Rosita & Little Bear

Narrator 1 Narrator 2 José

Eduardo Rosita

Narrator 1: Rosita spent a lot of time at Little Bear’s corral. She brought her treats while carrying Mariposa along. She sat on the top rail, talked to her and said Little Bear answered her.

Rosita: (high voice) Little Bear, I want to ride on your back. I’m your friend, so you could let me. I don’t weigh as much as people do.

Narrator 2: Then her voice went lower as Little Bear’s voice.

Rosita: (lower voice) Oh, Rosita, if you put Mariposa on my back, I will throw her. But if you want to get on my back, I will carry you all over the world.

José: Rosita, you better not try to get on Little Bear’s back.

Narrator 1: Each day, I became more worried she would try it. I often brought Little Bear a treat like a carrot. As she chewed, Rosita and I listened to the low crunching sounds the carrot made in her back teeth. It made the food sound delicious. I stroked her neck and talked to her. Once the treat was gone, Little Bear’s eyelids drooped as she relaxed with each stroke on her neck.

Narrator 2: I continued to wash and treat the wounds, but now they were just pink skin. Rosita always wanted to help. But she was no help.

Rosita: José, how come you put Little Bear in with the bear?

José: It was an accident. I thought the bear was in a different pen.

Rosita: But everyone knowed the bear was in there when it come here.

José: Well, I wasn’t paying attention.

Rosita: Pedro said you were stupid.

Narrator 1: My face burned. I couldn’t tell her it was really Chaco who put Little Bear in the pen.

José: Stand back, Rosita, sometimes she jumps when I put the salve on.

Rosita: How come you want Little Bear better if you tried to kill her?

José: I didn’t try to kill her, Rosita, it was a mistake.

Narrator 2: After the salve was on, Rosita tagged along while Eduardo and I carried sacks towards a pasture to collect cow chips for the cook fires.

Rosita: Little Bear wants to come with us.

Eduardo: She does, José, look at her.

Narrator 1: When I looked, Little Bear was standing at the fence watching us.

Narrator 2: Rosita ran back to the corral, climbed up the rails to reach the latch, and opened the gate. Little Bear came out and followed her to where we stood. She then followed us out to the pasture. Rosita carried Mariposa and continued her silly conversation between Mariposa and Little Bear.

Narrator 1: Poor Mariposa was hanging by the armpits again. I took pity on her, and grabbed her away from Rosita.

José: I think it’s time for Mariposa to ride Little Bear.

Rosita: No, José. Little Bear might buck her off.

José: Let’s see if she does.

Narrator 2: I put Mariposa onto Little Bear’s back, but before the filly could react, Mariposa leapt off into the grass.

Rosita: See, José, Mariposa doesn’t want to ride Little Bear.

Narrator 1: She went to pick Mariposa up, but the cat scampered out of her reach. Rosita chased Mariposa while Eduardo and I filled our sacks with cow chips for the kitchen.

Eduardo: Let’s put the sacks on Little Bear instead of we carry them.

Rosita No, I ride Little Bear back, so I don’t have to walk. I’m tired from catching Mariposa.

José: Little Bear’s not old enough to be ridden yet.

Eduardo: She won’t let you ride her anyway. Horses don’t let you ride them unless you break them.

Rosita: How can you ride her if she’s breaked?

Eduardo: Horses are too wild to ride before you break them.

Rosita: But, if she’s breaked, what part falls off? Little Bear has all the same parts as Popi’shorse, just smaller.

Eduardo: Nothing falls off. You just have to break them.

Rosita: What part breakens? The bear already breaked Little Bear, why can’t I ride her?

José: The bear didn’t break Little Bear, Rosita, he almost killed her.

Rosita: What’s the difference?

Narrator 2: Tired of their silliness, I explained to Rosita what it meant to break a horse.

José: Vaqueros get on a horse’s back and the horse usually goes crazy trying to get rid of the rider. Every time if the rider falls off, he gets back on, over and over again, until the horse’s wild spirit is broken and he obeys the vaquero.

Rosita: Oh, that is what Chaco is doing with Patas Locas.

Eduardo: Yeah, only that horse is not getting the idea that Chaco is the boss.

José: Sometimes I think Patas gets the idea. But I don’t think he likes the idea.

Eduardo: That’s stupid. Horses aren’t smart enough to not like something.

Rosita: Little Bear is smart enough to like me.

Eduardo: No, she likes the treats you bring her.

Narrator 1: Tired of their arguing, I changed the subject.

José: I think letting Little Bear carry our sacks is a good idea.

Narrator 2: I tied the tops of the sacks together and swung them onto Little Bear’s back. With a snort, her head jerked up and she started bucking. The sacks and chips went flying.

Eduardo: See, Rosita, if you got on Little Bear, you would be scattered all over like the cow chips.

Narrator 1: After picking up all the chips, I slowly showed the sacks to Little Bear and let her smell them. Then I talked and rubbed the sacks all over her sides. She always liked being stroked.

Narrator 2: Finally, I slipped the sacks over her sides again, but kept petting her a little longer. After that, she carried our sacks of cow chips without throwing them again.