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The trick is Maria Luisa Bobal Ana Maria dead, though, during her waking up she has the power to observe what happens around her, sharpen her senses, she has awareness of her body and every person who approaches the bed reminds her of episodes of life. The first visitor is Ricardo, its founding neighbor when they were children. He, slightly older, frightened younger neighbors, a dictator who didn't hesitate to make them suffer, perhaps that attitude seduced the hero, who later had a passionate affair with the boy, the result of which was a passionate affair with a pregnancy that didn't come successful. After the fact he and Ricardo separated forever. Then it was the turn of Fernando, his friend and his fervent fan who humiliated the woman with his disdain, but in that he removed all his sadness, because he was not happy and settled to comb his long brides, taking care of household chores to quell the pain and to which he had already become accustomed. Fernando confessed that he would rest with the death of those who would not give him hope, because he could live in peace, devote himself to politics and fall asleep well, deep down he was selfish in delighting himself with the death of Ana Maria because, in short, there was no other way to mend his life. Antonio, her husband, later contacted her. With their excellent presence and preserving their valour. Anne was able to notice the first wrinkle of Mary who was also the father of her children. Her father, Don Gonzalo, had put on her to marry the wealthy young man, who took her out of her foundation surrounded by nature and took her to her family home, where no place has made her happy. He looked deeply at his wife for hours, once asked if he would love her as much as he loved her one day, the long braided girl replied that she loved her. Unfortunately, he did not feel comfortable in that house, for this reason, Antonio took him to his father's house. Ana Maria dreamed one day that she was very much in love with her husband and she returned to look for him, unfortunately she has now done the same thing, because now her indifference towards her was notorious and cheated on her many occasions for later years, finally the bed in which she rested the dead woman realised she didn't love that man. It's time to take her to the family's mausoleum, she's put in the coffin to be raised by her two strong sons, Ricardo and Don Gonzalo, her father. Then they go outdoors and marvel at the nature of this new perspective, when they buried him he felt his body merging with nature and still feeling the ability to move to that place he stood there, comfortably. General data title: move. Author: Maria Luisa Bobal. First Publish: January 1, 1938. number of Version: soft paste. University Publishing House. Buy it: Amazon. This version is by Sex Barrel because what I've read isn't available. SINOPSIS: The fundamental work of Maria Luisa Bombamal can be controlled in a small amount, of which La Parotada (1938) is undoubtedly a center. This unique novel displays a dream-like and magical universe, in which reality and dreams are confused. The narrative voice of a dead woman (trick) allows the author to reveal the vision of a woman's life tormented by love, disentry and impossibility of life. Representative of the most important female literature in the Castilian language, the work of Maria Luisa Bombamal ranks among the purest manifestations of contemporary Hispanic American literature. My opinion: I loved this drama. The author's way of uttering and immersing himself in history is commendable. In every line I read I felt what was being narrated, I also came to think about what if the dead could see us in their coffin and trick as everything seems. She tells us from the point of view of the trick to come to her mind according to what she sees, though there is something that flatters and carries it. The first one who comes to see him in the coffin is one of her young loves, Ricardo, so from the moment she sees it, she backs down when they were children and they played (her sisters or cousins) with her, when she apparently got pregnant with him being very young.. I Also it is the form, this is how it is written, how history is given to us (readers) in such careful language, with words chosen with caution, with that emphasis and rhythm; I thought I read those stories in such a poetic way and chose so much that it wasn't just another story or novel, it's that I want this drama since I started reading it. In parts of the novel, he looks like he changes from being the narrator (protagonist) to being another narrator or narrator, but at very small intervals. From what she tells us about her story with Richard, she's going in more or less the same direction, with her sister, her husband, her father, her daughter. I Herself tells us part of her story and what she's thinking about what it means to be dead. At the same time, I was thinking of the possibility that it is true, that if it is possible that the dead person would see us when we were attending a wake; In some parts of the narrative he will go to some places and feel that he will visit some of his loved ones, and as if they dragged him there. It's amazing this novel, I think there aren't enough words to describe it and tell a little what it's about, because it's a rather small novel, it's not possible to give so many details so as not In its entirety and they can read it and enjoy it. Not just for brevity but for his language. Here are some quotes to encourage you to read. Dating: Now that you know her dead, they're all around her there. Rain, falls, well, stubborn, calm. And she hears her downfall. Fall on the roofs, fall to bend the sunshades of the pines, and the broad arms of the blue cedar fall. Unless you water the clovers, and wipe the paths, fall. So many creatures, so many worries and tiny physical snovers always stood between him and the mystery of a night. It's him, he.

her. Their presence suddenly nullified long pointless years, hours, days that fate interposed between them, slow, dark, resolute. I remember. I felt lethargic, they are satiated with nostalgic desires, body and soul, as passion and pain. Was it necessary to die to know certain things? Now she also understands that in the heart and senses of the man she had swelled to her roots; Which never, even though he often believed it, was completely lonely; That never, even though I often thought about it, was really forgotten. Oh my God, mine, my God! Do I have to die to learn? - Alice, my poor sister, it's you! You pray! Where would you think I am? The terrible God whom you fulfilled day by day the cruelty of your husband, the fire of your sawmills, and even the loss of your only son, that disobedient, giving justice to the laughing child, when he fell and whose body was lifted from the soil and leaf? Alicia, the No. I'm here, well-attached to earth-shattering. And I wonder if I'll ever see the face of my God. Get up and watch me at the entrance of your room once more. Get up to dodge me or hurt me, take away my life and happiness every day. But get up, get up! Did you know what makes this room nice and intimate? The reflection and shade of the tree was added to the window. You said, Houses should never be taller than trees. (This piece reminds me a lot of one of his stories, the tree.) But he had learned to seek refuge in a family, in a penalty, to fight suffering by surrounding himself with children, from work. From now on, at least, you'll know what it means to take a dead Previous. Never, ever to enjoy anything completely. In every fart, even at the simplest - a winter moon, a night out - a certain emptiness, a certain strange sense of loneliness. My God, the water had not yet stopped on his head and things were already changing, life was on his course despite him, without him. I was unaware that things could take so much space in our affection. Teresa, Ana Maria, Cecilia...

His name, all his names, even those he shunned in life. And at least, two dates differ from a hyphen. Ah, if the men knew what was under them, they would find it so much easier to drink water from the fountain! Everything sleeps on the earth and everything awakens from the earth. He had to face the death of the organism. Now he was longing for total immersion, the second death: the death of the dead. We shared the audio of this book, divided into three parts: Part One: Part Two: Part Three: Page 2 General Data Title: Neon Bible. Author: John Kennedy Tool. First Publication: May 1989. Version: Soft cover. Third version 2005. Editorial: Anagram. Number of pages: 186. Buy it: Amazon. SINOPSIS: After the rapid rise to the loudest fame of the publication and the fools, critics and readers who had hailed that novel — a true cult book of contemporary literature — began to hear rumors that its author, suicidal John Kennedy Toole, had not left another novel released. The news was confirmed by the author's mother and executor, but in a sperm farce, worthy of the magic of fools, the neon Bible manuscript was the subject of many litigation, until a judge finally ruled that either heir found a way to spread the novel — something impossible — or its publication was authorized and artists were made on money produced by the book. In short, a hitoria that John Kennedy toole would have found worthy of his brutal quip. David, the hero of the neon Bible, is a teenager living in a miserable city in the Deep South. A neon Bible illuminates the sky at night, and religious fundamentalism and misogyny wreak havoc on the lives of citizens during the day. David's father loses his job, the church can't continue to pay his contributions, and it marks the beginning of a decline that will turn them into outings within the small community. There aren't many In the life of David, who in addition to coming from Aunt Mae, his mother's sister who followed a haunting career as a singer, and at the age of 60, reels out well thought with her blond dyed hair, squeaky coloured clothes and shabby boyfriends. After a loving despair and a bloody and scary episode, young David rushes into a new life on the other horizon. My opinion: The book, as read in the synopsis paragraph, consists of the life of David, a child who lives in a city in the southern United States (sometimes called the Valley) with his mother, father, and aunt Mae. Through David's narration we show some facts of his life from the time he reaches a child until he reaches over the age of 16. Start like this this is the first time I have travelled by train and I have been sitting for two or three hours. It's night and I don't see the scenery, but when the train left, the sun was starting to set and I could see reddish brown leaves and cinnamon-coloured grass on the hillside. What we initially know from that he goes somewhere by train, and remembers through the sound that produces the rattle of the train that he always liked trains, even when he was a kid he was one; From here she starts to make us partakers and witnesses of her life and what determines her to make some decisions and that her life takes that way and by which (to some extent) she's traveling on the train: a loving despair and after a bloody and scary episode.... Through storytelling it's not impossible to create images in mind, some are very beautiful and tender as others are pathetic and that makes me feel terrible for him. I don't know why, I also took a special affection for Aunt Mae, she seemed to me a beautiful woman because she's a little more of a woman world and street than her mother, but she was with them in very strong events such as the war and relics she left in our hero's family, comfortable and with them. This child (and later a teenager) was a cute, innocent, gentle, naive, brave and very strong kid. Perhaps the way the fact happens, one (as a reader) wants no one to be a child (most importantly people located in their childhood), but it's the sad reality that surrounds many people. To a little dely in the author's style and narrative quality, I think he is a brilliant writer and the imagination that he has written at the age of 16 in this good book (stylistic quality, stage creation and description) is impressive. Without falling into the cliché of lamenting to die, except for only two works, that he has not enjoyed glory and fame that will bring him the revelation of his two works (the Bible of Neon and the Magic of Fools): My view is Did a good job. The fact that some of his details were so heartbreakingly surreal (there are people who live and grow like David), the humor that sometimes appears, that history is in the southern United States and the strangeness of some of his scenes: They list it as a sign of the Southern Gothic, which, it is said, is so admired flannery O'Connor. Below I share quotes of the quality of the narrative and the writing of this man, the way I see, amazing; And if you ask me if I do this definitely what I recommend. Dating: Stunning doesn't bother me: It's like rain on a tin roof, at night, when everything is still up and quiet and all you hear is water and rumble. I could see the enlightened great neon Bible in the church of the preacher. Maybe it's even on tonight, with its yellow pages, red letters and the big blue cross in the center. Maybe they'll turn it on, even if the preacher isn't there. All the other women could look out their kitchen window out of my age and see drying clothes on the line of clothes, but all I could see from my hotel window was a filthy alley full of old newspapers, broken wine bottles, dumpster, cats and dirt. (Aunt Mae) It may be worth keeping up so far, when I can show you how small your pain is compared to mine. They were kittens all the time, but I knew what Dad would do if he took a home. I once saw him throw a brick at a cat that was in our yard, a little bit that I was trying to give some meat. My throat was burning again, and suddenly I let go of the loudest belch I've ever heard of releasing anyone. Mrs Watkins hit me so hard that my head wobbled over my shoulders. I stood there watching him, and I felt sorry to see someone so powerful first and who had suddenly become so vulnerable and frightened. The orchestra played a song that I heard constantly on the radio, Chatanooga Chu Chu. When they saw what Aunt Mae and her companions were doing, other women supported, created a circle, and left all over the place for them. It was like all the other pictures in our paper. Aunt Mae's hair looked like a cloud, and behind her was a handful of men playing colors. The people in all the photos had black skin and white hair, whatever their true colors. When the soldiers arrived with permission, they married the girls of the village from whom they had written letters. Many girls who never expected to get married were requested by soldiers they knew since they went to school and spent fifteen days on holiday Home. That is true. There was not much to see except the statue. We sat in court and heard a judge talking to a man of color who had apparently taken away another mule. It was a pleasant spring afternoon, like every afternoon we enjoyed in the valley, the gardens of village houses were full of flowers. The grass in the courtyards was yogurt with green and dandelion. The hot air, which always smelled a bit like the cedar trees of the hills, blew into the streets. Spring was the time when I was happy to live in the hills. Everything was going on. The wind stirred up trees, and small animals played in the grass and among the bushes. The preacher's Bible was running as usual. Once, during the war, we had a simulated airstrike protection drill in the valley, and argued with the preacher sheriff because he didn't want to stop advertising off. The sound of full volume radio from the village came to me. After some baseball games, but most heard the news about the end of the war. Mom was worried about letters received from dad, who was in Italy in the middle of a struggle. In one of his letters, he said he was living on an old farm which was a thousand years old. I thought of that letter saying he was going to pick me up to see the beach and the waves when I got home and the small plot smashed by dad became completely blurred and I knew I was crying. Aunt Mae spent a few moments looking at the mother, and I saw how tired her eyes were. Then he looked at me, and there we remained only under the electric light bulb, without saying anything was watching us. Page 3 Carolina Barragan Review 10 August 2016 Viewed: 2240 General Data Title: Portrait of Dorian Gray. Original title: A picture of Dorian Gray. Author: Oscar Wilde. First publication: 1890. Editorial: Norma. 2003. Number of pages: 306. Buy it: Amazon. Sinopsis Basil Howard is an artist who is very impressed by the aesthetic beauty of a youth named Dorian Gray and begins to be enchanted with him, believing that this beauty is responsible for his new form of art. A portrait of a young man who paints Tuls. Chatting in the Basil's Garden, Dorian meets Lord Henry Wotton, a friend of Basil's, and Begins to be fascinated by Lord Henry's world view. Highlighting a new type of glee, Lord Henry says that the only thing in life is meaningful beauty, and the satisfaction of the senses. Realizing that one day her beauty will fade, Dorian always wishes to age when she painted her in basil painting. Dorian's wish is fulfilled while he lives forever The appearance of the painting, the figure depicted by him age. Her quest for happiness leads to a series of acts of her debauchery and deformity; But the picture serves as a reminder of the effects of each of the acts performed on his soul, with each sin the figure distorts and becomes old. My opinion on this work is that it is a fascinating book in the sense in which it shows the vanity and disorders of certain men (or women). As many may know or know the contents of the work, it consists of Dorian Gray being portrayed by Basil an artist of the time who was fascinated with the young Dorian (I would feel miserable if I hadn't seen him daily. I need to be acquitted for that. It's looking so beautiful that young and beauty doesn't want to lose. That is why one day he realizes that Howard's painting reflects all his wickedness, vices, and old age. The preface of this work is beautiful, as Oscar Wilde writes about art, what he believes is art and morality: the artist is the creator of beautiful things. Revealing art and hiding the artist is the purpose of art. It's critics who can translate into another form or a new material to make their mark of beautiful things. There are no such things as ethical or immoral books. Books are well written or misspelled. That is all. I think that as far as books are concerned, it's still clear in our day that there's plenty of scandalous or ridiculous works, or some of the labels they want to give them; And I defend what it means, literature consists of how stories are written and no matter how silly or subjects clichés are told. It's strange to say that at this time, but to my surprise I've still heard comments for what you've read and there's no shortage of naïve comments it's bad, it's diabolical... Anyway, with that mere preamble, I thought the story was going to be this well written and I wasn't wrong. It's almost impossible not to try to relate some of the character traits to Oscar Wilde's life, traits such as homosexuality by suggesting in a certain way that Basil was pleased with the beauty of young Dorian and Dorian also liked Lord Henry: Dorian Grey frowned and turned his head. He can't help but beside him like the tall, elegant young man.. Music as he spoke, and seemed to have a language of his own. But he felt afraid of that, and ashamed of that feeling. Although Dorian also likes women, she also committed to one (at the beginning of the game). Moreover, as mentioned in the previous paragraph, what Wilde does with this work, we have to show the vanity of a man like Dorian, and contrary to the comments I have heard in some reviews. That it was Lord Henry who was corrupt and who corrupted him, I don't think so. It is normal for Lord Henry to know a little more about life and with some loose comments he will give Dorian some idea that he would not have dared to keep in mind, otherwise it was Dorian who worked badly with some women and over overhauled his bohemian and dinner lifestyle. It was what he wanted to live for and nothing justifies him to act the way he did throughout history. That was his nature. It is a masterpiece, which very well deserves its status as the classic of literature. It's a work that is enjoyed from start to finish, and impressive that's no longer or denser with its content. Here are some quotes for those who have not done so to be encouraged to read. CITAS IQ is a form of hyperbole in itself and destroys the harmony of any face. The moment one sits down to think, it becomes every nose, or all the front, or any other scare. Look at successful men in any branch of knowledge. Are they totally awesome! Except the church, of course. But you don't think about the church. A bishop continues to repeat at the age of eighties what he was taught to say when he was an eighteen-year-old boy... Ugly and stupid is the best part in this world. You can sit quietly and watch the display open with your mouth. If they know nothing about victory, at least they get rid of defeat. When I feel immense appreciation for anyone, I never call anyone their name. It's like giving a part of that person. I learned to love the mystery. They seem to be the only thing capable of lending a certain secret or imagination to modern life. The most simple is delicious just by hiding it. In the barbaric struggle for survival, we want something that remains, and so we fill our minds with the nonsense and genuine senseless hope of maintaining our position. Fully informed man: behold the ideal of modern man. The end of life is personal development. The true evolution of nature itself: behold our Raisin de Year. Today, people are afraid of themselves. They have forgotten their main duty, someone's duty to themselves. Nothing left afterwards, but a memory of the sexuality of pleasant or repentance. The only way to get rid of temptation is this. Lord Henry saw him with his subtle smile. I knew the exact psychological moment when I had to keep quiet. Today most people die from a kind of progressive common sense, and when it's too late it's too late that the only thing one ever regrets is their mistakes. today Day people know the price of everything, but they don't know anything worth it. The reason we like to think well about others is that we are all afraid of ourselves. The basis of optimism is purser terror. Bliss is a test of nature, its sign of approval. We are always good when we rejoice, but as good, we are not always ecstatic. Discord is about forcing others to be in harmony with others. Life itself: That's what matters. There are only two really attractive types of people: those who know absolutely everything and who know absolutely nothing. Art has no effect on acts. To destroy the desire to work. It's wonderfully sterile. Books that the world says immoral are books that show the world its shame. That's it.

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