

# **Let it rain**

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Raindrops fall on the road dust. ‘Andale ... Bye-bye drought!’ For more than two months it has not rained. Ignacio José runs cheerful seeking shelter in an old shack built on a side of the road. The boy is thin and tall. He is eleven years old. At his age he moves with agility. Under the protection of a roof constructed with zinc sheets, the youth hears the patter of the rain, sees raindrops hitting a group of oak trees whose green leaves glow upon contact with the liquid. Water falls from the leaves to the ground, or rushes down over the tree trunks, forming small streams that twist wetting the dry earth. A bright sun in the sky tells Ignacio José that the rain will not last. The eyes of the boy examine the old shack. Six years ago it was abandoned. The peasants who lived in the shack departed looking for a better life. ‘They did not have a real chance ... The weather ... The big landowners ... The bad bugs pushed them to leave.’ Two of the shack external walls are partially collapsed but the roof made of zinc sheets stops the rain well. Ignacio José must walk almost two kilometers to reach his destination: A grocery store where he hopes to buy a one liter bottle of kerosene and a comic book. The bottle with kerosene is for his grandfather. The boy lives on a farm located five kilometers away in the middle of a forest and farmland. Lately the house where he lives with his mother and grandfather has been invaded by columns of ants. ‘The marabunta!’ The family has followed different approaches to stop the invasion of the insects with negative results. A neighbor recommended the use of kerosene. ‘The ants don’t like its smell.’ Watching the rain falling from the sky, Ignacio José smiles, he knows that with the end of the drought the ants will disappear. ‘Most insects are afraid of water ... These will stay in their nests.’ Should he keep walking to buy the kerosene? Yes, his grandfather always can use the liquid as a fuel and there is a comic book waiting for him at the grocery store.

The comic is something special. ‘The Man with the Silver Star.’ It displays the adventures of a unique individual, Mike Blueberry, in the Old West. A classmate showed the comic book to Ignacio José in a playground at his school. The boy was fascinated by the images in the comic. ‘Those drawings were done by Moebius ... Jean Giraud a.k.a. Moebius’ commented one of his teachers. The name of the artist did not mean anything to Ignacio José. From the images he moved to the text in the comic. Marshall Blueberry was not the typical hero usually seen in novels and movies of the Old West. ‘In a wicked world ... In order to survive, one may not follow in a blind way the straight line marked

by the Law.’ Ignacio José decided to buy a copy of the comic. ‘I can find it for you’ said the owner of the grocery store that the boy wants to visit. For him, buying the comic is far from being a mere whim. The boy wants to be a policeman. His mother and grandfather do not like the idea. His grandfather gets truly angry when he hears the word "police." Something explodes inside the old man. ‘A bunch of hustlers and corrupt people ... They keep us under the control of a bad system.’ Ignacio José read texts, saw films, which praised the role of the police in modern society. The big keepers of law and order. The boy enthusiastically bought the message. ‘Pure garbage ... The reality is a different thing ... They are brainwashing you!’ insisted his grandfather. The rain stops.

Ignacio José resumes his walk. Where there was dust, there is now mud. The boy’s feet search for a clean route over the road. ‘I am an ant ... La, la, la. Do re mi ... Don’t want trouble with the sludge.’ It is a path used for transporting livestock and agricultural products. Nobody takes care of its maintenance. On its borders, there are trees and shrubs, as well as several abandoned structures. ‘There were better times.’ Ignacio José uses the path because he can walk and think unmolested. The youth likes to see and analyze what is happening around him. On that solitary road, he easily could transform into a Marshall living in the Old West or an Agent of the Law fighting against Al Capone in Chicago at the time of the Prohibition. Escaping into a fantasy is not his objective. He lives in that land, in a farm where his family barely manages to survive, he wants to understand that world. ‘There are secrets hidden behind the trees or below the rocks on the road.’ Suddenly he stops. Incrusted in the ground, he observes a pebble with a peculiar pattern. The small rock exhibits bands of a dark red color over a grey background. ‘It formed millions of years ago ... Look, one more over there ... Many more!’ One of the roadsides is rich in granite formations. The size of the formations increases in a progressive way leading to a small hill located at two hundred meters from the road. At the top of the hill, a group of boulders form a small cave. ‘Lovers’ Rock!’ The water deposited by the rain gives a dark grey color to the boulders capping the cave. Under the rays of the sun, Ignacio José sees small red and brown dots incrusting in the granite formations. The mind of the boy plays with the small dots by drawing geometric figures of different shapes: Triangles, squares, pentagonal stars, eternal knots ... ‘What is that?’ ... A dog. A big rottweiler is moving near the entrance of the cave. Its dark brown

color helps to camouflage the animal. Ignacio José moves away from the road and hides behind a group of bushes to observe the dog. The canine has not detected his presence. Something inside the cave is demanding its attention. ‘Laky come here.’ Was that the voice of a man or a woman? In his hidden place, the boy barely heard the words. The rottweiler walks into the cave.

For a few seconds Ignacio José does not move. Thinks hard. The cave at the top of the hill is notorious for being a meeting place for lovers. ‘A nice and secluded place where they can talk and ...’ The cave has been mentioned many times in conversations with his classmates at school. His cousin Carlos, a young man in his twenties, gave him precise details of several dates with girlfriends and prostitutes inside the cave. The imagination of the boy exploded. ‘Your cousin is a liar’ commented his grandfather after hearing some of Carlos’ achievements. The youth was truly confused. For him the stories of his cousin were not lies, they fitted perfectly with the things described in the conversations with his classmates. Ignacio José evaluates the situation. This is a unique opportunity to show his skills as a future detective. ‘I can verify if Carlos’ tales are true ... And I may discover some juicy stuff to mention to my classmates.’ The boy forgets the bottle with kerosene requested by his grandfather and the comic book waiting for him at the grocery store. ‘This is an easy task ... In a few minutes I will solve the mystery of the rottweiler in the cave.’

Without making any noise, Ignacio José departs from the bushes where he is hidden. Books he has read gave clear details of how to proceed in this type of situation. The youth walks very close to the ground with the vegetation covering most of his body. To climb Lovers’ Rock he follows a route where it is extremely difficult to see or hear him from the top of the hill. The rottweiler must not detect him before reaching the entrance of the cave. He is lucky, the dog does not bother his ascent to the summit of the hill. In less than ten minutes he accomplishes his objective. The cave is big. It has two entrances. ‘All is quiet ... Are silent lovers inside?’ Slowly the boy enters into the cave. Stops ... Near the second entrance, lying against the side of a boulder, he sees the body of a person. The rottweiler is standing guard protecting a fallen man. Ignacio José walks a few feet inside the cave and surprised stops again. ‘Father Camilo!’ The person lying against a boulder is the priest of the region. A robust man in his forties. Someone has

given him a brutal beating. His face is bruised in several places. In his right arm he has tied a handkerchief to stop blood that comes out from a hole. 'A bullet wound! ... Who did that to him?' Ignacio José petrified remains uncertain on what to do. The rottweiler distrusts the boy, it shows its teeth, gets ready to attack. 'Stop Laky ... Come here' orders the wounded priest. Head down the animal obeys, approaches his owner, who caresses the dog using his left hand. The boy sees the pain in the face of the wounded man. The priest does not say anything. 'He does not want or cannot give me explanations ... The man is extremely weak.' The two look at each other for a few seconds without saying a word. The youth recovers his ability to move. Frightened he turns around and runs out of the cave.

The boy does not stop running until reaching the road which leads to the grocery store. Outside the cave, feeling the sunshine and fresh air, his nerves calm down. 'There is no danger.' Ignacio José takes a deep breath. A huge shame shakes his body. He has failed as a human being. Father Camilo is a good friend of his grandfather. The priest has lent money and helped the family when Don Renato, the big landowner of the region, tried to steal their farm. '¡Mierda la cagué! ... One cannot behave like a coward.' Calmly Ignacio José determines the best way to correct his mistake. He has to seek the help of his grandfather. That is obvious. But his farm is too far away. 'Father Camilo may not survive ... He urgently needs wáter and food.' The boy starts running towards the grocery store. 'Over there I can find supplies ... I'll give them to the priest ... and then I'll look for grandpa.' In his run Ignacio José realizes that there are several key things that he does not know. 'Who did this to Father Camilo? ... Did he fight again with Don Renato? ... That man is Satanás.' The possibility of a fight between the priest and the landowner complicates things. Everybody in the area is afraid of the power of Don Renato. The boy only can trust two persons: His grandfather and his mother. Dark clouds move in the sky.

The grocery store is a large two-story house. The business operates in the first floor of the building. At the top, in a second floor filled with color, live the shop owner and his family. The store offers food, diverse household items and farming tools. It gives life to the region. Quietly Ignacio José enters the shop using a lateral door. His face is

calm. Before entering he has removed the mud from his shoes. He does not want trouble with the shopkeeper or his family. A daughter of the owner is accommodating a group of sardine cans in a corner of the store. She smiles after seeing the figure of Ignacio José. The two go to the same school. The shop owner is standing near the front desk talking to a farmer. Ignacio José slowly approaches them.

- ... As I told you Pedro, they saw these two inside the sacristy. He was on top of the girl.
- Is that an invention of Don Renato? ... He hates the priest ... Father Camilo put an official complaint against him for stealing the water from the fields when the drought was at its peak.
- I am telling you what I heard ... Father Camilo has always given us a hand, but all those frequent visits of María Gracia to the church do look strange.
- They said the girl is preparing to be a nun.
- A nun! ... Have you seen how María Gracia moves? ... She said no to Don Renato and was bedding the priest!
- I don't believe that tale ...

The two men notice the arrival of Ignacio José. They interrupt their conversation. The boy smiles as he walks to the front desk. From a pocket of his pants he takes out all the money he has.

- Señor Pedro, please sell me a bottle with a liter of kerosene. My grandpa needs it.

The shop owner moves towards the back of the store where he keeps the fuel and a cabinet with empty glass bottles. Whistles while walking and doing his job. Ignacio José is left alone with the farmer. Feels how the gaze of the man examines him up and down.

- Caramba, child you have grown! ... How is your grandfather?
- Fighting with the ants.
- For that he needs the kerosene! ... Good trick. If the insects put a fight, if they don't respect the kerosene, eventually the rain will stop them ... Fuck the ants! ... And your mom, how's your mom? ... It's been ten years since the death of your father and boy she's good-looking and quiet ... For sure it's always a pleasure seeing her .... Ooh Tacha, Tacha!

Ignacio José does not know what to say. He is uncomfortable with the words of the farmer. His body shudders. 'Ah gran mamón ... Stop the abuse!' The store owner rescues him. He comes back with a bottle full of kerosene. With a movement of his right

hand he shows the boy how he can use a cork that opens or seals the bottle. With his eyes he asks a question: 'Something else?' Ignacio José shows all the money he has.

- Using this, how much food can I buy? ... And I also want some water.
- That's not much. It's enough to buy some bread and cheese. A bagged sandwich.
- And the water?
- The water is free ... From the well of the house. I'm not going to charge you for that.

The shop owner takes a bread and cheese sandwich from a refrigerated counter. His hands fill a plastic container with water stored in a small tank. The food and water are placed on the main counter, next to the bottle with kerosene. For a few seconds the shopkeeper waits for more instructions. 'No ... I don't have more money' the boy adds with a sad look. The man understands. Eager he approaches a shelf where he has magazines and newspapers on display. From a group of papers, he takes out a comic book and hands it to the boy.

- Ojéalo ... I'll keep it for you. Another day you can buy it.

Cheerful the boy grabs the comic in his hands. Sees the challenging figure of Mike Blueberry on the cover with a Colt 45 in his right hand. 'The Man with the Silver Star.' Excited Ignacio José immerses himself in the story of the comic. The hero fights against a band of outlaws who oppress the inhabitants of a small town. He only has the help of a drunkard and an intrepid young woman. It is an epic struggle. The Marshall little by little overcomes a thousand of difficulties and imposes the law on the town people. Ignacio José sees, reads and hears. The shop owner and the farmer resume their conversation:

- Well, how was the fight between Father Camilo and the men of Don Renato? What do you know about that?
- An ugly thing, Pedro! There were several shots. It is not clear who won and who lost. All were hurt ... Everybody knew that trouble was coming. Don Renato got tired of Father Camilo's attitude. He cannot swallow the priest. The Father halted his business of taking advantage of the badlands and stealing the public water. And now he got the love of María Gracia. He is screwing the girl. With jealousy Don Renato lost his head. He sent his men to castrate and then kill the priest!
- A barbarity ... I have a hard time believing the story of the love affair between Father Camilo and María Gracia.

- You have no eyes for those things Pedro! ... Those two are spending a lot of time in bed ... Don Renato claims that our best option is to have a new priest, one who is a better Christian.
- Sure, one less cock in the corral, so Don Renato can do what he wants.
- Cada quién cuida lo suyo ... Last night Father Camilo heard rumors that men of Don Renato were searching for him. Jacinto Urrutia took the priest to his farm. Today, at dawn, a party sent by Don Renato visited the place. El Tordo and three other henchmen wanted to put their hands on the priest. Jacinto refused to deliver Father Camilo.
- Well done by Jacinto ... Bravo! That had to be fought.
- Really? ... Jacinto and the priest were badly beaten! The people of Don Renato knew well what they were doing. Four against two, they almost had the situation under control, when suddenly appeared the priest's dog ... A beast! With its bites, the animal almost killed Tordo on the spot. The other three men of Don Renato also received their share of wounds. One of them, desperate, took out a pistol and started firing ... Father Camilo and his dog ran into the country side. The authorities are looking for them. The priest is badly hurt.
- Oh my God, help him!

Ignacio José stops reading. 'I have to move.' He hands the comic book back to the shopkeeper. The boy says goodbye without meddling in the conversation between the two men. 'Now I know what happened.' On the main counter he places his money and with his two arms forms a basket to hold the bottle with kerosene, the container with water, and the paper bag with the bread and cheese sandwich. Slowly, with firm steps, Ignacio José leaves the grocery store.

The boy looks towards the sky. A dense layer of black clouds begins to cover the sun. Ignacio José wants to reach the cave where Father Camilo hides without being wet by the rain. 'The water can destroy the paper bag containing the bread and cheese sandwich ... Today nothing is easy.' His feet move fast on the road in a straight line regardless of whether or not there is mud on the ground. 'First I give the food and water to the Father ... Then I go to fetch grandpa ... We have to get the priest out of the valley... In that cave the people of Don Renato will find him sooner or later.' The boy imagines and evaluates different approaches to facilitate the escape of the priest. The forests in the area are dense. 'A person who knows well the country side could help him cross the valley and then the mountain ... On the other side a car would wait for the running man to

take him to a safe place.' His grandfather is an expert in the geography of the region. In fact, the old man has helped the escape of a couple of persons who had problems with Don Renato and the authorities. Ignacio José smiles. 'We need a little miracle ... Grandpa also can save Father Camilo.'

On his way, the boy plans what he is going to say to the wounded priest. In their previous meeting he made the mistake of not speaking to him. The youth wants to ask the cleric why he has rebelled against Don Renato in that way. Ignacio José does not like the landlord either. 'Every man is a mystery.' What are Father Camilo's motives? The boy knows little about priests. In his life he has only seen two. The one that was in charge of the region before the arrival of Father Camilo was a very different person. He never fought with Don Renato. Both played the domino and the baraja frequently. Father Felix did not interfere in politics or social conflicts. 'He died of the vice of gluttony.' One day the old priest was found dead in the garden of the church as a result of a heart attack caused by a serious excess of fat in his body. The arrival of Father Camilo was something unexpected that changed many things. The new cleric tried to stop the abuses of the ruling class. Some accused him of being a communist. 'I only apply the foundations of the Gospel' was the reply of Father Camilo. Ignacio José does not know what communism is and he read a few parts of the Gospel once or twice before making his First Communion. 'The world of these adults is very complicated.' His cousin Carlos is in love with the girl, María Gracia. Excited, he described parts of María Gracia's sensual body. According to him, the two met a couple of times inside Lovers' Rock. 'She is not a virgin' stated his cousin. 'Forget about her, do not be delusional, her family is going to send her to a convent' recommended Ignacio José's mother when she heard part of a conversation between her son and Carlos. 'Is she a real saint? ... Why is she going to a convent?' After examining the uncertainties of the situation, the youth adopts a pragmatic position: It is better not to mention the name of María Gracia to the wounded priest.

He is almost there. The boy has won the race to the rain. His return trip has been very fast. Parts of Lovers' Rock materialize in front of him. 'What is that?' ... An alarm explodes inside the brain of Ignacio José. He quickly leaves the road to hide behind a group of trees. He makes sure no one has seen him. Deposits his cargo near the roots of

a cedar. He covers it using leaves and pieces of branches taken from the ground ... On the edge of the road, almost three hundred meters from the cave where Father Camilo hides, a patrol car of the local police is parked. A uniformed officer and a policeman in civilian clothes are inspecting the area. 'Don Renato has moved his connections ... Those two work for him ... A pair of mamones.' The two policemen move calmly around the patrol car. One of them pulls his sex out of his pants and starts urinating. 'Too much beer ... He's drunk.' The other policeman turns his face and looks towards the cave at the summit of Lovers' Rock. No one is seen at the entrance of the hole. The two policemen are doing a routine inspection. They joke among themselves without knowing where Father Camilo is hidden. 'These esbirros are not in a hurry ... Don Renato always pays.'

After urinating, one of the policemen, who dresses in civilian clothes and gives orders, goes to the patrol car, opens one of the back doors and takes a can of beer. He leaves the door open for his partner. From where he is hidden, Ignacio José sees a group of beer cans on the back seat of the car. 'What a way of drinking ... Le están dando parejo!' The two policemen, can of beer in hand, lean on the patrol car and begin to tell their adventures in the midst of jokes and obscene gestures. The uniformed one, speaks low, the hidden boy badly hears a few of his words. His partner does not restrain himself and screams to the wind his exploits. Ignacio José hears surprised a strange monologue cut by the gestures and half words of the uniformed man:

- I've been in these parts already ... Do you remember Romerito Balbuena? ... He and I rode a good one, there, in Lovers' Rock, we fucked three really fine, superb whores ... I don't lie! ... The cash was not a problem, we had the money to pay ... Maaan Romerito really knew how to live ... When I started working in civilian clothes he was assigned as my boss ... I learned most of my skills, mis mañas, from him ... One day, by luck, we intercepted a shipment of coca which was passing through the valley. We negotiated. Nobody wanted to be shot. The guys paid their transit tax and with that money Romerito set the party with the whores ... After some pachangeo in his house, we moved the party. The man was truly attracted to this place. He never told me why ... There at the top of the hill, inside that cave, we set up the thing. We drank liquor, smelled coca, and worked the females hard ... I don't remember how long we were in that! With the liquor and the coca I was gone ... I loved working with Romerito. Pity they killed him ... He asked for money in the wrong place ... Sí, la cagooo ... Nooo shit! ... After his death I learned a big lesson... In this business, one must not overdo it. One has to

know who could give money and how much one can ask ...

Ignacio José is angry with the behavior of the two policemen. 'Que gente! ... They are a disgrace.' He sees them trying to decipher their intentions. Are they going or not going to climb towards the cave? How can he stop them? Now, it is the turn of the uniformed policeman. He keeps a low tone of voice when telling his story. 'This one is at least ashamed ... He does not want everyone to know what he has done.' Observing the gestures of the man when speaking and the laughter of the plainclothes policeman, Ignacio José imagines the content of the story told by the uniformed officer. 'Money and sex ... Sex and money ... There is nothing else in their world.' The boy's body moves restlessly thinking about what can happen. The two policemen are drunk but they are armed. Using their revolvers, the officers can easily kill Father Camilo. And the dog? Where is the rottweiler? The animal has not appeared at the entrance of the cave. 'Better like that ... The dog must not catch their attention.' After a period of friendly talk, the two policemen disagree on what they are about. 'A quarrel of drunks.' Now the two men speak in low voices, they argue using half-words, winks and gestures. Ignacio José is not able to identify the topic of their exchange. He fears the worst. After a few minutes of discrepancy, the conversation of the officers returns to a friendly terrain. 'There is agreement ... They finish the details of what they are going to do.' The plainclothes policeman has won the argument. To emphasize his point of view, speaks to his partner in a loud voice.

- Sure, we can do it... We bring the girls, very well dressed, and we ride the party up there in the cave ... Suavecito! ... Come, let's go up, and I'll show you.

With terror, Ignacio José sees how the policemen finish their beers, throw the empty cans on the ground and set off toward the summit of Lovers' Rock. The boy's eyes search for the men's revolvers. The uniformed officer's gun swings in a holster hanging on his waist. The youth has to stop them! ... 'A good yell?' No, Ignacio José needs something more effective. His imagination flies. Excited remembers a movie he saw, a dream he had, and looks for the bottle with kerosene hidden near the roots of a cedar. 'I have to assemble a small Molotov Cocktail.' He removes a sock from his right foot, takes out the cork that seals the bottle with kerosene, and inserts the sock in its place. Slowly moves the bottle to soak the sock fabric with fuel. In a pocket of his pants Ignacio José

carries a lighter that his cousin Carlos gave him. 'Now you can learn to smoke like a man' he was told. Ready. The boy watches the slow movement of the two policemen towards the top of the hill. Their drunkenness makes it difficult for them to climb the hill. They just look forward to the cave. The patrol car, with an open back door, is an ideal target for the Molotov Cocktail to explode. The mind of Ignacio José draws a route of attack and withdrawal. He comes out of the bushes and quietly returns to the road. Goes stealthily until he reaches five meters from his target, lights on the Cocktail, and throws it against the patrol car. 'Tomaaa!' The boy does not wait for the bomb to explode, he quickly goes back into the bushes which border the road, and escapes without being seen.

The Molotov Cocktail penetrates through a back door of the patrol car. With the impact against the vehicle, the bottle does not explode. It was not well armed as a bomb. The sock jumps out of the bottle's mouth releasing kerosene which spreads over the car seats. The flames pass from the fuel to the fabric and plastic in the seats. A small column of black smoke rises to the sky. Halfway through their journey the two policemen stop walking. They watch with astonishment the flames inside the patrol car. What happened? Adrenaline flows inside their bodies eliminating part of the effects of drunkenness. Running the two men go down the hill undoing the road walked. How can they try to stifle the small fire? The one who dresses in civilian clothes uses a jacket. The uniformed officer throws mud and wet earth into the interior of the vehicle. Eventually the fuel is extinguished and the flames subside. Excited the two policemen evaluate the effects of the fire. The upholstery and the back seat have been damaged by the flames, three cans of beer have exploded as a result of the heat, but the rest of the patrol car is in good condition.

Without leaving the vehicle, protecting it, the policemen examine the area with their eyes in search for an explanation. They do not see anything suspicious. Black clouds block the sun but the light that escapes from them is enough to see clearly that 'everything is normal.' The plainclothes officer uses his detective skills to explain the strange event. Attributes the fire to a fault in the car's electrical system. 'A well-known phenomenon.' Frightened the two men prepare to enter the patrol car and withdraw from the place, when they see the figure of a lonely boy who walks slowly along the road. He is thin and tall. The policeman in civilian clothes sees him as an overgrown child. In his

left hand the youth carries a container for water and in the right hand holds a bag with something that looks like a sandwich. Where is he going? The boy seems to be wandering lost in the world. Without flinching he approaches and stops a few meters from the policemen. The plainclothes officer speaks to him.

- What in the hell do you want pendejito?
- The patrol car has burned ...
- Don't fuck with me! ... Of course, it's burned ... Look child, don't bother us, go and tell your mom to give you a good baby bottle full with milk.

The boy obeys the order continuing his journey. With a fast movement, Don Renato's agents enter the patrol car. The engine of the vehicle starts without any problem. 'We were lucky the electrical failure didn't affect the ignition system' comments in a happy voice the plainclothes policeman. Ignacio José sees how the patrol car drives away along the road. Waits until it disappears. And then the boy runs to the cave where he left Father Camilo. He has lost too many vital minutes in the incident with the corrupt policemen. 'Damn! ... Pura perdida.' He quickly reaches the top of the hill.

With caution Ignacio José enters the cave. He does not want trouble with the rottweiler. His eyes get used to the darkness. He moves his head from side to side in search of Father Camilo ... The cave is empty! 'Where is the Father?' Restless the boy approaches the second entrance of the cave. He crosses it. Down in the valley, between forests and fields, he cannot see anyone. 'The priest vanished.' The boy examines the path that connects with the cave. On the floor he finds the footprints of the rottweiler, Father Camilo ... And another person. 'Someone helped the wounded priest to flee.' The second set of human footprints comes from small, delicate feet. 'Woman's treads! ... María Gracia was here? Did she help the Father to escape?' The prints on the floor tell him nothing more. His instinct pushes him to leave the cave. 'Well, we did have a little miracle ... It's time to go home.' With firm steps, the boy starts to go down the hill.

The rain returns. It is a fine garua. Walking joyfully under the drizzle, Ignacio José eats the bread and cheese sandwich while meditating on his situation. The trip was a complete failure: 'No kerosene, no comic book.' He cannot mention to his family the incident with the Molotov Cocktail. 'Mom could die of fright!' And the kerosene, what excuse can he give to his grandfather? 'Yeah, a couple of corrupt policemen stole the

bottle with the kerosene ... The traitors were very happy ... Insects ... The ants are going to disappear ... Let it rain!

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