

The Race of Toad and Deer

The moon rose slowly over the jungle. Sapo and his friends were singing at their favorite pond. They sang so loudly that they did not hear the large creature moving toward them. “Silencio. Stop all this racket,” growled Venado, the largest deer in the jungle. “I want quiet when I drink.” The toads were angry and frightened. But Sapo just went on singing. “I said quiet!” snarled Venado. “I am the ruler of this jungle. I am the biggest and the fastest.” “Not faster than I am,” squeaked Sapo, stretching as tall and sounding as brave as he could. Venado laughed. “Uncle Toad, dear Tío Sapo, I’ll race you tomorrow, and we’ll see who wins.”

As the sun rose over the green jungle, parrots squawked the news. “Race today! Carrera hoy! Race today!” “Who’s racing?” asked the spider monkeys swinging through the trees. “Who’s racing?” In the shade, Jaguar yawned. “Toad and Deer will race today.” “Yes, Sapo and Venado will race today!” chattered the spider monkeys.

The parrots and monkeys hid in the trees and watched Venado look at himself in a lake. He lifted his proud head. “I am the fastest runner in the jungle,” said the deer to himself. “My legs are swifter than the wind. I always win.” At the other end of the lake, Sapo wished his fiends a good morning. Bowing slightly, he said, “Buenos días, mis amigos.” “Buenos días, Sapo,” answered his friends. “We know you can win the race. You can!” They hopped up and down in excitement. “I can win only if you help me,” said Sapo. “Mis amigos, will you help me win the race today?” “We are your amigos, Sapo,” croaked an old toad very slowly. “Of course we will help you win. You are a smart one, and you always have a plan. What must we do?” “Come close and I’ll tell you,” whispered Sapo.

Late that afternoon, as the sun was setting, the parrots called out, “Race time! Carrera! Carrera!” All the animals of the jungle came. Toucans and butterflies rushed through the trees. Spider monkeys swung from limb to limb. Armadillos, javelinas, anteaters, iguanas and bush dogs moved through the steamy jungle, all eager to watch the race.



“La historia de las preguntas” a través de Ik’al (deidad de la luz) y de Votán (señor de la oscuridad) nos habla de la relación de los contrarios que en su continuo interrogarse produce movimiento. Esta narración nos hace ver a don Emiliano Zapata como la encarnación de la luz y la sombra de la revolución.



“La historia de la espada, el árbol, la piedra y el agua” La historia de la lucha de resistencia maya, desde la guerra de conquista de los españoles hasta la invasión del ejército federal de 1944 hasta la fecha. Con el recurso de la fábula, el viejo Antonio equipara a su pueblo con el agua para explicar a Marcos la manera en que los

“The story of questions” Through the story of Ik’al (God of light) and Votán (God of darkness) the storyteller talks of contraries which in their continuous opposition to each other produce movement. This narration lets us see don Emiliano Zapata as the incarnation of light and darkness of the revolution.

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indios han resistido y acabarán venciendo al soberbio Poder.

“The story of the sword, tree, rock and water” The story of the Mayan struggle and resistance, from the conquest of the Spaniards to the invasion of the federal army of 1944 to the present. Through fable, old Antonio equips his town with the resources and explains to Subcomandante Marcos the manner in which the Indians have resisted and will vanquish the tremendous power.



“La historia de los colores” es un relato lleno de fantasía y significados que el viejo Antonio le cuenta a Marcos para decirle que los dioses primeros hicieron caber sobre la Tierra todos los colores.

“La historia del león y el espejo” nos presenta al viejo Antonio cuando aun era el joven Antonio. Al poder -representado aquí por el león- sólo es posible derrotarlo con su propia fuerza, con su sangre. El joven Antonio, por consejo de los viejos del pueblo, hace uso de un espejo y clavos de herraje para vencer a un poder que tenía asolada a la comunidad.

“The story of the lion and the mirror” presents old Antonio when he was still young Antonio. The power -represented here by the lion- is only possible to defeat with proper force, with its own blood. Young Antonio, from advice of the elders of the town, makes use of a mirror with iron trimmings to vanquish a power that had the community under grips.



“La historia de los sueños” explica como los dioses, “los primeros, los que formaron el mundo”, enseñaron a soñar a los hombres de maíz. El viejo Antonio dice que “cuando los hombres y mujeres verdaderos dicen ‘vamos a soñar’ dicen y se dicen ‘vamos a luchar.’” Una bella manera de justificar la utopía.

“The story of dreams”



“The Story of Colors” A story filled with fantasy and significance told by old Antonio to Subcomandante Marcos to explain how the Gods first made all the colors fit over the land.

Soon tapirs, big-eyed crocodiles, pheasants and wild turkeys lined the dirt path. They shouted, “Buenas tardes, buenas tardes,” to the jaguars stretched out in shady branches to watch from above. In the leaves and roots all along the path, Sapo’s friends were hiding, ready to help their friend. “Ready, Tío Sapo?” asked Venado, kicking a bit of dirt, puffing his chest and looking down at Sapo. “Ready, Uncle Deer!” shouted Sapo, wiping the dirt from his eyes and stretching as tall as he could. Old Toucan yelled, “Go!”

Down the path raced Sapo and Venado. After a few leaps, Venado turned and called back, “Adelante, Tío Sapo, forward!” But to Venado’s surprise, from ahead along the path, he heard a toad voice shout, “Adelante, Tío Venado, forward!” venado was confused. He raced faster toward the voice. Sapo, far behind, hopped steadily, steadily down the path. He heard voices shouting, “Go, Sapo, go!” Venado called back again, “Adelante, Tío Sapo.” But again he heard a voice ahead of him call, “Adelante, Tío Venado!”

Sapo hopped steadily, steadily down the path, but Venado raced faster and faster. His legs began to hurt, but he kept leaping farther and farther. He was becoming tired, very tired. One last time Venado gasped, “Adelante, Tío Sapo.” Again he heard a toad’s voice ahead of him call, “Adelante, Tío Venado!”

Finally, Venado saw the finish line. But his strong legs were shaking. His tongue was hanging out. He was panting so hard from racing faster and leaping farther that he could barely move. Sapo just hopped steadily, steadily along the path as voices shouted, “Go, Sapo, go!” Yes, Sapo hopped right by tired, proud Venado gasping for breath. When he neared the finish line, Sapo called back, “Adelante, Tío Venado!” “Sapo won! Sapo won!” shouted the jungle animals. Sapo bowed slightly to al his friends. He said, “WE won the race, mis amigos! Together, we won the big race!”

Toucan called Venado to place the crown on Sapo’s small head. Venado shuffled forward very slowly, in no hurry. Suddenly, he heard many toad voices shouting, calling him. “Adelante, Tío Venado, forward. Forward!”

