



A Weekend Sunrise on the Farm

Amarilis Salas



As the golden sun began to peek over the horizon, eight-year-old Pepín, with his deep black skin and bright smile, woke up with a burst of energy. It was Saturday morning, the best time of the week on their beautiful, bustling farm.



Pepín gently tapped his four-year-old brother, Bebecín, whose cinnamon-colored skin glowed in the morning light. The little boy rubbed his eyes, instantly grinning when he realized it was finally time to start their weekend routine.



Together, the two brothers crept quietly out of their cozy bedroom, trying not to make a sound as they put on their sturdy farm boots. Outside, the morning air was crisp, and the dew glistened like tiny diamonds on the green grass.



Meanwhile, their father, Pepo, a kind man with strong arms and dark skin, was already in the barn wearing his favorite overalls. He carried a heavy bucket of feed, ready to greet the farm's biggest animals with a cheerful whistle.



Pepín and Bebecín grabbed their small wooden buckets and headed straight for the chicken coop, where a chorus of eager clucks awaited them. The colorful hens fluttered their wings in excitement as the boys approached with breakfast.



With a practiced hand, Pepín showed his little brother how to scatter the grain evenly across the dusty ground. Bebecín giggled with pure delight as the fluffy chickens crowded around his tiny boots, pecking happily at the treats.



Inside the cozy coop, Pepín carefully reached into the straw nests to gather the freshly laid, warm eggs. Bebecín held the basket steady with both hands, focusing very hard so not a single egg would wobble or break.



Over in the muddy paddock, Papa Pepo gave a affectionate pat to the big, pink sow, who grunted happily while enjoying her morning mash. The cows stood nearby in the sweet-smelling hay, chewing contentedly as Pepo filled their troughs.



With the chores successfully finished, the brothers proudly carried their full basket of eggs toward the farmhouse, their boots splashing in a tiny puddle. Papa Pepo watched them from the barn door, a warm, proud smile spreading across his face.



The family gathered at the wooden kitchen table just as the sun climbed high into the sky, filling the room with warmth. Together, they shared a delicious breakfast, ready to enjoy the rest of their beautiful weekend on the farm.