GAMBian Fula Stories Told by Mary Umah Baldeh

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Sounds special to the Fula language are:

ɓ the implosive  b
ɗ the implosive  d
ɗy the implosive  j

ŋ = the sound of ng in sing
   (This sound can occur at the beginning of words in Fula)
ny = the sound of ni in onion  = ñ
ɔ = the sound of ch in child
' = a glottal stop

ɛ as in English  net
e  " "  "  bait
ee  " "  "  fail
a  " "  "  cap
aa  " "  "  far
i  " "  "  neat
ii  " "  "  bead
o  " "  "  note
oo  " "  "  road
u  " "  "  foot
uu  " "  "  shoe
INTRODUCTION

The Fulbe are a cattle-keeping people living in the savanna zone of West Africa (The Sahel), numbering perhaps around 6 million people, and found over an area about 4000 km long, and some 600 km in width, from the Atlantic Coast in the west to the Cameroons and Chad in the east. In some areas their way of life is predominantly migratory, as they move in search of water and pasture for their herds. In others they are settled in permanent villages, and combine both agriculture and cattle-keeping. In the general structure of their language there is a basic similarity throughout West Africa, though each region has developed its own dialect.

In The Gambia itself there are a number of types of Fulbe, as various groups have migrated into the Gambia valley over a period of several centuries from different directions. Many groups on the north bank are related to the Fulbe of Fuuta Tooro in Senegal. The Roroobe (Lorobo in Mandinka) who are found in the Upper River Province, particularly on the north bank, came from Bundu (Bondu) in the east. In the urban centres such as Banjul and Basse, and the suburban area of North Kombo, are found many Fulbe from Fuuta Jalon in Guinea. The group which forms the subject of the present work - the Fulbe of Kantora and Fulladu East - have a tradition of migration from Masina on the Niger river. They have long been settled in The Gambia, and live in close association with neighboring Mandinka villages. These Fulbe are sometimes referred to as Firdu Fulbe, but there is a difference in dialect between them and other groups in the Casamance and Guinea Bissau who also call themselves Firdu Fulbe.

My interest in the folktales of the Fulbe developed in 1975, after I had been translating various Mandinka tales², and was beginning to compile a new Fula-English

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1 I use the term Fula (derived from Mandinka) as a convenient adjectival form, and to refer to the language.

2 See Gambian Studies, Nos. 2-9.
Dictionary. Mary Umah Baldeh from Saare Mansajang (Mansajangkunda) near Basse in the Upper River Province of The Gambia, was visiting San Francisco, and spent part of the summer helping me. I found that I needed additional texts to enlarge my vocabulary and suggested that she tell some traditional tales.

In her home village most stories are told by women. These they tell at night to an audience of children, generally while engaged in some routine domestic chore, such as shelling peanuts. The men whom I have heard telling folk tales have generally been the sons of such women. The narrator goes on from one tale to another, with only a brief pause in between, but may be given a short rest by someone else who desires to contribute. Children may ask for a favorite tale - "Tell us such and such a tale."

Certain women are known above others for their knowledge of many stories, and their ability to elaborate the details and turn the presentation into a dramatic performance. The tales have a great deal of direct speech in them - about one third - and a story teller imitates the voices of the various characters. Short songs are found in many tales, marking stages in the development of the story, or bringing about magical results, and in a few tales the songs actually form a greater proportion of the presentation than the prose. A skilled story teller varies her voice, and uses repetition, emphatic phrases, rhythmical prose, and onomatopoeic sounds to enliven the narrative and keep the attention of the audience.

"He tasted them and cried 'cham, cham, cham'." (An exclamation of disgust.)

"They squeezed him and squeezed him, and squeezed him and squeezed him for a long time...."

"The dogs were howling and barking, howling and barking, howling and barking, until in the end...." "Hyena came back, piiriti, piiriti, piiriti, piiriti, piiriti, piiriti, etc ." As the tales are generally told in semi-darkness, and as the hands of the narrator are often employed in other activities, it is primarily through her voice that the narrator holds the attention of the audience, and a good narrator generally produces a balanced structure to her story, and a very rhythmical form of prose.

Tales, however, do not exist in a fixed form which is memorized perfectly. A skilful story teller can expand or contract a tale, depending on his or her mood, and that of the audience. Children giving their version of a tale usually provide only a bare outline; an experienced adult can fill out the narrative with descriptive detail. But no two narrations - even by the same story teller - are ever identical, though the sequence of events and some key phrases remain much the same.

All stories begin and end with set phrases. "Tal taale" (Here is a tale), ngonoodo buri ko alaa-no-don (Someone who was there is better than one who was not there), the ending formula being : ni footi (That's it), taalol dimaale (A tale of lies), di na yaha, di na arta (There it is going away, there it is coming back.) Sometimes an additional formula may be added: "Tomorrow morning, if you go to the well, you will see beads there, pick them up. That's the very end."

Interaction between the narrator and the audience is essential. One person responds with little grunts (uuma-de) to each sentence. If the narrator forgets an essential point someone may remind her. If a sentence is ambiguous, a question may be asked. On the other hand she may have to stop in mid-sentence to deal with a small child, or respond to a visitor, and then pick up the story again where she left off.

A characteristic form of many Fula tales is that an abnormal or unjust situation is created (a wife is unjustly divorced, the family cattle are mysteriously lost, etc.), there is a period of suffering; the situation is remedied, generally through magical means (often with the help of a spirit or an old woman who has been befriended and treated with respect) by a member of the family (a child, a son who grows up, a mother); those who created the trouble are punished or shamed, and an ideal situation results with the people who suffered becoming rich and happy again.
Some of the stories belong to a general West African tradition and find close parallels in the stories of other cultures (e.g. the Hyaena and Hare episodes). A number of tales have actual Mandinka or Mandinka-like songs in them, and suggest that there may have been borrowing, but the characters in the stories are Fulbe, speak as a Fula would speak, and the values expressed are Fula values.

The advice of one's parents, if followed, leads to a reward, if ignored, to trouble (Tale 3). Young men show themselves to be brave, protecting their girl friends against fierce animals and monsters (Tales 6 & 11), and are prepared to die for their love. Generous hospitality is shown even to those who have offended you (Tale 2). Strangers visiting are provided with water to drink, food to eat, and kola nuts to chew. A quarrelsome nature, exemplified by hyaena, leads to trouble (Tales 1 and 12-1). Greed (shown by Hyaena's greedy nature, and in the tale of the Greedy Husband) leads to the offender being shamed. Punishment - even death - follows the breach of a taboo (Tale 5). Telling tales about others or interfering in the affairs of others, brings severe punishment down on the head of the offender (Tales 6 and 9). Shame is constantly mentioned as a major sanction. In Tales 2, 7 and 9, the offenders are so shamed they turn into monkeys (i.e. their behavior is not that of humans but of animals), and in Tale 3 Hyaena is shamed by his incontinence.

Some of the content depends on the sex of the story teller. When tales are told by women - and they are the major story tellers - women and girls are often the central characters. In Mary Baldeh's group of tales, the men, with few exceptions, emerge as rather poor characters. One King (Chief) unjustly divorced a pregnant wife, another marries a man and is unable to discover the fact on his marriage night, while a third spends his time trying to shame his young wife. In the role of husband, the one who is a hunter does not know who is his best wife; the farmer (Tale 7) beats his wife for failing to being food which he has already eaten in his greed. A father mentioned in Tale 11
becomes subservient to his wife who threatens to withhold sex, and refuses to help his daughter in trouble. The young men who take up arms to protect their girl friends (Tales 6 and 7) emerge in a better light, and sons faithfully perform their duties towards their mothers, by restoring the family herd of cattle (Tale 8), by destroying people who come to capture them (Tale 2), or, in one case, by accepting the role of daughter that the mother has chosen for him (Tale 9). Other roles which are briefly mentioned reflect expected behavior - a hunter reporting what he has seen to the King (Chief) (Tale 2), elders spending time at the village meeting place (Tale 2), and a very old man giving information about a past event (Tale 8).

In regard to children, we find twins who can perform spectacular feats (Tale 2), and there is the idea that the family should consist of both sons and daughters (Tale 10), so that both the father and mother can receive appropriate help.

Women are shown in various lights. Very old women may be spirits in disguise. One should help them, and in return they may provide magical help to those in trouble. But some old women are also busybodies who interfere and cause trouble (Tale 9). Pregnant women find themselves in situations where they need practical and magical help (Tales 2 and 11). The co-wife situation is one fraught with jealousy (Tale 10, where Penda's co-wives are waiting to see her shamed), or outright hostility (Tale 4). Most stories have a mother as an important character, generally giving advice and help, but occasionally failing their child (Tale 11), or acting indirectly against her (Tale 5).

The daily activities of women are frequently mentioned as part of the narrative - drawing water (pp. 21, 54, 76), sweeping (pp. 21, 54), cooking (pp. 21, 35, 54), growing rice (p.63), making sour milk (p.67), going to the herd (p.67), collecting fruit (p.69), cleaning calabashes (p.54), washing
clothes (pp. 21, 32), washing small children (p. 6), taking food to husband
at his farm (p. 43).

There are frequent references to the beauty of both women and children.
The attractiveness of tattooed lips and gums (pp. 29, 58), and polished,
pointed shining teeth (pp. 30, 58) are mentioned, as well as the great beauty
of a smile (pp. 33, 58).

The major animal characters follow the characterizations given by other
West African peoples. Hare is small, but survives by his cunning, and outwits
larger animals such as Hyaena. Hyaena represents the worst side of human
nature, untrusting, greedy, quarrelsome, preying on the old and the weak-
all of which lead him into trouble. Hippopotamus is fearsome, but is
gen erally helpful to those in trouble. Lion, representing Royalty, comes to
the aid of the oppressed, but is not seen as a very intelligent character.
Birds play the role of communicating information to humans.

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When I asked Mary Baldeh in San Francisco to tell some stories this
was in a very different context from the normal situation. The fact that I
asked for a tale to be told in the day time was itself unusual, for stories
are told only after dark, and it was felt to be wrong to tell such tales in
the morning! Secondly, as was previously mentioned, there is a great deal
of interaction between the storyteller and the listeners, most of whom have
already heard the tale many times before. If the story teller is at a loss
for a word, or forgets a name, someone listening supplies it. If a slip is
made a listener may correct it. If a sentence is ambiguous, then a question
may be asked to clarify it. In San Francisco, and hearing the stories for
the first time, I could give no helpful responses when the narrator hesitated.
Thirdly Mary Baldeh had been a long time away from her home village, studying first of all in Banjul, the capital of The Gambia, and later at college in the United States, and was trying to recall tales she had heard a long time ago. The tales were therefore told at a slightly slower pace (about 100 words per minute) than that of the village storytellers (130 words per minute), which, from my point of view, made transcription easier. Generally the stories started slowly, the pace gradually increased, and built up to a rapid pace for the climax.

In the first group, told in San Francisco, (Nos. 1-7), a few corrections were made at the transcription stage - a line which had been omitted from a song was added, a few lines were rearranged in one narrative to provide a better sequence of thought, a correct intensive word was substituted for an erroneous one, and some hesitations ("the what's its name, the crocodile... It was not a crocodile...the hippopotamus." ) eliminated, but otherwise the texts follow the originals.

After going to Washington, D.C., Mary Baldeh recalled more tales, and provided a cassette with five more stories (Nos. 8-12) in September 1975. Out of consideration for the fact that I was going to have to transcribe them alone, they were told at a slow deliberate pace - some 70 words per minute - about half the pace of normal storytelling. Later, when she came again to San Francisco on a visit, we were able to go over the tape together and check both the Fula text and the translation. In preparing the final text of these stories, however, I have retained the corrections made by the narrator as she told the story, in order to illustrate the normal processes of correction.

In a literate culture one becomes so used to seeing tidied up written versions of stories and speech, that one forgets that normal everyday
speech is different from the written form. Grammatical errors, and half finished sentences are common in speech. A narrator may change sentence structure in mid-stream, or forget a word, and rather than slow down the rhythm and pace of narration, substitute the dumanin's (the what's its name) for names, nouns, and occasionally forgotten verbs. There is frequent repetition, which gives the narrator time to think out the next sequence. A vital point may have been missed out, so the storyteller backtracks to include it.

Inconsistencies occur in the names of trees and animals mentioned, etc. In listening one does not perceive these as awkward, as one is concentrating on what is being said at the moment, and anticipating what is to come. Only when one is reading a written version which reproduces every word that was said, do inconsistencies stand out.

The work of transcription and translation aroused Mary Baldeh's own interest in the folktales of her home village, and when she returned to The Gambia for a vacation, she went to an expert story-teller to whom she had listened as a child, and recorded nearly a hundred tales. I had the opportunity of listening to some of her cassettes, and was surprised to find that even the experienced story tellers were not perfect, forgetting names, changing grammatical constructions, and occasionally getting mixed up in their narratives!

Mary Baldeh, recollecting the experts in her home village, was unduly modest about her ability as a storyteller, but the setting of her performance was very different from the normal situation, and when the tales are reduced to a written form, the performance aspect - which is really the key difference between an average and an excellent story teller - disappears. In the end, when one compared her versions with those of other village story tellers, there was little to choose between them. It was found that sometimes she had
elaborated and developed points that they had played down, and vice versa. From her own research it is hoped that she will eventually prepare her own book of tales. In the meantime, her own narratives provide a fascinating introduction, and deserve to be made known to a larger body of folklorists and linguists.

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1. Some English versions of Fula tales have been published in the Gambia literary magazine *Ndaanan* (March 1972, March/September 1974). In structure they differ from oral narratives, and include explanations of the background for non-Fula.
(1) HYAENA AND THE LITTLE GRANDMOTHER

here is a story.
Someone who was there is better than one who was not.
Hyaena quarreled with Little Granny.

It happened that they were going to help (at a wedding) and met on the road.

Hyaena said to Granny,
"Hey, grandmother, where are you going?

Granny said to him,
"I am going to help (at the wedding).
Hyaena said to her,
"Hn, no, grandmother,
here your wedding help has stopped."

He seized Granny,
(and) buried her in the mud,
(and) said to her:
"I am softening you here for a while, until you are soft, as soon as I come back, I will eat you."

Well then, Hyaena went off.

As soon as he had gone,
Granny dug around, dug around, rose up,
went to wash herself clean,
went off, and found Hyaena beating

tal taale.
ngonoodo čuri ko alaan-no don.
fowrual waddu no he maamayɛl.
tai di njahan no paaše,
kaurí to laawol.
fowru wi maamayɛl, (yo)
"he, maama, hoto njata-ni ?"

maamayɛl wi dum,
"mi ddo yaha paaše."
fowrual wi dum, yo,
"hn, a-a, maama,
do paaše ma de kaadi."
naŋgi maamayɛl,
iiri dum to loope,
wi dum:
"mi soofna ma do tawo,
ha coofa, mi arti tan,
mi nysama ma."
awa, fowrual yahi.
yahi tan,
maamayɛl iirti, iirti,
immi,
lootoyi haalaasi,
yahi, tawi fowrual di fiia
his drum at the dancing place,
(and) as he beat, he sang:

"dembete pedje, dembete pedje,
I buried my muddy object,
at the creek."

Well, Granny would dance for him,
singing:

"tejete, tejete, tejete,
it is muddy object dancing for you there,
tejete, tejete, tejete,
it is muddy object dancing for you there."

Hyaena beat his little drum again
and sang:

"dembete pedje, dembete pedje,
I buried my muddy object
at the creek."

Granny would reply:

"tejete, tejete, tejete
it is muddy object dancing for you there."

In this way the evening was lively
until night, Granny slipped away
very quietly,
(and) went off (and) went home,
(and) left Hyaena behind.

Hyaena came back,
looked and looked where he had buried
Granny,
where he might see her,
it happened Granny had gone.
He looked (and looked), dug around
and dug around, and (then) exclaimed:

"Hey, that Granny
ngel yahi no njaka."

ni footi,
taalol dimaale
di na yaha,
di na arta.

has gone after all."

That's the end,
a story of lies,
there it goes,
there it is coming back.

(July 1975 - San Francisco)
(2) **THE CHIEF'S DIVORCED WIFE**

Here is a tale.

Someone who was there is better than one who was not there.

There was once a chief, (King)

(who) had a wife.

Well, it happened that the chief's wife was pregnant.

One day,

she went to the back yard.

She was going to urinate in the back yard, when a hawk made a sound above.

She asked: "Eh, my hawk,

what are you making a noise at ?"

The hawk said to her:

"What is in your belly

is greater than you,

is greater than your master,

is greater than your husband,

is greater than his master."

She replied: "Eh, hawk,

this is something that is puzzling."

She went back into the house.

The chief said to her:

"What did that hawk say ?"

(She replied) "Hey, wait till I sit down first." (Let me sit down first.)
joodi, o wi dum:
"hn, ngal liiwal di wi yo:
'ko won to reedu am ko,
šuri kam,
šuri šurdo kam,
šuri ma,
šuri šurdo ma." "
laamdo wi dum, yo,
"he, a-a,"
wi dum "wona do galle am
do,
ko ? šurdo kam,
won' ta to galle am."
wi dum "Hašan,
šan gude māde de,
kaake māde fou.
yah, mi yaa'ma ma han."
**
debblo laamdo šani caaungel
muudum, ronndi, yahi, yahi,
yahi, yahi, haa woddī.
awa, ni tai naange di amna
šišėe muudum,
naange di wula cau,
he ladde.
ssare nde tai di woddī.. **
tan tiŋ fidi dum,
to leriiinde ladde.
naange di amna šišėe muudum.

She sat down, and told him:
"That hawk said:
'What is in my belly,
is greater than me,
is greater than my better,
is greater than you,
greater than your better."
The chief said to her,
"Eh, no."
and told her :)"There is not to be in
my compound there,
what is greater than I
shall not be in my compound."
He said to her: "Hurry,
take your clothes,
all your baggage.
Go, I divorce you."
The wife of the chief took her bundle
put it on her head, went, went,
went, went, far off.
Well, it happened the sun was making
its children dance,¹
the sun was very hot,
in the bush.
The town was far off ..
Then the pains of childbirth struck
her in the middle of the bush.
The sun was making its children dance

¹ Refers to the shimmering of the sun in the mid-day heat.
tiŋ fidi dum, wii, yo:

"he, Alla am," wii yo:
"min hono mbada mi han?"

wii yo "wona doudi,
wona ndiyam,
wona gosi,
wona hai huunde,
min tan he ladde."

awá, ni, wi noon tan,
don lëggii biri-barayi fudi,
wadani do doudi,
seunde fétti don,
ndiyam dam fulli.

awá, jippi don,
hebi ciutakony (didony),
cukayel goral he cukayel de'el, a boy and a girl,
cukayel goral ñgel jibindina
he cawel kalei.
(cukayel) de'el ñgel
jibindina he jawel kalei,
awá, ni, no joodi don,
di looti biše muudum ha
pare, yarti ndiyam.

noon tan, hušeere molanteende
Alla dari don.
kala ko njid da he aduna di
he mder nde hušeere nde.

When the pains of childbirth struck her, she said:

"Oh, my God," She said:
"What shall I do now?"

She said: "There is no shade, there is no water, there is no pap (food) there is nothing, only me and the bush (wilderness).

Well, as soon as she had spoken thus, a large shady tree sprang up there, (and) made shade for her there, a spring burst out there, (and) water came flowing out. Well, she gave birth there, and had twins (two)

the boy was born with a little silver rod,
the girl was born with a little silver bracele

Well, she sat there, and washed her children until they were ready, gave them water to drink. At that moment, a wonderful house stood there. Everything you would want in the world was in that house.

* Both aduna and adduna are heard.
nattiri ton he 6i60e muudum.
wadani hoore mun gosi,
defani hoore muudum,
wulni reedu muudum.
awa, ni, woni don kany he
6i60e muudum.
ke6i maccuu6e, ke6i kalei,
ke6i nyammi, goro,
huunde kala ko nyaamete,
fou tai di tami.
awa, don wonti ca'el
mbeidungel.
cukalony kony ngoni don.
nyande wootere, dana iwoy-i
to saare laamdo,
di radda, ari haa don.
yeh! kany siutoraani no
wondema saare di don,
meeda don yiide saare.
yi ne saare don,
yi kony cukalony
di mbeidi ha di nin pija.
hootito to saare, wi:
"he, laamdo, min noon anndu han
ko njii mi, kono dum di
nin kam haawi."
wi yo: "mi6o yi'i saare,
nden saare ko an tan foti
She went in there with her children.
There was pap that made itself,
and cooked itself,
warmed her stomach.
Well, she was there with her children.
They had slaves, they had money,
they had food, kola nuts,
every thing to eat,
--she had everything.
Well, it became a pretty little village there.
That's where the children were.
One day a hunter went out
from the chief's town,
hunting, and came as far as there.
Heh, he could not remember
a village ever having been there,
he had never seen a village there.
He looked at the village there,
he saw those children,
how pretty they were, playing.
He returned to the town, and said:
"Chief, I do not know
what I saw, but it astonished me."
He said:"I saw a village,
that village only you should
dum wood.
midjo y'i cukalony,
kony cukalony,
ko an tan foti dumëñ woodde.

laamdo wii dum: "eeyi ?"
wii dum: "ha."
awa, laamdo fi'i tamulde muudum, suçi yimbe teemedere,
okki dumëñ puci, wii dumëñ:
"njahe, ngadda noon kam
kony cukalony."
awa, ko ni, ëe njahi.
tai cukayel ndeyëngel kany ko
to dou huëere to, fiijata,
cukayel gorël ñgel
fiija to lei.
awa, cukayel ndeyëngel no
woniri to dou huëere to,
yi'i sollaaru ndu, puci di
ko mbadi to dañ saare to,
di ngara.
awa, fudi yim-de, wi yo:
" kuntindali, maniyango
kuntindali, maniyango,
keme duniya fara,
a yi'i koy buru-buru nata,
bara-bara nata,
kuntindali, maniyango,
keme duniya fara. " ï

possess it.
I saw children,
those children,
it is you alone who should have them.
The chief said to him "Yes ?"
He said "It is so."
Well, the chief beat his drum,
(to call people together)
picked a hundred people,
gave them horses, said to them:
"Go, bring those children for me."
Well, then, off they went.
It happened that the little girl
was on top of the house, playing,
the little boy
was playing on the ground.
So, the little girl, who was
on top of the house,
saw the dust which the horses were
making on the edge of town,
as they came.
Well, she began to sing:

"Kuntindali, maniyango,
kuntindali, maniyango,
a man is breaking up the world,
you see buru-buru has come,
bara-bara has come,
kuntindali, maniyango,
a man is breaking up the world."

The song is in the Mandinka language, but is somewhat obscure in parts.
a yi'i is Fula.
Well, the little boy
below, heard her,
and sang:

"Oh, mother, give me my trousers,
give me my white trousers,
Oh, mother, mother, give me my hat,
give me my white hat, mother,
do you see that buru-buru has come,
bara bara has come,
kuntindali, maniyango,
a man is breaking up the world."

Well, his mother gave him
his hat and his little staff,
and he went to meet the people sent
by the chief.

He got there and met them,
and struck them one by one,
one by one,
the horses, he broke their legs,
and put out their eyes,
the people, he blinded them,
and crippled them,
did everything to them.

He left one, and said to him:
"When you go, tell the chief,
it is not in this way that people
should come for us, we are not
ordinary."

Well, that one person, as
all the rest had died,
along with their horses,
went home, and told the chief:
"he, laamdo, min noon ngel
cukayel wi mi wia ma, yo:
ka'en wona ni ngarirante."

laamdo fii tamulde muudum
titi, sañi temelle jowi
yimbe, okki dumên puci,
wi dumên: "njahe ngaddên
kony cukalony-
kony noon kony cukalony
nganda koo'e muen."

awa, ni titi,
dum woni lappacii
molanteeni Alla.

"Oh, chief, that little child
told me to tell you that
it is not in this way that
they should be taken.
The chief beat his drum
again, took five hundred
people, gave them horses,
told them, "Go and bring
those children -
those children
do not know themselves."

Well, then, in this way again,
it was a wonderful long line.

Again as soon as the child saw them
coming, she sang:

"Kuntindali, maniyango,
kuntindali, maniyango,
keme duniya fara,
a yi'i koy buru-buru nata,
bara-barar nata,
kuntindali, maniyango,
keme duniya fara."

The little boy sang:

"Oh, mother, give me the trousers,
give me the white trousers,
mother, mother, give me the hat,
give me the white hat, mother,
you see that buru-buru has come,
bara-barar has come,
kuntindali, maniyango,
a man is breaking up the world."

Again he went to meet them,
touched them one by one,
one by one, the horses,
yimɓe oo, fiu maai'i, the people, all died.
heeddi gotoo, dokki gite
mum didi de fiu,

yuli dumɓ, he pierced them
hel koide de,

wi dum; yo: broke his legs,
"yah, mbia laamdo, yo:

'minɓen wona ni min

ngarirante." said to him:

awa, on boddi, boddi,

ha yottii,

yo, "he laamdo, min noon

ŋeł cukayel ko ni wadi kam,

hai nɛɗdo hɛddaaɓi." it is not thus that we should

awa, laamɗoloosɓi, looɓi,

fi'i tamulde muudum,

noon tan di nɛla nulaaɓe

muudum,

ha saare muudum deɓi huuɓe,

heeddi yimɓe dantar.

awa, wi yo: "he, awa, kony

noon cukalony, fado min he

hoore am mi yahana dumɓen." not a person remains.

waaɓi pucu muudum kany be

batulaaɓe muudum,

njahi, kaini he saare nde

tan, he sollaaru muen ndu tan,

cukayel ŋeł titi wi yo:

until his town was nearly empty,(and

there remained only a few people.

Well then, he said "Well, those

children, wait I myself will go

for them. (i.e. let me myself go...)

He mounted his horse, along with

his attendants,

and went off, and as soon as they

were in sight of the village, with

their dust, the child again sang:
"kuntindali, maniyango, kuntindali, maniyango, keme duniya fara, a yil koy buru-buru nata bara-bara nata, kuntindali, maniyango, keme duniya fara."

"Kuntindali, maniyango, kuntindali, maniyango, a man is breaking up the world, you see that buru-buru has come, bara-bara has come, kuntindali, maniyango, a man is breaking up the world."

The little boy sang:

"Oh, mother, give me my trousers, give me my white trousers, Oh, mother, mother, give me my hat, give me the white hat, mother, you see that buru-buru has come, bara-bara has come, kuntindali, maniyango, a man is breaking up the world."

Again he went to meet them,

but just as he was about to touch

the horses of the chief,

the chief said to him: "Father, I ask your pardon, I take off my hat."

He said " We come only in peace, it is not war."

Then (the boy) said to him, "Well, father, welcome, you are welcome, until you like it better than your own home."

He said to him: "I did not know that you brought peace, if I had known that, I would not have done what I did."

He said to him " Come near."

They approached.

Well then, food was cooked,(and) they ate. He gave them kola nuts, and they chewed them.
Well, when it was the middle of the day, he said:

"Father, the elders go to the bantaba\(^1\) to spend the day."

He said to him: "Let us go to the bantaba to pass the day."

The chief said to him: "Very well."

They went to the bantaba.

So, the little boy said to him:

"Come, let us play chokki, father."

He replied: "All right."

They sat down and played.

(The child) said to him:

"Father, you move here, I move here."

He said: "My mother went to the back yard."

He said "Father, you move here, I move here."

He said "The hawk made a noise above
He said "Father, you move here, I move here."

He said: "Father, the hawk made a noise.
Father, you move here, I move here."

He said: "My mother asked it what it was making a noise at."

He said: "Father, you move here, I move here."

---

1 A platform under a shady tree in the middle of the village where people gather.

2 A game like draughts (checkers) played with little sticks stuck in the ground.
He said: "My mother, the hawk told her."

He said: "Father, you move here, I move here."

"What is in her belly is greater than you, is greater than your superior, is greater than your husband, is greater than his superior."

He said: "Father, you move here, I move here."

He said: "As soon as my mother entered the house again,"

He said: "Father, you move here, I move here."

You asked her what the hawk said."

He said: "Father, you move here, I move here."

He said: "My mother told you, Father, you move here, I move there. You said my mother should not remain in your house, and drove her away."

He said: "Father, you move here, I move here."

My mother went to the bush,
naange di wuli."
wi dum: "ba, sokku do,
mi sokka do."
wi dum: "minen,
min ñe njijaañe,
ba, sokku do, mi sokka do,
ko minen ndeeni no da,
inna amen ndeeni no da."
wi dum: "ba, sokku do,
mi sokka do."
wi dum: "siko noon joo
a yi'ï,
ba, sokku do, mi sokka do,
minen ñuri ma,
minen ñuri ñurdo ma,
minen ñuri inna am,
minen ñuri ñurdo dum."
wi dum: "ba, sokku do,
mi sokka do."
awa, ko ni, laamdo o hersi,
wi di nin lattito waandu
tan, cukayel goréll ñgel
nangì dum, wi dum
"hani, ba."
wi dum "ko waasi-o-ko-waasi,
ko a ba amen tan,
joo joo o, min ngokki ma,
The sun was hot."
He said: "Father, you move here,
I move here."
He said: "We,
whom you see,
Father, you move here, I move here,
it is us you drove away,
it is our mother you drove away."
He said: "Father, you move here,
I move here."
He said: "But now you
see,
Father, you move here, I move here.
We are greater than you,
we are greater than your superior
we are greater than my mother,
we are greater than her superior.
He said: "Father, you move here,
I move here."
Well, in this way, the chief was
ashamed,
and was going to change into a monkey
but the little boy
catched him, and said to him,
"No, father."
He said: "Whatever happens,
you are still our father.
Now, we give you the (village
saare nde, ko an woni laamdo, the village, for you are the chief, 
minën ko min cukalony maada." and we are your children."

awa, ko ni foti fotondoroc, That's the very end.
taalol dimaale, A tale of lies.
đi na yaha there it is going,
di na arta, there it is coming back.

(July 1975: San Francisco)
(3) **HYAENA AND PIGEON**

tal taale.
ngonoodo Suri ko alaa-no-don.
di won no debo gooto,
di wie Cardi.
awa, fowruial kany he purayel
mbi yo daa-oy-at o debo.
Cardi noon, gorko doode he
daabaoyde dum,
wonat ta nyamaani, yaraani,
ko juuti, ha yotta no dum.

jom on si yottima noon,
ko bidete,
si bidama han,
bai kanyel, hai doode
to ta funntinde.
awa, ni, fowru he purayel
nduyi.
njahi, saare do njotti kala,
purayel wia yo:

"ferelole-ferelole, kulele,
inna am be ba am,
ferelole, kulele,
mbi no mi wi de,
ferelole, kulele,
Cardi woni debb'am,
ferelole, kulele,
mi nyam'aa, mi yarataa,
ferelole, kulele,
ferelole, ferelole, kulele."

Here is a story.
A person who was there is better
than one who never was there.
There was once a woman,
who was called Chardi.
Well, Hyaena and Little Pigeon
said they would go and seek for that
wife. As for Chardi, the man seeking
her,
should not eat, should not drink,
for the length of time it took to
reach her.
When the person gets there,
he is squeezed.
When squeezed,
not a drop of urine, not a piece of
excrement, should come out.
Well, Hyaena and Pigeon set out,
and went off, and each town they
reached, Little Pigeon would sing:

"Ferelele-ferelele kulele,
My mother and my father,
Ferelele, kulele,
Told me that
Ferelele, kulele,
Chardi will be my wife,
Ferelele, kulele,
I will not eat, I will not drink,
Ferelele, kulele,
Ferelele, ferelele, kulele."
Awa, fowrual wi'a yo:
"kunu nukut, kunu nukut juwaane, inna am he ba am, kunu nukut, juwaane, mbi no mi wi de, kunu nukut, juwaane, mi yaha to dou to, kunu nukut, juwaane, mi nyamataa, mi yarataa, kunu nukut, juwaane, Cardi woni debb'am, kunu nukut, juwaane, kunu nukut, kunu nukut, juwaane."

Awa, noon, yime mbia yo:
"He, onon noon on potaani nyamde de:"
awa, ko ni.

fowru wi'a purayel yo:
"fad'am do, ha mi ara, mido do anduno ndo gooto, kaau am di don, fad am ha mi laar-ooy-a dum." purayel fada dum. fowrual yaha, ekke nyammi, nyama ha deeringii heewa, arta, wi'a purayel yo:
"njehen."
njaha.
purayel nyamaani, yaretaaki, fowrual noon tan wadi, kala saare nde njotti, fowrual leeuto, yahi nyamaoya, ha deeringii heewa, arta.

Well, Hyaena sang:
"Kunu nukut, kunu nukut, juwaane, My mother and my father, kunu nukut, juwaane, Told me, kunu nukut, juwaane, I should go to the upland, kunu nukut, juwaane, I should not eat, I should not drink kunu nukut, juwaane, Chardi will be my wife, kunu nukut, juwaane, kunu nukut, kunu nukut, juwaane."

Well, then, people said:
"You must not eat."

So, that's the way it was.
Hyaena would say to Little Pigeon
"Wait for me here until I come, I used to know a person here, My uncle is here.
Wait for me until I go and see him."
Little Pigeon would wait for him.
Hyaena would go, (and) be given food, (and) would eat until his big stomach was full, would come back, and say to Pigeon:
"Let us go on."
They would go,
Little Pigeon did not eat, did not drink, Hyaena however continued in the same way. Every town that they reached,
Hyaena would slip away, and go to eat, until his big stomach was full, and then come back.
ni, njotti to saare Cardi-en, njotti to banta.

Purayel wi yo:

"ferelele ferelele kulele,
inna am he ba am,
ferelele-kulele,
mbi no mi wi de,
ferelele kulele,
no mi ya to dou.to,
ferelele kulele,
mi nyamataa, mi yarataa,
ferelele, kulele,
Cardi woni dëbb'am,
ferelele kulele,
ferelele ferelele,
kulele."

ha, nii.

Fowrual wi'a yo:

"kunu nukut, kunu nukut,
juwaane,
inna'm he ba am,
kunu nukut, juwaane,
mbi no mi wi de,
kunu nukut, juwaane,
no mi yah to dou to,
kunu nukut, juwaane,
mi nyamataa, mi yarataa,
kunu nukut, juwaane,
Cardi woni dëbb'am,
kunu nukut, juwaane."

awa, ni, mbis yo:

"Bisimila, moodon,
njotte."

njottina, awa, to galle Cardi-en.

wia yo: "awa, han noon on ñiidete."¹

awa, ni, nangi purayel,
ñiidì dum, ñiidì dum,
ñiidì dum, ñiidì dum,
haa ñoo yi.

¹ Ñiidì etc. possibly instead of ñiid.
Purayël hanyaani.
suulaani.
awa, fowrual nangaa,
ôiida tan,
saare dula o fou hëbbini
kamaaji he kamaaji.
fou luuši doodi.
yimôe ëe mbi yo:
"Awa, purayël, ko an
jii no Cardi."

ni footti, fotondonroc.
taalol dimaale,
di na yaha,
di na arta.

Purayël hoooddi he ëëbbo
muudum, fowrual fouti.

Little Pigeon did not urinate,
did not defecate.
Well, Hyaena was taken,
and as soon as he was squeezed,
the whole place was filled,
every latrine,
everywhere stank of excrement.
The people said:
"Well, Little Pigeon, it is you
who has Chardi."

That is the very end.
A story of lies,
There it is going away,
there it is coming back.
Pigeon went home with his wife.
Hyaena rested.

(July 1975. San Francisco.)
(4) THE HUNTER AND HIS DOGS.

Here is a story.

One who was there is better than one who was not there.

There was once a hunter, who had two wives,

one called Little Loved One, one called Little Hated One.

Hated One used to do everything that had to be done in the compound.

Loved One used to do nothing at all, because their husband loved her the most.

(Little Loved One) would strike Little Hated One, would send her on errands, would curse her, would do everything to her.

Hated One would do whatever had to be done,

she would cook, draw water, she would sweep, and wash clothes.

Loved One would do nothing at all.

As for the hunter, he happened to have many dogs.

Every morning, he would go early into the bush with his dogs, and go hunting.

They would kill very many forest animals, and come back to the village...
suço ñellere nde, okka dum dawaadi mun di, din dyakka.
awa, ni, nyande o nyande o dana yaha to nder ladde,
warà de kulle ladde.
nyande wootere, kulle ladde de kauriti, mbi yo:
"he, annu noon, si en pëeujuanani,
o dana han o humnani en."
awa, mbi yo: "jo, noon,
en padat ha ara,
ha nyande ara han,
on nyan noon (dumanina),
en barat dum."
i pëeujanì dana o.

on nyan noon, dana o doode wakkade giddi muudum,
wi dumën yo: wi
Njifangel he Nganyangel,
(wi dumën, yo: )
"dawaadi am di han,
mi nafoarta dumën.
nganndo noon,
wota no mbo udditi
dumën to cuurel muën to."

he would pick the fat meat, and give it to his dogs to eat.
Well, thus, every day this hunter would go into the bush, and kill those wild animals.
One day, the wild animals got together, and said:
"Hey, you should know, if we do not make a plan against him, this hunter will finish us off."
Well, they said: "Now, in this way, we will wait until he comes, the day he comes back, on that very day, we will kill him.
In this way they planned for the hunter.
On that day the hunter before shouldering his gun, said to them :
- to Loved One and Hated One - (said to them:)
"My dogs today I shall not take them with me, Know that no one should open their kennel for them."
awa, ko ni wakki giddi muudum. Well, he shouldered his gun,
wi: "ladde ṇaabo, mi arii."

yahi, acci dawaadi muudum and said: "Bush, open your mouth, di to ṣaawo.
here I come."

kulle ladde de ngacci dum He went off, and left his dogs
taa naati to nder leriinde behind.
ladde to tan,
The wild animals let him alone
a wia yo kaen fiuu ko until he had entered the heart
dum pad no.
of the bush (forest).

moo6i, ndeeni dum, ndeeni It was as if someone had said
dum, ndeeni dum, that this was what they had been
ndeeni dum, ha hiŋgal, dana waiting for.
d o felliti pëlêt wonde ma,

si wadaani ma dyeeŋa ni ggal They set off, and chased him,
tan, kulle ladde de naŋat dum, chased him, chased him,
i f he did not climb up a tree,

ni dyeeŋi to dou du66i. chased him, until the hunter

awa, kulle ladde de fiuu became absolutely sure that
kauriti to lei

duuki*do, kauriti don. if he did not climb up a tree,

šani jammbé,

pudi dum soppuđe.

fowru soppi kala, wia yo: So he climbed a rhun palm.
"ziŋ, hambo jualo ziŋ," Then all the wild animals

coppa, coppa, coppa, gathered at the foot of the tree,

* A slip for dubbi ki ? & watched him, gathered there,

haa duuki ki fuɗo naaŋaade, took axes,
fuɗo yande,

fuɗo tan, dana o and began to chop it down.

As Hyaena chopped, he sang:

"Zing, hambo jualo zing."

and would chop and chop and chop,

until the tree began to sway

and was on the point of falling.

As soon as it began, the hunter

* A slip for dubbi ki ?

1 "ziŋ" is not a normal sound in Hula.
dampa ðum,
dampi ðum tan,
duuki ki muuðta.
awa, no woniri to dou
duuki to ki,
ni, di yimana dawaadi di,
wia yo:
  "sibi jauru jauru,
sibi jauru jauru,
noddan am dawaadi,
ai, nooluru,
ai, ciwél."
awa, noon tan di nin yima,
di nodda dawaadi di,
kulle ladde de di nin
coppa lægal ngal.
coppi ðum ha di wi yanat
kala, dampa ðum,
lægal ngal muuðta.
noon woni to dou,
di yima:
  "sibi jauru jauru,
sibi jauru jauru,
noddan am dawaadi,
ai, nooluru,
ai, ciwél."
noon tan, noon tan, noon tan.
awa, dawaadi di to cuudi,
to cuurel muèn to, nani ðum,
reufe muudum ðe nanaani,
siko dawaadi di nani ðum,
nani dana o di nin yima,
pudi luuk-de,
kicked it.
As soon as he kicked it,
the tree became whole again.
Well then, when he was up again
on the tree,
he sang for the dogs,
saying:
  "sibi jauru jauru,
sibi jauru jauru,
call the dogs for me,
come, Knawer,
come, Striped."
Well, while he was singing,
and calling the dogs,
the animals were
cutting down the tree.
They cut it until it was about to fall
then he kicked it,
(and) the tree became whole again.
As he was up there,
he would sing:
  "sibi jauru jauru,
sibi jauru jauru,
call the dogs for me,
come, Knawer,
come, Striped."
And on and on and on.
Well, the dogs at home
in their kennel, heard him.
His wives did not hear him,
but the dogs heard it,
heard the hunter singing,
and began to howl,
di ni tan mbofa, di mbofa, 
di mbofa tan, di mbofa, 
di mbofa, ha hingal 
dum haamni Nganyangel, 
wi Njidangel yo:
"He kon punntinen dawaadi di, 
ho a nanaani no mbadta nden 
to cuurelo.
min noon, mido sikkuta tan 
ko huunde wadde to ladde de."
Njidangel wia dum:
"eeyi, udditoy dum tan, 
a yiat.
wona mbo wi no yo no 
woti no en nguddit dum.
wona an wonde ma, 
a nanata haala."
wi dum: "uddit dumten.
min de, mi udditaa."
awa, ko ni, ngoni ton, 
dawaadi di tan nqila, 
di ngoni don di mbofa tan, 
di nqila, di mbofa, 
di nqila, di mbofa, 
ha hingal Nganyangel 
waawaani dum munny de. 
immi, uddit dawaadi di, 
udditi dawaadi di tan, 
diya ngabbi to ladde, 
and barked and barked, 
and barked and barked, 
and barked, until in the end 
it wore out Hated One, 
and she said to Loved One
"Hey, let us let out the dogs, 
don't you hear what they are doing 
in the kennel.
As for me, I think 
something has happened in the forest.
Loved One would say to her, 
"Yes, you go to open it, 
and you will see (what happens to you 
was/it he who told you 
(=Didn't he tell you..) 
not to open it.
as for you (?) 
you do not listen to his words."
She said to her: "Just open it, 
(and you'll see what will happen) 
as for me, I will not open it."
Well, that's the way it was.
The dogs were howling, 
they were there barking, 
howling and barking, 
howling and barking, 
until in the end Hated One 
could not stand it any longer, 
and got up and let out the dogs. 
As soon as she let out the dogs, 
they headed for the forest,
They all went, as if you had told them
"Follow this way."
They made a path,
and descended on the wild animals
killed them, killed them,
killed them, killed them.
Before the animals knew what was happening,
they were all dead.
Thus, the hunter came down,
took out the best fat for them,
and gave it to them.
The dogs ate until they were full.
The hunter took up his gun,
and went home.
The dogs followed, and he reached home.
His wives greeted him,
he answered, then sat down,
and asked them:
"Who opened the dogs' kennel?"
Then Loved One began,
"It was not me who told her,
I said to her
don't open the kennel,
and it was she who opened it.
Ganyangel tiggi udditi cuurel ngel."

ni, dana o wi yo:
"he, anndu noon,
min mi snndaa no
hombo woni gido am,
be hombo woni ganyo am.
jo noon mido andi."
wi wi Ganyangel/y0:
"hodum hen paalee da,
mi wadana ma?
ko surtama wëltinde he o aduna."
wi dum yo: "si a
udditaano di dawaadi han,
mi artataano to cuudi.
sabu kulle ladde de,
tai di nin kam padi,
djëngini kam to dou leggal,
pari kam war de."
wi dum yo: "haal ko
paalee da kala,
dum mbadana ma mi."
Nganyangel wi yo:
"mi faala pemmba Njidangel,
pemmba dum haa hoore nde laaça,
cëppa dum,
mbag a hen gile he lamdag,
kirsa dum, mbag a hoore nde
to dammugal suudu am do
So, the hunter said:
"Hey, you should know,
I did not know,
who was my friend,
and who was my enemy.
Now I know."
He said to Hated One
"What do you want
me to do for you?
what is most pleasing to you
in the world."
He said to her: "If it had happened
that you had not let out the dogs,
I would never have returned home,
because the wild animals
were waiting for me.
They made me climb up a tree,
and were ready to kill me."
He said to her: "Tell
what you want,
and I will do it for you."
Hated One said:
"I want/to shave Loved One-
shave her until her head is clean,
chop it,
put pepper and salt on it,
cut her throat, put her head
at the door of my house here
naattu mi han, mi rogg'a,
puunnu mi han, mi rogg'a.
ko dum tan wel'tinde
s'rnnde am de!
hakke o ko tampini kam ko."
awa, ko ni.
dana o f'nmmbi Njifangnel
ha hoore nde laasi,
seppi dum.
wadi hen gile he lamdam,
hirsi dum.
wadi hoore mun de to
dammugal suudu do.
Ganyangnel naatata han,
rogg'a, rogg'a,
funntata han, rogg'a.

awa, ko ni

taalol footi,
taalol dimaale,
di na yaha,
di na arta.

so that when I enter, I may strike it
whenever I leave, I may strike it.
It is only that which will please
my heart,
because it was her who troubled me."
Well, that was the way it was.
The hunter shaved the head of Loved C
until the head was clean,
chopped it,
put pepper and salt on it,
cut her throat (cut off her head)
and put her head
at the door of the house.
Whenever Hated One went in,
she would strike it and strike it,
Whenever she came out, she would
strike it.
Well, there it is.
That's the end of the tale.
A tale of lies,
There it is going away,
there it is coming back.

(July 1975. San Francisco)

Here is a tale.
One who was there is better than one who was not there.
There was once a child, it happened, that her taboo was tattooing.
Well, all her age mates said that on that day would be tattooing.
They came together, the tattooer came.
So they were all tattooed.
This child was told she should not be tattooed, she cried, and cried, and cried, and went off into the bush (forest) she was crying, and crying, she was crying, and crying.
Then a spirit came, and changed into a little old woman, and said: "Child (lit. mother), what are you crying about?"
She replied: "Granny, what I am crying about, there is no one who can take the sadness from me. there is no one who can remove it from me."
maamayel wi dum,
"ko boni kala haalete."
wi dum: "haalan am
ho hodum... wadi."
ni, haalani dum, wi dum:
"min de, fulaneeve am
fiu di nin cokkoyi.
min mi memta cokkagol."
maamayel wi: "Hey, dum tan?"
wi dum: "Ha."
widi dum: "awa, mi sokka ma,
siko ha nde nyalaande artu,
wota na a leb.
si a lebi tan, ko maay de!"
awa, ngel cukayel wi dum:
"awa."

ni, maamayel ngel sokki dum,
sokki dum, haa tonndu ndu
dauli not, not, not, not, not.
san yi dyede, setti dumen
haa njalbi.
muri dum, muri dum, muri dum,
wukkiti dum,
ngela cukayel ndeyel,
a wia yo ho wona no
ko weidi weesse.
awa ni, maama wi dum yo:
"wota na yeejit ko mbia mi
ko de, si a yahi,
The old woman told her,
"It is a bad thing to say."
She said: "Tell me
what has caused it."
So, she told her, and said:
"As for me, all my age mates
have gone for tattooing,
as for me my taboo is tattooing."
The old woman said: "Hey, is that al:
She replied: "Yes."
She said: "All right, I will tattoo
you, but until this day comes back,
you must not tell (anyone).
If you tell, it means death!"
Well, that child said:
"All right."
So, the old woman tattooed her,
tattooed her, until her lip(s)
were very, very, very black,
took her teeth, polished (sharpened)
them until they shone,
she sucked her, sucked her, sucked he
spat her out again,
that little girl
became
very beautiful.
Well then, the old woman told her:
"Don't forget what I told you,
when you go,
ha nde nyalaande arta, 
wota na a lebdú, 
hai he gotoo."
ŋégel wi dum: "awa."
hooti, yahi to muen.

ni, inna mun lamdi dum, 
danغاake.
fulaŋeeše mun lamdi dum 
han (?) danŋotaako.
kala lešeando dum, 
danŋotaako, 
ni woni don, woni don, 
ha hingal, inna muudum 
hoori annduke ko wadi, 
o wia yo: "he min de, 
kaari am, mi andaa hoto hen 
nangi dum. 
gila on nyan fulaŋeeše 
muudum cokkoji, 
ha jo lešeani."

Ni, yahi to somtīŋ kam 
yahi o wia o somtīŋ yo: 
"faŋi jāŋŋo, kaari am di 
nin yaha loota, kany he 
fulaŋeeše muudum, 
øy 
njahi tan, ŋaŋ/ gude muen 
de, 
kala mbo yimani ma, 
until this day comes round, 
do not speak of it, 
even to a single person."
She said to her: "All right."
She went home, and went to their 
place.
So, her mother asked her, 
she did not answer.
Her companions asked her, 
she did not answer.
Whoever spoke to her, 
she would not answer.
So she stayed there (for a long time) 
until in the end, her mother 
was troubled to know what to do.
She said: "As for me, 
so and so, I do not know what 
has happened to her (caught her ).
Since the day her companions 
went for tattooing 
until now, she has not spoken."
So, she went to the hawk, 
she went and said to the hawk: 
"The day after tomorrow, so and so 
will go to wash, along with 
her companions.
When they have gone, take their 
clothes, 
unless each sings for you,
wota na a tottu dûmên, ho
mi anndu houdum na ngi
kaari am."
awa, ko ni.
noddî kompin muudum,
fulaæeënse muudum ët fou,
wï dûmên yo:
"fabbijanggo on njahat
lootoyi."
on tawat ton sottiŋ o.
sottiŋ o, o saŋat gude
muudum.
awa ko ni pëeuji.
njahi on nyan ,
ngari caŋi dûm,
wï dûm "njëhen lootoyën,"
saŋi gude muudum
njahi to weendu,
looti gude muën
hàa laaçi.
nyiri (?) dûmên.
awa njolli to ñder weendu
to, ët nin looto,
tan sottiŋ o jippi tan,
wïlti gude muën ët,
yahi joodeyi to dou læggal.
ni, ngiwi to weendu to,
njahi to sottiŋ to,
mbia yo:
don't give them back to them.
I will know what has caught
so and so."
Well, that's the way it was.
She called her age group,
all her age-mates,
and told them:
"The day after tomorrow, you will go
to do the washing."
They would find the hawk there.
The hawk would take their clothes.
Well in this way they planned.
They went away. On that day
they came to take her,
they said to her "Let us go and do th
washing.
They took their clothes,
and went to the pool,
and washed their clothes
until they were clean,
and spread them to dry.
Well they went into the pool
to bathe.
Then the hawk came down,
gathered up their clothes,
and went and sat on top of a tree.
So, when they came out of the pool,
they went to the hawk,
and said (sang):
"sontin, sabbo di nna, 
e Kumba sontin, 
sabbo di nna, 
he, he, he, 
laar gele am de na." l
awa, 
"hawk, give me my clothes, 
eh, Kumba sonting, 
give me my clothes, 
he, he, he, look, 
here are my teeth."

/ cukayel ndeyel ngari kala
yima noon,

si yimi han, nyeenya,
sontin o okka dum
gude muudum.

ni mbadi, gootho gootho,
gootho gootho, gootho gootho,
ha heddi cukayel ndeyangel
tan, ari, wi yo:
(hums the tune)

"he yiuu, he kor jam,
ho minen min baawataa
dum fiiu fadde,
minen mi yahi de! 
min mbaawataa dum fad de,
ngare, njehen, he!
ho an a alaa hunuko."
awa, sontin o sali dum
okkude gude muudum.
titi wi yo:

"sontin, sabbo di nna, 
e Kumba sontin, 
sabbo di nna, 
he, he, he, 
laar gele am de na."

ha joo, o nyeenyaani.
sontin o sali dum
okkude gude muudum de.

Each child that came
would sing thus,
and when she had sung, she would smile
The hawk would give her back her clothes.
They did this, one by one,
one by one, one by one,
until there remained only the girl,
she came and said:
(hums the tune).
(Her friends said:) "Hey, what is that we cannot
wait for that.
we are going!
We can't wait for that,
... come, let's go,
Haven't you got a mouth?"
Well, the hawk refused
to give her back her clothes.
Again, she sang:

"Hawk, give me my clothes, 
eh, Kumba sonting, 
give me my clothes, 
he, he, he, 
look, here are my teeth."

But still she did not smile.
The hawk refused
to give her the clothes.

1. The song is a mixture of Mandinka and Fula. Kumba sonting is the Mandinka name for a hawk. di nna is Mandinka, laar is Fula.
Her companions said:
"Hey, we do not know
what has caught you, you
(obscure phrase) (let us gather up
our things and go ?)
let us go home."

So that's the way it was.

Then she was troubled to know what
do, and sang:

"Hawk, give me my clothes,
  eh, Kumba soting,
give me my clothes,
  e, he, he,
look, here are my teeth."

She smiled, and as soon as she smiled
they all exclaimed:
"Hey , (exclamation of astonishment)
look at how her gums are,
look at her teeth,
how fine they are,
that is why she would not speak."

Well, they went home
talking about it.

"The tattooer
played with us (deceived us),
Hey, look how fine her teeth are,

Look how black her gums are !"

So, in this way, they went home.
The little girl took
her clothes,
and went back home.
yottii tan, wia yo:

"inna, noddu kompin,  
inna, noddu kompin,  
dumbu sere dumbu,  
gele hooti laakira."

awa, inna muudum noddi kompin muudum.  
awa, fulaneeße muudum  
èe fiu kauriti.
wi yo:

"inna, okku gauri,  
inna, okku gauri,  
dumbu sere dumbu,  
gele hooti laakira."

inna muudum okki gauri,  
okki dumën.
wi yo:

"inna, okku ndëfa,  
inna, okku ndëfa,  
dumbu sere dumbu,  
gele hooti laakira."

inna okki dumën, défi.

on tuma o wia yo:

"inna okku nyaama,  
inna okku nyaama,  
dumbu sere dumbu,  
gele hooti laakira."

inna mum okki dumën, nyaami.
ontuma o wi yo:

"Majantambo, mi hooti,  
Majantambo, mi hooti,  
dumbu sere dumbu,  
gele hooti laakira,  
Fanta Fedya, mi hooti,  
Fanta Fedya, mi hooti,  
dumbu sere dumbu,  
gele hooti laakira."

as soon as she reached, she sang:

"Mother call the (age) group  
Mother call the group,  
dumbu sere dumbu,  
the smile is going to eternity."

Well, her mother called  
her group.

Well, her companions  
all came together.

She sang:

"Mother, give millet,  
Mother, give millet,  
dumbu sere dumbu,  
the smile is going to eternity."

Her mother gave the millet,  
and gave it to them.

(The girl) sang:

"Mother, give for cooking  
Mother, give for cooking,  
dumbu sere dumbu,  
the smile is going to eternity."

The mother gave (it) to them, they cooked.
Then (the girl) sang:

"Mother, give to eat,  
Mother, give to eat,  
dumbu sere dumbu,  
the smile is going to eternity."

Her mother gave them, they ate.
Then (the girl) sang:

"Majantambo, I am going home,  
Majantambo, I am going home,  
dumbu sere dumbu,  
the smile is going to eternity,  
Fanta Feja, I am going home,  
Fanta Feja, I am going home,  
dumbu sere dumbu,  
the smile is going to eternity."
"Heewa Jawe, I am going home, Heewa Jawe, I am going home, (repeated) damba sere damba, the smile is going to eternity."

ko ni noddiri dumên gooto
gooto, gooto gooto.
kaën inde muën tindingiri ma,
fiu wi dumên yo (mbo ?)
hootti laakira.
awa, noon, waali,
maa yi.
maayi ko, uööa.
(ho ?) uööa do,
bantaqel bëël fudi don,
kala nja autata do,
wia yo: "hey, kala
bantaqel ko weidi,
a wiat kaari."
i taalol footi,
footi fotondoroc.

In this way she called them one by one, one by one, by their nicknames, told them all she was returning to eternity.

Well, in this way, she lay down, and died.

When she died, she was buried. Where she was buried, a beautiful little cotton tree sprang up there. Whoever passed there would say: "Heh, the little cotton tree is beautiful, like so and so."

The tale is finished.

That's the complete thing.

(July 1975, San Francisco)

1 Heewa Jawe - a nickname - meaning Full of Bangles.

A version of this tale, written in English, "Kewel and the Eagle," was published in the Gambian magazine Ndaanan, Vol. 4, Nos. 1 & 2, March/September 1974, 18-19, written by Tambah Baldeh (= Mary Umah Baldeh).

See also the tale "Chicken-Hawk", pp. 94-95 in Jamaican Song and Story: Annancy Stories, Digging Sings, Ring Tunes and Dancing Tunes, collected and edited by Walter Jekyll, 1907. (Republished 1966).
(6) THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, THE BIRD, AND THE WIFE WHO WENT ON A VISIT.

Here is a tale.
One who was there is better
than one who was not there.

There was once a wife who was a
long time away from her (natal) home,
for five years she did not go on a
visit.

Each time she asked her husband,
he would refuse, and said
she should not go.

Well, one day
the wife slipped away, and went off.

It happened that there was a river
between them,
between where she was married,
and where her mother was.

The river happened to be
in flood.

She came to the river there,
and said: "Oh, God,
Lord God,
how am I going to cross?"

Well, a hippopotamus came out
of the river,
and said to her: "If you do not tell
anyone,
I will take you across."

tal taale.
ngonoodo Suri ko alaa
no don.
on débbo won no
wairi to muën,
dubbi jowi hodddyaske.

wi lamdi gorko muudum kala,
on salo, a wia yo
o yahaani.
awa ni, nyande woterë
debbo leeuti, yahi,
tai maayo di hakkunde muën,
hakkunde to maraato hoto,
inna muudum won to.
maayo ngo noon tai di
nin waami.
ari haa do maayo do.
wia yo: "He, Alla,
Alla jom on,
hono mi njautira mi do han?
awa ni, ngabbu funnti
to maayo to.
wi dum yo: "si a haaloyta
han ni,
mi lumbina ma de !"
wi dum: "awa,"
ngabbu lummbini dum
wi (sonndu)-
sonndu yadu he muudum,
si mbo haali tan,
genarta kaalana kam.
awa, ko ni.
dëbbbo he sonndu njadi,
yotti to muen.
inna muudum lamdi dum,
"he kaari am,
hono hen an lumbir da
ŋgo maayo,"
wi dum yo: "ko Alla wadi."
ba muudum lamdi dum,
wi dum:" he, kaari am,
hono lumbir da ŋgo maayo ?"
wi dum yo: "ko Alla wadi."
awa, ko ni.
kala lamdi dum,
saare nde fou lamdi dum,
wi dum: "ko Alla wadi."
ni, hoddi to muen
ha ñooyi.
jeem ma gotoo waaldi he
teerì muudum, gorko, mbaali,
on wi dum yo:
"hombo an lumbir da ŋgo maayo, "Who ferried you over that river ?"
wi dum, yo : "he, min noon,
i mi footaani dum haalde de,
She told him: "I agree."
The hippopotamus took her across
but said (a bird)
a bird should go with her,
if she told anyone,
it should let me know on the way back
Well, that's the way it was.
The woman and the bird went together
and reached their place.
Her mother asked her,
"So and so,
how did you cross
that river ?"
She replied: "Through God."
Her father asked her,
saying, "Hey, so and so,
how did you cross that river ?"
She replied: "Through God."
Well, that's the way it was.
Everyone who asked her,
the whole town asked her,
she replied: "Through God."
So, she stayed at home
for a long time.
One night she spent the night with
her lover, they slept together,
and he asked her:
She replied: "As for me,
I ought not to say,
siko min ko ngabbu
lumbini kam.
wi yo: wota haalan hai gooto."
siko no wi ni tan,
tai sonndu ndu nani dum,
to dou kollo suudu to,
joggi, fiji baweeje muudum,
fudi yim de, wia-yo:
"inna muudum lamdi dum
wi dum,'ko Alla wadi,'
wi dum,"ba muudum lamdi
dum, wi dum,
'ko Alla wadi,'"
wi dum,"gorgol mun lamdi
dum, wi dum
'ko Alla wadi,'"
wi dum,"saare nde fou
lamdi dum,
wi yo : 'ko Alla wadi,'
jo noon, teeri muudum
lamdi dum,
haalani dum , wi dum
ngabbu lumbini dum."

but it was a hippopotamus
that took me across.
and said 'Don't tell even one person.
As soon as she had spoken,
it happened that the bird heard her,
up on the rafters of the house,
he crowed(?), beat his wings,
and began to sing:

"Her mother asked her,
she said: 'Through God,'"
He said: "Her father asked her
she said:
'Through God.'"
He said: "Her aunt asked her,
she said:
'Through God.'"
He said: "All the town
asked her,
she said: 'Through God.'
now, her boyfriend
asked her,
she told him, and said
the hippopotamus had taken her
across.
So, the woman exclaimed:

"My God,
I am about to die."
(Her lover) said "What is the matter.
She told him: 'The hippopotamus said
if I told anyone,
I would die, when I return."

He said: "If you die,
I too will die."

He said: "Let us go."

He had her follow (went ahead).

He shouldered his gun, and they went
off to the bank of the river.

The bird was still singing.

When they arrived at the bank of the river,
the bird began to sing,
saying:

"Her mother asked her,
she said: "Through God."

Her father asked her,
she said:"Through God."

Her elder brother asked her,
she said: "Through God,"

Her uncle asked her,
she said: "Through God."

Her aunt asked her,
she said:""Through God."

The whole village asked her,
she said : "Through God,"

but now her boy friend
asked her, and she told him."

So, the hippopotamus came out
and said: "Hey, as for me I
did not hear what you were saying!"
wi dum: "sattito seeda,"
sonndu sattiti, yimi titi,
ngabbu wi dum,
"ha joo mi nanaani de!"
wi dum "ar jorto to saawo am."
sonndu jorti to saawo ngabbu,
yimi titi.
ngabbu wi dum: "He, mi
andaa ko nanngi noppi am,
mi nanaani de!"
widum, "ar, joodo
ga to hinere am,
njima ho mi jento to."
sonndu ndu jorita to
hinere ngabbu yimi,
widum: "he, min noon,
njaka mi sikkuton
ko mi faad."
widum: "jortoto to toni am."
sonndu jorti to toni ngabbu,
di yimi tan,
ngabbu dyakki dum,
furi dyi'e muen
to nder maayo.
widum yo:
"sonndu, mi wi no me yo:
si dëbbbo o haali han,
kaalana kam,
siko noon ko haala he gunfo
He said: "Come a little closer."
The bird came nearer, and sang again.
The hippopotamus said to him:
"I can't hear even yet!"
He said: "Come down on to my back."
The bird came down on to the hippo's back,
and sang again.
The hippopotamus said to him: "Hey, I do not know what has happened to my ears, I did not hear."
He said: "Come, sit here on my nose,
and sing so that I can hear."
The bird came down on to the nose of the hippopotamus, and sang.
Hippo said: "Hey, as for me, I think I have become deaf."
He said: "Come down on to my lips," The bird came down on to the hippo's lips. As soon as he sang, the hippopotamus chewed him up, and crushed (scattered?) his bones in the river.
He said:
"Bird, I told you if the woman told (it), tell me, but what was told in secrecy,
should not be told (openly).

He said: "That woman
for three months, she
stayed there, and did not tell.
(To) everyone who asked her there,
she would reply: "Through God."

He said: "What was said in secrecy,
should not be said openly."

Well then, he took the woman over,
and she went back home.
The man shouldered his gun,
and went back.

A tale of lies.

There it is going,
There it is coming back.

(August 1975, San Francisco)

In a version recorded by Mary Umah Baldeh from Jewo Baldeh in Saare
Mansajang, the song sung by the bird has Mandinka words, indicating that
the prototype may have been of Mandinka origin.

A version from America is given in Charles C. Jones: Negro Myths from
Alligatur, an de Jay-Bud."

Here the girl was going home, could not cross the river. The alligator
takes her across on condition that she tells no one. A blue jay-bird saw
what happened and repeated aloud that alligator had taken her across.
The alligator claimed to be deaf, had the bird come and sit on his nose,
and chewed him up.

A version written in English was published in the Gambian magazine
Ndaanan, Vol.4, Nos. 1 & 2, March/September 1974, 20-21 by Tamba Baldeh
(= Mary Umah Baldeh). "The Friendly Hippo."

Here a girl has her hair done by a python, and is not supposed to tell who did it. She refuses to tell her mother-in-law, her father, the village chief, the village people, in spite of attractive offers. But in the end she reveals it to her lover. A bird sent by the python had been watching her, and reported the matter, but the python seized the bird, and released the girl, for she had refused to tell in spite of pressure and yielded only to her true love.
Here is a tale.

One who was there is better
than one who was not there.

There was once a woman who had a
husband who was greedy.

Each time she cooked, she used to
take the food for her husband to the
farm. By the time she would put down the
calabash, it would happen that the
calabash would be perfectly clean,
though the food had not been eaten.

Well, each time she cooked,
each time she cooked,
each time she cooked,
when she reached the farm
of her husband,
it happened that the calabash
was completely clean,
everything had been eaten on the way
She was puzzled about
what to do.

Hey, each time she reached (there),
and put down the calabash for her
husband,
he would curse her,
beat her, and would say:
"Why do you bring me
an empty calabash?"
wi dum yo: "si a wattini
tan, mi warat ma."
awa, ko ni.
debbo hingal yahi to mamaare,
wi dum: "he, maama,
min noon, mi andaa hodum hen
wadi.
siko nyande kala nyande,
he
si mi haawi, naasaa-i/gorko am
nyammi to ngesa am,
tuma mi yotti han,
tai nyammi di ngaama
to hoore am.
mi andaa hono hen dum wa'i,
gorko am di kam faala
warde leem mi."
awa, ko ni.
maama wi dum yo:
"ho leggal di ni to laawol to ?" "Is there a tree on the road ?"
wi dum: "Ha."
awa, haalan-i dum no watta,
debbo welli, hooti.
yahi defi surnde wellde nde,
defan-i gorko muudum,
ko surnde wellande defa,
yahi, ari ha yotti to lei
leggal do,
yotti leggal ngal tan,
fufi bodde.

He said: "If you do it again,
I will kill you."
Well that is the way it was.
This woman in the end went to an old
woman, and said: "Hey, grandmother,
as for me, I do not know what
happens.
for every day,
if I take, take the food for my husba
to my farm,
when I arrive,
it turns out the food has been eaten
(while carried ) on my head.
I do not know how.
My husband almost kills me
with beating."
So, this is the way it was.
The old woman said to her:
She replied: "Yes."
Well, she told her what to do.
The woman was glad, went home,
and went and cooked the sweetest
food for her husband,
what was tastiest (sweetest) she
cooked, and went off, came until she
reached below the tree there.
As soon as she reached the tree,
she began to crawl,
Di boda, di boda tan,
di boda, di boda tan,
di boda,
ha do wi no
di nin funnta to lei
leggal to tan,
gorko iwi to dou leggal to,
fakat, yani to lei.
debbo yeedydyiti,
o yi gorko di bodo to lei
wi dumania njarenderi (?).
swa, debbo wi dum: "cam,"
ko an nyaami on nyan nyammi
di fou.
ni diinyi horde muddum,
hootito muen,
gorko o hersi,
heresi ha lattiti waandu.

ni footi fotondoroc,
debbo hootiti muen,
gorko hersi,
wonti waandu.

and crawled, and crawled,
and crawled, and crawled,
and crawled,
until when she was about to
come out from under
the tree,
hers husband came out from up in the
tree, fakat, he fell to the ground.
The woman looked back,
and saw her husband crawling on the
ground, like (sand?).
Well, the woman said "Cham,"
so it was you who ate all the food
that day.
Then she put down the calabash,
and went back home again.
The husband was shamed,
so shamed he turned into a monkey.
That's the very end.
The wife went home again.
The husband was shamed,
and turned into a monkey.

(August 1975: San Francisco)

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Ndaban, Vol.4, Nos. 1 & 2, March/September 1974, p.21, by Tamba Baldeh
(= Mary Umah Baldeh.)

1 An exclamation of disgust.
(8) THE CATTLE CARRIED AWAY BY THE WIND

taal taale. Here is a tale.
ngonoodo düri ko One who was there is better
alaa no don.
than one who was not there.
wood no gorko gooto There was once a man
di tami na'i keewdi, who had many cattle,
gurelli he gurelli na'i, herds and herds of cattle.
awa, nyande wootere, Well, one day
kennii molanteęngi Alla ari, a marvellous wind came,
aaći na'i dum, and carried off his cows,
aaći dumën, took them away,
majjini na'i. and made them lost.
a'i di on nyan, The cows that day
kaën yo gainaako muën yo and their herdsman
ejottitaaki to cuudi. did not come home.
gorko daabi o daabi. The man looked and looked,
noddi o noddi, called and called,
hai naggel, not even a little cow,
hai allaadu, not even a horn,
hai sollaar giiisani. not even dust did he see.
awa, ni. Well, that's the way it was.
kany he dëbbu muuđum (he He and his wife (and
cukayel muuđum) - gorel, his little child) - little son
denamel ngoni don. - his little baby were there.
Booyi, Booyi, Booyi, After a very long time,
gorko o maayi. the man died.
cukayel ngel mauni, the little child grew big,
woni kambaane. and became a youth.

1. i.e. However much he looked and called...
nyande wootere, wii inna muudum yo: "he, inna, ho ko wadi enen ngaala na'i? fulañeejë am öe fiu baaji (= babaaji) muen di tami na'i, have cows, enen hai allaadu en ngaala."

inna muudum wii dum,
"Ha, ba am, " wii dum:
"ba maada tami on na'i 6urdi heeudi.
na'i ngon di he saare nde fou. yo, siko kënnii molanteengi Alla yolloyi na'i di.
Ha, gili ontuma ha han, en kësaani na'i."
awa, ko ni.
kambaane o, wii inna muudum no okku dum kuddu,
šaŋi sasayel muudum,
šaŋi njoo6a,
yahi, kany he šaŋi cawel muudum,
wi yo da66oyi na'i ba muudum.
awa, nii ngaŋi laawol,
saare nde yotti kala,

One day he said to his mother
"Mother, how is it
we don't have any cows?
All my friend's fathers
as for us we have not even one head
(lit. horn)."

His mother said to him:
"Yes, my son," and continued:
"Your father used to have a lot of cattle,
more cows than the whole village.
But a wonderful wind
blew away the cattle.
Yes, since that time until now,
we have not had cattle."

So that's the way it was.
The youth told his mother
to give him a spoon
(and) he took his little bag,
and took provisions,
and went off, taking his little staff
with the intention of going to look
for his father's cattle.
So, in this way, he took to the road.
Each village he reached,
he would go to the bantaba (meeting place) and sing, asking if they had not seen his father's cows.

They would say: "Hey, my son, no, pass further on."

Thus, every town he reached, he would go to the bantaba, and sing, and ask if his father's cows had not passed by there. They would tell him: "Hey, my son, no indeed! we have not seen them. Pass further on."

So that was the way it was. He went on and on until one day he reached a town and went to the bantaba, and sang until he had finished singing. They were beginning to tell him, "As for us, we have not seen any cows- the cattle have not passed us here."

But there happened to be a man, very, very old, who said to him: "Hey, my son, I do not know if they were your father's cows."

1. Lit. "Father."
He added: "But it happened cattle passed here, one year, a long time ago, a gigantic wind blew them along."

Well, (the youth) said "I hear."

He pointed and said:

"This is the way the wind was carryin your father's cattle.
I still remember it, until I die I will not forget."

So, then,

the little boy,
I mean, the youth, headed into the bush, and went on and on and on.

When he had gone a considerable distance, he would climb up a tree, and sing. As for the cattle

The leader of the herd was called Uule - Uule

that was what his mother had told him
She said: "Uule is there, if you call Uule, and she is living, the cattle will recognize you."

So, he would climb a tree, and (sing): Uule, not like any other Big Uule, Not like any other, Uule with the twisted horns, Not like any other, Uule, not like any other."
awa, ko ni
laara, jënto, hai huunde,
jippo, yaha, yaha, yaha,
yaha, ha woddä titi.
dyeeña lleggal juutŋgal
fuda titi yimde, wi'a:

"Uule nangale kadi,
Uule mänge,
nangale kadi,
gallaadi nomordi,
nangali kadi,
ëndi solomaaji,
nangale kadi,
Uule nangale kadi."

So that was the way it was.
He would look, listen, nothing.
he come down, go on and on and on,
and on, for a long distance again.
He would climb a tall tree,
begin to sing again, and say,

"Uule, unlike any other,
Great Uule,
unlike any other,
With the twisted horns,
Unlike any other,
With the pointed teats,
Not like any other,
Uule not like any other.

So, in this way,
he continued,
until one day
he climbed up a tree,
and as soon as he sang,
he heard the cows lowing,
and lowing, and lowing,
and lowing.
He went, and found the cows
had given birth,
until they filled a gigantic area.

He sang:

"Uule, not like any other,
Great Uule, not like any other.
With the twisted horns,
Not like any other,
With the pointed teats,
Not like any other.
Uule, not like any other."

Well, all the cows rose up,
and began to low.

1. In the first two songs the narrator seemed to sing nangale.
In the final song it was clearly nandale, which seems to be
He knew for certain that they were his father's cows.
So that was the situation.
He sang,
and the cows followed,
and the cows followed,
they lowed, and followed,
until they were in sight of home.
His mother saw the dust in the distance.
All the people in the town thought that an army had come for the but it was only the cows on account of their numbers.
So, they reached home.
It happened that the cows were so numerous,
they could not fit into the cleared area round the village.
All the bush had to be cut down on account of the size of the herd.
Well. That was the way he came back, and told her: "Mother I have come back with my father's cows."
So that was it.
Their mother was extremely glad.
She said: "Yes, son. (lit. father), those are the very ones."
ni, taalol footi,
taalol dimaale,
di na yaha,
di na arta.

The tale is finished,
a tale of lies.
There it is going away,
There it is coming back.

janggo bimbi, si a yahi
to 6uunndu, a yiat ton
nyaadye,
kocca dumen,
ni foti fotondoroc.

Tomorrow morning, if you go
to the well, you will see there
beads,
pick them up.
That's the very end.

Sept.
(Washington D.C. 1975)
(9) THE SON WHO WAS CHANGED INTO A GIRL

tal taale,
ngonoo do șuri ko
alaa no dôn.
wood no dëbbbo goto,
woni ko șooyi,
heșaani șido dëbbbo,
șiibëe muudum șe fou ko worëe.
jibini haa suudu heewi fou,

tai ko worëe.
awa, biingal,
nyande jibin no kodda muudum,
suddi dûm, tai kodda o
kala ko gorko.
haddi dûm saba
wi yo o ko dëbbbo won to,
wontaa gorko.
haddi dûm saba.
hai ndëdo yiaani cukayël ngël.
ni, yimëe mbi yo:
"he goram, hatta kon inna
foti.
kaari heși șido dëbbbo,
kaari heși șido dëbbbo."
awa, ko ni.
șido dëbbbo (dumanina,
ënnta, wonaa önnta kam..)

Here is a tale.
One who was there is better
than one who was not there.
There was once a woman,
for a long time,
she did not have a daughter,
all her children were male,
she kept giving birth until the house
was full,
they all turned out male.
Well, finally,
the day she gave birth to her last
child,
she hid him, because the last child
was also male,
and dressed him in a skirt,
as if he were a girl,
and not a boy.
She dressed him in a skirt.
Not a single person saw the child.
So, people said:
"Hey, it is about time,
so and so has a daughter,
so and so has a daughter.
So that's the way it was.
The daughter (was weaned,
weaned is not the word)
fëmmba, wia ko Fatuma wiete, awa ni.
Fatuma wona to cuudi.
kotoocë mun worë ndaddoya, walla inna muuɗum ndëfu,
walla dum dyoogoygol,
walla dum pitturu, fou,
he laudyuru kore.
awa, di wood no
he nden saare
maamayël gooteł,
maamayël ñgel ngandu da
kala ko wonaa haaju muuɗum,
ko dum watta haaju muuɗum,

Fatuma mauni, ha mauni,
weidi noon,
laamdo yii dum
wi yo: "he, mìdo dum wona
faala ìëbbë am."

ni, laamdo da60oyi
Fatuma, suddi dum,
siko nyande Fatuma yaha no
to gorko muuɗum,
inna mun haddi dum
sabaaji keeudi,
saba he dou,
saba he dou,

was shaved (= named), and called Fatuma. Well, then,
Fatuma would be at home, her elder brothers would go hunting,
she would help her mother cooking, help her drawing water,
help her sweeping, everything, and cleaning calabashes.
Well, there was in that village
a little old woman, the sort of little old woman you know
everything that was none of her business,
she would make her business.
(i.e. a busybody)
Fatuma grew up, until she grew big, she was beautiful.
The king saw her, and said: "Hey, I want her for my wife."
Thus, the king sent to seek for Fatuma, married her, but the day Fatuma was to go to
her husband, her mother put on her many skirts,
one skirt over the other,
saba he dou, saba.
awa ko Fatuma yahi to
suudu gorko mun.
laamdo waali firtude
sabaaje,
waali firtude sabaaje,
waali firtude sabaaje,
hoto hen weeti
tai firtidaani.
awa ko ni.
Fatuma woni dëbbbo laamdo,
kono nyande wootere,
yahi to ladde,
di wulla, di wulla,
di wulla, di wulla,
wulli, wulli, wulli,
haa jinnere nani dum.
yurmaadum,
wonti maamayel.
ari, wi dum yo:
"e, inna am, an kam
hodum mbullata ?"
Fatuma wi dum yo:
"min, ko mbulla mi ko,
alaambo waawata kam dum
ittande."
jinne o wii dum yo:
"he, inna, joote ko
muusi-o-ko-muusi
woodat ko itti dumën."
one over the other.
Well, when Fatuma went to
the house of her husband,
The king spent the night loosening
the skirts,
spent the night loosening the skirts,
spent the night loosening the skirts,
and when morning came,
they were not (all) loosened.
So that's the way it was.
Fatuma became the wife of the king,
but one day,
she went to the bush,
and cried, and cried,
and cried, and cried,
cried, cried, cried,
until a spirit heard her,
and took pity on her,
and changed into a little old woman.
She came, and said to her:
"Eh, mother, what are you
crying about ?"
Fatuma said to her,
"What I am crying about,
there is no one who can take it
away from me."
The spirit said to her:
"Eh, mother, however painful
the troubles,
there must be a way to remove them."
"an kam halan am tan, ko hodum mbullata?"
Fatuma wii dum yo:
"min, inna am ko njibina mi,
wi yo min ko mi debbo.
wadi kam debbo.
min noon wonaami debbo,
ko mi gorko,
jojojo o noon,
mido ko mi debbo laamdo."
she said: "only tell me,
what you are crying about?
Fatuma told her:
"As for me, when my mother
gave birth to me,
she said that I am a woman,
she made me a woman,
but as for me, I am not a woman,
I am a man.
Now in this way,
I am a wife of the king.
Well, the little old woman has been
going around telling people that
I am not a woman
but am a man.
As for the king, in the near future,
the king has said,
he has not married a man.
He said that when Monday comes round
all his wives
should go to the bantaba to dance.
Each woman that dances there,
as soon as she has danced,
should loosen her skirt,
because the little old woman told hi:
I am not a woman,
(but) I am a man.
Now the king has said
all of his wives
ngamoya to banta pirta
sabaaje mun de,
pur yimbe be fou njiiat
wondema kany reuše muudum be
ko reuše.
awa, ko ni.
maamare wi düm yo: "Yeh!
düm tan."
o wi yo: "ha."
wi düm "yerno cëk.
fittu gite maada."
mi
wi düm yo min/waaawi
ma wad de dëbbbo,
si ko haalanta hai
gooto de."
wi düm: "si a leši tan,
a maayat."
wi düm: "awa."
awa, maamayël nangi düm,
muri düm, muri düm,
muri düm, muri düm,
wukkiti düm.
aduna o fiiu wojji,
nangi düm titi,
muri düm, muri düm,
muri düm, wukkiti düm,
aduna o fiiu wonti baanaani.
nangi düm, muri düm, muri
düm, muri düm, muri düm,
wukkiti düm,

should dance at the banta,
and loosen their skirts,
so that everyone shall see
that his wives are
are women.
Well, that's the way it was.
The old woman (spirit) said: "Hye, is that all?"
She said "Yes."
(The old woman) said "Be quiet.
wipe your eyes."
She said "I can
make you into a woman.
if you do not tell even
a single person."
She said: "If you tell,
you will die."
She replied: "Very well."
Well, the little old woman took her,
sucked her, sucked her,
sucked her, sucked her,
spat her out again,
the whole world became red.
She took her again,
sucked her, sucked her,
sucked her, spat her out again,
the whole world turned green.
She took her, sucked her, sucked her,
sucked her, sucked her,
spat her out again.
Awa ni, aduna o wonti no waa no.
Kono, tai aduna o wonti siifa
Kolo kala mbo nganndu da.
Awa, Sairo muri dum,
Wukkiti dum,
Fatuma wonti debbo.
Sanu niiide mun de,
Setti dumee, setti dumee,
Ha ceejiri no ko ngabbony
Maaro ni.
Sokki dum, sokki dum,
Ha dikkudi mun di 6auli not,
Not, not, not, not.
Fatuma wonti debbo mbeido,
Debbo bejo, mbo nganndu da,
Si nyeenyi tan,
Mbia yo wonaa do,
Mbia yo aduna o fiu nyeenyi.
Awa, wii dum yo: "hiy, 
San wukkalde nde* - 
San nde wukkalde, 
Naara dum maamayel, 
Ngokka dum dyakka.
Kono 'doode' a okkude dum 
--- wowa wukkalde kai!
Wi dum: "San kalle to - 
- San bottere ma, 
Okku dum bottere muudum de!

Well, the world changed back
 to the way it was before.
But, as the world became every kind
of color you know of.
After she sucked her (and)
spat her out.
Fatuma became a woman.
She took her teeth,
sharpened them, sharpened them,
until they were pointed like grains
of rice.
She tattooed her, tattooed her,
until her gums were very black.
Fatuma became a beautiful woman,
a beautiful woman, you know,
if she smiles,
there is nothing like it,
it is as if the whole world smiled.
The old woman) said to her: "Here
take the testicles*,
take these testicles,
take them for the little old woman,
and give them to her to eat.
but (before) she gave them to her
- it was not wukkalde,
she said "Take the genitals -
- take the testicles -
She gave her the testicles.

* Wukkalde: A term used for elephantiasis of the scrotum. The
narrator then substitutes testicles, but reverts to wukkalde later.
She said: "Take (them), when you go cook them for the little old woman, and give them to her to eat."
Well, that's the way it was.
Fatuma went home, took them, cooked them for her, until they were ready, and took them to the little old woman,
and said: "Here, granny, know that I have cooked for you,
I do not know if you can chew it,
your teeth are old."
The little old woman laughed, and said:
"Hey, mother, I have only one tooth,
but I think it is strong."
The little old woman was very glad.
She took the food, ate it, and as soon as she had finished eating,
the little old woman had wonderful large testicles.
Hey, the little old woman was trouble about what to do.
So she took oil, (butter) rubbed it on the testicles, called the dogs, "Come, come, come, come, come, come, eat, eat, eat.
Come, come, come, come, come, come, eat, eat." But the dogs would come and only lick the testicles, and went on their way.
The little old woman remained dragging herself around.
She was not able to leave her house, because of the shame.
So, on Monday, the drum was beaten, (to call people together), and the King said all the people should go to the bantaba (meeting place), his wives should go to dance at the bantaba.
So, the whole village gathered at the bantaba.
When they gathered, the drums were beaten, the king said "Dance."
One by one they danced, one by one they danced.
When each one had danced,
si ama, ha firta saba muuḍum.
yo : "he, o ko ḍebbo."
ni, ha reuše laamdo ḍe
fiu ngami, kẹmpini.
ḥeddī Fatumata.
ni Fatuma joli,
ami, ami, ami, ami, ami,
ha do wi no tuggoto do
tan,
firti saba muuḍum,
firti saba muuḍum tan,
yimše fiu njii, wi yo:
"hn, njaka o ko ḍebbo,
njaka maamayël rimat no."

awa, ko ni.
maamayël hẹrsi
ha wonti waandu,
dogi to ladde.
ni, Fatuma hooti to муэң.

taalol dimaale,
di na yaha,
di na arta.
ni foti fotondoroc.

she was to dance until she loosened her skirt,
They would say):"Yes, that is a woman.
In this way, the king's wives all danced until they had finished,
There remained Fatumata.
So Fatuma went into the circle,
danced & danced & danced & danced,
till she was about to leave the circle there,
(then) she loosened her skirt,
As soon as she loosened her skirt, everyone saw,
"Hn, that is really a woman, the little old woman lied."
So that is the way it was.
The old woman was so ashamed that she turned into a monkey,
and fled to the bush, and Fatuma went home.

A tale of lies,
There it is going,
There it is coming back.
That's the very end.

Sept.
(Washington, D.C. 1975)
Here is a tale.

One who was there is better than one who was not there.

There was once a woman who gave birth to a daughter and said she would call her Penda Who Would Not Be Shamed.

Penda, as long as I am alive, would not be shamed at all in the world.

Well that was the situation.

Penda grew up.

The king married her.

She became the wife of the king.

Well, It happened that Penda was a beautiful woman, but her co-wives said.

"Hn, Penda Who Will Not Be Shamed, we will shame her, If God wills, we will shame her, we have never seen anyone who will not be shamed."

So then the king himself said he would see whether Penda really could not be shamed.
ni, okki reuše muudum ðe fou paraale to ndiyam,
(wi Pënda Sëmtataa)
okki Pënda Sëmtataa fërlo.

wi dum: "wad do faro maada."
awa, Pënda yahi to dou fërlo,
joodi, laari, laari, ha ðoooyi,
wi: "Hn, inna am."
noddi Buubél, wi yo:
"Buubél, yah mbia inna am kany wi no kam yo
mi sëmtataa.
wi dum: 'joo noon o laamdo
okki kam faro to fërlo,
hono hen min mbada mi? "
Buubél yahi to inna,
inna muudum halan-i dum,
inna muudum wii Buubél:
"yah, mbia Pënda.
Sarah ngabbony maaro didony,
naat to fërlo,
imina haaire,
waɗa ton ngabbony maaro kony,
hoota, joodo to suudu mun."
awa, ko ni.
Buubél arti, haalan-i Pënda.
Pënda ɗani ngabbony maaro.

Thus, he gave all his wives rice fields (in the swamps)
(hel told Penda)
he gave Penda Who Could Not Be Shamed a hill,
and said: "Make your rice field here
Well, Penda went up the hill,
sat down, and looked around for a long time,
and said: "Oh, mother."
She called Little Fly, and said:
"Little Fly, go and tell my mother she told me I will not be shamed.
tell her: "Now the king gave me a rice field on a hill, what am I to do?"
Little Fly went to her mother,
her mother told him,
her mother told Little Fly,
"Go and tell Penda, she is to take two grains of rice,
take them to the hill,
lift up a stone,
and put the grains of rice there,
go back home, and remain in the house So that was it.
Little Fly came back, and told Penda. Penda took the grains of rice,
yahi to fɛrlo, 
immini haaire, 
waalini maaro, hooti, 
mbimbita muudum

tawi fɛrlo ŋgo di ama maaro, 
faro maaro, ɗi weidi, 
juude maaro ɗe.
hakke ko mbeidu no ko
nauliraase muudum ɓe wii:
"Hey, njaka!"
awa, ko ni.
maaro woni ha ɗooyi.
maaro ari ɓenndude,
reuve laamdo,
nauliraase Pɛnda ɓe fiu,
tai di nin tami cukalony
ndookowony (ɗumanin) maaro ko.
Pɛnda tan won no alaa
cukayel ndookoyel maaro ko.
awa, ko ni.
noddi Buubel, wi dum
"Buubel, yah mbia inna
maaro am ko ɓenndi,
mi alaa cukayel ndookongel
ɗum de!"
wi dum "eeyi?"
wi dum: "ha."
Buubel yahi to inna muudum,
haalan-i dum.
mbo neli Buubel, wia Buubel
went to the hill,
lifted up a stone,
laid down the rice, and went home.
In the morning
it was found the hill was dancing with
rice, a rice field, it was beautiful,
handfuls of rice.
Because of its beauty
her co-wives exclaimed
"Hey, it's wonderful."
So that was the way it was.
The rice grew for a long time,
and was on the point of ripening.
The king's wives,
all of Penda's co-wives,
happened to have children
to guard the rice.
Penda was the only one without
a little child to guard the rice.
So that was the situation.
She called Little Fly, and told him:
"Little Fly, go and tell mother
my rice is ripe,
but) I have no child to guard
it!"
He said "Is that so?"
She said: "Yes."
Little Fly went to her mother
and told her.
The mother) sent Little Fly, and said
"Go and tell Penda, to go to the bush, and take sticks of dukume, two sticks of dukume - equal in size. Take them, lay them down in her rice field."

Well, Penda went to the bush (peeled saplings of dukume) cut saplings of dukume, peeled them, two equal little sticks, took them, laid them down in her rice farm. (In the morning, two children were heard) She told her, to put the sticks in a (bag, a bag, or what was it called again) - a gourd. She told her to put the little sticks in a gourd, and set it down on her farm."

So, Penda did this. In the morning, her co-wives went to the rice swamp. Their little children were driving away the birds.
ngəsa Pənda tai wontii
dumanin,
cukalony didony nder faandu
to,
di njima, di kəlla, di ngama,

Penda's farm had become
changed (there were)
two children in the gourd
there,
were singing, clapping, dancing.

hai colləl 6attaaki ngəsa mun, not a little bird approached her farm
hai colləl.
awa ko ni.
maaro ko hɛla.
Penda maaro heewi
(heewi kuфа..wona kuфа de !
heewi ngum - wona ngum de !
eeyi ngum ...ngum)
ngum laamdə,
hebbini ngum de muudum fou,
ha hinggal tibi goddi
hakke maaro Penda
ko heeuno ko.
ni, nauliraase muudum
kərsi titi.
kono mbi yo:
"he fado tan."
laamdə wii yo
"en njiiat ha joo."
okki nauliraase Penda de
na'i, wiige,
okki kala dум wiige,
okki Penda ngaari,

Penda's rice was plentiful
(so much it filled the storage bins-
filled the storage houses - it wasn't
houses.. yes. store houses )
the king's store houses,
it filled them all
until in the end he had to make other
because Penda's rice
was so plentiful.
So, her co-wives
were shamed again.
But they said:
"Hey, let us just wait."
and the king said:
"We shall soon see."
He gave Penda's co-wives
cows - milk cows,
he gave each a cow in milk.
he gave Penda a bull,
wii dumen yo: "gooto kala
no addan am kosam,
no šira na'i muudum di,
addan am dam kosam,
ko mi nyaltori."
awa, ko ni.
Penda noddī Buubel
wi dum: "Buubel
yah wi inna am yo:
hīngal noon mi sëmtat,
sabu, min ko ngaari tam mi,
min hono hen ngittiram mi
širaadam to ngaari
ha mi wađa dum kosam,?
nauliraasë am ëf ou
di tami wiigeeje (biige).
awa, ko ni.
inna mun nëlī Buubel,
wi dum: "yah mbia
Penda (no čan koræl muudum,)
no čan bīrdugal muudum,
yaha, tawi ngaari muudum
di hanyə,
no sakku bīrdugal muudum,
naštə to cuudi,
yoowa to dou kaggu,
hippa, joodo.
told them: "Each one
should bring me sour milk,
should milk her cows,
and bring me the sour milk
for my breakfast."
So, that was the situation.
Penda called Little Fly
and said: "Little Fly,
go and tell my mother
finally I shall be shamed in this way
because it is a bull that I have,
how am I to obtain (fresh)
milk from a bull
to make sour milk?
All my co-wives
have cows in milk."
Well, that was the situation.
Her mother sent Little Fly,
and said: "Go and tell
Penda (that she should take her little
calabash)
that she should take her milking
calabash,
and go, and when she finds her bull
urinating,
she should fill the milking calabash,
take it home,
put it high up on the platform,
cover it, sit down (=wait)
be quiet, and see what happens."
So that's the way it was.
Penda's co-wives when they went to the herd,
and their cows were being milked,
would say: "Yes,
well, finally we shall see if she will be shamed.
it was said she could not be shamed.
We shall soon see if a bull will produce milk."
So, Penda said not a thing,
(but) took her little calabash,
and went, and waited until her bull began to urinate, and filled it.
As soon as it was finished,
she took her little calabash of urine,
and carried it home,
and put it high up on her milk platform and kept quiet.
In the morning the king asked Penda to bring him the sour milk.
Penda took down her calabash and found it had become cream,
pure cream,
the sour milk was full of cream.
ni laamdo. wia yo:
"he, awa, Penda, an
waawaani ma sëmtinde,
en siko, ha joo/njiat."
i, wi dum yo:
"janëgo ko calle paala mi
ngaddana mi."
awa, tai noon,
on waktu wone waktu calle,
tai calle caami no.

Penda neli Buubel wi dum:
"yah mbia inna,
on nyan noon, mi sëmta,
calle caami,
kono laamdo wi yo:
janëgo no mi na'ëm dum
calle.
awa, ko ni
Buubel yahi haalan-i
inna muudum.
inna muudum wi dum.
"yah mbia Penda no yaha
to calle,
šoora hën kaakaale de dantañ,
addu he korël muudum."

ni, yahi
šooroyi kaakaale calle,
addi, hippi,
yoowi to dou kaggu,
bimbi jippini,
tawi koreel di heewi tep
calle. yo:
na6i, wii/laamdo, 'hin.'
yimbe 6e fou mbii:
"he, anndu noon o
semintake." yo:
awa. laamdo wii dum/"he."
wi dum: "Penda an noon
mi semtina ma de !"
wi yo: "joojoo o, han
nyande arti,
l6bbi sappo he didi,
nyan, hitaande, si arti,
ha ni nyande wootere
na yautu (si arti ?)
mido faala kala d6bbbo am,
addana kam si66e am to
banta,
kollen aduna o fou,
wondema 6e ko si66e am
"reu6e am he si66e am."
tai noon, Penda kany alaa
hai siido,
waawatara he6de si66e.
nii, Penda nei Buub6el titi,
wii dum: "yah wia inna.
laamdo wii:
placed them high on the platform,
In the morning she took them down.
and found the little calabash
completely full of challe fruit,
took it, and said to the king, "Here:" Everybody said:
"Hey, know that she cannot
be shamed."
Well, the king said: "Hey,
and told her "Penda, as for you,
I will shame you."
He said: "Now,
when this day comes
twelve months from now,
next year,
when this day
comes back,
I want each of my wives
me
to bring/my children to
the bantaba,
to show the whole world,
that these are my children,
my wives and my children."
It happened, Penda had not
even a child,
she could not have children.
So, Penda sent Little Fly again,
and said to him: "Go and tell mother,
the king said:
hitande han si arti,  
a min tawoyi dum to banta,  
min he biishe amen.  
joojoo o noon.  
an wii no kam mi semtataa,  
siko ngal, ngal mi semta."  
inna muuðum neli Buubel.  
wii dum yo: "yah mbia  
Penda no yah to ladde,  
hela cabony didony dukume,  
arta, wada dumen to faandu,  
moptat to futu muuðum."  
awa ni, Penda wadi noon  
konya pechony dukume  
gonti cukalony.  
mauni, he mauni, he mauni.  
Penda uddi suudu muuðum,  
hai gooto nattaani ton.  

yimee nanat cukalony,  
di nin pija,  
siko hai gooto meeda  
dumem yiide.  
Penda wii yo: hai gooto  
yiates cukalony muuðum,  
ha nyande poti ya-de to  
banta.  
reuse laamdo mbia:  
"Hoi, woti danko de !

a year from today,  
I am to meet him at the bantaba,  
our  
with my children.  
Now indeed,  
you told me I should never be shamed,  
but this time, this time I  
will be shamed."  
Her mother sent Little Fly,  
and told him: "Go and tell  
Penda she is to go to the bush,  
and cut two little branches of dukume  
come back, and put them in a gourd,  
and keep it in her basket."  
Well then, Penda did so,  
those slivers of dukume  
turned into children,  
and grew and grew and grew.  
Penda closed her house -  
not a single person would go in there.  

People heard children  
playing,  
but not a single person  
ever got a glimpse of them.  
Penda said no one  
should see her children,  
until the day they were required  
to go to the bantaba.  
The king's wives said:  
"Hey, don't believe it !
It is not true!
Don't believe it!
until we see."
Well, the day(came) the king said
they were to go to the bantaba,
Penda's co-wives all
took their children,
washed them until they were clean,
dressed them up finely,
and rushed them,
and took them to the bantaba.
Well, that is the way it was.
The king sat at the bantaba,
all his wives came,
except for Penda.
The king sent a message, and said,
"Go and tell Penda,
we are waiting,
It is her alone
we are waiting for,
that she might bring her children
for me to see."
Penda said to the messenger:
"Go and tell the king,
my children will not come out
until he brings something to spread
for them where they tread,
until it reaches to the bantaba."
The king sent people
to bring bamboo mats.
mbërti cadye de,
gila to suudu Pënda ha to banta to.
Pënda funnti, laari,
wi nëlada.
wi ñum: "yah mbia yo laamdo
cadye de carfat ñiööe am.
wi ñum no wërtu ko
büri ñum, ko wønacadye."
laamdo nuloyi base.
base de mbërti gila to
suudu Pënda ha to banta.
Pënda wii laamdo
no wërtu hën bajaaji gude.
laamdo neloyi nëladaë
muudum, ngari,
mbërti mbajjuuje.
gila to suudu Pënda
haa to banta.
ni Pënda funntini ćikkony
muudum didony,
cukayël Gorel he de'el,
funntini dùmen to dammugal
do tan.
aduna o fiu wønti baanaani
laamdo neli wi yo:
"yah wióya Pënda
si tai ko nii addirta
siisëe muudum han no
ruttito."

They spread the mats
from Penda's house to the
bantaba.
Penda came out, looked,
and said to the messenger,
said to him: "Go and tell the king,
bamboo will prick my children,
tell him to spread
something better, not bamboo."
The king sent woven mats.
The mats were spread from
Penda's house to the bantaba.
Penda said to the king
that he should spread cloths (blanket
The king sent his messengers
they came,
and spread blankets.
from Penda's house
to the bantaba.
Thus, Penda brought out
her two little children,
a little boy and a little girl.
As soon as she brought them out to
the door,
the whole world changed to green.
The king sent a message:
"Go and tell Penda,
if that is the way she brings out
her children,
she should go back."
Penda ruttiti,
nattini ściège muudum. 
aduna o wonti no waa no.

funntini ḏumën titi. 
aduna o fiu wonti gorombodo. 
laamdo wi "yah wioy yo Penda
si tai ko ni ściège muudum
ngartata tan.
no ruttu ḏumën."
Penda rutti ściège muudum
titi.
aduna wonti no waa no.
funntini ḏumën titi.
dula o fiu wojji coi.
a wiat ko ściège muudum
laamdo wi: "he, yah wioya
Penda yo:
si tai ściège mun ści
ngarata ban.
no accu don.
si tai ko ni tan."
awa, ko ni.
Penda funntini ściège muudum,
aduna o wonti no waa no.
rengini ḏumën.
nyaadyi, nyaadyi ha to banta
to laamdo.
kala njiido kony cukalony
(wia) "he, kony cukalony

Penda returned,
took her children in.
The world became the way it was
before.
She took them out again.
The whole world became orange.
The king said: "Go and tell Penda
if that is the way her children
are coming out,
she should take them back."
Penda took back her children
again.
The world became the way it was before.
She took them out again.
Everywhere became very red,
like blood.
The king said: "Hey, go and tell
Penda,
if that is the way her children
come,
leave off there,
if that is the only way."
Well, that is the way it was.
Penda took out her children again,
the world became the way it was before.
She led them,
they marched, marched to the bantaba,
to the king.
Everyone who saw those children
(exclaimed): "Hey, those children
moddyi mbaadi.
kony cukalony mbeidi.
he mi meeda yiide əiəće 
no əe nii.
he koni goram əe di mbeidi.
reüše laamdo kaən he
cukale muen mbonše ənaari, heh!" their children are ugly, indeed. !"
ëen fiu ndaari kony cukalony 
ndaari dumən, ndaari dumən 
kori ittude gite muən 
kony cukalony hakke 
ko mbeidi ko.
laamdo wi yo kaən fou,
joojoo o acci dumən 
joo kany kam waawataa 
semtinde ðenda.
ðenda woni ðebbo muudum joo.
kany ko ðenda tan faala ðebbo.

awa ko ni,
əeya reüše laamdo 
naulirasaəe ðenda 
fou deule muən caaki.
həddi ðenda tan,
kany he əiəće muudum, 
he laamdo.
ìi, taalol foti, 
taalol dimaaale. 
di na yaha, 
di na arta. 
(Washington, D.C. 1975)

are beautiful.
Those children are beautiful.
I have never seen children
like those.
Hey, indeed, those children are
beautiful.
The king's wives and
They all stared at those children,
stared at them, stared at them,(and)
could not take their eyes off them,
on account of the children's
beauty.
The king told them all (that) 
= divorce
now he would leave them alone,
now he could not
shame Penda.
Penda was his wife now.
It was Penda alone he wanted for his
wife.
Well, that's the way it was.
The wives of the king,
Penda's co-wives, 
all their marriages were broken.
There remained only Penda, 
and her children
with the king.
That's the end of the tale, 
a tale of lies, 
it has gone, 
it has come back.
A version of this tale written in English "She that would not be shamed-the three tasks of Penda" by 'Ndungu', was printed in the Gambian magazine *Ndaanan* Vol.2, No.1, March 1972, 30-32.
(11) THE RIVER MONSTER

tal taale,
ngonoodo 6uri ko alaa
no don.
dëbbo gooto won no,
tai ko reedu molanteendu
Alla.
yahi ñyoogol to maayo.

ñyoogi ha hëmpini,
hoori ronnditaade.

dari to daŋ maayo do,
wi yo: "He, Alla !
mi anndaa hono mbada mi han.
hombo ronndita kam ?"
nyirtotal nyirti arde,
wi ñum: "hn, mi
ronnda ma."
wi ñum: "cam."
neunina kam faka.
Alla dandu !"

ni, nyirtotal ruttili.
liŋṇu ari, wi ñum yo:
"hn, mi walla ma."
wi ñum: "cam,
njeitina kam faka,
Alla sur dandu."
liŋṇu ruttili to maayo.

Here is a tale.
One who was there is better than
one who was not there.
There was once a woman.
It happened that she was far advanced
in pregnancy.
She went to the river to fetch water.

She drew water until she had
finished.
but was unable to raise it to her head
again.

She stood on the river bank,
and said: "Oh, God !
I don't know what I am going to do no.
Who will put the load on my head ?

A worm crawled up,
and said: "Here, I
will help you put the load on your
head." She replied "Cham !
you will make my jar slimy.
God forbid."

So the worm went back.
A fish came, and said to her:
"Here, I will help you."
She replied: "Cham.
you will make my jar smell,
God forbid !"

The fish went back into the river.

1. Cam = An exclamation of disgust.
The river stirred up, a hippopotamus came out, and said: "Here, let me help you."
She replied: "No."
She said: "You will eat me."
The hippo went back into the river.
Each little creature that was in the river came out, and said to her "Let me help you."
She replied: "No."
So, then, there remained only the river monster. The river stirred, and stirred, and stirred, and became very muddy, and stirred and stirred, and stirred, and became deep green, stirred and stirred, and stirred, and became very, very, red.

Well, it stirred and stirred, and stirred, and became the way it was before.
The river monster came out and said to her "Hey, woman." and went on "If I raise your load, what will you give me?"

it became blue, deep blue, it stirred and stirred and stirred.
"ko won to reedu am ko, si woni gorko, winner kaødiijo ma. si woni dëbbô, dëbbô maâda."

awâ, ni, dyëpti faka o, kuulli ngi ronndi dûm ha to pêlle, ronndi dûm haa to pêlle, wi dûm: "Hn, dëbbô, si mi ronndi ma, hodûm ngokkata kam ?" wi dûm: yo: "ko won to reedu am ko, si woni dëbbô, dëbbô maâda, si woni gorko, kaødiijo ma."

ronndi dûm haa to koppi, wi dûm: "he, dëbbô, mîdo ma ronnda de ! si mi ronndi ma, hodûm ngokkata kam ?" wi dûm: " si woni gorko, wona kaødiijo ma, si woni dëbbô, dëbbô maâda."

ronndi dûm haa to keesi, wi dûm: "dëbbô, She said to him:
"What is in my belly, if it is a male, he will be your opponent. if female, she will be your wife."

Well, he took the pot, and raised it to her ankles. When he raised it to her ankles, he said: "Hey, woman, if I raise it for you, what will you give me ?"

She said:
"What is in my belly, if it is a woman, (will be) your wife if it is male, your opponent."

He raised it to her knees, and said to her: "Hey, woman, I am raising it. If I raise it for you, what will you give me ?

She replied:
"If it is a male, he will be your opponent, if it is female, your wife."

He raised it to her waist, and said: "Woman,
mido ma ronnda,
hodum ngokkata kam ?
wi dum yo:
"si woni debbo,
debbo maada,
wi woni gorko,
ka3diijo ma."
ronndi dum ha to balbe.
wi dum : Hn, debbo,
mido ma ronnda, de !
hodum ngokkata kam ?
wi dum yo:
"si woni gorko,
ka3diijo ma,
si woni debbo,
debbo maada."
roondi dum ha njotti
to dou hoore,
kuulli ngi wii dum:
"hn, mi ronndii ma."
wi dum: "hodum
ngokkata kam ?
wi dum yo:
"si woni gorko
wona ka3diijo,
si woni debbo,
debbo maada."
i, kuulli ngi wi dum
"awa."
ruttiti nder maayo.
I am raising it,
what will you give me ?
She replied:
"If it is female,
your wife,
if it is male,
your opponent."
He raised it to her shoulders,
and said: "Hey, woman,
I am raising it for you!
What will you give me ?
She replied:
"If it is male,
your opponent,
if it is female,
your wife."
He raised it until it reached
above her head.
The monster said to her:
"Hn, I have raised it for you,"
He said: "What
will you give me ?
She said:
"If it is male,
he will be your opponent,
if it is female,
your wife."
So, the monster said:
"Very well."
and went back into the river.
dëbbo hooti.
ko ni, jippii.
jippii dëbbo.
awa, wi cukayël deyëngël
Mairam.
Mairam woni, woni, woni,
ha mauni,
ha woni bamma,
hëmpii.
tai noon kuulli ŋgi di fadi.
ha Mairam wona bamma.
nyande Mairam hëmpii,
on nyan kuulli ŋgi pari
no dum arande.
on nyan Mairam kany he
fułañeeše muudum ñe fiuù.
he kambaane ñe muën,
di kiiri to diure, ¹
di nduukni dula o fiu,
di leëa tan, di leëa,
di njala to, di boilondira to.
awa, kuulli ŋgi iwi to
maayo to, di yima,
di ara to saare to.

"Mairam ma jinjilo di to lei.
Mairam ma jinjilo di to lei."

Mairam en di nin nduukni,
nanaani kuulli ŋgi di ara,
di yima.

The woman went home.
So, she gave birth,
gave birth to a girl.
Well, she called the little girl
Mairam.
Mairam was there,
until she grew up,
until she was adolescent,
ready for marriage.
It happened that the monster was
waiting,
until Mairam grew up,
When she was ready for marriage,
then the monster prepared
to come for her.
On that day Mairam and
all her companions,
and their boy friends,
were spending the evening at the diure,
and were making a noise everywhere,
talking and talking,
laughing, and flirting.
Well the monster rose out
of the river and was singing,
and was coming towards the village.

"Mairam majinjilo is below,
Mairam majinjilo is below."

Mairam's people were making a noise,
and did not hear the monster coming
and singing.

¹. diure: The platform on which people sit.
ha gooto he muen njëntiti tan, until one of them listened,  
nani kuulli nga: and heard the monster:
"Mairam ma jinjilo di to lei.  "Mairam mafjinjilo is below,  
Mairam ma jinjilo di to lei." Mairam mafjinjilo is below,"
kuulli nga di ara,  
wi yo: "he, njënte de!  
I heard something,  
njënte, njënte,  
listen."  
min mi nani huunde de,  
(The youth) said: "Hey, listen,  
njënte."  

\(\text{Sen mbi dum yo:} \quad \text{They said to him:} \quad \text{"Hey, so and so,} \)
ko ni dumanin da?  
what are you up to?  
an hodum hen cikku da ngon da?  
what do you think you are?  
wota tampin yimbe de, wai!  
Don't trouble people
hodum hen nan da."  
with what you heard."  
wi dum: "njënte tan."  
He replied: "Just listen."  
sali dum dañkaare,  
They refused to heed him.  
ni, kuulli nga di ara,  
So the monster kept coming,
\(\text{di yima:} \quad \text{singing:} \)
"Mairam ma jinjilo di to lei.  "Mairam mafjinjilo is below,  
Mairam ma jinjilo di to lei." Mairam mafjinjilo is below.

\(\text{ni, cukayel goongel he muen} \quad \text{So, one of the other children} \)
njëntiti.  
listened,

\(\text{gooto he muen njëntiti,} \quad \text{As one of them listened,} \)
\(\text{kañkala} \quad \text{he heard it, and said:} \)
\(\text{/ nani dum, wi yo:} \quad \text{"Hey, know what so and so said} \)
\(\text{"he, anndu noon, kaari ko wi} \quad \text{is true! Listen!"} \)
\(\text{ko goonga de! njënte."} \quad \text{There is something there singing} \)
\(\text{di woodi ko yimata} \quad \text{outside the village.} \)
\(\text{to ngada saare to.} \quad \text{Well, in this way, all listened.} \)
\(\text{awa, ni, kaen fou njënti} \)
As they listened, they heard the monster singing:

One said: "Hey, Mairam, do you hear, it is you, it is your name the monster is singing. yeh, Mairam, do you hear? it is for you the monster has come."

They all scattered, and each ran off, and went home, and locked their doors. Mairam ran home, but found her mother had locked their house door. However much she called, her mother refused to answer her. Every time her father wanted to get up and open the door, her mother would tell him: "(if you open), you will not touch my waist beads, you will not touch my waist beads."
The father lay down, and would not get up.
So, Mairam did not have any place to go.
and sat down on the diure.
kuulli ngi yima,
yimi kala Mairam nooto dum:
"Mairam ma jinjilo di to lei,
Mairam ma jinjilo di to lei."
Mairam nooti dum yo:
"inna am, yo, ba am, yo,
mi annáa ko wíte ma to
ngáda saare to.
Mairam ma jinjilo di to lei."
Mairam nooto dum:
"inna am, yo, ba am, yo,
mi annáa ko wíte ma,
to ngáda saare to.
Mairam ma jinjilo di to lei."
kuulli ngi di ara,
In this way, the monster kept coming,
mi, kuullii ngi di ara,
coming and coming, and coming.
di ara, di ara, di ara.
"Mairam ma jinjilo di to lei.
Mairam ma jinjilo di to lei."
Mairam nooto dum:
"inna am, yo, ba am, yo,
mi annáa ko wíte ma,
to ngáda saare to.
Mairam ma jinjilo di to lei."
kuulli ngi ari ha foti
The monster came until it reached
the fence of the compound.
to cátyal galle muéñ do.
"Mairam ma njinjilo di to lei."
Mairam nooti:
"inna am, yo, ba am, yo,
mi annáa ko wíte ma,
to ngáda saare to.
Mairam ma njinjilo di to lei."
kuulli ngi dyéeñi cátyal ngal,
The monster climbed the fence,
naatí to nder galle.
and entered the compound,
di arana Mairam:
and came towards Mairam.
"Mairam ma njinjilo di to lei."
Mairam nooti:
"inna am, yo, ba am, yo.
mi annáa ko wíte ma,
Mairam ma njinjilo di to lei."
kuulli ngi di ara, ara, ara.
The monster kept coming,
ari ha tiimi Mairam:
until it stood over Mairam:
"Mairam ma njinjilo di to lei."  "Mairam ma njinjilo is below."

Mairam nooti:

"inna am, yo, ba am, yo.
mi annnnaa ko wite ma.
Mairam ma njinjilo di to lei."

Mairam answered:

"My mother, my father,
I do not know what is calling me. Mairam manjinjilo is below.

The monster took Mairam,
put her on its head, and set off for the river, singing:

"Mairam ma njinjilo is below."

Mairam nooti:

"inna am, yo, ba am, yo.
mi annnnaa ko wite ma.
Mairam ma njinjilo di to lei."

Mairam answered:

"My mother, my father,
I do not know what is calling me Mairam manjinjilo is below."

When the monster was about to carry off Mairam,
her boy friend went and took his gun,
and came, and was about to shoot the river monster.

But the monster stopped,
and said: "Hey, my friend,"
and continued "you are very brave,
but I will leave Mairam with you,
because you showed me,
your love for her is greater than mine,
your gun, if you had shot,
would not have touched me,
I would have killed you.
I am able to kill you,
and take Mairam,
but you, you are brave.

Kuulli ngi no wi no di nin naa Mairam tan,
kambaane Mairam o saaoyi giddi muudum,
ari, wi di fella kuulli ngi maayo.

ni, kuulli ngi darii.
wi dum: "be, ba am."
wi dum: "an ado tiidi reedu,
kono mi accirima Mairam,
sabu a holli kam,
njikki maada oori njikki am.
giddi maada si a felli.
naatataa kam.
mi wara ma.
mi waa wa ma waa de!
mi naa Mairam.
kono an, ko ado suusi reedu.
joojoo o, mi wadat fii Alla.
mi accirama Mairam.
kono mi haalana ma.
Mairam, inna muudum
okku no kam dum,
tai ko reedu.
yah no to maayo dyoogoya,
de kori heë/ndonndu do dum.
donndu mi do.
wi kam yo:
yo, ko heëi kala,
si woni gorko.
ownat kaëëdijo am.
si woni dëbbo, wonat dëbbo am.
wi, joo noon ko dëbbo am
ngarano mi.
ko noon, mi accirima dum.
yah."
ni, acci Mairam he kambaane muudum.
ruttiti to maayo.
Mairam en kootito cuudi.

Now, I will do it for
the sake of God,
and leave Mairam for you.
but I will tell you,
Mairam's mother
had given her to me,
when she was pregnant,
when she had gone to the river to
fetch water,
and was unable to lift (the pot).
I raised it for her there.
She told me:
whatever she had,
if it was male,
would be my opponent.
if it was female, would be my wife.
So, now, it is my wife
I have come for.
However, I will leave you with her.
Go."
So, he let Mairam and her boyfriend
go,
and returned to the river.
Mairam and her friend went back home.

So that's the end of the tale,
a tale of lies,
There it is going away,
There it is coming back,

(Washington, D.C. 1975)
Here is a tale.
One who was there is better
than one who was not there.

Hyaena once quarreled with
Friend Hare.

One day they went hunting,
there was a fork in the road,
they came to where the road
forked.

Friend Hare said to Hyaena;
"You take the left,
I will take the right."

Hyaena said to him, "Yes,
you will be eating away,
I will be starving away,
so you take the left,
I will take the right."

Friend Hare said to him,
"All right, I agree."

So that's the way it was.
But when we return,
we should meet here,
ndaaren ko gooto kala ko kẹsì."

and see what each has obtained."

Hyaena said: "Very well."

So, Friend Hare took the left,
Hyaena took the right.
fowrual yahi, yahi, yahi
tawoyi kojojaaje keeude.
nangi kojojaaje,
hbebini kufa muudum,
di dyakka kojojaaje,
di hocca, di dyakka,
ha hbebini kufa muudum.
waaji bojel kany yahi,
yahi tawoyi wu leggal.
wia yo: "bo nar", udditi.
tawi ton njumri,
nyaami njumri, nyaami,
nyaami ha haari tep.
hbebini dumani muudum
- sassyel muudum.
wi yo: "bo kip."
wu o uddi.
awa, waaji bojel hooti, nako,
nangi laawol, ruttiti,
tawoyi fowrual to laasi
di peccondiri do.
wi dum: "waaji fowru,
hodum an kee da.?”
fowrual itti kojojaaje
muudum, wi dum "meed".
waaji bojel meedi,
wi "cam. cam. cam,
kojojaaje."
wukkiti dum,
tuuti dum to.

Hyena went on and on,
and found many beetles,
he gathered the beetles,
filled his bag,
chewed the beetles,
gathered them, chewed them,
filled his bag.
As for Friend Hare he went off,
and found a hollow tree.
When he said "bo ngar", it opened.
He found honey there.
He ate the honey, and ate
and ate until he was completely full.
He filled his (what's its name)
-his little bag,
(When) he said "bo kip",
the tree closed up.
Well, Friend Hare went home, I mean,
took the road back, and returned
and found Hyena at the road
fork there.
He said "Friend Hyena,
what did you get?"
Hyena took out his beetles
and said "taste them,"
Friend Hare tasted them,
and said, "Cham, cham, cham, beetles."
and spat them out,
spat them out.
wi dum yo: "fado min,
mi meed'na ma."
loppi kollel muddum to
sasa muddum.
meed'ni fowrual.
Fowrual meed'i njumri ndi tan,
nyatti kollel waaji bojel,
wi dum yo:
"si a haalanaani
hoto ha' n ke's da ndi njumri tan, where you obtained the honey,
mi dyakkat kollel maafa (ngel). I will bite ... your finger,
mi heltat dum."
awa, waaji bojel wii dum, yo: Well, Friend Hare told him,
"nangu ngal datal tan,
si a yahi,
a tawat wu Sohi,
a tawat leaggi molanteengi Alla, you will find a wonderful large tree
mbia 'bo narr,' ya (?) uddito, if you say 'bo ngar' it will open.
njumri ndi di to nder.
ko noon, si a naati han,
uddoto.
si a faala funtude han,
mbia: 'bo narr.'
'bo kip'uddoto,
'bo narr' uddito."
Fowrual yahi,
"bo kip, bo narr.
bo kip, bo narr,
bo kip, bo narr."
He said to him: "Wait,
let me give you a taste."
He put his little finger into
his bag,
and gave a taste to Hyaena.
As soon as Hyaena tasted the honey,
he bit Hare's little finger,
and said to him:
"If you do not tell me
where you obtained the honey,
and break it off.
Well, Friend Hare told him,
'Take that path,
when you go,
you will find a hollow baobab tree,
you will find a wonderful large tree
The honey is inside,
so, as soon as you go in,
close it.
When you want to go out,
you should say "bo ngar".
"bo kip" closes,
"bo ngar" opens."
Hyena went off, (saying)
"bo kip, bo ngar,
bo kip, bo ngar,
bo kip, bo ngar."
yahi ha yotti to wu ṣọhi to. (wi) yo:
"bo ṣar.". ṣọhi ki udditi, he fowrual meeda yiide njumri ko heewiri noon. al fowru/nyami, nyami, nyami, nyami, metti ha tuggi hoore muudum nde he wu ṣọhi, tai ko naati ko noon, wi'i "bo kip,"
ha dum uddito to ọaawo muudum. joojoo fowrual di to n'der di tan metta njumri, di metta, di metta, di metta, tuggi hoore muudum nde to wu ṣọhe to. yeejiti wondema njumri nakkoto neddo, awa, ḉebbini sasa muudum ha heewi, wi yo: "bo ṣar", udditi, wi di funnta, hoto ẹn waauta funntude, ẹtti o ẹtti, hoto ẹn tai, njaka hoore muudum nde, di nin nakkì njumri leggal to. until he reached the hollow baobab. (He said):
"bo ngar". The baobab opened, and Hyaena had never seen such a great amount of honey. Hyaena ate and ate and ate and ate. He licked until he pressed his head against the baobab tree.
When he had come in, he had said "bo kip." and it closed behind him. Now Hyaena inside was licking honey, and licking and licking pressing his head against the hollow baobab tree. He forgot completely that honey would stick a person. Well, he filled his bag until it was full. He said "bo ngar," it opened, When he was about to go out, he could not move at all. However much he tried, not one bit, because his head was stuck to the tree with honey.
The honey had glued his head to the trunk inside the hollow tree. However much Hyaena pulled and pulled, pulled and pulled, he could not get out. Hyaena remained there for some time, until Friend Hare passed by and said "Hye, Hyaena, what are you doing here still?"

He replied: "I am unable to get out of here. Hare said "Try."

No result. Hare said: "Well then, wait for me."

Friend Hare went, and took, and peeled a rod, and came back, and took all his strength and struck Friend Hyaena. Friend Hyaena jumped, and flew off leaving his scalp sticking to the baobab tree. Hey, he said if he caught Friend Hare he would kill him to pay for his scalp.

Friend Hare ran and ran, and ran and ran.

(Hyaena) went to chase him...
waaji fouru arti
etti ha nakkiti
nguru hoore muudum,
Sakkito hoore muudum,
yahi ...

Friend Hyaena came back,
tried until he loosened
his scalp,
and stuck it back on his head.
and went off...

Hyaena and the Little Old Woman.

..yahi tawoyi
maamayél di joodi
to suudu mun.
wi yo: "he, maama,"
wi dum: "maama, jam nyalli."
maamayél wi dum:
"jam tan, hono nyallu da?"

He went and found
Little Grandmother sitting
in her house.
He said: "Hey, Granny,"
He said: "Granny, good afternoon."
Granny replied:
"Peace only, how have you spent the
day?"

It happened that Grandmother
had a flock of goats and sheep,
- a flock of sheep.
Hyaena said "Grandmother,
I have come for you to shave my head."

maama wi dum: "Hey, fouru,
ado anndi noon, min,
mi waawa.
mi alaa laçi mbölki."
wi dum: "yo, eeyi, maama,
an kam faammba'm tan.
a yiaani hoore am de
no waayi.
mi do wuya no bete,

Grandmother replied: "Heh, Hyaena,
you know that I
am not able,
I have no sharp knife."
He said "Yes, Grandmother,
just shave my head.
Don't you see my head,
how it is.
My hair is very bushy.
fəmmba."
maama wi ðum: "he, fowru,
anndu noon lași am ki
we:ləani de."
wi yo: "eh, an kəm fəmmbu tan,"He replied: "Well, just shave me."
maama ᵃnə la:bəl muudum
diyibi tan,
nguru fowru, nguru hoore
fowru ᵃkkiti yanoyi to.
 yo:
fowruyal wi'y "yoo, maama,
yoɕ am nguru hoore am,
yoo, maama,
yoɕ am nguru hoore am,
lar ko mbaʃ əə .
yoɕ am nguru hoore am."
wi ðum: "Hey, fowruyal, awa,
yah to ngum to,
ənọy ton mbaalu."
fowruyal yahi to ngum,
ənə - wənaangum-
yahi to wuro to,
ənə ton mbaalu,
nəsi to muən.
kany he Sira muudum
he ɨiɛe muudum ñyakəki.
fowruyal kumni ɨgu
mbaalu tan.
Soyaani titi arti,
Shave it."
Grandmother said: "Hey, Hyaena, you know my knife is not sharp."
Grandmother took her little knife and as soon as she touched (his head) the skin of the hyaena—the scalp of the hyaena which he had stuck on fell off.
Hyaena said: "Yes, Grandmother, pay me for my scalp.
Yes, Grandmother,
pay me for my scalp.
Look what you have done.
Pay me for my hair."
She said: "Eh, Hyaena, well, go to the pen,
take a sheep there."
Hyaena went to the pen, took—it was not the pen—he went to the flock, and took a sheep, and took it home.
He and his wife Sira and his children ate it up.
When Hyaena had finished that sheep.
after a little while, he came back
wi yo: "Maama,
yoço nguru hoore am,
ha joo laar,
an ittu no nguru hoore am.
(wi Ḟum), laar, yoço am
ha joo wattaake."
nii, fowrual nyande o nyande
ara ḍaŋa baali maama di.

maamayel hiŋgal goram
hori anndude no wadi.
di tan wulla, di wulla.
di tan wulla, di wulla.
fowrual ari ḋaŋi baali,
ngon no di to wuro maamayel
to, fou, gootel, gootel,
gootel, gootel, naši.
maamayel hiŋgal Ḇeddodi
ndamdi baali gooti.
fowrual ari, wi Ḟum:
"maama, yoço am nguru
hoore am."

maama wi Ḟum: "Ee, fowrual,
ko ndamdi wotiri Ḇeddan-i
kam."
wi Ḟum: "kon accan am Ḟum,"
wi Ḟum: "hani."
wi Ḟum: "a yoọata nguru hoore
am."
fowrual naši ndamdi.

again, and said: "Grandmother,
pay for my scalp.
Look at it even now,
It was you who took off my scalp,
(He said), Look, pay me,
even yet it is not mended."
So every day Hyaena
would come and take Grandmother's
sheep.

After a while Granny was
troubled about what to do.

She kept crying, and crying,
she kept crying, and crying.
Hyaena came and took sheep,
which were in Granny's flock,
all of them, one by one,
one by one, he took them.
Granny eventually had remaining
only one ram - the head of the herd.
Hyaena came, and said:
"Grandmother, pay me for my scalp."

Grandmother said to him: "Eh, Hyaena,
there is only one ram left
for me."
She said: "Please leave it for me."
He said: "No."
He said: "You will pay me for my
scalp."

Hyaena then took away the ram.
Well, Lion passed by, and saw Granny crying, and asked her: "Grandmother, what are you crying about?"

Granny told him, and said: "As for me, Hyaena came here, and asked me to shave him against my will (lit. by force). I shaved him. It happened his scalp was stuck on. He said that I took off his scalp. He has eaten my sheep—all of my sheep."

Well, that's the way it was. Lion said to her: "Take me to your herd, to your flock," and said "Tie me up there. Don't tell him anything. When he comes, give me to him, Tell him to come, Tell him that you have kept me back."

So, Hyaena came, wi) "maama, yoš nguru hoore am, and said): "Grandmother, pay for my scalp,
maama, yoo nguru hoore am, 
mido anndi ado mopti 
ndamdi surndi faynde ndi. 
hoto moptu da dum? " 
maama wi dum: "fowrual am, 
kon accan am di, 
ko ndi tan heddan-i kam," 
Fowrual sali, 
wi dum: "yo, maama, 
si a okkaani kam 
ndamdi baali ndi tan, 
mi dyakka ma do, joo joo, 
joo, joo, hoore ma." 
maama wi dum "awa, 
yahan dum." 
fowrual yahi to nguppua baali- 
to wuro baali - 
tawi ton kaandi, 
kany ma laaraani bom, 
Sani boggol ngol, 
yahi, foodi, 
wi di naa to muen 
njaha no to laawol ni, 
hauri he waaji bojel, 
wi dum: "waaji bojel, 
sogga am mbaalu am." 
awa, ko ni. 
waaji bojel Sani pecel muudum, 
abbi fowru, 

Grandmother pay for my scalp. 
I know that you have kept back 
the fattest of the rams, 
where have you kept it?" 
Grandmother said: "My Hyaena, 
please leave it for me, 
only that one remains for me." 
Hyaena refused. 
He said: "Grandmother, 
if you do not give me 
the ram, 
I will eat you here, now, 
now, yourself." 
Grandmother said to him: "Very well, 
go for him." 
Hyaena went to the pen— 
to the flock of sheep— 
and found the lion, 
he did not even look closely, 
but) took the rope, 
and went off pulling it, 
to take it home. 
When he was going along the road thus 
his Friefriend Hare, 
and said to him: "Friend Hare, 
help drive my sheep for me." 
Well, that's what happened. 
Friend Hare took his little stick, 
and followed Hyaena.
fowru di tami öoggol muudum,
waaji bojel noon kany yii
wondema wonaa mbaalu won nin,
sabu immini pecel muudum kala,

yia gite de kaandi laarta dum. he saw the eyes of the lion staring

wi yo:
"ciŋ, ciŋ, ciŋ, ciŋ,
naŋi ko andaa,
"ching, ching, ching, ching,
taking what you don't know,

fowrual wia dum:
"he. soggu wai !
hodum hėn an leštata ni."
"ciŋ, ciŋ, ciŋ, ciŋ,
naŋi ko andaa."

bojel wi dum:
"cing, cing, cing, cing,
naŋi ko andaa."

fowrual wi dum:
"an kam, soggu tan."
waaji bojel njahi,
"ching, ching, ching, ching,
taking what you don't know."

hodum hėn an leštata ni.
bojel wi dum:
"ching, ching, ching, ching,
taking what you don't know."

mi faala sēl de ladde,
mi aranni joo."
wi dum "awa,
kono jailo de ! "
"ching, ching, ching, ching,
taking what you don't know."

Then said: "Hyaena, as for me,
(I must)

I must go aside to the bush (= to
urinate etc.)
I am coming back just now."

Hyaena said: "All right,
but hurry !"

But Friend Hare, as soon as he went
into the bush,
rann off.

and left Hyaena and Lion.
fowrual nañi, naati.

wi yo:"hye, Sira, Sira,
addu jaingol,
addu kaleera,
addu jaingol,
addu kaleera,
nañi mbaalu.
nañi kaandi kan,
kañi.""
Sira addi lëdde muudum
jongi fayanne muudum.
fowrual uddi dammude suudu
muudum ñe fou,
kany he ñiöše muudum
tan he Sira, yo:
haï gooto wonta dön,
di nyaama mbaalu muñ ndu.
ni, fowrual wi di ni
hirsa kaandi tan,
kaandi diwi, siripi,
pari dumën helde daaë kaen
fou.
kaen fou ndiwi, dumänin,
to kollo suudu to,
nañi to kollo suudu to,
ñiöše yo, Sira yo,
fowru yo, fou.

Hyaena took (Lion) and entered
(his home).
He said: "Sira, Sira,
being fire,
bring the cooking pot,
bring fire,
bring the cooking pot.

They took the sheep,
(really the Lion)
and tied him up."
Sira brought her wood,
put on her pot.
Hyaena closed all the doors of
his house,
he and his children,
and (his wife) Sira,
no one else should be there
to eat their sheep.

So, when Hyaena was about
to cut the throat of the lion,
Lion sprang up,
and was about the break all their
necks.

They all flew up
to the rafters of the house.
and hung on to the rafters.
the children, Sira,
Hyaena, all of them.
Well that was the situation. Lion sat down and waited.
So the children, as each of the hyaena's children became tired he would say: "Hey, father, I am tired.
Hyaena would reply:

"When this (hand) gets tired, and this (hand) gets tired, fall, and fart,
and the house will have a cloud of dust."

He said: "You had better hold on. Whoever falls, will know about it (=will be in trouble.
So: "When this hand) gets tired, and this hand gets tired, fall, and fart,
and the house will have a cloud of dust."
The children of Hyaena fell one by one.
Lion broke their necks, one by one until they were finished.
There remained only Sira and Hyaena.
Lion was sitting, waiting for them.
Sira (said)

"When this (hand) gets tired, (and this) gets tired. fall, and fart,
the house will be clouded with dust."
Sira fudi ŋoodde kaŋkala,
juude de fiu ŋoodi.
fowru wia ɗum:
"Sira si a dalti han,
ko an anndi de."
hingal Sira waawaani
dumanin de, dalti.
dalti tan,
kaandi heçi daande muudum,
joodi, fadi fowru.
fowrual nangiri ngoodo juŋgo ha ɓooyi.
nangira ngoodo.
ŋgo nanggi han, ŋgo nangat,
ŋgo ŋoodi han,
ŋgo ŋooda, fukki, (?)
riidi han, suudu haŋka,
oon tan, noon tan, ha ɓooyi.
hingal fowrual waawaani
nangude, daltoyî tan,
furti dogdu, furti dogdu,
teelî dammuŋal ŋgal,
kaandi abbi,
siko waawaani dum nangoyde.
awa ko ni,
fowrual wi yo:
"waaji bojeel wadi,
haalanaa no kam."

Sira began to be exhausted herself.
Her hands were all exhausted.
Hyaena would say to her:
"Sira, if you let go,
you will know about it."
After a while Sira could not hold, and let go.
As soon as she let go, Lion broke her neck, and sat down, and waited for Hyaena.
Hyaena held with one hand, for a long time.
then held with the other, held with one, then the other, one would tire,
then the other, he farted, the house was clouded with dust. and so on and on for a long time, until finally Hyaena could not hold on, As soon as he let go, he rushed around, rushed around, and jumped over the door.
Lion followed, but could not catch him.
So that's the way it was.
Hyaena said: "Friend Hare is to blame, because) he did not tell me."
wi yo: "si naŋgi waąji bojel
mi warat dūm, dēfa dūm,
dyakkat."

Hyaena and the Dead Dog.

no yahi noon ni.
tawi rawaandu maay no.
dyi'e muudum fou di nin
ciinyiι he naane be.
foowrual wi yo ndu rawaandu
di nin dūm jala.(1)
ənį léggi,
leemi rawaandu ndu.
leemi ndeyen dyi'e,
ha ngonti leidi.

He said: If I catch Little Hare,
I will kill him, cook him,
and chew him up."

So as he was going off,
he found a dog that had died.
his bones were all
bared in the sun.
Hyaena thought that dog
was laughing at him.
He took a big stick,
and beat the dog,
beat the bones,
until they became dust.

(1) It is the exposed teeth that Hyaena thinks are laughing at him.

Hyaena Catches Little Hare - Hare Escapes by Being Thrown into the Dew

yahı laawol.
daoooy waąji bojel.
mbo hauri kala lamo dūm
ho a yiiianaιi kam waąji bojel, if he had seen Friend Hare.
ən mbia dūm yo:
"waąji bojel oooysaιi
ko nji mi dūm,
yauti no."
yaba, kala mbo yi'i,
laamdo ho a yiiani waąji
bojel.
on wia : "hani."
awa, waąji bojel nanoyi
wondema

Hyaena) went on his way,
going to look for Friend Hare.
Everyone he met, he would ask him
They would tell him:
"Friend Hare, it is not long
since I saw him,
but he has gone on."
He went off, each person he saw,
he would ask if they had seen
Friend Hare.
They would say: "No."
Well, Friend Hare got to hear
that Hyaena was looking for him. So) he took a goat skin, put it on, and came back, and met Hyaena again. Hyaena said to him:

"Hey, have you seen Friend Hare for me."

Friend Hare (said):

"I have not seen him, I think."

You should know, Friend Hare, I have not seen him. I think however, I have not seen Friend Hare."

So Hyaena went on, for a long time, until he realised, it was Friend Hare he had seen—that it was Friend Hare he had met with a skin on.

So he returned, piirti, piirti, piirti, piirti, piirti, piirti, piirti, piirti, piirti, piirti, until he caught up with Friend Hare again.
Sairi naŋgi waaji bojel,
wi dum yo:
"han, han mi dyakkat ma."
wi dum yo: "kono noon do de
mi dyakkude ma,
mi warirat ma no nganndu da
no ʇurirta muide ni.
ko noon mbarira ma mi.
jo o o, miɗo annni ko
mbada mi."
Saŋi waaji bojel.
haści dum ha tiidi,
addo yi leɗde.
addo yi kaleera.
wadi jaingii molanteengi Alla,
waaji bojel wi dum yo:
"he fouru am,
si a wara kam han,
wad am to jaingol to, kono
wota wad am he sawawere muk."
wi dum yo: "tinno, ba am,
tinno, ba am, tinno mi jejima.
wota na wad am he sawawere,
sawawere wara kam,
mi siuta sawawere,
wad am to jaingol to,
siko wota wad am he sawawere."
awa, ko ni.
fowruaei wi dum yo:
"ko .CONNECT? any de ko,
When he caught Friend Hare,
He said to him:
"Now, now I will eat you up."
He said: "But before
I eat you,
I will kill you in the most painful way you know.
It is in this way I will kill you.
Now, I know what I will do."
He took Friend Hare tied him tight,
brought firewood,
brought a cooking pot,
made a very hot fire.
Friend Hare said to him,
"Hey, my Hyaena, if you have to kill me,
put me in the fire, but don't ever put me in the dew."
He said: "Please, my father, please, my father, please, I beg you.
don't put me in the dew, the dew will kill me.
I am scared of the dew.
Put me in the fire, but don't put me in the dew."
So, that was the situation.
Hyaena said to him:
"What you hate most,
I will do that to you."
He took Friend Hare,
loosened him,
put him into the dew.
As soon as he had put him in the dew,
Friend Hare brushed himself off,
jumped up,
and ran off.
He stopped, and said:
"Hey, Friend Hyaena, have you forgotten.
He ran off, and left
Hyaena behind.
Hyaena was very, very angry,
and said "If God wills,
I will catch Friend Hare,
When I catch him,
I will break all his little bones,
and chew him up."

Well, that's the way it was.
The tale is completely finished.
A tale of lies,
There it is going away,
There it is coming back.

(Washington, D.C. 1975)
sept.
Many of the motifs are found in Wolof stories -
e.g. In Rene Guillot: *Contes d'Afrique*. 1933.
- Hare escapes by being thrown into the dew. p.13
- Hyaena bites hare to make him reveal secret. p.11
- Hyaena encounters dead dog (illustration).

- Hare escapes by being thrown into the dew. pp. 90-91
- Lion helps old woman. pp. 100-101
- Hyaena's family try to escape by hanging on to rafters. pp. 102-105
- Baobab tree that opens and closes on command. pp. 60-61.

- Hare escapes by being thrown into the dew. p. 276.

Birago Diop: *Les Nouveaux Contes d'Amadou Koumba*. (Wolof) has a story-
(Les Deux Genres), pp. 127-140, in which hyaena takes his mother-in-law's animals, lion helps her, and hyaena's family try to escape by hanging on to branches.