The Salting of the Tio Juan

By WOLCOTT LE CLEAR BEARD

CHAPTER III

The afternoon were always beautiful. The air was clean and fresh, the sun shone bright, and the birds were singing. The room was filled with the scent of blooming roses. She walked through the garden, the petals of the flowers brushing against her face. The sun was setting, casting a golden glow over the entire scene. The stars were beginning to twinkle in the sky. She sat on the porch, watching the people go by. The sky was filled with clouds, but there was still a sense of peace and serenity. She thought about the past, the present, and the future. She knew that some things would never change, and some things would. She thought about the people she knew, the people she loved, and the people she had lost. She thought about the choices she had made, and the choices she would make. She thought about the things that would never change, and the things that would. She thought about the world, and the world that was to come. She thought about the past, the present, and the future. She thought about the things that would never change, and the things that would. She thought about the people she knew, the people she loved, and the people she had lost. She thought about the choices she had made, and the choices she would make. She thought about the world, and the world that was to come. She thought about the past, the present, and the future. She thought about the things that would never change, and the things that would.