***Tio Konējoh īwān sērakokonētl***

Silvestre Pantaleón Esteva

San Agustín Oapan

Recorded 16 January 2003

20 minutes, 24 seconds

ver. 2017.06.11

Sē, ōkichīw sē ōn Konējoh, pero ontlawelita nē sentlapal.

Once upon a time there was a rabbit, a rabbit who would gaze longingly across a river.

Kitowa, “¿Tēh, ya'atsīn kinekisia nēchpanōltīsia? Nē milá:, tlakwalkān *huerta*. Mm. Nō niāsneki, nō milá: notlakwal ōn, kamoxihtli. Āman, tēh, xāk ā'inōn nēchpanōltīs. ¡Xakah!”

He'd be thinking, "Isn't there anyone who might want to take me to the other side?. There's a really nice garden over there. Mm. I'd really love to go, those sweet potato leaves are my favorite dish. But there's no one around to take me. No one at all!

Milá: tlayōwia. Yōnotlālih sā ontlachīxtok nēyá ānālko, sentlapal. Kihlia, yoún, “¡*Balsero*!” San tsatsi hkōn, “¡*Balsero*! ¡Āh, diki tlā niné:nekisiah ākinōn nēchpanōltīs, māsi niman nēchkwās! Ta nē ōnkah sē tepetlatl tampa, tampa nēchkwās, *porque* nō milá: nichiāwak”.

He really suffered from this desire. Every day he'd just sit down and stare across the river, across to the other side. And he'd call out as loud as he could, "Boatman!" He said it just like that, "Boatman! Ah, if any one of you would just take me across, I'd let you gobble me up once we got there. There's a a nice flat slab of limestone where you'd be able to eat me up. I am one tasty rabbit, you know!"

Ah *bueno*, kitowa sā ōkontak Āketspalwēweh, i wāhlatok itik ātl. Kihlia, “¡Ay Tio Konējoh! ¿Tlīnōn t'neki?”

Then, they say that one day, he caught a glance of Old Man Crocodile coming towards him through the water. Crocodile called out, "Hey there Uncle Rabbit! What do you want?"

“Ay, ti'itasia Āketspalwēweh, nō milá: nihneki niá:s nēika. Āman ni'itowa, san nē nōnwelita ōn tepetlatl. ¡Milá: tlakwalkān, pestik! ¿Āman ā'inōn kinekis nēchpanōltīs, māsi niman pa nēchkwās nē, di yōnikīsato. Yoún, pero tlā, no: milāk nichiāwak. *Porque* san diki sē niman nikān nēchkwās, yawa, yoún, hkōn san totoyāwis yō nochiāwisio. Nochi tlāhli konīs. Tēh, nē īpan tepetlatl māsta kipāpalōs ōn, nochiāwisiotsīn. Milá: kwaltsīn, kētla, ¡nichiāwak tēl!

"You know what I want Old Man.Crocodile, I want to get over to that side of the river. I really like the look of that slab of limestone. It's a nice spot for a picnic, really smooth. Do you know of anyone who would want to ferry me across? Whoever did could eat me up right there once we got to the other side. I'm really juicy, lots of fat, but if anyone were to eat me up here, my fat would just spill out all over the ground. The earth would just soak it up. But there on that limestone slab, whoever took me across could just lap up all my fat. That would be a real treat. I'm super juicy!"

“¿Yā kwākōn? ¿T'neki tiá:s?

"So, that's it? You want to go?"

Kihlia, “¡Kēmah!”

"Yep!" he answered.

“Tēh, kwākōn tlā milāk, tlā milāk tēl, kētla, nimitskāw..., nimitskwās, tēl, tlā niá:s, tlā, tlā nimitspanōltīs. ¡Pero tlā yā milāk!”

"So just to get it straight, it's really true, really, really true that I'll get to eat you up if I do it, if I take you across? Just let me know for sure if that's the deal!"

“Kēmah. Māsi tlā yōtikīsato, 'chiá: tawa tipowetsis, nō, nō, nō sā nimischiatos. Ta niwestotos para, yoún, pa ti…, pa nimischiatos kine para pa tinēchkwās.”

"Yeah, that's it. Once you've gotten over to the other side, while you're getting out of the water and then I'll just be waiting for you. I'll just be lying down stretched out, waiting for you to come and gobble me up."

“Ah *'ueno*”. Kwelkaki Āketspalwēweh. “Tēh, kwākōn, ¡xtlako nikān notlākapan!”

"Ah, sounds good." Old Man Crocodile liked what he heard. "So then, get on my back and let's go!"

Ōontlakōk kine ōn Konējoh. Ta yāwatitiw. Pāki.

Uncle Rabbit jumped on. So now he's traveling along, he's even able to sit up on the back of Crocodile. He's in good spirits.

*′Ueno*. Ay Āketspalwēweh, ay yō tlanemilia, “¡Ah nipolakis! Nikān n'kwās *mejor* īn. Nikān n'kwās īn, Konējoh. Ah nikān ma..., nikāmīmihtīs para nihkwās, tlāmo xmilá: nihkwās”.

But then Old Man Crocodile starts to think, "Ah, I'll just go underwater. It would better for me to eat him up right here. Indeed, I'll eat Uncle Rabbit up right here. I'll drown him first and then I can devour him here in the river. Otherwise, I'm starting to think I won't really get to eat him."

Ay kimati ōn Konējoh yōpēw pātsiwi ī…, ī…, īmāwān. “¡Ay, ay! ¡Mā, māka, māka tipolakis Āketspalwēweh! Nō yōnimitsilih kānōn tinēchkwās. Mm, *sólo*, yoún, tlāmo, tēh, hkōn *xbueno* yes. Yoún, san tinē..., san nochi toyāwis noyesio, noso nochiāwisio. ¡*Mejor* ma t…, ma tikīsatih! ¡Kēmah! Mm, yōnimitsihlih! Pa nimischiatos. Nē nō niman ninotēkas para sā tinēchkwatasi.”

Ay! Uncle Rabbit started to feel his paws getting wet. "Ay, ay! Please don't, please don't go underwater Old Man Crocodile. I already told you the plan and where you can eat me. If you do it here it will be a real disaster. My blood will just spill out into the water, and all my tasty fat too. It would be a lot better if we waited until we got to the other side. Yep, that's what I told you we should do. I'll just get off your back and wait for you. I'll lie right down on that slab of limestone so you can just come out and gobble me up."

Tēh, nōsah wāhpowetsi kine, piri yō īmetskohyo i pātsihtok.

Well, Rabbit moved up a little more as the water started soaking his thighs.

Yō di, xkineki pātsiwis īmetskohyo yā kētlā ontlantok āpolaki. Yaw āwa'atlan yō īn, Āketspalwēweh. Ah, yōkīsato, lāman, “¡Tēh, lāman lā, san nikān nāchkāw Koyoh..., Tio Konējoh!”

He didn't want to get his thighs wet, but Old Man Crocodile just about completely underwater. And he was swimming to the deepest part of the river. He's just about there and he turns and says, "Now then, this is as far as we go my honorable Uncle Rabbit."

“¡Kāyoweh! Āman, tēl, āman hkíīn xtlachia para tlahpakopa, kētla kān wāhlatok ātl, kēn wāhtemōtok. ¡Tō hkíīn xmoteketsa! Nō, kine, nē nontsikwīnis nē īpan tepetlatsīntli. Pa nimischiatos 'chiá: ton..., kētla, tō timokwehtlālīs para tō tipowetsis nō nē, kāmpa nō ninemis”.

"No!" Rabbit shouted, "just turn so you are facing upriver, towards water flowing downstream. Just stop right here! I'll jump off onto that slab of limestone and then I'll wait for you while you get yourself up out of the water and over to where I'll be waiting."

Nē tēh, yoún, ōn notlapalōtē'atimi kine hkíīn lāman ōn Āketspalwēweh para ātēmpakopa ītech tetl. Ōontsikwīn Konējoh, *¡Adiós!* Ōyah. Niman ōyah ōn Konējoh, piri yō nē ontlamastok kāmpa tlakwās.

So Old Man Crocodile siddles over toward to the river's edge and moves his body parallel to the river bank, right near that slab of limestone. And then what do you know? Uncle Rabbit jumps right off. Bye-bye! He darted off. Uncle Rabbit just ran away as fast as he could. He knew exactly where he was going to get *his* meal!

“¡Ay, ma āman, yōnēch'akayāw! Yōnēch'akayāw. Xok nihkwās. ¿Kwā āman, kēn n'chīwas? Ah, pero ní:hpias kāmpa ātlīs, tēh, nepa ōn, nepa, pa nihkwās pa nikā..., nikāwītekis yā *nocola*. Ikwāk ātlītos, *mero* ikwākōn nihwītekis para, xnēchitas kēn, kēnōn nihkwās, kēnōn kētla nihpolahtilīs”.

"Rats, now what? He's tricked me! He tricked me. I'm not going to get my tasty meal of rabbit. What am I going to do now? I guess I'll just stake out his watering hole and wait for him to go get a drink. I'll eat him there! First I'll thrash him around in the water with my tail. I'll lash out at him right when he's taking a drink of water. He won't know what hit him, he won't even realize that I'm going to get to eat him or see how I'll knock him into the water."

Ah *'ueno.* Nē hkōn kinemilitok Āitspalwēweh, yō yōyah.

Well, that's what Old Man Crocodile was thinking. And then he took off to carry out his plan.

Mm, ōkalak tōnahli lāman, ye wāhtetemōtiw hkōn, yoún, sā konistiw yā īkam..., tlā i tlasesēya, tlā xok āk *huertero.* Yō kalakis nē, kāmpa kamowērtah, pan kamoxihtli kikwās. Pero ōpēw, ōkalak kine kitowa, tēh, lāman ōki..., ōpēw tlakwa. Sē *semana* yōkimakilih, lā milá: *huertero* yōpēw kwalāni. Āman xok, xok *bueno ī…, īhuerta*, milá:, tēh, sā yeká:tetepoltik kamoxihtli, sānchiaxihtli. Nochi kiyeká:kwatiw.

Now back with Uncle Rabbit: the sun had set and here comes Uncle Rabbit walking down the trail. It's getting cooler and he's wondering if the farmer has already left. He's all set to sneak into the sweet potato garden to chew up those delicious sweet potato leaves. So he went into the garden and started to eat them. He kept at it for an entire week. The farmer, however, was getting really mad. His garden was ruined. All the vines of the sweet potatoes and the waternelon were nibbled off at the ends. Uncle Rabbit had been feasting himself on the most tender parts.

“¿Ma ākinōn de milāk nē…, nēxtlakwālia? ¡*Mejor* āman, nō nihnem..., ¡nihtlālīs sērakokonētl nē kāmpa yōnikitak, kāmpa wāhkalaki nēsi yā yōlkātsīn! Āman nikitas ā'inōnōn, ākinōnōn tlakwa nikān īpan *nohuerta.* Nihtlālīs kokonētl”.

The farmer started wondering, "Who's been coming to eat my garden? I should just set up a wax doll at the entrance where it seems that some small little animal has been breaking in. I'll find out who the culprit is, who's been eating up my garden. I'll set up the doll."

Niman kitō ōkitlālih, ōkí:chīw sēn sērakokonētl hkíīn wa'apantsīn. Mm, tomāwak yā *puro cera.*

He started right away and made a wax doll this high. It was big and fat and made entirely of wax.

Yoún, ay kitowa lā kwāk yōkí:chīw, āman x′kāwati nē, yoún, kāmpa wāhkalaki ōn Konējoh. Yō ōyah.

Well, they say that when he had finished the doll he went to leave it off where Rabbit would sneak in.

Yō ōyah, “Āman kwālkān nikwālitas. Deporsí:n de kāmpa oksepa ōwāhlah, kasis, tēh". Mm, piri yō kimastok yā yemānki ōn, ōn *cera*. San di kinīsiwīs, pa nokāwas”.

He went there and thought, "In the early morning I'll come back to take a look. It's a sure bet that if that pesky animal comes back it'll get caught." The farmer knew that wax is soft and that if the animals ran into it, it would get stuck.

Yō ōn Konējoh ōwahlatiah kitō i kalahtok tōnahli. Yō *huertero* yōyah. Yōkikāhtēw ōn.

That same day as the sun was setting Uncle Rabbit was coming along. The farmer had already gone home and had left the wax doll behind.

"Dyā ¿ma āman? ¿Ma āman tlīn h'chīwa nikān?” kihlia.

"And now what's with this? What are you doing here?" Uncle Rabbit asked.

Yōasik nē kāmpa *corral* wān, “¿Tliá:? ¿Ā'in tawa? ¿Tlīn h'chīwa nikān? ¿Tliá: tinēxtsakwilia? ¡Man ōn, nikān nikalakine! ¡Xmekwani tlā t'neki, tlāmo *nimitsjodērōs*!”

He got to the fence and, "What's this? Who are you? What are you doing here? Why are you blocking my way? This is where I go through the fence. Move out of the way right now, if you don't I'll beat you up!"

Tēh, xnekwania, tēl. Sapatsīn kihlia hkōn. I konistok i tlaiwa para tlakwās. Āpismiki.

Well, the wax doll didn't move. Uncle Rabbit repeated his threat. He's thinking that it's getting late for his meal. He's hungry.

“Ay *hijo*, tēh, āmantsīn nik..., *nimischingāros* tikitas, nō milāk nimākohtik. San sē nimitskalakilitiá:s noye..., nomāyēhmātsīn. ¡Eh! ¡Ta nē timotsīnkestiās!”

"Hey young man, you'll soon see what's in store for you, I have real strong arms and I'm going to pulverize you. One hard shot with my right hand, eh, and you'll be sent reeling back, head over heels!"

Ba, tēh, xnekwania. *Como* yā san *cera*, yō mpa nemi. Piri yō yōkwalān.

But the wax doll didn't budge. Because it is just wax it stayed put where it was. Now Uncle Rabbit was fuming.

“Yā milá:, tēh, tlā yā milāk xtimekwanīs, pero āmantsīn nē, nē nimitsontlakalis. Nō noyēhmā milá: kohtik. Mm.”

"I'm not kidding around, if you don't get out of the way, I'm going to knock you for a loop. My right hand really packs a wallop."

Kētla ōkitlālilitiah kine lāman ōkiteloh. Pōn ōnokāw īmā.

Mm, Uncle Rabbit started to land some blows. He punched that doll as hard as he could. But all he got was a paw struck in the doll.

“¡*Hijo*! Āman yōtinēchmākītsih. ¿Kēn ti'itowa? ¿Xtihmākāwas īn nomā? ¡Āman ki nomāpoch nihtlāl..., nimistlālilīs! Tikitas di xlāman di sta nē ōtiwestito”.

"Rats. Now he's grabbed hold of my arm. What do you say? Are you going to let my arm go? Now it's my left hand's turn. You'll see if you don't wind up knocked down way over there."

Ki yō x'kalakili īmāpoch. ¡Nōhki nō ōnokāw! ¡Eh, lāman lā sā īxiwān!

So then he let loose with his left hand. But it also got stuck. Eh, now he only had his hind legs free.

“¿Ma āman īn? Āman sapa, sapa noxiyēhmā. Nikitas tlā xtinēchmākāwas. Nō nimistelesas, yoún, para, para tinēchmākāwas”.

"Now what? Now it's time for another blow, with my right hind leg. We'll see if you don't let me go. I'm going to kick you so hard that you let me go."

Ōkimākāw. Nōsah ōkitelesak yā īxi, īxiyēhmā. Pa ōnokāw nōhki. Āman sā, sā īximāpoch, kine.

He let it fly. Once again he kicked the wax doll with his hind leg, his right hind leg. But it got stuck there too. Now Uncle Rabbit only has his left hind leg.

“Āman lā sā noximāpoch, āman tikitas tlā diābloh mits..., di xnimistlakalis para nimi..., tinēchmākāwas. Lā yōtīnkītsih nochi nomāwān niman sē noxi. ¡Āman ki nomā, kētla noximāpoch pa yaw! ¡Yō milá: kohtik!”

"Now I've only got my left hind leg free. You'll see now, you little devil, if you don't think I'm going to hit you so hard that you let me go. Ok, so you've grabbed my two front legs and one hind leg. But here goes my left hind leg. It's really powerful."

Eh, nō x'tlālilitiw. Nōmpa ōnokāw. Lāman lā sā pilkatok Konējoh. Nī xok ōtlakwah.

So he unleashed his left leg. But it also got stuck. Now Uncle Rabbit's now just hanging there. And all day he hadn't even managed to grab a bite to eat.

"Mm. I kala[hto]k tōnahli", kitowa, “¿Ma āman, kēn n'chīwas? I kwahli xok nitlakwa, āman nikān yōnēchasik īn tlākatl. Īn sā nipilkatok”.

"Mm, the sun is setting," he said, "and now what am I going to do? The day's over and I haven't had a bite to eat and now this man has me trapped. I'm just hanging here."

Tēh, kitowa ontlātlachīxtok kine para kiāwak, ki napayá: yōpanōka, kāmpa kitelotok ōn sērakokonētl. Mm, ōkontak i wāhlaw Tio Koyohweh. Mm. Ōkitsatsilih, “¡Nāchkāw, Tio Koyohweh!” Nē ōnotekets Koyohweh kān, “¿Ma ā'inōnōn wāh..., nēchāhnōtsa? ¡Xa'ah ni'ita!”

They say that he was just staring out beyond the edge of the garden, beyond the wax doll that he had attacked. And then he saw Uncle Coyote coming down the trail. Mm, he shouted out, "Hey buddy, Uncle Coyote!" Uncle Coyote stopped in his tracks. "Who's calling me? I don't see anyone."

Mm, sapa x′tsatsili, “¡Nāchkāw, Tio Koyohweh!”

Mm. So he gives him another shout. "Buddy, Uncle Coyote!"

“¿Ma ā'inōnōn? ¡Ta xni'ita kān nemi!”

"Who could it be? I don't see where he could be."

Lāman *ōnārrimārotiah* kine ītech *corral.* Sapa ōkitsatsilih ikwāk sā *cerca*. “¡Nāchkāw, Tio Koyohweh!”

Then he moved closer to the fence. When Uncle Coyote was close, once again Uncle Rabbit shouted out, "Hey, hey buddy, Uncle Coyote!"

Kihlia, “¡Mani xtō nāchkāw, Tio Konējoh?”

"Is that you buddy, Uncle Rabbit?"

Kihlia, “Kēmah”.

"Yeh, it's me."

Kihlia, “Nāchkāw lāh nimitsonōtsa, ni'itowa, yoún, “¿Kwā tawa, tō t'mastok yā tō, yoún, nō nikān ōnēchkāhtiakeh īn, *huerteros*. Kitowa, nē..., kwalkān nēchāhmakaseh sentetl pío. Mm, tēh, nō xwel nihkwa ōn pío. Āman ni'itowa, tlā t'neki, tō *mejor*, tō tlakwāw motlá:tlakwal ōn, pío. Niman, tēh, ¡simi sentetl! ¿Mani nō n'tlamīs ōn? Man tēh, deporsí:n xnō xkaman n'kwa ōn pío. Tō h'mastok yā tō yō t'kwāni”.

Buddy, I just want to tell you something. You should know that the farmers, well they left me behind here. They told me that early in the morning they're going to come back and bring me one whole chicken! But, you know what? I don't eat chickens. So here I am thinking that, you know, maybe you'd be better for this. Chicken's your favorite dish. And a whole chicken at that! I know that *you've* eaten a lot of chickens."

“Ah ba, tēh, nō tēh, yoún,” kihlia, “nō tēh, yoún, ¿Tēh, tlā yā milāk?”

"What's this? You're kidding. Is this really true?"

“Oh, milá: yō, tēh, hkōn ōnēchihlitēhkeh, yā kitowa, tēh, kwalkān san tlanēstok wāhlās ōn, yōn *huertero.* ¡Ma nitlapias nikān! ¡Ma nitlapixto nikān! Mm, āman tlā t'neki, ¡tō ni…, tō nikān xmokāwa! Tō kwalkān mopan yekos. Mm, eh, tō, tō h'tlamīs ōn, āman nō ¿kēn n'tlamīs? niman nō nipitentsīn. Ba tēh, tō, tēh, kēmah h'tlamīs”.

"It sure is. That's what they told me before leaving, that tomorrow at the break of dawn the farmer will come back with my chicken. I should just hang out here and wait. I should just be biding my time. But, maybe if you want, don't you think it would be better for you to wait here? Tomorrow he'll come and find you here. Mm, you’d finish up the chicken no problem. But me? How could I finish it? I'm too small. But you, you'd finish it right up for sure."

Ah ba, tēh, nō kēmah n'tlamīs tēh, yoún. ¡Māsi ta kanah ōme!”

"You're right, I'd finish it right up. I could even manage to eat two!"

“Ah *'ueno*, tēh kwākōn." Kihlia tēh, “¡Xnēchkopīnili nomāwān!”

"OK then, let's get started. " Uncle Rabbit says, "Free up my forelegs!"

Ōpēw kinkopīnilia kitowa īmāwān. Mm. Ōkikīxtih. Ikwāk nāwi, nāwi, nochi yōkikīxtih, pāki ōn Konējoh. “Ay, āman yōnēchkīxtikeh yō nānika. ¡Āman ki tō kine, ma ni'ita tlā milá:! Tēh, ¡xkintlālahti nōhki momāwān kāmpa ōkakalahkeh īn nō nomāwān!”

Uncle Coyote started to pull Uncle Rabbit forelegs free. Mm. He pulled them out. And when he had freed all four legs, well, Uncle Rabbit was in high spirits. "Ay, I've been set free. Now it's your turn, let's see if this will work. Stick your arms and legs in right here where mine were."

“Tēh, māsi”.

"OK, sure."

Yā īyōhlo, tēh, Ko…, ōn Tio Koyohweh. ¡Piri yō kikwās pío! Mm. Tēh, kitowa, “¿Mani, man kēn?”

Uncle Coyote was more than happy to do this. Why not? After all he was going to get to eat a chicken. So he says, "And now, is this OK?"

Āman yō yā pitentsīn, tēh, yō ta pilkatok. Āman yō yā wēi ōn Koyohweh, ta westok, ta asitok tlāltipan ī…, ī…, ītepotskohyo.

Now Uncle Rabbit was small and he had just hung there in the air. But Uncle Coyote, well he's big and heavy and he reached all the way to the ground. So he's sort of just lying there on his back.

Ompa ōtlanēxtilih. San kwahli tlālchipāhtohtsīn, yōyekok *huertero*. Ōkontak, kimastok kāmpa ōkikāwato. Ōkontak, “¿Ma ā'inōnōn pa nemi? Ni'ita Tio Koyohweh. ¡Ah, *horita* n'tlakwaltīs!”

That's how he was when dawn broke. The sky was just turning light and then the farmer showed up. He was looking up ahead since he knew exactly where he had left the wax doll. He caught a glimpse of it in the distance. "Well, well, well, who could that be? It looks like Uncle Coyote. If he's hungry I'll give him something to eat for sure!"

Mm, kitō xkonkwi īmachīteh. Niman nēyá:, xonkalaki itik ātlahmātli kāmpa *īhuerta*, x′tekiti tlakōtl, sē *docena*. Mm, ōkitekito. Ōwāhlah. Ta kwā..., kwāhnonōstiw, yō ki..., kwāh…, kwāhkechpanowa ōn tli..., tlakōtl *huertero*. Mm.

So they say that the farmer reached for his machete and went right over to a small stream that flowed into his garden. He cut down some rods, a dozen in all. He went to cut them down. Then he came towards Uncle Coyote, talking to him as he came along and carrying those rods on his shoulder. Mm.

“¡Ma āman! Ah, ni..., kitō lāh tlā pío n'kwās, ¡man ta āman i tlakōtl kwāhki! ¿Man tlīn para ōn tlakōtl?” kitō Koyohweh. “¿Tlīn para ōn tlakōtl?”

So Uncle Coyote's there thinking, "Well now, I'm supposed to get a chicken to eat. But what's with those rods. What could they be for? What are *they* for?"

Mm, kēwītitiw, kikwātlatlatskowa ōn Konējoh, eh diāntreh ōn Tio Koyohweh. Ta kāmpa ōkimihtih, tēh.

Well, he soon found out. The farmer started to thrash Uncle Rabbit, I mean Uncle Coyote. He gave him such a beating that he killed him.

¡Ār[i] īkonēw! Kwalāni. Ikwāk xi kimihtia, kwalāni ōn Koyohweh, “Pero san de kāmpa nēchkakāwas īn *huertero*, n'kwās ōn Konējoh. ¡Kitas tlīn n'chīwilīs!”

But what's the deal? Uncle Coyote's really mad. Before he was killed Uncle Coyote was raging mad. "If this farmer would just let me go, I'd eat that rabbit. He'd see what I'd to do to him."

¡Man kēn ma kí:kāwa! Piri yō kwalāni ōn *huertero* yā yōkitlamilih ī…, īyekatsīn īkamoxiw. Mm, ōkimihtikeh, tēh. ¿Āman tlīnōn kine?

But why would the farmer stop? He was furious that the tips of his sweet potato vines had been all chewed up. So he killed Uncle Coyote. And now what?

Mm, tlā yō ōn nē, yō ōná:tlī, ōná:tlītiw ōn, Konējoh. Ompa nō kichiatok Āketspalin, nō, nō kikwāsneki yā kētla ōkí:kayāw. Niman kikwās tlā, yā ōkipanōltih. Āman nāniá: sē yōkimihtih, yōkimihtikeh *īcompañero*, yā diki kikwās pío Koyohweh. ¿Katlih kine ōn pío? Piri yō, kwa…, kwalāni ōn *huertero.*

Well, Uncle Rabbit had gone down to the river to get a drink. And there waiting for him was Crocodile. He also wants to eat the rabbit, because he had tricked him. The deal was that he would get to gobble Uncle Rabbit up after he took him across the river. But instead Uncle Rabbit had gotten his friend, Uncle Coyote, killed just because he wanted to chicken to eat. But where in the dickens was the chicken? Instead he got a mad farmer.

Nō nēchka, sā i tiōtlak yaw. Ōkitak lāman, ta tlawēi tlakaltok Āketspalin.

So, now it was late afternoon and Uncle Rabbit saw Crocodile stretched out near the river.

“Eh, āman n'kwās. Xok ninowiyōnīs, kitlālīs yōnimik”.

"Eh, now I'll get to eat him," Old Man Crocodile is thinking. I won't move an inch and he'll think that I'm dead."

Ba tēh, yō *como* tlachia, “Ey Āketspalwēwentsīn, sā tlamastok. ¿Kēn ni'itōs, lāh yōmik? Niman yō, mm, tēh yōltok, san yā yōnotlamastitē'ak. Ni'itōsia yōmik tlā ta, ta, kāskawitokeh. ¿Ay, kēnōn? Tēh, sā āman simi xpa nātlīs tēh kāmpa nemi, sapa nēyá: nitemōs sē *lado.*”

Well, Uncle Rabbit is not so stupid. "Ey, Old Man Crocodile, he's just lying there waiting. And I'm supposed to think he's dead? He's alive for sure, he's just faking it. If he were covered with ants, well then I would believe he's dead. There's no way I'm going near him to get a drink of water, I'll find somewhere else.

Yō yaw nēyá:. Yō san kāmpa nemi, noso kamantika xātli. Tēh, xok nopilo..., kētla xok onasi. Mm, ikwāk xāk, onātlitiwitsi. Niman sapa wāhmōstla.

So he went off. He might just get a drink where he was living, or perhaps he'd just go without a drink this day. But for now he would go where he had been heading. But when Old Man Crocodile wasn't there, he would dart down to the river to grab a quick drink. And then he'd do the same the following day.

“¿Kwākōn āman, kēn n'kwās? *Mejor* āman hkíīn n'chīwas. Kēn nēx..., kēn kitō *mejor* nō, *mejor* āman, nīminōtsas īn āskameh, para nēchekōtoseh. Mm.”

"So," thought Crocodile, "how am I going to eat him now. I guess I'll just do this this way, I'll ask some of my ant friends to come and swarm all over me.

Kihlia, “¡Āskatsitsīntih! Ni'itowa, yoún, kit…, yō nō lāh nēchkwalānia īn Konējoh. Āman kitō ta, kitōs tlā yōnimik tlā ta nēchāskawitoseh. Mm. Āman ni'itō, tlā kemenōn xnēchpalēwīkān tlā, tlā, yoún, ni'ita yō, yoún, i yekotok. Noso tlā yōpanōk i ātlīs, nōmeh xtemōkān para xtlah nimikiseh. Nō nōntlatskōs para yā *nocola* para hkōn t'kwāseh. Nōmeh nō sī n:inkwāseh, kitō milá: chiāwak”.

So he shouts out, "Little-bitty ants. Let me tell, that Uncle Rabbit really infuriates me. He said he won't believe I'm dead until he sees me covered with ants. So I just want to ask you to come and help me when he comes back. But when he's finished drinking you all will just get off me so none of you'll get hurt or killed. I'll thrash him with my tail and then we can eat him up. You all will get some of him, he says he's really tasty."

¡Ah! ¿Mani yō *tonto* Konējoh? Ōkontak. Ta kāskawitokeh nē, Konējoh [Āketspalwēweh]. Āman kēmah. ¡Eh mani yō tlā *nārrimārotok*! San wa'a konistok.

Ah, But do you think Uncle Rabbit is stupid? He saw it all, how the ants were swarming all over Old Man Crocodile. Do you think he got close? Nope. He just took in the whole scene from afar.

“¿Man kēn ni'itōs? ¡Lāh, lāh yōmik ōn! Mm, ta kāskawitokeh. Xmilāk, tēh, yōmik ōn, san, san *mañoso*. *Por tal* kineki ompayá: ma nia. ¡Kāyoweh, xniá:s! ¡Mm, mahki!”

"What am supposed to think? That he's really dead? The ants are all over him. But it's not true that he's dead. He's just trying to trick me. He just wants me to go down there. No way! I'm not going. Forget it."

Niman sē *lado* yā yaw.

So again he went somewhere else.

“¿Ey, dya ma āman kēnōn n'chīwas? ¡Ah deporsí:n xnihkwās tlakah īn, mm, Konējoh!”

"Ey, and now what am I going to do? It looks like I won't be eating that rabbit any time soon."

“Mm, kēn ni'itōs lāh, lāh yōmik ōn Āketspalin. Ta kāskawitokeh. Ni'itōs yōmik tlā milá: ta we'a xīntok īkomiteyo. Ta xīxīntok īkomiteyo, hkōn ni'itōs lāh yōmik. ¡Piri yā sā *hueso* xīntok! Āman, āman *entero.* ¡Eh xmilá:k, tēh, i miki ōn!”

"Mm," said Uncle Rabbit, "I'm really supposed to believe that Crocodile died. Sure he's being swarmed by ants. But I won't believe he's dead until his bones are scattered, 'til his bones are scattered far and wide. That's when I'll know that he's dead. When there's nothing but bones. But he's still all in one piece. No way he's dead."

Sahkó:n xkito, tēh, ōyah. San ōwāhtiōtlak[tik], yō nē ontlakwatiw. Nē *huertero* kwalāni yā milá:, īn kokonētl nō, nō xok kitlālia ōn tlākatl. Yawa ōki..., ōkí:pāxoh Koyohweh. Mm, tēh, yō *kiseguīrowa* tlakwa, *kiseguīrowa* tlakwa, *cada* tiōtlak. Wāhtlanēsi hkōn.

Uncle Rabbit just said that aloud and then left. It was getting to be evening and he went off somewhere to eat. The farmer was now once again besides himself in anger. But Coyote had crushed the wax doll and the farmer hadn't made another. Uncle Rabbit, though, he just kept on eating, he kept on eating every afternoon. And every day when it dawned, something had been eaten.

Tēh, lāman, nōsah, kitō, “Pero āman ní:hpias kāmpa yō īn, kāmpa kochi”. Mm, yōkitak kipia *ī…, īpocito* Konējoh. Yoún, pa nikān, āman lā nikān ko..., xkipia kēn, kēnōn kitōs. “Piri āman nān kochi, pa kalakis. Mm, nō nitlālwawānas mās kēchiá: nonahtos.”

And Old Man Crocodile, he too was thinking of another plan. "I'll lie in wait where Rabbit sleeps." He had already seen that Rabbit had a little hole in the ground. He wouldn't be able to save himself this time. "He sleeps here," thought Old Man Crocodile, "he'll come in to sleep. I'll just dig out the hole a little so I fit in.".

Mani yō tlā piten[tsīn], piri yō weyak.Tlālwawāntinemi Āketspalwēweh. Mm, tlā i kwahli ta kó:nyekotiw. Nē kāmpa ītēnko pa, pa xkixitīnia. San nēyá: hkíīn kāmpa ī..., kētla ītlākapan. Pa kine kiwawāna. Lāman napa kalaki. Eh, sā kamakoyāhtok, “Ah *mero* nān kalahteko ōn Konējoh para nihkwās. ¡Āman kipia para n'kwās!”

Well, Old Man Crocodile wasn't tiny, he was big and long. So he went around digging out the hole. He was trying to fit himself in. But he didn't dig around the entranceway but rather around the body of the hole. Finally he fit himself in. He just waited there inside with his mouth wide open. "This is right where Rabbit will come in and I'll eat him right up. Now I'm sure to get him!"

Yō kwālistok kine, kēn kichīhtinemi ōn Āketspalwēweh. Eh tēh [ma]ni yō tlā, tlā *tonto*, ma kalaki sampa.

But Uncle Rabbit is just there watching what Old Man Crocodile is going around doing. You think Rabbit is fool enough to go into his house?

Kitō, lāman yō..., yōātlīto. Yō mpa nentok nē lāman itik īostōtsīn kāmpa kochi. Tēh, *como* tlamachilisioh kine nō, ōn Konējoh, kihlia, “¡Nokākaltsīn, nokākaltsīn! Mm. ¡Ah! ¡Xnēxnānkilia nokākaltsīn! Di ikwāk niwālaw, niman nēxnānkilia.” Yoún, kihlia, “¡Yōniwāhlah nokākaltsīn! *'Ueno*, eh hkōn nēchihlia. Āman tēh, ye'atsīn pa nemi yā, yō yā xnēxnānkilia. *Mejor*, yoún, xok h'neki tēh, xniá:s pa. Mm, tēh, āmanīn ye'atsīn īwān pa nemi nokaltsīn. Oksē *lado* nikochis.”

They say that Rabbit went to get a drink while Crocodile was there inside the cave where Rabbit sleeps. But Rabbit is a smart one, so he shouts out, "My little house, my little house! Mm, my little house is not answering. Whenever I come, my house answers me right away." So again he hollers, "I've come home little house! Well, I should get an answer. Someone must be waiting in my house and that's why I'm not getting an answer! Better I just don't go there. Someone's in my house. I'll just go sleep somewhere else."

Oksē *lado* yaw. Eh, kwalāni ōn, Āketspalin yō mpa kamachālotok itik ostōtsīntli.

So he went somewhere else. Now Crocodile is furious. There he is with his mouth wide open, waiting inside the little cliff.

'Chiá: ōn nēyā *fuerte* kalaki sē tiōtlak ontlakwatiw. I kwahli sapa, sapa nōsah, sapa sehnek ōkí:chīw īkaltsīn. Eh tēh, i kwahli tēh, yā ¡ah, simi xok kalaki, tēl, Konējoh. Nē konistok. Yoún, sapa ōkēhchīw īn, kāmpa, yoún, ōkitak ōkoch. Nōsah ōtlawawān Āketspalin.

In the meantime Rabbit is going along having the meal of his life. And when he's done, he starts making another house. But he didn't go in. Rabbit just stayed outside at a distance, looking it over. And once again Crocodile started to dig where Rabbit would go to sleep.

Kihlia, lāman, mm, āman nōsah, ōkalak. Āman, āman milá: niman h'nāwatilīs, niman nināwatis. Nināwatis, mm, tlā yōk..., yōyekok. Yō yā kitō niman kinānkilia īkaltsīn.”

Once again Crocodile fit himself inside. "Now, this time I'll speak to him. I'll speak up right away. I'll make some sounds once he has arrived. He said that his house answers him right away."

Mm, *bueno*. Yō ōn Konējoh hkíīn, nōsah tsatsitiw. Mm, “¡Nokākaltsīn!” Mm, yōā..., yōtlakwāto nē ōn, Ko..., Ākets..., yō īn, Konējoh, kāmpa *huerta.* Āman i wāhlaw, yōwālātlitikīs de milá: kochis. Mm, kine, “¡Nokākaltsīn!”

So, Rabbit once again went along hollering out. "My little house!" He had gone to eat in the garden patch. Now he's on the way back. He had a drink on his way and now wants to go to sleep. "My little tiny house!"

Tēh, āman ōtsatsik, kētla ōkinānkilih. Kihlia, “¡Ooooooh! ¡Je!”

Well, this time Crocodile shouted back, it was like he answered. He said, "Oooooh! Je!".

“¿Ma īn, kānōnōn? ¿Ā'inōnōn wāhnāwati? Niman nō nokaltsi..., nokākaltsīn, yō xwel tlatowa yā yō tlāhli. Ah, deporsí:n pa nemi yekatsīn. Tēh, xnikalakis. *Mejor* sē *lado* sapa i niaw.”

"What's this? Where's this coming from? Who's making these sounds? I couldn't be my house, houses can't speak! They're just a holes in the ground. Ah, someone must be inside. No way I'm going i. Better for me to go off somewhere else.

I kwahli, tēh, xkaman ōkikwakeh, yō ōn, Konējoh. Piri yō nekwanitiw kāmpa, kāmpa kita kochi. Yō nekwanitiw. Mm.

That's it, then, they never ate Rabbit. And he just moves around, sleeping in different places. He goes from one place to another.

Tēh i kwahli, tēh, sahkó:n ō..., ōkí:chīw. Ōkichīw, tēl. Ōtlakwah. Ōme ōpanōk kwarēsmah lāman. I kwahli, sampa ōnokāw, tēh, Konējoh. Xok ya'ah ōkwāhpanōltih nānika.

It's over. That's all that happened. He ate and ate and ate. Two winters go by and Rabbit just stayed there. No one ever brought him back over to this side of the river.

Mm, sahkó:n. Sahkó:n, pite…, san pitelōntsīn. Xmās weyak. Kwākōn san yōtsīn ōn.

That's it. That's it, it's just a short little story. Not very long. That is the end of the story.