

A. PARICUTÍN

The moon was a bright light shining and shimmering through the boughs of the evergreens and lighting our way as we trodded up the steep embankment on the way to Paricutín. The cone and a column of smoke had been plainly visible in the distance - Paricutín - known to the natives as "el Monstruo", an active volcano that has rumbled and spouted since it burst forth in a farmer's field in 1943.

The trail was engulfed on each side by jagged piles of hardened lava which had poured down the slopes of the mountain to cool and take on unearthly shapes. The torrid warmth was gripping us by the hand and leading us through the gaseous fumes nearer and nearer to the summit. The air was filled with the strong odor of rising sulphur, as the odor of rotten eggs. *How unpleasant.*

Near the top of the mysterious mountain a luminous flashing greeted our eyes and as we peered over the top we saw the dying embers crumbling and diminishing like live coals from a furnace. Viewed at night the volcano offers a spectacular sight as the masses of red-hot lava break loose from the 1600 foot cone and drop down.



*This erupted (I should say grew), while I was taking Spanish in high school and very naturally became quite a topic of conversation & study.*

*Excellent vocabulary*