

---

# **The heritage**

Jesús Quintanilla Osorio

---

**textos.info**

biblioteca digital abierta

**Texto núm. 7812**

---

**Título:** The heritage

**Autor:** Jesús Quintanilla Osorio

**Etiquetas:** Christmas

---

**Editor:** Jesús Quintanilla Osorio

**Fecha de creación:** 11 de octubre de 2022

---

Edita **textos.info**

---

**Maison Carrée**

c/ des Ramal, 48

07730 Alayor - Menorca

Islas Baleares

España

---

Más textos disponibles en <http://www.textos.info>

# The heritage

HERITAGE

BY JESUS QUINTANILLA OSORIO.

Klaus Vincent's arrival, the previously unknown Greenlandic character with the richest tradition of his nation, had arrived in Paris in the middle of the comments of the Press that at the beginning of the century, 1803, suggested the existence of large inheritance to the heir son of Klaus. In its extensive genealogy, knowledgeable on the subject, assured There were all kinds of kings and princes trasmitiéndose a legacy of exorbitant sums.

And home he held upon his arrival in the Old City of Light, moving to anyone who would like to feel that thinking was a very wealthy man and full of riches.

So when the famous thieves and La Pierre Santin Other brother read in the eighth page of the cover as special news, immediately began to be thought of so fabulous sum amount.

"Have you read the paper this morning, others?" He asked Santin.

From the bathroom and with his usual temper, others will said almost curtly.

"Any bright ideas? From the house robberies Mar no we were lucky "

"This time it sounds different, brother ... It Greenlandic"

"What is that? Is not Greenland a large piece of ice no more to ice ...? What is special about this guy? Icebergs?? "

"You're unbearably pessimistic, Demas. Come, now is the coffee "

Other entered the room visibly upset, as all morning, as if he weighed be part of this world.

"It is that, as always, remember to Dad, and I think not arrived or heels "

"Well, my brother, that father was a prosperous merchant and us few common thieves, not mean much ... We could have been like him, but you see We ignored the grandmother ... ", and hated himself for remembering Santín other Once an episode that increasingly saddened them more

Pasarel had last year at a home for destitute, when the mother of his parent, he drove to the house to find a successful robbery near to the family home.

"They're good for nothing slobs, boys, and must scoot sooner! "

Obviously, the reaction was so hard, because there was something more involved.

His father had bequeathed a large sum, provided to remain at home until 21. Taking Santín 17 and

Other 20, the proximity of his inheritance, made his eyes shine wicked grandmother, Doña

Prosperous very recalcitrant in its apparent He promised to take care of him until his death ...

"Do not worry Santin, and find a good pension to live the rest of our days ... When it runs out money, there is always rich houses to steal "

And since then, lived dedicated to the "business" with a master such that the Parisian police ignored his MO by the perfection of their "work".

Habíanse made several hundred francs and suspended its activities until the Cline family jewels again attracted them like bees to honey.

It was a complete failure. A strange alarm, mechanical surely activated home safety, and escaped by a miracle from being apprehended.

From that moment, the danger frightened them, and did not resume its work in several months.

However, the waste of good dinners with sparkling wines, and the

presence of some female company good-looking, they consumed their reservas. Así that since a fortnight ago, were on the hunt good news.

Therefore, due Santín rejoice at the announcement of the arrival of Mr. Klaus.

It provided the opportunity to return to their old ways without many dangers.

Surely the man would have a minimum servitude, required to travel from their distant country, and still should not be too difficult to penetrate.

"We must try, others ... is a unique opportunity.

All thieves should be lurking Paris, to stay with this heritage "

Other sipped his coffee cup and pounded to almost make shattered with such severe blow.

"Forget it, must have special guard"

"Do not be pessimistic, brother, man is a foreigner. No has no idea of pickpockets working the old Paris ... We to benefit ... Trust me, man "

Santin always made him laugh.

morality, disguising her dark feelings, after small glasses as solid gold adorned like her for wrongdoing insatiable.

Protests were useless youth, and suddenly it saw in the street, with a couple of suitcases and just a few francs in the bag.

"What do brother?", The plaintive voice of him Santín departed soul.

It was one of the qualities of his brother. Even in hardest times, when to throw a crumb mouth was a feat, the youngest of them, he spent a joke to temperance tempers somewhat crestfallen. "There's little brother, you always so fun" "Life is very beautiful, brother, must not be missed with sadness and depression "

"Here, let me see that you have called the attention" and took the newspaper clipping with gestures rather stiff.

"Vincent Klaus"

"So called Demas, is seen to be a very, very rich "

"That seems ... Would you like to have the details?"

"That's it, man!"

And, "take the details" was always the beginning of a job.

Other entrusting it to his brother the easy part, spy from near the site of the next visit, while he, disguised as a beggar, investigating in detail ways to enter unseen.

They engaged with his usual professionalism to investigate all the strengths and weaknesses of such an undertaking, and at the end of the week, when I had a detailed plan, and friendship

of one of the newly hired servants, which incidentally unaware that the pair of smart lawyers who regaled with flowers and details were really very skilled thieves experts in costume and makeup, to go unnoticed in that neighborhood.

"We already have the details, brother, it's time to set the date, "Demas said triumphantly.

The fall came to an end.

It was on December 21 of that year.

Just be missing days to finish 1803.

They would have only one chance.

A magical opportunity.

The night before the planned, December 22, tasted their last pennies on a juicy meat and a little white wine.

"For tomorrow's success, Santin!" And happily provided.

The morning announced, neither breakfasted.

Only black coffee without sugar. It was time to concentrate on details. "You put the scale in the handbag"

"Now you tell me three times ... I will not forget"

"Are you sure?"

"Calm down brother, this will go off without a hitch"

And spent the day between lectures and circling the room as a pair of caged lions.

As night fell, and disguise, they approached the house Klaus.

With the scale, managed to cross the high wall of the magnificent mansion. According to plans, the room where the safe seguardaba, was a few feet from the living room.

"It's very small," he had said Marie, never suspecting nothing.

In the living room, Demas waved his little brother to point out the little door of the fund. They went to stay miniaturized. The smell of pine was deafening, as if it was stored there one forest. "Must be some fragrance Greenland"

"Sshh ... Hush, Santin, can hear us"

And slid gently to the little room. Accustomed to working in low light, soon distinguished silhouetted contour of the box. "It's time to work," said Demas.

From a small bag, took out some tools and readied to open the Hulk, heavy and gray, which should contain a good sum.

"You watch, brother, I do not want to be surprised" And Santín approached the door.

Other worked about twenty minutes, and announced.

"I'm about to open"

At that time, a very strong luminosity opened throughout stay. Fear

overcame them.

It seemed the day, and it was after one in the morning.

The box was opened. A figure suddenly appeared in the middle of the room.

"Did you think I would have a lot of money?" Said a voice, soft, fitted with a special kindness.

"Lord ... Klaus, I suppose, must apologize ... The Desperation is a bad counselor "

The man laughed, as if amused response.

"Do not worry, it was time to come"

The man walked up to the box and pulled out a rolled paper the sole occupant of this.

"This is my legacy," he said. "Is the title of a large field, perhaps a mansion? Please tell us, at least we will have to talk about in our cold cell ", Santin asked.

"None of that, guys ... I know who you are you ... I also know about her father and grandmother ... The poor ignorant grandchildren so special that it has "

They stared at each other.

"Special! What do we have of special? We are a couple of thieves as many in Paris, "said Demas.

"Not like all, brother, are more famous", wanted to make Santin clear.

"No, boys, you do not know why it Sit down and say ... I will read this little roll " And after removing unrolled a red ribbon as a seal.

"... Exalted genealogy, you should continue the work of show the world with these gifts that God has given us the best gift to become a man and die on the cross for us ... Every gift carries the message to each child existence of God as the Savior of man ... and signs, Stanilaus Klaus, my father "



"So you are ...", Santin said in amazement.

"Santa Klaus, friends, I am the last Santa Claus, and I announce to man the sublime gift of God ... will not forget I am the messenger, Jesus Christ is the message "

"This further aggravates our sin, Mr. Klaus, let leave and he vowed never to steal, look for a decent work ... Please, "begged Santin.

"I beg you to at least let my brother go, and if you want, jail me to me, I will not deny anything, "said Demas.

"If you already have a job, so I told them that my assistants are expected ...  
"

Immediately, they became a pair of colorful pages. "They should accompany the North Pole ... You announce my pixies arrival already working to end the many gifts that will distribute throughout the world, as show of good will toward men. "

Demas and Santin laughed happily and gratefully had found his true heritage.

## **Jesús Quintanilla Osorio**

Escritor mexicano, nacido en San Cristóbal las Casas Chiapas. Premio internacional de ensayo periodismo en Lima Argentina y premio nacional de dramaturgia en México. Colaborador de Revista Migraciones forzadas y la revista francesa *Le chasseur abstrait*.