Rodrigo's second daughter (Marta told me).This wasn't the same Anita that my uncle described to me. 'Do you know what happened to Anita?'Anita was beautiful; I wasn't.Anita was clever; I wasn't.Our parents were in their room asleep, and something woke me up. I saw Anita going quietly out of the room.About half an hour later, Anita came quietly back into the room and got into her bed.She loved stories about princes and princesses.Stories about magic carpets which could fly, and magic lamps and rings.'It was Rafael, of course,' she replied.Anita told me to keep quiet about it. "If you tell anyone," she said "I'll say terrible things about you to our parents. They'll believe me. They won't believe you."I was seven years younger than Anita.I couldn't.But I've been lucky I married a good husband.But I must tell you about my sister Anita.It's true that she was beautiful and clever.But, I'm sorry to say, she wasn't a very good child.Her fingernails were long and pink.They were never broken or bitten like mine.Everyone smiled at her.She became proud and lazy.She often sang to herself in the house.But she sang only when there were people outside to hear her.This isn't important, really.Anita had most of the room for her things, and I slept in the corner.The moon was very bright that night, and I couldn't sleep again.'I had stomach-ache.She laughed quietly.She didn't have to read them.She never believed that she was only a shopkeeper's child.I asked Marta.Rafael came and met her there.They sat there in the rocks in the moonlight.And it was true.I knew it was true.They always believed Anita.'Then Rafael went away to work in the port.For six months, Anita lost her prince.In the daytime, she was the same as before.But at night she cried in her bed, because her Rafael was far away.But when he came back, she was happy again.She showed it to me in the moonlight in our room.She was very proud of it. She wore it on her finger when she went to meet Rafael.Marta stopped and drank from a glass of water.I didn't know what to say.Marta thought for a few long seconds.When I was a little girl, it was very strange.She could read and tell stories, sing and draw pictures.I was small, fat and stupid.I have two healthy sons and a pretty daughter.Now I'm very happy with my life.Not very nice.Our parents gave her everything she wanted.She could do anything she liked.She never worked or helped our mother in the house.I remember that her hands were always clean and beautiful.Everyone thought she was beautiful and clever.Everyone did what she wanted.I remember she told us stories, sitting near the house.But her voice was very loud and clear, and all the people near us could hear her clever words.I'm sorry.But she did other things.Worse things.We slept in a small room at the back of the old house.I was only eight or nine years old then.One night, I remember, it was very late.She was wearing a dress and shoes.I lay awake, waiting.'Where have you been?'I asked her.She was very angry, because I was awake.'Go to sleep, stupid girl,' she said.I only went out for a few minutes.Don't say anything to anyone.'I said nothing, but after that I watched her.I saw her go out on other nights.At last, I asked her where she went.'I go to meet my prince,' she said.That was all that she said.Her head was full of the stories that she read in her books.These were the stories that she told us most often.She knew them all.She imagined that she was a beautiful princess in a story.Perhaps a king gave her to her parents in secret when she was a baby.She had many strange and silly ideas in her head.*** 'But who did she go to see?Who was this prince?"They were in love.Even when they were little children.She went out at night to the big rocks at the end of the beach.They talked about their love and the happy married life that they planned.'Our parents had no idea that she was doing this, of course.'She could always do what she wanted.I was

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always in trouble. So I said nothing. She went to meet him at the big rocks.' After a few days she came back from one of these meetings with a ring on her finger. It was the gold ring in the shape of a fish. At other times she kept it under the carpet in our room.' I asked.' Do you know where she went that night? The night she went away?" I can remember what I saw. And I can remember what I heard, she said.' I remember all that exactly. I shall never forget it. But I'm still not sure what happened.'

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