

Gambian Studies No. 10 A  
Revised: 1987

WOLOF STORIES FROM SENEGBAMBIA

MAINLY FROM OLD PUBLISHED SOURCES

Edited by David P. Gamble

San Francisco

July 1987

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION			iii-iv
A VARIOUS SUPERNATURAL ENCOUNTERS	List on page		1
B TALES ABOUT HARE, HYAENA, MONKEY, & LION	" " "		48
C TALES CONCERNING VARIOUS ANIMALS	" " "		137
D TALES INVOLVING HUMANS	" " "		162
E DISOBEDIENT GIRLS	" " "		217
F TALES OF THE CLEVER CHILD	" " "		238
G MISCELLANEOUS	" " "		243
H RABELAISIAN TALES	" " "		248
I DILEMMA STORIES	" " "		267
J TALES FROM THE GAMBIA - By A. K. Seka	" " "		279
K SUMMARIES OF TEXTS FROM VARIOUS ANTHOLOGIES	" " "		293
INDICES	" " "		327
ADDITIONAL SOURCES			337

## INTRODUCTION

This collection of Wolof stories was originally started in 1980 to provide background and reference material for further studies of present day Wolof story-telling. In the case of the collections of Mandinka stories that had previously been put together (Gambian Studies Nos.3, 4, 6, 7, 8 and 9), the starting point had been the Mandinka texts, whether written or recorded, translations then being made into English. Very few Mandinka stories were to be found only in an English or French version.

The situation for Wolof stories is very different. Until recently few Wolof texts have been published,<sup>1</sup> and in the collection, apart from Walter Pichl's texts, they exist for only eight of the narratives - three of these for the same story (Hare and Monkey) with a high probability that the two later versions are based on the earliest text. Most stories are found in French translations, even when the author has been Senegalese.

Generally the background data that would be routinely recorded by a folklorist - the sex and age of the narrator, the setting, and place where the story was heard - are unavailable, data about the original story-teller being given for a very small proportion of the tales.

It is also somewhat difficult to be sure that all are traditional Wolof tales. Birago Diop, for instance, though he heard tales from his grandmother, and the griot Amadou Koumba, also states "Ces mêmes contes et ces mêmes légendes, à quelques variantes près - je les ai entendus également au cours de mes randonnées sur les rives du Niger, et dans les plaines du Soudan, loin du Sénégal." [These same stories and these same legends -with some variation - I have heard also in the course of my travels on the banks of the Niger, and in the savanna of the Sudan, far from Senegal.] Some of his tales are clearly located in Mali, but one cannot always be sure that all the rest are of Wolof origin.

The Wolof are a people of the Western Sudan, and in many respects typical of its general culture. One also has to remember that from the days of the slave trade Bambara have been brought into Wolof country, and many were absorbed into Wolof society. Since then others have continued to come as seasonal workers (navetanes, 'strange farmers') and brought with them Bambara tales. The father, for example, of one of best story tellers in Njau, Upper Salum in The Gambia, was of Bambara origin. So many close similarities in tales are not surprising.

At any rate we have a collection the core of which is formed by written French versions of tales that were told originally in Wolof. This means that they have been modified, even where Senegalese writers are concerned, either to meet educational needs by being turned into elementary school readers (e.g. Senghor's stories), or to suit French literacy style and non-Wolof readers (Diop). Fuller descriptions are generally added to explain terms, situations, and settings unfamiliar to an outsider, and the Rabelaisian element, so strong in any rural Wolof story telling session, is played down. Written tales are different from the oral presentation where the tales are almost acted out before an appreciative audience which responds to, and interacts with, the narrator. So major changes both in style and content have generally taken place before one sees the product in print. Early writers like Bérenger-Féraud seem to have taken earlier versions of tales, and expanded them in their own way.

Tales are also going to vary depending on whether they are told by a professional story teller, an adult to a child, or children to one another. A school-child, writing a story as a classroom assignment, produces a bare outline of the real thing. But, as I mentioned above, we have few clues as to the circumstances in which the stories were obtained.

In the first version of this collection (1980) the tales were arranged chronologically. In this revision, legends have been separated from folk tales (though there are some tales in which the motifs are similar), and now form a separate volume, tales have been grouped by general type, and various versions of the same tale have been brought together .

A larger number of anthologies have been used to provide short summaries (p. 293), and further material has been added.

An English translation of the French text has also been provided. This keeps as close to the original as possible.

David P. Gamble

July 1987

San Francisco.

- 1 The best collection of texts is provided by Walter Pichl in Afrika und Ubersee, 1960/61, XLIV, 253-282.  
1961/62, XLV, 67-95, 189-205, 271-285 .  
1962, XLVI, 93-109, 204-218.

Wolof texts are also provided in:

Lilyan Kesteloot/ Cherif Mbodj  
Contes et Mythes Wolof.  
Les Nouvelles Editions Africaines, 1983.

(A collection of 22 stories and legends.)

## (A) VARIOUS SUPERNATURAL ENCOUNTERS

		Date of publication	Date of story	Pages
1	Wolof "Fairies"	1878		2- 3
2	Mamadou and Anta the Jinn	1915	1904	4- 15
3	Bewitched Girl at Thievaly	1915	1904	16- 25
4	The Midwife of Dakar	1915	1904	26- 29
5	The Dish that Filled Itself and the Club	1933		30- 33
6	The Troublesome Head	1933		34- 37
7	The Spahi and the Spirit	1947		38- 41
8	The Lion, the Jinn and the Young Man	a b	1915 1950s	42- 45 46- 47

(1)

Source: Keightley, Thomas: The Fairy Mythology. London: Bell, 1878.

Reprinted as The World Guide to Gnomes, Fairies, Elves and Other Little People. New York: Avenel Books, 1978.

p. 495 "The Jaloff inhabitants of the mainland of Africa, opposite the isle of Goree, believe in a species of beings who have a striking and surprising correspondence with the Gothic Fairies. They call them Yumboes, and describe them as being about two feet high, of a white colour, as every thing preternatural is in Africa....The

Africans call the Yumboes, Bakhna Rakhna, or Good People. The dress

p. 496 of the Yumboes exactly corresponds with that of the natives, and

they imitate their actions in every particular. They attach themselves to particular families; and whenever any of their members die, the Yumboes are heard to lament them, and to dance upon their graves. The Moors believe the Yumboes to be the souls of their deceased friends.

The chief abode of the Yumboes is a subterraneous dwelling on the Paps, the hills about three miles distant from the coast. Here they dwell in great magnificence, and many wonderful stories are told of those persons, particularly Europeans, who have been received and entertained in the subterraneous residence of the Yumboes; of how they were placed at richly furnished tables; how nothing but hands and feet were to be seen, which laid and removed the various dishes; of the numerous stories the underground abode consisted of; the modes of passing from one to the other without stairs, etc., etc.

In the evening the Yumboes come down to the habitation of man, wrapped close in their pangs,<sup>1</sup> with only their eyes and nose visible. They steal to the huts, where the women are pounding in mortars the

coos-coos, or corn, watch till the pounders are gone for sieves to searce the meal, and then silih creep to the mortars, take out the meal, and carry it off in their pangs, looking every moment behind them, to see if they are observed or pursued; or they put it into calabashes, and arranging themselves in a row, like the monkeys, convey it from hand to hand, till it is placed in safety.

They are also seen at night in their canoes, out fishing in the bay. They bring their fish to land, and, going to the fires kindled by the natives to keep away the wild beasts, they steal each as much fire as will roast his fish. They bury palm-wine, and when it becomes sour they drink of it till it intoxicates them, and then make  
2  
a great noise, beating Jaloff drums on the hills. "

- 1 The Pang (Span. paño, cloth) is an oblong piece of cotton cloth, which the natives manufacture and wear wrapped round their bodies.
- 2 For the preceding account of the Yumboes we are indebted to a young lady, who spent several years of her childhood at Goree. What she related to us she had heard from her maid, a Jaloff woman, who spoke no language but Jaloff.

Source: F.V.Equilbecq: Contes Indigènes de l'Ouest-Africain Français, 1915, 123-133.

XXIX Histoire de Mamadou et d'Anta la Guiné (1)

Il y avait un gourgui (2), du nom de Mamadou qui partit à la recherche d'une école où s'instruire. Il quitta le Ouâlo (3) et vint jusque dans le Kaylor (3). Il resta dans ce dernier pays jusqu'à ce qu'il eût appris à lire et à écrire. Chez le sériigne (4) son maître, il avait pour condisciple un guinné du même âge que lui. Un jour celui-ci vint le trouver et lui dit:

"Nous sommes amis, Toi, tu sais lire et écrire, mais moi pas encore. Puisque tu t'en retournes chez toi, je vais charger d'une commission pour mes parents et je te transporterai dans le Ouâlo avec la rapidité de l'éclair. Tu ne sais pas qui je suis, mais moi je te connais bien car nous sommes nés au même endroit du Ouâlo. Nous autres guinnés, nous vous apercevons très bien mais vous ne pouvez nous apercevoir. Quand tu seras de retour dans le Ouâlo, si tu mets à ton doigt cette bague d'argent, il te sera donné de voir les guinnés et leurs villages. Dès que tu l'ôteras ou si tu viens à la perdre, tu ne verras plus rien".

La guinné dit ensuite à Mamadou d'étendre à terre sa peau de mouton (5) et de s'y asseoir avec les autres talibés (6): "Fermez les yeux leur recommanda-t-il et tournez-vous vers le couchant".

Ils ont fermé les yeux selon l'ordre du guinné. Celui-ci soulève la peau sur laquelle ils se tiennent assis et ils vont tomber au milieu de leur village dans le Ouâlo.

Ils sont retombés sur leurs pieds comme quelqu'un qui vient de sauter.

.....

Le lendemain matin, Mamadou se passa au médius la bague du guinné. Il aperçut alors tous les guinnés et tous leurs villages.

Il alla rendre visite à la mère de son camarade le guinné et à toute la famille de celui-ci. "La guinné, votre parent, vous envoie le bonjour, leur dit-il, - Et où est-il, votre camarade ? lui demandait-on. - Je l'ai laissé à Kôki (7). Il continue à frequenter l'école du sériigne."

" Ah ! s'écrièrent le père et la mère du guinné, notre cher fils se conduit bien ! Et toi, Mamadou, il faut que tu t'en retournes chez toi, mais chaque fois que tu seras libre de ton temps, vers huit, neuf heures du soir, ne manque pas de venir nous voir."

.....

Mamadou s'en est retourné au carré (8) de ses parents. mais, chaque fois qu'il en trouve le temps, il se souvient de l'invitation des guinnés et va leur faire une longue visite. C'est qu'il a vu la soeur du guinné: Anta, une jolie demoiselle, et qu'il veut se marier avec elle.

Il lui parle de ses intentions. "Moi, répond Anta, je ne demande pas mieux ! Pourtant j'hésite à me marier avec un être humain... Vous êtes si coléreux ! Et si bavards ! Et vous mentez si facilement !... Chez nous il n'en est pas ainsi: jamais un guinné ne s'emporte ; jamais il ne trahit un secret ; jamais il ne parle que pour dire la vérité !"

Mamadou proteste: "Quand nous serons mariés, tu verras que, moi non plus, je ne m'emporte pas et que jamais je ne mens !"

"- S'il en est ainsi, le mariage est conclu ! Je t'accepte pour mari. Le lundi et le jeudi j'irai coucher dans ta case. Je me réserve (9) ces jours-là. Garde-toi bien alors de faire venir ton autre femme. Cela je te le défends ! S'il m'arrivait de rencontrer une femme dans ta case, je la tuerais. Je te recommande aussi de ne révéler à qui que ce soit que tu as pris pour femme une guinné !"

Mamadou le lui promet "C'est entendu !" dit-il.

- "Eh bien ! déclare alors Anta, nous allons célébrer le mariage et tu me remettras le cadeau d'usage (10). - Viens avec moi, Anta, jusqu'à mon troupeau de boeufs. Je vais te montrer la génisse dont je te fais présent pour la noce. En même temps je te remettrai ta dot. Tu en choisiras le montant parmi les bêtes du troupeau.

- "Non, répond Anta. Une génisse me suffira comme cadeau de noces. Avant de recevoir de toi ma dot, je tiens à m'assurer que tu ne t'es pas vanté et bien

savoir s'il me sera agréable de rester avec toi. Je n'accepterai pas de dot avant d'être tout à fait convaincue que tu n'es ni emporté ni menteur".

Ils vivent maintenant comme mari et femme et régulièrement, Anta vient, le lundi et le jeudi, passer la nuit chez Mamadou.

Un jour qu'elle ne l'avait quitté qu'à quatre heures du matin (11) un grenier (12) de mil, appartenant à son mari, a pris feu. A six heures du matin, le cheval de Mamadou, un cheval de race, tombe mort. A huit heures, on vient apprendre à Mamadou que son grand taureau a glissé sur la pente du séane (13) et qu'il est tombé dans le fond.

On éteint l'incendie qui consumait le grenier de mil, mais on trouve tout brûlé. On traîne le cadavre du cheval derrière le village et on l'abandonne aux chacals. Quand on est parvenu à sortir le taureau du séane on reconnaît que, lui aussi est mort et on le jette en dehors du village.

Anta se met en route. "Il est arrivé des malheurs chez mon mari". dit-elle à ses parents.

Elle arrive tout près de la case de Mamadou qui se trouve un peu à l'écart du village. Elle entend la seconde femme de celui-ci qui crie contre lui "Comment dit-elle à Mamadou, en un seul jour voilà ton genier de mil dévoré par les flammes ! Ton cheval de race meurt ! Puis c'est ton grand taureau - un taureau de cinq ans ! qui périt aussi ! Cette maison va être ruinée à bref délai ! Cela devait arriver ! C'est la conséquence de ton mariage avec une guinné".

Quand Anta a entendu ces paroles, elle s'en est retournée dans sa famille.

.....

Anta a attendu que Mamadou fut au lougan (14) et quand celui-ci s'est endormi pour la sieste, elle lui a enlevé sa bague d'argent.

A son réveil, Mamadou ne pouvait plus apercevoir les guinnés ni leurs villages. Il suivit cependant le chemin qui menait chez Anta; mais ce fut en vain. Le village avait disparu. Et un mois se passa, pendant lequel Mamadou ne reçut

plus les visites de la guinné.

.....

Au bout de ce temps Anta revint un jour après que les femmes de son mari furent parties pour le lougan.

Il était huit heures du matin. Elle trouva Mamadou endormi et le réveilla. Lui, alors, se précipita sur elle "Anta ! crie-t-il, d'où viens-tu ? - Je viens de mon village - Ce n'est pas vrai ! Vous l'avez tous quitté ! - C'est toi qui mens. Nous l'habitons toujours. - Et pourquoi ne viens-tu plus comme autrefois ? C'est qu'à présent notre mariage est rompu de par ma volonté !

" - Pourquoi l'as-tu rompu ?

" - Parce que tu n'as pas tenu ta promesse ! Quand tu m'as demandé de devenir ta femme, ne t'ai-je déclaré qu'il me serait difficile de la rester parce que vous autres vous vous emportez, vous mentez et vous bavardez à tort et à travers ?"

" - Et quand donc me suis-je emporté En quoi ai-je menti ? De quoi ai-je bavardé ?"

"Tu as eu la langue trop intempérante. Tu dois le savoir !"

" - Mais à quel propos ? Dis-le moi enfin !"

" - Souviens-toi, dit la guinné, du jour où ton grenier de mil fut consumé où ton cheval est mort à six heures du matin, où, à huit heures, ton grand taureau est tombé dans le séane. Tout cela je ne l'ignorais pas ! J'ai entendu ta femme récriminer amèrement. C'est alors que je suis partie pour ne plus revenir avec toi car j'ai bien vu que tu avais trahi ta promesse. Pourquoi ta femme disait-elle que tu avais épousé une guinné ? Comment l'aurait-elle su si tu ne le lui avais dit, te parjurant éhontément.

" - Rappelle-t-en ! J'étais restée près de toi jusqu'à quatre heures du matin. L'ange de la mort, Azrael (15) est venu. Il venait pour s'emparer de toi. Je l'ai repoussé et rejeté sur ton grenier de mil qu'il a brûlé. Il est resté là

jusq'à six heures du matin, déclarant que du moins il emporterait ta première femme. Je l'ai jeté sur le cheval et il s'est abattu sur lui.

Il s'est néanmoins entêté à rester, prêt à se contenter de ta première fille. Et moi, une troisième fois je l'ai repoussé. Il est allé tomber sur le taureau dont la mort a racheté l'existence de ta fille.

" Si je t'avais laissé mourir et aussi ta femme et ta fille que serait devenue ta maison ? C'est alors qu'on eût pu la dire perdue ! S'il n'en a pas été ainsi, ce fut grâce à l'incendie du grenier de mil, à la mort du cheval, à celle du taureau ! il vaut mieux, je pense, qu'il en ait été ainsi ?

" Comprends-tu maintenant pourquoi l'union des guinnés avec les hommes parjures et furieux est impossible ?"

Et Anta s'en alla.

Jamais Mamadou ne la revit.

Yang-Yang 1904. Conté par Samba Atta Dabo.

1. Génie.
2. Garçon, homme.
3. Provinces du Sénégal.
4. Savant musulman.
5. La peau sur laquelle on s'accroupit pour faire la prière dite "salam".
6. Elèves d'un séigne (Talib en arabe).
7. Village de Kayor, à 30 kil. environ de Louga.
8. Carré: Enclos entouré d'une clôture de paille (siko) où se trouvent les cases des membres de la famille, des esclaves, les bestiaux, etc.
9. Les femmes indigènes se réservent certains jours pour aller dans la case de leur mari.
10. Ce cadeau est indépendant de la dot.
11. Les noirs, bien que ne possédant pas de montre le plus souvent évaluent - approximativement - les heures de la journée d'après ce qu'ils retiennent de l'observation des blancs.
12. C'est tantôt une case spéciale, tantôt une immense corbeille en sékos.
13. Puits en forme de large entonnoir, formant réservoir pour les eaux de pluie (quand il n'atteint pas une nappe d'eau souterraine).
14. Expression d'origine annamite faisant partie de la "langue coloniale". Elle signifie: champ cultivé.
15. Azraël est non seulement la Mort mais encore la destruction des choses inanimées. On me l'a représenté comme ayant les bras semés d'yeux et portant sur la tête un arbre dont les feuilles représentent autant d'existences humaines.

Translation:

## Story (2)

There was a man<sup>2</sup> by the name of Mamadou who went in search of a school  
 for instruction. He left Oualo,<sup>3</sup> and came to Kaylor. He remained in this  
 last country until he had learned to read and write. At the place of the  
seriny, his teacher,<sup>4</sup> he had for a co-pupil a jinn of the same age as himself.

One day, the latter came to see him and said:

"We are friends, you know how to read and write, but I do not know yet. Since you are returning home, I am going to give you a message for my relatives and I will transport you to Oualo with the speed of lightning. You do not know who I am, but as for me, I know you well for we were born in the same place in Oualo. We jinns, we see you very well, but you cannot see us. When you return to Oualo, if you put this silver ring on your finger, you will have the gift of seeing the jinns and their villages. When you take it off or if happen to you/lose it, you will see nothing more."<sup>5</sup>

The jinn then told Mamadou to spread his sheepskin on the ground and sit on it with the other students.<sup>6</sup> "Shut your eyes," he told him, "and turn towards the west."

They closed their eyes following the order of the jinn. The latter made the skin on which they were sitting rise up, and they came down in the middle of their village in Oualo.

They landed on their feet like someone who has just jumped.

-----

The next morning, Mamadou put the ring of the jinn on his middle finger. He then saw all the jinns and all their villages.

He went to pay a visit to the mother of his friend the jinn, and all his family. "The jinn, your relative, wishes you happiness," he told them. "Where is your friend?"<sup>7</sup> they asked him. "I left him at Koki". He is still at the seriny's school."

"Ah ! exclaimed the father and mother of the jinn, our dear son is doing well. As for you, Mamadou, you must return home, but whenever you are free, at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, don't fail to come and see us!"

-----

Mamadou returned to the compound<sup>8</sup> of his relatives, but, whenever he had time, he remembered the invitation of the jinns and went to pay a long visit. It was then he saw the sister of the jinn: Anta, a pretty young woman, and wanted to marry her.

He spoke to her of his intentions. "As for me," replied Anta, "I could not wish for anything better ! However, I am hesitant to marry a human being.. You are so angry (irritable) , and how boastful ! and you lie so easily... With us it is not so ; a jinn never loses his temper; he never betrays a secret; he never speaks other than the truth !

Mamadou protests : "When we are married, you will see, that I too, will never lose my temper, and never lie."

"If it is so, the marriage is agreed. I accept you for a husband. Monday and Thursday I will go and sleep in your house. I reserve these days for myself.<sup>9</sup>  
then  
Take care/not to have your other wife come. I forbid that. If I happen to meet a woman (wife) in your house, I will kill her. I also tell you not to reveal to anyone that you have taken a jinn as a wife."

Mamadou promised her: "It is agreed," he said.

"Well !"<sup>then</sup> declared Anta, "we will go and celebrate the marriage and you will present me with the customary present - "<sup>10</sup> "Come with me, Anta, to my herd of cattle. I will show you the heifer that I am giving you as a wedding present. At the same time I will deliver the dowry. You will choose the amount from the animals of the herd."

"No," replied Anta, "A heifer will be sufficient as marriage gift. Before receiving my marriage money from you, I want to assure myself that you have

not been boasting and to know if it will be pleasant for me to stay with you. I will not accept the marriage money before being completely convinced that you are neither hot tempered nor a liar."

They lived now like husband and wife, and regularly. Anta came, Monday and Thursday, to spend the night with Mamadou.

One day that she didn't leave until four o'clock in the morning, a granary of millet<sup>12</sup> belonging to her husband caught fire. At six o'clock Mamadou's horse, a thoroughbred, fell dead. At eight o'clock, Mamadou was told that his great bull has slipped on the slope of the well, and that it had fallen into the depths.<sup>13</sup>

The fire, which was burning the granary of millet, was put out, but everything was found burnt. The corpse of the horse was dragged behind the village and abandoned to the jackals. When they attempted to get the bull out of the well, it was recognized that it too was dead, and it was thrown out of the village.

Anta set out. "Disasters have happened to my husband," she told her parents.

She arrived near Mamadou's house which stood a little way from the village. She heard his second wife cry against him: "How," she said to Mamadou, "is it that in a single day, your millet store was consumed by flames. Your thoroughbred horse dead ; Then your great bull, a five year old, also died. This house is going to be destroyed in a few moments. That must happen. It is the result of your marriage to a jinn!"

When Anta heard these words, she returned home.

-----

14

Anta waited until Mamadou was in his farm , and when he was asleep during his siesta, she took his silver ring.

When he woke up, he could no longer see the jinns nor their villages. Nevertheless he followed the road which led to Anta's place. But it was in

vain. The village had disappeared. A month passed, during which Mamadou did not receive any visits from the jinn.

.....

At the end of this time Anta returned one day after the wives of her husband had left for the farm.

It was eight o'clock in the morning. She found Mamadou asleep and woke him up. Then he rushed at her. "Anta," he cried, "where have you come from?" "I come from my village." "It is not true. You have left everything. It is you who are lying." "We still live there." "And why do you not come like before. Is our marriage now broken at my wish .?"

"Why have you broken it?"

"Because you did not keep your promise ! When you asked me to become your wife, did I not say it would be difficult to stay, since you people get angry, you lie, and you boast wildly."

"And when did I get angry ? In what did I lie ? Of what have I boasted ?"

"You have an uncontrollable tongue. You ought to know ! "

"But how ? Tell me at least ! "

"Do you remember," said the jinn, the day when your millet granary was burnt, your horse died at six o'clock in the morning, and when, at eight o'clock your bull fell in the well. All that I was aware of. I heard your wife complain bitterly. It was then that I left, to no longer stay with you, for I saw clearly that you had betrayed your promise. Why did your wife say that you had married a jinn ? How would she have known if you had not told her, perjuring yourself shamelessly."

"Remember. I stayed with you until four o'clock in the morning. The angel of death, Azrael<sup>15</sup> came. He came to get you. I drove him off and threw him on your granary of millet which he burnt. He remained there until six o'clock, declaring that at least, he would carry off your first wife. I threw him on the horse, and he fell on it.

He was nevertheless determined to persist, ready to content himself with your eldest daughter. And I, a third time, drove him off. He went and fell on the bull, whose death bought the life of your daughter.

"If I had let you die and also your wife and your daughter what would have become of your house (family). It is then that one could call it lost. If it had not been so, it was thanks to the loss of the millet granary, the death of the horse, and that of the bull. It is better, I think, that is happened in that way !

"Do you understand now why the union of jinns with humans who are perjurors and hot tempered is impossible ?"

And Anta went off.

Mamadou never saw her again.

Yang-Yang 1904. Told by Samba Atta Dabo.

- 1 Guine = Spirit, Jinn.
- 2 Youth, man.
- 3 Senegalese provinces.
- 4 Muslim teacher/scholar.
- 5 The skin on which people sit to pray.
- 6 Pupils of a religious teacher (Talib in Arabic).
- 7 Village of Kayor, 30 kilometers from Louga.
- 8 Carré - Enclosure surrounded by a fence of reeds (siko), in which are found the houses of the members of the family, slaves, animals, etc.
- 9 The wives of natives reserve certain days to go to the house of their husband.
- 10 This gift is separate from the marriage money (dowry).
- 11 The Blacks, though they don't possess watches often count the hours of the day (approximately) from what they learn by observing whites.
- 12 Sometimes it is a special house, sometimes an immense basket of reeds/straw.
- 13 Well in the form of a large funnel, forming a reservoir for rainfall (when it does not reach the level of subterranean water).
- 14 Lougan. An expression of annamite origin, forming part of colonial French. Means a cultivated field.
- 15 Azrael is not only death, but also the destruction of inanimate things. It is represented as having arms covered with eyes, and having on its head a tree the leaves of which represent other human existences. (?)

Source: F.V.Equilbecq: Contes Indigènes de l'Ouest-Africain Francais, 1915,

pp. 43-52.

XX L'ENSORCELEÉE DE THIÉVALY

C'est moi qui soigne ceux qu'on rendu malades les sorciers: moi Samba Atta Dabo ! S'ils font du mal à quelqu'un, c'est moi qui le guéris.

Si je veux éviter des ennuis à quelqu'un de la part des mauvais garçons, avant de me coucher, la nuit du lundi ou celle du jeudi, je prends une poudre médicinale et je m'en frotte la peau. C'est ainsi que je puis voir les sorciers. Avant de partir, ils sont obligés de passer chez moi m'en demander la permission.

A leur entrée dans ma case, ils prononcent des mots magiques pour que je ne puisse les retenir, mais moi, de mon côté, j'en prononce d'autres qui les empêchent de partir. Ces mots-là, je ne puis te les révéler. Cela m'est défendu ! Dès que les sorciers sont chez moi, je leur dis: "Si vous n'avez pas l'intention de commettre vos méfaits dans le village, je vous permets de partir. Mais, si vous voulez rester ici, je vous ordonne de rentrer chez vous et de vous coucher".

Si, sans tenir compte de mes ordres, ils font du mal à quelqu'un du pays, je leur retire leur victime des mains et je répare le mal qu'ils ont commis.

-----  
L'année dernière, à Thiévaly, un sorcier a tourmenté la fille du diaraf (1) Samoro. Tout le monde le sait dans le Diolof. Personne ne pouvait arriver à la guérir. Il y a quelqu'un qui s'appelle Mabadiane. C'est un bourhama (2) qui connaît bien les sorciers. On l'a fait venir. Il a prononcé trois paroles. Il a craché sur l'oreille de la fillette. Celle-ci s'est alors levée. A son tour elle a craché sur le bour'hama en lui disant: "Tu ne peux pas me guérir car les sorciers te font des cadeaux. Tu voles tout le monde !" Elle a dit encore; "Rappelle-toi le cadeau que tu as reçu ! On t'a donné un poulet dernièrement pour t'empêcher de me guérir. Tu étais à la diouma (3) et tu achevais ton salam. Ta mère t'a apporté une cuisse de poulet, et quand ton salam a été terminé, tu l'as mangée. Est-ce vrai ou non ?"

Le bourhama a avoué: "C'est vrai !" a-t-il répondu.

-On a eu recours à un autre bourhama: Sara Bouri de Yang-Yang. Il est venu, lui

aussi. Il a dit deux mots et craché sur l'oreille de la petite fille. Elle aussi a craché sur lui. Elle a dit: "Ne me mouille pas ! Toi aussi tu as mangé le cadeau des sorciers ! Mabadiane est plus fort que toi et, puisqu'il n'a pas su me guérir, tu ne le pourras pas plus que lui !"

- On a appelé quelq'un du nom de Galdiol. Il habite à M'Boula (4). Lui aussi a cherché à la soigner. Il n'y a pas eu moyen. La fillette lui a dit: "Va t'en ! Tu n'as pas de remèdes pour moi."

- On l'a menée à Yang-Yang chez Fara Thianor. On a fait venir un laobé (5) de M'Ballarhé (6). La petite a dit que le laobé n'était pas assez puissant.

Alors, comme tu ne voulais pas venir la soigner ainsi que tu l'avais fait pour le petit garçon de MBéthio (6), on s'est adressé à moi. On m'a dit: "Viens guérir cette fillette-là. Elle est à bout de forces." J'ai répondu: "Non ! D'abord vous en avez appelé que vous croyiez plus forts que moi. Et après vous venez me demander mes soins ! Je ne veux pas y aller. - Si nous ne sommes pas venus plus tôt, m'a-t-on dit, c'est que certains discutaient tes mérites comme bourhama, mais si tu guéris cette enfant, tous verront bien que tu es plus puissant que tous les bourhama du pays".

Alors j'ai accepté et tous m'ont reconnu comme conjurateur de sorciers.

-----

J'ai quitté ma case. Je suis allé tout droit chez Fara Thianor. Je n'étais pas entré dans la case que la petite fille sauta en l'air. Elle dit qu'elle ne voulait pas rester dans la case car quelqu'un allait entrer qu'elle ne voulait pas voir.

A ce moment je me suis frotté la peau avec beaucoup de médicaments. On a saisi la petite fille. J'ai dit deux mots magiques et je lui ai craché sur l'oreille. Elle criait très fort ! Elle disait: "Il faut me laisser tranquille !"

-Je lui ai répondu : "Non, je ne te laisserai pas !"

"- Tout le monde ici a travaillé à me guérir ! Il n'y a pas moyen d'y parvenir ! Toi aussi tu n'y réussiras pas !"

" - Ce n'est pas vrai, ai-je dit ! Pour moi, les premiers bourhama qui sont venus ne connaissaient rien. Tu verras tout de suite qu'il n'en est pas ainsi de moi. Moi, je vais te guérir ! Quand le sorcier t'a attrappée, il t'a pris le coeur et il l'a caché dans le rhéteurh (7)

- Elle s'exclame, surprise: "Comment sais-tu que mon coeur est caché dans le rhéteurh ? Dans quoi le sorcier l'a-t-il placé ?"

- Je réponds: "Sur un tesson de canari (8), avec un coeur de chien, un coeur de chèvre et un morceau de çavatt (9)."

Moi, Samba Atta Dabo, j'ai répondu cela ! J'ai dit encore des mots. Je lui ai craché dans l'oreille. Je lui ai demandé: "Dis-moi, que me paiera-t-on si je te guéris ?"

La fillette a dit : "Au commencement, mon père devra te donner trente francs. Dès que tu m'auras guérie, il t'en remettra encore soixante-quinze".

J'ai de nouveau craché sur l'oreille:

"Quel médicament pourra te guérir ?" lui ai-je demandé.

- "Tu le composeras comme je vais te dire: Sur la maison des rhorondom (10) il y a un nguer (11) qui pousse. Tu en prendras la racine et tu la feras sécher, puis tu l'écraseras pour la réduire en poudre. Tu prendras aussi une racine de ngôtot (12) sur la petite maison des marhmarh (13). Avec sa farine tu feras le médicament. Un bois de serao pour finir. Si tu me prépares ce triple remède, je guérirai."

- Je lui ai dit alors: "Appelle le sorcier maintenant ! Qu'il m'apporte de suite ce qu'il t'a pris !"

- La fillette répond : "Le sorcier refuse de le faire ! Il ne rapportera pas ce qu'il m'a pris".

- "Il en a menti ! ai-je riposté. Il le rapportera de force !"

J'ai pris dans mon nafa (14) mon médicament et je l'ai jeté sur le feu. J'y ai jeté aussi de la poudre médicinale. La fumée commençant à s'élever, j'ai dit:

"Que le sorcier apporte ici ce qu'il a pris !

"Où est-il à présent ?" ai-je demandé.

- La fillette répond: "Il est derrière la Résidence. Il arrive sous la forme d'un petit oiseau... Il est chez Moussa Sal en ce moment..."

-" Où est-il !"

" - Il est passé chez Fara Dienguel (15).

Maintenant il s'en va chez le gombo (16) Matar Niang pour lui dire bonjour. Son frère, Séni, est chez Matar...."

"- Qu'il ne se promène pas ainsi ça et là ! J'ai besoin de lui. Il n'a qu'à me répondre ! Qu'il vienne ! "

"-Le voici maintenant ! Mais, il vient, la main vide. Ce qui m'a pris, il l'a laissé dans le bengala de son frère".

"- Ordonne-lui de retourner immédiatement chercher ce qu'il a laissé chez Matar !"

"Il est venu tout près d'ici, mais il a rencontré une chèvre et il a caché le cœur dans le derrière de l'animal."

Enfin la fillette m'annonce qu'il est entré. Le sorcier lui demande de tendre les mains pour qu'il y dépose ce qu'il lui a pris. Et moi j'ai répondu" "Non ! ne le reçois pas dans tes deux mains ! qu'il le place sur la tête !"

J'ordonne alors au sorcier de se laver la main droite et de verser l'eau sur la tête de la petite.

La fillette déclare qu'il s'est lavé la main et lui a versé l'eau sur la tête.

J'ordonne ensuite qu'il se rince la bouche et que l'eau soit répandue sur la tête de la petite fille. Le sorcier dit alors: "Mon travail n'est pas ici. Vous n'avez qu'à prendre mon rhambeu (17) chez mon frère."

Je lui commande d'aller le chercher. Il me répond: "Le serpent qui ferme l'ouverture du canari est parti manger.

"-Si tu y vas, lui dis-je, tu n'as qu'à prononcer tel mot et le serpent viendra de suite".

Je n'ai pas fini de parler que la fillette me dit: "Comme tu prononçais le mot, le serpent est venu. Il est ici."

Le sorcier s'est rincé la bouche et a versé l'eau sur la tête de la fillette. J'ai préparé à manger pour elle et lui ai donné les aliments. Elle a été complètement guérie et s'en est retournée à Thiévaly.

Son père et sa mère m'ont versé soixante-quinze francs et, après cette guérison, tous m'ont tenu pour un grand bourhama.

-----  
Yang-Yang (1904).

Conté par S.A.Dabo, conjurateur de sorciers. Interprété par Ahmadou Diop.

1. Titre qu'on pourrait traduire par comte.
2. Exorciste, conjurateur de sorciers.
3. Petite enceinte, servant de mosquée.
4. Village des environs de Yang-Yang.
5. Peuhl noir. Cette race qui s'occupe du travail du bois a donné son nom aux menuisiers indigènes.
6. Village des environs de Yang-Yang.
7. Monceau d'ordures à l'entrée de chaque village ouolof.
8. Jarre indigène en terre cuite.
9. Essence de brousse.
10. Fourmi noires.
11. Arbre de la brousse.
12. Arbustes de la brousse.
13. Termites
14. Poche latérale du boubou (blouse indigène).
15. Malik Bouri, farba (ou consul des Peuhl) Dienguel.
16. Aveugle.
17. Grand canari.

Translation:

Story (3)

The bewitched girl of Thievaly.

It is I who take care of those that the sorcerers have made ill, I Samba Atta Dabo ! If they have done evil to someone, it is I who cures him.

If I wish to turn away the troubles from someone, sent by evil persons, before lying down, on Monday and Thursday, I take a medicinal powder and I rub my skin with it. It is in this way that I can see the sorcerers. Before going, they are obliged to pass by my place and ask my permission.

On their entry into my house, they pronounce magical words so that I cannot hold them back; but I, for my part, pronounce others which prevent them from leaving. These words, I cannot reveal them to you. That is forbidden. When the sorcerers are at my place, I tell them: "If you have not the intention of committing your evil deeds in the village, I allow you to go. But if you wish to remain here, I order you to return home and lie down."

If, without paying attention to my orders, they do harm to someone of the country, I take the victim out of their hands, and repair the <sup>damage</sup> ~~evil~~ they have done.

-----

Last year, at Thievaly, a sorcerer troubled the daughter of the diaraf<sup>1</sup> Samoro. Everyone knows him in Diolof. No one was able to cure her. There was someone called Mabadiane. He was a bourhama<sup>2</sup> who knew sorcerers well. They had him come. He pronounced three words. He spat on the ear of the little girl. Then she rose up. In return she spat on the bour'hama telling him: "You cannot cure me because the sorcerers give you presents. You rob everyone." She said further: "Do you remember the gift you have received. You were lastly given a fowl to prevent you from curing me. You were at the diouma<sup>3</sup> and you were finishing your prayer. Your mother brought you a chicken leg, and when your prayer had been finished, you ate it. Is it true or not ?"

The bourhama admitted: "It is true ! " he replied to her.

They had recourse to another bourhama: Sara Bouri of Yang-Yanga. He came, he too. He said two words and spat on the ear of the little girl. She also spat on him. She said to him: "Do not wet me ! You also have eaten the present of the sorcerers. Mabadiane is stronger than you, and since he has not known how to cure me, you will not be able to do more than he.

4

They called someone by the name of Galdiol. He lives at M'Boula . He too tried to treat her. He had no means of doing so. The little girl said to him: "Go away ! You have no cure for me."

5

They brought her to Yang-Yang to Fara Thianor's place. They had a Laobe come from M'Ballarhe . The little one said the Laobe was not powerful enough.

Then, as you did not wish to come and treat her, as you had done for the little boy of Mbethio<sup>6</sup>, they turned to me. I was told: "Come and cure this little girl. She is at the end of her strength." I replied: "No, first of all you called someone you believed stronger than me. And afterwards you come to ask for my skills. I don't want to go there." "If we did not come sooner," I was told, "it is because certain people doubted your ability as bourhama, but if you cure this child, everyone will truly see that you are the most powerful of all the bourhama of the country."

Then I agreed and everyone recognized me as the exorcist of sorcerers.

-----

I left my house. I went straight to Fara Thianor's place. I had hardly entered the place when the little girl jumped up. She said that she did not want to remain in the house, for someone had just entered that she did not wish to see.

At this moment I rubbed my skin with many medications. The little girl was held. I said two magic words, and I spat on her ear. She cried very loudly. She said " You must leave me alone! " I replied to her: "No, I will not." "Everyone here has tried to cure me. There is no way of succeeding.

You too will not succeed ! " It is not true, " I told her, "As for me, the first bourhama who came knew nothing. You will see immediately that I am not the same. I have come to cure you. When the sorcerer caught you, he took your heart, and has hidden it in the rheteurh.<sup>7</sup>

She exclaimed, surprised: "How do you know that my heart is hidden in the rheteurh ? In what has the sorcerer placed it ?"

I replied: "On a piece of a pot,<sup>8</sup> with the heart of a dog, the heart of a goat, and a piece of cavatt.<sup>9</sup>"

I, Samba Atta Dabo, that was how I replied. I pronounced some other words. I spat in her ear. I asked her "Tell me, what will I be paid if I cure you ?"

The little girl said : "At the beginning, my father ought to give you 30 francs. When you have cured me, he will give another 75."

I spat on her ear again.

"What medicine can cure you ?" I asked her.

"You will make it like I tell you. On the house of rhorondom<sup>10</sup> there is an nguer<sup>11</sup> growing. You will take the root of it, and you will dry it, then you will crust it to reduce it to powder. You will also take a root of ngotot<sup>12</sup> on the little house of the marhmark<sup>13</sup>. With its powder you will make the medicine. A piece of serao wood to finish it. If you prepare this triple remedy, I will be cured."

"I said to her then: "Call the sorcerer now ! Let him bring immediately what he has taken."

The little girl replied: "The sorcerer refuses to do it. He will not bring back what he has taken from me."

"He has lied !" I replied , " He must bring it back."

I took my medicine in my nafa<sup>14</sup> and I threw it on the fire. I also threw the medicinal powder. The smoke began to rise. I said: "Let the sorcerer bring here what he has taken !"

"Where is he at present ? " I asked.

The little girl replied: "He is behind the Residence. He will arrive in the shape of a little bird...He is at Moussa Sal's place now..."

"Where is he ?"

15

"He is at Fara Dienguel's."

16

Now he is going to the goumbo Mata Niang to greet him. His brother Seni, is at Matar's....

"Let him not go to and fro. I need him. He has only to reply to me. Let him come."

"Here he is now. But, he is coming, empty handed. What he from me, he has left in the bengala of his brother.

"Order him to return immediately to look for what he has left at Matar's."

"He has come near here, but he has met a goat, and hidden the heart in the animal's behind."

Then the little girl told me that he had come. The sorcerer asked her to stretch out her hands so that he can put down what he had taken. And I replied: "Don't receive it in your two hands. Let him place it on your head !"

I then ordered the sorcerer to wash his right hand and pour the water on the head of the little girl.

The little girl declared that he had washed his hand and poured the water on her head.

I then ordered him to rinse his mouth and spread the water on the head of the little girl. The sorcerer then said: "My work is not here. You have only to take my rhambeu<sup>17</sup> at my brother's place."

I command him to go and look for it. He replied to me: The serpent who closes the opening of the jar has gone to eat."

"If you go there," I tell him, "You have only to pronounce such and such a word and the serpent will immediately come."

I had not finished speaking when the little girl told me: "As you were speaking, the serpent came. He is here."

The sorcerer rinsed his mouth and sprinkled the water on the head of the little girl. I had prepared food for her, and gave her the food to eat. She was completely cured and returned to Thievaly.

Her father and her mother paid seventy five francs, and after this cure, regarded me as a great bourhama.

-----  
Yang Yang (1904). Told by S.A. Dabo, exorcist of sorcerers. Interpreted by Ahmadou Diop.

- 1 Title that one can translate by count.
- 2 Exorciste, exorcist of sorcerers.
- 3 Small enclosure, serving as a mosque.
- 4 Village near Yang-Yang.
- 5 Black Fula. This race , concerned with woodworking, has given its name to local carpenters.
- 6 A village near Yang-Yang.
- 7 Garbage heap at the entrance of each Wolof village.
- 8 Local jar of baked clay.
- 9 Essence of a plant.
- 10 Black ants.
- 11 A wild tree.
- 12 Wild plants.
- 13 Termites.
- 14 Side pocket of the boubou (local gown).
- 15 Malik Bouri, farba (or consul of the Fulbe) Dienguel.
- 16 Blind.
- 17 Large jar.

Source: F.V.Equilbecq: Contes Indigènes de l'Ouest-Africain Français, 1915, pp.257-.

LVI      La Sage-femme de Dakar

Tout le monde à Dakar connaît la vieille Fatou. C'est elle qui aide les enfants à venir au monde et presque toutes les noires de la ville, ainsi que celles de Bir (1) ont eu recours à elle à l'époque de leur accouchement. Sa case était un peu en dehors de l'ancien village noir, celui qu'on a remplacé par de belles rues et des maisons à la manière des blancs. Depuis longtemps je l'ai perdue de vue. Est-elle morte ? C'est bien possible ! car elle était très vieille. En tout cas elle vivait encore quand j'ai quitté Dakar pour aller à Saint-Louis.

Une nuit comme elle dormait depuis un bon moment déjà, elle entendit frapper à la porte de sa maisonnette. Pensant qu'on avait besoin d'elle pour son travail ordinaire, elle se leva et alla ouvrir. Un grand guinéné était devant elle. Dame ! elle aurait bien voulu rentrer chez elle mais le guinéné qui s'en doutait lui prit vivement la main et la fit passer devant lui. Puis, sans desserrer les dents, il lui intima d'un geste l'ordre de marcher. Tremblante, elle obéit.

Quand ils furent assez loin du village, le guinéné passa devant elle à son tour et elle le suivit docilement tout en claquant des dents. Ce n'est pas qu'il fit froid ce jour là on était en plein hivernage, mais elle avait grand peur. D'ailleurs que pouvait-elle faire ? S'enfuir ? Ses vieilles jambes n'étaient guère alertes et l'on n'échappe pas à la poursuite d'un guinéné. Elle le suivit donc.

Ils cheminèrent ainsi assez longtemps car le guinéné retardait sa marche pour l'attendre. Il n'avait pas l'air de lui vouloir du mal, aussi la vieille Fatou se rassurait-elle peu à peu. Elle qui connaissait bien les abords de Dakar elle ne pouvait se rendre compte du chemin qu'ils suivaient.

Enfin ils arrivèrent devant un grand château aussi grand et plus beau que le nouveau palais du Borom Bir (le gouverneur général) (2). En silence ils traversèrent des cours et des salles désertes puis pénétrèrent dans une chambre très riche

où se trouvait couchée une jolie guinna chargée de saint-esprits (3) et de bijoux de toute sorte en filigrane d'or. Tout autour de son lit, qui était fait de dialambane (4) et tout incrusté d'arabesques d'argent, se tenait une quantité d'autres guinna: hommes et femmes, couverts de somptueux vêtements.

La guinna allait être mère. Fatou comprit tout de suite pourquoi on l'avait envoyé chercher. Elle se mit au travail et, au bout de quelques minutes, elle reçut un petit guinna qu'elle lava avec soin. A peine l'avait-elle rendu à sa mère que, palais et gens, tout disparut à ses yeux et elle vit avec stupéfaction qu'elle se trouvait à côté des premières cases de Dakar sur la hauteur de l'hôpital.

Elle rentra chez elle, tout ahurie et quand elle y fut entrée elle aperçut sur la table un monceau de pièces d'or et un gros bracelet d'argent clair que la guinna - c'était une reine sûrement ! lui avait envoyé comme salaire.

C'est elle qui m'a raconté son histoire et, pour me montrer qu'elle n'avait pas rêvé, elle m'a fait voir le bracelet qu'elle avait conservé. Il est d'un très beau travail et les bijoutiers maures eux-mêmes n'en pourraient faire un si beau. L'argent ne s'en est pas terni. Beaucoup de blancs ont offert à Fatou de le lui acheter. Il y en a même qui sont revenus bien des fois à la charge mais elle a toujours refusé de le vendre et elle doit l'avoir encore si elle vit toujours.

Yang-Yang, 1904 . Elisabeth NDiaye.

-----  
1. Gorée. Littéralement ventre.

2. Le palais du gouverneur général était avant 1905 à Gorée d'où ce titre de Maître de Gorée.

3. Bijou porté par les signares (noirs assimilés)

4. Ebène du Sénégal.

Translation:

Story (4)

The midwife of Dakar

Everyone knew old Fatou. It was she who aided babies come into the world and almost all the blacks of the town, as well as those of Bir<sup>1</sup>, had recourse to her at the time of giving birth. Her house was a little outside the old black village, which has been replaced by fine streets and houses built in the white fashion. For a long time I had not seen her. Was she dead ? It was very possible ! for she was very old. In any case she was still living when I left Dakar to go to Saint-Louis.

One night as she was sleeping for a while already, she heard a knock at the door of her little house. Thinking that she was needed for her usual work, she got up and went to open the door. A great jinn was standing in front of her. She wanted to go back, but the jinn, who did not agree, took her quickly by the hand, and had her go ahead of him. Then without opening his mouth, he indicated with a gesture that she should walk. Trembling, she obeyed.

When they were far from the village, the jinn moved in front of her in his turn, and she followed quietly with shivering teeth. It was not that it was cold that day which was in mid-winter , but she was greatly afraid. Besides, what could she do ? Flee ? Her old limbs were scarcely able, and one does not escape from the pursuit of a jinn. She followed him then.

They were on the road for a fair time, for the jinn slowed down to wait for her. He did not look as if he wished to do her harm, so old Fatou who gradually regained her confidance. She/knew the surroundings of Dakar well, could not figure out what road they were following.

Finally they arrived in front of a great castle, as large and as beautiful as the new palace of the Borom Bir<sup>2</sup> (the Governor-General). They crossed the courtyard in silence, and deserted rooms, then reached a room, very rich, in which there was a young jinn, adorned with jewels and all sorts of jewelry

in gold filigree work. All around her bed, which was made of ebony, and all encrusted with designs in silver, were a number of other jinns, men and women, clothed in sumptuous garments.

The jinn was going to be a mother. Fatou understood immediately why they had sent to fetch her. She began work, and after several minutes, she received a little jinn, which she carefully washed. Scarcely had she given her back to her mother when, the palace and the people vanished before her eyes, and she saw with astonishment that she was beside the first houses of Dakar, level with the hospital.

She return home, bewildered, and when she entered she saw on the table a heap of gold pieces and a heavy silver bracelet that the jinn - she was surely a queen - had sent her as payment.

It was she who told me her story, and to show me that she had not dreamed it, she showed me the bracelet that she had kept. It was beautifully worked, and even the Mauretanian jewellers themselves could not make one so fine. The silver had not tarnished. Many whites offered to buy it from Fatou. There are some who returned many times to seek it, but she has always refused to sell it, and she must have it still if she is alive.

Yang-yang 1904 Elizabeth NDiaye.

1 Bir . Goree , Literally: belly.

2 The Palace of the Governor General was before 1905 at Goree, hence this title Master of Goree.

3 Jewelry worn by the signares (assimilated blacks).

4 Senegalese ebony.

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p. 80.

### BOLDE

Dans un village où régnait la famine, un homme las de voir sa femme et ses enfants mourir lentement de faim avait pris la brousse et cherchait des racines.

En passant près d'un buisson, il s'entendit appeler, il s'arrêta, chercha l'endroit d'où venait la voix, s'approcha, et, dans les épines, aperçut un Kel en cailcédrat "récipient", qui lui disait:

-Tu as faim, Samba, je puis me remplir de tout ce que tu voudras, il suffit que tu fasses le voeu:

"Kel nel mout ak.....(Keuhl, sois plein de.....)".

- Kel, nel mout ak thioh (emplis-tois de son).

Le Kel s'emplit de son que Samba dévora.

- Kel, nel mout ak tiéré (emplis-toi de couscous).

Samba dévora le couscous, et aussi le riz dont il demanda au récipient de bois de s'emplir.

Alors, repu, Samba revint à la maison, portant le récipient miraculeux, et à sa femme, il raconta son histoire.

- Kel, nel mout ak thioh, ak tiéré...ak tiep, ak khalis....et le récipient s'emplit à nouveau de son, de couscous, de riz, d'argent...

A la maison, maintenant, Samba oubliait la famine. Il avait bien défendu à sa femme de parler du Kel qui les nourrissait et répondait à tous leurs désirs, et pourtant c'est lui, Samba, qui un jour ne put résister à l'envie d'aller raconter la chose au roi.

Le roi se fit montrer le récipient, le fit se remplir d'or, et congédia Samba après l'avoir fait ligoter et battre à toute volée.

Samba revint chez lui, il dit son aventure, et comme la famine ne l'épargnait plus, il reprit la brousse.

Il retrouva sans peine l'endroit où il avait entendu la voix, il fouilla les buissons, et aperçut un "bolde" (grosse masse de fer), qui était enfoncée dans

les feuilles.

- Boldé....dit Samba.

La masse de fer avait aussi un pouvoir magique. A l'appel de son nom, elle se soulevait de terre, et venait frapper à la tête celui qui avait prononcé le mot "Boldé".

- Boldé.. répéta Samba. Et il reçut encore un choc énorme sur le crâne.

Alors il compris quel était le pouvoir de cette masse de fer et qu'elle pourrait servir à le venger.

A grand peine, Samba porta jusqu'à la demeure du roi le "Boldé" et le déposa à ses pieds.

- C'est encore une chose merveilleuse que j'ai trouvée, dit Samba.

- Quoi...un boldé ? dit de roi.

A ce moment, la masse de fer se souleva et vint le frapper à la mâchoire.

Toute la suite du roi s'approchait.

- Un boldé ? ....

- Un boldé ? ....

La masse de fer entra en danse, elle frappait l'un, assommait l'autre, renversait celui-ci, écrasait celui-là, tant et si bien que Samba put facilement se glisser jusque dans la demeure du roi et reprendre le Keuhl qu'il rapporta chez lui, pour la joie de toute sa maison.

(Raconté par A. Sadji).

Translation

## Story (5)

Bolde

In a village where famine reigned, a man weary of seeing his wife and children die slowly of hunger went to the bush to look for roots.

Passing by a bush, he heard himself called, stopped, looked for the place the voice was coming from, approached it, and in the thorns found a Kel (wooden bowl), which said to him.

"You are hungry, Samba. I can fill myself with whatever you wish. It is sufficient to wish: "Kel nel mout ak.... (Bowl, be full of...)"

"Kel, nel mout ak thioh (Bowl, be full of bran).

The bowl filled itself with bran which Samba devoured.

"Kel, nel mout ak tiere (Bowl, fill yourself with couscous).

Samba devoured the couscous, and also the rice that he asked the wooden recipient to fill itself with.

Then, full, Samba returned home, carrying the miraculous recipient, to his wife, and told his story.

"Kel, nel mout ak thioh, ak tiere, ak tiep, ak khalis..." and the bowl filled itself again with bran, couscous, rice, money.

At home, now, Samba forgot the famine. He had forbidden his wife to speak of the bowl which fed them and responded to all their desires, and yet it is he, Samba, who one day could not resist the desire to go and tell the king about it.

The king had the bowl shown to him, had it fill with gold, and dismissed Samba, after having him tied up and soundly beaten.

Samba returned home, told his story, and as the famine did not spare him any more, he went back to the bush.

He found without difficulty the place where he had heard the voice. He searched around in the bushes and saw a bolde (a large iron club) which was stuck in the leaves. "Bolde...." said Samba. The iron club also had a

magic power. On its name being called it would rise from the ground and strike on the head he who had pronounced the word 'Bolde'.

"Bolde.." repeated Samba. And he received another enormous blow on the head.

Then he understood that . . . the power of this mass of iron, and that it could serve to avenge him.

With great difficulty Samba carried the Bolde to the dwelling of the King and put it down at his feet.

"Here is another wonderful thing that I have discovered," said Samba.

"What ? . . .a bolde ? " said the king.

At this moment, the mass of iron rose up, and struck him on the jaw.

All the people around the king approached. "A bolde ?...." "A bolde ?..."

The mass of iron began to dance, striking one, then another, knocking over this one, crushing that one, so that Samba could easily slip into the king's house and take back the wooden bowl which he took home with him to the joy of all his house.

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p.81.

BOP (LA TETE)

Un homme, couvert de ses armes dont il n'était pas peu fier, s'en allait provoquer la brousse, se livrant à mille fanfaronnades, se vantant qu'il n'avait peur de rien, que sa force était inégalable et jetant défi aux hommes, aux bêtes et aux génies.

Un jour, à ses pieds, il vit sortir d'un trou une tête qui lui dit:

-Oh.....bot....

Ce qui signifie que la tête avait envie de se faire porter dans le dos de l'homme, roulée et nouée dans des pagne, comme on fait pour les petits enfants.

L'homme ricanait, quand il vit la tête se soulever de terre, monter dans le ciel, et lui retomber dessus avec une telle violence qu'il crut bien être assommé.

-Et, maintenant, porte-moi, dit la tête.

L'homme l'enveloppa dans ses pagne et la porta. Mais il allait au village voisin, chez les parents de sa fiancée, et il dut y porter la tête qui ne voulait plus le quitter.

Chez sa fiancée, il mit la tête dans un coin. On servait le repas.

- Donne....disait la tête à chaque plat.

Et l'homme lui fit ainsi manger tout ce qu'on lui servait.

- J'ai encore faim, dit la tête, fais-moi apporter du son.

L'homme demanda du son pour son cheval, et de l'eau, et il prépara de grandes calebasses pleines de cette bouillie qu'il fit manger à la tête. La nuit vint.

La tête dormait. Tout à coup elle s'éveilla.

- Mène-moi dehors, il faut que je sorte, dit-elle à l'homme. L'homme la porta dehors.

- Je suis mal en plein air pour ce que je veux faire, dit la tête, porte-moi à la mosquée.

L'homme voulut protester que jamais il ne consentirait à porter une tête dans une mosquée pour qu'elle la souille, mais la tête, prenant de l'élan dans les airs, lui retomba encore si violemment sur le crâne qu'il se résigna à obéir.

Dans la mosquée, la tête choisit la place du grand marabout et là, sans honte, elle répandit des monceaux d'immondices, puis elle se fit porter par l'homme dans le coin de la case pour reprendre son sommeil.

A l'aube, les fidèles se rendirent à la mosquée. Ils y trouvèrent, à grand scandale, le vénéré marabout incapable de s'arracher seul et de se déenliser, se débattant au milieu des immondices dans lesquelles il était tombé.

Rumeur de colère...cris, injures de toute la foule à l'adresse de l'incongru qui avait souillé le lieu saint.

Le lendemain, par le crieur du village, le marabout fit réunir sur la grande place tout ce qu'il y avait d'hommes vivants dans les cases.

L'homme y fut avec la tête roulée dans son pagne.

La question fut posée:

-Qui s'est rendu hier coupable du forfait ?

-Dénonce-toi, murmura la tête, dans le pagne.

- .....

-Dénonce-toi, ou bien....

-C'est moi, dit l'homme.

A coups de bâtons et de pierres, cet étranger incongru fut jeté hors du village et poursuivi, loin, dans la brousse.

- Rapporte-moi où tu m'as trouvée, dit la tête.

L'homme obéit. La tête lui rendit ses armes.

- Va maintenant, et pense à la tête, quand tu seras près de faire le fanfaron....

Et elle rentra dans son trou de sable.

(Raconté par A. Sadji).

Translation:

Story (6)

The Head

A man, covered with weapons of which he was not a little proud, was going to provoke the bush, giving himself up to a thousand boasts, boasting that he was afraid of nothing, that his strength could not be equaled, and defying men, beasts, and spirits.

One day, at his feet, he saw a head come out of a hole. It said to him "Oh...bot..." This means that the head wanted to be carried on the back of the man, rolled up and knotted in pagnes (cloths) like one does for small infants.

The man was sneering, when he saw the head rise from the ground, go high in the sky, then fall on top of him with such force that he believed himself killed.

"Now carry me," said the head.

The man wrapped it up in his pagnes and carried it. But he was going to a neighboring village, to the relatives of his fiancee, and had to carry the head which did not wish to leave him.

At his fiancee's place he put the head in a corner. He was served a meal. "Give me.." said the head , with each dish.

And the man had it eat everything that was served to him.

"I am still hungry," said the head, "bring me some bran."

The man asked for some bran for his horse, and water, and prepared  
es  
great calabash/full of this pap, which he had the head eat. Night came.

The head was asleep. Suddenly it woke up. "Take me outside, I must go out, " it said to the man. The man took it outside. "I can't be in the open. for what I want to do," said the head, "Take me to the mosque."

The man wished to protest that he would never consent to take a head inside a mosque to soil it, but the head, rising in the air, fell

on him again so violently on his head that he resigned himself to obey.

In the mosque the head chose the place of the grand marabout, and there, without shame, it spread around pieces of filth, then it had itself carried by the man to a corner of the house to resume its sleep.

At dawn, the faithful assembled at the mosque. They found there, to everyone's horror, the venerable marabout incapable of tearing himself away and of floundering in the middle of the filth in which he had fallen.

Clamor of anger..cries, curses of all the crowd towards the person who had soiled the holy place.

The next day, by the village crier, the marabout had all the men living in the houses assemble in the village square.

The man was there with the head rolled up in his pagne.

The question was put: "Who yesterday rendered himself guilty of the heinous offence ?" "Denounce yourself," mumured the head in the cloth. .... "Denounce yourself, or else...." "It is I," said the man.

With blows from sticks and stones, this incongruous stranger was thrown out of the village, and chased far into the bush.

"Take me back where you found me," said the head.

The man obeyed. The head gave him back his arms.

"Go now, and think of the head, when you are ready to make idle boasts..." And it returned into its hole in the sand.

Source: Blaise Cendrars: Anthologie nègre, 1947, p.341.

No.106      Le Spahi et la Guinné

On tient cette histoire d'Amadou Diop

Il y a un spahi du nom de Mandoye N'Gom, un spahi de 2<sup>e</sup> classe qui couchait à N'Dar Touti avec sa femme. Une nuit qu'il était dans sa case, la lune l'a trompé. Il s'est réveillé à deux heures du matin et s'imaginant voir le jour à cause de la grande clarté du clair de lune, il a réveillé sa femme en lui disant: -Allons ! lève-toi pour faire mon café.

-Ah ! Mandoye N'Gom, a répondu celle-ci, il est encore trop bonne heure.

-Ca ne te regarde pas ! Allons ! lève-toi

La femme n'a pas voulu. Elle a refusé carrément.

Alors Mandoye a préparé son café lui-même. Il l'a bu, puis, prenant sa cravache, il est sorti, déclarant qu'il allait certainement manquer l'appel.

Il a couru jusqu'à la hauteur de la prison civile. Là, il s'est remis au pas. Il a pris une chique de tabac pour bourrer sa pipe et a atteint la mosquée de N'Dar.

Et tout à coup une demoiselle s'est dressée devant lui, lui barrant le passage. Elle s'est dressée toute nue devant lui, n'ayant qu'une ceinture de verroterie: Mon cher ami, a-t-elle dit, donnez-moi donc une chique de tabac.- Je n'ai pas le temps, répond Mandoye. Je le ferais de bon coeur, mais je suis trop pressé. Si je m'arrête, je vais manquer l'appel.

La demoiselle l'empêche de passer: Tu ne passeras pas, dit-elle. Il me faut ma chique de tabac. Et elle commence à faire des bêtises. Elle voulait embrasser le spahi...

-Comment , se dit Mandoye, le jour est à peine levé et voilà qu'elle me demande du tabac !

La demoiselle ne voulait pas le laisser. Il lui envoie un bon coup de cravache par la figure. La jeune fille se met à pleurer. Elle crie: "Hoû ! ..où " comme la sirène d'un bateau. Elle s'enfuit. - Ah ! dit Mandoye,

elle vient m'ennuyer, celle-là ! Sûrement ce n'est pas une femme, mais une guinué !

Il pousse jusqu'à la caserne. Le voilà dans la cour, criant lui aussi: "Hoù !..où !" Le sous-officier de semaine vient à lui: Mandoye, est-ce que tu deviens fou ? A deux heures du matin, tu viens hurler dans la caserne comme un chacal ! Tu auras quatre jours de salle de police demain matin. Tu peux y compter.

Mais Mandoye ne pouvait plus parler. Il était devenu fou. Le sous-officier et le brigadier de semaine l'empoignent, ils lui font monter l'escalier. Il dit alors qu'il a vu quelque chose de fantastique. On le fait coucher et quelqu'un reste à le veiller.

Le lendemain, dès huit heures du matin, on le transporta à l'hôpital. Il y a passé huit jours et il commençait à se trouver mieux et à parler, car sa femme lui portait des grigris et des médicaments de noirs qu'elle cachait sous ses vêtements pour les faire entrer dans l'hôpital. Pendant ces huit jours on l'a soigné de cette façon et il s'est guéri.

Les médecins ne savaient pas comment ou s'y était pris. Ils vinrent, lui tâtèrent le bras et déclarèrent qu'il était mieux.

Les marabouts, qui sont savants, ont dit: Ca, c'est une guinué qui l'a fait.

Translation

## Story (7)

The Spahi and the Jinn

This tale was told by Amadou Diop.

There was once a spahi called Mandoye N'Gom, a spahi, 2nd class, who used to sleep at N'Dar Touti with his wife. One night when he was in his house, the moon deceived him. He woke up at two o'clock in the morning and thinking it was daybreak because of the great brightness of the moon, woke up his wife telling her: "Come, get up and make my coffee."

"Ah ! Mandoye N'Gom, she replied, "it is still too early."

"That's none of your business ! Come ! Get up."

His wife wouldn't. She stoutly refused.

Then Mandoye prepared his coffee himself. He drank it, then, taking his riding-whip, he went out, declaring that he was certainly going to miss roll-call.

He ran until he came level with the civil prison. There he resumed walking. He took a quid of tobacco to stuff his pipe and reached N'Dar Mosque.

Suddenly a young woman stood up in front of him, barring his way. She stood up completely naked in front of him, wearing only waist beads. "My good friend," she said , " give me a piece of tobacco."

"I have not time," replied Mandoye. "I would do it gladly, but I'm in too much of a hurry. If I stop, I am going to miss roll-call."

The young woman prevented him from passing: "You will not pass," she said. "I need my piece of tobacco." And she began to play pranks. She wished to embrace the spahi. (tried to kiss the spahi)

"What ?" Mandoye said to himself, "The day is scarcely broken, and here she is asking for tobacco."

The young lady would not let him alone. . . He gave her a good blow of the whip on her face. The girl began to cry. She shouted "Hou....ou"

like the siren of a ship. She fled. "Ah," said Mandoye, "She has just upset me, that one. Surely it is not a woman, but a jinn."

He pushed on to the barracks. Here he is in the parade-ground, crying also: "Hou....ou !" The N.C.O. of the week came to him: "Mandoye, have you become mad ? At two o'clock in the morning, you have started howling in the barracks like a jackal. You will have four days in the lock-up tomorrow morning. You may count on it."

But Mandoye could no longer speak. He had become mad. The N.C.O. and the corporal of the week seized him, and had him go upstairs. He said then that he had seen something fantastic. They made him lie down and someone remained to watch over him.

The next day, after eight in the morning, he was taken to the hospital. He spent eight days there, and was beginning to recover and to speak, for his wife brought him charms and native medicines, that she would hide under her dress so as to get them into the hospital. For these eight days he was taken care of in this fashion and was cured.

The doctors did not know what was the matter. They came, felt his arm (pulse ?) and declared that he was better.

The marabouts, who are wise, said " It was a jinn who caused it."

Source: F.V.Equilbecq: Contes Indigènes, 1915, pp. 279-282.

LX. Le Lion , Le Guinné, et le Ouarhambané

Samba Atta Dabo de Yang-Yang m'a raconté ceci.

Un jour un guinné s'est rencontré avec un lion. Ils se sont disputés chacun prétendant être le plus brave. Le lion dit: "Guinné, moi je n'ai peur de rien." La guinné a répondu: "Moi je ne crains rien si ce n'est un ouar'hambâné dont les cheveux ne sont pas encore blancs, un homme de 30 à 40 ans." Et le lion: "Moi je pourrais tuer le ouar'hambâné." Bon ! lui dit le guinné. Ce soir nous le verrons bien. Tu le verras aussi en face du ouar'hambâné."

A sept heures et demie du soir il dit au lion: "Viens ! nous allons du côté de "Thiévaly" (Petit village à trois kilomètres de Yang-Yang.)

Ils sont venus jusqu'à mi chemin entre Thiévaly et Yang-Yang. Alors le guinné: "Eh bien, lion, couche-toi là près du bord de la route. Le ouar'hambâné va venir...."

Après dîner les jeunes gens ont quitté Yang-Yang pour aller à Thiévaly voir leurs bonnes amies car il y a de jolies filles à Thiévaly. Le lion demande: "Guinné, sont-ce ces gens-là ?" Le guinné répond. Il dit "Non. Recouche-toi."

Ils restent là jusqu'à dix heures et demie. Les grands ouar'hambânés ont passé près du lion et du guinné. Le lion demande au guinné: "Sont-ce ces gens-là ?" Il répond: "Non. Recouche-toi. Ce sont des ouar'hambânés il est vrai mais le plus grand n'est pas encore venu."

Ils restent là jusqu'à minuit. A ce moment le ouar'hambâné quitta Yang-Yang tout seul. Il a pris un grand fusil à piston, il a pris sa lance, il a pris son grand couteau, il a pris aussi son couteau-rasoir et son sabre et une grande canne dont il se sert comme d'un marteau. Le guinné dit: "Lion, réveille-toi donc ! Le ouar'hambâné arrive. Ecoute le fracas de sa crosse, de ses couteaux, de son sabre. Voilà un oura'hambâné tout seul. Dis moi, que crains-tu ?" Le lion répond: "Je n'ai peur que du fusil."

"Tu n'as pas à en avoir peur. Si le ouar'hambâné tire sur toi, moi guinné j'attraperai les balles au vol." Telle fut la réponse du guinné. Le lion dit encore: "J'ai peur aussi de la lance." Et le guinné "N'en aie pas peur. S'il t'envoie un coup de lance, je saisirai la lance avant qu'elle te touche." Et le lion a encore répondu: "Oh ! il a un sabre ! J'ai peur du sabre." Le guinné lui dit: "Chaque fois qu'il te donnera un coup de sabre je l'empêcherai de te blesser." Le ouar'hambane ne pourra se servir que de son bâton: Moi déclare le guinné je n'ai peur que de la canne. Pour le fusil, je saurai m'en défendre. Je saurai me défendre du sabre; je saurai me défendre du couteau mais je ne pourrais me garantir de la canne."

Le ouar'hambâné s'avance fort de ses armes. Le lion bondit. Il tombe au milieu de la route. Il rugit trois fois. Le voilà tout près du ouar'hambâné.

Le ouar'hambâné tire un coup de fusil sur le lion mais le guinné a saisi au vol les sept balles qui étaient dans le fusil. Il les garde dans sa main. Le ouar'hambâné fait un pas en arrière, il pointe sa lance sur le lion. Le guinné empoigne le bois et le retient.

Le ouar'hambâné recule encore. Il prend son sabre et en assène un coup sur le lion. Le lion est atteint mais le guinné a empêché le fer de trancher. Le lion bondit. Il se jette sur le ouar'hambâné. Celui-ci lève sa grande canne, frappe sur la tête du lion. La cervelle sort du nez et de la bouche de l'animal.

Le guinné s'est enfui; il détale à toutes jambes en disant: "Ce que j'avais prédit est arrivé. Il n'y a qu'un ouar'hambâné pour me faire peur. Aussi je me sauve faisant ce que j'ai dit."

1 See Story 8b.

Translation

## Story 8(a)

Samba Atta Dabo of Yang-Yang told me this.

One day a jinn met up with a lion. They argued, each claiming to be the bravest. The lion said: "Jinn, I am afraid of nothing." The Jinn replied: "I am afraid of nothing except for a waxambaané (young man), whose hair is not yet grey, a man from 30-40 years of age." And the lion [said]: "As for me, I can kill the waxambaane." "Good," said the Jinn, "This evening we will really see. You too will see confronting the waxambaane."

At half past seven in the evening he said to the lion: "Come, let us go towards "Thiévaly" (A little village three kilometers from Yang-Yang).

They reached half way between Thievaly and Yang-Yang. Then the Jinn [said]: "Well, lion, lie down by the side of the road. The waxhambaane is going to come...."

After dinner the young people left Yang-Yang to go to Thievaly to see their girls friends, for there are pretty girls at Thievaly. The lion asks: "Jinn, are these the people ?" The Jinn replied. He said: "No, lie down again."

They remained there until half past ten. The big waxambaanes passed near the lion and the jinn. The lion asked the Jinn: "Are these the people ?" He replied: "No, lie down again. These are waxambaanes, it is true, but the greatest of them has not yet come."

They remained there until midnight. At that moment the waxambaane left Yang-Yang all alone. He has taken a muzzle loading (?) gun, his lance, his cutlass, also his razor, his sabre, and a great stick, which he used like a hammer. The Jinn said: "Lion, wake up, the waxambaane is coming. Listen to the noise of his stick, of his knives, of his sabre. Here is a waxambaane all alone. Tell me, what are you afraid of ?" Lion replied: "I am afraid only of the gun." "You should not be afraid of it. If the waxambaane fires at you, I the Jinn, will catch the bullets as they fly." Such was the reply of the Jinn. Lion said again : "I am also afraid of the

lance. And the Jinn [said]: "Don't be afraid, If he strikes a blow I will seize the lance before it touches you." And the lion replied again: "Oh, he has a saber. I am afraid of the saber." The Jinn said to him: "Each time that he gives you a blow of the saber I will prevent it from wounding you." The waxambaane had only his stick left to use. "I," declared the Jinn, "am afraid only of the stick. As for the gun , I know how to defend myself against it. I know how to defend myself from the saber, I know how to defend myself from the knife, but I cannot protect myself from the stick."

The waxambaane advanced well armed. The lion pounced. It landed in the middle of /the road. It roared three times. There it was near the waxambaane.

The waxambaane shot at the lion but the Jinn seized in flight the seven bullets that were in the gun. He kept them in his hand. The waxambaane took a step backwards, and aimed his lance at the lion. The Jinn caught the wood and held it.

The waxambaane retreated again. He took up his saber and struck the lion a blow. It landed but the Jinn prevented the blade from cutting. The lion leaped, and threw himself on the waxambaane. He picked up his great stick, and struck the lion on the head. Brains came out of the nose and mouth of the animal.

The Jinn fled, and took off a top speed saying: "What I predicted has happened. There is only one waxambaane who can make me afraid. So I am escaping as I said."

(8b)

Source: David W. Ames: Plural Marriage Among the Wolof in The Gambia.

Ph.D. Dissertation, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois,  
April 1953.

p.141 "A jinni (jine) was sitting at the crossroads one night and heard  
a loud noise announcing the approach of something that was coming  
p. 142 closer and closer down the road. This noise was caused by a  
paramour advancing with all of his magical amulets (some of the  
stuffed horn variety) hanging from his neck and rattling. He was  
also carrying a gun over his shoulder. The jinni was so frightened  
that he ran off into the bush where he met a lion whom he told about  
his experience, mentioning that the paramour is the only thing in  
the world that he is afraid of. Then the lion said that he wished  
to see what the paramour was like and also to kill him. The jinni  
took the lion to the crossroads and asked him to wait there until  
a paramour passed by.

After a short while the lion heard some people coming and asked  
the jinni if this was the paramour, but the jinni said no, and the  
people passed, avoiding the crossroad. Then in the middle of the  
night they heard the noise of the paramour coming straight for the  
crossroad and the jinni said to the lion, "You can stay if you wish  
to, but I am leaving." The lion stayed. When the paramour approached,  
he saw the lion and thought it was a donkey because it was switching  
its tail. The paramour approached close to the lion. When the young  
man got close enough to discover that it was a lion, he shot him,  
cut off his ear and took it to town to show the people."

Ames comments (p. 141) "The successful paramour (waXambai cheil) is admired and envied by the young men. WaXambani means "young man," while cheil is an abbreviation of "crossroads" (cheili), where witches (doma) and malevolent jinn are said to lurk at night. The successful paramour is thought very brave because, in traveling from town to town on his illicit adventures, he dares to pass the crossroads and other dreaded places. The....story, believed by the informant to be true and rather amusing, illustrates the reputation for fearlessness of the paramour."

1 Cf. Story 8a .

2 In his thesis Ames does not specifically state where the story was recorded. He carried out field work both at Njau in Upper Salum, and Ballanghar in Lower Salum. When visiting Njau in 1979, I tried to find out, without success, whether anyone knew this particular story. In a conversation with Ames (1980) he thought that the story was most likely recorded at Ballanghar. His field notes being in storage and inaccessible for the present, it was impossible for him to check his original data.

## (B) TALES ABOUT HARE, HYAENA, MONKEY, AND LION

		Date	Pages
9	Monkey and Hare (Remaining still, not scratching)	a 1829 b 1887 c 1943 d 1960/61	50- 57 52- 53 54- 55 56
10	The Shrewdness of the Monkey and the Naivete of the Hyaena	1885	57- 60
11	The Wolf and the Spirit of Death	1858	61- 62
12	The Wolf , the Ox, and the Elephant	1858	63- 64
13	Hare and the Sparrows [Search for Wisdom]	1858	65- 66
14	The Rabbit before God	1914	67- 68
15	The Fox and the Rabbit (C'est moi) Hyaena and Hare (Man a)	a 1914 b 1960/61	69- 70 71
16	The Old Woman and the Wolf	1914	72- 73
17	The Wolof Who Pretended to be a Doctor A Hyaena Doctor (Seer)	1914 1960/61	74- 75 76
18	The House of the Lion and of the Hyaena	1933	77- 80
19	The Hare and the Children of the Jeweler [Hare has himself tied up in a garden] Hyaena and Hare [Hare has himself tied in the smith's bean patch]	1933 a 1960/61 b	81- 84 85- 86
20	The Hyaena Who Ate the Young of the Animals	1933	87- 89
21	The Two Wives of Lion	1933	90- 91
22	The Hare, the King of the Land (Elephant) and the King of the Sea (Whale)	1933	92- 93
23	Hyaena, the Hare and the Donkey	a 1933 b 1943	94- 95 96- 97
24	Hyaena, Donkey and the Fulbe (Thiat)	1933	98- 99
25	The Monkey and the Dog	1933	100-103
26	Hare and Hyaena [Taking honey to the King]	1933	104-107
27	Hunting Expeditions of Hare & Hyaena	1933	108-116
28	The Spider and the Hyaena	1933	117-121
29	If God Wills...[Hyaena and Fruit Tree]	1933	122-123
30	Hyaena and Tortoise	1960/61	124-125
31	Goat, Hyaena and Lion [Goat goes on pilgrimage to Mecca]	1960/61	126-127
32	Hare and Hyaena [Selling horses]	1960/61	128-129

Continued: p. 49

	Date	Pages
33 Momar Tyaw and Hyaena [Fast eater vs. Greedy Hyaena]	1960/61	130-131
34 Hyaena, Lion, and Hare [During hungry period try living with lion cubs]	1960/61	132
35 Jackal and Hyaena	1960/61	133
36 Hyaena Guards Well	1961/62	134-135
37 The Man and the Monkeys	1961/62	136

Source: Baron Roger: Recherches philosophiques sur la langue ouolofo..., 1829,  
p.143 - 145.

### Goloh ak leug

Bèn bëss goloh-ghe né:  
Meun-na ghiéki tkië lelèk  
bèll nghiènt-soou,  
té dou-ma-oketou.  
Leug-be né ko:  
Man itt meun-na ghiéki tkië lelèk  
bèll nghiènt-soou,  
té dou-ma-khénikou.  
Gnou di ghiéki thië lelèk  
bèll dig ou bekièk.  
Goloh beug-na oketou,  
té am-oul bën mpèrhé-mou mou dëf.  
Mou-nè leug:  
Be-ma-dëmon tkië kharé-be,  
gnou-diam me balle fi,  
gnou-diam me balle fi,  
gnou-diam me balle fi,  
Fou mou-woné tkië iaram em né:  
Diam negnou ko fe balle,  
mou-oketou fe.  
Leug itt beug-na khénikou,  
té am-oul bën mpèrhé.  
Mou-né ko: Man itt bi gnou me  
dakhé tkië kharé-be,  
me-teub-dall filé,  
me-teub-dall felé,  
me-teub dall foulé.  
-Mom itt fou mou-teub-dall  
tkië-be mou ko nétali, mou-sènou  
fou soré.  
  
Lo lou-lé tarh gnou-né:  
bën goloh meun-oul ghiéki  
tkië lelèk bèll nghiènt-soou  
té dou-oketou;  
bën leug itt meun-oul ghiéki  
tkië lelèk bèll nghiènt-soou  
té dou-sènou fou nèk.

### Le singe et le lièvre

Un jour le singe dit:  
Je puis rester au matin  
jusque le soleil couché,  
et ne pas me gratter.  
Le lièvre dit à lui:  
Moi aussi je puis rester au matin  
jusque le soleil couché  
et ne pas me retourner pour regarder.  
Ils restent au matin jusque milieu du  
bekièk. (10 a.m to 2.00 p.m.)  
Le singe veut gratter, et  
n'a pas un moyen lui faire.  
Il dit au lièvre:  
Lorsque j'allai à la guerre,  
on blesse moi d'une balle ici,  
on blesse moi d'une balle ici,  
on blesse moi d'une balle ici,  
Où il montre au corps sien disant:  
On a blessé lui là d'une balle,  
il gratte là.  
Le lièvre aussi veut se retourner,  
et n'a pas un moyen.  
Il dit à lui: Moi aussi lorsque l'on  
me poursuit à la guerre,  
je saute et retombe ici,  
je saute et retombe là (au loin),  
je saute et retombe là (près).  
Lui aussi où il saute et tombe  
lorsque il le raconte, il regarde là  
loin.

Cela est cause on dit:  
un singe ne peut pas rester  
au matin jusque le soleil couché  
et ne pas gratter;  
un lièvre aussi ne peut pas rester  
au matin jusque le soleil couché  
et ne pas regarder où il est.

Translation: Roger: Le singe et le lievre

The Monkey and the Hare

One day the monkey said  
I can remain from morning  
until sunset,  
and not scratch myself.  
Hare said to him:  
I too can remain from morning  
until sunset  
and not turn round to look.  
They remained from morning until the middle  
of the morning.  
The monkey wished to scratch, and  
had not the means to do it.  
He said to the hare  
"When I went to the war,  
I was wounded with a bullet here,  
I was wounded with a bullet here,  
I was wounded with a bullet here,  
Wherever he showed on his body saying  
I was wounded there with a bullet,  
he scratched there.  
Hare also wished to turn round,  
and had no means.  
He said to him: "I too when I  
was pursued in the war,  
I jumped and fell here,  
I jumped and fell there (far)  
I jumped and fell there (near)."  
He too where he jumped and fell  
when he told it, he looked there  
far (back).  
  
That is why one says  
a monkey cannot remain  
from morning to sunset  
and not scratch,  
a hare too cannot remain  
from morning to sunset  
and not look around.

Source:

Le Général Faidherbe: Langues Sénégalaïses. Wolof, Arabe-Hassania, Soninké, Sérère. Paris, 1887, pp. 22-23.

### GOLO AK NDJIOMBOR

Bène bès golo né: man na diéki tchieu leuleuk bé diente sôô té dou ma okatou. Ndjiombor né ko: man it, man na diéki tchieu leuleuk bé diente sôô; te dou ma khénakou.

Ba nou dieké tchi leuleuk bé dig ou bétiek golo beugge okatakou.

Mou né Djiombor: Ba ma démé tchia kharé ba, niou diame bal filé, niou diame bal falé, niou diame bal foulé. - Fou mou woné tchia iaram am né: Diame naniou ko, mou katakou fa.

Ndjiombor it beuggon na khé na kou. Mou né golo: Man it, be niou ma daqqhe tchia kharé ba, ma teub dal filé, ma teub dal falé, ma teub dal foulé.

Mom it, fou mou teub dal tchia ba mou nattali, mou seénou fou soré.

### TRADUCTION

#### Le Singe et le Lièvre

Un jour, le singe dit: Je puis rester depuis le matin jusqu'au coucher du soleil sans me gratter. Le lièvre lui dit: Moi aussi, je puis rester depuis le matin jusqu'au coucher du soleil sans me retourner. Lorsqu'il fut resté depuis le matin jusqu'au milieu de la journée, le singe veut se gratter, il dit au lièvre: Lorsque je fus à la guerre on me blessa ici, on me blessa là. on me blessa là. Partout où il montrait l'endroit de son corps où on l'avait blessé, il s'y grattait.

Le lièvre aussi voulait tourner la tête. Il dit au singe: Moi aussi, lorsqu'on me poursuivait à la guerre, je sautais par ici, je sautais par là, je sautais par là. Lui aussi, en racontant qu'il sautait ici et là, regardait au loin.

Translation: Faidherbe: Le Singe et le Lievre

The Monkey and the Hare

One day the monkey said: "I can remain from morning until sunset without scratching myself." Hare replied to him: "I too, can remain from morning till sunset without turning round." When he had remained from morning till the middle of the day, monkey wanted to scratch himself, he said to the hare: "When I was in the war, I was wounded here, I was wounded there, I was wounded there." Everywhere that he showed the place on his body where they had wounded him, he scratched there.

Hare also wanted to turn his head. He said to the monkey: "I too, when they pursued me in the war, I would jump here, I would jump there, I would jump there." He too, in telling how he jumped here and there, would look around.

Source: Armand-Pierre Angrand: Manuel Français-Ouolof, Dakar, 1943, pp. 82-83.

### GOLO AK DJIOMBOR

Bène besse golo né  
meun na djiéki tchia souba  
bé diante so  
té dou ma okatou  
Djiombor né ko manitt  
meun ne djiéki tchia souba  
bé diante so  
té dou ma hinékou.  
Niou né aytchia na niou dième.  
Niou di djiéki, di djiéki  
te di sétanté tchia souba  
bé digi bethiak.  
Golo beug na okatou  
te amoul menne mpékhé  
mou né djiombor o !  
Djiombor tontou ko né name ?  
ba me demmé tchia haré be  
niou diam me di  
nous diamati me fi ak fou  
gisoulo léguete yi ?  
Fou mou wonné tchi yaram-am  
né diam na niou ko fa  
mou oka fofa  
Djiombor itame beug na hinékou  
mou dal di ko né  
manitt ba niou me dakhé  
tchia haré bou metti be  
boba dioudogoul le  
da ma teub dal fi  
teub dal felé  
teubati dal fa  
Momitt fou mou teub dal  
bi mou ko né tali  
lou mou gaw-gaw  
di na sénoualé fou néké  
Ba niou gissé né kou néke  
dième na nakh morome me  
niou dal di hakhataye.  
Lolou mo tak niou né  
bènne golo meunoul djiéki  
tchia souba be diante so  
té dou okatou  
bènne djiombor-itt meunoul djiéki  
tchia souba be diante so  
té dou sénou fou néke.

### LE SINGE ET LE LIEVRE

Un jour, le singe dit:  
je puis rester du matin  
jusqu'au soleil couché  
et pas me gratter.  
Le lièvre dit lui, moi aussi  
je puis rester du matin  
jusqu'au soleil couché  
et pas me retourner.  
Ils disent chiche ! essayons.  
Ils restèrent et restèrent  
et s'observant depuis le matin  
jusqu'au milieu du jour.  
Le singe veut se gratter  
mais n'a aucun moyen  
il dit ohé lièvre !  
Le lièvre répond lui oui, quoi  
lorsque j'étais à la guerre  
on me blessa ici  
on me blessa encore ici et là  
ne vois-tu pas les cicatrices ?  
partout où il désigne sur son corps  
disant blessure ils lui firent là  
il gratte cet endroit.  
Le lièvre aussi voulut se retourner  
il aussitôt lui dit que  
moi aussi quand on me poursuivit  
lors de la guerre fameuse  
en ce temps n'étais pas né toi  
je me saute et retombe ici  
saute et retombe là  
ressaute et retombe là-bas  
lui aussi partout où il sautille  
quand il le raconte  
si vite que ce fut  
il profite regarde tous côtés.  
Quand ils se rendirent compte que chacun  
a essayé de tromper l'autre,  
ils aussitôt rirent aux éclats.  
Voilà pourquoi on dit  
aucun singe ne peut rester  
du matin au soleil couché  
et ne pas se gratter  
aucun lièvre aussi ne peut rester  
du matin au soleil couché  
et ne pas regarder de tous côtés.

Translation: Angrand

The Monkey and the Hare

One day the monkey said:  
I can remain from morning  
until sunset  
and not scratch myself.  
The hare said to him, I too  
can remain from morning  
till sunset  
and not turn round.  
They said: I bet you can't, let's try.  
They remained and remained  
and observing each other since morning  
until the middle of the day.  
The monkey wished to scratch himself  
but had no means (chance)  
he said , "hey, hare ."  
Hare replied to him, "Yes, what ?"  
"When I was in the war  
they wounded me here  
they wounded me here and there,  
don't you see the scars ?"  
each place that he showed on his body  
as if it were a wound they had made there  
he scratched this place.  
Hare also wished to turn round;  
he also said to him that  
"I too when they chased me  
at the time of that famous war  
then you were not born,  
I would jump and fall here,  
jump and fall there,  
jump again and fall there."  
He too wherever he jumped  
when he told it,  
however quickly,  
he took advantage to look on all sides.  
When they realized that each  
had tried to deceive the other,  
they immediately burst into laughter.  
That is why one says  
No monkey can remain  
from morning to sunset  
without scratching,  
no hare also can remain  
from morning to sunset,  
and not look all around.

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Übersee, 1960/61 XLIV(1), 264-265. Wolof and German versions

Original from: Faidherbe: Langues Sénegalaises.

Checked by: Ndiaye Thernot, Thies, Senegal.

4. MONKEY AND HARE.

One day Monkey said: "I can stay from morning till sunset without scratching myself." Hare said: "I too, I can stay from morning till sunset without looking back." They stayed [still] from morning till mid-day. Monkey wanted to scratch himself. He said to Hare: "When I went to the war, I was shot here, I was shot there, I was shot everywhere." Each time he would show on his body where he was wounded, he would scratch there.

Hare also wanted to look round. He said to Monkey: "As for me, when they pursued me in battle, I jumped here, I jumped there, I jumped everywhere." He too, whenever he jumped, would look back and glance into the distance.

That's the tale.

DPG: This story was derived from:

Faidherbe: Langues Sénegalaises. Wolof, Arabe-Hassania, Soninké, Sérère. Paris, 1887, 22-23. (Wolof text & French translation.)

It occurs earlier in: M. le Baron Roger: Fables Sénegalaises recueillies de l'Ouolof et mises en vers français. Paris, 1828, 40-41. (French verse)

and in his Recherches philosophiques sur la langue ouolofe... Paris, 1829, 143-145 (Wolof text and French translation.)

Source: Bérenger-Féraud, L.-J. B. Recueil de contes populaires de la Sénégambie.  
1885.

(38)

La Finesse du Singe et la Naiveté du Loup

51 Un jour le lion se promenait dans la brousaille comme un propriétaire dans sa maison. - il regardait à droite; - il regardait à gauche; - il faisait deux pas en avant; puis s'arrêtait puis marchait encore.

Voilà que le singe l'aperçoit et se moque de lui en le contrefaisant.

Le lion est mécontent et il lui dit : "singe reste tranquillement à te gratter et ne te moque pas de moi ; sinon je te mangerai." Mais le singe qui est malin continue à prendre sur une branche les attitudes que le lion a l'habitude de prendre sur la terre et le lion entre dans une grande colère contre lui.

52 En faisant ses grimaces et ses gambades le singe perd l'équilibre et il tombe juste entre les pattes du lion qui se saisait de lui et a envie de le tuer d'un coup de dent. Mais il lui vient à l'idée qu'il vaut mieux manger singe en compagnie de son ami; et alors il le met dans son trou dont il ferme la porte à l'aide d'une grosse pierre. Il part ensuite pour aller chercher son convive.

Une fois seul et revenu de sa grande frayeur, le singe se dit comment faire pour m'en aller ?- Il cherche à se sauver mais la pierre est trop grosse pour être poussée au dehors, de sorte que ses efforts sont impuissants; et il se désole.

Mais voilà que le loup vient à passer et l'entend pousser ses hurlements de désespoir.

- Le loup avait eu une querelle avec le singe et il lui en voulait un peu, aussi il est content de l'entendre pleurer et il lui dit "singe pourquoi pleures-tu ?"

Le singe, qui est très fin, sent très bien que s'il n'a pas la

présence d'esprit de tromper le loup il est perdu; et alors il lui répond: "Je ne pleure pas, je chante."

"Pourquoi chantes-tu ?"

53 "Pour faire la digestion en attendant le lièvre qui est allé chercher encore de la viande. Ce matin nous avons fait botaï ensemble et ce soir nous devons le faire encore. Nous allons manger tant que nous pourrons. Nous avons tant de viande ici que je n'en puis plus manger; mon ventre est trop petit; il y en beaucoup de reste tout autour de moi."

Le loup qui est gourmand lui dit alors: "Est-ce que vous refuserez à moi votre ami de faire botaï avec vous autres ?" -Non, répond le singe, entre dans le trou du lièvre; il y a beaucoup à manger pour toi. Mais de peur que d'autres ne nous voient manger, déplace la pierre qui ferme l'entrée du trou avec précaution." Le loup obéit et au moment où il déplace la pierre en entrant dans le trou, le singe se glisse entre ses pattes et se sauve tandis que le loup reste prisonnier.

Le lion arrive avec son ami sur ses entrefaites; et il dit: "Tiens ! nous voulions manger le singe. Ma foi tant pis, nous mangerons le loup."

Or pendant que le pauvre prisonnier est déchiré en morceaux, le singe qui est remonté sur l'arbre fait des gambades en se félicitant d'avoir trompé le lion et le loup. C'est qu'en effet, en échappant à la colère de l'un il s'est délivré de l'animadversion de l'autre.

Translation:

Story (10)

The shrewdness of the monkey and the naivete of the wolf (hyena)

One day the lion was walking in the bush like an owner in his house. He looked to the right, he looked to the left. He took two steps forward; then he would stop, then walk again.

That is what the monkey saw, and mocked him by imitating him.

The lion was angry and said to him: "Monkey, stay still and scratch yourself and don't make fun of me. If not, I will eat you." But the monkey which is malicious continues to take the attitudes high up on a branch that the lion was taking on the ground, and the lion became extremely angry with him.

In making his grimaces and his leaps the monkey lost balance and fell right between the paws of the lion which seized him, and wanted to kill him with a bite. But he had the idea that it would be better to eat monkey in the company of his friend; and so he put him in his hole which he closed with the help of a large rock. He then left to look for his fellow diner.

Once alone and recovered from his great terror, monkey asked himself how he could get out. He tried to save himself but the rock was too heavy to be pushed out, so that his efforts were in vain; and he was disconsolate.

But a hyena happened to pass, and heard him utter his cries of despair.

The hyena had had a quarrel with the monkey and was still angry with him, so he was glad to hear him cry, and said to him "Monkey, why are you crying ?"

The monkey, who is very sharp, felt very well that if he had not the presence of mind to deceive the hyena, he was lost, and then said to him: "I am not crying, I am singing."

"Why are you singing ?"

"To activate my digestion while waiting for the hare who has gone to look for more meat. This morning we formed a "company" together, and this evening we are to do it again. We are going to eat as much as we can."

We have so much meat here that I cannot eat any more. My stomach is too small; there is much left over around me.

The hyena who is a greedy person then said to him. "Are you refusing to allow me your friend to join the "company" with you others. "No, replied the monkey, "Come into the hare's hole; there is much to eat for you. But for fear that others should see us eat, move the rock which closes the entrance to the hole with great care". The hyena obeyed, and at the moment when he moved the rock, in entering the hole, hare slid between his paws and made off while the hyena remained prisoner.

The lion arrived with his friend while this was going on; and said: "Well, we wanted to eat the monkey. At the worst, we will eat the hyena."

While the poor prisoner was torn in pieces, the monkey, which climbed up the tree again, was bounding around, congratulating himself on having deceived the lion and the hyena. In fact, in escaping from the anger of one he was exposed to the hatred of the other.

(11)

Source: Abbé Boilat: Grammaire de la langue woloffe, 1858, p.396.  
 Wolof text: 393-396.

Le Loup et Abdou Dhiabare.

Un boeuf, étant mort depuis quelque temps, commençait à enter en décomposition. Un loup mourant de faim vint y chercher sa pâture. Ce fut alors qu'arriva le Génie de la mort, qui lui demanda de quel droit il volait son bien. Le loup, effrayé, tremblant, demanda mille pardons au Génie, avec des larmes et des gémissements amers. Eh bien, lui dit le Génie, je vais te pardonner, mais à une condition: tu pourras, pendant deux ans, te nourrir de charogne, et, après ce terme, tu viendras me trouver dans mon royaume. Le loup promet tout, espérant que ces deux ans ne se termineront jamais; ou du moins il fuira dans une contrée si éloignée, que le Génie ne pourra pas le retrouver.

La dernière année étant écoulée, le loup dormait paisiblement dans sa tanière, quand tout à coup le Génie apparut, et, l'éveillant en sursaut, lui lança ce terrible commandement: Lève-toi, malheureux ! prends tes effets et suis-moi: gare si tu me fais attendre ! Le loup se lève troublé et tremblant: De grâce, dit-il, permettez auparavant que j'aille embrasser ma femme et mes enfants. Pendant ce temps il fait semblant de rentrer dans sa tanière, et s'échappe en courant: mais le Génie, plus rusé que lui, se métamorphose en mouche, le poursuit partout de son aiguillon. Le loup enfin, harassé de fatigue, termine sa carrière par une mort subite.

See: Tale (109)

Translation:

Story (11)

The Wolf and Abdou Dhiabare (Spirit of Death).

An ox, being dead for some time, was beginning to decompose. A wolf dying of hunger came to look for nourishment. It was then that the Spirit of Death arrived and asked him by what right he was stealing his property. The wolf, terrified, trembling, asked a thousand pardons from the Spirit, with tears and bitter groans. "Well," said the Spirit, "I am going to forgive you, but on one condition. You can, for two years, nourish yourself on carrion and after this period, you will come and find me in my kingdom. The wolf promised everything, hoping that these two years would never end. Or at least he would flee into a country so far away that the Spirit would not be able to find him again.

the

The last year having gone by,/ wolf was sleeping peacefully in his den, when suddenly the Spirit appeared and waking him up suddenly, shouted the terrible command : "Get up, wretch, pick up your things and follow me. Beware, if you make me wait." The wolf got up, agitated and trembling. "Please," said he, "at least allow me to go and embrace my wife and children." While he pretended to go back into the den, he ran off. But the Spirit, cleverer than he, changed into a fly, and chased him everywhere with its sting. The wolf in the end, worn out with fatigue, ended his career with a sudden death.

Source: Abbé Boilat: Grammaire de la langue woloffe, 1858, pp.399-400.

Wolof text: 397-398.

Le Loup, Le Boeuf et L'Eléphant.

Un loup, courant toutes les nuits pour chercher sa nourriture, tomba dans un grand trou, il avait beau grimper pour sortir, c'était peine inutile. Lorsque le jour fut venu, on l'entendit hurler de loin. Un boeuf, touché de compassion, approcha de l'abîme et reconnut l'infortuné. Son coeur en fut ému, mais il n'osait lui porter secours. Le loup le pria, au nom de Dieu, de le délivrer du danger, en lui offrant le bout de sa queue pour qu'il pût s'y accrocher. Le boeuf lui répondit qu'il regrettait de ne pouvoir lui rendre ce service, parce qu'aussitôt qu'il serait sorti du trou il pourrait le dévorer. Le loup jura qu'il ne le trahirait jamais. Le boeuf, se fiant à ses promesses, lui présenta le bout de sa queue; mais à peine le loup fut-il hors de danger qu'il se jeta sur le boeuf pour le tuer. Heureusement pour ce dernier, un éléphant vint à passer, et, entendant une dispute très-animée, il s'approcha et résolut d'y mettre de l'ordre. Je vais, dit-il, vous rendre justice: arrêtez-vous un instant, que j'examine la question, pour savoir qui a raison de vous deux. Après les avoir entendu l'un après l'autre, il leur dit: Cetta affaire est difficile à vider; il est nécessaire, avant tout, que chacun retourne où il était, et je jugerai. Aussitôt il ordonna au loup de retourner dans le trou, ce qui fut fait. Le boeuf, débarrassé, continua sa route, et le loup fut forcé de périr dans l'abîme.

1. cf Story (103).

Translation: Story (12)

The Wolf, the Ox, and the Elephant.

A wolf running around every night to look for food fell into a deep hole, and he tried in vain to get out. It was useless trouble. When day came, he could be heard crying from far off. An ox, moved with compassion approached the pit and recognized the unfortunate creature. His heart was troubled by it, but he did not dare help him. Wolf begged him, in the name of God, to free him from the danger, by offering him the end of his tail so that he could hang on to it. The ox replied that he regretted he could not render this service, because as soon as he had come out of the hole, he would be able to devour him. Wolf swore that he would never betray him. The ox, trusting in his promises, gave him the end of his tail, but scarcely was the wolf out of danger than he threw himself on the ox to kill him. Happily for the latter, an elephant happened to pass by, and hearing a very animated quarrel, approached and resolve to settle it. "I am going," he said "to render you justice; stop for a moment, while I examine the question, to learn which of you is in the right." After having heard them one after the other, he said to them. "This affair is difficult to settle; it is necessary first of all, that each goes back to where he was, and I will judge." As soon as he ordered the wolf to go back in the hole, it was done. The ox, freed, continued on his way, and the wolf was forced to perish in the hole.

Source: Abbé Boilat: Grammaire de la langue woloffe, 1858, p.404.

Wolof text: 402-404.

Le Lièvre et les Moineaux.

Le lièvre, le plus malin des animaux, alla un jour demander à Dieu de le rendre plus fin. Pour le congédier, Dieu lui dit d'aller remplir de moineaux sa gourde, et de revenir. Le lièvre se rendit près d'une fontaine, et y passa la journée en méditation. Quand le soir fut venu, les oiseaux, que la chaleur du jour avait forcés de se cacher, sortirent pour se rafraîchir; les moineaux spécialement vinrent voltiger, gazouiller près de la source, et s'y désaltérer. Le lièvre se dit tout bas: Voilà l'occasion de les attraper ! Il saute, et, faisant semblant de discuter: Non, non, dit-il; oui, oui; pardonnez-moi; jamais; ça n'aura pas lieu: c'est certes impossible; pourquoi pas ? - Les moineaux, surpris, lui demandèrent le sujet de sa discussion; il répondit qu'il voulait savoir si sa gourde était assez grande pour les contenir tous. Nous y tiendrions sans être gênés, répliquèrent les moineaux; nous sommes si petits ! Aussitôt l'un d'eux entre, un second suivit, puis un troisième; enfin tous y trouvèrent place. Le lièvre, sans perdre de temps, ferma sa gourde, et alla trouver l'Etre suprême; mais Dieu, le frappant sur la tête, le renvoya en disant: Halte là ! si j'augmentais ton esprit, tu bouleverserais le monde.

(1) The original Wolof text, the French translation by L'Abbé Boilat, and an English translation by Emil A. Magel, have recently been provided in: Magel, Emil A. "The Source of Bascom's Wolof Analogue 'Trickster Seeks Endowments', " Research in African Literatures, 10(3), Winter 1979, 350-358.

(2) This is a widespread story in West Africa. A Mandinka version was published in Kibaro (Banjul), October/December 1955, p.4. and reproduced in Mandinka Tales from the Newspaper Kibaro 1951-1955. (Gambian Studies No.7), 1977. A second Mandinka version is given in Mandinka Stories- Dictated, Written, or Recorded (Gambian Studies No.8), 1977, p.14-15.

Translation: Boilat: Le Lievre et les Moineaux.

Hare and the Sparrows

Hare, the most cunning of the animals, went one day to ask God to make him more clever. To dismiss him, God told him to go and fill a gourd with sparrows and return. Hare went near a fountain,<sup>1</sup> and spent the day thinking. When evening came, the birds, that the heat of the day had forced to hide themselves, came out to refresh themselves; the sparrows especially came to fly around and warble near a spring, and quench their thirst. Hare said quietly to himself: "Here is the chance to catch them !" He jumped up, and pretending to argue, said: "No, no; yes, yes, forgive me, never, that can't happen; it's certainly impossible, why not ? " The sparrows, surprised, asked him the topic of his discussion; he replied that he wished to know if his gourd was large enough to hold them all. "We could be held without trouble," said the sparrows, "we are so little ! " Immediately one of them went in, a second followed, then a third; finally all of them found room. Hare, without losing any time, stopped up his gourd, and went to find the Supreme Being ; but God, striking him on the head, sent him away, saying "That's enough, if I increase your intelligence, you will upset the world."

1 A well, in the original Wolof.

Le lapin devant Dieu

380 Le lapin, un jour, devant Dieu se présenta et le pria de lui augmenter l'intelligence. Dieu lui répondit: "Entendu, mais va  
381 d'abord me remplir cette peau de bouc avec les/ oiseaux vivants." Le lapin alla au pied d'un arbre où il y avait beaucoup d'oiseaux perchés, s'assit et se mit à pleurer. Les oiseaux lui demandèrent: "Qu'est-ce que tu as, oh ! lapin". Il répondit: "J'ai fait un pari, on m'a dit que vous n'êtes pas assez nombreux pour remplir cette peau." Les oiseaux répliquèrent qu'ils le pouvaient et le firent volontiers. Le lapin serra l'ouverture de la peau de bouc et la rapporta pleine à Dieu qui lui dit: "Va la remplir de vautours." Le lapin partit et procéda de la même façon que la première fois. Lorsqu'il fut encore devant Dieu, il reçut la mission d'aller chercher du cerveau d'éléphant. Il alla ramasser du foin et vint se poser au bord d'une route hantée d'éléphants. Il en passait un, il lui demanda de le porter avec son foin. L'éléphant accepta, et le lapin, après avoir pris la précaution de lui attacher le foin au dos, monta. L'éléphant n'avait pas fait dix pas que le lapin mit le feu au foin et sauta à terre. L'éléphant fut brûlé vif. Un laobé passait avec sa hache, le lapin le pria d'ouvrir le crâne du plus gros des animaux terrestres et en apporta le cerveau à Dieu.

"Oh ! Oh ! lui dit Dieu, tu serais capable, en devenant plus intelligent, de faire du mal à tous les animaux et même à l'homme. Va donc, lui dit-il, en lui donnant un coup de poing au front."

C'est pourquoi jusqu'à présent le lapin a une tache blanche au front.

Translation:

## Story (14)

The hare, one day, presented himself before God and begged him to increase his intelligence. God told him: "Very well, but go first and fill goat me this/skin [bag] with living birds. Hare went to the foot of a tree where sat down many birds were perched,/and began to cry. The birds asked him "What is the matter, Hare." He replied: "I made a bet , it was said you were not numerous enough to fill this skin." The birds replied that they could, and did so willingly. The Hare closed the opening of the goatskin [bag], and took it back to God who told him: "Go and fill it with vultures." Hare went away and proceeded in the same manner as the first time. When he was before God again, he received the mission of going to find the brain of an elephant. He went and picked up some hay, and sat at the side of a path frequented by elephants. One of them was passing, he asked him to carry him and his hay. The elephant agreed, and the hare, after having taken the precaution of attaching the hay to his back, climbed up. The elephant had not taken ten steps before the hare set fire to the hay and jumped down. The elephant was burnt alive. A Laobe was passing with his ax. The hare begged him to open the skull of the largest of the land animals, and carried its brain to God.

"Oh ! Oh ! God said to him, you would be capable, if you become more intelligent, of doing harm to all the animals and even to man. So go away," he said, giving him a knock of his fist on his forehead.

That is why even now, the hare has a white spot on his forehead.

(15a)

J. Toulze: "Folklore,"  
Bulletin de l'Enseignement de l'Afrique Occidentale Française,  
2(12), fev. 1914, 349-351.

349

Le Renard et le Lapin

Le Renard dit un jour au Lapin. Nous allons pêcher dans la rivière. L'eau est troublé aujourd'hui; nous attraperons "Moi" et nous le mangerons.

Je veux bien, répondit le Lapin.

Voilà nos deux compagnons sous l'eau ne se voyant plus l'un l'autre, et fouillant partout à tâtons.

Les pattes du Renard rencontrent par hasard le Lapin.

- Qui est là? dit le Renard

- C'est moi, répond le Lapin.

- C'est précisément "Moi" que je cherche, réplique le Renard, et j'aurai maintenant de quoi manger aujourd'hui.

- Mais c'est Moi: Moi ! Moi ! criait le Lapin que ne comprenait pas encore.

S'il comprit, ce fut trop tard; il fut mangé.

(D'après un Ouolof)

Translation

## Story (15a)

The Fox and the Rabbit\*

One day the Fox said to the Rabbit: "We are going fishing in the river. The water is muddy today. We will catch "Me" and we will eat it."

"I agree," replied the Rabbit.

There are our two friends beneath the water, neither seeing the other, and feeling everywhere with their hands.

By chance, Fox's paws found Rabbit.

"Who is it ? " asked Fox.

"It is me," replied Rabbit.

"It is precisely "Me" that I am looking for," replied Fox, and I have now something to eat today.

"But it is me, me, me, " cried the Rabbit who still did not understand.

If he understood, it was too late; he was eaten.

(According to a Wolof)

\* Hyena and Hare ?

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Übersee, 1960/61 XLIV(1), 270.  
 Wolof and German versions  
 Original from Oumare Sekhe, St. Louis

8. HYAENA AND HARE

Here's a story. Once upon a time there were Hyaena and Hare and they went manamana to look for [food]. When they got to the bush, Hyaena took the wide road and Hare took the narrow road. When they did that, Hyaena entered the long grass. The Hare also entered the long grass. Hare beat down the grass, and so did Hyaena. Hyaena grabbed Hare. When he caught him, the Hare said : "It's me, manamana it's me (man a man a)." Hyaena answered: "I was looking for food," and then he killed Hare and ate him.

That's the tale. It has gone into the sea. Whoever [smells] it first will go to heaven.

DPG: This tale depends on a play on words -manamana (food ?) and man a - It is me. Here I am.

The word manamana was unfamiliar to Gambian Wolof.

One Gambian suggested that manamana might be a children's game - hide and seek.

The same idea occurs in a story translated into French J. Toulze: "Folklore," Bulletin de l'Enseignement de l'Afrique Occidentale Française, 2(12), fev. 1914, 349-351.

where "Fox" and "Rabbit" go fishing for "Moi". The "Fox" catches "Rabbit" who says "C'est moi." "Fox" proceeds to eat him.

415

La vieille femme et le loup

C'était pendant la famine. Une vieille femme possédait une corne qu'elle ne voulait ni prêter, ni vendre. Tout ce qu'elle désirait, la corne le lui fournissait. La vieille n'avait ni fils, ni fille; elle vivait des produits de la corne. Elle avait des magasins pleins de viande.

Un jour, le loup vint lui rendre visite: "Maman, dit il en s'adressant à la vieille, je veux que tu me prêtes la corne."

- Non, non, répondit la vieille, mon fils-loup, je te connais, tu n'es qu'un hypocrite; si je te donne cette corne, tu ne reviendras plus me rendre visite." Mais le loup parla si bien qu'il gagna la confiance de la vieille et obtint ce qu'il demandait.

Trois années s'écoulèrent, et le loup ne revint pas. La vieille, indignée, n'ayant plus de quoi manger, entra en campagne. Après vingt-cinq jours de marche pénible à travers la brousse, elle trouva le loup mort au pied d'une montagne; elle reprit sa corne et jura de ne plus la prêter à personne.

Il suffit d'être trompé une fois pour ne plus avoir de confiance en personne.

## Story 16

Translation:The Old Woman and the Hyena<sup>1</sup>

It was during the famine. An old woman owned a horn which she would neither lend nor sell. Everything that she wanted the horn provided for her. The old woman had neither son nor daughter, she depended on the products of the horn. She had stores full of meat.

One day the hyena came to pay her a visit. "Mama," he said addressing the old woman, "I want you to lend me the horn."

"No, no," replied the old woman, "my son, I know you. You are only a hypocrite, and if I give you this horn, you will never come to visit me any more." But the hyena spoke so well that he gained the confidence of the old woman and obtained what he asked for.

Three years went by, and the hyena did not come back. The old woman, indignant, having no longer anything to eat, went to the countryside. After twenty five days of painful walking through the bush, she found the hyena dead at the foot of a mountain. She took back her horn, and swore to never lend it to anyone.

It is sufficient to be deceived once to no longer trust anyone.

1. Lit: wolf, in the French text.

Le loup qui se fait passer pour médecin

Le mère de De N'Galack et de Patté N'Galack, deux jeunes filles, avait une plaie au pied. Le loup se présenta et prétendit pouvoir la guérir. Il exigea qu'on l'enfermât dans une case avec la mère et recommanda aux jeunes filles de ne pas se déranger la nuit si elles entendaient leur mère pousser des cris, car les douleurs causées par l'application des pansements en seraient les motifs. Il spécifia que la case ne devait pas avoir de porte ni aucune autre ouverture.

La nuit, la mère eut beau crier. Dé N'Galack et Patté N'Galack s'en rapportèrent aux paroles du loup et ne bougèrent point. Alors le loup dévora la mère et se sauva. Le lendemain Dé N'Galack et Patté N'Galack, accompagnées de leur frère, entrèrent dans la case, 382 mais n'y trouvèrent que les os de leur pauvre mère. Le frère, indigné, alla demander des renseignements et apprit que le loup était au village de N'Diarack.

C'est au village de N'Diarack que le loup était en effet, et, un grand tam-tam en bandoulière, il se promenait dans les rues entouré des enfants du village et chantait:

Dé N'Galack et Patte N'Galack  
 M'avaient fait soigner le pied  
 De leur mère. Je l'ai cassé.  
 Je bats le tam-tam à N'Diarack,  
 Tamina Taminam Talah !  
 Minam Talah !

Il en était au milieu des ses réjouissances, lorsque le frère de De N'Galack et Patté se présenta devant lui et d'un coup de fusil le tua.

Translation: Story (17a)

The hyena who pretended to be a doctor

The mother of De N'Galack and of Patte N'Galack, two girls, had a sore on her foot. The hyena presented himself and claimed to be able to cure her. He demanded that he be shut up in a house with the mother, and urged the girls not to be disturbed in the night if they heard their mother uttering cries, for the pains caused by the application of the dressings would be the reasons. He specified that the house should have no door and no other opening.

At night, the mother cried in vain. De N'Galack and Patte N'Galack remembered the words of the hyena and did not move. Then the hyena ate up the mother and fled. The next day De N'Galack and Patte N'Galack, accompanied by their brother, went into the house, but found nothing but the bones of their poor mother. The brother, angry, went to seek for information and learnt that the hyena was at the village of N'Diarack.

It is at the village of N'Diarack that the hyena truly was, and with a large drum slung over his shoulder, he was walking up and down the streets surrounded by the children of the village and singing:

Dé N'Galack and Patte N'Galack

Had me treat the foot

of their mother. I broke it.

I am beating the drum at N'Diarack

Tamina Taminam Talah !

Minam Talah !

He was in the middle of his celebrations, when the brother of De N'Galack and Patte' presented himself before him, and with a shot from his gun killed him.

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Übersee, 1960/61,  
XLIV(1), 272.  
Wolof and German versions.  
Original from Mamadou Mada of Diagambal, Oualo.

10. A HYAENA DOCTOR (SEER)

There was once a Hyaena seer. He travelled till he found a village. He found there someone called Demba Leng, and Pate Leng, and Samba Rab and Djambar [Brave] bi Kutyuty. And they said to him: "Cure our mother for us." He said to them: "Build me a house with no doors, and I'll go inside and you give me your mother, and I'll cure her. When he went inside he started to sing:

"Demba Leng, and Pate Leng and Samba Rab and Djambar bi Kutyuty,

They gave me their mother to cure,

[I'll shake my waist and open my arms]  
a

Tyáragin gínde, mbar samba, dégo ngá'k kinuty,

mbaxar rúmbi mbahar gédy."  
[sea]

He did this for about two months. They came and found the hyaena singing.

Demba Leng said to his younger brother: "What Hyaena sings is very fine." He said : "Since our mother is cured, let's give him his pay (reward)." They brought bulls, killed them, gave them to the hyaena inside. The hyaena ate everything and ran away,

That's the tale.

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933 , p.4.

### LA CASE DU LION ET DE L'HYENE

L'hyène parcourant la brousse, trouva une place à son goût et dit:

- Je vais bâtir là, ma case.

Le lion, le jour même, passant au même endroit, et le trouvant à son convenance, dit:

- Je vais bâtir là, ma case.

L'hyène apporta les quatres pieux qui limitent le carré d'une case, et s'en revint dans la brousse pour chercher d'autres matériaux. Le lion arriva alors, apportant des roseaux pour tresser les murs, et remercia la puissance bienveillante et inconnue qui avait fait porter les pieux dans l'endroit qu'il avait choisi.

Pendant que le lion allait à la chasse, l'hyène revint avec du chaume pour le toit, et elle aussi se confondit en grâces envers l'esprit bienfaisant qui lui avait apporté des roseaux.

Le lion revint avec des lattes pour soutenir la toiture.

L'hyène à son tour apporta les tieng (cordes d'écorces de baobab.) Le lion planta les piquets...L'hyène tressa les roseaux...Le lion assembla les lattes... L'hyène les couvrit de chaume...Le lion noua les "tieng".

La maison finie contenait deux pièces communiquant par un petit judas.

L'hyène se trouvait dans une des pièces, un tour de tornade, quand vint à passer une bonne vieille femme, portant sur la tête une calebasse pleine de m'bouraké (couscous au sucre). La vieille vint s'abriter dans la case, et entra dans la seconde pièce qui était vide. Par le judas, elle aperçut l'hyène et comprenant que la maison lui appartenait, elle lui tendit une poignée de m'bouraké, en remerciement de son hospitalité. L'hyène, prise de peur, ouvrit la porte pour se jeter dehors. Le lion entra. Les deux bêtes culbutèrent dans le sable, se relevèrent et se sauvèrent à longue allure. Elles s'arrêtèrent au bord d'un marigot.

-Eh bien ....quoi ? demanda le lion.

-Eh bien.... quoi ? dit l'hyène.

-Pourquoi te sauves-tu,? demanda le lion.

-Et toi, demanda l'hyène, je croyais que tu le savais.

-Je ne sais pas...Il faudrait envoyer quelqu'un regarder ce qui se passe dans la maison.

-Oui, nous allons envoyer la girafe.

La girafe y fut en trainant la jambe. Par le judas, elle plongea son long cou, et regarda à l'intérieur de la case. La vieille, qui portait un foulard rouge, le noua autour de ce col, et la girafe revint vers les bêtes avec cette cravate.

-Regarde, oncle lion, dit l'hyène, la girafe saigne, on lui a coupé le cou....

Et elle détala.

Le lion ne demanda pas son reste, et prit aussi la fuite. La girafe cravatée courait derrière. Toute la brousse vit passer ces bêtes affolées, qui filaient comme le vent.

- Qu'y a-t-il ?....

- Qu'y a-t-il ? demandaient toutes les bêtes, et chacune d'elle, prise de peur, de se joindre au troupeau épouvanté qui passait en trombe. Une belle panique....

L'éléphant s'arrachait de terre, par bondes, avec une telle ardeur, que ses pieds creusaient des fosses, et la petite grenouille qui suivait comme elle pouvait, disait en sautant:

- Attention, attention, prenez garde aux mares.

(Raconté par SADJI).

Translation:

Story (18)

The House of Lion and Hyena

Hyena travelling around the bush, found a place to her taste and said: "I am going to build my house there."

Lion, that very day, passing by the same spot, and finding it suitable, said: "I am going to build my house there."

Hyena brought four poles to mark the corners of a house, and returned to the bush to look for other materials. Lion arrived then, bringing reeds to make the walls, and thanked the kind unknown power who had placed the poles in the place he had chosen.

While lion was going hunting, hyena returned with thatch for the roof, and she also gave abundant thanks to the kind spirit that had brought her reeds.

Lion returned with rafters to support the roof.

Hyena in turn brought baobab bark ropes. Lion planted the stakes.. The hyena wove the reeds.. The lion assembled the rafters. The hyenea covered them with thatch... The lion tied the cords.

The finished house contained two rooms communicating by a little peep-hole. The hyena found herself in one of the rooms, during a storm, when there happened to pass by an old woman, carrying on her head a calabash full of mbourake (couscous with sugar). The old woman came and took shelter in the house and went into the second room which was unoccupied. Through the peep-hole, she saw the hyena and believing that the house belonged to her, offered her a handful of mbourake, as thanks for her hospitality. The hyena, frightened, opened the door to rush out. The lion was coming in. The two animals knocked each other over in the sand, then got up and rushed off at full speed. They stopped at the edge of a lake. "Well....what is it ?" asked the lion. "Well....what is it ?"

said the hyena. "Why are you rushing off ? " asked the lion.

"And you," asked the hyena, "I thought that you knew."

"I do not know...We should send someone to look at what is happening in the house."

"Yes, we are going to send the giraffe."

The giraffe went there slowly. Through the peep-hole, she stuck in her long neck and looked around the inside of the house. The old woman, who was wearing a red neckerchief, tied it round his neck, and the giraffe went back to the animals with this round his neck.

"Look, Uncle lion, " said the hyena, "The giraffe is bleeding, they have cut his throat..." And she took off.

The lion did not ask further, and also took flight. The giraffe with the neck-band ran behind. The whole bush saw these panic striken animals go by, flying like the wind.

"What's the matter ?...."

"What's the matter ? " asked all the animals, and each of them, terror striken, joined the terrified troop dashing past. A fine panic.

The elephant was breaking away with leaps, with such force that his feet were digging ditches, and the little frog who was following as best she could, would say as she jumped: "Take care, take care .....  
..beware of the pools."

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p. 7

### LE LIÈVRE ET LES ENFANTS DU BIJOUTIER

Un lièvre se faisait attacher dans un champ de haricots par les enfants d'un bijoutier.

Il leur disait, le matin, en arrivant:

- Kalé tege i....

"Enfants de bijoutier, votre père et votre mère ont dit qu'il fallait que vous me mettiez à l'attache dans le champ, à l'endroit où sont les plus beaux haricots."

Les enfants le faisaient.

A midi, quand le lièvre avait soif, il les appelait:

- Kalé tege i...

"Enfants de bijoutier, votre père et votre mère ont dit qu'il fallait que vous m'apportiez de l'eau. "

Les enfants le faisaient.

Le soir, quand il était repu, il disait:

- Kalé tege i....

"Enfants de bijoutier, votre père et votre mère ont dit qu'il fallait venir me détacher."

Les enfants le faisaient.

Un jour, pourtant, les enfants du bijoutier racontèrent à leur père et à leur mère qu'il y avait un lièvre à l'attache dans le champ de haricots.

- Demain, il ne faudra pas le détacher, dit le bijoutier.

Le lendemain, le lièvre arrive.

Et les enfants de l'attacher au meilleur endroit.

A midi:

- Kalé tege i...

Et les enfants d'apporter l'eau fraîche.

Le soir, à la nuit:

- Kalé tege i....

- On ne te détachera pas, disent les enfants, notre père l'a défendu.

Et voilà le bijoutier qui arrive avec un hilaire dont le fer est rougi au feu, et si rouge qu'on dirait de la viande saignante.

A ce moment, l'hyène passe près du lièvre qui lui dit:

- Vois cette chair qu'on m'apporte, je suis le bienheureux....

- Je voudrais bien prendre ta place, dit l'hyène.

Le lièvre refuse, l'hyène insiste.

- Eh bien, dit la lièvre, hâte-toi de me détacher.

Ce qui est fait, et c'est l'hyène qui reçoit le fer rouge sur la peau, quelques instants après, quand le lièvre est déjà loin.

Le fer rouge a aussi coupé la corde, l'hyène se sauve dans la brousse, et s'arrête sous un arbre pour panser ses brûlures.

Dans l'arbre est le lièvre, en train de manger des "nèves" dont l'odeur est puante, et il jette ses restes sur l'hyène qui l'aperçoit..

- Ah, c'est toi, dit la bête furieuse d'avoir été jouée et brûlée, attends...

- Nam (oui, comment....) répond le lièvre qui feint d'écouter une voix lointaine.

- A qui parles-tu ? demande l'hyène.

- Au lion, dit la lièvre, il me demande si j'ai vu une hyène aux fesses roussies.

Et l'hyène de se sauver.....

(Raconté par Abd. Sadji).

(19a)

Translation: Guillot: Le Lievre et les enfants du bijoutier.

Hare and the Children of the Jeweler

A hare used to have himself tied up in a field of beans by the children of a jeweler. He would say to them, in the morning, when he came:

- Kalé tege i ... [ Wolof for 'Children of the smith.']}

"Children of the jeweler, you father and your mother have said that you should tie me up in the field, at the place where there are the finest beans." The children would do so. At ~~midday~~, when he was thirsty, he would call them: -Kalé tege i..." Children of the jeweler, your father and your mother have said that you should bring me water."

The children would do so.

In the evening, when he was full, he would say:

-Kalé tege i.... "Children of the jeweler, your father and your mother have said that you should come and loosen me."

The children would do so.

One day, however, the children of the jeweler told their father and their mother that there was a hare tied up in the bean field.

- Tomorrow, you should not let him loose, said the jeweler.

In the morning, the hare arrives. And the children tie him in the best spot. At midday - Kalé tege i... And the children brought cool water. In the evening, at night - Kalé tege i... "You will not be loosened," said the children, "our father has forbidden it." And there is the jeweler who is coming with a hoe whose metal blade has been reddened in the fire, so red that one would think it was bloody meat.

At this moment, hyena passes near hare who says to him:

-"See this meat that they are bringing to me, I am lucky.."

- "I would like to take your place," said hyena

Hare refuses, hyena insists.

"Well," said hare, "Hurry, and untie me."

This was done, and it is hyena who receives the red hot iron on his skin several moments after, when the hare is already far away.

The red hot iron had also cut the cord, and hyena escapes into the bush, and stops under a tree to dress his burns.

In the tree is hare, eating "nève" the smell of which is stinking, and he throws the remains on hyena who sees him.

"Ah, it is you," says the animal, angry at having been tricked and burned, just wait..."

"Nam (yes, what ?..)" replies hare, pretending to listen to a far away voice. "To whom are you speaking ?" asks hyena. "To the lion," says hare, "He is asking me if I have seen a hyena with red buttocks." And hyena fled...

(Told by Abd. Sadji).

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Übersee, 1960/61,  
XLIV(1), 276-277.  
Wolof and German versions.

Original: Ndiaw Mbanyik, Dakar.

12.

HYAENA AND HARE.

There was once a man who had his field of beans. The farm was a very rich one  
a  
Hare knew this. The man [of the town ?] said: "My field has something that is  
spoiling it. His children said to him: "Father, it is Hare." The father said to  
them: "So, you must watch the field then." When they got up, the children went to  
the field. Then one day, Hare found them there and said: "You heard, your mother  
said, your father said, you should tie me up where the beans are growing best."  
He ate until he was full up, and then said: "You heard, your mother said, your  
father said, you should tie me where the beans are best, now your mother said,  
your father said, you should release me, so that I can go."

In the evening, the children went home. Their father said: "If you tie him  
again, don't untie him." The next time they tied him very tightly, and took the  
road home. When they were going home, Hare kept saying: "Don't go on. Please  
untie me." The children went to tell their father. Their father asked them:  
"What is [the animal] like ?" They said to him: "It is small with long ears."  
The father said: "Mm, what must that be ?" The children's mother said to the  
father: "You know that it is Hare." The father took a rod of iron this big, and  
put it in the fire.

While this was going on, Hyaena comes along and says to Hare. "Hare, why  
are you crying ?" [Hare] replied: "It is because they are going to bring me a  
slaughtered sheep here." Hyaena said to him: "You must be stupid, a slaughtered  
sheep is not something to cry about." Hare said: "Come, untie me, and I'll tie  
you up here."

So it happened the iron that he had put in the fire was as long as this....  
he put it in the fire until it was red hot. [He took it]. He set off on the path

to the farm. When he reached there he found Hyaena tied there. The father said to them: "Is this the one you tied up ?" The children said to him: "No, indeed. It was a little thing with long ears." [The man] took his iron and branded him on the rear. Hyaena jumps up. He burns Hyaena again. Hyaena jumps. The rope breaks. He chases him. He burns him again. Hyaena farts, and defecates.

Hyaena went behind the farm and found Hare there. He was answering : "Yes ?" Hyaena said to [Hare] : "Who are you answering ?" Hare said: "Didn't you hear the man ask: 'Didn't you see a hyaena whose behind was burned ?' [Hyaena] says to him: "Tell him I'm not here." [Hare] says: "He is indeed here." Hyaena runs away again until he meets Hare again. Hare says: "Yes ?" He asks: "Who are you answering ?" [Hare] says : "Didn't you hear the man asking: 'Haven't you seen the Hyaena with the burned behind here ?'" Hyaena said: "Tell him he is not here."

Hyaena says to him again: "Does this valley have a marsh ?" [Hare] said: "There is no marsh." He runs on again, comes to another valley. Hare cuts him off and tells him: "There is no marsh." He runs to another valley. Hare says: "There is no marsh." He runs off to another valley. Hare cuts him off and says: "There is no water. It is dried up, dried up completely." Hyaena says: "Even if it is dried up (dust), I am going to dip into it. I'm completely dead."

That's the story.

a One Wolof suggested dögəbə was "of the town. The German text gives the translation "smith" - which is təga. Perhaps a misprint ?

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p.8.

### L'HYENE QUI MANGEA LES PETITS DES ANIMAUX

Pour manger les petits des animaux, l'hyène attendait que les parents soient partis en chasse, et alors se collant un peu partout, sur la tête et les épaules, des poils du mâle, pour l'odeur, elle s'approchait du gîte.

Elle mangea les petits de toutes les bêtes, sauf ceux du lièvre.

En réunion des bêtes de la brousse, le lièvre promet d'amener l'hyène que tous veulent tuer.

- Faites le mort, couchez-vous, je vais la chercher, dit-il.

Et il y va.

En arrivant chez l'hyène, le lièvre chantait:

Tous les animaux, morts,

Je dis, je n'hésite pas

Oncle Buki est le "grand".

Le lièvre chantait que l'hyène était son oncle, et héritait.

L'hyène vint au-devant de lui en chantant:

C'est vrai, Coumba

Je suis "le Grand".

Quand ton père se cassa (mourut)

Je fus là.

Je suis "le Grand".

L'hyène dit à sa femme:

- Prends ta calebasse sur la tête, et viens chercher les restes des bêtes mortes.

Et elle suivit le lièvre.

Quand ils furent arrivés à l'endroit où toutes les bêtes étaient couchées, l'hyène s'approcha du lion.

- Tu voilà mort, toi qui m'as causé tant d'ennuis durant la vie. Tu ne pensais pas que je mangerais tes restes.....

Elle s'approcha du lion, et lui mordit dans le gras de l'oeil.

Le lion bondit et la saisit.

Toutes les bêtes choisirent la mort qui lui serait donnée.

L'éléphant, de ses défenses, fendit un énorme "cadd" (arbre à l'écorce très dure), on y fourra l'hyène, et l'arbre se referma sur elle.

(Raconté par Abd. Sadjî).

Translation: Guillot      Story (20)

The Hyena which ate the young of the animals

To eat the young of the animals, hyena used to wait until the parents had gone hunting, and then sticking on everywhere, on his head and shoulders, hair from the male, for the scent, she would approach the lair. She ate the young of all the animals, except those of the hare.

In a meeting of the animals of the bush, the hare promised to bring hyena that all wanted to kill. "Pretend to be dead, lie down, I will go and look for her," he said. And he went off. On reaching hyena's place, hare would sing: "All the animals, dead,  
I say, I do not hesitate  
Uncle Buki (Hyena) is the Master." (Great One)

Hare was singing that the hyena was his uncle, and would inherit.  
walked ?

Hyena came in front of him singing :

"It is true, Kumba,  
I am the Master.  
When your father died,  
I was there  
I am the Great One ."

Hyena said to his wife:

"Put your calabash on your head, and come to get the remains of the dead animals." She followed the hare. When they arrived at the place where all the animals were lying, hyena approached the lion. "Here you are dead, you who have caused me so many troubles during your life. You did not think I would eat your remains.." She went up to lion, and bit him in the fat of the eye. (?). The lion jumped up and seized him. All the animals decided on death which was to be given to him. The elephant, with his tusks, split an enormous kadd (a tree with a very hard bark), and stuffed the hyena inside, and the tree closed round her.

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p. 15.

### LES DEUX FEMMES DU LION

Depuis qu'elles étaient ensemble les épouses du lion, l'hyène et la chèvre nourrissaient l'une pour l'autre une jalouse féroce. Un jour, la chèvre demanda à son mari la permission d'aller se faire coiffer à la cour de sa mère. La chèvre partie, l'hyène prépara un très bon couscous, et quand elle eut mouillé la pâte d'une sauce particulièrement travaillée, le lion se déclara fort satisfait.

- Il faudrait, dit l'hyène, pour parfaire encore ce couscous, le parfum de la viande de chèvre.

- Ah!..dit le lion, mis en appétit.

Et à ce: ah! l'hyène comprit que la chèvre, qui devait revenir le jour même, arriverait juste à point pour être mise en sauce.

Le chèvre revint, fort bien coiffée, et le lion l'entraîna dans une case voisine.

Il l'égorga, pensa l'hyène toute joyeuse, car elle ne songeait pas un seul instant que le lion put être intéressé par cette nouvelle coiffure de sa seconde femme.

Auprès du lion amoureux, la chèvre disait:

- Je t'ai apporté un pot de miel, veux-tu y goûter ?

Le lion goûta au miel et le trouva délicieux.

- Il faudrait, dit la chèvre, pour qu'il soit plus savoureux, croquer en même temps un peu de chair d'hyène.

Le lion appela l'hyène qui vint, et le mari dégusta sa première femme, morceau par morceau, et finit tout le pot de miel.

(Raconté par Sadji)

Translation: Guillot      Story (21)

The Two Wives of the Lion

When they were both the wives of the lion, the hyena and the goat  
goat nourished a fierce jealousy towards each other. One day, the goat  
asked permission from her husband to go and have her hair done at her  
mother's place. The goat left, the hyena prepared a very good couscous,  
and when she had moistened the paste with a particularly delicious sauce,  
lion declared himself well satisfied.

"It is necessary," said hyena "to make this couscous even more  
perfect to flavor it with goat meat."

"Ah ! " said the lion, his appetite stirred.

And with this "Ah", hyena understood that the goat, who was due  
to return that very day, would arrive just in time to be made into sauce.

The goat returned, with her hair beautifully done, and the lion  
dragged her into a nearby hut.

"He is cutting her throat," thought the hyena happily, for she did  
not think for a moment that the lion could be more attracted by the new  
hair-do of his second wife.

With the amorous lion, the goat said: "I have brought a pot of honey,  
would you like to taste it ?" The lion tasted the honey and found it  
delicious. "It is necessary," said the goat "to make it even more tasty,  
to chew at the same time a little hyena flesh." The lion called the  
hyena, and the husband tasted his first wife, piece by piece, and finished  
the whole pot of honey.

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p. 17.

LE LIÈVRE, LE ROI DE LA TERRE ET LE ROI DE LA MER

Le lièvre, portant une grande corde, vint trouver le "Seyber" roi de la mer, et lui dit:

- Tiens le bout de cette corde et tire.

Puis il s'en fut chez l'Eléphant, roi de la terre, et lui donnant l'autre bout de la corde, il lui demanda de tirer de toutes ses forces.

Les deux rois se sont épuisés pendant de longues années, et le lièvre en riait à se décrocher la mâchoire.

Tirant toujours sur leur corde - on ne doit se demander comment, mais le conte le dit - les deux bêtes se rencontrèrent, et après les explications, comprirent qu'elles avaient été jouées.

- Ce gredin ne mangera plus de mon herbe, dit le roi de la terre.

- Il ne boira plus une goutte de mon eau, dit le roi de la mer.

Maintenant, quand le lièvre veut manger ou boire, il s'habille dans une vieille peau de chèvre pour ne pas être reconnu.

(Raconté par SADJI).

1. This story is widespread in West Africa. Manuel Belchior in Contos Mandingas, gives a Portuguese translation of a Mandinka version from Guinea-Bissau, "A luta de tracção à corda," pp. 271-273.

Translation: Guillot : Story (22)

The Hare, the King of the Land and the King of the Sea

The Hare, carrying a thick cord, came to find "Seyber" 1(Whale ? Hippo ?) King of the Sea, and said to him: "Hold the end of this cord and pull."

Then he went to the Elephant's place, King of the Land, and giving him the other end of the cord, asked him to pull with all his strength.

The two kings exhausted themselves for several years, and the hare laughed until he almost disconnected his jaw.

Still pulling on their cord - one does not ask how, but the story says so - the two animals met , and after explanations, realized that they had been tricked. "This scoundrel will never eat my grass again," said the King of the Land. "He will never drink another drop of my water," said the King of the Sea.

Now, whenever the hare wants to eat or drink, he dresses in an old goatskin so as not to be recognized.

1. This story is usually told about the Hippopotamus and Elephant.

Hippopotamus is lēbēr in Wolof. However, the hippo is a fresh-water animal....Whale is Ngaaga ... The school reader based on these stories by Senghor & Sadji: La belle histoire de Leuk-Le-Lievre has a picture of a whale,pp. 31-32, coming face to face with elephant.

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p.23.

### L'HYENE, LE LIÈVRE ET L'ÂNE

L'hyène et le lièvre revenaient d'une grande randonnée à travers la brousse, suivis d'un âne qui portait un énorme sac de mil qu'ils avaient acheté.

Le lièvre pensait au moyen de garder le sac pour lui tout seul quand l'hyène, s'écartant un peu de la piste, manifesta le désir de satisfaire un besoin de nature.

-Veux-tu, dit le lièvre, t'éloigner pour cela, allez... plus loin.

-Suis-je assez loin, demanda l'hyène.

-Non, encore plus loin...dit le lièvre.

Bientôt l'hyène fut hors de vue. Le lièvre alors coupa la queue de l'âne et l'enfonça dans une fourmilière. Puis il porta le sac de mil chez lui.

Quand l'hyène revint, le lièvre lui dit:

- Tu vois, les fourmis ont mangé le mil et l'âne.

(Raconté par A. Sadji).

Translation: (23a)

The Hyena, the Hare and the Donkey

The hyena and the hare were returning from a long trip through the bush, followed by a donkey which was carrying an enormous sack of millet which they had bought.

The hare was thinking of the means of keeping the sack for himself alone when the hyena, going aside from the path a little, showed the desire to satisfy one of nature's needs.

"Would you," said the hare to him; "go further for that, go... further."

"Am I far enough away ?" asked the hyena.

"No, still further..." said the hare.

Soon the hyena was out of sight. The hare then cut the tail off the donkey and buried it in an anthill. Then he carried the sack of millet home. When the hyena returned, the hare said to him : "Look, the ants have eaten the millet and the donkey."

Source: Armand-Pierre Angrand: Manuel Français-Ouolof, Dakar, 1943, p.83-84 .

Bouki, ndjiombor ak mbame seuf.

(L'hyène, le lièvre et l'âne.)

Bouki ak ndjiombor da niou fi andedo-on di nybi ganaw be niou woeuré alle bi bé tayi; niou gi djital ab warakh bou suef dougoup djiou niou bolaté diende te narr ko sédo sou nou agée deuk be. Li nio dem yeppe, ndjiombor a ngé halate menne pékhaye la deff be nakh bouki be mome dougoup dji mome reck. Fi nio dem be tollo bène alle bou baré niakh, bouki né, ndjiombor o ! neg me toutti da ma diade ndakh meun dem alle be. Ndjiombor tontou ko né: bakh na wayé na nga dem fou soré te lakhou. Bouki dem bé tchia kaname takhaw tené fi day nâame ? ndjiombor né ko déedète, demalati fou guenne soré. Bouki di dem, di dem, di dem bé rère tchia bir niakh me. Ba ndjiombor sénno té gissatoul bouki, mou dal di nafafette dok guène ou mbame me te dal di ko niouk tchi bène pakh ou mélantane. Ba mou ko deffé mou daw yobou mbame me ak dougoup djhia keur am. Ba mou lène neubé mou delousi fa ko bouki baiwon tassanté bouki momitt di guènne tchia niakh me. Nake la ko ndjiombor sène, mou né ko boukée, bouki ne ko mbar diam, lanne-la ? Mou ne ko ndogal dal na niou. Bouki né ko wakh nga saytané ! lou hew ? Mou né ko settal ! da me la done khar be nelew, mélantane yi léke na niou dougoup dhia ak mbame me gissoulo, guène ge reck mou desse tchia séné bounti pakh.

Le hyène et le lièvre revenaient d'une grande randonnée dans la brousse, suivis d'un âne qui portait un grand sac de mil qu'ils avaient acheté et qu'ils devaient se partager à leur arrivée au village chez eux. Le lièvre pensait justement au moyen de garder le sac pour lui tout seul, quand la hyène, s'écartant un peu de la piste, manifesta le désir de satisfaire un besoin de nature.

Le lièvre exigea que la hyène s'éloignât au plus profond de la brousse, répondant toujours aux questions de la hyène qui s'éloignait: va encore plus loin. Bientôt, la hyène est hors de vue; le lièvre alors s'empessa de mettre son plan à exécution. Il coupa la queue de l'âne et l'enfonça dans une fourmillière, puis porta le sac de mil chez lui et revint sur les lieux. Quand la hyène revient, le lièvre, pour expliquer la disparition de l'âne et du sac de mil, lui dit: Tu vois, les fourmis ont mangé le mil et l'âne pendant que je sommeillais en t'attendant. Vois la queue de l'âne, qui seule, reste à l'entrée de leur trou.

#### Translation.

Hyena and hare were returning from a trip in the bush, followed by a donkey, which was carrying a large sack of millet that they had bought and that they were going to divide when they arrived at their home village. Hare was thinking of a way to keep the sack for himself alone, when hyena went away from the path a little bit and had the desire to meet a need of nature.

Hare had him go further into the bush, continually replying to the questions of the hyena who was going off: "Go still further." Soon, the hyena was out of sight; the hare then hurried to put his plan in operation. He cut off the tail of the donkey and buried it in an anthill, then carried the sack of millet home, and came back.

When the hyena returned, the hare, to explain the disappearance of the donkey and the sack of millet, said to him: "You see, the ants have eaten the millet and the donkey, while I was asleep, waiting for you. Look at the tail of the donkey, which is all that remains, at the entrance of their hole."

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p. 28.

### THIAT

En cette saison, l'hyène se nourrissait presque exclusivement d'excellents moutons dérobés à des bergers peuls, ses voisins.

L'âne vint un jour chez les bergers, promit de les débarrasser de la bête malfaisante, et leur dit que le lendemain il leur amènerait l'hyène.

Le lendemain, l'hyène trouva dans sa cour un âne qui paraissait mort, et elle demanda à Thiat, son dernier né, comment elle devait s'y prendre pour ne pas être dérangée durant son festin.

-Il faut te faire attacher par les quatre pattes aux pieds de l'âne, répondit Thiat. Ce qui fut fait.

Mais, dès que l'hyène voulut donner un coup de dents dans ce qu'elle supposait être une charogne, voilà que le baudet se lève et prend le galop, martelant la bête stupide sous ses sabots, et si bien liée qu'elle ne pouvait plus se détacher.

Le soir, les bergers peuls coupèrent les cordes et commencèrent d'infliger à l'hyène sa punition. Avec des épines, par le derrière, ils lui retirèrent les tripes et les remplacèrent par de la boue. Puis, ayant bouché le trou avec de la graisse, ils redonnèrent à la bête sa liberté.

Revenue chez elle, l'hyène, comme c'était l'heure de la prière, commença de se prosterner avec toute sa famille derrière elle. Thiat, voyant ce bouchon de graisse, l'avalà d'un coup de dent, et l'hyène irrespectueuse de la prière, se dégonfla de sa boue qui éclaboussa toute sa famille.

Les tripes sont repoussées dans son ventre, mais elle ne va plus voler les moutons des Peuls.

(Raconté par A. Sadji).

Translation: Story (24)

Thiat

At this time, the hyena was feeding herself almost exclusively on excellent sheep stolen from the Fula herders, her neighbors.

One day the donkey came to the herders, promised to rid them of the troublesome creature, and told them that on the next day he would bring them the hyena.

The next day, the hyena found in her compound a donkey which appeared dead, and she asked Thiat, her eldest son, how she should go about it so as not to be disturbed during her feast.

"You should be tied by your four paws to the feet of the donkey," replied Thiat. This was done.

But as soon as the hyena wished to give a bite to what she supposed was carrion, then the donkey rose up and galloped off, hammering the stupid animal under its hooves, so well tied that she could not free herself.

That evening, the Fula herdsmen cut the cords and began to inflict punishment on the hyena. With thorns, they extracted her bowels, through her rear, and replaced them with mud. Then, having stopped up the hole with fat, they gave the beast its freedom again.

On returning home, the hyena, as it was the hour for prayer, began to prostrate herself with all her family behind her. Thiat, seeing this wad of fat, swallowed it with a bite, and the hyena, disrespectful of her prayer, emptied out her mud, which plastered her whole family.

The bowels grew again in her belly, but she never went to steal sheep from the Fula any more.

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p. 30.

### LE SINGE ET LE CHIEN

Pour aller dans le champ du chien, il fallait passer par celui du singe, ce que faisait chaque jour le chien en se rendant à son travail. Aussi, les plantations du singe, piétinées, foulées, écrasées, étaient-elles de bien maigre venue.

- Tu devrais dire au chien qu'il prenne plus de soin et n'abime plus notre champ, dit un jour la guenon au singe, alors qu'ayant fini de déjeuner, il s'étendait sous son arbre, pour la sieste.

- Tu as raison, dit le singe, je lui en ferai demain l'observation.

Le lendemain, la guenon demanda à son mari ce qu'avait répondu le chien.

- Je ne lui ai rien dit, dit le singe.

La guenon se mit en colère et son mari lui dit:

- Apporte demain cette drogue merveilleuse qui est dans notre maison. Nous en répandrons sur les crottes du chien, et il aura aux fesses de telles brûlures que ce lui sera une bonne correction.

Le lendemain, le chien traversait le champ du singe.

-Cher monsieur Chien, dit le singe respectueusement, ne pourriez-vous prendre garde à mes petites plantations en traversant ma terre...

Le singe allait continuer, le chien ne lui en laissa pas le temps. Il le prit dans ses crocs par la peau du cou et le secoua, le jeta à terre, le reprit, le relança, si bien qu'en maints endroits le singe qui ne se tenait plus de peur, lâchait de petites crottes.

Quand la guenon vint porter le repas à son mari, le singe lui dit:

- Regarde toutes ces crottes de chien...as-tu apporté la drogue ?

- Oui, dit la guenon.

Et elle allait en répandre un peu partout quand le singe l'arrêta.

- Nous nous sommes battus, tellement battus, dit-il, que de toutes ces crottes, je ne sais plus lesquelles sont au chien et lesquelles sont miennes...

Et la guenon comprit fort bien ce qui s'était passé entre le chien et son peureux mari.

(Raconté par SADJI).

Translation: Story (25)

The Monkey and the Dog

To go to the field of the dog, it was necessary to pass through that of the monkey, which was what the dog used to do every day in going to his work. So the plants of the monkey, trodden on, trampled on, crushed were of very poor quality.

"You ought to tell the dog that he should take more care, and not spoil our farm any more," said his wife to the monkey one day, when, having finished lunch, they were stretched out under his tree for a siesta.

"You are right," replied the monkey, "I will let him know tomorrow." The next day, the she-monkey asked her husband what the dog had replied. "I have not told him anything," said the monkey.

His wife became angry, and her husband said to her:  
"Tomorrow bring that wonderful medicine which is in our house. We will spread it on the dog droppings, and he will have such burns on his behind that it will be a good punishment."

The next day, the dog was crossing the field of the monkey.  
"Dear Mr. Dog," said the monkey respectfully, "Couldn't you take care of my little plants in crossing my land..."

The monkey was going to continue, but the dog did not leave him the time. He took him in his jaws by the skin of his neck and shook him, threw him on the ground, picked him up again, threw him again, so that in many places the monkey, who could not contain himself for fear, left little droppings.

When the she-monkey came with the meal for her husband, the monkey said to her: "Look at all those dog droppings....have you brought the medicine ?" "Yes," said the she-monkey. And she was going to spread some almost everywhere when the monkey stopped her. "We fought, we fought so much," said he, "that of all these droppings, I no longer know which are

the dog's, and which are mine...."

And the she-monkey understood very well what had happened between the dog and her cowardly husband.

(26)

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, 9-10.

### LE LIÈVRE ET L'HYÈNE

(This story is labelled as a Mossi story. Yet the author is Abd. Sadji who provided the Wolof and Lebu stories, and it is a well known Wolof tale.)

Le lièvre et l'hyène, ayant rencontré une ruche, se partagèrent le miel, et chacun d'eux en emplit sa gourde.

En cheminant, l'hyène dit au lièvre:

- Puisque nous allons chez le roi, nous pourrions lui faire un bon tour. Mangeons le miel et urinons dans les gourdes...

Puis, nous lui en ferons présent, comme si s'était vraiment du miel.

- Entendu, dit le lièvre.

L'hyène fit donc comme elle avait dit, et le lièvre fit semblant de l'imiter, mais il conserva sa gourde pleine de miel.

Arrivés chez le roi, les deux animaux vinrent le saluer et lui faire leurs présents.

Le roi goûta d'abord à la gourde de l'hyène, entra en grande fureur, et fit enfermer la bête dans une cave immonde. Puis il goûta à celle du lièvre et, satisfait, dit à ses courtisans de montrer à ce dernier comment un grand roi savait recevoir.

Le lièvre profita pendant quelques jours de l'hospitalité du roi, puis il voulut revenir chez lui. Le roi ne voulut pas le laisser partir sans lui faire à son tour un cadeau, et oubliant la mauvaise plaisanterie de l'hyène, il la fit mettre en liberté.

- Il y a aussi un cadeau pour toi, lui dit-il. Et pour se jouer d'elle, il ajouta: choisis.

Les cadeaux du roi étaient attachés chacun à un piquet, l'un par un gros câble, l'autre par une mince ficelle, mais l'hyène ne pouvait voir que

les piquets et les cordes.

Elle choisit ce qui était attaché par un câble; c'était un chevreau.

Le lièvre eu donc ce qui était attaché par une ficelle: c'était un boeuf.

Puis, chacun traînant derrière lui son cadeau, l'hyène et le lièvre revinrent chez eux.

Au bout d'un certain temps, le chevreau ne voulut plus marcher, et l'hyène qui avait faim le tua, en mangea une bonne partie et mit le reste dans un sac. En chemin elle finit de manger les restes. Quand elle n'eut plus rien, elle dit au lièvre:

-Maintenant, il faut tuer ton boeuf...

-Soit, dit le lièvre, je vais le tuer, et toi occupe-toi du feu pour le cuire.

C'était le soir, le soleil allait se coucher, le ciel à l'horizon était rouge de braise.

Tiens, dit le lièvre, regarde là-bas, va chercher un tison à ce feu de brousse...

Et il put gagner tranquillement sa maison avec son boeuf tandis que l'hyène courait à toutes pattes chercher du feu dans le soleil couchant...

(Raconté par Abd. Sadji).

Translation:

Story (26)

The Hare and Hyena

The hare and the hyena, having found a bee-hive, shared the honey, and each of them filled his gourd with it.

On the way, the hyena said to the hare:

"Since we are going to the King's place, we could play him a trick. Let us eat the honey and urinate in the gourds..."

Then, we will make him a present of it, as if it were truly honey."

"Of course," said the hare.

The hyena then did what she had proposed, and the hare pretended to imitate her, but he kept his gourd full of honey.

On arrival at the king's place, the two animals came and saluted him, and gave their presents.

The king first tasted the hyena's gourd, and became furious, and had the creature shut up in a dirty cellar. Then he tasted that of the hare, and, satisfied, told his courtiers to show the latter how a great king knew how to receive [guests].

The hare profited for several days from the hospitality of the king, then he wanted to return home. The king did not wish to let him go without giving him a present in his turn, and forgetting the bad joke of the hyena, he set it at liberty.

"There is also a present for you," he told it, And to amuse himself with her, he added "choose." The gifts of the king were each tied to a stake, one by a thick rope, the other by a thin thread, but the hyena could see only the stakes and the cords. She chose the one that was attached by a thick rope, it was a little goat. Hare then had the one attached by a thread, it was an ox.

Then each leading his gift, the hyena and the hare went home. .

After a while, the little goat did not want to walk any more, and the

hyena who was hungry killed it, ate a large portion of it, and put the rest in a bag. On the way she finished eating the rest. When she had nothing left, she said to the hare:

"Now, your ox should be killed.."

"All right," said the hare, "I am going to kill it, and you should prepare the fire to cook it."

It was evening, the sun was about to set, and the sky at the horizon was red like embers.

"Look," said the hare, "Look over there, go and get a brand from that bush-fire..."

And he was able to reach home peacefully with his ox, while hyena was running at top speed to look for fire from the setting sun...

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p.10.

### LES CHASSES DU LIEVRE ET DE L'HYENE

Buki, l'hyène, et N'Diombor, le lièvre, allaient en chasse, un matin, ensemble.

Dans la brousse, ils trouvèrent deux routes. Le lièvre dit:

- Je prends celle-ci.

- Si tu accompagnais ton père, dit l'hyène, tu le laisserais choisir le chemin.

- Bon, dit le lièvre.

Et ils se séparèrent, chacun suivant sa route.

Le soir, la chasse finie, ils se retrouvèrent à l'endroit où ils s'étaient quittés. Ils parlèrent de leur chasse, et convinrent de se faire rendre un peu, pour montrer à l'autre ce que chacun avait mangé.

L'hyène rendit un lézard qui s'enfuit.

Le lièvre rendit un morceau de graisse, et l'hyène de convoiter cette bonne nourriture.

-J'ai mal aux dents, dit-elle. Veux-tu me remuer la dent qui me fait souffrir ?

Et elle ouvrit la gueule. Le lièvre toucha les unes après les autres les dents de l'hyène.

-Celle-ci ?

-Non.

-Celle-ci ?

-Non....Et ainsi, jusqu'au gosier. Alors l'hyène ferma la gueule et dit:

-Je ne te lâcherai que si tu me dis où tu as trouvé cette graisse.

-Au bout de mon chemin, il y a un boeuf couché, dit le lièvre, j'ai mangé dans son ventre.

-Allons au bout de ton chemin, dit l'hyène.

Ils y furent, et entrèrent dans le ventre du boeuf.

-Ne mord pas dans le coeur, dit le lièvre, le boeuf se réveillerait, le boeuf beuglerait, et les bouchers viendraient.

Mais l'hyène, vorace, mordit au cœur, et le boeuf beugla, et les bouchers d'accourir.

- Cachons-nous, dit l'hyène.
- Je vais me mettre dans l'estomac, dit le lièvre.
- Si tu étais avec ton père, choisiras-tu ta cachette ? Je prends l'estomac.
- Bon, dit le lièvre, et moi, "khérintiane" (la vésicule biliaire).

Les bouchers qui avaient entendu le boeuf beugler, accourraient. Arrivés là, ils lui ouvrirent le ventre, et jetèrent au loin la vésicule d'où le lièvre s'échappa. Puis, il courut vers les hommes et se mit à jouer au devin.

- Je vais dire qui a tué votre boeuf, promit-il
- Qui est-ce ?
- Ça se trouve dans l'estomac. Mais attention, quand vous couperez l'estomac, ça va sortir, et il ne faut pas lui laisser le temps de dire "mak".

Ainsi firent les bouchers, et ils assomèrent l'hyène avant qu'elle ait ouvert la gueule.

Le lièvre s'en fut chanter sa joie et se glorifier. Un écureuil passait et l'entendit.

-C'est donc toi qui as tué le boeuf, je vais le dire au boucher.

Mais déjà le lièvre criait que quiconque verrait l'écureuil un vendredi mourrait.

Et les bouchers envoyèrent quelqu'un tuer l'écureuil.

.....

Le deuxième jour, le lièvre et l'hyène allèrent en chasse, au matin, ensemble.

Même discussion que la veille, devant les deux routes.

Au bout de son chemin, le lièvre rencontra un baobab dans le creux duquel habitait une famille d'aveugles.

- Guy naét ... (baobab ouvre-toi..) dit le lièvre.

L'arbre s'ouvrit, le lièvre pénétra dans la case où les aveugles mangeaient

du "lakh" (aliment aux semoules). Ils se frappaient la bouche avec le bout des doigts, en lançant chaque bouchée; et en comptant les claquements, le père de famille connut qu'il y avait un étranger chez eux.

- Que tout le monde cesse de manger, dit-il.

Comme tous les autres, le lièvre cessa de manger.

On recommença, il recommença, on cessa de manger, il s'arrêta aussi, et ainsi ne fut pas découvert.

Le soir, le lièvre retrouva l'hyène au même endroit.

Même cérémonie, pour savoir ce que l'un et l'autre avaient mangé.

Même comédie de la dent gâtée; le lièvre, dit qu'il avait mangé le "lakh" chez les aveugles, et comment il s'y était pris.

A son tour, l'hyène alla vers le baobab.

-Guy naét....

Le baobab s'ouvrit.

L'hyène entra et mangea avec les aveugles. Mais vorace, elle ne s'arrêta pas de manger en même temps que toute la famille, et le père fit prendre à ses enfants des bâtons pour assommer la bête, à tâtons.

- Guy naét... (baobab, ouvre-toi...) cria l'hyène.

Elle se jeta dehors pour échapper aux coups, et ne pas être poursuivie, elle cria avant que tout son corps ne soit sorti de l'arbre:

- Guy nap... (baobab, ferme-toi...)

Et elle resta prisonnière dans la fente, qui, en se refermant, l'écrasa.

.....

Le troisième jour, le lièvre et l'hyène, chassant ensemble, capturèrent un boeuf, se demandant ce qu'ils allaient en faire.

- Le vendre, ou le mener paître, dit le lièvre.

- Le tuer et le manger, dit l'hyène.

Le boeuf mort, ils le firent cuire dans une grande marmite.

Le lièvre dit:

- Avant de manger, nous allons monter dans cet arbre, et nous tresser les

cheveux.

La hyène dit:

- Bon.

Dans l'arbre, l'hyène commença de tresser les cheveux du lièvre, puis le lièvre tressa les cheveux de l'hyène, mais ce faisant, il emmêlait les nattes dans les branches et liait la bête à l'arbre.

- Sautons, dit le lièvre. Et il sauta.

L'hyène resta suspendue et se balança.

D'en bas, le lièvre, après avoir gratté la viande, disait à l'hyène:

- Sygn al (fais voir tes dents).

Et dans la gueule ouverte, il jetait les os qui faisaient saigner les gencives. L'hyène, stupide, suçait son sang et croyait manger de la viande.

Quand le lièvre eut mangé tout le boeuf, il s'en alla. Longtemps après, seulement, des termites ayant rongé la branche qui s'abattit, l'hyène fut libérée et revint chez elle.

Après quelques temps, le lièvre couvert de terre vint frapper à la porte de l'hyène, disant qu'il était le roi des termites et l'hyène fit bon accueil à celui dont le peuple lui avait sauvé la vie.

Elle donna à manger à Bûr makh (roi des termites) et le fit coucher, après son repas pris dans "hindé" (vase trouvé dans lequel on prépare le couscous).

Pendant la nuit, il plut, et l'eau, en coulant, entraîna toute la terre qui couvrait le lièvre.

Le lendemain, l'hyène dit à son fils:

- Va réveiller "Bûr makh".

L'enfant y alla, mais il revint, disant qu'il n'avait pas vu "Bûr makh", mais seulement "Bûr féradeli nop" (le seigneur aux longues oreilles).

L'hyène se rend auprès du "hindé", aperçoit le lièvre et s'en saisit:

- "Ah ! te voilà, je te tiens, tu vas me payer tout ce que tu m'as fait....

Justement, tout près de la maison, flambait un grand feu de brousse, et près

de la brousse en flamme, s'étendait un grand pré d'herbe mouillée de rosée.

- Il faut que tu me jettes dans le feu, pour me punir, dit le lièvre.

- Pourquoi ?

- Parce que l'herbe mouillée est mon totem, et je ne dois pas y toucher.

- Cela t'ennuie de toucher l'herbe mouillée. Eh bien, c'est justement là que je vais te jeter.

L'hyène le fit.

Le lièvre se sauva, en se moquant d'elle.

(Raconté par Abd. Sadji).

Translation:

Story (27)

The Hunting Expeditions of the Hare and the Hyena

Buki, the hyena, and N'Diombor, the hare, went hunting together one morning. In the bush they came to two paths (a fork in the path). Hare said: "I will take that one."

"If you were accompanying your father," said the hyena, "you would let him choose the path."

"Good," said the hare. And they separated, each following his path.

In the evening, hunting over, they met again at the place where they had separated. They spoke of their hunting, and agreed to exchange a little, to show to the other what each had eaten.

The hyene gave up a lizard which took off.

The hare provided a piece of fat, and the hyena was greedy for this good food.

"I have a toothache," she said, "Will you touch the tooth which is giving me pain ?" And she opened her mouth. The hare touched the hyena's teeth, one after the other. "That one ?" "No." "That one ?" "No." and so on, right to the throat. Then the hyena shut its jaw and said: "I will not let you go, until you tell me where you found this fat."

"At the end of my road, there is an ox lying down," said the hare, "I ate in his stomach."

"Let us go to the end of your road," said the hyena.

They went there , and entered the belly of the ox.

"Do not bite the heart," said the hare, "or the ox will wake up, will bellow, and the butchers will come."

But the hyena, greedy, bit the heart, and the ox bellowed, and the butchers ran up.

"Let us hide," said the hyena.

" I am going to put myself in the stomach," said the hare.

"If you were with your father, would you choose your hiding place. I will take the stomach."

"Good," said the hare, "and I [will take] the spleen."

The butchers who had heard the ox bellow, ran up. On arrival, they cut open its belly, and threw the spleen far away, and the hare escaped. Then he ran towards the men, and began to pretend to be a diviner.

"I am going to tell what killed your ox," he promised.

"What is it?"

"It is to be found in the stomach. But be careful, when you cut the stomach, it is going to come out, and you should not allow it the time to say "mak". "

The butchers did so, and they felled hyena before she had opened her jaws.

The hare began to sing from joy, and praise himself. A squirrel was passing and heard him.

"Then it is you who killed the ox. I am going to tell the butcher."

But already the hare was crying that whoever saw the squirrel on Friday would die. And the butchers sent someone to kill the squirrel.

-----

The second day, the hare and the hyena went hunting together in the morning. The same discussion as the previous day, at the fork in the path.

At the end of his path the hare found a baobab tree in the hollow of which lived a family of blind people.

"Guy naet... (Baobab, open)" said the hare.

The tree opened, hare went into the house where the blind people were eating lakh (pap). They were striking their mouths with the ends of their fingers with each mouthful; and in counting the claps, the father knew that there was a stranger among them.

"Let everyone stop eating," he said.

Like all the others, hare stopped eating.

When they began again, he began again. When they stopped eating, he stopped also, and so was not discovered.

In the evening, the hare found the hyena at the same spot.

The same ceremony, to learn what each other had eaten.

Even the comedy of the bad tooth; the hare said that he had eaten lakh, with the blind people, and how he had gone about it.

In his turn, the hyena went to the baobab tree.

"Guy naet...." The baobab opened.

Hyena entered and ate with the blind people. But being greedy, she did not stop eating at the same time as all the family, and the father had his children take sticks to fell the animal, by touch.

"Guy naet..." (Baobab, open..) cried the hyena.

She threw herself out to escape the blows, and so as not to be pursued she cried before all of her body had come out of the tree.

"Guy nap..." (Baobab, close....)

And she remained a prisoner in the cleft, which in closing, crushed her.

-----

The third day, the hare and the hyena, hunting together, captured an ox, asking themselves what they were going to do with it.

"Sell it, or lead it to pasture," said the hare.

"Kill it and eat it," said the hyena.

The ox dead, they cooked it in a large pot.

Hare said: "Before eating, we are going to climb up this tree, and plait our hair." The hyena said: "Fine."

In the tree, the hyena began to plait the hair of the hare, then the hare plaited the hair of the hyena, but in doing this, he intertwined the hair with the branches and tied the animal to the tree.

"Let us jump down," said the hare. And he jumped.

The hyena remained hanging and swaying.

From below, the hare, having scraped the meat, would say to the hyena, "Sygn al" (show your teeth)." And then in the open jaw, he would throw the bones which would make her gums bleed.

The stupid hyena, sucking her own blood, believed she was eating meat.

When the hare had eaten all the ox, he went off.

Only after a long time, termites knawed through the branch which fell down, and hyena was free, and went back home.

After some time, the hare covered in clay came and knocked at hyena's door, saying that he was the king of the termites, and the hyena gave a warm welcome to the one whose people had saved her life.

She fed Bur makh (the king of the termites), and had him lie down, after his meal taken in a "hinde" (a pot with holes in which couscous is prepared).

During the night it rained, and the water, flowing [over him], removed all the earth which covered the hare.

The next day, the hyena said to his son: "Go and waken Bur makh."

The child went there, but came back, saying that he had not seen Bur makh, but only Bur feradeli nop (The long-eared king).

The hyena went to the hinde, saw the hare and seized him. "Ah, there you are, I have you, you are going to pay me for all that you've done.."

Indeed, near the house, there was burning a great bush fire, and near the burning fire, was a wide meadow of grass soaked with dew.

"You must throw me in the fire to punish me," said the hare.

"Why ?" "Because damp grass is my totem, and I ought not to touch it."

"It troubles you to touch damp grass. Well, that's exactly where I am going to throw you." The hyena did so, and the hare ran off, mocking her.

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p. 21.

### L'ARAIIGNEE ET L'HYENE

Il devait se donner une grande fête dans le ciel, et tous les animaux y avaient été conviés.

Pour monter dans l'air, presque tous s'y étaient pris à l'avance; les plus lourds étaient partis devant. L'hyène, stupide, n'avait même pas pensé la veille à la façon de faire son chemin dans le ciel et, quand le grand jour arriva, elle traînait encore sur la terre, quand elle rencontra l'araignée.

-Il y a une fête dans le ciel aujourd'hui, y vas-tu ? demanda l'hyène.

-Oui, répondit l'araignée.

-Je ne sais comment monter, dit l'hyène, tu devrais m'aider.

-Je veux bien, si tu dois être discrète, et ne raconter à personne comment nous avons fait.

L'hyène promit de ne rien dire. Alors, l'araignée commença de tisser sa toile et de cracher des fils et des fils, jusqu'au ciel, et l'hyène n'eut plus qu'à monter derrière elle, comme à une échelle de corde.

-Vous êtes en retard, dirent les bêtes, en voyant arriver ces deux dernières qu'on n'attendait plus.

La fête était déjà commencée, les tams-tams sonnaient, les griots chantaient, et on apporta les viandes.

L'hyène mangea goulûment, jamais elle n'avait eu aussi abondante chère, et le plaisir de se gaver l'excitait, l'enivrait, si bien qu'avant la fin du repas elle commençaient déjà de parler à tort et à travers.

Les animaux qui savaient toute sa stupidité, ne comprenant pas comment elle avait pu se rendre seule à la fête, la questionnèrent à ce sujet. Le lion, la panthère, et tous les autres racontaient comme des exploits les élans qu'ils s'étaient donnés, les sauts, les bonds géants qu'ils avaient réussis pour monter jusqu'au ciel.

- Et toi ?.... demandèrent-ils à l'hyène.

- J'ai promis de ne pas le dire, ricana-t-elle.

Et tous les animaux d'insister.

- Allons.... Allons...

- L'araignée.... mais j'ai promis de ne pas le dire.

- Allons... Allons...

- L'araignée a tissé... mais j'ai promis de ne pas le dire....

-Allons.... Allons...

- L'araignée a tissé ses fils et...

-Allons...

- L'araignée a tissé ses fils et je suis montée derrière elle...

Puis, gorgée, repue et saoule de viande, l'hyène s'endormit pendant que les animaux se divertissaient aux jeux qui avaient été organisés après le festin.

Elle dormait encore à l'heure qui avait été fixée pour quitter le ciel, et quand elle s'éveilla, elle vit que toutes les bêtes étaient revenues sur la terre, ainsi que l'araignée qui ne l'avait pas attendue.

Alors, l'hyène se mit à gémir et à supplier pour qu'on l'aide à descendre.

Elle entendit une voix qui disait:

- Voilà une bande d'étoffe, un bâton et un tam-tam. Tu descendras le long de l'étoffe avec ce bâton et ce tam-tam, mais si jamais nous entendons l'un frapper l'autre, la bande se coupera et tu seras précipitée sur la terre.

L'hyène avait à peine commencé sa descente que, du ciel, on entendit un grand coup de tam-tam et qu'aussitôt la bande d'étoffe se déchirait.

Juste au-dessous de l'hyène qui tombait, se trouvait le squelette d'un arbre brûlé, dont les branches étaient pointues comme des épines.

- Tourne-toi, tourne-toi !!! criait l'hyène à l'arbre.

- Tant pis pour toi, hurla-t-elle, en lui arrivant dessus.

Et elle se déchira le flanc, profondément.

Elle était persuadée d'avoir fait à l'arbre un très grand mal et, avant de s'

éloigner, se moqua de lui.

Son ventre crevé saignait tout au long de la route et, au lieu de se hâter vers sa maison pour se panser, elle s'attarda auprès du cadavre pourri d'un chien dont la mâchoire décharnée grimaçait; et la bête stupide creva, ayant perdu tout son sang, en face de ce squelette desséché, à qui elle voulait défendre de rire.

(Raconté par A. Sadji).

Translation .

## Story (28)

The Spider and the Hyena

A great feast was going to be given in the sky, and all the animals had been invited there.

To reach the sky, almost all had begun early, the heaviest had set off first. The hyene, a stupid animal, had not even thought by the day before howshe was going to make her way to the sky, and when the great day arrived, she was trailing around on the ground, when she met the spider.

"There is a feast in the sky today, are you going ?" asked the hyena.

"Yes," replied the spider.

"I do not know how to climb up," said the hyena, "you must help me."

"I agree, if you are discrete, and do not tell anyone how we managed."

The hyene promised to say nothing. Then, the spider began to weave its web and to produce many threads until it reached the sky, and the hyena had only to climb behind her, as if on a rope ladder.

"You are late," said the animals, seeing these two last,which were no longer expected, arrive.

The festivities had already begun, drums were beating, griots were singing, and food was brought.

The hyene ate greedily, she had never had such abundant fare, and the pleasure of gorging herself, excited her, made her intoxicated, so that before the end of the meal, she was already beginning to talk nonsense.

The animals which knew her complete stupidity, not understanding how she could have come all alone to the feast, questioned her on the subject. The lion, the leopard, and all the others told as their exploits, the bounds that they had given, the leaps, the gigantic jumps that they had achieved to reach as high as the sky.

"And you ?..." they asked the hyena.

"I promised not to tell," she sneered.

And all the animals insisted. "Go on...Go on..."

"The spider...but I promised not to tell." "Go on....Go on..."

"The spider wove.....but I promised not to tell." "Go on...Go on.."

"The spider wove its thread and.. " "Go on..."

"The spider wove its threads and I climbed up behind her..."

Then, stuffed, full and intoxicated by the meat, hyena slept while the animals played the games which had been organized after the feast.

She was still asleep at the time which had been arranged to leave the sky, and when she awoke, she saw that all the animals had returned to earth, as well as the fact that the spider had not waited for her.

So the hyenas began to groan and beg for someone to help her go down.

She heard a voice which said:

"Here is a strip of cloth, a stick and a drum. You will climb down by the cloth with this stick and this drum, but if ever we hear one strike the other, the strip will break and you will be thrown down to earth."

The hyena had scarcely begun her descent when, from the sky, a loud stroke on the drum was heard, and immediately the strip was torn.

Exactly below the falling hyena was the skeleton of a burnt tree, the branches of which were as sharp as thorns.

"Move, move.." cried the hyena to the tree.

"So much the worse for you," she cried in arriving above.

And she tore her side, deeply.

She was convinced she had done the tree great harm, and before going off, mocked it.

Her split belly was bleeding all along the road, and instead of hurrying home to dress it, she delayed beside the rotten corpse of a dog whose bare jaw was grimacing; and the stupid animal died, having lost all her blood, opposite the dried up skeleton, which she wished to prevent from laughing.

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p.56.

A Lébou story

SU YALLA SOBÉ ..(S'IL PLAIT A DIEU)

L'hyène ayant découvert un "khever" (cerisier), chargé de fruits, y allait chaque matin, et, avant de partir, en avertissait sa femme.

- Coumba, je vais à mon cerisier.

- Il faut ajouter: s'il plait à Dieu...répondait Coumba.

Et, tous les jours, la même scène se reproduisait. L'hyène, en colère de voir que sa femme lui faisait la leçon, répondit chaque matin:

- Qu'est-ce que Dieu a à faire avec un cerisier mûr....

Et elle allait manger dans son arbre.

Un jour, dans le cerisier, l'hyène trouva la panthère accroupie sur la plus haute branche. Une lutte s'engagea, les deux bêtes tombèrent de l'arbre et la panthère mit à mal l'hyène qui revint chez elle geignante.

Depuis, elle ne peut rien demander à sa femme, même ses babouches, sans ajouter: Su yalla sobé....

(Raconté par A. Sadji).

Translation:

Story (29)

If God Agrees

The Hyena having discovered a "khever" tree, laden with fruits, would go there every morning, and before leaving, tell his wife.

- "Coumba, I am going to my khever tree."

- "You should add...if it pleases God.." Coumba would reply.

And every day, the same scene would be reproduced. The hyena, angry at seeing his wife teach him a lesson, would reply each morning:

"What has God to do with a ripe khever tree...."

And he would go off to eat in the tree.

But one day, in the khever tree, the hyena found a leopard crouched on the highest branch. A struggle took place, the two animals fell from the tree, and the leopard injured the hyena who returned home moaning .

Since then, he has not been able to ask anything of his wife, even his slippers, without adding: "If God wills...."

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Übersee, 1960/61, XLIV(1), 259.  
 Wolof and German versions.  
 Original from Oumare Sekhe, St. Louis, Senegal.

1. HYAENA AND TORTOISE

Hyaena has his meat. He says: "It should not be cooked by anyone who has teeth. Tortoise hears him, and pulls out all her teeth, and comes and smiles at him. Hyaena says: "Yes, indeed, you are the one who should cook my meat for me. Hyaena gives her his meat, and says: "Cook it for me!" Tortoise takes the meat and cooks it till it is done. Hyaena comes back and asks Tortoise:

a

"Mother Tortoise, cook it, my friend,  
 Mother Tortoise, give me some to taste,  
 Mother Tortoise, what is the food like?"

Tortoise answers: "There remains a little time yet [i.e. it is not yet done].. Hyaena goes away, returns, asks Tortoise [again]. It happens [He finds] that Tortoise has eaten everything. Nothing is left but the bones. Hyaena calls, nobody answers; he calls again, all is silent.

Hyaena cries, cries, cries [weeps], and does not see anything. Hyaena  
 the  
 goes into the kitchen to look. He lifts up / stone [of the cooking place on  
 which the pot rests], sees Tortoise and grabs her. Tortoise says to him:  
 "Don't kill me, I won't die. If you burn me, I won't die. But the river is  
 our ancestral enemy." Hyaena says to her: "Yes, indeed, that's where I'll take  
 you."

Hyaena takes her there. When he brings Tortoise to the river, he says:  
 "Is here [deep] enough?" Tortoise answers: "Wherever you throw me [now], I'll  
 die." Hyaena takes her right into the middle and throws her in completely.  
 Tortoise dives into the river until she comes out on the opposite bank and  
 calls: "Hey, Hyaena." Hyaena answers. Tortoise says: "Listen, this is how  
 my ancestors fooled your ancestors." Hyaena starts crying, crying, crying,

till he falls down on the ground. Then he gets up, and goes back to the compound, seizes the bones and [knows them] crunch, crunch, crunch.

This is the tale. It has gone into the sea. The one who is first[to smell it]<sup>b</sup> will go to paradise.

- a) Depending on the tone of the last word - wadji, this can be a somewhat rude way of asking a favor.
- b) Informants feel that the word fóón - to smell, to sniff -has been omitted.

DPG: This has the same type of motif that is found when Hare asks to be thrown into the long grass - the forerunner of Brer Rabbit and the Briar Patch.

Hyaena is rude and greedy, being unwilling to let the cook even have a share of the meat, and is so overcome by his own emotions that he cannot think clearly and allows himself to be tricked by the small animal, and throws another temper tantrum when he realizes that he has been deceived.

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Übersee, 1960/61.  
XLIV(1), 260-261.  
Wolof and German versions.  
Original from Tiaou Moure, St. Louis, Senegal.

## 2. THE GOAT, HYAENA, AND THE LION

There was once a goat who said: "I am going on the pilgrimage to Mecca." She searched around with her long gourd for some water. She went for two whole days when she meets Hyaena, who asks her: "Where are you going?" She says to him: "I am making the pilgrimage to Mecca." He says to her: "You have reached it, for," he adds, "I am going to kill you." She replied: "It would be better if you didn't kill me." Still Hyaena wanted to kill her.

Lion was prowling around and reached there and caught him, and said: "Yes, what is the problem between you and Goat." He (Hyaena) answered: "Nothing." Goat says to him: "Wait, it is I who will tell Uncle Lion." So Lion says: "Goat, speak." She says to him: "As for me, I was on the pilgrimage to Mecca, I ran into the hyaena, and he told me: 'You have reached it,' and I don't know why. I don't have any relatives here in the bush [implying that he took advantage of her]." So Lion says: "Yes, you Hyaena, what is between you and Goat?" He answers: Nothing, I was just asking where she was going." Then goat said to him: "That's when he wanted to kill me." Lion said to Hyaena: "You're lying." Then Lion said to Goat: "Go on your way." Goat takes her gourd, puts water in it, and goes off. Lion says: "You, Hyaena, you will never do this again."

Then Lion calls Goat [back]. She returns and says: "Uncle Lion, I will write an amulet for you. I have the ink. If I write a charm, you'll have whatever you most desire. What I use to write it on, though, is the skin of an adult hyaena, and it is hard to get." The Lion says: "What then?" She says again: "The skin of this adult hyaena is very easy to get." The Lion looks at Hyaena, stares at him, their eyes meet. Hyaena gets very scared. He [Lion] strikes him, tears his side, and says to Goat: "Here."

Goat takes the [piece of] hyaena's skin. It happened she was carrying honey with her. She rubs the skin with honey, till it's soaked, and then says to Lion: "Open your mouth." Lion opens his mouth, she puts it in his mouth, and Lion chews it like something very tasty, as sweet as sugar. Lion says to Goat: "Give me more." Goat then says to him: "You then, give me more skin!" So he pounces on Hyaena, strikes him again, and tears off another piece of skin, and gives it to Goat. Goat rubs honey on it too, and gives it also to Lion. Hyaena collapses and dies.

This is the tale. It has gone into the sea. The one who is the first [to smell it] will go to Paradise.

a. "Uncle" is a term of respect.

DPG: Lion represents a Ruler, who judges the case between his subjects, but at the same time gets carried away by his own greed.

In other versions of this story, Hyaena presents the goat to the ruler, goat offers to prepare a "medicine" which necessitates hyaena skin. Hyaena after some loss of skin escapes, Lion pursues hyaena, thus giving a chance to goat to disappear.

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Übersee, 1960/61,  
XLIV(1), 265-266.  
Wolof and German versions.  
Original: Lebou dialect (Dakar)..by Senghor.

##### 5. HARE AND HYAENA

There was once nobody but a Hare<sup>a</sup> and Hyaena. A king was having somebody sell horses. When he was doing this, Hyaena threw himself down on the ground [before him], and said: "It was my grandfathers and my great grandfathers who were the ones who always sold horses here - my grandfather used to sell them, so it is I who should be the one to sell them [now]. So they gave him the horses. Hyaena rode off. It happened that there was a girl singing in the fields the following song:

b

"During the reign of the King of Ngali [tralala],  
King of Ngali, chase the bird so it will fly off,  
When it flies off, they say, it will be worth the Damel [of Cayoor],  
King of Ngali."

During this time, Hyaena was learning the song, and began to sing himself [Words sung with a very nasal tone.]

" The King of Ngali [tralala],  
King of Ngali, chase the bird so it will fly off,  
When it flies off, they say, it will be worth the Damel,  
King of Ngali."

During this time, he happened to meet the very old grandfather of the girl. Thereupon Hyaena gave him the two horses. He kept singing as he went back. Suddenly there was a deep hole there, and not only that, a large stake was inside. The leader [of the group ?] passed close and made it sharp. The Fula greased it with butter. Hyaena then fell inside the hole, his behind was impaled on the stake which penetrated into him.

Hyaena cried. When he had finished crying and got up, the song had been lost.

Hyaena hunted around, and in this way he picked up the song again. The Hyaena arrived at the residence of the King. The King said to him: "You are a Hyaena ! " The King had a sheep butchered for him. The King said to him: "You must tell me what you got for your sale." Hyaena said to him: "You are in too much of a hurry. I don't know why you do that." After a while, Hyaena went to the middle of the compound and said to the King: "You, King, have a drum beaten for me." The King called an attendant. The attendant came. The King said to him: "Beat a drum for him." The attendant beat a drum. When he was doing this, Hyaena sang. He sang, you know, the song which no man had sung, which no woman had sung. Hyaena sang:

"tyam xubot, xubot atyas mbote tya

mbote atyas . " [Nonsense words]

The people jumped up with him and sang: (chorus)

"rala bebe, sa bebe rale." [Nonsense words]

The King had [hyaena's] hands bound to his back, and began to look for firewood from one afternoon until the next afternoon. They heated the faggots which burned until they were completely red hot. They lifted Hyaena up high and threw him into the fire. Hyaena then burnt up.

That's the story.

-----

- a. Hare is never mentioned again.
  - b. Translating from the German.. this phrase has no meaning.. One Wolof suggested it meant "It was the last born that survived."
  - c. If dyar , then to be worth, equal to , if dyaar to pass by.
  - d. The Fula is not mentioned previously. The Fulbe are herdsmen, and sell milk and butter.
- 

DPG: A somewhat confusing narrative. Though the title is Hare and Hyaena, Hare is never mentioned again. Various other people, the leader, the Fula, appear without having been previously mentioned. Anyway, Hyaena gives the horses away for a song, then loses the song, is given rewards and honor (the drumming) that he does not deserve, sings a piece of nonsense, and is duly punished.

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Übersee, 1960/61, XLIV(1), 267-268.

Wolof and German versions.

Original from: Ndiaye Thiernot, Thiès.

#### 6. MOMAR TYAW AND HYAENA

There was [once] a man they called Momar Tyaw, and a Hyaena who had a wife, but who didn't have any children. He had possessions, but there was nobody to consume them. That's why one day there was a religious student who was begging. He came to Hyaena's place, and was begging from him. Hyaena liked him very much. He gave him lots and lots to eat. The man couldn't eat everything till it was finished, so he ate until he was full, and said: "I'm full, thank you." Hyaena said to him: "Do you know what I am? Don't come back to my place, because you can't eat, for in my view, he who eats should eat all until it is finished.

There was a sequence [Lit. another story]. Hyaena sat around till one day there was a man they call Momar Tyaw. He came to beg alms at the Hyaena's place. The Hyaena gave him a large bowl that was full of food. The man ate everything till it was finished, in thirty minutes. The Hyaena said: "Momar Tyaw." He replied : "[Yes]". "Your father could take a handful and put it in his mouth and take a handful and hold it, a whole bowl of porridge (at a time)." "Uncle Hyaena, where can I catch up with him ?" [Hyaena] said "Catch up that way, child, you are still a student [learner]."

The next day, Momar Tyaw came back. Hyaena gave him plenty again. Momar Tyaw ate everything in twenty minutes. The Hyaena said: "Momar Tyaw." He said: "Yes ?". "Your father could take a handful and put it in his mouth and take a handful and hold it, a whole bowl of porridge." He [Momar Tyaw] said "Where should I put it down." [implying the empty bowl ?]. He replied: "Put it down over there."

Now Hyaena was hungry [himself]. He wanted to chase the man away,

but he did not know what to do. He said to his wife: "Tomorrow, light the cooking fire early, so we'll eat before he comes, because nobody can drive him away." The next day the man came very early, and hid, and did not say a word.

Hyaena lit a fire and cooked until it was nearly done. They did not see the young man. He went [close?] when they were ready to eat. Hyaena said to his wife: "I will tease someone." He called: "Momar Tyaw." He replied: "Yes?" "Your father could take a great handful and put it in his mouth, and could hold a great handful, a whole bowl of porridge." "Uncle Hyaena, where shall I put [the empty bowl]?" Hyaena answered: "Take it to your mother, and get out of my place. Don't come back after today."

The man left. Hyaena's provisions were all gone. He had nothing left. We are asking whether a person should do what he doesn't have the means to do.

DPG: Pichl seem to think of dipping a fowl séq in the sauce.

My informants thought he meant séq which means to take a big handful, in other words with a mouthful and a handful the bowl was cleaned out.

Eventually Momar Tyaw was as good as his father, and could finish the bowl before Hyaena had finished speaking, let alone put his own hand into the dish.

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Übersee, 1960/61.  
 XLIV(1), 269.  
 Wolof and German versions.  
 Original from Senghor.

7. HYAENA AND LION AND HARE

There was once a year of hunger. Lioness digs a den and gives birth. She goes to find food for her children. Hare is looking for something to eat and reaches there, and goes inside with the lioness' children. Whenever Lioness brought meat, she would ask : "Are you all here ?" [Hare] would say: "It is I,<sup>a</sup> all of us are here." He would do this until he was completely full. He goes off, and sees Hyaena. Hyaena says to him: "Where did you eat until you are full ?" [Hare] said to him: "I went that way until I reached a den. I found little ones there. I asked them who bore them. They said to me: "Lioness." I said to them: "Can I be here too ?" They told me: 'If you are well behaved,' and I told them I was well behaved. Hyaena said to him: "What am I supposed to say when I get there ?" He said: 'It is I, all of us are here.' That is what I said."

Hyaena said: "Where will I run then ?" Hare said to him : " Run along the road. "<sup>b</sup>

He walked on and on, saying: "It is I, all of us are here." till he got to the den. There he found the cubs. He peeped in at them and said: "This is extremely lucky," then killed them all and devoured them. He remained there and would say : "It is I, we are all here." When Lioness brought meat she would give it to him to eat. When he stuffed himself he seizes the charms <sup>c</sup> of Lioness, and puts them on. They are too big for him. He takes them off, and puts them down. After a time, he puts them on again, and they fit. He thinks Lioness will no longer be able to do anything to him. Lioness brings the meat and says: "Who is there ?" Hyaena says: "Just me." The Lioness said: "And me too - we all used to be here." Lioness says: "Come out at once so that I can see you." As soon as Hyaena came out, Lioness struck him in vengeance. They fought until Lioness ripped his back and killed him. That's the story.

a Man a is not used in Gambian Wolof. man laa? (ma ne - I say)

b yowwi - a misprint for yon wi ?

c Charms which are worn round the neck or waist

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Übersee, 1960/61.  
XLIV(1), 271  
Wolof and German versions.  
Original from Mamadou Mada of Diagamba, Oualo.

9. JACKAL AND HYAENA

Jackal and Hyaena were with one another. They went into the bush and found the lion's store and took it. When they took it, the hyaena gave it to Jackal to carry [on his head].

They walked till they ran into Lion, and the Lion said: "Who gave that to you?" Jackal said to him: "It was Hyaena who saw it first." Hyaena said: "No, you were the first." Lion caught Jackal and Hyaena ran off and went to his home. He picked up the guitar (xalam), and lay down on his bed, singing.

"He who goes [will find]

Jackal in his punishment."

His wife and children were clapping [to accompany his singing].

Lion, however, said to Jackal: "If you take me to Hyaena's house, I'll let you go. So he takes him to Hyaena's house. Lion comes and finds Hyaena lying on his bed, playing and singing:

"He who goes [will find]

Jackal in his punishment."

Lion catches him, kills him, rips open his stomach, and finds what he had stored away, which Hyaena had taken, and had not been digested. So he said: "Praise God, since my things aren't lost."

That's the story. It has fallen into the sea. He who is the first [to smell it] will go to Paradise.

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Übersee, 1961/62,  
XLV, Nos 1-2,

Wolof and German versions.

Translation.

--  
17

### THE ANIMALS OF THE BUSH

There was once no one here other than animals of the bush, who assembled here to dig a well. The antelope (köwel) said: "As for me, I am not going to dig any well, but whoever digs a well, I will bathe in it, and drink out of it." They said: "Fine." They got together, and dug their well. When they had finished, hyaena fell to the ground, and began to cry, saying "My grandmothers Fatumata Njur and Rohaya Njur were the ones to guard whatever new well was ever dug." So they said to him: "Fine, you guard it." Hyaena guarded the well. When the animals of the bush were off hunting, the antelope returned there, remained standing some distance away and

sang:

dyalgati dyalat dyala feng
Siso Wali Ndyay
dyalgati-i-i-i liti
I dig no well
dyalgati-i-i-i liti
but I'll certainly enjoy it
dyalgati-i-i-i liti
and I'll soak the clothes there
dyalgati-i-i-i liti
and I'll bathe my child there
dyalgati-i-i-liti

As she does this, the hyaena said to her: "Come, entertain me with the song. She said to him: "If I come, you will catch me." He said to her: "I will not catch you, just come." The antelope came, hyaena caught her and said: "Did you think you'd get away ?. Entertain me with the song and I will let you go." She sang:

[Song repeated.]

The hyaena permitted her to leave. She bathed herself in the well, she drank from the well, she washed clothes in the well, she urinates in the well, and then she ran off. After she had run far away, she stopped and called "Uncle Hyaena," He answered "Yes ?" She said: "I've gone, you know." He said: "Come, I have something to say to you." The antelope went off. The hyaena struck his head against the top of the well, and his head cracked open. He lay down at the foot of a tree, sulking, until the lion came with some others and said: "Hey, hyaena, what has happened to you?" He said "The antelope's mother came to fight me, the antelope's father came to fight me, the antelope's grandparents came to fight me, the antelope's uncle came to fight me, the antelope's younger brother came to fight me." They said to him : "Really ? and that didn't kill you ? " They built him an enclosure, and put him inside, killed an ox for him, and gave it to him to eat. Then they went back to their hunting. He groaned (?) peeped out (?) there, and then left.

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Übersee, 1961/62,  
XLV, No. 1-2, 72-73.  
Wolof and German versions.  
Told by Ndiaw Mbanyik, Dakar.

Translation.

19.

THE MAN AND THE MONKEYS

The man once had a field here. The monkeys came and pulled up the cassava. When they reached the entrance to the field, the man was standing there, he grabbed some branches and hid himself. The monkeys were around till late morning, then they came and left the field, and climbed up on the man's head. They all climbed up until the leader came. When the leader climbs up, the man puts his hand over the tail. The monkey said to his wife\* "tyukametu," (An exclamation of surprise). He says: "Did some sort of hand just grow there ?" The wife said "Hand ?". He said to her "Really, a hand ?" She tells him: "Climb down." He tells her : "Come next to me" He says : "I'm down now."

----

The conversation between the monkeys are in "monkey talk", which makes translation uncertain. I think the climax lies in the monkey persuading his wife to take his place.

The tale is like the one written by A.K. Seka "The monkey and the bean farm." page .

## (c) TALES CONCERNING VARIOUS ANIMALS

		Publication	Pages
38	Caterpillar and Butterfly	a 1858	138-139
		b 1922	
		c 1961/62	140
39	War of the Frogs and the Fish	1914	141-142
40	Creation of the Fowl and Beans	1938	143-
41	The Mauretanian and the Ostrich	1938	
42	The Fly and the Dish	1938	148
43	The Grey Lizard and the Iguana	1946	149-151
44	The Lion, Bull, and Scorpion	1960/61	152-153
45	The Antelopes and the Puppy	1960/61	154-156
46	The Mouse and the Pigeon	1961/62	157-158
47	The King, the Child and the Bird	1961/62	159-161

Source: Abbé Boilat: Grammaire de la langue woloffe, 1858, p. 401.

Wolof text: 399-400.

La Chenille et le Papillon.

Un jour le papillon le plus beau du monde, voltigeant autour d'une fleur, aperçut une pauvre chenille qui rampait à terre. La regardant avec mépris, il lui tint ce langage: Vilaine chenille, qui t'a permis de passer sur le même chemin que moi ? Fi donc ! être maudit ! Moi, je suis beau comme le soleil; certes, nous ne sommes pas de la même condition; je m'élève dans les airs, pendant que tu te traînes sur la terre. La chenille lui répliqua: Papillon, ne te vante pas tant; tout ton éclat ne te donne pas le droit de me mépriser; nous sommes parents; tes mépris retombent sur toi-même; car le papillon engendre la chenille, et la chenille engendre le papillon.

(38b)

The same story is given in Delafosse: L'Ame Nègre, 1922, p.27.  
basing his version on Abbé Boilat's.

Un jour, un papillon si beau qu'il n'avait pas d'égal, volait parmi les fleurs. Une misérable chenille rampait au pied des fleurs. Le papillon dit: "C'est une chenille ?" Elle dit: "Oui." (Le papillon lui dit): "Pourquoi quelqu'un de sale comme toi passe-t-il sur mon chemin ? fi ! enfant du péché ! Pour ce qui est de moi, vois comme je suis beau ! Vraiment, Dieu ne nous a pas donné la même mère ! Moi, je vole dans le ciel; toi, tu ne connais que la terre."

La chenille lui dit: "Papillon, ne te vante pas ainsi. Toute ta dorure ne peut te permettre de m'injurier: nous sommes parents de même lignage; si tu as honte de moi, tu as honte de ta mère: le papillon enfante la chenille, la chenille enfante le papillon." Ici la fable marche (et) tombe dans la mer.

[Delafosse's version was also reproduced in the Bulletin de l'Enseignement de l'A.O.F. 73, juil-dec.1930, 15.]

(38a)

Translation: Boilat: Le Chenille et le PapillonThe Caterpillar and the Butterfly

One day the most beautiful butterfly in the world, . . . flying around a flower, saw a poor caterpillar crawling on the ground. Looking at it with disdain, it spoke as follows: "Ugly caterpillar, who allowed you to pass along the same road as myself ? For shame ! Accused one ! As for me, I am as beautiful as the sun. Indeed, we are not of the same condition, I rise in the air, while you crawl along the ground." The caterpillar replied to him: "Butterfly, don't boast so much. All your magnificence does not give you the right to despise me; we are relatives; your contempt rebounds on yourself, for the butterfly gives birth to the caterpillar, and the caterpillar gives birth to the butterfly."

Delafosse:

(38b)

One day, a butterfly so beautiful it had no equal, was flying among the flowers. A miserable caterpillar was crawling at the foot of the flowers. The butterfly said: "Is it a caterpillar ?" She said "Yes." [The caterpillar said to her] "Why is someone as dirty as you passing along my road ? For shame ! Child of sin ! As for me, see how beautiful I am ! Truly God has not given us the same mother. I fly in the sky, as for you, you know only the earth. The caterpillar said to her: "Butterfly, don't boast in that way . All your gilding does not allow you to insult me. We are relatives of the same lineage; if you are ashamed of me, you are ashamed of your mother; the butterfly gives birth to the caterpillar, the caterpillar gives birth to the butterfly." Here the fable goes off and falls into the sea.

(38c)

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen,"  
Afrika und Übersee, 1961/62, XLV, Nos 1-2, 67

15.

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE BUTTERFLY

One day a beautiful butterfly who had no equal flew on to a flower. A caterpillar was walking beneath the flower. The butterfly said to him : "Is that a caterpillar ?" He said to her "Yes." "Why does somebody as dirty as you, pass in front of me, you cursed one. As for me, look how beautiful I am. Thank God we are not of the same race. Me, I fly up in the sky, you know only the ground. The caterpillar said " Butterfly, don't boast. Your gold does not give you the right to insult me. We are of the same line. If you insult me, you insult your mother. The butterfly brings forth the caterpillar, the caterpillar brings forth the butterfly.

Translation: DPG.

1 Pichl quotes as his source: Friedrich Müller, Grundriss der Sprachwissenschaft, ausgebessert von Lame Chimère, St. Louis.

(39)

Sow, Hamet Télémaque: "Folk-Lore. Contes Ouolofs."

Bulletin de l'Enseignement de l'Afrique Occidentale Française, 2(13),  
mar-avr. 1914, 380-382.

Combat des grenouilles contre les poissons

380 Pour un certain différend les grenouilles de décidèrent à faire la guerre aux poissons.

On en était encore aux préparatifs lorsqu'une grenouille dans une mare, rencontre un poisson. Celui ci voulant s'approcher d'elle, la grenouille le repoussa en lui disant: "Oh ! laisse moi donc !" Le poisson mourut aussitôt. Cela fit réfléchir la grenouille qui se dit: "Tiens, ces mots doivent être magiques; je vais raconter la chose à mes soeurs."

Le lendemain les grenouilles se réunirent et s'en furent dans la mare où les poissons les attendaient. A la vue de ceux ci, toutes les grenouilles en chœur se mirent à dire: "Oh ! laisse-moi donc ! Oh ! laisse moi donc ! Mais les poissons aussi avaient d'autres mots magiques. Ils s'en servirent et les réduisirent à néant. Ils n'en épargnèrent qu'une seule, la plus agée, qui regagna la grenouillère, ses congénères qui y étaient restées, l'entourent; elles lui posèrent les questions suivantes:

- Où est Samba la grenouille ?
- Elle fut tuée au premier choc, dit-elle.
- Et Demba la grenouille ?
- Au Dior (champ d'honneur).

Et toutes les grenouilles de pleurer et de répéter

Diori, Diori, Diori

C'est pourquoi jusqu'à présent , au moment des pluies, les grenouilles se réunissent et répètent

Diori, Diori, Diori.

Translation: Story (39).

Because of a certain dispute, the frogs decided to make war on the fish. They were making preparations when a frog in a pond met a fish. The latter wished to approach the frog. The frog drove it away saying "Oh ! leave me alone." The fish died soon after. This made the frog think, and he said to himself " Well, these must be magical words, I am going to tell my sisters."

The next day the frogs assembled and were in the pond, where the fish were waiting for them. At the sight of them, all the frogs began to say together : "Oh, leave me alone. Oh ! leave me alone." But the fish also had other magic words. They used them, and reduced the frogs to nothing. They spared only one of them, the oldest, who returned to the place of the frogs. His companions who had remained there surrounded him, and asked the following questions:

"Where is Samba the frog ?"

"Killed in the first encounter," it said.

"And Demba the frog ?"

"At Dior (on the field of battle).

And all the frogs began to weep and repeat, "Diori, Diori, Diori."

That is why until now, when rain is about to fall, the frogs gather and repeat: "Diori, Diori, Diori."

Source: CAHIERS DU SUD, No.268, 1938.

Marcel Griaule: Histoires wolof.

Racontées par Mamadou Vad, "arrière petit-fils de Kirmandja Minndjay, de Cayor, et petit-fils de Boubakar Gnangne, tirailleur de Faidherbe au moment où ce général allait de La Mecque à Saint-Louis en passant par Cayor." (sic).

### CONTES (40)

#### 1. La Création du Poulet et du Haricot

Le poulet sortit deux heures avant le haricot.

Dès qu'il vit le haricot, il courut pour le manger car il avait faim, depuis deux heures qu'il était créé.

b  
Le sage Babou Mohammed lui dit:

"Ne mange pas le haricot, c'est ton ami."

Mais le poulet le mangea quand même car il avait très faim.

Babou Mohammed lui dit alors: "Eh bien ! Tu verras ! "

Le lendemain matin, le haricot sortit par l'oeil du poulet.

Aujourd'hui encore lorsqu'une poule mange un haricot, son œil gonfle. Il lui faut plusieurs jours pour guérir.

(41)

#### II. Le Maure et l'Autruche

Les maures ne se rasent jamais la tête jusqu'à la mort.

Pourquoi ? Parce que l'autruche a toujours des plumes sur le corps.

Comme le Maure et l'autruche sont des amis, ils agissent de même. Ils sont amis depuis les temps les plus anciens.

L'autruche fut créé la première. On dit alors:

"Comment ? trois races de blancs sont déjà nées et l'on n'a pas encore vu un Maure !

On partit en quête et l'on trouva l'autruche accouvée

sur son nid. Le Maure était sous l'autruche mais il ne se montra pas et personne ne songea qu'il fallait le chercher là.

On retourna aussitôt vers Mahommet et un démon lui dit:

- On n'a pas vu le Maure, où est-il ?
- Le Maure est sorti maintenant, répartit Mahommet. Je ne sais pas où mais il est sorti.
- S'il est sorti, rétorque le démon, on ne l'a pas vu.

Un autre démon, Babou Mahmed, plus rapide que les autres et plus habile à deviner, dit alors:

- Le Maure ? Il est sous l'autruche. Qu'on la fasse lever !

Avec le Maure était aussi un petit mouton. On fit lever l'autruche et l'on vit le Maure, mais personne ne savait si c'était un homme ou un démon à cause de ses longs cheveux qui se balançait comme des plumes d'autruche.

Le démon Babou Mahmed écarta des deux mains les cheveux du Maure et le reconnut. Le Maure sortit alors et l'on frappa l'autruche pour qu'elle se sauve dans la brousse. C'est ce qu'elle fit et le Maure qui la tenait par les plumes de la queue courait derrière elle.

Deux jours après Baou Mahmed dit:

- Allez chercher le Maure dans la brousse. Ce n'est pas un animal, c'est un homme."

On le trouva sous un arbre et on lui dit que seuls les animaux habitent la brousse, mais que lui, homme, devait vivre au village.

Il en convint.

(Quand ?)

Comme on lui demandait où était l'autruche, il répondit qu'elle s'était perdue en brousse. On ne la chercha pas et le Maure fut emmené au village.

"Puisqu'il vient, dit Babou Mahmed, tant pis pour l'autruche".

Il pensait que si on l'avait trouvée elle serait venue au village comme une poule.

On demanda au Maure quel était l'animal caché avec lui sous l'autruche lorsqu'on le découvrit. Il répondit que c'était un mouton.

"Le jour où l'on m'a réveillé, dit-il, j'avais un mouton; on m'a dit que dans la vie il était fait pour être mangé."

Plus tard l'Autruche fut prise dans la brousse et le Maure lui dit:

"Tu es comme les animaux, tu n'as jamais perdu tes plumes; pour cela, moi non plus, je ne raserai jamais mes cheveux. Nous serons amis jusqu'à la mort."

(42)

### III. La Mouche et le Plat

La mouche ne peut travailler. Elle ne coupe pas le bois, ne cultive pas, ne garde pas les champs. Elle ne fabrique et n'invente rien. Mais quand les récoltes sont amenées à la maison, la femme prépare le repas de son mari.

Alors la mouche arrive, et se frottant les mains, se pose au milieu du plat.

Translation: Story (40)

I. The Creation of the Chicken and the Bean

The chicken came out two hours before the bean.

When it saw the bean, it ran to eat it for it was hungry,  
since it was two hours from the time he had been created.

The sage Babou Mohammed said to him:

"Don't eat the bean, it is your friend."

But the chicken ate it all the same, for it was very hungry.

Babou Mohammed said to him then: "Very well. You'll see!"

The next morning, the bean came out of the eye of the chicken.

Even today when a fowl eats a bean, its eye swells up.

It takes several days to get better.

Story (41)

II. The Mauritanian and the Ostrich

The Mauritanians (Moors) never shave their head until death.

Why? Because the ostrich always has feathers on its body.

As the Mauritanian and the ostrich are friends, they act in the  
same fashion. They are friends since most ancient times.

The ostrich was created first. People said: "What! Three  
races of whites are already born and we have not yet seen a Mauritanian.

They went in search of him, and found the ostrich sitting on her  
nest. The Mauritanian was under the ostrich, but did not show himself,  
and nobody thought that it was necessary to search there.

They soon returned to Mahomet and a devil said to him: "The  
Mauritanian has not been seen, where is he?"

"The Mauritanian has come out now," replied Mahomet, "I do not  
know where, but he has come out."

Another devil, Babou Mahomed, quicker than the others and cleverer  
at divination, then said:

"The Mauretanian ? He is under the ostrich. We should make him get up." With the Mauretanian was also a small sheep. They made the ostrich get up, and saw the Mauretanian, but no one knew if it was a man or a demon because of the long hair waving like ostrich feathers. The spirit Babou Mahmed separated the hair of the Mauretanian with his two hands and recognized him. The Mauretanian then came out, and the ostrich was struck so that it rushed off in the bush. That was what she did and the Mauretanian who was holding her by the tail feathers ran after her.

Two days later Babou Mahmed said: "Go and look for the Mauretanian in the bush. It is not an animal, it is human." He found him under a tree, and told him that only animals inhabited the bush, but that he, a man, ought to live in the village. He convinced him of it. When he was asked where the ostrich was, he replied that she was lost in the bush. They did not look for her, and the Mauretanian was brought to the village. Since he has come," said Babou Mahmed, "so much the worse for the ostrich." He thought that if she had been found, she would have come to the village like a fowl.

They asked the Mauretanian what was the animal lying with him under the ostrich, when he was discovered. He replied that it was a sheep.

"The day when they woke me," he said " I had a sheep. I was told that in this life it was made to be eaten."

Later the Ostrich was captured in the bush, and the Mauretanian said to her: "You are like the animals, you have never lost your feathers, for that, I too, will never shave my head. We will be friends until death."

III

The Fly and the Dish.

The fly cannot work. She does not cut wood, does not cultivate, does not protect the fields. She does not make or invent anything. But when the harvests are brought home, and the woman prepares her husband's meal, then the fly arrives, and rubbing his hands, sits in the middle of the dish.