

JOSELITO: A FOLKTALE FROM GUERRERO

ARCH MCKINLAY

A Nahuatl speaking Indian, Priciliano Carranza Díaz, wrote the following text for Mr. McKinlay in 1962. The informant is a native of Zicapa, Guerrero, near the Mezcala-Balsas river.

The student of folklore will be interested in the curious "twist" that takes place at the end of the tale, when what had seemed to be a simple folk story reveals a significant and important religious theme. (F.H.)

TEXTO

Nemiya se conetl icnotl. Omic inanah ihuan itatah cuac quiptiyaya ome xiutli. Xoquixmatqueh nion se de itatas. Noche yomica. Cuacon oyaj ihuan icompaltas, aquin ocuatequihqueh. Ocaxiltih 14 años, mah-tlactle huan nahue xiutle cuac oquititlan quen itatah, aquin oquiscalteh, oc se pueblo. Oquijleh: "Xpaloti noconeu. Aman ilhuitl." Oquimacac macuihle pesos para itlah quicuasia. Oquihleh: "Quen tiquitas oc seque tlacameh quichihuah noihqui ticchihuas tehua." Cuacon oyaj sa pactiu. Oajsic on pueblo. Melahqui oyah campa oquicac tlapitztoqueh ipan se tienda;

TRADUCCION

Once there was an orphan child. Both his mother died and his father when he was two. He never knew either of his parents. Both had died. So then he went with his godparents, the ones who had seen to his baptism. He had reached 14 years when the one who was like a father to him, the one who had raised him, to another village. He said to him: "Go greet my son. Today is a feast day." He gave him 5 pesos in case he should want to eat something. He told him: "Just as you see other men doing you do the very same." So he left on his way rejoicing. He reached the village. He went straight to the

yehua niman ocalac calihtic onotlaleh. San tlachixticah; seque poquitoqueh; seque conitoqueh. Cuacon yehua ocou se icopa. No oconic niman ocou cigarros. Opeu poqui.

Cuacon oquis se ichpochtli pero melahuac cualtzin! Ocueltac; mero dueña de tienda. No oquitac on telpochtli. No ocuelitac on ichpochtli. Oquihleh oquinotz on telpochtli: "Tla ticneque, ma titonamic-tican." "Xnechijtlane ihuan notatas. Nejua nimitznequi quen tehua." Cuac oquihleh telpochtli: "Tehua tirrica; ticualtzin. Nehua nipobrecito. Ni icnotl. Xmitz (te) macasqueh." Oquihleh ichpochtli: "Nehua xnechahmana. Mostla tinechihtlanis. Xcuica se pañito, se no retrato de prenda, para quineltocas aquin tiquixmate como motatah para ma huahlacan mostla, ihuan se pan para ticuahtiyas ipan ohtle, niman xonehua para mostla inhuajlasqueh." Cuacon oyan ichan. Oquihleh itahuan. Bueno. Huahmostla oajqueh tienda niman oquihlanqueh.

Cuacon itatas de on ichpochtle, mero itatah ocua-

place where he heard horns being played in a store; he did, and went in and sat down. Just looking around; some are smoking, some are drinking. So he bought a drink for himself. He too drank and bought cigarretes. He began to smoke.

Then there came out a young girl, but O so beautiful! He liked her; she belonged to the family that ran the business. In addition she saw the boy. She also liked him. He said to her: "I wonder if you would like to marry me." "Ask for me of my parents. I love you the way you love me." So then the boy said: "You are well-to-do; you are pretty. I am just a poor boy. I'm an orphan. They won't give you up." The girl said: "That does not bother me; You ask for my hand tomorrow. Take a hanky, a picture locket, so that the one you recognize as your father will believe it and come back tomorrow, all of you." So he went home. He spoke to his parents. Well, they arrived at the store and they asked for her hand.

Then the parents of the girl, to be exact, the father, got mad.

lan. Oquinoxitih quiahuac. Oquintotocac. Para inchan oyahqueh. Cuacon Joselito opeu choca. Oyah ipan se tepetl campa tlacoyoh. Oahsiqueh ipan se techinantle huehcapan. Oquihtoh: "Nican ninotlahcalis para nimiquis." Cuacon opeu nomachyotia. Otlan cuac notlahcalisia. Oc ahsiqueh ipan ima. Cuac oquitac se huehuentzin. Opeu cahua; tlacau totahtzin Dios. Oquihleh: "Tlinon ticchihua, hijo? Tlin ticnequi timiquis?" Oquihleh Joselito: "Ye notatas nechihltanilihqueh ichpochtle para noshihuau yesia, pero ocualan itatah. Ya mero techmictiaya. Otechtotocac de ichan." "A san por eso timomictisia. Andale. Tiyahueh. Aman nehua mero niyas mohuan." Cuacon oyahqueh noche ihuan itahuan. Oahsiqueh hasta tienda; niman opehqueh quinotzah itatah de on ichpochtle. Oc se jpa ocualan. Itatah ocahsic se cuautle para quinmailisia noche. Cuacon oquihtoh huehuentzin Dios; oquihleh se tlatatl: "Xcanate tiopixqui para quinnamictis in muchachachos." Oyah tlatatzintle ocanato tiopixqui.

He shooed them outside. He bounced them. They went home. Then Joselito began to cry. He went to a mountain to a woody spot. He reached a very high bluff. He said: "I will throw myself off and commit suicide." Then he started to cross himself. He finished and was ready to jump off. He was grabbed on the hand. Whereupon he saw who it was: an old man. He began to upbraid him; it was really, seriously now, Our Father God. He said to him: "What in the world are you doing, boy? Do you want to kill yourself?" Joselito said to him: "Now my parents have gone and asked for the hand of a young lady in marriage, but her father got mad. He was just about ready to kill us. He chased us out of his house." "O that's why you were on the point of doing away with yourself. Come on. Let's go. Today I myself will go with you." So they went all of them including his parents. They reached the store; and began to talk to the father of the girl. Again he got mad. Her father grabbed a stick to clobber each one of them. Then said God, who was an old man; he said to a man: "Go fetch the priest to marry these young folks." The man went and got

Onanamictihqueh. Cuacon oquinhuicac on huehuentzin hasta campa on techinantle campa notlahcalisia Joselito. Pero cuacon ohtle ya cualtzin catca, amo, primero teyoh, cuauyoh, fiero. Ipan on techinantle oncatca se cale pero cualtzin. Cuacon oquihleh: Aman hijo, nican tichantis ihuan mosihuau. Nican titequitis. Tiquintlapanas in temeh, pero san yolic ticmailis ica martillo. Amo tictlapanas tlahco. Ca, san ticpetzoh-tiyas cualtzin. Nehua niyau. Hasta aman chicueyi niuhahlas. Oyah huehuentzin, pero Joselito, isihuau xoquinemilihqueh aquin catca, ihuan tlacau totahztzin Jesucristo.

Bueno, cuacon Joselito opeu tequiti, ihuan oquimailihqueh algo chichahuac. Ontetl otlapan mero tlahco. Cuacon oquitac oxin puro tomin; pero melahuac miyec. Onomohtih; ihuan isihuau oquihtho: "Aman techtotocas de nican totatah." Bueno, oahsic tonahli oyehcoc huehuentzin Dios. Yehua noche quimatiya. Xocahuac. San oquihleh: "Nehua onimitznahuatih san yoliqueh. Aman tiyas ticuicas mosohuau

the priest. They were married, Then the old man took them to the bluff where Joselito was going to jump off. But at that time the way was good, no, first it was rocky, full of trees, very bad. On top of the bluff there was a beautiful house. Then he said to him: "Now son, you will live here with your wife. You will work here. You will crack these stones, but you will hit them carefully and slowly with a hammer. You will not split them in half. No. You'll just keep smoothing them off nicely. I am going away. I'll be back in a week." The old man went off, but Joselito and his wife did not have any idea who he was, and seriously it was our Lord Jesucristo.

Well, then, Joselito began to work, and they hit them rather hard. The stone broke right in half. Then he looked more closely; money poured out and nothing else, but he was really a scared boy; and his wife said: "Now our father will chase us away from here." Well the day came that the old man, God, arrived. He was aware of it all. He did not scold him. He just said to him: "I told you nice and easy.

ticontas momontah. Tiquihlis ma mitztlanehti iyolcahuan, cincuenta mulas, ihuan icostalhuan, chicome tlacamej, itlaquehualhuan, para ticuicas noche in tomin." Bueno, oyahqueh ihuan isihuau campa itatah oquihlihueh; niman ocualac itatah. Oquihleh: "Can ticoncuis on tomin? San ticuicas nomulas canon tiquinnemacas para tictlacualtis nochpoch. Ca. Nehua xtlah nimitztlanehtis." Cuacon oquihtoh isihuau: "Ma tiquintlanehtican llave totlaquehualhuan. Yehameh quincuepasqueh yolcameh." "Bueno, cuacon ma yacan."

Oyahquej noche, tlacameh, mulas, Joselito, isihuau, sa pactihueh; oahsihueh hasta campa oncatca on techinantle. Cuac oquitaqueh on tlacameh se cale, pero melahuac cualtzin, on tomin sa nelpachihtoc bueno, opehqueh quintemiltiah on costaltin: puro peso. Sa no quihliayaj on tlacameh: "Itah in Joselito melahuac rico. Quipiya mas que toteco." Bueno, oquintemiltihueh noche on costaltin ihuan on tomin. Como siempre onocau. Bueno, oquintlamamaltihueh on

Now you will go take your wife and go see your father-in-law. You'll tell him to lend you his animals, 50 mules, and his sacks, and 7 men, his hired hands, to take all this money." Well, they went he and his wife to her father's place and they told him, and he got mad. He said to him: "Where are you going to get that money? You're just going to take my mules where you can sell them so you can feed my daughter. No. I won't loan you a thing." Then his wife said: "Let's lend the hired men the key. They will return the beasts." "All right, then, he said, let them go."

So they all went rejoicing, men, mules, Joselito, his wife, and they reached the bluff. Then they saw a house really lovely, the money lying on the floor, so, they began to fill the sacks: nothing but silver pesos. They just kept saying to each other: "The father of Joselito is really rich. He has more than our boss." So then they filled all the sacks with the money. Everything got squared away. Well, they loaded

yolcameh noche oyahqueh. Cuacon on tlacameh
 oquinpehuihqueh mulas, sa no ma quimapehuihtihuej.
 Ihuan como huehcapan on tepetl, pilcac ohtle, opeh-
 queh tzayanaj on costaltin, tomin sa xintiu, mulas sa
 notlantihueh notlaloah, porque tonahli ye calacticah.
 On tlacameh aquin tlapehuihtihueh tomin quipehpen-
 tihueh. Ipan bolsas quicalactihueh. Sequi o itlan tetl
 quicalatihueh. "Mostla ticalansqueh." Bueno, oajsi-
 queh ne pueblo; ipan plaza tlahcotiyan opehqueh tla-
 temoltiah. Ompa oquitenqueh noche on tomin. Ipan
 oquisou ipetl. Ompa ococh ihuan isihuau. San on
 tlacameh oyahqueh para ichan ihuan mulas. Oquih-
 lihqueh imontah: "On joselito melahuac rico, mas
 que tehua. Puro tomin ocuajcuic. San xtlahuilo ne
 campa neme ihuan isihuau cochtoqueh. Otlahuiloh ica
 lampara. Cuac oquitac sa petlanticah tomin, ichpoch
 ihuan imon pane cochtoqueh. Bueno, huahmostla
 otlanes. Ye oncatca se cale pero melahuac cualtzin.
 Miyec tlacamej, sihuameh, tlanemactoqueh, tlaquentli,

the animals and they all left. Then the men began to drive the mules, slapping and pushing. And as the mountain was steep, and the road downhill, the bags started to tear, the money spilling all over, the mules trying to pass each other on the run, for the sun was already setting. The men who were driving the mules, went along picking up the money. They kept stuffing it in their pockets. Some they went along sticking it under rocks. "We'll come back tomorrow and get it." Well, they reached town at the market square and began unloading. There they piled up all the money. He spread it out on a mat. There he slept with his wife. Just the men went to her house with the mules. They told her father: "That Joselito is really wealthy, more than you. We brought nothing back but money. Just make a light there where they are sleeping he and his wife." He gave light with a lamp. Whereupon he saw all shiny the money, his daughter with her husband on top of it all. Well, the next day the sun rose, and there was a beautiful house, really beautiful to behold. Many men, women, selling, clothing, just all sorts of things, a shop. O! he beat every one in town! He was

san tlimach de noche, se tienda. A noche oquintlan de pueblo! Solo yehua otetlan, miyec pitzomeh, miyec huacaxtin, miyec cuanacameh.

Se tonahli oquinnotz imontahuan. Ichan oquichihqueh miyec tlin nocua. Se pitzotl omic, se bueye, miyec nacatl, musica, tlatzotzonah, nijtotilo, sihuameh, tlacameh; otlan fiesta. Onoxijxiquej noche imontah, imonan; onocuepqueh cuapitzomeh. Oyahquej ipan tepemeh. Joselito ihuan sihuau onocuepqueh Totahtzin, Tonantzin. Aman nemej tiopan.

Ompa otlan. Nochi terminó el cuento de Joselito y Soledad.

the only one who really made money and beat others at competition, lots of pigs, lots of cattle, lots of chickens.

One day he called his in-laws. There at his home he prepared a lot of food. One pig was killed, one ox, lots of meat, men were there, women, music, they were having a band, there was dancing; and then the festival came to an end. They went and lay down, both of them, his father-in-law, her mother-in-law, and they turned into wild pigs. They went off to the mountains. Joselito and his wife turned into our patron and our patroness. Now they are in the church. That's the end, the end of the whole matter, of Joselito and Soledad.