



### CHAPTER 3

#### THE WEEPING OF THE BABY

Like every morning, the two old ladies are having the same ritual. They both are getting up early, but for different reasons. Marga is always out of bed more early than Paloma. Every time with a good sense of humour, and a good smile that no always abandon her face. Paloma in contrast is different, her face said “ Who wants to disturb my dream”, and like every morning when she is in her way to the restroom, the other lady is walking to the conservatory. It shows the same scene:

–Mmmmmmmmmmmmm –whispers Paloma

–Aaaaaaaah! A zombieeee! –Shouts Marga, when she saw the grumpy face of Paloma early in the morning.

–Grrrrr –said Paloma

–Jajaja

Then the old lady decided to have a fast care of her plants. The old lady Paloma is making the breakfast watching the Soap Opera on the T.V.

Later, they finished their breakfast, and Paloma didn't put too much attention to the breakfast because her eyes were too close to the monitor.

—I didn't know why you wake up early to watch it on the T.V...



—Silence! She is going to tell who is the father of Hermina —said Paloma, while she was taking a piece of bread into her mouth.

—Hermina? But it wasn't her name Romualda?

—No, she was the main character of "Madness of Love" This one is "Madness Lover"

—It's not the same?

—Silence!... —was under hypnosis, when the scene was growing more intense in the T.V —

You see? She didn't tell... She is a witch!

—Jajaja... ¡Well! You can continue watching your soap opera. I'm going to take care of my plants. They have a better conversation.

Every morning was like this one in the house of the old ladies, but one morning something change. It was standing up over the plants of Marga trying to watch inside the conservatory.

—You, little girl, move from here! —shout up Marga when she saw the girl. For she all her plants are like her own kids.

—What is this house? —said the little blond girl that was looking directly, with out chill, into the eyes of Marga when she heard her voice.

—You didn't know what is it?



–No, we didn't have this kind of crystal houses in the place that we were living.

–Then you must be a member of the new neighbours. What is your name?



–Cristina, but everybody told me Cris.

–Well. Cris. This is a “Conservatory” in this place people can take care of their plants.

–Why?

–Well, it's because there are some kinds of plants that need more care than other ones.

–Why?

–It's because the plants like humans need different kinds of care.

–Why? –The curiosity of Cris never have end, but the patience of Marga was ending.

–Are you have a bordered disc inside you, or what? Tadpole

–What is a tadpole?

Marga was thinking in all the time that she was loosing. Maybe she can't have enough time for her plants answering silly questions.

–Do you want to see the conservatory? Came here, follow me

When Cris entered to the conservatory she saw many new things for her, and her questions didn't stopped.

–What is the name of those flowers?

–This ones are violets

–And this plant?–Cris was looking to a big green plant with big green leaves.



-María

-Maria? Why Maria? You choose that name? Why you didn't choose Ana or Laura?...

-Because... Cris, give me the flowerpot -said Marga in order to stop all the silly questions with no end..



-Why this one, and no the other one?

-Because, I need this one.

-But the other one is more beautiful, take this.

-It's more better, if you can give me the other one. -Marga was starting to be hopeless.

-Why?

-I said, if you are going to be bothering in my conservatory... Which other things are you doing girl?

-I escaped from my home. It's a roll to be in there with Miguel all the time crying.

-Why?

-Because he can't stop crying

-Why?

-I do not, it's for everything

-Why?

Marga was getting fun with the surprised expression that appears on Cris.



-Do you know that for your age; You are asking to much.

-Jajaja... it's true. Do you know something?

-What?

-When a baby is crying in some towns it's not a roll, it's a blessing

–Why it is a blessing?

–It's better, if I can tell you a legend. Do you want to hear it?

–Sure... I like to hear stories.

–This is the legend of Antañavo, the lake asylum of the Antankarana tribe.

–The Anta... What? Where are they from?

–The Antankarana. This is a African legend that tell how was the lake formed. This lake is asylum for the town.

–And which is the difference of a African town, and the lake of Miguel tears?

– You better take a sit in the grown. I'm going to tell you the legend



## **ANTAÑAVO, THE LAKE ASYLUM OF THE ANTANKARANA**

*In the country Antakarana, in the north of Madagascar, it is a lake Antañavo. The legend say that long time ago in the place which is the lake a civilization of natives were living there. They have a king, prince, and princess, with big herds of cows, and fields of Yucca, potatoes, and rice.*



*In this mixed town were living one man, and one woman. with many neighbours that they know. They were married with a baby of 6 months of age.*

*One night the baby started to cry, and the mother can't stop the weeping of the baby. With the caresses of the mother the baby can't stop the weeping.*



*She intended to rock the baby, then she intended to feed the baby, but the baby can't stop his weeping.*

*Then the mother took the baby outside the town. She found a big tamarind tree.*

*This place was the favourite of all the ladies of the town when they had to work with the rice, and other grains. They called this place ambodilôna.*

*The mother was thinking that a fresh breeze*

*and a fresh night could calm the baby.*

*When she sat down in the rice mortar, the baby stop his weeping and he got sleep.*

*Then slowly she return to her home with the baby, but when she crossed the door the baby started to cry.*

*The mother returned to the place again, and like an enchanter place the baby returned to sleep.*

*The woman wanted to return to her home with her husband, and then she returned to her house with the baby slept.*

*When she crossed the threshold of the door the baby started to cry violently again*



*For three times the mother returned to the same place, and the baby slept in the enchanter place with the rice mortar.*

*The baby always cried in the house, for this reason she decided to sleep in the enchanter place with the tamarind tree.*

*She was thinking in her decision, when suddenly all the town sank in the middle of the night with a furious sound.*

*In the place of the town she saw a big hole that was starting to fill with water..*



*The mother was scare in the safe place around the tamarind tree.*

*In the morning the woman went to the close town to relate all the tragedy, and how all the*

*town with neighbors disappeared.*



*From that day, the lake acquired a asylum name.*

*In the lake there are living many crocodiles, and the antankarana group, and the antakarana tribe think that all the spirits of the people of the disappeared town are living inside each crocodile.*

*For this reason, they didn't kill them; they feed them in some holidays.*

*The lake Antañavo, the crocodiles, and the tamarind tree are venerated for all the people, which ask for help in this enchanter place.*

*As a result, when a couple can't have children they came to this place to talk with the spirits that are living in the lake.*

*Asking them for a numerous generation in their own families.*

*As a gift they feed the crocodiles when their petition became true*



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When, Marga ended the story saw that Cris was silent hearing her.

–As you can see –Marga said– When a baby is crying is telling us that something displeases him. It is the only form that they can talk with the people. When you were a baby is common obvious that you were doing the same thing.



–Do you think is true? –said Cris with a impressionable emotion.

–Sure, it's true, all the babies talk like that – Said, Paloma that was hearing all the story from the beginning. She was outside the door of the conservatory..

Cris turned her head to see the figure of the old lady Paloma, then she asked.

-Who are you?

-A zombie -said Marga in a whisper voice, trying to hide a smile.

-My name is Paloma. We were living in this place.



-It's true that you are a zombie?-said Cris keeping her eyes on Paloma.

-Excuse me, what you say? -asked Paloma that didn't know nothing about the comments of Marga.

-She said that, but you didn't look like a zombie -Said the little girl with a sweet face

She was talking about you. Her curiosity was stronger than her chill and she started a list of silly questions:

-Are you a true zombie? Why you didn't crawl? There are more people like you in here? What are you eating?...

-I'm eating girls that are asking silly questions all the time.... And old ladies with bad intentions -Said Paloma, Sending a killer watched to Marga.

-Well, we need to be careful about her.. Jajajaja..-Marga can stop her laugh, and exploded in outbursts of laughter.

-It's true? -Asked Cris to Marga, when her eyes were reflecting incredulity and a chill at the same time

-Relax Cris -said Marga- It's only in the mornings. The rest of the time is a normal grandma...A little grumpy... Jajajja



The expression of chill of Cris was changed for an expression of deception.

–It’s sad! –Said Cris with a pain face– It was my opportunity to know everything about a zombie...

Then they heard the voice of a lady in the other side of the fence calling the little girl.

–It’s my mother; I need to go. Can I return another day?

–Yes, any time –said Marga. Then in a whisper sound she said that she can visit them in the afternoon with no zombies. Paloma can’t hear it.

–If you came tomorrow, I’m going to make a sponge cake of chocolate, and then you can see that I’m not a grumpy person, like other insolent old ladies that I know –said Paloma.

–All right, I’m going to tell my mother about your beautiful legend. I see you tomorrow then.

Then the new asking little neighbour was leaving their home weaving her hand, in a sign of good bye. From that day she started having more attention to her little brother, in order to know what he was saying with his weeping.

