

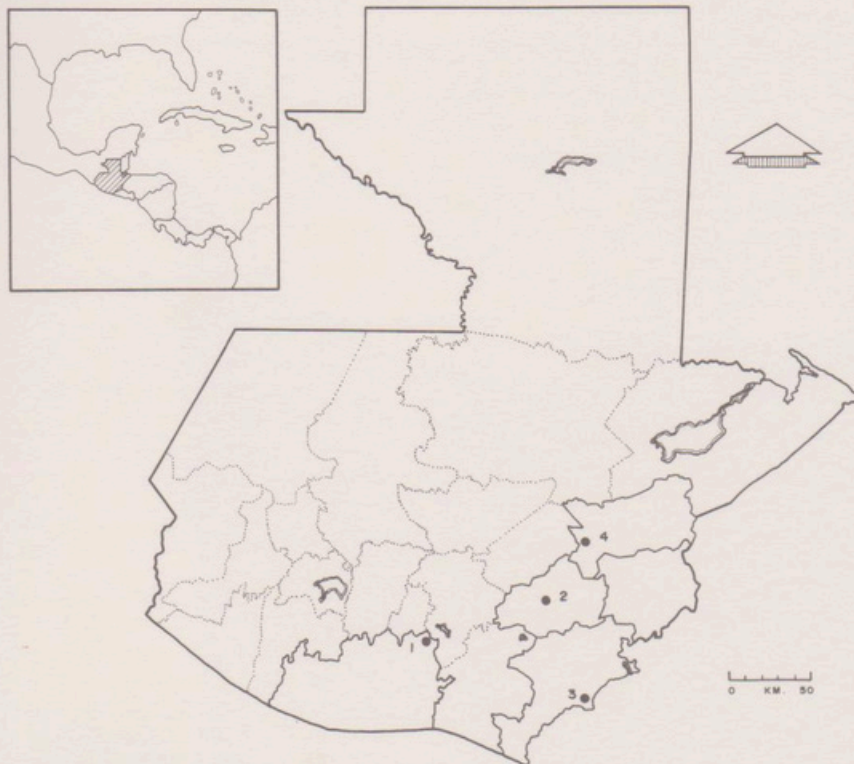


La Tradición Popular



Centro de Estudios Folklóricos — Universidad de San Carlos

DISTRIBUTION OF THE APPRENTICE
SORCERER FOLK TALES IN GUATEMALA
(TYPE AT 325)



- ESCUINTLA:
1.SAN VICENTE PACAYA, MUNICIPALITY.
JALAPA:
2.VILLAGE OF URLANTA, JALAPA.
JUTIAPA:
3.VILLAGE OF LA ESMERALDA, JEREZ.
ZACAPA:
4.USUMATLAN, MUNICIPALITY.

ILLUSTRATION: ALFREDO ROMAN MORALES.



Urban landscape of a town in eastern Guatemala. Comapa, municipality of the department of Jutiapa. (Photo: José Alejos).



FOLK TALES OF THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE IN GUATEMALA

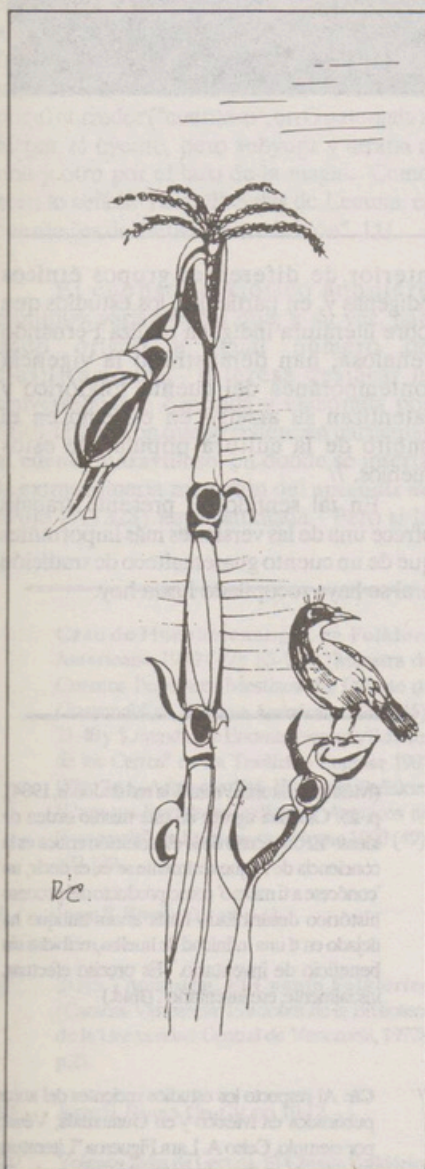
Celso A. Lara Figueroa

Introduction

This essay falls within the field of study of traditional oral expressions, also known as oral literature or literary folklore, and refers in particular to folk tales or stories from the oral tradition.

As has been demonstrated in numerous studies, Guatemala is one of the richest regions in Latin America in terms of folk tales. 1/ The vast amount of material obtained in the field therefore requires not only careful but also extensive examination, which the limited space available here does not allow.

Two aspects of this research project are worth highlighting: first, it presents one of the most complete prototypical versions of a folk tale ever collected in Guatemala: the story "The Magician and His Assistant," version No. 1, collected in the village of La Esmeralda de Jerez, in the department of Jutiapa, in the eastern part of the country. In this regard, it should be emphasized that, due to the very nature of oral literature, it is unlikely to find versions that are so complete, "uncontaminated by other types or motifs." 2/ The quality of this Guatemalan version makes it almost unique among the collections consulted. 3/



1/ In this regard, it should be noted that the phonogram archive of the Literary Folklore section of the Centro de Estudios Folklóricos alone holds 1,536 recordings collected from all socio-folkloric regions of Guatemala. To this must be added the information compiled by the Linguistics Institute of Rafael Landívar University and other institutions in the country. In this case, and given the impossibility of citing them all, see the author's works published in the magazine **Tradiciones de Guatemala** and in the bulletin **La Tradición Popular** between 1973 and 1990, which would be tedious to list. All of this corroborates the above statement. **Vid.** See also Celso A. Lara Figueroa. **Cuentos Populares de Guatemala**, primera serie (Guatemala: Centro de Estudios Folklóricos, USAC, 1982).

2/ Jorge B. Rivera. (Introducción, Selección y Notas). **El Cuento Popular** (Buenos Aires: Centro Editor de América Latina, 1977), p. 11.

3/ Among others, Ralph S. Boggs, **Index of Spanish Folktales** (Helsinki: Academia Scientiarum Fennica, FF. Communicatio, No. 90), 1930; Terrence L. Hansen. **The Types of**

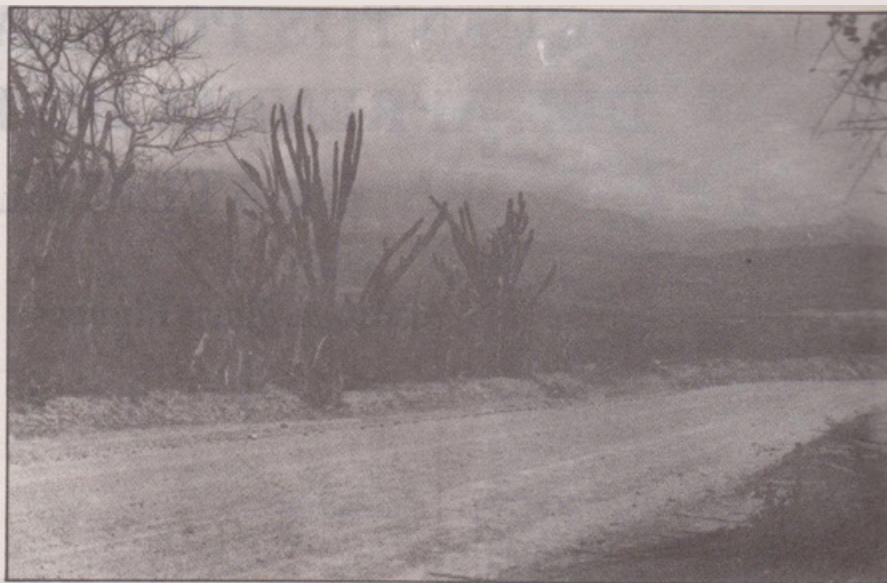
Scientiarum Fennica, FF. Communicatio, No. 90), 1930; Terrence L. Hansen. **The Types of Folktales in Cuba, Puerto Rico, The Dominican Republic and Spanish South América** (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1957); Stith Thompson. **The Types of the Folktale**. (Helsinki: F.F.C. 184, 2ª edición, 1961) and Stanley Robe. **Index of Mexican Folktales** (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1973.) were reviewed. Among the most important collections, we will only mention those where the type studied appears. These include: Yolando Pino Saavedra, **Cuentos Folklóricos de Chile** (Santiago de Chile: Universidad de Chile, 1960/63); Aurelio M. Espinosa. **Cuentos Populares Españoles** (Madrid: Consejo Superior de Investigaciones Científicas, 1946/47); Susana Chertudi. **Cuentos Folklóricos de la Argentina** (Buenos Aires: Instituto Nacional de Filología y Folklore, 1960/64) and Julio Camarena Laucirica. **Cuentos Tradicionales Recopilados en la Provincia de Ciudad Real**. (C. Real: Instituto de Estudios Manchegos, 1984).

Secondly, this study aims to show one of the cultural facets of the popular Guatemalan man from the eastern region, with his peculiar speech and his own conception of the world and life, as an expression of his innate platform.

Oral Literature

This is not the place to theorize about what is meant by popular tradition and traditional forms of oral literature or popular literature. 4/ Suffice it to say that oral tradition is basically one of the specific characteristics of the popular culture of a people—in this case, those of eastern Guatemala—and that, shaped by historical processes and the socioeconomic situation, it concretely expresses features of their historical memory and worldview. 5/

In this way, adapted and reinterpreted within subordinate groups, the values of traditional folk literature express their most precise social form and highlight the core of their collective consciousness, becoming a unifying and cohesive element of the very society that produces them. In other words: literary forms have been adapted as a set of historical responses to the specific circumstances of their daily lives. That is, as Antonio Gramsci points out, "the adaptations that took place in the past of a person and have become ingrained in their actions and thinking constitute cultural resources that this people can draw on" to formulate their self-development and assert their identity. 6/



Dusty road in eastern Guatemala, one of the main routes for spreading folk tales. Usumatlán, Zacapa. (Photo: Manuel Guerra Caravantes).

This assertion explains why the same type of story, such as the one discussed here, is relevant among different ethnic groups and sociocultural configurations in Guatemala, fulfilling basically the same function.

On the other hand, research conducted by the author in both the eastern and western parts of the country; recent compilations carried out by other institutions within different indigenous ethnic groups;

and, in particular, the studies on indigenous literature conducted by Fernando Peñalosa, have demonstrated the contemporary relevance of folk tales and clearly show how deeply rooted they are in the popular culture of these people. 7/

In this regard, this work offers one of the most important versions of a Guatemalan story from the oral tradition that has been compiled to date.

4/ For a comprehensive discussion on this topic, please refer to specialized texts, in particular **Cfr.** Celso A. Lara Figueroa "Bases Teóricas para el estudio de la literatura popular", en **Diario La Hora**, 1987 (25 y 26 de abril) and "Algunos Problemas Teóricos de la Literatura Popular en Guatemala y Centroamérica" en **Tradiciones de Guatemala** 1989 (32): 19-24, as well as Daniel Mato "Cuenteros Afrovenezolanos en Acción" en **revista IADAP** 1989 (12): 43-50; G. Calame-Griaule. **Etnología y Lenguaje, La palabra del pueblo Dogón** (Madrid: Editora Nacional/Cultura y Sociedad, 1982) and Guillermo Barzuna, **et. alter. Pautas para el Estudio de la Literatura Popular** (San José-Costa Rica: CECADE, 1987)

5/ For a definition of the category of historical memory **Cfr.** Rafael Pérez Taylor, "Historia Oral: Elementos para la Construcción de una Metodología", en **Latinoamérica. Anuario de Estudios Latinoamericanos**. 1983 (16): 59-62 and Philippe Joutard. **Esas Voces que nos llegan del pasado**. (México: Breviario del Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1986), pp. 62-103. Específicamente para Guatemala, **Vid.** Celso A. Lara Figueroa, "Notas Bibliográficas sobre Cultura y Religiosidad Popular en Guatemala", en **Estudios Sociales Centroamericanos** 1989 (51): 145-150.

6/ Antonio Paoli. **La Lingüística en Gramsei**. (México: Editorial Premiá, la red

de Jonás, 1984), p. 25. Gramsei adds in the same vein: <<The beginning of critical elaboration is the awareness of what one really is, that is, a "know yourself" as a product of the historical process developed so far, although it has left in you an infinity of traces, received without benefit of inventory. It is necessary to carry out, initially, this inventory>>. (**Ibid.**)

7/ **Cfr.** In this regard, the author's recent studies published in Mexico and Guatemala. See, for example, Celso A. Lara Figueroa "Literatura Popular de un Área Indígena de Guatemala, El Caso de Huehuetenango", en **Folklore Americano** 1989 (47): 85-124; "Muestra de Cuentos

Folkloric Tales

Likewise, this course will not delve into theoretical and methodological discussions about traditional oral storytelling. It will simply define a folkloric tale as any "anonymous and oral literary narrative, without a specific time or place, that recounts fictional events and generally has an aesthetic character." 8/ Thompson points out that <<it is the narrative form still used by the vast majority of human beings, both among so-called primitive people and among the illiterate.>> 9/ It is necessary to emphasize the magical, unreal, and fictional nature of the story. In other words, these stories preserve the real plans of the anonymous author on the one hand, and the fictional characters narrated on the other. 10/ A narrative of this nature is not believed by either the narrator ("storyteller" in Guatemala) or the listener, but it captivates and entralls both through the power of magic. As Yolanda Salas de Lecuna rightly points out, the story <<is definitely fiction.>> 11/

Folkloric tales have many variations, which, in turn, have given rise to an equal number of classifications. It is worth noting the universally known classification developed by Stith Thompson, which refers in particular to fairy tales, where the extraordinary story of the sorcerer's apprentice (AT325) studied here is included. But if the definition of a folkloric tale is still so

vague, that of a fairy tale is even more so. It will be said in this regard, and to quote classical scholars, that Stith Thompson describes it as <<a rather long story containing a succession of motifs or episodes. It transports one to an unreal world with no definite location or characters, and is full of wonder.>> 12/ Vladimir Propp believes that these types of narratives have preserved traces of numerous rituals and customs that have since disappeared, <<which is why they become magical and symbolically supernatural.>> 13/ He adds that only by comparing them with rituals or their remnants is it possible to explain the motifs of the tale genetically, even though the relationship between tale and ritual takes different forms. 14/ For Linda Dégh, magical tales have supernatural adventures as their theme. 15/ In order to understand the type studied, it should be noted that it belongs to the group of tales that deal with the representation of the extraordinary and the supernatural.

Studying fairy tales leads directly to an encounter with the symbolic sources of the society that created them or, after reinterpreting their meaning, incorporated them into its innate platform and ideological representations through oral tradition, as in the case of Guatemala. In this regard, Rodríguez Almodóvar emphasizes: <<The fairy tale promotes certain messages

about the foundations of society, about family and sex (that is, the ideology of the tale), and about freedom, justice, and the unknown (more abstract content). It completely lacks religious content, in the historical sense, although it does share a connection with archaic religions, as do the most ancient myths>>. 16/ And it is precisely in the analysis of these stories that it is possible to delve deeply into the processes of acculturation of the different ethnic groups in Guatemala, their readaptation to the contemporary world, and their incorporation into current social practices and sociocultural configurations. 17/

On the other hand, eastern Guatemala is extraordinarily rich in these ideological representations. A holistic analysis of the region's traditional tales provides a broad view of daily life and the historical formation of the different human groups that make eastern Guatemala a population and cultural mosaic as heterogeneous as the western part of the country. 18/ A fragmentary analysis of these tales, however, allows us to place their importance within the specific oral tradition of these people.

The Tales of the Sorcerer's Apprentice in Guatemala

As noted above, this work provides a

Populares Mestizos del Oriente de Guatemala" en **Folklore Americano** 1988 (45): 21-48 y "Leyendas de Encantamiento y Señores de los Cerros" en **La Tradición Popular** 1989 (73): 2-16. Asimismo Vid. Fernando Peñaloza "Cuentos Populares Indígenas Acatecos de Guatemala", en **Folklore Americano** 1990 (49): 109-139.

8/ Jorge B. Rivera. **Op. cit.** p. 12.

9/ Stith Thompson. *El Cuento Folklórico* (Caracas-Venezuela: Ediciones de la Biblioteca de la Universidad Central de Venezuela, 1972). p. 21.

10/ Jorge B. Rivera. **Op. Cit.** pp. 10-12.

11/ Yolanda Salas de Lecuna. **El Cuento Folklórico en Venezuela** (Caracas-Venezuela: Biblioteca de la Academia Nacional de la Historia, 1985), p. 51.

12/ Stith Thompson. **Op. Cit.** p. 31.

13/ Vladimir Propp. **Las Raíces Históricas del Cuento** (España: Editorial-Fundamentos, 1974). p. 24.

14/ **Ibid.** pp. 25-26.

15/ Linda Dégh, "Oral Folklore" en Richard Dorson, Ed. **Folklore and Folklife, and Introduction** (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1972). p. 62.

16/ Antonio Rodríguez Almodóvar. **Los Cuentos Maravillosos Españoles** (Barcelona: Editorial Crítica, 2ª Edición, 1987), pp. 30-31.

17/ Cfr. among other studies, Olga Pérez Molina, "Conflicto Étnico-Nacional y subordinación de los Derechos Socioculturales de los grupos étnicos de Guatemala", en **Folklore Americano** 1989 (48): 123-134 y Celso A. Lara Figueroa "Notas sobre las especificidades de la cultura popular de Guatemala" en **Revista**

de Investigaciones Folklóricas 1989 a (4): 7-10.

18/ Celso A. Lara Figueroa. **Op. Cit.** 1982, pp. 11-62 y **passim**, Claudia Dary Fuentes. **Estudio Antropológico de la Literatura Oral en prosa del Oriente de Guatemala; Cuentos, casos y chistes de Chiquimula**. (Guatemala: Editorial Universitaria, 1986). pp. 44-93. On the other hand, studies on eastern Guatemala are rather scarce. However, Vid., see, Magnus Mörner, **El Mestizaje en la Historia de Iberoamérica** (México: Comisión de Historia del IPGH, 1961); pp. 11-60; Héctor H. Samayoa Guevara, "El Mestizo en Guatemala en el siglo XVI, a través de la Legislación Indiana", en *Antropología e Historia de Guatemala* 1966 (Vol. XVIII, No. 1) and, Claudia Dary Fuentes, **cfr. El Oriente de Guatemala: Historia y Tradiciones** (Guatemala: MS., 1987). Chapters. I-VI. From the same author, "Los asentamientos humanos de origen español en el oriente de Guatemala y orígenes de la literatura popular", en

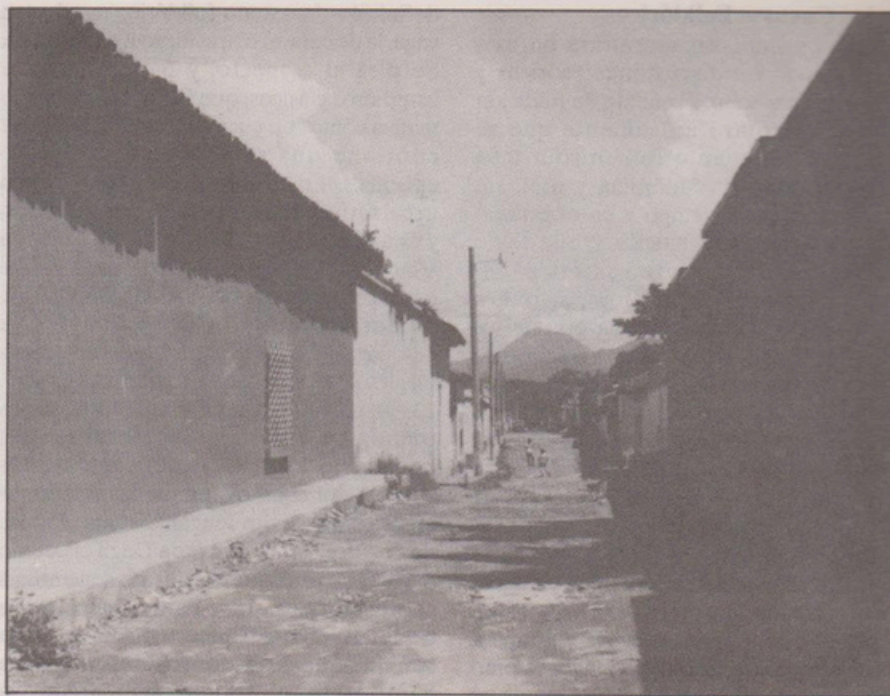
complete version, archetypal in the sense of Thompson 19/, of the AT 325 tale "The Wizard and His Apprentice," collected in the village of La Esmeralda in the municipality of Jerez in the department of Jutiapa in 1989 from Mr. Tereso Fajardo Peñate, a master traditional storyteller.

The Guatemalan version, without fear of contradiction, after having compared the most important collections of folk tales known to date, is the one that most closely approximates the archetype organized by Thompson, as it includes all the sequences and motifs in the order established by the illustrious scholar. This version is unique in Latin America. Hence its value. The other versions offered in summarized and elaborated form (Nos. 2, 3, and 4) are already contaminated by other types, which, of course, enrich them but distance them from the archetype pointed out and masterfully shown by version No. 1.

It should be reiterated that in the field of oral tradition, of the anthropology of the word—in the sense of Camale-Griaule—it is very difficult, if not impossible, to find versions as complete as the Guatemalan one, due to the very mechanisms of transmission and the internal laws of orality. This version is therefore an exception and constitutes a discovery in the field of Guatemalan popular literature.

The tale "The Magician and His Pupil" (AT 325) has deep historical roots in Western oral tradition.

According to Stith Thompson, it is one of the oldest tales in Indo-European culture. Its origin, according to the aforementioned author, must be located in the East, specifically in India. As early as 1849, Teodoro Benfey demonstrated, with this narrative, how Indian tales were introduced into Mongolian literature and, through it, passed on to Central Europe. 20/ According to the



Side street in the village of La Esmeralda, Jerez, Jutiapa. This is where Don Tereso Fajardo's house is located. In the background is the Chingo volcano. (Photo: Fernando Rodríguez Farfán).

distinguished professor, there is no doubt about the origin of this story: it is considered one of the best-known folk tales in Europe. It appears in collections of folk tales compiled in 16th-century Italy by Gian Francesco Straparola, as well as in various collections and compendiums from the Near East, southern Siberia, the Philippines, and North Africa. It was brought to the United States, to the state of Missouri, by the French, and to the state of Massachusetts by Portuguese-speaking blacks from the Cape Verde Islands.

All Spanish-language collections report it, and it appears in the indexes of Spanish and Latin American Types and Motifs. According to Susana Chertudi, the oldest Latin American version is the Argentine one that appeared in 1890. 21/ A Peruvian version was published in 1900 and is reported for Mexico in 1896. 22/ Ralph S. Boggs already recorded it for Spanish-speaking countries in 1930. 23/

It is important to note what Thompson says about this story: <<Wherever it is told,>> he says, <<the details of the story remain remarkably unchanged.>> 24/ Such

Revista Encuentro 1989/1990 (1): 9-17.

19/ Stith Thompson. **Op. Cit.** p. 549.

20/ **Ibid.** p. 160.

21/ Susan Chertudi "Las especies Literarias en prosa" en **Folklore Argentino** (Buenos Aires: Editorial Nova, 1959), pp. 133-158.

22/ **Cfr.** John Esten Keller. "El Cuento Folklórico en España y en Hispanoamérica" en **Folklore Américas** 1956 (Vol. XIV, No. 1): 2-10 and María Rosa Lida de Malkiel, **El Cuento Popular y otros Ensayos** (Buenos Aires: Editorial Losada, 1976), pp. 63-80.

23/ Ralph S. Boggs. **Op. Cit.** pp. 46-47.

24/ Stith Thompson. **Op. Cit.** p. 106.



is the case with the Guatemalan version from Jutiapa and the others published here. The significance of the story is almost abysmal. Suffice it to say that it is deeply rooted in the unconscious memories of the cultures where it is told.

It should be emphasized that, in this story, magical powers are inherent to the hero. It is he who, through his acquired wisdom, manages to overcome darkness and ignorance. This story, then, dates back to the beginning of the civilizing process of Western people.

In this vein, Vladimir Propp links the historical origin of this tale to ancient prehistoric rites based on the myth of the return of the world of the dead to the realm of the living, in the process of forming the sacred and profane worlds of the different people in which it lives and reproduces as a phenomenon of historical and social memory. Therefore, this and other similar narratives organize chaotic reality and sacralize it according to non-innovative patterns. 25/

The fundamental magical transformations that appear in the organic development of the tale lead to the magician's decisive impediment: drawing the barrier between light and darkness. As Propp points out, <<the pursuer cannot cross the border: his power (as a magician) does not extend to the realm of the living,>> 26/ Propp offers extensive scholarly discussions on the origins of this tale, tracing it back to the beginnings of social classes and private property, symbolized in the narrative by the apprentice's flight and the theft of magic itself, or rather the wisdom that magic provides. 27/

On the other hand, narratives of this nature sacralize not only the reality of the "storyteller" and his daily life, but also the society that produces him. In other words, they sublimate and embellish reality, inverting and transforming it to create a magical world. In other words, these narratives organize chaotic reality and sanctify it according to specific cultural patterns, insofar as they reproduce the magical, mythical balance of the ancient ideological formations of the inhabitants of these American lands. The story, then, is the symbolic reproduction of collective life, presented both in the microcosm and in the social macrocosm expressed in its oral tradition. When the narrator tells the story and the audience listens, they reproduce their particular microcosm, and the very act of narrating expresses, in turn, the macrocosm of their society. As Yolanda Salas de Lecuna suggests in this and other wonderful stories, it is <<through magic, the supernatural, or fiction that we are presented with an orderly world.>> In this way, <<the real world,>> adds the Venezuelan specialist, <<is transformed and inverted in order to sublimate it, not to question it, nor to transform it in terms of radical changes in its hierarchical structure.>> 28/

In this story, the fantastic, the marvelous, and the religious alter natural and physical laws, time and space, or intertwine in a symbolic whole that conceals a desire to escape the reality to which it belongs. And in this way, we enter fully into the realm of hermeneutics. As J. C. Cooper points out, the allegories that appear in the external world of this story of the Sorcerer's Apprentice are even linked to the

prohibition of knowledge represented by the images of darkness and the sun. 29/

The aforementioned pursuit undertaken by the hero through his efforts (**the apprentice**) and the actions of the magician who prevents him from attaining knowledge by punishing those who have obtained it (the magician of magicians, **Magus Maximus**), and even the triumph of wisdom (Umberto Eco's **Sophia**), refer to ancient relationships between man and his formative myths. 30/ In the case of Western culture, this persecution reached its peak in the Spanish Inquisition of the **15th, 16th, and 17th** centuries, and in Latin America it is still present in the daily life of our countries.

The symbolism of this tale touches in such depths that it even connects with alchemy 31/ and its relationship with forbidden knowledge, luminous knowledge, and the transmutation of metals. Ultimately, the tale studied represents the ongoing struggle between magic, religion, and science, present in all societies, both Western and those with other historical roots. 32/

Furthermore, the presence of such precise and concrete landscapes in the plot of the story leads to the discovery of the collective unconscious that inhabits the hermeneutic immensities of these narratives. 33/ Likewise, they reveal the function of the imaginary within subaltern groups, expressed through symbolic actions in their own literature. 34/

Finally, the enduring popularity of fairy tales can also be explained by man's unfathomable need to scrutinize mystery and magic and the frequent symbolism he creates

25/ Vladimir Propp. **Op. Cit.** p. 518.

26/ **Ibid.** p. 519.

27/ **Ibid.** pp. 520-521.

28/ Yolanda Salas de Lecuna. **Op. Cit.** p. 66. **Vid.**, also pp. 66-70 y **Passim** y sobre el **Tipo** 325 en Venezuela, pp. 138-139.

29/ J. C. Cooper. **Cuentos de Hadas. Alegorías de los mundos internos** (Málaga: Editorial Sirio S. A., 1986). pp. 161-167 and Juan Eduardo Cirlot.

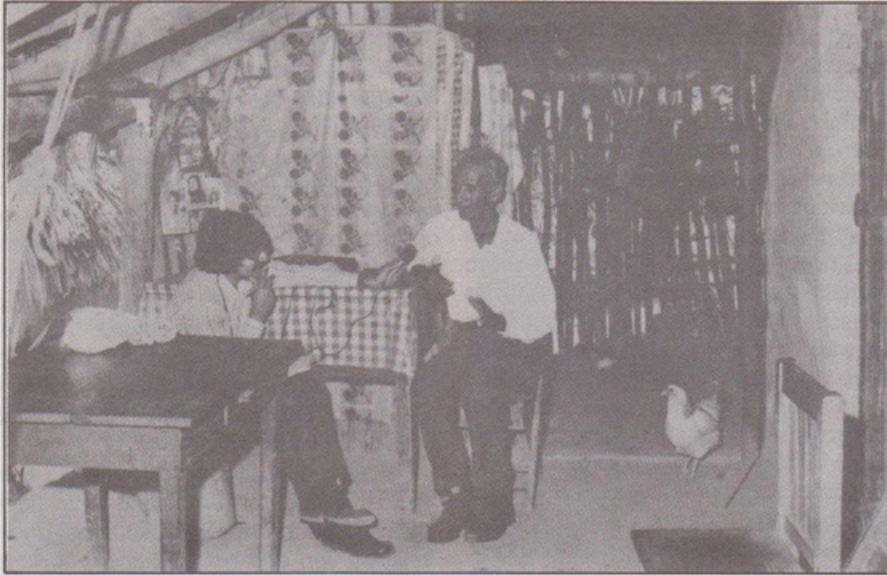
Diccionario de Símbolos (Barcelona: Editorial Labor, 3ª Edición, 1979). pp. 100-123.

30/ According to the analysis discussed here, the theme reflected in this story has been the subject of artistic creation, notably William Shakespeare's comedy **The Tempest**. See William Shakespeare. **La Tempestad** (Estudio preliminar Ezequiel Martínez Estrada. México: W. M. Jackson Inc., 1963, pp. XXXVI-XXXVIII and 287-368, and the known Scherzo sinfónico de Paul Dukas, **el Aprendiz de Brujo**, basado en una balada original de J. W. Goethe.

31/ J. C. Cooper. **Op. Cit.** pp. 87-97 and Mírcea Eliade. **Herreros y Alquimistas**. (Madrid: Edit. Taurus/Alianza Editorial, 1974). pp. 90, 148 y 150-158.

32/ Bronislaw Malinowski. **Magia, Ciencia, Religión** (Barcelona: Editorial Ariel, 2ª Edición, 1982), pp. 156-170 y **Passim**. También, Cfr. Jacques Le Goff. **Lo Maravilloso y lo Cotidiano en el Occidente Medieval** (México: Editorial Gedisa Mexicana, 1986). pp. 25-40 y 44-52.

33/ Bruno Bettelheim. **Psicoanálisis de los Cuentos de Hadas** (Barcelona: Ed. Crítica, 1977). pp. 78-79.



Don Santiago Marroquín from the village of Conacastón in El Progreso tells stories during a

session to collect oral literature. (Photo: Manuel Guerra Caravantes).

Rodríguez, while conducting research for UNESCO, found it in 1990 on the southern border of Mesoamerica (Honduras and El Salvador). 38/ In this way, its dispersion and persistent relevance among different sociocultural configurations, both indigenous and in eastern Guatemala, demonstrate its validity and deep roots in the oral popular literature of Guatemala.

On the other hand, a thorough examination of this story confirms Fernando Peñaloza's findings on **Types and Motifs** in Guatemalan Indigenous Literature, when he recently stated: <<To date, the most numerous stories (among the Maya of Guatemala) are those involving magic, such as those in which princesses do emerge from grapefruits, followed by animal stories.>> 39/

Finally, and to conclude this theoretical introduction, it should be noted that when delving into this mestizo tale, one finds that both the mythical symbolism of the indigenous and mestizo versions accurately reflect the objective elements of their historical memory and are **unified** in the depth of lost myths and rites, at the very foundation of the primitive social forms from which their civilizing process originated, in the sense of Darcy Ribeiro. We insist. It must be emphasized: all oral tradition stories refer to themes from early times to the origin of man, and express, on a symbolic level that has often been lost, a strong collective interest. It is not, therefore, solely the heritage of indigenous literature, as Franco Sandoval points out, 40/ but rather one of the characteristics of traditional forms of oral tradition, regardless of their ethnic roots or

from them, as Umberto Eco states in his latest novel. 35/

On the other hand, the rebellious nature of the story is present in the brave and tenacious figure of the apprentice, who finds the right means to "learn magic" and defeat the powerful (the wizard) with his own weapons. This is the challenging symbolism of the version offered here, 36/ which appears frequently in the folk tales collected in the eastern region, of mestizo origin, deeply Guatemalan. 37/

Likewise, the type of story analyzed here highlights the worldview and outlook on life of the inhabitants of this region of Guatemala: the inflections of their speech, the colloquial forms of their language; in short, their own

morphology and phonetics. It also represents their aspirations and the mechanisms they use to sanctify their concrete reality. All of this appears in each of the sequences and motifs of the versions presented.

The presence and richness of Type 325 in Guatemala is evident: it has been compiled in the indigenous region by several researchers from the Summer Institute of Linguistics in the departments of El Quiché in the Ixil area, Totonicapán, and in Chimaltenango, Patzún, among the Cakchiqueles. In the Pocomchí, Mam, and Kanjobal linguistic areas, by the author in recent compilations (1989-90). Margaret Redfield collected it on the northern border with Mexico, and Fernando

34/ Marc Soriano, **Los Cuentos de Perrault, Erudición y Tradiciones Populares**. (México: Editorial Siglo XXI, 1975), pp 460-479.

35/ Umberto Eco **El Péndulo de Foucault**, (España: Bompini/Lumen, Editores, 1989), pp. 524 y 577.

36/ Joaquín Díaz, **Palabras ocultas en la Canción Folklórica**. (Madrid: Cuaderno Taurus, 1971), pp. 9-16 y 135-137.

37/ Cfr. Celso A. Lara Figueroa, **Op. Cit.** 1988, pp. 24-48; Claudia Dary Fuentes, **Op. Cit.** 1986, pp. 179-262 and Jaime Barrios Peña, **Arte Mestizo en América Latina** (Buenos Aires: Editorial Fénix, 1989), pp. 41-59.

38/ Cfr. The following studies in which this story appears: Vid, Instituto Lingüístico de Verano, (ed), **Según nuestros antepasados** (Guatemala: ILV, 1972), pp. 83-85; 117-208-209; Margaret Redfield "Folk Literature of a Yucatan Town" (Washington: Carnegie Institution, serie Contribution to American Archeology, 1937), pp. 1-50; Fernando Rodríguez Farfán, "Informe de avance de investigación sobre literatura popular del sur de Mesoamérica" (ORCALC-UNESCO, Junio 1990) and Celso A. Lara Figueroa, "Informes de avance de investigación sobre lenguas indígenas de Guatemala" (ORCALC-UNESCO, junio 1990) and from the same author, "Literatura popular de Huehuetenango,

Guatemala. Una Muestra", en **La Tradición Popular** 1988 (68/69): 4-12.

39/ Fernando Peñaloza, **El Cuento Popular: Patrimonio del Pueblo Maya** (Potencia presentada al VII Taller Maya de Literatura, celebrado en la ciudad de Cobán, Alta Verapaz, del 25 al 29 de junio de 1990), p. 3.

40/ Franco Sandoval, "Tolgom y Cabrakán: Mitos de Nuestra Raíz" en **Revista Perraje** 1990 (1): 11.

sociocultural configuration. 41/

The Storyteller

Don Tereso Fajardo Peñate was born in 1904. He is a native of the village of La Esmeralda, municipality of Jerez, department of Jutiapa, where he has always lived. He married María Orellana, with whom he had six children, four of whom are still alive. He did not attend school, but he did learn to read and write, although "he practiced little because there was nowhere to do so."

Farmer. He owns land in his native village. However, he also leases a plot in El Saral, near the hamlet with the same name. At the age of fifty, he went blind. Despite this, with the help of his children, he still works in agriculture.

An extraordinary storyteller, he learned the stories from his father, José María Fajardo, and tells them <<to the village children, who bother me in the afternoons and evenings.>>

Before going blind, Don Tereso "went down to work" on the coast of the departments of Santa Rosa, Jutiapa, and Escuintla on the sugar cane and cotton plantations (on the Mirandilla farm, as he recalls). There he also "memorized" other people's stories. He recalls the narrative quality of <<a man from Rio Bravo named Apolinario Higueros>> who taught him many of the best stories he knows (<<Don Apolinario... he was a real storyteller,>> he says).

Don Tereso is an exceptional storyteller. In addition to his prodigious memory, he has a brilliant ability to describe the motifs and characters of his stories in minute detail, thus creating true oral scenography.

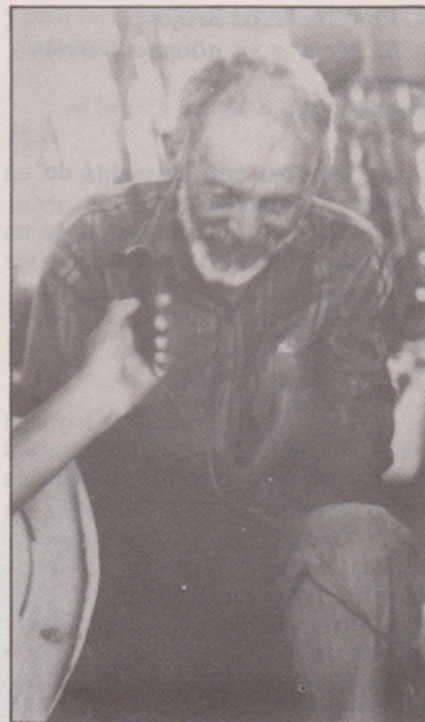
He paints the setting in which the story unfolds with literary figures of exceptional value. Don Tereso <<sweats out the stories>> (as he himself says), through changes in his voice and body language, thus conveying all the emotion and energy that telling them produces in him. He tells his stories at wakes, in bars, to children, and <<when asked. That's why,>> he adds, <<I feel very good, because people like the stories I know>>. He adds: <<They seek me out a lot, sometimes all the time, especially the kids who want stories all the time. With more stories, I give a lot of myself and I'm useful,>> he concludes.

Of the story he calls "The King's Servant," published here, he notes that it is one of the most requested, <<perhaps because it is very mysterious, and people like that.>> He no longer remembers who taught it to him, but it was probably his father, <<who knew so much about these things.>>

Finally, it should be noted that Don Tereso's narrative work falls within the scope of what Daniel Mato defines as the insertion of the narrator into the worldview of his village, in this case La Esmeralda. 42/

Final Reflection

In such a short space, it is impossible to comprehensively analyze these traditional forms of orality. It is necessary to understand them from the following perspectives: sociohistorical and linguistic contextualization, as a social element that has been incorporated over time. The structural approach to study and



Don Tereso Fajardo Peñate narrating the story of The Sorcerer's Apprentice at his home in the village of La Esmeralda, Jerez, Jutiapa. (Photograph: Celso A. Lara Figueroa).

analyze the sequences and internal structures of the oral narrative. The stylistic approach to discover literary and poetic forms, and the symbolic approach, which addresses the hermeneutic plot of the story, and the mythical vision of the narrative studied. 43/

Let us leave this brief analysis of the **Tales of the Sorcerer's Apprentice in Guatemala** for now and immerse ourselves in their ancient wisdom through the versions offered below. 44/

41/ **Cfr.** On this topic, among other authors, Celso A. Lara Figueroa, **Op. Cit.**, 1989a, pp. 7-10 and Olga Pérez Molina, **Op. Cit.** pp. 131-134.

42/ Daniel Mato, **Op. Cit.** pp. 46-72, and from the same author **Criterios metodológicos para la investigación y reactivación de las formas tradicionales del arte de narrar** (Ponencia presentada al I Congreso de Universidades Nacionales sobre Tradición y Cultura Popular, celebrado en la Ciudad de Cumaná, Venezuela del 15 al 17 de noviembre 1989), pp. 2-12.

43/ **Vid.** Al respecto el aporte metodológico de Patricia H. Coto. **De Narradores Populares y Cuentos**

Folklóricos Argentinos (Buenos Aires: Ediciones Filofalsia, 1988); Rogelio Rubio "Tradición Oral y Tradición Antropológica" en **Ethnica, Revista de Antropología** 1982 (18): 149-166 y Francisco de Asís Ligorred Perramond. **Consideraciones sobre la Literatura Oral de los Mayas Modernos** (México: Instituto Nacional de Antropología e Historia, 1990), pp. 15-64.

44/ The different versions of **The Sorcerer's Apprentice** were compiled directly by the author, as well as the transcription of the same. The summaries of versions Nos. 2, 3 and 4 were elaborated by Julio Taracena, an Anthropology student at the School of History of the USAC, who collaborates

ad-honorem with the Literary Folklore area of the Center as a research assistant. The respective

documentation of versions Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 are on file in the CEFOL-USAC area, where they can be consulted as basic reference data. On the other hand, the author also carried out the study of types in the indexes cited in Note 3, which were corroborated by Fernando Peñaloza of the University of California (Personal communication, September 1990). The author thanks Dr. Peñaloza for his disinterested collaboration in this regard.

1. The Sorcerer's Apprentice
The Magician and his pupil
(prototype version).
(Type 325)

"A king was in need of a servant and says to the daughter:

-Daughter, I am in need of a servant, and I am going out of the city to look for him.

Then the daughter said to him:

Dad, there are so many young people here in the city who could come to serve us, why don't you talk to any of the young people here in the city?

No daughter, -said the king- because I need a servant, but a humble one, one of those peasants who are rather ignorant, who can neither read nor write, because I have many things to lose in my books and I would like that everything I have in my books, that nobody knows it, because I have many evidences and.... they are things that only I should know, no one else should know; and that is why I am going to look for it in the hamlets over there in the bush. A boy, but an illiterate one.

Well, it's okay, Dad, -she told him-. You know what you're doing.

So, I'm going out tomorrow, because I have to find someone to come and serve me here in the house, but I need, I tell you, a servant, not one who will come and take over my wisdom.

Then, the next day the king went out. He went walking and walking along the shores, there by the hamlets of his kingdom. Suddenly, then, he found a young man filling a tecomate (a gourd, calabash, or a bowl-shaped vessel made from a dried gourd) in a spring:

Hello, boy, -he said-.

Yes sir, -he (the young man) said to him-.

Wouldn't you like to go to work in the city?

Oh, sir, maybe my dad won't let me go (said the young man).

Where is your father? (asked the king).

Over there he is planting in the fields, -said the young man-.

Why don't you go and talk to him, -said the king-, and ask him if he will let you go to work? I'll give you a good job, you'll earn good money, and you'll help him, because I need a boy, but just like you.

I'm going to tell my dad.

And the little boy went, with the tecomatios (little tecomates) of water to where his father was and told him:

There is a man over there who says that if I go to work with him, he pays

me good money, Dad.

-on, but you are not prepared, -he told him-, to go to work in the city, -he said-. Look, we only know farm work, and what can you do in a city? Tell the Lord King that you can't, or rather, if he tries to get you to work for him, well... maybe in about four days, when we finish sowing here in the little farm. Then I would let you go, -said the father-.

Well, the boy is back, he says to the king:

My father said that he won't let me go for now, -he told him-,



"Cantinita De La Callecita Alegre", Aldea La Esmeralda, in which don Tereso Fajardo Peñate expresses all his popular wisdom (Photo: Fernando Rodríguez Farfán).

because we are planting the little farm, but maybe in about four days he will let me go, if you think I can be useful to you, because I can't do any work unless I work here, in the fields.

Then the king said to him:

No **m'ijo**, there you are not going to do field work; your work there is going to be to clean some of my rooms, sweep, shake, see that the little room where I have my things is well tidy. That's what I need you for, -he said-.

And -asked the king-, Have you been to school?

Not me, Mr. King, -replied the boy-.

So, you don't know how to read and write?

No, -said the boy-.

Well, there is nothing better, those who cannot read or write I pay them better, -he said-, because I like to serve the humbler people, -he said-,

Ah... -The boy said-, Well, if you think that I don't know anything, and I'm useful to you, then I'll go.

Shall I come back tomorrow?

All right, -he said-, I'll tell my father that I'm going with you tomorrow.

And the boy went back to his father and said:

Look, the gentleman says that tomorrow he is coming back for me.

But my son, I had to give you some advice, -said the father-, for your benefit.

No, he asked me if I knew how to read and write.

And didn't you say yes? -said his father-.

Ah, I told him I don't know.

But my son, I had you in school for a few days, I don't think you haven't learned to read and write.

But since I can't read very well, I was ashamed to tell him that I did. I better told him that I could not at once, because since I can't, I didn't want to say yes, and he told me that he would pay me better if I didn't know anything, -said the little boy-.

See then, but you would have told him that you could read, look, so that he could pay you better.

But he says he needs people who don't know anything.

I better tell him like this, and it worked out well because he says that being like this, tomorrow he will come for me.

Ah, well, the day of the sentence came, and the king arrived another day for the boy.

Come on, -he said-, mount this

horse and you will see that there in the house, you will need nothing.

Arriving at the house, the king says to the daughter:

Here is the boy that will serve us, look, my daughter, -he said-.



and said: God and Dove! and the boy became a dove and flew up and left.

Oh, yes, Dad, -she said-.
Well, and you, -said the king's daughter-. Do you know how to read and write?

I don't.

Well, I'm going to teach you, -she said-.

Then her dad came and said:

I'm going to have to carry this little girl on a walk myself, so that she won't have time left to teach this little boy anything -he said- because I have so many stories in these books that the little boy is going to take away from me. And I have enough of... and this little boy, knowing how to read and write, will learn them, and then my work would be worthless.

So, he decided to take his daughter out for a walk every day, and he ordered the boy what he had to do:

You shake these books for me, you put these over there, you put these over here, and he ordered him to clean the house.

And the king no longer stayed in the house, because he did not want to give his daughter time to teach the boy to read and write, so that he would be more alert. But the boy, although he started just spelling, more the days passed and he kept practicing his reading, he kept reading those books and all that the king had, and he found among all that he was reading, a book that said: **Do you want to become some kind of animal? You only have to say this prayer and after you say this prayer, you say: God and the animal you want to become, and you become.**

I'm going to try it, -said the boy-, and then read the smallest sentence, the last one saying: **Do you want to become a pigeon? Say: God and dove.** He read and went out to the courtyard and did as the prayer said there and said God and Dove! and the boy became a dove and flew up and left.

In the distance he saw that the king was at a banquet. He was there with other friends, and he only saw that they were there, and he was over there fooling around, he watched all the turns, what the king was doing, and he never showed himself. When

he saw that they were getting ready to return to the house, he flew up and came to the courtyard of the house and said: God and man! And he fell back down, pretending to be the same boy, and went into the room to continue sweeping and dusting. When the king arrived, he found him busy with his chores, just as he had left him.

Another day:

We're not going anywhere today, are we, Dad? -asked the daughter-.

No, -he said-, because your mom is quite ill. She's sick, and we may not be going out.

Today I'll have time to teach this boy we have here at home what numbers are. He's so informal, and he needs to learn.

No, my dear, you should never worry about these foolish people, because they will become your worst enemies. You shouldn't teach these... individuals anything, because you can see that the Indios (derogatory way to call indigenous people) takes everything the wrong way. Look, let's prepare a banquet, because we're going to invite some friends to come here to visit us, so forget about the boy.

He didn't even give his daughter the chance to teach the poor boy anything; because his daughter was already doing what her father told her to do.

(The king insisted):

Because I want you to become a beautiful princess, not a girl who goes around showing off what she shouldn't, but I am giving you an education so that you can learn, because I want you to be educated, to be this and that-the gentleman there with his daughter. So, for four days, they prepared a great banquet in the house. The boy was desperate, and after he finished his chores, he said:

I'm going to fetch some firewood from the woods over there.

Okay, go ahead and fetch some firewood from the corral.

He went out where the cows were and there in the mountains, he remembered what he had read back in... in the room where he worked:

I'm going to try this prayer, -he said-. He had already learned it, already had it in his mind, and so he read it, raised his hands, and said, God and horse! Boom! He fell down as a horse. Then he saw himself as a horse, and he marveled at the evidence he had before him. Then, after he became a horse, he walked a little, saw that he could control his beastly body, and...

No, -he said-, this doesn't suit me, being turned into an animal, no, -he said-, God and man! Tas! The man came back to his senses; he turned back into a man. Then he started to chop wood and threw his bundle of wood over his shoulder and went home, but he was now sure that what he was studying there, in his job, was working. Now, with more determination, he no longer worried about his job, but tried to learn more and more from what was written there.

Then the king went on another trip. Shortly after the king began his travels, because he had to visit other countries, he was gone for a long time.

The boy studied alone, day and night, until one day he said:

My boss never shows up, and he never comes, and it's been so long, and I'm alone in this house. Everyone left. He went through all the books, making sure not to leave a single book unstudied, not a single book unappreciated. He appreciated all the old books, learned all the lessons they contained, and cared for them as if they were his own, because he had already extracted something useful for himself from those books. Then, one day, seeing that his boss hadn't shown up, he went out to the courtyard of the house and...

God and dove! -he said-, and flew away to travel the world, to see where his master was looking. Suddenly, tired of flying, a hawk spotted him and thought about eating him, so the boy quickly threw himself to the ground and said, God and man! and he turned back into a man, and the hawk flew away, because animals in the forest always fear humans, so the animal fled from him, and the boy said:

I will not become a dove again,

because my life is in danger. God and hawk! he said. And he left as a hawk, after being a man, he left as a hawk to fly; now he was more like a hawk, where the pigeons saw him, they fled, or any other animal, fleeing from him and him flying, until he arrived where his master was, in another city at a great banquet, and... He flew close by to see if it was really his boss, and he flew close by, but the daughter, who had great insight, recognized him before her father did and saw him. She then said:

This is the boy we left at the house, -she said-, when she saw the animal pass nearby.

The king stared at his daughter, who quickly looked at the hawk:

And what do you see over there, my daughter? -said the king-.

The bird that flew by, -she said-, it's quite strange, Father!

After a while, he returned to see if he had made a mistake, and he returned:

Ha! I saw it, -said the king-. Let's go home right now. I know who it is, -said the king-, and he left immediately, took a carriage, and ordered the driver to hurry.

The hawk, on its second pass, realized that the king, his daughter, and his wife were there, and flew quickly to the house, but the king left in the carriage, because he arrived at the house and the boy arrived there too, only before the king, you, see. When he arrived, he found him in the house:

What have you done?

What you ordered me to do, boss, -he said-.

You have done things I did not order you to do, -said the king-.

What things, my lord? I dusted your books and everything else.

Look, I want you to tell me the truth. I want to give you a raise. Look, I have this bag of money here, -said the king-, and he went to get a large bag from another room. I have all this money for you, but I want you to tell me the truth. Can you read and write?

No, sir, I don't know a single letter.

Well, then my daughter will teach you, because I want you to earn more than you are earning now, but I want you to learn to read and write. Now, if you already know how, there's no need for her to teach you, but if you don't know, she has to teach you, because I want you to learn, -he told him-.

All right, Your Majesty, if you want to teach me, I would be very grateful, -said the boy-.

Come here, -said the king-. Teach him, my daughter. He wants to learn to read and write. Pay attention, -said the king-, make sure that he doesn't cheat. Find out if he really doesn't know or if he's playing a trick on us, because I found evidence that the hawk that flew past us today was this boy, -said the king-.

Then the daughter said, Yes, Dad, but let's try it and see if it's true.

So, she wrote the first letter.

Look, these are the vowels. What letter is this?

How should I know?

No, look at this letter. Don't you know what letter it is?

Not me.

This is the a, look; this is the e, see? The e, is it there?

Ah, and what am I doing there?

Don't you want to try to write them?

Okay, but just like you're doing them, I can do them here at the same time, see? That way I can do them the same.

He began to do them, -but I don't know what they say-, said the boy.

Look, now the numbers. How high can you count?

Oh, I can count my fingers like this: one, two, three, four, five, but I don't know anything about numbers.

No, look, the numbers like this, the girl begins, teaching him there, and he plays dumb, taking lessons from her, so as not to reveal what he had already learned there in the big house. Then, seeing that it was difficult for his daughter to even teach him the vowels, and then trying to get him to put words

together, and seeing that several days had passed and he still couldn't learn, he says the same thing to his daughter:

Don't worry, my dear; it wasn't him, -he said-. We made a mistake, so stop teaching him, as it is better that way, -he said-. What I wanted was to find out if he could do anything, but we can see that he can't, so don't worry; that's what interested me.

But I proved, -said the girl-, that he was the one, father, when I saw him fly.

So did I, said the king, but you see, we were wrong. It wasn't him because he doesn't know anything, he doesn't know what's going on.

Hey kid, come here, -they said-, and took him to the book room. What book is this?

Oh, I don't know! -he said-. I just look at the books and the letters on them and shake them.

Look, what's in here?

Dirt, dust, look closely.

Look, what's that figure you're looking at there?

Ah, there's a pigeon there. -Well, where the sentence was, there was a figurative pigeon, but it was the kind of animal that you could be turned to.

And here?

There were cats, dogs, possums, all the animals in the world were depicted, and there was the prayer of evidence, so that one could transform oneself into an animal. Then he said:

I know animals; I know possums, because we've killed many of them at home, -he says-, and these too, look, these are also pigeons, this is a hawk, and this is a beast.

I know the drawings, -he said-, but I don't know what they mean, because I don't know anything about letters. I wanted to learn, but it's no use. Your daughter tried to teach me, but I can't retain anything about letters, as your daughter says. I just can't do it.

Well, that's a shame, -said the king-, not because, you see, all this is worth a fortune; it would have been



yours if you knew how to read and write, I would have paid you better.

But what can I do, sir king, since we don't have a school up there in the mountains, we don't have anything, what could I learn? I'm happy just to be earning whatever you are kind enough to give me. And now that we're talking about what you want to pay me, sir king, I want to go see my dad; it's been days since I've seen him, and I promised him that day that as soon as I started working here with you, I would bring him money. You see how long it's been, and you haven't given me a penny, nor have I gone to see him to bring him money. Who knows how my little brothers are doing!

Do you want to go see them? -asked the king-.

Yes, I want to go.

Then I'll give you money tomorrow and you can go see them, but you'll come back to work for me, because these books are very important, and they mustn't get dusty or anything. They must be moved around every day, and taken good care of here, so that no bugs or any kind of animal grows on them,

because moths eat them and they are books of great importance that I need to take care of.

Ah, that's good. I'll be back soon, sir, but let me go see my dad, -he said-, and at least bring him what I've earned these past few days.

Well, go, -said the king-. It looks like you've been here for a year now, you've had enough time, you've earned something, and... let it be known that your work is worth more than what a student could earn. Your work is worth a fortune, you've behaved well, so... you're going to go see your dad, and you're going to take him enough money.

So, the next day he tells his servants:

Saddle two mules there and load them up with this boy's stuff.

All right, -said the servants-. They saddled the two mules, packed the four thirds of money, and loaded the two mules. And this horse you're going to ride, leave it there with your father, along with the mules, so that he can use them for his work, to pull his little corn, you see? from his crops, and you come back to continue working for me, -said the king-.

All right.

So, the boy left for his little farm, walking and walking until he reached the village where they lived, far away.

When he arrived, his father was sad because he had never gone to see him, and when he saw him, what joy for him! His little brothers were already grown up, and he taught them to ride horses there, bringing them animals and everything, and they were very happy and joyful.

And here's some money, Dad, so you can build a nice house, -he said-, and stop living in this old shack, because I'm not coming back from the city anymore. I'm doing well there; the king pays me well. You see, he hadn't paid me for a long time, but now look at everything he gave me, for you and these animals, for you.

Oh, but why? The king didn't need to do all of these.

But yes, that night the boy thought it was silly to go back.

Go back to the king? When I'm already an adult, -said the boy-, I have a lot of experience, I can work for myself, I can do anything on my own, so why would I go back to the king? I'm staying here with my dad forever. We're going to build a nice house, we're going to live happily here with my brothers, Dad, -said the boy-.

No, son, go to work, -his father said-, because I don't want the king to get angry and come here to bother us, after he helped you with so much money, you cannot behave badly toward him.

No, I can defend myself now, Dad. You don't know how happy I am now, having learned so much from this trip to see the king, -he said-. And it was good that I told him I couldn't read or write, because you cannot imagine how much I've learned, and the king doesn't know what I know, -he said-. I believe I am now superior to the king in wisdom, and the king doesn't know it.

Oh, son, don't say that. The king was well educated, but what about you? What studies do you have?

I studied by myself, I have made a lot of progress -he said- and I am sure of what I have learned.

Well, the day came when he had to go to the king, so he told his father:

Let's go to the king, dad.

You want me to go, don't you?

Yes, you are going to the king, but you are going to sell me there, -he said-.

And that, my son?

Yes, I am going to make myself an animal and you are going to sell this animal to the king, -he said-. Let's see what the king does with this animal that you are going to sell him. You are going to get rich, and I will come after you, because on one condition too, I am going to become a horse, but you are going to sell the horse and bring the bridle, because the bridle is me and the horse is a shadow; you are only going to bring the money -he said- you are not going to sell anything else, because the horse you are going to sell is a shadow -he said- and the body and the soul is the bridle, you are not going to sell it, bring it back, dad -the little boy said to him-.

I don't understand, my son, how these things work, -he said-.

-But you will understand then, listen. Come on, -he said to him-, get on me, -he said-, Tas! the boy became a horse, he prayed his prayer and said, God and horse, and the great horse fell there.

And the father gets on his horse and rides off to the city. Just as he passed the palace gate, where the king was, the daughter was on the balcony, looking down the street, to see when the boy would appear, when she saw the horse coming.

Dad, Dad! said the daughter to the king.

What daughter?

We were not wrong that day with the sparrow hawk, -she said-, now I am sure, here comes the boy as a horse, come and see.

Oh, no.

Come and see, said the daughter, that horse over there is the boy we had in the house.

Oh, gee, that's right! said the king. Tas! He came out to meet him and said:

Friend.

Command, Mr. King, -said the boy's father-.

Will you sell me the horse?

Ah, I won't sell it to you, it's just that it's the only thing I have.

How can it be the only one? You have more beasts, man. Sell me that horse. What a beautiful horse! -And the king began to touch the horse. It's a very handsome horse, I'll buy it.

How much will you give me for it?

Whatever you ask me, -said the king-. Whatever you ask, I'll give it to you in exchange for him.

Ah, may I have a thousand pesos, sir king?

With pleasure, -he said-, with pleasure, come, let us go in.

Let's walk a little way to the corral, then.

Here, let me have it, -said the king-.

Well, -said the boy's father-, it's just to unscrew it and remove the bridle.

Oh, no, -said the king-, I'll buy it with the saddle and bridle.

Ah, -he said-, it's just that the saddle and the bridle will be useful for another beast that I'm going to buy with this money.

No, -said the king-, I'll give you the thousand pesos with saddle and bridle.

I am not sure, -he said-.

Look, I'll give you two thousand more. I'll give you a thousand for the saddle and a thousand for the bridle. Here are three thousand pesos, leave it there.

Wow, -he said-, and these three thousand pesos, I am rich, -he said-, why do I want more? It's good, -he said-, isn't it?

Ah, ungrateful father! -said the boy-, he has already delivered me into the hands of this Lord King.

The man received his three thousand pesos and left. And the king immediately said to his servants:

You are going to make me a pigsty there, but a narrow one, so that only this animal can stand there, so that it has nowhere to turn around, nowhere to lie down, so that it can fit in there under pressure, -he said-. Well-made of solid wood.

All right, -the servants told him-. They made him that pigsty there, like a pure press of just beams that he barely entered standing up and they closed the door, where he had nowhere to turn around or anything, so that he would die imprisoned there directly.

This is your punishment, -said the king-, for having mocked me. There you must die, a calamity.

Careful, -said the king-, don't give this animal a drink of water or a blade of grass!

There he must die, -said the king to all-, and as a king's word, it had to be fulfilled. No one turned to look at him, nor to give him a strand of grass or water; he tried to move, but... he was pressed there! He could do nothing.

What am I doing here? -said the boy-; but as his wisdom was so great, -he said-, I will give this king a headache, that he must die first before me, and in any way; and when he is dead, I am taken out, if I am not dead yet, -said he-, but I will see to it that he dies first.

Zaz! He sent the king a headache through his prayers, and the king began to feel that seriousness, and it felt like his head was splitting in four and he couldn't bear his "senses," that his eyes were popping out, and there was no pharmacy nearby, but he had to cross the river to get to where the medicine was.

Look, -he said- to a nephew he had, go to the pasture and grab the best animal there. You're going to go over there and bring me medicine and tell the doctor to come, because this is too much. I can't stand it! I can't even move, -said the King-. I feel like my eyes are popping out, my senses are exploding, my head is splitting in four, I don't know what to do.

Go, go! -he said-. Grab an animal there... and go quickly.

Then, the boy sent by the king came out. When the horse saw him running by and going to the pasture to catch the beast, and through prayer, he created a fear in the beasts of the pasture. Some animals that were always caught at the gate, as soon as they saw the boy coming to catch the animals, as soon as they saw him arrive at the gate, they ran away! Those animals were so frightened that... with their tails up, not one of them let themselves be caught! And the poor young man struggled to see if he could catch one, but it was impossible; he returned in the afternoon and when he passed by, he saw that the horse was pawing at the ground there in the pigsty.

My uncle has this horse here, close to hand, and he sends me running to the pasture, -said the boy-. Those animals and that horse he has here, if I had gone in the horse I would have returned already, and he even has a saddle and everything there, ah... uncle, he messed it up!

And the animal? -said the king-.

I can't catch anything, uncle, for God's sake, -he said-. Look, I've run the pasture from end to end; the servants there helped me see how we could catch an animal, and it's useless, when they see me, the animals run away; they kick us, they won't let us catch them, uncle.

Ah, damn the time I went to bring this fool here. But I was the fool, -said the king angrily-, because this boy was no fool. He's the one who has me like this, -he said-.

Look, uncle, -he said-, what about that horse you have there in the stable? Why don't I ride it?

Because it doesn't deserve to leave that place. That one must die there.

But uncle, you're going to die from that disease because of your whim.

I assure you that if I ride that horse, I'll bring you the medicine and bring it to you, and when I come back, I'll throw him back in there again, if you want.

Oh, depending on how the day dawns, you will go tomorrow, my son. Now it is too late, -said the king-.

Then the king lay down and slept through the holy night. The next day, he was barely alive.

Uncle, I'm going on that horse, because the beasts won't let themselves be caught, -said the boy-.

Do you promise not to remove the bridle anywhere? -said the king-, because if you remove the bridle, it will run away, -he said-.

Yes, uncle, I promise, look, -he said-, I won't take it off.

Well, be careful, then. First, it will kill you, -said the king-.

Don't let go of it, because even with the bridle on, I can catch the horse wherever it is, but if you take off the bridle, I can't catch it anymore, -he said-. It'll get lost, and that's what I don't want.

I won't take it off, look, I won't take it off. I can swear to you that I won't take it off and that he won't even throw me, because you know

Yes, my son, I have confidence in you, -said the king-. Go on!

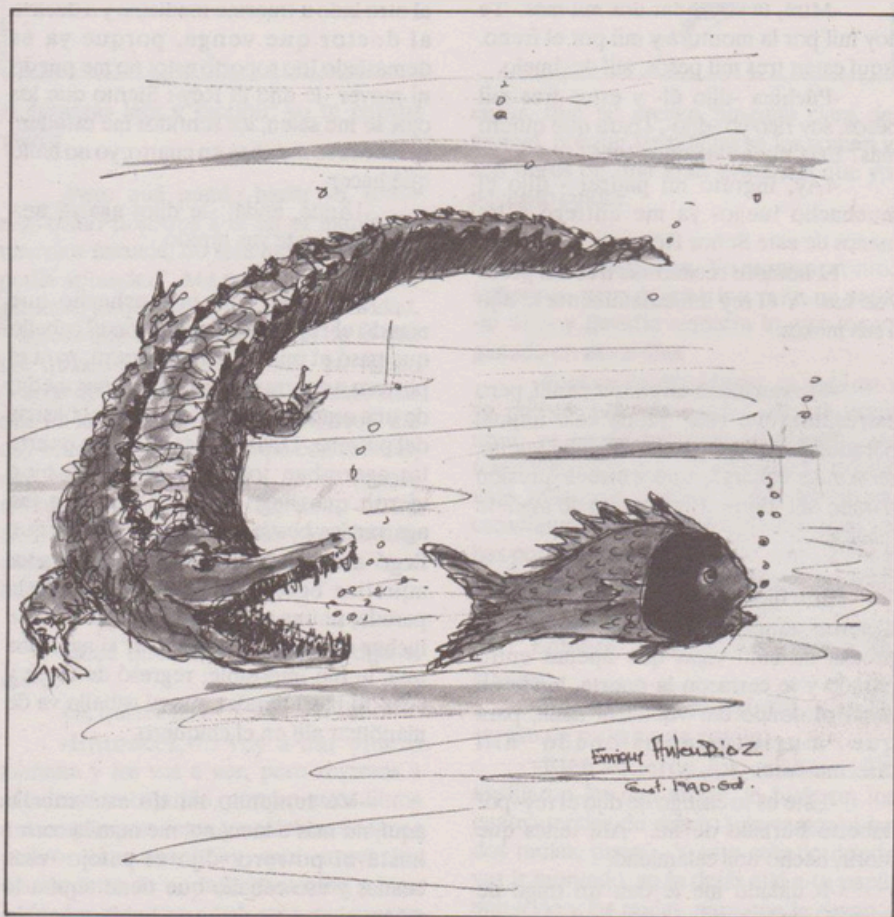
So, the boy has left, then. He took the horse out early the next day and headed in the other direction. When they reached the river, the horse began to buck and buck, trying to throw him off, because he wanted to drink water, but he couldn't drink with the bridle on. What he wanted was for the bridle to be removed so he could leave, but it wasn't removed, and the stubborn boy kept riding the horse, riding and riding. The horse tried to drink water with the bridle on and drank, but he didn't drink as they say, because he wanted to see if they would remove the bridle. The boy didn't take it off. He crossed the river, went to run the errand, and when he got there with the doctor, he told him how his uncle, the king, was doing, then he got him some bottles of medicine and some pills, some spoonful of medicine, around here; the thing is, he got him ready, and the boy left on the horse. When he got back to the river, the horse was being stubborn and wanted to drink water, but he couldn't drink water because he had the bridle on.

Oh, if only I could take the bit out for a moment so he could drink some water, -he said-, but no, my uncle told me that my life comes before the horse's bit. No, I won't take it out, it's unnecessary.

And that horse went bucking and bucking again. Then, just as the horse was about to cross the river, there was a drunkard walking along the road who thought that he could drown if he crossed the river but instead, he laid down on the beach to let his drunkenness pass.

-He didn't say-, I'm very drunk, -he said-, I could fall into the river and drown, so I'd better lie down here on the beach to rest for a while and wait until I sober up, -he said-, then I'll cross the river.

Then, feeling his way along, he crossed the river and lay down on the beach to rest in the shade. There, in his drunken stupor, he heard a horse bucking there, already on the shore, wanting to leave, but the horse was desperate for water, and the capricious boy refused to remove the bridle, so the horse kept falling into the water and getting up again, and all the while, the waves were spraying water onto the spot where he was lying, and he could smell the stampede and feel the water being thrown at him, until finally he woke up and raised his head.



Well, what's this? This boy is already riding that horse. Well, what's wrong with that horse? -he says-, very drunk. What's wrong with that horse, friend? -he says-.

He wants to drink water, look, -said the boy-, and... and my uncle told me not to remove the bridle, and the horse doesn't want to drink water with the bridle on.

Why don't you take it off? Oh, gosh!

Ah, because my uncle said that...

Uncle, my foot, look how he's got me soaked, completely drenched, -he said-, and the drunk bent down and picked up a large rock and threw it at the boy's head to get him off the horse. Boom, the rock knocked him off!

Either you take the bridle off that animal so he can drink water, or I'll throw you another one.

Because the poor drunk was soaking wet where the horse had splashed him while bucking. Don't you see how he's treating me? Why did he have to do that? I was lying here letting my drunkenness pass, but now it's passed, -he said-, and now you're going to pay for it and... Since drunks are sometimes foolish, he went after the boy to hit him. The boy was already badly injured, bleeding from his head. -He said-, Take the bridle off the animal.

As soon as he lowered the bridle from his ears, bang! The bridle fell into the water and the horse disappeared, he was shocked, because where the bridle fell into the water the horse disappeared.

And now? -said the boy-.

When he sees only... the medicine bottle there. And no horse, nothing.

My God, what was this? My uncle told me not to...

So, he grabbed the medicine and carried it in his hands to the king's house. When the king saw the boy coming, he went to meet him, because the king no longer had anything wrong with him, he no longer had a headache, he no longer felt anything. Of course, he was relieved.

This animal is lost, -said the king-, because I am well.

And he went out to meet the boy. At the gate of the palace, the king came out to look for the boy, who was carrying the medicine...

You lost the horse, you animal! -he said to him-.

Yes, uncle, but it wasn't my fault; look how I am.

That animal threw you off, didn't he?

He didn't throw me off, -said the boy-. Imagine! A miserable drunk, look, he was lying there on the beach...

And the boy told him the story, crying there.

Go there! -said the king-, to the health center in the village.

Go and get yourself treated; go there. Get yourself treated at that pharmacy. Sadness overcame me, I must catch up with this animal, because he has already taken the evidence from me, -he said-, and then he ended his life and left.

When he reached the river, he saw the mess, the mud, and nothing else. And the King walked along the riverbank, down and down. He walked quite a long way and saw nothing; he turned back, reached the spot, continued upstream, and there ahead in a pool, he saw a blue mojarra, a big blue mojarra, at the bottom of the pool.

Here you are, -said the king-. You are happy there, content with what you did. You will not succeed. I am the king, -he said-, and no one is more powerful than the king. The king said his prayer and said:

God and lizard! Plunge! Into the pool, and out comes that mojarra fish, fleeing, with the lizard behind it, hunting it, but the mojarra caught it upstream, and the current helped it, because it broke the water, and the lizard, being very thick, was held back by the water, and it struggled and struggled; they walked all that afternoon, but it couldn't catch up with it. It got away, and the minnow found a cave to hide in, and the lizard couldn't fit in, so it dug and dug to see if it could get in. In the silence of the early morning, the mojarra managed to make a small crack and got out and went back into the water. The lizard came to the end of the cave and couldn't find it, so it went back and searched and searched, all along the river, and found it resting again in a pool.

You won't get away from me here, -said the lizard-. The current defended you, but from here on up, I know this river well, and there is no current, nor should there be any

current to disturb us. Today I have you in my hands, -it said-, and it charged at the mojarra, and it fled, with the lizard behind it. The lizard was about to catch it when it felt that it was about to catch the mojarra:

God and dove! -it said-, and the dove flew out of the water.

God and hawk! -said the king-, and the lizard also jumped out of the water to hunt it. And it flew and flew; by this time the day was already dawning, and they appeared in another city. The dove flew on, but as it folded its wings and broke the wind, and the hawk, being wider, was held back by the wind, it could never catch up with it, but it kept sight of it and kept sight of it; but at last the dove grew tired and, passing through a city, saw three girls that were washing their hands, they had just gotten up and were washing their hands there at the sink, and then it went over to where the girls were.

Oh look, -one said to the other-, that hawk is hunting that little dove, oh, it's got it, it's... grabbing it! It's grabbing it!

And they watched in awe, and the dove, boom! Fell down where they were, as if to be defended, and said as it passed by:

God and ring! On a girl's finger, fell the dove. It fell like a ring on a girl's finger; the hawk came to hunt it, but when it arrived, it was already a ring; and they grabbed the hawk and beat it there, but it got away; they couldn't kill it. Well, they beat it, and it left, and they were not able to kill it.

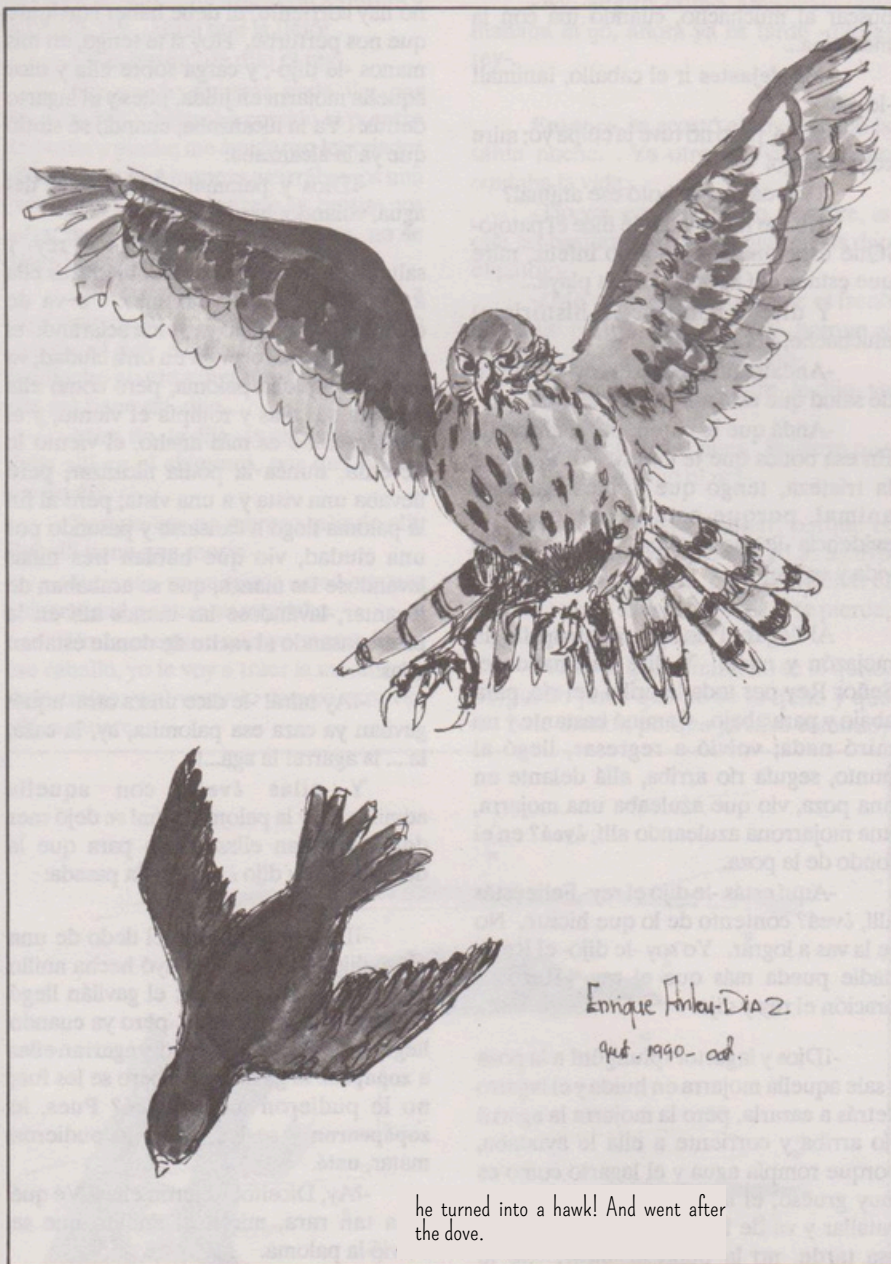
Oh, my goodness, -they said-. Look at that strange thing, look at the little ring that the dove turned into.

No, I saw the dove fly away, -said the other-. I saw it leave with my own eyes.

But why did it leave this gold ring here? Look, it is gold, and it is beautiful.

Oh, how lucky you are, -she said-. So, they continued washing, and the hawk flew away, all battered, to the forest. There it said:

God and man! The hawk became a great king, and those were the daughters of another king; they were princesses who were washing there. Well, now that he was king, he knew them perfectly well, and they no longer recognized the man when they saw him pass by, not that he



he turned into a hawk! And went after the dove.

was king, he knew them perfectly well, and they no longer recognized the man when they saw him pass by, not that he went after them and saw them when they arrived at the palace; then he went and asked for an audience to speak with the Lord King, and he entered. Ah, when he told him that he was the king:

But how come you didn't tell me you were coming? Your arrival is very sudden.

Well, I come with a serious need, -said the king-.

Aha! -said the other king-.

I come in search of a gold ring

that I have lost, -he said-, and I have heard that it appeared in the hands of your daughter.

Which one? -he said-.

Yes, your daughter has one of my gold rings, which I lost, -said the king-, and I have come to get it back. As an honorable king, I would like you to do me the favor of returning it to me, because, as you can see, we respect each other. I would never be able to refuse you something that belonged to you and appeared in my kingdom, -he replied-. And I cannot deny you anything that belongs to you in my kingdom, -said the other king-. One thing or another, my

daughters have no need for it, because even the chair they sit on is made of gold. They have everything they need within reach here; they have no need for that ring.

Yes, you're right, -said the king-. I'll summon them right away.

He summoned them, as if nothing had happened. The three presented themselves. The king noticed that his youngest daughter was wearing a gold ring on her finger:

My daughter, where did you get that ring?

Look, Dad, it's just a thing; it came into my hands as if by magic, -said the daughter-.

No, -he said-, that gold ring cannot be a charm. Take it off! But why, Dad?

Yes, -he said-. The gold ring belongs to the gentleman. He has come to claim it.

No, Dad, -said the daughter-. This gold ring is a dove. Look, it came flying like magic, landed on my finger, and a hawk tried to take it away. Look at the scratches I got, and we beat the hawk away, look. -

The other sister said,

It's true, Dad, look, the three of us grabbed it and it got away, -she said-, a hawk like this, but strong, it scratched us and threw itself at us, and we tried to kill it but we couldn't, it got away and left the gold ring here, look.

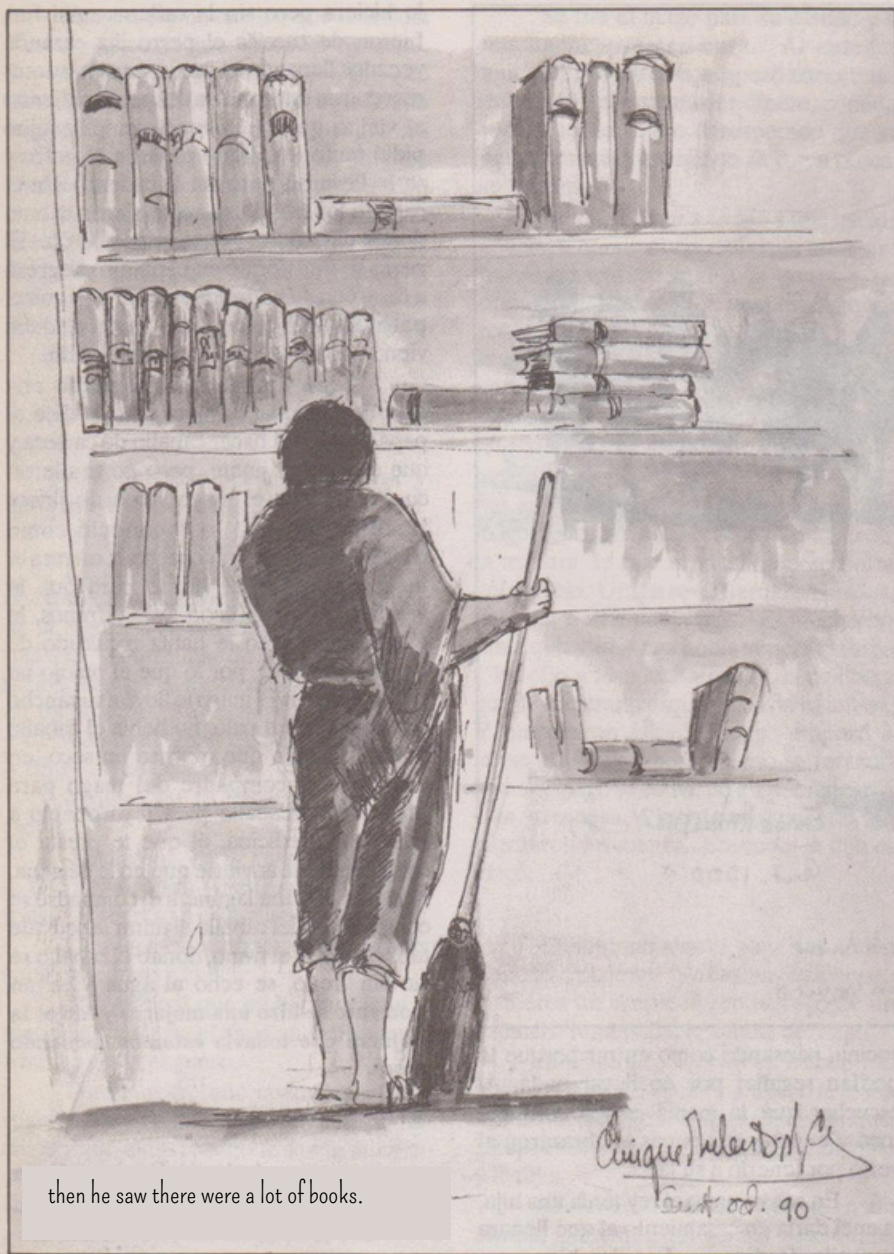
If it weren't mine, I wouldn't claim it, sir, -said the king-. So, you must respect your throne and know that it is a king who is speaking to you. I come from such a city, -he said-, to retrieve my gold ring.

Then the girl came and said to him:

Look, my word is true, -said the girl-. That dove was left to me, but you say it is yours. I say it is not. My father is forcing me to give it to you, so I will give you the splinters, -she said-. Neither for me nor for you.

And she grabbed it on the floor, bang! She smashed it into splinters, and they fell all over the shipyard, and... the king said to the other king:

With your permission, -he said-, I'm going to pick up my golden splinters.



then he saw there were a lot of books.

Of course, -he said-.
 God and chicken with chicks! -he said-, and threw himself down to pick out the splinters one by one and eat them; but a little piece flew far away, and it said:
 God and possum with possum babies! -he said-. The possum gave the chicken a blow and the babies to the chicks, and that was the end of the king. The servant won, because the possum ate the chicken and the possum babies ate the chicks. Then the king, seeing this great marvel, after the possum had been filled, fed himself with the other one and said, God and man! and gave thanks to the girl

who had saved him.

He said to him, I am fleeing from this king, sir, from his city, with the intention of killing me, with the intention of taking my life. I fought as hard as I could, and if it were not for your daughter, I would not be saved. So now I offer you my most heartfelt thanks, -he said-, and I will continue to be the humble peasant that I was.

No, -said the king-. You will become my daughter's husband, and you will receive my kingdom, -he said-. Because you deserve it.

And here ends the story."

Tereso Fajardo Peñate

La Esmeralda village, Jeréz, Jutiapa

2. The Sorcerer's Apprentice

Variant A

(Type 654**+325+654+850+869)

This is the story of a poor father who had three sons, and they lived in great poverty. As they grew up, one day the two older sons decided to go to work as farmhands to earn money, but the youngest was lazy. After walking for a while, they stopped to eat when the youngest caught up with them. And they said to him:

-And what did you come here to do? -

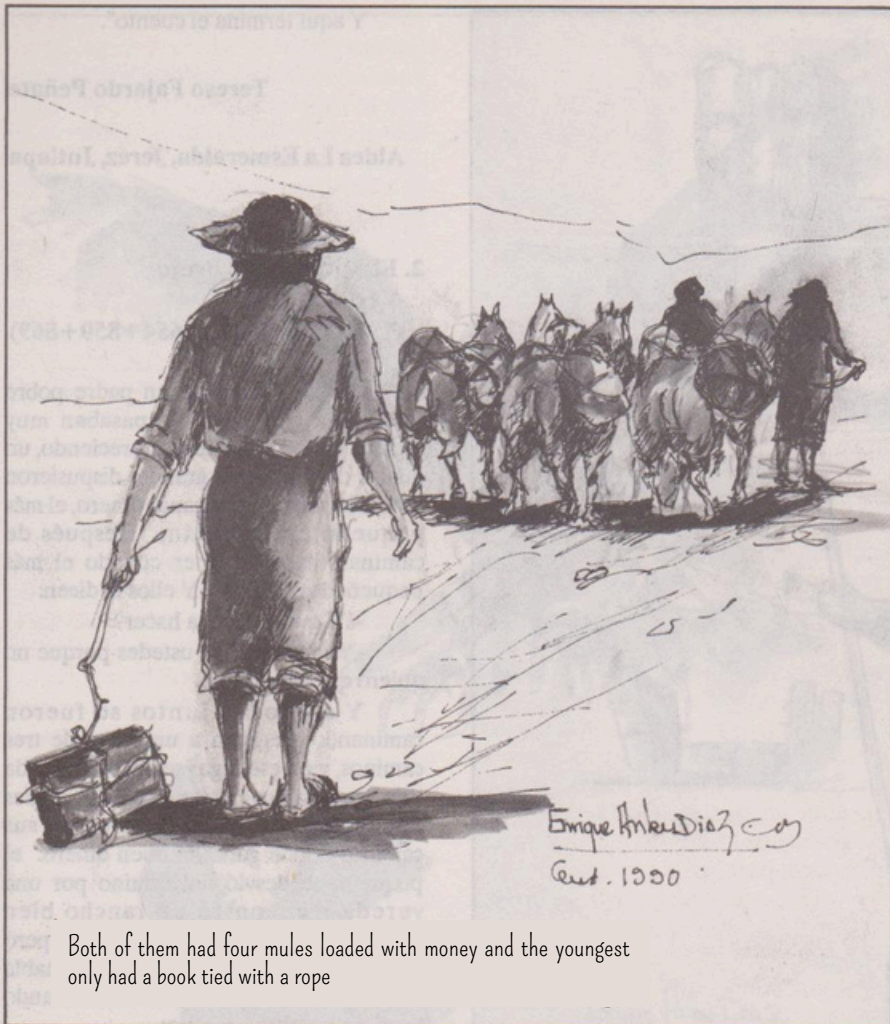
-I'm going with you because I don't want to be alone. -

And so, they all walked together until they came to a crossroads, where they each went their separate ways. The two older brothers found good jobs on their paths and earned good money, but the youngest strayed from the road and came upon a well-kept ranch where there was no one around. He went inside and went to the kitchen, where there was plenty of food. He was eating when a man came in and said to him:

-And what are you doing here? -

-Sir, I was hungry, and I had the misfortune to eat. -

The man invited him to eat and gave him a job cleaning and taking care of the house since he was alone. However, he asked him if he knew how to read, but the boy replied that he didn't, although he did know how. With more confidence, the man gave him the keys to the rooms so he could sweep everything. One day while sweeping, he noticed that there were many books in one room, and since he didn't have much to do, he said to himself, -Now I'm going to entertain myself by reading these books-. What if the man who lived there was a magician and only had magic books? The man only came home at night and left during the day, who knows where he went. Over time, the boy taught himself and learned. By the end of the year, he was a perfect magician, and his boss didn't know it. Around this time, he



Both of them had four mules loaded with money and the youngest only had a book tied with a rope

had planned to get together with his two brothers, so one day when his boss left, the boy set off and took the biggest magic book with him.

So, the brothers met at the crossroads and asked him how it had gone. He replied that all he had received in payment was food and a book.

-And how did you fare? - asked the youngest.

-Can't you see that we each have two mules loaded with money? -

And so, the three brothers set off together. The youngest carried his old book, while the others led their mules laden with gold. But the youngest fell far behind, so his brothers left him behind. As they rode on, they heard an animal cry like a hawk and saw that it was flying with something in its talons. When they arrived home, the youngest was already behind the kitchen, thinking about how to get in because he would be scolded for not bringing

anything. Hearing that his mother was happy, he knocked and entered, and his parents embraced him when they saw him by their side.

During that reign, the king had a daughter, whom he would give in marriage to whoever filled a pile of money. The two older brothers pooled their money so they could marry the daughter and threw their money into the pile, but it would not fill up because it was spring-loaded, and it was about three fingers short. So, they returned saddened at having lost all their money. They had to continue working as before.

Then the youngest son tells his father that he is magical, and that some hunters would arrive and that he should propose him as a hunting dog. He would become a dog by taking him with a chain, and when they saw how he hunted, they would want to buy him for a lot of money. He should do it, but without the chain. So it was, they went hunting,

and the dog hunted deer, filling the car. The hunters returned delighted with the dog and asked the old man to sell it to them. The old man asked for so much but they did pay for the dog and took it away, but without the chain. On the way, the hunters didn't realize where they had left the dog; they lost him. The dog turned back into the boy and returned home to his father. But the magician whom the boy had tricked was looking for him to get his revenge.

One day, a famous race was coming up, and the boy told his father that he was going to make himself a racehorse and that he would be the jockey. But they didn't realize that the magician was also coming as a jockey, and he recognized the horse. When the boy won the race, the magician dazzled the old man into selling him the horse, complete with the bridle, which the boy had told him not to sell, so the boy couldn't go back. The magician took it to his ranch and hung it from a pole. The horse wouldn't drink or eat and was going to die of thirst. Then the magician's friend arrived to borrow a horse to go to town, but he warned him not to give it any water. As they passed by a small pond, the friend took pity on the horse when he saw how thirsty it was. He removed the bridle, and the horse, now without a bridle, threw itself into the water **and in a moment became a mojarra fish, and that is the mojarra we are still eating today.**

Antonio Enrique Cruz Marroquín

Usulutlán, Zacapa

3. The Sorcerer's Apprentice Variant B (Type 325)

In a distant city, there was a family of twenty people: a husband, a wife, and eighteen children. They were going through a very difficult time, as they had no money. One day, the mother took her eldest son and went out to look for work for him.

They came to a fork in the road and chose the right path. They walked on and when they reached a place that looked like a canyon, they saw a magnificent lunch on a rock, and since they hadn't eaten lunch, they were very hungry. But every time they tried to approach the rock, it moved away. So, the clever boy went to the bottom of the canyon, which had once been a river, and took a dry willow branch. He stuck it in the shadow of the rock and said:

Either you put down the food or I'll stab you.

Immediately, screams were heard:

Ouch! Please take that stick away, and I'll gladly give you dinner.

I'll take it away when we've had dinner.

The mother and son sat down to dinner while the moaning of the stone continued, its true nature unknown. When they had finished eating, he took the willow stick from him, and it immediately transformed into a man. His clothing, hat, and physique indicated that he was a sorcerer, and he asked, What do you desire?

I want to be your apprentice, -said the boy-.

All right. Come, you're going with me, and he said to the woman, In a year, I'll bring him back to this same place.

When she returned home, she told her husband, and he said,

Magnificent! My son is learning to be a sorcerer, turning water into wine, which is great because I like alcohol.

A year passed, and when the woman returned for her son, the sorcerer did not want to give him back because the boy was very useful to him, and so another year went by. When two years had passed, the woman returned to ask for her son. The sorcerer gave him back to her. But the boy said to the sorcerer:

As proof that I have learned, I want you to give me a piece of your right ear.

Then the sorcerer says: Take a piece of the left one.

No, you put your left one there because you know it has no power. And getting another willow branch, he stuck it in the shadow of the sorcerer, who started screaming. The sorcerer then put his right ear there, and the boy cut off a piece and put it in his pocket. The sorcerer said, Now you can go, you are a sorcerer.

The sorcerer went to his castle and the boy went home. When the boy was at home, he began to perform magic tricks and provide money, food, and clothing for everyone. But desperate because his father drank too much, he went out to seek his fortune.

He left the place and went to a distant country, where he did not know that the wicked sorcerer treated people badly and deceived them. He passed by a house where there were many young women, and with them was the princess, the king's daughter. When she saw him, she told him that if he was looking for work, her father would give him a job. He went to ask for the job, and the king said yes, that he needed a good worker. But what a surprise he got when he ran into the sorcerer. The sorcerer then started looking for a way to get the boy out of the palace. One day, the two faced off to see who was stronger. The boy knew that only laughter could defeat the sorcerer, so he asked the princess's maids to tickle him until he was exhausted. They began, and the sorcerer started laughing and dancing, but then he remembered that he was a sorcerer and turned into a porcupine, pricking the princess and the other girls in their hands. Then the sorcerer said to him:

I want a duel to see who has more powers. I am your master, and you are a simple apprentice, the son of a cobbler, an apprentice sorcerer.

The sorcerer turned into a hawk and the boy into an eagle, and they began to fight until the sorcerer was left without a feather. Then the sorcerer turned into a rooster and said to him:

I want you to turn into an animal so we can have one last fight.

Then the sorcerer's apprentice said to the princess:

I will turn myself into pearls, and you can throw them on the ground. All I ask is that you keep the biggest one.

When the princess threw the pearls on the ground, the sorcerer was ready to eat them, having turned himself into a rooster. The princess kept the largest pearl, which the sorcerer noticed. Then the princess threw the large pearl, and the boy turned into an eagle and killed the rooster by cutting off its crest. He said:

I already have the right ear, now the crest, and with this I will be the greatest sorcerer in the world. But I will use my powers for good.

And he went to ask the king for the princess's hand, and the king said to him:

You have defeated that sorcerer who did so much harm to my kingdom, I give you my daughter as your wife.

They got married and he was a very good sorcerer and king; he knew how to rule his kingdom and was very happy with the princess.

Javier García Marroquín

Urlanta, Jalapa

4. The Sorcerer's Apprentice

Variant C

(Type 325+313+314)

This was a woman who had a son, but as she was a widow, she had no means of supporting him. He had only reached the third year of primary school, so he could barely read, and when he was older, his mother said to him:

Look, Pedro, I can't support you anymore. You can read and write a little, so go find a job. Maybe you'll find something, even if it's just as a municipal secretary.

His mother packed his provisions, and he set off on foot. He went into the mountains, and as it was already dark, he got lost. Then he saw a house made of tiles and adobe in a clearing and headed there.

He knocked on the door and an ugly old man came to open it. He said:

What do you want, kid? Why are you knocking on my door at this hour?

I've come, sir, -said Pedro-, to look for work, to see if you have anything you need to do. I haven't eaten and it's very cold out here.

Well, come in for a while, -said the old man-. If you want to stay, you can. I need someone to do the housework. You have to dust everything, especially my books and papers. But one thing:

But tell me one thing, -said the old man-, can you read?

Since the boy hardly knew how, he said no. So, the man promised to pay him a few pesos and give him food and clothing.

The boy stayed to work with the old man, who was a wise ogre and practiced witchcraft. He was a

sorcerer and a magician. The boy shook everything, but he was curious as to why the old man told him not to read his library.

Then he said:

Nonsense. I'm going to see what's in those books the old man doesn't want me to read. I'll read them when he leaves tomorrow.

When the old man left the next morning, he started reading all the papers, and they were about magic and enchantment. There he learned how to do many spells. Every day he read, and when the old man came back, he pretended to be shaking. One day the old man said to him:

Look, Pedro, I'm going away for several months, so you're going to stay and look after the house. You can open all the rooms except this one, which has a little gold key.

The ogre left, and the boy stayed in the house. He opened all the rooms and couldn't resist grabbing the little golden key and opening the door he shouldn't have. And there he found a beautiful little golden horse tied to the leg of a chair. The little horse wanted to lie down, but the rope wouldn't let him.

Poor little horse, -said the boy-. I'll untie you so you can lie down. And he untied it, and pow! A beautiful princess appeared in place of the horse.

Oh! -said the princess-, If you have saved me, I will marry you. The ogre had me under a spell, but he will kill you when he sees what you have done to me. The princess went to the castle, and Pedro locked the room again with the little golden key. Soon the old wizard arrived and said:

Well, son, I've returned. You have obeyed my orders.

Yes, -said the boy-, here are all the keys.

And the old man began to open all the rooms. And the boy was scared. When he opened the room with the golden key, he found that there was no longer a princess turned into a horse.

Aha, you little bastard! You opened this room. You're screwed because now I'm going to cast a spell on you.

Jesus! -said the boy-, but he remembered what he had read and said, God and crow! and he turned into a crow who flew out the window. And the old man shouted:

The devil and the hawk!

And just like that, he turned into a hawk and flew after the crow, flying and flying after the crow, and he was about to catch him when Pedro shouted, God and tree!

and he turned into a huge pine tree.

The devil and fire! shouted the ogre, and he turned into fire and was burning the pine tree. The boy felt he was about to die, so he shouted.

God and ant! and he turned into an ant that crawled into a little hole.

The devil and the chicken! shouted the ogre, and he turned into a chicken and began to scratch with his feet to try to eat the ant.

Then the owner of the chicken coop appeared, and when he saw such a beautiful chicken, he said:

Wow, I hadn't seen this chicken before, maybe it's from another coop, so I'd better eat it before someone comes and complains, and he wrung its neck, and there died the ogre, who could do nothing more.

The boy became a man again and went in search of the princess.

He asked for her, and she recognized him and was very happy that the ogre was dead.

When the king heard this, he was very happy and had Pedro marry the princess. Pedro sent for his mother, and they all lived happily ever after in the castle.

Francisco Aguilar

**San Vicente de Pacaya village,
Escuintla**



Don Francisco Aguilar, storyteller from San Vicente Pacaya, Escuintla, recounts popular tales and legends. (Photo: Celso A. Lara Figueroa).



Landscape typical of eastern Guatemala.
Atescatempa, Jutiapa. (Photo: Manuel
Guerra Caravantes).

La Tradición Popular



Access road to the town of Jeréz, Jutiapa.
(Photo: Celso A. Lara Figueroa).



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