—Nitto, she called. Come. There is a gentleman here. Come.

—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?

—It’s not dirty.

—He’s drunk.

—And his boots.
—Boots?
—Yes.

—escopeta: shotgun

—What do you want?
—Looking for the Indians?
—Enough.

—mire: look

—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.

—garrafa: jug
—What’s happening here?
—Nothing . . . everything is OK.
—OK?
—It’s OK . . . The Governor’s business.

—We are friends of Mr. Riddle.
—Go.
—This is Sergeant Aguilar.
—It’s a pleasure.
—Same for me.

—Yes . . . Yes, clowns. All of them . . . The dogs!

—mire: look
—How?
—The cards . . . To divine luck.
—Yes, yes.
—All, all.
—Come.

—Well . . . Can you see it?
—Nothing.
—Nothing.
—Well . . . Well.
—The fool.
—Who, who?
—The negro.

—Who?

—How?
—The youth.
—A card, a card.
—Yes, yes.
—Four of cups.
—Who?
—The man . . . youngest man. The youth.
—The youth.

—malabarista: juggler
—Who? Who?
—The leader.
—The leader.

—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 . . .

—A short charity . . . By God.

—pase: come in

—digame: tell me

—cuanto: how much

—. . . a civilization of war. Against the barbarians.
—Mother of God!
—Such brave soldiers! Gomez’ blood, the peoples’ blood . . .

—barbaros: savages, barbarians
—Ten thirty, all quiet.

—Friends, we’re friends.

—All dead. All.
—Better the Indians.

—Where are you going?
—Home.

—sociedad: society

—bodega: warehouse

—Why does he hide?
—Where are you from?
—What have you got there?
—Herbs.

—Stable boys! . . . Come quick!
—por dios: by God
—criada: maid, housekeeper

—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.

—Stay calm. . . . Just an accident.
—Look at my horse’s ear!
—Good morning. . . . Where are you from?

—OK. . . . They’re friendly.
—Just a little drunk.
—There’s whiskey in Tucson.
—Without doubt. . . . And soldiers too.

—Have you got any gold?
—Yep.
—How much?
—Enough.
—Well. . . . Three days. One barrel of whiskey.
—One barrel?

—huesos: bones, i.e., beef or pork ribs.

—Good afternoon. . . . where are you from?

—By God. . . . What does he want?
—What?

—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.
—Pistol.
   —I want to examine your pistol.
   —What happened to you all?

—They are very mean.
   —Of course.
   —You don’t have companions?
   —Yes. . . . Many.
   —They’ll arrive. Many companions.

—Grandma. . . . can’t you hear me?