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Estrategias para la preservación del factor humorístico en la traducción al inglés de los *Cuentos de mi Tía Panchita*, de Carmen Lyra.

Trabajo de investigación para aspirar al grado de
Magíster en Traducción Inglés-Español

presentado por

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**Nómina de participantes en la actividad final
del Trabajo de Graduación**

**Estrategias para la preservación del factor humorístico en la traducción al inglés de los
Cuentos de mi Tía Panchita, de Carmen Lyra.**

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Resumen

Este trabajo consta de la traducción de algunos relatos de *Los cuentos de mi tía Panchita* de la escritora costarricense Carmen Lyra e incluye el análisis de traducción. Dicho proyecto se enfoca en el empleo de estrategias de traducción que permitan transmitir el factor humorístico bajo el enfoque funcionalista expuesto por varios autores, principalmente por Christiane Nord mediante el análisis textual enfocado a la función, Hans Vermeer con la teoría del *skopos* y Katharina Reiss por medio de las tipologías textuales.

Con este proyecto se proponen varias estrategias que ayudan a resolver la problemática de la traducción cuando el humor está presente en ella, partiendo de la importancia que tiene el transmitir un mensaje bajo la funcionalidad que tenga el texto original (entretener).

Palabras clave: literatura infantil, traducción a la inversa, literatura costarricense, enfoque funcional, traducción del humor.

Abstract

This project provides the translation and analysis of some tales in *Los cuentos de mi tía Panchita* by Costa Rican writer Carmen Lyra. Its main objective is to analyze which translation strategies are the best to preserve the humorous elements included in the original text, through the contribution of the functional approach by Christiane Nord with the textual analysis of translation, Hans Vermeer with the theory of skopos and Katharina Reiss by the text typology.

Translation strategies are suggested in this project, in order to help to resolve the problem when it comes to translating texts when humor is present throughout them, considering the importance of delivering a message by the function of the original (based on the original text purpose's: to entertain the target audience).

Key words: functional approach, Costa Rican literature, children's literature, back translation, humor translation.

Traducción

Auntie Panchita's Tales

Aunt Panchita was a short, thin woman who used to do her gray hair in two braids, she had a large forehead and small cheerful eyes. She always wore black clothes and when at home, she used to wear white aprons to protect her black skirt. She had crimped my two baby teeth in her gold earrings, maybe that is the reason why I had dreamt once that I was as little as a bean and that I was up on a golden swing in my aunt's ears. I was swinging and tickling, with my feet, my aunt's wrinkled face and made her laughed out loud. She used to say that she had them as prisoners, as a punishment for those bites she had in her skin when the owner of those teeth still had them in her gums and who used to be a naughty girl.

Diligent and ambitious as an ant was the old lady, when doing business, she was good as money maker. She was not selfish, like that grumpy cartoon ant, I caught her, in more than one occasion, sharing her food with those in need.

She lived with my aunt Jesus, who was hand impaired because of rheumatism, in a little house nearby Morazán.

People used to call them "The girls" and even their brothers Pablo and Joaquín used to tell me: "Go to the girls' house", when asking me to go to their house

Aunt Panchita made thousands of sweets which were sold like hotcakes and were famous in town. Inside her big closet with glass doors that was at the entrance of the hallway, were the delicious presents her hands made for all josefinos taste, the coconut cajetas (milk caramel) and the most delicious bitter oranges I have ever tried in my entire life; chiverre (a type of squash) quesadillas that made me feel tempted to eat. Animals and doll white sugar dough I have never seen before, biscuits and tamal asado (Costa Rican corn cake) that lured shoppers from all other towns: from Paso de la Vaca and la Soledad; inside glass jars were her Matina cocoa smelling muffins, those she had when preparing some delicious steamed hot chocolate.

She was the one who told me almost all those tales that filled my head with fantasy.

My other family members were cautious and had common sense, they blamed the old lady for telling stories about fairies, witches and scary tales to their nieces and nephews, which according to them, were ruining our minds. I did not understand their conclusions, what I know is that none of them earned my trust and that their nerdy talks and scientific tales, that almost always ended with a lesson, never caught my interest. My uncle Pablo, a Logics and Ethics professor in one of the high schools in town, called contemptuously dumb tales to the stories the old aunt used to tell us. Maybe those who think like uncle Pablo would give the same adjectives and might be right due to their organized thoughts. About myself, I have never been able to explain none of the events happening around me, I am always amazed when a flower blooms, I kept my aunt Panchita's lies right next to the explanation about the creation of animals, plants and minerals I have received from good teachers who think they are wise.

How intense and unspeakable suggestions awaken our childhood imagination! The words in her tales, many of which were grammatically wrong and made no sense to those older and scholars.

I remember the tale of Mandinga the little Roach (“The little aunt” by Fernán Caballero, maybe made for Americans or just for Ticos) that we could not get enough of it.

Mandinga the little Roach!

I will never be able to explain the meaning of this “mandinga” adjective, placed with so much grace right next to the little Roach and by God knows what granny putting it inside our minds.

Mandinga? None of the definitions found in dictionaries for this word is the one we gave, without using words, for that adjective. Auntie Panchita’s tales were simple iron keys that opened coffins full of fantasy treasures.

There was a well in her garden under the chayote squash plants that created a fresh canopy over the parapet.

During March’s heat, I often remember the water of that well, the coldest and cleanest I had drunk until today, which no longer exists because it was drained by the heat; and unintentionally my heart and memories take me back to that joyful time, fresh and crystalline water drained by the time.

The old lady used to tell me on that well, lies that made me fantasize. Deep inside the well was a glass palace where the lamps were the stars. A king and a queen lived there and had two daughters: a brunette with black knee – length hair, who had a flower shape mole next to her lips and the other daughter was blonde, she had a floor– length hair of pure gold and a blue star shape mole. The blonde one was my favorite and her blue star shaped mole was very charming for me.

I enjoyed when auntie Panchita took her jar and walked towards the well, I was there bouncing around as if I would had been going to a party.

How many strange and luring sounds came from that deep and shady hole, where it seemed that the lights went on and off! Later on, I found out that they were the shreds of light through the foliage, but I imagined they were the lamps the old lady had told me. The parapet and the walls were covered by a gold and green moss, the drops that leaked fell and created delicate music: Plip...ploop...! The old lady said they were the silver bells hanging on a gold ribbon of the princesses’ dogs’ collars.

If auntie Panchita would have, sometimes, sneaked into my thoughts, she would have been shocked by her own lies and would had been afraid for my life, because I wanted to play with the princesses and dogs at the glass palace. And the triumphant smile in my uncle Pablo’s face (the Logics and Ethics professor) if he would have seen the fantasy nurtured by his sister, who according to him was away with the fairies! Would those had been the logics and common sense? Now I close my eyes and the memory of the beloved old lady, who I loved more than uncle Pablo, sitting on a chair telling me her tales, while diligently rolling her cigarettes. I am sitting at her feet on a stool uncle Joaquín made for me, I smell the tobacco cured with fig leaves, honey and schnapps; it is in a living room with whitewashed brick walls. There is a picture, somewhere, of

a shepherd putting on a flower collar to her lamb, over the vanity a beacon that protects ‘El Paso’ from the weather conditions, and to the sides of the vanity some porcelain hen-on-nest ornaments.

How eternal seemed the seconds to me! when she stopped telling tales to puff her cigarette or light it up with the embers in her house.

I later found out in books, the beloved tales such as ‘Cinderella’, ‘Tom Thumb’, ‘Snow White’, ‘Little Red Riding Hood’ and ‘The Blue Bird’. Auntie Panchita’s tales are other tales that may not be written in books, I’ve heard about these not in books, but from people’s mouth.

Where did auntie Panchita took them?

What imagination born in America weaved them, taking strands from here and there, stealing some pieces of tales from the old world? She made those with her own words and grace that were gone with her life.

That beloved old lady, who did not know about Logics and Ethics, but did have the gift of making people dream and laugh.

María Isabel Carvajal (**Carmen Lyra**)

II

Uvieta

Well sir, once upon a time there was a poor old man who lived alone in his home, his name was Uvieta.

One day he came up with the idea of going out to explore the world, and by saying and doing, he went to the bakery and bought bread with the only dime he had in his pocket. So, they were selling bread rolls, three for a dime and it was not stale bread like the ones nowadays, that hurt your jaw when chewing them; it was a toasted outside and spongy inside bread.

He went back to his house and started to organize his stuff when, “knock, knock”, he went to the door to see who it was and saw a shaky and terrible looking old man. The old man begged him for alms and he gave him one of the bread rolls.

Uvieta went to put the other two rolls in the saddlebag when again, “knock, knock”, he opened the door and there was an old lady who looked injured and with a fasting looking face. She asked for alms and he gave her another bread roll.

He turned back, got the saddlebag and he was on his way out the house, when once again, “knock, knock”, this time it was a little boy with his dirty face and ripped clothes, he was as skinny as a beanpole. He had no choice but to give the little boy the last roll.

“Jeez! Fortune knocks once at every man's door”

With no food, he went on his way to run the world and after a few hours of walking, he found a creek.

Poor Uvieta was starving to death but since he didn't have anything to eat, he went to the creek to drink some water and trick himself full. Suddenly, the old man who begged him for alms showed up and told him:

“Uvieta, our Lord wants you to ask him for whatever you want. He is grateful for your help towards us, look Uvieta those who went to ask for alms were us the three divine Persons: Jesus, Mary and Joseph. I am Joseph. Imagine Uvieta, everyone in heaven is talking about you, Uvieta this, Uvieta that!”.

Uvieta was thinking of what to ask for and he said, “well, go and tell him to send me a bag to put in all the things I want”.

Saint Joseph went to heaven like a bat out of hell and came back with the bag. Uvieta carried it on his shoulder, then a woman was passing by with a pan full of quesadillas she was carrying on her head.

He said, “bring those quesadillas to my bag”, and the quesadillas ended up in his bag. Uvieta sat next to the fence and he ate all in a second.

He continued his way and a few hours later the old lady who asked him for alms showed up.

She said, “Uvieta, our Lord, my son, wants you to ask him for whatever you want”.

Uvieta wasn't greedy at all and replied, “no, Ladybug, tell him I say thank you, with the bag I have it's enough. Full belly, happy heart, what else would I want?”.

The Virgin begged him to ask for something, “Jesus! Uvieta don't be ungrateful! Don't despise me. Huh, you could ask to Joseph but not to me!?”.

So, Uvieta felt it was bad to despise Our Lady and said, “alright then, since my name is Uvieta, I want him to sow a grape tree in my yard, and whoever climbs it, can't go down without my permission”.

The virgin told him it was a deal and left.

He kept walking and found another creek, he was thirsty so he drank some water. While he was drinking, he saw a lot of big fish; Uvieta was hungry, so he said, “I want those fish, ready to eat covered with a yummy sauce”, and his bag was full of them.

Then he walked away and an old man showed up and said, “Uvieta, our Lord asks if you want something else? He is not here physically because is not appropriate, you see, He is who he is!”

“I don't want anything”, Uvieta said. “Don't be stubborn! Ask for whatever you want. Don't be ashamed and tell me what you want because you deserve it”.

“What a pushy saint!”, Uvieta thought and he just wanted to continue his way, but the saint was insisting, so in order to get rid of the saint he said,

“Hail Mary! All this for some rolls of bread! Well, tell our Lord that what I want is to let me die at the time I feel like”, but he didn't keep walking because he wanted to check if the grape tree had been sowed, so he went back home.

When he got there and saw the tree in his yard, he was as happy as a clam.

The days went by and Uvieta was crazy about his grape tree and no one would steal him because they knew that whoever who climbed the tree, couldn't go down without his permission.

One day our Lord thought, “Uvieta has become too arrogant with that tree, well after all, what goes around, comes around”, and Lord Jesus Christ called to the death and told her, “go and scare that Christian, who doesn't even recall there's a God in heaven for being thinking of his grape tree”.

And the death went to Uvieta's house and knocked his door. He came out and told her, “hey what's up? What are you doing here?”. “Well our Lord Jesus sent me to get you”.

“Didn’t we agree that I would go whenever I wanted to?”. “I don’t know”, the death replied, “where the captain rules, a sailor has no sway”.

“Ok, come in and sit while I go to fold my rucksack”.

The death went in and Uvieta told her to sit in a place he knew she was going to be looking at the tree which was full of grapes. When she saw it, she said, “how beautiful, Uvieta!”.

And Uvieta who was pretending to be folding his rucksack, replied, “why don’t you climb it my friend and take all you can eat?”.

So, she didn’t wait for him to beg and climbed it. As soon as she was up, Uvieta started to roll on the floor laughing out loud.

“See that’s what you wanted my friend”, he yelled. “You’ll get down there whenever I feel want to”.

The death wanted to get down the tree but she couldn’t, and there she was. The years went by and no one passed away, there was no more room in Earth for people, the old dying ones were just fooling around everywhere and our Lord kept sending messages to Uvieta.

One day he would send Saint Christopher, the next day Saint Louis King, the day after Saint Michael the Archangel with his sword, “Uvieta, our Lord says to let the death get down the tree and if you don’t, you’ll face the consequences”, but Uvieta was just ignoring what they said, so he replied, “yeah right! I won’t let her down”.

One day, the Lord said to let the death get down the tree and that he promised to Uvieta that he was not going to take him, so Uvieta let the death down and she went up to get God’s instructions. But the Lord wasn’t very happy, so he sent the devil.

The devil got to Uvieta’s house and said:

“Knock, knock”.

And Uvieta replied, “who’s there?”.

The devil said, “adore”.

“Adore who?”, Uvieta replied.

So, the devil said, “a door is between us, open up!”.

But Uvieta wasn’t sure about that voice, it was like someone talking from the afterlife, so he looked through the keyhole and when he saw the devil; he was in shock.

“No way Jose! It’s the bad guy! Maybe God sent him for me, for what I did to the death. Now, what do I do?”.

But then, he came up with an idea and ran to his chest. Took his bag, opened the door and without letting him talk, Uvieta said, “devil to the bag”, and when the beast realized, he was inside Uvieta’s bag.

“You’ll see what you get for being nosy!”, Uvieta said.

The devil tried to convince him to let him out but Uvieta replied, “yeah right! I don’t believe that!”. He took a stick and hit him with no mercy until he made him dust.

When the Lord heard the devil screaming, he sent someone to check what was going on and when he knew, he promised Uvieta that if he would stop hitting the devil, he was not going to do anything towards him.

Uvieta stopped hitting him and our Lord tried hard to get all devil’s pieces back, right after the devil went back to hell.

The Lord was really upset with Uvieta and sent the devil again.

“Stop beating around the bush and don’t let him talk. Try to get him asleep and bring him to me. If you let him do what he did with you, we have no deal”.

So, the devil followed the rules, went down at night and when Uvieta was deeply asleep, he grabbed him by his hair and ran to heaven, leaving him by the Glory’s doors.

When Saint Peter opened the door, asked who he was, and when he heard it was Uvieta he shut the door and said, “get away from here, you’ve made our Lord angry!”.

“Where do I go? Where? Well, to hell right now!”

Uvieta went to hell. The devil was walking on the hall and when he saw him, he rushed inside and locked the door.

He asked to all demons to bring whatever stuff they had to put towards the door because there was the man who had made him dust.

Uvieta went to the door and started to call the way he used to do, “Hail Mary!”, and of course, all demons were scared by listening to it.

And there he spent like three days, knocking the door and saying the Hail Mary! Since no one opened the door, he went back.

When he was passing by in front of Heaven’s door, Saint Peter told him, “are you still wasting time walking around?”.

“Well, what do you want me to do? I spent three days down there, knocking the door and no one opened it”.

“Why? What did you say?”. “Me? Well, I just said Hail Mary! Hail Mary!”.

The Virgin who was feeding her cash cow when she heard, “Hail Mary!”.

So, she went to the door thinking that someone was calling out for her. When she saw Uvieta, she was very happy and said, “What are you doing here Uvieta? Come in!”.

Saint Peter didn't dare to contradict to the holy Mother, he had no choice but to let Uvieta in to the Glory.

And snip, snap, snout, this tale is told out.

VII

Mandinga the little Roach

Once upon a time there was little roach named Mandinga, who was sweeping the stairs of her little house front door and who found five cents.

She thought what to get with those five cents,

“If I get blush? No, because I won’t shine. If I buy a hat? No, because I won’t shine. If I buy a pair of earrings? No, because I won’t shine. If I buy a ribbon? Yes, because I will shine”, and she went to the store and bought a ribbon, went back home, took a shower, put some make up on and let her hair down and put the ribbon on; then she went for a walk to the station street and looked for a place to sit.

A bull passed in front of her and when he saw she was pretty, he said:

“Little roach Mandinga, would you marry me?”.

The little roach replied, “and how do you do at night?”.

“Moo...moo!”

Little roach covered her ears.

“No because you scare me”.

A dog passed by and asked the same question.

“And how do you do at night?”, the little roach asked.

“Woof... woof”.

“No because you scare me”.

Then a rooster went by, “little roach Mandinga, would you marry me?”.

“And how do you do at night?”.

“Cock-a-doodle-doo”.

“No because you scare me”.

Finally, the Perez mouse stopped by and little roach Mandinga was drooling over him. He looked very handsome, he was wearing a nice shirt, a Tyrol and a cane.

He came to her with a thousand coins and said:

“Little roach Mandinga, would you marry me?”.

“And how do you do at night?”

“Eek, eek, eek”, the little roach liked it, it was a nice sound, she stood up and they walked away holding hands.

They got married and had a huge and nice party. Next day little roach, who was a very good housewife, was up early in the morning organizing everything in their house.

After lunch, she put on the stove a pot full of rice pudding she was preparing and left to get water.

Before she left, she told to her husband, “keep an eye on the stove and do not eat the rice pudding I have in that pot”.

But as soon as his wife left, Perez mouse locked the door and went to nose around the pot. He put his hand in the pot and removed it right away.

“Shoot! I almost burned my hand”.

He put his other hand in and again almost got burned. He put his feet in and jumped out in pain.

“Dang! This rice pudding is hot!”, but since he wanted to try the pudding so bad, he took a bench and put it close to the stove, got up on it to look inside the pot...

The rice was boiling and little roach had poured some cheese powder and cinnamon sticks and it smelled delicious. Perez mouse couldn't resist and leaned forward to put his nose over the pot for that glorious smell, but the poor mouse slipped and fell inside the pot.

Little roach Mandinga came back and found out that the door was locked, so she went to talk with a carpenter to open it up. When she got in, she had a feeling, something bad happened; she looked around for her husband and she felt like checking the pot... and there he was! Poor little roach went crazy, her screams could be heard from around her neighborhood, her neighbors felt bad, especially because she was a newlywed.

She bought a nice coffin, put him in and put it in the middle of her living room. She sat down to cry next to the door.

A dove was passing by and asked her,

*“Little roach Mandinga
why are you so sad?”*

She replied,

*“Because Perez mouse fell in the pot,
and little roach Mandinga
misses him a lot”*

The dove told her,

*“Well, since I’m a living being,
I’ll give you one wing”*

The dove went to the dovecot, and when he saw her without a wing, he asked, “little dove, what happened to your wing?”. She said,

*“Because Perez mouse fell in the pot,
and little roach Mandinga
misses him a lot and
since I’m a living being,
I gave her one wing”*

So, the dovecot said,

*“Well since I’m a dovecot
I’ll take off my rooftop”*

Right after, the queen stopped by and asked him, “Dovecot, why did you take off your rooftop?”.

*“Because Perez mouse fell in the pot,
and little roach Mandinga
misses him a lot and
the dove, who’s a living being,
gave her one wing, so since I’m a
dovecot I took off my rooftop”*

The queen said,

*“Alright, as I’m the queen
I will cut off my ear”*

Then she went to the king and he said, “Queen why did you cut off your ear?”.

*“Because Perez mouse fell in the pot,
and little roach Mandinga
misses him a lot and
the dove, who’s a living being,
gave her one wing, so the
dovecot took off his rooftop,
and as I’m the queen
I cut off my ear”*

So, the king said,

*“Since I’m the king,
I’ll stop wearing my pinky ring”*

The king was walking next to the river, and the river asked him, “King, why aren’t you wearing your pinky ring?”.

*“Because Perez mouse fell in the pot,
and little roach Mandinga
misses him a lot and
the dove, who’s a living being,
gave her one wing, so the
dovecot took off his rooftop,
and the queen
cut off her ear
and since I’m the king,
I stopped wearing my pinky ring”*

And the river replied,

*“Well, I the river, will
dry out”*

Then two black girls went to the river to fill their jugs and when they saw it was drained, they said, “river, why are you dried out?”.

*“Because Perez mouse fell in the pot,
and little roach Mandinga
misses him a lot and
the dove, who’s a living being,
gave her one wing, so the
dovecot took off his rooftop,
and the queen
cut off her ear
and since the king,
stopped wearing his pinky ring
I, the river, dried out”*

“Well us, girls, will break or jugs”. An old man was walking by and saw the two girls breaking the jugs, he asked, “why are you breaking your jugs?”

*“Because Perez mouse fell in the pot,
and little roach Mandinga
misses him a lot and
the dove, who’s a living being,
gave her one wing, so the
dovecot took off his rooftop,
and the queen*

*cut off her ear
and since the king,
stopped wearing his pinky ring
the river dried out
and we broke our jugs”*

So, the old man said,

*“Since I’m an old man,
I will slit my own throat”*

And he killed himself.

The time passed by and the burial had to start. Little roach wanted it to be fancy and had three musicians playing the violins walking behind the coffin. The violins said:

*“You felt in the pot for being
nosy and so clumsy”.*

So, goes my little tale. Now it's your turn us to regale.

III

Juan, the firewood picker.

Once upon a time, there was an old lady who had three children: two smart and one fool. The two smart ones were rude and never obey her, but the fool one was good with her and was her little helper, because the other two hung out in the city pretending to work but they were actually two bums.

The truth is that the fool wasn't fool at all but since he was so good, people used to think that he was dumb because, that's how life is.

One day the old lady sent him to the mountain to pick some firewood, he went and took a good load of wood and while he was picking the crumbs, to make it easier to his mother to light them up in the morning, an old lady holding a small wand appeared to him.

She said, "look Juan, here I bring this wand as a present. It is like a gift for being obedient to your mother".

Juan asked:

"And what is it for?".

"For everything you want. Do you want money? Well ask for it. If not, when you get too tired, touch the trolley loaded of wood with it and at the same time you say: little wand, by the power God gave you, turn my trolley into a car and take me home".

That's what Juan did, he sat on his trolley and, in the twinkling of an eye, he was at home. Juan did not say a word to anybody, but ever since that day he never walked again, instead he was going everywhere on his trolley loaded of wood and whenever his mother or brothers asked him, he just pretended he was not listening.

Turns out that the king's daughters used to come every once in a while, to shower in a pond that was close by the three brothers' house. One day, the youngest daughter was crying because her ring fell in the water, the king had given to each a unique ring never seen before and he told the girls to better pray God if any of them ever lose the ring.

At night, the smart ones were saying that the king was furious because his daughter had lost the ring in the pond and that His Majesty had offered her daughter's to be the wife of whoever could find it.

Next day when the sun rose, the two smart guys ran to the pond to find the ring, but found nothing, as soon as they left, the fool one came with his wand, touched the water and said, "little wand, by the power God gave you, find the ring", and then the ring came out of the water and he took it, then he touched the trolley and asked to be taken to the king's palace.

When standing at the door, the guards who were the watchmen, saw he was the fool and did not let him in, but the fool made a fuss, the king heard and sent some guards to see what was that riot

and when he knew what it was, he let him in. The fool went upstairs sitting on his trolley loaded of wood and went in the hall, where the king and his royal court were.

He got off his trolley, a little sore, took out the ring from his pocket and said:

“Sir, here I have your daughter’s ring, let’s see how it goes with the wedding”.

When everyone saw and heard him, burst out in laughter, they wanted to make fun of him and told him not to cast pearls before swine, but when they hear the king saying he was willing to comply with his promise, they all kept quiet.

Poor princess started to pout and then broke down in tears, the three girls kneeled and begged his father not to, but he said, “I gave my word and I have to comply with it”.

Then he spoke with his youngest daughter and gave her some good advice, because he wasn’t arrogant.

“Look daughter, we can’t underestimate people in this life, don’t be fooled by appearances. Who knows! Maybe this guy will be a good husband. And in this life, you have illusions because sometimes you think that by being sitting on a throne rather than on a stool will make you better, well none of that is true. Only God and Mary are better than anyone”.

He kept calming her down, but she didn’t stop crying because she couldn’t find the way of marrying to that unhappy man and when she remembered that he had arrived to the hall sitting on a trolley and that everyone laughed at him, she hung her head in shame. There was no way out and the wedding day came, the mother and brothers of the fool did not know what was going on, the wedding was at twelve noon in the cathedral.

The fool left home as usual, on his trolley loaded of wood but when getting to the city he touched the trolley with the wand and said, “little wand, by the power God gave you, turn my trolley into a silver carriage, with white horses that no one ever seen before and turn me into an intelligent and handsome gentleman”.

The trolley turned into the silver carriage and the fool into a great gentleman.

When people saw the carriage in front of the palace, and the handsome prince getting of that carriage, they were all amazed.

The princess was crying in a room, she was pretty but she was looking ugly after crying that much: she had red and puffy eyes and her nose looked like a tomato.

Oh my God! What was that! All of a sudden, a charming prince came in, took her hand and carried her into the silver carriage. They went to the cathedral and the bishop pronounced them husband and wife, right after the ceremony they went back to the palace for the huge party.

The princess did not know if she was on a dream, when the dance started, she danced with her husband and everyone joined not because of her but to see him. The other two princesses, who had mocked at him and his trolley, were a bit jealous and could not help it; and everyone else was talking about him: Juan this and Juan that!

Juan walked away to a corner, rubbed his wand and said:

“Little wand, by the power God gave you, turn my mother’s house into a glass palace and my mom into a great Lady”.

And that happened, the old lady who was struggling to light up the firewood kitchen and missing Juan, when she heard a noise and started to feel dizzy. Once she recovered back, she found herself in a big glass living room with gold furniture and her sitting on a sofa, wearing a velvet dress and fanning herself with a feather fan.

She also had servants everywhere around her house who were willing to even blow her nose, all of a sudden, she heard the noise of some cars and right next to the living room; she heard music that made her feel in heaven.

Lastly, she saw a couple coming in her house, as it were, a king and his queen... both opened their arms y Juan’s voice saying, “Mommy, here’s my wife”, and behind them were the king, queen and princesses and all marquises and counts living in the country.

At night, they had a party, his brothers came back home and Juan locked them down in a room. Next day, he told them everything and said that if they behave, he was going to make them to marry the princesses, and they did behave. The brothers married the princesses, Juan and his wife were the King and Queen, and they all lived happily ever after.

V

The Monkey

Once upon a time, there was a king who had three kids. He was disappointed because his children were a bit momma's boys. He started to plan how to get them out of their mom's care, who was overprotective, spoiled and pampered them ever since they were babies.

One day, he called them and said, "guys, why don't you go out and explore the world? I'll give my throne to whom comes back married with the most beautiful princess and you better not say a word to your mom because she'll get annoyed by the things I've told you".

And that been said, they secretly left, one by one to avoid their mother's suspicions. The oldest was the first one to leave, on Monday, then the middle one on Wednesday and the youngest on Saturday.

The oldest brother drove all day and at night, he stopped by asking for a room in a little house near by the meadow. When he got closer, he heard some screams of pain so he peeked out through a crack and saw a woman whiplashing a poor little monkey who was crying and moaning while hanging on a tree. The prince said:

"Knock, knock Mrs. María...".

The old woman looked out lighting up with a candle. She was so ugly that she went to a haunted house and came out with an application, she was one-eyed and just had one lower tooth that moved whenever she talked, her face was full of wrinkles and she had a hairy mole on her chin.

The prince asked her for a room and she said, reluctantly, that her house was not a hotel but if he wanted to stay, that he could sleep on the bench that was in the porch. He accepted because he was very tired, he took the saddle off the horse, roped the animal onto the bench and then fell asleep.

Later throughout the night, he woke up scared because someone was pulling his sleeve. There was the monkey hanging from her tail over him, she had gone out God only knows how.

The prince was about to scream but she covered his mouth with her furry little hand and said, "don't scream, because they'll know I'm here and they'll beat me up. Look, I'm here to propose to you so you can take me out of this house".

He wanted to laugh so bad that he cracked up.

"Are you crazy?", he said, "how am I going to marry a monkey? If you want, I can take you with me but just for fun".

Poor little monkey started to cry.

"Not that way, I can only get out of this place if I get married".

She started to tell all the bad things the old woman did to her, she wanted to show him how her body was all beaten and wounded, but the prince wasn't looking at it because he felt asleep again.

Next day in the morning, he woke up and heard the woman hitting the monkey with the broom, he didn't feel pity about it and continued on his way.

That same thing happened to the second son, who just moved on and didn't want to take the monkey. The third prince drove and at night got to the little house and the same thing: the old woman beating the monkey up. But this one, was brokenhearted and couldn't take so much cruelty, he opened the door, grabbed the stick and threaten the woman by hitting her if she did not leave that animal alone.

The woman was as furious as a raging bull and didn't want to give a room to him, but he said he was going to spend the night on the bench in the porch whether she would like it or not.

By dawn, he woke up because someone was pulling him, he woke up feeling confused rubbing his eyes. A furry little hand covered his mouth, since the sun light was starting to show, he could see the monkey who was swinging towards him, hanging from her tail on the roof. The little monkey started to cry and she told him about her agony. Then she proposed to him.

At the beginning, he was going with the flow and he thought she was joking: he offered to take her with him and show her affection, but the monkey began to sob with so much sadness and her tears were going down on her furry little face.

"Not that way", she said, "it is impossible. This woman is a witch and if I only get someone to marry me, I would be able to get away from her".

This prince, who had always been assertive, all of a sudden decided to marry the monkey. When he said "I do", the house rumbled and the witch came out from the smoke yelling, "now bear with the monkey for the rest of your life!".

He felt like if a chain would have tied the monkey up to his life. The prince rode his horse and carried the monkey on his shoulder, as he was moving forward he was thinking about what he did and he realized he had made a mistake.

He hung his head in shame, what was his father going to say once he would tell him he had married a monkey? And his mother! To whom nobody was good for her children, not even Virgin Mary! People and his brothers were going to mock at him! The monkey, which seemed was reading his mind, said:

"Look, my hubby, let's not go to any city. Let's get into that mountain to your right and there we'll find a house to live in".

He did what she said and found a wooden house. The house had a kitchen and a living room with old furniture but it was really clean. There was a garden in front of the house and at the back there were a corn and beanfield, and plants full of squashes.

The monkey asked the prince to get firewood, she took a jar and went out to bring water from a river nearby. Later on, the smell of the food the monkey was preparing, came out from the door and the steam out of the roof.

The time passed by, the three princes agreed to meet up after a year in a certain place. The monkey's husband was always sad and thought of not going to but she, knowing that the day was close, said, "hubby, leave tomorrow so you can be on Saturday at the place you agreed to meet with your brothers".

He asked, "how do you know?", but she remained quiet.

He left the day after, the monkey had her eyes filled of tears when saying good bye and he felt sorry about it.

When he got to the place, his brothers were there already and they were happy. They told him they had married two beautiful princesses, who had miracle hands. He was speechless and when listening to them, he just wanted to disappear.

"And what about you man, tell us how's your wife?", they asked.

He didn't dare to tell them the truth and instead, he lied.

"She's more beautiful than the stars, and she knows how to turn cotton balls into golden strands, thinner than the spider's web strands".

And his brothers felt jealous when they listened at him. When they arrived to his parents' palace, they were welcomed with joy, each of them raved about their wives.

"Well", the king said, "I, first of all, want to see the wonders they do. Each of them will spin and weave a shirt for me and another for the queen. Let's see which one will be the best, I'll give you one month".

The princes went back to their homes and they explained to their wives the king's wish. The princesses ordered fine silk and immediately started to spin. The monkey didn't do anything, her husband asked her to do it but she ignored him and the prince was quite saddened.

On the palace visiting day, the monkey woke him up early in the morning; she had his horse saddled.

"Why have you saddled my horse? I'm not going to my parents' house because I can't give them what they asked for".

So, she gave him two seeds of *tacaco*.

"Here are the shirts", she said.

He couldn't believe but the monkey told him that if when opening them in front of his father they wouldn't get what he wished, he would be free.

The prince left and, on his way, he met with his brothers who carried the silk woven shirts inside gold boxes. When the youngest one show them the *tacaco* seeds, his brothers laughed at him. Once they arrived to the king's palace, he was delighted by the woven shirts and got mad when he got the *tacaco* seeds.

The king was so angry that he squeezed the seeds, from each of them came out a silk shirt, finer than the petals of a rose, they were as white it seemed as if they would have been woven with strands taken from a snowflake. The buttons were gems and the seams were so perfect that he couldn't see them, not even by using a magnifier.

The king and the queen were astonished and his brothers felt ashamed and jealous.

"Well", the king said, "I'm happy with your wives' job. Now, they will have to send me some food. I want to see which one cooks best. I'll give them fifteen days".

The youngest went back home, he was happy and told everything to his monkey, she didn't say a word but the prince patiently waited. He felt a bit uncomfortable when the day came, she took a squash from the garden and put it on a pot.

"You'll bring this to your dad", she said while taking it out the pot and putting it into a basket.

He couldn't see himself bringing that to his father but the monkey had a plan, so he took the basket and went on his way. He met his brothers on the way, they were followed by their servants carrying silver and gold trays full of delicious food. When they saw him with the squash, they mocked at him.

They sat down at the table and started to eat, the king and the queen saw the food was finger licking good but when the saw the squash, the king got angry and threw against the wall. When the squash burst, some white doves were flying carrying gold baskets full of delicious dishes like the ones Our dear God eats in heaven; some others carrying flowers. Oh goodness! That was really a hullabaloo!

The king said, "well now I want you to bring me a cow, that can be milk here on the table whenever we want". He gave them eight days.

The princes left arguing about his father's cravings. They got mad at their homes, telling to their wives about their father's cravings. Only the youngest one didn't say anything because he thought it was impossible.

After eight days, the monkey brought some bamboo cane sticks and gave them to her husband, "take this and go to the palace. Have some faith and you'll see everything will go well. Don't open it until you get there".

He took the sticks and left. He found his brothers at the palace's backyard, they had little cows like the calf size and they were full of ribbons; when they saw him, they laughed at him.

At lunch time, they got in with their cows and tried to make them go up on the table but the animals broke some ornaments and they even pooped on the tablecloth. The king and the queen got really mad, got up and left from the table without having a bite to eat.

By dinner time, the king asked to the youngest one about his cow, he took out the bamboo cane sticks, opened them and a little cow came out with a silver bell on her neck, she had golden horns and hooves. Her udders looked like little buttons, she stood docile in front of the king so he could milk her. The king did it and filled his cup with yellowish curdled milk. Then the little cow stood in front of the queen and she did the same, and the cow kept doing the same with everybody in the room. They all had a milk mustache.

Of course, you can imagine how the king and queen were with his youngest son, the other two left with their tail between their legs.

“Now”, the king said, “I want you to bring your wives this coming Sunday”.

“Now I’m screwed!”, the youngest one thought. He went to a store to buy a silk fabric, a hat, a pair of gloves, shoes, underwear, make-up, perfume and many more.

And he gave all those presents to his wife and told her about what his father had said. The monkey ignored him and did her household chores during the week: sweep the floor, clean the house, prepare food and wash clothes.

Her husband kept saying, “honey, why don’t you make a dress with the fabric I brought you?”.

But all she did was getting on her trapeze and make acrobatics hanging from her tail. When the prince saw her doing acrobatics, he felt embarrassed, she was nothing but a monkey.

On Saturday, she asked her husband to get her a cart and to bring it with a blanket, so she could go and meet her in-laws. He wanted to persuade her by telling her it was not nice to go on a cart and even worse if it was to visit the king, that people were going to laugh at them, that people from the city were rude and blah, blah, blah but the monkey was stubborn and said that if she didn’t have the cart, she was not going.

The prince thought that it was better and he, sometimes, tried not to go back to the palace, but he ended up leaving and getting a cart.

On Sunday, he wanted his wife to get ready and pretty, to have her wearing the silk he had brought to her because he wanted to prevent people from seeing her tail. The monkey, who was very stubborn, did not want to listen and said: – Look, hubby, it is what it is– and she licked her hair. She asked him to leave first and she got into the cart.

The prince saw his brothers on his way to the palace, his brothers were going in 4 horses’ carriages, each of them with their wives wearing fancy feathered-dresses. They were wearing feather dresses and both were beautiful, that couldn’t be denied and the young man turned his head and sight when he saw the heavy and slow cart.

“And your wife?”, they asked.

“There she comes, on that cart”. The ladies kept an eye on and covered their mouths so their brother-in-law couldn’t see them laughing. The princes turn red by imagining what their wives could thought when seeing their sister-in-law on a cart covered by a blanket.

They got to the palace's door, the king and queen came out to welcome their children, when the two daughters-in-law bowed, they poked the king and queen's noses with the feathers. At that moment, the monkey wanted to get into the palace with the cart but the guards stopped it.

"And your wife?", the king asked to his youngest child.

"There she comes, on the cart", he answered ashamed.

"On that cart!? But son, are you crazy?"

And the people at the palace's entrance started to laugh when they saw the cart with the blanket behind the shining carriages.

The king ordered to let her in and the cart came in, shazaaam... it stopped at the door. The prince was sweating buckets, he didn't want to be there. He was waiting for all jokes and people mocking at him, once he saw the monkey coming out of the cart.

But a beautiful princess came out, as beautiful as the sunset. She was wearing a golden dress full of gems, smiling and showing her glowing teeth.

The first thing she did was looking for the youngest prince, grabbed his hand and told him, "my hubby, introduce me to your parents". When he introduced her to his parents, the king and the queen were thrilled because she bowed and said some gracefully things.

The king, personally took her to the dining room and had her sitting to his right. During dinner, her sisters-in-law didn't take their eyes off her, and saw that she was secretly putting rice, mince, some small pieces of fish and patties. She did the same just to mimic her. Then there was a dance, when they were all dancing, the princess shook her dress and gems, rubies and gold flowers came out of it.

The other two thought that the same was going to happen to them and when they shook theirs, but rice, mince, the pieces of fish and patties were the only things coming out of their dresses; the king, queen and their husbands blush with embarrassment.

Then the king grabbed by the hands to his son and the princess and took them to his throne. "You will be our heirs", he said. But she replied, "we thank you, but I'm the only child of France's king, who's old and wants my husband to have his crown".

When the king heard she was the daughter of the king of France, he was speechless, because the king of France was the richest one, he was the King of kings like they said. The princess whispered to her husband, and then he said:

"Dad, why don't you share your kingdom with my brothers? That way you'll be in good hands".

The king thought it was fine and shared his kingdom, the brothers were happy. Then they said goodbye and left to France in a gold carriage with eight white shining horses.

When the prince and princess were alone, she told him that a witch, enemy of her father, took revenge by turning his daughter into a monkey because he did not want to marry her and she said

that in order to break the spell, the monkey would have to marry a prince who would be willing to marry that monkey.

And then, they lived happily ever after.

I go around the bend,
I see a fence to mend,
on it is hung my story end.

VIII

The Devil's in-law

Once upon a time, there was a good-looking widow who had a daughter. The girl was gorgeous and her mother wanted to get a rich man to marry her. There were some honest, hard-working and affluent pretenders, but she would throw them away from her house because they were not rich enough.

One afternoon, the girl was looking through the window, she was delightful and had her hair down, by the way, it was a long wavy hair and she had it down to her knees. She had not long been there when a man on a horse passed by. It was a very handsome brunette man, who was wearing nice clothes and a fancy Panama hat, he had black eyes and a big handlebar mustache.

His horse was stunning and it had silver hoofs and its harnesses were silver and gold. He greeted the girl with utmost reverence and said a compliment to her, she saw that the gentleman had gold teeth. The horse passed by and bowed, at the corner the rider greeted the girl again and she went in to tell her mother what had happened.

Next afternoon, mother and daughter were looking good and stood next to the window. The gentleman passed in front of them again, riding a black horse, as black as the heart of darkness, with its gold hoofs and bit, reins of silk and gold and its saddle nailed with golden nails. The widow saw that in his chest, in the watch chain and in his left pinky finger, he had sparkling diamonds.

Both women melted down when greeting back to the man.

Next day, in the afternoon, they were right next to the window, wearing their best Sunday clothes, watching to the corner. After a while, a stranger showed up riding a horse who had its skin as black as if it would have been taken from an October's night. Its horse shoes were made of gold and the harnesses too, they had assembled rubies, diamonds and emeralds.

The two women were astounded when they saw him getting off the horse in front of them and he greeted them.

They invited him to get in their house, the mother who was nice whenever something was to her interest, called the butler to watch out the horse.

The stranger said his name was Mr. John Doe, he spoke about recommendations of well-known people, he talked about his wealth, invited them to visit his properties and he finished by asking the girl to be his wife. He had not finished with the proposal when the mother was already answering and calling him my son.

Ever since that day, the two women were so full of their selves, they visited one of the gentleman's property every day, every night they had dances and dinner; they never ever walked again because they only drove cars and they received many presents.

The wedding day finally arrived, the gentleman did not want to marry in a church and they did it in their house instead, nobody noticed that when the priest came in, the groom wanted to run away.

The newlyweds moved to another city where the husband had his business. Since day one, when they were alone, the husband told his wife that at lunch time he knew some tricks that will leave her speechless and that he was going to keep doing them to entertain her.

With that being said, he started to walk on the walls and the sealing as a fly, then he turned as small as an ant and got into empty bottles and from there he made faces to his wife, then he got out and his body stretched until he was able to touch the sealing. And this happened everyday at lunch and dinner time.

There was one time that the widow came to visit her daughter and she told all the tricks her husband knew how to do. When they sat at the table, the mother-in-law asked his son-in-law to do all those tricks her daughter had told her, he did not refuse and started to go all over the sealing, walls and to do everything he knew. The lady was amazed and ever since that day she had a feeling.

A few days after, she visited her daughter again, she brought with her a jar that a lid heavier than a dead priest. At lunch time she begged to his son-in-law to do all those funny tricks, after she enjoyed, the mother-in-law showed him the jar and said, "I bet you can't get in this jar?"

He jumped in the jar acting as if he owned it. The mother-in-law make some gestures to some guys that had the lid and they put it on the jar. The son-in-law started to yell and to try to get out.

His wife wanted to do something about, but her mother said:

"Don't you see it's Satan? I knew that your husband was not as the other Christians when I saw him the other day. I talked to a priest, who convinced me that my son-in-law was nothing but the Evil one. Thank God that I made this up so you could get rid of it".

Then she went to the mountain with the men carrying the jar, they dig a dip hole and buried the jar with her son-in-law. He was furious and was saying many nasty things about his mother-in-law.

As matter of fact, he was the Devil and since the day he was buried, no one ever commit any mortal sin, only venial sins advised by evil spirits.

All people seemed nice, but only God knew what was cooking.

As years passed, poor devil was still buried, making up a bad word against his mother-in-law. One day a poor lumberjack, who had only a bunch of kids and was as poor as church mice, heard a rumble beneath his feet, he stopped and put his ear on the ground and heard a voice saying,

"Whoever you are, take me out of here!". The man started to dig and after a few hours, he found the jar.

He asked, "what person, as little as it is, can be inside this jar?"

The one inside replied, “take me out and you’ll see. I’m someone who can make you extremely rich”.

This was finding himself with temptation and when he heard about being rich, he tried so hard that he took the lid off. The Devil came out in flames and the mountain was covered in a stinky sulfur smoke.

The poor lumberjack was so scared that he fainted, when he recovered back he went to the devil and he told him about his burial.

“To pay you back”, he said, “we are going to the city. I’ll be possessing different people’s bodies, the richest and wealthiest, so they’ll go crazy. You’ll show up in the city as a doctor and will offer to cure them. You only have to whisper to the ill’s ear and tell me: ‘I am the one who took you out of the jar’”, and I’ll leave the body. But, when you get closer and if I say no, you better not insist because it’ll be worthless. I warn you”.

And that was it, they left to the city. The lumberjack called himself a doctor and a few days after a count went crazier than a sprayed cockroach. Famous doctors in the kingdom saw him but nothing could be done, all of a sudden, they knew a new doctor was in town and that he was offering to get his health back.

He went to the ill and to pretend he was doing something, he gave him a spoon of what he was carrying in bottle and it was nothing but tap water with aniline.

After three spoons, he whispered, “I am the one who took you out of the jar”, the devil got out immediately and the count was as if nothing would have happened. All family was grateful and did not how to pay back, so they gave him a lot of money.

More insanity cases came, in duke Mr. So and so, in duchess Mrs. Jane Doe, in marquis Mr. Joe Blow; and they were all cured thanks to the doctor, who didn’t have enough room to keep all the gold he had.

The queen was finally ill and that was bad! She couldn’t be calmed and the king was desperate, they had to tie her up. The king was told to call that doctor and when he arrived the king offered him to be their primary care doctor and give him lots of richness if he could cure his wife.

The lumberjack, said in a cocky tone, that he could count on it and that if he couldn’t cure the queen, to cut his head off.

He took the water bottle and went to the queen, he gave her three spoons and said, “It’s me, the one who took you out of the jar”.

The devil said, “no!”.

When the lumberjack heard this, he got frightened. Now what he was going to do? He got close to the ill’s ear and begged, “for God’s sake, get out! Don’t you see they’ll kill me? Please...”.

But begging was worthless, the devil was not going to get out. It seemed he was comfy inside the queen's brains.

The lumberjack requested to the king three days and during that time he begged to the devil to get out the queen's body, giving spoons of water with aniline and rubbing his hands. When the due date was about to come, he came up with an idea: he asked the king to bring the band, to buy fireworks and to have all people in the palace with cans or any copper junk and to put it on a stick and wait for his signal, in order to have the band playing some merrymakers, to have everybody screaming and making noise with their cans and to light all the fireworks.

And this was done, at that moment the lumberjack whispered the queen and begged to the Devil, "Get out, for your own sake!".

Instead of answering, the devil asked, "oh man! What's that riot?", he answered, "hold on, I'll check who's that. May God help you! It's your mother-in-law who has found out you are here and has come with the jar to get you in there again!".

"Who would have told that witch of my mother-in-law?". The Devil said and he run away straight to Hell.

The queen got better and the lumberjack, who was already rich and Mr. John Doe, asked to bring his wife and his bunch of kids to live in the palace, as the king had given him. Ever since then, they live happily ever after.

IX

The Torrejas Little House

Once upon a time, there were some kiddos that were orphans and had no one to even ask what they were doing in there?

There were the boy and the girl, who was the oldest one and who was now in charge. They were very poor and one day they didn't even have kindling to light the fire, so they decided to go and to explore the outdoors, they locked the door and went to the mountain.

After a while, they felt tired, so they climbed a tree and lied down on a fork to spend the night. As the night fell, they saw a light far way, they didn't dare to get off the tree because they were afraid that an animal could have eaten them, but they looked to make sure of the address where it was.

As soon as the sun was up, they got off the tree and walked until they got to a meadow. There was a little house at the edge of the mountain, there was smoke coming out from room, there was a smell like boiling honey coming out of the door and windows.

They got closer little by little and saw a basket full of torrijas (*French toast*) at the window. Since they were starving and that smell had them craving, they could not take it anymore and went to the window. The girl stretched her arm and took a toast.

From inside the house a hoarse voice yelled:

"Piscurum, cat, don't steal my toast!". The kids hid in the bushes and they shared they toast that made them even hungrier.

The got closer to the window again and one more time that voice yelled:

"Piscurum, cat, don't steal my toast!".

They hid again, ate the toast and wanted to get some more, but unfortunately because they rushed, the pot fell off.

Because of the noise, the old lady who was the owner of the house, came. She was a witch, more evil than the Devil itself, she saw were the kids went and followed them and after a while she pulled them by their ears and brought them to her house.

The kids were as thin as a stick, the witch told them that she would not eat them, but that she was going to make them fat like two piglets so she could then devour them.

She locked them in a cage and gave them the leftovers every day and since there was no other way out, they had to eat them.

After eight days, the witch came back and said, “get your pinky finger over this crack!”.

The girl realized it was in order to check how fat they were, so she took a mouse tail that had found in the cage, she took it out twice and since the old lady was half blind, she didn’t notice she was being fooled and left angrier than a bull when she felt those pinky fingers that thin.

Things were like this for three months, the thing is that whether you like or not, the kids got fatter and fatter.

But some day, the girl didn’t hold the mouse’s tail tight and the witch had it in her hand. She went to the light to look and when she realized she had been fooled, she got upset, opened the cage and took them out.

When she saw them chubby, her anger disappeared.

“Well”, she said, “now I’ll fry you and prepare a delicious food! Go bring me water from that river so I can broil you two”.

Of course, when the kids heard this, they almost choke themselves, she gave a jar to each and watched them from the door.

When they got to the river, an old man came out from behind a tree, he was God, and said, “don’t be scared, my children, there’s always a way out! Look, you’ll do this: you’ll get there with the water and will act obedient in front of the witch”.

“Try do things right, light up the fire, sweep the kitchen’s floor, wash the dishes. She will put a big pot on the cook top and will put a table soapy table leaned on the pot and wall. She will then ask you to dance on the table and you will slip and fell in the pot, so the witch won’t bother by your screams or trying to make you go in the pot”.

And after giving them the advice, he went to the mountain.

The kids went back to the house and did what God told them: they swept the floor, lit the fire and went to bring water many times to fill the pot.

The witch was nice with them, when she saw they obeyed and did all that. She finally put the soapy table on and told them, “come here my kids and dance on this table!”.

The girl played as innocent and thought, “shut up you witch, I know your plan!”.

They pretended to rehearse the dance on the floor first and pretended they did not know how to do it.

“Well, we don’t know. Why don’t you get on and show us how to do it?”.

And the old lady believed in their word and got on the table. As soon as she turned around to dance, the kids tilted the table and the witch went straight into the pot. Splash! To the boiling water.

Then they took her out and buried her.

They looked around the house and found a room full of barrels with gold in them.

Of course, they took all that with them!

X

The Olive Flower

In a faraway country from here, lived a king who was blind and had three children. Many doctors around the world had seen him but none of them was able to get his sight back.

One day, he asked for a seat next to the door of his palace to get some sun, he felt that a man with a cane passed by, who stopped and said:

“Sir, if you want to heal, wash your eyes with the water were the Olive flower had been put in”.

The king wanted to ask for explanations, but the man walked away and when the servants came to the king’s call and looked for the man, there was no one in the streets nor the neighborhood.

The king told his children about that recipe and offered his crown to the one who brought him the Olive flower. The oldest said he was the one to go first, he looked for the best horse in the palace, asked to have enough food for a month and left with his pockets full of money.

After riding for a while, he got to a river, there was a woman washing her clothes along the river bank, she looked like a beggar, there was a little boy with her, he was so skinny that he could hoola-hoop with a Fruit Loops and he was crying so much that you could even feel bad about him.

The woman said to the prince, “Sir, for God sake, give me something of what you have in your saddlebag, my son is crying out in need”.

“May the weeping eat dirt! Everything inside the saddlebag is mine”.

And he went on his way but no one told him about the Olive flower.

He went back and he got in a betting house, that was in a villa that was on the way of his father’s city, and he even bet his underwear.

As the days passed by and when they saw that the prince was not coming back, the second son left, full of groceries. The same thing that his brother happened to him: he saw the woman doing the laundry, with a crying child next to her.

“May the weeping eat dirt! I’m not feeding starving kids”.

He had to go back because he didn’t get any news of the Olive flower. He met with his brother who convinced him to stay betting his money.

Finally, the last king’s son, who was almost a little boy, went to look for the Olive flower. He took the same way his brothers did and when he got to the river, he found the woman and little crying boy.

He asked the reason why he was crying and the woman told him because he was starving, so the prince got off his horse and looked for the best he had in his saddlebag and gave it to the beggar. He poured the milk in his little silver cup, with his hands, he took the bread his mother had baked

for him, sat the kid on his lap and kindly gave him the prepared soups, then he put him to sleep, wrapped him in his coat and laid him down under a tree.

The woman, who was the Virgin, asked him what he was looking for and he told him the reason of his trip.

“If it isn’t nothing but that, you don’t need to keep going”, the Virgin said. “Lift that stone next to my son and you’ll find the Olive flower”.

That’s what the prince did and the star look-a-like flower was in a little cave under the stone. He took it, kissed the kid and said goodbye to the woman, got on his horse and left.

Passing by where his brothers were, he showed them the flower, they called him and talked nice to him. They invited him to eat and while he went out to take the saddle off the horse, his brothers talked to each other. While he was eating his brothers made him drink so much wine that he ended up getting drunk.

When he was asleep, he took him to the country, killed him, took the flower and buried him. Without noticing, they left his right hand’s fingers out the ground.

The princes went back with the flower to his father, it was put in the water the king used to wash his eyes and he had his sight right back, so he told to his children that when he dies, all his kingdom was going to be split in two so that way both would be kings. In the meantime, the corps’ fingers sprouted and a cane bloomed from there.

One day a shepherd passed by, he cut the cane and made a flute, when he played it, he was surprised by listening to it singing like this,

*“Neither play me little shepherd,
nor stop playing me;
because of the Olive flower
my brothers have killed me”.*

The shepherd went to show his flute off and the ones who heard the song, advised him to go to the city and that everyone would pay him to hear it. That’s what he did and a few days after, those staying in the city, were the ones looking for the shepherd owner of that amazing instrument.

The king heard about the news and he asked to have the shepherd in his palace. When he heard the flute, it reminded him of his little son’s voice, who he loved very much and who had not heard about from in a while.

He asked the shepherd for his flute and he played it and with everyone surprised the flute sang,

*“Neither play me my dear father,
nor stop playing me;
because of the Olive flower
my brothers have killed me”.*

The king started to cry, the queen and princes went to where he was, the king asked the queen to play the flute, so it sang,

*“Neither play me my sweet mother,
nor stop playing me;
because of the Olive flower
my brothers have killed me”.*

The king wanted his second child to play it, everyone saw that the princes were pale and their legs were shaking. The prince tried to deny it but the king threatened him, the flute sang:

*“Neither play me my dear brother,
nor stop playing me;
because of the Olive flower
you have killed me”.*

The poor king locked his sons in a dungeon, and he and the queen lived sadly ever after.

IV

Escomposte Perinola

Once upon a time, there was a man whose body was so twisted that it seemed it would have made him a fool. Since he was more twisted than a stag's antler, people called him Juan Cacho e'venao (*Juan stag's antler*) but to shorten, as the time passed by, people just called him Juan Cacho (*Antler*).

Thinking of doing good, he got married but he has had the wool pulled over his eyes because his wife had a really bad mood that only Saint Job could stand it. It seemed that poor Juan Cacho would have looked specifically for a woman with the worse temper in the world.

To make it even worse, she was worse than a rabbit when having kids, they had a bunch of children in the twinkling of an eye and you got to see what they did to support them all.

It was not that often that Juan could move on every week because all he found was a bunch of kids when coming back home, and it was not because he was a lazy man, of those who only seat back and watch tv. No, he was the type of man who liked to earn his pennies, he was someone who worked in any type of job. He knew to whitewash, fix leaks, weeding, woodcutting, he fixed damaged pots, did the groceries for someone else.

You needed a builder? There you had Juan Cacho, you needed to fix a ridgepole? There was Juan Cacho. He did what he could but it was never enough for that beast he had as wife. You had to see the fights he got himself into with his wife on Saturdays when he brought the money to his home... Oh my God! The woman threw some potatoes and beans, corn and the tapa dulce at him.

The kids were sick, their body full of spots, dirty and following their mom's steps, brats and rude with their dad.

Finally, one day Juan took control and did not want to deal with that anymore. He took his clothes and left home. On his way, he found some pennies and bought, to stop feeling hungry, bread and sausage. He kept walking, the night fell and started to rain.

He got into a stubble where a cane and leaves were still up. He lit the fire to warm himself up, he sat down and took the bread and sausage out of his bag willing to not leave any leftover.

He was just about to bite when he heard someone saying:

"Hail Mary!"

He looked up and saw an old man, who was shaking and had a cane. He only had 4 gray hairs on his head and whose beard was so small you could feel bad about him. The old man was drooling when he saw the bread and sausage.

Oh boy! Juan Cacho was hungry but what the hey? What's for one is for two.

“Here’s for both”, Juan Cacho said.

The old man didn’t think twice, he sat down on the floor and started to eat. He was enjoying it so much, you could tell he had spent many time without getting any bite to eat and if Juan Cacho would have been cautious, he would have been left with no food.

So, they ate and got a bit warm, they went to sleep next to the fire.

When the sun rose, Juan Cacho woke up and saw the old man willing to wash his shows. It was really cold, “ah! A cup of hot coffee”, Juan thought.

The old man, as if he would have read his mind, said, “man. Would you like some fresh brewed coffee?”. With that being said, Juan craved even more.

The old man took a white napkin out of his bag, it did not seem like he had a lot of clean stuff inside his bag.

“Take”, he said, “I’ll give you a present”.

“And why would I want this for?”, Juan Cacho thought. “Would it be to clean my mouth?”.

As if the old man would have heard his thoughts, he said:

“No, my son, this napkin is a virtue napkin. I give it to you to reward your good heart, you gave me half of what you had and I knew you were still hungry because of me”.

Juan stared at him and started to shiver when he realized that the shaking old man, with a small beard and four gray hairs, was no one but the Lord in person. Juan went down on his knees and prayed to him.

God said, “put the napkin on the floor and say: Napkin, by the power God gave you, give me some food”.

So, the napkin turned in a big tablecloth and on top of it there was a coffee pot full of hot and steam coffee, a pitcher filled with fresh milk, a lot of crispy cheese tortillas, those that smell delicious, a bowl of sour cream, spongy sweet buns with brown sugar top, jars filled of jelly, roasted chicken, fruits, well so many things we will take all day mentioning them.

When Juan looked, God was not there anymore. He was scared with the appearance of God, but he was starving and he started to eat all those delicious dishes he had never imagined to be eating.

Once he was done, there were still food for like a week, he took the gold, silver and the finest porcelain dishes and put everything in his bag because he thought that he would never experience that again. Then he kept the napkin.

After continuing walking, he stopped and put the napkin on the grass just to give it a try and said, “napkin, by the power God gave you, give me some food”.

And there he had again, a buffet that bishops and monarchs would have dreamed about. What he did was to let the people, in the first ranch he saw, know to go and pick up the food.

Juan Cacho thought about his starving kids and despite how brat and rude they were, and his wife, he felt that his duty was to go back home and feed them. He started to imagine having them at the table with all the food he has had in front. What I'm going to do, he thought, is not to let them eat a lot, so they won't get sick.

As the night came, he got to a cattle shed and there was a big tree where a lot of herdsmen were sitting around a fire who drove their stoke. They were drinking coffee from the one they had bought to the owner of the cattle shed. The truth is that this man did not sell coffee but weak coffee, so Juan Cacho said:

“Throw that crap away and you'll taste what real coffee is!”.

So, he put the napkin on the floor and said:

“Napkin, by the power God gave you, please feed us”, and they got coffee, pastries, sour cream, roast chicken, wines and many other delicious dishes.

Those who use to eat rice and beans did not dare to touch that tasty meal, Juan said, “what's up guys? Be my guests, go ahead!”.

The muleteers did not think twice, after a while, they got drunk and that turned into a party.

The owner of the cattle shed was a greedy man and as soon as he found out about the napkin, he had his eyes on it. Once Juan fell asleep, he took the napkin and put it somewhere else and Juan who fell asleep like a log and was a bit drunk, did not feel anything.

Before dawn, Juan Cacho got up, he made sure he had his napkin in his pocket and went to his house. On his way, he was thinking about the surprise he was going to give to his family, how gentle was going to be his wife and he imagined each of his children eating roast chicken.

When he got in to his house, he entered avoiding any type of argument. When the witch of his wife saw him, she started to insult him but he ignored her and went straight to the stove, he took the lid off the pot and when he saw four bananas on boiling water with salt, he laughed and threw them in the backyard.

His wife and kids thought we had gone cuckoo.

“You'll see what I've brought you to eat!”, he said, “Instead of that crappy food you had in the pot, I'll give you chicken, turkey, wine and sweets”.

And he took the stuff that was on the table and threw it away, took the napkin out of his pocket, put it on the bale and yelled,

“Napkin, by the power God gave you, gives us some food”.

And nothing happened!

Juan Cacho was stunned. Oh my God! What was that? Would it had been that the napkin did not hear him? He repeated himself and nothing! Would he had been fooled by God? This could not be. He would fool anyone, so what it was?

In the meantime, his wife got mad, she took a wood stick and threw it at him that almost wrecked his head off but he avoided it. Juan Cacho had to go away because his wife and kids were insulting him.

Well, Juan Cacho wanted to complain with God about what happened and walked to the place he had appeared to him. The night came by, he hadn't had a bite to eat and was upset. He lit the fire and sat down to wait.

After a while, God came with a donkey.

“Hey, what’s are you doing here my son?”, he asked.

Juan with his broken voice:

“What am I doing here?... Jesus Christ! You should know!... That napkin did not work in my house, it just embarrassed me. I repeated myself many times but it did not do anything. I wanted to die... You had to see my wife, she was angrier than Godzilla, after I threw the bananas in the backyard”.

“Oh Juan”, the Lord said, “you are so simple! Oh well, here I brought you a donkey. Let’s see, put your bag on the floor”.

Juan put it on.

“Pst, pst!”, said the Lord, encouraging the donkey to step on the bag.

When the donkey was on the bag, God asked Juan to repeat what he was saying, “little donkey, by the power gave you, give me some money”.

They hadn't finished saying that, when the animal started to poop coins instead of dung.

Oh my God! What was that?

When Juan looked up to see God, he had disappeared. Juan started to dance of joy and went back home. He felt tired, so he stopped by the cattle shed to ask for a room.

As soon as the owner of the place saw him, he got nervous thinking that Juan was there to claim for his napkin.

“Hey buddy! Lucky me! What brought you here?”.

And Juan was not suspicious so he said:

“Guess what I have, this is something good! Let’s go and bring me a blanket and you’ll see...”.

The man brought a piece blanket that was handy. Juan asked the donkey to step on the bag and said, “little donkey, by the power given to you, give me some money”.

And the donkey was pooping right away, golden coins instead of dung.

The man almost fainted when he saw that much of golden coins and he quickly thought that donkey must be his.

The first thing he did was giving liquor to Juan so he could fall asleep, then he gave him a bed, but even though Juan was drunk, he was still conscious enough and did not let the rope that held the donkey go. He finally fell asleep and the other man took the opportunity to grab the donkey and change it to a similar one.

Next day, early in the morning, Juan went back to his house. He had a hangover and was not observant enough, so he did not realize that his donkey had been changed. Well, the thing is that he got home and got in with the donkey.

He felt confident and ignored his angry wife. Juan went straight to the bed, took the blanket his kids had on and put it on the floor and asked the donkey to step on it. Then he yelled excitedly, “little donkey, by the power given to you, give me some money”.

And nothing happened!

He asked him again and nothing. Oh my! What was that, Jesus? He yelled again:

“Little donkey, by the power given to you, give me some money”, and what the animal did was a huge poop on the blanket. Of course, that was the top of it. The woman threw burning sticks at him, the kids grabbed the donkey’s poop and threw it at their father.

Poor Juan ran away, once he was far away he sat down and thought: Well, what would this be? Did God want to fool him? That can’t be, our Lord does not fool and certainly not at someone like him.

So, he decided to go to the place God had appeared. Who knows, maybe he was going to be there and clarify what had happened...

Juan walked away, he finally got there, it was dark, he was tired and hungry. Unlucky man! That was doing bad even with God. He sat down and cried, alone with nobody around to see him.

“Juan, what’s this?”.

He looked up and there was God in person, with a bag on his back, looking at him with a mischievous and compassionate look.

“What’s going on Juan? Why are you crying like a baby?”. You could tell he wanted to cheer him up.

“Well, can’t you see, dear Jesus Christ, I went wrong with the donkey too? While we were out, it worked fine but as soon as I got home and I had to deal with my wife, bye happiness!... What the donkey did was pooping on the blanket and my wife and kids threw me poop and if I wouldn’t have run away, they would have killed me”.

“Well son, what I see is that you don’t make your wife and kids to respect yourself and that goes against God’s law. The one who needs to man up is you and not your wife. It’s good to be patient but not that extreme, man up Juan if you don’t want your kids to take control on you and your wife gets bossy. And look son, you need to be mischievous in life if you don’t want to always be fooled. You trust in anyone, you think that everyone is as good as you are, but no! That man of the cattle shed has been playing around with you, my God!... I won’t tell you anything else. Here I brought, to see if you can make the most”.

“Pay attention to what I’ll say, Juan: Escomposte, perinola”, (asking the teetotum to spin).

And the teetotum got out of the bag and hit Juan with no mercy.

“Ouuuuch!”, Juan yelled, “what the hey Lord? When it rains, it pours! My wife hits me and now you too. I got no hope. Ouch!”.

The Lord said, “Composte, perinola”, (asking the teetotum to stop).

And the teetotum, calmly got into the bag as if nothing would have happened.

“This is for you to learn to respect yourself. This is the last time I give you a hand and if you don’t understand with this, you have no other way out and you better leave me alone. I’m not saying not to be good with your fellow man but you can’t either let yourself being a doormat, because that’s letting selfishness get in and grow like grass in May and do not come back here Juan”.

Juan humbly listened the lecture with his head down, he had opened his eyes and now had understood... God was right, it was good what he had gone through for being a fool, who would have thought that the owner of the cattle shed had sweet talk. But now, he better commits himself to God.

Juan Cacho took the bag and walked firmly determined down the hill. He got to the cattle shed and the owner got out giving sweet talks without knowing that Juan was about to claim or do something else.

“Hey buddy! Lucky me! Come in, you must be tired. I’ll call my wife to bring you rice and beans”.

Juan didn’t think twice and sat down to eat with his bag next to him. The man was curious about what was in the bag.

“So, my friend, don’t you have something new like the ones you are used to?”.

Juan got close to him and quietly said, “yes, my fellow, but it is a top secret. Let’s go to a room where no one can hear us and tell your wife and family that no matter what they hear, not to get in because then everything will be a mess”.

So, the man went inside and warned everybody not to get in the room, regardless what they hear and he said to his wife while winking his eye, “I’ll try to make business with that man, like the

napkin and donkey one, you know. Don't let anyone get closer, I warn you. If thing go wrong because of you, you will owe me"

They went to the room and locked the door. Juan slowly opened the bag and the other man was curiously looking at it... He craned his neck to have a glimpse of what Juan had inside the bag.

"Shoo! Don't sneak peek because it won't work", Juan said while opening the bag.

"So, tell me my friend", Juan Cacho asked, "how's everything going with the little donkey?".

"What donkey?", the man anxiously said.

"Well the little donkey... you know. And the napkin, has it worked for you?".

"I don't know what you are talking about".

"So, you don't know? Let me show you".

And Juan put the front part of the bag towards the man and yelled:

"Escomposte, perinola", the teetotum looked like a bat, got out of the bag and hit the man with no mercy. The man shouted for help but since he had asked his family not to get in regardless what they heard, no one helped him.

Juan asked him, "do you know now of what napkin and donkey am I talking about?".

"Yes, I know!", the man yelled. "I'll bring them right away, but stop hitting me with that bat".

"Once you give me my things, then I will".

The man returned the napkin and donkey, when Juan Cacho made sure they were the real ones, he got up on his donkey, put the napkin inside his pocket and the bag with the teetotum on his shoulder and left to his house. The man of the cattle shed moaned and his body looked like if he would have been crucified.

Juan got to his house, as soon as his wife saw him she yelled, "so, you are back, you insignificant thing? Come here and I'll tell you something, you bum. You are only good on having kids and then you don't know how to support them, and it's not enough coming alone but bringing a donkey, I'll get my blanket out of your ribs, you son of a witch".

Holy Mary! The woman was angrier than a wild boar in a stampede and the brat kids coming after her.

Juan Cacho ignored her and stepped in pretending as if she wouldn't have been talking to him. The woman and kids insulted him, Juan opened the bag and when she was about to hit him with her hand, he yelled, "Escomposte, perinola".

And the teetotum came out to do what it has to do. You could even hear the teetotum hitting her, bam, bam... and the woman shouted for help. Every once in a while, the teetotum hit the kids too who had gone under the bed. The neighbors went to help and since no one opened the door they kicked it down and were beaten too.

After being beaten, the woman asked Juan to forgive her and told him that she was not doing it again, that she was going to be different. Juan had compassion and yelled, “Componete, perinola”.

And the teetotum, that looked like a bat, got in the bag. You had to see the bumps the kids and mother had in their bodies. Juan was walking feeling like the boss in front of those quit and docile little lambs who were looking at him.

“Now, let’s eat!”, he said and put the napkin on their wobbly table.

“Napkin, by the power God gave you, give me some food”, and the napkin turned into a tablecloth and had exquisite food.

Everyone ate and licked their fingers, Juan shared the food with everyone in his neighborhood and the still had left overs. Right after he took the blanket and put it on the floor and said:

“Little donkey, by the power gave you, give me some money”, and the beast pooped, not like as the last time, but golden coins.

After that, his wife had to get some rest for eight days because she was still sore but there in her bed, she looked as fragile as a lily.

Juan bought a beautiful big house and there were no poor people in that town because Juan did not allow people going through hardships. The children were dewormed, they got chubby and got some color, they were polite because Juan put the bag with the teetotum hanging on the wall, so everyone could see that there was who put order in their house.

But this happened long time ago, God only knows where are the napkin, little donkey and teetotum.

So be it, bow bended, don't you know. My story's ended.

XI

The Black and the Blonde

Once upon a time, there was a rich business man. He became a widower and had a beautiful daughter, she looked like the sun by how blonde and white she was. Her eyes were like if they would have been taken out from heaven and above all, she was so nice that one was glad to get to know her.

The man was ambitious and not happy with what he had, he married again with a cocky woman who was also a widow and who he thought she was rich. After being married, he found out that the woman's assets were nothing but dust, that she had tempers her own mother could not stand and to make it even worse, she had a daughter, so ugly that when she looked in the mirror, her reflection turned to stone. She was black, had a piggy nose, big mouth, frizzy hair and she was bad, spoiled and full of herself.

Of course, for the blonde getting inside that house was like going to hell. She was the cause for the mother and daughter to stumble. The two were evil and for the most insignificant thing, the girl was smacked by the woman and pinched by the black one, and since her father was traveling for business, they had her like their maid in the kitchen while they were sitting on the rockers in the living room. The poor girl suffered and never said a word.

One Sunday afternoon, the mother and her daughter went out and left the blonde one cleaning up the kitchen. After she cleaned up, she took a shower, did her hair and put on a Sunday dress and went out to the garden. All of a sudden, hidden in a bush there was a porcelain doll.

"What a beautiful doll!", she said and took it and took the dirt away from its hair, she went inside the house to make it a little dress. Ever since that day, as soon as she was alone, she took the doll out of the chest and played with it.

Next Sunday the mother and her daughter went to church and left the blonde grinding the dough, when she went back to the stone used to bake the tortillas on the ember, she saw the doll seating on the dough.

Surprised, she took it, cleaned it and went to put it back in the chest and kept grinding, but while she went back to flip the tortilla on the skillet, the doll came again to sit on the dough.

"Look little doll, don't be stubborn!", the girl said and she tried to grab it to put it back on its place but the doll turned into a pretty lady in light blue, with a crown of light on her head and standing on a cloud.

"I'm not a doll", the lady said, "I'm the Virgin".

The girl knelt but our Lady lifted her up and sat down on the only saggy leather stool the blonde was allow to seat on. Then the Virgin sat the girl on her lap and pampered her.

"Look my little girl", the Virgin said, "your father will go away on a trip and he will ask you what do you want him to bring you. You will answer that a little box to keep your tissues and other things. When he brings it, you will put the doll in it".

Then the Virgin kissed her, disappeared and instead of her there was the doll.

Next day, her father came and asked her what she wanted him to bring from his trip and his daughter said what the Virgin told her.

The black girl asked her step-father to bring her a dress, a hat and a pair of shoes never seen before. He came back from his trip and everyone had what they wanted. The black one didn't do anything but trying her dress, hat and shoes on the whole day standing in front of the mirror. Sometimes, she called the blondie to show her silks, laces and feathers off.

Finally, Sunday came by, the day to put her dress on and, early in the morning, she woke everybody up to help her. The poor blonde girl just saw everyone running around with the powder, blush, the corset ties and this and that...

She finally left to church, bragging about her look and the silk of her dress made some noise that even the hens pecking on the street and the dogs, ran away. When she got into the church, everyone, even the soldiers and musicians, turned around to see what was that noise; also, the church smelled like flower splash, which she had poured on.

Meanwhile, the blonde one was at home struggling with green and smoky firewood, her eyes were so red that they look like tomatoes. All of a sudden, she saw her little doll on the stone.

"What do you want little doll?", she asked.

The doll said, "I want you to go to the church, but do not look up".

"But little doll, how come you want me to go looking like this? I can't go like this to the House of God. You know my Sunday dress was teared up by the black girl one day she was in her black mood".

"Go take your little box and you'll see", the little doll said, "and don't think about grinding and lunch, I'll take care of it".

The girl went to her box and was surprised when she saw coming out it a dress like a waterfall's foam when moonlight, covered with gold butterflies, a pair of white satin shoes and a beautiful hat. In a blink of an eye she was all dressed up and went running to church because she was late. A nice car was waiting for her at the door.

When she got in church she walked in tiptoeing to avoid getting people's attention, but the church smelled like rose perfume and everyone was mesmerized and delighted when they saw that white little figurine.

The girl nailed it when she knelt in front of the black girl and her mother, who rolled their eyes when they saw that little creature. The black one did not let her pay attention to the mass because she touched the fabric of her dress, the gold butterflies and asked her who had made that dress and since she was stutter she kept saying, "gir...girl, gir..girl let's be fiends", but what she really meant was, "girl, let's be friends" but the girl did not look up.

As soon as the Priest gave his blessing, the girl ran away. The king's son, who saw her walking in and who couldn't take his eyes off from her because he was mad about her, ran after the girl

and wanted to talk to her but she dropped her tissue. The prince almost knocked his head to the ground when picking up her tissue but while he was doing it, the girl sneaked away, she got in her car which disappeared in the twinkling of his eyes, and when he looked for her, she was gone!

When her step-mother and the black girl came back from church, the blonde had her apron all grimed and was blowing air to the fire.

Next Sunday, the black girl didn't go to church so she could wear her dress for the twelve-noon mass and she again put her sister in a hurry. Asked her to bring this, take this and that and she almost didn't let her stay in one place. She went to church showing off and smelling like a stinky flower perfume.

The little doll appeared again and sent the girl to church. Inside the little box was a dress, it looked like a gold sunset and full of pearls, the same car was waiting for her and she got to the church as the Priest was greeting. Like past Sunday, the entire church smelled like roses and people didn't pay attention to the mass because they looked at her.

The black girl got up and sat down next to her and started to tell her again, "gir...girl, gir...girl, let's be fiends", while touching her dress and looking at her. Well the blondie didn't know what to do. The king's son who had visited all churches in town trying to find her, stood in front of her and didn't take his eyes off from her, but the girl didn't look up and if she wouldn't have blinked, you could have said she was a statue.

As soon as the Priest gave his blessing, the blondie ran away and the king's son ran after her. When he was about to get to her car, she dropped a bouquet she was holding, he picked it up and the car left. The mother and the black girl got home and saw the girl fanning the flames, the black girl started to tell her stories: that since last Sunday she had been close friends with a pretty blonde girl who wore beautiful dresses that made hers look like nothing, she said if God willing when that girl get married she was going to be her kids' god-mother because she was going to take the girl's children to baptize.

Mother and daughter didn't stop talking about the blondie, "the blondie this, the blondie that", and the girl pretended she was not pay attention but she was listening without saying a word.

Next Sunday, the black girl put on her dress again and made her sister to run around, she finally left with her mother to the mass at twelve.

For this time, there was a dress for the blondie inside the box, its color was like the one in heaven when it's dawn, full of diamonds that it seemed as if God would have poured water on it; and everything happened just like the previous Sundays but this time the king's son wasn't fool and as much as she tried to drop her silk tissue, ring and a flower, he didn't want to waste his time on picking up those things and left someone else to do it.

Ignoring the fact that he was the king's son, he sat at the back of the car and got to the girl's house. Since that moment he didn't do nothing than walking around and when he was in front of her house it seemed like he wanted to get in.

When the black girl caught him, she thought that he was looking at her, she then took a rocker, put it next to the door and sat down. She was afraid her sister would see him, so she put her inside a pot and hid her in the kitchen, every time that the boy passed by she sighed and wink at him.

In a stake that was nailed in the door's frame, the mother and daughter had a talking parrot, probably the Virgin talked to it because one time when the prince passed by, the parrot said,

*“The girl, the pretty one under the pot,
the black one wants to get married”*

And every time he passed by, it said the same. One time he stopped by, the black girl was furious and her heart beating so fast it almost got out of her chest. She was convinced that the prince was going to declare his love, but the prince came closer to listen what the parrot was saying and to nose around inside the house.

The black girl then, took the parrot by its neck and almost choked it, she took it inside the house and said to the prince not to pay attention, but while the parrot was going inside it yelled,

*“The girl, the pretty one under the pot,
the black one wants to get married”*

What the parrot was saying caught the prince's attention and he followed the black girl and went to the kitchen. There, he saw a big pot and when he got closer to it he heard someone sobbing. Lifted the pot and found the poor little girl, with her face covered of charcoal and pouting her lips.

He proposed to her right away but she wanted to ask to her doll first. She went to her room took the box out and asked her, the doll told her to accept but not to look at him until the day the Priest blessed their marriage and if she wouldn't do that, she would die single.

She went back and without looking at the prince, she said yes to be his wife. Ignoring the mother's and daughter's screams, he grabbed her and took it to the palace. On their way, he said, “girl, look at me”, but she won't do it.

They got to the palace and the prince told his parents what was happening and said that if they wouldn't let him getting married, he would let himself to starve.

Since he was an only child, he was very pampered and his parents never said no to him. Though the queen was not happy about having a girl with her face full of charcoal and patched clothing as her daughter-in-law, they agreed with that marriage.

At that moment, a boy arrived, for us he was an angel, with the little box and gave it to the girl. She locked in a room and put on a dress, better than the other ones and of course, when the king and queen saw her, they were delighted.

The wedding was a few days after. The Virgin came down to be the maid of honor, as soon as the Priest gave his blessing, the girl looked up and saw her husband, who felt like in heaven.

As the girl had a good heart, she called the black girl and treated her with affection, so she got a little nicer. One of the servants of the palace married her. They say things didn't turn right and that he often looked down in the mouth.

But the prince and the girl were happy, they had a bunch of kids and grew old together.

She was the one to die first and the Virgin took the girl with her, when she was going to heaven, her husband heard a voice saying,

“Good bye my sweet hubby,
see you up in heaven”.

And just like that, when he passed away he went to heaven and sat down to sing to the Virgin on a chair that was right next to his wife.

XIII Coming out with a Sunday Seven*

Once upon a time, there were two friends, one was rich and the other was poor but both had goiters. The rich one was so stingy that he wouldn't even give salt to cook an egg. The poor one used to go every Friday to the woods to get some firewood and sell it in town once it was dry.

One Friday, he got lost on the mountain and the night fell without being able to get away. He was tired of running around, so he climbed a tree to spend the night, he tied his donkey to it and he climbed to the top of the tree. After a while and all of a sudden, he saw a light far away, he got down the tree and walked towards the light; when he couldn't see the light, he climbed a tree to guide himself to it.

When he was getting closer, he found out that it was a house well lit, it was in the forest glade. It looked like someone had a big party in it, there was music, chants and laughs. The man tied his donkey and got closer little by little.

The party was deep inside the house because the living room at the entrance of the house was empty. He got inside tiptoeing until he got where it was, he hid behind a door and looked through a crack. The room was full of ugly and messy haired witches that were dancing like monkeys and singing this song,

*“Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday
three”.*

The time passed by and the witches were not tired of their dances and always singing,

*“Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday
three”.*

Bored about listening the same thing, he added singing with his goitered voice,

*“Thursday and Friday and Saturday
six”.*

They stopped screaming and jumping...

“Who has sung?”, they asked.

“Who has done it so well?”, some said.

“What a beautiful thing! Whoever did it, deserves a prize!”

Everyone started to look for and finally found him, who was behind the door and trembling in fear.

Oh Goodness! They didn't know how to thank him: some were lifting him up, some putting him down and some kissing and hugging him.

One yelled, “let’s take the goiter out!”.

And everyone said, “yes, yes!”

The poor man said, “oh no way Jose!”

But before he finished saying that, there was a witch chopping the goiter off his neck with a knife, without pain and blood. Then they took their bags of gold out of the room and offered to him as a payment for finishing their song.

He brought his donkey, put the bags on and left where the witches told him to. As he moved away, he heard them sing,

*“Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday
three
Thursday and Friday and Saturday
six”.*

He got home, where his wife and kids were waiting for him because they were afraid that something would have happened to him. He told about his adventure and asked his wife to go to his rich friend’s house and asked him for the scale to measure the gold he brought.

She went and asked the rich’s wife, who was alone at home:

“Hey girl, can I borrow your scale? We need to measure some beans my husband picked”.

But the woman thought:

“Shut up! Has your husband planted anything? Who better than us know that you don’t have enough space than the one you have with those four stakes in that ranch?”.

So she put some glue at the bottom of the scale to find out what they were going to measure. They measured so many carats of gold that they even lost track of it.

When they returned the scale, they didn’t see that some coins were glued. The rich woman, who was very ambitious and who was green with envy when seeing someone having things, saw the coins and was surprised, so she ran to look for her husband.

“Look, you say that your friend is as poor as a church mouse, well you are wrong...”

And the woman showed him the scale, told him about what happened and the rich man went to look for the poor one.

“Ah-ha, buddy!” he said “You’re so naughty! So you had to measure the gold with a scale?”

The poor man, who was a man that couldn’t lie, told him about his adventure. The rich man went back home green with envy!

His wife advised him to go to the forest to get some firewood.

“Who knows”, said, “Maybe the same will happen to you”.

On Friday early in the morning, he went on his way with five mules and he did not nothing but to axe firewood.

At night, he got into the mountain and he got lost. He climbed a tree, saw the light and went towards it. He got to the house where the witches celebrated each Friday their parties. He did the same as his friend and went behind the door.

The witches were singing her song,

*‘Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday
three
Thursday and Friday and Saturday
six’.*

All of a sudden, the trembling rich man voice sang,

“Sunday seven...”

Hail Mary! What has he done!

The witches were mad as a wet cat and started to scream out of anger,

“Who has dare to ruin our song? Who has come out with a Sunday seven?”. And they were like dogs showing of her teeth looking for the man, they found him and beat him up.

“You’ll see what is going to happen to you” one said while running inside the house. Then she came back with a big ball in her hands, which was nothing but the goiter of the poor man and smack! She put it in his neck, which it attached to it as if he would have been born with it. They released the mules and firewood and threw them to the mountain.

Next morning, the rich friend got to his home with two goiters, he was very sore and without his five mules and of course, his wife got mad and did nothing but to get in bed.

Translator’s note: Coming out with a Sunday seven is when someone says something out of the blue

XII

The Sweet Charm Bird

Once upon a time, there was a blind king, just like the one in the Olive flower, who had three sons. Many doctors had seen and promised him, the queen and sons his sight back but he just couldn't see.

There was an old healer witch who was famous for some people she had cured and that doctors had not been able to. Just to be on the safe side, they asked her to come to the palace and she told them to stop beating around the bush and to go to find the Sweet Charm Bird, so they could rub the bird's tail over the king's eyes. The bird was under the power of a king who lived in a very distant country and the witch said that whoever got the bird, had to rub its tail over his father's eyes.

The three sons left to find the cure for their father's blindness and the king promised his throne to whoever brought the bird. The three departed the same day: the oldest one in the morning, the middle one at noon and the youngest in the afternoon, they all had a nice horse and plenty of money.

When the oldest got out of the city, he saw a group of people at the entrance of a church:

"And where are you going Vicente?", towards the noisy people.

He got closer to see what it was and found a dead body laid down on the stairs and one person told him that someone left him there because they didn't have anything for his burial and the Priest couldn't pay a tribute if there was no one to pay for it.

"So, who cares!?", the prince said and moved on.

At noon, when the middle one passed by, he saw the poor body who had not yet found someone to bury him.

"I don't care!", said the prince and left.

When the youngest one came by, the corpse was still there, kind of smelly already; and those who were looking at it were keeping the dogs and vultures, that wanted to get some appetizers from the body, away.

The prince was moved by and paid some people to go and buy a nice coffin. He then, went to find the Priest so he could pay a tribute and after that, he went to help to dig a hole and did not left until he buried the man.

After riding his horse, the sun went down and he was in a ghost town. All of a sudden, he saw a light getting off from a fence, it was like an orange size, the light came towards him and stopped in front of him. The prince got goose bumps and he frighteningly asked,

"For God sake, say who you are?"

And a voice that seemed coming out of the afterlife, said:

“I’m the soul of the one you buried today and I’m here to help you. Don’t be scared, I’ll take you where the sweet charm Bird is. You only have to follow me, but you can’t walk during day light”.

The prince got his breath back and followed the light, he did what she said and rested during the day. Two days after, he was no longer afraid of the light and he actually waited for the night to meet with her; and after a week, they were good friends.

As they kept walking, they finally got to the kingdom where the bird was. At midnight, the light told him to take a walk in front of the gardens of the palace and to get in where he could see her shine. That’s what he did, at midnight he got in the gardens and followed her, he walked in front of the sleeping soldiers and got in the palace without anyone noticing.

The finally got to a big glass hall, lightened up by a big lamp that looked like the moon, the hall was decorated with gold flowerpots where red roses bloomed from and the prince was amazed when seeing thousands of roses emerging from the green leaves. There was a carpet on the floor, made of rose petals and the smell coming from it was delicious, and in a cage surrounded by gold wire embedded with rubies of a coffee acorn size, hanging from the ceiling there was the sweet charm Bird.

The bird was like a *yigüirro* size but with white feathers, a crest and its coral color legs. When the prince got in, the bird started to sing and he thought that some musicians playing flutes and violins, were hiding in the bushes and just as if time would have stopped the light said:

“Well, prince did you forget what you came for? Go to the next room which is the dining room and bring all the tables and chairs you see”.

He did that and when he brought all the furniture, he piled them up so he could reach the bird. Having a hard time, he climbed up that makeshift ladder and as he stretched his arm to grab the cage, everything fell down making a big noise.

The king woke up, ran half-asleep and naked to see what was going on and he found the prince under that mess, he was all sore. They took him out and made him to confess the reason why he was there. The king sent him to the dungeon and gave him bread and water. When the prince was in the dungeon, the light showed up and advised him not to distress.

After some days, the king asked to bring him up and he told him that he would get his freedom back and the bird if he could get him a horse he loved and a giant had stolen. The prince said that he would answer another day.

At night, the light came back and advised him to agree. Having said this, the light guided him to paddock where the giant kept the horse. Hiding inside a ditch, he waited until dawn. As soon as the sun came up, the giant came out of the paddock riding the horse, which by the way was the most beautiful horse in the world: black as the night, with a star in its forehead and white legs.

The light had advised him that as soon as he saw the giant coming out, to get in the paddock and climb a mango tree, to wait for him at night and to be careful when he closed his eyes because it didn't mean he was already asleep, that it was until he had them wide opened so he could take advantage and steal the horse. She also told him that the horse had a nut on the right shoulder and to turn it so he could see what happens.

Well, the giant came back at night and he was probably tired because he did nothing but to barely tie the horse to a tree, loosen the strap and he lied down next to it. He started to snore but the prince looked that his eyes were closed, little by little the snores slowed down and the prince saw that he had one eye opened and the other was closed. The snores finally stopped and the giant had his eyes wide open, his eyes were bigger than a cart's wheels.

He slowly got off the tree and untied the horse, but this animal also could speak and yelled, "Master, master someone is stealing me!"

The giant woke and jumped off, the prince hid in some branches. The giant looked around and yelled:

"Who's stealing you? No one is stealing you!"

Then he went back to sleep and opened his eyes.

Again, the prince got down the tree, he put his hand on the horse's head and tried to get on it but the animal yelled again:

"Master, master someone is stealing me!"

And again, the giant looked around but didn't see anything. Upsettingly he said:

"Who's stealing you? No one is stealing you! If you say that one more time, I'll kill you".

Once the prince saw the giant with his eyes wide open, he carefully got closer to the horse and it didn't say anything this time. So, he got on the horse, turned the nut around and the horse flew.

The light had told the prince that before getting in the city, to turn the nut back so the horse could go down in order to avoid the king knowing that he was aware about that horse's trick. He did it and the king happily welcomed him, but the king was someone to not trust in and said that he was not going to give him the bird yet until he brought his daughter back, who had been kidnapped by the same giant.

The prince didn't want to answer until he could talk with the light, who advised him to accept.

They left at night and got to the giant's palace, the light told him to leave the horse tied in a tree near to the palace and that he should climb the vine until he could get to lightened room which was the dining room, they should be having dinner by then.

She said that when he saw that the giant had drunk too much wine and fell asleep over the table, to throw some crumbs to the girl and to wave his hands so she could get close and follow him.

It all went as planned, because the giant was so drunk and the princess, who wished to get rid of that giant, did not hesitate on following the prince, who she thought was very handsome. The prince thought she was pretty too and fell in love with her.

They got to the palace, but the king was someone to not trust in, told him to ask for anything else because he was not going to give him the bird.

So, the light advised him to ask the king to let him take a ride on the horse around the soccer field with his daughter and the bird. The king agreed and to be on the safe side, he sent soldiers to all the streets.

The prince went out with the horse, girl and bird, he rode it around the soccer field twice but when he was about to give the third one, he turned the nut around and the horse flew away and disappeared in the clouds. The king, of course, was very upset and said he deserved it for being such a fool. He didn't imagine that the prince already knew about the nut.

Well, then the prince arrived to his country, turn the nut back and the horse went down. When he passed by the city, he found his two unfortunate brothers, who had stayed partying and ran out of money, and did not know what to say to their father.

The two brothers were jealous for their lucky youngest brother, who not only brought the bird but also a beautiful girl and wonderful horse.

The prince invited them to come back home with him and they refused to, but they begged him to go for lunch with them out of the city. He accepted right away without suspecting anything, they gave a drink to the prince and princes, it was like a drug and made them unconscious.

They took the prince and threw him down a hill. When the girl woke up, they told her that the prince had left to party to another town and that he had ditched her, they also told her that they wouldn't leave her alone, so they would take her to their father's palace.

They came back to their house, the king and queen were glad but in order to avoid their parents asking about the youngest one, they talked bad things about him; and made their parents believe that they had been the ones who did all the hard work and that the princess was a crazy girl they found on their way.

Unfortunately, they couldn't get the king to split his fortune for both because they rubbed the sweet charm bird's tail over his eyes and nothing happened, he was still as blind as a bat.

Thank God, the light avoided the prince going down the hill. His clothes got stuck on a branch and some herdsmen passed by and heard him screaming, they went towards him and helped him get out. He said who he was and since he had some injures and couldn't walk, they took him back to the palace and arrived there after four days.

When the princess, who hadn't said a word because she was sad and missing the prince, saw him she got very happy and the bird who had not returned to sing, filled the palace with its flutes and violins; but the king and queen were very upset with their youngest child and did not welcome him for all the bad talks his older brothers had told them.

So, he then told them what had happened, the herdsmen testified and he also, to prove he was the one who found the bird, took it and rubbed its tale over the king's eyes who got his sight back and good enough to see the sun's light.

His jealous brothers' lies came out, but the prince was so nice that he didn't allow his parents to punish them; he instead hugged them and shared his kingdom with them.

He married the princess, she hung the sweet charm bird's cage over the window and had it as clean as a whistle.

When the light saw her friend was happy and relaxed, she came to say bye. The prince was sad but the light said,

"I'm done, I thanked you. Good bye and now until we see each other at the other side of the rainbow".

A mouse did run; my story now is done.

XIV

Uncle Bunny and Uncle Coyote

One old lady had an amazing garden. There you could find everything: baby radishes, cilantro, tomatoes, pumpkins, *chayotes* and lettuce. But the old lady found out that the leaves from the pumpkins and *chayotes*' plants were bitten and that there was a mess all over the place, so she made a big wax doll and planted it by the door.

Well sir, the thing is that uncle Bunny was the troublemaker; he got in at night and delighted eating everything he saw.

When he saw that scary doll, he hid behind some plants to see it and when he realized it was not moving and wasn't alive, he got brave, got closer and said:

“Well, what's up doc? Bring it on and see if you can handle me”.

And uncle Bunny punched it but it was made of wax, so uncle Bunny got stuck to it. He was very upset and punched it again and he got stuck. Trying to get detached, he started to kick it and his legs were stuck, he put his head in it and his ears got stuck.

The sun went up, the old lady came out to her garden and saw the Bunny stuck to the doll.

“Ah ha, so I finally found what it was! So, you were the naughty one eating my garden? Hold on and you'll see. Now I'll peel you off and see if you still want to eat”.

And she grabbed him and put him in a bag, she tied it and left it next to the stove while she went for some water.

“Oh shoot! What just had happened”, uncle Bunny thought, and started to scream:

“Get me out of here! “Get me out of here!”.

All of a sudden, uncle Coyote was passing by and heard the screams, so he got in the kitchen to see what it was. When he got next to the bag, he asked:

“Who's there?”

Uncle Bunny replied:

“Well it's me, uncle Bunny, she got me in this bag because she wants me to get married with the king's daughter and I don't want to. I don't want to get married. That's a big deal!”

Uncle Bunny said:

“You lucky bastard! With the king's daughter! Oh boy! What else do you want?”.

Uncle Bunny said:

“Well, not even like that, you know is the king's daughter and even if she were wrapped in gold, I would say no! Shut! Shut! He travels fastest who travels alone. I thought I would die single...”.

Uncle Coyote said:

“I wish! If I were you, I’d be on cloud nine!”.

So, uncle Bunny tried to make a deal,

“Look, why don’t you let me out and you get in? At the wedding, the groom will be inside the bag so the princess won’t know, because the king is the one who wants me to marry his daughter. And once the wedding has finished, the king will have to agree”.

Uncle Coyote, who was always fooled around, didn’t remember all the times uncle Bunny has cheated him and agreed. He untied the bag and uncle Bunny got out; he got in and uncle Bunny tied the bag and ran away...

He hid in some bushes to see how that ended.

The old lady came back with a jar filled of water. She put a pot over heat and sat down to wait. Uncle Coyote heard some people, and to make a good impression said:

“So, at what time is the princess coming? Now, I want to get married”.

“Yeah right, I’ll go get the princess” the old lady replied.

When the water was boiling, she untied the bag and looked inside:

“Ah huh? So, from a Bunny you turned into a Coyote? Alright”.

And uncle Coyote, being super nice, replied:

“Yes ma’am, but I do want to get married”.

The old lady grabbed her pot and pour the boiling water on his butt. Poor uncle Coyote jumped out screaming and ran away, when uncle Bunny saw him, he said:

“Bye, uncle Coyote burned a..., that’s what happens when you want to get married”.

After a few days, uncle Bunny ran into uncle Coyote. Uncle Bunny was speechless:

“Oh boy! Holly molly!”, he thought.

When uncle Coyote saw his reaction, he said:

“Well uncle Bunny, we have some business...!”

Uncle Bunny turned a deaf ear,

“What’s that about uncle Coyote? I haven’t done anything to you”.

“Yeah right, shut up! Thank God I know you are someone not to trust. Pray to God, you are going to pay for this and all the other ones”.

In the meantime, uncle Bunny was looking around, by the corner of a fence there was a sapote tree full of fruits, so he said:

“Well uncle Coyote, what are we going to do? Before you finish with me, I want you to let me get on that sapote tree to eat one I’m looking from here a ripe sapote and I don’t know how it hasn’t fell down. Don’t let me die craving it. Take my word and I’ll come down so you can beat me up”.

“What the hell!”, uncle Coyote said, “go eat the sapote, right after you’ll see and I won’t move from here until you get down”.

Uncle Coyote hadn’t finished his sentence, when uncle Bunny up on the tree said:

“Oh man! Now I got like a cat on hot bricks! I’m dead man!”.

He pretended he was eating the sapote and said:

“Yum! These sapotes taste like caramel! Imagine it is like if God would have put caramel inside the shell. Uncle Coyote, do you want me to throw one so you can taste it?”

“Alright”,he said.

“There it goes, close your eyes and open your mouth”.

And silly uncle Coyote opened his mouth and uncle Bunny looked for the biggest sapote and threw it at him. Of course, he knocked his teeth down, and poor uncle Coyote screamed from the top of his lungs.

As the days passed by, on a moonlight night, uncle Coyote ran into uncle Bunny again, grabbed him by his ears and said with his broken teeth:

“You won’t get rid of this one, you so-and-so, look how you got me...”.

And uncle Bunny, even though it was no joke time, laughed at uncle Coyote when he saw him with no teeth and remembering how his butt ended up.

“Alright, uncle Coyote, what can we do! When you get stubborn as a mule, no one can make you change your mind. God knows I haven’t done anything to hurt you. Look uncle Coyote, I’m always joking with you, but my jokes are always corny. May God give you the patience you need with me!”.

And uncle Bunny let out a big sigh,

“Shut up! Practice what you preach!”

“Do you know where I was going uncle Coyote? Well I’m on my way to munch cheese, you gotta see that yellow cheese!”

“And where is that?” Uncle Coyote asked.

“Well, let’s go”.

And they left, uncle Coyote always grabbing uncle Bunny. They got to a big puddle and the full moon was reflecting on it. Uncle Bunny said:

“Look, uncle Coyote, that cheese. I think it’s enough for a year and tell me if you won’t pour butter on it”

And the silly one said:

“Really, uncle Bunny. Such a beauty! And what do we do to get it?”

“Simple! Let’s drink the cheese whey, it’s not that much and we’ll finish it quickly”

And with that being said, he pretended he was drinking it. Uncle Coyote did, he drank so much until he was full.

“Oh my God, uncle Bunny! I’m done”

Uncle Bunny said:

“Keep going uncle Coyote, we’re almost done”

After a while, gasping and with his belly about to explode, uncle Coyote said,

“Ha...haa...ha... I can’t hold it anymore!”

“You know what we’ll do?” being cheeky, uncle Bunny said.

“Well, look uncle Coyote, let’s run to that hill so the whey gets out from our system and then we come back to finish with what’s left”.

Uncle Coyote agreed, uncle Bunny grab his hand and ran down the hill. Uncle Coyote couldn’t even scream and it sounded like when someone pops a balloon. Guess what it was! Poor uncle Coyote, who had his belly about to burst, had peed in the middle of their race.

And uncle Bunny who almost got beat up twice by uncle Coyote, could finally calm down and walk everywhere he wanted to.

XVII

That time when Uncle Bunny got out of trouble

Well, now you'll see: I'm not sure of what uncle Bunny did to uncle Tiger, the thing is he left him very upset and thirsty of revenge, and uncle Tiger swore that uncle Bunny was not going to be who laughs last.

When poor uncle Bunny saw things getting tough, he ran away from that place while uncle Tiger was calming down. He called some friends and asked who wanted to get a prize by helping him to find uncle Bunny.

Auntie Fox, who was a brown noser and who also didn't like uncle Bunny, said she was in and that she was going to help him regardless getting a prize and blah blah blah.

Uncle Tiger didn't want to and said:

"No, no auntie Fox, how come are you going to do the dirty work without getting paid? I feel bad about it".

So, auntie Fox said that she wouldn't rest until she found uncle Bunny. And that's how it was, she didn't go to her house that day, instead she went everywhere trying to find him. She was walking over here, she was going over there and passing by in front of uncle Tiger's house, pretending she was looking for uncle Bunny.

She finally saw uncle Bunny getting in a cave and he didn't see her. She spent some time trying to see if he would go out but he didn't, so she got closer and heard uncle Bunny snoring inside.

So, she stood up and ran away until she got to uncle Tiger's to gossip about she had found uncle Bunny.

Uncle Tiger said:

"Well, auntie Fox, be careful not to fool me, otherwise you will get in trouble too".

"Oh God! Uncle Tiger, how come? Follow me and you'll see but be quiet because if you're not you'll screw all up".

So, he followed him and they got to where he was. Auntie Fox was clowning around to show him where uncle Bunny was.

The entrance was too tight and what uncle Tiger did was put in his hand, which was the only part that fit in, and he grabbed him by his belly.

Uncle Bunny was deeply asleep and he jumped out when he remembered. How come he was not going to be scared when seeing himself in uncle Tiger's claws? He was able to see through a crack and didn't hesitate about that.

But didn't want to give up, and with a deep voice he said:

“Who has grabbed me by my arm?”.

The voice coming from the cave, sounded very scary and like if it would have come from a big mouth.

Uncle Tiger, who hadn't freed him, was shocked.

“What the hell! Who would have been the one talking like that and had a nice hand? So, what size was the hand? And the person who was talking?” he thought.

Because he compared it and thought that it was his belly. So, he was sure it was a giant and that auntie Fox was fooling him to get rid of him.

So, he thought, who had sent him to do what that greedy and rascal said? And without hesitating he left and auntie Fox was left hanging in the air.

Informe de investigación

Estrategias para la preservación del factor humorístico en la traducción al inglés de los *Cuentos de mi Tía Panchita*, de Carmen Lyra.

Introducción

La traducción de textos literarios infantiles es posiblemente una de las más populares en el campo profesional del traductor. A lo largo de la traducción de dichos textos, los traductores se enfrentan a múltiples desafíos y decisiones para preservar ciertas de sus características importantes. Factores que contienen algunos cuentos como el humor, sus aspectos folclóricos y culturales, cuando se trata de textos que describan el ser de una región o país en específico, se consideran como *obstáculos*.

La investigación y documentación es de suma importancia para que el traductor no cometa un desliz, en especial cuando se trabaja con traducciones a la inversa (de la lengua nativa a la meta). Es por esto que el siguiente proyecto tiene como objetivo mostrar los desafíos, decisiones y soluciones para conservar dichos aspectos en el texto meta.

Para la realización de este proyecto, se trabajará con varios textos del popular libro *Cuentos de mi Tía Panchita* de la icónica autora costarricense María Isabel Carvajal Quesada conocida como *Carmen Lyra*. Con este proyecto de graduación se pretende guiar a futuros traductores en cuanto a la traducción de literatura infantil (específicamente de español a inglés) con textos donde el factor de humor predomine.

En esta investigación se proponen varias estrategias de traducción por utilizar para la resolución de la problemática a la que el traductor se enfrenta cuando trabaja con textos donde los factores mencionados anteriormente se imponen. Por otra parte, se procura alentar a los traductores costarricenses para que trabajen en la traducción de literatura infantil nacional, con el fin de que autores y textos nacionales sean reconocidos en el ámbito internacional.

A continuación, se expondrán los cuentos que poseen más dificultades para la traducción y sus respectivas versiones traducidas al inglés, por medio de la utilización de estrategias de traducción que ayuden a preservar el humor expuesto en el texto original, de ahora en adelante como TO.

Problemática

En el ámbito de la traducción, el traductor se enfrenta a varias dificultades (que en ocasiones imposibilitan) al momento de transmitir, de manera precisa el mensaje hacia el lenguaje meta. Cuando se trabaja con textos literarios muchas de estas dificultades se presentan y si se toma en cuenta que la traducción es a la inversa, el proceso se vuelve aún más tedioso.

El humor se considera como un reto en la traducción por muchos aspectos, entre ellos por sus definiciones y alcances en el lenguaje meta. En cuanto al humor, cabe destacar que puede presentarse de muchas maneras en un texto y es por esto que el traductor debe saber reconocerlo y analizar de manera precisa; qué estrategia por utilizar es la adecuada para enfrentarse a la traducción del mismo:

Humor is known to challenge translators. It is often seen as a paradigm case of “untranslatability... The relative or absolute untranslatability is generally related to cultural and linguistic aspects. (Vandaele, 2010, pág. 149).

Tal y como Vandaele expone en su texto *Humor in Translation*, el traducir humor no se basa únicamente en entender la gracia implícita o explícita en el texto, sino que también es deber del traductor investigar qué hay, más allá según la carga cultural o regional del fragmento humorístico.

Por lo anterior, el tema de cómo transmitir un texto con alto contenido humorístico perteneciente a una cultura o región es el factor por tratar a continuación. Posteriormente se proporcionarán posibles soluciones mediante el uso de distintas estrategias de traducción.

Objetivos

Objetivo General

- Establecer las estrategias para la traducción del español al inglés en algunos de *Los cuentos de mi Tía Panchita de Carmen Lyra*, con el fin de transmitir el mismo efecto de humor utilizado en los textos originales.

Este objetivo se enfoca en las estrategias estudiadas a lo largo de la carrera y en determinar cuáles son las más aptas según el caso de dificultad que se encuentre en el texto por traducir.

Objetivos específicos:

1. Determinar los desafíos particulares del humor encontrados en la traducción de algunos textos literarios seleccionados.

De un total de catorce cuentos traducidos, se hizo una selección de seis de ellos, en los cuales se han encontrado problemáticas relacionadas con la traducción del humor. Este objetivo se enfoca precisamente en identificar los desafíos encontrados y agruparlos en cada categoría que se estudiará.

2. Identificar y proponer las estrategias para resolver la problemática de la traducción cuando el texto posee contenido humorístico.

Una vez seleccionados los problemas, se procederá a traducir el segmento en cuestión con el empleo de aquella estrategia que se adapte mejor según el objetivo de esta investigación.

Justificación

El presente trabajo está enfocado en las estrategias y recomendaciones que el traductor puede seguir cuando se realiza la traducción de un texto con contenido humorístico en la traducción inversa. Dicho trabajo permitirá mostrar las estrategias utilizadas para mantener el efecto original en la medida de lo posible.

A nivel personal, realizar la traducción de esta obra literaria se debe a una decisión por gusto en el tema humorístico. Hace unos años, en el curso de Traducción al inglés de esta Maestría, se tuvo la oportunidad de trabajar con la traducción de algunos cuentos y fue una experiencia agradable el traducir a la inversa y aún más cuando se trató de un texto costarricense.

La traducción de *Los Cuentos de mi Tía Panchita* significa un reto tanto personal como profesional ya que; el poder transmitir el sentimiento que a muchos costarricenses provocó leer esta obra, hacia un público joven anglosajón no es fácil y conlleva mucho estudio, investigación y trabajo, más si se trata de traducir a la inversa.

A nivel general se cree que trabajar con cuentos para niños es fácil, pero no se toma en cuenta que esos textos pueden estar dirigidos únicamente a un público meta, en este caso, niños, adolescentes e inclusive adultos que conozcan regionalismos de Costa Rica:

...su peculiaridad radica en que, en muchos casos, los escritores, los traductores o los editores quieren adaptar el lenguaje y el formato a lo que ellos suponen que es la mentalidad y el lenguaje infantil, por lo cual intencionadamente utilizan recursos que en el caso de un texto estándar serían considerados errores. (Lozano 2006, 107)

Es precisamente con este proyecto que se hace el llamado a la responsabilidad y deber, como traductores, de estudiar e informarse de una cultura específica, sea tanto la de partida como la de llegada, con el fin de obtener la capacidad de transmitir el mensaje del autor hacia nuestro el público meta.

El trabajar con textos de esta categoría, enriquece al traductor en ámbitos culturales y lingüísticos y permite que el este tenga cierta libertad para adaptar el texto a su público meta, sin perder el sentido original y particularidades que la autora, en este caso, ha querido entregar a su lector.

Este proyecto está dirigido a tres tipos de público meta. En primer lugar, a estudiantes de la Maestría en traducción que aún no deciden qué tema escoger para realizar sus proyectos, esto con el fin de alentarlos para que trabajen en la traducción literaria de textos costarricenses. En segundo lugar, a aquellos traductores que ya están trabajando en el campo profesional para que este trabajo les sirva como retroalimentación e, incluso, los anime a traducir literatura costarricense a la inversa. En tercer lugar, a todos aquellos lectores no nativos de Costa Rica, que no hablan español para que conozcan más la cultura y literatura.

Capítulo uno - Antecedentes

Cuando se habla de una obra literaria como *Los Cuentos de mi Tía Panchita* –el cual refleja la comicidad del campesino costarricense– se pone en duda si verdaderamente su traducción a la inversa sería fiel y comprensible para el público meta. De aquí parte la duda de ¿qué tan popular es la traducción a la inversa de textos literarios costarricenses?

Según el artículo académico *La historia de la traducción como tarea de investigación de las letras costarricenses* (2011), mientras la obra de un autor no haya sido traducida, estará condenada su inexistencia en la memoria de la humanidad. Es decir, se pone en evidencia la escasa traducción a la inversa de obras literarias costarricenses, así sea para preservar el patrimonio cultural que deja “x” o “y” autor.

1.1. Traducción de cuentos costarricenses

En una búsqueda de trabajos realizados previamente que enfoquen la traducción al inglés de obras literarias costarricenses, se encontró el proyecto: *Cuentos de angustias y paisajes de Carlos Salazar Herrera The Plausibility of Substituting a Folk Dialect with a Regional Dialect* (2009), proyecto de traducción e informe de investigación de la profesora María Luz Méndez Salazar, de la Escuela de Literatura y Ciencias del Lenguaje de la Universidad Nacional, quien también cursó la maestría en Traducción.

En este trabajo la profesora se enfoca en transmitir el ser del campesino costarricense sin perder la fidelidad con el TO. Según comenta, tuvo que adaptar la traducción para que no perdiera la esencia del costarricense.

Dentro de los recursos que Méndez Salazar utilizó está el empleo del *inglés vernacular*, conocido por ser característico de la región del sur de Estados Unidos lo que permitió que el texto fuera más accesible y, a su vez, fiel al original.

Otro trabajo que muestra la importancia de ciertos factores en la literatura costarricense es el de *Los Aspectos Folclóricos en Cuentos de mi Tía Panchita* (2001) por Odilie Cantillano de la Universidad de Arizona, quien tuvo como objetivo demostrar el carácter internacional de la trama de algunos cuentos del libro y, a su vez, comparar la relación que tienen con la cultura y tradiciones hispanas.

Aunque esta investigación no está relacionada con la traducción directamente, sí permite estudiar aspectos culturales presentados en cada cuento en español y de ahí analizar la mejor metodología para hacer la traducción, sin perder la carga folclórica presente en ellos. Para fines de este proyecto, lo que ayude a transmitir el factor humorístico.

Cantillano expone cómo los objetos mágicos juegan un papel importante en la trama y cómo muchos de los relatos de *Los cuentos de mi Tía Panchita* tienen similitudes con otros reconocidos mundialmente; por ejemplo, “La Cenicienta” tiene referentes empleados en “La Negra y la Rubia”. Esta cualidad permitió que la traducción se adaptara y se pudieran incluir elementos ya presentes en un cuento tan conocido, para así crear una cercanía del público meta con el texto traducido.

Como los proyectos anteriores, también se localizó la traducción e investigación de Georgina Alvarado Sancho de la Universidad Nacional de Costa Rica, quien en el 2006 presentó su trabajo: *En una silla de ruedas de Carmen Lyra: La traducción inversa como una reescritura funcional*.

Alvarado tuvo como objetivo traducir la obra de Lyra desde la perspectiva funcionalista. A su vez, pretendió mantener el realismo y el lirismo para dar a conocer la obra de Carmen Lyra ante un público anglosajón. Cabe mencionar que ella quiso seguir la teoría del *skopos*, expuesto por Hans Vermeer (autor importante de la teoría funcionalista), para la traducción de la obra *En una silla de ruedas*.

Dos aspectos particulares que Alvarado propone en su trabajo son: neutralizar los aspectos lingüísticos de denotación / uso popular costarricense y actualizar el lenguaje en el texto fuente para que se adapte a su público meta.

1.2. Traducción del humor

Cuando se habla de traducir humor, se habla, de igual modo, de la importancia del juego de palabras. Delia Chiaro, profesora de inglés y traducción del departamento de Interpretación y Traducción en la Universidad de Bologna Italia, indica en su obra *The Language of Jokes: Analyzing Verbal Play*, que cuando alguien transmite una broma o chiste en otro idioma, se le hace fácil reconocer cuando no puede realizar la traducción de esta, ya que para lo que algunos es gracioso en su lengua nativa, para otras personas simplemente no lo es. Para esto Chiaro dice: If we then begin to consider the exportability of funniness, we will soon find that a traditional vehicle of humor such as the joke does not generally travel well. The concept of what people find funny appears to be surrounded by linguistic, geographical, diachronic, sociocultural and personal boundaries (1992,p.5).

Ahora bien, para poder realizar la traducción del humor, se han realizado estudios y publicaciones acerca de qué recomendaciones se deberían seguir, tal es el caso de Miguel Ángel Campos Pardillos (1992), de la Universidad de Alicante en España, quien en su artículo “Las dificultades de traducir el humor: Astérix le Gaulois - Asterix the Gaul - Asterix el Galo”;

recomienda que “Es preciso, como paso previo a la traducción, elaborar una interpretación completa de la obra apoyada en informantes nativos, que constituirán la garantía de que no se pierde ningún detalle”(p.121).

Otra obra importante y que facilita el proceso de traducción con textos cargados de factores humorísticos, es la de Salvatore Attardo. En su libro *Linguistic Theories of Humor* (1994), Attardo habla de la teoría general del humor verbal (GTVH, por sus siglas en inglés). Se propone que esta teoría se enfoca en el análisis directo del chiste presente en el texto y menciona que incluye otras áreas de la lingüística, tales como la lingüística textual, las teorías de la narratividad y de la pragmática.

1.3.Traducción de literatura infantil

La traducción de literatura infantil, en muchos casos, se considera erróneamente un trabajo fácil debido a la sencillez del registro, vocabulario y gramática con la que se ha escrito el texto original. Contrario a esto, para muchos traductores la literatura infantil es una de las tareas más complejas por realizar:

“Si uno habla de un niño también habla de un lector con poca experiencia” (Bou, 2017, párr.5). Ahí surge la dificultad que consiste en respetar el humor y el exotismo del texto original, pero asegurándose que el niño comprende el sentido del mismo”.

Si bien es cierto, traducir literatura infantil permite al traductor tener más libertad para poder generar una respuesta positiva para su público meta, las decisiones que tome el traductor deben estar enfocadas en evaluar a ese público; es decir, el texto está dirigido para niños o adolescentes y a partir de ahí debe transmitir los elementos presentes en el TO que puedan ser totalmente desconocidos por su audiencia o aquellos factores lingüísticos que no estén presentes en el lenguaje meta. Para esto Emer O'Sullivan (2005) autor de *Comparative Children's Literature*

propone que: “the translation of children’s literature is thus a balancing act between adaptation of foreign elements to the child reader’s level of comprehension, and preservation of the differences that constitute a translated foreign text’s potential for enrichment of the target culture”. Respecto de lo anterior, para la traducción de literatura infantil, García de Toro (2014) establece que:

Si se opta por la extranjerización, el resultado será una traducción que llamará la atención sobre los aspectos culturales: mostrará/enseñará qué es diferente y qué compartido entre la cultura del lector y lo que aparece en la historia. Mientras que, si se opta por la domesticación, se buscarán otros fines: que los niños se identifiquen con los personajes, que comprendan mejor las historias (p.128).

Así mismo, cuando es un texto literario infantil, se opta por adaptar el texto meta para que cumpla con las mismas características que el TO. Según Delabastita (2011): “literary translations made of “literary” originals, whereby the translators are expected to preserve or to recreate somehow the aesthetic intentions or effects that may be perceived in the source text” (p.69).

En resumen, este tipo de traducción sirve como un “puente” que da paso a la identidad según la cultura de cierto país o región, sin embargo, en varias ocasiones muchas de estas obras se quedan para solo un tipo de lectores y son desconocidas a nivel internacional debido a la ausencia de traducciones que permitan traspasar los límites de su país de origen; ya que la traducción de la literatura infantil muchas veces se subestima porque el material de origen se considera de interés insignificante y por la escasa actividad profesional, así lo afirma de Gillian Lathey (2006), en su libro: *The Translation of Children's Literature: A Reader*.

Capítulo dos - Marco teórico y conceptual

El humor se define como la expresión o postura que exalta el lado cómico o risueño de diversas situaciones. Este ha estado siempre presente en la sociedad y es una cualidad única del ser humano, por lo que se diferencia del resto de seres vivos.

El humor se ha convertido en algo más universal y parte de ello gracias a los traductores que han trabajado para hacerlo posible.

En textos donde el humor está dirigido a un público delimitado, el papel del traductor es vital para poder transmitirlo a la lengua meta, pero ¿a qué se enfrentan los traductores cuando trabajan con textos cargados de humor propio de una región? y ¿cómo determinan cuál estrategia de traducción es la más adecuada según sus criterios?

Según Josep Marco:

La elección de una u otra [estrategias de traducción] dependerá de múltiples factores intra y extratextuales, aunque, si no hay una razón de peso, las técnicas con un balance neutro o positivo siempre serán preferibles a las que implican la pérdida del juego de palabras, porque el uso injustificado de estas estaría privando al destinatario de la traducción de la posibilidad de participar en el juego y, por consecuencia, el efecto experimentado por los receptores de ambos textos diferiría considerablemente. (2010: 292-29).

Sobre lo anterior, se puede decir que la función del traductor es como la de un constructor de puentes, ya que de acuerdo a las decisiones que tome, la traducción será lo más clara posible para el lector y causará el mismo efecto a la inversa del texto original.

La vida y entorno al que está ligado el traductor no son fáciles, ya que en ocasiones las condiciones de trabajo con las que cuenta, no son las adecuadas para poder traducir de manera precisa a la que se espera. Por ejemplo: si el traductor no está familiarizado con bromas o dichos populares particulares de una región, inclusive siendo de su propio país, se ve forzado a realizar una amplia

investigación para primero comprender la jocosidad y luego buscar la manera de como transmitir esa misma hacia su lengua meta.

Es importante recalcar que, en textos como *Los Cuentos de mi Tía Panchita*, en los que predominan los factores culturales y humorísticos y donde el texto es dirigido a un público infantil, el traductor será responsable de analizar cuál de esos factores tendrá más peso y efectividad al momento de su traducción. Al ser un libro de literatura infantil, Lozano (2006) propone que “su peculiaridad radica en que, en muchos casos, los escritores, los traductores o los editores quieren adaptar el lenguaje y el formato a lo que ellos suponen que es la mentalidad y el lenguaje infantil, por lo cual intencionadamente utilizan recursos que en el caso de un texto estándar serían considerados errores” (p.7). Ahora bien, debido a que este texto está cargado de muchos segmentos humorísticos los cuales no son completamente comprensibles para el público infantil, la libertad del traductor se ve limitada, ya que para poder causar el mismo efecto que en el texto original, debe tomar en cuenta si realmente el texto va acorde a sus lectores.

Para entender a qué se enfrentan los traductores cuando trabajan con textos humorísticos, se debe tomar en cuenta primero lo que significa el humor. Según Jeroen Vandaele en su texto *Humor in translation* (2002), se debe separar el humor de la risa ya que, aunque el humor la cause, no necesariamente estarán siempre unidos. El problema de traducir estos textos es que el mayor obstáculo al que se enfrentan los traductores es el de la intraducibilidad ligado a los aspectos culturales y lingüísticos particulares de una región. Vandaele dice: “Humor indeed fosters a peculiar sort of socialization: it exploits, confirms or creates inclusion (or in-groups), exclusion (out-groups), and hierarchies between persons (between comprehenders and non-comprehenders, between “normal” and “abnormal” persons, etc.” (2002, p.148).

Al traducir humor, las fallas se hacen más obvias cuando el efecto en su público meta no es el deseado, es decir, si ese público no capta la sensación humorista, claramente la traducción del humor no cumple su objetivo.

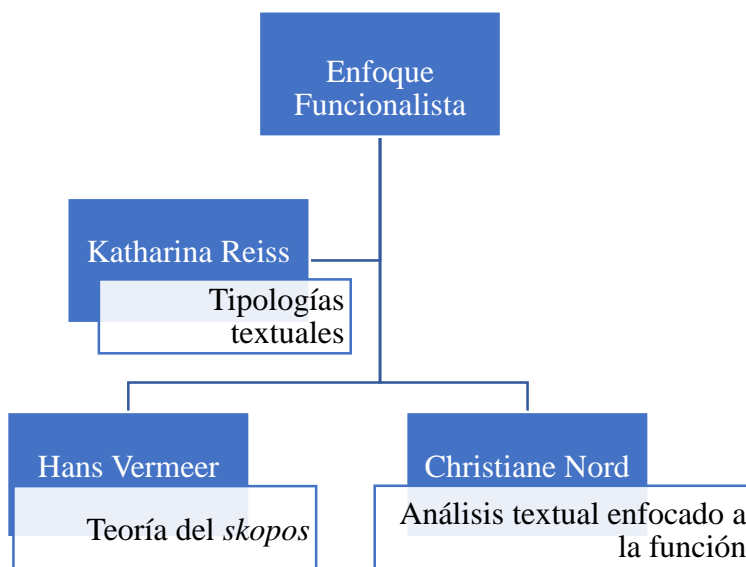
...humor is essentially a form of social play rather than outright aggression. And the humor event is very visible due to physiological correlates: laughter, smiling, arousal. On the one hand, any translation failure will therefore be very visible: it is obvious that the translator has failed when no one laughs at translated humor. (Vandaele,2010, p.149)

Para la realización de este proyecto, se opta por el enfoque funcionalista el cual será explicado a continuación.

2.1.El enfoque funcionalista en la traducción de *Los cuentos de mi Tía Panchita*

El enfoque funcionalista se centra en la tarea que ejerce la función textual y la función de la traducción. El término funcionalista según Nord *A functional typology of translations* (1997) indica que se enfocan en la función de los textos y sus traducciones.

En este proyecto se decidió trabajar con las teorías propuestas por los siguientes tres autores. A continuación, se presenta un cuadro representativo elaborado para este proyecto que incluye información relevante de cada uno de estos autores y posteriormente se detalla su aporte para el enfoque funcionalista.



Como pionera de este enfoque se menciona a Katharina Reiss (lingüista y traductora alemana) quien propone un modelo para las traducciones basado en la relación funcional del TO y el texto meta (TM por sus siglas), donde establece la evaluación de la traducción para saber si es funcional con respecto al contexto del TO.

Otros autores relevantes en el enfoque funcionalista son:

1. Hans Vermeer: en conjunto con Reiss, dan paso a la teoría del *skopos* (palabra griega que significa propósito o finalidad). En esta, Reiss y Vermeer exponen que un texto debe cumplir con la función comunicativa, así mismo con el enfoque en la finalidad de la traducción.
2. Christiane Nord: según este autor aparte de los métodos descriptivos, el funcionalismo utiliza métodos de carácter normativo y evaluativo ya que incluye la evaluación de las traducciones de acuerdo a la función de un contexto presente en el seno de una cultura. Nord también propone un modelo de análisis textual donde incluye factores intra y extratextuales mediante la introducción del concepto lealtad.

A partir de la perspectiva funcionalista, Christiane Nord (2005) afirma: “intention is defined from the viewpoint of the sender, while function is seen from the perspective of the receiver, who uses the text for a particular purpose” (p.53). Es decir que, con base a esto, en textos con carga humorística, el enfoque debe estar centrado en la función, ya que, al traducirlos el público meta podrá hallar su sentido y la traducción será aprobada por parte de esta audiencia meta, sin dejar de lado la relación que existe entre la función del TO con la función que tendría el TM la cual es de entretener.

Es por lo anterior que, de acuerdo al análisis de los enfoques de la traducción, se llega a la conclusión de que el funcional es el que mejor se aplica a este trabajo; ya que, al estar orientado

a la comunicación, se centra y da prioridad al público meta, es decir, basa las decisiones del traductor en la comprensión de su audiencia.

Thus, the focus is shifted from the source text to the target text and its communicative function or functions. It is no longer the ST which sets the standards for the translator's decisions in the translation process, but the intended receiver of the translation, whose reception will be entirely guided by TC expectations, conventions, norms, models, real-world knowledge, perspective, etc. (Nord, 1997, p.46).

Ahora bien, ¿qué ocurre cuando en el texto con el que trabajan los traductores abundan aspectos culturales y lingüísticos de una región? ¿qué es lo que tiene prioridad? Tomando en cuenta lo que los teóricos Reiss y Vermeer (1984) y Christiane Nord (1997) establecen con respecto al enfoque funcionalista, este proyecto propone enfocarse en mantener la función del TO en el TM, es decir, que si lo que se pretende es transmitir el humor, no enfocarse en los aspectos culturales para no caer en el error de trabajar ambos factores (culturales y humorísticos) ya que es difícil transmitirlos al mismo tiempo sin que se pierda uno en el momento de la traducción.

2.2.Estrategias de traducción

La labor de los traductores no es la de cambiar los textos de un idioma a otro de forma literal, en casos como el que analizamos en este proyecto, es vital buscar cómo transmitir esa comicidad, humor y hasta juegos de palabras. Es necesario que haya un respeto hacia el autor y el texto original, pero también es necesario crear el efecto de “risa” en el TM. Sin embargo, en muchas ocasiones los traductores recurren a aplicar estrategias como la equivalencia en sus traducciones y esta muchas veces no es la opción más adecuada para transmitir la función original:

Although there are sporadic references to pragmatic aspects (such as function or communicative effect), the equivalence model focuses mainly on structural qualities of the source text, losing the intrinsic interrelationship between extratextual (i.e. situational) and intratextual (i.e. linguistic) factors of communicative interaction out of sight. (Nord,1997, p.44)

Debido a lo anterior, el uso de estrategias que puedan ayudar al traductor a mantener el humor en una traducción facilita la función de la misma. De acuerdo a Vázquez Ayora (1977), Hurtado (2001) y Vianey y Darbelnet (1958), se ofrece, seguidamente, una lista de las estrategias más utilizadas en este trabajo donde se incluye una breve explicación de cada una.

- **Modulación**

En ella se realiza un cambio hacia el TM en la forma en que se expresó una idea en el TO.

- **Transposición**

Consiste en cambiar la condición gramatical de una palabra por otra sin variar el mensaje.

- **Traducción literal**

Se trata de una correspondencia exacta entre las dos lenguas en cuanto al léxico y la estructura, en la que según Vianey y Darbelnet, solo es posible entre lenguas y culturas muy cercanas.

- **Explicitación**

Dado a la falta de falta de información previa o estructura, la explicitación consiste en la introducción de información implícita en el TO.

- **Adaptación**

Se reemplaza un elemento cultural por otro propio de la cultura receptora.

- **Equivalencia**

En ella se utiliza un término o expresión reconocida como equivalente en la lengua meta.

- **Compensación**

Según Hurtado (2001) en la compensación se introduce en otro lugar del texto ya traducido un elemento de información que no se ha podido reflejar en el mismo lugar en que aparece situado en el TO.

- **Omisión**

Es la estrategia que se utiliza cuando se quita o emplea menos palabras en el TM, ya sea por cuestión de estructura o por preferencia del traductor.

Capítulo tres - Metodología

Los cuentos de mi Tía Panchita es una obra infantil escrita por la costarricense María Isabel Carvajal Quesada, mejor conocida por su seudónimo Carmen Lyra. Este libro recopila 23 cuentos populares cargados de fantasía y mucho folclor costarricense. Dicha obra ha sido la más famosa de esta autora y se ha publicado siete veces, pero la primera publicación se llevó a cabo en el año 1920.

Este libro incluye cuentos con temáticas similares a historias mundialmente conocidas, por ejemplo: “La Cenicienta” en este caso “La Rubia y la Negra”; sin embargo, describen y cambian los personajes mágicos por religiosos tal y como la presencia de la Virgen, Jesús y “tatica” Dios, entre otros. Cabe mencionar que en el cuento “La Rubia y la Negra” el empleo del tema religioso y racista está presente y es la temática principal en el cuento. Si situáramos el contexto de “La Rubia y la Negra” en la actualidad, el empleo del factor humorístico no sería políticamente correcto debido al evidente racismo empleado en él que, a diferencia del siglo XX, se aceptaba debido a la época en la que la superioridad estaba relacionada con la raza blanca y justificada por una concepción religiosa.

Los cuentos de mi Tía Panchita han sido narrados desde un aspecto folclórico por medio de la forma de hablar popular y coloquial de los campesinos costarricenses a finales del siglo XIX e inicios del XX. Muchos de estos relatos emplean un humor que no es aceptado o comprendido por un público actual, esto se debe a que muchas palabras, chistes y jocosidad eran propios de los campesinos de aquella época. Es importante mencionar que el humor empleado en estos relatos es subjetivo y que, para fines de este proyecto, se trató de adaptar los elementos humorísticos empleados en el TO para un público meta juvenil en la actualidad (estadounidense mayoritariamente) tomando en cuenta el vocabulario, bromas y chistes que emplean hoy en día los

mencionados anteriormente, partiendo como referencia lectores nativos, programas de televisión, bromas y chistes contados por ellos mismos; todo esto con el fin de transmitir la función de los cuentos y adaptarlos para obtener la respuesta positiva que tienen estos relatos la cual es: entretener.

La simpatía de los personajes y comicidad que existe en los relatos, ayudan a enriquecer el contenido de este proyecto.

En este capítulo se exponen los recursos y métodos utilizados para realizar el análisis de la traducción en algunos cuentos del libro *Los cuentos de mi Tía Panchita*.

Para este proyecto se realiza la traducción de los siguientes cuentos:

- “Uvieta”
- “Juan el de la carguita de leña”
- “La casita de las Torrejas”
- “Escomposte Perinola”
- “La Negra y la Rubia”
- “Salir con un domingo siete”
- “La Cucarachita Mandinga”
- “La Mica”
- “La suegra del diablo”
- “La flor del olivar”
- “Pájaro dulce encanto”
- “Tío Conejo y Tío Coyote”
- “De cómo Tío Conejo salió de un apuro”

Del total de trece cuentos traducidos, se trabajó con seis (esta cantidad de relatos permitieron obtener el contenido suficiente para los objetivos del análisis). De los seis relatos seleccionados se extrajeron de cada uno varios segmentos que constituyeron los más representativos de acuerdo a la dificultad al momento de la traducción del factor humorístico y juego de palabras donde se encontró y analizó la problemática en cuestión. Cabe mencionar que no todos los cuentos tienen

igual número de segmentos estudiados, en el análisis se detalla cuántos segmentos se extrajeron en total por cada uno.

Los segmentos se analizaron de la siguiente manera, una sección para el texto original, otra para la traducción y una sección de la estrategia utilizada para poder transmitir de manera adecuada los factores humorísticos presentes.

Para la realización de este análisis, se trabaja con los siguientes seis cuentos:

- “Uvieta”
- “La Cucarachita Mandinga”
- “La Mica”
- “La suegra del diablo”
- “La Negra y la Rubia”
- “La flor del olivar”

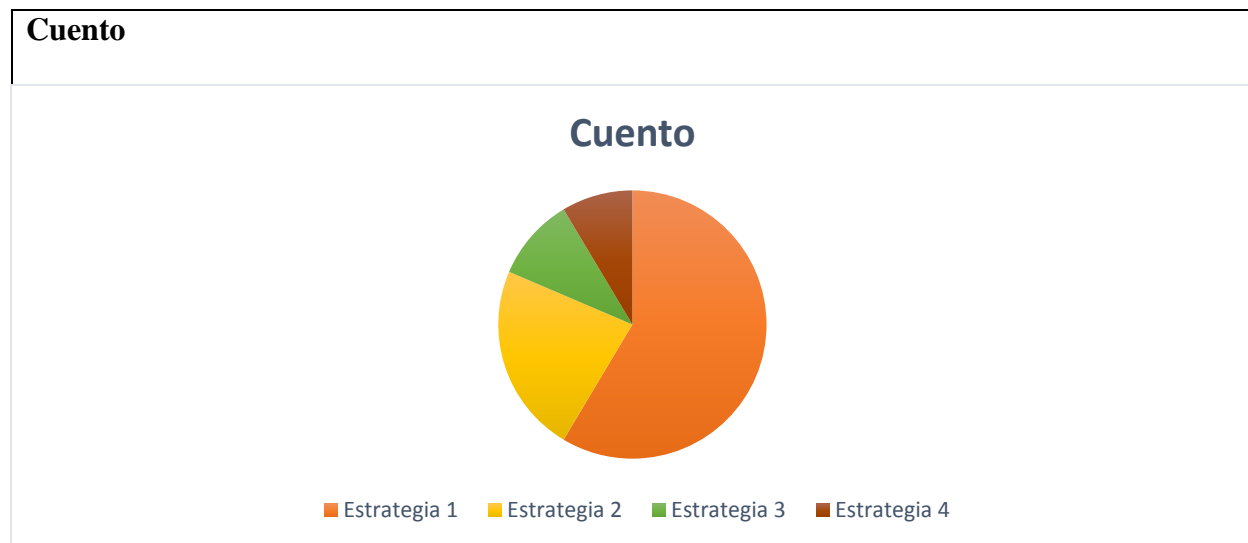
Una vez seleccionado el material de trabajo, se utilizó un cuadro donde se desglosaron los cuentos en español, los segmentos en el TO, la traducción de dichos segmentos al inglés y por último la estrategia utilizada para su traducción. A continuación, se muestra el machote de la tabla a utilizada.

Cuento		
Títulos en español e inglés		
Segmentos texto original	Segmentos traducidos	Estrategia de traducción utilizada.

El objetivo de esta tabla es mostrarle a los futuros estudiantes y ya traductores, cómo una estrategia puede ayudar a que la traducción (en este caso para textos donde los factores humorísticos predominen) cumpla su función original en ambos textos.

El estudio de los segmentos y sus respectivas estrategias, se respaldó con teorías que exponen las técnicas o estrategias de traducción ya mencionadas anteriormente en el marco teórico y que, a criterio de la traductora, son las mejores para cumplir con la función de la traducción, la cual es entretener.

Finalmente, una vez terminado el análisis, la traductora procedió a realizar un gráfico donde muestre el número de estrategias utilizadas y las que predominaron por repetición en cada cuento. Para obtener los resultados en el gráfico, se contó la cantidad de veces que se utilizó una estrategia por cuento y se realizó el cálculo del porcentaje por cada una de ellas. Este gráfico se adjunta a la tabla de cada texto analizado. A modo de ejemplo, se visualiza de la siguiente manera:



Una vez finalizados los análisis y gráficos, se incluye la sección de conclusiones por parte de la traductora, donde menciona los retos, soluciones y recomendaciones que considere relevantes cuando se trabaje con este tipo de textos.

Capítulo cuatro - Análisis

Con el fin de realizar este análisis, se trabajó con los seis cuentos seleccionados, de los cuales se presentará un breve resumen de la temática de cada uno y posteriormente se extraen un total de 21 segmentos por analizar. A continuación, se muestran las tablas por cada cuento, donde se presentan un breve resumen de cada uno, así como los segmentos en el TO y el TM y las estrategias utilizadas. En la sección de las estrategias utilizadas, se ofrece la explicación del porqué del empleo de la técnica, entre otros detalles relevantes.

“Uvieta”: Este cuento relata la historia de un señor muy pobre; pero generoso ante las necesidades de los demás. A este señor, llamado Uvieta, se le aparecen las tres personas divinas (Jesús, José y María) personificados por dos mendigos y un niño. Ante distintas circunstancias, Uvieta opta por darles lo único que tiene de alimento para ayudar a los tres desdichados sin saber que sus buenas acciones serían recompensadas por el mismísimo Dios. Después de enterarse que esas tres personas no son nada menos que Jesús, José y María, estos le indican que Dios quiere premiar su generosidad por medio de lo que él quiera y pida. Sin embargo, al poseer ciertas cosas que Dios le regaló, Uvieta toma una posición arrogante y ya no tan humilde como antes, por lo que Dios decide enviar al Diablo y a la muerte para que le ayuden a recordar quién era él antes de tenerlo todo. Al final, la muerte por órdenes de Dios, decide llevarse a Uvieta, pero este no fue aceptado ni en el cielo ni en el infierno, por lo que la Virgen María al darse cuenta, ordenó dejarlo entrar al cielo y que permaneciera ahí por la eternidad.

Tabla 1		
“Uvieta”		
Segmentos texto original	Segmentos traducidos	Estrategia de traducción utilizada.
<p>1. San José salió como un cachiflín para el Cielo...</p> <p>2. No, <u>Mariquita</u>, dígale que muchas gracias.</p>	<p>1. Saint Joseph went to heaven like a bat out of hell...</p> <p>2. No, <u>Ladybug</u>, tell him I say thank you</p>	<p>1. Adaptación – Con el empleo de <i>idioms</i> se pretende conservar la función que tiene el TO hacia el TM al dar una idea de cómo fue la acción que realiza el personaje en este segmento. En este segmento se caracteriza el humor al hacer referencia a un dicho costarricense, donde muestra a la audiencia lenguaje metafórico que en la vida real sería una acción imposible de hacer.</p> <p>2. Traducción literal – Tanto en inglés como en español para referirse a la virgen María se dice Mariquita (<i>Ladybug</i>). En español se hace por la comparación del manto que utiliza la virgen con las alitas que protegen a la mariquita en y en inglés surge de una leyenda de la edad media, donde relata que debido a una plaga de insectos que amenazaba con destruir las plantaciones y tras plegarias para que eso no ocurriera, las <i>ladybugs</i> aparecieron y acabaron con los insectos (Mary, 2004). De ahí la relación con que fue un acto divino relacionado a la Virgen. En ambos casos connota ternura y protección. En este segmento predomina más el juego de palabras que es parte del factor humorístico.</p>

<p>3. Llegó el Diablo y tocó la puerta: — <u>Upe</u>, Uvieta. Él preguntó de adentro: — <u>¿Quién es?</u> Y el otro por broma le contestó: — <u>La vieja Inés con las patas al revés.</u></p>	<p>3. The devil got to Uvieta's house and said: – Knock, <u>knock</u>– And Uvieta replied: – <u>Who's there?</u> The devil said: – Adore – Uvieta replied: – Adore <u>who?</u> So, the devil said: – Adore <u>is between us, open up!</u> –</p>	<p>3. Modulación – El uso de la frase ¡Upe! es oriundo de Nicoya mucho antes de que se anexara a Costa Rica. Esta se utilizaba cuando en la época de las fiestas patronales se llama a las puertas de las casas diciendo: ¡Una ayudita para nuestra Patrona la Señorita de Guadalupe! y posterior a eso, los de la casa salían con alguna ofrenda para la Virgen. Con el pasar del tiempo se redujo a solo la frase Upe (Pampa, 2016, párr.13). Por otro lado, el decir La vieja Inés con las patas al revés, es gracioso porque hace referencia a una mujer con los pies al revés, lo cual es fantasioso y le resta seriedad a quien llame a la puerta de una casa. Es por esto que, mediante el uso de los <i>knock, knock jokes</i>, se mantiene la jocosidad empleada en el TO.</p>
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El siguiente gráfico muestra las estrategias clasificadas por mayoría de uso presente en la traducción.

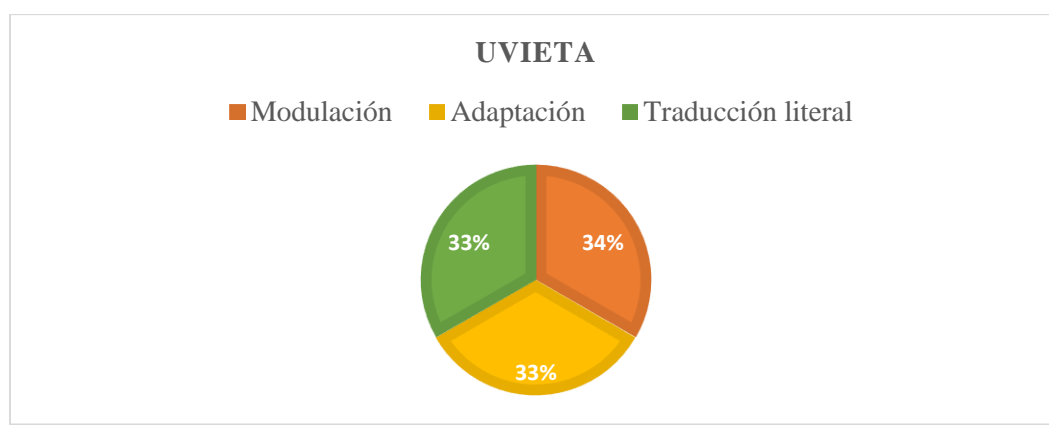


Gráfico 1

“**La Cucarachita Mandinga**”: relata la historia de una cucarachita con características humanas (coqueta, ama de casa y soñadora con su pareja ideal). En esta historia se muestra cómo varios pretendientes intentan enamorar a la Cucarachita al realizar el sonido que hace cada animal, pero la protagonista es difícil de complacer y termina rechazando las ofertas de matrimonio, hasta que llega el Ratón Pérez y le roba su corazón. Una vez casados, la Cucarachita es atenta y hacendosa en el hogar, la típica y estereotipada ama de casa. Un día decide cocinar un delicioso arroz con leche y le pide a su amado que vigile la comida mientras ella sale por agua. Tras varios intentos de manosear el arroz, el Ratón Pérez cae dentro de la olla, dejando viuda a la pobre Cucarachita Mandinga quien termina llorando a su esposo por medio de una rima.

Tabla 2		
“La Cucarachita Mandinga”– Mandinga Little Roach		
Segmentos texto original	Segmentos traducidos	Estrategia de traducción utilizada.
1. - ¿Si compro un cinco de colorete? <u>-No, porque no me luce. (luce)</u> ¿Si compro un sombrero? -No, porque no me luce. ¿Si compro unos aretes? -No, porque no me luce. ¿Si compro un cinco de cintas? -Sí, porque sí me luchen	1. – If I get blush? No, because I won’t shine. If I buy a hat? <u>No, because I won’t shine.</u> If I buy a pair of earrings? No, because I won’t shine. If I buy a ribbon? Yes, because I will shine –	1. Adaptación - En el segmento original, se aclara lo que la palabra <i>luce</i> significa (la palabra hace referencia a una expresión con tono mimado), para la traducción al inglés se opta por adaptarlo al TM para crear el efecto de que el accesorio no se le ve bien a la Cucarachita. La traducción procura transmitir la misma percepción de coquetería del personaje al utilizar el tono mimado en el original.

En este cuento y según el gráfico a continuación, la estrategia que predominó fue la adaptación.

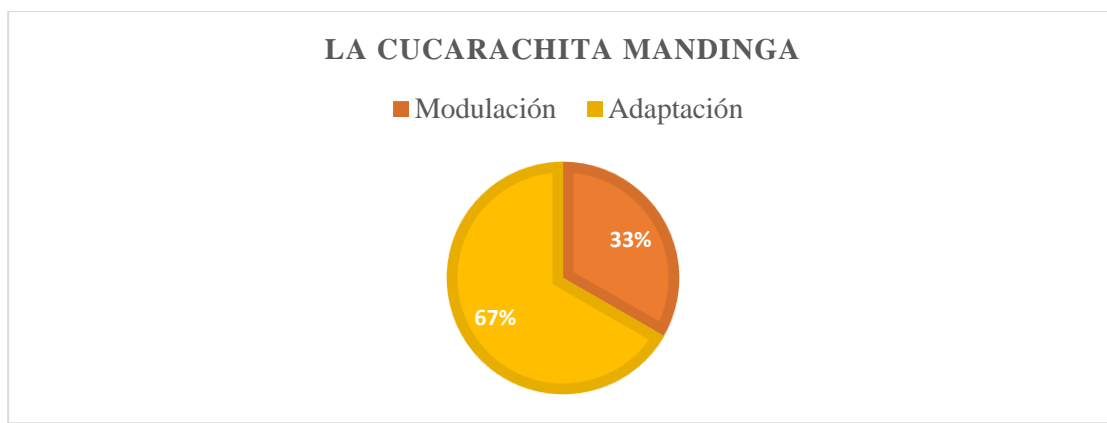


Gráfico 2

“**La Mica**”: este cuento trata sobre un rey y sus hijos extremadamente dependientes y chineados por su mamá. Para que ellos cambien, el rey dice que al primero que se case con una mujer bella y hacendosa, le entregará su reino. En el transcurso de la historia, los hijos salen a buscar esa mujer “ideal” sin saber que una monita que se encuentran en el camino pidiendo ser rescatada cambiaría el curso de la historia. Una vez encontradas las esposas de cada uno y tras varios pedidos del rey, todos se enteran que la esposa del menor es la monita, la cual, es la princesa de Francia quien había sido embrujada. Al ser ella la mejor de las tres esposas, el rey decide heredarle su reino al hijo menor, pero este en cambio le sugiere dividirlo entre sus dos hermanos, ya que él es el heredero junto a su esposa, del reino de Francia.

Tabla 3		
“La Mica”– The Monkey		
Segmentos texto original	Segmentos traducidos	Estrategia de traducción utilizada.
1. Y el rey estaba desconsolado con sus hijos, <u>porque los encontraba algo mamitas</u> y él deseaba que fueran atrevidos y valientes.	1. He was disappointed <u>because his children were a bit momma’s boys</u> and he wanted them to be brave and strong.	1. Equivalencia – El decir que un hombre se caracteriza por el diminutivo <i>mamitas</i> , significa que es un hombre dependiente de su mamá. La ofensa y minimización pueden transmitir humor en algunas situaciones y culturas. En inglés, sí existe el termino equivalente al utilizado en el TO. De ahí parte la facilidad de mantener y transmitir el mismo mensaje empleado en el TO.
2. Era una vieja más fea que un susto en ayunas...	2. She was so ugly, that she went to a haunted house and came out with an application...	2. Adaptación – Cuando se realizan comparaciones incoherentes, se genera en muchos casos la jocosidad en la audiencia meta, es por eso que mediante el uso de las <u>funny jokes</u> , se adapta el

		humor del texto original, para crear el mismo efecto en el TM.
3. La vieja se puso como un <u>toro guaco de brava...</u>	3. The woman was <u>as furious as a raging bull</u>	3. Adaptación - Aunque el término utilizado en el TO no tenga un equivalente en inglés, se busca adaptar el mensaje con los otros elementos de la oración y se opta por utilizar las símiles en inglés donde predominen características similares (descripción de un toro enojado comparado con la reacción de la mujer). De esta manera, al utilizar una comparación, se puede transmitir tanto la imagen de un toro enojado, así como el humor empleado en el original.
4. salieron <u>con el rabo entre las piernas</u>	4. ...the other two left with <u>their tails between their legs.</u>	4. Equivalencia – Así como en español, se utiliza la misma expresión (<i>idiom</i>) en inglés para hacer referencia de una persona avergonzada o arrepentida. La metáfora se une al humor ya que permite al lector interpretar de manera graciosa el mensaje escondido tras de ella.
5. ¡Al príncipe un sudor se le iba y otro se le venía! Deseaba que la tierra se lo tragara	5. The prince was <u>sweating buckets, he didn't want to be there</u>	5. Modulación – Al modular el fragmento u oración por medio de metáforas, se crea la imagen chistosa en la mente del lector, al describir qué tan nervioso estaba el personaje. En este caso, se mantiene el sentido original de querer expresar lo angustiado que estaba el personaje de acuerdo al TO.

<p>6. Y después vivieron muy felices.</p> <p>Y yo <u>fui</u> y todo lo <u>vi</u> y todo lo curios<u>é</u>, y nada saqu<u>é</u>.</p>	<p>6. And then, they lived happily ever after.</p> <p>I go around the <u>bend</u>, I see a fence to <u>mend</u>, on it is hung my story <u>end</u>.</p>	<p>6. Adaptación – Con el uso de un <i>folktale closing</i> se pretende adaptar en inglés para que posea rima asonante al igual que en el TO. Al realizar la traducción para que conserve la rima, se expone el sentido de gracia y entretenimiento que está presente en el original hacia el lector.</p>
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De acuerdo a las estrategias utilizadas, la que predomina fue la adaptación.

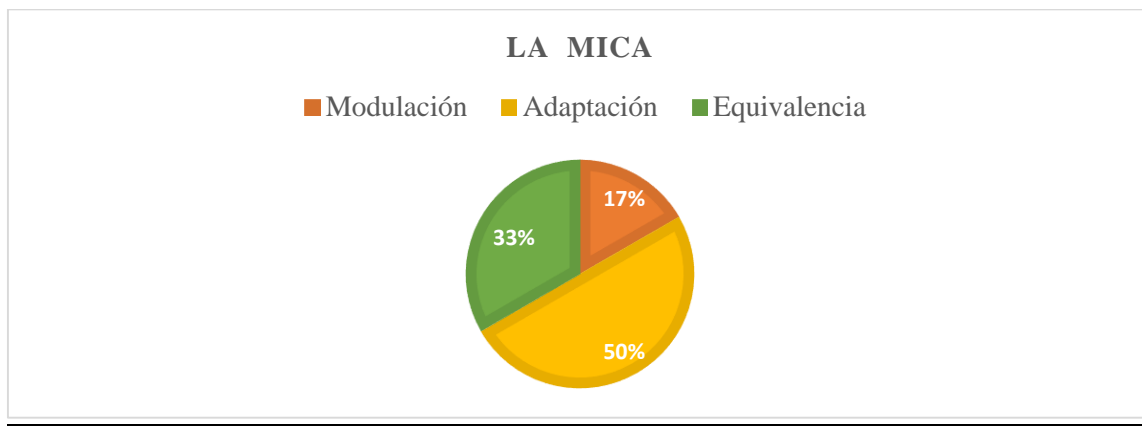


Gráfico 3

“La suegra del diablo”: esta historia trata sobre una viuda que quería encontrar un hombre adinerado y guapo para casarlo con su hija. Tras varios pretendientes, ninguno cumplía con las expectativas que la madre tenía, hasta que un día un hombre apuesto y adinerado les robó los suspiros. Al pasar de los días la hija y el hombre se casaron, con la condición de que no fuera en una iglesia, ya que el novio así lo había solicitado. Tras varios hechos, la suegra se da cuenta que ese hombre era el diablo y después de planear como deshacerse de él, se le ocurrió meterlo en una botijuela y nunca más lidiar con él. Al pasar de los años un hombre encontró la botijuela y el diablo le pidió que lo liberara, así que el hombre lo dejó salir. Como recompensa, el diablo le propuso un trato, este se tenía que hacer pasar por doctor mientras que el diablo poseía a las personas a cambio de que él las curara y se hiciera rico, hasta que un día la suegra se dio cuenta que el diablo andaba suelto y fue a encerrarlo otra vez.

Tabla 4		
“La suegra del diablo”- The Devil’s in-law		
Segmentos texto original	Segmentos traducidos	Estrategia de traducción utilizada.
1. Volvió a pasar el caballero en otro caballo negro, <u><i>más negro que un pecado mortal</i></u>	1. The gentleman passed in front of them again, riding a black horse, <u><i>as black as the heart of darkness</i></u>	2. Adaptación – Con el uso de símiles en inglés, se pretende que el lector visualice que tan negro era el caballo del diablo. De igual forma, el uso de metáforas provoca gracia al hacer comparación de características no relacionadas.
2. A los pocos días volvió a hacer otra visita a sus hijos, trajo consigo una botijuela de hierro, con una tapadera que <u><i>pesaba una barbaridad</i></u>	2. A few days after, she visited her daughter again, she brought with her a jar that had a lid <u><i>heavier than a dead priest.</i></u>	2. Modulación – En este segmento, mediante el uso de un coloquialismo utilizado en inglés, se le ofrece al público meta una idea de lo que pesado que era la tapa que utilizaron para no dejar salir al diablo. Con el uso de comparaciones y en este caso

		en inglés con mucha más exageración, se pretende que la oración sea graciosa, en particular se modula para que el impacto de humor sea mayor en inglés que el presente en la versión original
3. En efecto, aquél era el Diablo y desde el día en que la vieja lo enterró, nadie volvió a cometer un pecado mortal, sólo pecados veniales, aconsejados por los diablillos chiquillos. Y toda la gente parecía muy buena, <u>pero sólo Dios sabía cómo andaba el frijol.</u>	3. As matter of fact, he was the Devil and since the day he was buried, no one ever commit any mortal sin, only venial sins advised by evil spirits. All people seemed nice, <u>but only God knew what was cooking</u>	3. Adaptación - En inglés, el dicho what are/is you/she/he cooking?, se utiliza para hacer referencia a ¿qué está pasando? De ahí, se decide utilizarlo de igual forma como dicho con significado similar al empleado en el TO. Es de esta manera que, utilizando dichos populares en inglés, se mantiene la jocosidad con algo a lo que este familiarizado el publico meta.
4. Un día pasó por aquel lugar un pobre leñador <u>que tenía por único bien una marimba de chiquillos, y tan arrancado que no tenía segundos calzones que ponerse</u> , le pareció oír bajo sus pies algo así como retumbos...	4. One day a poor lumberjack, <u>who had only a bunch of kids and was as poor as church mice</u> , heard a rumble beneath his feet...	4. Modulación - En este segmento se emplea el uso de símiles y expresiones populares en inglés, lo cual genera gracia al no estar ligadas con la realidad. Sin embargo, no están lejos del sentido que tienen hacia el TM porque para darle a entender al lector de que tras de que el leñador tenía muchos hijos, no tenía dinero para mantenerlos y con el uso de símiles y el comparar los hijos con el número de teclas de una marimba, se crea esa imagen cómica de la descripción de pobreza del personaje en el TO
8. <u>en el duque don Fulano de Tal, en la duquesa doña Mengana, en el marqués don Perencejo.</u>	8. <u>in duke Mr. So and so, in duchess Mrs. Jane Doe, in marquis Mr. Joe Blow;</u>	8. Equivalencia – En inglés, cuando se desconoce el nombre de alguien o simplemente no se quiere decir, se utilizan los equivalentes empleados en el TM. Cabe mencionar que al igual que en español, estos términos se pueden utilizar de

		<p>manera despectiva y ofensiva, eso sí, dependiendo del contexto. De esta manera al emplear frases populares de nombres propios, el anonimato y la manera en que se pronuncian los nombres, se provoca el humor en el texto.</p>
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Estrategias que predominan son la adaptación y modulación.

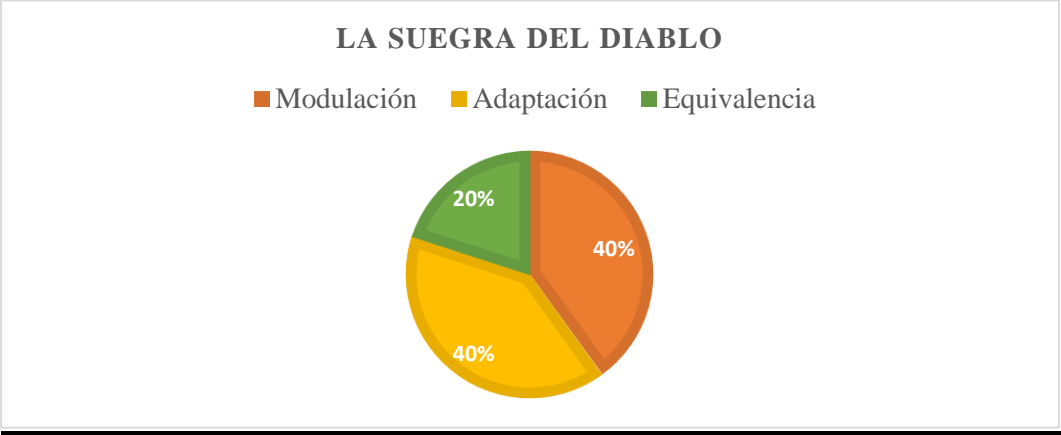


Gráfico 4

“La Negra y la Rubia”: relata una historia muy similar a la conocida Cenicienta. En esta, una madrastra y su hija aprovechan que el padre de la rubia (quien es un hombre adinerado) no está y le exigen a ella realizar los quehaceres de la casa entre otras cosas. A diferencia de la Cenicienta, a la rubia se le aparece la Virgen María, dando un matiz religioso propio de la cultura costarricense de principios del siglo XX, y que muestra lo fantasioso. De esta manera, la Virgen al ver las injusticias que le hacían a la joven, le comenta que su padre va a realizar un viaje y le ordena que le pida a su padre que le traiga ciertas cosas que ella le va a decir. En el transcurso de la historia, la rubia asiste a misa y no pasa por desapercibida ante los ojos de un príncipe, el cual en más de una ocasión trata de acercarse a ella, pero por orden de la Virgen ella no puede verlo. Con el pasar del tiempo y después de varios hechos, la rubia y el príncipe se casan y ella que tenía un buen corazón, decide hacer el bien a sus madrastra y hermanastra.

Tabla 5		
“La Negra y la Rubia”- The Black and the Blonde		
Segmentos texto original	Segmentos traducidos	Estrategia de traducción utilizada.
1. se tenía una hija fea <u>como toditica la trampa</u>	1. she had a daughter, <u>so ugly that when she looked in the mirror, her reflection turned to stone.</u>	1. Adaptación – El empleo de <i>funny jokes</i> , se ofrece como la opción más predominante para mantener el humor al hacer referencia de qué tan fea era la hija. Con el uso de símiles como figura de comparación con algo ilógico y fantástico, se mantiene el humor y mensaje del TO.
2. como era medio arrevesada y tataretas para hablar, le decía: –“ <u>ni ...niña, ni... niña, hagámonos comales</u> ”–. Con lo que le quería decir: –“ <u>Niña, hagámonos comadres</u> ”–	2. since she was dumb and stutter, she kept saying: “ <u>gir...girl, gir..girl let’s be fiends</u> ” but what she really meant was: “ <u>girl, let’s be friends</u> ”	2. Modulación – Al utilizar una palabra que rime con <i>friend</i> , se pretende crear ese efecto de confusión al no tener claro que quiso decir la hermanastra. Ahora bien, aunque la palabra utilizada en inglés no sea la misma o equivalente al español, sí se crea ese efecto utilizado en el TO. Por otro lado, tradicionalmente se ha hecho burla de la forma de hablar de algunas personas (en este caso tartamudismo), aunado a esto el uso de palabras que se asemejan en sonido, pero tienen significados distintos, crea la sensación de gracia cuando se es leído.

Al ser segmentos tan limitados, solo se utilizan dos estrategias.

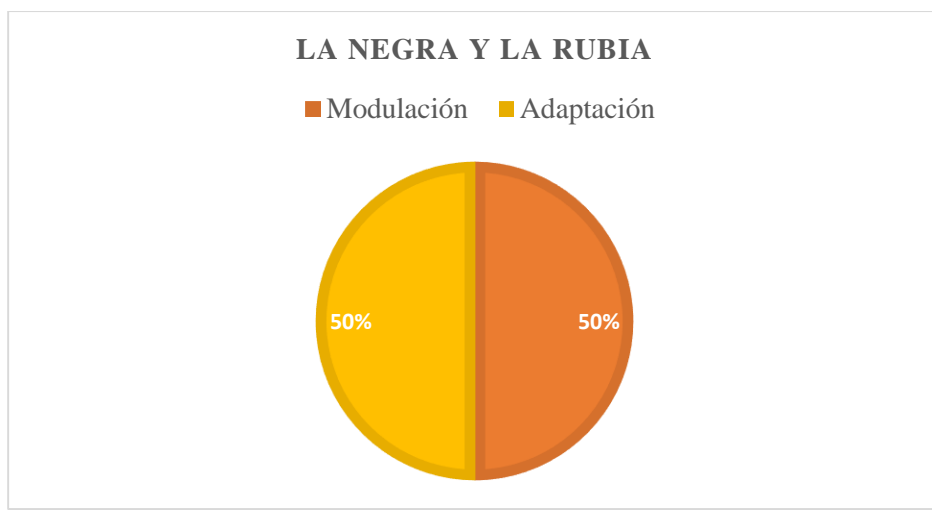


Gráfico 5

“La flor del olivar”: relata la triste historia de un rey quien era no vidente y sin esperanzas, según los médicos, de recuperar la vista. Un día pasó un hombre y le dijo que, para recuperar la vista, tenía que lavarse los ojos con agua de la flor del olivar. El rey tenía tres hijos y les pidió ir en busca de la flor para poder hacer lo que el hombre le había aconsejado, ofreció a cambio su corona al primero que encontrara la flor y la llevara a él. Los hijos partieron en busca de la flor y tras varios sucesos, el menor de los hijos fue quien encontró la flor, sin darse cuenta que lo peor estaba por venir. Al darse cuenta sus hermanos, planearon emborracharlo y matarlo para luego quitarle la flor. Una vez enterrado el hermano menor, los hermanos partieron y al pasar de los días, un joven pasó a cortar caña para hacerse una flauta sin saber que donde la había cortado estaba enterrado el cuerpo del joven. Una vez que tocó la flauta, salió un cántico que relataba el crimen y llamó la atención de el joven quien no dudó en ir donde el rey. De ahí se desenlaza una triste historia, con un final no tan feliz para este cuento.

Tabla 6		
“La flor del olivar”- The Olive Flower		
Segmentos texto original	Segmentos traducidos	Estrategia de traducción utilizada.
1. un chiquito, <u><i>flaquito como un pijije</i></u>	1. there was a little boy with her, he was <u><i>so skinny that he could hoola-hoop with a Fruit Loops</i></u>	1. Modulación –Mediante un <i>funny joke</i> donde haga referencia al aspecto físico de una persona, se procura mantener la comicidad utilizada en el TO. Así mismo al emplear una símil, se mantiene el humor ya que permite al lector comparar la característica física del niño, con la delgadez de un pájaro.

<p>2. No me toques pastorcito, ni me dejes de tocar; que mis hermanos me mataron por la Flor del Olivar.</p>	<p>2. “Neither play me little shepherd, nor stop playing me; because of the Olive flower my brothers have killed me”</p>	<p>2. Adaptación - Al igual que en el TO, para que la canción que sale de la flauta quede en rima asonante, se propone utilizar la adaptación para que su traducción sea similar a la función del segmento original. Con el empleo de las rimas, en muchos casos se permite mantener la alegría que con ellas llevan dependiendo de la situación contextualizada.</p>
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Dado a que no hay mayor influencia de alguna estrategia, las utilizadas se mantienen en igual porcentaje por uso.

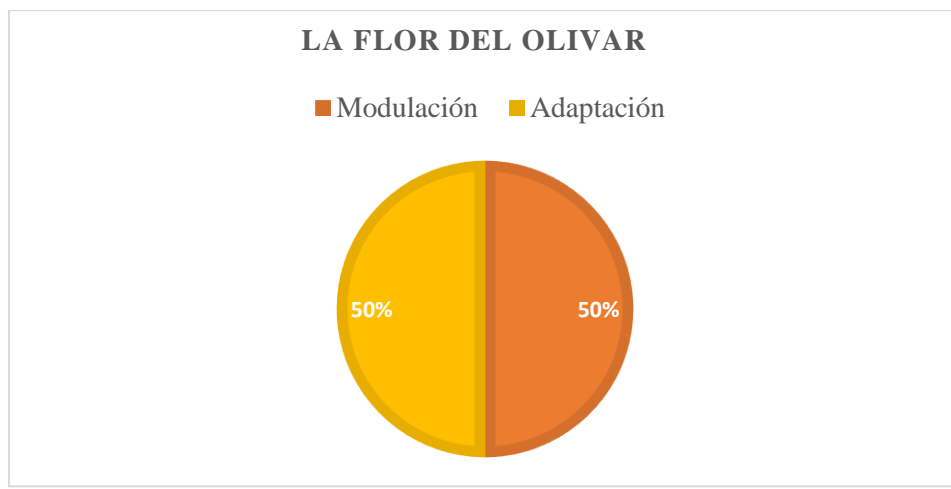


Gráfico 6

Capítulo cinco – Conclusiones

El humor escrito, claro está, no siempre es percibido de igual manera en todas las personas, ya que factores como el contexto cultural en el que se ha escrito, la audiencia para quien ha sido dirigido y el tipo de humor empleado en el texto crean una brecha entre lo que para “x” persona es gracioso y para lo que “y” no. Sin embargo, gracias a la globalización y por ende a las traducciones, se ha logrado expandir la función de los textos cargados de humor.

Si hablamos de la globalización, una de las tantas ventajas que ha traído ha sido el conectar culturas; no obstante, al hacer esta conexión se presenta un problema: la lingüística; y es precisamente aquí donde nosotros (los traductores) intervenimos para resolver este inconveniente.

En textos, como el utilizado para este proyecto, se deben tomar en cuenta tres factores: en primer lugar y, por orden de importancia para la traductora, la función del texto. ¿Qué se pretendía lograr con esta traducción? Transmitir el humor empleado en cada cuento, unos más cómicos que otros, pero al final todos con algún factor de contenido gracioso. Segundo, el público meta, de la mano del original, conservar la orientación del cuento, niños y adolescentes soñadores y fantasiosos según lo percibido en estos relatos. Además, se tenía como fin mantener y entregar ese humor aún si como único recurso en algunos casos fuera el adaptar el texto, para que el público meta se sintiera familiarizado. Y tercero, sin ahondar mucho en ella, la cultura del texto original y se concluye con lo siguiente:

El desafío mayor al trabajar *Los cuentos de mi Tía Panchita* es el cultural, que, aunque no era el objetivo de este trabajo, se evitó profundizar en este tema. Sin embargo, sí se tuvo que mantener presente en todo momento; esto con el fin de entender la semántica del texto y poder determinar cuál estrategia utilizar para que el resultado final estuviera compuesto por la función del texto (entretener y ser cómico).

Recomendaciones

Con este trabajo se demuestra al traductor, que no se trata solamente de transmitir el contenido, sino que la prioridad deber ser transmitir el factor humorístico.

Se les recomienda a los traductores que trabajen con textos similares a este, lo siguiente:

- Evitar el uso de la sobretraducción.

Especialmente en casos de traducción de literatura y más si es infantil, los traductores tienden a agregar más de lo que el autor escribe, esto porque se cae en el error de que al haber “libertad” a la hora de traducir, se termina cargando el texto meta de más datos de lo que se expuso en el original, y hace que se pierda el norte del objetivo inicial.

- Tomar en cuenta las culturas, sin embargo, no apegarse a ellas.

Esto en particular, es un dolor de cabeza cuando se decide enfocar el factor humor en la traducción. Para lograr transmitir ese humor, la cultura no debe influir en las decisiones que tome el traductor, ya que esto en muchas ocasiones imposibilita al traductor a transmitir el sentido o función del texto.

- Establecer la relación entre fidelidad y efectividad.

Se entiende por esta relación, crear un punto medio donde se mantenga el mensaje y se transmita lo gracioso. De ser necesario, adaptar el chiste, juego de palabras, modismos, dichos, refranes, frases populares o cualquier factor humorístico para que se asimile lo mejor posible al texto original.

- Retomar este proyecto partiendo del objetivo de cómo transmitir la cultura.

En un futuro, la autora de este proyecto o bien algún estudiante de la maestría que quiera darle continuidad, pero desde la perspectiva cultural.

Para finalizar, este trabajo confirma que el traducir humor no es una tarea fácil y el hacerlo a la inversa lo dificulta aún más. A mi criterio el traductor que decida trabajar con textos de contenido humorístico, debe poseer habilidades y cualidades, tales como la creatividad e imaginación para que le ayuden a transmitir esa comicidad.

Se espera que textos tan significativos para la literatura costarricense que no han sido traducidos, lleguen a manos de estudiantes y traductores que decidan transmitir y dar a conocer un poquito de lo bueno que nos han dejado autores icónicos en nuestra Costa Rica.

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