

## VERSION ANGLAISE

VERSION ESPAGNOLE

Rosamond found herself before she knew it at the edge of the forest, and with the next step the house was out of sight. And she was still carrying the pail of milk in her hand.

It was so early that the green was first there, then not there in the treetops, but green seemed to beat on the air like a pulse. Once a redbird gave a call, for he too had been waked up in the dark, and had been purely compelled to sing this one note before the prism light of day would divert it into the old song. But Rosamond was not led by him to sing for herself, and only walked on and on into the woods.

The next sounds she heard were distant hoof-beats, lapping like the river waves against the sunrise. It was Jamie Lockhart coming on red Orion, the same as he had been before, in his robber's rags. He rode right up to her, and reached down his arms and lifted her up, pail of milk and all, into the saddle with scarcely a pause in his speed.

Up the ridge they went, and a stream of mist made a circle around them. Then it unwound

and floated below in the hollows. The dark cedars sprang from the black ravine, the hanging fruit trees shone ahead on their crests and were hidden again by the cedars. The morning sky rolled slowly like a dark wave they were overtaking, but it had the sound of thunder. Over and over, the same hill seemed to rise beneath the galloping horse. Over and under was another sound, like horses following—was it her father, or an echo?—faster and faster, as they rode the faster.

Rosamond's hair lay out behind her, and Jamie's hair was flying too. The horse was the master of everything. He went like an arrow with the distance behind him and the dark wood closing together. On Rosamond's arm was the pail of milk, and yet so smoothly did they travel that not a single drop was spilled. Rosamond's cloak filled with wind, and then in the one still moment in the middle of a leap, it broke from her shoulder like a big bird, and dropped away below. Red as blood the horse rode the ridge, his mane and tail straight out in the wind, and it was the fastest kidnaping that had ever been in that part of the country.

Eudora WELTY, *The Robber Bridegroom* (1942)