their imagination fill their minds.

Paragraph 88

Uno de los compañeros de Oliver era hijo del señor Cejón, esa era una fuerte razón por la que Oliver no quería mucho al señor Cejón, pues su hijo siempre estaba buscando la forma de molestarlo en la escuela.

Así pasaron los días para la familia Somith, su nuevo barrio les había traído grandes sorpresas y, a pesar de las dificultades y del luto en el que vivía toda la familia, todos se estaban acostumbrando bastante bien. Aunque la misión de luchar contra un Troll aterraba a Lucas que temía perder la batalla, Oliver y Daniela parecían emocionados. El mundo mágico les hizo tener esperanza y ver que los cambios y la tristeza son parte de la vida.

One of Oliver's classmates was Mr. Big Eyebrow's son, and that was one of the reasons Oliver did not like Mr. Big Eyebrow. His son was always looking for new ways to bother Oliver.

That was how the Somith spent their days, their new town had brought them great surprises and, despite the difficulties and the mourning in which the whole family was living, everyone was getting used to it. Even though, the mission of fighting a troll terrified Lucas, Oliver, and Daniela seemed excited. The magical world gave them hope and to learn that the changes and sadness were part of life.

Paragraph 89

After many days of training, Simon, at last, led the children to Whisper Mountain which the children had to climb to reach the place where the enchanted tree with the magic honey was located. Crossing the forest, they will face the troll that was guarding the honey; for a long time, many tried to get to the honey but none could defeat the troll. Simon trained the children for that moment, so he and the children could join forces to defeat the troll and bring the honey safely back to the kingdom. He was confident they could accomplish what others considered impossible.

Después de muchos días de entrenamiento, por fin Simón Appleton guio a los niños a la montaña Whisper; debían escalar la montaña para llegar a la miel mágica que se encontraba en un árbol encantado. Cruzando el bosque, allí se encontrarían con el Troll que estaba protegiendo la miel para que nadie la tomara, por mucho tiempo todos habían tratado de llegar a la miel mágica pero el troll se los impedía, así que regresaban sin tener éxito. Este era el momento de Simón para que él y los niños unieran fuerzas contra el Troll y lograran traer la miel a salvo, Simón estaba seguro que lo lograrían.

Paragraph 90

Daniela was so excited that on the day of the mission, she woke up earlier than her brothers to say goodbye to Yiyi, her elf friend. They both wanted to see each other before beginning the quest and Daniela wanted Yiyi to wish her good luck.

They left early to complete the mission with Simon, before sunrise. They felt a soft and cold breeze and the mist covered the forest; some nocturnal animals were still hooting in the trees. Once they reached the place, Simon and the children did not show any type of fear. Simon was leading the group when the troll showed up. Simon said:

Daniela estaba muy emocionada y antes de salir se levantó más temprano que sus hermanos para ir a despedirse de su amiga elfa, Yiyi; Daniela quería que su amiga le deseara suerte en su aventura y Yiyi también deseaba verla antes de su partida.

Salieron muy temprano para cumplir esta misión junto con Simón, el sol todavía no había salido, se sentía una brisa suave y fría y la neblina cubría todo el bosque, algunos animales nocturnos todavía ululaban entre los árboles. Una vez que llegaron al lugar, Simón y los chicos se mostraron valientes. Simón iba al frente de ellos cuando el Troll salió a su encuentro. Simón le dijo:

Paragraph 91

—No queremos problemas, solo necesitamos cruzar al otro lado de la cueva para ir a buscar miel mágica.

El troll muy enojado gritó:

—¡Nadie debe tener esa miel, jamás!

En ese momento, el gato blanco de Oliver salió de repente y se hizo gigante y le gruñó al troll, tratando de luchar contra él, pero el Troll con su garrote golpeó al gato y el gato regresó a Oliver refugiándose tras él, en su tamaño normal.

– We don't want any trouble; we just need to cross to the other side of the cave to get the honey.

The troll angry yelled:

– No one will have the honey!

At that moment, Oliver's white cat jumped and grew to fight the troll but the troll hit it with his club which made the cat return to its original size and ran behind Oliver

Paragraph 92

El troll trató de golpear a Oliver, pero él se teletransportó atrás del troll, en ese momento Daniela usó su varita como cuerda mágica para atrapar al troll, aprovechando que estaba distraído buscando a Oliver, y Lucas disparó luz solar para secarlo y de esta manera Simón pudo apresar al troll con enormes redes mágicas. Mientras los chicos celebraban, apareció alguien que no esperaban, era un hombre con una enorme gabardina color roja, llegó volando muy confiado hacia ellos. Al ver el troll en el suelo los felicitó y se presentó:

The troll tried to hit Oliver, but he teleported behind the troll and Daniela turn her wand into the rope to trap de troll taking advantage of that the troll was distracted and looking for Oliver, Lucas shot him with the sunlight ray to blind him and Simoon could restrain the troll with some huge magic nets. While the children were celebrating, a person they did not expect suddenly appeared, a man with a huge red gabardine came flying very confident to them. When he saw the troll on the ground, congratulated them and introduced himself:

Paragraph 93

—Hola, señor Appleton, ¿cómo está? Me alegra saludarlo ¿He llegado a tiempo para la diversión?

Dirigiéndose a los niños, dijo:

—Soy Tim, pueden llamarme Tim. He venido aquí para ayudarles con el proceso de tomar la miel, pues con estas abejas puede ser una cosa un poco difícil, así que yo les mostraré cómo se debe hacer.

– Hello, Mr. Appleton, good to see you. How are you? Did I make it in time for the fun?

Addressing the children, said:

– I’m Tim, you may call me Tim. I have come to help you with the process of retrieving the honey because the bees might complicate the situation, so I’ll show you how you should do it.

Paragraph 94

Los niños se presentaron. Seguidamente, Tim empezó a caminar junto a Simón mientras los niños lo seguían, cada vez iban subiendo más y más por la montaña

Whisper y las plantas de los alrededores se veían muy lúgubres, a lo lejos se escuchaban ecos de voces que adoloridas cantaban con pena, era horrible estar ahí, pero debían seguir adelante. Cuando ellos se iban acercando, las voces de los susurros empezaron a penetrar tan profundo en la mente de todos que sus cuerpos empezaron a sentir dolor. Ellos sintieron tanto dolor en las piernas que se sacudían, sentían muchos escalofríos en todo su cuerpo, tenían miedo y querían retroceder; un viento fuerte empezó a soplar, Simón y Tim daban grandes zancadas y animaban a los niños a continuar, la travesía parecía interminable, después de más de media hora por fin el viento dejó de soplar y los susurros ya no se escuchaban.

The children introduced themselves.

Next, Tim started to walk with Simon while the children followed them. They were getting higher and higher up the Whisper Mountain and plants were very gloomy, in the distance they heard echoes of voices in pain singing with sorrow. When they were getting closer, the voices of the sorrows started to penetrate their minds and they all started to feel pain in their bodies. The pain was so intense their legs were shaking, they felt chills in the entire body and a sense of fear that made them want to go back. A strong wind started to blow, Simon and Tim were taking big strides and motivated the children to continue. The passage seemed endless but after a while, the wind and the voices stopped.

Paragraph 95

Tim guided them to a cliff. In there they saw the magic honey, in a small forest where there was an enormous tree, bigger than any tree ever seen.

Tim los guio a un acantilado. Allí estaba la miel mágica, en una floresta donde había un árbol tan pero tan gigante que nunca habían registrado un árbol tan grande como ese.

—Hey, niños, en ese árbol han chocado miles de pájaros, tortunicornios y hasta avionetas. Llega hasta el cielo, pero el cielo de verdad —dijo Tim con entusiasmo.

En el momento en que llegaron allí, las abejas se pusieron furiosas, y empezaron a atacarlos, entonces, Tim empezó a hablar un idioma zumbador, se entendía algo así:

– Listen, children, many birds, tort unicorns, and even planes have crashed with that tree. It reaches the sky, the real sky – said Tim with enthusiasm.

As soon as they arrived, the bees were furious and started to attack them. Tim began to talk in a strange language, like a buzzer, and the children heard something like this:

Paragraph 96

—*Rarraz zomito magicuz voto nicolicuz palizrolizmejaz kikionizi zzzz.*

Las abejas asentían con la cabeza y empezaron a decir:

—*Zolico pzomien nicolicuz zicuraz.*

Los niños se dieron cuenta que la conversación era:

—Necesitamos miel mágica para nuestras pociones, venimos del reino mágico Magic Müller, hemos sido enviados por la reina Amara Kelton y queremos su permiso para utilizar su miel en nuestras pociones mágicas, con todo el respeto deseamos pedirselo.

—Claro que sí, les daremos todo lo que necesiten de nuestra miel mágica, pero tenemos que pedirle autorización a la reina abeja para que les podamos regalar un poco de miel.

– *Rarraz zomito magicuz voto nicolicuz palizrolizmejaz kikionizi zzz.*

The bees nodded their heads and answered:

– *Zolico pzomonien nicolicuz zicuraz.*

The children realized the conversation was:

– We need honey for our potions, we came from Magic Müller, and the queen Amara Kelton sent us. With all due respect, we want to ask you for permission to use the honey.

– We can give you all the honey you need, but we need authorization from our queen bee before doing anything.

Paragraph 97

En ese momento, la reina de las abejas salió del pannel, los niños estaban sorprendidos de ver a Tim conversar con ella fácilmente en su idioma zumbador.

At that moment, the queen bee came out of the honeycomb. The children were surprised to see Tim talking with her in their buzzer language without difficulty.

– *Carizcuioz holoziz pazoniz pazacaz.*

Finally, Tim let everyone know the queen's answer: The queen has requested, that to give us the honey we must bring her a very special flower called Helianthus. This flower can only be found in the cave of the troll and gave the bees very powerful honey. The bees haven't been able to get it because they couldn't defeat the troll. She's asking that we defeat the troll so they can go inside the cave.

—*Carizcuioz holoziz pazoniz pazacaz.*

Por fin Tim les comunicó a todos la respuesta de la reina: La abeja reina me ha solicitado que para obtener la miel debemos traerle una flor muy especial llamada Helianthus, esta flor solamente crece en la cueva del troll y les da una miel muy poderosa a las abejas, el único problema que han tenido para obtenerla es enfrentarse a ese horrible troll que no les ha permitido entrar por años. La reina nos pide que nos enfrentemos al troll para tener paso libre hacia la cueva.

Paragraph 98

—Bueno, eso no será problema, ya lo hemos derribado, ya podrán pasar —dijo Oliver.

—No es tan sencillo, Oliver, acabamos de derribar y atrapar al troll, pero eso no lo detiene por completo —dijo Simón.

—Así es, señor Appleton, tenemos que buscar la forma de llevarnos a ese troll de la cueva —dijo Tim moviendo las manos de forma extraña—, por ahora está atrapado en las redes mágicas, pero pronto se liberará.

– That shouldn't be a problem, we already defeat the troll. – said, Oliver.

– It's not that simple, Oliver. We knocked down and trapped the troll, but that won't stop him completely.

– You're right, Mr. Appleton. We need to take the troll away from the cave – said Tim making weird gestures with his hands – right now, he is trapped in the nets, but those won't hold him much longer.

Paragraph 99

—Entonces debemos ir rápido a buscarlo y llevarlo a... ¿dónde? —se apresuró a decir Daniela.

—Lo difícil no es decidir a dónde sino cómo —dijo pensativo Tim mientras miraba a Simón como esperando una respuesta.

—Hay otra cueva en la Montaña Wisper donde podemos encerrar al troll, pero, ¿cómo lo hacemos llegar hasta allí? —dijo él mirando a los niños.

—Volando, es obvio —dijo Daniela, pensando que Tim podría cargar al troll.

—Yo no puedo levantar al troll, aunque puedo volar no podría hacerlo con algo tan pesado como un troll.

—Oigan, niños, Oliver puede teletransportarse —mencionó el señor Appleton alegremente.

– So, we must move quickly and take to... where? – Daniela hastened to say.

– the question is not where but how – said Tim thinking while looking at Simon waiting for an answer.

– There is another cave in the mountain where we can lock the troll, however, how do we get there? – said Tim while looking at the children.

– Flying, obviously – said Daniela, thinking that Tim could carry the troll.

– I can't carry the troll. I couldn't fly with something that heavy. – said, Tim.

– Hey, children, Oliver can teleport – said Mr. Appleton happily.

Paragraph 100

Tim y Oliver fueron volando a buscar el lugar del Troll, pasaron sobre la Montaña Wisper, Oliver escuchaba los susurros desde el aire y sentía la misma sensación que sintió cuando caminaba por allí, Tim estuvo a punto de perder el control mientras cruzaba, pero se mantuvo fuerte. Apenas llegaron a la cueva, Oliver pasó cerca del troll y entró a la cueva para mirar las flores que mencionó la reina, eran hermosas y notaron que el troll había despertado y luchaba por salirse de las redes que lo atrapaban. Rápidamente Oliver utilizó su varita para transportarlo a la cueva que les había indicado Simón y dejarlo allí para siempre. Oliver sintió un poco de compasión por el troll, vivir en una montaña llena de susurros tenebrosos y hechizantes no debe ser nada lindo, pensó, mientras se alejaba con Tim por los aires para regresar con los demás.

Tim and Oliver went flying searching for the troll. While they were flying over the mountain, Oliver heard the whispers in the air and felt the same as before when they were walking. Tim almost lost control because of the whispers but was able to resist. As soon as they reached the cave, Oliver walked near the troll and went inside the cave to look for the flowers the queen bee mentioned, they were beautiful. Oliver and Tim noticed the troll woke up and was fighting to free himself from the nets. Oliver used his wand quickly to send the troll to the cave Simon told them about and leave it there forever. Oliver felt sorry for the troll; living in a mountain full of creepy and bewitching whispers can't be nice, thought Oliver as he flew away with Tim.

Paragraph 101

—Eres muy compasivo, ¿eh? —dijo Tim—, debes saber que hace mucho hubo una guerra contra los trolls, no muchos sobrevivieron y los que aún viven han prometido estar en paz y viven pacíficamente en montañas alejadas; sin embargo, algunos como este aún están furiosos por haber perdido la batalla y desean derrocar a la Reina. Bueno, y te aconsejo que no te preocupes por este troll, ellos también tienen sus poderes mágicos, se protegerá y no escuchará los susurros.

– You're merciful, aren't you? – said Tim – you should know that long ago there was a war with the troll, only a few survived and promised to live in peace in the mountains far away; however, there are some like that one that is still furious and want to overthrow the queen. Well, I advise you not to worry about him, they have magic as well and he can protect himself against the whispers.

Paragraph 102

Oliver se sintió aliviado, aunque el troll no era muy amable que digamos, Oliver sentía compasión por el dolor que podría sufrir, incluso aunque no le agradaba mucho.

Finalmente, llegaron con la buena noticia a la reina abeja, quien envió una de sus tropas a inspeccionar la cueva y la encontró con el paso libre sin ningún problema, la reina accedió y del panal de abejas empezó a brotar una deliciosa miel. Simón puso una botella bajo el chorrito de miel y empezó a llenarse.

Oliver felt relieved, although the troll was not the nicest being, he still felt compassion for the pain the troll could suffer.

Finally, they returned with good news for the queen bee. She sent some troops to inspect the cave and found a clear passage to it. The queen agreed and bees started to produce delicious honey. Simon put a bottle beneath the honey drip and started to fill it.

Paragraph 103

Fueron de camino al reino muy, muy felices y orgullosos de haber cumplido su misión. La sonrisa de los niños era inmensa, nunca en su vida habían imaginado que algo como esto podría ocurrirles. Esa noche los niños se durmieron agotados, muy temprano y sin cenar por el cansancio que tenían; Julia los miró con ternura antes de cerrar la puerta de su cuarto donde todos parecían sonreír satisfechos mientras dormían.

They went back to the kingdom happy and proud of themselves for having accomplished the mission. The children's smile was huge, they never thought something like that could happen to them. That night, the children were exhausted and went to bed early without having dined. Julia looked at them tenderly before closing the door of their room, the children looked like they were smiling contentedly while sleeping.

Paragraph 104

Oliver, Daniela y Lucas cambiaron a su superhéroe favorito, ya no era Batman, era Tim, un superhéroe que sabe volar y hablar con las abejas.

Daniela y Lucas se hicieron muy buenos amigos de la señorita Carmen, todas las tardes después de la escuela, los dos iban juntos a su casa y jugaban un extraño juego de mesa llamado Cromo's King, pero para Oliver eso era un poco aburrido. Entonces decidía quedarse en la casa para leer, usar sus videojuegos, o para dibujar, ya que había heredado el talento artístico de su madre. Cromo's King consistía en un tablero que mostraba el mapa de un reino llamado Cromo, el trono de este reino está vacío y los jugadores debían encaminarse hasta el trono para coronarse como rey o reina.

Oliver, Daniela, and Lucas changed their favorite superhero, it was not Batman anymore but Tim, a hero that could fly and talk with the bees.

Daniela and Lucas became good friends with Miss Carmen. Every afternoon after school they went to her house and played a strange board game called Cromo's King, but it bored Oliver a little. Oliver preferred to stay home reading, playing video games, or drawing; because he had inherited her mother's artistic talent. Cromo's King was about a kingdom called Cromo, the board was the map, and the players competed to reach the empty throne to become king or queen.

Paragraph 105

En esos días, ya no había entrenamientos tan frecuentemente en Magic Müller, después de la búsqueda de la miel mágica, la Reina Amara y el señor Appleton habían decidido que una vez por semana sería suficiente. Oliver empezó a sentirse aburrido y los días para él pasaban muy lentos, mientras veía a sus hermanos hablar todo el día del juego de mesa de la señorita Carmen.

Those days, they weren't training as often as they used to. After the quest for the magic honey, Queen Amara and Mr. Appleton decided that once per week was enough training. Oliver started to get bored and the days started to pass very slowly, especially when his siblings spent all day talking about Miss Carmen's board game.

Paragraph 106

Una tarde se sintió tan aburrido que decidió acompañar a sus hermanos a jugar Cromo's King, pero realmente los juegos de mesa no eran su fuerte, y en un momento se sintió tan frustrado que no quiso jugar más. Se dirigió al jardín y empezó a sentir profundamente la ausencia de su padre, en medio de las hermosas rosas y geranios de la señorita Carmen, Oliver lloró.

One afternoon he was so bored, he decided to join their siblings to play Cromo's King, but the board game was not his forte, and at one point he felt so frustrated that did not want to play anymore. He went to the garden and started to feel deeply the absence of his father, in the middle of Miss Carmen's beautiful roses and geraniums, Oliver started to cry.

Paragraph 107

Durante los tiempos de escuela, Oliver empezó a hacerse amigo de Óscar, el hijo del señor Cejón. Óscar, aprovechando que él se apartaba de Daniela y Lucas, hizo amistad con Oliver y le presentó a sus amigos. Él y Oliver empezaron una amistad que guiaba a Oliver por caminos retorcidos, enseñándole a burlarse de otros niños y a robarles el almuerzo, y a escaparse de clase para jugar videojuegos.

During school time, Oliver started a friendship with Oscar, Mr. Big Eyebrow's son. Oscar took advantage that Oliver was distancing himself from Daniela and Lucas, introduced him to his friends, and put Oliver on a bad road. Oscar taught him to make fun of others, steal their lunches and skip classes to play video games.

Paragraph 108

Oliver seguía en su entrenamiento con Simón para aprender a usar bien la magia de su varita, sin embargo, Simón notaba que Oliver estaba pasando por un momento difícil por la muerte de su padre y acostumbrándose a su barrio, y cada vez que trataba de acercarse a Oliver, él lo esquivaba, así que era bastante difícil hablar con él.

Oliver continued with his training with Simon to master his wand's magic, however, Simon noticed Oliver was going through a tough time dealing with his father's death and getting used to his new life. Every time Simon tried to get close to him, Oliver avoided him, so it was pretty difficult to talk to Oliver.

Paragraph 109

Cuando Oliver tuvo la suficiente confianza con Óscar, le contó sobre Magic Müller, le habló sobre todas las mágicas cosas que había allí, entre ellas su batalla con el troll. Óscar, por supuesto, no creía ni una sola palabra de lo que Oliver le decía, pero pensaba que lo mejor era seguirle la corriente porque talvez solo inventaba cosas para evitar hablar sobre la muerte de su padre y la tragedia que habían sufrido al perder su casa y tener que mudarse a Canahanda.

When Oliver trusted enough in Oscar, he told him about Magic Müller, telling him about everything magical they found in there, especially their battle with the troll. Oscar did not believe anything he said, but he thought that the best he could do was play along because Oliver made that story up to avoid talking about his father's death and the whole tragedy that made them move to Canahanda.

Paragraph 110

Cuando Óscar regresaba a su casa, le contaba a su padre cómo Oliver hablaba estupideces con él, por primera vez a él le interesó el tema de Oliver a pesar de que nunca se preocupaba de su hijo.

El señor Cejón siempre le decía a Óscar que le siguiera la corriente a Oliver y también le insistió que le preguntara a Oliver si tenía alguna prueba de que existía ese mundo mágico.

When Oscar was returning home, he was telling his father about all the crazy stories Oliver told him. For the first time, his father was interested in Oliver despite the fact he never showed any kind of interest in his son.

Mr. Big Eyebrow always told Oscar to play along with Oliver's stories and insisted he asked Oliver if he had any evidence about that magical world.

Paragraph 111

—Quién sabe, talvez tenga razón —le decía su padre riendo.

Óscar sentía mucha pena por Oliver, pues sabía que sufría por la muerte de su padre y por eso se apartaba mucho, algunas veces los mismos amigos de Óscar se burlaban de su amigo, de esta manera Óscar se fue apartando un poco de sus amigos y cada vez era más amigo de Oliver, compartían las meriendas que Óscar robaba en la escuela y por las tardes andaban en sus bicicletas, mientras Daniela y Lucas jugaban Cromo's King con la señorita Carmen.

– Who knows, maybe he's telling the truth – said Mr. Big Eyebrow to Oscar laughing.

Oscar felt sorry for Oliver because he knew Oliver was suffering from his father's death and that was why he distanced himself from everyone, sometimes Oscar's friends made fun of Oliver which made Oscar spend more time with Oliver than his friends, every time they were better friends. They shared the snacks Oscar stole from the school and in the afternoons, they rode their bikes while Daniela and Lucas played Cromo's King with Miss Carmen.

Paragraph 112

Una tarde, después del entrenamiento, Oliver pensó mucho en llevar a Óscar a Magic Müller, y así decidió que lo llevaría al día siguiente, trató de mencionárselo a Daniela antes de salir para la escuela, pero se detuvo porque imaginó que ella no estaría de acuerdo con esa loca idea.

One afternoon, after training, Oliver considered taking Oscar to Magic Müller and took him the next day. He tried to tell Daniela before leaving for school but didn't tell her because he imagined she would not agree with that insane idea.

Paragraph 113

Al salir de clases, Oliver y Óscar montaron en sus bicicletas y se dirigieron al bosque en busca de la cabaña para pasar la puerta mágica hacia el Reino de Magic Müller. Óscar por supuesto pensaba que todo era una farsa, pero le siguió el juego. Fue algo increíblemente infrecuente para Óscar, ver que su amigo ingresaba a un

túnel bajo aquella cabaña que parecía a punto de desplomarse; sin embargo, seguía incrédulo hasta que miró la extraña puerta que había al final del túnel, una puerta que a pesar de la humedad se mantenía intacta, como nueva, reluciente en medio de la oscuridad.

After school, Oliver and Oscar rode their bikes to the forest searching for the cabin and the entrance to the kingdom. Oscar still believed everything was a lie but continued to play along. It was odd for Oscar to see his friend going inside a tunnel under that cabin, that looked like it was about to fall apart. However, he was not believing Oliver until he saw the strange door at the end of the tunnel; a door that, despite the moisture around, it was good as new, glowing in the middle of the darkness.

Paragraph 114

Pero cuando ellos entraron, pasó algo que Oliver jamás se hubiera imaginado, de pronto, el cielo se puso bastante oscuro. En ese momento, todos se quedaron absolutamente quietos y muy sorprendidos, mirando hacia arriba, ya que no sabían lo que estaba pasando, el viento empezó a soplar muy fuerte, se escuchaba un sonido de tormenta acercándose, una nube negra que parecía venir hacia ellos, en medio de la confusión y mientras los animales se refugiaban del fuerte viento un hombre apareció, y en el contorno de las nubes oscuras se escuchó una voz que decía:

—La puerta se ha abierto para alguien que no ha sido llamado, su presencia advierte oscuridad.

The moment they entered, something happened that Oliver could never have imagined; suddenly, the sky was covered in darkness. Then, everyone stayed quiet and shocked looking up, because no one knew what was happening. The wind started to blow very hard, the noise of a storm seemed to get closer, a black cloud looked to come towards them, and while all the animals took refuge from the strong winds a man showed up and from the black clouds a voice could be heard saying:

– The door has been open for someone who wasn't summoned, its presence warns darkness.

Paragraph 115

Oliver miró aquel rostro, pero en lugar de asustarse se alegró de verlo, era su padre. Oliver no lo sabía, pero desde su niñez su padre trabajó como guardián de la magia en su antiguo pueblo en Tayutic y en su edad adulta también protegía los reinos mágicos junto con otros adultos.

Oliver looked at that man's face but instead of being afraid, he was happy to see him, it was his father. Oliver had no idea, but since his childhood, his father was a guardian in their old town, and even in his adulthood continued protecting the magical kingdoms together with other adults.

Paragraph 116

Caleb Somith trató de explicarle a Oliver que era muy muy peligroso traer a personas no autorizadas al mundo mágico ya que este no debe ser descubierto:

—Si un reino mágico es descubierto pueden pasar muchas cosas terribles, si los reinos mágicos dejaran de existir el planeta dejaría de verse tan colorido como hasta ahora y además los reinos mágicos tienen muchos objetos llenos de poder que, en manos de gente equivo- cada, podrían causar muchos desastres —le advirtió.

Caleb tried to explain to Oliver that it was extremely dangerous to bring unauthorized people to the kingdom because its existence must remain a secret.

– If a magical kingdom is discovered a lot of terrible things may happen and it might lead to their destruction and the outside world would lose all its colors. Besides, inside these kingdoms, there are a lot of powerful objects that, in the wrong hands, could cause many disasters. – Caleb said warning Oliver

Paragraph 117

Tayutic's earthquake was caused for a magical disturbance because some men found the magical kingdom beneath the town and were trying to break in and stole its magic, the council had to send an army of elves and fairies to investigate the situation but the humans used dark magic and managed to get inside. The first

El terremoto ocurrido en Tayutic fue producto de un disturbio mágico, unos hombres aparentemente distinguidos habían descubierto el mundo mágico en Tayutic y estaban investigando la forma de entrar y robarles su magia, el consejo mágico tuvo que mandar un ejército de hadas y elfos para investigar la situación pero los humanos utilizaban magia oscura y lograron entrar; los primeros bosques fueron destruidos y muchas criaturas mágicas murieron, sin embargo, una joven guerrera llamada Mayawell superó sus límites mágicos y logró ocultar el resto del mundo mágico cerrando así el paso a los humanos y dejando a Tayutic inhabitable, de modo que nadie pueda invadirlos de nuevo. La batalla provocó aquel terremoto que los hizo alejarse de su pueblo, pero afortunadamente ese mundo mágico no será invadido de nuevo por personas ambiciosas que solo buscaban fama y poder, al menos por ahora está a salvo.

forests were destroyed and some magical creatures perished; however, a young warrior called Mayawell surpassed her magic limits and managed to hide the rest of the magic world,

closing the road to the humans and leaving Tayutic inhabitable so no one could invade it ever again. The battle caused the earthquake that made them leave their home, but at least, that magical kingdom will not be invaded again by ambitious people who only seek fame and power, at least now it will be saved.

Paragraph 118

Oliver nunca pensó que su padre también estuviera involucrado en el mundo mágico y fue increíble saber que ambos pertenecían al equipo que vigilaba aquella tierra de fantasías, pero Óscar vio dos enormes ojos que lo miraban y le decían: “Tú, oscuro”. Óscar se asustó demasiado y salió corriendo, al llegar a la puerta no pudo abrirla, y más criaturas mágicas volaron hacia Óscar y le repetían una y otra vez, “oscuro”; Oliver no entendía nada; sin embargo, quiso ayudar a su amigo a escapar porque le preocupaba verlo tan asustado, entonces recordó que su varita le daba el poder de transportarse, así que tomó a Óscar y solamente pensó en llevar a su amigo a su casa para que se sintiera seguro.

Oliver never thought his father was involved with the magical world; for him, it was amazing that they were part of the same group of protectors of that fantastic land. However, Oscar saw a pair of big eyes staring at him and telling him: “You, dark one.” Oscar was terrified and ran to the door but he could not open it and more creatures flew toward him calling him “dark one” over and over. Oliver did not understand anything; however, he tried to help his friend to escape because he was worried about Oscar. Then he remembered his wand gave him the teleportation power, so he grabbed Oscar and only thought of taking him to his house where he would be safe.

Paragraph 119

Ya en casa, Óscar y Oliver prepararon un té y se sentaron a conversar, uno muy tranquilo y feliz por ver a su padre y el otro muy agitado porque el cielo se oscureció cuando entraron y quería saber por qué esas criaturas lo llamaron “oscuro”.

—No le digas esto a nadie, Óscar, absolutamente a *nadie*, ni siquiera a tu padre —expresó Oliver con gran seriedad.

Once in Oscar’s house, they made some tea and sat down to talk. Oliver was quiet and happy to see his father but Oscar was agitated because the sky darkened when they entered and wanted to know why those creatures called him the “dark one.”

– Don’t tell anyone about this, Oscar, not even your father – said Oliver very seriously.

Paragraph 120

—¿Cómo le voy a decir a mi padre? Él nunca está conmigo, no me pone atención a lo que digo, y no me echa almuerzo para llevar a la escuela, por eso robo almuerzos, y me burlo de los niños para sentirme mejor —respondió Óscar abrumado.

—Lo siento, amigo, no lo sabía —respondió Oliver con lástima.

– How am I going to tell him that? He’s never with me, doesn’t pay attention to anything I say, and never makes me lunch for school, that’s why I have to steal. I make fun of others because it makes me feel better about myself. – said Oscar overwhelmed.

– I’m sorry, buddy, I didn’t know – answer Oliver with pity.

Paragraph 121

El señor Cejón regresó a casa, saludó a Oliver que iba de salida y se dirigió a su estudio para terminar algunas cuentas. Una vez que estuvieron solos, el padre le preguntó a su hijo qué más sabía sobre el reino mágico, Óscar dijo que no sabía nada, y su papá le obligó a contarle donde había estado toda la tarde. Óscar terminó por revelar hasta el último secreto de su amigo.

Mr. Big Eyebrow returned home, greeted Oliver that was on his way out, and went straight to his office to finish some bills. Once he was alone with his son, he asked Oscar about the magical kingdom which Oscar answered he did not know anything more. His father force him to tell where had he been all afternoon. Oscar ended up revealing every last of his friend's secrets.

Paragraph 122

Mientras tanto, Oliver regresó a su casa sintiéndose muy culpable por haber causado tanto alboroto en la tierra mágica. “Y si le escribo una carta a Simón, o a la reina...”

“Lo siento, espero que no tengan ningún problema en Magic Müller por llevar a Óscar, él es mi amigo y sé que no va a pasar nada malo si él conoce este mundo”.

Meanwhile, Oliver returned to his house feeling guilty for all the troubles he had caused in the kingdom. “Maybe I could write a letter to Simon, or the queen...” – he thought – “I’m sorry, I hope there’s no problem with taking Oscar to the kingdom, he is my friend and I know nothing bad will happen if he learns about the kingdom.”

Paragraph 123

Carmen apareció de pronto.

—Lo sé todo, Oliver, estuve allí. ¿No me viste?
—Y le explicó con paciencia la importancia de mantener este mundo a salvo—. Hay personas afuera que desean destruir la magia, que no quieren o no entienden la importancia de este mundo, así como también hay otras personas que en lugar de destruirla quieren conquistarla porque piensan que la magia les dará poder, es por eso que la puerta mágica escoge a las personas adecuadas para ser parte de su equipo, eres afortunado de ser parte del equipo, pero no debes llevar a nadie.

Suddenly Carmen showed up.

– I know everything, Oliver, I was there. Didn't you see me?

She explained to him patiently the importance of keeping the world safe – There are people outside in the world who wish to destroy the magic, they don't want or don't understand its importance for this world. Some people seek to conquer it because they believe it will grant them power. That's why the door chooses only the right people to be part of the team. You're lucky to be part of it but you cannot bring anyone else.

Paragraph 124

—¿Por qué todo se puso oscuro cuando Óscar entró?—preguntó Oliver con curiosidad.

—Parece ser que, de alguna manera, Óscar debe estar relacionado con alguien que desea el mal para el mundo mágico, es por eso que todo se oscureció y que tu padre vino a nosotros para advertirnos, así que tenemos una nueva misión y es descubrir por qué Óscar es oscuro, no creo que él desee dañar a la magia, ni siquiera la conocía, pero alguien muy cercano a él sí —respondió la señorita Carmen.

– Why everything went dark when Oscar entered? – asked Oliver curiously.

– It seems that Oscar, somehow, is related to someone who wishes evil for the kingdom, that's why everything went dark and your father came to warn us. So, we have a new mission; we must find out why Oscar is a dark one, I don't think he wanted to harm the magic, he didn't even know it existed, but someone close to him does – answered Miss Carmen.

Paragraph 125

—Pero Óscar es bueno, lo sé.

—No te preocupes —dijo Carmen—. Tal vez alguien cerca de él sabe más de Magic Müller de lo que nosotros imaginamos. Y eso lo vamos a averiguar.

– But Oscar is good, I know it.

– Don't worry – said Carmen – Maybe someone close to him knows more about Magic Müller than we imagine. That's what we're going to find out.

Paragraph 126

Óscar y Oliver no sabían cómo iniciar una conversación después de lo ocurrido, para Oliver era sospechoso lo que había pasado y sentía dudas respecto a su amigo y para Óscar era extraño conversar con alguien que tenía amigos que lo llamaban “oscuro”, además, empezó a tener miedo, a creer que le podrían dañar de alguna mágica forma, pero Oliver, que era muy hablantín y extrovertido, rompió el hielo y decidió conversar con Óscar al respecto y ambos llegaron a la conclusión de que el señor Víctor Cejón podría ser el hombre “oscuro” que estaba relacionado con Óscar.

Oscar and Oliver did not know how to start a normal conversation after what happened. For Oliver what had happened was suspicious and had doubts about this friend Oscar was weird to talk to someone who had friends that call him the “dark one,” besides he was starting to be afraid that they could some magical way to harm him. Oliver being so talkative and extroverted decided to break the ice and start the conversation with Oscar. After a while, they both concluded that Mr. Victor Big Eyebrow could be the real “dark one” for being related to Oscar.

Paragraph 127

Días más tarde, Óscar descubrió que su padre asistía a reuniones frecuentemente. Entonces Óscar y Oliver decidieron seguir a su padre para ver de qué se trataban esas reuniones.

La señorita Carmen también estaba siguiendo a Víctor Cejón y se encontró con los dos niños cerca del lugar de la reunión

—¿Qué están haciendo aquí? —preguntó ella

—Em, nada, sólo paseamos —dijeron los niños con voz temblorosa.

Inmediatamente la señora Carmen notó que los niños estaban espiando a don Víctor Cejón, entonces sonrió y les dijo:

—Vamos a espiarlo juntos.

Some days later, Oscar found out that his father attended meetings frequently. Then, He and Oliver decided to follow Oscar's father to see what those meetings were about.

Miss Carmen was also following him and found the two boys near the meeting place.

– What are you doing here? – asked Carmen.

– Nothing, just hanging around – said the voice with a trembling voice.

Immediately, Carme realized they were spying on Mr. Big Eyebrow, then she smiled the told them:

– Let's spy on him, together.

Paragraph 128

Se acercaron al lugar de la reunión por una de las ventanas y empezaron a escuchar gente hablando de cómo la magia no debe de existir en el mundo y lo necesario que es acabar con todo aquello que se relacione con la magia. Don Víctor mencionó cosas acerca de todo lo que Óscar le había contado y así fue como ellos escucharon el plan que tenía este grupo para acabar con la magia. Tenía la idea de llegar a la puerta mágica por medio de Óscar y así juntos tratar de cerrar la puerta para siempre.

They went near the meeting place, close to a window, and started to listen to people talking about how magic should not exist in the world and how important is to eliminate everything related to magic. Mr. Victor said everything Oscar had told him and that's how they heard everything about the plan to end magic; they were planning to use Oscar to reach the door and then close it forever.

Paragraph 129

La señorita Carmen por supuesto habló con los niños, los invitó a su casa para tomar un café y les comentó a ambos que ella también es parte del grupo que protege el mundo mágico, aunque Oliver ya lo sabía, les dijo que por eso también estaba espiando al señor Cejón, para saber qué estaban planeando. Fue así como la señorita Carmen, los niños y Óscar iniciaron su propio plan para evitar que Víctor se acercara a la puerta mágica.

Miss Carmen spoke with the boys, invited them to her house, and told them that she was also part of the protectors of the magical world, although Oliver already knew, and that she was spying on Victor to find out what they were planning. That was how Miss Carmen, the children, and Oscar began their plan to stop Victor from approaching the door.

Paragraph 130

Óscar siguió compartiendo mucho con Oliver, pero además se hizo amigo de Daniela y Lucas. Lucas tuvo la genial idea de iniciar un club secreto y construir una casita árbol para hacerlo. Su madre, que era muy comprensiva y deseaba verlo contento, les ayudó en la construcción de su refugio.

Oscar continued sharing a lot with Oliver and even became friends with Daniela and Lucas. Lucas had the idea of starting a secret club and building a treehouse for it, Julia, who was very comprehensive and wanted to see him happy, help them to build their base.

Paragraph 131

Oliver se la pasaba dibujando cosas sobre el reino mágico, se sentía más que feliz por todo lo que estaba pasando, había visto a su padre, lo dibujaba en todas partes, y ahora su mejor amigo era también amigo de sus hermanos y construían juntos una casa en un árbol que Oliver mismo había diseñado con sus dibujos. Nathan, uno de los empleados del centro de arte donde trabaja Julia, les estaba ayudando con la construcción de la casita, los días para Oliver eran brillantes, hermosos y él se levantaba lleno de luz, resplandeciente y enérgico. Cada mañana Oliver sonreía al recordar la mirada de su padre aquel día en el que lo pudo ver en Magic Müller.

Oliver spent his time making drawings about the kingdom, he was more than happy with everything that had happened. He saw his father and drew him everywhere and now with his best friend, who was also friends with his siblings, were building together a treehouse using the designs Oliver drew. Nathan, one of the employees of the art gallery where Julia worked, was helping them build the house. The days for Oliver were bright and beautiful, he woke up full of light, glowing and energetic. Every morning he would smile remembering the look of his father that day that he could see him in the kingdom.

Paragraph 132

El fin de semana, señor Cejón les hizo una visita a los chicos para ver la construcción de la casita, Óscar tenía muchas dudas respecto a su padre, pero aun así era su padre y no quería que sospechara nada respecto a los planes que los niños y la señorita Carmen tenían para seguir espionando al señor Cejón. Óscar mantuvo muy bien la calma y trató de seguir lo más natural posible con su padre, en los días siguientes el señor Cejón hizo lo imposible para sacarle información a Óscar respecto a la puerta mágica y su ubicación, pero Óscar empezó a fingir que todo había sido un sueño y que probablemente nada de eso podría pasar en la vida real.

On the weekend, Mr. Big Eyebrow visited the children to see the construction of their tree house, Oscar had a lot of doubts regarding his father but he was still his father and did not want him to be suspicious of anything regarding the children's plan to continue spying on him. Oscar was able to remain calm and act as naturally as possible around his father. In the following days, Mr. Big Eyebrow did everything that was within his reach to get more information from Oscar about the magic door and its location, but Oscar pretended everything was a dream and probably none of that could happen in real life.

Paragraph 133

Lo que no sospechaban los niños era que, mientras ellos trataban de distraer a Cejón con la construcción de la casa club en el árbol, uno de los miembros del grupo

de la oposición mágica entró a la casa y subió las escaleras para investigar en los cuartos de los niños y allí se encontró con todos los dibujos que Oliver había estado haciendo, les tomó fotos a todos y salió de la casa sin que los niños se dieran cuenta.

However, the children were not aware that while they were trying to distract Mr. Big Eyebrow with the construction of the treehouse, one of the members of the magic opposition group entered the house and went upstairs to investigate the children's room and found all of Oliver's drawings, took pictures and left the house without anyone noticing.

Paragraph 134

Era muy difícil para ellos mantener a un grupo tan grande como ese alejado de ellos, especialmente con el señor Cejón tan cerca de Óscar, y que además estaba buscando pistas en todo lo que su hijo hacía.

Desdichadamente, las ilustraciones de Oliver fueron de vital importancia para la siguiente reunión del señor Cejón y su equipo. La señorita Carmen observó todo por un agujero escondida detrás de la sala de reuniones de Víctor, pero Cejón sabía que alguien los estaba espiando y que las reuniones ya no eran seguras, así que mencionó en voz alta su plan para que la señorita Carmen los escuchara.

It was difficult to keep such a big group away from them, especially with Mr. Big Eyebrow so close to Oscar and looking for clues in everything his son was doing.

Unfortunately, Oliver's drawings were essential for the next meeting of Mr. Big Eyebrow and his group. Miss Carmen was watching the whole meeting through a hole in a wall of Victor's meeting place. Victor knew someone was spying on them and that the meetings were no longer safe, so he said his plan out loud to make sure Miss Carmen heard him.

Paragraph 135

—Ahora que tenemos una imagen de la posible entrada al mundo mágico, iniciaremos una búsqueda exhaustiva el próximo sábado al amanecer, nos reuniremos aquí mismo —dijo el señor Cejón fuertemente para asegurarse que la señorita Carmen lo escuchara todo y pensara que esos eran sus planes. En realidad, los planes del grupo de oposición mágica eran otros, enviarían a un grupo de niños a buscar la cabaña que Oliver dibujó y les darían una buena paga, luego de tener la ubicación se reunirían el viernes por la mañana antes de salir el sol y caminarían hasta la cabaña, allí irían todos con sus diferentes armas caseras y con rifles para entrar por la puerta mágica y acabar con todo lo que ahí encontrarán.

– Now we have a possible appearance of the entrance to his magic world, we'll start an exhaustive search next Saturday at dawn, and we'll meet right here – said Mr. Big Eyebrow out loud to guarantee Miss Carmen heard everything and believed those were their real plans. In reality, they have other plans; they were going to send a group of hired children to look for the cabin that Oliver drew and once they had the location, they would meet the Friday before sunrise and walk to the cabin armed and ready to pass through the door and eliminate everything in there.

Paragraph 136

La señorita Carmen dio aviso a todos en el reino de Magic Müller para que estuvieran atentos y puso sobre aviso a los niños, quienes se preparaban para entrar el viernes por la noche a la cabaña y esperar el amanecer para el ataque.

Todos en el reino mágico estaban preocupados y Simón preparaba a su mejor ejército de elfos para proteger su mundo. La reina Amara daba serias indicaciones a las hadas y duendes, mientras el rey Abdiel reunía a las criaturas más poderosas del reino para enfrentarse con valentía y salvar la magia.

Miss Carmen warned the kingdom to be prepared and alerted the children, that was getting ready to stay in the cabin on Friday night and wait for the attack at dawn.

Everyone in the kingdom was worried and Simon was preparing his finest elf soldiers to protect their land. Queen Amara was giving serious commands to the fairies and elves, while King Abdiel was gathering the strongest creatures of the kingdom to fight with courage and save the magic.

Paragraph 137

Yiyi y Daniela estaban creando bolsitas llenas de polvos boom-ty para tirárselas a los intrusos y dejarlos inmóviles. Mientras las horas pasaban todos estaban cada vez más nerviosos, esa noche, Yiyi le contó a Daniela sobre el encuentro de Oliver con su papá, y además que su padre era parte del reino mágico desde niño y que después de su muerte su espíritu sigue siendo parte del reino mágico hasta ahora. Daniela se sintió un poco defraudada al saber que Oliver, a pesar de su confianza, nunca le mencionó nada, pero igual la emocionaba tener la oportunidad de ver a su padre y defender la misma causa que él defendió por tanto tiempo. Minutos más tarde, Simón entró en la casa de Yiyi con un mensaje muy importante.

Yiyi and Daniela were making sachets filled with boom-ty powder to throw at the invaders and paralyzed them. As the hours passed everyone was getting more nervous, that night Yiyi told Daniela about Oliver's encounter with their father and also that their father was a guardian of the kingdom since he was a child and after his death, his spirit is still a part of the kingdom. Daniela was a little disappointed to learn that Oliver, despite the trust they had between them, never mentioned anything about that encounter and at the same time was thrilled to get the chance to see her father again and to defend the same cause he defended for so long. A couple of minutes later, Simon went to Yiyi's house with an important message.

Paragraph 138

—Buenas tardes, damas, veo que se están preparando muy bien —dijo el señor Appleton mientras se apresuraba a continuar con su comunicado—. Señorita Somith, tendremos una reunión por la mañana, la reina Amara ha pedido traer a la señora Julia por lo que me ha dado esta poción para que se la des de beber a tu madre,

es una "memorizate" para que ella pueda recordar y ayudarnos, además tendrán que estar tres días lejos de casa y sería imposible hacerlo sin que tu madre se entere, ella debe saber lo que pasa.

– Good afternoon, ladies, I see you're getting ready pretty well – said Mr. Appleton and continued to deliver the message – Miss Somith, we'll have a meeting in the morning, the queen has requested to bring Mrs. Julia so she has given this potion for your mother, it's called "Memorize", so she can remember everything and help us. Besides you'll need to stay three days away from your house and it's impossible to do it without her noticing, she must know what's happening.

Paragraph 139

—¿Y veremos a papá? —se atrevió a decir Daniela con algo de timidez, mientras miraba a Yiyi, aunque en realidad se lo preguntaba a Simón.

—Sí, es muy importante que estemos todos en esta lucha. Ve con tus hermanos y dale la poción a tu madre, los esperamos mañana temprano —concluyó Simón.

– Will we see our dad? – dared to say Daniela with some shyness, while looking at the Yiyi, although she was asking Simon.

– Yes, you will. Everyone must participate in this fight. Go with your brothers and give the potion to your mother. We’ll be expecting you tomorrow morning – said Simon to conclude.

Paragraph 140

Al regresar a casa, Daniela les dijo a sus hermanos que debían reunirse al día siguiente en Magic Müller para tener una importante reunión y les mostró la poción que Simón le dio para su madre. Los niños en complicidad fueron a la cocina y le ofrecieron un té a su mamá, quien se asombró por las atenciones de sus hijos.

—Queremos chinearte, mami —le decía Lucas, al mismo tiempo que le colocaba una almohada en la silla y Oliver calentaba agua en la tetera, mientras le preguntaba qué sabor de té le gustaría tomar.

When Daniela returned home, she told her brothers about the important meeting the next day in the kingdom and showed them the potion Simon gave her for their mother. The children decided to go to the kitchen and offer their mother a cup of tea, she was surprised by her children’s gesture.

– We want to do something nice for you, Mommy – said Lucas, while placing a pillow on her chair. Oliver was heating water in the kettle and asking her what flavor of tea would she like to drink.

Paragraph 141

—Debes estar cansada, madre, todo el día de pie en la galería, ¿no quieres unas galletas con tu té? —preguntó Daniela.

Luego de tomar el té, Julia empieza a recordar poco a poco todo lo que había vivido con los niños el día que encontraron la puerta hacia el mundo mágico; se sintió mareada, su vista empezó a nublarse y por un momento sintió que se iba a desmayar, pero pronto se recuperó, miró a los niños y dijo:

—¿¡Quééé!?

– You must be tired, Mom, of standing in the gallery all day. Do you want some cookies with your tea? – asked Daniela.

After drinking the tea, Julia started to remember everything that had happened little by little, all that happened the day they found the door. She felt dizzy and her view started to cloud and for a moment she thought she was going to pass out, but was always to recover, looked at the children and said:

– WHAAT??!!

Paragraph 142

Los niños se hicieron una mirada de complicidad, al tiempo que Julia continuaba hablando.

—Debí sospecharlo cuando ustedes me hacían preguntas después de aquel pícnic, no lo puedo creer...

Black empezó a ladrar dando vueltas en la sala y la señora Somith lo miró y preguntó si el perro era mágico, también, los niños rieron y se sintieron alegres de saber que ahora su madre era “parte del club”.

The children looked at each other with complicity, while Julia continued talking.

– I should have suspected when you started making me questions after that picnic, I can't believe it.

Black started to bark running around the living room, Julia looked at him and asked if the dog was magical, the children laughed and were happy their mother was part of the “club.”

Paragraph 143

Julia casi no pudo dormir, ansiosa por la hora de la reunión, como era de esperar. Daniela les había mencionado que su padre estaría ahí, Julia sentía muchos deseos de verlo de nuevo, aunque fuera solo por un momento.

Muy temprano en la madrugada antes de salir el sol, la señora Somith se despertó a preparar el desayuno y a hacerse un tecito bien cargado para los nervios, los niños se fueron acercando a la cocina poco a poco, iniciando todos un extenso diálogo sobre las expectativas que tenían de la reunión. Julia se dio un pellizco para asegurarse de que todo aquello no era un sueño.

Julia could hardly sleep, she was anxious for the meeting, as was expected. Daniela had mentioned that their father would be there and she really wanted to see him, even for a moment.

Early in the morning, before sunrise, Julia woke up to make breakfast and a cup of tea specially to calm herself. The children started to approach the kitchen little by little and a long conversation about what to expect from the meeting began. Julia pinched herself to make sure nothing was a dream.

Paragraph 144

Al llegar a Magic Müller, el señor Appleton y Caleb Somith los estaban esperando para guiarlos a la sala de reuniones de la reina Amara.

—Papiiii —corrió Lucas a darle un abrazo a su padre, seguido por Daniela que sonreía con gran cariño.

—Perdón, padre, por traer a Óscar, esto es mi culpa —decía Oliver mirando al piso.

—Ven acá, Oliver, esto no es tu culpa, hay personas malvadas allá afuera que jamás entenderán el valor de

la amistad y la fe como tú si lo entiendes, tienes un gran corazón, hijo.

When they arrived at Magic Müller, Mr. Appleton and Caleb were

waiting for them to take them to the queen's meeting room.

—Daddy! — said Lucas while running to hug his dad, followed by Daniela that had a smile full of love.

—I'm sorry, Dad, for bringing Oscar, all of this is my fault. — said Oliver looking at the floor.

—Come here, Oliver. None of this is your fault, there are always going to be evil people out there that will never understand the value of friendship and faith like you do. You have a great heart, son.

Paragraph 145

Los cuatro se abrazaron, Julia los miraba con afecto.

—Julia, siempre tan bella. Y Caleb la miró a los ojos y la besó. No hubo nada de ruido, Yiyi y Daniela admiraban sus boom-ty de colores y los niños escalaban las gradas del tortunicornio, preparándose para volar hasta el castillo.

—Te he extrañado muchísimo —trató de decir Julia mientras una lágrima bajaba por su mejilla.

—Lo sé —le dijo Caleb—, has hecho un buen trabajo con los niños, míralos qué grandes y valientes son —y ambos miraron a los niños que ya estaban en sus sitios junto a Simón.

The four of them were hugging while Julia was looking at them with love.

– Julia, as beautiful as ever. – Caleb looked at her eyes and kissed her. No noise was made, Yiyi and Daniela were admiring their colorful boom-ty, and the boys were climbing the stairs of the tortunicorn, and getting ready to fly to the castle.

– I have missed you so much! – Julia tried to say while a tear ran down her cheek.

– I know – said Caleb – you have done a great job with the kids, look at them, they’re so brave and have grown so much – they both looked at the children that were already sitting next to Simon.

Paragraph 146

La sala de reuniones estaba lista y los líderes más importantes de cada especie de criatura mágica estaban allí, cada uno ocupó su asiento y la reina y el rey se apresuraron a iniciar la reunión.

—Atención por favor, estamos aquí en vista de las amenazas que este reino mágico ha tenido. Hemos recibido noticias de que el próximo sábado seremos atacados por un grupo de humanos que quieren destruir la magia con la excusa de que nuestra magia podría ser una amenaza para su mundo, estas personas no entienden el significado de nuestra labor y por eso nos defenderemos y trataremos de que en esta lucha nadie salga herido — explicó la reina Amara.

The meeting room was ready and the most important leaders of each specie of the magical creatures were there, each took a sit and the queen and king began the meeting.

– Your attention, please. We are here today because of the threats that his kingdom has had. We have received word that next Saturday we’ll be attacked by a group of humans who want to destroy the magic under the excuse that such magic could become a threat to their world. These people don’t understand the meaning of our duty and that’s why we must defend ourselves and do our best to avoid any casualties on either side. – explained Queen Amara.

Paragraph 147

—Nuestro plan es usar todo lo necesario, varitas, pociones, boom-ty, plantas somníferas, hechizos froozen y más serán nuestras principales defensas, una

vez que podamos tener a los invasores presos, les daremos pociones de olvido y el señor Appleton les pondrá nuevos recuerdos para regresarlos a sus vidas normales y que puedan continuar sin ningún problema, en cuanto al líder de este oscuro grupo, le llevaremos al consejo mágico central, donde se procederá a decidir su condena —prosiguió el Rey Abdiel—. Abrimos la sesión para escuchar sus opiniones y consejos.

– We plan to use everything we might need; wands, potions, boom-ty dust, sleeping plants, frozen spells, and even more in our main defenses. Once we managed to capture the invaders, we will give them oblivion potions and Mr. Appleton will give them new memories to return them to their normal lives and they may continue their lives without any problem. As for the leader of this dark group, we will take it to the central magical council, where the sentence will be decided. – said King Abdiel. – Now we'll hear your opinions and advice.

Paragraph 148

La reunión transcurrió tranquilamente, Yiyi pidió más ayuda en la creación de los Boom-ty, Declan, un elfo entrenador de dragones, solicitó protección para los pechos de los dragones y Caleb les aconsejó estar en Magic Müller tres días antes de la invasión.

Cuando regresaron a sus casas trataron de ser lo más normales posibles, Julia escribió al colegio de los niños para avisar que se ausentarían por tres días. Continuaron con la construcción de la casita y aunque Julia se moría de ganas de irse con los niños, se quedó en la casa para seguir su trabajo en la galería y no hacer que el señor Cejón sospechara que tramaban algo.

The meeting went by quietly, Yiyi asked for more help in the making of the Boom-ty, Declan, a dragon trainer elf, requested protection for the chest of the dragons, and Caleb advice to be in Magic Müller three days before the invasion.

When everybody went back home, they tried to act as naturally as possible; Julia wrote to the children's high school to let them know that the children would be absent for three days. They continued building their treehouse and, even though Julia was dying to go with the children, she stayed in the house to continue her work in the gallery and prevent Mr. Big Eyebrow from having any possible suspicion about their plan.

Paragraph 149

En Magic Müller todos se preparaban para esperar que los intrusos entraran el sábado, nadie sospechaba que la entrada sería antes, sin embargo, Óscar empezó a sospechar de todo lo que hacía su padre y aunque Óscar no estaría en el reino mágico para la llegada de los intrusos, él también quería investigar y ser parte del equipo de su amigo Oliver.

Back in Magic Müller, everyone was getting ready to face the invaders next Saturday, no one was aware that the attack was going to happen before that; however, Oscar began to suspect everything his father was doing and even though he was not going to be in the kingdom during the invasion, he wanted to investigate too and be part of Oliver's team.

Paragraph 150

Para esos días, Óscar miraba a su padre ir y venir de ningún lugar y encerrarse en su estudio por horas con diferentes hombres que llegaban a reunirse con él. Normalmente Óscar no les veía la cara ya que entraban rápidamente y cerraban la puerta y además vestían con suéteres con capucha, pero pudo recordar a uno porque al entrar vio cómo le brillaba un diente de oro y se acordó de haber visto un hombre con diente de oro rondando por la escuela. Tras la sospecha Óscar se fue rápidamente a contarle a Julia y juntos descubrieron que era el dueño de la joyería El Diamante y que también era amante del arte pues había comprado una pieza muy cara en la galería. Julia lo recordaba bien y juntos fueron a su casa y descubrieron que otros hombres estaban allí con él y hablaban de que lo mejor sería abrir la puerta a la mañana siguiente, no creían conveniente esperar dos días más. Inmediatamente, Julia y Óscar se fueron a dar

aviso a los niños que ya estaban en Magic Müller, pero ni Julia, ni Óscar tenían permiso de abrir la puerta y no sabían cómo entrar. Óscar sugirió que enviaran una carta por debajo de la puerta, en ese momento la puerta despertó y reconoció a Julia.

During those days, Oscar saw his father coming and going from nowhere and lock himself in this office for hours with different men that went to meet up with him. Usually, Oscar did not see their faces because they were quick to enter and lock the door, plus they all wore hoodies, but he could recognize one of them for how his golden tooth was shining when he entered the house and remembered seeing someone like him hanging around the school. Oscar, with that suspicion, rushed to tell Julia and together discover that the man was the owner of the Jewelry Store "The Diamond" and was also an art lover because he bought a very expensive piece in the gallery. Julia remembered him very well and together went to his house and found other men with him and was discussing the best way to open the door the next morning, they did not believe they should wait two more days. Immediately, Julia and Oscar went to warn the children, that were already in Magic Müller, but neither Julia nor

Oscar were allowed to open the door and did not know how to open it. Oscar suggested slipping a letter under the door, at that moment the door awoke and recognized Julia.

Paragraph 151

—No te preocupes, señora Somith, le daré su mensaje a los niños y a Simón cuanto antes. —Y luego la puerta volvió a dormir.

Mimi, una pequeña hada que volaba cerca de la entrada, vio la carta y despertó a la puerta para saber si había visto a alguien del otro lado.

Bostezando la puerta respondió:

—Sí, Mimi, he visto a la señora Somith con un niño, parecía un mensaje urgente.

– Don't worry, Mrs. Somith, I will give your message to the children and Simon as soon as possible – Then the door went back to sleep.

Mimi, a little fairy that was flying near the entrance, saw the letter and awoke the door to ask it if it had seen someone on the other side.

Yawning, the door answered:

– Indeed, Mimi, I saw Mrs. Somith with a boy, they seemed to have an urgent message.

Paragraph 152

Mimí no quiso esperar, abrió la carta, la leyó y le pasó el mensaje a la primera criatura mágica que vio y así todos se fueron pasando el mensaje hasta que llegó a oídos de Simón que estaba entrenando con su equipo. Simón mandó la alerta a todos y entre todos montaron las más ingeniosas trampas tras la puerta y en los alrededores. Fue una tarde muy ocupada, pero se fueron a dormir temprano para guardar energías.

Mimi did not want to wait and opened the letter, read it, and then passed the message to the first creature that saw so everyone passed the message until it reached Simon that was training his team. Simon alerted everyone and with everyone's help, they put the cleverest traps behind the door and in the surroundings. It was a busy afternoon but everyone managed to go to sleep early to save their energy.

Paragraph 153

La noche fue muy difícil para Oscar, no podía cerrar los ojos pensando en los planes que tenía su padre al día siguiente en contra de Magic Müller. Muy temprano en la mañana, escuchó cuando su padre se levantó y se fue de la casa, entonces Óscar se levantó, cogió su abrigo y se fue corriendo a la casa de Julia para avisarle que ya era el momento, los dos se fueron rápidamente hacia la choza vieja para ver qué era lo que estaba pasando.

The night was difficult for Oscar, he could not close his eyes thinking about his father's plans against Magic Müller. The next day, early in the morning, he heard when his father woke up and left the house, so Oscar woke up too, picked up his coat, and ran to Julia's house to let her know it was time. Then, they both ran to the old cabin to see what was happening.

Paragraph 154

La batalla comienza

El señor Cejón y sus secuaces están listos para entrar a la choza, la batalla está por comenzar, ellos iban a hacer volar hasta los cielos la choza para descubrir el camino de la hermosa aldea mágica, que planeaban destruir hasta los cielos.

The battle begins

Mr. Big Eyebrow and his henchmen were ready to break into the cabin, the battle was about to begin. They were ready to blow up the cabin to locate the road to the kingdom and destroy it.

Paragraph 155

Óscar y Julia los siguieron y se escondieron, cuando de repente se escuchó un estallido, ¡habían destruido la choza! Óscar se tapó los oídos, Julia se levantó y se fue corriendo hacia la cabaña, Óscar la siguió y allí estaba el señor Cejón dando indicaciones, mientras el resto entraba al mundo mágico dispuestos a acabar con todo.

—Sr. Cejón —dijo Julia sorprendida.

Oscar and Julia followed them and were hiding when they suddenly heard an explosion; they blew up the cabin! Oscar covered his ears. Julia got up and ran to the cabin, Oscar followed her and they found Mr. Big Eyebrow giving instructions, while the others were entering the magic world ready to end everything.

– Victor! – said Julia startled.

Paragraph 156

El señor Cejón volvió la mirada hacia Julia, sacó de su chaleco una varita; su sonrisa era aterradora, sonreía tanto hasta que se le vieron sus dientes de ardilla, levantó su mano e hizo un enorme fuego con su varita impidiéndole el paso a Julia y a Óscar, el fuego luego se hizo pequeño. No se movió. No hizo nada de nada. De pronto el señor Cejón dijo:

—Aquí comenzará nuestra lucha. El mundo mágico es un riesgo para los humanos. Su magia no es otra cosa que brujería.

Mr. Big Eyebrow looked back at Julia, and pulled a wand out of his vest; his smile was terrified, and laughed so hard that his squirrel teeth showed. He rose his hand and created a huge fire blocking the way to Julia and Oscar, later, the fire decreased. He didn't move, didn't try anything and, suddenly, he said:

– Our battle starts here. The magic world is a danger to humans. Their magic is nothing more than witchcraft.

Paragraph 157

Óscar trató de convencer a su padre de que esto era un error, pero el señor Cejón le dijo:

—Un día me lo agradecerás, hijo.

Oscar tried to talk some sense

Se oyó un eco diciendo “zos zos” y el fuego se hizo más y más grande frente a Julia y a Óscar, quienes huyeron velozmente.

in his father, tried to convince him it was a mistake, but Mr. Big Eyebrow said to him:

– One day, son, you will thank me.

An echo was heard saying “zos zos” and the fire grew a lot more in front of Julia and Oscar, who ran away quickly.

Paragraph 158

—¿Qué estás haciendo, hermano? —dijo Simón enfurecido con su cara volviéndose roja del enojo y mirando al señor Cejón.

Parecía que los planes de los duendes y elfos iban funcionando muy bien, los humanos estaban cayendo en las trampas hasta que uno de ellos ideó la manera de cruzarlas y empezaron a caer algunos duendes heridos por las flechas y los rifles.

– Brother! What are you doing?! – said Simon enraged, his face turning red with anger and looking at Mr. Big Eyebrow.

It looked like the plans of the goblins and elves were succeeding, the humans were falling into the traps until one of them found a way to avoid them and some goblins were hurt with arrows and guns.

Paragraph 159

The humans set Yiyi’s house on fire and the rest of the elves’ houses were near the forest’s

entrance as well. A tree fell because of the fire and started to spread the fire across the forest near Mr. Sael’s store.

Los humanos le prendieron fuego a la casita de Yiyi y luego a las demás casas élficas que se veían en la entrada del bosque. Se cayó una palmera que la cortó el fuego e inició un incendio en una parte del bosque mágico cerca de la tienda del señor Sael.

Simón se acercó a Daniela y Oliver que esperaban las indicaciones atrás de un árbol.

Simon approach Daniela and Oliver that were waiting for instructions behind a tree.

Paragraph 160

Los humanos le prendieron fuego a la casita de Yiyi y luego a las demás casas élficas que se veían en la entrada del bosque. Se cayó una palmera que la cortó el fuego e inició un incendio en una parte del bosque mágico cerca de la tienda del señor Sael.

Simón se acercó a Daniela y Oliver que esperaban las indicaciones atrás de un árbol.

—Daniela, intenta apagar el fuego con tu varita, usa la máxima potencia de tus chorros de agua, y tú, Oliver, ve hacia Cejón y trata de atraparlo, debemos sacarlo de aquí y llevarlo al calabozo —dijo Simón

—¿Hermano, usted le dijo “hermano”? —preguntó Daniela extrañada—. ¿Entonces Simón Cejón...?

—Es una larga historia —dijo Simón—. Estamos perdiendo, el fuego es demasiado, necesitamos más tortunicornios con agua para apagar esos incendios, hay muchos heridos. Sigue intentando apagar el fuego, Daniela, yo volaré con Asgard para tirar agua y ayudarte con eso.

– Daniela, try to eliminate the fire with your wand, use all of its power. Oliver, go to Big Eyebrow and try to capture him, we must get him out of here and take him to the dungeon. – said, Simon.

– Did you call him “brother”? – asked Daniela confused – So, Simon Big Eyebrow...?

– It’s a long story – said Simon – We are losing, the fire is too strong, we need more tortunicorns with water to stop the fires, we have too many wounded. Keep trying to stop the fire, Daniela, I’ll go with Asgard to get more water and help you with that.

Paragraph 161

A moment after Simon was on top of Asgard, he looked at the sky and saw a part of it open in a strange shape. Caleb appeared in the opening and this

time he was not alone; he was with Julia’s father. Caleb greeted everyone waving his hand and whispering something to Julia’s father. The whispering continued and at that moment, a group of people were seen coming from a hill; they were guardians from other magic lands ready to join the fight.

Al momento de haber montado en su tortunicornio, Simón miró hacia arriba y vio que se abrió una parte del cielo en una forma muy pero muy rara, y apareció otra vez el señor Caleb. Esta vez estaba con el padre de Julia. Él saludó con su mano y le susurraba cosas al padre de Julia. Seguía susurrando el Sr. Somith y entonces desde una colina se vieron acercarse un grupo de personas, eran guardianes de otras tierras mágicas que se unían a la lucha.

Paragraph 162

Furioso, el Sr. Cejón disparó, el cielo se puso negro como la noche, y el padre de Julia y el Sr. Somith desaparecieron de la nada.

Julia vio un troll gigante que con su garrote les pegaba a los magos con sombrero puntiagudo, y también les pegaba a los animales mágicos. Dos magos con capuchas estaban atrás de Víctor.

Eran sus seguidores, con caras enfurecidas y despiadadas, esperando ansiosos la orden de su amo para atacar.

—Acábenlos —dijo el Sr. Cejón.

Furious, Mr. Big Eyebrow shot to the sky turning it dark as night and Julia's father and Caleb vanished.

Julia saw a gigantic troll beating with his huge club the wizards with pointy hats and also the magical creatures. Two wizards with cowls were standing behind Victor. They were his followers, with angry faces and ruthlessness, awaiting their master's command to attack.

– Finish them! – said Mr. Big Eyebrow.

Paragraph 163

Los dos magos dispararon con sus varitas, haciendo un estallido similar a los fuegos artificiales pero estos fuegos eran un hechizo que hipnotizó a todos los que estaban frente a ellos; por suerte el agua acababa con su efecto y los aldeanos volaron en tortunicornios sobre sus amigos para acabar con el hechizo de los dos magos que ayudaban a Cejón.

The two wizards attacked with their wands, making a blast similar to fireworks but these fires were a mind-control spell that affected everyone in front of them; luckily the spell could be lifted with water, and other villagers flew in some tortunicorns over their friends with water to eliminate the spell of Victor's wizards.

Paragraph 164

Oliver, con su varita, creó un escudo que desvió lo que disparaban tratando de proteger a las criaturas mágicas, mientras las criaturas más pequeñas buscaban re-

fugio y trataban de proteger a sus familias. La misión de acercarse a Cejón se le complicaba mucho a Oliver en medio de la batalla.

Oliver used his wand to create a shield to protect the creatures from the attacks, while the small creatures were looking for shelter and trying to protect their families. The mission to get closer to Victor was getting a lot more complicated for Oliver in the middle of the battle.

Paragraph 165

Tim llegó a la batalla con un ejército de elfos y sus flechas mágicas volaron sobre sus enemigos poniendo a dormir a todos en un santiamén.

Un apuesto elfo llamado Mateo venía en un dragón blanco, que escupió fuego verde de su boca, y descendió, posando su cabeza en el suelo para que Mateo se bajara a luchar. Elián, el caballero líder del reino, derribó a golpes a los dos magos seguidores del Sr. Cejón. Por fin estaban ganando la batalla.

Tim arrived at the battle with an army of elves shooting magic arrows at their enemies putting them all to sleep in an instant.

A dashing elf called Mateo came riding a white dragon that spitted green fire. It landed on the ground laying his head on the ground so that Mateo could get off to fight. Elián, the leader of the knights of the kingdom, took down the wizards following Victor. Finally, they were winning.

Paragraph 166

Oliver vio que Cejón se escapaba y se teletransportó para llevar a Daniela hasta él para que ella lo enredara en el lazo mágico y así lo hizo, pero el Sr. Cejón con su deseo por destruirlo todo hizo aparecer la figura de un hombre lobo gigante que empezó a caminar hacia las buenas personas.

Oliver saw Victor trying to escape, he teleported himself and took Daniela with him so she could use her magical rope to trap Victor, and they succeeded. However, Victor's wish of destroying everything caused a gigantic werewolf to show up and started to walk toward the good people.

Paragraph 167

Lucas elevó grandes rocas con su varita y las lanzó directo al hombre lobo, pero era difícil derribarlo, super Tim se acercó a luchar contra él, y lo derribó, en ese momento Lucas aprovechó para dispararle a los ojos con sus rayos de sol, y derrotaron a la bestia.

—A eso llamo ser un super —dijo Mimi mientras lanzaba Boom-ty a sus enemigos.

Lucas lifted some big rocks and threw them straight at the werewolf, but he was too strong to get knocked down. Tim faced him and managed to knock him down, then Lucas took advantage of the opportunity and shot at his eyes with the sunlight beam and finally, they defeat the beast.

– That's what I call super – said Mimi while throwing boom-ty to the enemies.

Paragraph 168

Victor Cejón soltó una carcajada malévola, entonces desapareció el cielo negro y... ¡boom!... Cejón se llenó de humo y escapó de la cuerda mágica de Daniela, las risas se seguían escuchando, pero no podían ver a Cejón por ningún lado.

Victor let out an evil laugh and the darkness in the sky disappeared and - boom! – Victor covered himself in smoke and escape from Daniela's rope. The laughter was still heard, but no one could see him anywhere.

Paragraph 169

Carmen estaba ahí, apoyando a Daniela, ambas se miraron sorprendidas de ver que Cejón había escapado de la cuerda. En medio del alboroto Lucas encontró al Sr. Cejón haciendo explosiones y carcajeándose, a pesar de que estaba perdiendo la batalla y que ya los elfos llevaban a los humanos en fila hacia una pradera para desmemorizarlos y darles nuevos recuerdos para regresarlos a sus vidas, pero Víctor no se daba por vencido. Detrás de las explosiones de Cejón venían más hechizos, luego hizo elevar a un aldeano y lo lanzó por los aires, seguidamente convocó a un gronock. Un gronock era una criatura horrible, con rasgos de elfo ya que fueron elfos desterrados por crear conflictos entre su reino, por lo que se convirtieron en criaturas horribles con dientes

filosos y una lengua con babosas diminutas, su piel se fue arrugando y manchando de la maldad que vivía en sus corazones, su aspecto asustaba a cualquiera y los niños se horrorizaron al verlo. Cejón le ordenó al gronock que atacara a Daniela, Oliver y Carmen. La señorita Carmen se paró frente a los niños y los protegió haciendo una fuerte ráfaga de viento contra el gronock, de pronto se escuchó un zumbido: era un hada pequeñísima, le tiró un encantamiento con su varita de estrella al gronock que lo dejó congelado por unos segundos, tiempo suficiente para que los niños atacaran. Daniela lo ató con su cuerda mágica y Lucas le lanzó rayos de sol y en medio del brillo solar la criatura se desvaneció, el hada miró a los niños y les sonrió.

Carmen was in the battle, helping Daniela. They both were shocked to see that Victor had escaped from the rope. In the middle of the commotion, Lucas found Victor creating explosions and laughing, even though he was losing the battle and his men were being taken to the grasslands to have their memories erased and replaced with new memories to send them back to their homes, Victor did not surrender. Behind his explosions there were more spells, he lifted a villager and threw him far away, then he summoned a gronock, a hideous creature with sharp fangs, and tiny slimy tongues, their skin was wrinkled and stained by the evil in their hearts but with some traits of an elf, because they were once elves who were banished for causing conflicts in the kingdom, their appearance would scare anyone and the children were terrified to see it. Victor commanded it to attack Daniela, Oliver, and Carmen. Miss Carmen stood in front of the children to protect them from a strong gust of wind, suddenly they heard a buzz; it was a tiny fairy that her wand to freeze the gronock for a few seconds, more than enough for the children to attack. Daniela tied it up with the rope, Lucas stroked it with the sunlight beam and the monster faded. The fairy looked at the children and smiled at them.

Paragraph 170

El Sr. Cejón no se rendía y de pronto notaron que tenía las manos peludas.

—¿Tiene guantes? —dijo Lucas.

Cejón puso sus ojos blancos, temblaba muy feo hasta que asustaba, se le hicieron las orejas de animal, movía la cabeza y se le hacían los dientes filosos, también sus ojos se pusieron rojos, su piel peluda, garras horribles se veían en sus manos. ¡Se convirtió en un hombre lobo!, en seguida se lanzó sobre Mimi que lo atacó de inmediato. Lucas con su varita lo hechizó y su hechizo puso al hombre lobo a cantar ópera, no podía parar de hacerlo por más que quisiera, el hechizo de Lucas era muy poderoso y el hombre lobo seguía cantando ópera. Mientras los niños se reían a carcajadas vieron algo muy triste, que les hizo cambiar su semblante, era un cachorro mágico muerto, los niños corrieron a taparlo con una manta y se dirigieron hacia el campo de batalla, ya todo había terminado. Lucas seguía hechizando al hombre lobo hasta que Simón intervino y detuvo el hechizo para transformar de nuevo al señor Cejón en hombre y llevarlo a la prisión del reino para ser juzgado por el consejo mágico.

Victor still refused to surrender and all of a sudden, the children notice that his hands were furry.

– Is he wearing gloves? – asked Lucas.

Victor's eyes turned white, started to shake horribly, and scared everyone, his ears looked like an animal's ears, he was moving his head and his teeth turned into fangs, then his eyes changed to red, his skin covered in fur, and claws in both hands; he became a werewolf! As soon as the transformation was completed, he attacked Mimi, who attacked him back. Lucas bewitched him and made him sing opera, the spell was powerful so Victor could not fight it. The children were laughing until they saw something that changed their mood; a dead magical puppy, they ran to cover it with a blanket and returned to the battlefield, the fight was over. Lucas continued controlling Victor until Simon arrived and stopped the spell and transformed Victor back into his human self and took him to the prison to face the judgment of the Magical Council.

Paragraph 171

Tim se acercó a ellos volando en un dragón con Elián, seguidos por Mateo que venía sobre un tortunicornio para llevar a los heridos al hospital del reino.

En el reino tenían un hospital lleno de magia en el cual trabajaban varios kingsleys, quienes eran unas criaturas mágicas que curaban las heridas, su forma es humana, pero son mucho más altos, con ojos verdes y púrpura, con la piel muy lisa y con orejas puntiagudas. En el hospital tenían como principal a un kingsley, su nombre era Terry Craft. Terry ya estaba preparándose para recibir a los pacientes pues sabía que serían muchos.

Tim arrived flying in a dragon with Elian, followed by Mateo who was riding a tortunicorn to take the injures to the hospital.

The kingdom's hospital was full of magic, the kingsleys, magical creatures who could heal wounds, worked there. They had human form, but were much taller, with green and purple eyes, smooth skin, and pointy ears. The kingsley leader was called Terry Craft. He was preparing the hospital to receive the big number of wounded that he knew was coming.

Paragraph 172

El mundo mágico no era igual como antes, se hizo muy horrendo, con toda la destrucción causada por la batalla. Se sentía muy caluroso por tanto fuego, pero quienes habían sobrevivido recogían los escombros y apagaban el fuego, llevaban a los heridos al hospital y transportaban a los humanos a sus hogares ya con la memoria limpia de recuerdos sobre Magic Müller y llena de recuerdos nuevos y totalmente normales, totalmente humanos.

The magic world was not the same as before, the destruction of the battle made it horrific. The heat of the fires was overwhelming, but the survivors were picking up the rubble, stopping the fire, taking the wounded to the hospital, and taking the humans to their homes with no memory of the kingdom or the magic, instead, they had new normal fully human memories.

Paragraph 173

Después de varios días de trabajo y con la ayuda de todos los niños, incluyendo a Óscar, el reino mágico iba recuperándose, por lo que la reina Amara y el rey Abdiel convocaron a una nueva reunión para comunicarles a todos lo que el consejo mágico había decidido respecto a Víctor Cejón.

—Aquí estamos, de nuevo, esta vez no para planear una defensa de batalla sino para sentirnos agradecidos por poder continuar con nuestra labor y volver a la normalidad, a todos nos invade una enorme tristeza por las vidas perdidas, pero en medio de este dolor también está la dicha de haber vencido a quien quería destruirnos. —Empezó diciendo Caleb, quien era el presidente del Concejo Mágico y lideraba la reunión junto a los reyes.

After several days of working and with the help of the children, including Oscar, the kingdom was recovering. The queen and king called a new meeting to let them know the decision of the council regarding Victor Big Eyebrow.

– Here we are once more, but this time is not to plan our defenses but to feel thankful to be able to continue with our duty and return to our normal lives. We all mourn the lives that were lost, but in that pain, we also found the joy of having defeated the invaders who wanted to destroy us. – Caleb said to start the meeting, he was the chairman of the Council and was leading the meeting with the queen and king.

Paragraph 174

—Para quienes no lo conocían el señor Cejón realmente es un mago, su madre fue una elfa, quien por mucho tiempo estuvo casada con uno de los humanos que era guardián del mundo mágico en ciudad de México, tuvieron dos hijos, Simón y Víctor, pero ella enfermó y murió, su esposo se deprimió tanto que murió en su habitación de pura tristeza y sus hijos fueron adoptados por diferentes familias que los mantuvieron separados

por siempre, hasta que Simón supo de los reinos mágicos y se convirtió en un mago muy importante, en Magic Müller. Entonces decidió buscar a su hermano para conocerlo. Para su sorpresa, Víctor no tenía ni idea del mundo mágico y su vida no había sido muy buena después de ser adoptado, así que empezó a sentir una fuerte envidia por su hermano y su rencor hacia él lo llevó a querer destruirlo. Tiempo más tarde, Víctor empezó a buscar reinos mágicos para destruirlos y acabar con la magia del mundo.

— For those who didn't know him, Mr.

Big Eyebrow was a wizard. His mother was an elf who married a human guardian in the magical world of Mexico City, they had two children: Simon and Victor. Sadly, she got sick and died, her husband was so depressed that died of sadness in his room and their children were adopted by different families that kept them apart. Until Simon learned about the magical kingdoms and became a very important wizard in Magic Müller. He decided to look for his brother. To his surprise, Victor had no idea about the magical world and his life hadn't been very good after he was adopted, so, he started to envy his brother to the point of wanting to destroy him. Sometime later, Victor began to look for magical worlds to destroy them and eliminate all the magic in the world.

Paragraph 175

Most of those present there knew their story, although they could not anticipate Victor wanting to destroy them. For Julia and the children that was big news, and they felt sorry for Victor.

La mayoría de los presentes conocían la historia, aunque no imaginaban que Víctor quisiera destruirlos. Para Julia y los niños eso era una gran novedad y sintieron pena por el pobre Víctor.

—Talvez tuvo unos horribles padres adoptivos —le mencionó Oliver a Tim.

—Sí, así fue, Oliver —respondió Tim.

— Maybe he had terrible adoptive parents — said Oliver to Tim.

— Yes, you're right, Oliver. — answered Tim.

Paragraph 176

La reina Amara pidió la atención de todos pues debía explicarles que a pesar de que el señor Cejón ya había atacado otros reinos con éxito, esta vez había fallado.

—Además, esta vez es una suerte que lo hayamos capturado pues en esta ocasión sus planes eran distintos, él ha estudiado tanto la magia que ahora sabe dominarla muy bien, recordemos que él es mitad elfo y también tiene sangre mágica. Su castigo será extraerle toda su magia, se le borrarán sus recuerdos de este mundo, incluyendo el recuerdo de Simón y luego será reubicado para que pueda continuar su vida normal.

Queen Amara asked for everyone's attention to explain that despite Victor having succeeded in attacking other kingdoms, this time he had failed.

– Besides, this time we were lucky enough to capture him because this time his plans were different. He has studied so much magic that he has mastered it, also remember he is half-elf and has magical blood. As punishment, we will extract all of his magic, erase his memory of this world including Simon, and then he will relocate so he may live a normal life.

Paragraph 177

Óscar se entristeció y preguntó:

—¿Y qué pasará conmigo? Yo no quiero olvidarme de este mundo, me gustaría vivir aquí, si es posible; mi padre nunca me presta atención, siempre he sentido que vivo solo.

La reina Amara le dio a Óscar dos opciones: quitarle sus recuerdos sobre su padre o quitarle sus recuerdos de Magic Müller.

—Puedes vivir con nosotros si quieres —le ofreció Julia.

Oscar was sad and asked:

– What about me? I don't want to forget this world. I want to live here, if possible; my father never paid me any kind of attention and I always felt that I lived alone.

The queen gave Oscar two options: erase his memories about his father or his memories about Magic Müller.

– You could live with us if you want. – said, Julia.

Paragraph 178

Óscar miró hacia atrás en los recuerdos de su vida y nunca había sido tan feliz como lo fue al conocer a Oliver y a su familia, pues realmente su padre nunca le había prestado atención. Y de esta manera Óscar decidió quedarse con los recuerdos del mundo mágico y de la familia Somith.

Finalmente, el reino Mágico volvió a la normalidad, la alegría de sus habitantes llenaba de color al mundo entero, la magia seguirá viviendo y protegiéndonos a todos. Los niños se abrazaron y bailaron de alegría, la vida estaba cambiando para ellos y las aventuras juntos apenas comenzaban.

- FIN -

Oscar looked back on his memories and had never been happier than when he met Oliver and his family, because his father never took any interest in him. So, he decided to keep his memories of the magical world and the Somith family.

At last, the kingdom returned to normal, the happiness of its people filled the whole world with color, and the magic was still alive and protecting all of us. The children hugged and danced with joy, their lives were changing and their adventures had just begun.

The End

5.1.2.2 IBIS of Imaginings. A Poetic Diary

Poem 1

La muerte de las Bellas Artes

Mis espuelas cantaban plateado
mientras yo cabalgaba por el borde

y ahí, la ibis,

de pie en su equinoccio.

El río la seguía;

su velocidad le daba movimiento

y su movimiento significado:

el pie fijo de la presunción renacentista.

Y desde las hojas mi pistola quebrantó

el cráneo de sus (pensamientos)

y el río con su velocidad

la alejó de mí.

LE MORT DES BEAUX ARTS

My spurs sang silver
as I was riding the rim,
and there, the Ibis,
standing at her equinox.
The river was with her;
its swiftness gave her movement
and in her movement meaning:
the fixed foot Renaissance conceit.
And from the leaves my pistol shattered
the skull of her imaginings,
and the river in its swiftness
took her away from me.

Poem 2

La Cabina

Solía vivir en una cabina
un ataúd erguido
o casita iluminada para teléfonos
en el bosque por un camino solitario,
abetos en invierno y álamos en
verano
mirando el exterior, el mundo pasaba
en pedazos
mi visión se descuidada
en muros madera fuerte fina
solo fragmentos de mundos girando
afuera
luego dormí encima del río
flotando como horizonte
esperando mi desfile fúnebre
cuando ella pasó a la deriva
cráneo destruido y alas rotas
una cojera húmeda cubierta en
plumas
mi corazón se conmovió
con la corriente del río
y me puse en movimiento

BOOTH

I lived in a booth before
an upright casket
or little lighted house for telephones
in the woods along a lonely road
fir trees in winter and aspen in summer
looking out, the world passed by
in bits and pieces
my vision neglected
in polished hardwood walls
only fractions of worlds whirling outside
then I fell asleep above the river
floating horizontally there
waiting for my funeral procession
when she drifted by
shattered skull and broken wings
a wet limp matt of feathers
my heart was moved
with the river's flow
and I did go
my odd box adrift
turning sideways then aright
in the currents tow
I am certain that I upset
the griever, eulogist and organist
surely missing ones farewell offends
but off I went in spite of all
drifting upended dumped and dunked
gasping until I began to swim
tumble and roll, an otter in fun
not noticing my tabernacle
tangled and left behind
as I was drawn down to sea
to save the bird that I had shot.

mi extraña caja a la deriva
girando de costado y luego derecho
en el remolque de las corrientes
estoy seguro que molesté
a los dolientes, elogiador y organista
de seguro perdí las ofrendas de despedida
pero avancé a pesar de todo
a la deriva, volcado y remojado jadeando hasta que nadé
dando vueltas y rodando, una nutria divirtiéndose
sin notar mi tabernáculo
mientras el mar me llamaba
para salvar el ave que derribé.

Poem 3

La ibis de pensamientos

Sentí un escalofrío de desesperanza
en mis últimos momentos con ella capturada
en una velocidad llena de quietud
su debilidad rígida flotando
en la cara cóncava
de los resplandecientes azules celestiales
de la tumba eterna
perdida en su cierre turbulento
de la cresta colapsando golpeando dentro
de la rasgadura del túnel un conducto a una
resaca
en la milagrosa misericordia
del entierro de la naturaleza.
Mi condenación me ha perseguido
recordando cuando en un delirio premeditada
con miedo a la revelación de la abnegación
y su peso de conocimiento mi pistola
disparó a través de retoños del arroyo
destruyendo el cráneo de sus
pensamientos
luego fue imposible escapar de mi memoria
yo justifiqué su destrucción

IBIS OF IMAGININGS

I had been afraid of Her and my undoing
losing Her was my way to overcome that
but in Her death a part of me went dark
hindering my illumination with guilt
until I went in search of Her
to satisfy my inner need once more
but only vicariously does She live again
like Quetzals of profound horizons
in hidden harmony with corteza leaves
and yellow blooms mid emerald translucencies
for a florid sovereignty of feathers.

I fell asleep in the sunrise watch of my vigil
dreaming of a flight of Cranes
in advance of snow
above the misty morning surface of the Loon
awakening in startling squalls of termination
I sensed a new conjugation of resolution
seeing vaguely the etymology of my work
the prefix and suffix of our physical separation
now I hear Her in the wind
the warm currents of Her dissolution
stirring the heavens.

The quality of caring becomes the ratio of love
the energy of my words and solace of forgiveness
Her weakening valence in evaporation
is the assimilation of a new bonding
for we are but a jewel of condensation
in a rain of galaxies
the whole of this crystal circumspection
a wrinkle containing our helix of life
folded RAMS of reflective inclusion
windows of vision no longer distorted
by our restricted cultures of thought.

hasta que mi preocupación

empezó a consumirme

mi única esperanza era su vida

y su evocación dimensional de palabras.

Queriendo creer que ella podría reaparecer

esperé en una constante ansiedad

de ánimos

a través de un ciclo completo de mareas

sintiendo cada variación axial de la gravedad

mientras las aguas y me preguntaba

con la esperanza de verla sola con el albatros

el innovador de la tarde de la convección

o durmiendo con pelicanos a la luz de la luna

hasta que las colinas despertaran

en sus refugios corrosión corrugada en medio de la cita con el gallo.

He estado atemorizado de ella y mi ruina

perderla fue mi manera de superarlo

pero con su muerte una parte de mí se oscureció

ocultando mi luz con culpa

hasta que fui en busca de ella

para satisfacer mi necesidad interior

una vez más

pero solo en mi mente ella vuelve a vivir

profundos

como quetzales de los horizontes

en una armonía oculta con las hojas de

corteza
y flores amarillas con un toque de
translucidez esmeralda
para una florida soberanía de plumas.
Me dormí en la mira del amanecer de mi
vigilia
soñando con un vuelo de grullas
adelantándose a la nieve
sobre la superficie nublosa de la mañana
del somorgujo despertándose
en sorprendentes ráfagas de terminación
presiento una nueva conjugación
de resolución
viendo vagamente la etimología de mi
trabajo
el prefijo y sufijo de mi separación física
ahora la escucho en el viento
las corrientes cálidas de su disolución
agitando los cielos.

La calidad de querer a alguien
se convierte en la proporción del amor
la energía de mis palabras y el consuelo
del perdón
su valencia debilitante
en la evaporación es la asimilación
de una nueva conexión
porque no somos más que una joya de
condensación
en una lluvia de galaxias
toda esta circunspección de cristal
una arruga conteniendo nuestra hélice de
vida
espolones plegados de inclusión reflectante
ventanas de visión sin distorsión
de nuestras restringidas culturas de
pensamiento.

Poem 4

Deslumbrante, me elevo **hacia el**

despertar

Tus ojos resplandecen
como ópalos rotos detrás de **cola de pescado**
mientras observas **la suave llama de aceite**
de la lámpara
saltar y bailar en una expiración sin fin.

Un tributo solitario a la edad,
porque el primer y vigésimo año ha pasado
y sus temporadas también,
como focas irrigadas vislumbradas
en su estallido
a través de campos de verano
de jacintos de berilo y zafiro.

DAZZLING, I SOAR INTO AWAKENING

Your eyes glitter
like shattered opals behind isinglass
as you watch the lamp's soft oil flame
leap and dance in endless expiration.
A lonesome tribute to the age,
for the one and twentieth year hath past,
and so its seasons,
like irriguous seals envisioned in their bursting
across summer fields of beryl and sapphire hyacinths.

Poem 5

Ideas en el espejo de la inclusión poética

Era la forma
de **aquel inicio en mi habitación**,
la sordera rota del refugio.
Desde mi ventana,
las frágiles intimidades de la luz
acariciaron el frío cielo nocturno
hasta someterlo
mientras los reflejos en mi espejo
eran las tangentes de mi vigésimo tercer año
como la neblina de junio
cargada sobre el cauce
hasta que los tonos del amanecer
trajeron los acantilados de Dover ante **mis ojos**
y nuestro ferry rompió el agua **de manera más** métrica.

IDEAS ON THE MIRROR OF POETIC INCLUSION

It was the form
of that beginning in my room,
the broken deafness of refuge.
And from my window,
the brittle intimacies of light
caressed the cold night sky into submission
as the reflections in my mirror
were the tangents for my twenty-third year,
like the June fog
laden upon the channel,
until the hues of morning
brought the cliffs of Dover into my view
and our ferry broke the water more metrically.

Poem 6

Solo es la historia de un caballo

Durante la lluvia dorada de finales de octubre,
doblado entre los álamos,

como una variedad de ojos ansiosos,
mis numerosos veranos susurraban sus
despedidas.

He escalado ese prado,

donde nuestros fuegos nos han liberado
de las noches

y todas estas historias contadas
una y otra vez.

Pero era distinto,

similar a regresar al hogar de la infancia
y encontrarse con un extraño.

Mientras estuve ahí en el silencio del ayer,
los escalofríos de las cadenas me golpearon,

triturando el aire,
y escuché el pecho de un caballo agitarse

mientras su cabeza estalló blanco
sobre los jóvenes arboles del arroyo.

Me acerqué y observé

que era un árabe blanco

encadenado, por deambular.

IT IS ONLY A HORSE'S TALE

In the golden rain of late october,
bent among the aspens,
like a multiplicity of eager eyes,
my many summers whispered their good-byes.

I had climbed into that meadow,
where our fires had freed us from the nights
and all those stories told over again.

But it was different,
like returning to a childhood home
and finding yourself a stranger.

And as I stood there in the silence of yesterdays,
the chill of chains swung at me,
shredding the air,
and I heard the chest of a horse heave
as his head burst white above the stream's saplings
and disappeared in a shattering of leaves.

I went closer and saw
that he was a white Arabian,
manacled,
from wandering.

Poem 7

Una futura desesperación

Estoy hambriento de esas fastidiosas
plagas de un tiempo antiguo
que cuelgan de mi corazón como gotas
de lluvia en un tendero
y vacían las cabañas en los cañones.
Las eternidades se ríen de las confusiones
de la hoja de oro
y los árboles se doblan
bajo el peso de la nieve.
El tiempo juega a las atrapadas
con el hijo del vecino,
y ellos ríen y hablan del verano pasado.
La enfermedad vino al vecindario,
y las mujeres fueron y vinieron
y hablaron de una cura.
Pero durante todo el invierno
solo pude pensar en usar mi bolígrafo
para escribirte y preguntar:
“Soy el gorrión que es vigilado por el halconero,
o es mi nombre escrito en el aliento de fuego,
y las alas de relámpago
y el trueno de los mil ojos?”.

OF A FUTURE DESPAIR

I hunger with those weary plaguings of some ancient hour
that hang upon my heart like rain drops on a clothes line
and empty the cabins in the canyons.

The eternities laugh at the gold leaf confusions,
and the trees bend under the weight of snow.
Time plays catch with the neighbor boy,
and they laugh and talk of last summer.

The illness came into the neighborhood,
and the women went and came and spoke of some cure.

But all winter I could only think of taking my pen
to write to you and ask:
“Am I the sparrow that is watched by the falconer,
or is my name written in the breath of fire,
and the lightning of wings,
and the thunder of a thousand eyes?”.

My soul hopes continually on the thought
of Mount Herman.
I long to know as one the forty summers of my heart
and to see the eyes of thee,
but the curtains of my abode do tremble,
and the wind is a hollow parody of my dreams;
the stream a mumbling frustration,
and a time amongst discarded shells on a southern beach.

Mi alma continúa esperando
en el pensamiento del monte Herman.
Anhelo conocer como uno,
los cuarenta veranos de mi corazón
y ver tus ojos, pero las cortinas de mi hogar tiemblan,
y el viento es una parodia vacía de mis sueños;
la corriente un murmullo de frustración,
y un tiempo entre conchas desechadas de la playa del sur.

Poem 8

Para M. Hernández y V. Agudo, creadores de
guitarras magnificas.

Dibuja (con cuidado) tu avión,
amigo humilde con rizos plateados
y ojos conocedores del grano.
¿Puedes escuchar la orilla del mar
y las alas cafés regresando en la primavera;
(puedes verlas)
llegando
a través de rizos de Chipre,
cantando avellana y sonrisas
y la única almendra de la costa en aceite de oliva
dorado?
¿Puedes (peinar con delicadeza) la luz de las
estrellas (a través de su cabello con dedos líquidos)?

TO M. HERNANDEZ AND V. AGUADO MAKERS OF MAGNIFICENT GUITARS.

Draw carefully your plane,
humble friend with silver curls
and eyes knowing well the grain.
Can you hear the seashore sounding
and brown wings returning in the spring;
can you see them
coming
through cyprus curls,
singing hazel nut and smiles
and coast sole almonded in golden olive oil;
can you gently comb with liquid fingers
the starlight through her hair?
"yes", he replied
"I feel like new grapes swelling in the sun".
And then,
with silver curls and eyes knowing well the grain,
he bowed again
and drew carefully the closely honed plane.

“Sí”, respondió él

“Me siento como uvas nuevas **madurando bajo el sol**”.

Y luego,

con rizos plateados y ojos conocedores de grano

él (**volvió a inclinarse**)

y dibujó **con cuidado el plano muy cercano** a la perfección .

Poem 9

Santa madre de nuestro amado señor

Tu hijo, con vestimenta escarlata

y sandalias rotas,

un niño fuera del desierto

ser alanceado hasta su última

lagrima

pero eran eternas

y resurgir como muchos de nuevo

como luz de un globo de cristal

para ondular carruajes de perlas del amor del Señor

y descansar en los santuarios celestiales

donde las flores florecen en medio del fuego.

SAINTLY MOTHER OF OUR BELOVED LORD

Your Son, scarlet frocked with broken sandals,

a child out of the desert

to be speared until His last tears fall,

but they fall eternally

and rise as many again as light from globed glass

to billow pearl chariots of Lordly love

and rest thee into celestial sanctuaries

where flowers bloom in the midst of fire.

Poem 10

Desde fuera del sueño

Mi amor me dice
que ella vio camellos
durmiendo en el desierto.

Ella dijo que se vino una brisa,
que levantó la arena a su alrededor:
esparciendo sueños verdes de elogios
de palmeras a través
de océanos de fracciones esparcidas.

Poem 11

Mi pequeño amigo

Mi amigo, con ojos de oliva,
¿a donde te diriges?
Por supuesto,
hasta la orilla de mar para poner piedritas
juntas
y cantar.
El sol, me temo, no te compadecerá,
mi amigo almendra, tan café
y seco como la arcilla de un alfarero.
Ayuda al pescador a tender sus redes.

FROM OUT OF SLEEP

My love tells me
that she saw camels
sleeping in the desert.
She said that a wind came up,
turning the sand around them:
scattering green dreams of palm eulogies
across oceans of shattered fractions.

MY LITTLE FRIEND

My friend, with olive eyes
where are you going?
Of course,
down to the seashore to clap pebbles together and sing.
The sun, I fear, will not pity you,
my almond friend, dried brown like potter's clay.
Help the fisherman lay out his nets.
Do you know the stitches of his finger?
Yes, the ones to catch gills;
to make the fires smell sweet.
Someday you too will have a boat.
The dry salt will cake stiff and white;
your tired arms will ache
and you will long for sleep.

¿Conoces las suturas de su dedo?
Sí, las que son para atrapar branquias;
para hacer los fuegos oler dulce.
Algún día, también tendrás un bote.
La sal seca se endurecerá rígida y blanca;
tus brazos agotados dolerán
y anhelarás dormir.

Poem 12

La capilla

Las paredes de la capilla rodean
un centenar de voces de veranos de alfalfa
en los templos de álamo y malva loca
y llenos de lunas sobre tréboles y centeno.
Sentado entre estos corales
llamando al hogar sus nombres en tierras fértiles
y me susurran,
sin creer en el amanecer blanco del mar
y yo te contaré sobre las estrellas temblando;
sobre la carpa de Orión cayendo
al sonido de aguas temblorosas
entonces conocerás, igual que ellos,
el resplandor del cristal y la velocidad de las
nubes.

THE CHAPEL

The Chapel walls surround
an hundred voices of alfalfa summers
in the temples of aspen and hollyhock
and full moons over clover and rye.
Sit amongst these choirs,
calling home their names in fertile fields
and whisper to me, unbelieving
of the sea's white awakening
and I shall tell you of the stars trembling;
of the tent of Orion falling
to the sound of quaking waters:
then you shall know as they know
the brilliance of crystal and the swiftness of clouds.
What assemblage of stone,
hollowed into a room, can bear so much?
Its husbands teach their children
the joy and miracle of prayer
and heal their households
under palms callused before summer
and move in words of devotion.

¿Qué conjunto de piedra, ahuecado en una habitación,
puede soportar tanto?

Sus esposos les enseñan a sus hijos la dicha

y milagros de orar

y sanar sus hogares bajo

las palmas callosas antes del verano

y moverse en palabras de devoción.

Poem 13

Confianza

Te llamaré, desde un torbellino de alas,

con una voz como las notas

de amatista de un pianista

y recordarás las noches que cayeron como lluvia

a tu alrededor

y los ancianos, hablando en la reverencia de la

pianola

y el tintineo de sueños de cinco centavos.

Recordarás los cisnes del lago

donde solías jugar

y tu abuela hablaba sobre los pájaros.

Recordaras mi voz, de esas noches contigo

y las largas caminatas, el aroma de naranja y jazmín

y el sonido del mar, apoyado contra ti.

A TRUST

I will call to you, out of a whirlwind of wings,
with a voice as the amethyst notes of the pianist
and you will remember the nights that fell
like rain around you
and the old men, talking in the reverence
of the player piano
and the tinkle of nickel daydreams.

You will remember the swans around the lake
where you played
and your grandmother talking of birds.

You will remember my voice,
of those evenings with you
and the long walks, the smell of orange and jasmine
and the sound of the sea, leaning against you.

You will see yourself, as you saw you then,
in your mirror by the window of geraniums
and your hair golden in the sun.

You will hear the palms whispering through the streets
and the daughters of Jerusalem weeping
and then you will see me,
coming, out of the city,
her curtains of satin trembling,
for she cannot hide her faces.

You will see me through those hours
and then you will know that I AM.

Te veras a ti mismo, como te veías
en ese entonces,
en tu espejo a la par de la ventana de geranios
y tu cabello dorado en el sol.
Escucharas las palmares susurrando por las calles
y las hijas de Jerusalén llorando
y en ese momento, me verás
venir, fuera de la ciudad,
sus cortinas de satín temblando,
porque no puede ocultar sus rostros.
Me verás en esas horas
y ahí sabrás que SOY YO.

Poem 14

Buitres en Acapulco

Ven, siéntate.
Dobla tu pliegue,
mi amigo buitres,
con toques blancos, capucha negra,
alas intentado elevarse, extrayendo, empujando.
Tu cabeza, escupió sangre;
ojos ardientes en sus pozos superficiales;
tu pico, más fuerte que sus entrañas,
arrecostado, sin vida, oloroso, lugar para gusanos.
Tú sabes.

BUZZARDS IN ACAPULCO

Come sit down.
Fold from your unfolding,
my buzzard friend,
white touched, cloaked black,
wind caught lifting, drawing, pushing.
Your head, spat blood;
eyes glowing hot in their shallow pits;
your beak, stronger than his entrails,
laid out, dead, pungent, chambers for worms.
You know.
Your stomach flows intently knowing.
Come sit down.
Drift your cloak.
Sit with me
and taste the sweetness of the salt, tropic salt.

Tu estómago fluye con intensidad sabiendo.

Ven, siéntate.

Deja tu capucha fluir.

Siéntate conmigo

y prueba la dulzura de la sal, sal tropical.

Poem 15

Sin título

Ella fluyó de mi valle como fantasías

y sentó en unas rocas

observando a las mujeres,

bajo el sol,

lavando la vestimenta.

UNTITLED

She flowed out of my valley like daydreams
and sat upon the rocks
watching the women,
in the sun,
doing their laundry.

Poem 16

Recolecciones de la Jolla

Su hermana gritó por lavanda debajo
de las tranquilas palmeras
y la abadía se estremeció en enredaderas de uvas.
Era por la tarde en el patio de su padre.
Micaela paseaba en su jardín de geranios y
buganvillas
mientras el niño de cerámica se mantenía de pie
en la estanque de lirios
y ella pensó en las campanas, oxidadas,
que colgaban de los arcos de la torre.
Su hermana gritó por lavanda debajo
de las tranquilas palmeras
y Micaela tomó un taxi hacia la casa
de su padre.
La cena se sirvió en el patio
y su padre se sentó a fumar mientras
la hermana de Micaela bajaba las escaleras de azulejos
con aves en sus ojos y sentó en silencio.
La cena acabó y poco fue dicho
mientras las campanas de la abadía le susurraban
en fracciones al viento y la luna persistía

RECOLLECTIONS OF LA JOLLA

Her sister cried lavender beneath the quiet palm
and the abbey trembled in grape vines.
It was afternoon in the patio of her father.
Micaela wandered in her garden of geraniums
and bougainvillea
while the ceramic boy stood
in the pool of lilies
and she thought of the bells, rusted,
that hung in the arches of the tower.
Her sister cried lavender beneath the quiet palms
and Micaela took a taxi to her father's house.
Dinner was set in the patio
and her father sat smoking
while Micaela's sister came down the tile stairs
with birds in her eyes and took her seat silently.
Dinner was taken and little was said
while the bells of the abbey
whispered in fractions to the wind
and the moon lingered in the garden of Micaela.

en el jardín de Micaela.

Poem 17

Que es el asunto con el amor

Daphne era una virgen verde o árbol
perseguido por rizos de mar de cabello azul
cuando un arte de física, en Tesalia,
Peneo actuó
y carne se veía como corteza
y su cabello cubierto de hojas.

La idea colorea la metáfora.

En el patio, debajo de la yuca seca,
macetas de siena son rellenas
con la caza verde de Apolo.

Fruta en la canasta,
aquí bajo el sol deseándote;
mientras la yuca florece en tu cabello.

Caqui es melocotón en nuestra participación,
mientras el viento de hueso de ballena nos acaricia.

WHAT IS LOVE'S MATTER

Daphne was green virgin or tree
pursued by blue hair sea curls
when an art of physics,
in Thessaly, Peneius performed
and flesh was seen as bark
and her hair a covering of leaves.

The idea colors the metaphor.
In the yard, beneath the dry yucca,
sienna pots are filled
with the green chase of Apollo.
Fruit in the basket,
here in the sun desiring you;
white yucca blossoms in your hair.
Persimmon is peach at our partaking;
cactus patio brick eyes watch
while the whale bone wind
caresses us.

Poem 18

Oh, esas cañas

Esas cañas cantan sobre noches en naranjas
y de la librea de un yermo errante
de pezuñas de plata
y del río floreciente, translúcido con las eras,
devanado como gardenias enlazadas
a través de su trenza doradas
y de Pegaso bailando en los techos de Triana.
Me senté en mi jardín escuchando
a las fuentes de la lluvia excepcional;
la luna escondida detrás del velo de las buganvillas
y los pétalos caídos de mi rosa reflejan
mi amor por Micaela.

Esas cañas traen sus canciones llorando
encima del tren de la montaña
y cantan entre ellos como si fuera
la corte de Eleanor d'Aquitaine.

OH THOSE CAÑAS

Those cañas sing of nights in oranges
and of the livery of a wandering wilderness
of silver hooves
and of the florid river, translucent with the ages,
winding like gardenias ribboned
through her golden tress
and of Pegasus dancing on Triana's roofs.

I sat in my garden listening to the fountains
of singular rain;
the moon hid behind her veil of bougainvillea
and my rose fell to petals as my love for Micaela.

Those cañas bring their songs weeping down
upon the mountain's train
and sing amongst themselves as in the court
of Eleanor d'Aquitaine.

Poem 19

La Sonata y Domenico Scarlatti

¿Qué diferencia podría hacer

si Scarlatti era feliz

en la fiesta portuguesa de Bárbara

Ann?

Con una infeliz escandalosa por

madre,

Bárbara solo podía recurrir a su padre,

un despreocupado con bigote

de vacaciones lamentables.

Luego, en una fiesta de jardín ambiental,

Ann decidió volar a Ferdinand.

Scarlatti estaba encantado.

THE SONATA AND DOMENICO SCARLATTI

What difference could it make

whether Scarlatti was happy

at Barbara Ann's Portuguese party?

With an obstreperous wretch for a mother,

Barbara could only turn to her father,

a mustached insouciant of pitiful vacations.

Then at that ambient garden bash,

Ann decided to fly to Ferdinand.

Scarlatti was delighted.

Poem 20

Al trabajo en bicicleta

Pedaleando a través de la lluvia dorada,

¿puedes ver mis radios plateados?

No puedes escucharlos,

contra el aire de la mañana,

en la hojas cayendo,

ingenio brillante en mi propio aire,

dando la vuelta al mundo sobre goma.

Botticelli audaz escapando del verano.

Las calles no son el término de mi visión.

Un extraño solitario pedaleando

con intención para ejercitar que árboles

son estos sin sus extremidades.

El frío es pesado en la hora;

sin embargo, el hielo es como fuego

donde poca sangre fluye

y mis plegarias se estiran

desde esquinas por todo el camino.

BICYCLING TO WORK

Spinning through golden rain,
can you see my silver spokes?

You cannot hear them,
against the morning air,

in leaves falling,

flashing wit in my own wind,
on rubber circling the world.

Bold Botticelli escaping summer.

Streets are not the terminus of my vision.

Lone stranger peddling by design
to exercise what trees are these
without their limbs.

Cold is heavy on the hour;
yet ice is like fire

where little blood goes
and my prayers stretch

from corners along the way.

Poem 21

El viaje

De noche estuve
en la proa del bote,
observando su estela.
Su emoción cortante sobre el mar
era luminiscente
con los dinoflagelados.
Estábamos en un sendero brillante,
eliminando la oscuridad,
cruzando como banco de peces,
ellos partirían en todas las direcciones:
una miríada de meteoritos.
Por un momento era Orfeo,
el viento salado contra mí;
mi canción era la energía
y el espíritu de la maquinaria
de nuestra nave.
El Argo, una tripulación
esforzando en la noche,
mientras yo determinaba nuestro curso,
el dispensador de luz de nuestro viaje.
Mientras yo cantaba más allá de nuestro
destino marcado;
más allá de nuestra presencia actual.

VOYAGE

At night I stood
upon the prow of the boat,
staring at the wake.
Her cutting edge
was luminous
with the dinoflagellates.
We were in a brilliant path,
breaking the darkness,
crossing like a school of fish,
they would part in all directions:
a myriad of meteorites.
For a moment I was Orpheus,
the salt sea wind against me;
my song was the energy
of our machinery
the spirit of our machine
of our voyage.
The Argonauts, a crew
as I defined our course,
the propeller of our voyage
I sang beyond
beyond
My song is the creation
of my hours upon the sea.
Seeing brilliant water
is motion of my time:
walking at La Jolla again,
the nights in jasmine and stars,
Orion's tent covering me,
the tall eucalyptus bending
like bones barely in their flesh;
the afternoon sun with orient blues
rolling orange and lavender through the ocean;
beautiful from the beach,
with the sky flooding
in white commotion onto the shore,
conceiving the day.
The gulls becoming more friendly,
standing around hunched backed,
the wind buffeting their feathers;
and several pelicans,
gliding swiftly across the sea's surface
and two licorice sea lions,
turning gently against the surf,
then disappearing for a minute.
The gulls catch the wind,
laughing and whistling from their bellies.
For twelve days and nights
we had pulled upon the sea,
perplexed only by the ambiguity of distance,
always looking to the horizon,
my song singing out to meet her.
Knowing the location of land,
we needed only to find it.
On the seventh day
of the second week, we set anchor
and took our small boats to shore,
finding fruit in all abundance and rich water:
piña, papaya and yellow melons on vines.
You cannot come to a place,
eat and leaving forget her.
So much were the patterns of stars
over the nights there
and the days lavish with coral

Mi canción es la creación

de mis horas en el mar.

Ver agua brillante

mueve mi tiempo:

caminar en La Jolla de nuevo,

las noches en jazmines y estrellas,

la carpa de Orión cubriéndome,

el gran eucalipto doblándose

como huesos apenas en su carne;

el sol de la tarde con azules relucientes

rodando el naranja y

lavanda a través del océano;

hermoso desde la playa, con el

cielo inundado en una conmoción blanca sobre la costa, formando el día.

Las gaviotas se vuelven más amistosas,
estando alrededor encorvadas,
el viento sacudiendo sus plumas;
y varios pelicanos,
deslizándose rápidamente a través de la superficie
del mar
y dos leones marinos de regaliz,
girando con gentileza en contra las olas,
luego desapareciendo por un minuto.
Las gaviotas agarraron el viento, riendo
y silbando desde sus barrigas.
Por doce días y noches
estuvimos sobre el mar,
perplejos solo por la ambigüedad de la distancia,
siempre mirando hacia el horizonte,
mi canción grita para conocerla.
Sabiendo la ubicación de la tierra,
solo necesitábamos encontrarla.
En el séptimo día de la segunda semana,
anclamos
y llevamos nuestros botes pequeños a la costa,
encontramos abundancia de frutas y agua
sabrosa:
piña, papaya y melones amarillos en enredadoras.

and leaves like the ears of elephants.
We could not forget being,
as forgetting Christ.
We have taken upon His strength,
making peace with him here.
We have that much more company upon the sea
Singing are the mountains around me.
I am not upon the sea.
I had ridden all July that day,
crossing into the valley of Manti and Ephraim,
the cradle of so many dreams.
I did not ride as a stranger;
my blood had come here before;
my flesh gave life to the trees.
The subtlety of the farm pronounced itself
in the perspicuous belief
that life would not end here, nor at all.
Then new form did Demosthenes
to the Athenian's impression prove:
the source of ratio legis, our order.
The Argo was not without purpose.
Ratio legis, taught the ancients,
was the natural object of the idea
but most expressive of the thing.
To draft a shape, the status quo,
called later for the ius naturale:
the image no longer the ultimate contrast
of the apparent passing of Susanna's body,
her cymar flowing glass
but the principle of her movement,
well reasoned, was eternal.
We cannot define for another:
the journey is to a city laid against the night
but broken into prisons of rain by morning.
We were authored but we are the author.
The oarsmen pull in time;
the sail stretches with wind.
A gull pivots and dives;
a flying fish breaks water,
a hurling cross of silver,
caught only in the sun.

Para dibujar una forma, el status quo, llamado

luego como el ius naturale:

la imagen ya no era el contraste

definitivo de la aparente muerte del cuerpo

de Susanna,

su copa con cymar fluyendo

pero el principio de su movimiento,

bien razonado, era eterno.

No podemos definir por otros:

el viaje es hacia una ciudad puesta en

contra de la noche

pero rota en prisiones de lluvia por la

mañana.

Fuimos personajes, pero también somos

autores.

Los hombres de los minerales arrastrados

a tiempo;

el velero estirado por el viento.

Una gaviota gira y se sumerge;

un pez volador rompe el agua una cruz

arrojada de plata,

atrapada solo en el sol.

Poem 22

Navegando por el mundo con las estrellas

Navegando sobre el abisal del mar,

mi balandra navega los pilares del sol de ondas refractadas;

el ritmo de la ballena piloto rompe el agua;

esperamos a la noche.

Las vistas del sextante describen el intelecto.

Sobre los océanos estamos por encima del mundo.

Cresta del viento navegando por la estrella de la constelación:

vela mayor de foque, vela de proa en el viento;

el cielo de la serpiente de verano en las manos de Ophiuchus

y

Antares clava la columna de Escorpio.
En la ausencia de la luz del sol
de las aguas profundas,
creaturas bentónicas como esponjas
de vidrio viven en cieno.
La vida no se originó aquí, de acuerdo a la ciencia,
pero deambuló desde el litoral,
nuestras esferas pelágicas superiores.
Sin viento ni corriente de nuestro lado
perturba la tranquilidad a miles
de brazas de nuestro casco;
la oscuridad de la noche siempre esta presente;
aire delgado destila todo.
Soñando en la superficie, un albatros se eleva
asustado.
Subiendo en el cielo del este,
que albatros aclara a Pegaso,
atrapando el rocío del mar de la caza del delfin;
él tocó alas con Cygnus
pero se devolvió al rostro de Draco.
El viento cambia; la vela mayor revela
la calidad de la mente del norte.
Jirafa amarilla, estirando por acacia,
¿eras el deporte de Cefeo o el caballo de Casiopea?

SAILING OVER THE WORLD BY THE STARS

Sailing above the sea's abyssal,
my sloop rides sun pillars
of refracted waves;
the piolet whale's rhythm breaks water;
we are waiting for night.
The sextant's sights describe the intellect.
Upon oceans we are above the world.
Wind crest sailing by constellation's star:
jib-headed mainsail, headsail in the wind;
the summer serpent's sky in Ophiuchus' hands
and Antares pins the Scorpion's spine.
In deep water's sunlight absence,
benthic creatures like glass sponges live on ooze.
Life did not originate here, science tell us,
but wandered from the littoral,
our upper pelagic spheres.
No wind or current from our side
disturbs the stillness thousands of fathoms
from our hull; the blackness of night
is always there; thin air distills the whole.
dreaming at the surface, an albatross lofts in fear.
Rising into the eastern sky,
that albatross clears Pegasus,
catching the spindrift of the dolphin's chase;
he touches wings with Cygnus
but turns back at Draco's face.
Wind shifts; mainsail reveals the northern quality of mind.
Yellow giraffe, stretching for acacia,
were you the sport of Cepheus or the horse of Cassiopeia?
Not sequacious in our wandering,
we read the modernist by line.
The consensus gentium, a caved in sense of rhyme,
settles politely in the mud's obesity and slime.
At the bottom evenness is praised: no diurnal
or seasonal change to light or heat that place.
Abyssal members, by necessity, are scavengers
of food that falls or cannibals of their benthic race.
The surface is too far below for me.

Sin coherencia en nuestro extravío

leemos el modernista por línea.

El consensus Gentium, hundido en el

sentido de la rima,

se acomoda cortésmente en la obesidad

y el limo del lodo.

En el fondo se alaba la igualdad:

ningún cambio diurno o estacional en la

luz o el calor de ese lugar.

Miembros del abisal, por necesidad,

carroñeros de comida que cae o caníbales

de su raza bentónica.

La superficie esta muy por debajo de mí.

Estoy atrapado en el viento de las

estrellas.

La estrella Arturo centellea el cielo

occidental.

Rompe agua con más profundidad,

llevando osos a través de los cielos que

trazamos solos.

Poem 23

La forma de la arcilla sobre la rueda del alfarero

¿Qué elocuencia es el giro

si los elementos de sus dedos

no son los que tiene en sus manos,

ni la imagen en su visión

es la forma que esta tomando en donde se ubica?

¿Podría la razón ser religiosa

si lo fuera pero la forma en el vidrio

o debe ser el ser de la sombra arreglado con la arcilla?

¿Es la belleza del diamante

que aumenta con una lámina

o por ese sonido del movimiento en el aire,
hasta que te aseguras que es una cola roja
girando?
¿Es el coro de los vientos del álamo
o el eco de las aguas de arroyo
que encanta al jinete ensillado mientras
desciende por el borde del cañón?
¿O es la razón en el descubrimiento de tu niño
que la caída de hojas es la cercanía del invierno:
¿el castaño, amarillo y luego el hielo?
Pero el trigo de invierno es satisfactorio Junio:
debajo de la nieve la vida brota esta noche.
La respuesta está en la demanda de arcilla,
la regla dominante de su diseño,
que definimos nuestra propia deidad.
¿Dónde en su giro, cuando los pies del alfarero
ya no empujen la rueda ni sus dedos manejen su genio?
¿Está terminado al final,
ante la puerta del horno?
No, el final no es el giro,
pero la unión de la forma con fuego.

THE SHAPE OF CLAY UPON THE POTTER'S WHEEL

What eloquence is the turning
if the elements of his finger
are not those upon his hands,
nor the image in his vision
the shape becoming where it stands?
Would the reason be religious
if it were but the form upon the glass,
or must the being of the shadow
be fixed within the clay?
Is it the beauty of a diamond
that becomes more so with a foil,
or that sound of movement in the air,
until you're sure it's a Redtail turning there?
Is it the chorus of the aspen's winds
or that echo of stream waters
that enchants the saddled horseman
as he descends from canyon rim?
Or is the reason in your child discovering
that unleaving is approaching winter:
chestnut, yellow and then the ice?
But winter wheat is June all-right;
beneath the snow life springs tonight.
The answer is in the clay's request,
the dominant rule of its design,
that our own diety we define.
Where is this turning, when
the potter's feet no longer urge the wheel
nor fingers ply his genius?
Is it finished at that end,
before the oven's door?
No, the end is not the turning,
but the marriage of the shape with fire.

Poem 24

Sabaoth

Que anchos parecen los cedros
en comparación a la pendiente del señor
Herman;
una ola de ellos esta furiosa a mi lado,
mientras el ritmo hace rodar el eco del
acero del cielo
sobre las espaldas de los cúmulos,
rotos por los rayos del sol estentóreos,
y ventanas cerúleas que se cierran y
abren,
volviendo dorado los valles de los olivos,
ámbar y azafrán en sus movimientos.
Estoy parado donde Sabaoth pasó cuando
vino de caminar en el mar,
las costas de Sidón y Tiro hacia Galilea,
a lo largo de las costas de Decápolis
hasta los oídos que se abren al estruendo del agua precipitada
y los hilos de lenguas cortados para dar canciones.

SABAOTH

How wide the cedars seem
against Mt. Herman's slope;
a wave of them is raging at my side,
while the tempo rolls the echo of heaven's steel
upon the cumulus backs,
broken by stentorian sun shafts, and
cerulean windows that open and close,
turning the olive valleys gilt, amber
and saffron in their motion.
I am standing where Sabaoth passed
when coming from walking the sea,
the coasts of Sidon and Tyre to Galilee,
along the shores of Decapolis to
ears opening to the thunder of
rushing water and the strings of
tongues cut to give song.

Poem 25

Los gansos en la noche

Nuestro planeta se curva bajo el ala de los gansos,

tomando sus turnos en el cielo de finales de

Octubre,

fantasmas grises abren el aire mortal,

cubriendo en sombras los jardines que mueren.

La bandada, como arco de ático,

se arquea con reverencia,

describiendo el espacio en calidades de su escape.

No verán atrás hacia la nieve arrastrada

ni al hielo tomar sus aguas como un ladrón.

El amanecer sorprendido con la llamada

de bocina, el cambio del viento de cañas

inclinadas.

Cargando los lagos, lanzando el agua hacia el cielo,

ascienden con resolución en sentido de partida.

En un suave viento de estruendo de alas,

migran hacia la vida.

Las horas llenas de vuelo invitan a mis seguidores,

en la noche de calabaza contra el diseño

del álamo amarillento, para componer la guardia,

GEESE AT EVENING

Our planet curves under geese on wing,
taking their turn in late October's sky,
gray phantoms opening the deadly air,
shadowing the gardens that die.

The flocks, like an attic bow, arch reverently,
describing space in qualities of their escape.

They will not look back to see the driven snows
nor ice take their waters like a thief.

Dawn startled by the honker's call,
they leave, with necks outstretched,
the wind shift of leaning reeds.

Charging the lakes, beating water into heaven,
they resolutely climb in departing form.

In a soft thunder wind of wings, they migrate to life.

The hours rife with flight invite my following,
in pumpkin evening

against the yellowing poplar's design,

to write the watch, the arch of wings,

and know and chart their course by line.

el arco de alas,
y conocer y trazar su curso en línea.

Poem 26

El ensueño de las Montañas Oquirrh

El viento que explota la flama de mi alma
silba a través de mi casa de esquisto
construida por los sueños de mi abuelo
pastor para su esposa e hijos.
Construyendo con piezas de esquisto
su visión de un hogar, granero y corrales
mientras aquí en contra de noventa años de
viento,
lluvia, sol, hielo y nieve me siento
como estas matas de hierba centinela
sembradas con valentía en este suelo renuente
y flores elocuentes como arcoíris frágiles
pero boyantes apoyadas contra
este viento de montaña rocosa.

OQUIRRH MOUNTAINS REVERIE

The wind that blasts my soul's flame
whistles through my house of shale
built of my shepherding grandfather's dreams
for a wife and children.
Building with pieces of shale his vision
of a home, barn and corrals
while here against ninety years of wind,
rain, sun, ice, and snow I sit
like these sentinal clumps of grass
valiantly grounded in this reluctant soil
and eloquently rainbowed flowers
fragile but buoyantly braced against
this rocky mountain wind.

Poema 27

Cascada Spokane

En febrero, vientos del sudoeste trajeron
un deshielo temprano: esmaltado de roca de
agua
proveniente de cortinas de vidrio vital
derramando
una transparencia una transparencia reflejada
de aquel día caluroso de invierno,
cayendo en torrentes, montañas de nieve,
pasaron días
y noches de una deriva silenciosa,
agitando corrientes profundas de agua.
Rápidos de violencia blanca chocaron
en el nexo de la oposición.
Árboles, sin hojas, se alzaron en contra la crecida del río cuando,
inflando los mares, llegaba desde el continente
donde enormes turbinas revestidas de hormigón ancladas
a redes eléctricas arrancaron
hasta la última gota de las cataratas de salmón.

SPOKANE FALLS

In February, Southwest winds brought an early thaw:
water rock enameling from curtains of vital glass
spilling a mirrored transparency of that warm winter day,
falling into torrents, mountains of snow,
days and nights of silent drifting passed,
churning deep undertows.
Rapids of white violence crashed in their nexus
of opposition.
Trees, leafless, stood against the river's flood
as it, swelling the seas, reached from the continent
where mammoth concrete encased turbines staked
to electric webs
wrang every last drop from salmon falls.

Poem 28

Arbusto en fuego

Toma tu arbusto en fuego

y ponlo en un jarrón

antes de que incendie el mundo.

Luego huye a las montañas:

escucha los truenos,

regocíjate en la lluvia.

La tormenta pasará

y te habrás escabullido en la noche.

BURNING BUSH

Take your burning bush

and put it in a jar

before it sets the world aflame.

Then flee to the mountains:

listen to the thunder,

rejoice in the rain.

The storm will pass

and you will have slipped away

in the night.

Poem 29

La mitad de la vida

Viajar tarde y ventanas de fatiga
abren la atracción de la luna;
mientras capas de dolor lavado
se agitan en mi cráneo
y la mitad de la vida realza su advertencia
certera
y ominosa de que la juventud ha escapado;
dejándome para recordar cuando intenté
medir
las dimensiones de mi mente al cerrar mis
ojos
para observar y el cielo de la noche se
abrió
energía
fluorescentes
espirales de galaxias
espaciales como faros brillantes señalando el infinito;
mientras antiguas novas explotan a través de horizonte
de años luz reponiendo gases y enriqueciendo fracciones
de los elementos pesados, eternos manantiales de brasas,
formando capullos de nubes de moléculas
para el nacimiento de otra estrella.

MID LIFE

Late travel and windows of fatigue
open to the moon's pull;
while sheets of laundered pain ruffle in my skull
and mid life flashes its certain ominous warning
that youth has slipped away;
leaving me to remember when I tried to measure
the dimensions of my mind
by closing my eyes to look
and the night sky opened
to younger stars energizing great fluorescent nebulae
studding spiral arms of galaxies
space stations like glowing beacons signaling infinity;
while ancient novae exploded across horizons
of light years
replenishing gases and enriched fractions of
heavy elements, eternal ember springs,
forming cocoons of molecular cloud for the birth
or another star.

para estrellas más jóvenes dando

a grandes nebulosas

adornando brazos

estaciones

Poem 30

Viento de agosto contra la cima Harrison

Como las nubes de trueno retumban,
los vientos más fuertes prevalecen,
esparciendo las últimas olas plateadas
del sol a través del lago mientras una división
torcida
de curvas de cornisas de granito,
elevándose al cielo como grandes velas,
convirtiendo el mundo en un clima más violento
y tejas de relámpagos
recalcan la tormenta que se acerca.

AUGUST WIND AGAINST HARRISON PEAK.

As thunder clouds roll, stronger winds prevail,
spreading the sun's last waves of silver
racing across the lake
while a crooked divide of granite cornices
curves,
lifting to heaven like great sails,
turning the world in fiercer weather,
and shingles of lightning
punctuate the approaching storm.

Poem 31

Testimonio

Arraigado en lo profundo de nuestro bosque lleno de vida,

mi testimonio es reconfirmado en el

convenio diario

mientras escalo hacia su cumbre sagrada

y los árboles se mueven como mi corazón

con el viento del fuego.

Los zapatos son puestos aparte

y el exhausto se arrodilla frente las

ventanas de cedro

y los susurros de la mañana calman una

mente ansiosa.

Perforando nubes galácticas, años luz se convierten en un instante;

el poder del mundo no tiene tiempo ni restricción.

Regocijo agradecido, seguro y reconfortante,

como un navegante del mundo, sextante

y compás al pie fijos en mi sala de navegación de madera,

mientras el sol de la mañana brilla a través de un fuerte rocío.

TESTIMONY

Rooted deep in our evergreen wood,

my testimony is reconfirmed in daily covenant

as I climb to its hallowed hilltop

and the trees move as my heart with the fire's wind.

Shoes are set aside and the weary kneel

before windows of Cedar

and the whispers of morning still an anxious mind.

Piercing galactic clouds, light years become an instant;

the power of the world is without time and unrestrained.

Grateful rejoicing, assured and comforted,

like a navigator of the world, sextant and compass

fixed foot in my wooded chartroom,

while the early sun prisms through heavy dew.

Poem 32

Suite estrella, mis niños

Las inundaciones del oro carmesí de otoño
por cañones esmaltando el último éxtasis
del año.

Días y años concebidos de los sueños
arraigados al valle.

Pioneros a Sion,
su problema iluminando estrellas,
eran una visión,

y los ancianos de hoy,
volando hasta los confines de la Tierra,
silbando la palabra,
recordando el convenio.

Como peregrinos en una tierra extraña,
estamos resguardados en apartamentos de
historia.

Nuestro pequeño niño necesita una hermana,
y un abuelo pasa del borde;
sus caballos corriendo hacia los campos de
invierno,

Junio en trigo es preservado esta noche;
la música de su vida
nunca podemos olvidar.

STAR SUITE, MY CHILDREN

The floods of autumn's crimson gold
through canyons enamelling
the year's last ecstasy.
Days and years conceived from dreams
rooted to the valley.
Pioneers to Zion,
their issue flashing stars,
were vision,
and today Elders,
flying to the ends of the earth,
hissing the word,
remembering the covenant.
Like pilgrims to a foreign land,
we are sheltered in apartments of history.
Our little lad a sister needs,
and a grandfather passes from the rim;
his horse races to the winter fields,
June in wheat is preserved tonight;
the music of her life
we can never forget.
Cradled beneath the winter sky,
Orion's sword, flashing in the wind,
whistles through the barren trees.
What world she makes
is measured to her song.
She is the artificer,
the dreamer,
driving through oceans
the spindrift gaze.
Adversity matures and strengthens,
cheerfulness is refined.
Brighter than stars,
sunlight's symphony,
my blood, issue,
dreams, hopes, work,
and His glory.

Acunado debajo del cielo de invierno, la
espada de Orión,
brillando en el viento,
silbando a través de árboles estériles.
El mundo que ella hace se mide en su
canción.
Ella es la inventadora, la soñadora,
viajando a través de océanos,

Poem 33

Los faros de nuestro amor

¿Qué ocurre cuando la mente escapa,
volando de sus restricciones?
El aullido de agua salvaje
a través de abedul y pino:
la dispersión violenta del tiempo de
las hojas
y acículas, sus ramas enroscadas como
sogas;
nuestra diminuta seguridad
rota y enviada en desorden.
Los rincones más profundos de
nuestra conciencia investigados:
su energía liberada,
combinando vastas nebulosas de memoria,

la mirada a la deriva.

La adversidad hace crecer y fortalecer, la
alegría es refinada.

Más brillante que las estrellas, la sinfonía
del sol,
mi sangre, problema, sangre, esperanzas,
trabajo y Su gloria.

BEACONS OF OUR LOVE

What happens when the mind escapes,
soaring from its constraints?
The howl of wild water
through birch and pine:
times violent scattering of leaves
and needles, their branches twined
like ropes; our lilliputian security
snapped and sent in disarray.
The deep recesses of our consciousness probed:
its energy released,
combining vast nebulae of memory,
compressed to explode,
pioneering across frontiers of understanding.
The opening of her door:
revealing whirling horizons,
new meanings of love only distantly imagined
in a calm without dimension
but now form, towering flashes of light,
beacons of our love,
turning my heart in its pull,
comforting and healing with its chemistry.

comprimida para explotar,
pionero a través de las fronteras del
entendimiento.

El abrir de su puerta:
revelando horizontes arremolinados,
nuevos significados de amor solo
imaginados

a distancia en una calma sin dimensión
pero ahora forma, imponentes destellos de
luz,

faros de nuestro amor,
convirtiendo mi corazón en su atracción,
consolando y sanando con su química.

Poem 34

Legiones de Herederos

El viento dobla mi página
y yo le doy vuelta,
buscando entre las flores de primavera
y los esqueletos de la juventud del verano pasado
para que las palabras registren este momento de anhelo.

Entendí que no estaba aquí por casualidad.

Ayunando para atravesar el velo
y estar cara a cara con el energético ancestro ordinario.

Miedos como vientos fríos de montaña,
corriendo a través de las praderas desoladas
del medio oriente, cristales árticos flotando en un rito
de matrimonio noruego.

Luego dichas de las sinfonías de la luz de sol
navegando con ritmo brillante en lagos de verano.

Agua de renacimiento
El Lago Louise nutrido por grandes
glaciares,
un hábitat de verano para la
regeneración de la vida.
Pero la ecuación no está completa.
Poco conocidas son las muchas caras,
esperando por la eternidad,
sabiendo mucho más que nosotros,
comunicándose solo cuando nos
sacrificamos
a escuchar y luego,
no siempre oímos.
Muchas veces hemos tenido que
atender
nuestras mentes y oídos,
esforzándonos para entender su simple
petición
de conocimiento que solo nosotros
podemos pasarles;
liberándolos para avanzar.
Esto es más trascendental que la
infatuación del amor:
almas atraídas por legiones de herederos,

LEGIONS OF HEIRS

The wind folds my page
and I turn it back,
searching among spring blossoms
and skeletons of last summer's youth
for the words to record
this moments longing.
Realizing that I am here
not by random chance.
Fasting to pierce the veil
and come face to face
with the hearty common ancestor.
Fears like cold mountain winds,
racing across desolate mid-west prairies,
drifting arctic crystals
in a norwegian marriage rite.
Then joys of sunlight symphonies
sailing with flashing rhythm
on summer lakes.
Water of rebirth
Lake Louise nourished by great glaciers,
a summer habitat for life's regeneration.
But the equation is not complete.
Little known are the many faces,
waiting for eternity,
knowing so much more than we,
communicating only when we sacrifice
to listen
and then, we do not always hear.
Many times we have to attend
our minds and ears,
straining to understand their simple plea
for knowledge that only we can pass to them;
freeing them to move on.
This is more momentous than love's infatuation:
souls drawn together by legions of heirs,
hopeful as the final scene approaches
that they will be heard
and that their dreams will be remembered.

con la esperanza de que, mientras la escena final se acerca,
ellos serán escuchados y sus sueños serán recordados.

Poem 35

En el camino

Truchas veloces de vidrio eclosionando
devociones turbo cargadas bajando
las largas praderas de asfalto con líneas
largas amarillas; cantando:
“¿Cuántas millas más hacia Montana,
Manhattan?”
¿Qué clase de chiste es esta chica de
ciudad?
Cuatro corredores de los Rolling Stones
contra la divisoria continental: grandes ríos
en el cielo de constelaciones silenciosas
deformadas por la gravedad
y la realidad amortiguada de Goodyear.
Arpeggios de colinas, ponis indios,
patios desordenados de mala hierbas,
cercas rotas, guitarras de postes telefónicos,
sus cuerdas riendo, cansado de dormir y susurrando:
“Te amo- apúrate a casa esta noche”.

ON THE ROAD

Trout fast glass hatched devotions
turbo charged down long yellow lined
asphalt prairie alleys;
singing out: "how many more miles
to Manhattan Montana?"
What kind of joke is this
big city girl?
Four runner of Rolling Stones
against the Continental Divide;
big sky rivers of silent constellations
warped by gravity
and Goodyear cushioned reality.
Arpeggios of buttes, indian ponies,
cluttered yards of tumble weeds-
broken fences-telephone pole guitars,
their strings laughing,
to weary to sleep and whispering:
"I love you- hurry home tonight."

Poem 36

Bailemos en cuadrilla, Abuela

Las fronteras de la mente consciente solo
se abren, dando vueltas tan altas
como un halcón buscando;
el ratón de campo con mejillas
llenas de semillas corre a su agujero,
mientras nosotros recordamos a nuestros
ancestros con correa de cuero y algodón y
las malas hierbas rebotan, chocan
y se pegan como memorias a través
de la mente en duda y la plegaria
de mi bisabuela por mí atravesando
una vasta pradera de esperanza.
Pasando el océano: de Missouri y el Platte;
girando y repartiendo los destellos de enaguas
y fogatas de rueda de carreta crea sombras
de ruedas de fortuna
mientras niños de ojos azules agotados empiezan
a soñar examinando un trébol de cuatro hojas
preservando su edad de inocencia en una alemanda olvidada
y una buena estrella;
su horizonte occidental extendiéndose

LET'S SQUARE DANCE, GRANDMA

The frontiers of the conscience mind open only,
circling higher as a hawk searches;
the field mouse with cheeks full of seed
dashes to its hole,
as we remember our leather strap gingham ancestors
and tumble weeds bounce, bump and stick like memories
through the wondering mind
and my great grandmother's prayer for me
across a vast prairie of hope.
Pass through the ocean:
the Missouri and Platte;
wheel and deal the petticoats flash
and wagon wheel campfires
make ferris wheel shadows
as tired blue eyed kids
begin to dream overlooking a four leaf clover
their innocence of age preserved

en una noche de artemisa:

el coyote persiguiendo al cauteloso Jack

para acabar con su vida.

La mañana vino con prisa: un par más mientras

el maestro del carruaje llama;

¿alguien quiere bailar conmigo?

Un pie alto y un pie bajo

y las goletas, como una onda oceánica ondulante,

estirada en una línea pasando a través,

sus radios como manos sujetando al niño

en su bendición del sacerdocio,

mientras giran su cima a través de años de trabajo

y luego juego; alguien ha visto a mi chica;

sé que una lagrima brillaría

si solo pudiera escuchar y el camino Yellow

Rock.

sus pies ya con dolor de las millas de empujar

a los bueyes y soñando con margaritas de prado

y berro de arroyo fresco.

¿Pudo ella haber visto sus siglos de nietos?

Lanza un pequeño beso – buen trabajo bailando

y date una buena mano y

veinte millas que fueron contadas como Gracias.

in an allemande left and a good star do;
their western horizon stretching
out into the sagebrush night:
the coyote chasing the wary Jack for the kill.
Morning comes in a hurry:
one more couple as the wagon master calls;
anyone want to dance with me?
One foot high and one foot low
and the schooners, like an undulating ocean wave,
stretch into a line and pass through,
their spokes like hands holding
the child in its Priesthood blessing,
as they spin their top
through years of work then play;
anybody seen my gal;
I know a tear would glisten
if I could only listen and Yellow Rock Road.
The dust bellowing:
her feet already sore from miles to prod the oxen
and dreams of meadow daisies and fresh creek watercress.
Could she have seen her centuries of grandchildren?
Throw a little kiss - nice job of dancing
and give yourself a good hand
and twenty mile days that were counted as Thank Yous.

El polvo rugiendo:

Poem 37

Si debo morir

Si debo morir para amarte,
déjame morir mil muertes;
al dolor galáctico a la luz
luego caer en la sombra de septiembre
para purificar mi vista: para ver, soñar
contigo mil sueños;
para acostarse en la orilla del verano
sin conocimiento sobre nuestra desnudez;
para despertar contigo mil amaneceres;
viajar en mil mares
luego correr hasta que nuestras gargantas
se sequen;
ser para ti el verde sombrío del otoño;
para levantar mil gansos
de los campos amarillos aventados para dormir tu valle,
un descanso de olvido eterno
y de mi montaña un millar de árboles arqueándose hacia el infinito:
flechas hacia a mil estrellas
para iluminar tu noche,
si debo morir para amarte.

IF I MUST DIE

If I must die to love thee,
let me die a thousand deaths;
to sore galacticy to light
then fall into September's shade
to purify my sight: to see, to dream
with you a thousand dreams;
to lie upon the summer's shore
without a knowledge of our nakedness;
to wake with you a thousand dawns;
to roll into a thousand seas
then run until our throats are sere;
to be for you the somber green of autumn;
to lift a thousand geese
from yellow winnowed fields to sleep
your valley, a rest of everlasting forgetfulness
and from my mountain
a thousand trees arching into infinity:
arrows to a thousand stars
to light your night,
if I must die to love thee.

Poem 38

Deshielo seguro

Mi corazón cauteloso se demora perplejo
al expandir los chillidos de frescura a través
de los horizontes una vez inactivos;
miedos a la soledad de la pertenencia,
encontrarla a ella al fin.
La búsqueda entre las arenas de un sin fin de costas,
tramos de playas
y calas escondidas;
la memoria de Abraham nunca se oscureció,
conociendo la canción
pero solo escuchándola antes en sueños
y ahora en cantos de coros: el carbonero, oriol
y la alondra del prado;
el temblor del álamo, los pinos responden;
la constancia de los arroyos;
el rocío de iris amarillo púrpura;
rosas rojas violentas, refugio secreto de helecho verde;
barítono, bajo, alto y tenor;
Villa Lobos y el coro de Sor.
Este es mi campo de acción:
la extensión ondulante del mar.

CONFIDENT THAW

My cautious heart is lingering
perplexed by expanding squalls of freshness
across once inactive horizons;
fears of loneliness from belonging,
finding her at last.
The search among the sands
of innumerable shores, stretches of beach
and hidden coves;
Abraham's memory never dimmed,
knowing the song
but only hearing it in dreams before
and now all chorus' sing:
the chickadee, oriole and meadow lark;
the aspen's tremble, the pines response;
the streams' constancy;
the spray of purple yellow iris;
violent red rose, green fern's secret haven;
baritone, bass, alto and tenor;
Villa Lobos and Sor's choir.
This is my field of action:
the sea's undulating expanse.
My pen and ink upon this paper plain.
Gently reaching her but wanting more:
fountains once frozen in their tide,
now soft Indian air, Chinook meadows,
begin the confident thaw.

Mi bolígrafo y tinta en su marea.

Llegando hacia ella con gentileza pero queriendo más:

fuentes una vez congeladas en su marea,
ahora el suave aire hindú, prados de Chinook,
inicia en el deshielo seguro.

Poem 39

Delfín

Olas gigantes brillantes de rocío del mar
una conmoción de inundación
como un delfín dando vueltas
enfatisa amar el océano.

DOLPHIN

Spindrift bright breakers
flood commotion
as circling dolphin
accent loves ocean.

Poem 40

Ranas de Primavera

Pensando en las ranas de primavera
emergiendo con la temprana caída de lluvia,
al menos cinco meses sellados en lodo,
para despertar la humedad luego rezumar.
Moviéndose libre, olvidando todo excepto
cual es la dirección.
Praderas pantanosas empapadas jubilosos
cuando finalmente limpian la última mancha de lodo,
liberando su laringe para un rebote de trinquete de mezcla de

SPRING FROGS

Thinking about Spring frogs
emerging with the early run-off,
at least five months sealed in mud,
to awaken to moisture then ooze.
Wriggling free,
forgetting everything except
which direction is up.
Marsh soggy meadows
jubilant as they finally clean
the last slick of mud,
releasing their larynx
for a ratcheting ricochet
of puddle yodel:
"is anyone else out there?"
and then another cattail chorus
of two and then three:
"we are all waiting for the moon
and the dance of love's splendor."

cantos:

“¿hay alguien más ahí afuera?”

y luego otro canto de totora de dos

y luego tres:

“estamos esperando por la luna y el baile del esplendor del amor”.

Poem 41

Parpadeo

Las neblinas de la mañana hacen

santuarios sagrados de abetos.

Detrás del velo de despedida de la lluvia.

El destello de las alas del carpintero,

luego resonando como una búsqueda

de sustento que hace retroceder la embestida.

La destrucción del árbol en el balance:

asegurado solo cuando las gaviotas descendían

sobre las horas de grillos.

Entonces el carpintero libera la mañana de los

miedos de la noche.

FLICKER

The morning mists make hallowed shrines
of spruce,

Behind the parting veil of rain.

The flash of Flicker wings,
then echoing as a search

for sustenance turns back the onslaught.

The tree's destruction in the balance:
secured only as Seagulls descended
upon the cricket hoards.

So the Flicker frees the morning
from the fears of night.

Poem 42

Océanos

El temeroso silencio – el incremento de la
gravedad,
implacable y luego el estruendo;
aplausos explosivos convirtiendo energía en
vida
surgiendo inmutable sobre arrecifes del
tiempo
acumulados liberando espuma sobre los
extendidos
acumulados de arena; deslumbrante –
disipado en su propio cansancio.
Queriendo soldar la tierra
y el agua para la venida del triunfo del amor.
Partes iguales abarcadas por la expansión
del cielo del espacio sin tiempo;
llamando desde las señales intermitentes
del sol en aguas esmeraldas;
profundas y silenciosas y los vientos de pradera
provenientes de la noche ártica.
Recordando la dirección de la búsqueda de Jason
para apaciguar a los dioses – paciencia y presentimiento;

OCEANS

The fearful silence - the swell of gravity,
relentless and then the crash;
explosive clapping turning energy into life
surging immutably over piled reefs of time
foaming onto the outstretched thighs of sand;
dazzling - dissipated in its own exhaustion.
Wanting to weld earth and water
the coming forth of love's triumph.
Equal parts encompassed by heaven's expanse
of timeless space;
calling from the flashing signals of the sun
on emerald waters; deep and silent
and prairie winds bred in arctic night.
Reminding one of directing Jason's search
to appease the Gods - patience and foreboding;
never giving up love's mystery;
listening to one who carries centuries of love;
who wants for her the happiness she too soon gave up:
the sadness of mistake; the repentance of escape.
That longing caught in Nature's metaphor:
mud struck by lightning then the genius:
the artificer of the world.
The waves swell and crash again and again
not ceasing in their message: the full moon
circle of life cast upon
the ocean's living table.

nunca abandonar el misterio del amor;
escuchando al que carga siglos de amor;
quien quiere para ella la felicidad que ella
abandono muy pronto:
la tristeza del error; el arrepentimiento de
huir.
El anhelo atrapado en la metáfora de la
naturaleza:
lodo impactado por un rayo luego el genio:

el artífice del mundo. Las olas crecen
y chocan una y otra vez sin cesar en su
mensaje:
la luna llena
el círculo de la vida arrojado sobre la mesa
de vida del océano.

Poem 43

El dilema del sueño

El dilema del sueño se sujeta como
mantas que se deslizan dentro de un largo tubo de sueño,
acelerando a la puerta de plantación,
cruzando el umbral del jardín:
¿Qué significa o debe significar en absoluto?
La cruda verdad se pierde en el significado:
la visión del viento;
las catacumbas del movimiento;
viéndote a ti mismo recordando eventos que nunca sucedieron,
enfrentar pérdidas en mares atestados.
El azul ultramarino de intelecto definiendo familias
desde profundidades doradas de recolección

buscando la entrada y salida de esta expansión
física,
el fin del mundo se mostró brevemente en una
larga noche de sueño.
Llevando con nosotros historias de viajeros
solitarios,
extraños en esta tierra extranjera;
guitarra y lápiz para registrar nuestro rumbo;
una voz entrenada en argucia desequilibra la
carga.
Dejando un mundo confundido en su propias
descripciones;
atrapado en sus garantías políticas;
frases manipuladas por el poder
pero poder sin relevancia excepto para
destruir;
para incinerar la fabricación de resistencia.
Vivir más allá significa impresionar
a los vecinos extranjeros pero solo lastima
mientras la lluvia oscura
de depresión económica amenaza
pero aun así guerra es paz
y pobreza es prosperidad mental.
Los dilemas del sueño como ojos en blanco,

DREAM DILEMMA

The dream dilemma fastens down as covers
sliding into a long tube of sleep,
accelerating to the plantation door,
crossing the garden threshold:
what does it mean or must it mean at all?
The mean truth is lost in meaning:
the vision of air;
the catacombs of movement;
seeing yourself remembering events
that never happened,
faces lost in crowded seas.
The blue ultramarine of intellect defining
families from gold depths of recollection
searching for the entrance and exit
of this physical expanse,
the end of the world glimpsed momentarily
in a long night of sleep.
Packing with us histories of lonesome travelers
strangers in this foreign land;
guitar and pen to record our bearing;
a voice trained in sophistry unbalancing the load.
Leaving a world confused in its own descriptions;
caught in its political assurances;
phrases manipulated for power
but power without relevance except to destroy;
to incinerate the fabric of endurance.
Living beyond its means to impress
the foreign neighbors
but only pity as the dark rains
of economic depression threaten
but still war is peace
and poverty of mind prosperity.
Dilemmas of sleep like rolling eyes,
flashing guarded disbelief in our presence
in those we meet.
Will we ever be here again;
can we find this street, this shop, this door
this dimension of hope?

parpadeando con incredulidad cautelosa en nuestra
presencia en aquellos que conocemos.

¿Volveremos a estar aquí; podremos encontrar esta
calle, esta
tienda, esta puerta, esta dimensión de esperanza?

El rostro sonriente que te ama
más profundo y más alto que los dominios
gubernamentales;
no es impresionada por bandoleras o cintas, de
servicio o títulos,

inundando los campos
amarilla, fruto de la suave
sol,

través de cortinas de costumbre luego eternidad:
vistazo del cielo
lanzando como una noche estrellada.

Poem 44

Monte Rainer

Rainer, rey de montañas,

¿Por qué te angustias:

el enredo claro;

los humos pesados del comercio;

la acumulación de la riqueza

en la búsqueda del poder?

The smiling face that loves you
deeper and higher than governments domain;
is not impressed with epaulets and ribbons,
of service valor or published degrees,
only opening the doors
to memory flooding the fields
with green and yellow ripening,
fruit of mellow warm day's sunlight,
wanting only you through curtains of custom
then eternity: that glimpse of heaven
hurling as a starry night.

solo abrir las puertas hacia memorias

con madurez verde y

y cálida luz del

queriéndote solo a

ese

Rey de la montaña, conservador del silencio,
constructor de la resistencia del carácter,
¿por qué miramos sobre ti y no vemos?
¿Esta su majestad encantando?
¿por qué no podemos devolvernos
de nuestra propia auto destrucción?
¿Será Mercedes Mercer Estates nuestra salvación?
¿Será la humildad alguna vez descubierta en nuestra prisa?
Tu dignidad no envejece.
La visión de la tierra tu fuerza.
Tu energía podría agitarse y cubrir los imprudentes
monumentos del hombre en momentos de una muestra sin
suspiro.
Tu mensaje no puede ser silenciado:
no hay poder en la vanidad
solo virtud perdida.

MT. RAINIER

Rainier, king of mountains,
why do you anguish:
the clear cut tangle;
the heavy smogs of commerce;
the accumulation of wealth
in search of power?
Mountain kingdom, preserve of silence,
builder of character's endurance,
why do we look upon you and not see?
Is your majesty beguiling?
why can't we turn
from our own self destruction?
Will Mercedes Mercer Estates
be our Salvation?
Will humility ever be discovered
in our rush?
Your dignity is ageless.
The vision of the land your strength.
Your energy could convulse
and cover man's foolish monuments
in moments of breathless display.
Your message cannot be quieted:
there is no power in vanity
only lost virtue.

Poem 45

Compras con Sarah

El ritual de la moda, desfile de vanidades,

¿Qué es el arte?

La guía cuidadosa de la madre;

la indulgencia del padre

todo en la apariencia:

el aura, el ambiente y el sutil misterio.

El apaciguamiento de la psique.

Color de malva, azules amarillos,

del Ártico al Pacífico,

videodisco del sol y playa,

reproduciendo la urgencia

de la llama fugaz de la vida.

Gloria de las plumas

en el baile de apareamiento;

diseños de aprobados por celebridades girando con prisa hacia el final.

SHOPPING WITH SARAH

Fashion's ritual, vanities parade,
what is the art?
Mother's careful guidance;
father's indulgence
all in the appearance:
the aura, ambience and subtle mystique.
The appeasement of the psyche.
Mauve, yellow blues,
Arctic to Pacific,
sun and beach videodisic,
playing the urgency
of life's vanishing flame.
Fame of feathers
in the mating dance;
designs of celebrity's
endorsements whirling in the rush
to the bottom line.

Poem 46

Hoguera

Mi aliento agotado; una vista resignada.

Las brasas apagándose rápido.

Alguna vez una llamarada consumiendo su frenesí,

sombras parpadeantes contra el cielo,

ahora un parpadeo de recuerdos,

marcando nuestra cubierta iluminada por las estrellas.

Sueños de cedro

penetrando la noche lejana,

acomodando mi porte en constelaciones,

preservando cuadrantes de esperanza mientras

las brasa se desvanecen en silencio.

CAMPFIRE

My tired breath; a resigned sigh.

The embers fast expiring.

Once a blaze consuming its frenzy,

flashing shadows against the sky,

now a flickering of memories,

marking our starlit cover.

Dreams of cedar

pierce the receding night,

fixing my bearing in constellations,

preserving quadrants of hope

as embers fade and are still.

5.1.3 Glossaries

5.1.3.1 Glossary Behind the Magic Door

Source language term	Target language term	Grammatical Category	Definition
Antiguo	Ancient	adjective	Of or from a long time ago
Sabana	Blanket	Noun	A flat cover made of wool or similar warm material.
Cabaña	Cabin	Noun	A small, simple house made of wood
Escultura	Carving	Noun	A shape or pattern cut into wood or stone or the skill of doing this
Quehaceres	Chores	Noun	A job or piece of work that is often boring or unpleasant but needs to be done regularly

Alboroto	Commotion	Noun	A sudden, short period of noise, confusion or excited movement
Húmedo	Damp	Adjective	Slightly wet, especially in a way that is not pleasant or comfortable
Atraer	Draw	Verb	To attract attention or interest
Entrada	Gate	Noun	A door by which you can enter a building or place
Pradera	Glade	Noun	A small area of grass without trees in a forest
Codicia	Greed	Noun	A very strong wish to continuously get more of something
Reloj de arena	Hourglass	Noun	A glass container filled with sand that takes one hour to move from upper to a lower part. Used in the past to

			measure time
Jarra	Jar	Noun	A container with a wide opening at the top and sometimes a fitted lid
Tetera	Kettle	Noun	A container for boiling water
Lamentar	Mourn	Verb	To feel or express great sadness
Extraño	Odd	Adjective	Strange and unexpected
Muerto	Perished	Adjective	To die
Misión	Quest	Noun	An attempt to achieve something difficult
Dolores	Sorrows	Noun	A feeling of great sadness
Mimado	Spoiled	Adjective	Someone who is allowed to do or have anything they want
Bastón	Staff	Noun	A long, strong stick held in the hand that is used as support,

			weapon, or as symbol of authority
Pasos grandes	Strides	Noun	Walk with long steps
Con ternura	Tenderly	Adverb	In a gentle, loving, or kind way
Emocionado	Thrilled	Adjective	Extremely happy about something
Malvado	Wicked	Adjective	Morally wrong and bad

5.1.3.2 Glossary Ibis of Imaginings: A Poetic Diary

Source text term	Target text term	Grammatical Category	Definition
Ageless	Eterno	Adjective	Someone or something that never looks older
Babble	Baluceo	Noun	To talk or say something in a quick, excited, or silly way
Beacons	Faros	Nouns	A light that is easy to see, that acts as a warning or signal

Booth	Cabina	Nouns	A small space like a box that a person can go into
Buzzards	Zopilotes	Noun	A bird that kills and eats small birds and animals.
Cradled	Acunado	Verb	To hold something or someone gently, especially by supporting with the arms
Glimpsed	Vistazo	Verb	To see something or someone for a very short or only partly
Grievors	Dolientes	Noun	A person that feels a great sadness
Limps	Extremidades	Noun	Part of the body, usually the arms or legs
Mystique	Misterio	Noun	A quality of mysterious attraction

Neglected	Descuidaba	Noun	Not receiving enough care or attention
Pebbles	Piedras pequeñas	Noun	A small smooth round stone
Prairie	Pradera	Noun	A wide are of flat land without trees
Rendezvous	Reunión	Noun	An arrangement to meet someone
Reverently	Con reverencia	Adverb	In a way that shows great respect and admiration
Reverie	Ensueño	Noun	Pleasant dream-like thoughts
Saplings	Árboles juvenes	Noun	A young tree
Seashore	Orilla del mar	Noun	The land along the edge of the sea
Shift	Cambiar	Verb	To move or change from one position to another, slightly
Soar	Elevarse	Verb	To rise very quickly to

			a high level
Thaw	Deshielo	Verb	To change from a solid, frozen state to a liquid or soft one
Trawler	Barco de pesca	Noun	A large boat that uses a wide, cone-shaped net to catch fish
Undertow	Repercusión	Noun	A strong current flowing underwater in a different direction to the way the water on the surface is moving
Whirlwind	Torbellino	Noun	A tall, spinning column of air that moves across the surface of the land or sea
Wriggling	Moverse	Verb	To twist your body, or move part of you body, with small, quick movements.

Chapter VI

Conclusions and Recommendations

6.1 Purpose of the Conclusion

The conclusions help to re-evaluate the research's objectives and how each one was achieved. During this chapter the complex process in which the investigator took convey meaning, tone, terminology, and cultural elements accurately from the SL to the TL will be highlight. Furthermore, a restatement of the research question provided in the first chapter will be explained as well as recommendations the researcher will provide to help the process and realization of future works similar to this one.

6.2 Conclusions

6.2.1 To translate the books “Detrás de la Puerta Mágica” from Spanish into English for the author Sael Smith Sojo and “Ibis of Imaginings. A Poetic Diary 1965-1994” from English to Spanish for the author Jan G. Otterstrom F.

The literary translation is considered one the of the most difficult type of translation, and this work prove it. There is no guide o set of rules to follow in order to achieve a proper literary translation. The translator can use the usual techniques: investigate about the topics, reading the source text several times to get the correct text style and the author's style, and in this case was possible to talk the authors personally to understand their inspirations for these stories and their reasons to use the words and expressions they used, but the translator had to used his own knowledge and creativity in order to achieve the best possible result.

Each document had its own challenges, actually they share the same challenge but from two perspectives, the document that was translated from Spanish to English was written by a 13 years-old kid so his vocabulary was simple and the second document, from English to Spanish, was written by highly educated professor so his vocabulary was very complex to the point of using words that are no longer used in the current English and using words of the British English and French. The challenge was to replicate their word-choice but to keep the level of difficult of the text in general in order to transmit the correct message. The second document was the one with more challenges because it was a group of poems, and in those cases finding the correct equivalence for each word is not enough, the sentences must have the same effect in emotional response and in the way they sound and because poetry is a very personal style of literary, the author did not follow the basic grammar rules most of the time.

6.2.2 To apply various translation techniques to the documents in order to achieve communicative texts, so the translation can be as natural as possible.

Most of the translation techniques were used as much as possible, especially the transposition, modulation, equivalence, and adaptation. These techniques were used more than the rest not only because the differences between Spanish and English but for keep the same tone and style from the source text. On the other hand, the techniques such as literal translation were the least use because of the nature of the documents. A word for word translation is useless for a literary translation because the translation needs to capture the “magic” of the source text especially because one of the documents is a fantasy story so the words need to show that fantasy element and be able to describe the story, the characters, and the emotions as if they were written originally in the target language. For the second document, the poetry diary, the best strategy was to understand the poems and tried to

replicate the message even if it meant to change a lot of words and using the equivalence technique more than the rest.

6.2.3 To evaluate the effect of the translation techniques applied on the documents.

The techniques are an essential part of any translation process, they help the translator to avoid making mistakes and to sound as natural as possible in the target language. However, for a literary translation the techniques are in second place, the first place is to understand the author and the story. The techniques help with the structure and to know which parts of the document needs more radical changes during the translation.

The translation of literary documents is a challenge, and every translator knows it. They are not the usual documents one would choose for a thesis but for this work they were used. The process to achieve a proper translation was only possible because of the combination of the correct use of the techniques and previous knowledge the researcher had about literary documents.

6.2.4 To create a glossary with the most relevant terminology found in both texts.

Glossaries are one of the best friends of the translator. For the literary translations are essential to maintain the coherence in the story, because in a fantasy story there are words that the author tend to repeat and in poetry, is common to repeat words in the same poem. It is impossible for a person to remember every word or expression so the glossary helps the author to always have that knowledge accessible especially with this type of translation, that they are known for use very unique words and expressions. Unlike other types of documents, where the words, most of the time, use their most common meaning in literary they may used meanings that are no longer used nowadays, so the glossary may become in a document like a

encyclopedia for this unique meanings, and for a translator that wants to become a literary translator the glossary is a tool that will use in every translation for the foreseeable future.

6.3 Restatement of the Research Question

At the beginning of this research, a question was made that become the base of this work: What is the effect of procedures and methods used to translate the book "Detrás de la Puerta Magica" from Spanish into English by the author Sael Smith Sojo and the book "Ibis of Imaginings A Poetic Diary 1965-1994" from English into Spanish by the author Jan G. Otterstrom F.?

As it was previously mentioned, the literary translation is not like the rest. For the translation of these documents the semantic method was use in both cases because the way words and expression sounded was essential to capture the readers attention, especially in the poems where the beautiful sounds are part of their attractive. For the procedures, it has been already established that transposition, modulation, equivalence, and adaptation were the most used because of how important is that target audience feel that the texts were written in their language and culture.

As a conclusion, the procedure and methods used in these translations and the translations themselves have one purpose; to allow these amazing stories and tales to reach even more people. Both texts are completely different from each other and yet they both show the creativity of the authors. Every time a fantasy story is written is meant to be a escape for some people from the reality, because something it is necessary, also they use those magical elements to teach life lessons, and this story is meant for the young population and is full of lessons that the young people could use in their lives. The second book, the poetry diary, is

linguistic wonder. Poetry is form of expression, the author has full freedom and can express everything without restrictions and the effect it may have in people is impossible to predict. These books deserve to be read by everyone in the world.

6.4 Recommendations

The literary translators must help each other. Here are some recommendations for future translators that want to translate this type of documents.

First, previous knowledge. There are a lot of literary pieces, and know about them is vital just to understand the messages, the word-choice, and the core of the story; what do you want to transmit? A literary translation cannot be a translator's first translation, it requires experience and knowledge. For this type of translation, the best source of knowledge is the author. The story is reflection of the author so understanding the author, inspirations, experiences, academic background, other works is the best way to achieve a successful translation.

Second, patience. Unlike other types of translations for a literary translation not every word will be easy to translate, so is expected that the translator may find obstacles regarding the meaning and equivalent terms in the TL, in those situations the best solution is to take enough time to find the correct way to translate that specific word or expression. The process itself will be slow because is basically create a story. For poetry you need a poet heart, the translator needs to understand the poem completely because it may require a highly free translation in order to transmit the message.

Finally, accept your limits. No one has all the knowledge, if during the process the translator finds a dead end, asking for help is the correct way to find the solution. Just by having a second point of view could open a lot of possibilities that the author alone could

have never thought about it. Every translator who works with literary documents knows how complicated and intimidating they can be, so sharing the knowledge, strategies and experiences benefits everyone.

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Annexes

Annex 1

DETRÁS
de la
PUERTA MÁGICA

Sael Smith Sojo

 **EDiNexo**

CAPÍTULO I

Hace mucho tiempo, en un lugar lejano, había una casa vieja que escondía un secreto. A su alrededor siempre hubo gente protegiéndolo, personas de diferentes partes del mundo se encargaban de cuidar que esta casita permaneciera oculta, una misión que se les había designado por ser personas de corazón noble.

Era el año 2001, un fuerte sismo movió todo el pueblo de Tayutic, donde vivía la familia Somith, quienes estaban por comenzar una mágica aventura.

Oliver y su madre estaban secando los platos después del almuerzo, era un día soleado. El papá de los niños recogía las hojas de los árboles del patio, Lucas y su hermana Daniela le ayudaban, era una de las tareas de la casa que más disfrutaban hacer. Se escuchó un estruendo y las hojas de los árboles se cayeron, la tierra temblaba lenta pero continuamente. Lucas y Daniela, que estaban riendo al hacer su tarea, se detuvieron y miraron las ramas del árbol moverse de un lado a otro. Daniela no comprendía lo que estaba pasando. De pronto, Lucas gritó fuertemente y corrió hacia la puerta del jardín para entrar en su casa. Daniela lo seguía muy pálida del susto mientras su padre trataba de detenerlos para que no se acercaran a la puerta de cristal. De repente, una rama

del árbol se desprendió y se precipitó hacia los niños. Su padre se lanzó heroicamente sobre ellos y la rama cayó sobre el padre, y él sobre los niños, protegiéndolos del golpe de la rama. Aun así, no pudo protegerlos de los vidrios que saltaron de la puerta y rasgaron la piel de su padre y las extremidades de los niños, sin embargo, los niños estaban bien. Oliver y su madre llegaron al jardín y vieron a los tres en el suelo, todo en la casa se venía al piso, los vidrios de las otras ventanas empezaron a romperse y los gritos de los vecinos llenaban el barrio de terror.

—¡Papá! —susurraba Daniela con dolor.

Julia levantó a los niños del piso y miró con preocupación a su esposo Caleb, que yacía en el patio inconsciente por el golpe de la rama.



Julia y los niños siguieron a Daniela y miraron a su padre en el suelo, pero el terremoto no se detenía y Julia tuvo que tomar a los niños de las manos para sacarlos de la casa, dejando a su esposo en el patio para poner a sus hijos a salvo.

—Mamá —dijo Oliver con gran tristeza—. Hay que sacarlo de aquí.

Juntos trataron de levantar a su padre del suelo y lo llevaron frente a la casa, para esperar la ayuda.

Al salir llamaron a la ambulancia, pero esta tardó mucho en llegar debido a los escombros que había en el camino por el terremoto.

Al llegar trasladaron al señor Caleb al hospital y los niños quedaron al cuidado de la señora Lidia, una vecina que siempre estaba dispuesta a ayudar.

Toda la familia estaba conmocionada, los niños lloraban por su padre y por la casa en escombros que los había visto crecer.

Minutos más tarde, su madre llegó y les dijo que su padre había fallecido. Julia abrazaba a sus hijos en el jardín y miraba su casa casi destruida, el terremoto había pasado, y todo a su alrededor se veía triste. Muchos de los vecinos llegaban corriendo a buscar a Lidia. Lidia era una anciana muy dulce y de pronto su casa se llenó de gente que buscaba refugio, mientras ella caminaba atendiendo a todos miró a Daniela y se dirigió hacia ella, con un pañuelo, limpió las lágrimas de Daniela que lloraba en silencio en medio de la confusión por su padre y el terremoto.

Al día siguiente, toda la familia y los vecinos fueron a la iglesia con tristeza para el funeral del señor Caleb Somith. Caminaron colina arriba con el ataúd para dejarlo en un cementerio que estaba en lo alto de una hermosa montaña donde descansaría en paz.

CAPÍTULO 2

No sabían por dónde empezar las reparaciones de su hogar, con mucha nostalgia recogieron algunas de sus cosas y se dirigieron a la casa de doña Lidia, donde pasarían la noche. La casa de doña Lidia tenía daños menos graves que la casa de la familia Somith, sin embargo, necesitaba muchas reparaciones que durante algunas semanas Julia y los demás vecinos estuvieron realizando como agradecimiento por su hospedaje.

Una tarde, mientras Julia Somith estaba afuera frente a su casa, Lidia se le acercó y le dijo:

—No te preocupes, ya lo verás, un día estará tan hermosa como antes.

Pero Julia no sabía que recibiría una muy mala noticia de parte de los ingenieros encargados de la reparación de su hogar. Cuando empezaron las reparaciones descubrieron que el terreno de la casa estaba en una zona de riesgo y que se empezaba a hundir poco a poco al igual que otras casas del vecindario, por lo que la señora Julia y su familia tuvieron que buscar un nuevo lugar donde vivir.

Todo el barrio tuvo que moverse a otros lugares para poder vivir, el pueblo de Tayutic estaba sobre un terreno peligroso y nadie podría quedarse, las familias se

iban retirando poco a poco y cada vez el barrio se veía más vacío. Julia había encontrado un lugar perfecto para vivir, a solo media hora de la casa de su familia y en una comunidad que parecía ser muy organizada y limpia, el lugar se llamaba Canahanda y tenían un hermoso bosque alrededor del pueblo que le daba un aire de frescura a todo el lugar. Al menos en las fotos se ve bonito, pensaba Julia, dándose consuelo a sí misma y con mucha nostalgia por dejar su hogar.

Finalmente llegó la hora de partir para la señora Lidia, quien se mudaría con uno de sus hijos mayores al norte de la ciudad. Los niños hicieron un pastel para despedirla y la llenaron de abrazos.

Al día siguiente, la familia Somith se despertó muy temprano para empezar el viaje a Canahanda.

Ellos eran una familia común, la mamá Julia era una mujer valiente y decidida, con voz suave y con un rostro hermoso, admirada por muchos por su trabajo artístico, se dedicaba con amor a su hogar y además disfrutaba pintando cuadros y haciendo esculturas. Julia tenía cabello castaño, ojos cafés y piel trigueña. El niño menor se llamaba Lucas, tenía el cabello color negro y rizado, algunas pecas que le daban un cierto aire de picardía a su rostro, y la piel color trigueño al igual que sus hermanos. La niña del medio se llamaba Daniela, ella tenía los ojos verdes, el cabello castaño y liso, su sonrisa era abierta y hermosa y hacía que su rostro se iluminara. El niño mayor se llamaba Oliver, tenía una sonrisa suave que lo hacía parecer un niño muy gentil, y el cabello rizado como su padre, ojos achinados y mirada penetrante.

Cuando llegaron a Canahanda, estaba atardeciendo y hacía mucho frío. Al mirar la casa los niños bajaron del auto rápidamente, con mucha emoción y deseos de ver su nuevo hogar.

La casa se veía hermosa, era una casa de dos pisos, muy blanca, tenía un corredor amplio donde había un cajón grande que luego utilizarían para guardar sus juguetes, era bastante moderna, los niños se veían ilusionados y con muchas ganas de entrar para escoger sus cuartos. Entraron a la casa, la sala estaba iluminada por una gran ventana que tenía a un costado; las escaleras, aunque estaban un poco despintadas, eran muy elegantes, la cocina y el comedor estaban al lado con una puerta enorme que daba al jardín, en el segundo piso había un cuarto enorme, los niños eran inseparables así que pensaron que si cabían las tres camas en ese cuarto ellos podrían dormir todos juntos ahí, frente al cuarto grande había dos cuartos más de menor tamaño, uno de esos sería el cuarto de la señora Julia. Los niños le eligieron el cuarto de su mamá, ella estuvo de acuerdo, estaba bastante atareada con la mudanza como para ponerse a escoger su habitación. El cuarto de Julia tenía la pared color azul, y una hermosa lámpara colgaba del techo, las ventanas daban al patio del frente.

—¡Wow! —dijo Lucas.

Luego fueron a ver el comedor y la cocina, la cocina era hermosa, la pared era de color gris, había un reloj de arena de color rojo, con un dibujo de sol arriba y un dibujo de luna abajo.

Al día siguiente, los niños querían conocer un poco más los alrededores de la casa, la casa tenía un lote enor-

me en la parte trasera, y ellos estaban ansiosos por ver animales y explorar cerca de los árboles. Entonces los niños salieron de la casa, vieron ardillas, pájaros, mapaches, y muchos insectos, ellos estaban muy felices. Lucas vio un cachorrito tierno y pequeño que corrió cerca de unos arbustos.

—Miren, un cachorrito, vamos a seguirlo —dijo emocionado.

Los niños siguieron al cachorro por largo rato, pero lo perdieron de vista, mientras ellos lo seguían Daniela se entretuvo mirando una filita de hormigas que llevaban pétalos de rosa y migajas de pan.

Segundos más tarde, Oliver y Lucas se dieron cuenta que Daniela ya no estaba cerca de ellos.

—¿Dónde está Daniela? —dijo Oliver.

—¡Daniela! ¡Daniela! —gritaron al mismo tiempo.

Mientras estaban buscando a su hermana, Daniela seguía la filita de hormigas y observaba como las hormiguitas iban cerca de un gran roble. Ella alzo su mirada y vio una pequeña choza vieja y llena de plantas alrededor, su curiosidad la llevó hasta la entrada de la choza y fue allí curiosamente donde Lucas y Oliver la encontraron.

—¿Qué haces en este lugar? —preguntó Lucas.

—Solo seguía las hormigas —dijo Daniela—. Miren cómo llevan pétalos de rosa.

— ¡Vámonos! —ordenó Oliver tomando a Daniela de la mano, pero Lucas miraba con atención la cabaña hacia donde se dirigían las hormigas.

—Mira eso, Oliver —dijo Lucas con asombro.

La pequeña choza era muy fea, y de madera, tenía flores alrededor, la pintura blanca que algún día tuvo ya estaba cayéndose a pedazos, en el frente tenía un corredor con un techo que estaba a punto de colapsar, pero había algo que les llamaba la atención a los niños: la casita tenía algo que les despertó la curiosidad y por eso decidieron entrar.

Cuando estaban adentro observaban los muebles y las telas de araña que colgaban del techo, en medio de la sala había un candelabro cubierto por telas de araña, las telas emitían un mágico brillo con la luz del sol, que estaba por ocultarse. A pesar de lo tenebroso que parecía, los niños estaban maravillados con las antigüedades que había en aquella casita vieja. De pronto apareció un ratón corriendo hacia ellos y Daniela gritó, el ratoncito la miró con sus ojos brillantes y luego miró la fila de hormigas que estaba adentro, Daniela sentía que aquel tierno ratoncito quería mostrarle algo, entonces decidió acercarse. El ratón extendió una patita y le dio un pequeño trozo de queso, ella lo miró desconcertada, fue entonces cuando ella supo que ese lugar era algo más que especial. Ella vio la filita de hormigas entrando por un agujero en el suelo y el ratón las siguió y se ocultó junto a ellas, en ese momento Daniela observó que el agujero estaba cerca de una puerta, oculta por una gran alfombra en el piso de la choza.



Oliver y Daniela se dieron cuenta de que era tarde, cuando miraron el sol ocultarse en las montañas.

—Ya es hora de irse, Lucas —dijo Oliver.

—Sí, es cierto —dijo Lucas, fijándose por la ventana.

A pesar de eso, Daniela no quería irse, no quitaba la mirada de la filita de hormigas, estaba segura que el ratón le quería mostrar algo. Ella tenía la impresión de que aquellos animalitos querían que ella los siguiera hacia algún lugar. Daniela sin embargo tuvo que dar la vuelta e irse con sus hermanos antes de que la noche cubriera el oscuro bosque, pero su mente no paraba de imaginar lo que aquel ratón deseaba decirle y hacia qué lugar la podrían estar guiando esas curiosas hormiguitas.

La mamá los estaba esperando para la cena, y preguntó:

—¿Por qué llegaron tarde? Me tenían preocupada.

—Es que algo raro sucedió —dijo Daniela, viendo hacia atrás.

La mamá cerró la puerta.

—Cuéntenme todo. ¿Se divertieron allá afuera? —dijo la madre, sentándose a la mesa.

—¿Yo te cuento? —dijo Daniela.

—Sí, tú —dijo mamá Julia—. Puedes contarme cómo ha sido su exploración por los alrededores.

Todos se sentaron, Julia ya había servido la cena. Daniela no paraba de hablar de las hormigas que cargaban pétalos de rosa y del ratoncito simpático que se encontró en la choza abandonada. Cuando el cansancio era demasiado, los niños se levantaron de la mesa y fueron a lavarse los dientes.

—Oye, Dani —dijo Lucas en voz baja—, ¿por qué el ratón te dio un queso? ¿Te lo comiste?

—No, lo guarde en nuestra habitación —dijo—. ¿Quieres verlo?

La mamá Julia estaba recogiendo lo de la cocina, y escuchó que a los lejos sonaban unos tambores. “Debe ser una fiesta”, pensó, luego el sonido se detuvo.

—Seguro es mi imaginación —dijo ella, viendo hacia afuera.

Se escucharon de nuevo, y ella volvió a ver para afuera pero el sonido dejó de oírse de nuevo.

“¿Serán los niños?”, se preguntó con cara extraña.

Los niños se tiraron a la cama de un salto, las camas tenían un hermoso techo que asemejaba ser una tienda de acampar antigua. Su madre entró al cuarto para arrojarlos, les leyó Pinocho y el Gato con Botas y les dio un beso de buenas noches.

Más tarde, cuando estaban durmiendo, Lucas escuchó:

¡Pum! ¡Pum!

Se despertó de un solo salto llamando a Oliver.

—¿Que sucede? —preguntó Oliver.

—Escucho tambores —dijo Lucas, viendo la ventana.

—¿Cuáles tambores? —respondió.

—Silencio para oírlos —dijo Lucas.

Oliver se quedó callado, y logró escucharlos.

Oliver despertó a Daniela y ella se levantó de su cama, se restregó sus ojos, y estiró sus brazos, se sentó abrigándose con su cobija mientras se preguntaba por qué la despertaron si todavía estaba oscuro.

—Escucha, son tambores, Daniela —dijo Oliver, agarrándola de la mano, y levantándola de la cama.

Ellos se fijaron por la ventana, el sonido venía del bosque, se escuchaba claramente que la dirección de donde provenía aquel ruido era de la pequeña choza que habían visitado aquella tarde.

—¿Qué fue eso? —dijo Daniela al tiempo que se quitaba la cobija de encima.

—No lo sé —respondió Oliver—. Parece que viene de la choza vieja adonde nos guiaron las hormigas esta tarde, mañana podremos investigar.

Ellos se acostaron en la cama, pensando en lo que podrían encontrarse al día siguiente en la choza, por un momento no pudieron dormir de tanto imaginarse lo que pasaba en la choza. Más o menos a las 2 am, se escucharon tambores de nuevo. Daniela abrió sus ojos, los cerró y empezó a soñar con la magia que envolvía aquel lugar.

CAPÍTULO 3

A la mañana siguiente, recibieron la visita de uno de sus vecinos que trabaja en la finca, vecina. El señor Víctor Cejón era un señor alto, robusto, tenía un bigote canoso y grueso, y no tenía ni un solo cabello en su cabeza, sus ojos eran de color azul, tenía unos dientes grandes como de ardilla y vestía siempre una gabardina negra que lo hacía verse muy misterioso.

Él era más conocido por Sr. Cejón, Julia lo conoció cuando firmó los papeles de la compra de la casa. Había llegado a la casa de los Somith aquella mañana para dejarle a Julia los documentos sobre las normas para vivir en Canahanda, ya que él era miembro activo de la asociación de la comunidad.

—Buenos días, señora —dijo el Sr. Cejón.

—Buenos días, Sr. Cejón —dijo amablemente Julia

El Sr. Cejón saludó a los niños con una sonrisita algo torcida, y con cara malvada y burlona, ellos sonrieron con indecisión..

—Hola niños— saludo él.

—Hola —dijeron asustados los niños, al mismo tiempo que se ocultaban tras su madre.



Luego llegó una señora de voz chillona, era de cabello rubio, delgada, tenía algunas pecas en sus mejillas, sus ojos eran azules, tan profundos como el océano, usaba lentes en forma de luna, y ropa ligera de colores suaves, su apariencia era simpática.

Ella saludó a Julia con la mano, y le dio unas empanadas de chiverre. Luego se dirigió al Sr. Cejón para saludarlo.

En seguida ella se presentó diciendo:

—Soy Carmen, Carmen Olivia Robles, estas empanadas son para el café, espero que las disfruten —dijo la señora Carmen sonriendo.

—Hola, Carmen, es un placer conocerla, les agradezco la visita, nos hará bien conocer a los vecinos. Ellos son mis niños, Oliver, Daniela y Lucas —dijo Julia.

Esa mañana el sol brillaba y el viento soplaba suavemente, Julia se sentía de muy buen humor y sentía que sería un gran día, estaba feliz de conocer a los vecinos y de tener un día tan soleado y fresco en su nuevo vecindario.

Julia hizo una observación y dijo:

—Oh Sr. Cejón, tenga cuidado con las hormigas en el jardín, tiene usted un hermoso jardín y esas hormiguitas andan haciendo de las suyas.

—Claro, señora, me preparo cada verano para envenenar a esos molestos insectos.

—Ya lo creo —afirmó Carmen—. Julia, si usted necesita consejos para hacer su jardín el Sr. Cejón es el indicado.

—Gracias, Carmen, por el cumplido. Bueno, debo irme, bienvenida al barrio, señora Julia —dijo el Sr. Cejón mientras se alejaba por la acera del frente.

—Yo también me voy, debo preparar un pastel de boda... olvidé decirle que soy pastelera, si necesita algo, me puede buscar en mi casa —dijo señalando la casa que estaba diagonal a la izquierda—. La casita con gnomos de jardín, me encantan esas criaturas, bueno, nos veremos pronto, adiós pequeñines —dijo a los niños mientras se alejaba haciendo volar sus faldas al caminar.

Julia cerró la puerta y los niños corrieron a espiar a la señora Carmen por la ventana, Daniela veía aten-

tamente cómo sus faldas volaban al viento, la miraba como si fuera una especie de hada madrina, con sus colores pasteles y su cabello brillante en la luz del sol...

Al llegar a la calle, Carmen observó a los niños en la ventana y se despidió con un suave movimiento de su mano, Lucas y Oliver se escondieron bajo la ventana, Daniela la miraba con admiración mientras Carmen sonreía.

—¿No te parece extraña esa mujer? —dijo Oliver oculto tras la ventana al lado de Lucas.

—Oh, sí —respondió Lucas—. Es como “grande” con ropa de niña.

Ambos rieron a carcajadas y Daniela les dijo:

—¿Por qué se ríen? Ella es hermosa y simpática.

Mientras ellos reían, Daniela seguía observando por la ventana con atención, ella miraba a Carmen entrar en una casa blanca con bordes rosados en las ventanas y decoraciones coloridas en el patio del frente.

Lucas se levantó y dijo, mientras se meneaba, tratando de caminar y hablar como Carmen:

—Hola, soy la señorita Carmen.

Al mismo tiempo que Oliver se reía a carcajadas sosteniéndose la panza y moviendo los pies.

—No es gracioso —dijo Daniela enfadada.

Su madre los interrumpió para que ayudaran a desempacar algunas de sus cosas, Daniela seguía pensando en las hadas madrinas, jugando con cada cosa que sacaba de la caja de la mudanza.

CAPÍTULO 4

—Es hermosa la señorita Carmen —dijo Daniela.

—¿Hermosa? —dijo Oliver—. Es muy graciosa. ¿No viste su cara de loca?

—¿Ni tampoco oíste cómo hablaba? —dijo Lucas.

La mamá Julia los llamó para comer el almuerzo, Lucas y Oliver seguían riendo sobre la apariencia ligera y fresca de Carmen.

Julia se estaba preguntando por qué los niños se estaban riendo y por qué Daniela los estaba tratando de callar, Julia tenía una mirada noble y una sonrisa maternal llena de amor.

Durante el almuerzo los niños estuvieron silenciosos y comieron rápidamente para poder irse a explorar los alrededores. Estaban ansiosos por regresar a la choza vieja que, aunque parecía un poco tenebrosa, les generaba mucha curiosidad.

Al terminar el almuerzo, Lucas se levantó con prisa de la mesa y fue al corredor donde habían puesto la caja de juguetes, para buscar sus binoculares; Daniela y Oliver lo siguieron muy emocionados y se dispusieron a salir de la casa tan rápido que olvidaron decirle a su madre que querían salir, pero Julia los detuvo en la puerta y les preguntó hacia dónde iban. Los tres niños le contestaron al unísono que querían explorar un poco más afuera. Con mucha ternura, Julia les ordenó regresar pronto y les advirtió que no se alejaran demasiado ya que aún no conocían bien el lugar.

Lo que pasó después cambió totalmente la vida de los niños para siempre.

Caminaron por el bosque muy felices de regresar a la choza misteriosa que tanta curiosidad les causaba. Mientras caminaban, admiraban lo hermoso de aquel lugar que era su nuevo hogar, parecían muy felices de empezar una vida nueva en aquel pequeño pueblo. Al llegar a la choza observaron las hormiguitas llevando pétalos de rosa y admiraron su ardua labor de caminar con pétalos mucho más grandes que ellas mismas. Era una época del año muy colorida, había muchas flores de colores alrededor, muchos insectos polinizadores las rodeaban, el pequeño bosquecito se llenaba de una enorme paz y el sonido del viento acariciaba los árboles y le daba un toque de frescura a la vista al mismo tiempo que los niños seguían el camino de aquellos curiosos insectos que por supuesto los llevaron a la choza vieja y húmeda que habían visto el día anterior.

—Miren —dijo Daniela—, este es el agujero por donde entró el ratoncito.

—Parece que hay una puerta en el piso, ¡vamos a abrirla! —expresó Oliver con gran emoción.

Oliver y Lucas desempolvieron la puerta y empezaron a moverla para poder descubrir lo que había allí, Daniela observaba con sus binoculares por la ventana y

logro ver al perro que los había sorprendido en la expedición anterior. La puerta estaba hecha del mismo material que el piso, lo hicieron como tratando de camuflarla entre la madera para que nadie la descubriera, pero la curiosidad de Daniela por las hormigas y el simpático ratoncito hizo que los niños la pudieran descubrir. Con mucho esfuerzo y apoyándose en los muros, lograron abrir un espacio suficiente para poder entrar, pero ninguno de ellos quería ser el primero en bajar porque estaba realmente oscuro y temían encontrar algo desagradable.

—Yo no entraría ahí, tal vez deberíamos decirle a mamá.

—No, Lucas, solamente necesitamos un poco de luz, tratemos de despejar las ventanas, tal vez eso funcione —dijo Oliver.

No había mucho que hacer para darle más luz a la casa excepto quitar unas mantas viejas que colgaban en un par de ventanas porque el resto de ventanas estaban descubiertas, una vez que las quitaron la luz iluminó la casa por dentro y los objetos y muebles viejos se vieron más claramente: una mesa antigua y sólida estaba cerca de la puerta del piso y unas sillas manchadas y herrumbradas la rodeaban, jarrones empolvados y rotos se dejaron ver cerca de la que posiblemente algún día fue la sala, una enorme silla mecedora estaba junto a la chimenea y al lado de esta había una curiosa mesita redonda que daba la impresión de tener sus patas vivas, una taza y una larga cucharita estaban sobre la mesita. El lugar pareció cobrar vida, pero dentro de la puerta en el suelo no se veía ni el más mínimo rayo de sol.

Daniela había salido de la choza para buscar el perro e hizo una gran entrada con el cachorro en sus brazos lo cual despistó a Oliver y a Lucas de su misión con la puerta del piso.

El cachorro tenía los pelos color negro, tenía ojos oscuros, sus orejas puntiagudas parecían flechas que apuntaban hacia el cielo, y su cola era bastante corta.

—¿No es hermoso? —dijo Daniela, cuando el cachorro sacaba la lengua y trataba de lamerle los cachetes a Daniela.

—Claro que es hermoso —contestó Oliver sorprendido, mientras se acercaba para acariciarlo—. Tal vez nos podamos quedar con él.

—Es demasiado lindo —dijo Lucas aterrorizado, dando algunos pasos atrás.

Él tropezó con una vasija, y estuvo a punto de caer acostado, en ese momento sonó un trueno muy fuerte.

—Es hora de ir a casa, ya va a llover —dijo Oliver viendo el cielo por la ventana de la sala.

Daniela abrazó al cachorro y miró con temor a sus hermanos, todos se fueron caminando de prisa, pero sin correr para su casa.

Julia estaba lavando sus platos y se dijo a ella misma:

—¿Dónde están mis niños? Pronto lloverá.

Alguien tocó la puerta en ese instante por lo que ella pensó que eran sus niños que regresaban a casa de la expedición, así que se apresuró para abrirla.

Efectivamente eran sus hijos Oliver, Lucas y Daniela con el cachorrito.

—Qué bueno que llegaron, niños —dijo su mamá emocionada de ver a sus hijos. Aunque casi de inmediato notó al pequeño cachorro que la hizo sorprenderse.

Al momento de entrar en la casa, Daniela dijo:

—¿Mamá, puedo quedarme este cachorro?

—Oh, mi Dios, qué sorpresa, es precioso... Claro que puede quedarse, creo que será una gran compañía para todos, mi cielo —contestó Julia al tiempo que acariciaba al pequeño peludo.

Oliver y Daniela estaban celebrando, pero Lucas se fue corriendo y se encerró en su habitación.

Oliver y Daniela abrieron la puerta de la habitación, y Lucas estaba llorando. Él prendió la televisión, y se acostó en su cama y se puso a ver programas de TV.

—¿Lucas, que te pasa? —dijo Daniela.

—¡No quiero un cachorro! —gritó Lucas, llorando de tristeza.

Se abrió la puerta y entró su madre y dijo tranquila:

—¿Qué pasa, Lucas?

—No quiero tener un cachorro —dijo Lucas con voz mimada a su madre Julia.

—Oh vamos, Lucas... solo es un bebé, no debes tenerle miedo, pronto te vas a encariñar con él y serán buenos amigos. Te vamos a conceder algo importante, le pondrás el nombre al perrito, esa será tu tarea, mientras

tanto vamos a comer y piensa en un buen nombre para la nueva mascota. ¡Vamos!

Todos se fueron caminando hacia el comedor para cenar, se sentaron en silencio esperando la reacción de Lucas que ya parecía más calmado pues Lucas estaba demasiado contento por ponerle nombre, y escuchó una voz atrás de él diciendo:

—No te preocupes, eres quien le va a poner nombre —dijo Oliver, levantándose de la mesa, muy contento, por supuesto.

—Claro que estoy feliz —dijo Lucas, viendo la comida del plato.

Era pizza, la comida que los niños adoraban.

Después de disfrutar alegremente la cena se fueron a cepillar los dientes, cuando Lucas terminó le dijo a su madre:

—Se va a llamar, Black.

—¿Quién? —dijo la madre que en ese momento no se acordaba del cachorro.

—El cachorrito, mami —le recordó Lucas.

—Qué bonito nombre —respondió su madre, satisfecha de ver que su hijo finalmente aceptó la idea de tener un perro en casa.

Cuando se fueron a acostar, Julia les contó los cuentos de siempre, El Gato con Botas y Pinocho.

Los niños disfrutaban los cuentos que su madre les contaba cada noche, esta noche no era la excepción, todos estaban acurrucados en sus camitas oyendo con

CAPÍTULO 5

atención la historia de Pinocho, pero había alguien más escuchando el cuento que no había sido invitado, un gecko observaba con atención las páginas del libro desde el techo, el pequeño amiguito se acomodó en un rinconcito y observó durante un rato pero cuando empezó a caminar dio un paso en falso y cayó sobre la cara de Oliver, quien estaba empezando a conciliar el sueño, el niño se levantó de un salto y Daniela y Lucas se asombraron por el grito de su hermano.

Julia agarró un largo juguete tratando de alejar al gecko de la cama de Oliver, entonces el dulce animalito se paró en el borde de la ventana, los miró y se fue.

En ese momento todos reían y agradecían a su madre.

Al día siguiente, los niños se levantaron a las 6 am y fueron al cuarto de su madre para despertarla, la llenaron de besos y abrazos y no paraban de decir:

—Tenemos hambre, tenemos hambre —repetían sin parar.

Después del desayuno los niños estaban muy emocionados por salir a jugar en la choza vieja.

Daniela le propuso a su madre hacer un pícnic cerca en el bosque para así mostrarle la casita vieja que tanta admiración les causaba a los pequeños.

Bajo un árbol en un pequeño claro del bosque encontraron un lugar perfecto y pusieron una manta allí, los niños jugaron con una pelota, lanzaron el frisbee, comieron frutas y galletas, disfrutando de la compañía de su madre en aquel hermoso lugar.

Cuando las hormigas empezaron a llegar para llevarse las sobras de comida Lucas recordó que las hormiguitas fueron las que los guiaron a la choza vieja, entonces llamó con alegría a Daniela para que siguieran las hormigas de nuevo.

—¿Adónde van, niños? —dijo su mamá.

—Vamos a la choza vieja que encontramos el otro día.

—Me parece que debo ir con ustedes para conocer esa choza de la que me han estado hablando.

—¡Sí, mamá, sería genial!!! —dijo Oliver—. Vamos por una linterna para investigar qué hay debajo de la puerta que encontramos en el piso.

Los niños corrieron llenos de alegría y curiosidad con la emoción de terminar de conocer aquel misterioso lugar, buscaron las linternas apresuradamente y volvieron al bosque donde su madre terminaba de recoger la manta y la canasta del pícnic y se disponía a encaminarse con sus niños hacia la cabaña.

La choza se veía igual que siempre, era terrorífica pero mágica a la vez. Los niños se mostraban emocionados al entrar en la choza y comentaban a su madre sobre lo fantástico que era ese lugar y lo increíble de cada una de las cosas que había dentro, las cuales ellos ya habían visto cuando visitaron la casita anteriormente. El día de hoy la choza se veía más alegre y hasta un poco más limpia que las primeras veces, parecía que el ambiente se estaba empezando a contagiar con la energía positiva de los chicos, aunque Julia miraba con cierta desconfianza aquel lugar tan antiguo y empolvado.

Finalmente, Oliver mostró a su madre la puerta en el piso y todos se dirigieron hacia ella para entrar. Una vez que entraron al suelo por aquella puerta, un viento misterioso y suave empezó a rodearlos, todo se veía más claro por las linternas, pero era un túnel angosto y debían caminar en fila para encontrar lo que había en él. Julia encabezaba la marcha mientras los niños ansiosos

la seguían, ella dudó por un momento si debían seguir, pero algo le decía que debía averiguar lo que ocultaba aquella casilla vieja y abandonada.



Las paredes del túnel parecían brillar y estaban un poco húmedas y musgosas pero aquel lugar nunca parecía perder el encanto que había causado en los niños. De pronto se encontraron frente a una enorme puerta tallada en madera, el tallado formaba una especie de cara muy bien hecha con rasgos de anciano sabio, madera color marrón, tenía ojos verdes como esmeralda, una boca grande y ancha y una barba que llegaba hasta el piso adornaba la parte baja de la puerta. Lo que más llamaba la atención de Julia era el símbolo extraño que colgaba de la puerta como si fuera una nariz, ya que el resto de

la puerta estaba tallado en forma de una cara humana excepto su extraña nariz.

Julia observó la suciedad que había sobre la puerta y se dispuso a limpiarla llevándose la gran sorpresa de que, al frotar sus manos sobre la puerta para quitar el polvo que había en ella, la puerta empezó a hablar.

Mientras tosía la puerta iba diciendo:

—Oh, coaf, coaf, ¿quién me ha despertado?

—¿Hola? —dijo Julia con asombro y nerviosismo,

—Hola —saludaron los niños asombrados, atrás de Julia,

—Bienvenidos, niños, sean bienvenidos, disculpen la tos, hace mucho que no abro mis ojos, como podrán ver este no es un lugar muy visitado, hace mucho que esta zona no tiene guardianes, ya era tiempo de que alguien se acercara a este humilde reino.

—¿Reino? Yo solamente veo una puerta en medio de un oscuro túnel —dijo Oliver.

—¿Quiénes son los guardianes? —preguntó Julia, quien estaba segura de estar en un sueño.

—Ja, ja, ja... ustedes son los guardianes, pero hay más allá arriba, en su mundo hay muchos guardianes y en lo profundo de toda la tierra, en cada pueblo, valle, ciudad, montaña, en cada rincón del planeta hay reinos como este. Sí, los que puedan abrirme se encontrarán con el reino mágico más hermoso que hayan visto, somos quienes mantienen vivo a este planeta, pues nos encargamos de mantener el aire limpio y respirable, protegiendo y restaurando el manto sobre la tierra, además tenemos otras labores, pero los humanos nos han estado dando más trabajo en estos tiempos, ya se los explicará

nuestro viejo amigo Simón. Él será su guía, pero solo un alma limpia y de buen corazón puede hacer que los deje pasar, uno de ustedes lo hará porque puedo percibir buenos corazones entre ustedes.

—¿Cómo te abres, señor? —preguntó Daniela.

—Muy simple, pon tu mano en mi corazón y se abrirá.

Daniela, que era la más intrépida e impaciente, buscó por todo lado dónde estaba el corazón, pero no lo podía ver.

—¿Dónde está, dónde está? Yo quiero ver el reino —se apresuró a decir.

Su madre trató de calmarla.

—Mi corazón está aquí —dijo la puerta. En ese momento una luz roja empezó a brillar en su lado izquierdo, al limpiarla un poco más quitando el moho y el polvo que había sobre ella, se pudo ver claramente una roca brillante que se escondía detrás de la suciedad de la oscura puerta.

Daniela puso su mano sobre la roca y la puerta cerró sus ojos mientras el corazón cambiaba de colores rápidamente emitiendo un sonido mágico que los niños nunca habían escuchado, después de un rato la puerta dijo:

—Has logrado mostrarme tu alma, niña, solo un corazón noble puede abrir esta puerta, sean bienvenidos; y la puerta se abrió.

El lugar era impresionante incluso para los que estaban acostumbrados a verlo; un bosque se extendía frente a ellos, había mucha luz, una luz blanca y se aspiraban olores fragantes a flores desconocidas. Había

palmeras con hojas de color púrpura, había personas con sombreros puntiagudos y animales mágicos, hermosas calles de adoquines y todo se veía extremadamente natural y pacífico.

Un unicornio pasó volando cerca de ellos, a medida que iban avanzando se veían cosas impensables, un mago que se metió por completo en un caldero y volvió a salir, un dragón volaba a lo lejos, los niños estaban boquiabiertos.

De repente los sorprendió una voz, era un hombre con cara amigable que los saludaba, tenía ojos de color verde, usaba lentes y tenía una barba corta, pero con muchísimo pelo, además, tenía canas y algunos pelos negros, también, usaba un saco color marrón una corbata verde con círculos y aparentaba tener unos 42 años

—Bienvenidos a Magic Müller, soy su guía, mi nombre es Simón.



CAPÍTULO 6

Simón Appleton era un tipo simpático, llevó a los niños con él por el camino, mostrándoles las maravillas del lugar, les mostró las mágicas plantas que había a lo largo del camino y las impresionantes criaturas que las habitaban, Julia y los niños se detuvieron a observar a las hadas diminutas trabajar en un pequeño jardín cerca del lago, Simón siguió su camino hacia su casa.

Los niños ahora llamados GUARDIANES se apresuraron para alcanzar a Simón. Con Simón Appleton había una tortuga gigante que estaba cerca de una peculiar casita, la tortuga era increíble tenía alas gigantes y un cuerno como un unicornio, era muy colorida, su rostro sabio y simpático les generaba paz y en su caparazón llevaba un letrero que decía “móntame”.

—Por favor, niños, suban —dijo Simón.

Los niños y Julia subieron por unas escaleras que les señalaba Simón, en ese instante las escaleras y el letrero desaparecieron mágicamente y los niños hicieron expresiones de asombro. Iban directo al lomo de Asgard la tortuga, todos estaban muy emocionados y vieron que sobre su caparazón había una especie de asientos ordenados en fila como en un autobús, era increíble, de repente empezaron a elevarse hacia el cielo, un cielo cla-

CAPÍTULO 7

ro con algunas nubes y pájaros que volaban alrededor y además observaron dragones a lo lejos.

—¡Hey, Asgard! ¿Qué tienes que decir?

Increíblemente la tortuga habló:

—Hola, los felicito por ser parte de nuestro equipo, espero que disfruten mucho esta aventura y que cumplan con responsabilidad sus labores como guardianes, es un asunto serio, pero de verdad vale la pena.

Por fin, llegaron a un lugar donde había un hermoso bosque, muchos árboles altos y hermosos que parecían brillar con la luz del sol. Se bajaron de la tortuga y caminaron por un camino blanco que parecía eterno, al final del camino había un trono donde se encontraba una mujer altísima, era la Reina.

—¿Cómo estás, Simón?

—Muy bien —respondió con la cabeza y con una gran sonrisa, mientras hacía espacio para dejar pasar a los invitados.

—Bienvenidos a Magic Müller, niños y madre, mi nombre es Amara; espero que disfruten su estancia.

La reina era demasiado alta, tenía ojos verdes y profundos, su pelo era castaño claro, tenía una nariz puntiaguda muy divertida, su ropa era holgada y cómoda y usaba muchísimas pulseras en sus brazos; además, a ella siempre la acompañaba un pequeño gatito parlante. Daniela no paraba de observar el gatito, Oliver y Lucas lo veían también mientras que Simón conversaba con la reina sobre la misión que tenían los chicos en el reino de Magic Müller.

—Ahora son parte de este equipo —dijo el señor Appleton poniéndoles una insignia con la forma que tenía la puerta enfrente.

Simón y la reina decidieron entregar a los niños un gatito para cada uno, la reina Amara les explicó a ellos que los gatitos eran gatos muy especiales ya que los gatos tenían poderes mágicos que los ayudarían a enfrentar las situaciones que se presentarían debido a su misión.

—¿Qué misión? —preguntó Oliver

—Oliver, en el reino mágico tenemos la misión de proteger la magia de los humanos, es por eso que escogemos a los niños y algunos adultos, para que nos ayuden a proteger nuestro reino y así las personas no sepan que existe la magia porque sería un riesgo muy grande

si los seres humanos supieran de nuestra existencia. Los humanos son codiciosos y su codicia los puede llevar a hacer un mal uso del poder que aquí se esconde.

Oliver se preguntaba cómo la reina sabía su nombre, era un poco extraño, él nunca mencionó que se llamaba Oliver. “Creo que la reina es muy inteligente”, pensaba Oliver, “ella lo sabe todo”.

—Vengan, les mostraré su misión. —La reina se levantó de su trono, señaló el trono con su mano y este se encogió, ella lo tomó y lo metió en una pequeña carterita y detrás del trono apareció una puerta. Todos siguieron a la reina por la puerta, al entrar había una habitación con muchas decoraciones de gatos, estatuillas y cuadros de lindos gatitos, los gatos eran parte importante de este mundo y por eso había todo tipo de chineos para ellos. Una vez adentro, cada uno de los niños escogió su gato, según la reina los gatos son la mejor compañía para un guardián mágico.

La reina Amara nació en el año 1970. Cuando tenía 7 años, se tuvo que enfrentar a un villano malvado llamado Jack, quien había asesinado a sus padres; la reina logró la paz, a muy corta edad empezó a ser la reina de Magic Müller, desde niña le encantaba la magia de las hormigas y por eso disfrutaba mucho observar cómo las hormigas hacían su trabajo, pero las hormigas no hacen el trabajo que usualmente nosotros pensamos que hacen las hormigas: son las mejores aliadas del reino mágico; ellas recolectan pequeñas hojas del mundo real y luego entran en sus agujeros para llevar aquellas pequeñas plantas hacia el reino mágico, allí las hormigas procesan aquellas plantas, las convierten en polvillo mágico.

Luego, con este polvillo los duendes hacen jugos prodigiosos, mezclados con otras plantas del reino, que luego serán enviados a cada una de las plantas del mundo para darle color y energía a las maravillosas flores que existen en el mundo humano. Además, no es solo una leyenda que hay duendes en el final del arcoíris porque allí están los duendecillos de cada mundo mágico en la tierra; sin ese jugo Mágico y sin el polvillo mágico que extraen de las plantas las hormigas el mundo sería un lugar gris, es por eso que desde niña la reina ha disfrutado demasiado ver el trabajo arduo que hacen las hormigas para que todo siga con normalidad en el planeta tierra y en el mundo mágico.

El primer animal que conoció la reina fue el gato, desde que era niña su madre le dio un gato y por eso le encanta visitar el hermoso criadero de gatos mágicos de Magic Müller.

La reina, cuando tenía 27 años, se casó con un príncipe llamado Abdiel, quien, junto a ella, mantenían el secreto de la tierra mágica.

Tuvieron una hija, y ella se llamaba Ana, era tan hermosa como su madre y tenía una linda sonrisa, disfrutaba jugar en los ríos y mirar los atardeceres, aunque su madre adoraba los gatos ella prefería las aves.

La reina y su esposo gobernaban con amor el reino de Magic Müller, hasta el momento todo había estado muy tranquilo, los duendes trabajaban arduamente y a pesar de que los insectillos mágicos que invadían los patios y con los que era difícil lidiar, no había mucho alboroto, pero en este momento, afuera de este reino se estaba organizando un grupo de cazadores de magia que

deseaban acabar con los reinos mágicos del mundo. Alrededor de la tierra había muchos lugares como el reino de Magic Müller donde también se podían encontrar niños y adultos que llevaban como misión mantener el reino mágico en secreto de los humanos.



CAPÍTULO 8

La reina le dijo a Simón que los guiara a la tienda para comprar lo que necesitaban.

Y en el bosque había una tienda, en verdad en los bosques no hay tiendas, pero en este bosque sí. En medio de un pueblito dividido por un camino amarillo, se podía observar un parque de juegos y algunas casas donde vivían los habitantes de Magic Müller, una vez que acababa el camino al fondo del pueblo había un árbol enorme que, además de ser un árbol, era también la tienda donde los niños comprarían las cosas necesarias para continuar con su labor.

Afuera de la tienda había un letrero que decía “Magic Müller Store”. Entraron en la tienda atendida por un anciano bajito con bigote gris, cabello gris, y quien usaba un bastón, además tenía unas cómicas arrugas en la piel.

—Hola, Appleton —le dijo el anciano a Simón.

—Hola, señor Bass. Quiero presentarte a nuestros nuevos guardianes Oliver, Daniela y Lucas, chicos, él es Sael Bass, el dueño de la tienda Bass-stuff, por si necesitamos algo para nuestra misión, aquí encontraremos de todo —dijo Simón con mucha paciencia—. También vende artículos mágicos.

—Mucho gusto, señor Bass —dijo Oliver con mucha educación.

—Hemos venido para que ellos obtengan su varita y demás implementos, espero que puedas encontrar lo mejor para cada uno de ellos —dijo Simón fríamente.

El anciano miró a los niños uno por uno muy detenidamente y luego fue a buscar en un cajón viejo y gastado.

Del cajón sacó tres varitas, luego se lo sirvió en la mano a Lucas y le dijo:

—Esta será tu varita mágica. —Era una varita negra y con madera lisa bien bella. Luego se dirigió a Daniela y le entregó una hermosa varita de color marrón, gruesa y un poco arrugada por donde la tenía que sujetar—. Esta será la tuya, Daniela —dijo el señor Bass con una voz enternecida. Buscó un poco más de varitas entre las cajas mientras pensaba en voz alta:

—Mmm, dónde está, okey, veamos, aquí la tengo. Esta será para ti, Oliver —y le dio a él una varita de color negro y blanco. Era una hermosa varita, Oliver estaba realmente sorprendido.

—Ja, ja, ja, tengo mejor varita que ustedes —comentó Oliver con voz burlona sacándole la lengua a Lucas y a Daniela.

—Hey, Oliver, ten cuidado, podrías perder tu derecho a la varita por presumirla —anunció el señor Bass alarmado.

—Muy bien, Lucas, tienes la varita de roble oscuro, con esta varita hechizarás a tus enemigos, podrás elevar

cosas que no estén a tu alcance, será útil para ordenar tu habitación —le dijo Bass mientras le guiñaba un ojo—. Además, esta varita puede disparar luz solar para cuando te encuentres en peligro, dale un uso con amor.

—Wow —dijeron los tres al unísono, se notaba la cara de asombro en los tres niños.

—Daniela, la varita que te acabo de entregar es muy poderosa, se transforma en un bastón y podrás disparar chorros de agua a tus enemigos o bien convertirlo en una cuerda mágica para atrapar a las personas de mala voluntad, úsala con sabiduría.

—Increíble —expresó Daniela.

—Oliver, con esta varita te podrás transportar de un lugar a otro con solo pensarlo y además podrás transportar a alguien contigo, también tiene el poder de hacerte invisible ante cualquier peligro, podrás hacer invisible a quien te toque en el momento de tu invisibilidad o bien crear escudos protectores, recuerda también usarla con el corazón.

—Bueno, chicos, aquí empieza su entrenamiento.

Simón los llevó a un hermoso edificio donde serían entrenados todas las tardes después de clases, para que aprendan a luchar y usar correctamente sus varitas.

Y así lo hicieron por varios meses, haciendo verdaderos amigos en el mundo mágico y disfrutando de cada momento vivido allí. Durante ese tiempo, Daniela conoció a Yiyi, una elfa con la que entrenaba para aprender idiomas élficos; ellas se hicieron buenas amigas.

CAPÍTULO 9

Pero no todo sería diversión después de mucho entrenamiento, Simón les dio la misión de visitar la montaña Wisper, donde pondrían a prueba sus habilidades y pelearían con el troll que vivía allí, luego de luchar contra el troll su misión sería encontrar el lugar donde el troll escondía la miel fantástica que utilizaban los duendes para fines medicinales.

La vida continuó muy normal, bueno, casi, los niños cada tarde iban a entrenar con el señor Simón, algunos otros miembros de Magic Müller también ayudaban en su entrenamiento para mejorar sus habilidades y proteger al reino de Magic Müller. Su misión de vencer al Troll los tenía algo nerviosos, pero a la vez les emocionaba poder enfrentarse a peligros reales en aquella montaña, que según decían era tenebrosa, en todo caso la hora del entrenamiento era lo más importante para ellos y esa era la parte más divertida del día para ellos, por lo que la esperaban con grandes ansias.

Julia se adaptaba bastante bien al nuevo ambiente, había hecho gran amistad con la señorita Carmen, quien estaba siempre muy cerca de la familia compartiendo con ellos tardes de café y llevando a Julia a conocer los lugares hermosos que había en su nuevo barrio, incluyendo la fuente de los deseos que a los niños les encantaba visitar. Pero Julia no recordaba nada de la puerta mágica, los niños trataron de mencionárselo en varias ocasiones sin lograr ningún resultado. Lucas, con mucha curiosidad, le preguntó a Simón por qué su madre no recordaba nada de lo sucedido. Simón le explicó que no todos tienen la fe suficiente para creer en la magia y

por eso cuando viven aventuras mágicas simplemente las recuerdan como un sueño y piensan que nunca pasó realmente.



Sin embargo, los niños seguían disfrutando de aquel lugar que los rodeaba y los llenaba de nuevos retos. El vecindario era muy tranquilo y todos los fines de semana a Julia y a Carmen les encantaba hacer pícnic con los chicos y con su fiel mascota, su amistad fue creciendo poco a poco y para Carmen eso era grandioso ya que no tenía hijos y siempre soñó tenerlos. Carmen y Julia se hicieron buenas amigas y junto con los niños hicieron un hermoso jardín en su casa que era uno de los pasatiempos favoritos de Carmen: sembrar plantas. Julia siempre quiso tener un jardín tan hermoso como el de Carmen y eso fue una gran terapia para Julia que al inicio de

la mudanza se la pasaba llorando en cada rincón por el terrible duelo de haber perdido su casa y a su esposo al mismo tiempo.

Para los niños, Carmen era una madrina que les hacía felices en su nuevo vecindario, sin embargo, el señor Cejón no era el mejor vecino para los chicos, él era una persona más bien oscura para ellos, los niños le tenían miedo, pero Carmen y Julia le tenían gran admiración y respeto por ser un hombre colaborador en la comunidad.

El señor Cejón tenía un puesto importante en el municipio de Müller, por lo que ayudó a Julia a conseguir un trabajo en la galería de Arte, donde ella se encargaba de organizar las actividades culturales que se organizaban en el pueblo.

Julia, a pesar de tratar de llevar una vida normal, todavía tenía algunos sueños que en realidad eran recuerdos de su viaje en el mundo mágico, a veces se pellizcaba para tratar de despertar creyendo que eso no estaba pasando, pero sus sueños eran profundos. Ella tenía un gran deseo de contarle a Carmen sobre sus sueños, pero no parecía correcto porque pensaría que estaba loca.

En la escuela los niños no tenían mucha fama, pero eso no les importaba mucho, ellos se tenían el uno al otro y eran bastante unidos, por eso deseaban terminar las clases para llegar a la casa, salir a jugar y llenar de imaginación sus mentes en aquel bosque que había atrás de su nuevo hogar.

Uno de los compañeros de Oliver era hijo del señor Cejón, esa era una fuerte razón por la que Oliver no quería mucho al señor Cejón, pues su hijo siempre estaba buscando la forma de molestarlo en la escuela.

CAPÍTULO 10

Así pasaron los días para la familia Somith, su nuevo barrio les había traído grandes sorpresas y, a pesar de las dificultades y del luto en el que vivía toda la familia, todos se estaban acostumbrando bastante bien. Aunque la misión de luchar contra un Troll aterraba a Lucas que temía perder la batalla, Oliver y Daniela parecían emocionados. El mundo mágico les hizo tener esperanza y ver que los cambios y la tristeza son parte de la vida.

Después de muchos días de entrenamiento, por fin Simón Appleton guio a los niños a la montaña Wisper; debían escalar la montaña para llegar a la miel mágica que se encontraba en un árbol encantado. Cruzando el bosque, allí se encontrarían con el Troll que estaba protegiendo la miel para que nadie la tomara, por mucho tiempo todos habían tratado de llegar a la miel mágica pero el troll se los impedía, así que regresaban sin tener éxito. Este era el momento de Simón para que él y los niños unieran fuerzas contra el Troll y lograran traer la miel a salvo, Simón estaba seguro que lo lograrían.

Daniela estaba muy emocionada y antes de salir se levantó más temprano que sus hermanos para ir a despedirse de su amiga elfa, Yiyi; Daniela quería que su amiga le deseara suerte en su aventura y Yiyi también deseaba verla antes de su partida.

Salieron muy temprano para cumplir esta misión junto con Simón, el sol todavía no había salido, se sentía una brisa suave y fría y la neblina cubría todo el bosque, algunos animales nocturnos todavía ululaban entre los árboles. Una vez que llegaron al lugar, Simón y los chicos se mostraron valientes. Simón iba al frente de ellos cuando el Troll salió a su encuentro. Simón le dijo:

—No queremos problemas, solo necesitamos cruzar al otro lado de la cueva para ir a buscar miel mágica.

El troll muy enojado gritó:

—¡Nadie debe tener esa miel, jamás!

En ese momento, el gato blanco de Oliver salió de repente y se hizo gigante y le gruñó al troll, tratando de luchar contra él, pero el Troll con su garrote golpeó al gato y el gato regresó a Oliver refugiándose tras él, en su tamaño normal.

El troll trató de golpear a Oliver, pero él se teletransportó atrás del troll, en ese momento Daniela usó su varita como cuerda mágica para atrapar al troll, aprovechando que estaba distraído buscando a Oliver, y Lucas disparó luz solar para secarlo y de esta manera Simón pudo apresar al troll con enormes redes mágicas. Mientras los chicos celebraban, apareció alguien que no esperaban, era un hombre con una enorme gabardina color roja, llegó volando muy confiado hacia ellos. Al ver el troll en el suelo los felicitó y se presentó:

—Hola, señor Appleton, ¿cómo está? Me alegra saludarlo ¿He llegado a tiempo para la diversión?

Dirigiéndose a los niños, dijo:

—Soy Tim, pueden llamarme Tim. He venido aquí para ayudarles con el proceso de tomar la miel, pues con estas abejas puede ser una cosa un poco difícil, así que yo les mostraré cómo se debe hacer.

Los niños se presentaron. Seguidamente, Tim empezó a caminar junto a Simón mientras los niños lo seguían, cada vez iban subiendo más y más por la montaña

Wisper y las plantas de los alrededores se veían muy lúgubres, a lo lejos se escuchaban ecos de voces que adoloridas cantaban con pena, era horrible estar ahí, pero debían seguir adelante. Cuando ellos se iban acercando, las voces de los susurros empezaron a penetrar tan profundo en la mente de todos que sus cuerpos empezaron a sentir dolor. Ellos sintieron tanto dolor en las piernas que se sacudían, sentían muchos escalofríos en todo su cuerpo, tenían miedo y querían retroceder; un viento fuerte empezó a soplar, Simón y Tim daban grandes zancadas y animaban a los niños a continuar, la travesía parecía interminable, después de más de media hora por fin el viento dejó de soplar y los susurros ya no se escuchaban.



Tim los guio a un acantilado. Allí estaba la miel mágica, en una floresta donde había un árbol tan pero tan gigante que nunca habían registrado un árbol tan grande como ese.

—Hey, niños, en ese árbol han chocado miles de pájaros, tortunicornios y hasta avionetas. Llega hasta el cielo, pero el cielo de verdad —dijo Tim con entusiasmo.

En el momento en que llegaron allí, las abejas se pusieron furiosas, y empezaron a atacarlos, entonces, Tim empezó a hablar un idioma zumbador, se entendía algo así:

—*Rarraz zomito magicuz voto nicolicuz palizroliz-mejaz kikionizi zzzz.*

Las abejas asentían con la cabeza y empezaron a decir:

—*Zolico pzomien nicolicuz zicuraz.*

Los niños se dieron cuenta que la conversación era:

—Necesitamos miel mágica para nuestras pociones, venimos del reino mágico Magic Müller, hemos sido enviados por la reina Amara Kelton y queremos su permiso para utilizar su miel en nuestras pociones mágicas, con todo el respeto deseamos pedirselo.

—Claro que sí, les daremos todo lo que necesiten de nuestra miel mágica, pero tenemos que pedirle autorización a la reina abeja para que les podamos regalar un poco de miel.

En ese momento, la reina de las abejas salió del panal, los niños estaban sorprendidos de ver a Tim conversar con ella fácilmente en su idioma zumbador.

—*Carizcuitoz holoziz pazoniz pazacaz.*

Por fin Tim les comunicó a todos la respuesta de la reina: La abeja reina me ha solicitado que para obtener la miel debemos traerle una flor muy especial llamada Helianthus, esta flor solamente crece en la cueva del troll y les da una miel muy poderosa a las abejas, el único problema que han tenido para obtenerla es enfrentarse a ese horrible troll que no les ha permitido entrar por años. La reina nos pide que nos enfrentemos al troll para tener paso libre hacia la cueva.

—Bueno, eso no será problema, ya lo hemos derribado, ya podrán pasar —dijo Oliver.

—No es tan sencillo, Oliver, acabamos de derribar y atrapar al troll, pero eso no lo detiene por completo —dijo Simón.

—Así es, señor Appleton, tenemos que buscar la forma de llevarnos a ese troll de la cueva —dijo Tim moviendo las manos de forma extraña—, por ahora está atrapado en las redes mágicas, pero pronto se liberará.

—Entonces debemos ir rápido a buscarlo y llevarlo a... ¿dónde? —se apresuró a decir Daniela.

—Lo difícil no es decidir a dónde sino cómo —dijo pensativo Tim mientras miraba a Simón como esperando una respuesta.

—Hay otra cueva en la Montaña Wisper donde podemos encerrar al troll, pero, ¿cómo lo hacemos llegar hasta allí? —dijo él mirando a los niños.

—Volando, es obvio —dijo Daniela, pensando que Tim podría cargar al troll.

—Yo no puedo levantar al troll, aunque puedo volar no podría hacerlo con algo tan pesado como un troll.

—Oigan, niños, Oliver puede teletransportarse —mencionó el señor Appleton alegremente.

Tim y Oliver fueron volando a buscar el lugar del Troll, pasaron sobre la Montaña Wisper, Oliver escuchaba los susurros desde el aire y sentía la misma sensación que sintió cuando caminaba por allí, Tim estuvo a punto de perder el control mientras cruzaba, pero se mantuvo fuerte. Apenas llegaron a la cueva, Oliver pasó cerca del troll y entró a la cueva para mirar las flores que mencionó la reina, eran hermosas y notaron que el troll había despertado y luchaba por salirse de las redes que lo atrapaban. Rápidamente Oliver utilizó su varita para transportarlo a la cueva que les había indicado Simón y dejarlo allí para siempre. Oliver sintió un poco de compasión por el troll, vivir en una montaña llena de susurros tenebrosos y hechizantes no debe ser nada lindo, pensó, mientras se alejaba con Tim por los aires para regresar con los demás.

—Eres muy compasivo, ¿eh? —dijo Tim—, debes saber que hace mucho hubo una guerra contra los trolls, no muchos sobrevivieron y los que aún viven han prometido estar en paz y viven pacíficamente en montañas alejadas; sin embargo, algunos como este aún están furiosos por haber perdido la batalla y desean derrocar a la Reina. Bueno, y te aconsejo que no te preocupes por este troll, ellos también tienen sus poderes mágicos, se protegerá y no escuchará los susurros.

Oliver se sintió aliviado, aunque el troll no era muy amable que digamos, Oliver sentía compasión por el dolor que podría sufrir, incluso aunque no le agradaba mucho.

Finalmente, llegaron con la buena noticia a la reina abeja, quien envió una de sus tropas a inspeccionar la cueva y la encontró con el paso libre sin ningún problema, la reina accedió y del panal de abejas empezó a brotar una deliciosa miel. Simón puso una botella bajo el chorrillo de miel y empezó a llenarse.

—Estaremos por siempre agradecidos —dijo el señor Appleton y regresaron al reino celebrando su victoria.

Fueron de camino al reino muy, muy felices y orgullosos de haber cumplido su misión. La sonrisa de los niños era inmensa, nunca en su vida habían imaginado que algo como esto podría ocurrirles. Esa noche los niños se durmieron agotados, muy temprano y sin cenar por el cansancio que tenían; Julia los miró con ternura antes de cerrar la puerta de su cuarto donde todos parecían sonreír satisfechos mientras dormían.

CAPITULO II

Oliver, Daniela y Lucas cambiaron a su superhéroe favorito, ya no era Batman, era Tim, un superhéroe que sabe volar y hablar con las abejas.

Daniela y Lucas se hicieron muy buenos amigos de la señorita Carmen, todas las tardes después de la escuela, los dos iban juntos a su casa y jugaban un extraño juego de mesa llamado Cromo's King, pero para Oliver eso era un poco aburrido. Entonces decidía quedarse en la casa para leer, usar sus videojuegos, o para dibujar, ya que había heredado el talento artístico de su madre. Cromo's King consistía en un tablero que mostraba el mapa de un reino llamado Cromo, el trono de este reino está vacío y los jugadores debían encaminarse hasta el trono para coronarse como rey o reina.

En esos días, ya no había entrenamientos tan frecuentemente en Magic Müller, después de la búsqueda de la miel mágica, la Reina Amara y el señor Appleton habían decidido que una vez por semana sería suficiente. Oliver empezó a sentirse aburrido y los días para él pasaban muy lentos, mientras veía a sus hermanos hablar todo el día del juego de mesa de la señorita Carmen.

Una tarde se sintió tan aburrido que decidió acompañar a sus hermanos a jugar Cromo's King, pero real-

mente los juegos de mesa no eran su fuerte, y en un momento se sintió tan frustrado que no quiso jugar más. Se dirigió al jardín y empezó a sentir profundamente la ausencia de su padre, en medio de las hermosas rosas y geranios de la señorita Carmen, Oliver lloró.



CAPÍTULO 12

Durante los tiempos de escuela, Oliver empezó a hacerse amigo de Óscar, el hijo del señor Cejón. Óscar, aprovechando que él se apartaba de Daniela y Lucas, hizo amistad con Oliver y le presentó a sus amigos. Él y Oliver empezaron una amistad que guiaba a Oliver por caminos retorcidos, enseñándole a burlarse de otros niños y a robarles el almuerzo, y a escaparse de clase para jugar videojuegos.

Oliver seguía en su entrenamiento con Simón para aprender a usar bien la magia de su varita, sin embargo, Simón notaba que Oliver estaba pasando por un momento difícil por la muerte de su padre y acostumbrándose a su barrio, y cada vez que trataba de acercarse a Oliver, él lo esquivaba, así que era bastante difícil hablar con él.

Cuando Oliver tuvo la suficiente confianza con Óscar, le contó sobre Magic Müller, le habló sobre todas las mágicas cosas que había allí, entre ellas su batalla con el troll. Óscar, por supuesto, no creía ni una sola palabra de lo que Oliver le decía, pero pensaba que lo mejor era seguirle la corriente porque talvez solo inventaba cosas para evitar hablar sobre la muerte de su padre y la tragedia que habían sufrido al perder su casa y tener que mudarse a Canahanda.

Cuando Óscar regresaba a su casa, le contaba a su padre cómo Oliver hablaba estupideces con él, por primera vez a él le interesó el tema de Oliver a pesar de que nunca se preocupaba de su hijo.

El señor Cejón siempre le decía a Óscar que le siguiera la corriente a Oliver y también le insistió que le preguntara a Oliver si tenía alguna prueba de que existía ese mundo mágico.

—Quién sabe, talvez tenga razón —le decía su padre riendo.

Óscar sentía mucha pena por Oliver, pues sabía que sufría por la muerte de su padre y por eso se apartaba mucho, algunas veces los mismos amigos de Óscar se burlaban de su amigo, de esta manera Óscar se fue apartando un poco de sus amigos y cada vez era más amigo de Oliver, compartían las meriendas que Óscar robaba en la escuela y por las tardes andaban en sus bicicletas, mientras Daniela y Lucas jugaban Cromo's King con la señorita Carmen.

Una tarde, después del entrenamiento, Oliver pensó mucho en llevar a Óscar a Magic Müller, y así decidió que lo llevaría al día siguiente, trató de mencionárselo a Daniela antes de salir para la escuela, pero se detuvo porque imaginó que ella no estaría de acuerdo con esa loca idea.

Al salir de clases, Oliver y Óscar montaron en sus bicicletas y se dirigieron al bosque en busca de la cabaña para pasar la puerta mágica hacia el Reino de Magic Müller. Óscar por supuesto pensaba que todo era una farsa, pero le siguió el juego. Fue algo increíblemente infrecuente para Óscar, ver que su amigo ingresaba a un

túnel bajo aquella cabaña que parecía a punto de desplomarse; sin embargo, seguía incrédulo hasta que miró la extraña puerta que había al final del túnel, una puerta que a pesar de la humedad se mantenía intacta, como nueva, reluciente en medio de la oscuridad.

Pero cuando ellos entraron, pasó algo que Oliver jamás se hubiera imaginado, de pronto, el cielo se puso bastante oscuro. En ese momento, todos se quedaron absolutamente quietos y muy sorprendidos, mirando hacia arriba, ya que no sabían lo que estaba pasando, el viento empezó a soplar muy fuerte, se escuchaba un sonido de tormenta acercándose, una nube negra que parecía venir hacia ellos, en medio de la confusión y mientras los animales se refugiaban del fuerte viento un hombre apareció, y en el contorno de las nubes oscuras se escuchó una voz que decía:

—La puerta se ha abierto para alguien que no ha sido llamado, su presencia advierte oscuridad.

Oliver miró aquel rostro, pero en lugar de asustarse se alegró de verlo, era su padre. Oliver no lo sabía, pero desde su niñez su padre trabajó como guardián de la magia en su antiguo pueblo en Tayutic y en su edad adulta también protegía los reinos mágicos junto con otros adultos.

Caleb Somith trató de explicarle a Oliver que era muy muy peligroso traer a personas no autorizadas al mundo mágico ya que este no debe ser descubierto:

—Si un reino mágico es descubierto pueden pasar muchas cosas terribles, si los reinos mágicos dejaran de existir el planeta dejaría de verse tan colorido como hasta ahora y además los reinos mágicos tienen muchos

objetos llenos de poder que, en manos de gente equivocada, podrían causar muchos desastres —le advirtió.

El terremoto ocurrido en Tayutic fue producto de un disturbio mágico, unos hombres aparentemente distinguidos habían descubierto el mundo mágico en Tayutic y estaban investigando la forma de entrar y robarles su magia, el consejo mágico tuvo que mandar un ejército de hadas y elfos para investigar la situación pero los humanos utilizaban magia oscura y lograron entrar; los primeros bosques fueron destruidos y muchas criaturas mágicas murieron, sin embargo, una joven guerrera llamada Mayawell superó sus límites mágicos y logró ocultar el resto del mundo mágico cerrando así el paso a los humanos y dejando a Tayutic inhabitable, de modo que nadie pueda invadirlos de nuevo. La batalla provocó aquel terremoto que los hizo alejarse de su pueblo, pero afortunadamente ese mundo mágico no será invadido de nuevo por personas ambiciosas que solo buscaban fama y poder, al menos por ahora está a salvo.

Oliver nunca pensó que su padre también estuviera involucrado en el mundo mágico y fue increíble saber que ambos pertenecían al equipo que vigilaba aquella tierra de fantasías, pero Óscar vio dos enormes ojos que lo miraban y le decían: “Tú, oscuro”. Óscar se asustó demasiado y salió corriendo, al llegar a la puerta no pudo abrirla, y más criaturas mágicas volaron hacia Óscar y le repetían una y otra vez, “oscuro”; Oliver no entendía nada; sin embargo, quiso ayudar a su amigo a escapar porque le preocupaba verlo tan asustado, entonces recordó que su varita le daba el poder de transportarse, así que tomó a Óscar y solamente pensó en llevar a su amigo a su casa para que se sintiera seguro.

Ya en casa, Óscar y Oliver prepararon un té y se sentaron a conversar, uno muy tranquilo y feliz por ver a su padre y el otro muy agitado porque el cielo se oscureció cuando entraron y quería saber por qué esas criaturas lo llamaron "oscuro".

—No le digas esto a nadie, Óscar, absolutamente a *nadie*, ni siquiera a tu padre —expresó Oliver con gran seriedad.

—¿Cómo le voy a decir a mi padre? Él nunca está conmigo, no me pone atención a lo que digo, y no me echa almuerzo para llevar a la escuela, por eso robo almuerzos, y me burlo de los niños para sentirme mejor —respondió Óscar abrumado.

—Lo siento, amigo, no lo sabía —respondió Oliver con lástima.

* * *

El señor Cejón regresó a casa, saludó a Oliver que iba de salida y se dirigió a su estudio para terminar algunas cuentas. Una vez que estuvieron solos, el padre le preguntó a su hijo qué más sabía sobre el reino mágico, Óscar dijo que no sabía nada, y su papá le obligó a contarle donde había estado toda la tarde. Óscar terminó por revelar hasta el último secreto de su amigo.

Mientras tanto, Oliver regresó a su casa sintiéndose muy culpable por haber causado tanto alboroto en la tierra mágica. "Y si le escribo una carta a Simón, o a la reina..."

"Lo siento, espero que no tengan ningún problema en Magic Müller por llevar a Óscar, él es mi amigo y sé que no va a pasar nada malo si él conoce este mundo".

Carmen apareció de pronto.

—Lo sé todo, Oliver, estuve allí. ¿No me viste? —Y le explicó con paciencia la importancia de mantener este mundo a salvo—. Hay personas afuera que desean destruir la magia, que no quieren o no entienden la importancia de este mundo, así como también hay otras personas que en lugar de destruirla quieren conquistarla porque piensan que la magia les dará poder, es por eso que la puerta mágica escoge a las personas adecuadas para ser parte de su equipo, eres afortunado de ser parte del equipo, pero no debes llevar a nadie.

—¿Por qué todo se puso oscuro cuando Óscar entró? —preguntó Oliver con curiosidad.

—Parece ser que, de alguna manera, Óscar debe estar relacionado con alguien que desea el mal para el mundo mágico, es por eso que todo se oscureció y que tu padre vino a nosotros para advertirnos, así que tenemos una nueva misión y es descubrir por qué Óscar es oscuro, no creo que él desee dañar a la magia, ni siquiera la conocía, pero alguien muy cercano a él sí —respondió la señorita Carmen.

—Pero Óscar es bueno, lo sé.

—No te preocupes —dijo Carmen—. Tal vez alguien cerca de él sabe más de Magic Müller de lo que nosotros imaginamos. Y eso lo vamos a averiguar.

CAPÍTULO 13

Óscar y Oliver no sabían cómo iniciar una conversación después de lo ocurrido, para Oliver era sospechoso lo que había pasado y sentía dudas respecto a su amigo y para Óscar era extraño conversar con alguien que tenía amigos que lo llamaban “oscuro”, además, empezó a tener miedo, a creer que le podrían dañar de alguna mágica forma, pero Oliver, que era muy hablantín y extrovertido, rompió el hielo y decidió conversar con Óscar al respecto y ambos llegaron a la conclusión de que el señor Víctor Cejón podría ser el hombre “oscuro” que estaba relacionado con Óscar.

Días más tarde, Óscar descubrió que su padre asistía a reuniones frecuentemente. Entonces Óscar y Oliver decidieron seguir a su padre para ver de qué se trataban esas reuniones.

La señorita Carmen también estaba siguiendo a Víctor Cejón y se encontró con los dos niños cerca del lugar de la reunión

—¿Qué están haciendo aquí? —preguntó ella

—Em, nada, sólo paseamos —dijeron los niños con voz temblorosa.

Inmediatamente la señora Carmen notó que los niños estaban espiando a don Víctor Cejón, entonces sonrió y les dijo:

—Vamos a espiarlo juntos.

Se acercaron al lugar de la reunión por una de las ventanas y empezaron a escuchar gente hablando de cómo la magia no debe de existir en el mundo y lo necesario que es acabar con todo aquello que se relacione con la magia. Don Víctor mencionó cosas acerca de todo lo que Óscar le había contado y así fue como ellos escucharon el plan que tenía este grupo para acabar con la magia. Tenía la idea de llegar a la puerta mágica por medio de Óscar y así juntos tratar de cerrar la puerta para siempre.

La señorita Carmen por supuesto habló con los niños, los invitó a su casa para tomar un café y les comentó a ambos que ella también es parte del grupo que protege el mundo mágico, aunque Oliver ya lo sabía, les dijo que por eso también estaba espiando al señor Cejón, para saber qué estaban planeando. Fue así como la señorita Carmen, los niños y Óscar iniciaron su propio plan para evitar que Víctor se acercara a la puerta mágica.

CAPÍTULO 14

Óscar siguió compartiendo mucho con Oliver, pero además se hizo amigo de Daniela y Lucas. Lucas tuvo la genial idea de iniciar un club secreto y construir una casita árbol para hacerlo. Su madre, que era muy comprensiva y deseaba verlo contento, les ayudó en la construcción de su refugio.

Oliver se la pasaba dibujando cosas sobre el reino mágico, se sentía más que feliz por todo lo que estaba pasando, había visto a su padre, lo dibujaba en todas partes, y ahora su mejor amigo era también amigo de sus hermanos y construían juntos una casa en un árbol que Oliver mismo había diseñado con sus dibujos. Nathan, uno de los empleados del centro de arte donde trabaja Julia, les estaba ayudando con la construcción de la casita, los días para Oliver eran brillantes, hermosos y él se levantaba lleno de luz, resplandeciente y enérgico. Cada mañana Oliver sonreía al recordar la mirada de su padre aquel día en el que lo pudo ver en Magic Müller.



El fin de semana, señor Cejón les hizo una visita a los chicos para ver la construcción de la casita, Óscar tenía muchas dudas respecto a su padre, pero aun así era su padre y no quería que sospechara nada respecto a los planes que los niños y la señorita Carmen tenían para seguir espionando al señor Cejón. Óscar mantuvo muy bien la calma y trató de seguir lo más natural posible con su padre, en los días siguientes el señor Cejón hizo lo imposible para sacarle información a Óscar respecto a la puerta mágica y su ubicación, pero Óscar empezó a fingir que todo había sido un sueño y que probablemente nada de eso podría pasar en la vida real.

Lo que no sospechaban los niños era que, mientras ellos trataban de distraer a Cejón con la construcción de la casa club en el árbol, uno de los miembros del grupo

de la oposición mágica entró a la casa y subió las escaleras para investigar en los cuartos de los niños y allí se encontró con todos los dibujos que Oliver había estado haciendo, les tomó fotos a todos y salió de la casa sin que los niños se dieran cuenta.

Era muy difícil para ellos mantener a un grupo tan grande como ese alejado de ellos, especialmente con el señor Cejón tan cerca de Óscar, y que además estaba buscando pistas en todo lo que su hijo hacía.

Desdichadamente, las ilustraciones de Oliver fueron de vital importancia para la siguiente reunión del señor Cejón y su equipo. La señorita Carmen observó todo por un agujero escondida detrás de la sala de reuniones de Víctor, pero Cejón sabía que alguien los estaba espionando y que las reuniones ya no eran seguras, así que mencionó en voz alta su plan para que la señorita Carmen los escuchara.

—Ahora que tenemos una imagen de la posible entrada al mundo mágico, iniciaremos una búsqueda exhaustiva el próximo sábado al amanecer, nos reuniremos aquí mismo —dijo el señor Cejón fuertemente para asegurarse que la señorita Carmen lo escuchara todo y pensara que esos eran sus planes. En realidad, los planes del grupo de oposición mágica eran otros, enviarían a un grupo de niños a buscar la cabaña que Oliver dibujó y les darían una buena paga, luego de tener la ubicación se reunirían el viernes por la mañana antes de salir el sol y caminarían hasta la cabaña, allí irían todos con sus diferentes armas caseras y con rifles para entrar por la puerta mágica y acabar con todo lo que ahí encontrarán.

La señorita Carmen dio aviso a todos en el reino de Magic Müller para que estuvieran atentos y puso sobre aviso a los niños, quienes se preparaban para entrar el viernes por la noche a la cabaña y esperar el amanecer para el ataque.

Todos en el reino mágico estaban preocupados y Simón preparaba a su mejor ejército de elfos para proteger su mundo. La reina Amara daba serias indicaciones a las hadas y duendes, mientras el rey Abdiel reunía a las criaturas más poderosas del reino para enfrentarse con valentía y salvar la magia.

Yiyi y Daniela estaban creando bolsitas llenas de polvos boom-ty para tirárselas a los intrusos y dejarlos inmóviles. Mientras las horas pasaban todos estaban cada vez más nerviosos, esa noche, Yiyi le contó a Daniela sobre el encuentro de Oliver con su papá, y además que su padre era parte del reino mágico desde niño y que después de su muerte su espíritu sigue siendo parte del reino mágico hasta ahora. Daniela se sintió un poco defraudada al saber que Oliver, a pesar de su confianza, nunca le mencionó nada, pero igual la emocionaba tener la oportunidad de ver a su padre y defender la misma causa que él defendió por tanto tiempo. Minutos más tarde, Simón entró en la casa de Yiyi con un mensaje muy importante.

—Buenas tardes, damas, veo que se están preparando muy bien —dijo el señor Appleton mientras se apresuraba a continuar con su comunicado—. Señorita Somith, tendremos una reunión por la mañana, la reina Amara ha pedido traer a la señora Julia por lo que me ha dado esta poción para que se la des de beber a tu madre,

es una “memorízate” para que ella pueda recordar y ayudarnos, además tendrán que estar tres días lejos de casa y sería imposible hacerlo sin que tu madre se entere, ella debe saber lo que pasa.

—¿Y veremos a papá? —se atrevió a decir Daniela con algo de timidez, mientras miraba a Yiyi, aunque en realidad se lo preguntaba a Simón.

—Sí, es muy importante que estemos todos en esta lucha. Ve con tus hermanos y dale la poción a tu madre, los esperamos mañana temprano —concluyó Simón.

Al regresar a casa, Daniela les dijo a sus hermanos que debían reunirse al día siguiente en Magic Müller para tener una importante reunión y les mostró la poción que Simón le dio para su madre. Los niños en complicidad fueron a la cocina y le ofrecieron un té a su mamá, quien se asombró por las atenciones de sus hijos.

—Queremos chinearte, mami —le decía Lucas, al mismo tiempo que le colocaba una almohada en la silla y Oliver calentaba agua en la tetera, mientras le preguntaba qué sabor de té le gustaría tomar.

—Debes estar cansada, madre, todo el día de pie en la galería, ¿no quieres unas galletas con tu té? —preguntó Daniela.

Luego de tomar el té, Julia empieza a recordar poco a poco todo lo que había vivido con los niños el día que encontraron la puerta hacia el mundo mágico; se sintió mareada, su vista empezó a nublarse y por un momento sintió que se iba a desmayar, pero pronto se recuperó, miró a los niños y dijo:

—¿¡Quééé!?

Los niños se hicieron una mirada de complicidad, al tiempo que Julia continuaba hablando.

—Debí sospecharlo cuando ustedes me hacían preguntas después de aquel picnic, no lo puedo creer...

Black empezó a ladrar dando vueltas en la sala y la señora Somith lo miró y preguntó si el perro era mágico, también, los niños rieron y se sintieron alegres de saber que ahora su madre era “parte del club”.

Julia casi no pudo dormir, ansiosa por la hora de la reunión, como era de esperar. Daniela les había mencionado que su padre estaría ahí, Julia sentía muchos deseos de verlo de nuevo, aunque fuera solo por un momento.

Muy temprano en la madrugada antes de salir el sol, la señora Somith se despertó a preparar el desayuno y a hacerse un tecito bien cargado para los nervios, los niños se fueron acercando a la cocina poco a poco, iniciando todos un extenso diálogo sobre las expectativas que tenían de la reunión. Julia se dio un pellizco para asegurarse de que todo aquello no era un sueño.

Al llegar a Magic Müller, el señor Appleton y Caleb Somith los estaban esperando para guiarlos a la sala de reuniones de la reina Amara.

—Papiiii —corrió Lucas a darle un abrazo a su padre, seguido por Daniela que sonreía con gran cariño.

—Perdón, padre, por traer a Óscar, esto es mi culpa —decía Oliver mirando al piso.

—Ven acá, Oliver, esto no es tu culpa, hay personas malvadas allá afuera que jamás entenderán el valor de

la amistad y la fe como tú sí lo entiendes, tienes un gran corazón, hijo.

Los cuatro se abrazaron, Julia los miraba con afecto.

—Julia, siempre tan bella. Y Caleb la miró a los ojos y la besó. No hubo nada de ruido, Yiyi y Daniela admiraban sus boom-ty de colores y los niños escalaban las gradas del tortunicornio, preparándose para volar hasta el castillo.

—Te he extrañado muchísimo —trató de decir Julia mientras una lágrima bajaba por su mejilla.

—Lo sé —le dijo Caleb—, has hecho un buen trabajo con los niños, míralos qué grandes y valientes son —y ambos miraron a los niños que ya estaban en sus sitios junto a Simón.

La sala de reuniones estaba lista y los líderes más importantes de cada especie de criatura mágica estaban allí, cada uno ocupó su asiento y la reina y el rey se apresuraron a iniciar la reunión.

—Atención por favor, estamos aquí en vista de las amenazas que este reino mágico ha tenido. Hemos recibido noticias de que el próximo sábado seremos atacados por un grupo de humanos que quieren destruir la magia con la excusa de que nuestra magia podría ser una amenaza para su mundo, estas personas no entienden el significado de nuestra labor y por eso nos defenderemos y trataremos de que en esta lucha nadie salga herido —explicó la reina Amara.

—Nuestro plan es usar todo lo necesario, varitas, pociones, boom-ty, plantas somníferas, hechizos frozen y más serán nuestras principales defensas, una

vez que podamos tener a los invasores presos, les daremos pociones de olvido y el señor Appleton les pondrá nuevos recuerdos para regresarlos a sus vidas normales y que puedan continuar sin ningún problema, en cuanto al líder de este oscuro grupo, le llevaremos al consejo mágico central, donde se procederá a decidir su condena —prosiguió el Rey Abdiel—. Abrimos la sesión para escuchar sus opiniones y consejos.

La reunión transcurrió tranquilamente, Yiyi pidió más ayuda en la creación de los Boom-ty, Declan, un elfo entrenador de dragones, solicitó protección para los pechos de los dragones y Caleb les aconsejó estar en Magic Müller tres días antes de la invasión.

Cuando regresaron a sus casas trataron de ser lo más normales posibles, Julia escribió al colegio de los niños para avisar que se ausentarían por tres días. Continuaron con la construcción de la casita y aunque Julia se moría de ganas de irse con los niños, se quedó en la casa para seguir su trabajo en la galería y no hacer que el señor Cejón sospechara que tramaban algo.

CAPITULO 15

En Magic Müller todos se preparaban para esperar que los intrusos entraran el sábado, nadie sospechaba que la entrada sería antes, sin embargo, Óscar empezó a sospechar de todo lo que hacía su padre y aunque Óscar no estaría en el reino mágico para la llegada de los intrusos, él también quería investigar y ser parte del equipo de su amigo Oliver.

Para esos días, Óscar miraba a su padre ir y venir de ningún lugar y encerrarse en su estudio por horas con diferentes hombres que llegaban a reunirse con él. Normalmente Óscar no les veía la cara ya que entraban rápidamente y cerraban la puerta y además vestían con suéteres con capucha, pero pudo recordar a uno porque al entrar vio cómo le brillaba un diente de oro y se acordó de haber visto un hombre con diente de oro rondando por la escuela. Tras la sospecha Óscar se fue rápidamente a contarle a Julia y juntos descubrieron que era el dueño de la joyería El Diamante y que también era amante del arte pues había comprado una pieza muy cara en la galería. Julia lo recordaba bien y juntos fueron a su casa y descubrieron que otros hombres estaban allí con él y hablaban de que lo mejor sería abrir la puerta a la mañana siguiente, no creían conveniente esperar dos días más. Inmediatamente, Julia y Óscar se fueron a dar

aviso a los niños que ya estaban en Magic Müller, pero ni Julia, ni Óscar tenían permiso de abrir la puerta y no sabían cómo entrar. Óscar sugirió que enviaran una carta por debajo de la puerta, en ese momento la puerta despertó y reconoció a Julia.

—No te preocupes, señora Somith, le daré su mensaje a los niños y a Simón cuanto antes. —Y luego la puerta volvió a dormir.

Mimí, una pequeña hada que volaba cerca de la entrada, vio la carta y despertó a la puerta para saber si había visto a alguien del otro lado.

Bostezando la puerta respondió:

—Sí, Mimí, he visto a la señora Somith con un niño, parecía un mensaje urgente.

Mimí no quiso esperar, abrió la carta, la leyó y le pasó el mensaje a la primera criatura mágica que vio y así todos se fueron pasando el mensaje hasta que llegó a oídos de Simón que estaba entrenando con su equipo. Simón mandó la alerta a todos y entre todos montaron las más ingeniosas trampas tras la puerta y en los alrededores. Fue una tarde muy ocupada, pero se fueron a dormir temprano para guardar energías.

La noche fue muy difícil para Óscar, no podía cerrar los ojos pensando en los planes que tenía su padre al día siguiente en contra de Magic Müller. Muy temprano en la mañana, escuchó cuando su padre se levantó y se fue de la casa, entonces Óscar se levantó, cogió su abrigo y se fue corriendo a la casa de Julia para avisarle que ya era el momento, los dos se fueron rápidamente hacia la choza vieja para ver qué era lo que estaba pasando.

La batalla comienza

El señor Cejón y sus secuaces están listos para entrar a la choza, la batalla está por comenzar, ellos iban a hacer volar hasta los cielos la choza para descubrir el camino de la hermosa aldea mágica, que planeaban destruir hasta los cielos.

Óscar y Julia los siguieron y se escondieron, cuando de repente se escuchó un estallido, ¡habían destruido la choza! Óscar se tapó los oídos, Julia se levantó y se fue corriendo hacia la cabaña, Óscar la siguió y allí estaba el señor Cejón dando indicaciones, mientras el resto entraba al mundo mágico dispuestos a acabar con todo.

—Sr. Cejón —dijo Julia sorprendida.

El señor Cejón volvió la mirada hacia Julia, sacó de su chaleco una varita; su sonrisa era aterradora, sonreía tanto hasta que se le vieron sus dientes de ardilla, levantó su mano e hizo un enorme fuego con su varita impidiéndole el paso a Julia y a Óscar, el fuego luego se hizo pequeño. No se movió. No hizo nada de nada. De pronto el señor Cejón dijo:

—Aquí comenzará nuestra lucha. El mundo mágico es un riesgo para los humanos. Su magia no es otra cosa que brujería.

Óscar trató de convencer a su padre de que esto era un error, pero el señor Cejón le dijo:

—Un día me lo agradecerás, hijo.

Se oyó un eco diciendo “zos zos” y el fuego se hizo más y más grande frente a Julia y a Óscar, quienes huyeron velozmente.

—¿Qué estás haciendo, hermano? —dijo Simón enfurecido con su cara volviéndose roja del enojo y mirando al señor Cejón.

Parecía que los planes de los duendes y elfos iban funcionando muy bien, los humanos estaban cayendo en las trampas hasta que uno de ellos ideó la manera de cruzarlas y empezaron a caer algunos duendes heridos por las flechas y los rifles.

Los humanos le prendieron fuego a la casita de Yiyi y luego a las demás casas élficas que se veían en la entrada del bosque. Se cayó una palmera que la cortó el fuego e inició un incendio en una parte del bosque mágico cerca de la tienda del señor Sael.

Simón se acercó a Daniela y Oliver que esperaban las indicaciones atrás de un árbol.

—Daniela, intenta apagar el fuego con tu varita, usa la máxima potencia de tus chorros de agua, y tú, Oliver, ve hacia Cejón y trata de atraparlo, debemos sacarlo de aquí y llevarlo al calabozo —dijo Simón

—¿Hermano, usted le dijo “hermano”? —preguntó Daniela extrañada—. ¿Entonces Simón Cejón...?

—Es una larga historia —dijo Simón—. Estamos perdiendo, el fuego es demasiado, necesitamos más tortunicornios con agua para apagar esos incendios, hay muchos heridos. Sigue intentando apagar el fuego, Daniela, yo volaré con Asgard para tirar agua y ayudarte con eso.

Al momento de haber montado en su tortunicornio, Simón miró hacia arriba y vio que se abrió una parte del cielo en una forma muy pero muy rara, y apareció otra vez el señor Caleb. Esta vez estaba con el padre de Julia. Él saludó con su mano y le susurraba cosas al padre de Julia. Seguía susurrando el Sr. Somith y entonces desde una colina se vieron acercarse un grupo de personas, eran guardianes de otras tierras mágicas que se unían a la lucha.

Furioso, el Sr. Cejón disparó, el cielo se puso negro como la noche, y el padre de Julia y el Sr. Somith desaparecieron de la nada.

Julia vio un troll gigante que con su garrote les pegaba a los magos con sombrero puntiagudo, y también les pegaba a los animales mágicos. Dos magos con capuchas estaban atrás de Víctor.

Eran sus seguidores, con caras enfurecidas y despiadadas, esperando ansiosos la orden de su amo para atacar.

—Acábenlos —dijo el Sr. Cejón.

Los dos magos dispararon con sus varitas, haciendo un estallido similar a los fuegos artificiales pero estos fuegos eran un hechizo que hipnotizó a todos los que estaban frente a ellos; por suerte el agua acababa con su efecto y los aldeanos volaron en tortunicornios sobre sus amigos para acabar con el hechizo de los dos magos que ayudaban a Cejón.

Oliver, con su varita, creó un escudo que desvió lo que disparaban tratando de proteger a las criaturas mágicas, mientras las criaturas más pequeñas buscaban re-

fugio y trataban de proteger a sus familias. La misión de acercarse a Cejón se le complicaba mucho a Oliver en medio de la batalla.

Tim llegó a la batalla con un ejército de elfos y sus flechas mágicas volaron sobre sus enemigos poniendo a dormir a todos en un santiamén.

Un apuesto elfo llamado Mateo venía en un dragón blanco, que escupió fuego verde de su boca, y descendió, posando su cabeza en el suelo para que Mateo se bajara a luchar. Elián, el caballero líder del reino, derribó a golpes a los dos magos seguidores del Sr. Cejón. Por fin estaban ganando la batalla.

Oliver vio que Cejón se escapaba y se teletransportó para llevar a Daniela hasta él para que ella lo enredara en el lazo mágico y así lo hizo, pero el Sr. Cejón con su deseo por destruirlo todo hizo aparecer la figura de un hombre lobo gigante que empezó a caminar hacia las buenas personas.

Lucas elevó grandes rocas con su varita y las lanzó directo al hombre lobo, pero era difícil derribarlo, super Tim se acercó a luchar contra él, y lo derribó, en ese momento Lucas aprovechó para dispararle a los ojos con sus rayos de sol, y derrotaron a la bestia.

—A eso llamo ser un super —dijo Mimi mientras lanzaba Boom-ty a sus enemigos.

Víctor Cejón soltó una carcajada malévola, entonces desapareció el cielo negro y... ¡boom!... Cejón se llenó de humo y escapó de la cuerda mágica de Daniela, las risas se seguían escuchando, pero no podían ver a Cejón por ningún lado.

Carmen estaba ahí, apoyando a Daniela, ambas se miraron sorprendidas de ver que Cejón había escapado de la cuerda. En medio del alboroto Lucas encontró al Sr. Cejón haciendo explosiones y carcajeándose, a pesar de que estaba perdiendo la batalla y que ya los elfos llevaban a los humanos en fila hacia una pradera para desmemorizarlos y darles nuevos recuerdos para regresarlos a sus vidas, pero Víctor no se daba por vencido. Detrás de las explosiones de Cejón venían más hechizos, luego hizo elevar a un aldeano y lo lanzó por los aires, seguidamente convocó a un gronock. Un gronock era una criatura horrible, con rasgos de elfo ya que fueron elfos desterrados por crear conflictos entre su reino, por lo que se convirtieron en criaturas horribles con dientes filosos y una lengua con babosas diminutas, su piel se fue arrugando y manchando de la maldad que vivía en sus corazones, su aspecto asustaba a cualquiera y los niños se horrorizaron al verlo. Cejón le ordenó al gronock que atacara a Daniela, Oliver y Carmen. La señorita Carmen se paró frente a los niños y los protegió haciendo una fuerte ráfaga de viento contra el gronock, de pronto se escuchó un zumbido: era un hada pequeñísima, le tiró un encantamiento con su varita de estrella al gronock que lo dejó congelado por unos segundos, tiempo suficiente para que los niños atacaran. Daniela lo ató con su cuerda mágica y Lucas le lanzó rayos de sol y en medio del brillo solar la criatura se desvaneció, el hada miró a los niños y les sonrió.

El Sr. Cejón no se rendía y de pronto notaron que tenía las manos peludas.

—¿Tiene guantes? —dijo Lucas.

Cejón puso sus ojos blancos, temblaba muy feo hasta que asustaba, se le hicieron las orejas de animal, movía la cabeza y se le hacían los dientes filosos, también sus ojos se pusieron rojos, su piel peluda, garras horribles se veían en sus manos. ¡Se convirtió en un hombre lobo!, en seguida se lanzó sobre Mimí que lo atacó de inmediato. Lucas con su varita lo hechizó y su hechizo puso al hombre lobo a cantar ópera, no podía parar de hacerlo por más que quisiera, el hechizo de Lucas era muy poderoso y el hombre lobo seguía cantando ópera. Mientras los niños se reían a carcajadas vieron algo muy triste, que les hizo cambiar su semblante, era un cachorro mágico muerto, los niños corrieron a taparlo con una manta y se dirigieron hacia el campo de batalla, ya todo había terminado. Lucas seguía hechizando al hombre lobo hasta que Simón intervino y detuvo el hechizo para transformar de nuevo al señor Cejón en hombre y llevarlo a la prisión del reino para ser juzgado por el consejo mágico.

Tim se acercó a ellos volando en un dragón con Elián, seguidos por Mateo que venía sobre un tortunicornio para llevar a los heridos al hospital del reino.

En el reino tenían un hospital lleno de magia en el cual trabajaban varios kingsleys, quienes eran unas criaturas mágicas que curaban las heridas, su forma es humana, pero son mucho más altos, con ojos verdes y púrpura, con la piel muy lisa y con orejas puntiagudas. En el hospital tenían como principal a un kingsley, su nombre era Terry Craft. Terry ya estaba preparándose para recibir a los pacientes pues sabía que serían muchos.

El mundo mágico no era igual como antes, se hizo muy horrendo, con toda la destrucción causada por la batalla. Se sentía muy caluroso por tanto fuego, pero quienes habían sobrevivido recogían los escombros y apagaban el fuego, llevaban a los heridos al hospital y transportaban a los humanos a sus hogares ya con la memoria limpia de recuerdos sobre Magic Müller y llena de recuerdos nuevos y totalmente normales, totalmente humanos.

Después de varios días de trabajo y con la ayuda de todos los niños, incluyendo a Óscar, el reino mágico iba recuperándose, por lo que la reina Amara y el rey Abdiel convocaron a una nueva reunión para comunicarles a todos lo que el consejo mágico había decidido respecto a Víctor Cejón.

—Aquí estamos, de nuevo, esta vez no para planear una defensa de batalla sino para sentirnos agradecidos por poder continuar con nuestra labor y volver a la normalidad, a todos nos invade una enorme tristeza por las vidas perdidas, pero en medio de este dolor también está la dicha de haber vencido a quien quería destruirnos. —Empezó diciendo Caleb, quien era el presidente del Concejo Mágico y lideraba la reunión junto a los reyes.

—Para quienes no lo conocían el señor Cejón realmente es un mago, su madre fue una elfa, quien por mucho tiempo estuvo casada con uno de los humanos que era guardián del mundo mágico en ciudad de México, tuvieron dos hijos, Simón y Víctor, pero ella enfermó y murió, su esposo se deprimió tanto que murió en su habitación de pura tristeza y sus hijos fueron adoptados por diferentes familias que los mantuvieron separados

por siempre, hasta que Simón supo de los reinos mágicos y se convirtió en un mago muy importante, en Magic Müller. Entonces decidió buscar a su hermano para conocerlo. Para su sorpresa, Víctor no tenía ni idea del mundo mágico y su vida no había sido muy buena después de ser adoptado, así que empezó a sentir una fuerte envidia por su hermano y su rencor hacia él lo llevó a querer destruirlo. Tiempo más tarde, Víctor empezó a buscar reinos mágicos para destruirlos y acabar con la magia del mundo.

La mayoría de los presentes conocían la historia, aunque no imaginaban que Víctor quisiera destruirlos. Para Julia y los niños eso era una gran novedad y sintieron pena por el pobre Víctor.

—Talvez tuvo unos horribles padres adoptivos —le mencionó Oliver a Tim.

—Sí, así fue, Oliver —respondió Tim.

La reina Amara pidió la atención de todos pues debía explicarles que a pesar de que el señor Cejón ya había atacado otros reinos con éxito, esta vez había fallado.

—Además, esta vez es una suerte que lo hayamos capturado pues en esta ocasión sus planes eran distintos, él ha estudiado tanto la magia que ahora sabe dominarla muy bien, recordemos que él es mitad elfo y también tiene sangre mágica. Su castigo será extraerle toda su magia, se le borrarán sus recuerdos de este mundo, incluyendo el recuerdo de Simón y luego será reubicado para que pueda continuar su vida normal.

Óscar se entristeció y preguntó:

—¿Y qué pasará conmigo? Yo no quiero olvidarme de este mundo, me gustaría vivir aquí, si es posible; mi padre nunca me presta atención, siempre he sentido que vivo solo.

La reina Amara le dio a Óscar dos opciones: quitarle sus recuerdos sobre su padre o quitarle sus recuerdos de Magic Müller.

—Puedes vivir con nosotros si quieres —le ofreció Julia.

Óscar miró hacia atrás en los recuerdos de su vida y nunca había sido tan feliz como lo fue al conocer a Oliver y a su familia, pues realmente su padre nunca le había prestado atención. Y de esta manera Óscar decidió quedarse con los recuerdos del mundo mágico y de la familia Somith.

Finalmente, el reino Mágico volvió a la normalidad, la alegría de sus habitantes llenaba de color al mundo entero, la magia seguirá viviendo y protegiéndonos a todos. Los niños se abrazaron y bailaron de alegría, la vida estaba cambiando para ellos y las aventuras juntos apenas comenzaban.

- FIN -

**IBIS OF
IMAGININGS
A Poetic Diary
1965-1994**

By Jan G. Otterstrom F.

LE MORT DES BEAUX ARTS

My spurs sang silver
as I was riding the rim,
and there, the Ibis,
standing at her equinox.
The river was with her;
its swiftness gave her movement
and in her movement meaning:
the fixed foot Renaissance conceit.
And from the leaves my pistol shattered
the skull of her imaginings,
and the river in its swiftness
took her away from me.

April 1970

PEND OREILLE RIVER ODYSSEY

There is a gentle rain falling
the Pend Oreille River
the aspen, birch and tamarack
the continuum of posterity
I have to make it for the children
lightning captured in a purifying display.

Time seems almost gone
the babble makes me impatient
so much to do
what are the errands of life
lost in the age
wanderers trapped in the illusion of mind
the river taking her away from me
the shattering of leaves silent now.

A light rain
grey and quiet
great french ear of noblesse
in beaver skin hat
carried by canoe
fashion has vanished
as the killing troubled the vain.

Mountains and river of words
green wood, green words
fir, cedar and tamarack of words
fallen cones
spring's hope for immortality .

The rain wets the page
water words
running deep
gravity of their long winter
hibernation of the black bear
Ursa of the northern sky
stalking winter and summer
hanging silently but sure
the key to the pivot
guides to the North Star.

The rain is persistent now
a fog of words
clouds heavy with words
the power of words is moving
life of words
purging and redeeming words
cleansing and sanctifying words.

In from the rain
a cover for words
hidden under roofs
framed just for such an occasion
we are a new age
much is happening
where is the horizon
a hope of words distantly imagined
"we then that are strong
ought to bear the infirmities of the weak
and not to please ourselves".

New form is flowing now
reliance on words
to complete the demands of many
the pressure of words
they can hurt
"but being, doing and living of good
for good's sake".

You must win
winning of words
power of words in selfless struggle
you that "know from whence your blessings come".

Geese along the river
what are they saying
in this return of Spring
then the two
male and female
in duo solo flight
the rain has lifted now.

BOOTH

I lived in a booth before
an upright casket
or little lighted house for telephones
in the woods along a lonely road
fir trees in winter and aspen in summer
looking out, the world passed by
in bits and pieces
my vision neglected
in polished hardwood walls
only fractions of worlds whirling outside
then I fell asleep above the river
floating horizontally there
waiting for my funeral procession
when she drifted by
shattered skull and broken wings
a wet limp matt of feathers
my heart was moved
with the river's flow
and I did go
my odd box adrift
turning sideways then aright
in the currents tow
I am certain that I upset
the grievers, eulogist and organist
surely missing ones farewell offends
but off I went in spite of all
drifting upended dumped and dunked
gasping until I began to swim
tumble and roll, an otter in fun
not noticing my tabernacle
tangled and left behind
as I was drawn down to sea
to save the bird that I had shot.

IBIS OF IMAGININGS

I felt a chill of hopelessness
in my last moment with Her
captured in a shutter speed of stillness
Her stiff limpness floating
in the concave face
of the glistening celestial blues
of her eternal tomb
lost in its turbulent closing
of collapsing crest pummeling Her inside
the tunnel's rip a conduit to an undertow
in the miraculous mercy of nature's burial.

My condemnation has haunted me
remembering when in premeditated delusion
in fear of disclosure of self denial
and its burden of knowledge
my pistol fired through stream saplings
shattering the skull of Her imaginings
and later unable to escape my memory
I rationalized Her destruction
until my concern became consuming
my only hope was in her life
and its dimensional evocation of words.

Wanting to believe that She would reappear
I waited in a constant anxiety of moods
through a full cycle of tides
feeling each axial variation of gravity
as I watched the waters and wondered
hoping to see Her with the Albatross alone
the afternoon's innovator of convection
or sleeping with Pelicans in the moonlight
until the hills awoke
in their shelters of corrugated corrosion
amongst the Rooster's rendezvous.

I had been afraid of Her and my undoing
losing Her was my way to overcome that
but in Her death a part of me went dark
hindering my illumination with guilt
until I went in search of Her
to satisfy my inner need once more
but only vicariously does She live again
like Quetzals of profound horizons
in hidden harmony with corteza leaves
and yellow blooms mid emerald translucencies
for a florid sovereignty of feathers.

I fell asleep in the sunrise watch of my vigil
dreaming of a flight of Cranes
in advance of snow
above the misty morning surface of the Loon
awakening in startling squalls of termination
I sensed a new conjugation of resolution
seeing vaguely the etymology of my work
the prefix and suffix of our physical separation
now I hear Her in the wind
the warm currents of Her dissolution
stirring the heavens.

The quality of caring becomes the ratio of love
the energy of my words and solace of forgiveness
Her weakening valence in evaporation
is the assimilation of a new bonding
for we are but a jewel of condensation
in a rain of galaxies
the whole of this crystal circumspection
a wrinkle containing our helix of life
folded RAMS of reflective inclusion
windows of vision no longer distorted
by our restricted cultures of thought.

POEMS OF 1965-1970

DAZZLING, I SOAR INTO AWAKENING

Your eyes glitter
like shattered opals behind isinglass
as you watch the lamp's soft oil flame
leap and dance in endless expiration.
A lonesome tribute to the age,
for the one and twentieth year hath past,
and so its seasons,
like irriguous seals envisioned in their bursting
across summer fields of beryl and sapphire hyacinths.

IDEAS ON THE MIRROR OF POETIC INCLUSION

It was the form
of that beginning in my room,
the broken deafness of refuge.
And from my window,
the brittle intimacies of light
caressed the cold night sky into submission
as the reflections in my mirror
were the tangents for my twenty-third year,
like the June fog
laden upon the channel,
until the hues of morning
brought the cliffs of Dover into my view
and our ferry broke the water more metrically.

IT IS ONLY A HORSE'S TALE

In the golden rain of late october,
bent among the aspens,
like a multiplicity of eager eyes,
my many summers whispered their good-byes.

I had climbed into that meadow,
where our fires had freed us from the nights
and all those stories told over again.

But it was different,
like returning to a childhood home
and finding yourself a stranger.

And as I stood there in the silence of yesterdays,
the chill of chains swung at me,
shredding the air,
and I heard the chest of a horse heave
as his head burst white above the stream's saplings
and disappeared in a shattering of leaves.

I went closer and saw
that he was a white Arabian,
manacled,
from wandering.

OF A FUTURE DESPAIR

I hunger with those weary plaguings of some ancient hour
that hang upon my heart like rain drops on a clothes line
and empty the cabins in the canyons.

The eternities laugh at the gold leaf confusions,
and the trees bend under the weight of snow.
Time plays catch with the neighbor boy,
and they laugh and talk of last summer.

The illness came into the neighborhood,
and the women went and came and spoke of some cure.

But all winter I could only think of taking my pen
to write to you and ask:
"Am I the sparrow that is watched by the falconer,
or is my name written in the breath of fire,
and the lightning of wings,
and the thunder of a thousand eyes?"

My soul hopes continually on the thought
of Mount Herman.
I long to know as one the forty summers of my heart
and to see the eyes of thee,
but the curtains of my abode do tremble,
and the wind is a hollow parody of my dreams;
the stream a mumbling frustration,
and a time amongst discarded shells on a southern beach.

**TO M. HERNANDEZ AND V. AGUADO
MAKERS OF MAGNIFICENT GUITARS.**

Draw carefully your plane,
humble friend with silver curls
and eyes knowing well the grain.
Can you hear the seashore sounding
and brown wings returning in the spring;
can you see them
coming
through cyprus curls,
singing hazel nut and smiles
and coast sole almonded in golden olive oil;
can you gently comb with liquid fingers
the starlight through her hair?
"yes", he replied
"I feel like new grapes swelling in the sun".
And then,
with silver curls and eyes knowing well the grain,
he bowed again
and drew carefully the closely honed plane.

SAINTLY MOTHER OF OUR BELOVED LORD

Your Son, scarlet frocked with broken sandals,
a child out of the desert
to be speared until His last tears fall,
but they fall eternally
and rise as many again as light from globed glass
to billow pearl chariots of Lordly love
and rest thee into celestial sanctuaries
where flowers bloom in the midst of fire.

FROM OUT OF SLEEP

My love tells me
that she saw camels
sleeping in the desert.
She said that a wind came up,
turning the sand around them:
scattering green dreams of palm eulogies
across oceans of shattered fractions.

MY LITTLE FRIEND

My friend, with olive eyes
where are you going?
Of course,
down to the seashore to clap pebbles together and sing.
The sun, I fear, will not pity you,
my almond friend, dried brown like potter's clay.
Help the fisherman lay out his nets.
Do you know the stitches of his finger?
Yes, the ones to catch gills;
to make the fires smell sweet.
Someday you too will have a boat.
The dry salt will cake stiff and white;
your tired arms will ache
and you will long for sleep.

THE CHAPEL

The Chapel walls surround
an hundred voices of alfalfa summers
in the temples of aspen and hollyhock
and full moons over clover and rye.
Sit amongst these choirs,
calling home their names in fertile fields
and whisper to me, unbelieving
of the sea's white awakening
and I shall tell you of the stars trembling;
of the tent of Orion falling
to the sound of quaking waters:
then you shall know as they know
the brilliance of crystal and the swiftness of clouds.
What assemblage of stone,
hollowed into a room, can bear so much?
Its husbands teach their children
the joy and miracle of prayer
and heal their households
under palms callused before summer
and move in words of devotion.

A TRUST

I will call to you, out of a whirlwind of wings,
with a voice as the amethyst notes of the pianist
and you will remember the nights that fell
like rain around you
and the old men, talking in the reverence
of the player piano
and the tinkle of nickel daydreams.

You will remember the swans around the lake
where you played
and your grandmother talking of birds.

You will remember my voice,
of those evenings with you
and the long walks, the smell of orange and jasmine
and the sound of the sea, leaning against you.

You will see yourself, as you saw you then,
in your mirror by the window of geraniums
and your hair golden in the sun.

You will hear the palms whispering through the streets
and the daughters of Jerusalem weeping
and then you will see me,
coming, out of the city,
her curtains of satin trembling,
for she cannot hide her faces.

You will see me through those hours
and then you will know that I AM.

BUZZARDS IN ACAPULCO

Come sit down.
Fold from your unfolding,
my buzzard friend,
white touched, cloaked black,
wind caught lifting, drawing, pushing.
Your head, spat blood;
eyes glowing hot in their shallow pits;
your beak, stronger than his entrails,
laid out, dead, pungent, chambers for worms.
You know.
Your stomach flows intently knowing.
Come sit down.
Drift your cloak.
Sit with me
and taste the sweetness of the salt, tropic salt.

A WESTERNER GOES WEST.

The sun-gold of violent feathers beats upon my windows
and my fingers run out upon my guitar.
The grass is a yellow larynx,
a meadow of the Western Lark.
I have a cow and six children
and Fernando Sor remembers,
like the abbey door,
the four men that passed in the night,
with their spurs, turning in the moon.

UNTITLED

She flowed out of my valley like daydreams
and sat upon the rocks
watching the women,
in the sun,
doing their laundry.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LA JOLLA

Her sister cried lavender beneath the quiet palms
and the abbey trembled in grape vines.

It was afternoon in the patio of her father.
Micaela wandered in her garden of geraniums
and bougainvillea

while the ceramic boy stood
in the pool of lilies
and she thought of the bells, rusted,
that hung in the arches of the tower.

Her sister cried lavender beneath the quiet palms
and Micaela took a taxi to her father's house.

Dinner was set in the patio
and her father sat smoking
while Micaela's sister came down the tile stairs
with birds in her eyes and took her seat silently.

Dinner was taken and little was said
while the bells of the abbey
whispered in fractions to the wind
and the moon lingered in the garden of Micaela.

WHAT IS LOVE'S MATTER

Daphne was green virgin or tree
pursued by blue hair sea curls
when an art of physics,
in Thessaly, Peneius performed
and flesh was seen as bark
and her hair a covering of leaves.

The idea colors the metaphor.
In the yard, beneath the dry yucca,
sienna pots are filled
with the green chase of Apollo.
Fruit in the basket,
here in the sun desiring you;
white yucca blossoms in your hair.
Persimmon is peach at our partaking;
cactus patio brick eyes watch
while the whale bone wind
caresses us.

OH THOSE CAÑAS

Those cañas sing of nights in oranges
and of the livery of a wandering wilderness
of silver hooves
and of the florid river, translucent with the ages,
winding like gardenias ribboned
through her golden tress
and of Pegasus dancing on Triana's roofs.

I sat in my garden listening to the fountains
of singular rain;
the moon hid behind her veil of bougainvillea
and my rose fell to petals as my love for Micaela.

Those cañas bring their songs weeping down
upon the mountain's train
and sing amongst themselves as in the court
of Eleanor d'Aquitaine.

THE SONATA AND DOMENICO SCARLATTI

What difference could it make
whether Scarlatti was happy
at Barbara Ann's Portuguese party?
With an obstreperous wretch for a mother,
Barbara could only turn to her father,
a mustached insouciant of pitiful vacations.
Then at that ambient garden bash,
Ann decided to fly to Ferdinand.
Scarlatti was delighted.

BICYCLING TO WORK

Spinning through golden rain,
can you see my silver spokes?
You cannot hear them,
against the morning air,
in leaves falling,
flashing wit in my own wind,
on rubber circling the world.
Bold Botticelli escaping summer.
Streets are not the terminus of my vision.
Lone stranger peddling by design
to exercise what trees are these
without their limbs.
Cold is heavy on the hour;
yet ice is like fire
where little blood goes
and my prayers stretch
from corners along the way.

VOYAGE

At night I stood
upon the trawler's bow,
staring into the wake of it.
Her cutting excitement of the sea
was luminescent
with the dinoflagellates.
We were a shimmering trail,
breaking into the darkness,
crossing upon as school of fish,
they would break in all directions:
a myriad of meteors.
For a moment I was Orpheus,
the salt wind against me;
my song was the energy and spirit
of our ship's machine.
The Argo, a crew straining into the night,
as I defined our course,
the proportioner of our voyage of light.
I sang beyond our distance marked;
beyond our presence now.

My song is the creation
of my hours upon the sea.
Seeing brilliant water
is motion of my time:
walking at La Jolla again,
the nights in jasmine and stars,
Orion's tent covering me,
the tall eucalyptus bending
like bones barely in their flesh;
the afternoon sun with orient blues
rolling orange and lavender through the ocean;
beautiful from the beach,
with the sky flooding
in white commotion onto the shore,
conceiving the day.
The gulls becoming more friendly,
standing around hunched backed,
the wind buffeting their feathers;
and several pelicans,
gliding swiftly across the sea's surface
and two licorice sea lions,
turning gently against the surf,
then disappearing for a minute.
The gulls catch the wind,
laughing and whistling from their bellies.
For twelve days and nights
we had pulled upon the sea,
perplexed only by the ambiguity of distance,
always looking to the horizon,
my song singing out to meet her.
Knowing the location of land,
we needed only to find it.
On the seventh day
of the second week, we set anchor
and took our small boats to shore,
finding fruit in all abundance and rich water:
piña, papaya and yellow melons on vines.
You cannot come to a place,
eat and leaving forget her.
So much were the patterns of stars
over the nights there
and the days lavish with coral

and leaves like the ears of elephants.
We could not forget being,
as forgetting Christ.
We have taken upon His strength,
making peace with him here.
We have that much more company upon the sea.
Singing are the mountains around me.
I am not upon the sea.
I had ridden all July that day,
crossing into the valley of Manti and Ephraim,
the cradle of so many dreams.
I did not ride as a stranger;
my blood had come here before;
my flesh gave life to the trees.
The subtlety of the farm pronounced itself
in the perspicuous belief
that life would not end here, nor at all.
Then new form did Demosthenes
to the Athenian's impression prove:
the source of ratio legis, our order.
The Argo was not without purpose.
Ratio legis, taught the ancients,
was the natural object of the idea
but most expressive of the thing.
To draft a shape, the status quo,
called later for the ius naturale:
the image no longer the ultimate contrast
of the apparent passing of Susanna's body,
her cymar flowing glass
but the principle of her movement,
well reasoned, was eternal.
We cannot define for another:
the journey is to a city laid against the night
but broken into prisons of rain by morning.
We were authored but we are the author.
The oresmen pull in time;
the sail stretches with wind.
A gull pivots and dives;
a flying fish breaks water,
a hurling cross of silver,
caught only in the sun.

SAILING OVER THE WORLD BY THE STARS

Sailing above the sea's abyssal,
my sloop rides sun pillars
of refracted waves;
the piolet whale's rhythm breaks water;
we are waiting for night.
The sextant's sights describe the intellect.
Upon oceans we are above the world.
Wind crest sailing by constellation's star:
jib-headed mainsail, headsail in the wind;
the summer serpent's sky in Ophiuchus' hands
and Antares pins the Scorpion's spine.
In deep water's sunlight absence,
benthic creatures like glass sponges live on ooze.
Life did not originate here, science tell us,
but wandered from the littoral,
our upper pelagic spheres.
No wind or current from our side
disturbs the stillness thousands of fathoms
from our hull; the blackness of night
is always there; thin air distills the whole.
dreaming at the surface, an albatross lofts in fear.
Rising into the eastern sky,
that albatross clears Pegasus,
catching the spindrift of the dolphin's chase;
he touches wings with Cygnus
but turns back at Draco's face.
Wind shifts; mainsail reveals the northern quality of mind.
Yellow giraffe, stretching for acacia,
were you the sport of Cepheus or the horse of Cassiopeia?
Not sequacious in our wandering,
we read the modernist by line.
The consensus gentium, a caved in sense of rhyme,
settles politely in the mud's obesity and slime.
At the bottom evenness is praised: no diurnal
or seasonal change to light or heat that place.
Abyssal members, by necessity, are scavengers
of food that falls or cannibals of their benthic race.
The surface is too far below for me.

I am caught in the wind of stars.
Acturus scintillates the western sky.
Break water more keenly, driving bears
through the heavens we charted alone.

THE SHAPE OF CLAY UPON THE POTTER'S WHEEL

What eloquence is the turning
if the elements of his finger
are not those upon his hands,
nor the image in his vision
the shape becoming where it stands?
Would the reason be religious
if it were but the form upon the glass,
or must the being of the shadow
be fixed within the clay?
Is it the beauty of a diamond
that becomes more so with a foil,
or that sound of movement in the air,
until you're sure it's a Redtail turning there?
Is it the chorus of the aspen's winds
or that echo of stream waters
that enchants the saddled horseman
as he descends from canyon rim?
Or is the reason in your child discovering
that unleaving is approaching winter:
chestnut, yellow and then the ice?
But winter wheat is June all-right;
beneath the snow life springs tonight.
The answer is in the clay's request,
the dominant rule of its design,
that our own diety we define.
Where is this turning, when
the potter's feet no longer urge the wheel
nor fingers ply his genius?
Is it finished at that end,
before the oven's door?
No, the end is not the turning,
but the marriage of the shape with fire.

SABAOTH

How wide the cedars seem
against Mt. Herman's slope;
a wave of them is raging at my side,
while the tempo rolls the echo of heaven's steel
upon the cumulus backs,
broken by stentorian sun shafts, and
cerulean windows that open and close,
turning the olive valleys gilt, amber
and saffron in their motion.

I am standing where Sabaoth passed
when coming from walking the sea,
the coasts of Sidon and Tyre to Galilee,
along the shores of Decapolis to
ears opening to the thunder of
rushing water and the strings of
tongues cut to give song.

GEESE AT EVENING

Our planet curves under geese on wing,
taking their turn in late October's sky,
gray phantoms opening the deadly air,
shadowing the gardens that die.
The flocks, like an attic bow, arch reverently,
describing space in qualities of their escape.
They will not look back to see the driven snows
nor ice take their waters like a thief.
Dawn startled by the honker's call,
they leave, with necks outstretched,
the wind shift of leaning reeds.
Charging the lakes, beating water into heaven,
they resolutely climb in departing form.
In a soft thunder wind of wings, they migrate to life.
The hours rife with flight invite my following,
in pumpkin evening
against the yellowing poplar's design,
to write the watch, the arch of wings,
and know and chart their course by line.

POEMS OF 1971 - 1985

OQUIRRH MOUNTAINS REVERIE

The wind that blasts my soul's flame
whistles through my house of shale
built of my sheepherding grandfather's dreams
for a wife and children.

Building with pieces of shale his vision
of a home, barn and corrals
while here against ninety years of wind,
rain, sun, ice, and snow I sit
like these sentinel clumps of grass
valiantly grounded in this reluctant soil
and eloquently rainbowed flowers
fragile but buoyantly braced against
this rocky mountain wind.

SPOKANE FALLS

In February, Southwest winds brought an early thaw:
water rock enameling from curtains of vital glass
spilling a mirrored transparency of that warm winter day,
falling into torrents, mountains of snow,
days and nights of silent drifting passed,
churning deep undertows.

Rapids of white violence crashed in their nexus
of opposition.

Trees, leafless, stood against the river's flood
as it, swelling the seas, reached from the continent
where mammoth concrete encased turbines staked
to electric webs
wrang every last drop from salmon falls.

BURNING BUSH

Take your burning bush
and put it in a jar
before it sets the world aflame.
Then flee to the mountains:
listen to the thunder,
rejoice in the rain.
The storm will pass
and you will have slipped away
in the night.

MID LIFE

Late travel and windows of fatigue
open to the moon's pull;
while sheets of laundered pain ruffle in my skull
and mid life flashes its certain ominous warning
that youth has slipped away;
leaving me to remember when I tried to measure
the dimensions of my mind
by closing my eyes to look
and the night sky opened
to younger stars energizing great fluorescent nebulae
studding spiral arms of galaxies
space stations like glowing beacons signaling infinity;
while ancient novae exploded across horizons
of light years
replenishing gases and enriched fractions of
heavy elements, eternal ember springs,
forming cocoons of molecular cloud for the birth
or another star.

AUGUST WIND AGAINST HARRISON PEAK.

As thunder clouds roll, stronger winds prevail,
spreading the sun's last waves of silver
racing across the lake
while a crooked divide of granite cornices
curves,
lifting to heaven like great sails,
turning the world in fiercer weather,
and shingles of lightning
punctuate the approaching storm.

TESTIMONY

Rooted deep in our evergreen wood,
my testimony is reconfirmed in daily covenant
as I climb to its hallowed hilltop
and the trees move as my heart with the fire's wind.
Shoes are set aside and the weary kneel
before windows of Cedar
and the whispers of morning still an anxious mind.
Piercing galactic clouds, light years become an instant;
the power of the world is without time and unrestrained.
Grateful rejoicing, assured and comforted,
like a navigator of the world, sextant and compass
fixed foot in my wooded chartroom,
while the early sun prisms through heavy dew.

STAR SUITE, MY CHILDREN

The floods of autumn's crimson gold
through canyons enamelling
the year's last ecstasy.
Days and years conceived from dreams
rooted to the valley.
Pioneers to Zion,
their issue flashing stars,
were vision,
and today Elders,
flying to the ends of the earth,
hissing the word,
remembering the covenant.
Like pilgrims to a foreign land,
we are sheltered in apartments of history.
Our little lad a sister needs,
and a grandfather passes from the rim;
his horse races to the winter fields,
June in wheat is preserved tonight;
the music of her life
we can never forget.
Cradled beneath the winter sky,
Orion's sword, flashing in the wind,
whistles through the barren trees.
What world she makes
is measured to her song.
She is the artificer,
the dreamer,
driving through oceans
the spindrift gaze.
Adversity matures and strengthens,
cheerfulness is refined.
Brighter than stars,
sunlight's symphony,
my blood, issue,
dreams, hopes, work,
and His glory.

POEMS OF 1986 • 1988

BEACONS OF OUR LOVE

What happens when the mind escapes,
soaring from its constraints?
The howl of wild water
through birch and pine:
times violent scattering of leaves
and needles, their branches twined
like ropes; our lilliputian security
snapped and sent in disarray.
The deep recesses of our consciousness probed:
its energy released,
combining vast nebulae of memory,
compressed to explode,
pioneering across frontiers of understanding.
The opening of her door:
revealing whirling horizons,
new meanings of love only distantly imagined
in a calm without dimension
but now form, towering flashes of light,
beacons of our love,
turning my heart in its pull,
comforting and healing with its chemistry.

LEGIONS OF HEIRS

The wind folds my page
and I turn it back,
searching among spring blossoms
and skeletons of last summer's youth
for the words to record
this moments longing.
Realizing that I am here
not by random chance.
Fasting to pierce the veil
and come face to face
with the hearty common ancestor.
Fears like cold mountain winds,
racing across desolate mid-west prairies,
drifting arctic crystals
in a norwegian marriage rite.
Then joys of sunlight symphonies
sailing with flashing rhythm
on summer lakes.
Water of rebirth
Lake Louise nourished by great glaciers,
a summer habitat for life's regeneration.
But the equation is not complete.
Little known are the many faces,
waiting for eternity,
knowing so much more than we,
communicating only when we sacrifice
to listen
and then, we do not always hear.
Many times we have to attend
our minds and ears,
straining to understand their simple plea
for knowledge that only we can pass to them;
freeing them to move on.
This is more momentous than love's infatuation:
souls drawn together by legions of heirs,
hopeful as the final scene approaches
that they will be heard
and that their dreams will be remembered.

ON THE ROAD

Trout fast glass hatched devotions
turbo charged down long yellow lined
asphalt prairie alleys;
singing out: "how many more miles
to Manhattan Montana?"
What kind of joke is this
big city girl?
Four runner of Rolling Stones
against the Continental Divide;
big sky rivers of silent constellations
warped by gravity
and Goodyear cushioned reality.
Arpeggios of buttes, indian ponies,
cluttered yards of tumble weeds-
broken fences-telephone pole guitars,
their strings laughing,
to weary to sleep and whispering:
"I love you- hurry home tonight."

LET'S SQUARE DANCE, GRANDMA

The frontiers of the conscience mind open only,
circling higher as a hawk searches;
the field mouse with cheeks full of seed
dashes to its hole,
as we remember our leather strap gingham ancestors
and tumble weeds bounce, bump and stick like memories
through the wondering mind
and my great grandmother's prayer for me
across a vast prairie of hope.
Pass through the ocean:
the Missouri and Platte;
wheel and deal the petticoats flash
and wagon wheel campfires
make ferris wheel shadows
as tired blue eyed kids
begin to dream overlooking a four leaf clover
their innocence of age preserved

in an allemande left and a good star do;
their western horizon stretching
out into the sagebrush night:
the coyote chasing the wary Jack for the kill.
Morning comes in a hurry:
one more couple as the wagon master calls;
anyone want to dance with me?
One foot high and one foot low
and the schooners, like an undulating ocean wave,
stretch into a line and pass through,
their spokes like hands holding
the child in its Priesthood blessing,
as they spin their top
through years of work then play;
anybody seen my gal;
I know a tear would glisten
if I could only listen and Yellow Rock Road.
The dust bellowing:
her feet already sore from miles to prod the oxen
and dreams of meadow daisies and fresh creek watercress.
Could she have seen her centuries of grandchildren?
Throw a little kiss - nice job of dancing
and give yourself a good hand
and twenty mile days that were counted as Thank Yous.

IF I MUST DIE

If I must die to love thee,
let me die a thousand deaths;
to sore galacticy to light
then fall into September's shade
to purify my sight: to see, to dream
with you a thousand dreams;
to lie upon the summer's shore
without a knowledge of our nakedness;
to wake with you a thousand dawns;
to roll into a thousand seas
then run until our throats are sere;
to be for you the somber green of autumn;
to lift a thousand geese
from yellow winnowed fields to sleep
your valley, a rest of everlasting forgetfulness
and from my mountain
a thousand trees arching into infinity:
arrows to a thousand stars
to light your night,
if I must die to love thee.

CONFIDENT THAW

My cautious heart is lingering
perplexed by expanding squalls of freshness
across once inactive horizons;
fears of loneliness from belonging,
finding her at last.

The search among the sands
of innumerable shores, stretches of beach
and hidden coves;

Abraham's memory never dimmed,
knowing the song
but only hearing it in dreams before
and now all chorus' sing:
the chickadee, oriole and meadow lark;
the aspen's tremble, the pines response;
the streams' constancy;
the spray of purple yellow iris;
violent red rose, green fern's secret haven;
baritone, bass, alto and tenor;
Villa Lobos and Sor's choir.

This is my field of action:
the sea's undulating expanse.

My pen and ink upon this paper plain.
Gently reaching her but wanting more:
fountains once frozen in their tide,
now soft Indian air, Chinook meadows,
begin the confident thaw.

DOLPHIN

Spindrift bright breakers
flood commotion
as circling dolphin
accent loves ocean.

SPRING FROGS

Thinking about Spring frogs
emerging with the early run-off,
at least five months sealed in mud,
to awaken to moisture then ooze.

Wriggling free,
forgetting everything except
which direction is up.

Marsh soggy meadows
jubilant as they finally clean
the last slick of mud,
releasing their larynx
for a ratcheting ricochet
of puddle yodel:

“is anyone else out there?”
and then another cattail chorus
of two and then three:
“we are all waiting for the moon
and the dance of love’s splendor.”

FLICKER

The morning mists make hallowed shrines
of spruce,
Behind the parting veil of rain.
The flash of Flicker wings,
then echoing as a search
for sustenance turns back the onslaught.
The tree’s destruction in the balance:
secured only as Seagulls descended
upon the cricket hoards.
So the Flicker frees the morning
from the fears of night.

OCEANS

The fearful silence - the swell of gravity,
relentless and then the crash;
explosive clapping turning energy into life
surging immutably over piled reefs of time
foaming onto the outstretched thighs of sand;
dazzling - dissipated in its own exhaustion.
Wanting to weld earth and water
the coming forth of love's triumph.
Equal parts encompassed by heaven's expanse
of timeless space;
calling from the flashing signals of the sun
on emerald waters; deep and silent
and prairie winds bred in arctic night.
Reminding one of directing Jason's search
to appease the Gods - patience and foreboding;
never giving up love's mystery;
listening to one who carries centuries of love;
who wants for her the happiness she too soon gave up:
the sadness of mistake; the repentance of escape.
That longing caught in Nature's metaphor:
mud struck by lightning then the genius:
the artificer of the world.
The waves swell and crash again and again
not ceasing in their message: the full moon
circle of life cast upon
the ocean's living table.

DREAM DILEMMA

The dream dilemma fastens down as covers
sliding into a long tube of sleep,
accelerating to the plantation door,
crossing the garden threshold:

what does it mean or must it mean at all?

The mean truth is lost in meaning:

the vision of air;

the catacombs of movement;

seeing yourself remembering events

that never happened,

faces lost in crowded seas.

The blue ultramarine of intellect defining

families from gold depths of recollection

searching for the entrance and exit

of this physical expanse,

the end of the world glimpsed momentarily

in a long night of sleep.

Packing with us histories of lonesome travelers

strangers in this foreign land;

guitar and pen to record our bearing;

a voice trained in sophistry unbalancing the load.

Leaving a world confused in its own descriptions;

caught in its political assurances;

phrases manipulated for power

but power without relevance except to destroy;

to incinerate the fabric of endurance.

Living beyond its means to impress

the foreign neighbors

but only pity as the dark rains

of economic depression threaten

but still war is peace

and poverty of mind prosperity.

Dilemmas of sleep like rolling eyes,

flashing guarded disbelief in our presence

in those we meet.

Will we ever be here again;

can we find this street, this shop, this door

this dimension of hope?

The smiling face that loves you
deeper and higher than governments domain;
is not impressed with epaulets and ribbons,
of service valor or published degrees,
only opening the doors
to memory flooding the fields
with green and yellow ripening,
fruit of mellow warm day's sunlight,
wanting only you through curtains of custom
then eternity: that glimpse of heaven
hurling as a starry night.

MT. RAINIER

Rainier, king of mountains,
why do you anguish:
the clear cut tangle;
the heavy smogs of commerce;
the accumulation of wealth
in search of power?
Mountain kingdom, preserve of silence,
builder of character's endurance,
why do we look upon you and not see?
Is your majesty beguiling?
why can't we turn
from our own self destruction?
Will Mercedes Mercer Estates
be our Salvation?
Will humility ever be discovered
in our rush?
Your dignity is ageless.
The vision of the land your strength.
Your energy could convulse
and cover man's foolish monuments
in moments of breathless display.
Your message cannot be quieted:
there is no power in vanity
only lost virtue.

SHOPPING WITH SARAH

Fashion's ritual, vanities parade,
what is the art?
Mother's careful guidance;
father's indulgence
all in the appearance:
the aura, ambience and subtle mystique.
The appeasement of the psyche.
Mauve, yellow blues,
Arctic to Pacific,
sun and beach videodisiac,
playing the urgency
of life's vanishing flame.
Fame of feathers
in the mating dance;
designs of celebrity's
endorsements whirling in the rush
to the bottom line.

CAMPFIRE

My tired breath; a resigned sigh.
The embers fast expiring.
Once a blaze consuming its frenzy,
flashing shadows against the sky,
now a flickering of memories,
marking our starlit cover.
Dreams of cedar
pierce the receding night,
fixing my bearing in constellations,
preserving quadrants of hope
as embers fade and are still.