

- He was born in 1922 - she said -. Exactly, one month after our son was. On the seventh day of April.

She continued to sip from her cup of coffee during the pauses of her caught and heavy breathing. She was just a woman made of white tendons over a curved and inflexible ~~core~~ spine. Respiratory illnesses forced her to make questions in an affirmative tone. Even when she had finished her cup of coffee, she was still thinking of the dead one.

"It must be horrible to be buried in October", she said. Her husband did not ~~put an ear~~ on her. He opened the window. October has settled on the yard. Looking with amazement at the vegetation that blossomed in greenish bright colors, the small worms' shelters in the mud, the Colonel felt again the coldness of the month in his bones.

- I feel the bones wetting - he said.

- It is because of the winter - the woman replied -. I have been telling you to go to bed with your socks on since it started raining.

- I have been doing so since a week ago.

It rained softly, but non-stop. The Colonel would have preferred to get himself wrapped in with a wool blanket and jump in back to the swinger. "It's October", he mumbled, and walked towards the center of the room. It was not until that moment that he remembered of the cock tied to the bed. It was a fighting-trained one.

After he left the cup at the kitchen, he put on work a clock that was on a wooden sculptured frame by grabbing down its string.

Contrary to the bedroom that was to narrow for a respiratory-dis-
ceased person to breathe, the living room was wide, with four
swinging chairs placed around an auxiliary table with a cover
and a porcelain cat figure. In the wall, opposite to the clock,
the painting of a woman partially covered with satin, surrounded
by Querubins on a boat fully loaded with roses.

It was twenty-past ~~seven~~ when he concluded ~~his~~ work of putting
the clock on work. Then, he took the cock to the kitchen, he
tied it up to stove, replaced the water from the jar, and put some
corn grains next to it. A group of children broke in through the
~~doorless~~ fence. They sat down around the cock, and they looked
with amazement at it, in silence.