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SPAN 315 Translation

Los Pishtacos traduccion 1

Long time ago it was told, more or less in the beginning of the republic, they roamed around almost all the settlements some individuals who would kill people who would go out to the field, especially those who were fat and who had a great voice, because it was said that their blood and their fats of said people were useful for bell fabrication; the more melodic the bell sounded. This is how these bloody men, called "pishtacos" were greatly feared by the settlers.

According to this belief there is a town in San Buenaventura where it proves the existence of said pishtacos.

During that period there existed a limited union or brotherhood between cities that formed a community, and they were a sort of family for all their jobs; in such a way that, for example when an individual built his house, everybody helped him out with the work. Like this came the day in which one of the them decided to build his house and according to custom, everybody, men and women, went to help him. When only the only thing missing was the roof, that was made out of straw, one day they agreed to go to look for straw from the highlands; and they all went out the signaled day, and because of the long distance, halfway from the journey they sat down to rest and to have fiambre for breakfast, that was the name for cold breakfast that they brought; for that fiambre they brought cancha "toasted corn", cheese, chaqui, oven baked potatoes, lima beans, ect. While they were eating peacefully, they were surprised by some unknown people that faked a sincere friendship; then the unknown people invited them to some of their fiambre, that only consisted of pork grinds, pieces of roasted meat; but these pork grinds contained a narcotic. The wives of the men who went for straw, who had realized the unknown individuals were pishtacos, made hand signs to their husbands so they wouldn't eat the meat, but they didn't pay attention to the women's signs, and continued eating. They finished having breakfast, the unknown strangers took off, and they surely took off to hide, waiting the results of their wits. Soon thereafter almost all of the men were falling into a deep sleep; then the women, hopelessly, would take them anyway possible to hide them in caves, or they could cover them up with straw, so they were not be spotted by the pishtacos; and then they returned to town to let the authorities know and the rest of the people that had stayed there. When they got there armed with axes, knives, machetes, etc., to the place where the others had stayed hiding, to men went missing; everybody was distressed by the disappearing of their friends and relatives, they decided to go look for the pishtacos that had committed such crime. Two or three kilometers away, they had finally arrived to the cave where they discovered for the first time they saw the corpses of the missing men; they were beheaded and hanging by their feet, with some hooks

that were locked to the boulders that made up the cave. On the lower floor there was a big calderon, where blood from the stiff bodies was deposited. Full of indignation and horror they started to look for the thieves; one of them discovered, some meters away from the cave, one of the pishtacos, that was sleeping peacefully after his doing... he carefully approached him, and with the ax he was carrying on his hand, he released such a hit on the pishtaco's neck that the head flew rolling along the side; however, the reaction was so fast, that the headless body, with a rough movement, managed to stand up, but he was not able to stay like that and fell again already dead. The other pishtacos, while they heard the noises, fled without being seen. So the men picked up their family members' corpses and they took them to town for a proper burial, leaving the pishtaco's body on the same place so the crows could eat them.

The pishtacos fled; unhappy with what had happened to them, they headed to look for other people; roaming, they got to a secluded shack in which lived an old lady with her grandchildren. The pishtacos had already surrounded the shack and were preparing on going in, when they heard that the lady had said some words, they had never heard: "Janampa, janampa, chaita, chaita, uraypi, uraypi!"; and the thieves believed that the old lady was calling out people for help or that she was a witch who could curse them, they fled to never return. But in reality the old lady was letting her grandchildren know to rub their back, unaware of all that was happening outside, she would tell them in quechua: "up, up; down, down! him, him!" so they would know what place they had to rub, and with that way contributed to her salvation, because, if not, she would have been beheaded by the pishtacos.