

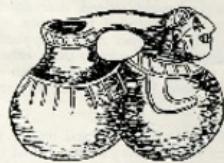
between the wheels — then a quer' beep of... right — and, bathed in blood, faintly shed little feet emerging from the carmine robes.

"My children!" sobbed mother, not bending towards them, but looking up to heaven, a strange light in her eyes and a stranger tone in her voice. I trembled for her weak heart.

Then. — Oh! I shall never forget it! The conscious re-solved consciousness and extricated himself, unshod, from between the dead horses. At the same time the rug moved, and with a jerk from beneath, disclosed three laughing little tots hiding below...

I expected mother to cry with joy, to exult as I did, to sigh with relief as did the crowd; but no; "God", she murmured resignedly, "take me — here I am."

And it was my mother's limp body that one of the ugly wasps took home.



"Lucero" (1)

by OSCAR CASTRO Z.

The summits of the chains of mountains ascend higher and higher before the gaze of Rubén Olmos. Snow-covered peaks, like marmos, daintily sprouting, lofty pinnacles, always changing, always more difficult to retrace, appear before his sight as he ascends. Before attempting a particularly difficult ladder, the traveller decides to rest his mount, which is already short-winded. And once he has stopped, he places his left leg over the saddle and glances down the valley. His eyes first rest on the silvery glimmer of the river which winds like a serpent among the pastures and fields. Then his glance wanders over the well laid out fields and searches for the village he left in the morning. There it is, laid out like a toy with its tiny houses and the dark lines of its streets. The sun's rays, reflected by the zinc roofs, cleave the air with their silvery splendor.

With a flicker of his eyelashes, Rubén Olmos solicitudes the scene below him and examines his mount whose flanks rise and fall rhythmically.

"You are getting old, Lucero," he asks affectionately. And the horse turns his black white-spotted head, as if he understood. "Well, it's true you have worked an awful lot; but you are good for many trips yet; unless, of course, the mountain turns into a mother-in-law".

He turns his gaze to the massive Andean chain, familiar and friendly to him and Lucero; not in vain have they crossed and recrossed it for the last eleven years. Rubén Olmos, dazzled somewhat by the glare of the sun on the snow, recalls his fellow horsemen and the hard times they have. But to him that is only a minor detail; he is certain to overtake them before nightfall.

"As long as you stay with me we shan't have to spend

(1) Morning star.

Lucero by Oscar Castro Z.

Libros y documentos

AUTORÍA

Castro, Óscar, 1910-1947

FECHA DE PUBLICACIÓN

1942

FORMATO

Libro

DATOS DE PUBLICACIÓN

Lucero by Oscar Castro Z. 3 hojas ; 18 cm.

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