

## La Llorona

### Fill in the blank while listening to **La Llorona | A World of Stories.**

(♩ Spooky organ music plays. ♪)

Carrie Sue Ayver: Many many years ago in a very small village there in Mexico There was a pretty, a very pretty, 1. \_\_\_\_\_ maiden by the name of Maria. Oh, Maria, she had skin the color of cinnamon.

Hair and eyes, dark, dark, like obsidian stone. Oh, when she laughed...

\*Sigh\*

... it sounded like music. When Maria smiled the day seemed 2. \_\_\_\_\_. You know like, like when all of a sudden the sun comes out from behind the cloud.

Oh, they said she was not only the prettiest in the entire village she was the most beautiful in the entire 3. \_\_\_\_\_. Others said the most beautiful in the entire world.

She knew that she was special. That she was beautiful. Of course all of the young men they all tried to get her attention to win her over. Oh, especially, in the dances there in the main square of town. Oh, Maria. She loved to 4. \_\_\_\_\_. And all of the young men wanted to dance with her. And she danced with many of them. No one was special. No one really caught her attention. Until the 5. \_\_\_\_\_ came to town.

Tall, and handsome, 6. \_\_\_\_\_. (Spanish), a young Spanish (Spanish) arrived in town filled with the poise and posture of a noble man of great importance. Now he was quite a commanding figure. A man who was used to getting his own way. And it did not take him long to notice that linda, that beautiful Indita, that beautiful Indian maiden. And it did not take her long to notice him either. Before long he was the only one that 7. \_\_\_\_\_ was dancing with in the dances.

He decided to court her to make her fall in love with him, win her over. Win over her love and 8. \_\_\_\_\_. And he did, oh, he did. In fact, it didn't take long before they were together. And he built for her a small little house. There on the path right by the edge of the river where it overlooked the flowing waters, and the fast cold waters of that local river. Oh, they lived there in that little house together, well, when he was there. He often had to be 9. \_\_\_\_\_. He was a very important man. He was often called away to the Capitol. And he would travel and be gone for days and days. Sometimes even weeks at a time. But he always came back. He always always came back. And when he did he would bring Maria special gifts. A comb for her hair or, her favorite, a shawl, a handwoven shawl filled with colors like a garden of flowers; yellow and red, orange and green, even blue and white like the sky with clouds in it. And when Maria would

wrap that shawl around her she felt like a 10. \_\_\_\_\_. Like a queen. She also gave (her husband) special gifts. Very special. Two. A little boy and a little girl. They lived together in that little house, the four of them, very happily, or so it seemed.

One night, Maria, she heard the sounds of the horse and hooves...

\*Click, clock, click, clock\*

.... On the path coming towards town. And she knew it was her [husband] returning to her. She wrapped her [shawl] around her and she grabbed her 11. \_\_\_\_\_. "Let's go, children. Let us see your papa. Your papa is back."

She grabbed the children and she ran outside to see him. And, oh... she was surprised. He was coming down the road but he was not seated on that horse back like normal. No. Instead the horse was pulling a small little elegant little carriage. And sitting on it next to [her husband] was a fine 12. \_\_\_\_\_ lady. A beautiful young lady. Very elegantly dressed with a high silverd comb up in her hair and a lace madia that cascaded down over her shoulders.

13. \_\_\_\_\_ called out to him. She called to [her husband] but he paid her no attention. As if he did not see her. As if he did not hear her. She called yet again and he paid no attention. And then grabbing the children she ran out into the street he was forced, with one child holding onto her skirts over here and one child on her hip. He was forced to 14 \_\_\_\_\_ as she blocked his way.

"Hmm!"

He said something to that beautiful 15. \_\_\_\_\_ lady and he got down off the carriage. He went over to Maria. She started to ask him what was happening. Why was he not talking to her? Why was he ignoring? But before he could finish he interrupted, "Shut up! Shut your mouth. Don't make a scandal here in front of my fiancé. Shut your mouth."

"What do you mean your fiancé?"

"Listen, be quiet. I will talk to you later."

And Maria, she grabbed at him. And she tried to talk to him but before she could say anything else he pushed her. He pushed her down into the dirt. The children falling down into the dirt with her and 16. \_\_\_\_\_. And without even looking back he climbed upon that little carriage and took off with that Spanish lady.

And Maria, she was stunned. She was shocked. She could not believe it. She could not believe it. He had thrown her and the children away like garbage. Pain

A huge anger and frightful grief and pain filled her, overwhelmed her so. She got up and she picked up her children. She walked over towards the river and she said, "Oh, your papa. He is going to be sorry. He is going to pay. Oh, he will pay. Your father will never hurt you again."

Holding her 17. \_\_\_\_\_. Hugging them tight she said, "Your papa will never never hurt you again."

With a...

\*Kiss. Kiss\*

... and a kiss hugging them tight Maria threw them. She threw them down into the water. Down into the 18. \_\_\_\_\_. As they fell crying, "Mama!"

She realized what she had done.

"Ah! [My children!]"

She went running down to the water's edge. She reached out her arm. She had reached out to grab her children.

[“Aye! My children!”]

But they were gone. The cold waters of that river had carried them far away.

[“Oh, no! My children!”]

Listen, they say, in the days and nights that followed she 19. \_\_\_\_\_ and searched for them. She searched and she cried going up and down the banks of that river.

“[Oh, my children!] Where are my children?! [My children!]”

She followed all the water ways that river flowed into.

“[Where are my children?!]”

They say that weeping, wailing, woman can never find peace. Never ever find peace until she finds her children. She still searches for them.

[“My children. Where are my children?”]

She cannot find 20. \_\_\_\_\_ until she holds them in her arms one more time. That is why I tell you don't go by the water. Don't go near the water at dark. In the darkness, with her pain and her grief and her madness, she might just mistake you for one of her own children and try to take you with her.