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The context of this story is about a Sunday afternoon with my grandfather enjoying his stories that he lived in his youth.

My grandfather always had a unique way of telling stories. Whenever we met at his house, we used to sit around his old rocking chair while he began to recount his memories of his youth. I remember one Sunday afternoon, a few years ago, when he started talking about a day that changed his life.

He was telling how, when he was young, he worked on his ranch and spent long hours tending the cattle. One day, while he was in the field, one of the cows ran away and started running to another barn. My grandfather, who was working nearby, saw what was happening and, without thinking about it, started running after her. As he chased the cow, he remembered that the sun was shining brightly and the air was warm. I ran as fast as I could, he said, "but the cow wouldn't let me catch her.

Suddenly, when I was near another stable, my grandfather tripped over a stone and fell to the ground. At that moment, the cow, hearing the noise, stopped and returned to the road.

My grandfather, breathing heavily, got up quickly, glad that he had managed to prevent the cow from escaping even further. That afternoon, as he returned to the ranch, he sat down for a moment and looked out over the mountains. It was a moment of calm, he said, an instant when I realized that, sometimes, the simplest things teach us the most.

That story, which seemed like a simple anecdote, always made me think of the serenity he found even in the most complicated situations. Every time he told it, he saw in her eyes the same peace that he described in his words.

Although he is no longer with us, those stories are still alive in my memory...