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## Hop frog pdf español

I've never met anyone so willing to celebrate a joke like the king. He seemed to live just for the jokes. The safest way to win his favors was to tell him a story where the crowds abounded, and tell him well. Then his seven ministers snuteried for their excellency as pranksters. Everyone resembled the king for being burly, robust and sweaty, as well as inimtable pranksters. I've never been able to determine if people get fat when they're playing, or if there's something in fat that predisposes them to chanzas; but the spirits of wit - the king cared very little. He had a special admiration for the volume of a chanza, and was often able to add great breadth to complete it. Finesse it got in his way. I would have preferred rabelais' Gargantúa to Zadig voltaire; generally, the fools still liked the favor of the courts. Several continental powers still kept their mad professionals, who wore a stained suit and rattlesnake cap, and who, in exchange for the crumbs of the royal table, had to remain alert to protect their sharp wit. Our king also had his court fool. He needed a certain dose of madness, even if it wasn't, to counterbalance the heavy wisdom of the seven scholars who formed his ministry. and his own. Your madman, or professional court fool, wasn't just a madman. His courage tripled in the king's eyes by the fact that he was also a nose and lame. At that time, dwarves abounded in both the court and the clowns, and many monarchs would not know how to spend the days are longer in court than anywhere else) without a court fool to laugh at and a dwarf to laugh at. But as I've noticed, in ninety-nine percent of cases the fools are fat, rounded and awkwardly moving, so our king was happy to have in Hop-Frog (which is called his court fool) a triple treasure in one person by general contest of the seven ministers, as it was impossible for him to walk like the rest of mortals. In fact, Hop-Frog could only advance through a convulsive movement - something between a jump and a snake - a move that infinitely amused the king and, at the same time, of course, served as comfort to him, though the court, despite the protruding belly and the enormous size of the king's head, considered him a parache of But if the deformation of the legs only allowed Hop-Frog to move with great pain and difficulty in a path or a hall, nature seemed to want to compensate for this deficiency of its lower limbs, granting him a prodigious force in his arms, which allowed him to accomplish various feats of wonderful dexterity, as long as he was climbing the compensate for this deficiency of its lower limbs, granting him a prodigious force in his arms, which allowed him to accomplish various feats of wonderful dexterity, as long as he was climbing the compensate for this deficiency of its lower limbs, granting him a prodigious force in his arms, which allowed him to accomplish various feats of wonderful dexterity, as long as he was climbing the compensate for this accomplish various feats of wonderful dexterity. ropes or trees. And while performing such exercises, he looked much more like a squirrel or a monkey than a frog. I cannot say precisely which Hop-frog country had come from. It was, however, a barbaric region that no one had heard of, located far from the court of our king. Both Hop-Frog and a young woman slightly less dwarf than him (but of exquisite proportions and admirable dancer) were forcirized from their respective homes, located in adjacent provinces, and sent as a gift to the king by one of his ever victorious generals. It should not be surprising, then, that in such circumstances a great intimacy was created between the two little captives. Very soon they became affectionate friends. Hop-Frog, despite its continuous exposures, was not popular at all, and therefore could not provide larger services to Trippetta; but this, with her grace and exquisite beauty - despite being a nose - was admired and pampered by all, which gave her much influence and allowed her to exercise her in favor of Hop-Frog, which she never stopped doing. On the occasion of a great official solemnity (I can not remember which) the king decided to perform a masked dance. Now, whenever the court was chewing or similar parties, he went without letting hop-frog and Trippetta to deploy his skills. Hop-Frog, above all, had so much inventiveness to do shows, suggest new characters and prepare masks for fantasy dances, that it would have been said that nothing could be done without your help. It's the night of the big party. Under Trippetta's direction, a bright hall had been prepared, orning it with anything that could add éclat to a mask. The court was burning with the fever of expectation. With regard to the costumes and characters to be performed, one can imagine that each has been conveniently stoned. There were those who were preparing their curls for weeks before, and no one showed the slightest sign of indecision. except the king and his seven ministers. It's impossible for me to explain why they were hesitating unless they did it in a joke. Chances are, given their fat, they found it difficult to decide. Time has passed for all this; then, as a last resort, they sent it to Trippetta and Hop-Frog. When the two little friends obeyed the king's call, drink wine because it produced in the poor cripple a kind of madness, and madness is not a pleasant feeling. But the king loved his jokes and found it amusing to force Hop-Frog to drink and (as he said) to be cheerful. Come here, Hop-Frog, he ordered, when the court fool and his friend entered the room. Drink this drink for the health of your absent friends... (Hop-Frog sighed)... and let's see if you're able to come up with something. We need characters. characters, do you understand? Something out of the ordinary, something weird. We're tired of always doing the same thing. Come on, baby! Wine will intensify your intelligence. As usual, Hop-Frog tried to answer the king's words with a chanza, but his efforts were futile. It happened that day was the poor man's birthday, and the order to drink to the health of his absent friends brought tears in his eyes. Great and bitter drops fell into the glass as he humbly took it from the hands of the tyrant. Ha, ha, ha! He laughed with all his might. See what a glass of good wine can do! If your eyes are already shining! You poor thing! His big eyes shone instead of shining, for the effect of wine on his exciting brain was as powerful as it was instant. Leaving the cup on the table with a nervous motion, Hop-Frog looked at his back with an almost insane look. Everyone seemed to have a lot of fun with the king approved. Come here, Hop-Frog, and help us. Characters, dear boy. Characters is what we need... Ha, ha, ha! And because their words claimed to be a new chanza, the seven celebrated them in choir. He also laughed at Hop-Frog, though slightly and as if distracted. Come on, said the impatient king. Don't you have anything to suggest to us? I'm trying to think of something new, resumed the noun, that the wine had completely misled. I'm trying, I'm trying, I'm trying. The tyrant shouted furiously. What's that supposed to mean? Oh, I get it! You're melancholy and you need more wine. Here, drink this! - and filling another glass caught the cripple, who did nothing but look at her, trying to catch his breath. Drink, I tell you, howl the monster, or by all the demons that...! The nod hesitated, as the kingden and you need more wine. turned purple with anger. The courteres smiled foolishly. Pale as a corpse, Trippetta advanced to the monarch's seat and, falling to his knees, begged him to leave his friend alone. For a few moments, the tyrant looked at her full of astonishment in such audacity. He seemed incapable of saying or doing anything... to adequately express his indignation. end, without pronouncing a sylala, he violently rejected and threw the contents of the cup in his face. The poor girl got up as she could and, dare not even sigh, returned to her house at the foot of the table. For almost a minute a silence so deadly reigned that a leaf or pen had been heard falling. This silence was interrupted by a rough and prolonged grind, which seemed to come from all angles of the room at the same time. What is it... What's that noise you're making? The king asked, getting furious toward the tyrant in his eyes, replied: -- Me? I don't make any noise. It seemed that the sound came from outside, noted one of the courtes. It occurred to me that it's the window parrot who rubbed his beak against the bars of the cage. This must be, said the monarch, as if the suggestion relieved him too much. But I would swear by the honor of a gentleman that the noise was made by it with his teeth. Hearing such words, the midget laughed (and the king was too hard to resist the laughter of others), while showing huge, powerful, repulsive teeth. In addition, he declared that he was willing to drink all the wine his majesty wanted, so he calmed down immediately. And after rushing another cup without overly noticeable effects, Hop-Frog began vividly exposing his mask plans. I can not explain the association of ideas, he said calmly and as if he had never had wine in his life, but as soon as his majesty pushed that girl and threw the window, I came with extraordinary fun... one of the extravagances that are made in my country, and which are often held in our masks. It's going to be new here. The bad news is, it takes a group of eight people, and... Well, here we are! The king exclaimed, laughing at his sharp discovery of coincidence. Only eight: me and my ministers! View! What's all this fun? We call him, the dwarf rearranged, the Eight Orangutans chained, and if it is well represented, it is extraordinary. Let's represent her well, observed the king, straightening and raising his eyebrows. The fun of it, Hop-Frog continued, is in the fear it produces among women. Magnificent! - the monarch and his Council shouted in choir. I'm going to disguise them as orangutans. Leave it all alone. The resemblance will be so great that the chewing assistants will take you to real animals. and of course they will feel as much terror as - Exquisite! The king exclaimed. Hop-Frog, I'm going to make you a man! - We're going to use chains to increase your noise confusion. Let's spread the word that you escaped en masse from your cages. His Majesty cannot imagine the effect that in a masked dance cause eight chained orangutans, those who all take for themselves, and who throw themselves with wild cries between delicate and luxuriously dressed ladies and gentlemen. The contrast is initable. That's the way he began to turn his amos into orangutans was very simple, but effective enough for what he set out to do. By the time my account unfolded, orangutans were little known in the civilized world, and because the imitations prepared by the dwarf were beastly enough and more than horrible enough, no one would doubt that it was an exact reproduction of nature. First and foreme, the king and his ministers wore elastic and highly tight underwear. They were immediately scattered with tar. Someone in the group suggested covering themselves with feathers, but this idea was rejected to the point by the dwarf, who soon convinced the eight pranksters, through practical demonstration, that orangutan hair can be imitated much better with linen. A thick layer of the latter was therefore applied to tar. He then searched for a long jail. Hop-Frog went through the king's waist and secured it, but he had not immediately done the same with another of the group, and then with the rest. After completing the preparations, the members moved as far away from each other as possible, to form a circle, and to give the thing its most natural appearance, Hop-Frog took care of the chain of leftovers forming two diameters in the circle, traversed at right angles, as chimpanzee hunters and other great monkeys in Borneo do today. The vast hall where the mask dance would be performed was a circular room, with a very high ceiling and only getting sunlight through a skylight located at its highest point. At night (the moment for which this hall had been specially designed) was illuminated by a large gloss that hung from a chain from the center of the skylight, and which was made up and down by means of a counterweight, according to the current system; only, so that this counterweight is not seen, find the base installed on the other side of the dome, on the ceiling. The hall arrangement had been entrusted to Trippetta's management; but, it seems, he had been guided in certain details by the more serc discernment of his friend, the nose. According to your gloss has been removed. The wax droplets of the spark plugs (which on those hot days were impossible to avoid) would have spoiled the rich robes of the guests, who, because of the crowd that would fill the room, could not stay away from the center, that is, under the glare. In their replacement, additional chandeliers were installed in various parts of the room, so that they would not disturb, while fixing torches that placed pleasant perfume in the right hand of each of the caryates that stood against the walls, and totaled between fifty and sixty. Following Hop-Frog's advice, the eight orangutans waited patiently until midnight, when the room was full of masks, to make their entrance. As soon as the last bell of the clock was erased, they ran - or, rather, rolled together, as the chain locking their movements caused most of them to fall and transplant everyone when they entered the room. The revolt produced in the service was prodigious and filled the king's heart with joy. As predicted, few guests believed that these ferocious-looking creatures were, if not orangutans, at least true animals of some other species. Many ladies fainted in terror, and if the king had not taken care to ban all weapons in the room, the cheerful band would not have been slow to atone bloody for their extravagance. In the absence of means of defense, produced a general run to the gates; but the king commanded them to be closed immediately upon their entry, and, following a suggestion of the noun, the keys had been entrusted to him. As the tumult reached its peak and each mask took care only of her personal safety (for there was now real danger of the crowd's excitement grip), it could have been noticed that the current from which the glow usually hovered, and which had been traced back when it was dispensed, gradually descended until her limb's hook was about three feet from the ground. Soon after, the king and his seven friends, who had toured the entire hall, ended up being in its center and, of course, in contact with the jail. While there, the dwarf, who did not turn away from them and encouraged them to continue the joke, seized the chain of orangutans at the point of intersection of the two diameters that crossed the circle at right angles. With the speed of lightning he inserted there the hook of which hung before the brightness; in an instant, and by the work of an unknown intervention, the chain of brilliance rose long enough to leave the brightness; in an instant, and by the work of an unknown intervention, the chain of brilliance rose long enough to leave the brightness; in an instant, and by the work of an unknown intervention, the chain of brilliance rose long enough to leave the brightness; in an inevitable consequence, dragged the orangutans against each other face to face. At this point, the guests were partially recovering from their alarm and began to regard everything as a big joke, so the crafty laughter erupted when they saw the runaway situation in which the monkeys were. Leave them to me! I think I know them! If I could look more closely at them, I could soon tell you who they are! Climbing over the heads of the crowd, he managed to reach the wall, where he grabbed one of the torches wielding the caryatis. In an instant he was back in the center of the room and, jumping with monkey agility over the king's head, faced a few feet below the current, while lowering the torch to examine the group of orangutans and shouted once again: Soon I can tell who they are! And then, like all present (including monkeys) with laughter, the court fool threw a common asso; instantly, the current returned violently to a height of thirty feet, dragging with it the terrified orangutans, who struggled to let go, and left them suspended in the air, half the height between the skylight and the ground. Clinging to the chain, Hop-Frog was still in the same position, above eight in disguise, and, as if nothing had happened, he kept approaching his torch pretending to find out who it was broken by a rough and deep grind, similar to the one that caught the attention of the king and his advisors after he threw the wine in Trippetta's face. But on this occasion there was no doubt where the sound came from his mouth, and his eyes, like those of a madman furious, were nailed to the faces of the king and his seven companions. Oh, I see! He finally shouted the angry court fool. I see who they are! And then, pretending to look closer to the king, he applied the torch to the linen layer that surrounded him and instantly filled himself with livid flames. In less than half a minute, the eight orangutans were horribly burning among the screams of the crowd, watching them from below, terrified, and nothing could do to help them. Finally, growing in his violence, the flames forced the court fool to perch in the chain to escape his reach; seeing his movements, the crowd remained silent again. The nose took the opportunity to speak once again: Now I see clearly who these men are, he said. They are a great king and his seven private advisors. king who has no qualms about hitting a helpless girl, and his seven counselors, who consent to this outrage. As far as I'm, I'm nothing but Hop-Frog, the court fool... And this is my last clown. Due to the high combustion of linen and tar, the work of revenge was carried out as soon as the nose finished pronouncing these words. The eight corpses hung in their chains in an unrecognizable, fetid, black and disgusting mass. The court fool threw his torch over them and then, rising calmly to the ceiling, disappeared through the skylight. Trippetta, installed on the roof of the hall, should have been his friend's accomplice in his revenge fire, and that the two escaped together to their country, as they were never seen again, TRANSLATION BY Julio Cortázar Cortázar

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