



CAPITULO 1

DE COMO MARGA Y PALOMA SE CONOCIERON

One day Paloma and Marga were in their porch taking a coffee with one of their friends.

–I don't understand like you decided to live together. You are so different!

–It decided the fate –Paloma answered.

–The fate? How was it?

And the grandmother Paloma began to tell us this curious story...

«I can still remember how I arrived here five years ago. I was so sick on the big city that I decided to move to a small mountain town to the east of it. They had spoken very well of it, so I retired I found better way of beginning a new life.

In less than a month I had found a very well furnished house for a wonderful bargain price. I could not believe it. I would finally leave my work on the post offices for dedicating to myself

That morning, after I say goodbye me of my weary neighbours, one marriage with four children, I packed the suitcases, I take my cat called "Lover" and I went out to the road bound to VillaSimlandia.



It was the first time that took the car and I was not nervous. I could not believe it.

There were not seen cars to the surroundings and everything was calm.

But everything that change in the same moment that I was heard the noise of a bike, that infernal vehicle that makes a strong noise and that irritate me very much.

One mass coupled to a byke with sidecar tried to advance me for the left.



I don't know that I go over in that moment, I believe that I drove crazy temporarily, for that instead of loosening and leave that the bike goes far, I accelerate the car enough like so that it could not be ahead.

We in that moment undertook a speedy career in order to see who I won, but my car said "until we here arrived" and it broke a wheel.

The mass removes the hand in sign of victory and goes away.

I had never felt so much fury like in that moment, but I should calm me in order to fix the wheel and undertake the trip to my destination again.



When I finally arrived to the village a smile takes shape in my face. I hoped to don't give way for a long time.

That time was exactly 27 minutes with 56 seconds: That was the time that I delayed in arriving MI home and observe that a bike with sidecar was there parked and a mass, like which it advanced me in the highway, was before looking at it..



Upon coming near me to the entrance I saw that I was a woman of my age (although worst conserved). She contended in their hands what I seemed a helmet. The looks that we crossed could have caught fire the whole village. »

In this point of the story the grandmother Marga said, a little mad:

–God! How pass the time!... already five years. But. the story was not like that: Me a bulk? Me worse conserved? Leave it and allow me to tell how our first meeting was

«In that time and for medical causes, (the woman of my ex-husband was doctor of traumatology) I had to opt by living my conquests far from and begin to take a calmer life.

That simple!, I escaped from the hysterical women of my lovers and knew the queen of all them



I went enjoying the trip, with the bike to all gas, when I in the distance sighted an amorphous volume that looked stopped in the middle of the highway. "Well! –I think– a tractor of any farmer." But not, that was worst still, it was an old scrap of the year which Jesus lost the slipper, and it drove the grandmother of Jesus.

One woman old went grasped to the steering wheel.

I accelerated because I don't like the old scrap. The silly was tingled! And she accelerated and the thing begins to throw smoke. I began to enjoy me when we put at the same time, but the thing didn't resist: It punctured a wheel. What pity! I have liked to view her the face of fury that put.



At last, forgotten the incident with the granny, I arrived to Villalandia. I crossed the main street and I arrived to the address that took written down in my electronic notebook. I contemplated surprised MY HOUSE: It was beautiful, very well furnished and for a price of bargain.

There I would relax of almost daily parties and celebrations that I organized in my urban mansion. At least, I would not have to tolerate the gossipers of the urbanization always on top of everything.

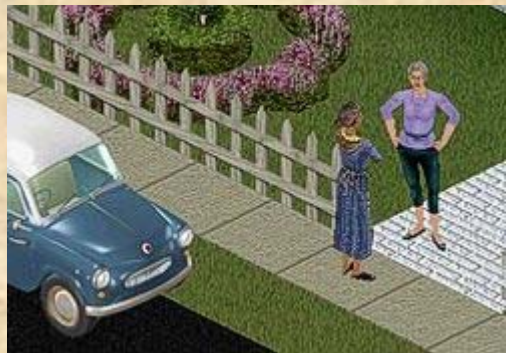
Ilusa!!! I didn't have been 10 minutes when I listen to an "cof, cof!" well-known, like scrap being in death agony. I could not believe it: There scrap was again, parking in MY access of MY house»



The grandma Paloma, when she listened to how the grandma Marga called to her auto, take part for she tell how it was the first conversation of the two grandmothers.

«When I arrived to the house, you asked:

–What does your car make parked in front of MY house?



–How do you say? –I said

–Oh no!, besides old, deaf.

–How dare you? Here I only see an old and I'm not, WOMAN. I park in front of this house because it is mine, so you take that diabolical junk away of MYhouse!

–Her house? Or you are crazy, or you are silly, or both, but this house is MINE

–That will have to demonstrate it. I have all the documents in order.

While I looked for the documents, she did the same. We interchanged them and we verified that we had the same house in property. Almost me faint when I read those papers. .

–But that shit is that? –you said–When I find to that guy, I will cut to him... ..

–You will have to hope to that I speak before with him –I delimited– I don't want to speak with a body bleeding

–You will have hurry up, old. If I find him, I end him.

–It lets call to me old, otherwise you set at odds with me. I am called Paloma. I hope that you don't forget it.



–Calm grandmother, I am not so bad of the memory as you. You do not get upset. I am called Marga. How your old scrap runs!...JAJAJA, but cannot with my Charly.

–Of that already we will speak. First it is to find to somebody in this town that says to us that it happens, and to be able to occupy MY house.

–That already we will see it. We go in my Charly that we will move more agilely.



–I do not think to mount in that thing. Besides, I don't leave to my "Lover" only in the car.

–You have a lover in the car? And so serious that she seems...

–It's the name of my cat

–Well! What name for a cat...

–Then to call Charly to that...

–It is called like this to remember to my dear Charles, he gave me it. What times...!

–Now, you don't become romantic. We must solve this. Look, comes a policeman that way.



Until us the police arrived that, with serious face, said to us good afternoon. We explained to him what happened. He responded to us that we would have to hope until Monday at that the previous owner arrives. Meanwhile, we would have to speak with a lawyer..

It was a chance, which then arrived the neighbour from alongside, Mr.Vega (retired

lawyer). It found conversation in the heat of us. Informed by the Agent of the situation, It said to us that the best solution, is than the two we occupied the house..



–I do not think to allow that one squatter enter in my house! –Marga said

–Squatter I? I am so owner of the house as you.

–Already I say to us that it is the only solution until the previous owner arrives –Mr. Vega said– Now, If you excuse to me, ladies, I have business that to agree to in the town. Pleased to have us like neighbours.

–Good bye, handsome, and thanks.

–Thanks by your help, Mr. Vega. I hope that you help us to solve this –I said

–You don't doubt it. Good afternoon.

–Well, ladies I also retire me –The agent Lopez said– If you have some problem, you can communicate with the police station. Another agent or I will respond to you.



–Thanks for all, agent

–Good bye.

And there they left to us, the two alone in front of our beautiful house. Prepared to pass one weekend together, although it was much more time»

–I will follow –said to the grandma Marga. You are debilitated with the minimum effort.

«I examined to my new flatmate with attention. I thought that the grandmothers of "the house of the prairie" no longer existed, but I had mistaken. There, in front of my, it had the grandmother who I never wanted to be: flowery dress, bun and round glasses.

I smiled courteously to her, and she responded to me with mocking face. She, very arrogant, went to the door of the house.



While, I thought about returning to my urbanization and I are with my gossip neighbours instead of living together. But, it was only three days. I sighed and I walked towards the door, calculating whatever would last the tranquillity between that woman and I.



When we entered the house both we were astonished contemplating it: It was a marvellous house. The decoration was not of my taste. But I would change it when my guest went away (that I thought).

Paloma raised fast to choose room. I crossed the house to choose mine: The same room that wanted Paloma..

–I like nice with this: it has balcony and I need much light. I see little.

–That's all it needed! Blind! Good, because I feel to contradict you, but this room is for me. I am the owner of the house and this has the greatest bed. Lady, not irritate or you explode. Let's see if you have an faint. The best, is than you sleep in the downstairs room, in the sofa, because you doesn't get tired to rise. I do it for your sake.



–Not at all! I said that this is my room and here I remain! Any fun motorist isn't going to say what I must do. Here there is tele, and I want to watch soap opera.

Today Lucecita finds to Carlos Jesús Daniel de la Vera Quevalrio and she is going to say him that the son is his.

–You don't tell me stories. This room is well ventilated. I need fresh air for my skin, and to make my breathings. I remain here!

The vein continued increasing of size and the colour of Paloma began to change dangerously. But, she breathed deep and said:



– Well! This it will be our bedroom. I request the left side of the bed.

And she began to unpack her suitcase calmly.

–All right! We will share room. A question... you will not be... well... it doesn't matter to me,

but... I like the men eh?

She watched to me scandalized and she put himself redder.

–It is a joke, granny! JAJAJA –and I thought, only needs that she doesn't have sense of humour.

So it was as we also shared the room. It was although temporal. My sex appeal does not have limit and I had to look for a more private and cosy corner to me...



... but that is another story »