

## Straight from the egg into the water

Carmen, who was now thirteen, had learned to sew and crochet, and she loved being with her mother, as she learned so many things from her. Including how to economize...

"Out of the threads you throw away, the devil makes a rope," Doña Dolores used to tell her.

Josemaria and Chon were inseparable that summer. They read books together, or went running off through the fields to play until evening. They collected insects, butterflies or pebbles, and it seemed that every day they discovered something new.

"Chon, where are you?"

"Sshhh! Josemaria, come here! Look!"

Chon was bending over at the edge of a stream, her finger on her lips. A brood of ducklings had just come out of their eggs and were cheeping around their mother. And to their astonishment the mother-duck went straight to the stream and slipped into the water.

"The duck's gone into the water - and the ducklings have gone after her!"

"Look at that little one! He's gone straight from the egg into the water!"

In the evenings they would tell their mother about all the things they had seen.

"There were some shepherds, and they had a donkey with them, loaded with things up to its ears. And one of the shepherds was carrying a new-born lamb on his shoulders, and he let Chon stroke it."

"Some newly-hatched ducklings jumped straight into the water without learning to swim."

"And the bread was just coming out of the oven, Mom!" interrupted Chon. "And we got a little bird made of bread!"



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