

La muñeca negra (The black doll) José Martí - 1889

The Black Doll by José Martí is one of my favorite childhood short stories because of the valuable life lesson Piedad's story provides. I chose this text to translate because it tackles multiple social issues that we are still facing in our society, such as racism. Martí uses this story as a medium to teach kids and people that they should not treat others by their skin color, profession, economic status, etc. Martí's compassion and anti-racism comments shine through Pilar's (doll) life. The mentality of the 19th century was different yet similar to the current times since we still face racism and prejudice in our society. I use this story as a driving force to show that not everyone condemns these actions. It is time to undust this story and bring it back to life in another language (English). There is only one translation available which is almost inaccessible. I decided to pursue my version and translation of La muñeca negra because of my connection to the Cuban author. One of my main goals for this project was to create a proximate English translation of the Spanish text. In the translation process, I interacted, communicated, and had a conversation with the text to ensure the story and dialogue worked seamlessly. Finding the right configuration for certain descriptive words was difficult because many terms were not translatable from Spanish into English. I call my translation process a jigsaw puzzle with multiple pieces that must be put in the right place. I wanted to create a mirroring effect of the Spanish text and create a translation that captures the essence and structure of the original. The story has multiple descriptive details with sentences that can take up to ten lines. In Spanish, it is easier to have a run-on sentence and still keep the meaning intact since many words can be contracted without being repetitive. On the other hand, it is difficult to mimic the same writing style in English because there are many limitations in the writing. Most of the translation is similar to Spanish. There were a few instances when I had to crop or rearrange sentences to make them flow better with the rest of the text.

About the author

José Martí was a Cuban nationalist, poet-philosopher, essayist, journalist, translator, professor, and publisher. Martí is considered a Cuban national hero because of his role in liberating Cuba from Spain. José Martí is the Cuban Shakespeare or Pushkin, which means everyone in Cuba can recite his poems, and stories by heart since they are taught at primary and secondary school. He is an important figure in Latin American literature.

Original text - short story (Spanish)	Preliminary translation (word-for-word)	Draft
<p>De puntillas, de puntillas, para no despertar a Piedad, entran en el cuarto de dormir el padre y la madre. Vienen riéndose, como dos muchachones. Vienen de la mano, como dos muchachos. El padre viene detrás, como si fuera a tropezar con todo. La madre no tropieza; porque conoce el camino. ¡Trabaja mucho el padre, para comprar todo lo de la casa, y no puede ver a su hija cuando quiere! A veces, allá en el trabajo, se ríe solo, o se pone de repente como triste, o se le ve en la cara como una luz: y es que está pensando en su hija: se le cae la pluma de la mano cuando piensa así, pero enseguida empieza a escribir, y escribe tan de prisa, tan de prisa, que es como si la pluma fuera volando. Y le hace muchos rasgos a la letra, y las oes le salen grandes como un sol, y las ges largas como un sable, y las eles están debajo de la línea, como si se fueran a clavar en el papel, y las eses caen al fin de la palabra, como una hoja de palma; ¡tiene que ver lo que escribe el padre cuando ha pensado mucho en la niña! Él dice que siempre que le llega por la ventana el olor de las flores del jardín, piensa en ella. O a veces, cuando está trabajando cosas de números, o poniendo un libro sueco en español, la ve venir, venir despacio, como en una nube, y se le sienta al lado, le quita la</p>	<p>On tip toe, on tip toe, so as not to wake up Piedad, mother and father are entering the room. They are smiling like two teenagers. They are holding hands like two teenagers. The father comes behind trying to not stumble with everything. The mother does not stumble because she knows the path. The father works a lot to buy everything for the house and cannot see his daughter when he wants! Sometimes, there at his work, he smiles by himself, or suddenly becomes sad, or his face lights up: and it is because he is thinking of his daughter; his quill falls off his hand when he thinks of his daughter, but immediately he begins to write, and writes very quickly, very quickly that it seems as though the quill were flying. And he puts a lot streaks to the writing, and the Os turn out as big as the sun, and the Gs as long as a spade, and the I's are below the line, as if they were getting nailed into the paper, and the Ss fall at the end of the word, like a palm leaf. It is because he has written while he has thought a lot about his girl! He says that every time through his window he smells the flowers of the garden, he thinks of her. Or sometimes, when he is working with numbers, or translating a Swiss book to Spanish, he sees her approaching, approaching slowly, like in a cloud, and she sits next to him. She takes his quill so he can rest a while, she kisses him on the forehead,</p>	<p>On tip toe, on tip toe, so as not to wake up Piedad, mother and father are entering the room. They are smiling like two teenagers. They are holding hands like two teenagers. The father comes behind trying to not stumble with everything. The mother does not stumble because she knows the path. The father works a lot to buy everything for the house and cannot see his daughter when he wants! Sometimes, there at his work, he smiles by himself, or suddenly becomes sad, or his face lights up: and it is because he is thinking of his daughter; his quill falls off his hand when he thinks of his daughter, but immediately he begins to write, and writes very quickly, very quickly that it seems as though the quill were flying. And he puts a lot streaks to the writing, and the Os turn out as big as the sun, and the Gs as long as a spade, and the I's are below the line, as if they were getting nailed into the paper, and the Ss fall at the end of the word, like a palm leaf. It is because he has written while he has thought a lot about his girl! He says that every time through his window he smells the flowers of the garden, he thinks of her. Or sometimes, when he is working with numbers, or translating a Swiss book to Spanish, he sees her approaching, approaching slowly, like in a cloud, and she sits next to him. She takes his quill so he can rest a while, she kisses him on the forehead,</p>

pluma, para que repose un poco, le da un beso en la frente, le tira de la barba rubia, le esconde el tintero: es sueño no más, no más que sueño, como esos que se tienen sin dormir, en que ve uno vestidos muy bonitos, o un caballo vivo de cola muy larga, o un cochecito con cuatro chivos blancos, o una sortijita con la piedra azul: sueño es no más, pero dice el padre que es como si lo hubiera visto, y que después tiene más fuerza y escribe mejor. Y la niña se va, se va despacio por el aire, que parece de luz todo: se va como una nube.

Hoy el padre no trabajó mucho, porque tuvo que ir a una tienda: ¿a qué iría el padre a una tienda?: y dicen que por la puerta de atrás entró una caja grande: ¿qué vendrá en la caja?: ¡a saber lo que vendrá!: mañana hace ocho años que nació Piedad. La criada fue al jardín, y se pinchó el dedo por cierto, por querer coger, para un ramo que hizo, una flor muy hermosa. La madre a todo dice que sí, y se puso el vestido nuevo, y le abrió la jaula al canario. El cocinero está haciendo un pastel, y recortando en figura de flores los nabos y las zanahorias, y le devolvió a la lavandera el gorro, porque tenía una mancha que no se veía apenas, pero, "¡hoy, hoy, señora lavandera, el gorro ha de estar sin mancha!" Piedad no sabía, no sabía. Ella sí vio que la casa estaba como el

she pulls his blonde beard, she hides his inkwell. It is a dream, just a dream, like those daydreams that one has without sleeping, in which one sees beautiful dresses, or a alive hord with a very long tail, or a carriage with four white goats, or a ring with a blue stone. Just a dream, but the father says it's just as if he had really seen it, and then afterwards he feels stronger and he writes better. And the girl leaves, she leaves slowly through the air, which seems made up of light, she leaves like a cloud.

Today the father did not work much, because he had to go to a store. Why would he have to go to a store? And they say that a big box came through the back door. What could be in the box? Who knows what it is! Tomorrow it will be eight years since Piedad was born. The maid went to the garden, and surely she pricked her finger, because she wanted to pick a very beautiful flower for a bouquet she had arranged. The mother says yes to everything, and she wore her new dress, and open the cage of the canary. The cook is making a cake, and cutting turnips and carrots in form of flowers, and he returned the toque to the laundrywoman, because it had a stain that was almost unnoticeable, but, "today, today, laundress lady, the toque must be without a stain!" Piedad did not know, did not know. She did notice that the house was

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primer día de sol, cuando se va ya la nieve, y les salen las hojas a los árboles. Todos sus juguetes se los dieron aquella noche, todos. Y el padre llegó muy temprano del trabajo, a tiempo de ver a su hija dormida. La madre lo abrazó cuando lo vio entrar: ¡y lo abrazó de veras! Mañana cumple Piedad ocho años.

El cuarto está a media luz, una luz como la de las estrellas, que viene de la lámpara de velar, con su bombillo de color de ópalo. Pero se ve, hundida en la almohada, la cabecita rubia. Por la ventana entra la brisa, y parece que juegan, las mariposas que no se ven, con el cabello dorado. Le da en el cabello la luz. Y la madre y el padre vienen andando, de puntillas. ¡Al suelo, el tocador de jugar! ¡Este padre ciego, que tropieza con todo! Pero la niña no se ha despertado. La luz le da en la mano ahora; parece una rosa la mano. A la cama no se puede llegar; porque están alrededor todos los juguetes, en mesas y sillas. En una silla está el baúl que le mandó en pascuas la abuela, lleno de almendras y de mazapanes: boca abajo está el baúl, como si lo hubieran sacudido, a ver si caía alguna almendra de un rincón, o si andaban escondidas por la cerradura algunas migajas de mazapán; ¡eso es, de seguro, que las muñecas tenían hambre! En otra silla está la loza, mucha loza y muy fina, y en cada plato una fruta pintada: un plato tiene una cereza, y otro un higo, y otro una

like the first day of sunlight, when the snow melts, and the trees get their first leaves. All her toys were given to her that night, all of them. And the father arrived very early from work, just on time to see his daughter sleeping. The mother hugged him when he entered and she really hugged him! Tomorrow Piedad will be eight years old.

The bedroom is half lit, like the lights from the stars, which comes from the night lamp, with its lightbulb in opal color. But sunk in the pillow the small blonde head can be seen. Through the window comes the breeze, and it seems that the butterflies which cannot be seen are playing with the golden hair. The light shines on the hair. And mother and father come in walking on tip toes. The play table falls onto the floor! This blind father that stumbles on everything! But the girl has not awakened. The light now shines on her hand; her hand looks like a rose. It is not possible to reach the bed because it is surrounded by all the toys in tables and chairs. There is a trunk on the chair that grandma sent during eastern full of almonds and marzipan; the trunk is upside down as if it had been shaken, to see if an almond would shake out from a corner, or if some marzipan crumbs were hiding in the lock; that is, surely, the dolls were hungry! At another chair is the china, a lot of china and very fine, and every place is decorated with a fruit, one plate with a cherry, another with a fig, and another with

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uva: da en el plato ahora la luz, en el plato del higo, y se ven como chispas de estrella: ¿cómo habrá venido esta estrella a los platos?: "¡Es azúcar!" dice el pícaro padre: "¡Eso es de seguro!": dice la madre, "eso es que estuvieron las muñecas golosas comiéndose el azúcar." El costurero está en otra silla, y muy abierto, como de quien ha trabajado de verdad; el dedal está machucado ¡de tanto coser!: cortó la modista mucho, porque del calicó que le dio la madre no queda más que un redondel con el borde de picos, y el suelo está por allí lleno de recortes, que le salieron mal a la modista, y allí está la chambre empezada a coser, con la aguja clavada, junto a una gota de sangre. Pero la sala, y el gran juego, está en el velador, al lado de la cama. El rincón, allá contra la pared, es el cuarto de dormir de las muñequitas de loza, con su cama de la madre, de colcha de flores, y al lado una muñeca de traje rosado, en una silla roja: el tocador está entre la cama y la cuna, con su muñequita de trapo, tapada hasta la nariz, y el mosquitero encima: la mesa del tocador en una cajita de cartón castaño, y el espejo es de los buenos, de los que vende la señora pobre de la dulcería, a dos por un centavo. La sala está en lo de delante del velador, y tiene en medio una mesa, con el pie hecho de un carretel de hilo, y lo de arriba de una concha de nácar, con una jarra mexicana en medio, de las que traen los muñecos aguadores de México: y alrededor unos

a grape; now the light shines on the plate, on the fig plate, and they seem like sparkles of a star, how could this star have ended up on the plates? "It's sugar!" says the saucy father, "That it is, surely!" says the mother "That's because the dolls were sweet-toothed and ate the sugar!" The sewing box is on another chair, and open wide, as if someone had been really working; the thimble is squashed from sewing so much! The seamstress cut a lot, because the only thing that remains of the calico that her mother gave her is a round piece with pointed borders, and the cuttings are all over the floor because the seamstress made mistakes, there is the blouse half sewed with the needle stuck in it next to a drop of blood. But the living room and the great set is on the night stand next to the bed. The corner, there against the wall is the bedroom of the china dolls, with the mother's bed with a flowered blanket and next to it a doll in a pink dress on a red chair; the dresser is between the bed and the crib with its little rag doll, covered up to her nose and the mosquito net on top; the dresser is a little auburn cardboard and the mirror is one of the real ones like the ones that the poor lady at the candy shop sells at two of a penny. The living room is in front of lamp table and in the middle it has a table with the base made of an empty spool of thread and the top is made of mother-of-pearl with a Mexican jar in the center like those that the water dolls of Mexico have; and around it are folded little

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papelitos doblados, que son los libros. El piano es de madera, con las teclas pintadas; y no tiene banqueta de tornillo, que eso es poco lujo, sino una de espaldar, hecha de la caja de una sortija, con lo de abajo forrado de azul; y la tapa cosida por un lado, para la espalda, y forrada de rosa; y encima un encaje. Hay visitas, por supuesto, y son de pelo de veras, con ropones de seda lila de cuartos blancos, y zapatos dorados: y se sientan sin doblarse, con los pies en el asiento: y la señora mayor, la que trae gorra color de oro, y está en el sofá, tiene su levantapiés, porque del sofá se resbala; y el levantapiés es una cajita de paja japonesa, puesta boca abajo: en un sillón blanco están sentadas juntas, con los brazos muy tiesos, dos hermanas de loza. Hay un cuadro en la sala, que tiene detrás, para que no se caiga, un pomo de olor: y es una niña de sombrero colorado, que trae en los brazos un cordero. En el pilar de la cama, del lado del velador, está una medalla de bronce, de una fiesta que hubo, con las cintas francesas: en su gran moña de los tres colores está adornando la sala el medallón, con el retrato de un francés muy hermoso, que vino de Francia a pelear porque los hombres fueran libres, y otro retrato del que inventó el pararrayos, con la cara de abuelo que tenía cuando pasó el mar para pedir a los reyes de Europa que lo ayudaran a hacer libre su tierra: esa es la sala, y el gran juego de Piedad. Y en la almohada, durmiendo en su

pieces of paper which are the books. The piano is made of wood with painted keys and it does not have a turning stool which is the common kind, but with a back made from the box of a ring with its bottom lined in blue and the cover sewn on one side for the back and lined in rose with a lace on top. There are visitors, of course, and they have real hair, with robes in lilac silk with the white squares, and gold shoes; and they sit without bending, with their feet on the seat, and the old lady, the one who wears a gold hat, and is on the sofa, has her foot-lifter on because otherwise she slides from the sofa; and the foot stool is a box of Japanese straw turned upside down; they are sitting together in a white rocking chair with their arms very stiff; the two china sisters. There is a framed pictured in the living room which has is propped up by a perfume bottle, and the picture is a girl with a red hat and carries a sheep in her arms. At the bedpost, next to the night stand is a bronze medal from a party that there was with the French ribbons; the medallion is decorating the living room with a great bow in three colors with the picture of a handsome Frenchman who came from France to fight for the liberty of men, and another picture of the inventor of the lightning rod, with his grandfatherly face that he had when he crossed the sea to petition the kings of Europe to help him to set free his land; that is the living room and the great set of Piedad. And on the pillow, sleeping on her arm, and

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brazo, y con la boca desteñida de los besos, está su muñeca negra.

Los pájaros del jardín la despertaron por la mañanita. Parece que se saludan los pájaros, y la convidan a volar. Un pájaro llama, y otro pájaro responde. En la casa hay algo, porque los pájaros se ponen así cuando el cocinero anda por la cocina saliendo y entrando, con el delantal volándole por las piernas, y la olla de plata en las dos manos, oliendo a leche quemada y a vino dulce. En la casa hay algo: porque si no, ¿para qué está ahí, al pie de la cama, su vestidito nuevo, el vestidito color de perla, y la cinta lila que compraron ayer, y las medias de encaje? "Yo te digo, Leonor, que aquí pasa algo. Dímelo tú, Leonor, tú que estuviste ayer en el cuarto de mamá, cuando yo fui a paseo. ¡Mamá mala, que no te dejó ir conmigo, porque dice que te he puesto muy fea con tantos besos, y que no tienes pelo, porque te he peinado mucho! La verdad, Leonor: tú no tienes mucho pelo; pero yo te quiero así, sin pelo, Leonor: tus ojos son los que quiero yo, porque con los ojos me dices que me quieres: te quiero mucho, porque no te quieren: ¡a ver! ¡sentada aquí en mis rodillas, que te quiero peinar!: las niñas buenas se peinan en cuanto se levantan: ¡a ver, los zapatos, que ese lazo no está bien hecho!: y los dientes: déjame ver los dientes: las uñas: ¡Leonor,

with the mouth faded from the kisses, is her black doll.

The birds from the garden wakes her up early in the morning. It seems that the birds greet each other and they invite her to fly. A bird calls, and another one answers. There is something in the house, because the birds get like that when the cook works in the kitchen coming in and going out, with his apron flying on his legs, and the silver pot in both hands, smelling like burnt milk and sweet wine. There is something in the house, because otherwise, why is her new dress there at the foot of her bed, the little dress in pearl color and the lilac ribbon that they bought yesterday, and the lace hose? "I tell you, Leonor, there is something going on here. You tell me Leonor, you were in my mother's bedroom yesterday while I went out for a walk. My bad mother, who didn't let you go with me, because she says I have made you ugly from so many kisses, and you don't have hair because I have combed you too much! The truth, Leonor, you don't have much hair, but I love you like that without hair, Leonor; your eyes are the eyes I love, because with your eyes you tell me that you love me; I love you very much, because they don't like you; let's see! Sit here on my knees because I want to comb your hair! Good girls brush their hair as soon as they wake up, let's see the shoes, that bow is not well tied! And the teeth, let me see your teeth; the

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The birds from the garden wake her up early in the morning. It seems that the birds greet each other and they invite her to fly. A bird calls, and another one answers. There is something in the house because the birds get like that when the cook works in the kitchen coming in and going out, with his apron flying on his legs, and the silver pot in both hands, smelling like burnt milk and sweet wine. There is something in the house, because otherwise, why is her new dress there at the foot of her bed, the little dress in pearl color and the lilac ribbon that they bought yesterday, and the lace stockings? "I tell you, Leonor, there is something going on here. You tell me Leonor, you were in mom's bedroom yesterday while I went out for a walk. My bad mother, who didn't let you go with me because she says I have made you ugly from so many kisses, and you don't have hair because I have combed you too much! The truth, Leonor, you don't have much hair, but I love you like that without hair, Leonor; your eyes are the eyes I love because with your eyes you tell me that you love me; I love you very much, because they don't like you; let's see, sit here on my knees I want to comb your hair! Good girls brush their hair as soon as they wake up, let's see the shoes, that bow is not well tied! And the teeth, let me see your teeth; the nails,

esas uñas no están limpias! Vamos, Leonor, dime la verdad: oye, oye a los pájaros que parece que tienen baile: dime, Leonor, ¿qué pasa en esta casa?" Y a Piedad se le cayó el peine de la mano, cuando le tenía ya una trenza hecha a Leonor; y la otra estaba toda alborotada. Lo que pasaba, allí lo veía ella. Por la puerta venía la procesión. La primera era la criada, con el delantal de rizos de los días de fiesta, y la cofia de servir la mesa en los días de visita: traía el chocolate, el chocolate con crema, lo mismo que el día de año nuevo, y los panes dulces en una cesta de plata: luego venía la madre, con un ramo de flores blancas y azules: ¡ni una flor colorada en el ramo, ni una flor amarilla!: y luego venía la lavandera, con el gorro blanco que el cocinero no se quiso poner, y un estandarte que el cocinero le hizo, con un diario y un bastón: y decía en el estandarte, debajo de una corona de pensamientos: "¡Hoy cumple Piedad ocho años!" Y la besaron, y la vistieron con el traje color de perla, y la llevaron, con el estandarte detrás, a la sala de los libros de su padre, que tenía muy peinada su barba rubia, como si se la hubieran peinado muy despacio, y redondeándole las puntas, y poniendo cada hebra en su lugar. A cada momento se asomaba a la puerta, a ver si Piedad venía: escribía, y se ponía a silbar: abría un libro, y se quedaba mirando a un retrato, a un retrato que tenía siempre en su mesa, y era como Piedad, una Piedad de vestido largo. Y

nails, Leonor! Leonor those nails are not clean! Let's see, Leonor tell me the truth, listen, listen to the birds, it seems they're having a ball; tell me, Leonor, what is going on in this house?" And Mercy dropped the comb from her hand when one of Leonor's braid was finished and the other one was tousled. What was happening, she was seeing. Through the door the parade was coming in. First was the maid with the special ruffled apron for festive days, and the platter for the table on visitor's days; she was bringing in the chocolate, the chocolate with cream, the same as New Year's day, and the sweet bread in a silver basket; then it comes the mother with a bouquet of white and blue flowers; not even one red flower, nor even one yellow flower! And then comes the laundress, with her white cap which the cook did not want to wear, and a banner that the cook made with a diary and a baton. The banner said below a crown of thoughts: "Today Piedad is eight years old!" And they kissed her and they dressed her with the pearl colored dress, and they took her, with the banner behind, to the father's library, who had his blonde beard very well combed out, as if it had been combed very slowly, and rounded up the ends, and putting each hair in its place. Every so often he would peek through the door, to see if Pilar was coming, he would write, and he would whistle, he would open a book, and he would stare at a

Leonor! Leonor, those nails are not clean! Let's see, Leonor tell me the truth, listen, listen to the birds, it seems they're having a ball; tell me, Leonor, what is going on in this house?" And Mercy dropped the comb from her hand when one of Leonor's braids was finished and the other one was tousled. What was happening, there she was seeing it. Through the door the parade was coming in. First was the maid with the special ruffled apron for festive days, and the platter for the table on visitor's days; she was bringing in the chocolate, the chocolate with cream, the same as New Year's day, and the sweet bread in a silver basket; then it comes the mother with a bouquet of white and blue flowers; not even one red flower, nor even one yellow flower! And then comes the laundress, with her white cap which the cook did not want to wear, and a banner that the cook made with a diary and a baton. The banner said below a crown of thoughts: "Today Piedad is eight years old!" And they kissed her and they dressed her with the pearl colored dress, and they took her, with the banner behind, to the father's library, who had his blonde beard very well combed out, as if it had been combed very slowly, and rounded up the ends, and putting each hair in its place. Every so often he would peek through the door, to see if Pilar was coming, he would write, and he would whistle, he would open a book, and he would stare at a picture, at a

cuando oyó ruido de pasos, y un vocerrón que venía tocando música en un cucuricho de papel, ¿quién sabe lo que sacó de una caja grande?: y se fue a la puerta con una mano en la espalda: y con el otro brazo cargó a su hija. Luego dijo que sintió como que en el pecho se le abría una flor, y como que se le encendía en la cabeza un palacio, con colgaduras azules de flecos de oro, y mucha gente con alas: luego dijo todo eso, pero entonces, nada se le oyó decir. Hasta que Piedad dio un salto en sus brazos, y se le quiso subir por el hombro, porque en un espejo había visto lo que llevaba en la otra mano el padre. "¡Es como el sol el pelo, mamá, lo mismo que el sol! ¡ya la vi, ya la vi, tiene el vestido rosado! ¡dile que me la dé, mamá: si es de peto verde, de peto de terciopelo! ¡como las mías son las medias, de encaje como las mías!" Y el padre se sentó con ella en el sillón, y le puso en los brazos la muñeca de seda y porcelana. Echó a correr Piedad, como si buscase a alguien. "¿Y yo me quedo hoy en casa por mi niña", le dijo su padre, "y mi niña me deja solo?" Ella escondió la cabecita en el pecho de su padre bueno. Y en mucho, mucho tiempo, no la levantó, aunque ¡de veras! le picaba la barba.

Hubo paseo por el jardín, y almuerzo con un vino de espuma debajo de la parra, y el

picture, at a picture which he always had on his table, it was like Piedad, like Piedad with a long dress. And when he heard footsteps, and a deep voice that was playing music through a paper cone, who knows what he took out of a large box? and he went to the door with a hand behind his back; and with other arm he picked up his daughter. Then he said he felt like in his chest a flower bloomed, and like a palace lit in his head, with blue tapestries with gold fringe, and a lot of people with wings; then he said all that, but then nothing was heard from him. Until Piedad jump into his arms and she wanted to climb on his shoulder, because in a mirror she has seen what the father carried into his other arm. "The hair is like the sun, mother, the same as the sun! I already saw it, I already saw it she has a pink dress! Tell her to give her to me, mother, she has green overalls, velvet overalls! The stockings are like mine, lace like mine!" And the father sat with her in the rocking chair, and put the silk porcelain doll in her arms. Piedad started running, as if she was looking for somebody. "And I'm staying home today because of my daughter," her father said to her, "and my daughter 'and my daughter leaves me alone?' She hid her head in the chest of her good father. And for a long long time she did not raise it even though truthfully the beard was itchy! There was a walk in the garden, and a lunch with a foamy wine below the grapevine, and

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padre estaba muy conversador, cogiéndole a cada momento la mano a su mamá, y la madre estaba como más alta, y hablaba poco, y era como música todo lo que hablaba. Piedad le llevó al cocinero una dalia roja, y se la prendió en el pecho del delantal: y a la lavandera le hizo una corona de claveles: y a la criada le llenó los bolsillos de flores de naranjo, y le puso en el pelo una flor, con sus dos hojas verdes. Y luego, con mucho cuidado, hizo un ramo de no me olvides. "¿Para quién es ese ramo, Piedad?" "No sé, no sé, para quién es: ¡quién sabe si es para alguien!" Y lo puso a la orilla de la acequia, donde corría como un cristal el agua. Un secreto le dijo a su madre, y luego le dijo: "¡Déjame ir!" Pero le dijo "caprichosa" su madre: "¿y tu muñeca de seda, no te gusta? mírale la cara, que es muy linda: y no le has visto los ojos azules". Piedad sí se los había visto; y la tuvo sentada en la mesa después de comer, mirándola sin reírse; y la estuvo enseñando a andar en el jardín. Los ojos era lo que le miraba ella: y le tocaba en el lado del corazón: "¡Pero, muñeca, háblame, háblame!" Y la muñeca de seda no le hablaba. "¿Conque no te ha gustado la muñeca que te compré, con sus medias de encaje y su cara de porcelana y su pelo fino?" "Sí, mi papá, sí me ha gustado mucho. Vamos, señora muñeca, vamos a pasear. Usted querrá coches, y lacayos, y querrá dulce de castañas, señora muñeca. Vamos, vamos a pasear." Pero en cuanto estuvo

the father was very talkative, every once in a while taking her mother's hand, and the mother was like taller, and she spoke little, and everything she said was like music. Piedad took a red dahlia to the cook and she attached it to the chest of the apron, and for the laundress she made a crown of carnations; and for the maid she filled her pockets with orange flowers, and she put a flower in her hair with two green leaves. And then, carefully, she made a bouquet of forget-me-nots. "Who is that bouquet for, Piedad?" "I don't know who it is for, who knows if it is for anybody!" I don't know, I don't know who it is for, who knows if it is for anybody!" And she put it at the edge of the small stream, where the water ran like a crystal. She told a secret to her mother, and then said to her, "Let me go!" But her mother called her "Fickle," "And your silk doll, don't you like it? Look at her face, she is very beautiful; and haven't you seen her blue eyes?" Piedad has seen them, and has her sit at the table after lunch, looking at her without smiling; and she showed her how to walk in the garden. The eyes was what she looked at; and she touched the side of her heart; "But, doll, talk to me, talk to me!" And the silk doll did not talk to her. "So you have not liked the doll I have bought you, with her lace stockings and her porcelain face and her fine hair?" "Yes, my dad, I like her very much. Let's go Ms. Doll, let's go for a walk. You would want carriages and servants and you

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Piedad donde no la veían, dejó a la muñeca en un tronco, de cara contra el árbol. Y se sentó sola, a pensar, sin levantar la cabeza, con la cara entre las dos manecitas. De pronto echó a correr, de miedo de que se hubiese llevado el agua el ramo de no me olvides.

—“Pero, criada, llévame pronto!” — “¿Piedad, qué es eso de criada? ¡Tú nunca le dices criada así, como para ofenderla!” — “No, mamá, no: es que tengo mucho sueño: estoy muerta de sueño. Mira: me parece que es un monte la barba de papá: y el pastel de la mesa me da vueltas, vueltas alrededor, y se están riendo de mí las banderitas: y me parece que están bailando en el aire las flores de la zanahoria: estoy muerta de sueño: ¡adiós, mi madre!: mañana me levanto muy tempranito: tú, papá, me despiertas antes de salir: yo te quiero ver siempre antes de que te vayas a trabajar: ¡oh, las zanahorias! ¡estoy muerta de sueño! ¡Ay, mamá, no me mates el ramo! ¡mira, ya me mataste mi flor!” — “¿Con que se enoja mi hija porque le doy un abrazo?” — “¡Pégame, mi mamá! ¡papá, pégame tú! es que tengo mucho sueño.” Y Piedad salió de la sala de los libros, con la criada que le llevaba la muñeca de seda. “¡Qué de prisa va la niña, que se va a caer! ¿Quién

would want chestnut dessert, Ms. Doll. Let's go, let's go for a walk.” But as soon as Piedad was where nobody could see her, she left the doll by a trunk, facing the tree. And she sat alone, to think, without raising her hand, with her face between her two little hands. All of a sudden she started running, in fear that the water might have flushed her bouquet of forget-me-nots.

— “But, servant, take me quickly!” — “Piedad, what do you mean, ‘servant’? You never call her a servant like that, like an offense!” — “No, mother, no, I'm just too sleepy; I'm so sleepy! Look father's beard seems like the woods; and the cake on the table seems to dance around me, and the little banners are laughing at me; and it seems to me that the carrot flowers are dancing in the air; I'm extremely tired and sleepy. Goodbye, mother! tomorrow I'll wake up very early; you, dad, wake me up before you go out, I always want to see you before you leave for work; oh, the carrots! I'm so tired! Oh, mother, don't throw away my bouquet! Look, you damaged my flower!” — “So my daughter gets angry because I hug her!” — “Hit me, Mom!, Dad, you hit me! I'm so sleepy.” And Piedad left the library, with the maid who was carrying a silk doll. “How quickly the girl runs, she'll fall! Who is waiting for the girl?” — “Who knows who awaits me!” And she did not speak with the maid; she did not ask her to tell her the story of the

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espera a la niña?"—"¡Quién sabe quien me espera!" Y no habló con la criada: no le dijo que le contase el cuento de la niña jorobadita que se volvió una flor: un juguete no más le pidió, y lo puso a los pies de la cama y le acarició a la criada la mano, y se quedó dormida. Encendió la criada la lámpara de velar, con su bombillo de ópalo: salió de puntillas: cerró la puerta con mucho cuidado. Y en cuanto estuvo cerrada la puerta, relucieron dos ojitos en el borde de la sábana: se alzó de repente la cubierta rubia: de rodillas en la cama, le dio toda la luz a la lámpara de velar: y se echó sobre el juguete que puso a los pies, sobre la muñeca negra. La besó, la abrazó, se la apretó contra el corazón: "Ven, pobrecita: ven, que esos malos te dejaron aquí sola: tú no estás fea, no, aunque no tengas más que una trenza: la fea es ésa, la que han traído hoy, la de los ojos que no hablan: dime, Leonor, dime, ¿tú pensaste en mí?: mira el ramo que te traje, un ramo de no me olvides, de los más lindos del jardín: ¡así, en el pecho! ¡ésta es mi muñeca linda! ¿y no has llorado? ¡te dejaron tan sola! ¡no me mires así, porque voy a llorar yo! ¡no, tú no tienes frío! ¡aquí conmigo, en mi almohada, verás como te calientas! ¡y me quitaron, para que no me hiciera daño, el dulce que te traí! ¡así, así, bien arropadita! ¡a ver, mi beso, antes de dormirte! ¡ahora,

hunchback girl who became a flower; she only asked for one toy, and she put it at the foot of her bed; and she caressed the maid's hand, and she fell asleep. The maid lit the night light, with its opal lightbulb; she left on tip toe; she closed the door very carefully. And as soon as the door was closed, two little eyes shone at the edge of the sheet; suddenly the blonde cover rose; on her knees on the bed, she flicked the night light to its maximum light; and she flung over the toy that she had put at the foot of her bed, over the black doll. She kissed her, she hugged her, she squeezed her against heart. "come here, poor little one, come, those bad guys left you here alone; you are not ugly, no, even though you only have one braid; the ugly one is that one, the one they have brought today, the one with the eyes that don't talk, tell me, Leonor, tell me, did you think about me? Look at the bouquet I brought you, a bouquet of forget-me-nots, the most beautiful in the garden, there, on my chest! this is my beautiful doll! And have you cried? They left you so alone! Don't look at me like that, because then I'll cry! No, you are not cold! Here, with me, on my pillow, you will be warm! And they took from me the dessert I brought you so that it would not make me sick! There, there, well wrapped up! Let's have my kiss, before you go to sleep! Now, let's turn the light down! And let's sleep, hugging each other! I love you, because they don't love you!"

hunchback girl who became a flower; she only asked for one toy, and she put it at the foot of her bed; and she caressed the maid's hand, and she fell asleep. I decided to split the paragraph because it is too long. The maid lit the night light, with her opal lightbulb; she left on tip toe; she closed the door very carefully. And as soon as the door was closed, two little eyes shone at the edge of the sheet; suddenly the blonde cover rose; on her knees on the bed, she flicked the night light to its maximum light; and she flung over the toy that she had put at the foot of her bed, over the black doll. She kissed her, she hugged her, she squeezed her against heart. "come here, poor little one, come, those bad guys left you here alone; you are not ugly, no, even though you only have one braid; the ugly one is that one, the one they have brought today, the one with the eyes that don't talk, tell me, Leonor, tell me, did you think about me? Look at the bouquet I brought you, a bouquet of forget-me-nots, the most beautiful in the garden, there, on my chest! This is my beautiful doll! And have you cried? They left you so alone! Don't look at me like that, because then I'll cry! No, you are not cold! Here, with me, on my pillow, you will be warm! And they took from me the dessert I brought you so that it would not make me sick! There, there, well wrapped up! Let's have my kiss, before you go to sleep! Now, let's turn the light down! And let's sleep,

la lámpara baja! ¡y a dormir, abrazadas las dos! ¡te quiero, porque no te quieren!"

hugging each other! I love you, because they don't love you!"

The black doll**José Martí**

Translated by Reinaldo Cabrera Pérez

On tip toe, on tip toe, so as not to wake up Piedad, mother and father are entering the room. They are smiling like two teenagers. They are holding hands like two teenagers. The father comes behind trying to not stumble with everything. The mother does not stumble because she knows the path. The father works a lot to buy everything for the house and cannot see his daughter when he wants! Sometimes, there at his work, he smiles by himself, or suddenly becomes sad, or his face lights up: and it is because he is thinking of his daughter; his quill falls off his hand when he thinks of his daughter, but immediately he begins to write, and writes very quickly, very quickly that it seems as though the quill were flying. And he puts a lot streaks to the writing, and the Os turn out as big as the sun, and the Gs as long as a spade, and the l's are below the line, as if they were getting nailed into the paper, and the Ss fall at the end of the word, like a palm leaf. It is because he has written while he has thought a lot about his girl! He says that every time through his window he smells the flowers of the garden, he thinks of her. Or sometimes, when he is working with numbers, or translating a Swiss book to Spanish, he sees her approaching, approaching slowly, like in a cloud, and she sits next to him. She takes his quill so he can rest a while, she kisses him on the forehead, she pulls his blonde beard, she hides his inkwell. It is a dream, just a dream, like those daydreams that one has without sleeping, in which one sees beautiful dresses, or a alive herd with a very long tail, or a carriage with four white goats, or a ring with a blue stone. Just a dream, but the father says it's just as if he had really seen it, and then afterwards he feels stronger and he writes better. And the girl leaves, she leaves slowly through the air, which seems made up of light, she leaves like a cloud.

Today the father did not work much because he had to go to a store. Why would he have to go to a store? And they say that a big box came through the back door. What could be in the box? Who knows what it is! Tomorrow it will be eight years since Piedad was born. The maid went to the garden, and surely she pricked her finger because she wanted to pick a very beautiful flower for a bouquet she had arranged. The mother says yes to everything, and she wears her new dress, and opens the cage of the canary. The cook is making a cake, and cutting turnips and carrots in form of flowers, and he returned the cap to the laundry woman, because it had a stain that was almost unnoticeable, but, "today, today, laundress lady, the cap must be without a stain!" Piedad did not know, did not know. She did notice that the house was like the first day of sunlight, when the snow melts, and the trees get their first leaves. All her toys were given to her that night, all of them. And the father arrived very early from work, just on time to see his daughter sleeping. The mother hugged him when he entered and she really hugged him! Tomorrow Piedad will be eight years old.

The bedroom is half lit, like the lights from the stars, which comes from the night lamp, with its lightbulb in opal color. But sunk in the pillow the small blonde head can be seen. Through the window comes the breeze, and it seems that the butterflies which cannot be seen are playing with the golden hair. The light shines on the hair. And mother and father come in walking on tiptoes. The play table falls onto the floor! This blind father that stumbles on everything! But the girl has not awakened. The light now shines on her hand; her hand looks like a rose. It is not possible to reach the bed because it is surrounded by all the toys in the tables and chairs.

There is a trunk on the chair that grandma sent during eastern full of almonds and marzipan; the trunk is upside down as if it had been shaken, to see if an almond would shake out from a corner, or if some marzipan crumbs were hiding in the lock; that is, surely, the dolls were

hungry! At another chair is the china, a lot of china and very fine, and every place is decorated with a fruit, one plate with a cherry, another with a fig, and another with a grape; now the light shines on the plate, on the fig plate, and they seem like sparkles of a star, how could this star have ended up on the plates? "It's sugar!" says the saucy father, "That it is, surely!" says the mother "That's because the dolls were sweet-toothed and ate the sugar!" The sewing kit is on another chair, and open wide, as if someone had been really working; the thimble is squashed from sewing so much! The seamstress cut a lot, because the only thing that remains of the calico that her mother gave her is a round piece with pointed borders, and the cuttings are all over the floor because the seamstress made mistakes, there is the blouse half sewed with the needle stuck in it next to a drop of blood. But the living room and the great game is on the nightstand next to the bed. The corner, there against the wall is the bedroom of the china dolls, with the mother's bed with a flowered blanket and next to it a doll in a pink dress on a red chair; the dresser is between the bed and the crib with its little rag doll, covered up to her nose and the mosquito net on top; the dresser is a little auburn cardboard and the mirror is one of the real ones like the ones that the poor lady at the candy shop sells at two of a penny.

The living room is in front of lamp table and in the middle it has a table with the base made of an empty spool of thread and the top is made of mother-of-pearl with a Mexican jar in the center like those that the water dolls of Mexico have; and around it are folded little pieces of paper which are the books. The piano is made of wood with painted keys and it does not have a turning stool which is the common kind, but with a back made from a ring box with its bottom lined in blue and the cover sewn on one side for the back and lined in rose with a lace on top. There are visitors, of course, and they have real hair, with robes in lilac silk with the white squares, and gold shoes; and they sit without

bending, with their feet on the seat, and the old lady, the one who wears a gold hat, and is on the sofa, has her foot-lifter on because otherwise she slides from the sofa; and the footstool is a box of Japanese straw turned upside down; they are sitting together in a white rocking chair with their arms very stiff; the two china sisters. There is a framed picture in the living room which has is propped up by a perfume bottle, and the picture is a girl with a red hat and carries a sheep in her arms. At the bedpost, next to the night stand is a bronze medal from a party that there was with the French ribbons; the medallion is decorating the living room with a great bow in three colors with the picture of a handsome Frenchman who came from France to fight for the liberty of men, and another picture of the inventor of the lightning rod, with his grandfatherly face that he had when he crossed the sea to petition the kings of Europe to help him to set free his land; that is the living room and the great set of Piedad. And on the pillow, sleeping on her arm, and with the mouth faded from the kisses, is her black doll.

The birds from the garden wake her up early in the morning. It seems that the birds greet each other and they invite her to fly. A bird calls, and another one answers. There is something in the house, because the birds get like that when the cook works in the kitchen coming in and going out, with his apron flying on his legs, and the silver pot in both hands, smelling like burnt milk and sweet wine. There is something in the house, because otherwise, why is her new dress there at the foot of her bed, the little dress in pearl color and the lilac ribbon that they bought yesterday, and the lace stockings? "I tell you, Leonor, there is something going on here. You tell me Leonor, you were in mom's bedroom yesterday while I went out for a walk.

My bad mother, who didn't let you go with me because she says I have made you ugly from so many kisses, and you don't have hair because I have combed you too much! The truth, Leonor, you don't have much hair, but I love you like that without hair, Leonor; your eyes are the eyes I love because with your eyes you tell me that you love me; I love you very much, because they don't like you; let's see, sit here on my knees I want to comb your hair! Good girls brush their hair as soon as they wake up, let's see the shoes, that bow is not well tied! And the teeth, let me see your teeth; the nails, Leonor! Leonor, those nails are not clean! Let's see, Leonor tell me the truth, listen, listen to the birds, it seems they're having a ball; tell me, Leonor, what is going on in this house?" And Mercy dropped the comb from her hand when one of Leonor's braid was finished and the other one was tousled. What was happening, there she was seeing it.

Through the door the parade was coming in. First was the maid with the special ruffled apron for festive days, and the platter for the table on visitor's days; she was bringing in the chocolate, the chocolate with cream, the same as New Year's day, and the sweet bread in a silver basket; then it comes the mother with a bouquet of white and blue flowers; not even one red flower, nor even one yellow flower! And then comes the laundress, with her white cap which the cook did not want to wear, and a banner that the cook made with a diary and a baton. The banner said below a crown of thoughts: "Today Piedad is eight years old!" And they kissed her and they dressed her with the pearl colored dress, and they took her, with the banner behind, to the father's library, who had his blonde beard very well combed out, as if it had been combed very slowly, and rounded up the ends, and putting each hair in its place.

Every so often he would peek through the door, to see if Pilar was coming, he would write, and he would whistle, he would open a book, and he would stare at a picture, at a picture which he always had on his table, it was like Piedad, like Piedad with a long dress. And when he

heard footsteps, and a deep voice that was playing music through a paper cone, who knows what he took out of a large box? and he went to the door with a hand behind his back; and with other arm he picked up his daughter. Then he said he felt like in his chest a flower bloomed, and like a palace lit in his head, with blue draperies with gold fringe, and a lot of people with wings; then he said all that, but then nothing was heard from him. Until Pieded jump into his arms and she wanted to climb on his shoulder, because in a mirror she has seen what the father carried into his other arm. "The hair is like the sun, mother, the same as the sun! I already saw it, I already saw it she has a pink dress! Tell her to give her to me, mother, she has green overalls, velvet overalls! The stockings are like mine, lace like mine!" And the father sat with her in the rocking chair, and put the silk porcelain doll in her arms. Piedad started running, as if she was looking for somebody. "And I'm staying home today because of my daughter," her father said to her, "and my daughter "and my daughter leaves me alone?" She hid her head in the chest of her good father. And for a long long time she did not raise it even though truthfully the beard was itchy!

There was a walk in the garden, and a lunch with a foamy wine below the grapevine, and the father was very talkative, every once in a while taking her mother's hand, and the mother was like taller, and she spoke little, and everything she said was like music. Piedad took a red dahlia to the cook and she attached it to the chest of the apron, and for the laundress she made a crown of carnations; and for the maid she filled her pockets with orange flowers, and she put a flower in her hair with two green leaves. And then, carefully, she made a bouquet of forget-me-nots. "Who is that bouquet for, Piedad?" "I don't know who it is for, who knows if it is for anybody!" I don't know, I don't know who it is for, who knows if it is for anybody!" And she put it at the edge of the small stream, where the water ran like a crystal.

She told a secret to her mother, and then said to her, "Let me go!" But her mother called her "fickle," "And your silk doll, don't you like it? Look

and her face, she is very beautiful; and haven't you seen her blue eyes?" Piedad has seen them, and has her sit at the table after lunch, looking at her without smiling; and she showed her how to walk in the garden. The eyes were what she looked at; and she touched the side of her heart; "But, doll, talk to me, talk to me!" And the silk doll did not talk to her. "So you have not liked the doll I have bought you, with her lace stockings and her porcelain face and her fine hair?" "Yes, my dad, I like her very much. Let's go Ms. Doll, let's go for a walk. You would want carriages and servants and you would want chestnut dessert, Ms. Doll. Let's go, let's go for a walk." But as soon as Piedad was where nobody could see her, she left the doll by a trunk, facing the tree. And she sat alone, to think, without raising her hand, with her face between her two little hands. All of a sudden she started running, in fear that the water might have flushed her bouquet of forget-me-nots.

— "But, servant, take me quickly!" — "Piedad, what do you mean, 'servant'? You never call her a servant like that, like an offense!" — "No, mom, no, I'm just too sleepy; I'm so sleepy! Look, father's beard seems like the woods; and the cake on the table seems to dance around me, and the little banners are laughing at me; and it seems to me that the carrot flowers are dancing in the air; I'm extremely tired and sleepy. Goodbye, mother! Tomorrow I'll wake up very early; you, dad, wake me up before you go out, I always want to see you before you leave for work; oh, the carrots! I'm so tired! Oh, mom, don't throw away my bouquet! Look, you killed my flower!" — "So my daughter gets angry because I hug her!" — "Hit me, Mom!, Dad, you hit me! I'm so sleepy." And Piedad left the library, with the maid who was carrying a silk doll. "How quickly the girl runs, she'll fall! Who is waiting for the girl?" — "Who knows who awaits me!" And she did not speak with the maid; she did not ask her to tell her the story of the hunchback girl who became a flower; she only asked for one toy, and she put it at the foot of her bed; and she caressed the maid's hand, and she fell asleep.

The maid lit the night light, with her opal lightbulb; she left on tip toe; she closed the door very carefully. And as soon as the door was closed, two little eyes shone at the edge of the sheet; suddenly the blonde cover rose; on her knees on the bed, she flicked the night light to its maximum light; and she flung over the toy that she had put at the foot of her bed, over the black doll. She kissed her, she hugged her, she squeezed her against heart. "come here, poor little one, come, those bad guys left you here alone; you are not ugly, no, even though you only have one braid; the ugly one is that one, the one they have brought today, the one with the eyes that don't talk, tell me, Leonor, tell me, did you think about me? Look at the bouquet I brought you, a bouquet of forget-me-nots, the most beautiful in the garden, there, on my chest! this is my beautiful doll! And have you cried? They left you so alone! Don't look at me like that, because then I'll cry! No, you are not cold! Here, with me, on my pillow, you will be warm! And they took from me the dessert I brought you so that it would not make me sick! There, there, well wrapped up! Let's have my kiss, before you go to sleep! Now, let's turn the light down! And let's sleep, hugging each other! I love you, because they don't love you!"