

A Translation of the Spanish in *Blood Meridian*

- 14 —Nitto, she called. Come. There is a gentleman here. Come.
- 23 —Tell me sir, he said.
—Grandpa, he said.
—What is the boy saying?
—He wants a drink . . . but he cannot pay.
—He wants work . . . who knows?
—Do you want a job?
- 24 —It's not dirty.
- 25 —He's drunk.
- 38 —And his boots.
—Boots?
—Yes.
- 63 —*escopeta*: shotgun
- 64 —What do you want?
—Looking for the Indians?
—Enough.
- 70 —*mire*: look
- 72 —People say that the coyote is a sorcerer. Often the witch is a coyote.
—And the Indians too. Often they call like coyotes.
—Nothing.
—An owl. Nothing more.
—Perhaps.
- 83 —*garrafa*: jug
—What's happening here?
—Nothing . . . everything is OK.
—OK?
—It's OK . . . The Governor's business.
- 84 —We are friends of Mr. Riddle.
—Go.
—This is Sergeant Aguilar.
—It's a pleasure.
—Same for me.
- 89 —Yes . . . Yes, clowns. All of them . . . The dogs!
- 90 —*mire*: look

- 91 —How?
—The cards . . . To divine luck.
—Yes, yes.
—All, all.
—Come.
- 92 —Well. . . . Can you see it?
—Nothing.
—Nothing.
—Well. . . . Well.
—The fool.
—Who, who?
—The negro.
- 93 —Who?
- 94 —How?
—The youth.
—A card, a card.
—Yes, yes.
—Four of cups.
—Who?
—The man. . . . youngest man. The youth.
—The youth.
- 95 —*malabarista*: juggler
—Who? Who?
—The leader.
—The leader.
- 96 —The cart, the cart . . . Upside down. Card of war and revenge. I saw it wheel-less in the dark river.
. . .
—Lost, lost. The card is lost in the night.
—Lost, lost.
—A curse. . . . what an evil wind.
—Hearse. Full of bones. The boy that. . . .
- 97 —A short charity. . . . By God.
- 99 —*pase*: come in
- 100 —*digame*: tell me
- 101 —*cuanto*: how much
- 102 —. . . a civilization of war. Against the barbarians.
—Mother of God!
—Such brave soldiers! Gomez' blood, the peoples' blood. . . .
- 103 —*barbaros*: savages, barbarians
—Ten thirty, all quiet.
- 120 —Friends, we're friends.
- 134 —All dead. All.

- 171 —Better the Indians.
- 181 —Where are you going?
—Home.
- 185 —*sociedad*: society
- 189 —*bodega*: warehouse
- 197 —Why does he hide?
—Where are you from?
—What have you got there?
—Herbs.
- 200 —Stable boys! . . . Come quick!
—*por dios*: by God
—*criada*: maid, housekeeper
- 201 —This man is the leader.
—I want you to take command of everything, understand? Horses, saddles, everything.
—Yes, I understand.
—OK. Let's go. There are horses in the house.
- 229 —Stay calm. . . . Just an accident.
—Look at my horse's ear!
—Good morning. . . . Where are you from?
- 230 —OK. . . . They're friendly.
—Just a little drunk.
—There's whiskey in Tucson.
—Without doubt. . . . And soldiers too.
- 231 —Have you got any gold?
—Yep.
—How much?
—Enough.
—Well. . . . Three days. One barrel of whiskey.
—One barrel?
- 235 —*huesos*: bones, i.e., beef or pork ribs.
- 255 —Good afternoon. . . . where are you from?
- 270 —By God. . . . What does he want?
—What?
- 271 —Yes.
—The man you have. My companion.
—Look for him.
—Court of justice.
—Mother of Jesus. . . . Seven, eight days.
—What?
—The court. Where is it?
—Over there. Over there.

- 301 —Pistol.
—I want to examine your pistol.
—What happened to you all?
- 302 —They are very mean.
—Of course.
—You don't have companions?
—Yes. . . . Many.
—They'll arrive. Many companions.
- 315 —Grandma. . . can't you hear me?