



Shit on you Anllóns' Devil

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Maybe I'm some kind of Diogenes; I'm not going to deny it. They say it's owed to the lack of affection, I'm not saying it isn't; although I believe it's more owed to the lack of money or, in my case, to the lack of willing to waste it. I didn't take so many things either: two chairs, no, three chairs, two wooden and one metal, this last one was more outdoors furniture but I have it at the hall to leave the purse; a TV table from the 70's of those which had a plywood, that I had changed by one pine piece and that, in the end, I turned into a computer table; one forge mirror frame, and if I hadn't thought it twice I would have a matching side table; an armchair with big flowery upholstery; one side table with glass

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shelves, which I also exchanged by two pieces of pine because I put on airs covering the shame with false indifference; a standing bird's cage and a rocking chair.

It's not necessary to have a especial talent, a bit of sharpness to distinguish an item placed next to the dumpster because there is not room inside, from an item placed next to dumpster because the double-parking close to a dumpster looks less double-parking. This is really important.

The truth is that I became overconfident; I thought I was an expert and I put my

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foot in it. It's what happens when one becomes overconfident.

That was a BEAUTIFUL armchair, with that certain charm of the abandonment, which almost matched the other I had taken some months before. Its seat was a bit tore, completely tore really, I could see two springs drilling the bottom upholstery. I turned it upside down, checked it hadn't woodworm and took it. The usual procedure.

Afterwards, at home, I proceeded to make a more detailed assessment of the damages. Woodworm no. Upholstery good, a bit grimy but good. Upside down, bottom fabric frayed. Of course it was, couldn't they think of anything better? The springs were

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as thick as the ones Dick Dastardly uses to overtake and the engineer that had designed the bottom of the armchair expected to hold them back with a piece of flowery fabric.

Patiently I took off all the staples that sewed the fabric to the wood, I removed the upholstery, undid the strings that tied up the springs and took them off. I vacuumed it, cleaned it with a damp cloth, with the upholstery cleaning, with the wood cleaning, I rinsed the wood cleaning, rinsed the upholstery cleaning, I let it air to get dry and tidied all the leftovers because I may be very tight-fisted but very clean. The staples went fast through the vacuum pipe, but the

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piece of upholstery got stuck, the vacuum pulled eagerly but the damned fabric was so strong... maybe the wretched upholsterer was right.

And it didn't passed, switched the vacuum off, pulled the piece of fabric out, and pulled, and get out once and for all, and it didn't come out, and I pulled again. And it came out at last, and my bum hit the ground. Ruts of sweat run down my face and I had to dry my face, and I did it with the first thing I had to hand, the piece of fabric, of course. Disgusting, I know it. I realized too late, when I smelt that mixture of close up, damp and rust. It made me retch, and what if that smell didn't come exactly from the things I

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deduced? And what if that brown colour didn't come from a dye? And what if I caught the scabies?

All my body began to itch; I felt the urgency of going to wash myself, although I didn't do it because when I was looking at the fabric with disgusted face I saw it had something written. Curiosity beats disgust. I extended the canvas and rebuilt the wild threads to be able to read clearly what it said:

NOT IN THE POT, NOT IN THE SAUCEPAN

THE DEVIL IS IN YOUR HAND

"Not in the pot, not in the saucepan, the devil is in your hand" I repeated aloud;

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it was catchy. I supposed it was a kind of saying of those they embroidered at cross-stitch classes like "when it rains and it shines the devil walks around Ferrol" or "well-being and bum force" or refined things like that. I worked out it was there because the upholsterer was as stingy as me or because that wasn't the original fabric of the armchair's bottom, just one they put there to ward the witches off.

But it was catchy; I couldn't take it out of my mind in the whole week. I told it to Xan at work when he pushed in at the copy machine and put a good kid face "not in the pot, not in the saucepan, the devil is in your hand". I dropped it to the rat

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bastard that took away the parking space I had waited for patiently for five minutes "not in the pot, not in the saucepan, the devil is in your hand". To the neighbour's dog that got into the habit of doing a poo on my doormat, right, it's a piece of artificial grass, but that doesn't justify her "not in the pot, not in the saucepan, the devil is in your hand". And I also told it to the baker who likes the sayings, and to the idiot that swapped The Mentalist for the soccer "not in the pot, not in the saucepan, the devil is in your hand". I said it six times, six.

It's not that I want to give the six a bad reputation; it's that I said it six times

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aloud and from then on things started to happen. Weird things. The chairs moved, all of them, not only the ones I had taken from the street; the telly switched on and off on its own, without I doing it, I mean; and the DVD burnt the wrong programmes, the swine burnt the documentaries instead of the gossip shows!

The spoons upside down, the pots in the frying pan's place, it wasn't that I didn't remember where I had put them, no, the things had moved. The truth is that I didn't see them changing places, or flying away or so; but the telly switched on by itself and the DVD burnt the documentaries instead of the gossip shows. And I was almost completely sure that I had put the

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macaronis in the pot, I mean, almost completely and absolutely sure. Plus, at night, the blankets didn't do more than fall out of the bed; previously too, I use to dream passionately, but then they fell, I don't know, in a different way.

- You went crazy - Bego said looking at me over her glasses - you really are crazy, you are the Don Quixote of the gossip columns, I had already told you so.

No, it wasn't that, I didn't see the traffic lights turning into paparazzi in front of me. No, I noticed things were moving from their places.

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I explained clearly to her all the tapestry with the mysterious message thing.

- Oh! Well! It wasn't Don Quixote, it was the Tapestry Code - Bego exclaimed with a sarcastic smile.

I had to get serious, I invited her to have lunch, I would cost me a pizza, but it would be worthwhile if I could prove it was real, because her sarcasm was starting to annoy me.

In the way home I began to think that maybe it all was the result of my imagination; that I was going to make the

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B-I-G-E-S-T ridiculous ever. I used several times the "if you can't, it doesn't matter", but Bego, that knows me for long, thought I was doing it to avoid spending the 10 euros of the pizzeria's day offer and far from offering to pay herself or even to pay half, she repeated several times that she could and that she was looking forward to arriving at my place to "wet herself", she said it just like that, of my paranoia.

But if the repentant thing went wrong for me, the wet herself thing went wrong for her. We hardly put our feet inside the door when we saw crossing in front of our eyes two slippers and a little towelling toad. Bego looked at me surprised,

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surprised I was too, I had never seen such a thing; I was almost completely sure that things moved from their places, but I had never seen them moving.

- Oh my god! - Bego shouted.

She should think it better afterwards and decided it was some of my dodges to make fun of her and went in so confident, with that bravery one gets when she thinks she knows all. I took it more cautious, I actually knew that was for real.

There was an awkward calm in the inside that sure was an ordinary calm but that, expecting the worst, seemed awkward.

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The drawers of the cabinets were opening and closing as if Mary Poppins were singing the Supercalifragilistic-expialidocious; and the clothes were going in and out as if they were tied up at the drawer's bottom by an elastic band.

At that point, Bego wasn't expecting an "I gotcha, I gotcha" or so. She expected, maybe, I got a chair close to her not to crash into the ground when she fainted. Unluckily for her I was as astonished as her and she fell fast asleep, on the floor. Luckily for her I had just vacuumed. The blow wasn't too big either because she didn't take long to get up, or it seemed to me because I still was

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astonished. The thing is that she got up and took me out of the trance.

- Dude, your place is haunted! - She shouted like deducing.

- Yeah - I said.

- Awesome! - She exclaimed.

- Yeah - I said.

- Look how things fly! - She pointed out.

- Yeah - I said.

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After a while of conversation as eloquent as this, seeing everything on the air, we went to the kitchen and tried to eat something. We tried because we really couldn't. The knives flying were a bit more impressive than a chubby little toad.

- Come - Bego said - let's go to that magic shop near to railway station.

She got me completely freak out, I didn't even know there was such a thing.

At the magic shop near the railway station we had to wait for the woman in charge to understand the reason for our visit; and she didn't took long because she was

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slow... Bego was plenty of determination until the tune of the bamboos announced our entry. I was still astonished and even the bamboos' movement announcing our entry, that were hanged from the ceiling by a string, seemed to me owed to an "apparition".

- Good afternoon - The kind lady greeted.

We, that actually were women, didn't answered, not by lack of kindness but by transitory mental disease, permanent in my case according to Bego.

- May I help you? - The shop assistant asked after a few

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minutes, seeing we didn't move from our place, or look round, or anything.

Bego stood there looking at the woman and I stood there looking at the bamboos.

- I'm here working; if you need something let me know - The woman said.

We still had our head in the clouds, luckily for the woman Bego's boyfriend phoned to find out the reason why she hadn't arrived yet if she had told him to meet fifteen minutes before. The call had the double cutting edge of telling-off and lifebelt. She left with the excuse of

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arriving as soon as possible and abandoned me standing opposite to the good woman that was serving and that you could easily see she was about to lose her temper. About to lose her temper but keeping the pleasantness. She stared at me keeping the smile, waiting for a proof of life on my side.

- Look, it's not that you are bothering me - She said after a few minutes - but, maybe, you don't find here what are you looking for.

- No, I... well, maybe not - I said at last - it was my friend's idea to come here.

- Well, at least we know something -
She said - and why did she think
it was a good idea to come here?

The truth was that the woman was a born
seller because taking something out of me
in that condition was a total display of
knowing how.

And she took it all out, I told her what
had happened and thank goodness it was a
magic shop because if it were a
greengrocery I would get a hundred of
recipes, spells and evil eyes. But being
that a magic shop I left with the name of
a supposed expert in paranormal phenomena
of the A Coruña University, because in

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this business of moving things knew better than the ones from the Santiago University.

- Of course, that's what they say -
The assistant doubted.

The man's name was Igor Casas de Andrade, and because the woman had told me he was a professor of the A Coruña University, who in this business of moving things knew better than the ones from the Santiago University, according to them, because otherwise I easily could imagine him with a travelling hump on his shoulders.

In front of the directory of the Mysterious Science Faculty I looked up the

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floor of the Igor's department "Goblins and similar creatures". I knew I was right once I read the paper stuck on the door with sellotape:

ANALYSIS OF THE GOBLIN'S BEHAVIOUR II

MARKS OF THE YEAR

Igor Casas de Andrade

A Coruña, 9th January 2010

Underneath, a list of fourteen names, with a number in black from 5 to 10 next to them; except for Lois París García's. Next to Lois there was a 2'5 in red and bold numbers.

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- The motherfucker did it again - I heard behind me - how things were for you? - He asked.

I looked at him trying to decide whether to take offence at taking me for a student of such a subject, or be flattered that he had taken me for a university student.

- Fine, I'm not his student - I answered pointing at the door.

- Well, you don't know how lucky you are, I finished my degree five years ago and I hadn't passed yet - He said.

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- So you only have this subject left? - I asked.

- Yes, dear, only this - He answered trying to make me feel sorry for him.

- Oh well, then you haven't finished the degree yet - I dropped to make him get his act together.

It's not necessary to say that he looked stern at me; he didn't look good anyway, he was a kind of slim guy, with a pair of infinite legs under a paunch grown by beers and a clear head with almost sharp ending ears. That appearance, talking of the faculty we are talking about, looked

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more like an exchange student from the magic Eume Woods than a university student repeating the year.

- I see, the girl is a know-all
- He muttered scratching his ear with angry face - then, I don't know what are you doing here, I almost feel like wishing you are his wife, of course it would mean five years more of fails.

He looked up and down at me and knocked on the door over my shoulder keeping the look.

- Yeah? - Came out from the inside in bad mood tone.

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Lois opened the door and let me see the so-called Igor hadn't a hump on his back, but he neither looked like an erotic fantasy, he looked more like a grumpy half misery old guy that lived on coffee and nicotine.

- I come to review my test, and outside there is a woman with foul tempers enough to be your wife, I would say your daughter but I refuse to believe that there is someone who wants to... - He ended with an obscene gesture.

Without even turning a hair about his pupil's disrespectful remark, and without

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taking his eyes of the book he was reading, he held out his hand to a pile of papers he had next to him, took a bundle of them and gave it to Lois. And, also almost without taking his eyes of the book, looked at me from the corner of his eyes.

- What do you want? - He yelled at me.

I didn't like the tone and I took long to answer, because of this and because I was embarrassed to tell him the story in front of the guy I had just humiliated reminding him he was a failure; of course he got even his way.

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- Hey you? Are you alive or what? -
He shouted again.

- Yes, I am - I answered - excuse
me, I was trying to see which
piece of furniture was talking.

Lois suppressed a laugh behind the test,
but the teacher didn't turn a hair.

- What? Can you speak? - He
insisted.

- Well - I said trying to put aside
the embarrassment - the thing is
that I have something at home that
changes things from their places
flying.

- What? A diligent servant? - The old guy muttered - that would be weird for sure - He ended.

- I really don't have a clue, but I can assure you it isn't a servant, it still didn't ask me for a contract. I came because they talked me about you at the magic shop near the railway station - I explained.

- Oh! I see, there! You should go back and tell them to sell you one of my books, this is not a surgery, I am fed up with they sending me every unbalanced that

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goes through their door - The misery professor said.

I didn't have too much more option than leave, Lois still was standing behind the test laughing, I suppose. I was grateful, at least I didn't have to see his face, the old guy's either, that surprisingly didn't turned a hair in any moment, didn't raise the head in any moment.

- What a cheek you've got - Lois said coming next to me with agility.

- You too, you are going to do your best in the next exam - I replied.

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- I don't think there is going to be next exam, I only have one more chance and I'm not going to waste it with this stupid, I'm changing to Compostela, fuck him off! And you'd better have clear I always do my best.

- Of course, but the teacher's got in it for you - I dropped.

- Yes he has, you bitch - He said upset.

- It's not necessary for you to shout, I do believe you, you took it well.

- Sure, I'm going to slash the four tyres of his Mercedes, I have already find out where he keeps it, the mother fucker's brings a Panda here - Lois said.

- Maybe he doesn't trust his students - I said with sarcasm.

- Maybe - He smiled - do you want me to have a look at your home thing? I can't pass this guy subject but I passed the rest with distinction, I can show you the certificate if you want.

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- No, don't bother, your marks are the less worrying about you - I said.

I wanted to mean about everybody, because I wasn't referring to him in particular either; but I wasn't taking home the first guy that sympathizes with me at a university, especially if he did it in faculty like that.

- Don't get mixed up by the Mercedes' tyres, that's a minor detail, last year I crossed his dog with a stray one... but only because they liked each other, I didn't force them... I'm not

making it any better, am I? - He asked with a little devil face.

- No, certainly not - I answered.

- But I only mess him about, and I swear I had never done a spell for him, I fulfil the deontological code scrupulously - He explained.

- Fine - I said.

- Come on, this is the first chance I have to see something like that live - He begged.

- What do you study here for? - I meant badly.

- For solving problems like yours -
Lois put an end.

- Of course, and how are you going
to solve it if you haven't faced
anything like that before?

- I'm well documented, I can recite
you by heart all the
bibliographical references about
this topic, all the documented
historical references, the
scholars' theories, the villagers'
theories, my theories... I did my
doctoral thesis five years ago and
I improve it each year. You aren't
finding anyone that knows better

than me. Not even the old man, as much as they have recommended him at that magic shop of yours - He argued.

- I'm not questioning any of that, I'm sure all you are saying is true, but you will understand I have enough with what I have without adding a psychopath - I dropped.

- I'll do it for free - He haggled.

- Oh! Did you want to charge me for that? - I was shocked.

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- No, I didn't, I'm telling you I'm doing it for free; plus, if you let me see it, I'll take you out to dinner - He offered.

- I see, you really have a cheek - I cut him short thinking the whole story was a filthy strategy to chat me up.

- It was worthy trying - Lois said giving up the negotiation.

Too soon I would say; but even wining I couldn't overlook a free dinner. It was the equilibrium a fair world needed. I invited Bego to have lunch, Lois invited me to dinner, and in exchange I let him

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try to solve my little problem. Even failing the so-called Igor's subject, he couldn't make it worse.

- Let's see, where are you going to take me? - I shouted.

Lois slammed on the brakes and looked at me without turning round, with an evil pataky style pose and said: "wherever you want". Oh dear! My pupils turned into crabs.

- Not very expensive, I'm under thousand - He ended.

My pupils turned into meat and omelette.

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- Deal - I said shaking hands to formalize the agreement.

He smiled and shook mine firmly but not too tight.

- First dinner or house? - He asked, it seemed to me with double meaning.

But I wanted to make it clear that was a business issue and even risking he didn't keep his part of the deal, as far as inviting me to dinner was concerned, I told him "first home".

In front of the door I was afraid again of the ridiculous it would mean things had

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become normal in the meanwhile of looking for help, increased by taking home a stranger with an excuse that might be false.

- Aren't we going to go in? - He asked urgently.

I opened the door with my eyes closed expecting to see flying, at least, the twelve-year-old Cuban rum bottle I kept in the larder since the faculty trip.

- Bloody hell! - Lois shouted opening his eyes and raising his hands up to his head.

There was something trying to hanging the

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milkwoman on the hall wall where, of course, there wasn't a tack to do it.

"PLAS" "PLAS" "PLAS"

- The rat bastard is going to break it - I said leaving the keys in the door lock and grabbing the picture.

I expected to feel an invisible force, the invisible thing was obvious, if I could see it this story would be meaningless, if it was the ghost of, I don't know, Paul Newman, when he was young of course, I would take it easy, what for I was going to kick him out? And no, as soon as I took the frame it remained free on my hands,

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and the keys run to the kitchen jumping of joy as if the corridor was a field of daisies.

- Holy crap! - Lois exclaimed dumbfounded - I have been waiting for something like this all my life! - He said tapping the air expecting to feel something.

He went after the keys and at the kitchen he sat down on a chair to see how the "apparition" beat with a spoon an earthenware casserole I had for the salads... It gives them a touch of thickness, not so herbal...

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He signalled me to sit down next to him.

- Well, in a first diagnosis I'll say it is a goblin.

I had to look at him badly; the magic shop's woman had just told me so, that's why I had gone to the Mysterious Science Faculty searching for the "Goblins and similar creatures" department.

- Fine, well, it could be an elf, a leprechaun, a gnome, a devil, a nymph...

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- Sure and if I were Snow White they would be the Seven Dwarfs - I said with sarcasm.

- I have to go for my instruments to do more tests. Oh god! It's so exciting! This is the most important day of my life! - He said giving me two warm kisses, chaste, very chaste.

He left in a hurry, leaving me with the drummer goblin that was going to burst my head, or the eardrum at least.

He didn't take more than fifteen minutes in coming back with a design shoulder bag that gave him an interesting intellectual

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look. He put it on a chair and spread several things out on the table, asked me for an adaptor and plugged four devices he brought in. Once they felt the current two of them started to give lights out; one a pillar of green light; the other a rainbow, not in bow shape but as a series of intermittent colours like a coloured forehead of KIT.

- I need them to place the spectrum we are moving in, country-city, water-earth-fire, workers-partying, joy-love, and so - He explained like knowing what he was talking about.

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In a matter of seconds the drummer goblin stopped playing the casseroles and a silence fell only stained with the scientific deployment's electric humming.

Suddenly, the green light pillar stopped as if someone had sat down on it and afterwards it interrupted intermittently as if the evil goblin was jumping through it by way of San Xoán's bonfire.

I looked at Lois to see how good was his face. Not a clue. He was writing down in a small notebook he had taken out from the jacket since the orchestra went quiet.

Not later the device with the coloured lights started to flicker changing into

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green, going out, changing into blue, going out, changing into yellow, and on and on for a while. And for another wide while the goblin passed by each device like in an amusement park. Then by all in a row and then:

- Ha! - A shout of an indeterminate voice with a deafening volume.

I fell on my bottom because it seemed to me it had just shouted in my ear.

- Oh lord! - Lois exclaimed scrubbing his ear with the index finger - what the hell was that?

- Why are you asking "what the hell was that"? It's you who has to say it, you are the expert, sorry, "the minus a subject expert" - I said.

- To tell the truth, the first thing that crossed my mind was that it was you that had hysterics - He dropped as revenge.

He got closer to the devices and pressed the buttons making notes at every moment.

- Ha! Ha! - We heard again with the hearing remaining from the former time.

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Lois looked at me with scared face and, pointing at the air, he said in low "it speaks".

- Ha! Ha! Haaaaa! - He repeated.

- Then tell him something - I answered also in low voice, but angry.

- Who are you? - Lois asked.

- Ha! Ha! - The goblin insisted.

Lois went back to the shoulder bag, he took out a laptop and looked something up eagerly.

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- Ha! Ha! - The goblin repeated jumping from one device to another.

It was as if he suddenly realized he could shout, as if one of that devices revealed his voice and so he could bother more, Ha! Ha! Jump. Ha! Ha! Jump.

- Hey, listen, wouldn't you have one device to see him? - I asked.

- Ha! Ha!

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- That's what I was looking for, if we can hear him we probably can see him - Lois said.

- Ha! Haaaaaaaaa!

- Well, it seems he doesn't agree - I deduced.

- He didn't understand us, he just shouts - Lois explained.

- Hi, hi, hi! - The goblin laughed.

Lois said he didn't understand us but I deeply believe he did, and that he was laughing at us.

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Lois finished reading what he was reading on the screen, closed it and kept into the bag. Afterwards he began to switch all the devices off, unplugged them, picked the wires and kept it all inside the bag. I thought he had read a catastrophe was about to happen and he was running away like a rat in a shipwreck, but he signalled me to shut up; he took the shoulder bag, grabbed my arm and we went out to the landing.

He wasn't happy with me pulling the door, he told me to lock it with the key.

- What? - I asked dying to know.

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- Let's see... how did you say the... this thing appeared? - He asked taking a deep breath.

I told him the armchair thing, the saying written on the bottom fabric and Lois opened his eyes more and more, until I reached the six times thing. At that point he leaned against the wall, slid to the ground and sat down on the stairs.

- What?? - I asked again.

He stretched up to his bag, he opened it, took the devices out again and spread them all over the floor, took the laptop out too, opened it, switched it on, searched and showed it to me. On the screen there

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was a text document, he went down with the cursor until the headline "ANLLÓNS' DEVIL" appeared, underneath there were a large text written with a very small letter that I could hardly read not because of its size but because my sight was blurred when I read the word "DEVIL".

- Take it easy, don't worry - He tried to calm me down seeing what should be my panic face - it's not a devil in the catholic sense of the word, he is a goblin, but Anllóns' neighbours called him that way.

Anllóns: next to A Ponte parish, at the Ponteceso council, I would say they are

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close or that even are the same thing, but they say they aren't. It's a place to which the mixture of the homonym river and the Cabana's estuary covers with a mantle of magic, submitted to the tides' whims and the floods' fog, full with a thick vegetation and interrupted by a quarry.

The house of the Anllón's Devil is at the beginning, on the right hand. At first it was the house of the Anllón's crazy woman, or that's what I imagine, it's hard to believe that people called her the Anllón's smart if she was telling all around she had a devil at home that threw the pot out of the fire. Generations and generations of the house of the Anllóns's Devil lived writing down on the calendar

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the days the broth pot didn't roll down the fireplace. They were, perhaps, the fast food precursors; they learnt to have to hand a piece of bread and cured meat, and maybe, some cheese and turnip greens.

The days were more and more until the day they thought the devil had disappeared, so much confident they were that when the bright Lola's grandson thought of having recourse to set a rural guest house up subsidies, and to buy a BMW of course, they all encouraged him, at the end the house didn't do anything there empty and it came in handy someone pruned the scrubs. However, starting to come clients and appearing the devil again was all the same.

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The goblin still had the obsession with throwing the broth pot down the fireplace; of course that, being that a rural guest house and literally comply with the current health and safety regulations, that greatest exponent of the old customs of the house's inhabitants had to be fix to the ground "in a way no user can be hurt if it moves accidentally".

Therefore, they made four holes in the granite block of the fireplace floor, filled them with reinforced concrete, put the pot on getting it fixed in such a way "not even Superman can move it from its place, he may pull the whole rock out, but

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not the pot" the bricklayer in charge of the renovation ensured.

The devil tried hard and hard, and he focused and he stretched his hands and stretched his fingers and he squeezed his eyes and he got all tense and all blush, but the pot didn't move, and one day and the other; and when, at last, he gave up he changed his obsession and he found out that mess tourist things up was funnier "they shout" "they shout" the little goblin got excited.

Of course, Severino, Lola's grandson, didn't like it so much, because of the hysterical customers' unbearable shouts and the drop in the incomes it meant. He

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tried in vain to promote his house into the most alternative tourism, he had heard of a house over in the Rías Baixas where they do mystery gatherings solving Agatha Christie's cases, other where they performed the living deads' night. But people only found the Anllóns' Devil House funny if there wasn't any devil, what a bunch of wimps!

Of course in that trip along the esoteric he bumped into a crazy man that offered him a spell to drive the devil away for ever and ever in return for the modest figure of a half million pesetas. Severino listen excited the washing machines salesman's speech, but when the man reached the point of the half million

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pesetas he gave a step backwards and didn't see in that man more than a fraud with bad taste for dressing. Although since he saw in his bank account there were only red numbers he changed his mind. And from the moment his family told him that he had to get his act together or maybe they seize the BMW he decided it would be a good end for his last savings. His mother had a fit, but he thought it would be the most reasonable. In his defence we must say he was right.

- The spells are not public, they charge for them - Lois said.

- For sure, three thousand euros! - I exclaimed.

- Well, it's what they live on, they are like royalties - He explained with some kind of corporatism.

- Sure, don't help disinterestedly - I moaned about the money.

- Look..., and by the way, what's your name? - He asked.

- Diana.

- Look, Diana, this people don't go to the supermarket, show their wizard ID and go out with the shopping trolleys full of food, for free, of course - He said with

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ugly housewife voice - people have
to eat, Christ!

- Of course, of course - I accepted
with scepticism.

Of course they had to eat, I had too, but
one person can leave properly without
eating seafood everyday, they even say it
is advisable to do it.

- What I have to do then? Save three
thousand euros and go to see that
wizard? - I asked.

- Uff! Three thousand euros were
then, now I suppose it's a bit
more - He answered.

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- Oh, yes, go ahead, cheer me up - I drowned.

He didn't do it, I had at my place a devil that was laughing at an exaggerated volume and that liked playing drums, regrettably, in the culinary way.

- Let's see, it's going to be complicated to know the spell, but you don't need it either, you just need the means to execute it
- He explained.

- Oooh, fine, if I "just need" that
- I said with sarcasm, with a lot of sarcasm.

- What did you do to make de devil appear? What did you have to say? How many times did you have to do it? - He asked shouting as if I was a dim.

- Then, if I write it down on my facebook page and I said that repeating it six times brings good luck maybe someone takes the devil to their home - I thought aloud.

- I must remember not adding you - He said with disparaging voice.

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- Well, thank you very much - I said getting up, certain that I had the answer to my problems - see you.

- Didn't you want me to buy you the dinner? - He complained.

- Today is your lucky day, I'm feeling generous, I let you off the invitation, take it as a payment for your services, bye!

I waved goodbye implying that he should leave, even I didn't check if he did it or not. I was wishing for going into my place, going into Internet and passing the

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mess to another person, if it was possible to Fátima, she was a real bore.

I had one hundred and four friends in my facebook page. Of these one hundred and four I knew thirty directly, from forty to forty five were friends of my friends, twenty were musicians, TV programmes and fashion magazines; and the rest were hot famous guys.

I drew the message up carefully, recalling the type phrases that came in the hundreds and hundreds of pleas with guilty feeling they had sent me during the years of connection; and, as I was writing instead of being overcome by the guilty that could stop such a nonsense making me see reason,

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I was overcome by a feeling of satisfaction by the coldness of the revenge, a part from the relief which was the basic aim of the message. I did it, I sentenced all the "friendship" and pressed "send". Then I went to the kitchen with the intention of making dinner without remembering I had the Anllóns' Devil dancing over there.

- Haaaaa! - The damn shouted banging on the pressure cooker.

At the end I took something from the fridge in a moment I found him concentrated not to see me, and he didn't realize the fridge could be opened, it had light inside, found it funny and he ruined

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the few food I had left. Afterwards I lay down on my bed and, hoping everything was normal the following day, I closed my eyes. Yes, I actually closed my eyes, but I really couldn't sleep, not well or badly, not few or much, I didn't sleep at all. The devil's "Haaaa" with the streets, the building and the floor in silence became deafening. It wasn't an intermittence one could count on; one was closing her eyes with the tiredness thinking the devil was also asleep and suddenly:

- Haaaaa, haaaa!

Sometimes on a row, every five minutes; others every fifteen, he even lasted half

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an hour. During that intervals I think I slept even I couldn't ensure it because I woke up too quickly when my down stairs neighbour, not the one from the seventh floor but from the first, came to tell me off.

- Tell me what's the funny thing that makes you laugh so much, my husband has to get up in three hours, do you think he'll find it funny?

I slammed the door shut right on her snout, what time was that to bother anybody? I shouldn't even open the door.

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- Hi! Hi! Hi! - The devil Lois
said didn't understand us
laughed.

For following day the knocking on the door
went on and on, I saw she was the woman
from the first floor again, the man from
the seventh Centre and the one from the
third Left.

- Fuck them all! - I muttered
searching my cell phone into the
bag.

- Hi! Hi! Hi! - The devil
laughed.

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- Look, I'm not going today, send me all we have to my e-mail - I said.

- Are you fine? - My partner asked
- your voice sounds horrible.

- I'll tell you tomorrow - I answered trying to hold back a "not all of us can sound like a phone sex line worker like you".

And I held it back because she was my boss son's girlfriend, otherwise I could easily say it to her.

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I opened my laptop and I checked the messages, seeing how many people had read it. It wasn't much.

- That's why this guy is still around here - I said aloud.

- Haaaaa! - The bastard devil kept on.

I sat down on the sofa looking at the computer, ignoring work mail, seeing how people was reading the message step by step and the devil still was at my kitchen.

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- Hi! Hi! Hi! - The motherfucker
laughed.

I wrote it down on my wall with the
reminder of "copy this on your wall"
"share it with your friends" "repeat it
six times aloud for Heaven's sake". Well,
I didn't write this last thing, I almost
did, I felt like but Fátima answered she
had just done it and was waiting for that
marvellous thing the message promised.
There were two possibilities, she hadn't
done it and she was lying to me to look
good; or she really had done it and Lois
was the wrong one.

- I'm going to kill him! - I
shouted aloud.

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- Hi! Hi! Hi! - The devil
laughed.

I got up in a hurry, I run into the
kitchen and I shouted:

- What the hell are you laughing at
you rat bastard?

- Ha! Ha! Haaaaa! - The rat
bastard Lois said didn't
understand us answered.

- I'm phoning him and he is going
to listen to me carefully - I
yelled going to the hall and
searching again with clumsiness

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into my bag, grabbing my cell
nervously, phone book down, phone
book up - Oh lord! I don't have
his number - I fell at last.

I didn't have his phone number, I didn't
know where he lived, or where he worked
and, even though I knew where he studied,
I thought it was unlikely he went back
there once the academic year ended, the
exam had been checked and the Mercedes
weren't at that car park. "I must remember
not adding you" came to my mind, he had
facebook, I took a deep breath, I grabbed
the computer that was wobbling by my
nervous hand, I put it on my lap and
pressed the Find friends button. It was
easy, there were several Lois but only one

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was studying Mysterious Science at the A Coruña University. One that had a picture of a cute goblin in his profile, which annoyed me a lot because on one hand I was too sensible with the "goblin topic" and on the other because I didn't understand why people opened a profile in the Internet hid themselves behind a metaphor, show your photo! Of course it gave more veracity to my theory of exchange student from the magic Eume Woods.

I sent him the friendship request and although the devil still was shouting and laughing, and the bell still was ringing I fell asleep.

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It must be late, seven I worked up by the sunset. A "Bum! Bum! Bum! Riiiiing! Ring! Bum! Bum! PLAS, PLAS, PLAS! Riiiiing!" woke me up.

- Hi! Hi! Hi! - The devil laughed.

At first I thought the whole party came from the kitchen, but the bell ringing became more evident so I opened the door without looking expecting to find a horde of neighbours in check aprons, rollers and bad, very bad, bad mood. Among the avalanche a tall Lois tried to elbow his way with upset face.

- No, no, no, this cannot go on like that, you cannot party all night

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and then the whole day, my husband works and he cannot sleep! - The old woman yelled from the first row.

The others didn't look so angry, maybe a bit annoyed, and I would even say they didn't live at the building.

Lois got my door at last and crossed the neighbour from the first floor's barrier. Once inside I closed the door.

- What an ugly face! - Lois said.

He didn't turn it into better with such a remark.

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- I thought something had happened to you - He kept on talking - I accepted your request in the morning, I wrote you to know about this thing but you didn't answer and I began to panic, I don't know, maybe the goblin had thrown a casserole to your head and knocked you out - He said this last thing almost laughing.

And I am almost completely sure he didn't shriek with laugh because I really looked sick, not of illness but the very bad mood.

- It didn't work - I said without strengths.

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- Yeah, I see - He answered pointing
at the door - and I just hear.

- Hi! Hi! Hi! - The devil laughed.

He said that probably people hadn't paid
attention to the message.

- The usual is delete this shit
without read them - He said.

And I would agree with him if the one that
got the message was I, but I would bet my
head Fátima had done it.

- She is very sanctimonious - I
justified.

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- Then we have a big problem - Lois said looking for a place to sit down.

We had to find the wizard that had made the spell so he told us how to get rid of him, if he felt sorry for us maybe he didn't charge us, me, much; if not, I should take money enough; I felt like the Lola's grandson, swindled. It wasn't for the money, well, it really was for the money, I had a few savings as a safety net just in case I felt like telling my boss to go to hell, I felt like putting a Brazilian shower, I felt like going on holidays... so many things, so many

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dreams, and I didn't like much having to spend them in such a nonsense.

- Ha! Ha! Haaaaa! - The devil shouted.

- All the night like that, on and on, and it's all your fault, he didn't talked before - I reproached Lois.

- He was going to find it out sooner or later, and you'd better thank he's busy and he doesn't recite poems or sing dirty folk songs - He said.

I tried to look at him badly, but I couldn't, I smiled imagining the little

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goblin singing evil things, although, supposedly, I couldn't understand them.

- I have to be working at ten so I cannot go with you; but you go and tell him the issue, take some humility with you and don't make him mad, don't make it worse - He advised.

- What an odd time to start a job shift, are you a fireman or so? - I asked.

- I'm a telesales worker - He answered.

He read on my face "loser".

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- And you, what do you do? - He asked with suspicion.

- I work as an adviser for companies in a consultancy firm - I said with proud.

- What do you advise them on? - He kept on with the suspicion.

- On the Human resources management - I answered.

I read on his face "bitch".

But I didn't mind because he knew the wizard's name and with a little bit of

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luck his address and he hadn't told it to me yet.

- And would you have that wizard's address? - I asked breaking an awkward silence.

- Yes, sure - He said taking his bag, his computer, and a sigh of patience.

He wrote it down on a paper, closed his computer and left without saying goodbye or looking back.

Olegario Oriol

A Revolta Village, No. 0

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I had to look it up on a map because he didn't give me chance to ask if he knew where it was.

At the A Revolta Village with no number, at eleven hours in the night, there were five houses with the lights off and any sign that showed the way to the quack's place; and the worse was that, there wasn't a miserable tavern where to ask, the A Revolta Village had to be advertised as place of interest for being the only place without tavern of the country.

The truth is that I neither needed to wake anybody up, in one side of the path, praying for the drop I noticed on the right side wasn't a muddy stream

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impossible to get out of, with the lights on and the music at full blast, one old woman knocked on my side window. I took long to open because the light of the headlights gave her a terrifying look.

- Have you punctured? - He asked feeling my distrust.

I opened the window and told her that I hadn't, that I was looking for the so-called Olegario, but I didn't know which one his home was.

- Oh sweetheart, it's over there - She said pointing at one house with an aluminium gateway and a bunch of hydrangeas on each side -

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but he is probably sleeping, he goes to bed very early, try and ring.

The woman moved aside a few centimetres, just the needed to let me open the door and stood next to the car seeing what happened with my approach to the wizard's home.

- Yeeeeeeaaaahh - Went out of the buzzer half-heartedly.

- Hi, I wanted to make an enquiry - I said.

- For God's sake, you don't leave me alone not even at night! - He

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muttered - the evening enquiries cost one hundred euros, not up to you or anything, have you got one hundred euros?

- Sure - I answered.

- Put them in front of the camera -
He asked for.

I found it because the old woman pointed at the letterbox, I really hadn't seen it; after a few seconds he opened the door.

The house hadn't anything special, a wooden bench with a coat rack with an umbrella hanging behind, the door that led to his surgery was wooden with a

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yellow carved with flowers glass.

- Sit down, dear, sit down - That man with tired look, grey hair, thick glasses and check gown worn out on the elbows invited.

After the initial kindness he turned his hand round so I could put the hundred euros on.

- Let's see dear, what's going on? - He asked.

I told him the full story, I reeled it off and it sounded like it had happened to another person of repeating it on and on.

- Kid, that is going to cost you more than one hundred euros, it's a very refined job - He sold.

- A friend of mine recommend me not to do this, but I don't like the vagueness, I'm not paying you three thousand euros or something like that, I don't have that kind of money and if I had I wouldn't give it to you; so you are telling me right now why it didn't succeeded.

- Dear, in my opinion you should listen to your friend - He said with a false kindness smile.

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- Sure, sure... how much does the answer cost? - I asked not letting him haggle.

- Two hundred euros - He said listening to reason.

- You probably meant one hundred, two hundreds seem too much to me, you know.

He thought about it for a while, for a few seconds, the seconds I needed to take the other hundred out of my wallet.

- Fine - He said.

Before giving him the money I made it

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clear the answer should go farther than telling me it was a one-use spell, because I was tired for the lack of sleep, I had slept, but he didn't have to know it, and because I had very bad temper.

- Take it easy dear, you are a very suspicious woman - He said - you have to find a cage for him and the lock must be a spell like the one you read, but of your own, original - Olegario explained with an incredible calm as he was giving me the crepes' recipe.

- So you say the armchair was a cage? And the spell was the key?

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And how did you manage to make him go in? - I asked.

- Kid, that costs money - He answered walking to the door to show me the way out.

I left because the old woman had seen me go in and I was quite sure she had memory enough to give my description to the police, if not I would strangle the quack for sure, or even better, I would stay there the whole night banging with the frying pan on the iron kitchen.

Back at home it was silence, the usual until the devil came, of course. In front of the door I was so sorry for clouding

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that peace that I didn't dare to put the key into the lock. I sat down on the floor, I lay down all curl up on the doormat, and I slept.

- What? You aren't coming today, either? - My partner asked.

- Excuse me? What time is it? - I answered.

- It's eleven.

- Well no, I'm taking three days of personal affairs, I have a small conflict at home - I told her.

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- Do you want me to tell it just like that to the boss? - She asked scared.

- No, don't bother, I'll do it myself - I answered.

I was amazed that in spite of being the boss' pet she was so fussy talking with the boss. I phoned him, I explained the personal affairs thing and the truth is that, although his shouts indicated my absence didn't suit him, he ended saying I could take whatever I needed. There were personal affairs days, nobody took them, but there really were personal affair days.

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I got up working up the lack of sleep had made me not hear the elevator noise, or the buzzer, or anything.

I thought that if the goblin could sleep during nights it would be funny have him at home and show him to the visitors. I thought that maybe the spell was delayed action because it wasn't original and I had just got rid of him... I thought so many beautiful things.

- Hi! Hi! Hi! - I heard on my ear as soon as I opened the door.

So immediate it was that I thought he had run down the building and they would put the blame on me. But that wasn't anything

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compared with was waiting for me in my place. The telly stuck into an umbrella, the sofa upside down, the books as rug, the wardrobe on the bed, the washing machine next to the fridge, at the bathroom!

- Shit on you Anllóns' Devil and on
□□□□□□ □□ □□□□ □□□□! - And
when I didn't censored the
previous swear words and I censor
this you just can imagine what
went out of my little mouth - the
laptop! If you broke my computer
I kill you! - I shouted
hysterical - Oh, I forgot, I have
it on my bag - I breathed with
relief.

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- Hi! Hi! Hi! - The goblin
laughed.

And saucepan-banging again.

Seeing that nightmarish spectacle, and it isn't an exaggeration owed to the huge euro symbol with wings that clouded my sight, no, I understand he had slept the whole night.

- Do you want to know if the goblins sleep? - Lois repeated - yes, I think they do, there are pictures of them sleeping, yes, I suppose.

- And what do they eat? - I asked.

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He told me they ate blackberries, they were vegetarian, with some exception, and they had a refined palate. He also added that the time inside the seclusions Olegario had told me about were like hibernations and they woke up starving and with a lot of energy.

- Maybe that's why he is so difficult - He deduced.

- Well, the only thing that may fit is some cereal with dry fruits...

And by the way, he liked them, the seven packets I had bought in the supermarket offer were all scattered around the floor

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and he didn't left not a single crumb of the cereal; and, by the way too, he find out the fridge's door opened and it had light inside.

- Ha!

"PLAS"

- Ha!

"PLAS"

- Hi! Hi! Hi!

- Are you going miss the fridge much? - Lois asked - It seems he likes it.

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- Well, he might feel cold - I asked.

Lois grabbed me by the head and made me turn round slowly, all around, to see carefully the damages.

- Yes, you are right, fuck him! - I said sticking two fingers up.

- Plus, as soon as you unplug it he gets warm - Lois said.

And as he was saying it, and at a time, we said: who did plug it?

I was quite sure the devil knew more than we thought. But Lois didn't attach

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importance to it, he straightened some chairs and wrote something on the computer.

- "Not pot, not fridge", no, no, too weak.

- "Not fridge, not..." no, no, it's not catchy.

- "Not..." it neither had to start with not...

"PLAS"

- Hi! Hi! Hi!

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- What can we do to make him go in?
 - I asked.

- That's what the spell is for - He answered in a very unfriendly way, almost angry I would say, by the interruption of his creative moment - inside the fridge... inside the fridge... inside the fridge...

- The devil fell asleep - I ended.

- No, it rhymes but doesn't make sense - He rejected.

- The white fridge the devil fears - I thought.

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- It's grey! - Lois shouted pointing at the fridge - plus it has to be of use to palm the devil off on somebody.

- Sweet tooth, sweet tooth, the goblin goes with you - It came out without thinking.

"Yes!" Lois shouted excited. I went in a hurry to the serigraphy's shop down the street to make a nice magnet to put on the fridge's door.

Got the devil into the refrigerator required more patience. Once we stuck the magnet on the door it stopped opening and

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closing, a silence fell and suddenly the magnet began to move.

- Open the door - Lois said in low.

- But we are going to leave him behind - I whispered.

- It doesn't matter, he'll come on his own - He said.

- Hi! Hi! Hi! - The devil laughed moving the magnet.

I opened the door with an agile movement owed to the fear of me touching him if he grabbed it at the same time. The fridge remained wide open, but we still could

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hear the "hi, hi, hi" accompanying the magnet's sliding. We had to wait for a few min, a few hou, more or less two days. Two days of being on duty without sleeping, listening the magnet's goings and comings. Two days with the fridge's door wide opened, I mean, opened and plugged; of course the polar ice caps and so, but, what about the electricity bill I was going to pay? Eh?

- Brrrr, brrrr - It came from the inside.

- He's going to feel cold - I said.

- Just for a few minutes, he'll acclimatize after a while... I

cannot believe you feel sorry for him, I'm seeing we have to take the refrigerator down before you want to back out - He muttered pushing the fridge to the door.

- Brrrrr, brrrr - We could listen from the inside while the elevator was going down.

There, beside the dumpster we left it as the abandonment protocol tells, Lois waved goodbye and I went up to my place with an inexplicable gloominess, a goblinsickness, an I-don't-know-what. So big was that I-don't-know-what that when the elevator reached the eighth floor I press down with the intention of recovering the fridge

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with the evil goblin inside, maybe I set him free, maybe I just had him there not to suffer a hard time. However, beside the dumpster there wasn't anything, or as far as the eye could see; maybe the time had stopped into the elevator, maybe the refrigerator was too attractive, maybe people was too fast. Anyway it came in handy to clear my conscience: if it was impossible, it was impossible.

I didn't took long to rebuild that disaster; put it all inside the boxes and take it to the recycling point; listen to the woman in charge's telling off because I hadn't separate to recycle; clean, more or less; bring the fat telly, the decoder and the two remotes up from the box room.

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The truth is that it was harder to find the right combination of Scarts so I could burn with the DVD.

I'm not going to say that I had completely forgotten the devil who had visited me either; Lois was right when he said I was going to feel sorrow. Each time I heard the word "devil" or "goblin" or a cackle I uttered a sigh; and, maybe it was my imagination, but I heard them more and more often.

"Our correspondent Omar García is going to tell us about a weird event that..." "Do you believe in paranormal phenomena?" "You'll think it's a curse thing..." "They said they really exist..." and on and on

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all along the TV programmes, except for the cartoons and the shopping TV, because if the cartoons and the shopping TV let us down, where are this world going to? Maybe if I wasn't so aware of the goblin issue I would go straight past and I would go out for a walk; but that undesired visit had developed in me a fatal attraction to the inexplicable. All the TV programmes in the morning of March the 17th talked about a weird event in a neighbourhood from A Coruña, in a five-floors without elevator building.

- It began when we took the fridge of the street - The woman said pointing at her former mine fridge - it was next to a dumpster...

- We didn't steal it, it had no owner - The man said - a young couple left it there and then each one took their way.

- They probably got angry, these youngsters - The woman said.

- So you brought the refrigerator, took it up stairs - Omar said meaning they were quite old to make such an effort, leading us to feel pity - and when you plugged it, what did happen?

- Nothing, when we plugged it nothing happened, the refrigerator

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is new, look, not a single scratch, it's perfect - The woman said showing the fridge, opening the door.

- But you started to feel strange things? - The so-called Omar tried to re-direct the conversation.

- Yes, but later, look, it had this saying stuck - The old man said given the magnet to the correspondent.

The correspondent took the magnet, showed it to the camera and started to say "sweet tooth, sweet to..."

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- No! No! No! - One of the journalists shouted like a lunatic from the set of the main studios - don't say it aloud. Omar, don't read it! Omar, for God sake, don't read it!

Omar received the signal with a little delay and seeing the boy carried on and, alarmed by the scene the woman was making, they all together started to yell until he stopped reading. Other of the experts there said it probably didn't matter because that kind of spell, once they got its goal, didn't work any more. A fierce debate opened, not only on that channel, in all of them. They labeled the couple that kept the devil as a fraud,

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unscrupulous, naive, swindlers, thieves, slow, yokels, ignorant and fifty thousand adjectives more that only I knew how unfair they were. I smiled hearing the "Haaaaa" that made the correspondent jump, and the subsequent "Hi, hi, hi".

The fierce debate kept on along the whole TV channels until in one of them, I cannot say which one because my activity with the remote was frenzied, not as much as I would like because I had to take better aim with the decoder, and nerves didn't let me be so firm... until in one of them they got a phone call from an alleged professional:

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- I made that magnet days ago - The serigraphy shop down the street's kid said.

Alleged professional because if he was a real professional he would have his mouth shut, it's expected to be included in the customer-serigrapher privilege; if at least he had told it to the police.

All the day long in every chatter show on the telly, and I can assure it because I knew them all, appeared an E-fit of me. Far from what the E-fit use to be, that in particular was quite accurate, because the man was a Corel artist and because, according to him, I had a face easy to remember. The first floor's neighbour

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didn't take long to jump into the game; and, the following day, I had as many journalists in front of my building as a corrupt Spanish folk singer.

I have to admit it made me feel important and I had to fight tooth and nail the temptation of going out in a divine black tight-fitting dress, with a pair of dark sunglasses covering all my face hiding a spiteful bitch look behind a suffered widow appearance. But luckily for me I was able to think it twice and take the fire escape down to the garage.

I drove up to Begoña's place, she hadn't arrived from work yet, but her boyfriend allowed me to go in anyway, even he didn't

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like me very much. He left me watching the telly and closed himself into the bedroom.

- I saw it yesterday on TellMe-TellMe, but I couldn't believe it, the serigrapher likes you - Bego said referring to the guy's good memory.

- I don't know what to do - I moaned.

She suggested I got lost for a few days, they would forget the topic quickly, the trial for a famous bullfighter's fatherhood was about to begin so they would forget me soon.

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- Well, it would be nice you save the poor old couple from the devil - Bego said with conscience air.

- It was their fault, no body told them to say the spell, didn't they have enough with a free XFR HCI ultra-no-frost combi refrigerator? It cost one month's salary! - I cried.

She didn't say a word more; she looked at me badly, censoring me. I already knew what came afterwards. On and on doing my head in and, as I felt practical, decided to surrender right there.

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- Fine, I'm asking Lois for help - I said - or do you rather come?

At that point she stopped worrying about the fridge-thief olds, she said her boyfriend was getting the dinner and that I could stay if it suited me not wanting to know anything about the matter. She plenty knew I was saying it didn't, it just was a subtle and kind way of kicking me out.

I looked for a mall to get wifi for free, the only thing the malls really are in use for, I wrote to Lois. He must have a miserable life, a sunny day like that and he was in front of the computer on the Internet.

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- Are you watching One Reflection? -
He asked as an answer - you have
to see it, the motherfucker is
speaking as an "expert".

He was talking about the professor Igor
Casas de Andrade, the host made the
introduction reciting his endless resume
while the camera focused a man dressed in
a made to measure suit far from the old
crock that didn't raise his eyes from the
table I had met.

The expert was saying it could be a
goblin, the person that had made such a
spell should be a very nasty piece of
work; in fact, he had refused to make such

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a thing however much I had begged him to do it. Suddenly the perfect answer appeared in front of me, I was going to take the devil from that poor couple who only wanted a nice fridge for free and I was going to put it into the "expert's" place, after all, he was the best person to have one.

- On the side he breaks everything the motherfucker has at home, I agree - Lois said.

Although a clear but came afterwards, and the but was that Lois thought the "expert" would use our little and sweet goblin as a guinea pig, dissected him, and whoknows how many more inappropriate things. He

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exaggerated because he guessed my weakness.

- Fine, we'll see what to do with him afterwards, but we have to take the goblin out of the olds' home - I said.

- If you want I can keep him - Lois said with naive voice.

- Of course, another "expert" - I dropped to make him realize I realized - let's go to Bego's place to plan it calmly.

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- I have to work at ten, and I want to have dinner first - He demanded.

- Don't you ever have vacations? - I answered with impertinence.

- Don't you ever work? - He attacked.

- Well, not right now - I answered putting an end to the debate.

My boss wasn't very happy with my need of days off.

If Bego's boyfriend looked at me badly, the look Lois got couldn't be described

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even putting and "very" before. I didn't mind and Lois must be used because he didn't pay too much attention either. Begoña didn't expect us so she was dressed in a hideous dressing gown her boyfriend had given her as a present and that, probably, his mother had bought, that flowers weren't normal.

- Sit down, sit down - Bego said pointing at the couch.

Together we organized an infallible plan, what a refined thing. We found the couple's home by the building's front we saw on TV. Lois, the professional one, was going to phone them pretending it was for an interview in Santiago. Meanwhile, Bego

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and I would go up stairs, keep the devil somewhere and bring him with us. Then, I would have his custody until we found a better place for him.

- And how are you going in? - Bego's boyfriend asked from the bedroom.

It was an interesting question, with a complex answer.

- You can do it with a credit card, passing it along the frame - Lois explained.

- Sure, how many times did you do it? Because I tried once and it

didn't work - he said.

Lois didn't say a word, he had never done it, so few he would earn that he must be skint, what credit cards he was going to get!

- Well, it doesn't matter, we'll see in front of the door - I settled.
- Sure, the door wasn't going to be watched at all - The other muttered.
- Tell him to come with us - Bego suggested in low voice.

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- Come with us, you smart Alec, and
show how good you are - I
challenged.

He came in a hurry, trying to make himself
seem interesting even we could easily
notice he was looking forward to coming.
The more the merriest.

The building was one green building with
white windows that faces two streets at
the beginning of the Outeiro Road. Its
location close to a radio station didn't
make easy the discretion because before
any phone call the press would be there
immediately. Lois used a private number,
he convinced them easily, we could hear
them saying yes, yes, yes and the goblin

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on the background laughing. We waited hidden behind the pillars of the Army Avenue's flyover for the couple to leave the building. They had the same poor devil look as in the telly. They got into the CITROËN 2CV that has a brass addition painted almost in the same colour.

We went out of our hiding place naturally and in front of the street door we faced our first obstacle.

- It's closed - I said.

They looked at me as if I had said the big obviousness I said and a sing language debate that attracted the passers-by's attention began. They really didn't say

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anything to us, but they muttered for themselves "scum journalists" "poor people, I cannot imagine what they had to put up with"... and they did both insult us and gave us an idea.

- Buzz any! - Begoña's boyfriend told me.

I did. A "What!" came out of the wall.

- Hello, I'm sorry to bother you, we come from the country and we would like to ask you some questions about the goblin - Lois answered in a display of mental agility.

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- From the country? - The man asked
 - you have already been here in the morning.

- Yes, but we come from other department, we want to give it a different approach - Lois said.

The old man didn't seem willing to open but he did. Going up the narrow stairs, which suggested no way the goblin came back home into the fridge, Lois told us he would keep the old man busy asking some questions while Bego's boyfriend opened the door; then, he went down to tell him the first part of the plan had been achieved and they would leave, and we two had to manage ourselves, had luck and so.

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By the way he was speaking it seemed they did the hard work and the devil's kidnapping was a simple formality everyone could fulfil, or even it fulfilled on its own. Bego also noticed it, but she signalled me not to attach importance to it in that moment, we would settle accounts with them when things got calmer. Yes, she told me all this with only a gesture, we knew each other for long.

The truth is that Begoña's boyfriend got on well in front of that old door's lock. We went in, saw the disaster, that looked dreadful the young couple and normal to me. Bego's boyfriend went down to rescue Lois and we went to the point.

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- Where do we put it? - I asked.

- In something small, the stairs are too narrow - She said.

We went around the place and could see they were humble people, I didn't feel like taking anything from them so I decided the goblin would feel fine inside the shopping bag I always carried in my purse. I didn't have a clue about his size but if he was comfortable into the armchair, he would be OK into shopping bag as well.

- I, if I were a goblin, wouldn't find it attractive - Bego said talking about the bag.

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I looked at her badly, although she was right in some extreme, he liked the fridge because of the light, but there must be something we could do.

- Hi! Hi! Hi! - The devil laughed.

- Switch the lights off - I told her
- let's see if it works.

I took my cell and I thanked the two euros and forty-five cents plus tax the app that changed the iphone's light into disco pink cost.

- You grab that handle - I told Begoña.

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I put the iphone inside with the light and the music on. It started for the A, Abba. I must admit that I felt some kind of shivering when I felt the "Ha" near and the bag moved. Bego stood firm until he felt something pulling the bag and the edge bended to the outside as if someone was grabbing it to see the inside. It inspired me with tenderness.

- Hi! Hi! Hi! - The devil laughed.

- Should we put it lower? - I asked.

She nodded. We put it lower and the bend went down a bit more. Suddenly I realized:

- The spell! - I realized.

- Ha! - The devil shouted and let the hem go.

- At least you recalled it before he got the cell - Bego said.

- Shit! We almost have him! - I regretted.

- Hi! Hi! Hi! - The devil laughed.

- Let's see, focus yourself, we are in a foreign house, think the damn spell quickly and let's end this

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once and for all - Bego told me
off.

I gave her the bag; she turned the cell
off and went to watch nobody came.

"Magic bag..." "Take the shopping, take
the devil" "Carry the food and the devil
with you".

- It's not big deal, but maybe it
works - I said.

Bego made a face saying she didn't know
but I must hurry up.

I wrote it down on the inside of the hem.
We put the iphone into the bag again with

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its disco pink light and the Abba's "ring, ring, why don't you give a call", and grabbed the handles at a more or less by the knee height. The devil took long, Bego got impatient, he showed up when the song was approaching its end and the ring-ring was more persistent. Bego had pumped up the volume and the hem went down almost to the ground and the phone suddenly floated.

- Close it, close it right now -

Bego pressed.

- I don't remember the spell - I

yelled nervously.

- Don't ask, you didn't say it to me

- She answered angry.

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- How was it? How was it? - I
despaired.

And the cell was getting closer to the
bag's edge.

- Carry the food and the devil with
you! - I shouted at last.

I took the handle from Bego's hand and did
the bag up with the iphone inside. Bego
opened the door and we run down the
stairs, at the street we kept on running
aimlessly, excited by the bag we were
carrying, nervous by the invasion of a
decent family's home, completely
hysterical.

- Stop, stop, why are we running? -
Bego asked exhausted.

- Oh gosh, I really don't know - I
answered breathless - let's have a
drink.

Once calmed down I opened the bag, yes,
maybe it wasn't too clever make it in the
middle of a cafe but fortunately nothing
happened. I kept the phone and folded the
bag with the spell and the devil inside.
It was a weird sensation to have a magic
spirit trapped in nothing.

Bego called her boyfriend to tell him
everything had gone as planned, he must

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said "fine" not attaching too much importance because she made a face of annoyance. Not later he phoned her back, sure he had second thoughts and came to pick her up very meek. I went back home not realizing that I had left my car parked next to the olds' building and that there were journalists in front of my door waiting for me to show up.

- She is! She is! - The first floor's neighbour shouted.

In that very moment I realized that my disguise wasn't so useful, that the wig I had bought for four euros wasn't such a good imitation, and that the real witch of this story was, without a doubt, the woman

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of the first floor. Plus, what the hell did they there if at the epicentre of the news there wasn't anybody?

- Our correspondent Cuco Rodríguez says there is a hidden camera recording that proves this goblin story is a set-up - A know-all girl stuck planting a red microphone on my snout.

- Diana! Diana! Do you thing there is a plot against you? - Other man asked dazzling me with a blinding light.

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- Diana! Diana! What's the matter with you? Do you have agreed an exclusive?

I reached the door.

- Of course, these people only talk with a chequebook.

I went in.

- The old couple says the devil left! - Other shouted.
- Sure, what they are going to say now, it was a set-up! - The woman from the first floor exclaimed.

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I went into the elevator, I pressed the eighth and I breathed with relief arriving home. I threw the bag somewhere around and switched the telly on. Weren't they going to be happy with anything? It turned out the pick-up-fridges couple was a bunch of frauds; before because they had set loads of special effects to make the goblin up, now because they hadn't the special effects. I went from being the bitch that had made the spell up to be the set-up accomplice. And Igor the expert became a fortune-teller because:

- I had already anticipated it, this kind of phenomenon doesn't show easily, they are something extraordinary - He said.

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It was a pity I hadn't burnt it to remind him he had said he didn't do that kind of jobs, that I had insisted, but he had a lot of professional ethics of that. The Special TV Show lasted until two in the morning. I hadn't done any favour to the old couple as regards public opinion, but at least I set their house free from a rebel devil, so I breathed quietly and slept.

The following day brought the calm after the storm. On the telly they didn't talk about that topic anymore, some funny remark in a sarcastic joke; and after a week not even the so-called Igor appeared on the must fuddy-duddy gatherings.

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- Where did you keep the devil? -
The professor Igor Casas de
Andrade asked demanding.

It was my fault, I shouldn't open the
door, I had already seen it was he.

- Well, what do you want me to tell
you? Go and ask to the TV people
because this isn't a surgery - And
I closed the door.

Unbelievable, the old guy labelled me as
swindler, witch, bad wizard, quack,
swindler again and he came with demands to
my place!

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"Why don't we meet and you tell me how things went, I don't trust the official report" Lois wrote on the facebook's message. We agreed to meet that afternoon; I didn't have anything better to do. I took the cage with the goblin inside just in case it was interesting for his studies; but he almost didn't give me any chance to speak.

- Where did you finally hide him? -
He asked, not in the cosy accomplice way maybe.

- Nowhere, in a pot the old couple had around - I lied.

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I was a god liar, I did it often; what is more, I was quite well paid because I did it the way I did. He believed me.

- Did you leave it there? - He asked nervous.

- Hmmmmyyyeeah - I said pretending I didn't see anything wrong with that - it was a some kind of Sargadelos pot, we neither had time to think about it, we heard people at the door and once gone we run away.

- So you left it there - He repeated confirming my version.

- Yes, the truth is that we didn't remember the pot, Bego stood firm, but I was scared shitless. Anyway, and even the famous hidden camera recording hadn't seen the light, it's better they accuse us of breaking into a house, than breaking into a house and steal, a Sargadelos vase is expensive enough to have a hard time - I justified.

- Sure, but leaving it there - He insisted.

- It was easy for you, they didn't know you, they aren't going to remember you, or connected you

with that place, or with what had disappeared from that place; but we two went in, you know? - I muttered tired of such an insistence.

- Sure, I understand, I find it strange, that's all; you were so worried he fell in "expert" hands - He said with sarcasm.

- Right! I was wrong, excuse my inexperience, it was my first time! - I yelled making a scene.

Lois laughed and stopped insisting. We end our drinks and went each other's way. I felt him a bit tense, but he still had

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that big goblin look so I didn't take it to heart. Although I thought his was the easiest part, and I still think it was, he also was involved and, anyway, the hidden camera recording still worried me.

While the hidden camera recording remained hidden, the other little thing that kept me awake was having the goblin trapped in a shopping bag and I started to think about finding a real home for him. I searched along the Internet information about goblins, I found pirated some of Igor's surveys and the truth is that them seemed to me a complete and utter nonsense, he had not a clue about what he was talking about; the only thing I trusted was the translations of ancient

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writings. In other times, when there were less people, less mechanics and less pollution, all the creatures of the world run free mix ones with the others. Of course the writings could also be the result of some magic mushroom.

With some more days on the calendar the hidden camera recording stopped worrying me and to keep my paranoia busy I started to feel someone was following me. I told it to Bego and she split her sides laughing, even knowing all what had happened she laughed, not because she thought I had gone gaga and I began to see the traffic lights turning into paparazzi but because I thought I was a celebrity hounded because I had been once on TV. But

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I wasn't wrong, three days after this conversation, at Lugo's Square, a woman grabbed my arm and pulled me up to an alley.

- I recognized you from the telly.
Don't you know me? - The woman asked.

- No, I'm sorry - All the celebrities said people that watch them on TV thought they also see them back.

- I took your fridge - She said in low, ashamed.

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- Oh, fine - I said remembering, without knowing what that woman was going to ask me because her tone didn't reveal her intentions.

- I don't know if you want me to give it back to you? - She asked.

When I said I didn't she breathed with relief, she told me she hadn't understand the goblin thing and that, anyway, he had just gone, so they now lived peacefully and the fridge worked perfectly, they could buy fish because the former one was an old banger.

- We didn't want to make such a scandal, but the neighbours came

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to find out what happened and when they saw the mess told it to everybody, they were fast, to lend a hand when we are in some trouble they aren't so quick - She said.

She also told me the kids next door had recorded us going into their place, and that from that moment on they hadn't troubles, apart from dealing with some people in the street, of course. That, if I had gone to take the devil out of his place, she was very grateful. I didn't say I had or I hadn't, I didn't want to say anything they could use against me.

- Well, dear, what else were you going to do? We don't have

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anything you could steal, we didn't find anything missing - She said when she was leaving.

I felt someone was watching us.

- Because we don't have refined vases or so - The old woman said with sarcasm.

- Why do you say that? Have anyone asked about an expensive vase? - I inquired.

- The guy from TV, that old man that puts on airs, he thinks he is so educated - The lady said making an exact profile - he told me to give

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him the Sargadelos vase, he said it had the devil inside, he came in without invitation, our home is like a bus station, all the neighbourhood comes and go. He didn't leave very happy.

I didn't know whether phone Bego and tell her I thought Lois had told Igor I had told him the devil was into the Sargadelos vase or keep it to myself to avoid she laughed at me again.

- Listen, your friend from the University came home to ask me how the vase we had hidden the devil in was - Begoña said - Toni didn't let me answer, he told me not to

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talk about it again to anybody,
he's afraid we got into trouble.

- You did well, I told him the vase
thing because I was afraid they
accuse me of stealing a devil, as
things were... - I said.

I told her the old lady at the square
thing and this time she didn't laugh; she
even suggested something weird was
happening.

- The so-called Lois wasn't as
modest as the other day.

I had five messages from him on my
facebook inbox, at first talking about

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daily things and afterwards launching straight in and asking me about the damn devil. But it wasn't enough for him because I found him standing in front of my place when I arrived home.

- Look, the olds doesn't have any Sargadelos vase - Lois said.
- Maybe it wasn't Sargadelos, it had blue patterns - I answered.
- Is there any reason why you have to lie about where you kept the devil? - He asked.
- Is there any reason why you are so interested in knowing where the

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devil is? - I asked.

Lois shut up. Of course there was.

- I'm going in, you'd better leave -
I said.

- I still owe you a dinner - Lois
said.

- Don't think I forgot - I
clarified.

I lied there too, I had already forgotten,
I had experienced a lot of emotions; I,
that I used to live a quiet live; maybe
not, but in other way.

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- You have him, don't you? - Lois asked.

- What are you talking about?

- The vase.

- No, I didn't bring any vase - I said.

But I said as well as I confessed, and I was lucky Lois wasn't paying attention, because asking "What are you talking about?" I was implying I had something; or, at least, it seemed to me. However, he left, and it helped me to take a decision about the goblin's final destination. He was a creature from the woods therefore I

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was going to take him to the wood, and even the Anllóns' Devil blog said it was a homely goblin I was going to take him to the wood, to the magic Eume Woods, which was the most beautiful I knew, the only one really; I had been in Verdes once, but there were a lot of neurotic fishermen complaining about me getting baits tangled. At the Eume there was a monastery-museum, so if he got bored on the mountains he would have a refuge. Could a goblin find his way home? He probably knew, there was a time where there wasn't any Anllóns' Devil house, I mean, probably the goblin was older than the house.

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I didn't go on summer time, well I did go on summer but there were such a huge amount of people that I couldn't pretend going along a path and exorcise the shopping bag. Plus the afraid I was of going up the mountains and some of that peroxide tourist raped me.

October was ending and the yellow leaves carpet the roads to the woods' ditches. I stopped at the picnic area after the first bridge; I parked next to other car that should belong to a couple that was walking along the river. I took the road, I thought it would be easier, less muddy; but I popped in the mountain and felt it wasn't enough for my goblin. Even though I went up the slope to the monastery and

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went around. It still didn't like it so I went down where I had seen the couple that had arrived at the same time than me got up. I must admit I was a coward, the place looked wonderful to me as soon as the path got narrow. I sat down on the ground too close to the water counting the big white sign with red letters that threatened with the water level to come up unexpectedly. I unfolded the bag and I read the spell aloud six times.

- Hi! Hi! Hi! - I listened all along the mountain.

And if I were a mum I would have that same feeling when kids leave home, between

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sadness and joy and sort of tenderness,
and...

- Ha! - He shouted in my ear.

And in that very moment I was struck by a
doubt. I supposed, because they had told
me so, the goblin became attached to a
place, and what if he really became
attached to the person that exorcises him?
The tender joy turned into panic.

- I stood on such ceremony for
nothing!

- Hi! Hi! Hi! - He laughed
mountain up.

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I calmed down.

- Who are you? - A small girl that looked like a goblin, dressed with amazing clothes and with a flower on her hat asked.

- Don't be impertinent Faísca, she must be a tourist, don't you see? - Other on the left said pointing at my shoes.

- Sure, although the most interesting thing is to know who he is - Other more that appeared next to the first one said.

I got scared, I really thought I had gone mad.

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- Yep, yep, who is he? Who is he? -
The so-called Fáisca flew about.

The one on the right pushed Fáisca and she slipped reaching the water.

- Pinga! - Fáisca shouted - Xesta,
kick her.

- Who is he? Who is he? - Xesta
asked pointing behind me.

I looked and saw. I saw what must be the Anllóns' Devil. But he didn't look like a devil; he had the same funny face the little goblins next to me, with bright eyes and a little rascal smile. His

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clothes weren't as beautiful as theirs,
not comparison.

- Hi! Hi! Hi! - He laughed
covering his mouth with the
hand.

- He is the Anllóns' Devil - I said
signalling him to approach even he
didn't.

- He is not! He is not a devil -
Faísca said - He is a goblin.

- From Anllóns? - Xesta asked
thinking about something - I read
about Anllóns...

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- And, are you taking him back again? - Pinga asked sad.

- No, I brought him to stay, I think this is a good place - I said.

- Yeeeeeeessss - The three of them said at a time.

- We would show you our village, but we cannot - Fáisca said.

- No, we cannot - Pinga said.

- Noooo - Xesta said.

The Anllóns' Devil didn't dare come towards us, but he neither run away.

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The Woods like most of villages was the home of a big goblin family and some other creature that I'm not going to mention because it's not relevant now.

Hundreds of goblins lived happily at the village; they had their little houses made of logs with their bark pine roofs; their clothes knitted of esparto grass and wild flowers; their cakes and sweets made of exotic fruits.

Life at the village was very happy, not quiet, happy; at the end it was a goblin's village therefore peace and calm, impossible; things flew on the air and disappeared from one place to appear in

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the other and all the hundreds of thousands things you can imagine a goblin of whichever gender and ideology would do, all day, without measure or rest; but happy.

The goblins are beings that live years and years and more years, in fact, they keep their account in a different way not to get bored following ours, a part from being more reliable, useful and ancient. And as much as they went out to the neighbour villages and they messed with the men when they were chopping wood and with the women when they were cooking the stew, everything tires at the end. Of course, young people find everything exciting and enjoyable, but after seven

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hundred years a rolling bucket was a rolling bucket and a flying donkey was a flying donkey.

The old men of the village were depressed, the old women were about to have an acute homesickness attack and the youngsters were one step far from being old so they decided to make something to move away from the monotony that having a so well organized life brought. Because the goblins were very fond of organizing, drawing and painting and making musical instruments, and little cute houses and divine suits, but organizing the most.

It was Arume's idea, who was born the most organizer of the village, "we can go to

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América" she said during lunch. At first nobody heard her, I mean, nobody listen to her because she was also fond of having ideas "we can paint the shutters in green" "we can change the curtains" "we can..." she was like that and they love her but had learnt not to pay attention because she kept them busy the whole day, and the goblins were very organized but lazy the most. "To that place, what is its name?" she was rambling aloud thinking they were listening. "Sure, the place where they do this life-in-one-hour thing, where people don't talk" "what's its name?", "Hollywood" Solpor told her in low, he read her mind, they were that kind of revolting couples that finished each other's sentences. But people was having

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lunch, because they could do anything but cooking the best, the cod pie smell reached the Ortegaleirós Cape and the world felt hungry not knowing well why. "That's it, Hollywood, where it's always sunny". It was in that moment when all the goblins at the table without exception planted their eyes on her. One place where it was always sunny, that was really interesting and not that stupid thing of people walking so fast they hadn't time to talk and that the days went by without nights, without breakfast and without eating sometimes.

"There aren't enough trunks" "There aren't enough trunks" Amencer repeated, he was all nervous and impatience, all worries

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and misery. If there weren't enough it was his fault because he was the carpenter, they all thought hearing him mutter. He understood quite well what that looks meant but they couldn't ask him to do the whole work on his own, were his fault Arumes' crazy ideas? What is more, was his fault everyone had decided to pay attention to her? Why did they all make what she told them to do? He wasn't jealous, he wasn't willing to work.

Actually the trunks weren't enough, they had to put the travel off a month to give time to Amencer to make the missing trunks, because they didn't help him; it wasn't their thing, each one did what they got. They didn't think they had collected

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so many things in the hundreds of years they had been living in the Woods. The eldest lady in the village remembered they had arrived with one pot, a blanket and no more, how much had they to put together? "Times had changed" they all told her. She just knew, she was old, not silly.

Kids didn't do more than mess around, they run down the hill, run up the hill, they opened the trunks and took the things out, and that counting they closed them well, kids learnt what they wanted because there was no way they learnt something useful. And they told them it times and times, don't go swimming today, today you have to be here in an hour, but they didn't know about watching the clock, what did they

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know about anything? Some of them stood because their parents catch them by the hat before they got to leave; but they couldn't catch them all, some of them slipped away, properly speaking, three of them. But nobody realized then so they were happy, the parents because they thought the kids had paid attention and the girls because they thought their parents hadn't discovered them.

And not to forget Trebón, Trebón is a key factor in this story, he isn't a goblin but he really is a key factor in this story. He is a cold, overwhelming and bad-tempered being. He always has an eye for the main chance, always muttering, not the funny goblin's muttering, he is a sulked

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on his own. He had no goal in life, at least not known goals, what he had was an obsession, blot out all the goblins and whomever had something to do with them in any moment. Nobody knew where that obsession came from, we only knew that it was an obsession very obsessive. He spent the days plotting terrible traps and malevolent plans. The goblins, in their happy unconsciousness, didn't pay attention to him; actually Trebón's plans were so bad that never were successful and they didn't notice his insistence. Sometimes it rained unexpectedly and they had to celebrate a dance at the big house, only that far Trebón's rage reached.

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But years and years of observation turned Trebón into an expert on the goblin's culture, on their life style and, in short, on everything that horrible and repulsive creatures did. We got to know Trebón is as old as the eldest goblin and I even should say a bit more; but without rheumatism or wrinkles, what we know as ageing well. He knew that shrimp monsters were planning something and it must be important because they all were in on it. Those trunks must contain the famous end of the rainbow gold, almost for sure, they didn't do more than carry boxes and boxes. Yes, it was the moment; he kept it for an occasion like that, a big occasion, "the occasion". He had been rhyming a spell full of letters and feelings, ingenuity

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and wickedness, "the spell". In some moment, when the boxes where all together, when they stopped carrying the gold, when everything was ready, they would do the trip spell to hide it wherever the rainbow ended, then, in that moment he would say "the spell" and he would change the trip destination taking for himself all, all, all the gold. Yes, that was "the spell". That was "the occasion".

Trebón peeped eagerly each goblin's going and coming, each step and each blinking until the day arrived, he realized because they were gathering together step by step at the big house, happily and cheerfully as always. So concentrated he was on scrubbing his hands with the greedy that

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he neither noticed the little goblins run away to the river and who knows if that was the only mistake he made in his perfect plan. He plenty knew the trip spell, he only had to say his at the same time and just like he had written it. He had kept it in a golden jewel case, fine, brass jewel case, but it looked like gold so polished it was. The jewel case was locked with a key that hanged from his neck. Who was going to want to rob it? He thought that everybody wanted to and he wore it close to his throat so nobody could take it from him, he didn't realize that the world had more to think about than a few lines written with meticulous but incomprehensible handwriting. In theory everything was ready, we must say

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he had never tried the spell out, he didn't want to arouse suspicions interrupting the little jumps in space of that dwarf of the woods, they seemed stupid but the experience had shown they always get their own way.

"Plink plonk Hollywood there we go" the old goblin said before the attentive looks of the whole house. And before she said "plonk plink we go there" Trebón shouted with all his strengths the opposite-spell "plush plash I kicked your arse" and he raised his arms victorious, and his malevolent laugh could be heard all along the village and further on. And he looked through the telescope and saw no goblin left at the big house, and specially no

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truck. He scrubbed his hands sweating greed and giving off unbridled emotion by the eyes. Yes, it had worked, it had completely work, completely and totally.

Excuse me? How did Trebón know it had worked? Well, because the goblins weren't at the big house. Excuse me? They might be in Hollywood? Excuse me? What do you mean? But? How? Fine, that was an error of judgement, but he worked hard and we had to value it, poor thing. It almost was the only mistake he made. He didn't think about the way of checking his trick's success or failure, but it doesn't mean he was unsuccessful. He could go to Hollywood and verify it, but he didn't even know where it was, he thought it was a village

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of around Ireland, all the places ended with "wood" were around there, but it was too cold and there were big trolls, plus he was almost completely sure of his success. And it wasn't a vain certainty, he had a strong palpitation we had been successful, an absolute conviction he had been successful, it couldn't be other way.

- Oh gosh! Give me your hand I'm falling down - A boy said laughing pretending he had slipped from a higher rock.

- Be careful, there is a woman down there - Other said.

- I knew you had taken it - Lois said smiling leaned against a car parked next to mine.

- I knew you were following me - I answered - I didn't take anything, you'd better have this clear.

- Sure - He said implying he didn't believe me.

- See you - I waved goodbye, getting into the car.

- You know? I gave in to temptation, I admit it - He confessed - the guy told me I would pass his subject if I gave him the goblin.

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I smiled and waved goodbye not saying a word and returned to normal; although I must say I go around from time to time to say hello, homesickness maybe.

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