

# THE ENCHANTED SPRING

(Sijuaya, 2008)

Kha jisk'a kunstanaw utxi uraqixanakaxa. Ukatxa uma k'aynetakkexa ma joqota mistanixa umaxpuxuchat mistaniski – uka pampa ch'oqñi pampa pastunaka utxi. Nayra nakaxawa achachila nakaxa tatalanakaxa *este* wakanak awatiriw, siw; mayur, payur, kimsuru ukan awatiskapirixa. Ukatxa *haber una caballero y una señorita* ma wawanitaynawa siwa – ma jisk'a wawa, asu wawacha. Ukatxa mistaniskixa ukachana ma piña uthixa, jachu piña. Ukatxa usar wawa ukachar ikirit'a yajupataynawa, chiwucharu piña kuchuchar, chiwuchar. Ukatxa jupanakax wak winjuri sarajwap may kut'anijwapchi wawax chakat. Ukatxa wawath'akasijwap, "Kawkirak wawast?Kawkirak?", mayni jaqinak jist'a parak. Janikuna wawax uñstawkiti. T'att'askapix uka qullunakan, uka amstanak, uka pampanak. T'att'askapx, th'aqa ... th'aqa. Jiskinatkaskap aka natkams purt'aniskap. Mamalpa wawar, tatalpas hacha. Jani puniw wawax uñjstawtik. Ukatxa yatiriruxa jupanakaxa sarajupataynaxa surtit'ayasiri. "Kawkinkis wawaxax" sas cuocat allat'arapita yatirix. Ukhan puniw allat'ajwataynaxa. Ukatxa sartaynaxa wawamxa tyapluw apasiwxix; Uka qalan ma tyaplu uthex ukararun mistnirix. Ukham sajwataynaw siw. Ukham jatt'askapchixa tatalap mamalap. Ma siman, pa siman pashajiw saraphaytaynaw siw mayanp ukat kut'apharakitaynawa *este* wawap uñjajwapatayna sinea *pero* janiw wawaxkataynati *si no* jach'a imillachajwataynawa. Jupak sawchix "Ay! Wawa akarattasa," kathasisin qomtapijwapchi. "Ah! Ut sarajwatana. Jina, ut sarajwatana." Tawaqocharuxa ma *туру* ma ch'iyar *туру* sikt'a sikt'atay nawa kadenar sikt'ata. "Pasajwataynaw janiw nax sarkirikt. Janiw nax humanakamp kut'apirikt. Umbriniwxt, *parejaniwxt*. Akax *umbrixajiw*. Janiw nax humanakamp, sarawxkirikt. Humanakax kutajwaphakim. Jan thaqhawjwaphistati! Janiw aptaniñ puiriwkhaphiti siw." Ukatxa jaqinakaxa ukat pach ukanak kriyiphixa *este* uka quqhu, enkanto utix, siwa. Urañiw siw, *este* yaqipanxa *este* jach'a purtaw jist'ar tawjwirixa. Ukat purta wakanak mistanijwaphirix alluq wakanak mistanihuirixa, ukat *turux* qipat mistanisin *туруñjwriw* uka wakanak kutuntayarawjwaqiriw, siw, uka *turux*. Ukatxa yaqhip wakanak aka jaqinaka qulluruy uywaphexa wakanaka uka wakanak chaqarawxixa, chaqaraxixa. Jan jathawjwaphirit. Utak uñhaw jwaphataynaw siw may wakanak mistaniwchi pamparu well wakanak mistaniwx ukanakamp juntuw anatasihuirix siw ukata.

Up in Consto Chico, where I have my lands, there is a spring - so it is a green place. They say that long ago my parents and their parents before them herded cows. In those days they could shepherd for one, two, or even three days straight. . And so it came to be that there was a man and a woman, and they had a child, a little girl; a very little girl. Yea, right where that spring is, there is a crag, a large crag. And so it was there they let her sleep; in the shadow, right in the corner of the crag, in the shadow. Yea, they went to see the cows and when they got back, the child was missing. And so, they went to look for the child and asked the people "Where, oh where, is she?" There was just no sign of the child. They looked in those mountains, in those jills, and in those plains. They looked and looked and looked for her; asking everyone if she had come as far as that place. Her mama wailed, her papa cried. The child was never seen. And so it came to be that they went to a *yatiri* who divined with coca leaves. The man asked, "Where is my child?" - and the *yatiri* threw the coca leaves. [?] Just as he always does. [?] The devil took your child. In that rock (by the spring) there is a devil who knows how to leave from it. Thus, so they say, he told them. So, her mama and papa were crying. It is said that after two weeks, they returned to the plains and there saw their child - but she was not a little girl anymore, she had become a young woman. Finding her there, they hugged her, "Ay, child, you're here! "Ah, let's go home, let's go!" The young woman was holding on to a black bull with a chain. "I cannot follow you back. I cannot return with you. I have a husband, I have a partner. This is my husband here. I can't go with you. Go back! Don't come looking for me! [?]"Yea, the people from that place believe in this spring, they say there are ghosts there. There is a certain time, they say, that a big door opens. From that door many cows can leave, [???] And so, [?] the bull follows the cows in; they say that bull knows how to make them go back. Yea, others knew how to breed cows in the mountains, and sometimes they suddenly get lost.

The farmers don't know how to find them. And so, people have seen that cows leave from that rock in these plains and that the devil, they say, takes these enchanted cows in.