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Once again Luis Sepúlveda breaking stereotypes with the beautiful book An Old Man Who Reads Love Romances. This author often tells stories of a world where nature, framed by new questions about ecology, plays an important and indispensable role. He was declared stateless and is one of the Latin American writers who currently has the greatest success on the critical scale. Here's a brief summary of An Old Man Who Reads Loving Novels here. Introduction The book by Luis Sepúlveda entitled An Old Man Who Reads Love Stories was written in 1989 and translated into 14 languages, winner of the Tigre Juan Award (Oviedo, 1989) and worthy of other international awards. In this article we will talk about the life of this great author, describe and analyze some of the characters in the book, and summarize each chapter so that people who want to read it can learn more and a complete understanding of this novel. Biography of the author Luis Sepúlveda was born in Ovalle, Chile, 1949. He was very young when he decided to be a traveler instead of an office worker. From Punta Arenas to Oslo, from Barcelona to Quito, from the Amazon rainforest to the Sahara desert, from Pinochet's cells to the Greenpeace ship, he traveled almost every possible territory of geography and utopia. And when I traveled, I wrote. This author created his first book at the age of twenty. He won awards such as Gabriela Mistral de Poesía in 1976 and Rómulo Gallegos for a novel in 1978 and later with the novel Um Velho que Lê Romances de Amor, the Tigre Juan Award. With it, achieves a sales success and its rights were sold to the cinema for Jean-Jacques Annaud, since then no one could ignore this author anymore. When Luis Sepúlveda was banned, moved all over South America and then traveled to Europe, where he currently lives (Spain), the author befriended Julio Cortázar and Osvaldo Soriano, and even the famous Plácido Domingo. He feeds his works of his literary masters Emilio Salgari, Jules Verne, Jack London, Melville, Conrad among foreigners. While at the national level, he acknowledges his dedication to Francisco Coloane (he has been particularly involved in the dissemination of his work in Europe) Manuel Rojas, Pablo de Rokha, Carlos Drouguet, Juan Godoy and Nicomedes Guzmán. The way Sepúlveda narrates in the current literary environment is of great importance both in America and in Europe, the characteristics of the work done, his eccentric attitude, the innovation in the themes, his uniqueness and the controversy of his work, attracts more readers. Characters This section describes in detail each of the characters who have life in this work entitled An Old Man Who Reads Love Romances: The He was a great enemy of all, because he came to Idyll, the city of the Amazon region, to collect taxes and sell fishing licenses and many other things just to make money, he ignored the laws of the jungle, he believed that his master and owner of absolute truth, the sole bearer of reason. The villagers call him Babosa, because he has been sweating since arriving in the city, he was also a very violent person, who even physically abused his wife. Antonio José Bolívar Proaño: an older man who is about 70 years old, is married to Dolores Encarnación del Santísimo Sacramento de Estupignán Otavalo, they lived in a bad way in the Sierra until they left to move somewhere far away and that is why Antonio José Bolívar Proaño and his wife arrive in the city of El Idilio. While in that city they know the Shuar tribe, but soon his wife dies, of course he begins to feel alone, but with the friendship he had with the tribe, he begins to gain some freedom that he did not previously feel. But something happens and you have to end your relationship with the Shuars to become a lonely man, then you read romantic novels, even memorize them and create a group of lovers of novels, but you never lose your desire to be brave and adventurous. The Shuar: one of the many tribes of the jungle that walked half-naked, composed of very good hunters who have as their characteristic their own language, are great drinkers of alcoholic beverages and smoke pure leaves. Antonio José Bolívar described them as a herd of sticky monkeys as parrots, drunk and outrageous as demons. They were not violent with people or animals, they were persecuted only by food and not as trophies, they respected life very much. Rubicundo Loachamin: he is the dentist of the area, who came to visit twice a year, the old Bolívar realizing that the dentist was a reader of romantic novels, talks to him and agrees to bring books when possible. Over time he ends up being a great friend of Bolívar, his personality was rude to the Indians, but with his friend he was different. The Tigrilla: It is a female who was wandering in the jungle after an American hunter killed her cubs and injured the male. Later, by her animal instinct, she commits a series of murders for which she ends up being pursued by the mayor. She was killed by Antonio José Bolívar Proaño. Dolores Encarnación del Santísimo Sacramento Estupignán Otavalo: she was the wife of Antonio José Bolívar Proaño.A very religious woman, this can be inferred by her name and by the reactions she had to attempts to kiss her boyfriend and then-husband Antonio. After moving to El Idilio, time and malaria ended his life, was native to the Shuar tribe, this character was killed by a gold seeker. He had become a great friend of Antonio's. The gringos: they are tourists and hunters who appear in the plot, with an ignorance of what is the defense of nature, are the direct causes of Tigrilla commit its slaughter. Napoleon Salinas: the story begins by telling the death of this character. The Mayor's Wife: an Indigenous woman the mayor beats and accuses of haunting him, everyone thought that at any moment she would kill the mayor. Placencio Plunan: Owner of a tent where they camp and are found dead. Summary of An Old Man Reading Love Stories Throughout this summary, we will describe the most important events that take place throughout the eight chapters that make up this novel and which feature the participation of the characters described above: First Chapter The few residents of El Idilio and a handful of travelers who came closely found on the pier waiting to be cared for by dentist Loachamin , who managed to relieve the pain of his teeth with a strange oral anesthesia. During treatment, patients took the sides of the chair and responded to the pain by overly opening their eyes and sweating in the sea, some of them wanted to take the dentist's hands out of their mouths. Meanwhile, in the distance, Sucre's small crew was visible and carried with them many green bananas and coffee beans. This would arrive in El Idilio, as soon as the dentist finished his work, then sailed through the waters of the Nangaritza River and flowed to Zamora and after four days would arrive at the port of El Dorado. Loachamin visited El Idilio twice a year, as did the Postal Service employee, who rarely brought mail to a resident. The only happy ones in the vicinity of the consultation were the jibaros, indigenous excec'd by the people themselves. There was a big difference between a proud Shuar, who knew the Amazon very well and a Jibaro, like Idyll, who expected the dentist's attention. After taking care of the last patient, the dentist was very relieved and went to the dock, where he met his old friend José Bolívar Proaño. At the time, two canoes were approaching and one of them showed the head of a blond man, who will meet in the next chapters. Second Chapter The mayor appears in action, as the highest authority and representative of a power too far to cause fear, was an obese person, who was tirelessly suffering. Residents said he sued from the moment he arrived in El Idilio, earning the nickname Babosa. Due to a diversion of resources, he was sent to that place as a measure of sanction. He was sweating and his other occupation manage beer for people. He lived with an Indigenous woman he beat, accusing her of bewitching him and everyone expected the woman to kill him. A new mayor came to town with a habit of collecting taxes for mysterious reasons. The former mayor was a man loved by people because his motto was to live and let live, but he died after a fight with gold explorers and was found two days later with his head open by machetes and devoured by ants. When the new mayor arrived at the bridge, he ordered the body lifted. He was a young blond with a strong constitution who accused Shuar of killing the former mayor, drew a revolver and targeted the Indians. Then a voice was heard saying it wasn't a machete wound. This voice was from old Bolívar, the old man approached the corpse and said it was a tiger blow, an adult animal killed him. The female killed him and he to mark it, so said Huela, the older shuar. The mayor looked strangely at the oldest of the residents, the dentist, and did not know how to explain what was going on. The natives barely saw what happened they were noticing in their village the presence of the female tigritillo, who would seek blood in the villages. This warned the villagers that they were on duty. Later, some men carried the body lying on the dock boards. At that moment they lifted the box on board and the mayor looked at the maneuver. The successful bells announced the departure, forcing them to say goodbye, the old man remained on the pier until the ship disappeared when he passed a bend in the river, then took off his dentures and walked toward his hut. Third Chapter Old Bolívar could read, but not write. At best, he managed to scribble his name. When he had to sign, he read slowly, took the syllables, and whispered them quietly as if he were savoring them. He lived in a hut of about ten square meters where he met Dolores Encarnación del Santísimo Sacramento Estupignán Otavalo as a child in San Luis, a mountain village near the Imbabura volcano. They were thirteen when they got engaged. Child marriage lived the first three years of as a couple with the woman's father and did so in exchange for attention and prayers. When the old man died, they inherited a few feet of land, insufficient to financially support the family. Bolívar cultivated family properties and worked on other landowners. The woman failed to get pregnant, so he tried to comfort her and they traveled from healer to healer and tried all kinds of herbs. That's why they decided to leave the mountains and just before the St. Louis festivities, they gathered the few possessions, closed the house and began the journey. It took them two weeks. to the river port of El Dorado. After another week of travel, this time by canoe, they reached a corner of the river. The only construction was a huge ceramic pier that served as an office, seed basement and tools and housing for the group of newly arrived settlers in El Idilio. The couple were hired to build a cabin carefully. They worked from dawn to dusk and destroyed a tree with some vines; then their deliveries stopped and they didn't know what to do. Isolated by storms, the first settlers began to fall ill and die. They felt lost, in a fierce battle with rain threatening to take their cabin. The shuar, friendly, approached to help them. After the rainy season, the Shuars helped clear the slopes and warned us that everything was in vain. When the next rainy season arrived, the hard work camps disappeared. Dolores Encarnación could not stand the second year and left in the middle of a very high fever, consumed to the bone by malaria, the old Bolívar Proaño knew he could not return to the mountain town. He learned the Shuar language by participating with them in the hunts, he also learned to use the blow gun, silent and effective in hunting and spear in front of the fast fish, five years after being there, he knew he would never leave these places. One morning, Antonio José discovered that he was getting older when he lost a pistol. It was also time to leave, decided to settle in El Idilio and live from the hunt. One day, the old man devoted himself to the construction of a hard and definitive canoe, suddenly heard a loud noise, ran toward the explosion and found several Indians of the Shuar tribe very sad. They indicated a mass of dead fish on the surface and a group of strangers pointing guns from the shore. The whites, nervous about the arrival of more Shuar, fired to reach two Indians and escape in their boat. I knew white people were lost. The shuar took a shortcut, waiting for them in a narrow corridor and from there they were easy prey for poisoned darts. One had died with his head pierced by close shots and the other was trying to survive with his chest open. It was his friend Nushiño, the Shuar was climbed in the canoe and his tracks were immediately erased from the beach. Chapter Four It is said that after five days of navigation they arrived in El Idilio. But the city had changed, about twenty houses were ordered to form a street facing the river, there was also a plank bridge that Bolívar avoided and sailed a few feet further down until exhaustion indicated a place to lift the cabin. Both settlers and gold seekers have committed everything of stupid mistakes in the jungle. They arrived in groups excited with enough weapons to equip a battalion, the old Bolívar was responsible for keeping them away, while the settlers destroyed the jungle by building the masterpiece of the civilized man. The old man stood there the whole time in his solitude and discovered that he could read while his teeth were damaged. He often witnessed the work of dentist Loachamin on his half-year trips. One day, next to the beer cans and gas cylinders, he got a bored priest, with the mission of baptizing the children and leaving consciousness. For three days, the priest remained in El Idilio, without finding anyone willing to take him to the villages of the settlers, sat on the pier waiting for the ship to take him elsewhere. To kill the hours of boredom, he would take an old book where his inheritance was and try to read it until his tiredness slept him. The book in the priest's hands had a blunt effect on the eyes of old Bolívar. He was a biography of San Francisco, but while sneaking around with his limited reader skills, he felt he was making a move by doing so. It was time to leave and he dared not ask the priest to give him the book. What he left in return was a greater desire to read. He spent the entire rainy season ruminating his misfortune as a useless reader and for the first time felt terribly alone. When the rains subsided and the jungle was populated by new animals, he left the hut and took his rifle to enter the mountain. There he spent two weeks in the territories of animals enjoyed by white men. He set the traps and before leaving the monkey region, he looked for a tall papaya, one of those called papaya monkeys, so high that only they could reach the deliciously sunny and very sweet fruits. The next day, he verified the success of the traps. With the cargo behind him, he returned to The Idyll, hoping that Sucre's crew would finish the cargo duties to get close to the captain. During the trip he spoke with Dr. Rubicundo Loachamin and warned him of the causes of his retirement, El Dorado was not a big city anyway. For Antonio José Bolívar, after forty years without leaving the jungle, it was to return to the vast world he knew. Fifth Chapter With the first shadows of the afternoon, the flood broke out and within minutes it was impossible to see beyond an outstretched arm. Antonio José Bolívar Proaño got some sleep. No more than five hours at night and two naps. During the rainy season, at night he continued to descend down the river to dive, move some rocks and dig into the muddy bed that sometimes offered him a dozen shrimps available for breakfast. In the morning, he undressed, tied a rope around his waist whose other end was firmly tied to a pile, came out with a handful of insects that went crazy. But when he came out of the water when he heard a scream, he tried to focus his eyes and detect the boat, but the rain did not allow him to see anything, the sledgehammer of water fell tirelessly downstream and heard the scream being repeated and he saw some figures running toward the pier. The men broke down when they saw the mayor arrive. The fat man came shirtless and protected from a large black umbrella, released water all over his body. The canoe attached to one of the pillars arrived half submerged, floating only because it was made of wood. On board, he shook a person's body with a broken neck and arms. The mayor ordered the body to be lifted and on the docks was Napoleon Salinas, a gold seeker who had been seen by the dentist the previous afternoon. Salinas was one of the few people who did not remove rotten teeth and preferred it to be patched with pieces of gold. The mayor ordered one of the villagers to hold the umbrella to keep his hands free and distribute the gold nuggets to those present. After picking up the umbrella, he pushed the dead man with one foot until he fell head-on into the water. Sixth Chapter After eating the tasty shrimp, the old man carefully cleaned his tooth plate and kept it wrapped in the scarf. He cleaned the table, threw the leftovers out the window, opened a bottle of Frontera and decided one of the novels. At 2 p.m., he lay in the hammock, smiling calmly as he imagined people opening the doors of their homes and falling into the river as soon as they took the first step. In the afternoon, after having a full stomach, he prepared to continue reading when a scream distracted him and forced his head to peek at the plate. A mad mule ran along the way between the shaky slings, kicking those who tried to stop her. After a great effort, the men managed to surround the animal. Some fell to cover themselves with clay until they finally managed to catch the animal. The mayor, this time without the use of umbrellas, ordered him to be lowered and shot him, the poor animal kicked some in the air and stopped. The mayor ordered her to leave Miranda's post early the next day and ordered two men to kill the animal. The sliced meat was taken to the mayor's portal and the fat man distributed it to those present, then asked Bolívar which part he wanted. He replied that only a piece of the liver, understanding that the goodness of the fat man would be recorded in his memory. With a little bit of warm returned to the cabin. When he sat on the liver that threw pieces of rosemary, the event that took him out of his peace of mind was cursed. He muttered, put on his dentures and chewed up the dry pieces of liver. He's always heard that wisdom comes with age. Several years have passed since the morning, when a boat that had never been seen before appeared, a motor boat that allowed eight people to travel. On the new boat came new Americans with cameras and artifacts of unknown use, the fat was about to swallow, while the newcomers photographed him, and not only for them, for all who were in front of the cameras, without asking permission, entered the cabin and one of them, after laughing part-time, insisted on buying the painting that showed him with his wife. The guests understood Spanish and did not need the fat to describe the intentions of the old man. He kindly asked them claiming that the memories were sacred in that country, so he returned the portrait hanging in the usual place. The old man dropped his rifle and left, the fat man, who saw the old man's burning eyes, decided to move away quickly and run towards the group of Americans the next day, the flat boat left the pier with an increase in crew. The bullet approached the old man and asked him to follow the gringo inland, and told him to be careful. The old man took the opportunity to ask the gringo to speak to the commissioner when he returned to El Dorado so he could send some people from rural areas. The balm against insomnia came a morning later when he saw the little boat appear. It wasn't an elegant arrival, they collided with the dock stakes and didn't even bother to protect the boat. The Americans came, and as soon as they stepped on the ground, they left in search of the mayor. The gringos wanted to come in and photograph Shuar. The settler gently followed them to the site of the shuar, saying that the tamarins murdered one of them. Back in El Idilio, he delivered the remains and left the mayor alone, the peace he had to take care of because the pleasant moments in front of the river depended on it. He was then preparing to relax by reading more of his love stories, but that peace was again ridiculed by the mayor, who would force him to join the expedition in search of the sharp-clawed tigrilla that had taken somewhere in the jungle bush. Chapter Seven A group of men gathered together, the mayor ordered his wife to serve them coffee and green bananas, distribute cartridges, tied with cigars, matches, and a bottle of Frontier around their necks. Antonio José Bolívar Proaño had breakfast early and felt the problem of hunting with full stomach. They left El Idilio's last house and entered the jungle, except that the mayor walked barefoot, forced his straw hats with plastic bags, protected his cigars in canvas bags, ammunition and matches. They walked slowly through the swamp, to advance better, they were delivered and in the middle was the mayor. Antonio José was behind the mayor, the march was repeatedly interrupted due to the difficulty and the imosity of the obese man, who repeated constantly that he could not continue, to which the old man ordered him to stay and disappeared into darkness. He returned to the group guided by the smell of tobacco coming from the men and reported that he had found a place to spend the night, the fat man was not very comfortable with the idea, but the old man convinced him that it was a safe place where they could see the beast and she could not see them, so they kept their cool and tried to sleep. Antonio José Bolívar was attentive to the sounds of the jungle and remembered the first time he saw a fish from a real river when he was still an apprentice, said he was lucky for a Shuar to see him in time and let out a cry of warning: Do not enter, it is dangerous! to which he answered Piranhas? Worse than piranhas, a catfish, a huge fish two meters long and seventy pounds in weight, he was relieved. The next day, they entered the jungle after a trail and were alerted by noises that seemed to come from a crossbow. The mayor was extremely frightened and shouted to have seen the tigrilla while unloading his rifle. But when the group of explorers discovered it was an anteater and the men shook their heads moved by the animal's pitiful fate, while the fat man reloaded his gun. After dinner, they saw alaksetzer's sign faded and identified Miranda's publication. The settler was found a few meters from the entrance, with an open rear of two blows that stretched to the waist and the open neck showed his throat, the dead man was still holding his machete, the mayor looked at the body and said: I do not understand, why did not he lock himself when he heard the tiger? While his rifle was hanging, why didn't you use it? He wasn't a bad guy, did he have relatives? asked the mayor, to which they replied that he had come with his brother, but he died of malaria several years ago. Later they found another corpse, which displayed the tiger's claws on his shoulders and open neck, next to him was his buried machete. I think I understand, said the old man. The dead man was Plascencio Punan, a guy who couldn't find himself. He remembered hearing him talk about Colombia and the Green. The way the body was easy to deduce that the animal attacked him from the front and Miranda was worried about getting out of the way, but she didn't get as far as we saw. Eight yo's later, they wrapped the dead in nets to prevent them from entering eternity like strangers. They pulled the lump into a nearby swamp, picked it up and threw it between the reeds and ridges. They went back to the post and the fat guy was working very closely with the guards. Two men would be awake to be relieved in four hours by others. Before bed, they cooked rice with banana slices and after dinner, Antonio José Bolívar cleaned his dentures. As it was part of the first shift, the old man turned on the carbide lamp and set out to read. His waking partner looked at him confused, asked if he could actually read and what he read in a novel, but asked him to shut up because his breath moved the flame and affected the light. The other one walked away so he wouldn't get in the way. What is it? he asked, Love, answered the old man, who plunged into his reading without being disturbed by the noise. Read a little louder, he asked: Are you interested?, Said the old man, In that case, I have to read you from the beginning, added. Antonio José Bolívar returned to the front page of the book. Not so fast, my friend. There are words I don't know, the gondolier, gondola and kisses that were urgent were kind of overafter a few hours of swapping views dotted with spicy anecdotes. The men laughed, smoked and drank. The mayor moved annoyingly in his bed. So you know that Venice is a city built on a pond. And how do you know? They asked: Have you ever been there? asked the old man. No, but I get instructions, it was your answer. From the outside came the slight noise of a body moving stealthily. The moving body drew a semicircle around the support. The mayor squats the old man, is that her? Yes, And it smelled like us. The fat guy sat down all of a sudden. Despite the darkness, he knocked on the door, emptied his revolver and fired blindly into the thicket. The men turned on the lamp and saw the mayor reload the gun. At dawn, they went out to track down the neighborhood. The rain did not erase the path with marked plants left by the animal. They went back to the cabin and drank black coffee. The mayor realized that he had already discredited too much in front of the men. He found a timely exit under the circumstances and this would also help him cover his back: Let's make a deal, Antonio José Bolívar. You're the oldest in the woods. We just serve as an obstacle, old man killed her and kill her. The state will pay you 5, 000. if you do it. The mayor wanted to get rid of him. The old man didn't care what the sweaty fat guy thought, nor the profits offered in his interest. I had a feeling the animal wasn't far away, maybe even watching them at the time. Gringo had found his offspring and who knows if his male also did. On the other hand, the animal's behavior allowed him to realize that he was seeking death. The animal was looking for the opportunity to die face to face, in a duel that neither the mayor nor any of the men could understand. What do you say, old man? The mayor repeated it. I try, but they leave me cigarettes, matches and some other cartridges. The mayor breathed a sigh of relief when he heard the approval and delivered the request. The old man searched the pages from the beginning. I was upset because I couldn't fit into the discussion. I might be afraid, I thought... Now, Antonio José Bolívar, what's your problem? Isn't this the first time you've encountered a crazy animal, what impatient you get? Are you waiting for her? Would you rather see it on display? Now, knock down the door and get a quick result? Don't you think the beast, with all the intelligence she's shown, could be attacking this group of men? You can follow them and delete them one by one before you reach idyll. You know he can do it, and you should have warned them, tell them: Don't separate a meter. But Antonio José Bolívar, remember that you are not a hunter. You're not a hunter. Often the residents of El Idilio talk about calling yourself a hunter and you even answer that this is not true. It is true that hunters are less and less, because the animals have entered the eastern intersection of impossible mountain ranges, the last species seen was an anaconda that lives in Brazilian territory. But you saw and hunted anacondas not far from here. The reptile surprised the son of a settler while bathing. Remember that, man? In the canoe you followed the path until you discovered the beach where I was sunbathing. So you left a lot of otters dead as bait and waited. It was a good wait, the power of the hand, with a clean cut. The other was a tribute of thanks to the shuar sorcerer who saved his life. The reptile received the arrow and raised almost three-quarters of the body. And tiger tigrillos are also no strangers to you, except that you've never killed a cub, a tiger or any other species. Why do you remember all this? Why does Tigra fill your mind? Maybe because they both know they're the same? Tigritillo doesn't chase Tigritillo. Shuar will refuse. They only kill to feed, but their friend Nushiño told him that the Shuars are also trying to kill the Lazy Tanzans. And why, buddy? The Tanzans they do more than sleep hanging from the trees. After drinking several bowls of black coffee, he went for the preparation. He melted some candles and dipped the cartridges in the liquid tallow. The rest of the melted sebum was applied to the forehead, especially covering the eyebrows. With this, the water would not overshadow the eyes if it found the animal in a clearing in the jungle. Eventually, he checked the edge of the machete and threw himself into the jungle for traces. It began with two hundred steps counted from the hut to the east, discovered a multitude of shattered plants. There, the animal crawled before proceeding to the hut. So he discovered that the animal's marks were stamped and quite large. The female did not hunt, the broken house branches contradicted the hunting style of any cat. He imagined her there, her body thin, her breathing agitated. Just before noon it stopped raining and was alarmed, had to keep raining, otherwise in a thick fog, this would prevent him from breathing and see beyond his nose. The female didn't hunt. Broken bars contradicted any cat's hunting style. He imagined her there, her body thin, her breathing agitated just before noon stopped raining and she was alarmed. It had to keep raining, otherwise in a thick mist that would prevent him from breathing and seeing beyond his nose. Then he saw her, he could see her move south, about 50 feet away. He calculated that from head to tail measured his two good meters, the animal disappeared behind a bush and then appeared again. I know what trick, if you want me here, I'm staying. Fortunately, the rest did not last long and began to rain with renewed intensity. The female was seen several times and always moved along a north-south oriented path. Here I am, said Antonio José Bolívar Proaño, and the only thing that overshadows me is patience. Why don't you surround me and try to attack me? Why don't you go east and go ahead? You cut me on the way to the river. That's your plan, you want to see me escape the jungle and follow me. The old man calculated that he had an hour of light, and at that moment he would leave, reach the bank of the river and find a safe place. Hopefully, he'd arrive before the female discovered her evasive maneuver. The river was nearby. There was only one slope down when the animal attacked. The female must have moved so fast that she discovered an escape attempt that succeeded, until she was by the old man's side. He was shot in the legs and rolled through the wet floor of the circling jungle. Dizzy, leaning on the machete with both hands and waited for the last attack, the female moved her tail madly. The old man moved slowly until he retrieved the rifle. Suddenly he roared, sad and lay down on his legs. The animal barely breathed and the pain seemed to haunt him. Is that what I was looking for? Give him one last chance? The old man screamed in full swing and the female hid among the plants. He approached the injured man and patted him on the head. He loaded the gun again and saw the female come down to find the dead man. He hurriedly ran to the abandoned outpost by the gold seekers, looked quickly and found a canoe on the beach. He also found a bag of dried banana slices, settling in the canoe and thought it was safe. We were lucky, Antonio José Bolívar. He fixed the gun and the machete on the sides. Feeling calm, he ate a handful of bananas, was very tired and fell asleep soon. It was a curious dream. He found himself with his own in front of him. Something was moving in the air. He heard the order piache shuar, while massaging his body with a handful of cold ashes. He held his breath to find out what was going on, he didn't stay in the dream world. The tigrilla was really in front of him, walking, the animal was using its claws to cling to the ground. What new trick was that? Perhaps it was true what Shuar said: the tiger captures the smell of the dead coming out of men without knowing it. The old man understood that the animal was crazy. He marked her as her prey and considered him dead, but the female decided to enter her hideout because he did not respond to the challenge. With his body on his back, he retreated to the other side of the canoe. He raised his head with his rifle against his chest and fired. He could see the blood sprouting from the animal's legs, he calculated for the opening of the leg. Then he reloaded the gun and with a movement turned the canoe. The animal, surprised, lay on the rocks in the attack. She heard screams from an unknown voice, saw her running along the beach, ignoring her injured leg. The old man sat down, and the animal jumped over his claws showing his teeth, forcing him to wait for him to reach the top of his flight. Then he pulled the trigger and the animal remained in the air for a moment, suddenly fell sharply. Antonio José Bolívar Proaño, approached the dead animal. She was bigger than she thought when he first saw her, the old man hit her, ignoring the pain she felt in her bruised foot and wept in shame. He pushed the animal's body to the river bank and the water took it into the jungle. He immediately dropped the shotgun and saw it sink without glory. Antonio José Bolívar Proaño took off his dentures, held it wrapped around his handkerchief and, while cursing the gringo foreman, cut a thick branch of a machete and leaned on it, began go after El Idilio, towards his hut and found solace in the memory of some pieces of his novels that spoke of love, with words so beautiful that they sometimes made him forget human barbarism. Illustrated Values in The Work Like any literary work, an old man who reads love novels also has something good to leave for his readers, in this case these virtues are highlighted through the following values included in the story: Generosity: this value is represented in all the work performed by the dentist Rubicundo Loachamin cleaning the teeth of each of the residents. His generosity was shown twice a year in El Idilio, when he cared for his patients. Friendship: This value reflects that friendship not only presents itself closely, which can be evident when the old man and doctor have been friends for many years, although they have only been seen twice a year. This reflects the good friendship that existed between Antonio José Bolívar Proaño and the dentist Rubicundo Loachamin. Respect: The old man's respect for shuar culture was demonstrated in all that the tribe taught the old man about life, for he was not like all whites, but only wanted his company, for the great respect he showed them, they led him to live with his community for many years. Trust: This value is shown when the Shuars trusted the old man, who was adopted and taught everything they knew about hunting, jungle, and dangers, because the old man inspired them through trust. Readers' opinions Sometimes the best criticism we can get from a book arises precisely from its readers, so below we will quote some opinions made by readers of this work written by Luis Sepúlveda: Our personal opinion on this novel is of great satisfaction, because it addresses topics such as love, which constantly surrounds us, also illustrates many values that we should all have and practice in our daily routine. .... We also liked the book, because of the adventures that José Antonio Bolívar Proaño lived, because they were very exciting and each gives a lesson that you can practice every day, even the culture of Shuar was very interesting, because they were worth it. They themselves showed by their abilities that they could be much better than those who had everything..... The theme of the book is very varied and we recommend it to all people who are looking for another nature-related story and who represent much more than part of its title. Students of a 2nd Year course A beautiful history located in the amazon forest, where Antonio José Bolívar Proaño lives, an old man with a long and exciting life behind him. He entered as a settler with his wife when they were both but she could not tolerate life in the jungle and died, Antonio José lives for a time with the Shuar Indians, where he learns to survive in the jungle and love and respect. ... The story is told to us when Antonio José lives in El Idilio, a small town where he inhabits a small hut that serves to hunt and in his spare time gives up his passion that is reading loving novels. In addition, in this novel we talk about the stupidity and desire for wealth and destruction of western man, the protagonist is aware of this, instead..... The counterpoint is that he also loves a bit of Western culture, which are books, especially love novels, that convey a sense of grandeur that he has not experienced, while telling him about distant places he almost never imagines. It is also an exciting novel in the adventure genre. Without a doubt it is a short and beautiful book worth reading. Patricia Mariño Rodríguez There is a connection between the jungle and the soul in the books, and this bond is nothing more than Antonio José Bolívar Proaño, an old man who reads love stories. Alone, wrapped in the tranquility of his hut and in the silence of the village of El Idilio, Bolívar Proaño likes the novels of Rubicundo Loachamin..... But nothing is eternal, and the greed of the gringos and a tiger wound will return him to the heart of the jungle, to the place where the Shuars cast him out a long time ago. Through ingenious and hard-hitting dialogues and unique characters, Luis Sepúlveda builds a lifelong romance and shows a deep respect for the jungle and for all who live in it, including an old man in love love affair. Jorge Juan Trujillo Valderas Luis Sepúlveda manages to take him to the depths of the Amazon rainforest for a few pages that, although short, do not have to be scarce. A small story with a very large soul that we must undoubtedly apply to the Decalogue of the Monterroso Regulation: what you can say in a hundred words says it in a hundred words (...) (little else the Chilean needs). In addition, it should be noted that the character of Antonio José Bolívar Proaño has a magical literary architecture... Highly recommended. A. Luque This short novel, with only 130 pages, has left me with great taste. For starters, I must admit that I read the prologue waiting for a much more warrior novel with a much more pronounced critical background. But when I read the novel itself, in my opinion, the critical part or complaint is quite balanced with what can be called homage to western man..... There are also complaints against the exploitation of people (in this case by gringos) of the natural and jungle areas of Latin America and tribute to nature the overwhelming logic with which he acts. Since obviously everyone wants to jump or attack the natural (i.e. go against nature), nature will react clearly, but also in a very logical way. I dare define this work as an ecological novel..... The novel has a very simple structure, both in its story and in the narrator, which is basically the story of a man who went from living in civilization to living with a Shuar tribe in harmony and in total respect to nature who learned the logic of the jungle and from which he finally went to live again in civilization where he tries to lead a quiet life while discovering a new passion : love romances..... In my opinion, this work can also be considered a transient novel, since reading the text does not require much commitment and is a very pleasant reading without having to get stuck in the book. This aspect is also supported by the small extension of it, which is another benefit for the author Luis Sepúlveda, because it is usually very difficult to find the exact extent of each history book and Sepúlveda in this case managed..... Without fear, I can recommend the reading of this novel for those who are interested in the theme of the Amazon or respect nature, or who want entertainment that does not owe much time and is of high quality among the reasonable. Andrews The easiest to define. It is a simple novel that does not seek applause from critics or from the high spheres of literature, just look for the simplest thing that is to please the reader simply and directly. It is not a novel that would appear in the lists typical of the best novels in history, decade or even year, unless the list was made by a reader, but if it



is a novel that everyone who reads, remembers and most importantly that will make us think... .... In this sense, requires ecological reflection, other than the cantaleta that we are accustomed to hear everywhere on many occasions and which in many cases covers more than helps something that more or less we should keep in mind, this novel is a compendium of truth about what is the environment, not just the defense of nature , but know how to act with it and give you the necessary use for life without damaging it... .... The protagonist of the story may wonder if the novel is literally read by an antagonist of environmental lenses, but it is no more the environmentally friendly who screams, than the one who knows how to respect and really know nature. Not everything is in giving louder cries, because more people hear, but as the author shows us here, to bring respect and these actions to the common life is enough to achieve the needs of people and the José Gomez With an old man who read love novels, we faced a novel that everyone likes: it had great reception among readers, greater impression, several awards, promoted by cinema and much appreciated by critics. However, it is a novel that has remarkable weaknesses, of which very little is spoken and which we will review here. Luis Sepúlveda is a tireless traveler, and this novel is derived from his experience with the Shuar Indians in the Amazon rainforest. That's why it reveals a deep knowledge of the jungle, as well as the customs and worldview of that city. In fact, she is the great protagonist of the book, and through it the whole story is told. The author presents here a text with many fable characteristics. All this is an ecological attraction in favor of the Amazon rainforest, and its characters and adventures are developed according to the ideological proposal of the author. The protagonist is Antonio José Bolívar Proaño, a former resident of El Idilio, a small coastal jungle town. This is a man who traveled to the jungle with his wife as a settler, but could not live with the harsh environment of the jungle: they starved to death, feared for their home and their lives many times, and eventually she dies, the victim of a tropical disease, when they were desperate and in front of a jungle they did not understand, the Shuars helped them. Antonio, who is already a widower, lives for a season with the Shuars, where he learned to know and respect the jungle. He befriends the members of this tribe (you are like us, but not one of us, they repeat), and on his return to the city, he is no longer the same man, but a tannery and a better connoisseur of the jungle and wiser, enriched by contact with nature and people who know him well. As an old man, Antonio will be forced to fight a Tigrilla woman who has gone mad and threatens to attack the village. He will travel with a group of jungle connoisseurs, accompanied by the mayor of the city, an obese, corrupt and incompetent man; However, he will end his journey alone, facing the most dangerous animal in the jungle, reluctant to fight him, but with no option to avoid it. Carampangue What is the purpose of the novel? Difficult to specify, but judging by the end of the work, what he means is that the old seeks refuge in reading not to face the sad reality of seeing the world of the jungle, which is his, being abused and destroyed. In addition, curiously, the reaction of the female Tigrilla wound comes from love and her penultimate encounter with man shows how great is the feeling... .... I appreciate this scene as if it were the most remarkable love story the old man reads. He predicts that it is important and the result gives him the reason. We could see it as a of the emotions that the jungle awakens in him and the pain caused by his destruction. It's such a short novel that it seems like a long history where managing the jungle atmosphere is excellent. In the Amazonian environment, although most of the characters are not shuar, the domestic feeling is breathed... .... And that's the tribute in this book: make us identify with the natives, be impressed by the ignorant invasion of civilization, make us love the jungle, provoke us to know it more, to worry us so that we want to know what we will do to protect it. The work synthesizes your messages so intensely that we can dare say that if you dare to read this book, you won't forget it. Roxana Urue If you want to read more about works of classical and contemporary literature, check out the abstracts and analyses we show in the following articles: Divergent Book The Illuminated Book Siddhartha The Slave (Visited 14,256 times, 8 visits today) today)

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