

**Chapter 1 : La Llorona - The Flummoxing Mexican Legend of the Weeping Woman**

*The Night of the Weeping Women [Lawrence Naumoff] on calendrierdelascience.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. A painfully honest portrait of suburban life captures all of the quiet desperation, humor, struggles, and alienation that can lurk behind a facade of the serenity of the suburbs.*

I walked with her to a cabin and there was a man in the bed. All I saw was his foot but, when she yelled at me to run, I did. I saw an article in this month's Mountain Gazette about her and looked her up on the internet. One evening I went to a mobile home that I seem to remember being near a creek or river to visit a couple of my friends who also were attending K-State. As I walked into the door, I found them sitting on the sofa looking somewhat freaked out. They explained that just moments earlier one of the bar stools was spinning and hopping around. As they were Mexican-Americans, they wondered whether the La Llorona had anything to do with that incident. They explained the legend to me as I had never heard about it before. They would invite me to stay the night in a spare bedroom, which I did. Later in the night a woman appeared to me, laying next to me in bed, and asked if I would know where her children were. It seemed that, while I may have been dreaming, I was half-awake. Then I fully awoke and looked up toward the doorway just in time to see a dark figure seemingly looking at me and then quickly ducking back out the doorway. Right then that left me too scared to go check and see if that was one of my friends checking in on me, perhaps to see why I was talking in my sleep or something. I went back to sleep and waited until the morning to ask them if either one of them looked into my room during the night. So to this day I do not know whether I really did experience a supernatural visit or if my dream and mind played tricks on me. I saw myself standing on a dark road with the only illumination coming from a dim streetlight. The ground was wet and in the distance I could hear the sound of rain falling and the tap, tap, tapping of footsteps coming toward me. Peering into the darkness, I could make out a woman, dressed all in black with a dark lacy veil covering her face, moving toward me. Strangely, as the mysterious woman grew closer, so did the rain. When the woman was about 15 feet in front of me, she looked over my shoulder. When I turned around to see what she was looking at, I saw a young child dressed in a white night gown playing with a doll in the middle of a puddle of water. When I turned back to her, she was right in front of me. The veil was lifted, her eyes were abnormally wide, and her face was no more than three inches away from mine. Her terrifying eyes stared into mine dead on until I awoke in a panic. I looked toward the window and it was raining. The next day, I shook off the dream and thought nothing more about it, until a year later. On that night, I was spending the night with my friend Veronica, who had also invited another friend named Sarah. In the course of the evening, Sarah, who is Hispanic, began to tell us some of the legends and ghost stories of the Mexican culture. Then she began to tell of how the legendary spirit travels by water, dressed all in black or white and is most always seen wearing a veil. Now, I constantly wonder if, in my afterlife, I will be forced to help her find the bones of her lost children. East Bernard is southwest of Houston in Wharton County. This old community built its first residence around on the east side of the San Bernard River. Today the San Bernard Bridge spans the river. Several years ago, Mr. Sanchez was driving along in East Bernard with the radio blaring. As he was crossing the river bridge he was startled as he looked to the right to see a semi-transparent woman sitting in his passenger seat. Obviously frightened, Sanchez hit the gas hard, speeding past the bridge, and not looking back into the passenger seat. The spirit had vanished. Sanchez readily admits that he is still freaked out today by that ghostly image. Sanchez read the story above, about the Garcia brothers encountering a tall woman wearing a black tapelo and a black net over her face, who appeared on the wagon seat between them, he obviously saw similarities. When I was eight years old when my abuelita grandma told me to go to the store to buy soda. This was during the evening as we were getting ready to eat supper. However, as we continued on we saw a young woman walking toward us. All of a sudden my little brother started to cry and the woman ran toward him, acting as if she was going to get him. Submitted by Daisy Calderon. An Attack by the Weeping Woman When I was about 8 years old, I had just started becoming interested in all things paranormal. I was researching La Llorona when all of a sudden I heard a noise, so I decided to check it out. Then I heard it again. It sounded like it was coming from the

bathroom so I walked in and stopped at the sink. Then all of a sudden my head was pushed into the sink and the water started to run. The sink finally filled all the way and I was trying to breathe. I thought I was going to die of lack of oxygen. So I screamed and my mom came in. She pulled my head out after a struggle and hugged me tightly. Then she froze and her face turned white. She screamed and almost fainted. I loved attending the Pajarito School, especially when it was time to play outside in the schoolyard. Surrounding the playground was a high fence to keep the children from wandering off. Behind the fence was an irrigation ditch that fed an alfalfa field on the other side of the trench. Soon, we met a little boy who was not yet old enough to attend school. He would often come and play by the fence and watch as the older children frolicked in the schoolyard. But, one day our play was interrupted by a big commotion near the schoolyard fence. As we ran towards the fence, we soon discovered that the little boy had fallen into the irrigation ditch. Though one of our teachers pulled the boy from the muddy water and began resuscitation efforts, it was too late. That was the first time I had ever experienced the loss of a friend. That frightened me because right outside my own back door were two of these muddy trenches. On cloudy days we could imagine her ascending from the heavens to take her place along the irrigation ditches. She and her husband Cody have been married for 14 years and love to tell stories to their girls that help them to embrace their Hispanic heritage. When she was about 12 or so, she and her cousin were sitting in her bedroom which was later to be mine at night, in the middle of winter. It had been snowing. At one point they heard a noise outside the window. When they looked, there was a woman standing there, dressed all in white, and crying. My mom and her cousin were obviously a little freaked out and they ran out of the room to tell her mom. Her parents went outside to investigate but found not footprints in the freshly fallen snow. That scared my mom even more and she was afraid to go back in her room. When I was about eleven I was sitting in my bedroom in the same house my mom grew up in by myself, at night, in the middle of winter, and it had been snowing. I heard a noise outside my window. When I told my mom about it, she told me this story. Submitted by Brandi, June, She is also afraid of the dark. Cries in the Night When I was 12 years old , my parents separated and my mother moved me and my brother to Monterrey Mexico. In the winter all three of us would sleep in the same room because there was no central heating â€” only electric heaters. There were two beds for my mother and brother. One night around 2: She kept calling my name â€” three times to be exact. Just a few minutes later I heard the scariest screams coming from down the street. The cries continued, each time coming closer. I was so horrified that I could not even wake my mother who was laying right next to me! I was so scared, I did not even blink. It was the most evil cry I have ever heard! Finally, it passed my house and slowly faded away! The next day I told my mother. After that night, I do. Before long, she was murdered by one of her customers and sentenced by God to wander the rivers and streets of the world looking for her children. And, her mouth grew incredibly large, resembling that of a horse. The legend continues â€” that if she heard a child crying she would come for them thinking it was one of her own. During the day, we might cry when we heard this, but as the sun started to die, we were too scared to even walk alone through the house, thinking she might have heard us and was waiting in a dark corner. One night when I was about 8 years old, I was terribly angry at my mom and she made me sleep with her that night. However, as I tossed and turned, I looked to the foot of the bed and there stood a lady in a black dress with purple trim.

Chapter 2 : La Llorona - Wikipedia

*In "one of the most endearing books about family life ever penned" (Washington Post Book World), Lawrence Naumoff writes with "effortless-looking brilliance" (Reynolds Price) about a couple careering toward a holiday meltdown after thirty years of married madness.*

Legend[ edit ] The legend is said that in a rural village there lived a young woman named Maria. Maria came from a poor family but was known around her village for her beauty. One day, an extremely wealthy nobleman traveled through her village. He stopped in his tracks when he saw Maria. Maria was charmed by him and he was charmed by her beauty, so when he proposed to her, she immediately accepted. Maria and her new husband built a house in the village to be away from his disapproving father. Eventually Maria gave birth to twins: Her husband was always traveling, and stopped spending time with his family. When he came home, he only paid attention to the children and Maria knew her husband was falling out of love with her. One day, he left and never returned. Years later, as Maria and her twins were walking by a river, she saw a familiar carriage with a younger, beautiful woman next to her husband. Maria was so angry and confused that, without thinking, she picked up her two children and threw them into the river, drowning them. Only after she saw their bodies floating in the river did she realize what she had done and she then jumped into the river, hoping to die with her children. Now she spends eternity looking for her children around that river. It is said that if you hear her crying, you are to run the opposite way. If you hear her cries, they could bring misfortune or even death. Many parents in Mexico and Guatemala use this story to scare their children from staying out too late. At the gates of heaven , she was challenged over the whereabouts of her children, and not permitted to enter the afterlife until she found them. Llorona is forced to wander the Earth for all eternity, searching in vain for her drowned offspring. She constantly weeps, hence her name "La Llorona. Aztec pride drove La Malinche to acts of vengeance. The maxulaw cry is considered an omen of death. Natural history[ edit ] The legend of La Llorona persists in areas where mountain lions are active. Please help improve this article by adding citations to reliable sources. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed. La Llorona appeared as the "monster of the week" in the NBC TV series Grimm , in the ninth episode of the second season which first aired on October In the episode, series protagonist Nick Burkhardt and his partner Hank Griffin work with wesen detective Valentina Espinosa, who lost her nephew to La Llorana some years ago, and manage to save her latest victims, although La Llorana simply vanishes into the water. La Llorona appeared as the first antagonist in the pilot episode of the TV series Supernatural. Her ghost was known to haunt the Centennial Highway, hitchhiking unknowing motorists, mostly men, and killing those whom she deemed unfaithful. Main character Sam Winchester destroyed her ghost by crashing his car into the house where she used to live. Finally facing the ghosts of her children, The Woman in White was destroyed by her own guilt from killing them. La Llorona briefly appears in the Mexican film Leyendas macabras de la colonia. The play has two time periods, with Act One taking place in 16th Century Mexico after Spain occupied it. Here, Lopez takes inspiration from the "La Malinche" variation, with the heroine represented as a young Aztec girl who is brutally raped by a Spanish Friar. She gives birth to twin boys as a result, and drowns them in the river out of protection rather than spite. A widowed mother who works at the Pecan factory has an abortion after being raped by her white supervisor, resulting in a visit from La Llorona to give her the strength to fight back against her attacker. The play is well noted for its sympathetic portrayal of La Llorona as a victim of oppression. Her screams can be heard when Thomas Eduardo is under stress or confronted by the three women in his life. La Llorana appeared as a ghost in Batwoman 1 Volume 2 in November It first aired on October 26, on NBC. In the episode, La Llorona steals two boys and one girl once a year and drowns them in a river right at midnight on Halloween. While drowning them she asked her dead children to appear and asks them for forgiveness and drowns the other children to take their place. The legend told in the episode is that La Llorona drowned her children after her husband left her for a younger woman. She cries in a river and appears to be killing herself and when someone jumps in to save her, she steals their child. The episode ends with her vanishing in the river while Detective Nick Burnhardt tries to drown her. She has different voiceover lines in the Latin American regions

North and South and the skin was released as a way to celebrate the launch of Latin American servers. The sixteenth track of the Frida Soundtrack is titled "La Llorona". It is sung by Chavela Vargas. The debut studio album of Lhasa de Sela is called "La Llorona".

**Chapter 3 : La Llorona – Weeping Woman of the Southwest – Legends of America**

*Her weeping and wailing became a curse of the night and people began to be afraid to go out after dark. She was said to have been seen drifting between the trees along the shoreline or floating on the current with her long white gown spread out upon the waters.*

Check new design of our homepage! Mysticurious will tell you about the legend and its interpretations. Mysticurious Staff Last Updated: She keens when the sun is murky red; She wails when the moon is old; She cries for her babies, still and dead, Who drowned in the water cold. A majority of them are known to be centuries old, and it is quite obvious that, over the years, many of these legends have had several different versions; nevertheless, the crux always remains the same. In a certain way, the fictional characters in these legends tend to become synonymous with certain aspects of life, which is why, despite being centuries old and having varied forms, they continue to remain popular amongst people, especially children. Mexico, the country which keeps on attracting people towards it owing to its different colors and moods, also boasts of numerous myths and legends, which have been brought down through generations. The Legend of La Llorona Much like several other legends, there are numerous variations of the tale of La Llorona as well. However, as mentioned above, the crux remains unchanged. Apparently, she was the most beautiful girl in her village and all the surrounding villages, owing to which, she was very proud of her beauty. She would not even glance at any of the youths in the village as she believed nobody was good enough for her. In fact, she dreamed of marrying the most handsome man in the world. One fine day, a handsome and dashing, young rancher rode into her village on horseback. The young rancher also liked her when he saw her; but whenever he approached her or attempted to speak to her, Maria would turn her head away and leave quietly. One day, in order to impress her, the rancher went to her house to entertain her and her family, by playing his guitar and singing for them. Moreover, she also refused to accept all the expensive gifts that he had got for her. The rich rancher had never ever come across a difficult girl like Maria, something that attracted him even more towards her. He swore by all his heart that he will marry only Maria and no one else. Her tricks had shown their magic. Very soon, their engagement was announced, and it was not long after that, they were finally married. Both were very happy together, and soon, they became proud parents of two, very cute children. He started staying out of the house and away from his family for days together, and whenever he visited them for a short while, he would only spend time with his children, and not with his wife. Days passed by, and the last time her husband visited home, he told her that he was in love with someone else and that he wanted to abandon Maria, and marry the other woman. On hearing this, Maria completely broke down as she was devastated. Leaving her alone in agony and grief, her husband went away, this time she thought, forever. Maria drowning her children But he did return to his village. That evening, Maria was strolling along the river bank with her children, and she saw her husband coming towards her in a carriage. But he was not alone, rather he was accompanied by a beautiful lady, seated elegantly by his side. Maria understood that she was the same lady her husband was talking about when he had last visited home, and instantly knew that her husband had taken her as his wife. The rancher stopped his carriage on seeing his children, got down, and met them with love and affection. When he stepped onto the carriage and went off, completely ignoring Maria, she was extremely offended and annoyed. At that moment, she also felt very jealous of her children, who got all the love of the rancher. Thus, terribly enraged, she caught hold of her children and threw them into the river. Seeing her children drowning, Maria suddenly realized the terrible mistake that she had committed, and immediately ran down the river bank, in order to save them but in vain. Before she could reach the kids, they disappeared into the depths of the river, and Maria could do nothing but curse herself for her sin. So, she committed suicide by jumping into the river. The next morning, a traveler saw the corpse of a beautiful woman along the river bank, and immediately informed the villagers, who instantly recognized her. However, everything was not over yet. On the very first night, people passing by her grave heard a voice of a woman crying out of agony and sorrow. From then on, on many dark, moonless nights, people could hear her laments as she roamed across the village in search of her children. Since that night, because her spirit kept continuously weeping and sobbing for her

children, she was no longer referred to as Maria, but as La Llorona, the weeping woman. She was told that she could only enter the afterlife if she got the lost souls of her children along. Otherwise, her soul would be trapped in between Heaven and the Earth. Owing to this, La Llorona was forced to return to Earth and look out for her children, whom she would never be able find. Thus, her spirit would never be free of the sins she had committed when she was alive, and would continue to roam the Earth for eternity. Moreover, there are several other versions that inform us that the entire episode took place in present-day Mexico City. It is worth noting that although varied versions of the tale abound, there are a couple of aspects, common to each one of them. For instance, La Llorona dressed in a white garment, and her constant weeping as she wanders near water or in deserted alleys are common in each of the versions. Related Folklore Ethnographers and historians who have studied the legend of La Llorona, conclude that the character indeed bears resemblance to certain other, albeit older, folkloric characters. According to the tale, she returns to the place every night and weeps for her child, but only to find a sacrificial knife every time. Though there are no clear references as to whether or not she killed her children, the lore tells us that she was abandoned by her Spanish lover after she bore his child, which in turn, led her to commit several acts of vengeance. Owing to the sorrow, Lamia was transformed into a terrible child-eating daemon, who ate up all the children she saw. This is one of the most interesting aspects of oral traditions; their movement is not only vertical, in the downward direction down the generations, but it is also horizontal, across lands. And when they travel by word of mouth across lands, more often than not, they tend to assimilate into the local folkloric traditions. Thus, many of them have similar characters with different names, similar instances in different backdrops, and so on. It has been studied over the years by numerous folklorists and scholars, who have presented us with a wide array of interpretations regarding the legend and La Llorona herself. Some scholars opine that the La Llorona story also serves the same purpose. According to her, the weeping woman can be interpreted in two ways. On a positive note, she represents a form of female resistance against the patriarchal outlook. In this case, she represents the pagan, Indian population of Mexico as against the polished, Christian Spaniards, who colonized the land and imposed their laws on the people. On a negative note, her portrayal as a destructive figure who commits a horrible sin for which she is punished for eternity, reminds us of the Christian models of repentance, suggesting that sinful actions may lead to horrible results. As the legend will spread through word of mouth in the years to come, newer versions will continue to evolve, and she may come to represent new aspects of life each time as societies will go on changing. Some people claim to have even seen her; however, in the absence of evidence, such claims have always been dismissed as false. But the point is that La Llorona will always remain in our minds in some form or the other.

## Chapter 4 : WEEPING IN THE BIBLE

*The Night of the Weeping Women by Lawrence Naumoff In "one of the most endearing books about family life ever penned" (Washington Post Book World), Lawrence Naumoff writes with "effortless-looking brilliance" (Reynolds Price) about a couple careering toward a holiday meltdown after thirty years of married madness.*

The tall, thin spirit is said to be blessed with natural beauty and long flowing black hair. Wearing a white gown, she roams the rivers and creeks, wailing into the night and searching for children to drag, screaming to a watery grave. Though the tales vary from source to source, the one common thread is that she is the spirit of a doomed mother who drowned her children and now spends eternity searching for them in rivers and lakes. Her startling beauty captured the attention of both the rich and the poor men of the area. She was said to have spent her days in her humble peasant surroundings, but in the evenings, she would don her best white gown and thrill the men who admired her in the local fandangos. The young men anxiously waited for her arrival and she reveled in the attention that she received. One day the two small boys were found drowned in the river. Some say they drowned through her neglect, but others say that they may have died by her own hand. However, after she bore him two sons, he began to change, returning to a life of womanizing and alcohol, often leaving her for months at a time. He seemingly no longer cared for the beautiful Maria, even talking about leaving her to marry a woman of his own wealthy class. When he did return home, it was only to visit his children and the devastated Maria began to feel resentment toward the boys. One evening, as Maria was strolling with her two children on a shady pathway near the river, her husband came by in a carriage with an elegant lady beside him. He stopped and spoke to his children, but ignored Maria, and then drove the carriage down the road without looking back. After seeing this Maria went into a terrible rage, and turning against her children, she seized them and threw them into the river. As they disappeared down stream, she realized what she had done and ran down the bank to save them, but it was too late. Maria broke down into inconsolable grief, running down the streets screaming and wailing. During this time, she would not eat and walked along the river in her white gown searching for her boys "hoping they would come back to her. She cried endlessly as she roamed the riverbanks and her gown became soiled and torn. When she continued to refuse to eat, she grew thinner and appeared taller until she looked like a walking skeleton. Still a young woman, she finally died on the banks of the river. Her weeping and wailing became a curse of the night and people began to be afraid to go out after dark. She was said to have been seen drifting between the trees along the shoreline or floating on the current with her long white gown spread out upon the waters. On many a dark night people would see her walking along the riverbank and crying for her children. La Llorona "The Weeping Woman the Southwest Though the legends vary, the apparition is said to act without hesitation or mercy. The tales of her cruelty depends on the version of the legend you hear. Some say that she kills indiscriminately, taking men, women, and children "whoever is foolish enough to get close enough to her. Others say that she is very barbaric and kills only children, dragging them screaming to a watery grave. As the family was sitting outside talking, they saw a tall, thin woman walking along the creek. She then seemed to float over the water, started up the hill, and vanished. However, just moments later she reappeared much closer to them and then disappeared again. She has been seen along many rivers across the entire Southwest and the legend has become part of Hispanic culture everywhere. Part of the legend is that those who do not treat their families well will see her and she will teach them a lesson. Another story involved a man by the name of Epifanio Garcia, who was an outspoken boy who often argued with his mother and his father. However, when they were along their way, they were visited by a tall woman wearing a black tapelo and a black net over her face. Two of the boys were riding in the front of the wagon when the spirit appeared on the seat between them. He whole-heartedly confessed that he did and was very open about his cultural beliefs. However, when I asked him if he believed in ghosts, he stated that he did not. Many people who have been employed there tell of hearing cries resounding through the halls and feeling unseen hands pushing them while on the stairways. La Llorona has been heard at night wailing next to rivers by many and her wanderings have grown wider, following Hispanic people wherever they go. The Hispanic people believe that the Weeping Woman will

always be with them, following the many rivers looking for her children, and for this reason, many of them fear the dark and pass the legend from generation to generation.

**Chapter 5 : THE NIGHT OF THE WEEPING WOMEN by Lawrence Naumoff | Kirkus Reviews**

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

In the original paperback duotone version, this story of the weeping woman, sold close to , copies. It is truly the best known and most popular cuento of Hispanic America. It appears at first to be only a frightening story filled with mysterious events that causes children to sit wide-eyed, to huddle together and listen spellbound. Kirkus Reviews The most beautiful young woman of her small town, Maria disdains the local youths as beneath her and uses her wiles to attract the handsome son of a wealthy landlord. After a while, however, the headstrong husband loses his interest in Maria and speaks of putting her aside for a wealthy replacement. In rage and madness, Maria throws their children into the river and becomes "the weeping woman," who guiltily haunts the waterways and may even snatch away careless children who stay too long outside at night. This new edition features much larger, full-color illustrations destined to make the story even more popular, as well as the direct narration in both Spanish and English. This belongs in every folktale collection, and libraries serving Hispanic children, especially those of Mexican descent, can easily justify purchasing multiple copies. The tale of La Llorona is part of an oral tradition in which many versions of the story have emerged. Maria retaliates by drowning their two children in the river. The next morning, she is found dead on the banks of the same river. The illustrations by mother-daughter team Hill and Pennypacker add depth to the story through their depictions of traditional pueblo garments. Landscapes of the southwestern desert are dotted with tile-roofed adobe houses, sandy soil, bits of green, rolling hills, and pale-blue mountains. Deeper colors are used to depict the couple and infant children in happier times. Shaded pictures and silhouettes add to the feelings of deception, desertion, and despair that came later. Best if read aloud. Recommended to all libraries and bookstores. School Library Journal This legendary tale is not only a spine-tingling ghost story, but also a cautionary tale about a breathtakingly lovely, working-class girl. Accordingly, she holds out for a wealthy and dashing young ranchero who lives nearby. She plays hard to get, and the ploy is successful. Marriage and two children follow, but her husband is increasingly disenchanted with her. Her remorse is immediate and useless. She cannot save them, and she dies of her grief. But her ghost lingers on, crying for the youngsters and willing to take any stray child she finds by the side of the river alone. The earth-tone, pen-and-ink and watercolor illustrations make use of cross-hatching to create an eerie, almost graphic-novel sensibility that extends the story ably. A solid retelling of a classic tale. She turns her rage onto her children, throwing them into the river. Realizing her fateful deed, she attempts to find them, but she is found dead the next day on the riverbank. Soon after, villagers begin hearing crying in the night, that of a weeping woman crying for her children. At this point in the tale, children are admonished to be home before dark, or La Llorona the weeping woman , may think the children are hers and take them away. This story is presented in both English and Spanish, and has a companion audiocassette. The richly detailed illustrations in brown hues capture the town, its residents, and their clothing. When I started telling those stories, I instinctively incorporated both English and Spanish into my telling because it sounded authentic to me. Later, I became aware of how much the mixture of languages enriched the stories for listeners, and how satisfying and validating it was for children whose first language was Spanish to hear the stories in their own language. Each page tells the story in English and Spanish, the English paragraphs leading, and the languages read in close parallel; appropriate figures of speech are used in each version, widening the potential audience and opening doors to cross-cultural sharing as the differences in word choice are noted by readers and listeners. Graceful compositions stand out most notably the lemon and violet spread of the protagonist at the river and the stipple and hatch textures lend a subtle patina. For such a widely told folktale, this story is rarely published in picture-book form, and this is a solid and effective retelling that will resonate strongly with children who have heard the story at home and serve as an evocative introduction for youngsters unfamiliar with the legendary weeping ghost. Since they were not nearly good enough for her, she thought, she would wait until a wealthy, handsome man desired to marry her.

Maria, the young woman, got her wish, but her life turned out much differently than she expected. Her husband began to grow distant and eventually replaced her with another woman. In a fit of anger and jealousy, Maria threw her children in the river, only to fall dead with grief over the atrocious act she had committed. Following her burial, her ghostly form continued searching for her offspring along the banks of the river. This popular Hispanic legend is told here in both Spanish and English and warns children about the dangers of venturing out past their bedtimes. Although the text of this picture book is easily comprehensible, the theme may frighten some young students, and the author himself states in a note at the end that he avoids telling the story to children younger than nine or ten unless they are already familiar with the story. The Weeping Woman is the version Joe Hayes tells. The book is large format and the text is in both English and Spanish. She modified a couple and drew a few more, then her daughter, Mona Pennypacker, did the coloring. Joe Hayes is considered one of the authorities on the story and has retold it countless times. I give the tale a more logical structure than it had in the renditions I heard in my youth, but I leave some loose threads untied for future speculations," he writes. Hayes thinks there is a timeless quality and a geographical resonance to the story. And it combines shocking and outrageous deeds done in the past sensational in the way contemporary news stories of mothers murdering their children are with a present and imminent threat. And, of course, that threat is made real by all the reports of people having seen or heard her," he writes in his version. How about the burning question of whether or not he really believes in La Llorona? Hayes has earned a national reputation for telling stories that borrow from the Hispanic, Native American and Anglo cultures. His live performances in English and Spanish always captivate children and their teachers and parents. In "La Llorona," Hayes re-tells the universal story of the woman who threw her children in the river after she got the impression that her husband had rejected her. No surprise ending here. He is a good read any time of year.

### Chapter 6 : - The Night of the Weeping Women by Lawrence Naumoff

*The Night of the Weeping Women by Naumoff, Lawrence. N. Y.: Atlantic Monthly Press, X-Library with normal calendrierdelascience.com hard cover and the jacket has light wear calendrierdelascience.com out our books on calendrierdelascience.com ship everyday or next calendrierdelascience.com are very careful when we list our books, but sometimes something minor may get by.. 1st.*

### Chapter 7 : The Weeping Woman - Wikipedia

*The legend of La Llorona (pronounced "LAH yoh ROH nah"), Spanish for the Weeping Woman, has been a part of Hispanic culture in the Southwest since the days of the conquistadores. The tall, thin spirit is said to be blessed with natural beauty and long flowing black hair. Wearing a white gown.*

### Chapter 8 : The Weeping Woman | Tales from the Cryptkeeper Wiki | FANDOM powered by Wikia

*The Night of the Weeping Women Quotes (showing of 1) "She had not eaten supper and remembered the chicken and salad and wondered where Ervin was and imagined him in a nice restaurant, being pleasant with the waitress in a very low-key way, letting on nothing, a felon in flight, a murderer of possibilities, a thief of happiness, a man.*

### Chapter 9 : The Night of the Weeping Women by Lawrence Naumoff

*Meet the Weeping Woman of New Line Cinema's 'The Curse of La Llorona' With the Official Synopsis. In s Los Angeles, La Llorona is stalking the nightâ€”and the children.*