

STORIES BY
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Wind

The morning Diego Lopez turned four, joy was leaping in his breast, a flea jumping on a frog hopping on a kangaroo bouncing on a pogo stick, while the streets flew on the wind and wind battered the windows. Diego hugged his grandma Gloria and whispered a secret order in her ear: “We’re going into the wind.”

And he pulled her from the house.



JAMES RODRIGUEZ, WWW.MIMUNDO.ORG

Quechua woman, Ollantaytambo, Peru

Tik

In the summer of 1972, Carlos Lenkersdorf heard this word for the first time.

He had been invited to an assembly of Tzetzal Indians in the town of Bachajón, and he did not understand a thing. He was unfamiliar with the language, and to him the heated discussion sounded like crazy rain.

The word *tik* came through the downpour. Everyone said it, repeated it—tik, tik, tik—and its pitterpatter rose above the torrent of voices. It was an assembly in the key of tik.

Carlos had been around, and he knew that in all languages *I* is the word used most often. Tik, the word that shines at the heart of the sayings and doings of these Mayan communities, means “we.”

Eduardo Galeano is an Uruguayan author and historian. The author himself denies that he is a historian: “I’m a writer obsessed with remembering, with remembering the past of America above all and above all that of Latin America, intimate land condemned to amnesia.” From *Voices of Time: A Life in Stories*. © 2006 by Eduardo Galeano. Translation © 2006 by Mark Fried. Published by Metropolitan Books, an imprint of Henry Holt. Reprinted by permission of Susan Bergholz Literary Services, New York. All rights reserved.