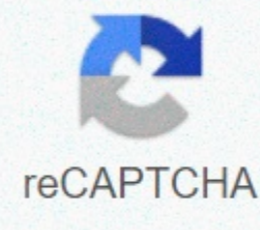




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## Un dia de estos questions and answers

Gabriel Garcia Marquez Monday dawn warm and rainy. Aurelio Escovar, a dentist without a degree, and very early intelligence, opened his office at six. He took some dentures, still installed in their plaster molds, out of the glass case and wore a fistful table of instruments arranged in order of size, as if they were on display. She wore a collarless striped shirt, covered in the neck with gold studs, and trousers held by the hangers She was upstream and skinny, with a rare look matching the situation, the way deaf people were looking. When he had things arranged on the table, he pulled a drill towards the dental chair and sat down to polish his dentures. He seems not to think about what he does, but works steadily, pumping drills with his legs, even if he doesn't need it. After eight he paused to see the sky through the window, and he saw two pensive buzzards drying themselves in the sunshine in the ridgepole house next door. He went to work with the idea that before lunch it would rain again. The shredded voice of his eleven-year-old son interrupted his focus. Papa. What? The mayor wants to know if you're going to pull his teeth. Tell him I'm not here. He polishes gold teeth. He held it at arm's length, and checked it with his eyes half-covered. Her son shouted again from the small waiting room. He says you too, because he can listen to you. The dentist continues to check the teeth. Only when he has put it on the table with the ready job he says: So much better. He handled the drill again. He took a few pieces of bridge out of the cardboard box where he kept things he still needed to do and started polishing gold. Papa. What? He has yet to change his expression. He says if you don't take his teeth, he'll shoot you. Without a hurry, with very quiet movement, he stopped pedaling the drill, pushed him off the chair, and pulled the drawer down the table all the way out. There is a revolver. O.K., he said. Tell him to come and shoot me. He dribbles a chair across the door, his hands resting on the edge of the drawer. The mayor appeared at the door. He had shaved the left side of his face, but the other side, swelled and in pain, had a five-day beard. The dentist saw plenty of desperate nights in his eyes of the disgust. He covers the drawer with his fingertips and says soft: Sit down. Good morning, says the mayor. Morning, says the dentist. Despite the boiling instrument, the mayor leaned his skull in the headrest of the seat and felt better. His breath is icy. It's a poor office: old wooden chairs, pedal drills, glass cases with bottles Across from a chair is a window with a high shoulder cloth blind. When is when is the sensing the dentist's approach, Datuk Bandar caught his heel and opened his mouth. Aurelio Escovar turned his head towards the light. After examining the infected teeth, he closed datuk Bandar's jaw with the pressure of his finger. It needs to be without anesthetic, he said. Why? Because you have an abscess. Datuk Bandar looked him in the eye. All right, he said, and tried to smile. Dentists don't bring smiles back. He brought sterilized instruments to work and carried them out of the water with a pair of cool tweezers, still unhurried. Then he refused the spitoon with the end of his shoes, and went to wash his hands in the lion. He did all this without seeing datuk Bandar. But datuk Bandar did not take his eyes from him. It is the tooth of lower wisdom. The dentist spreads his legs and compresses the teeth with heat. Datuk Bandar grabbed the arm of the chair, grabbed his leg with all his strength, and felt the emptiness of the ais in his kidneys, but made no noise. The dentist just moved his wrist. Without running, on the contrary with bitter tenderness, he said: Now you will pay for our twenty men to die. Datuk Bandar felt the crispy bones in his jaw, and his eyes filled with tears. But he didn't breathe so felt the teeth come out. Then she saw him through her tears. It seemed so alien to his pain that he failed to understand his turtle five nights earlier. Bent over a spitoon, sweating, panting, he unbuttoned his tunic and got to a handkerchief inside his outer pocket. The dentist gave him a clean cloth. Dry your tears, she said. Datuk Bandar did. He gambled. Although the dentist washed his hands, he saw the siling collapse and the spider web dusty with spider eggs and dead insects. Dentist's back, drying his hands. Go to bed, he said, and gargle with brine. Datuk Bandar stood up, said goodbye with a casual army tabik, and walked towards the door, stretching his legs, without pressing his tunic. Send the bill, he said. To you or the city? Datuk Bandar didn't look at him. He closed the door and said through the screen: 'It's the same thing. El lunes amaneció tibio y sin lluvia. Don Aurelio Escovar, dentista dosa título y buen madrugador, abrió su gabinete seis las. Sacó de la vidriera una dentadura postiza montada aún en el molde de yeso y puso sobre la mesa un puñado de instrumen que ordenó de datuk bandar menor, como en una exposición. Llevaba una camisa a rayas, dosa cuello, cerrada arriba con un botón dorado, y lost as big as sostenidos kon cargadores elásticos. Era rígido, enjuto, con una mirada que raras races correspondía a la situación, como la mirada the deaf. When he had things arranged on the table he rolled the strawberry towards the spring chair and sat down to polish the dentures He doesn't seem to think of what he's doing, but he's working stubbornly. After eight he pauses to see the sky out the window and see two hens think drying in the sun above the ease of a neighbour's house. He continued to work with the idea that before lunch it would rain again. The voice of his eleven-year-old son didn't get squanched pulling him out of his abstract. Daddy?» The mayor said if you pull out the teeth Tell him I'm not here he polishes the golden teeth. He threw it at his arm's distance and checked it with his eyes half-closed. In the waiting room, her son shouts again.« He says you're here because he hears you, the dentist keeps checking the teeth. Just when he put it on the table with the ready job, did he say, BetterDia re-handle the strawberries. From the cardboard box where he kept things to do, he pulled out a multi-piece bridge and started polishing gold.« What's Dad? I haven't changed my expression yet. He says that if you don't take his teeth out, he shoots youTanpa in a hurry, with very quiet movements, he stops pedaling at the strawberries, removes it from the armchair and completely opens the undersea drawer of the table. There is a revolver.« Well, he said. He turned on an armchair until he fronted the door, his hands resting on the edge of the drawer. The mayor appeared on the verge. He had shaved his left cheek, but another, swelling and sore, had a five-day beard. The dentist looked in his eyes that got off much of a night of despair. He closed the drawer with his fingertips and said softly, Sitting Good morning, the mayor said. Nice Despite the boiling instrument, the mayor rested the skull on the head of the chair and felt better. He breathes the smell of glaciers. It's a weak cabinet: old wooden chairs, pedal cutters, and stained glass windows with sling knobs. In front of the chair, a window with a cloth cancels the height of a man. When he felt the dentist was approaching, the mayor claimed his heel and Don Aurelio Escovar moved his face into light. After observing the damaged teeth, he adjusts his jaw with careful pressure from his fingers. It has to be without anesthus, he said. Why? Because he has abscessEs Okay, he says, and tries to smile. The dentist does not belong to him. He brought pots with boiled instruments to the work desk and pulled them out of the water with cold tweezers, still without rushing. She then rolls up spitting with the tip of her shoes and goes to wash her hands in manic water. He did everything without seeing the mayor. It's a lower cord. Dentist opened his legs and tightened his teeth with a trigger The mayor sticks to the chair bar, unlocks all his strength on his feet and feels the ice vacancy in but he did not let go of the pain. The dentist just moved the wrist. Without a grudge, not with bitter tenderness, he said, Twenty dead paid us here, Leftenan, Datuk Bandar felt a fractured bone in his jaw and his eyes filled with tears. But she wasn't scary so she felt her teeth come out. Then she saw him through tears. He found him so complicated to his pain that he could not understand the torture five nights before. Leaning over a spitter, sweating, panting, he unbuttoned the hero and groped his handkerchief inside his pocket. The dentist gave him a clean cloth.« Dry your tearsDatuk Bandar did it. I shook. As the dentist washes his hands, he sees the sky coming out of his hands and the web dusty with spider eggs and dead insects. The dentist returned by drying his hands.« He said, and made the water diver masinDatuk Bandar stand up, say goodbye with an unexpected army tabik, and go to the door stretching his legs, without pressing his hero. He passed me the bill, he said. Are you or the municipal council? ask the dentist. Datuk Bandar didn't look at him. He closed the door, and said, through a metal net. It is the same pod Gabriel García Márquez (1928) Gabriel García Márquez is one of the most famous Latin American writers in the international rankings. In 1982, he won the Nobel Prize in Literature for his novel One Hundred Years Solitud. In all his works there is a real mix beautifully and in it stretches many of the problems of Latin American society in a cartoonish way. Among her works are the important La hojarasca (1955), the Chronicle of The Announced Death (1981), Love in the Cholera Age (1985), and collections of short stories such as The Burial of the Great Mother (1962), in which it is the story that appears here, and The Twelve Acts of the Pilgrims (1992). The story of One of the days takes place in Macondo, an imaginary township that is also the village of One Hundred Years Solitud. It is a story that reflects the author's sardonic humor and his concern for the ferocity that, unfortunately, has characterized some eras of Colombian history. The Colombians.

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