

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SOLITUDE

“You must mean,” the officer corrected with a friendly smile, “that you are the mother of *Mister Aureliano Buendía*.” Úrsula recognized in his affected way of speaking the languid cadence of the stuck-up people from the highlands.

“As you say, *mister*,” she accepted, “just as long as I can see him.”

There were superior orders that prohibited visits to prisoners condemned to death, but the officer assumed the responsibility of letting her have a fifteen-minute stay. Úrsula showed him what she had in the bundle: a change of clean clothing, the short boots that her son had worn at his wedding, and the sweet milk candy that she had kept for him since the day she had sensed his return. She found Colonel Aureliano Buendía in the room that was used as a cell, lying on a cot with his arms spread out because his armpits were paved with sores. They had allowed him to shave. The thick mustache with twisted ends accentuated the sharp angles of his cheekbones. He looked paler to Úrsula than when he had left, a little taller, and more solitary than ever. He knew all about the details of the house: Pietro Crespi’s suicide, Arcadio’s arbitrary acts and execution, the dauntlessness of José Arcadio Buendía underneath the chestnut tree. He knew that Amaranta had consecrated her virginal widowhood to the rearing of Aureliano José and that the latter was beginning to show signs of quite good judgment and that he had learned to read and write at the same time he had learned to speak. From the moment in which she entered the room Úrsula felt inhibited by the maturity of her son, by his aura of command, by the glow of authority that radiated from his skin. She was surprised that he was so well-informed. “You knew all along that I was a wizard,” he joked. And he added in a serious tone, “This morning, when they brought me here, I had the impression that I had already been through all that before.” In fact, while the crowd was roaring alongside him, he had been concentrating his thoughts, startled at how the town had aged. The leaves of the almond trees were broken. The houses, painted blue, then painted red, had ended up with an indefinable coloration.

“What did you expect?” Úrsula sighed. “Time passes.”

“That’s how it goes,” Aureliano admitted, “but not so much.” (page 65)



“Lord save us!” she exclaimed, as if she could see everything. “So much trouble teaching you good manners and you end up living like a pig.”

José Arcadio Segundo was still reading over the parchments. The only thing visible in the intricate tangle of hair was the teeth striped with green dime and his motionless eyes. When he recognized his great-grandmother’s voice he turned his head toward the door, tried to smile, and without knowing it repeated an old phrase of Úrsula’s.

“What did you expect?” he murmured. “Time passes.”

“That’s how it goes,” Úrsula said, “but not so much.”

When she said it she realized that she was giving the same reply that Colonel Aureliano Buendía had given in his death cell, and once again she shuddered with the evidence that time was not passing, as she had just admitted, but that it was turning in a circle. But even then she did not give resignation a chance. (page 164)

Gabriel García Márquez

[One Hundred Years of Solitude](#)

(Word Count: 564 words)

Márquez, Gabriel García. *One Hundred Years of Solitude*.
Translated by Gregory Rabassa, Harper Perennial, 1991.

WEEK SEVEN – QUOTES & LINES FROM LITERATURE

1. "The more closely the author thinks of why he wrote, the more he comes to regard his imagination as a kind of self-generating cement which glued his facts together, and his emotions as a kind of dark and obscure designer of those facts. Reluctantly, he comes to the conclusion that to account for his book is to account for his life." – Richard Wright



2. "Tell the readers a story! Because without a story, you are merely using words to prove you can string them together in logical sentences." – Anne McCaffrey
3. "Everybody walks past a thousand story ideas every day. The good writers are the ones who see five or six of them. Most people don't see any." – Orson Scott Card
4. "Nowadays I know the true reason I read is to feel less alone, to make a connection with a consciousness other than my own." – Zadie Smith
5. "Ana Iris once asked me if I loved him and I told her about the lights in my old home in the capital, how they flickered and you never knew if they would go out or not." – Junot Díaz
6. "It sounds plausible enough tonight, but wait until tomorrow. Wait for the common sense of the morning." H.G. Wells
7. "We cast a shadow on something wherever we stand, and it is no good moving from place to place to save things; because the shadow always follows. Choose a place where you won't do harm - yes, choose a place where you won't do very much harm, and stand in it for all you are worth, facing the sunshine." - E. M. Forster
8. "Nothing is so painful to the human mind as a great and sudden change." - Mary Shelley
9. It is sometimes an appropriate response to reality to go insane." - Philip K. Dick
10. "And meanwhile time goes about its immemorial work of making everyone look and feel like shit." - Martin Amis

