



# Summer Afternoons in Morínigo

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In the small, sun-drenched village of Morínigo, five siblings eagerly stepped out of their house every afternoon. Thirteen-year-old Victor led the pack, followed closely by Chocha, Clarissa, young Paulo, and baby Elías cradled safely in their arms.



They walked down the dusty path toward the neighborhood field where all the local children were already gathering. A worn-out soccer ball was passed around as excitement filled the warm summer air.



Setting up the field was always an adventure of its own. They carefully balanced two long tacuara bamboo sticks to form one goal, while using a pair of old shoes to mark the boundaries of the opposite side.



As the oldest and natural leaders, Victor and his friend Juancito stepped up as team captains. They took turns choosing players, creating mixed teams of boys and girls of all different ages and sizes.



The match kicked off with high energy and passion under the golden sun. Victor sprinted down the field with the ball while six-year-old Paulo chased after him, everyone determined to score a goal.



Bare feet kicked up clouds of dust as the children laughed, cheered, and tackled each other on the makeshift pitch. Even baby Elías watched happily from the shade, clapping his small hands at the commotion.



The intense game finally concluded with bursts of teasing laughter and triumphant cheers. Every single child was covered in dirt, their clothes messy and their bare feet completely stained from the earth.



Suddenly, the loud voice of a neighborhood mother echoed across the field, calling her children back for dinner. The magical afternoon instantly broke apart as all the kids scrambled and began running back to their respective homes.



On the walk back, the exhaustion turned into classic sibling bickering as they teased and provoked one another. Before they even reached the front door, more than one sibling was crying from a playful push or a mocking joke.



Despite the tears and the messy clothes, they arrived home safely together as the sun dipped below the horizon. It was just another typical, unforgettable summer afternoon for the children of Morínigo.