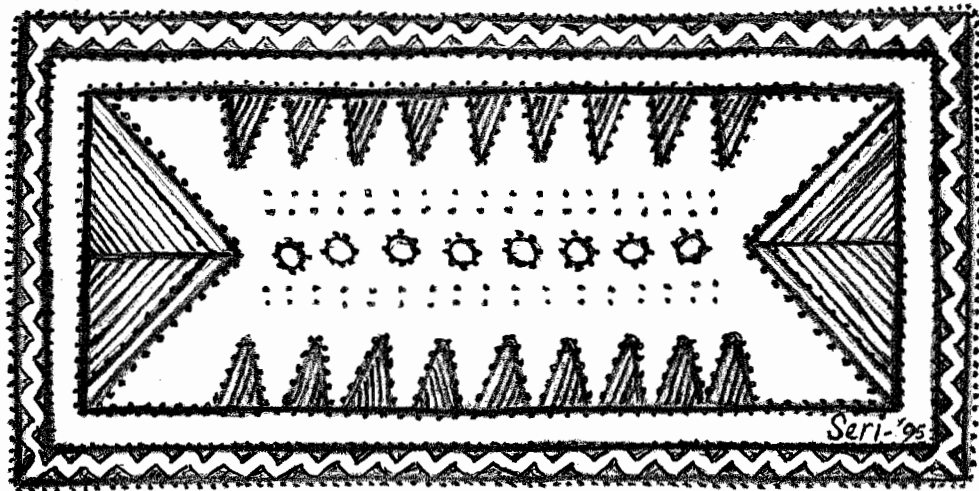


# MAISIN

# KIKIKI BUK



*Traditional stories in the Maisin language.*

*recorded, edited and translated by*

*John Barker & Franklin Seri*

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## MAISIN KIKIKI BUK

The stories in this book originate in the rich cultural heritage of the Maisin people of Papua New Guinea. They were recorded in the early months of 1982 by John Barker in Uiaku village. Stories 1 through 15 were written down as they were told by Frederick Bogara. Stories 16 through 27 were tape recorded and later transcribed and translated by John Barker with the assistance of Willie Sevaru. Reference to the tape numbers has been included with each story for those who would like to hear them in the Maisin language. During June 1995, the stories were completely transcribed again by Franklin Seri from Barker's notes and the original tapes (where available). The translations were checked and thoroughly revised by the authors. Unless indicated, the editors alone are responsible for the translations in this book. Franklin Seri also drew the artwork on the cover.

From December 1981 to July 1983 and again in October and November 1986, John Barker recorded more than 160 stories from elders in Yuayu, Ganjiga, Uiaku, Sinapa, Sinipara, and Airara. Most of the story-tellers have since passed away. This book thus contains only a tiny selection from this larger collection. In the future, the editors hope to continue to prepare these *kikiki* for the use of the community schools in Uiaku, Airara and Uwe and to preserve a record of Maisin traditions.

There is no established orthography for the Maisin language. The authors have resorted to a simple phonetic orthography which we hope will ease reading aloud. We have rendered "free" translations in English in order to make the stories easier to read and more grammatical. Inevitably mistakes in transcription and translation have crept in despite our best efforts. We hope that Maisin readers will tell of these so that we can correct later editions.

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We welcome your responses to this book. Please write to Franklin Seri at: Uiaku village, c/o Anglican Church, Wanigela, VIA Popondetta, Oro Province, Papua New Guinea. John Barker can be reached at: Department of Anthropology and Sociology, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1Z1, Canada.

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## Taru Siko Ei Kikiki

Taru siko arore isoro tineanan. Sikowen taru so teffi, "Arore isoro taneanan." Ineate, taru eiro tiven tiramara. Tirana. Siko eiro tiven tiramara. Tirarana arore ti rafaraadi. Arore isoro tinanan. sikowen tiramara taru ka siko ei tatowen funa ka tikaito. Titarato tifefena wanno taru eiro nan siko ka tikarafe timamatin. Nan tiname taruwen wenna bejji tenei. Ineate siko ka tikaiyawa. Tisowi tiwawen te ei wakke titeri te, taruwen ano tine siko ka tikaiyawa.

## Why Dogs and Pigs Fight

The pigs said to the dogs, "We are going to fight with you." So the dogs got up and the pigs got up and they met each other. They fought. The pigs tore the dogs' flesh with their tusks. Pieces of those dogs flew all round. But the dogs retaliated and bit the pigs, killing them. This is the way they fought. The dogs were stronger and frightened the pigs. They chased the pigs back to their own place. Those dogs were so much stronger that they scared the pigs. And that is why today dogs and pigs still fight.

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku  
January 26, 1982*

*Story 1*



## **Tamati Dagari ari Kikiki**

Tamati nenka. Ari sauki jamen aro titauke. Ate tamati nenka wakke tauki fafusi. Ari sauki ka ari begatefe ruwan ka iwawen ira ivavi tikaikame. Begati ruwan ka inei timosa. Ineate ari fafiso effi, "Aiti ka begati ka timosa. Baya kutassi kune jamen arore jebuga tane." Ari fafi ka isa ari sauki fona ka iruruwa ka.

Timamatukate isirananan nenka tamati nenka irarmara ari yati ivei isavanfe, euka nanka wakki itere eranan. Nenke itoki ya ka timosafe irayanan. Tito timatu isirananan nenka aika wanno sese nennan inan. Ari yati ivei isavanfe eukin e wakke itereanan. Ate ari sauki ka ruwan ka amura. Nenso kimati nan wusuwe irori ivassi nan isane eisenan ari fafi ka irai. Vare iva wusu nenka isane eisen ikiti. Ari sauki so effi, "Wusuwin avaini?" Ari sauki ka effi, "Avanamanan nenika ataukeme awakkasate amai sisari nan arori aivassi imomoya. Sifa kuvefe ko ruvi ka kutafefenfe kokkosi kuve koanate." Ineate tamati nenka sifaka iveate e wusu rogun ka itafefen nate sifa nenka wusu terere kukun ekkosaka ekki nenka sifa mata ka kimate ekki ekkotossi. Ineate effi, "Inna avaini?" Sauki nenka effi, "Ate kuitate. Aifan kururuwame ruwan ka ane timosa, nenso nenka kimati nan avassi nennan koan kukun ka amura."

Tamati nenka imassi, nenso suaki nenka ari fafi ka ikusin e tamati itekame itodi. Tamati nenka aika ikusin tamati si nenso.

## **The Lazy Man's Story**

A man once lived with his wife and sons. He always hung around the village. His wife had been bringing food from her garden. She kept cooking and feeding them until she finished the garden crops. Then she said to her husband, "Our garden is done. You must make sago so that the boys and I can survive." But that husband would not listen to his wife.

They always slept until day break when the man would get up, sling his string bag and go to another village. He would sit around there until he felt like coming back. Then they would again lie down and sleep together until the dawn. One day, he did the same as before: he slung his string bag and went off to another village. But his wife could find no food. Because of this, she filled her cooking pot with stones and cooked them. She left her pot sitting in the ashes of the hearth until her husband returned home. He climbed into the house and saw the pot sitting in the ashes. "What's in the pot?" he asked his wife. She replied, "What else? I was desperate for food and so I was forced to cook the last poor remnants of our crops. Get your fork and spear whatever you wish to eat from the pot." So the man took his fork, removed the leaf from the pot and tried to spear the taro he thought was inside. His fork struck the stones and broke. "What is this?!" he cried. His wife replied, "I told you that the food was finished, but you refused to listen. I had to cook these stones. You are going to eat them, for there is no taro left."

She shamed that neglectful man. The woman divorced her husband and married another man. She divorced her first husband because he was a lazy man.

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku*

*January 26, 1982*

*Translated by Willie Sevaru and John Barker*

*Story 2*



## **Jebu ari Kikiki**

Sauki nenka. Ari jamen ka sinati. Teiti ite asan ka Etona ite ka Borita ite asan ka Jebu nan tikarure titaukeme teffi, "Ta susuke jijiwo tiviviya nenke taviviyakate tara." Te susuke jijiwo tiviviya nenke arore tiviviyame. Jamen sandei ka motten tiviviyate eiffin rati



Jebu ka tina jebu nenso momorobi sen tive airen jijiwo ka titarwuguri nan tinanme morobi iteren Jebu nenka ivei. Ineate viya timosa ei wakke rosoka ari yeise sandei nenka eifi te ei wakke ka. Ate ari yeise ka aiso tibewusin te ei wakke titaukeme. Ran iteremate teffi, "Jebu tauki yun taye." Ineate teuki tassare yun tiyeyeme ei fin rati tina ka ekuvurusen jebuinei. Ineate tive airen toto titarawugurime tita tina jebu nenka tita tiwakon imati. Nate eika eiffi wakke ka tiva. Ei yo ekute, "En fin ratira'man?" Eika teffi, "Aika tinanan iwakossate imati." Ineate ei yo ka sora inan me. Ate ari sauki ka kenainei. Kena ka ari yeise titanaka tinan nenka nan effi, "Aka isa enso ara ka aka aiso ara nenka nena imati nenso aka au wakke aranan." Ineate ari wakke e, ari yeise kena ka isa titan ka.

### **Jebu's Story**

Once upon a time there was a woman who had three sons named Etona, Borita and Jebu. They all grew up together. One day they said, "Let's go and play over there with those girls and boys." So they went over to play. The first two boys played normally, but their little brother Jebu had a big stomach. Most of the girls teased him, throwing him between themselves and the boys. But one of the girls embraced Jebu and held him until they had finished playing. It was now time to return to their homes. Jebu's brothers were jealous and upset with him and so they walked back to the village without him. Some time later, the brothers called out, "Jebu, let's go down to the sea for a swim." Down they went to the ocean to swim. The brothers grabbed Jebu and threw him around. They struck his swollen stomach, breaking it. Jebu died. When they returned to the village, their mother asked, "Where is your younger brother?" "His stomach burst," they said, "and so he died." Their mother wept for Jebu and his wife became a widow. Now, those older brothers had the right to marry Jebu's widow and indeed they wanted to. But she told them, "I came with Jebu and now he is dead. I am

returning to my village.” And so they did not marry Jebu’s widow.

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku*

*January 16, 1982*

*Translated by John Wesley Vaso and John Barker*

*May 9, 1982*

Story 3



### **Baimara Kikiki (1)**

Wakki nenka. Titaukeme baimara nan tirafaran. Inate kaka tekutire to itere bayaso te, nenke baya tinanen titauken sauki nenka ari jamen aro titaukeme eikame ruwan ka amura nenso ari morobi so effi, “Ko ai ya sauki so koefi au yo ka me garuga kumen aven a isiye kafe katowakka effate arai.” Ari ya ka effi, “Me garuga manfara nan amen kuven ko kusiye koayaka ai yoa efate kura aka me garuga ka amura.” Ineate morobi nenka e ari yoso effi, “Au ya ka me ka amura effi.” Ineate amai tito.

Isiran nenka ei ruwan ka amura nenso begate tirame ka kora nenka mofi nan ekke imu. Mofi nenka tamati rati nen kan. Ate taurisen tiwawe nenso beta inei. Kayen fafama iroti eriyonsi. Ineate sauki nenka ari jamen aro tirame tikita te. Jamen ka teisen ei yo iyagin iva. Murari nan ikiko iferi teuku tiwawe tikaikan. Aika ivan euku timosate eukume yayare igiyate ebusen euki yabuwe eiseraka. Ine nenka fake ka mofi yayare ikafiyoti nan igi ebubusen itoken. Ari jamen ka nan yabuwe teise teifafi, “Yau, kokuate?” Nan teifafin teisenan ya ka e euki timomosa nenso effi, “Au jamen kuikiterenin? Aka inan fake nan tikafiyotate atoke ai finse ratiri ka irowuwusesa kuwawen ko vare kuto.” Ineate ei yo ka tikusin te eifi vare tito. Isiran nenka wanno tiramaran ei yo kame te. Ei yo ka nan ebubusen itoken te kafa kakkore teise. Koti sese nen nan teifa, “Yau kokuwate.” Nan teifafin teisenan wanno ya ka e

imutu. Irowuwusi nenso ei yo effi, "Rowuwusesa ai finse ratiri ka kuwawen ko vare kuto." Nenanansen inana ari finse ka sandei timati. Aika ai kora e ari yo ka ikiti. Inate ira ito isiran nate. Wanno e nenka ari yo ka imati ife euki yabuwe itoken ikiti. Nate ira wakke irowuwusate imamatun.

Foin nukareate ari yabi ka ira fafowe jeriyen. Iva vare ari sauki jamen nan ivavari. Eifa, "Kurumara kasimon kuyasiri avasi." Eifanme efi iwakasi. Inate kasimone igi nenka kasimon ka isa tikefoti ka amai igi yasin e rate va terere iro nenka va tere ka tumbasi amai yavarama kora iwararasin e wo eisunsaka isane igi nenka ari morobi ka isan tafare ito kena funare igi. Effi, "Eka anso inke kutoke?" Aika fona ka sisarin effi, "Ari yo arora avasu tinan me nenka seseka igugubi iruwa." Inate eukin e wo ka iveate e iva eisunsi ikarati va ka isaga ine ate euki kase wowawa ka iregeti iwawen iva nenka airo aifi nenso baya ka seseka yabuwe iteri teuki. Aika aifi itauke.

## A Famine Story (1)

Once upon a time a famine came upon a village and the people could find no food. Men got into their canoes and went away to make sago. A village woman worried that she and her children were without food, so she said to her daughter, "Go to your auntie and tell her that your mother asked for green bananas. We will bake them, eat and then sleep." But when that girl arrived, her auntie said, "I have no green bananas for you to bake and eat." So the daughter had to return and tell her mother that the aunt had no bananas. They slept that night, hungry.

Early the next morning they still had had nothing to eat. They went out to the garden. There was a *mofi* tree on the way. Now this *mofi* tree belonged to an old man. Some people had stolen fruit from his tree, so he washed the rest with medicines. The woman and her children saw the tree and noticed the ripe fruit. The mother climbed the tree

while the children waited below. Starting from the top of the tree, she picked and threw down the ripe *mofi* fruit for the children to eat. She worked her way down the tree, picking the fruit as she went. When she dropped down to the lowest branch she tried to jump to the ground but found her hand was stuck fast to the tree branch. She just hung there. Her children stood underneath calling, "Mommy, come down. Let's go." But how could she get down? Her hand stuck tightly to that branch and she just had to hang there. Her children pleaded, "Mommy, come down!" They called and called as the day passed. The sun was going down, so their mother said, "My children, you can see that my hands are stuck here. Gather younger children and return home. It is getting dark." And so they had to leave their mother. They returned home and slept by themselves in the house.

When dawn came, they returned to their mother. They found her still hanging from the branch. They called out so many times, "Mommy, come down!" but their mother remained stuck through the day and again the sun was going down. She called down, "It is getting dark. Gather the little children and go home to sleep." This went on and on until the two youngest children died. Now only the eldest came to their mother. Every night she returned home and every morning she came back to the tree. One day she found her mother had died. She saw that she had fallen from the tree and was lying on the ground, dead. She returned to the village that night and fell asleep.

Her father landed his canoe on the beach in front of their house in the middle of the night. He came up into the house, intending to waken his wife and children. "Get up!" he called out. "Open the door! I'm coming up." He grew impatient he was calling so much. So he climbed up and pulled on the door. He found the door partially open and came in. The house was very dark and he had to feel around the floor. He came to the hearth to make a fire and there he felt his daughter, lying on top of the ashes. "Why are you lying here?" he asked her. She told him the sad news about her mother and the younger children. He listened to her. Afterwards he climbed down from the

house, got some fire for the hearth and blew on it until the house was bright with light. He then went down to the canoe to get his things. But now he was alone, so he threw the sago he had gathered upon the ground. He lived alone.

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku  
January 28, 1982*

*Story 4*



## **Kakayu Kikiki**

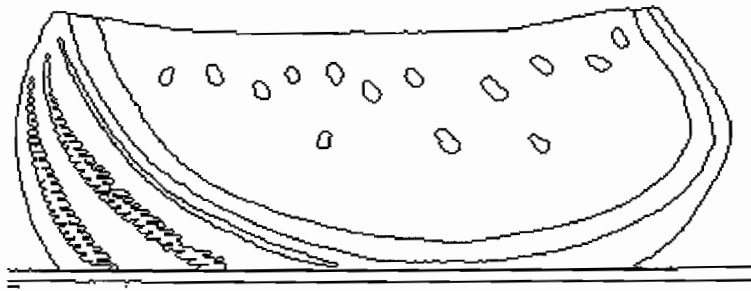
Jamen ratiri seseka te. Kakayu nan tirarademe. Te wo teisunsi. Kakayu nan tisisi ye me. Teiti rati ite nenka. Iramara ikite. Effi, "Enka, avan nan kusisiye?" Eika teffi, "Anka an yowe ei susa nan kaito kawawen kara kasisiye. Ero, ko ai yo a suse koefi ikaiton imen kuven kura kusiye." Ineate teiti rati nenka wakke e. Ari yo so effi, "Yau, susan koaiton kuman." Ari yo ka effi, "Anso?" Teiti rati nenka aika effa, "Ate jamen ratiri ka ei yowe ei susa nan tikaito tiwawen te tisisiye." Ari yo ka effi, "Susa aiton amenanan ka. Aka amatanan." Aika effi, "Ate au jamen dombun ka nan ei yowe ei susa nan tikaito time tiwawen te tisisiye; nenso aro koaiton kumen aven a arore kasiye." Ari yo ka koti sesene nan effi, "Susa aiton amenin?" Teiti rati nenka, itesi yabuwe ife ivivirugi. Nenso, ari yo a susi ka ikaiton imen. Iven ira nenka terere ari ka imati. Teiti rati nenka ari yo a susi iven e nenka. Ari jamen dombun ka teffi, "Anka isa a an yowe ei susa nan kasisiye ka; anka kakayu nan kasisiye. Eka ai yoa susi ikaiton imen kuven kurara nenka ai yo ka imati." Aika tessin iraverresin wakke ira nenka ari yo ka imati.

## Snail Story

Some small boys once collected snails. They made a fire and roasted them. A little boy happened by and asked them, "What are you baking?" "We cut off our mothers' breasts," they replied. "That is what we are baking. You should go and ask your mother to cut off her breasts for you so that you also can bake them." That little boy returned to the village. He went to his mother. "Mommy," he said, "cut off your breasts and give them to me." His mother asked him why. "The other mothers cut off their breasts for their young sons to bake. They are doing that now." But his mother said, "If I cut off my breasts to give you, I will die!" The little boy pleaded, "But my friends' mothers were willing to cut off their breasts for their sons to bake. You *must* cut yours' off and give them to me so that I can join the others and bake them." His mother repeated her objection but the boy threw a tantrum, crying and rolling about on the ground. At last she relented. She cut off her breasts and gave them to her son. Off he went while his mother was dying behind him. But when he arrived, his friends said, "We are not really baking our mothers' breasts; we are baking snails. Your mother cut her breasts off to give to you and so killed herself." That little boy started to cry. He turned back to the village where his mother had died.

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku*  
*January 28, 1982*

Story 5



## Baimara Kikiki (2)

Wakki nenka, titaukeme baimara nan tirafaran. Ineate tamati ka seseka bayaso ikove tirau. Nenke baya tinannawin titauke. Titaukeme tamati taurisen wakke sauke jamen kiteso tiraranan. Ei sauke jamen so vevi nan tamati wakke tira nenke yafa tinane tiwawen te. Nennan timbubuwandin te. Ate tamati ite ka ari sauki jamen so ka isa imen ka. Inate sauki nenka irowuwusate yovi eifan me, "Tamatin ero nan vevi ka kumen tiven tira jamen ka tikafe katowate." Nan eifafi na waa tamati nenka yabuwe eiseme iruwa. Inate e damun ka iwawe toran ainan isonsi. Inate ari funa nan ita foya vevi naniti isansi, iven ira sauki nen ari kasimon ne goiyen. Effi, "Ara ka anan na jamen ei yabi ka inan vevi kora imenate aven arai, koise kuve kutarato jamen kumen tikafe tito." Ineate iramara ive somika eifassi ari jamen ka ivavari tiramara vevi ka itarato ime tikayate tito timatu. Timamatu nan waa tamati nenka e eseseme sirari masa nan yoyon nenso ira wanno sauki nen ari kasimone goiyen. Effi, "Kumamaturin koise au funa kumen atessife a isisiran nesa." Sauki nenka iruwate effi, "Are, aka tamatin avasu eifafi?" Tamati nenka effi, "Eka nenna avan nan koifafi? Birin au funa kumen euku. Atessin aa isisiran nesa." Tamati nenka wanno effi, "Nena avanan kuge mumu? Birin au funa kumen euku atesin aa isisiran nesa." Sauki nenka fona keisiinei. Isiran timomosa nenso kasimon ka iyasin iva sauki nenka ari jamen arore itarawuri timati yabuwe iferi teuki. Ineate aika eukin e.

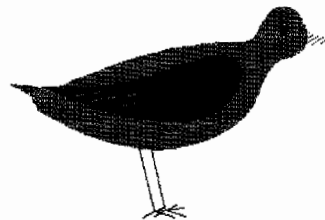
## A Famine Story (2)

There was a famine in a village and the men went into the swamp to make sago. They camped out there, working the sago stand. After a time, some of the men decided to return to their families in the village. They collected the roasted skins left after burning the sago (*vevvi*) for their wives and children. Those remaining at the camp gave them *vevvi* to give to their own families. Everyone did this

except for one man who did not send anything back. That night his wife began worrying. "Oh husband," she said. "You should had sent *vevvi* for your children to eat so that they could sleep properly." Now, a ghost was standing outside and heard her saying this. So he collected dry leaves and set himself on fire. He peeled off his skin, just as one peels *vevvi* off sago after it has been burnt. He then climbed up to the woman's door. He called out, "Just before I left, your children's father gave me some *vevvi* to bring for you. Wake up and take it from me so that the children will have something to eat and then they will sleep comfortably." The woman came to the door, took the bundle and unwrapped it. She woke up her children. They ate the '*vevvi*' skin and then went back to sleep. Now, while they were sleeping that ghost continued to wander about. He returned to the woman's door shortly before day break and called up, "Are you sleeping? Wake up! I need my skin to put back on." The woman heard him. "Oh dear," she said. "What is this man talking about?" The ghost called out again, "What are you chattering about? Hurry! Bring down my skin. It is almost dawn. I must put it on and go!" The woman remained silent. The dawn was breaking, so the ghost opened the door. He murdered the children and the woman, throwing their bodies to the ground. Then the ghost went away.

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku*  
*January 30, 1982*

*Story 6*





## **Tamati Dagari ari Kikiki**

Tamati nenka yabu itassi ito imaoyate itessi ikarati. Buro nombo bejji ine ekki iwa ineate ruwan ka sirori en. Tamati nenka nenanan aika wakki wakki nan esese. Ari sauki ka begati bejji nenka ikokorotin ikoti ka timamaran. Nenso ari fafi so eifan nen, "Tamati nenka iruruwate airo nennan kariyen kora iruwa timomosa." Aika imamatu kate isiranfe iramara nanka, ari yati ive isavanfe wakki itere eranan, nenanan inan na ari sauki begati bejji nenka ikoroti timosa. Sauki nenka ari fafi so effi, "Begati ka ane timosa." Baimara nombi bejji eikame sirori en. Tamati nenka ari sauki fona ka isa irururwame ka. Aika wanno imamatum isiran nanan nenka ari yati re ive isavan nenka eukin wanno wakki itere e. Ate sauki nenka ari jamenso effi, "Seseka ta tamati ei baya deki takira, tane taven tara radan matati tisirafe tato." Nan efa te ari jamen aro te. Tirame tamati ite ari baya deki nan tikiti. Inate ari jamen so effi, "Inke koisena tamatin ari yaawa manke itesi akira ave." Inate baya gombune ekikiran e burame euki nenke funa ka iwatavisi siko ine igungun ari jamen eiro teiseme nenka seseka siko tinane ei yo terere tigungun, ei yo itataramin iwawen te burame.

## **The Lazy Man**

There was once a man who cleared some land, left the brush to dry and then set fire to it. He worked very hard, clearing a very large garden. Soon the crops started to appear. Thinking his work done, that man began to just hang about the village. His wife got the taro, leaving the taro tops to be planted, but they rotted away. She said, "My husband, I put down the taro tops and they are rotting." He paid little attention and soon forgot her words. Early each morning he'd get up, sling his string bag and wander off to another village. While he was doing this, his wife finished off the taro in the garden. "I just finished the garden," she

told her husband. And so they were left without food. The man paid no attention to his wife. He continued to sleep, get up early, sling his string bag and wander off to the village. One day the woman said to her children, "We'll all go off this afternoon and look for sago remnants. We'll get some and bring it back. This afternoon we will feel alert and good again and then we can sleep." So off they went together. They found a place where a man had been working the sago. The woman told her children to wait while she looked for the man's prying stick. She went into the bush to where the top of the sago tree lay. She changed her body and became a grunting pig. Her children also became pigs and came grunting up behind their mother. Their mother called out to them and they followed her into the jungle.

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku  
January 30, 1982*

*Story 7*



## **Sankon Saraviten ei Kikiki**

Sankon Saraviten titaukeme baimara nan sirori en. Ineate ei wakki tamatari ka seseka townen ikove tirau. Nenke dobu tiwirin titoki baya tinan nawi. Titaukena Sankon Saraviten eika tiyayamatin titaukeme. Sankon be ari fin Saraviti so effi, "Ati finse a avan kato nan tiro mose bejji titauken teiseri. Esemе kokomose ati finse kuite." Ineate, Saraviti be euki eise. Irame begati baire irau. Iva keri tafare eise itaravan nenka begati nen ari komboka wowo bejji ikitti. Inate euki yabuwe eise nenka begati nen

ari kombo ka iva airo iravin aika kombo terere e. Irame ari finse ei dobuwe irau. Ai ira nenka begati kombo nenka tukuwen tereren euki ruwan ji ka rokava borege titoken iraveresin ikitte. Ineate kukun nombo bejji nan sese iyosi iven e ari yei tamati Sankon be ka eraken ikiti. Ineate tito isiran nate Sankon be ka rasirame iramara ai mesin imarun e ari finse ikite yaka. Irame airo nan begati keriyeye iro iva keritafare eise itaravan nenka begati kukun ka amunenke ji ari dirowa inan na ikiti. Me ka amai ketu ari dirowa inan nan ikite. Ineate kukun ka sese nombo bejji nan iyosi sivaren isun ate e ari finse funaise ka irau. Kukun nenka roise itessi begati ka ruwan irauku kukun ka innan arakeren aka sese ayesi aven arai. Enka gambon kokosevi kufeferina so kugi kura sese kufeferina kavi kuta kokotofi kufeferina kuramara fu kuragise kusu wakke ta. Nan efate tiramara ei baya ka tisui ate tiramaran tira wakke tirauku. Radame ka koti viran effi. Baimara mose bejji taven tararame afun ruwan ka irauku timosa. Nenso ira tavu sifofi kuyosanan. Nan efate ira ka tiven teuki varore teise tekaratun yaru ka tita. Nan varore ira titatan titauke.

### **Sankon and Seravitti Story**

Once upon a time, there were two brothers called Sankon and Seravitti. They were living together when a famine started. The people had gone out to build small sleeping shelters in the bush near where they were beating sago. Sankon and Seravitti grew impatient for them to return. Sankon said to his younger brother Seravitti, "Our younger brothers are taking a very long time. You go and look for them." So Seravitti walked up to the garden and stood at one end. He looked across what was a very large garden. He stood right under the taro leaves — the taro were that tall. He walked up to their brothers' hut, but they had already left to beat sago. As he walked across to the other end of the garden, he saw that the taro were very large

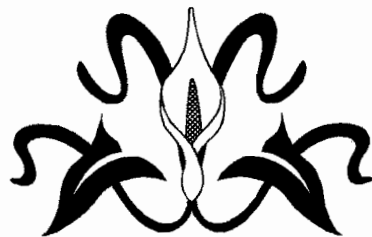
indeed. He pulled a big taro out and brought it back to show to his brother Sankon. Sankon was impressed with what he saw.

The next morning, Sankon came to see his brothers. He walked into that same garden, stood at its edge and admired it. He saw the beautiful taro and the ripe bananas growing there. He pulled out a big taro. Carrying it on his shoulder, he walked to where his younger brothers were working. "The garden is ready," he told them. "The taro are big. I pulled this one out to show you. Break your sago prying sticks (*kai*). Throw them away! Tear up the sago strainers and throw them away too! Let's take the sago that is here and go home." So they left off and carried their sago back to the village. That afternoon Sankon gave a speech. "This famine lasted a long time," he said. "But now food is available. Get out your drums and conch shells." So they took down their drums and began to dance. They celebrated in the village plaza.

*Frederick's comment: It is my father's story so it is like a history. Sankon and seravitti are two trees. So when they see seravitti in flower they know it is time for the taro to be ready. There will be lots of food. This is our calendar.*

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku  
February 2, 1982*

*Story 9*



## **Wakki Itere Foraga Tinei**

Wakki itere foraga nan sirori inei. Nenso wakki nenka sauki tamati jamen mormorobi ka seseka te. Wakki sauki ite ai tamati ite ka isa tikusin ka. Airo asanfe tamati sandei — ite ka mata digo, ite ka ke keisi. Eikora titauke. Tamati mata ton nenken effi, “Anan kufaferen fe asen yeta ka arara keren yeta nenke ta foraga ye.” Inate tamati mata keisi nen keture iva itauki. Inate mata ton nenken yeta ka eraraken te. Tira me mata ton nenken ikosi nan ikiti. Inate effi, “Inke koiesena ikosin ayagin awawe ta.” Inate iyagin iwawe teukuwa nan aika mata keisi nenka eise eyajavi ite ifen euku duku en ratu iruwa nenka effi, “sesei.” Wanno ite ifen euku effi, “sande.” Wanno ite ifen euku, “sinati.” Ate nenka fake nan iwagirisi ife euki dukuwen ate aika efi “fuses” nenka tamati nenka yoyovan effi, “Ikosa man faraso koyajavi inka asen afeyate.” Ineate foraga ye ka isa te ka.

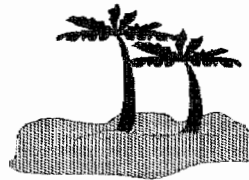
## **The Blind Man and the Legless Man**

Once there was a dance in a village. Everyone, all the boys and the girls, went to it. They left no one behind except for two men. One of these men was blind and the other had no legs. They were waiting there when the man with no legs said to the blind man, “Carry me on your back and I will direct you along the road. That way we can go to the dance.” So the blind man carried the legless man, who guided him along the path. As they went along, the legless man spied a coconut palm. “You stay here,” he said. “I’ll try to get us a coconut to eat.” So he pulled himself up the palm, got a coconut, and drank and ate it. The blind man heard that coconut hit the ground from his place underneath the palm and sang out, “One!” The next one fell and he said, “Two!” Likewise when the third fell, he called out, “Three!” But then the man in the palm lost his grip and he fell to the ground. So the blind man called out, “Four!”

“Where are these coconuts you think you are counting?” the legless man cried out in pain. “It is I who fell!” And so they never did get to the dance.

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku  
February 2, 1982*

*Story 10*



## **Burame Siko wen Ivasusi**

Burame sikowen ivavasusi nan nukaise tamatan teiti nan ivasusen. Ineate ei yo iwowen tamati ite ari begate tirau. Tamati nen ari begati nan tikaya ka te siko moturan nenka eika keru gaure tikawe. Ate tamatan teiti nenka aika keru ka yagin iva ikasinosi euki begati ka tikaika na. Siko ka eika kukun na tikaika. Ate tamatan teiti nenka aika wowore me murari nan ikiko ikayovi ikankan ando ka ikayovi begati terere ifeferi. Nan tinane me te teuki burame. Isiran nate begati nen tamata ka wakke fe e ari begati nenka siko wen ivasi ikakan me nan ikikitin e nenka tamatan teiti nenken me ikayovi ando ifeferi me nenan ikiti. Nenka manamana inei. Effi, “Siko ka eika inan kukun nan tikaika me. Ate me ando rin sekayovi ifeferime?” Nan ikitate wakke e nenka ari fafi so effi, “Ekka foime ka ko begati kaifi kuneanan.” Foime siko ka ari rate aro tirauku begati ka tikaikame. Siko ka kukun nan tikaikame. Ate me murari nen serate ikayovi ando ka ifeferina fayari kora ikankan me. Nen nan kaifi kune kuitanan. Ineate foime ate tamati nenka e ari begate. E neninka siko nenka wanno ari rate arore tirauku ei yo ka keru ka ikafari ikasinosi euki begate eise. Ate ari rate ka keru gaure tisona tirau. Ate tamatan teiti nenka aika keru ka yagin ikasinosi euki eise. Nane sese nen nan siko ka eika kukun nan tikaika. Ate tamatan teiti nenka aika wanno me murari nan ikiko ikayovi ikankan aifi nan ere iraye inan nan esese na. Tamati nenka iyon ki eise nan ikikite me. Tamatan teiti nen nan iroti ai nan iveive nenka siko nenka eika

tikayawan te teuki burame. Ineate tamati nenka aika teiti nen nan iven wakke ira ari teiti so ekaron ikaru nan ari teiti arore titauke.

## **The Pig Boy**

Deep in the bush, a sow gave birth to a litter that included pigs and a human boy. One night she took the small pigs and the boy to a garden. The pigs made their way through a hole in the fence, but the boy had to climb over the fence to get inside. Once inside the garden, the pigs ate taro but the boy instead picked ripe bananas. He tossed the peels on the ground around the garden as he ate. When they had had enough, they went back into the jungle. The next morning, the garden's owner came up from the village. She saw that pigs had been eating her taro but she was puzzled by the banana skins she saw laying about. "Pigs must have eaten the taro," she thought, "but what peeled these bananas and ate them?" When she came back to the village she told her husband about this. "You must go tonight and guard our garden," she said. "A family of pigs came in the night and ate the taro, but I have no idea what could peel and eat the bananas. You must hide there and find out." So that night the man went to the garden. He was waiting as the sow and her litter came in through the hole in the fence and the boy climbed over. Just as before, the pigs were eating taro while the boy ate ripe bananas. The boy kept to himself, wandering around the garden as he ate. The hidden man watched for his chance, came up quietly and grabbed the boy. The alarmed pigs raced into the bush. The men brought the boy back to the village, fed him and looked after him. The boy became his son and they lived together ever after.

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku  
February 2, 1982*

*Story 11*



## Furen Kikiki

Tamati nenka ari sauken begate te. Te ikoti tekaki me. Sauki rati nenka itauken ari fafi ka yun iyeyaka euki iyeyena furen nenka irauku ekira euki ikitate effi, "Abu, yun kuyeyeyin?" "Ai, ikoti akaki me yun ayeyaka auku." Ineate kamora nan ive tarawusaka ita ekokowasin e. Eika ari sauken wakke te. Tito siran nate wanno begate te. Ikoti ekaki me wanno tamati rati nenka yume euki yeyena furen nenka irauku fakke ka itarama eisena isousi sauwen fokeye iko. Tamati rati nenka bere nan ive itarawusi imati isun euki ari sauiki kame tisansi tifunesi tivavi takaika na taurika tiwawen te wakke tika timosa.

## The Wallaby Story

A husband and wife went to their garden to plant taro. The old woman stayed back in the garden while the man came down to a stream to wash himself. He was bathing there when a wallaby came by. The wallaby looked down at the man and called out, "Grannie, are you having a bath?" "I was planting taro," the old man replied, "and came here to have a wash." He picked up a stone and threw it at the wallaby, but missed it. The wallaby ran back into the bush. He and his wife returned to the village. The next morning they came back to their garden to plant more taro. The old man came down alone to have his wash. That wallaby came again. The old man raised up his hands, jumped up and chased it into a hunting net. He came in quickly and killed it. Those people next made a fire, singed the wallaby and butchered it. They cooked and ate some there and carried the rest of the meat home to eat later.

*Frederick Bogara*  
*February 2, 1982*

*Story 12*





## **Toro Mui Mui Kikiki**

Kawo tamati nenka itauke me. Radan iteren ari sauki so effate wo ka iven euki varore eisunsi. Ineate euki itoki, ari natofo ka tekira tikita te. Funa sese nenke totoruga tine titokate gugubi ka effi. Nan effi, “Rasi ka taro yabu vaun kutari anan”. Titoken isisiran nenka ei karivako tisu nenka te sese nenke tirau. Yabu ka tikiti tiva teuki tinei. Ineate teffi yabu ka innan tatasa nan nate tiwafikon mata ka sifi nan tiro tiven tiranan tereise ka titassi tiven tira nan tinan me tafaise irowuwusi. Sauke ka ruwan tivavi nan. Tiro titoki ruwan ka tikayate tiramaran wakke te, tito anan nenka foime ka to nen tamataren irauku itaravan nenka to nenka titassi tiven te amu ne nenke te nen nan ikitate iwagan na effi, wo au tora serefafe kutari. Inate yabu torafare iwagan ivan e. Eifafi, “toro mui mui, toro mui mui, toro mui.” Eifafi nenka taima kaka nen titatasi me nenka wanno iramara eise ari naneinei.

Kawo nen ari natofo arore timamatu me isiran nenka effi, “Wanno ta ka sesessei kusi nen nan seseka kutari timosara nan.” Nan efate seseka ei bere tisu ate tira me tirau. Tekira nenka manamana tine teffi yabuwa man nan tatassi, teffi yabu ka in nan tatassate. Asu inate iramara ari nane inen eiseri. Inate wanno vaun nani sifi tiro tiven tiran nenka titassi wanno ari naneinei. Ineate tiro titoki ruwan ka tikayate tiramaran wakke te. Foime timamatuna wanno toro mui mui ka irauku ikitate effi, Sewakkesen au tora inanamin tinan?” Wanno nane sese nen nan iro yabu torafare eise eifafi, “toro mui mui toro mui mui, toro mui mui.” Eifafi nenka taima kaka nan iramara eise ari naneinei.

Wanno isiran nate kawo tamati nenka ari natofo so effa te ka tauri tikukusi me nen seseka tari mosa besse imoya ikarata ka. Tirame kefe sese nenke tirau. Tekira nen aika wanno ramara ari naneinei. Tikiti nenka manamana tinei. Ineate wanno vaun nani titatassime. Titatassime yabu nukare ka ite nan tikusin. Wakke tira nenka tamati sese nan ka sese tikusin nen ari wate iyonki itauki. Radame ate wanno Toro Mui Mui ka irauku ikitate fona vaa, “toro mui mui, toro mui mui, toro mui mui!!” Eifan e ka tikusin nen

yayare igi ebusen iva itauki. Kesa yafo ka moseri bejjeiri teuki yabuwe tito. Tamati iyonki itaukeme nenka iramara nenka kesa yafore igi ka nuwa nenke ifafasi igin eisen ari tauri titaisuki nenka arore kesare tigi timayati euki tiroti tiven wakke te. Tiven te nenka tassare tifen imutu nenke aika mana inei.

### **Toro Mui Mui Story**

One evening a chief told his wife to make a fire in the middle of the village. The chief went down and sat by the fire so that all his people saw him. They joined him and began discussing things. "Tomorrow morning," he said, "we will go out to clear a new site for our garden." So early the next morning they took their axes and went off to select the best area for the garden. They decided on a place and set to work. Some started clearing the small trees, thorns and vines that surrounded the big trees. Others started chopping down the big trees. They worked until day's end. Women prepared food. They came out and ate the food then returned to the village. During the night, the owner of the forest came into the area and saw that his forest had been cut down. He shouted, saying, "Oh! Who told you to cut down the forest?" He shouted as he walked over the cleared land. He shouted out, "Toro mui mui, toro mui mui, toro mui mui." As he did this, the trees grew back over the clearing.

The next morning the chief said, "We will go and cut down the remaining trees." So they picked up their axes and went back to the site. When they arrived there they could not locate the clearing. "Is this the place where we cut down the forest? Why are trees now covering this area?" they wondered. They had to do it all over again: clear the undergrowth and cut down the big trees as well. Once finished, they ate some food and returned home. That night while they were sleeping, Toro Mui Mui came out and cried, "Who has cut down my forest?" He walked into the middle of the clearing and called out, "Toro mui mui, toro

mui mui, toro mui mui.” As he said that, trees once again covered the area.

Next morning the chief told his people that they would go to cut down the remaining trees. Then they would leave the cuttings to dry so the clearing could be burned off later. But as soon as they reached the site they saw that the area was again covered with forest. This puzzled them greatly. Once more, they worked to clear the area. But this time they left one tree in the middle. They returned to the village, leaving one man behind who hid under this tree. That evening, Toro Mui Mui came out and his words flew out in a fury, “Toro mui mui, toro mui mui, toro mui mui!!” While shouting this, he came up to the tree, took hold of a branch and swung himself up. He rested on that branch, his long hair hanging down to the ground. The hidden man took hold of his long hair and held it firmly against the tree trunk. His friends ran in and helped him pull Toro Mui Mui down. They got hold of him and took him to the village. There they dumped him into the sea and he became a fish.

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku  
March 17, 1982*

*Story 14*



## **Kumuti Susuke Rora Tere**

Ei ruwan ka yaisen eiro kumuti kora tikaikan titauke. Kafefi titata fe eiro kumuti kora tikafe titoto. Ran iteren wanno kafefi titatame tekira nenka yun wamefe kukun nen ifosi euka nan tikiti. Ineate tereyen effi, “Kukun nen ifosi euku.” Rora ka effi, “Kuyewan kuveyate.” Ineate tereyen iyewan ivei. Tiven tiva tivassi imomoya nenka tereka ito imatu. Imamatu nenka, kukun nenka imoya, ive euki, iyon

nenka masa tauban. Ikan ikiti nenka kayeta tauban eke tatansi. Nenso aifi ikan timosa, ari fin ka imamatume iramara effi, "Yei, kuku na man?" Ari yei ka effi, "Aika aafi an timosa." Ineate ari fin ka ibewusi iramara yun nen kudare iva.

Wakke irau rona sauki rati nen ari biyoki ka souwe eiseme ivavan nate yayan itaisuki. Sauki rati nenka effi, "Au biyoka sevavan ate yayan irara?" Morobi nenka effi, "Avasu affanani? Yau affanan ai yaya affananai abu affin." Nan efate effi, "Abu, timo nan affanan." Ineate effi, "Abu, asen ararame ai biyoki ka avavan nate yayan itaisuki." Sauki rati nenka effi, "Are, au fuwesi kavan radu tifefero. Inke kura." E rate, effi, "Au fuwesi kessa tun kokira." Aika ari fake sifi terere ikosi eviran yayame gari nan. Ekovassi ari fake sifi terere isaki nenton irame sauki rati nen kesa tun ekira ka effate e kesa nen ivassi nenka kesa tere nenka moti ratesen firi fara tinanen titoke. Nan ikiti, inate ari sifi terere ikosi gari nen nan ive kavare itessi iro nen nan ikararauka. Sauki rati nenka effi, "Au fuwesi tauban ka, kuwawe kumen aro toran ararauka te. Anso esema koararuka?" Inate yeta ka eraken e.

Ate ari yei ka ari fin tere isousi e. Irame wanno sauki rati nen ari wakke iro nenka nane sese nen nan ari biyoki nan ivavan yayan itaisuki. Sauki rati nenka effi, "Serate au biyoka ivavan nate yayan irara?" Morobi nenka koti sese nen nan effi, "Abu, asen ararame ai biyoki ka avavan nate yayan itaisuki irara." Ineate sauki rati nenka effi, "Kura kesa tun kokira kuwawe." Ate e sauki rati nen kessa ivassi nenka ikayawa effi, "Yei, abu! Moti watta sirara keisi." Ineate ya nan ira nenso ari fin e nen yeta ka isa eraken ka, aika sauki rati nen ari wakki yetave efate e. Nenke irowuwusate yaisen ari vare titowanan na sauki rati nenken yeimen ekakosin morobi nenka eifafi, "Abu, inna avauken tekakoreni?" Sauki rati nenka effi, "Au fuwesi aro nan tekakoren nan atoke." Nan inan na isiran. Titaukeme irowuwusi wanno nane sese nen na, inan me isiran. Foin nen nan kakan nan kora inan nan morobi nen funa tafa ka ifen, funa nenka bedo wen siyen. Ate vare itauke nan.

Ari fin e nenka wakki itere titan, teiti nan ivasusen ikarurate ari jamen dombun aro yasin tiwaweyate karata tekakon tirame. Sauki rati nen ari wakke tiro ate karata nenka tisousi itaisuki. Sauki rati nen ari bine iyagin ivava nan jamen ratiri nenka titaisuki bine tekaratun karata nen nan ife euki tekosa ka. Morobi nenka itokeme effi, “Wo, jamen! Nin sewakkesen tirarame atoke inke tekararatun? Aka au fin nen kumuti susuke rora tere katauke me. Kukun nan avassi au fin ka imamatun ausin an nenso ibewusin inke ira e rate. Ai tere asousi ararame, inke sauki rati inken iwaweren ari vare ato sisi anan nan atoke.” Teiti raati nenka iruwa. Ineate e nenka ari yo so effi, “Yau, au jamen dombun aro karata kakakon karame. Sauki rati nen ari wakke karau. Ineate karata nan kasousi itaisuki va bine iyagin ivava nenso kataisuki bine kakaratun nenka varefe moroben effi, ‘Ina serate bine yin ekararatun? Aka au fin kumuti susuken rora tere katauken kukun nan avasi ausin an. Nenso ibewusin ira e rate aiterere ararame sauki rati inken iwaweren inke ari vare sisi anan nan atoke.’ Teiti rati nenka nan iruwa. Ate wakke te nenka ari yo ka nan effi iruwa. Inate ari yo ka effi, “Ne ninka ai yo timo si nenken tereuse irarame sauki rati nenken ive ari vare nen nan itessi itauke.” Nate ira ari yei ka ive ifasin e ari wakki itauke nenke. Iven itauken ine funa ka taubaninei. Nenke ari yei ro tamati iteren itan nan arore titauke.

## The Charcoal Sisters

Once upon a time, there lived two sisters who had only charcoal to eat. They used to play with a *kafeffi* ball, eat their charcoal, and then sleep. One day they were tossing the *kafeffi* when they saw some taro floating down the river. The younger sister said, “That is taro floating there.” Her sister told her to swim and get it and this she did. They cooked it. The younger sister was tired and lay down to sleep while it was cooking. The older sister could not resist the fragrance of the cooking taro and, once she tasted its sweet flesh, she ate it all up. The younger sister awoke and said, “Sister, where is the taro?” When the older sister

admitted to eating it all, she became very angry and walked up along the river.

As she was walking, the younger sister came to a village. She was going around its edge when she disturbed a rooster, causing it to race around and crow. An old woman called out, "Who is chasing my rooster?" The girl wondered whether she should call this old woman 'Mommy', 'auntie' or 'grannie'. She decided on 'grannie'. "Grannie," she said. "I was walking here and disturbed your rooster. That's why it is crowing and running around." The old woman replied, "My goodness! Grandchild, you are talking so much! Come here." The girl went in and the old woman said, "Look for head lice, my grandchild." When the girl parted the old woman's hair to pick out the lice, she discovered worms twisting about. Now earlier the girl had decorated herself by rubbing coconut on her body. She had taken the unused coconut and pushed it inside her armlets to be used later. When she saw those worms, she pretended to pull them out but she really took the coconut from her armlet and put that instead of the worms into her mouth. She bit down on the coconut and the old woman said, "My good grandchild! Give those to me to eat — why are you chewing them?" When they were done, the old woman sent the girl down a road and off she went.

Meanwhile, the older sister had been coming up behind. She too startled the old woman's rooster. "Who is making my rooster run about and crow?" called out the old woman. Like her sister, the girl replied, "Grannie, I disturbed your rooster as I walked in. That's why its running around and crowing." The old woman told her to come over, look for lice in her hair and take them out. When the girl parted the old woman's hair she was alarmed by what she saw. "Yikes! Grannie! Your hair is full of worms!" The sun was going down, but the old woman did not show the girl the road that her sister had taken. Instead, she sent her down a path to her own house. And so that girl went up into the old woman's house to sleep when night came. Every time she tried to sleep, the old woman poked her with a needle. "Grannie, what are these things poking me?" the girl cried out. "They are also poking me, my grandchild," the old

woman replied. This went on all night, right until dawn. They remained there and the same thing happened on the following night. As the nights passed, the girl's skin went bad. She was covered with sores.

Now her younger sister had gone down that other road to a different village. She got married there and gave birth to a boy. Her son grew bigger. One day he and some other boys were hunting lizards with their small spears. As they wandered around, they came up to the old woman's place. They chased a lizard which ran up the house post. The boys knocked it down and tried to spear it. The older sister was still lying inside. "Wo!" she cried out. "Boys! Who is striking the house post? I'm confined here. I used to lived with my younger sister — we are the Charcoal sisters. One day I cooked a taro and ate it while my younger sister was sleeping. She was cross and went away. I was chasing after her when this old woman trapped me in her house. I am suffering in here." That little boy heard her, so he returned to his mother and told her about it. "Mummie, my friends and I were hunting lizards. We went to the old woman's place and saw a lizard climbing her house post. We chased it and speared it on the post. When we did this, a girl inside the house asked who was hitting the house post. She said, 'I used to live with my younger sister who was also a Charcoal girl. My sister became angry and left me after I didn't share a taro with her. I came after her and was caught by this old woman. I am confined here and suffering.'" That is what the little boy told his mother. His mother told him that his aunt had been unkind and now she was trapped by the old woman. The younger sister then went to her sister and carried her back to her own village. She took care of her older sister whose body slowly healed. The older sister married a man from that place and they stayed there together ever after.

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku*  
*March 17, 1982*  
*Translated by John Wesley Vaso and John*  
*Barker*  
*May 5, 1982*

*Story 15*



## Binbaba Gorobuwen

Binbaba Gorobuwen, ari rukaman yaisen ka nan tiwosi euki te kase ari rukan ka matare itoki ari rukaman Gorobu ka tere itauki tikakasi tikakasi. Binbaba ibubi nenka ka ikakon, tikakasi ... tikakasi. Gorobu ibubi nen ka kakon evesin yume euki. Gorobu ka yume iyeyewan Binbaba ka wowore rurufi. Tiva mene ate te Binbaba ka me mu nan ikankan Gorobu ka tou nan karatoton ive tou wen ravasi e iwawusi imati. Binbaba iro efi, "Rukan aika imati timosa." Ineate masen isonsi ive ate ira nan. "Kori ko, kandoro ko ... kori ko, kandoro ko." Nan itatan e.

## Butterfly and Rat

There were once two cousins, Butterfly and Rat. They pulled out their canoe and began to paddle with Butterfly in the front and his cousin Rat sitting behind. They paddled and paddled. Butterfly farted — "Boong!" They paddled and paddled. Rat then farted, breaking the canoe and falling into the water. Rat swam about while Butterfly flew above. They went up and Butterfly found some ripe bananas while Rat chewed on a sugarcane. The sugarcane toppled over Rat, killing him. Butterfly went in and said, "My cousin is dead." He wrapped him up and sang this song:

*"Kori ko kandori ko kori ko kandori ko."*

*Nita Keru, Uiaku  
March 30, 1982*

*Story 16, Tape 19*





## **Tamati Rati ari Kikiki**

Tamati rati ari kena beyen teki tiwawan titauke. Te begate tesesefe ruwan ka ari kena be ikoroti isun tira ivavai tikaikan titauke me. Sauki rati nenken effi, "Tamati rati! Ran ite taru rati kuven ko manuwa ikarafen kuven kura ruwan ka nenton kayeta ta." Sirari ite ka ari sauken te begate teseseme. Ari sauki so effi, "Rasi ka taru raati aven aranan, a asesera nan. Nenso rasirame ruwan kuvassi." Timamatu me biyoki ka tiyaya mate iramara ruwan ka ivassi. Kande irori ari fafi ka iramara effi, "Sauki rati! Affi nen kuneyin." Effi, "Anonowatti timosa." Nenso tamati rati ka iramaran euki ari kandi ive ari ganan ive nenken iragisen isun. Ari taru raati isisren yaisen tirame te begati ka tiro keru ka tivavan tikasinosi teuki tirame tamati rati nenka bubinan irauku nenso ka fara nan ikayessi merare itesi ibubi isonsi kande irosi. Wannu irame bubi nan irauku, ka fara ka wannani ikayesi merare itessi ibubi isonsi kande irosi. Nenananan inan nan irame kandi ka kavare irauku. Ineate iraveresin ira ari kena be ka begate esesen irauku. Effi, "Ya ka timosa kuregetin ta wakke." Ari kena be yen tirai wakke. Ari kena wusu ka ive ruwan ka ikamosi irori timosa. Ari katu be kande somi nen iwawe wusu tafare irori imoya timosarate ive euku iyon ari katu be yen tikai. Ineate titaukeme timosa te.

## **Old Man's Story**

Once upon a time, there was an old husband and wife who made their gardens together. They went to their garden where the wife pulled up taro and carried them back to cook and eat. One day the old woman said, "Old man! Some day you must take the small dog to hunt wallaby. Back it back for us to eat with these vegetables." Early one morning they went out to the garden. The man said, "Tomorrow I'll take the small dog to go hunting. You must prepare some food tomorrow." They slept. The rooster

crowed and the old woman got up and cook his food. She filled a basket. Her husband got up and asked, "Old woman, have you done it?" She replied, "It's ready." So the old man came down. He took his spear and put it through the handle of the basket and carried it this way. He called to his small dog and they set off together. They came to a garden and went over the fence. The old man started farting. He torn off some leaves, using them to wrap up the farts and put them in the basket. As he walked along he continued to fart. He tore off leaves and wrapped each one up to put in the basket. He kept doing this until the basket was full and then turned back. He came into the garden where his wife was working. He said, "The day is ending. Get ready and we'll return to the village." He and his wife went back to the village. His wife got a pot, peeled the vegetables and put them in. That done, she took the packages her husband had wrapped and place them at the top of the pot. All that food cooked. She got it down, dished it out and ate it with her husband. They stayed.

*Lambert Gebari, Uiaku*

*March 29, 1995*

*Translated by Willie Sevaru and John Barker*

*Story 18, Tape 19*



## Taru ei Yabi Kikiki

Wakki bejji nenke titauke me. Tekki tiwawana tiwawe tikaikan titauke me. Ran iteren tamati nenka ari sauki effi, "Tare taraye tanan me enjigi inani taregetimeta begate tatowanen." Nan efa te tiregetin te, tira me te begate tiro. Ei wowawa ka begati vare titeri ate te buro tinanen teseseme ya ka rarate vare tirauku, ari sauken vare. Tirauku vareate avasu tefi tibewusi tirasoso inate tamati nenka efi, "Neneate aka ararate wakke." Iramara nenka ari karivako we isun wakke irai. Ate sauki nenka begate fe

tere ate irauku amu kiti va ka ate aika afunfe iro wa nani eifan, “Ya ka e timosa.” Ari fafi ka wakke ira timosa. Aika aifi itauke me irowuwusi nenso ruwan ka ivaasi imoya ikan timosate nenka rowuwusi timosa nenso iva vare kasimon ka ikefoti boragi ekkin.

Itauke ate taru ei yabi nenka wakke ramara. Teyavan, tefi, “O, taru ei yabo!” Ate nenke fe ramaran taisuki nenka e yetave ife euki iramara nenka nan yetave e begati keru ka kasinosi keru ikasisinosi nenka ari sirara taisuki nenka e begati torafi nenton seseka ekisi ran e amu nenenke e ranan nen sauki itauke nen ari va tere ton ekisiran. Sauki nenka imon, “Arie, aka taru ei yabi ramara nenka in nan ira inke raukuwi.” Eifan nenka aika sauki nen funa masa nan iyon ate e itessi ira itessi e begati tere era amura iraveresin ira va nenke sauki nenka itauken funa masa nan iyon. Ee kasimone igiye seka kasimon ka ikefoti boragi ekki, efi, “Kuyasin avasi?” Sauki nenka isa fona ka eifa ka, efi wakasi nenso kasimon ikefoti nenka inan nan eiseme ine iyasin iva. Sauki nenka ramara nenka yaisen toto tigiante airema ka iven e wawusana airema ka ven e wawusa nan va tere nenke.

Tamati nenka wakke tauke me imon, efi “Arie, aka taru ei yabin e manke manke era nani saukin ausin ara yate?” Euki nenka airo fake ka ari ifa ye iveate irame irame e irau. Ee keru kasisinosin ekkira nenka va tere ton ekisiran efi, “Arie, aka taru ei yabi ira nenin sauka inausa efin ere seka eika vare yaisen tiraro nenso vare iva aika sauki nenso inan nen ka tamati nenka iva ari ifa nenken taru ei yabi nenka ita kaiton me aika mati euki toto ate, tamati nenka ari sauki so efi, “Birin birin. Kuregetin ta.” Sauki nenka ramara wowawa ka iregeti nonte irori isun ate eika wakke tira tirauku.

## **Meteor Story**

There was once a big village where the people broke ground, planted their gardens and ate their crops. One day a woman said to her husband, "Let's pack up and go to the garden to sleep." She collected their things and off they went to the garden. They put their belongings into the garden house and then set off to work. They worked until the sun began to set and started back to the garden house. They were talking and but soon began to argue. The man went away saying, "That's it. I'm going home." He took his axe and went back to the village. Now the wife came back to the garden house afterwards not realizing that her husband was not there. At first she thought he must have gone off somewhere and would soon return. But as it got dark, she knew that he was not coming back, so she cooked some food. After eating it, she went up into the house and barred the door.

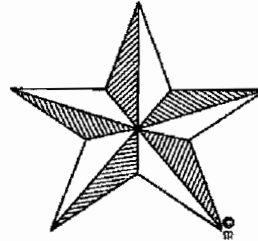
While she was staying there, Meteor came across the sky from the village side. The village people saw him and cried out, "Oh! Meteor!" They saw him racing. He came to ground on the garden road. Meteor stood up and climbed over the garden fence. His light shone across the garden. It shone right into the house where the woman was staying. The woman thought to herself, "Oh dear! This must be Meteor. Has he come here?" Meteor could smell a body. He paced back and forth across the garden smelling everywhere, trying to find it. Nothing there. At last he came up to the garden house and pulled on the door, but the door held fast. "Open up!" he called out. "I'm coming up." The terrified woman said nothing. He kept telling her to open the door, but she remained silent. He became impatient and forced his way through the door. The woman jumped up. Meteor grabbed her and they began to wrestle fiercely.

Her husband, who was still in the village, began to worry about his wife. He wondered about the direction that Meteor had taken. Making up his mind, he got his knife and started off for the garden. As he climbed over the garden fence, he saw the bright light coming from the

garden house. "Are!" he said. "Meteor came in here. He may have killed my wife already!" Then he heard the noise of their blows. He climbed into the house where Meteor and his wife were still fighting. The man grabbed his knife, hit Meteor and then cut him down the middle. Meteor lay flat on the floor, dead. The man cried to his wife, "Hurry! Hurry! Pack up and let's get back to the village." The woman packed their gear and they hurried back to the village.

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku  
March 1982*

*Story 19, Tape 19*



## Ivo Kikiki

Wakki nenka teuki mana so tinanen tira me ivo nan tiroti. Tiven tiva vabase titesa te tefi, "nen wakki souwe ari ma biki ka isa kuwawe ya nanka. Ko wayan ite koasinawari ite koasinawari ite koasinawari nenke ma ka kuwawe fe kura ivo win ka tasansi tafunesa nan." Ineate eika ma biki tiwawe aka te neninka te woyan woyan na tikasinawari tira nenin ka ivo nenka vabase itoke me tawa te nen ka feferen iyayavadi nenka eifa, "Gisi kon, gisi kon." Eifan nenka aika gisi en feferen ekurudi ekibiyesi ira nan. Inan nan e vabase toke me nenka e ife euki yabuwe. Koti nenka sese nen nan eifa, "Gisi kon, gisi kon." Eifan nenka aika nenna ira nan inan me e tassa kavare euki. Jamen ratiri eika tibun ovigi tinan. Inan ina e tassare euki nenka airo nen nan imutu timosa. Eika ma biki tiwawen te. Tirauku teikira eseka babase se ka amura. "Ata ina avasu ine yi?" Jamen ratiri ka tefi, "Aika kakitin. 'Gisi kon, gisi kon,' eifan, e tassa re e euki imutu nenka imutu euki timosa me."

## Turtle Story

There once was a village of fishermen. One time they caught a turtle. They said, "You can't find banana and taro leaves near the village. You must climb over one range of mountains and then another and another again. Let's go get some cooking leaves so that we can roast and butcher the turtle." So they went off into the mountains in search of the leaves. The turtle lay on the verandah, flapping with its flippers. It began talking. "A little move... a little move", the turtle puffed as it flapped its way across the verandah until it fell to the ground. Still saying, "a little move... a little move" it gradually pushed itself down to the edge of the sea. Some small boys watched as it went into the ocean, dived and disappeared. Meanwhile the people had gathered their leaves. They returned but saw that the verandah was empty. "What happened to it?" they cried. The little boys answered, "We saw. It kept saying, 'a little move... a little move' as it pushed itself down to the sea. It dove under water and got away."

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku  
March 22, 1982*

*Story 20, Tape 19*



## Tamati Iva Iyon nen Ari Kikiki

Tamati nenka ari iva nan iyon iroti kotove ekosi ate isa iyayomi ka. Nan iven euki ira me ekiraka nenka mato teiti rati ivasi aka ine nen ka korai fu ro sika itesi. Ikitate iven euki ifefen irara nan e mana nenka tina terere e, iven ivava

iven ivava nan aika nen yayomi keisi nen gaugau nenke mana nenka tiranan iven ivava iven va mana nenka te timosa. Tamati nenka effi, "Aga, aka mana ka nukuse atesa te asu nan mana ya amura yi." Eise iva nenka wakikirosin eise me eise nenka wanno ani eikinsin irara eikinsin irara wanno ikiti nenso iven euki ifefena ifefene mana nenka ira tina terere e. Iva nukane e ive imayatin vavame vavame aika nen yayomi keisi nenke mana nenka te timosa, iven iva iva me aika iva kora iven eise. "O! Aka mana ka nukause ira yate. Asun ine yi?" Inan nenka fi rati nenka ka wowore itoki eifa kuyayomi yo kuyayomi yo kuyayomi yo." Tamati nen aika fi nen eifanen nan ruruwa, "Nen fi yin avasu eifafi?" Ine fe iva nen nan igig ikiti fe eifa, "In nan ayayoma ka eifafi." Nenso iven itoki seseise yayomi yayomi yayomin e ikaramatan. Inan nenika mana nenka eikinsin ira inanan ikiti neso euki ifefen e ifefene ifefen ifen iva mana nenka tina terere kora. Iven vavame iven vavame ivan vavame, mana nenken euka nenin ka iva tere ton kairun wateten. Iven manayatin eise me iva manguwe ifen euki eise ikikitin eisen eifa, "O o u! Aka fi rati in ka inso eifan mate ayayon saka. Aka yayomi keisi aneate sifo sifo in gaugau inke tira nan. Aka mana ka ane awakakasime yi? Inka fi ratin ka inso eifafi me ayayomi nenka mana ka innan avei." Inate itoki yagisi fefen eise me yagisisi fefen eiseme yagisi fen kusin ate. Mana ari kase irodosin eiseme ka ka gugugi nan nan e wakki fafo we iro. Teuki tiyaton iva saka teifan nan tisiye tivavi tikai. Nen inke timosa.

### **A Man Sewed a Fishing Net**

There was once a man who sewed together a fishing net. After putting the floats on, he carried his net down to the beach where he could see that there were plenty of fish swimming about. He threw out his net and watched lots of fish swim into it. He started pulling up his net, but as he did so many of the fish escaped through gaps he had left between the sections of the net. By the time he had pulled the net up entirely, all of the fish had escaped. Now this empty net puzzled that man. He said, "Aga! I saw plenty of

fish when I started pulling up this net but now they are gone.” He just stood there, examining his net. He suddenly noticed the many fish still swimming before him and so he cast out his net once again. The net filled up with the fish and he started to pull it to shore. All the fish again escaped through the open gaps and so, by the time he pulled the net up completely, he found that again there were no fish left. “Oh!” he said, “That net filled right up with fish when I cast it out. What happened?” While he was puzzling over this, a little bird perched on a branch above him began singing, “Sew them together ... sew them together ...” The man could hear that bird’s song. “What is this bird singing?” he wondered. He glanced down and realized that the bird was telling him to mend the gaps in his net. And so he sewed and sewed and sewed until the net was completely mended. Now, while he was doing this work he was still watching all those fish swimming about. He cast out his net and waited for the fish to swim into it. The net filled up with fish. He pulled it to shore. Impressed by all fish that he had caught, he said, “Oh, that bird was telling me to sew my net together. All those fish were escaping through the gaps I had left between the sections – that’s why I didn’t catch any. That little bird told me to mend my net and so I was able to catch all these fish.” He strung the fish on lines and carried them to his canoe. That canoe was so heavy it was almost sinking. When he returned all the village people praised him. They took the fish, cooked and ate them.

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku*  
*March 23, 1982*

*Story 21, Tape 19*





## **Wa Tamati Rati ari Kikiki**

Wakki bejji, titauke nan wa tamati nenka foime fe irauku varo re wakki nenke e fufure yesa ira fufure yesa nan, nan nan foin ite ka rauku esese nan. Esesen ira nan teiti raati nenka baya veviso itesi nan. Eifa, “Yau, vevi anan nan.” Eifan nenka ari yo ka effi, “Vevi nen avanke kuve koana nan?” Eifan nan wa tamati nenka iruwa rate iro yogi fufure eise rate effi, “Anso eifa?” “Vevi so,” eifafin. Efi, “Aye ate. Kurauku vevi ka inan kuywawen kuro kume ikanate.” Tamati rati nen funa nan rogisisi me nen nan torosin va tive teiti raati nenka nen nan timen ikankan aika e esese me isisiran ate wa tamati nenka wanno iraveresin ira va nenke iro itaran iva. “Man ate au funa? Afun amen nen. Kume euku au funa atesi fe a.” Eika manamana tine. “Oie, aiti ka isa tamatan ka inka wa ren ratureta te funa nan ive imen teitin ka tamen ikan.” Neso ari yabi euki me wa tamati nenka ekkosi itarawusi imati.

Nenke ei begati yeta tere tira tinan nenke imati to siran. Siran ate sauki tamati begate teraka te nan tikiti neso kere tekivin tera nan jire tekivin tera nan, aika ari nan yeta nenke ito ya ro raukun ira vasi bububen. Teiti dagari funa kosifi bedobedo sa ari moturan ka airen ira me ikita te effi, “Yau, tamati ratirin mara asun nan nen itoken tirara nen jire tekiven tera nan kere tekivin tere tinani?.” Neso raveresin ira wakke ari yabi so efi, “Yabi tamati rati nen nan foin titarawusi imate ate, yetave itoke nan tira nenka kere tekivin tere, jire tekivin tere. Kuran ta koimosiren taven tara kase tatesi fe asi auki sibo nukare afenii, neso yaisen te tigi ramara teifusin tira ka farafare titesate, ka nenka tiwosi euki teiti dagari nenka iva ari kasi ven euki itoki ika euki tassa nukare fen naka. Ikakasi, ikakasin eiseme, ikakasin eiseme, ikakasin eiseme, ikasi e euki sibo nukare. Tamati rati nenka itoke me aika iriridi ke fake ka tawari titete nan riridi na. Teiti nenka eifa, “Are, ina asun aven auku me ke fakera tawari titeten iriridi?” Neso ramara matare ekisiran efi, “Enen buti kuikiti nen nenke koasi ta taro buti nenke kuteran auki.” Efi, “Are aka imati nani aifan me, asun ramara fona ra eifafi?” Aika nan ito dagari nenso eifa, “Enen buti kuikiti

nen nenke koasi ta. Ta nen buti nenke kuteran.” Ikakasin eiseme, ikakasin eiseme te buti nenke iro jeri en, ka mata ka igi va ondese to wate mangu we. Tamati rati nenka iven yaisen tiva, tiva amai koraifu gangasi wata nen ke kefe rati tine, nenke yaisen titauken rowuwusi.

Yaisen timatua ka tito timamatun foin nukare ate to nenka amai dududi inan nan, baya iti kara ikosi iti va iti, va ro amai nenke toran sirori en amai siyon sonason ton. Teiti dagari nenka imamatu me ramara dududi nan ruwa te efi, “Are, ina avasasu inani? Sei jebuga aneya nani?” Inan nan eise me ine tafare siran, siran nate dagari nen ekira ka ine nenka to nenso amai efi wakkasi va kefe boreboregi. Kara ikosi ravoti goru so amai efi wakkasi. Siran nenka ari fu tamati efate va nenke tiregetin tiva. Tiva nenka ari fu tamaten titoki, titauke me ruuwusi tito siran, eika ruwan ka nen ton itesi sirori en wa rei nane, ruwan me ka. Ari fuwesi ro nenke me ka amai timu teuki titoke fe nan tirogiya titoke tafare ruuwusi.

Nenanan tinan nan titauke me titaukeme dagari nenka efi, “Abu, aka mana tauku ateran neso avaya nanate au yo au yabi kame.” Efi, “O, neneate.” Neso imamaru nenso kesa yafo ite nan ikaiton imen isonsi. Efi, “Inin kuven kuva.” Efi, “Inin ka anan kuwawere kurayaka kunan. Kuva kutauke kate avan koti marawa ma nan koefafa nan ka aka afune airen efi aruruwan.” Neso kakasin eisesen kakasin eiseme kakasin eise me ira vasi wakke irauku ari yo ari yabi ka tikita te tefi, “Kouki kunan nan ko kumati nani kafi nenka eka in nan kutauke me yi?” “Ai! Au fu tamati aven auki nukare afen na ka auke seka aika buti nenke atesa ka efi nenso yaisen ka nenke katoki foime avan avan roroti burama sirorari enate an aunkun ataukeme inka innan awatavisis avasi.” Tefi, “neneate.”

Kawo tamati ari morobi ka aika amai kuita nan ka matan ka isa yati ka kune ya ka. Aiso amai to nen ari jijiwo boreboregi nen tine se ka tine kase titata nani tinei. Aika tamati rati nenken bedo beso effi, “Esen morobi nenka kutana nan.” Aika wa rate kate tere ka ive iwa tavisi timosa, bedobe nenso amai ine mamati morobi nenin ka. Foim ite ka dagari nenka inan nan wavividen nenka, morobi

nenin ka euku me ari yogi fufure ive me yaisen te. Tito sisiran na rasirame tefi, "Enka kutauke yin? Ate morobi aiso tanan me nenka dagari inken itan." "O ou, serefi? Amai aiso tanan kate itananani?" Teifan nenka aika taukeme rowuwusi nenka morobi nenka ive rossi me ari fu kame, kakasin eise me ari fu tamati kame tiro bute. Eika tefi, "Ou, tauki fakere tave. Inana ma ari moroba aire ma ta yin? Amai aiso tane tawakakasi kate airen itana nanin?" Tefi, "Rasi fe tauka nan."

Sisiran nenka jijiwo ira me e wakki fufure irarame ira fufure ei kase tiwawe me boresa ka nenka terate matare guru ten tikakasin teise me tikakasin teise me, tamati rati nenka wanfaya kasan ine timosa. Ari fuwesi so itaran, "Enka kutauke yin? Yaisen en vasa ka teuku wo o. Wakki tamata ka." Tikakasin teise me tikakasi teise me ka ondo ka tikiti. Tefi, "Nen nan, ati fu tamati efi nenka ondo ka nen nan tirauku." Titauke nenka te jeri ten. Tivava nenka dagari nenka efi, "Abu, in nan tivavasi." "Ee, kusin tivasa ate. Kusin tivasi," eifan nenka tivan te ei wakki varo nan tiveiveate itoke me, "m...m...m...m...m...m..." Tamati rati nen nan ririda ka ineate sa eisen tiramara ka tiwatavisi nenke koefi ka ka tefasi teferi amai titasusuki me titaisuki te yume jo jaten teuki, ei kaye tigi euki tiva me tikakasin teise me tikakasin teise me tira tivasi wakke tirauku.

Wakki tamata sauke yiti tamati iti tiramara tefi, "Kouka me asu kunane? Kuwayawin?" Tefi, "Keisi, anka kanka me tamati rati inken nan ine nenso kayawan karaveresin." "O o o ou. Amai ai naniti airen no." Sauke ka tefi, "O o u, inka ensen kouki nenso, anka rasi ka saukesen kauki kave anan morobin inka." Tito sisiran biyoke tiyayan sauke teuki me ka beje tigi euki me tere ate matare gurufen tikakasi nenka tamati rati nen teuka nenka wanfaya kasan ine timosa. Efi, "Ai sauken kuta uke yin? Sauke ka teuku." Titauken teukame ka ondo ka teikora tikiti. Tefi, "In nan tirauku." Te jeriten ei suma kefata ka tiwawen tivan tira nan, te wakki fufu nan tiveive ate tamati rati nen itoke me iririda ka inate tifefen embobi keisa tira me tira eikase tirauku. Ei kase tirauku tikakasin teise me tira tivasi ei wakke tirauku.

Tefi, “Kouka me nen asu kuna ne kuwawe yin?” Keis’ ate, kauka me nan kanei ate.” Aai, kuwawe ate.” Titauke nan aika nenke nan ari sauken ei fu tamati ine sirorari en nen nan amai imu taramemeyasi nen nan tiven tirauku tikan tikukun tikukusin titauke me. Ari yo ari yaben ka timon tefi, “Tauki teuki nen taiti ate makase.” Sauki rati tamati rati teuki eika rate tigi euki tikaka sin teise me tetiro funaise. Tiro nenke arore titauke me titauke me ei tiwatavisi tivavasi nenka, tamati rati nenka aika efi, “Ate aka tatoki timosate. Nenso kuwaweren kasi ta tauki ee sibo nukare tassa nukare fe nenke kuferen auka nan nenka eka ye rati koasi terenen kura sifou itesi fe kutauken ane kuiti.” Neso ari fuwesi iven euki ka farafare itessi itoka te ikakasin eise me ikakasin eiseme, ikasi ere euki sifon itesa te ari fu tamati ka mara ive tasa nukare ifen euki, ifen euka nenka aika watavisi ikasi ira e sifou tessi tauke ate tamati rati nenka eukate nenke fe raveresin aka ine nenka yawu boriman ka amai iso nani inan to nen ton si en, inan nan eise me ina timosa. Inate titauke me timosa te.

### Spirit Man Story

There once was a big village. At nights a spirit man would come out and wander from end to end. One night he heard a little boy crying for roasted sago skins (*vevi*). “Mommy,” he said, “I want *vevi* to eat!” But his mother replied, “Where are you going to find *vevi*?” The spirit came closer to the doorway and called up, “Why is he crying?” “He is asking for *vevi*.” “Well, here is some. Take it so he can eat.” While saying this, that old man was peeling off his skin. He gave it to the mother. She gave the skin to her son to eat. The spirit continued his wandering. Close to dawn he returned to the house. “Where is the skin I gave you?” he called up. “Hand down my skin so I can leave.” They then realised that this was not a human being but a spirit. “He told us a lie. The boy

ate his skin." The boy's father came down and speared the spirit man, killing him.

He left its corpse by the main garden road. People making their way to the garden had to pass either to the right or the left. That body lay there until midday. A boy covered in sores walking that way asked, "Mommy, why is that old man lying there? Why do all the people just walk around him?" He came back to his father and told him about it. "That old man was killed last night. He is lying in the road, and the people just pass to the right and left. Come, help me carry him to the canoe. I will take him out and dump him far out to sea." His father helped him carry the old man to the canoe platform. They pulled the canoe down. The boy took his paddle and paddled a long way out to sea.

While he was doing that, the old man began to stretch. He stretched his hands and legs. "Are!", the boy thought. "I was just bringing him out and now he is stretching." The old man opened his eyes and said, "Do you see that island over there? Paddle me to that island and let me stay there." The boy wondered, "Are! I thought he was dead! How is it that he can get up and talk?" The old man repeated his demand, "Take me to that island and leave me there." So the boy paddled and paddled until at last they reached the island. He pulled the canoe on shore. They both walked up and cleared a place under a *gangasi* tree. They stayed there until night fell and then they slept.

A big storm arose in the middle of the night, shaking the place. As the thunder sounded, sago, betelnut, coconut palms and a house appeared. The boy was frightened by the storm and wondered if he were safe. The thundering continued until daybreak. The next morning, the boy looked around and saw all of those good things. He was astonished by the big stands of betelnut, coconut palms and sago. His grandfather told him to get their things and move into the house. So they moved in and settled there. They spent the night there. The next morning when the boy came out, he could see plenty of ripe crops. The food was so ripe and

plentiful that the plants were doubled over from the weight they had to bear.

They had an enjoyable life there. But one day the boy said, "Grandfather, we have stayed here a long time and I should return to my mother and father." The spirit man replied, "Oh, all right." He took a piece of long hair from the back of his head and wrapped it up. He instructed the boy, "Take this with you. This is me — take it. When you get back home and you want something, all you have to do is speak to this and I will hear you." The boy took the gift and then paddled the long distance back to his village. His mother and father said, "We thought you had gotten lost or died at sea. But you are alive and you have returned home?" "Yes," replied the boy. "I was taking my grandfather out to sea to dump his body when he told me to go to a distant island. We have been living there. The first night a huge garden appeared. I have had a good life enjoying these things and now I have returned to the village." "We see," they said.

Now the chief of that place had a daughter so pretty that if you saw her you would not be able to keep your eyes off her. Nearly all the young men in the village were dying for her. The spirit man had told the boy that he would be the one to marry that girl. He turned her heart so that she really loved that boy despite the ugliness of his sores. One night, the sore-covered boy wandered near the girl's house. She came down the steps. She married him and they went up. The next morning, everyone was talking about it. "Are you there? That girl we were all after married the cripple!" "Oh," said others. "How can that be? We were all after her, but you say she has married?" That night, the boy took the girl down to his canoe and they left for his grandfather's place. The village boys said, "Oh, how can a boy like that marry this girl? We were all dying for her. How is it that he is the one who married her." They decided to pursue the matter in the morning.

At dawn, all the young men in the village took down their paddles and set off in a big canoe. The old man could feel the enemies approaching. He called to his grandson and

wife, "Are you there? Enemies are approaching! Village people!" The boys were paddling hard. The couple could now see them out in the ocean. "There they are," they said, "just like the old man said." The canoe came up to the shore and the boys began to come up. "Grandfather!", called the boy. "They are coming up." "Just let them come. Let them come," the old man replied. Just then the villagers walked into the clearing. The old man stretched up, growling, "m ... m ... m ... m ... m ... m ... m ... m ... m." This terrified the intruders. They turned around and ran so quickly that their loin cloths came flying off. They ran naked back to the canoe. They jumped on and paddled as fast as they could back to the village.

All the village people asked, "What happened? Did you get her?" "No," they replied. "The old man stretched. We got so scared we came back." The people asked, "Oh, that old man chased you off?" The women said, "Oh, you have had your turn. You didn't get the girl so tomorrow we will go and bring her back." As the rooster crowed, the women got up, climbed on a big canoe and set off. The old man could feel them coming. "Is your wife with you? This time the women are coming across." The couple saw the canoe come across and arrive. The women took their clubs and other weapons and climbed up. The old man stretched out again, making angry sounds. This so frightened the women that they left their skirts behind in their flight to the canoe. They paddled back to the village.

Like before the people asked if they had gotten the girl. "No," they replied. "We could not." And so the village people said, "Ay! You couldn't do it." After they left, the boy and girl settled down in the grandfather's place. They lived a good life, with plenty to eat and drink. The girl's father and mother thought of them and decided to visit. They got on their canoe and went across to the island. They came and lived with them for some time before returning home again. After this the old man said, "I have had enough of being with you. You must take me out far into the ocean and dump me. After you do that, back up, wait and watch what happens." After getting this advice, his grandson took him down to the canoe platform, and they set

out to sea. He paddled a long way and then threw his grandfather into the ocean. He backed the canoe away from the place and waited. The old man went right down and then came up again. He reappeared amidst strong winds and high waves. The place was surrounded by mist. The storm went on for a long time before it subsided.

*Lambert Gebari, Utaku*  
*March 23, 1982*

*Story 22, Tape 19*



## Sauki Rati nen ari Kikiki

Wakki bejji, titauke nan sauki rati ne ka nukaise itauke. Itauken ari kandi voja nen nan iwawe isu e kaubi kavare itoki fe ji nenka iyosi iven euki kaubi nen ke itessi fe aika iva mene itauke nan ji nen ke mana ka rauro kate iro kava kari ye rauku fe euki keren ekraran ji nenka ragere fe iven iva mana nenka evisin eukin. Wannu ji nenka iven euki ari kefe re itesa nan. Nenanin inan kate ine mana nan men nan ingigiba fe iva ji nan ive itesi fe ari mana ka iwawe irori fe irori kusin ari voja nen ke irori isun inan nan irara fe ira wakke ka rarauku, nen nan kassi vassi kan kan itauken timosa fe wannu sirari ite ka ari kefe sese nen ke. Ee wannu yun nen ke iro kavare itoki ji nenka wannani yosi iven euki yun tere itessi mana nenka tirauro kate tiro timosa fe iven iva evisinin euki ari voja re irori isun ira wakke.

Nenanin inan na sauki rati nen nanan inan itauke me tefi, "Sauki rati rin mana ya avauke nama ari waweyin inan fe ira ikan kani? Kaifi kunanen ran ite irara ka terere ko kiute ate. Sauki rati rin asu ine fe mana in iveive fe ira



ikankan ni?” Titaukeme sauki rati nenka eukin ira neso tamati ite ren terere eukin e nan terere ikikitin nan irama irame e ari kefere esese nenso tamati nenka nen ke iyonki eise. Ikikitin ji nenka iyosi yume itesi. Nan eise ikikitin mana ka tirauro me tiro timosa euki iven ivasi. Euki wanno ji nenka iven euki itesi fe ivasi itauke nan mana nenka tirauro fe tiro timosa fe euki iven ivasi in. Nan inan nenka tamati nenka euki itessa te ai ivasi itauke nenka aika kivan euki ji nenka iven ivasi iyonsen ate aika itauke me euki keren ekerara, ekerara efufure ira fufure. Eifa, “Jirawa manke yi? Afun ka inke atesi itoken auku aven avava me ate.” Ine inana eise me ekira iwakasi mara sauki rati nenka nen ke itoki imati amai burame.

Tamati nen ji nen ive nen ke iyonsen nenin ka nen ke itoke me ikosi ekuturen iva. Iva buran nukare ekke amai euki saso saso tivava nan, tamati ite nenka taruwe ira me kita te efi, “Ina avaini?” neso vaso ite nan ive ikakkon ekovasi taru so imen itoki ikikite nan taru ka tikaika me tika timosa. Efi, “O, kan ruwan tauban neso tikai nenso airo ekovasi ikan.” Ineate titauke me timosa te.

## Coconut Story

Once upon a time, an old woman lived in the village. One day she picked up her *kandi* basket and her *voja* stringbag and took them down to the shore of a lake. She sat there and removed her head. She submerged it in the water and waited by the lake side. All kinds of fish came into her head, filling it. As soon as her head was full, she went into the water and felt for it with her legs. She carried it back to shore and dumped out the fish, once again returning the head into the water. She did this until she had caught all the fish she wanted. She put her head back on, filled her basket and stringbag and carried the fish to her house. Once home, she cooked and ate those fish until they were all finished. When she saw that she was running low, she went back to the same place and did the same thing: She took off her head and left it submerged in the

water for the fish to swim into. When the fish came, she felt around with her legs and carried her head back to shore. She emptied out the fish, put her head back on, filled her big basket and stringbag and made her way home.

She did this for a long time. Other people in the village began to wonder how this old woman managed to catch so many fish. They talked about it at length and decided to keep an eye on her the next time she went out. If she was going fishing, one person would follow her and learn how she caught so many fish.

One day the old woman once again set off to fish. The people saw her leaving the village. One of them followed her and hid himself in the jungle near the lake. He watched as she took off her head and submerged it under water. The fish swam in and then she felt around with her legs for her head. She brought up the head, dumped it and returned it to the water. While the old woman was waiting for her head to fill up the second time, the man came down, took her head out of the water and hid it. The old woman went back into the lake, feeling everywhere for her head. "Where is my head?" she cried out. "It was here attracting the fish." She looked everywhere, but the poor old woman could not find her head. In the end, she stopped looking and died.

Eventually, the old woman's head germinated and grew into a palm tree where it had been hidden in the jungle. The coconut palm that grew from it bore plenty of nuts. Some dry ones fell to the ground and more coconuts grew from them. One day a man who was out hunting with his dogs came across the coconuts and wondered what they were. He broke open a sprouting one and gave some of the flesh to his dogs to eat. When he saw the dogs eating the coconut, he knew that it was good food and began eating it himself.

*Lambert Gebari, Uiaku*  
*March 23, 1982*

*Story 23, Tape 19*



## **Siko (Mana Seman) Kikiki**

Tamati nenka itoki yasin nan evivirari me wata sirara keisi. Ineate siko ikafan, ikafan ive ate e yun kavare itoki. Iven euki siko ka yun terere iwamutusi ate aika iva mene itauke nan mana ka wata sirara keisi, mana mana nan kamauya, yasike, bebedadara, maddo, sava, ari siko nen ke rauro me siko nenka sisisen, itauke me euki iven iva efufusin inan nan iven iva mene ekaratun aka ine nenka mana mana euki nenka ke kakko ka gingiba. Aika efi Ou, aka nen mana mana namin en kuro aka serefate au siko aven auku atessi nen ensen kuro. Aka au siko inin ka Doriri, Doriri nan Uruwa, Aima, Iyara, Boriyara airen irowaka au siko inka aven auku awamutusu. Serefate au siko inke a ensen kurauro me gingiba,” nan efate itoki mana nenka yagisi fefen me iyagisi fefen me iyagsi, fu ka rore terere saragi sun ira me e wakke ro. Nen nan tiakikan titauke me tika timosa.

Wanno wan nani sirari iteren ari siko nenka iven e nane sese nen nan euki yume iwamutusi, iva mene itauke nenka mana mana nan ari roi ari roi nen nan irauron eiseme ari siko nenka sisisen. Euki wanno iven iva mene eise ekaratun a ka ine nen ka, euki ke kakko ro gingiba nei, “Ou, ate aka nen mana mana na min ensen kuro aka serefate au siko a kuro sisisi en. Aka au siko inin ka Doriri, Doriri nan Boure, Dibogi, Uruwa, Aima, Iyara, Boriyara eisen iro aka au siko inka aven ara awamumutusi.” Nan efate wanno itoki yayagisi me yagisi kusin ate, rore terere saragi isun inan nan tikai. Ari nan inan.

Ate ran ite e iwamutusate euki tauke me nane sese nen nan wanno euki iven iva evisin ate eise nan eifa, “Ou, aka au siko inima isa mana mana namen kurauro aka aven ara awamumutusi nen nan aka inin ka Doriri, Doriri nan airen irauru aka. Ate ai tamati sese nenka ai kari ye euki me, koti nenka, ate nan eise ikikiti nan ari mana ka iyagisi isun irara te aika iraversin neka e ari wakke iro me. Ari wakke iro nenka radame ate varore wo itessi, wo itessin nenka sese nen ke tinen titoki igugubi tiruwa. Efi, “Tamati rati ren ari siko nan iven e yume wamumutusin mana mana namen

rauro me iven iva evisin euki nenka tifafa tatinen ka aika eise eifafi, 'Ou, ate aka isa ensen au siko we a kuro ka aven ara awamutusi nena aka siko inka Doriri, Doriri nan Boure, Dibogi, Uruwa, Aima, Iyara, Boriyara eisen iro aka.' Nan eifan ari mana ka iyagisi isun ate ira nan aka arai. Nenso tamati rati in tauki tatta nane," nan efa te.

Isiran nenka fi ye kesaise va me, teukame, teuki wanno kefe eise iruwa nenke tirau. Efi, "In ke tatoken tamati rati nenin ka ira ya nane sa," nan efate titauke nenka tamati rati nenka e me. Nane sese nen nan ari siko ka iven euki wamutusi mana mana nan rauron itauke me wanno euki iven iva ekaratun mana mana nan evisin euki tifafatafi neni ka aika eise eifafi, "Ou, aka isa ensen au siko inke a kuro aka aven ara awamutusi nen na. Aka Doriri, Doriri nenso aven ara awamumutusi." Doriri Doriri nan itoke me iramara ka ne nenka, tamati rati nenka ikiti nenka efi, "Ai aka inanan akiteren aka nenso au siko ka aven ara awamumutusi." Arore tamati rati nen aira ka ekki iven era nan, eisemaka tekki tiven tera nan, tamati rati nen ken Doriri Doriri nen euka me nenka inaunosin isousi ive ate isousi ive ate iwawen e ei wakke iteri te.

Koti neni ka wakki wakki nan timemen amu nenenke, teuka me nenka tamati rati aifi rati isowi inan nawin iwawen ira iteri terai. "Ou, tamati rati koifafe nen ai naniti airen avasu inea nan? Aire siran ate, siran tauki tattii." Titoke me isiran nenin ka wanno fi ye kesaise va nan sese nen nan teuku titesin titoke nenka tamati rati nenin ka ari siko we iven e euki yume wamutusi. Iva itauke me wanno euki iven iva evesin euka nan efi, "Ou, ate aka mana mana name ma anso kuraowate? Aka Doriri Doriri namen rauku ate." Eifafate ai tirsukan tiro me. Tamati rati nen ramara nenka ei tera na ai era nan. Isoi wawe ate inan nawin iwawen e iteri te, ei wakke.

Nan tinan me tere ate teuku nenka saran tine. "Enka ensen kuro enso ramara fe arore kunanen rara nan anka kayonki kaise kate kakkosa nan," nan saraman ka tine ate. Aika nane sese nen nan euki ari siko ka iven iva evisin mana ka tifafatati nenin ka aika eise eifafi, "Aka Doriri Doriri nan so au siko ka awamumutusa' te enka mana mana

nama enso a senan nan ensen au siko terere a kurauro.” Eifan nen ka airo ai tirasukan tirauku, arore tekki tive ate inan nawi nan isowi wawe ate, inan nawi nan isowi wawe ate iwawen ira me nen ityonki tituke me nen ken tiramara nenka kase tirogen nani tine me. Tamati rati nenka tekkosi. Nene nan tine tamati rati nenka tekkosi imati.

## The Fish Trap

A man sat down to whittle sago palm sticks. He made plenty of them and tied them into a *siko* net (cone-shaped fishing trap). Once finished, he went down and sat on the river bank. He placed his *siko* into the water and waited. Plenty of fish — *kamauya*, *yasiki*, *bebedadara*, *maddo*, and *sava* — swam into his trap. It was heavy with fish. The man took his trap up and poured the fish until they mounted high around his legs. He looked at them and cried out, “Oh! Who told you fish to come into my trap. I didn’t want these kinds of fish. What I really wanted were Doriri like Uruwa, Aima, Iyara, and Boriyara to get trapped inside my net.” Saying that, he strung the fish he had caught, put them on a stick and carried them home to the village. When he returned, they cooked the fish and ate them.

Next morning, that man again took his *siko* down to the river and placed it in the water. He waited as the trap filled up with fish. He took the trap, heavy with fish, up and untied it. The fish were so plentiful they piled up around his legs. But the man said, “Oh! All you fish came into my net again. But I didn’t want to catch you, I wanted to catch Doriri like Boure, Dibogi, Uruwa, Iyara and Boriyara.” Finishing this speech, the man strung his fish, hung them from his stick, and walked backed to the village where they ate his catch. He did this many times.

One day that old man was doing the same thing at the river. He had taken the trap onto the shore and poured out the fish. Then he made the same speech, “I don’t want you fish in my trap, I wanted Doriri to come inside.” A man

heard him saying this. He watched the old man stringing his fish and returning to the village. He followed him back. Once in the village, the second man went to his own hamlet and made a fire in the plaza. All the people gathered round. He told them what he had seen. "The old man," he said, "has a *siko* that he takes down to the river. He catches many kinds of fish in it. He takes up the trap and dumps the fish around his legs. But every time he does this he says, 'I don't want you fish, I want to catch Doriri like Boure, Dibogi, Uruwa, Aima, and Boriyara.' I heard him making this speech. Then he strung his fish and took them home. So I came here. We must go down and see that old man."

The next morning the villagers put on their feathers for the fight. They went down to the man's fishing spot and waited. Their leader told them to wait until the old man came down. Eventually the old man made his way to the river, dipped his *siko* into the water and waited as it filled up with fish. The old man took up his trap, untied it and let the fish drop around his legs. Once again, he cried out, "Oh! I didn't want these fish. I wanted Doriri to come into my trap." When he said 'Doriri' the waiting men came out. The old man cried, "Yes, I want you Doriri to see my *siko*." They began to fight. The old man forced them in one direction and then they pushed him back. This went on and on. At last the old man chased them away.

The people came back and sent a message to their allies, "These Doriri people went to fight that old man but he forced them back. He killed some of them and chased the remainder away." Their allies said, "Oh, is that old man strong enough to do that? Tomorrow we'll go down and see." They slept and the next morning tied their feathers for the fight. The enlarged group came down to the river and waited. The old man came along with his *siko*. He placed the trap and, after it was full, took it up and dumped all the fish, saying, "Oh! I don't want these fish, I just want Doriri." As soon as he said 'Doriri' the waiting people shouted and went for the old man. He forced them one way and then they forced him back. At last, the old man pushed all those Doriri back to the village a second time.

This kept happening, so the Doriri sat together and made a plan. "Some of you," the leaders decided, "will go out first and start fighting. We will stay in hiding. When he draws near us we will spear him." So they planned. They came back to the river and waited. Soon the old man came down to the river with his *siko*. He put it into the river, waited and then took it to shore and dumped out the fish. "Oh!" he cried out. "I wanted Doriri. I didn't set my *siko* for you fish to come into." As soon as he spoke, the waiting Doriri shouted and went for him. They fought again. The old man speared some of them and forced them back and sometimes they pushed him back. It was going on like this when he came near to the hidden men as he was chasing the Doriri. They speared him hard and true, just like they were spearing a tree. And so that old man died.

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku  
March 24, 1982*

*Story 24, Tape 19*



## **Daiso Kosaro Jiwo Susun Gara Susuki ei Kikiki**

Daiso Kosaro Jiwo itauke me va nan iwina ka igi. Iwin iva timosa rate, ari sauken kato so te. Ari sauki ka tambowi nei. Te yaisen kato tiwawe me ate, ari sauki ka farafare tauke nan iva kato iwawe me. Wa sauki nenka irauku. Irauku nenin ka ari sauki nan itarawusi ive raje ekumutusi vavan euki. Ate aika itoki tataran. "Daiso Kosaro Jiwo kato ka kuwawe nene kuraukun tari." Irauku nenka gitafi gitafi irossi timosa rate ekuturen. Ekuturen tirara nenin ka ari sauki ka yun terere tokeme, inean me ramara. Iramara te itataran. "Oo Daiso Kosaro jiwo, aka ai sauki ka in nama te ekka nenka wa sauki nan kuven kurarate." Eika tira timosa itataran nenka isa tiruruwa ka. Tira wakki ka tirauku. Aika itataran inan nan eise me tereise inan nan eise me ira rauku. Itataran nenka iruruwarate ate wa sauki nen ka eifafi, "Anso kariyama kufefen?" Aiti ka tarate." Tirara nenka aika sauki nen itataran nen nan Daiso Kosaro Jiwo ka iruruwa. Iruruwa

nenka wa sauki nenka eifafi ate, “Ekka anso kariya ma kufefen? Nenka fi yen tiyayamate aiti ka tara te.” Nan eifan nan tirara me tira wakke tira tirauku. Ari sauki aika itataran me iwakasi.

Nenke itoki teiti nan vasusen. Teiti nan vasusen ate nan nen ke itoki ekaron karu. Ekaron karu ra te. Ari yoso efi, “Yau avan ken mana ya akko a nan?” Ari yo eraken ikatuwaten efi, “Ko gigiti ka nen nan kutasi kokesevi kuven kura kovirari ari ka ka nen nan kutasi ai kame koafan inefe kuven kouki mana ka kokko.” Ine ikafan ive ate euki e eiseme. Sava ne ka buti bejji tirara nan ekki nenka nukaise ite nan ka nuware ekki nani inei. Ekovaban iven e iva mene ifen euki. “Wou! Au yo Susun Gara Susuki, au yabi Daiso Kosaro Jiwo foyan kankan nan au yo ji ikananate. Anso auku akkosi?” Rani tauni ari nan eifan, nan inan. Inan me nuwa tisun ate. “Inka teiti inin ka ari yo ka Susun Gara Susuki eifafate ari yabi ka Daiso Kosaro Jiwo eifa. Manke sirori eni?” Timon ate. “Ari yo ka tambowi ton ari yabi ka iven e kato so inan me nen ke ikusin rayate.” Inate te teiti nen tivei ari yo tivei, tiven tira wakke tirauku. Wa sauki nenka tekkosi titarawusi imati. Eika tira eifi wakke ka arore titauke. Nene inke timosa.

### **Daiso Kosaro Boy and Susun Gara Girl**

Daiso Kosaro boy was building a house and needed sago thatch for his roof. He went in to get the sago, leaving his pregnant wife on the canoe platform. He gathered a great many bundles there. While he was off working, a spirit woman came out from the river. It struck his wife and pushed her down under the water, taking her place on the canoe. It called out, “Daiso Kosaro boy, you’ve got more than enough sago. Let’s get going.” He came out carrying bundle after bundle to the canoe and then he began paddling. They had gone some distance when his wife came out from the water. She looked around and called after him, “Oh, Daiso Kosaro boy! Here I am. Here is your wife. You



are carrying a spirit woman with you." They had almost come to the village and so they could hardly hear her. She kept walking about and calling out. Finally Daiso Kosaro began to hear her, but the spirit woman quickly said, "What are you stopping to listen to? Let's go!" They kept going. His wife continued walking about and shouting. Once more Daiso Kosaro thought he heard something. "Why are you bothering to listen so carefully?" exclaimed the spirit woman. "That's only a bird singing. Let's go!" And so they kept going until they arrived at the village. His wife meanwhile kept shouting for a long time before giving up.

She settled there and gave birth to a son. She took care of him and he grew up to be a big boy. One day he asked his mother, "What do they spear fish with?" His mother taught him how to do it. "Go and cut that *gigiti* tree," she said. "Cut it into short pieces, split them so they are narrow and plane them smooth. Then go to that other tree there. Cut it down, cut off the top, remove the bark and then tie the prongs you made earlier to it. Now you will be able to spear fish." He made his spear and went down to the water. A school of mellet (*sava*) swam by. He thrust his spear confidently into the middle and push it into one of the fish. "Wou! My mother is Susun Gara girl. My father Daiso Kosaro boy should eat the tail and my mother should eat the head. So why am I spearing this fish (with no father to share it with)?" He said the same thing with each fish he speared.

Some people found out about this boy. "This boy is always talking about his mother Susun Gara and his father Daiso Kosaro. Where did he come from?" And then they realized the truth. "His mother was pregnant when his father came up to cut sago thatch. He must have left her behind." So they took the boy and his mother back to the village. They speared and clubbed the spirit woman to death. After that they all lived together in the village.

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku*  
*March 29, 1982*

*Story 25, Tape 20*



## Sauki Rati nenken Tamati Rati nen nan Kato ton Igitafe

Yabu nenka titasi tekki tiwawame. Sauki rati nenka ari begati ka kariyare ai ari yeo ka titesi nenke ari begati ka ekki. Ran iteren e ari begati tiran inan na esese na tamati rati nenka airo rarute ate airo begate e. Irame iva keru tafare eise ekira eseka sauiki rati nenka ari begate esese. Nenso eukin e nenka sauiki rati nen funare irau. Aika ari tiran inan nan, aika e nenka guvigu we eise me yabu gifon nan ive ita e nenka rore euki ito. Sauki rati nenka iramara taure ekira taure ekira amura nenso ikaku wanno, ikaku ari tiran inan. Tamati rati nenka eise me wan nani itare e rore ife euki. “Aka ina setata ri?” Efin buen iramara eise nenka tamati rati nenka ekira kikiti nenka taya ita. Sauki rati nenka efi, “Aga, ina tamati ratirin anso ira eise binigi yin itatan eise?” Neso aika wanno ikaku ari tiran inan nan ira nan ere eboboronsi tamati rati nenka. Buen iramara efi, “Eka anso kura ate?” “Aka ararame aiteren ate nenso arauku aise.” “O nene ko rate isa marawa ka inan ka.” Tamati rati nen ira nenka aika ari tiran inan nan esese me. Tamati nen ka e begate eseseme wakke rai soka airo sisi sisi nan tafare vava me jive jave nate irai. Ira keru ka kasinosi ira rei torafi nan euku nan yawu nenka iva funare ta aika fonare va gidoro fona.

*Agai e e e e Agai e e e e Agai e e e e*  
*E e emisire e misire a kotara emisire*  
*O o o emisire a agai e e e*

Nan gidoro wen wakakasin ira wakke rauku.

Tito siran, nan sauiki rati nenka manke ra tamati rati nen no terere era nan. Begate rara nan tamati nen no terere era nan. Tamati rati ite nenka itoki kikiti, tamati nen begate esesefe sisi nan tafare vafe jive jave nan. Tamati rati ite nenka itoki ikikiti fe eifafi, “Aga a, tamati rati rin ina vaun kakaru nenso sisi in tafare ivava fe irara.” Aika e begate esese fe sisi nan jive jave ne fe ira keru kasinosin ira rei torafi na mi euka na yawu nen iva funare tara nan ka.

*Agai e e e e Agai e e e e Agai e e e e*  
*E e emisire e misire a kotara emisire*  
*O o o emisire a agai e e e*

Nansen eifan ira wakki ka raukuwa nan. Nan inan nan tamati rati nenka kikkiti me effi, "Ina sauki rati rin asu nan nenso tamati ratiri rin inani aiso?"

Ran iteren ka isiran ate wakki tamata ka seseka begate titaramosan suwen. Sauki rati nenka ari mataun ne iven euki vabase ari nonti yoyon tauken. Tamati rati nen euki ekira eseka tauke neso ari nan mata ka aikame token tauke nan. Sauki rati nenka itaukeme ari mataun ka itofan ivivisi iven iva tetesi nenka ari karivakove ari siya ive, eukin souwe ka so e. E ka ififi nenka tamati rati nenka terere e. Terere e nenka e funare ro, efi, "Eka manke fe anso kura efi aka kuraran aiteren nenso arai oo ate aka isa vaun akaru nen nan anso kura." Efi, "E, gugubi; eka tamati rati nenka eso nan nan, akikiti." Efi, "O o u, eka sisan koifa. Ate aka isa vaun akaru nen nan," nan teifan nenka wanno tamati rati ari begi nenka ai iro me irauro nenin ka fi nenka iyayan vowo, efi, "Vovovovo." Sauki rati nenka efi, "Aiye, tamati rati, eka tamati rati nenka rara yesa birin kora te iraukua nan." Tamati rati nenka efi, "Ai anso, aiso a koakayawarin?" Efi, "Ooou sa nan ka koefa nan ka eka kora nan."

Eifa nenka ai tamati rati nenka ai iro timosa me, irauro nenka ai ka nan vavan ekotosi. "Ooou, tamati rati kora ka aifafi eka anso kururuwan koise me tamati rati rin rauku." Aika birin ari siya ka ifen e ka nenka itessi tessi ne itessi tessi ne, efi, "Birin kura kuva ka tafarin ke kuto." E ka tafa re iva itoto nenka ka tauri ka iwawe tamati rati nen tafare teri iwawusi siya nenka igi e igi siki yen kararun aiton igitafen igi eubusen isun ere se ka ai tamati rati ari begi nenka irauku tirafaradi me. "Aga sauki rati aka in nan ma arauk wate." Efi, "Oou aka sa marawa ka nanka ate vaun na sekakaru na sera nan kurofofosi." "Ei e gugubi ate aka in nan arara yate," eifan nenka aika e iravin aika ira nan terere eifan e yetave ro. "Oou sauki rati ate eka aka in namate anso kurara na afi awakakasi." Aika iruruwa na aika ira nan, tamati rati ka ton igitafen ka

terere toke nenka eifafi, "Sauki rati kuteren auki, sauki rati kutere auki. Ekka aiso a koakayawa rin?" Sauki rati nenka eifa, "Isi i i! Ekka anso koifafi kate ikiten anan ekka amu kuton tara te." Tamati rati nenka irate e sauki rati nen ari ka gitafe igigi nan eifa, "Sauki rati anso kura nan afi awakakasi." Sauki rati nenka eifa nan, "Isi i i! Vaun na sekakaruna sera nan kurafosa ka kunan sa marawa ka nan ka," nan eifan tinan nan titauken nen tamati rati ka terere nenka eifafi. "Sauki rati kuteren auki kuteren auki, ekka aiso a koakayawa rin?" nan eifafi tira me. Ran ite ren e ka gitafe igi eifafi, "Sauki rati eka anso kunan nan afi awakakasi?" Nan eifafi nenin ka keture kou en me, ka gitafi nen ka euki yabuwe to, yabuwe itoto nenka tamati rati nenka airo bujara nen ramara me. Yaisen toto kesaise tigi tamati rati sandei nenka tiraro na. Sauki rati nenka ari ka gitafi ka igi ebusen isun me aika wakke rauku, eika yaisen tiraro me tiraro toto tikiwuri tinane sisari ten tidudu timosa te amai tito me titoke kava giruwan ne teuka nan. Tinane me tinane timatin tera aikamai kan titoke me.

Tamati rati ite nenka funare yawe nate ramara ari koifi ka ive koifen ate besi yen rauku. Sauki rati nenka tauke me ekira seka tamati rati nenka ira. "Aiye tamati rati eka nenso kuton tara yaka afa te. Ate anso koifafi me ateran kouka te yaisen toto kunane sisari kona te, asu kune kumata te inin ka aika besi yen kurara yi?" Nan eifafin tauken tamati rati neka e vare vavayate. Sauki rati nenka euki souwe soro so ro me ai nen nan yetave e me ira me ekira ese ka tamati rati nenka imati torafi ka woso van token. Ira me kitta te efi, "O o o eka nenso aifa me ate anso koifan koise me kunanen koise me toto kunane sisari kon." Ere ive ramara ari emboben funa kayami, kava giruwan kayami timosa te ive ramara toki iffasi. Iffasin irara me irara me ira e wakki souwe ate dinundi tafare itessi euka nenka aika aifi wakke ka e iro ari vabase va toki. Tamati rati nen airo bessi ve ibebesin iron e ari vare iva. Nan tine timosa.

## The Old Woman who Carried an Old Man in Her Firewood

Some people cleared the bush, left the brush to dry and then burned it up. They placed the boundaries and roads, leaving a plot for an old woman at the far end nearest the village. One day that old woman was working in her garden. An old man stepped up to the top of the fence and surveyed the area. He saw the old woman weeding. One part of the garden had not yet been cleared. The old man made his way there and hid. While watching the woman doing her weeding, that old man picked up a clump of earth and tossed it towards her. She stood up and looked around, saw nothing and returned to her weeding. He then tossed another one. This time she saw him waving. "Aga!" she thought to herself, "Why is he trying to get my attention?" She continued weeding, slowly working her way towards the man. As she came close, she suddenly stood up and demanded, "What are you doing here?" "I was walking by and saw you, so I came in." "All right," she replied, "I don't want you here. Go." The old man then walked to his own garden and decorated his whole body — arms, legs and hair. He walked back over the fence until he came to the grasslands. He felt the nice breeze against his body. He felt so good, he sang this song:

*Agai e e e e Agai e e e e Agai e e e e*  
*E e emisire e misire a kotara emisire*  
*O o o emisire a agai e e e*

He sang happily all the way back home.

Thereafter that old man followed the old woman everywhere she went. He followed her to the garden and elsewhere. Another old man noticed him trying his luck on the old woman. He saw that the old man always came back from his garden fully decorated. He wondered about this, "Aga, this old man is acting like a young boy by decorating himself each day he goes to his garden." The old man took no notice. Everyday he continued to decorate himself, climb over the fence and make his way to the grasslands. When he felt the nice breeze on his body, he would sing:

*Agai e e e e Agai e e e e Agai e e e e*  
*E e emisire e misire a kotara emisire*  
*O o o emisire a agai e e e*

And so he sang happily all the way home. Finally the old man watching him began to suspect that the old woman had herself done something to make him act this way.

One day everyone went off to the gardens leaving the village empty. The old woman got out her string and began to weave a string bag while sitting on her verandah. As usual, the old man was nearby keeping an eye on her. She worked for a while, bundled up her materials and returned them to her house. Then she got her axe and twine and headed to the edge of the village to chop some firewood. The old man followed her. He came up from behind while she was busy chopping. Surprised, she demanded, "Where did you come from? Why are you following me?" "I saw you heading this way and so I came along," he replied. "Oh, I am not a young woman! I am too old." "Don't try to fool me," he replied. "I saw that other old man with you!" She said, "Oh, that is a very bad thing to say. I am not a young maiden!" While they were still talking, her boyfriend (the other old man) was walking up nearby. He was about to come upon them when a little bird, the *vovo*, sang out, "vo vo vo vo vo!" This alarmed the old woman, who said, "Aiye! The other man is coming. Leave! He'll be here soon." "Why?" replied the old man. "Are you afraid of him?" "You mustn't say that! Go!" she exclaimed.

Just then the approaching man stepped on a dry stick. "Oh," said the woman. "I told you to go and you didn't. That old man is here now!" She spread her twine on the ground and hurriedly put firewood over it. Then she said to the old man, "Come quickly. Climb up on the wood and lie down." He did as she said. She placed more firewood over him and then tied the firewood together with the twine. After tightening the string, she lifted the strap over her forehead and thus carried the bundle. She was walking away when she met the other old man. He said, "Old woman, I've come." "Oh," she replied. "I am not interested. Who is this 'young girl' you think you see? Why do you

bother me all the time?” But he said, “Hey, don’t confuse me. I just got here — why are you walking away while I’m talking to you?” She kept walking despite his words. The man in the firewood said, “Old woman, put me down, put me down! Are you scared of him?” She whispered, “Keep quiet! Why are you speaking out? Keep still and we’ll get out of here. That man might see you.” The other old man placed his hand on the bundle to stop her saying, “Old woman, why are you leaving while I am still trying to say something? You are not listening.” She replied, “You keep on bothering me. I am not a young girl. I don’t want this.” Even as they talked, the old man in the firewood kept on saying, “Old woman, put me down. Put me down! Are you afraid of him?” Once again, the other man grabbed the firewood bundle and tried to stop her. “Why are you too busy to take notice of what I want to say?” She suddenly tossed back her head, releasing the firewood. It hit the ground and that old man jumped out from between the pieces. He grabbed the other man by the hair and was, in turned, held the same way. They started to fight. Meanwhile, the old woman gathered up her firewood, picked up the bundle and left them. The two men fought until they almost killed each other. They got so tired they could no longer fight. They lay flat on the ground, out of breath, the saliva pouring from their mouths. They lay there naked, half dead.

The old man who had been in the firewood was the first to arise. He tied on his loincloth, got a stick, and hobbled back to the village. The old woman was sitting there and saw him coming. “Oh, old man,” she thought to herself, “I told you to stay still so that I could get you home but you forced me to let you down to fight. Now you are half dead and have to have a stick to walk at all.” The old man then pulled himself up into his house. She went behind her own house, pretending to be on her way to relieve herself. Instead, she returned to the road where she found the other old man still lying flat on his back, facing upwards. “Oh,” she said, “I told you but you took no notice. You fought and so weakened yourself that you cannot even move.” After saying this to herself, she bent down to the old man and did her best to clean him up with her own skirt, even wiping

the saliva from his mouth. Then she lifted him and carried him across her back to the place behind the houses where the people throw their rubbish. She dropped him there and went home. The old man eventually found a stick and hobbled back to his house.

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku  
March 29, 1982*

*Story 26, Tape 20*



### **Nonda be Kikiki**

Wakki nenka titaukeme. Titauke me tiwamurere tefi, “Rei takenanan.” Seseka rei vekke so tiven tiramara. Tira me, tira me, te rei se tiro. Rei nen nan tifen teriyonsi marifo tivassi tesese nenka. Nonda be ka aika rei nen nukare irauro me rauro me rauro me iro nuka torara re eise ate. Rei nenka tekken teriyonsi ikarati rauro nan siko furen tekki sisi tinan nan ikarati rauro me ikarati rauro me aika nen rei nuka nen ke eise nen nan siko furen ekki nenika ifen iva amu nenen ke jujen. Rei nenka karati irauro irauro iro funa rauro ate aika fake ka torosin va kesare gi yovi bejji nenka kesa nukare tessi toke me ive ramara nenka rei buru bara tinane nenka inken, kaduwusi inke kaduwusi tau tau ikaduwusi eri yonsi aika sauwen eise. Natofo tirauro me tekira ka tine ne ne ka siko furen ekki nenka iva jangebi ka fara nen. Teise siko furen nen tiyaton nenka tiyaton nenka tiyaton tifefen teise me tisu tinanen tira wakke tirauku. Timen ere ira tine tikankan tikan timosa.

Wanno titauke me tefi, “Rei ite takke na nan.” Te nane sese nen nan marifo tivasi tekivin tesese nan aika wanno rei nukare irauro me irauro me iro nuka torara re ate nen ke eise. Nen ke eise nenka rei nenka teken teriyonsi ate ikarati rauro nan siko furen nenka ekki nenka ekki nenka ekki fen iva nenka iva jangebi ro fara ren. Wanno nane sese nen nan tiro siko furen ekki nen nan tiyaton nenka



tiyaton nenka tiyaton tifefen teise me nen nan tisu tinanen tira wakke ka tirauku.

Rei tekake nenin ka rani tauni nan inan, inan nan teifafi, "Ata tamatin asu nan nan nami?" Ari wati tikita ka tekira tinan me tirafaran, aika yovi nenka kesa nukare toke nan tikita te tefi, "Tamatin ka inken inanate yovi inken." Ate imamatun yovi nen ka tivei. Kesare yovi nenka tive ate wanno nane sese nen nan ran ite ren tefi, "Ta rei takke na nan." Te wanno rei nenka tekken ate aika wanno irauuro me irauuro me irauuro me iro nuka torana ate nen ke eise. Eise nenka rei nenka tekken terioyonsa te ikarati rauuro nan aika ekki fefen na ikarati iro funa rauuro ate, ari inan nan kesare yovi nen ive ikaduwusa ka kesare fake itesin iva kesare igi ye seka iwararasi wakasi amura. Ine manamana ine ate eise na wo nenka karati e aiton ifun me. Nan inei, aiton ifun ikarati timosa. Nene.

### Nonda's Story

People lived in a village. They made an announcement saying, "We'll go and burn the grass." Everyone went to burn the grass. They walked a long way. At last they came to the grass land. They flattened the grass around themselves and stood waiting. Nonda made his way to the middle of the grass land to stand right at the centre of the place. He put down his *marifo* and stood there. While he was standing there, they stuck their torches in the grass and surrounded the burning area. They were spearing pigs and wallabies. Meanwhile Nonda kept standing out in the middle of the grass land. He speared pigs and wallabies on one side and then on the other. He threw them up into a big pile. The burning grass was coming in towards him. It was coming close to Nonda when he reached up with his hand and took a very large shell (a *yovi*) from his hair. With it he extinguished the fire on one side and then on the other. It was burning but he was able to put it out. Then the people came in to pick up and carried out all the pigs and wallabies he had speared. They carried them back to

the village and shared them all around. They ate then they relaxed.

Another time they said, "Let's go and fire the grass." Once again they all got up and went. The same thing happened. They stood on the edges of the area. Nonda again went right to the centre of the grass land and stood there. He put down his *marifu* and waited while they fired the grass surrounding him. It was burning, coming right up as he again speared and threw up pigs and wallabies into a big pile. The grass burnt until it was coming very close to his body. He reached up and took the big *yovi* from his hair. He use it to extinguish the fire first on one side and then the other side. It died out. When the people arrived they gathered up and carried out all the pigs and wallabies he had speared. They took them to the village and shared them all around and ate.

Every time they fired the grass, this happened. They began to wonder, "How is this man doing this?" So they watched him carefully and saw the *yovi* sitting in his hair. They saw this and said, "This man is keeping that *yovi* there." So they took the *yovi* away when he was sleeping. The next day they said, "Let's go burn the grass land." They got up and walked a long way. They came to the grass land. The same thing took place. They put down *marifo* and stood as Nonda made his way through the grass to the centre and stood there. They fired the grass. As the flames came up he stood and speared pigs and wallabies, throwing them up into a big heap. The grass kept burning and was coming very close to him. He reached up and felt in his hair for his *yovi*. Nothing. He felt around for it but couldn't feel anything. While he was doing this the grass kept on burning. He burnt up and died.

*Frederick Bogara, Uiaku*

*March 3, 1982*

*Translated by John Barker and Willie Sevaru*

*Story 27, Tape 20*

