

FIRST CAME the sad canine wail; an old woman with the banners of penitence and her small copper bell came after; finally, little Paz Soledad, with her yucca-like body and yellow tresses hanging from her look of dismay.

"Neighbors, three Hail Marys for the soul of the unfortunate lady of this city, *Doña Carlota Mariana Ayala de Vallesola.*"

"Hail, Mary."



## *Spectralia*

USC UNIVERSIDAD DEL  
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# NOTA

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"A shepherd without a shirt brought a bunch of yellow welds and white roses to the door for me. His body was pierced by three arrows."

"Wasn't that a dream, child?"

"Dreams do not have warm hands nor dark eyes, my godmother."

The devout ladies of the street, familiar with the girl's virtue, packed the old woman's bag with golden



**A story by Emilio S. Belaval**

*Translation by Bob Robinson*