At that time, when the II Republic was established, my sister MInerva and I were 27 years old. The following 6 years were a progres for Spain, during that time I worked as a teacher in a school in the center of Madrid. But, in 1936 when the opposition from conservative sectors of society rose against the Republic, everything changed. The streets lost their usual color, people showed a worried expression, news about the war did not stop arriving and Minerva, finally, decided to join the army. She was a woman of great ambition, with ideals for which he stood up and fought to defend, but he did not know the terrible consequences that would bring. On July 25, 1938 the battle of the Ebro started, I’ll never forget that day, we received a letter that said that my sister had fallen in combat with great military honors, perhaps that was the best thing that could have happened to her, she died with honor and did not have to live the subsequent years in which people seemed dead in life. Even with the effort of the republican, finally, on April 1, 1939 Franco's army snuck into Madrid and the Franco dictatorship was established. For my part, I was removed from my position due to my republican ideals, which I learned to hide and never denied, at least I was one of the lucky ones who was not shot like the rest of my colleagues