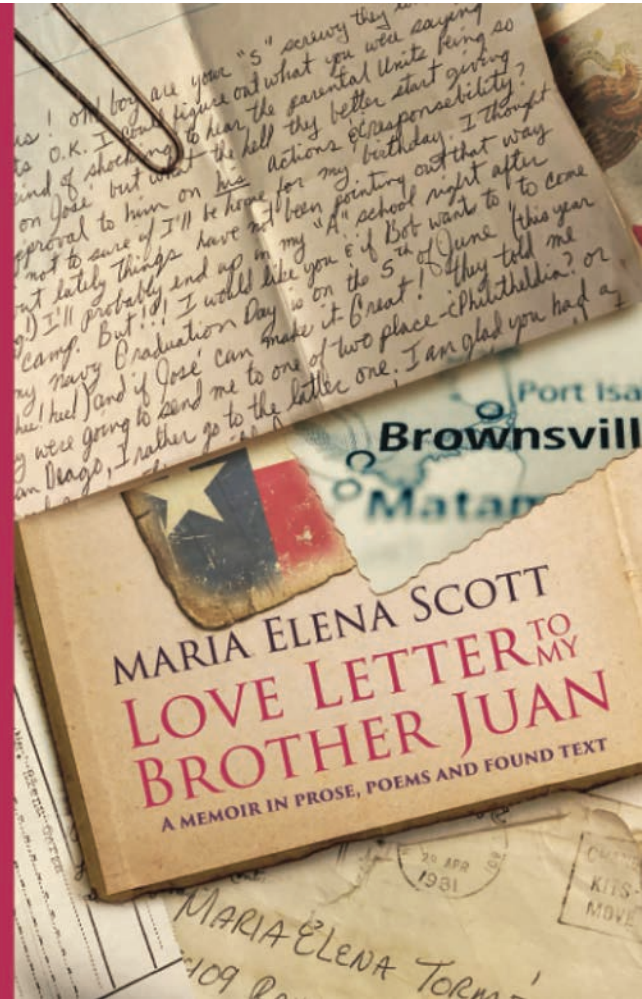


He Always Climbed Back



Love Letter to My Brother Juan
by Maria Elena Scott
is available on Amazon Books
It will be available at Woodland Pattern soon.

Maria Elena taught school in Milwaukee, ESL at Escuela Fratney.



Piruli

Act 4: He Always Climbed Back

My brother climbed the twelve-foot chain linked fence that surrounded La Guarderia and escaped to La Plaza. He used the northwest corner which was closest to the center of town. This central square faced La Catedral del Sagrado Corazón-Sacred Heart Cathedral. Why would he go there? I will tell you.

It was the custom for newlyweds to throw pesos-coins to the waiting crowd of invited well-wishers. Juan must have heard the cathedral bell announcing the end of the wedding mass. Time to get to work! He scrambled to gather as many pesos as he could.

There was an abarrotes-small shop a few blocks between La Plaza and La Guarderia. The owner liked us. He sometimes gave us over ripe bananas on our way home from school. Juan spent his money there and brought treats back to the orphanage for me, sometimes candy, like a favorite one called piruli. This was an inverted cone made of pure hard sugar on a stick. Flavored. Some times he brought chiclets gum. Sometimes even a box of CrackerJacks. On lucky days when Juan scrambled and scrambled and found many coins, he would climb back over the fence with a bottle or two of fruit flavored sodas, in glass bottles. Refrescos called Jarritos. My favorite was always the tamarindo flavored one!

Sometimes my brother wanted to surprise me, so he would look for me. He would find me either mopping the large dining room or doing some other chore. He would be real quiet-like, place the treat near me, maybe inside an opened door, and sneak away. When I found the amazing gem of a treat, I was perplexed, surprised, and happy! He must have waited to see my contented face devour that hard-earned treat.

For the longest time, Juan let me believe that it was our mother who returned to see us and left treats. It was much later in our adulthood that I realized those many treats I attributed to being-Mamá-bought treats were really brother bought and brought back to make me happy.

Link to the book on Amazon
<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B09SBVC98M>

