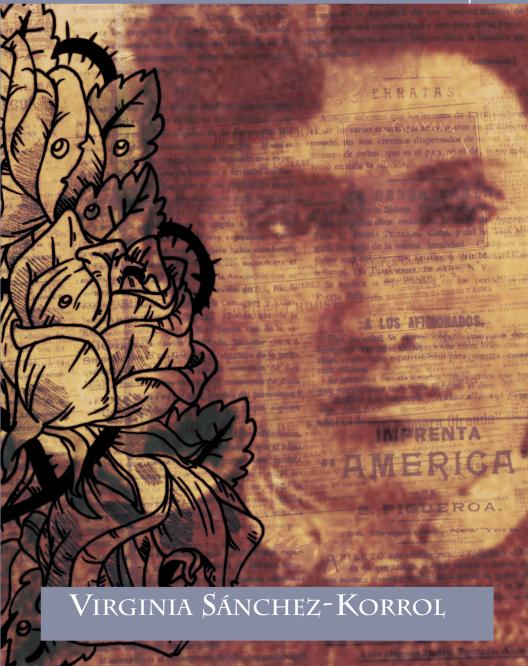
THE SEASON OF REBELS ROSES



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Virginia Sánchez-Korrol



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Printed in the United States of America Cushing-Malloy, Inc., Ann Arbor, MI May 2018–June 2018 5 4 3 2 1 For **Aura**who loves Inocencia
and **Ramón**who has her courage.

This is a work of fiction based on historical facts, referred to in the Timeline of Events, 1815–1899 in this book. Historical figures, characters, dialogues, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

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PONCE, 1873

Not one of them had fallen to the ground—not even one. The child gawked at the branches of the trees, her skinny legs folded beneath her on the hot prickly ground. *Quenepas*, the tree's olive-size fruit growing in bunches like grapes, stubbornly clung to their branches in the same place she'd seen them that morning. Not one round fruit was on the ground.

"Mira, Inocencia, it's time to harvest the quenepas," Papá had said to her the day before. "They're more abundant this year than last." Instantly, the seven-year-old's mouth had watered. She could hardly wait to taste the sweet slick pulp she knew lay hidden inside the leathery shell.

"Hmmmm," she now waited, growing tired of wishing the fruit would fall. She studied the tree's solid trunk, offshoots and jagged bark mentally separating sturdy branches from shaky limbs. What if . . . In a flash, her eyes lit up. She kicked off her shoes and rolled off her long stockings, crumpling them into balls. Taking a sudden leap, Inocencia rushed towards the tree. She gripped the craggy footholds with bare toes, thrusting her arms up to catch a low branch, then swung her leg right over it. Her fingertips could barely brush the fruit. She grasped the branch tightly between her

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thighs and shimmied up the limb, extending her arms way up as high as she could reach.

Suddenly, she landed flat on the ground, a scrunching sound coming from her left ankle.

"Ouch, ouch," she cried, cradling the ankle with both hands.

Hearing the girl's yelps, Don Pedro, the stablekeeper, rushed to her side. "Ay, ay, nenita," he murmured, showing the soft heart he'd always had for the plain, unruly girl. As she was helped to her feet, Inocencia spied a bunch of quenepas lying on the ground beside her. I did that! I brought them down, she told herself between sobs. That day, Inocencia learned that if you wanted something badly enough, you had to go for it with all your might.



She was eighteen when she attended her first public lecture. The topic was the 1868 Lares revolt for independence from Spain, and one fiery speaker, in particular, caught her complete attention. His words boomed with a passion for justice that inspired the impressionable girl. Her pulse began to race so fast that she found it difficult to remain still, not to jump to her feet and voice her approval.

The charismatic speaker was the mulatto journalist, Sotero Figueroa. His rousing calls for freedom from colonial repression, for an independent Puerto Rico, enthralled the audience. Inocencia's mind soared, taking intellectual leaps she'd never known before. She was excited to join in the movement, to bring about this liberation he spoke of. All of those things she wanted with an urgency she didn't quite understand. And she wanted this man, too, in ways she hadn't expected.

For a second she thought of her family. Like others in Ponce's white society, they believed that even a hint of African blood polluted family trees. But I'll get around that. That's when she realized she'd crossed a forbidden social boundary. I'm destined for an exciting, challenging future, she promised herself, jutting her square chin forward in mock defiance.

Shortly thereafter, Inocencia joined Doña Lola's women's group.

"An educated mother knows enough to educate her children," Lola would say, going against the grain of popular belief that women would use book learning to write love letters to their lovers instead of improving their minds.

Like Inocencia, the others in the group were daughters of small landowners or bureaucrats. Each one yearned to expand her own horizon. They spoke of women's rights, read essays-some written by Doña Lola, herself-and devised strategies for social change. They signed petitions and joined protests. That's how Inocencia began to believe in women's rights and freeing her people and crossing society's color line.