

Source: A. Villiers et Th. Leye:

Notes Africaines, No.32, Octobre, 1946, p. 23.

LE MARGOULLAT ET LA GUEULE-TAPEE

Ceci est une histoire vraie, car celui qui nous l'a contée est Wolof du Baol, très vieux et très sage.

Il y a longtemps, au temps des Génies, le Margouillat (1) et la Gueule-tapée (2) habitaient ensemble dans le même trou, mangeaient la même nourriture et ils étaient bons amis. A cette époque, la Gueule-tapée était telle qu'elle est maintenant, mais le Margouillat, au contraire, était beaucoup plus gros que son ami.

Mais ils se disputaient souvent, car le Margouillat était jaloux de voir que les Hommes préféraient la chair de la Gueule-tapée. Il trouvait que ce n'était pas juste, car ils avaient les mêmes habitudes, mangeaient les mêmes choses et lui, le plus gros et le plus gras, il était dédaigné.

Un jour, la Gueule-tapée fut capturée par un groupe de Laobés (3) et emmenée dans leur case. La Margouillat les suivit de loin jusqu'au bout et il vit les Laobés fendre le ventre de la Gueule-tapée avec leur couteau et appeler les enfants pour prendre leur part du festin.....

En voyant cela, le Margouillat se mit à pleurer de jalousie et se sauva dans son trou. Il se mit à prier pour demander à devenir petit et pouvoir à son tour être mangé.

Il fut exaucé et devint petit. Mais sa chair ne fut pas appréciée pour autant. Il eut beau abandonner la brousse pour venir habiter dans les villages, il resta dédaigné.

C'est depuis cette époque, que, chacun fois qu'il voit un homme s'approcher de lui, il le regarde en penchant la tête de droite et de gauche espérant que cette fois on va le prendre pour le manger. Puis quand il voit qu'on le méprise toujours, il balance la tête de haut en bas pour signifier qu'il a compris, et que cette fois

encore il n'y a pas d'espoir d'être mangé.

Pourtant, il ne retourne pas dans la brousse, car il a honte et ne veut pas rencontrer la Gueule-tapée qui se moquerait de lui.

A.Villiers et Th. Leye.

(I.F.A.N., Dakar).

- (1) Agama agama (en Wolof: Sindagh).
- (2) Varanus ocellatus (en Wolof: Mbeuth).
- (3) Bûcherons.

Translation

Story (43)

The grey-lizard and the iguana

This is a true story, for the person who told us is a Wolof from Baol, very old and very wise.

Long ago, in the time of the Spirits, the lizard and the iguana lived together in the same hole, eating the same food, and were good friends. At this time, the iguana was as she is now, but the lizard, on the other hand, was much larger than his friend.

But they used to quarrel often, for the lizard was jealous through seeing that men preferred the flesh of the iguana. He found that this was unfair, for they had the same habits, ate the same things, and he, the largest and the fattest, was disdained.

One day the iguana was captured by a group of Laobes and taken to their house. The lizard followed them from afar until the end and saw the Laobes split the belly of the iguana with their knife and call their children to take their share of the feast.

On seeing that, the lizard began to cry from jealousy, and fled into his hole. He began to pray to ask that he become small and could in his turn be eaten.

His wish was granted and he became small. But his flesh was still not appreciated. In spite of leaving the bush to come and live in the villages, he remained despised.

Since this time, whenever he sees a man approach him, he looks at him lowering by ~~bending~~ his head to the right and left, hoping that this time he is going to be taken to be eaten. But when he sees that he is still disdained.. he moves his head up and down to indicate that he has understood and that this time too he has no hope of being eaten. However, he did not return to the bush, for he is ashamed and does not want to meet the iguana who would mock him.

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Ubersee, 1960/61, XLIV(1), 262-263.
 Wolof and German versions.
 Original from Matane Diop, Dakar, Senegal.

3. LION, BULL, AND SCORPION

There was once a very big lake, and Lion would sit there and watch so that nobody else could drink from it but him. There was a spirit, you know, who would transform himself into a bull, and was accompanied by Scorpion. He sent a message to Lion and said: "I am the Bull called Samba Saye (=Death). You should prepare yourself. I am going to come and drink in your lake, I and my scorpion. Lion sent back a message to him saying: "If you come here to drink, you'll die. Your comrades who came here to drink, I ate them all." Samba Saye said: "I can't fit in your stomach, me." [Lion] said: "If you come here, I will eat you. I've eaten bigger ones than you. The day that you come, your life is gone that very day, you and your attendant, his life is gone too." He said to Lion: "It is only Scorpion who attends me. I won't surprise you. Thursday I will come, I, accompanied only by Scorpion." Lion said to him: "Hurry up and come, I'm awaiting you impatiently."

Scorpion began to sing to the bull:

"Dan riti, dan riti, [the sound of the one stringed fiddle],

The Lake in Kawon,

It is there I will drink,

I and my father's bull."

Lion heard what Scorpion was singing and said: "Boast at the edge of my lake. Whoever drinks from it, I will split him from his ass to his ears."

Samba Saye, he too boasted:

"Bungari, bungari, [ngari is the Fula term for bull]

The Lake in Kawon,

It is there I will drink,

I and my Scorpion."

Samba Saye then unhooks his head, puts it on the ground, and sharpens his horns till they catch fire, seizes Scorpion, and fills him with poison till he's completely black.

Lion was so angry he wasn't eating, he was just lying there waiting for them. Bull hurries up and drinks. Lion leaves him alone. He drinks until he is nearly full. Then [Lion] charges and hits him. Samba Saye rams a horn into his throat. Lion hits him again. Samba Saye strikes him again, and they fall down together.

[Then] Scorpion crawls up and creeps into the nostrils of Lion, and stings the insides. Lion jumps up, Scorpion stings him again. Samba Saye pierces Lion again. Scorpion says to Samba Saye: "When I sting again, you pierce him." Scorpion stings him again. Lion leaves Samba Saye and flees. Scorpion sticks inside Lion's nose as he runs. He keeps stinging until Lion draws his last breath and dies. Then they settle down and take possession of their lake.

This is the story. It has gone into the sea. Whoever is the first [to smell it] will go to Paradise.

DPG: The behavior described is typical of the individual challenges between warriors (ceddo) who would be accompanied by their attendants or musicians.

Lion represents the ruler of a place. In the previous story he is acting as a judge, listening to the two parties to a dispute. Here he is defending his territory against outsiders.

The motif of the powerful animal being overcome by a little creature (scorpion) is a motif which is found in a number of stories.

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Übersee, 1960/61,
 XLIV(1), 272-273.
 Wolof and German versions.
 Original: Senghor

11. THE ANTELOPES AND THE PUPPY

Once there were some antelopes who changed themselves into very beautiful girls to go and visit Six Ndyay.

As soon as they got there, he killed many goats for them. He gave good treatment to guests. They spent the day and the night till early morning. About mid-morning they said: "Six, now we want to go home." He said: "Then I will accompany you." He was about to take his gun. They said: "To accompany your women (wives), why do you need a gun?" He was about to grab his cutlass. They said: "Six, to accompany your wives, why do you need a cutlass?" He was about to take his spear. They said, "Hey, Six, to accompany your wives, why do you need a spear?" Then he called the dogs, seven dogs, and one puppy made eight. They said: "But, to accompany your wives, why do you need dogs?" He says to his mother: "Mother, tie up the dogs with [cotton] cords for me." The woman tied up all the dogs. He was about to sling on his arrows, and they said to him: "To accompany your wives, why do you need arrows?" He said: "This is my [special] arrow, wherever I go, it goes too." They said to him: "Let's go."

They went off till they got to the deep part of the forest. They said to him: "Wait for us here, we're going to the 'bathroom'." When they went off, they changed back into koba-antelopes, and were about to come back and eat the man. Then he shot off his arrow, which changed into a cotton tree which grew tall. He climbed up it. They began to strike it with their hooves to cut down the tree. They sang:

"mōkə dyūmmə ūhhu āhha."

When, you know, the tree was about to fall, he held tight to the top, and fired another arrow. It changed into a xai-tree that grew tall. He swung to it. They began chopping it with their hooves and singing:

"mōkə dyūmmə ūhhu āhha."

After a while the man sang:

"ay ɣari ɣari,
ay ɣa tyantán,
Biram is lost
in the wilderness."

As soon as the dogs heard this, they broke the ropes, and took off down the road towards him, singing:

"Jump over the fallow land,
Jump over the sown land,
sôndyan máy da yáral, [distortion of Fula speech]
Futa-Jalon dialect
sôndyan máy da yáral."

They said again:

"Jump over the fallow land
Jump over the sown land,
sôndyan máy da yáral,
sôndyan máy da yáral."

The small dog couldn't keep up with the big dogs. The big dogs were away ahead of him to his mortification. He was running as best he could, following them. As soon as the big dogs arrived, the antelopes said: "Cursed be your father." At once all the dogs dropped dead. They hurried after the man with their hooves, and sang:

mêkə dyúmmə ũhhu áhha.

The little puppy slowly scrambled along until he reached them. When he got there, they were hurrying towards the man. He said to them:

"Antelopes, you mother,
Antelopes, your father,
On the day of the undoing of the antelopes you were born."

Suddenly all the antelopes fell dead. He [the Puppy] said: "Six, come down." Then he came down. When he had come down he [Puppy] said: "Come and break off for me the twig of life and death." He said: "Are you able to do that?" [Puppy] replied: "Since I killed them, that is why I can do that." He said to [Six] again: "Break the twig for me." He broke it for him. [Puppy] took the twig of life and each dog he strikes with the twig, gets up. He counts the dogs. When they were completed, he asks: "Are they complete?" The man replies: "Yes, yes, thanks be to God, these others are dead. What they were about to do was bad. Whenever I was about to take a weapon, they said: 'Leave it behind.' Had I taken a gun it would have been faster." The Puppy said: "I, too, I'm fast. Take the twig of death." Thereupon the man took the twig and struck the antelopes, until they were completely dead. Then they went back home together.

That's the tale. It has gone 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, No. 1-2, 72-73.
 Wolof and German versions.
 Told by Matar Diop, Dakar.

Translation.

18. THE MOUSE AND THE PIGEON

Pigeon said: "Cut down a rafter, and I'll cut down a rafter, we'll share and build a house." Mouse said: "I won't build a house. I'm supposed to live in the ground. I'll dig a hole and live there."

Pigeon cut down her rafter(s) and built herself a house. The mouse also dug a hole and lived in the ground. The clouds came, and heavy rain fell, and the water flooded, and went into the mouse's hole. He ran out of there and found Pigeon at the door of her own house. As for the Pigeon, her house was not damaged. He said: "Mother Pigeon, can I come [asshole], into your house?" And she said: "Go on in,* but I said to you, 'cut down a rafter and I'll cut down a rafter, and we'll share and build a house,' but you refused." After a while Mouse said: "Mother Pigeon, can I go near your fire?" She said: "Go on now, but I said to you 'cut down a rafter and I'll cut down a rafter, and we'll share and build a house,' and you refused."

She sat for a while and said: "Mother Pigeon, can I sit on the bed?" She said: "Sure, sit down, but I said to you 'cut down a rafter and I'll cut down a rafter, and we'll share and build a house,' and you refused." He sat down, and after a while said: "Mother Pigeon, can I lie down on the bed?" She answered: "Yes, lie down, but I said to you, 'cut down a rafter, and I'll cut down a rafter, and we'll share and build a house,' but you refused. He lay down, and after a while said: "Mother Pigeon, can I take off your skirt?" She said: "Take it off, but I said to you 'cut down a rafter and I'll cut down a rafter, and we'll share and build a house', but you refused. Then he said "Mother Pigeon, may I kiss you?" And she said "Go ahead and kiss, but I said 'cut down a rafter

and you cut down a rafter, and we'll share and build a house,' and you refused.

And the Mouse said "Was it sweet [Did you like it ?] or wasn't it ?" She replied "Of course it was nice (Of course I liked it), but you took so long getting there."

That's how mouse went about living with Pigeon, and became her husband.

The mouse was a male, the pigeon female.

I have heard similar stories told at Njau (Upper Saloum, The Gambia) by children.

- * Each time she addresses him Mother Pigeon adds the Wolof term agat, 'gat. which can be translated as "backside, asshole." The use of insulting terms by the Pigeon occurs in all of the versions of the tale that I have heard.

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Übersee, 1961/62, XLV, Nos. 1-2, 75-78.

Wolof and German versions.

Told by: Oumare Sekhe, St. Louis

Translation. THE KING, THE CHILD AND THE BIRD.

21. [Here is a tale, there was once, it had once been, what it has you found, you spoke, I heard]

Once upon a time there was a bird which lived with its mother, until the dry season (migration) came. The little bird could not fly very well. Its mother told him "I'm going off for the dry season." The little one said: "Me too." The mother said: "No, don't go, you can't fly." It told her: "That won't stop me, don't despise what I can do."

In the end the mother flew off, and it flew too. After a while the little bird became tired, and landed on a tree in the king's compound. The mother continued on, leaving him there.

The little bird was singing:

"A bird was going off for the dry season, ndanga lis ndanga laty	[N
He could not fly very well,	o
He landed in the baobab leaves,	m
The baobab leaves of the king's shady retreat,	e
The mother [left it behind ?]	a
	n
	i
	n
	g

When he had done this, the king said: "Cut down the tree for me, and he who cuts it down, as long as I'm king, will be a heir. He who sees the bird, as long as I'm king, will be an heir. They examined how they could cut the tree until it fell. After a while, a courtier figured the way. The king said I appoint you heir today. [Perhaps: After they had cut around the tree, and the tree fell, they looked intently. After a while a courtier saw it.]

The king took the bird, put it in a bag, and put the bag in another, until there were three bags, and he put them in boxes until there were three boxes. Then he said to his courtiers: "Now watch over it, while I call my fellow-noblemen for a feast. He went off. While he was calling his noblemen, there was a young disobedient courtier. The child took out the bird, and said to it: "Bird let me have the pleasure of hearing your song. The bird sang:

"A bird was going off for the dry season, ndanga lis ndanga laty, etc.

When he was done, the boy said: "Let me have the pleasure again." The bird said: "Put me in the middle of your hand." When he put it there, the bird flew off, and escaped from his hands.

The child set off after the bird, but caught [another] small bird. When he caught him he said: "Let me have the pleasure of hearing your song. The bird sang:

"tam xubat xubati atyas mbote tya mbole atyas," [Nonsense syllables]

[The boy ?] jumped up and said: "raral bebe te bebe ral." [A nonsense reply.] Then he boy grabbed him, and put him back the way the king had put the bird in the first place.

The king came back with all his friends. They prepared a feast. The king released the bird, put it in the middle of the gathering, with everyone around, and said : "Let us have the pleasure of your song." The bird said: "tam xubat xubati atyas mbote tya mbote atyas,"

The king said: "It is because I wasn't wearing my gown, and now I'm wearing it, that the bird doesn't know me. He took off his gown, and threw it aside, and said again to the bird: "Let us have the pleasure of your song."

The bird said: "tam xubat xubati atyas mbote tya mbote atyas,"

He said to them: "It is because I wasn't wearing my shirt, and I'm wearing it now, that's why the bird doesn't know me." He took it off and threw it aside and said: "Bird, Let us have the pleasure of your song." When he [sang], the king said: "It is because I'm wearing my shoes and my hat, that's why the bird does not know me." He took them off, threw them aside, and said to the bird: "Let us have the pleasure of your song." [The bird] sang: "tam xubat xubati atyas mbote atyas tya mbole atyas."

When he was done, you know the king was wearing only his trousers in the middle of the group, so he took his gun, called the boy, and when he came, shot him, and then shot himself.

That's the tale, it has gone into the sea, whoever is the first to find it, will go to heaven.

The Monkey who played the drum.

Source: Isabelle Leymarie: The Role and Functions of the Griots
Among the Wolof of Senegal.
Ph.D. Dissertation, Columbia University, 1978.
pp. 127-128.

"Golo the monkey, the shrewdest of all animals, had been able to obtain an hour-glass shaped drum (tama). Every day, he came to play his drum for the other animals and charged them five francs. But he would play sloppily, hitting the drum once or twice. Finally, he arrived in a village where everybody thought he was going to play well. But once more he fooled the people.

One day when he happened to have come back to that particular village, people decided to set a trap for him. As usual, they gave Golo money. Then they formed a circle around him and Golo started to play. But again, Golo only beat his drums a few times and ran away. The villagers set a pack of dogs after him. Seeing that, Golo started to sing the dogs' praises, comparing them to lions. When the villagers witnessed the scene, they told him to stop, that it was enough. But Golo answered that because of the dogs, he would beat his drum until the day he died."

A similar story is to be found in:

Mamby Sidibe: Contes populaires du Mali, I, 1982, 119-121.

"Le singe rouge batteur de tambourin."

Here the monkey plays only three beats at a time for various animals. Finally hare brings along two large dogs in a basket, and monkey when he sees them is forced to play on, until he breaks the skin, then the wood, and has to continue drumming on his own stomach.

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

L'Homme qui avait beaucoup d'amis

97 "Il y avait jadis dans un village du Oualo, riverain du bas
Sénégal, un jeune Ouolof du nom de Mafal qui semblait être le
plus heureux du monde, car il paraissait être aimé de tout le
monde sans exception dans le pays.

Mafal appartenait à une famille de Diambours, c'est-à-dire
d'hommes libres (ce qui équivaut à la noblesse pour les
Européens). - Il était bien fait, beau même, spirituel et riche.
Il se plaisait à obliger ses voisins et offrait souvent à ses
amis du tabac, de l'eau-de-vie.

98 En outre, Mafal prêtait sans se faire prier de l'argent à
ceux qui lui en demandaient, et il ne réclamait plus ensuite.
Aussi était-il au mieux avec tout le monde.

Chaque jour, à chaque pas Mafal rencontrait quelqu'un qui le
bénissait, qui faisait des vœux pour son bonheur, qui lui
adressait des protestations d'amitié, de dévouement.

Ce qui lui était offert à tout instant par ses admirateurs en
fait d'argent, d'étoffes, d'objets de nourriture, etc.,
dépassait assurément ce qu'il donnait lui-même dans son extrême
liberalité.

Etait-il malade, toute la contrée était triste; songeait-il
à faire une course, une partie de chasse, un voyage, chacun lui
offrait son cheval, son fusil, sa pirogue.

En lui offrant tout ce qu'il paraissait désirer on lui disait:
"Prends et uses-en comme si c'était ta propriété même, car je
suis moi avec tout ce que je possède à ton entière disposition;

compte, je te prie, sur mon affection comme sur mon dévouement et cela quoi qu'il puisse arriver, dans toutes les circonstances possibles de la vie."

Mafal avait donc lieu de se croire l'homme le plus aimé de ses compatriotes et doté du plus grand nombre d'amis. Il en était infiniment heureux, et pendant longtemps il vécut dans cette douce illusion.

Mais un jour cependant le doute traversa son esprit. - "Qui sait, se dit-il, si mes très nombreux amis sont tous aussi sincères que ce qu'ils le disent ? N'est-ce pas surtout parce que je suis riche, considéré et influent qu'ils me font tant de protestations de dévouement ? Si j'étais malheureux quelque jour, les verrais-je dans les mêmes dispositions de sympathie vis-à-vis de moi, ou bien m'abandonneraient-ils dans le malheur ?"

Ces idées revenant sans cesse dans son esprit. Mafal résolut de savoir par expérience à quoi s'en tenir.

Voilà donc qu'un soir, au moment où chacun reposait, il sort de chez lui avec ses vêtements en désordre avec l'air très inquiet et il va frapper à la porte de la case de celui de ses compatriotes qu'il croyait son meilleur ami.

"Qui est là " crie l'ami réveillé en sursaut.

"C'est moi, Mafal."

Aussitôt la porte s'ouvre et l'ami arrive avec empressement lui disant: "Que veux-tu, que puis je faire pour te rendre service ? use et dispose de moi et de tout ce que j'ai, car nous t'appartenons moi et les miens à la vie, à la mort."

Mafal répondit: "Merci, jamais je n'ai eu plus besoin de mes amis, et voici pourquoi: j'aimais une jeune fille que je poursuivais de mes assiduités; par malheur le fils du Brac en était aussi

amoureux; bien plus, il m'était préféré.

"Dans mon dépit, je l'ai injurié tantôt en le rencontrant et, comme il s'est mis à rire de ma colère, je lui ai donné un coup qui l'a tué.

"Le Brac apprenant l'événement a ordonné qu'on me tuât de suite et qu'on confisquât mes biens. Il faut donc que je me sauve. Je suis alors venu vers toi pensant que ta bonne amitié ne me ferait pas défaut dans cette circonstance.

"Tu m'accompagneras, j'espère, pour me guider et me protéger dans ma fuite."

"Impossible, lui répondit l'ami, j'ai mal au pied et j'ai la fièvre; je ne puis marcher."

"Eh bien ! reprit Mafal, prête-moi ton cheval."

"Je ne puis, il est lui-même blessé."

"Donne-moi ta pirogue, je fuirai par la voie du fleuve."

"J'en suis désolé, mais elle fait eau et a besoin d'urgentes réparations."

"Donne-moi au moins quelque argent qui me servira à me tirer d'embarras."

"Impossible, je n'ai pas le sou."

Mafal reprit: "J'ai besoin d'un fusil, tu ne me refuseras pas le tien, car il peut me sauver la vie."

"Jamais je ne fournirai des armes à un rebelle, car tu es un rebelle. Tu aurais dû te mieux conduire. D'ailleurs, il y a longtemps que je pressentais que, par ton inconduite, tes ridicules prétentions, tes mauvaises habitudes, tu marchais à ta perte. Et, ma foi, comme je condamnais ta manière de faire, comme je n'ai jamais eu pour toi qu'un sentiment d'indifférence mélange de mépris, je n'hésite pas à te dire: va-t-en au diable ! "

Là-dessus l'ami ferme sa porte, ne voulant pas s'exposer à quelque ennui de la part du gouvernement à cause de ses relations avec un homme mis hors la loi, poursuivi, et dont les biens comme la vie étaient menacés.

102 "Mafal fit le tour du village, disant successivement la même chose à chacun de ses amis et recevant la même réponse. On lui refusait tout; bien plus, on l'accablait d'injures.

Il allait rentrer chez lui découragé et désillusionné sur le compte de l'affection des ses amis quand il songea tout à coup qu'un de ses voisins du nom de Samba semblait avoir dans les temps quelque sympathie pour lui.

Il se dirige vers sa case, mais il s'arrête bientôt en se souvenant que Samba est le parent du Brak et en outre qu'il vient de se marier le jour même.

"Il est inutile de tenter une démarche de ce côté, se dit Mafal, d'autant que je ne saurais vraiment lui en vouloir du refus qu'il va me faire bien certainement."

Néanmoins il se mit à frapper à la porte. On lui ouvre, et il répète ce qu'il a dit déjà à tant de gens.

Le jeune marié entendant le récit que lui faisait Mafal lui répond aussitôt ; "Tiens, voilà ma bourse; prends mon fusil et mon sabre; je vais envoyer mon captif dans ma pirogue, afin qu'il soit au point du jour dans l'endroit du fleuve qui est propice pour le passage d'un fugitif. Monte sur mon cheval et, de peur que tu ne t'égaras en route, je vais le conduire par la bride. Je suis très attristé d'apprendre le malheur qui vient d'arriver au fils du Brak mon parent; mais tu es mon ami et je t'aime trop pour juger si dans cette circonstance tu as bien ou mal fait. Je me contente donc de mettre tout mon dévouement à ton service."

Ils partent; au point du jour, Mafal arrivé sur les bords du fleuve remercie son ami et exige qu'il retourne à sa case auprès de sa jeune femme maintenant que, grâce à sa pirogue. il est hors de danger.

Après bien des résistances Samba se décide à rentrer chez lui, et il ne fut pas peu étonné de retrouver Mafal sur la place du village; car comme on le devine, toute l'aventure du meurtre et de la proscription n'était qu'une pure invention destinée à éprouver les nombreux amis de l'homme influent.

Mafal put donc dire à tout le monde désormais : "Quand on a cru que j'étais heureux, je comptais mes amis par centaines, et le jour où on a pensé que j'étais malheureux je n'en ai trouvé qu'un; mais, ajoutait-il, je ne me plains pas du sort, car beaucoup, en pareille circonstance, n'auraient rencontré plus personne."

Translation

Story (48)

The man who had many friends

There was formerly in a village in Oualo, on the lower Senegal river, a young Wolof by the name of Mafal who seemed to be the happiest person in the world, for he seemed to be loved by everyone without exception in the country.

Mafal belonged to a family of diambours, that is to say, free men (equivalent to the nobility for Europeans). He was well formed, even beautiful, sensitive and rich. He was pleased to oblige his neighbors and would often offer his friends tobacco and brandy.

Moreover, Mafal would lend, without requiring much persuading, money to those who would ask him for it, and would not afterwards claim it back. So he was on good terms with everyone.

Each day, at every step, Mafal would meet someone who blessed him, who would express wishes for his happiness, who addressed/professions of friendship, of devotion, to him

What was offered to him at every moment by his admirers in the way of money, materials, objects of nourishment etc. exceeded without doubt what he would give himself with his great liberality.

Were he sick, everyone was sad; was he thinking of going on an errand, hunting, a journey, everyone would offer him his horse, his gun, his canoe.

In offering him all that he seemed to desire, people would say to him: "Take this and use it as if it were your own property, for I would put myself & all that I possess at your entire disposition ; count, I beg you, on my affection as well as my devotion, and whatever may happen, in all the possible circumstances of life."

Mafal had then reason to believe himself the most loved man of his compatriots, and endowed with the greatest number of friends. He was

extremely happy about it, and for long lived in this sweet illusion.

But one day however doubt crossed his mind. "Who knows," he said to himself, if my very numerous friends are all as sincere as they say. Is it not above all because I am rich, considerate and influential that they make so many protestations of devotion ? If I were unfortunate some day, would I see them in the same dispositions of sympathy concerning me, or else would they abandon me in misfortune ?"

These ideas returned ceaselessly in his mind. Mafal resolved to know by trial what to think.

So one evening, at the time when everyone was resting, he left his house, with his garments in disorder, with a disturbed appearance, and went to knock on the door of one of his compatriots whom he believed his best friend.

"Who is there ?", cried his friend woken up with a start.

"It is I, Mafal."

As soon as the door opened, and the friend hurried to him saying: "What do you want ? What can I do to render service ? Use and dispose of me and all that I have, for we belong to you, me and mine, in life, in death."

Mafal replied: "Thank you, I have never had a greater need of my friends, and here is why: I was in love with a young girl that I was pursuing ardently ; unfortunately the son of the Brac was also in love with her; what's more, he was preferred to me.

In my vexation, I insulted him so much in meeting him, and as he began to laugh at my anger, I gave him a blow which killed him."

"The Brac learning of the incident has ordered that I be immediately killed, and my goods confiscated. It is necessary that I escape. I have come then to you thinking that your good friendship would not let me down in this circumstance.

"You will accompany me, I hope, to guide me and protect me during my flight."

"Impossible," replied the friend, "I have a bad foot, and I have fever; I cannot travel."

"Well then," replied Mafal, "lend me your horse."

"I cannot, he is also injured."

"Give me your canoe, I will flee by means of the river."

"I greatly regret, it is making water and has need of urgent repairs."

"Give me at least some money which will serve to get me out of my difficulties."

"Impossible, I have not a sou."

Mafal replied: "I need a gun, you won't refuse me yours, for it can save my life."

" I will never furnish arms to a rebel, for you are a rebel. You should have conducted yourself better. Besides for a long time I have felt that by your misconduct, your ridiculous pretentions, your bad habits, you were heading towards your doom. And, indeed, as I condemn your actions, as I have never had for you anything other than a feeling of indifference mixed with contempt, I do not hesitate to tell you: 'Go to the devil !' "

Thereupon the friend closes his door, not wishing to expose himself to any trouble on the part of the government because of his relations with a man outside the law, pursued, and whose goods and life were threatened.

Mafal went around the village, saying successively the same thing to each of his friends and receiving the same answer. He was refused everything, moreover, he was overwhelmed with insults.

He was going to return home discouraged and disillusioned about the attachment of his friends when he suddenly thought of one of his neighbors

called Samba who seemed to have formerly some sympathy for him.

He went towards his house, but he stopped soon, recollecting that Samba was a relative of the Brak, and besides that he had just been married that very day.

"It is useless to take a step in this direction," Mafal said to himself, inasmuch as I should truly not be able to bear him a grudge for the refusal that he certainly going to make me."

Nevertheless he began to knock on the door. It was opened, and he repeated what he had said already to so many people.

The young married man listening to the story which Mafal told him, replied immediately: "Here, here is my purse; take my gun and my sword; I am going to send my slave in a canoe, so that he can be at daybreak at a point in the river where it is favorable for the crossing of a fugitive. Ride on my horse, and lest you go astray on the way, I am going to lead it by the bridle. I am very saddened to learn of the misfortune that has happened to the son of the Brak, my relative, but you are my friend and I like you too much to judge if in this situation you have done well or done badly. I am satisfied then with putting all my devotion at your service.

They left; at daybreak, Mafal arrived on the bank of the river thanked his friend and required him to return to his house to his young wife now that, thanks to his canoe, he was out of danger.

After some hesitation Samba decided to return home, and he was not a little astonished to find Mafal in the village square; for as one might guess, all the adventure of the murder and the proscription was a pure invention destined to test the numerous friends of the influential man.

Mafal could then say to everyone in the future: "When it was believed that I was fortunate, I counted my friends by hundreds, and the day when it was thought that I was unfortunate, I found only one of them, but, he

added, I do not complain of the fate, for many, in such circumstances, would not have found anyone.

This is a classic tale derived from the Near East, and popular in Medieval Europe. It is the first tale in the Discipline Clericalis of Petrus Alfonsi (1062-1110).

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

Conte

349 Coumba avait perdu sa mère. Elle n'était pas la préférée dans la maison de son père, car celui-ci avait, d'une seconde femme, une autre fille, Fatou.

350 Vers le temps où le mil murissait dans les lougans, les deux enfants durent garder un champ où les oiseaux faisaient beaucoup de dégâts. Tous les matins au chant du coq elles quittaient la case paternelle et ne rentraient que le soir, à l'heure où les chauves souris sortent de leur retraite.

Un jour passa près d'elle un voyageur monté sur un superbe cheval. Le soleil était ardent. L'homme et la bête avaient l'air fatigués et altérés.

"Voudrais-tu, dit l'inconnu, en s'adressant à Fatou, aller jusqu'à ton village pour remplir d'eau ma gourde vide ? J'ai fait une longue route et je meurs de soif. Je me reposera à l'ombre en attendant ton retour.

"Il fait trop chaud," répondit l'enfant, "et je suis lasse aussi. Mais, vois donc, le village n'est pas éloigné. Va remplir ta gourde toi-même."

Coumba eut honte des paroles de sa soeur.

"Cavalier," dit-elle, "j'irai bien pour toi prendre de l'eau: mais nous avons ici même le vase que ma soeur et moi avons apporté plein ce matin. Nous pouvons te donner l'eau qu'il renferme encore. Bois d'abord et remplis ta gourde ensuite."

En se disant, Coumba s'approcha du cavalier, mit un genou à terre et, s'étant relevée, elle tendit le vase au voyageur.

Celui-ci, après s'être désaltéré et avoir rempli sa gourde sortit de sa poche un beau bracelet d'or, et s'adressant à Coumba lui dit:

"Tu es une bonne enfant et ton bienfait mérite une récompense: ceci est pour toi."

Coumba toute confuse ne savait comment remercier le cavalier qui piqua aussitôt son cheval et continue son chemin.

Fatou, jalouse et envieuse, parla peu durant le reste de la journée. Elle se mit à pleurer le soir en arrivant à la maison de ses parents.

"Qu'as-tu donc," lui dit son père en la voyant en larmes ?

Elle hésita à répondre. C'était si mal ce qu'elle allait dire.

Sa mère insista:

"Pourquoi donc pleures-tu, ma fille ? quelqu'un t'a-t-il fait du mal ?"

S'enhardissant tout à coup.

"Ma soeur," dit-elle, "m'a frappé et m'a pris le bracelet d'or qu'elle porte à son bras. J'avais trouvé ce bijou sur le chemin en allant au champ ce matin."

351 "Quelle méchante fille ai je là," dit le père plein de colère, "et quelle mauvaise soeur es tu ! Tu vas être punie sur le champ."

Malgré les protestations de l'enfant qui ne comprenait rien à la conduite de sa soeur et qui voulait dire comment le bracelet lui avait été donné, le père, n'écoutant que sa femme, saisit la coutelas qui pendait à sa ceinture, trancha d'un seul coup, le poignet à Coumba et donna le bracelet à Fatou.

Dans une hutte solitaire entre le village et le champ de mil gardé par les enfants, habitaient deux vieux époux.

Coumba et Fatou passaient matin et soir près de la hutte et disaient bonjour aux vieillards.

Le lendemain du jour où Coumba eut la main coupée, la vieille femme s'aperçut que l'enfant paraissait souffrir.

"Es-tu malade ?" lui dit elle.

- "Hélas ! bonne voisine," répondit la jeune fille d'une voix affaiblie, "pas la douleur, je n'ai qu'une main maintenant et je souffre horriblement." Et elle raconta la rencontre du cavalier, le don du bracelet et l'infamie de sa soeur. Fatou, honteuse et la tête basse, s'éloigna sans rien dire.

Les bons vieillards soignèrent l'enfant ce jour là et les jours suivants. La plaie se cicatrisa. Mais Coumba fut appelée manchote à la maison, ce qui lui faisait une grande peine.

Au retour de son voyage, le cavalier, qui n'était pas seul cette fois, passa près du champ de mil pour revoir sa bienfaitrice. Grande fut son indignation lorsqu'il apprit le malheur de l'enfant qui l'avait obligé.

"Que justice soit faite ! " s'écria-t-il, en s'adressant aux hommes dont il était suivi. Un roi n'oublie pas les bienfaits. Punissez les méchants !"

Fatou fut mise à mort. Au village son père et sa mère eut le même sort, et leurs corps furent jetés en pâture aux animaux de la forêt.

Le roi emmena Coumba et l'épousa quelque temps après. Il fit venir à sa cour les bons vieillards qui avaient pris soin de la jeune fille et les combla d'honneur et de cadeaux.

(D'après un Ouolof.)

Translation: Coumba had lost her mother. She was not the favorite in the house of her father, for he had, by a second wife, another daughter Fatou.

At the time when the millet was ripening in the farms, the two children had to keep watch in a field where the birds used to do a great deal of damage. Every morning as soon as the cock crew, they would leave their paternal house and not return until the evening, at the time when the bats came from their hiding places.

One day there came by a traveller mounted on a superb horse. The sun was burning. The man and the beast had the appearance of being tired and thirsty.

"Would you," said the unknown one, addressing Fatou, "go to your village to fill my empty gourd with water ? I have made a long ride and I am dying of thirst. I will rest in the shade to wait your return."

"It is too hot, " replied the child, "and I am tired too. But, see, the village is not far. Go and fill your gourd yourself."

Coumba was ashamed of the words of her sister.

"Horseman," she said "I would willingly go and fetch water for you; but we have here the pot which my sister and I have brought full this morning. We can give you the water which it still holds. Drink then and fill your gourd."

On saying this, Coumba approached the horseman, knelt down, and on rising, presented the pot to the traveller.

He, having quenched his thirst and filled his gourd, took out of his pocket a fine gold bracelet, and addressing Coumba said to her:

"You are a good child, and your kindness merits a reward. This is for you."

Coumba, confused, did not know how to thank the horseman who

spurred on his horse and continued on his way.

Fatou, jealous and envious, spoke little during the rest of the day.

In the evening she began to cry when she arrived home.

"What is the matter ?" asked her father in seeing her in tears.

She hesitated to reply. What she was going to say was so wicked.

Her mother insisted:

"Why are you weeping then, my child ? Has someone done bad to you ?"

Growing bolder, suddenly:

"My sister," she said "struck me, and took the gold bracelet which she is wearing on her arm, from me. I found this jewelry on the road while going to the farm this morning."

"What a wicked child I have," said the father full of anger, "and what a wicked sister you have ! You are going to be punished at once."

In spite of the protestations of the child who understood nothing of the behavior of her sister, and who wished to tell how the bracelet had been given to her, the father, listening only to his wife, seized the cutlass which was hanging at his belt, and with one blow, cut off Koumba's wrist and gave the bracelet to Fatou.

In a solitary hut between the village and the field of millet watched by the children, there lived an old couple.

Coumba and Fatou would pass near the hut morning and evening and greet the old people.

The day after Coumba has her hand cut off, the old woman saw that the child seemed to be in pain.

"Are you sick ?" she asked her.

"Alas ! good neighbor," replied the girl in a weak voice, not pain, ^{sorrow ?} but I have only one hand now, and I am suffering terribly." And she told of the meeting with the horseman, the gift of the bracelet, and the treachery of her sister. Fatou, ashamed and with lowered head, went away without

saying anything.

The good old people cared for the child on that day, and on following days. The wound healed. But Coumba was called one armed at home, and this hurt her greatly.

On returning from his journey, the horseman who was not alone this time, passed by the field of millet to see his benefactress again. Great was his indignation when he learnt of the misfortune of the child who had helped him.

"Let justice be done ! " he cried, addressing the men by whom he was followed. "A king does not forget kindness. Punish the evil doers ! "

Fatou was put to death. At the village her father and her mother had the same fate, and their bodies were thrown out as food for the wild animals of the forest.

The king took Coumba with him, and married her after a while. He had the good old people who had taken care of the girl come to his court and loaded them with honor and presents.

An outline of the tale Koumba who has a mother, and Koumba the Orphan is given by Assane Sylla: La Philosophie morale des Wolof, 1978, p. 150.

Konté, Amadou Théophile: "Folk-Lore . Contes Ouolofs. "

Bulletin de l'Enseignement de l'Afrique Occidentale Française, 2(14),
mai-juin 1914, 414-417.

Les deux femmes rivales

414 Un certain Samba avait épousé deux femmes: Coumba et Coddou.

Avec Coumba, il eut trois enfants, dont deux garçons et une fille du nom de Oumané. Coddou, qui n'avait qu'une fille, fut fort jalouse de sa rivale.

Quinze années se passèrent, et les deux épouses se gardaient toujours rancune. Samba, qui faisait une distinction entre elles et qui ressentait un fol amour pour Coddou, se trouva incapable de mettre fin aux discordes qui regnaient entre les deux rivales. Coumba, la première femme, mourut. Ses deux fils, devenus orphelins de mère, furent envoyés, l'un à Oualo et l'autre en Mauritanie pour apprendre les pratiques de l'islamisme. Quant à Oumané, elle fut gardée à la maison, avec la haine acharnée de Coddou, et considérée comme esclave. Oumané et la fille de Coddou étaient des amies, et cela déplaisait fort à Coddou. Un soir, cette dernière alla puiser de l'eau, à une distance assez grande du village. Ayant rempli saalebasse, il lui fut impossible de la porter sur sa tête; elle implora secours. Un lion qui se trouvait près de là consentit à l'aider, à la condition qu'elle lui donnerait une fille. "Volontiers," lui répondit elle bien résolue à lui donner Oumané. Arrivée à la maison, elle habilla splendidement Oumané et lui permit d'aller assister à une danse nocturne. Oumané partit. Vers onze heures du soir, le rugissement du lion retentit derrière le village et ce rugissement disait: " Je viens chercher Oumané qu'on m'a donnée en sacrifice aux puits."

Tout le monde s'enfuit, Oumané aussi. Hélas ! arrivée à la porte d'entrée, elle la trouva fermée. Elle se lamenta vainement: le père n'osait lui ouvrir, dans la crainte de rupture; et Coddou avait attaché sa fille sur un lit, craignant que celle-ci n'allât ouvrir à Oumané.

Pendant ce temps, une femme généreuse se transforma en tempête et alla annoncer aux deux frères le malheur qui attendait leur soeur. Ceci dit, les deux frères se transformèrent l'un en éclair et l'autre en cyclone. Ils arrivèrent juste au moment où la vie de leur soeur était en balance. Ils étranglèrent le lion et allèrent confier Oumané à la généreuse femme.

Le lendemain, les deux frères se rendirent à la maison paternelle. Coddou les reçut avec des sanglots plutôt moqueurs qu'affligeants. Les deux frères après l'avoir consolée, lui imputèrent les défauts les plus odieux du monde, puis se retirèrent en témoignant à leur père le mépris pour ne plus revenir à la maison.

La polygamie, on le voit, a souvent pour effet de mettre du désordre dans la famille.

Translation:

Story (50)

The two rival wives

A certain Samba had married two wives: Coumba and Coddou. With Coumba he had three children, of which two were boys and one a girl called Oumané. Coddou, who had only one daughter, was very jealous of her rival.

Fifteen years passed, and the two spouses still retained their bitterness. Samba, who made a distinction between them, and felt a mad love for Coddou, found himself incapable of putting an end to the discord which reigned between the two rivals. Coumba, the first wife, died. Her two sons, orphaned by their mother, were sent, one to Oualo, and the other to Mauritania to learn the practices of Islam. As for Oumané, she was kept at home, [enduring] the bitter hatred of Coddou, and considered like a slave. Oumané and the daughter of Coddou were friends, and this greatly displeased Coddou. One evening, the latter went to draw water, fairly far from the village. Having filled her calabash, it was impossible for her to lift it on to her head; she begged for help. A lion which happened to be there agreed to help her, on condition that she gave him a daughter. "With pleasure," she replied and decided to give him Oumané. When she reached home, she dressed her up splendidly, and allowed her to go out to a dance at night. Oumané left. About eleven o'clock at night, the roaring of the lion echoed through the village, and this roaring said: "I have come to look for Oumané who was given to me as a sacrifice at the well."

Everyone left, Oumane also. Alas, when she arrived at the gate, she found it locked. She cried in vain. Her father did not dare open it for her, for fear of divorce, and Coddou had tied her daughter on a bed, fearing that she would go to open [the door] for Oumané.

During this time, a generous woman transformed herself into a wind and went to tell the two brothers the disaster which was waiting for their sister. As soon as she told them, the two brothers transformed themselves,

one into lightning, and the other into a cyclone. They arrived exactly at the moment when the life of their sister was in balance. They strangled the lion and entrusted Oumane to the generous woman.

The next day, the two brothers went to the paternal house. Coddou received them with sobs, more mocking than sorrowful. The two brothers after consoling her, attributed to her the most odious defects in the world, then withdrew showing for their father the disdain of never coming home again.

Polygamy, we see, often has as a result creating disorder in the family.

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p. 69.

SAMBA LE CULTIVATEUR

Le champ de Samba ne voulait donner aucune récolte, quelque soin qu'il en eût.

Un jour, Samba rencontra un génie à qui il confia ses peines et que ses enfants mourraient de faim.

Ton champ produira, dit le génie, mais à une condition.....

Laquelle ? demanda Samba.

C'est, répondit le génie facétieux, que tu fasses un bruit incongru à chaque coup d'hilaire, en cultivant ton champ.

- Entendu, dit Samba.

Le lendemain, Samba entoura son champ d'une palissade, pratiqua une porte et suspendit, au-dessus, une cloche qu'on devait sonner avant d'entrer dans le champ et, cela, afin de ne pas être surpris à l'improviste, en train de cultiver.

M'bai.... tout !

Radin... tout !

M'bai... tout !

Samba scandait les mouvements de l'hilaire et cultivait avec grande ardeur. Le champ avait de belles récoltes, les affaires du cultivateur étaient prospères.

Il arriva que la femme de Samba, personne curieuse, voulut connaître le secret de cette cloche, et entra dans le champ sans la faire sonner, à midi, comme elle portait le repas à son mari.

Samba, surpris, entra dans une grande colère, d'autant que sa femme riait à pleine gorge et il la battit à toute volée.

Au premier coup de bâton, un grenier à mil monta de terre. Au deuxième coup de bâton, un second grenier à mil monta de terre. D epuis ce jour, Samba ne va plus cultiver son champ, il bat sa femme.

(Raconté par A. Sadji).

Translation:

Story (51)

Samba the farmer

Samba's field would not yield any harvest, whatever care he took of it.

One day Samba met a spirit to whom he confided his troubles and that his children were dying of hunger.

"Your field will produce," said the spirit, "but on one condition...."

"What one ? " asked Samba.

"It is, " replied the facetious spirit, " that you make an incongruous noise (i.e. a fart) each stroke of the hoe, in cultivating your farm."

"Agreed," said Samba.

The next day, Samba surrounded his field with a fence, contrived a gate and hung up a bell that one had to ring before one came into the field, that, so that he would not be unexpectedly surprised while cultivating.

M'bai.....tout !

Radin.....tout !

M'bai.....tout !

Samba punctuated the movements of the hoe and cultivated with great energy. The field had good crops, the affairs of the cultivator were prosperous.

It so happened that Samba's wife, filled with curiosity, wanted to learn the secret of this bell, and went into the field without making it ring, in the middle of the day, as she was carrying lunch to her husband.

Samba, surprised, became very angry, in as much as his wife was laughing at the top of her voice, and he beat her energetically.

At the first stroke of the stick, a granary of millet came from the earth. At the second stroke of the stick, a second granary of millet came out. Since then, Samba does not go to cultivate his field, he beats his wife.

Source: René Guillo: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p. 70.

L'ENFANT AUX NOIX DE PALMISTE

Un enfant, la nuit venue, alors que tout le monde dormait, sortait de la case de ses parents et, pendant des heures, cassait avec des pierres des "niouls" (noix palmistes).

Les gens du village, intrigués par cette habitude bizarre de l'enfant, le conduisirent dans la brousse et l'abandonnèrent.

Dans la brousse, l'enfant rencontra un dragon qui l'avala et le rejeta, comme nourriture non digérée. L'enfant, à son tour, avala le dragon et le rendit de même et ainsi, pendant des heures, l'enfant et le dragon s'avalèrent et se rejetèrent l'un après l'autre et sans se lasser.

A la fin, l'enfant ayant le dragon dans le ventre et le sentant qui descendait, se couvrit le derrière d'un panier d'osier et courut au village et, là, libéra la bête qui engloutit tous les hommes...

Moralité

Quand vous ne comprenez pas ce que fait un enfant, laissez le tranquille.

(Raconté par A. SADJI).

Translation: Story (52)

The Child with the Palm Nut

A child, when night fell, when everyone was sleeping, left the house of his parents, and for several hours, was breaking palm nuts with stones.

The people of the village, intrigued by this bizarre habit of the child, led him into the bush and abandoned him.

In the bush, the child met a dragon who swallowed him and voided him like non-digested food. The child, in his turn, swallowed the dragon and voided him in the same way, and so, for hours the child and the dragon would swallow and void each other one after the other without getting tired.

In the end, the child having the dragon in its stomach and feeling it coming out, covered his behind with a wicker basket and ran to the village and there freed the creature which swallowed up everyone...

Moral

When you don't understand what a child is doing, let it alone.

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p.55.

LA PRINCESSE JETÉE SUR UN TAS D'IMMONDICES

Un roi avait deux femmes. L'une lui donna une fille, l'autre ne savait pas avoir d'enfants et, pour rester la favorite, fit jeter la petite sur un tas d'immondices.

Diakhaye, l'aigle, passait dans les airs. Il descendit, enleva l'enfant et le mit à l'abri dans le creux d'un baobab.

Au logis du roi, on rasait la tête de celle qui avait perdu sa fille et n'avait pas su la garder, puis elle fut envoyée dans la brousse pour surveiller les chameaux au pâturage, tandis que sa rivale restait la favorite.

La petite princesse grandit dans sa maison de l'arbre, et l'aigle la nourrissait et lui apportait chaque jour des bracelets, des colliers d'or, des perles qu'il allait dérober dans toutes les maisons de la ville.

La petite princesse chantait matin et soir.

Elle eut dix-huit ans. Elle était très belle.

Un Maure qui l'entendit chanter, vint dire au roi qu'il avait retrouvé sa fille. Le roi n'en voulut rien croire.

Un soir de grande fête (c'est à ce moment du jour que les femmes sont les plus belles, parce que leurs parures paraissent plus riches), la petite princesse vint dans la ville. L'aigle volait au-dessus de sa tête.

Elle était si belle que toutes les femmes disaient:

- C'est ma fille...

- C'est ma fille...

La petite princesse fit le tour du cercle.

A ce moment, venant de la brousse, arriva une femme à la tête rasée, qui poussait devant elle un troupeau de chameaux. On lui dit que ce n'était pas sa place, au milieu de la fête, et on voulut la chasser, mais la jeune fille se précipita vers elle et dit que c'était là sa mère.

Translation:

(53)

The Princess thrown on a garbage heap

A king had two wives. One of them had a daughter, the other could not have children, and to remain the favorite, had the little girl thrown on a garbage heap.

Diakhaye, the eagle, was passing overhead. He swooped down, seized the infant and sheltered her in the hollow of a baobab tree.

At the king's place, they shaved the head of the one who had lost her child and had not been able to take care of her, then she was sent into the bush to watch over the grazing camels, so that her rival would remain the favorite.

The little princess grew big in her house in the tree. The eagle fed her, and every day would bring bracelets, gold collars, beads that he would go and steal in all the houses of the town.

The little princess would sing morning and night.

She was eighteen years old. She was very beautiful.

A Mauretanian who heard her sing, went and told the king that he had found his daughter. The king did not wish to believe it.

One evening when there was a great festival (it is at this time that the women are most beautiful because their outfits seem richer) the little princess came into the town. The eagle was flying over her head. She was so beautiful that all the women said: "It is my daughter... It is my daughter...." The little princess went around the circle. At this moment, coming from the bush, there arrived a woman with a shaved head, who was driving in front of her a herd of camels. People told her that it was not her place, in the middle of the celebration, and wanted to drive her away, but the young girl rushed towards her and said that here was her mother.

The second wife was there.

"What do you want to be done to the guilty one ? " asked the king.

"That she be killed."

And it was done.

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p.49.

LES ENFANTS EN BEURRE

Une femme était désespérée de n'avoir pas d'enfant et elle se plaignait à tout le monde de ne plus être la favorite dans la maison de son mari. Un jour elle rencontra une vieille femme à qui elle fit part de ses chagrins.

- Apporte-moi, vendredi, deux mottes de "djak" dit la vieille.

Le vendredi, la femme s'en fut au marché et rapporta les deux mottes de lait caillé demandées.

Nous allons les mettre dans la case et les cacher soigneusement, dit la vieille, tu les regarderas dans huit jours.

Huit jours après, comme la femme découvrait le pagne qui protégeait les deux mottes de lait caillé, elle aperçut deux beaux enfants, deux beaux enfants couleur de beurre.

Les enfants grandirent comme tous les autres enfants, mais il fallait prendre d'eux un très grand soin et éviter qu'ils n'aient chaud.

Un jour, il devait y avoir une grande fête dans un village voisin. Les enfants voulurent y aller et leur mère les confia à un serviteur qui, pendant tout le trajet, devait les abriter sous un parasol.

Pendant que se déroulaient les jeux, les enfants pour y voir mieux s'exposaient au plein soleil, malgré les recommandations du serviteur qui chantait comme on lui avait ordonné de le faire:

Père a dit, mère a dit

De ne pas aller dans le soleil

Qui est chaud.

Le serviteur suivait lui aussi le spectacle de tous ses yeux. Quand il se pencha vers les deux enfants, il vit que la tête leur pendait sur le ventre et qu'ils étaient à moitié fondus.

Il chargea sur sa tête les restes des deux petits et rapporta à la mère, qui en devint folle, deux masses molles comme du beurre.

(Raconté par Abd. SADJI).

Translation:

Story (54)

The Butter Children

A woman was in despair because she had had no children, and complained to everyone that she was no longer the favorite in the house of her husband. One day she met an old woman in whom she confided her troubles.

"Bring me, on Friday, two lumps of 'djak', " said the old woman.

On Friday, the woman went to the market and brought back the two lumps of curdled milk asked for.

"We are going to put them in the house and hide them carefully," said the old woman, you will look at them in eight days time.

Eight days afterwards, as the woman uncovered the cloth which had protected the two lumps of curdled milk, she saw two fine children, two children the color of butter.

The children grew up like all other children, but it was necessary to take great care of them and prevent them from becoming hot.

One day, there was going to be a great festival in a neighboring village. The children wanted to go there, and their mother entrusted them to a servant, who during the whole of the journey, had to shelter them under an umbrella.

While the play was going on, the children to see better, exposed themselves to the full sunlight, in spite of the recommendations of the servant who was singing to them as instructed:

Father has said, mother has said

Not to go in the sunshine

Which is hot.

The servant was also following the spectacle intently. When he lent over towards the two children, he saw that their heads were hanging down on their stomachs, and they were half melted. He loaded up on his head

the remains of the two little children, and brought back to their mother, two lumps as soft as butter. She was driven insane by it.

(55)

IV. Le Peul et le Boeuf

Le Peul sortit (fut créé).

Le sage Baou Mohammed lui dit:

- Où est ton ami ?

- Je ne sais pas où est mon ami !

- Comment ! quand tu étais dans le Trou du néant n'y avait-il un tuyau qui t'amenait du lait dans la bouche ?

- C'est vrai ! Je buvais du lait quand j'étais dans le Trou.

Babou Mohammed ajouta:

- Comment appelle-t-on le boeuf ?

- Je n'en sais rien !

- Il s'appelle: boeuf !

- Comment est-il fait ? dit le Peul.

- Il est grand et tout le monde boit son lait. Reste là un peu, je vais te montrer le boeuf.

Le boeuf arriva en courant, effrayant tous les gens qui croyaient voir un mauvais animal.

Le Peul se sauva comme les autres, suivi du Boeuf qui le dépassa, s'arrêta et se mit à lui lécher le corps.

Tout le monde s'écria:

- Le boeuf est bien pour le Peul !

Mais un esclave qui était là, crut que le Boeuf était aussi pour lui.

- Si tu penses qu'il est pour toi, emmène-le, dit le Peul.

L'esclave s'approcha du Boeuf et lui fit deux appels de la langue. L'animal courut à lui et lui perça le ventre de ses cornes.

Tout le monde dit alors:

- Le Boeuf ? c'est vraiment pour le Peul!

IV

The Fula and the Ox

The Fula came out (was created).

The sage Baou Mohammed said to him:

"Where is your friend ?"

"I do not know where my friend is."

"What ? When you were in the Hole of Nothingness, wasn't there a pipe which led milk to your mouth ?"

"It is true ! I was drinking milk when I was in the Hole."

Babou Mohammed added:

"What was the name of the ox ?"

"I don't know !"

"It is called 'ox',"

"What is it like ?" asked the Fula.

"It is big and everyone drinks its milk. Stay there for a while, I am going to show you the ox."

The ox came running, terrifying everyone who thought they were seeing a bad animal.

The Fula fled like the others, followed by the ox, which passed him, stopped, and then began to lick his body.

Everyone exclaimed: "The ox is on good terms with the Fula! "

But a slave who was there, thought that the ox was also for him.

- "If you think that it is for you, bring it," said the Fula.

The slave approached the ox, and made two calls with his tongue. The animal ran at him, and pierced his stomach with his horns.

Everyone then said:

"The ox ? it is truly for the Fula !"

V. Le Marabout et l'Eléphant

Il y avait un marabout qui était à lire son bouquin non loin derrière le village, à cent mètres à peu près.

Comme il lisait son bouquin, son bouquin lui dit: (c'est arabe, la parole qui est dans le bouquin)

Il lui dit:

- Il faut s'en aller un peu du village.

Il partit un peu plus loin, à dix-huit kilomètres à peu près. Il partit avec sa peau de prière, sa théière à ablutions et son bouquin marabout.

L'éléphant qui est assez loin dans la brousse, le trouva sous un grand arbre en train de lire son bouquin marabout. L'homme avait faim et il avait soif d'eau. Mais il ne pouvait pas boire, car il n'avait pas d'eau. C'est alors que vint l'éléphant. L'éléphant aussi était fatigué. Il se couche et ouvre, ouvre son grand cul.

Alors le bouquin lui dit d'aller voir le ventre de l'éléphant. Il y avait de l'eau fraîche dedans.

Alors le Marabout voulut voir et mit sa main dans le ventre de l'Eléphant. Il trouva que l'eau était assez fraîche; il entra et but.

Mais, en revenant, au moment de sortir, avec le pied, il toucha le coeur de l'éléphant.

Celui-ci ferma son grand cul et le Marabout fut serré au milieu du corps, la poitrine au dehors et les jambes dans le ventre de l'éléphant.

Alors le Marabout cria: Wah !"

Et il appela des femmes qui passaient par là. Il leur dit en langue wolof:

" - L'Eléphant ! Il m'a serré dans son grand cul ! Prenez vite

de l'eau dans unealebasse et marchez avec moi derrière lui. S'il me laisse tomber vous me laverez proprement."

L'Eléphant marcha pendant cinquante kilomètres, se coucha et ouvrit son grand cul..

Le Marabout sortit et les femmes le lavèrent. Mais tout le bas de son corps resta blanc comme s'il avait été bouilli.

Translation: Griaule: Le Marabout et l'Elephant.

There was once a marabout who was reading his old book, not far behind the village, about a hundred meters away.

As he was reading his old book, it said to him (It is Arabic, the word that is in the book). It said to him: - "It is necessary to go a little further from the village." He went a little further, almost eighteen kolometers. He left with his prayer skin, his tea kettle for ablutions, and his holy book. .

The elephant which was fairly far off in the bush, found him under a large tree reading his holy book . The man was hungry and thirsty. But he could not drink, for he had no water. It is then that the elephant came. The elephant was also tired. He lay down and opened, opened his great backside.

Then the old book told him to go and look in the belly of the elephant. There was fresh water inside.

Then the Marabout wanted to see, and put his hand in the belly of the elephant. He found that the water was fairly fresh. He went in and drank.

But in returning, at the moment of leaving, with his foot he touched the heart of the elephant. It closed its large backside and the Marabout was caught in the middle of the body, his upper portion was outside, and his legs were in the belly of the elephant.

Then the Marabout cried : "Wah ! " And he called some women who were passing by. He said to them in Wolof: "The elephant has caught my in its great backside. Take some water quick in a calabash and walk with me behind him. If he lets me fall you will wash me clean.

The elephant walked for fifty kilometers, lay down and opened his

big backside.

The Marabout came out and the women washed him. But all the lower part of his body remained as white as if he had been boiled.

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Uebersee, 1960/61,
 XLIV(1), 280-281.
 Wolof and German versions.
 Original: Senghor.

14. THE MUTE GIRL

There was once a man who was courting a girl who always talked a lot, until the man said to her "Shut up, you talk too much," and the girl fell completely silent. The man courted her till he came and took her as his wife. All this time she didn't say another word.

Till there was one day, his wife said to him: "As for me, if you give me a present, I'll work it out to make her talk. The husband said to her. "Hah ! What will you do to make her talk ? This one since I first began to court her till today has never said another word. Now you say to me I'll work to make her talk. She said to him: "First give me a present." The husband said: "Come on, don't tire me with this." His wife said: "Perhaps you don't want her to talk ?" He said: "Tomorrow, go to the herd, and pick out the bullock that you like best." The woman went and picked out the bullock she liked. He said to her: "I'll give you the bullock, but if your co-wife doesn't speak, I'll take it back." She replied: "I'm telling you, I know she'll talk. In the morning, load your gun and go and shoot an antelope and when you kill it, wash yourself in the blood and lie next to it." His wife got up in the morning, took her bowl and went to get water from the pot, and then she went to her co-wife and said: "Get some water." She got some water and they went off together carrying the water. They went till they got behind the compound, and the wife said:

"dyoli jay jay. dyoli jay jay. suwi dyoli.

Samba has caught a koba-antelope, suwi dyoli

He pierced the antelope, the antelope pierced him, suwi dyoli,

He's next to the baobab, dyoli jay, suwi dyoli."

They went along for a while, and the woman who could talk, sang again:

dyoli jay jay. dyoli jay jay. suwi dyoli. (repeated).

They went further, the woman sang again:

"dyoli ɲay ɲay, dyoli ɲay ɲay. suwi dyoli. (repeated).

They continued on, the girl who could not speak sang:

"dyoli ɲay ɲay. dyoli ɲay ɲay. suwi dyoli (repeated).

The other woman also said:

"dyoli ɲay ɲay, dyoli ɲay ɲay. suwi dyoli. (repeated).

That's how the husband heard, and jumped up suddenly, grabbed the second wife. And she said: "Don't get all that blood on me." He? said again "Are you trying to fool me?" He said: "I courted you till I got you, and you didn't talk." She said: "There is a reason. First a baobab acts like a baobab. Because when you courted me we were talking and you said "Shut up, you talk too much, so I shut up, I didn't talk any more, till you lost your bullock and were troubled over it, till I thought that you wouldn't be so quick to say that again."

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Ubersee, 1961/62, XLV, Nos. 1-2, 67-70.

Wolof and German versions.

Idrissa Nyane, Louga.

Translation.

16. THE MAN FROM ST. LOUIS AND THE MAURITANIAN

A man from St. Louis was once courting a girl from Cayor. While he was courting her, he met a Mauritanian¹ who was competing with him (for the woman). The man from St. Louis' name was Mar. When he left St. Louis, and came here, he had dyed his hands and feet with henna, put on clothes of the finest quality and a sun helmet (hat) worth 45 derems. When he went to spend the afternoon with his girl friend, they pushed the Mauretanian further away, and made fun of him.

Then one day, the girl's father said to them: "I have a field that needs weeding. I want you to work it for me. To the one who does the most, I will give my daughter. The man from St. Louis said: "Fine, tomorrow on Friday, I will give you my work." The next day the Mauritanian goes to work very early at sunrise, goes to the field with his big trousers, his torn shirt, and his straw hat. Mar, the St. Louis man, spent the night with the woman till late morning. Then she cooked him laax (pap), and poured sour milk over it till it was completely covered. Mar ate the laax, and was completely full. He went off on the road to the field. When he got to work he started hoeing, and boasting : "Mbaye ndyay-o-o-o, mbay ndyay-o-o-o
mbay bukari's (and ?) samba ndyay
The sun is setting."

The Mauritanian was working slowly [steadily ?]. He hoed, and hoed for a long time. Mar was already tired and as it was midday, stopped working. The Mauritanian sang:

Mar-o-o-o, mar-o-o-o, mar-o-o-o, mar-o
Oh Mar of Dyoliyadyin- o,
Man, you can weed !

The Mauritanian wielded his hoe retetetet, retetetet, retetetet, remained quiet for a while, and then sang again:

Mar-o-o-o, mar-o-o-o, mar-o-o-o, mar-o
Oh Mar of Dyolliyadyin, o,
Man, you can weed !

Mar said to him: "I'm going to beat you up. Mar isn't your equal. Mar is an older person. Mar is at home there."

The Mauritanian sang the song again. Mar took his hoe handle and started after him. As he ran and as he almost reached him, a liana caught him, and he fell, soiling his pants.

The Mauritanian continues weeding around him, and from time to time sings his very own song, saying again:

Mar-o-o-o etc.

The hoe again said retetete, retetete, retetete, retetete, retetete, retetete, söpa siw, söpa siw, söpa siw, söpa siw, until the sun was going down, in the late afternoon.

The girl called to her girlfriends in the village to take food out to the fields. A griot with his drum, went with the girls. The girls were singing: "Bay Mar-o in Dyolliyadyin, you are good."

They sang until they reached the field. There they found Mar sleeping at the back of the field. But the Mauritanian was hoeing and singing his song. The girls came up and fanned him with their cloths (pagnes), thinking him to be Mar. Mar went to eat the food that they had set down in the shade and stole some. A girl said to another: "There's a dog over there, stealing from the bowl. She grabbed a switch, and strikes him. He said : "Hey, I'm Mar." She tells him: "I'm going to beat you up, if you say you're Mar." Mar ran off, and took the road home,

took only his clothes and went back to St. Louis. The Mauritanian hoes until it is time to stop work. The girl's father gave him his daughter.

1. Morit is the term used. Pichl translates it as Maure [Mauritanian], though generally Naar is the term used. Perhaps morit indicated a person of the Mouride sect, where hard work in groundnut farming earns spiritual merit.

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Übersee, 1961/62, XLV, Nos.1-2, 74.

Wolof and German versions.

Told by Seye Sidi Mohammed, St.Louis.

Translation.

20.

THE WOMAN AND THE NAAR (MAURETANIAN)

A woman was travelling with her child. They went on foot to another village. They were following the path (?). The sun was very hot. They saw a tree, a tamarind. While they were going there, a Naar (Moor) was following behind them, carrying a bag on his shoulder. They went to the tree to find shade. Then the woman sat down, unintentionally exposing herself.

The Naar arrived, and sat in front of the woman. When he sat in front of the woman, his eyes saw the woman's parts, and he had an erection.

The woman's child said : "Hey, hey, look at the Naar."
The Naar replied: "Why should the mother look at the Naar ?
The Naar sees his adversary, when they fight together it is a struggle, when they don't fight each other, it is also a struggle.
That is the only concern. "

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Übersee, 1961/62, XLV, Nos. 1-2, 83-95.

Wolof and German versions.

Told by Idrissa Nyane, Louga.

24.

SALA NDYAY AND SALA NDYAY

There were once two children with the same father, but different mothers. But if you could have seen them, you would have thought they were twins. They looked alike, they were of the same height, and they wore the same clothes. They were this way till they got to be five years old, when one of their mothers died. The mother who was left wanted to know which of the children was hers, but she could not recognize him. After a while, an old woman came to the house. It happened that the children had gone to the fields. The mother of one said to her: "Well, I am certainly the mother, and gave birth to my child, but I can't tell the difference between him and his companion. The old woman said to her: "If you want to tell the difference, when they come from the fields, you must lie down on the bed and act as if you are asleep, and let your skirt fall off. When you have done that, when they come from work, both of them will come to the house. When they reach the door of the house, your son will come through the door and say to you "Mother, don't do that." The one you didn't bear will pass and won't come into the house. When that happens you should jump up and strike him somewhere on the forehead, so that
is marked ?
he flushes. If you've done that, you will be able to recognize him. The woman said: "Good !". The old lady went on her way.

2. She sat down for a short while till finally she heard the children talking, as they returned from the fields. She took her bracelets, and put them under her pillow, then lay down on the bed, and did what the old woman had told her. The children came right up to the door of the hut. The one who wasn't her child saw what the woman was doing [lying exposed] and went past. The one she had born came into the hut, and said: "Mother, you^{'re} exposed, you're fast asleep." The mother jumped up and hit him with the bangle on the forehead. The forehead was cut. The boy left and went to find his friend in their hut. His companion said to him "Hey, Sala Ndyay, what has happened to you?" He said: "My mother did this to me. She wants to tell us apart, but when we go to the farm , if you are not afraid, I'll hit you hard enough on the forehead, so that she won't be able to tell us apart." So in the afternoon, they went to the farm. He took a small cudgel and hit the other boy on the forehead, so that he looked like him. They both tied pieces of white cloth on the wounds, and looked the same again, and went back home. The mother could not tell them apart again.

3. So things were the same, until it was time to take wives. They bought two horses that looked alike, and had two similar saddles, and two identical guns, and two dogs that looked alike. After a while, one of them said to his father: "I want to take a wife." The father said: "Then you should go and see your cousin (your paternal aunt's child). His aunt's child, the village where she lived, every year they have water, but before they have water, they have to sacrifice a girl to the monster [¹Lion] of the well. Sala Ndyay said to his father: "On Friday I'll go there." That Friday, Sala said to Sala: "My twin, I'm leaving, but when you are milking my cow, if the milk is red, you should pull out the knife that I'm sticking into the doorpost. If the knife is

rusty you will know that my eyes are red [That I'm in mortal danger]. He then saddled up his horse and mounted . He took his gun , his cutlass [Sword], and put on the things he had to wear, and rode off, with the dog following behind. The mother did not know if it was her child that had gone, or her child that had stayed. Sala Ndyay went a long way, and did not reach the village till night. He asked for his aunt's house. But it had been a long time since his aunt had seen him and she didn't know who he was. He borrowed a bag [for drawing water] a rope, and a jar, and said : "I'm going to the well to water my horse."

4. The aunt's daughter, however, saw the man and his beauty and charm, and she started crying, because the Monster in the well said that if anyone went to the well, he would kill him/her. But the young man was a hero of a kind that no one had ever seen before.

The man went to the well, attached the bag, put the pot on the ground, and splash, the bag is in the well. The Monster said : "Hey, who is it ?" Sala Ndyay said: "I am a stranger." The Monster said: "What does the stranger want ?" He said: "The stranger has travelled till he's thirsty, till his horse is thirsty, till his dog is thirsty. He wants to drink, the horse wants to drink, the dog wants to drink." The Monster said : "A stranger, it is easy to put up with." The stranger drank till he was full, got water for his horse, for his dog, and dropped the bag into the well again. The Monster said: "Hey, who is it ? " He said: "The stranger is still here, seeking, but wait for me." He said: "The stranger travelled till he was thirsty. He drank, he watered his horse, he gave water to his dog, and got some water for the owner of the jar, now he wants to get water for the ground to drink for Grandfather God. (?)." He said: "The stranger is searching, wait for me." He replied: "I waited for you, since

before you were born from your mother." Then the Monster sprang up suddenly from the well, and the man fired a shot into its forehead. The bullet went right through and shot off the tail. The Monster fell to the ground. He took the tail, and put it away. He planted his lance beside the Monster. He took off his shoes there and the dog lay down there. Then he took his horse by the bridle and returned to his aunt's house, and found the girl crying. He tied up his horse and came in and gave his aunt the water. His aunt gave him dinner, and he ate until he was full, and then lay down on the girl's bed. The girl went behind him and continued to cry. Sala Ndyay asked her why she was crying, but the girl refused to tell him why, because she was the one they wanted to sacrifice to the Monster.

5. In the early morning Sala Ndyaya was lying there, but did not say anything to the girl. He was annoyed because he did not know why she was crying. They slept till broad daylight. While Sala Ndyay was sleeping, the village head told the griot to beat the drum. The griot beat the drum, the whole group beat the underarm drum, the large drum, the small drum, the medium drum, the dance drum, the alarm drum.

6. The girl's mother got up quietly, pushed the girl forward saying: "Get up, they are beating the drums already in the king's house." The girl then got up. The mother dressed her up until she was extremely pretty, and put gold on her until she was shining all over. During this Sala Ndyay was sound asleep.

7. The griots were drumming along the road to the well, and the villagers arrived near the well, and saw the monster lying outside it. They said: "The Monster is angry today." The girl's mother arrived with the girl, and her beauty was such that she looked as beautiful as a spirit. The King arrived, and shouted at the mother: "Why are you so late in coming that the monster is angry and is lying outside the well?" The girl's mother replied: "I've been dressing up the girl, that's why I am late." The King said to the girl: "Well then, go off to the Monster we get water from, it's very late." The girl went straight to the Monster and lay down next to him. She got up, came back and said to the King: "The Monster is dead." The King was angry. "You're lying. Go and put your hand in his mouth. If he's dead, that way I'll know it." The girl turned back and went again to the Monster, and put her hand in its mouth. The Monster did not stir at all. She hit him, but he was dead. The King said: "The Monster is really dead, but who is it that killed him?"

8. A young man about my size, jumped up and said: "I killed the Monster." The King said to him: "If you are the one who killed it, go and pull out the lance that's next to the Monster, and put on the shoes. If the dog follows you, everyone will know you killed the Monster. The boy went right up directly in front of the Monster. The dog chased him, pulled off his trousers, and bit his behind. The boy shrieked, and ran away, back to the crowd. Everyone jeered at him, and said: "You certainly did not kill him." They asked each other: "But who killed the Monster?" Everyone was quiet. No one answered. The girl's mother said: "I had a stranger last night, who came here to the well. Now I don't know

if he killed him or not. Send for the youth. He's sleeping there at the house. The King sent off a griot. The griot went and woke him up, and said: "You have to come to the people, so that they can know if it was you who killed the Monster or not."

9. Sala Ndyay stretched, got up and sat on the bed, put on his clothes, then went out and saddled up his horse till its legs shook, got on the horse, and started off on the road to the well. Then he reached the front of the well in his elegant clothes on his beautiful horse, they all were beating the drums at the well, and everyone was clapping, saying he was the one who really killed the Monster. He pushed through the crowd, and stopped, got off his horse, and took the tail from his pocket and put it on top of the Monster, pulled out the lance, put on the shoes, got back on his horse, and the dog followed him.

Everyone applauded saying: "We know who killed it."

He then went off on the road to his aunt's house. The musicians followed like one man, the griot shouted and sang his praises.

10. He returned to his aunt's compound. When he got there, he unsaddled his horse, gave it water and food, and went back in the house. The girl came back and passed behind him, and they spent the afternoon together. Later in the evening, the King came to greet him and thank him, and he said: "A hero like you I have never seen. But there is something else which troubles us." Sala Ndyay asked: "What is it?" He said: "There is a bush fowl. The good little boys who were in the village have been shut up by it in a baobab tree. Every Friday we join in hunting for it. But in the early morning it comes out of the tree, and walks around the village till the boys chase it, then it runs to the baobab tree and says: 'Baobab, open up', and the baobab opens up, and the people go inside. Then it

says 'Baobab close yourself.' and it closes, and the people can't get out any more. Sala Ndyay said: "Is n't tomorrow Friday when you join in hunting for it. The King answered 'Yes'. Sala said: "Then tomorrow I'll be there." The King said; "Fine, Thank you very much. Now I'm leaving." And the King went home.

11. So they slept till early the next day, when they started beating the drums at the King's place. The hunting was to start, and the musicians started beating the drums. Sala Ndyay stretched on the bed, got up, and sat. He put on his good clothes again, took out his saddle and put it on his fine horse, and mounted him again, shouldered his gun, put the lance on the saddle, and stuck his machete in the sheath. Then he went off on the road to the King's compound. All the women in the village met him, formed a group, and followed him. He made his horse prance. He was like a king. When he arrived at the King's compound, he greeted the king at dawn. As soon as he arrived the guinea-fowl flew, and tore (?) around the village. All the horsemen were [beaten ?].

12. Sala Ndjay went out on his horse right away, and his dog came with him. Whatever passed in the air, Sala Ndyay would cut down with his machete. What passed in the middle, the horse would trap, and whatever passed on the ground the dog would kill. That's how they did it, until they got in front of the baobab tree. Sala Ndyay lifted his machete to kill the guinea fowl, and the bird said "Baobab, open," and the baobab opened up. He struggled with Sala Ndyay to enter the baobab, but with Samba's strength and the horse's strength they went into the baobab tree. The guinea-fowl said "Baobab, close," and the baobab closed. Sala Ndyay couldn't get out any more.

13. After this had happened his brother pulled the knife out from the door post of the house, the knife was rusty. He immediately went to the bush, searches for Sala Ndyay's cow, then goes to milk her, and finds the milk is red. He thinks "My brother is dead. His eyes are red. [He's in mortal danger]."

He went back to the house and saddled his good horse. Also he put on clothes identical to Sala Ndyay's, he goes and puts them on. He also mounted his horse, and took his gun, took his lance, picked up his machete and went off. He went to his aunt's house, at a continuous trot.

His eyes were bright red, and his heart was sad, and he could see any way yet.

14. Sala Ndyay came to his aunt's house in the middle of the night like the other Sala Ndyay. He greeted the people in the compound. His voice and the Sala Ndyay in the baobab's voice were very similar. Everyone said: "Eh, here's Sala Ndyay." He told them: "Sala Ndyay is here, but it's not the same as the Sala Ndyay who was here before." He got off his horse, unsaddled him, tethered him, got him food, and went into the house. The girl jumped up from the bed, and said: "Eh, Sala Ndyay is here." He said: "Yes, Sala Ndyay is here, but not the one who is my brother, who is lost." She said: "Sala Ndyay don't hide it from me. Just tell me how you got out." He said to her: "It's not me, it's my brother. But where is he. You have to tell me so I can go and see him." The girl wanted to sleep with him, but he said: "No, that wouldn't be right, because my brother and I are inseparable, we live together, die together. He was coming to court you, when he got lost here. So that if tomorrow

or the day after, he should re-appear it would not be right at all."

15. They all slept till the next morning, and the villagers heard the news and came to the house. They came and greeted him and said: "Hey, Sala Ndyay, how did you get back here." He said to them: "It's not me, it's my brother." They said: "Eh, Sala Ndyay, don't hide it from us, just tell us how you got out." He said to them: "Then tell me where Sala Ndyay is. Even if it's a spirit's house, I'll go and find him." They said to him: "Then you're not Sala Ndyay the guinea-fowl closed in the tree?" He said: "Well, either the guinea fowl will close me in the baobab too, or I will get Sala Ndyay out." They told him: "Every Friday we hunt for it." He said "All right, until Friday."

16. They waited till Friday, and beat the drums in the King's compound. Sala Ndyay asked his aunt: "What's that?" She said: "The hunting, it's today, it's today." He was pleased. He got up, took out his saddle, saddled his horse till his legs quivered. Then he put on his fine clothes, went out, got on his horse, shouldered his gun, put his lance on the saddle, put his machete in the sheath, and off he went on the road to the king's place. When he got there he greeted the king. When he had greeted the king, he left.

17. The guinea fowl flew tearing (?) around the village. The horsemen started to chase it. Sala Ndyay was ahead of the others, his dog was ahead of the dog's of the others. Whatever passed overhead Sala Ndyay cut down with his machete, whatever went in the middle the horse would trap, whatever ran on the ground, the dog would kill. The guinea-fowl flew till it got in front of the baobab where it said:

"Baobab open." Then Sala Ndjay stopped right there and said:

"All those who are in the baobab come out." Sala Ndyay said: "Eh,

Sala Ndyaya, you're here." He replied : "Yes, I'm here." [His

brother] said: "My eyes ^{were} ~~was~~ so red [i.e. I was in such danger].

The other said: "When your eyes are red, I won't be far."

- 18 Everyone said: "Of the two of them, which is the Sala Ndyay who killed the Monster, and the one who killed the guinea-fowl ?" Both of them went back to their aunt's place. When they got to their aunt's house, the aunt said to the two of them: "I will give my daughter to the first one who was here." One Sala Ndyay said: "That Sala Ndyay is the one. He is the one who killed the Monster, and whom the guinea fowl shut up in the tree."

The aunt gave him her daughter.

- 1 The word used for the creature that was guarding the well is Lion. As the creature apparently lived in the well, I prefer to use the general term Monster.

- 2 A similar story was recorded by Mary Uma Baldeh in Saare Mansajang near Basse, in The Gambia. "Hamadi e Hamadi", told in Fula.

There are also close parallels in Hausa stories, in the collections by H.A.S.Johnson: A Selection of Hausa Stories, 79084 (Big Andu and Little Andu, 79-84 ; Legend of Daura, 111-113.) and in Rattray: #34 & #41.

Source: Isabelle Leymarie: *The Role and Functions of the Griots Among the Wolof of Senegal*.
Ph.D. Dissertation, Columbia University, 1978,
pp. 202-203.

"Once upon a time there was a king who had three ger wives and one of griot status. One day, a Mauretanian¹ came to tell him that he had found a pair of legs in the room of his griot wife, but he was not sure that those were the legs of a Wolof. "I took those legs," he said to the king, "and tied them to those of your wife." (The griot woman was the king's favorite wife). The king ordered the griots to beat their drums and to call all the villagers. But in the meantime, the Moor had stealthily gone to warn the griot woman's parents. The grandmother of the griot woman had kept a trunk which was large enough to hide a person in. She went to see the king and asked him if he would keep the trunk for her. The king agreed and told her she could hide the trunk under her grand-daughter's bed. A while later, the king locked with a big chain the room in which his griot wife was still tied up to her lover's legs. But the key fell and the little daughter of the griot woman, who was sleeping in the same room, picked it up and gave it to her mother. The griot woman was able to open the lock and hide her lover in the trunk. The following day, the king ordered the griots to beat their drums again, and summoned everybody to show them that his wife had a lover. When the grandmother of the griot woman heard the news, she told the king: "Bur, I want you to give me my trunk back, because since our ancestors, this trunk has never witnessed such events. There are gri-gris² inside." The bur consented and ordered four of his slaves to take the trunk out of the room and to bring it to the old woman's house. The old woman helped the young lover to escape. She told him to wash himself and put on a pretty boubou and she also gave him a fine horse.

The bur went to fetch his wife and found her alone. "Bur, what are you doing here?" his wife asked him. When the bur told her why he had come, the griot woman denied ever having been with a man. "Will you swear it in front of everybody?" the king asked. "If you want", the wife answered.

The next day, the king sat on his throne in front of the gathered crowd. The lover joined the crowd. The griot wife had just washed herself and the lover put his hand on her shoulder. The woman told him: "Don't touch me, I am waiting for my trial." Asked to testify to her innocence, the griot woman said: "Since I was born, I have only known my husband, and that man who just touched me. If it is not true, may I die immediately. She was given the fire ordeal and came out of it successfully. The bur was so ashamed that he turned into a jujube tree. "

Notes by DPG.

1. The Mauretanians are characterized in Wolof stories as tale bearers and treacherous.
2. Gri-gris - charms.
3. The general theme of hiding a lover in a trunk is characteristic of medieval European tales, e.g. Boccaccio's Decameron.

Traditionally Wolof kept their most precious possessions - best clothes, jewelry, etc. in large wooden trunks, which were kept locked.

(E) DISOBEDIENT GIRLS

		Date	Pages
61	Sala, The Green Woodpecker and the Python	1914	218-219
62	The Little Humpbacked Girl	1914	220-221
63	The Marriage of Fatou [Refuses to marry a man with scars, marries a serpent]	1914	222-224
64	The Girl who did not want to marry a man who had scars	1933	225-230
65	The Young Girl of the Dark Bush [Saved by her dogs]	1933	231-234
66	Samba Bingi Banga [Girl who want marry a man with a scar.]	1961/62	235-237

See also #185
#217

(61)

Sala, le pic-vert et le boa.

Une fille nommée Sala avait pour amant pendant sa jeunesse un pic-vert qui lui était dévoué. Arrivée à l'âge de se marier, Sala dédaigna le pic-vert et même tout mortelayant des cicatrices.

416 Quiconque demandait sa main était / obligé de se baigner avec du lait; puis on examinait son corps. Si on y trouvait la moindre cicatrice, Sala le renvoyait ignominieusement. Cela dura des années. Mais un boa apprit la chose, se transforma et devint l'homme le plus beau de l'univers, sans cicatrice aucune, car les serpents n'en ont jamais. Il se présenta: on procéda à l'examen habituel et l'on ne découvrit rien.

Sala s'adressa à son père et dit: "Papa, voici l'epoux que je souhaitais avoir." Le père décida le mariage, qui fut célébré pendant trois jours. Le quatrième jour, les deux époux s'en allèrent vers leur future demeure, mais sans escorte. Arrivés devant une mare, le boa posa cette question à Sala: "Voudriez vous prendre un bain avec moi ?" - "Volontiers," lui répondit-elle. Ils se plongèrent dans l'eau de la mare. Hélas ! c'est là, la demeure du boa. Un moment donné, le pic-vert, qui était perché sur un arbre, non loin de là, entendit les cris plaintifs de Sala. Celle-ci implorait son secours et disait: "Cher pic-vert, veuillez venir me délivrer des mains de ce diable; je ne vous dédaignerai plus." Le pic-vert refusa d'abord, puis consentit après l'avoir laissée languir pendant des heures entières.

Sala, revenue à la maison paternelle, se maria avec le pic-vert.

C'est de là qu'est né le dédain des femmes envers leur amant de jeunesse, ce qui leur porte souvent préjudice.

Translation: Story (61)

Sala, the Green-woodpecker and the Python

A girl named Sala had for her lover while she was young a green woodpecker who was devoted to her. Arriving at the age of marriage, Sala disdained the woodpecker and even every mortal who had scars. Whoever asked for her hand was obliged to bathe with milk; then his body was examined. If one found the least scar, Sala sent him packing. That lasted for years. But a python learned of it and transformed himself and became the most beautiful man in the universe, without any scar, for serpents never have any. He presented himself, they proceeded to the usual examination and found nothing.

Sala spoke to her father and said: "Father, here is the spouse I was wishing to have." The father approved of the marriage which was celebrated for three years. On the fourth day, the two spouses went off to their future dwelling place, but without escort. Having arrived at a lake, the python asked Sala this question: "Would you take a bath with me?" "With pleasure," she replied. They plunged into the water of the lake. Alas, that was the dwelling place of the python. At that moment, the woodpecker, who was perched on a tree, not far from there, heard the plaintive cries of Sala. She was begging his help, saying: "Dear woodpecker, please come and save me from the hands of this devil. I won't despise you any more." The woodpecker refused at first, then agreed, after letting her languish for hours.

Sala, returned to her paternal house, married the woodpecker.

It is from this that sprung the disdain women have towards the lover of their youth, which often turns out to their detriment.

Fort: "Folk-Lore,"

Bulletin de l'Enseignement de l'Afrique Occidentale Française,
2(15), juil, 1914, 458-

La petite bossue

458 Il y avait une petite fille qui s'appelait Fatou. Une nuit, elle dit à sa maman: "Je vais aller m'amuser au tam-tam". Sa mère lui répondit: "N'y va pas, la nuit est toute noire. Les petites filles ne vont pas au tam-tam, seules, quand il fait nuit. N'y va pas."

459 Fatou part malgré sa mère. Elle court s'amuser au tam-tam. C'étaient des diables qui dansaient et qui jouaient. Fatou arrive. Tout en s'amusant, les diables posent une grosse pierre sur le dos de Fatou. Celle-ci fait tout ce qu'elle peut pour enlever la pierre, elle crie, elle a peur, elle se sauve, elle court à sa case. Sa mère a fermé la porte. La petite Fatou devant la porte close, pleure et gémît. Sa mère demande: "Qui pleure et gémit à ma porte ?" Fatou répond: "C'est moi, Fatou, votre fille."

La porte s'ouvre et la maman voyant le dos de sa fille s'écrie:

"Qu'est ce que tu as ?" La fillette ne peut répondre- La mère redemande : "Oh ! qu'est ce que tu as dans le dos ?" La pauvre Fatou dit enfin: "Au tam-tam, quelqu'un a mis une pierre sur mon dos, je n'ai pas pu l'enlever. "La mère essaie d'enlever la pierre, mais elle ne le peut. Fatou la portera toute sa vie: elle est bossue.

Fatou a été bien punie de sa désobéissance.

Translation:

Story (62)

The Little Humpbacked Girl.

There was a little girl called Fatou. One night, she said to her mother: "I am going to enjoy the drumming." Her mother told her: "Don't go there, it is already very dark. Little girls do not go to the drumming, alone, when it is night. Don't go."

Fatou goes in spite of her mother. She runs off to enjoy the drumming. They were devils who were dancing and playing. Fatou arrives. To amuse themselves, the devils place a large stone on Fatou's back. She does all she can to remove the stone, she cries, she is afraid, she takes off, and runs home. Her mother has locked the door. Little Fatou before the closed door weeps and groans. Her mother asks "Who is crying and groaning at my door?" Fatou replies: "It is me, Fatou, your daughter."

The door is opened, and the mother seeing the back of her daughter cries: "What is the matter with you?" The little girl cannot reply. The mother asks again: "Oh, what have you got on your back?" Poor Fatou finally says: "At the drumming, someone put a stone on my back, I haven't been able to remove it." The mother tries to remove the stone, but she cannot. Fatou will carry it all her life. She is a hunchback.

Fatou has been well punished for her disobedience.

Fort: "Folk-Lore,"

Bulletin de l'Enseignement de l'Afrique Occidentale Française,
2(15), juil. 1914, 459-460.

Le mariage de Fatou

Fatou est une fille très orgueilleuse. Elle a dit qu'elle ne se marierait pas avec un homme qui aurait des écorchures ou des plaies sur le corps. Aussi tout garçon qui vient pour l'épouser est lavé par son grand père ou sa grand'mère. S'il a une écorchure Fatou refuse de se marier. Un serpent apprit cela. Il prit la forme d'un homme d'une rare beauté. Sur son corps, il n'y a pas une seule écorchure. Un jour qu'il se promenait près de la maison de Fatou, elle le vit. Frappée par sa beauté, elle l'appela et lui dit: "Je veux être ta femme; tu n'as pas besoin de te faire examiner par mes parents: je te veux tel que tu es."

La mère de Fatou a entendu les paroles de sa fille. Elle l'appelle et lui dit: "Fatou, ne te marie pas avec ce garçon. Tout homme qui n'a pas d'écorchure sur le corps est un paresseux ou un sorcier." Mais Fatou lui répond: "Laissez moi tranquille, je me marierai avec cet homme."

Il se marièrent en effet. Quelque temps après le mariage l'époux de Fatou décida qu'ils partiraient tous deux dans son pays natal. Il en parla aux parents de Fatou. Ceux-ci refusèrent de laisser partir leur fille. Mais Fatou pour la deuxième fois désobéissante, dit: "Je partirai " et s'en alla avec son mari. Pour traverser la rivière qui séparait le / pays de Fatou de celui (de) son mari, ils s'embarquèrent dans une pirogue. Quand la pirogue fut au milieu de l'eau l'époux de Fatou, tout à coup, redevint un serpent. Des cris retentirent dans la pirogue: le serpent s'était jeté sur Fatou, la mordait et semblait vouloir

la manger. Les rameurs saisirent le reptile, le tuèrent et le jetèrent dans la rivière. Quand on rapporta Fatou chez ses parents elle promit d'être obeissante et modeste. Elle avait été assez punie de son orgueil et de sa désobéissance. Quelque temps après, elle se maria avec un aveugle.

(M. Fort, Directeur de l'Ecole regionale de Sedhiou.)

Translation:

Story (63)

The Marriage of Fatou

Fatou is a very haughty girl. She said she would not marry a man who had scratches or wounds on his body. So every young man that came to marry her is washed by her grandfather or grandmother. If there is a scratch Fatou refuses to marry. A serpent learnt that. He took the form of a man of rare beauty. On his body there is not a single scratch. One day he was walking near Fatou's house. She saw him. Struck by his beauty, she called him and said to him : "I want to be your wife, you do not need to have yourself examined by my parents. I want you just as you are."

The mother of Fatou heard the words of her daughter. She called her and said to her: "Fatou, do not marry this young man. Any man who has not a scratch on his body is idle or a sorcerer." But Fatou replied: "Let me alone, I will marry this man."

So they married. Some time after the marriage the husband of Fatou decided that the two of them would go to his own country. They spoke of it to Fatou's parents. They refused to let their daughter go. But Fatou, disobedient for the second time, said " I am going," and went off with her husband. To cross the river which separated Fatou's country from that of her husband, they embarked in a canoe. When the canoe was in the middle of the water the husband of Fatou, suddenly became a serpent. Cries reverberated in the canoe; the serpent was throwing himself on Fatou, biting her, and seemed about to eat her. The rowers seized the reptile, killed it and threw it in the river. When Fatou was brought back to her parents she promised to be obedient and modest. She had been punished enough for her pride and disobedience. Some time after she married a blind man.

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p.90.

CELLE QUI NE VOULAIT PAS D'UN HOMME PORTANT DES CICATRICES

Il y avait dans un village, une fille très belle et très difficile dans le choix d'un mari. Elle ne voulait pas d'un homme portant des cicatrices.

La nouvelle en fut portée dans la brousse, et de tous les coins, vinrent des prétendants.

Quand les hommes arrivaient, elle les faisait déshabiller, et regardait leur corps.

Le "Djinné" (diable) entendit aussi la nouvelle, se transforma en joli garçon, et vint demander Fatou en mariage. Il n'avait pas de cicatrices, et la femme consentit à l'^Pépouser, bien que sa mère lui ait dit que ce n'était pas là un homme ordinaire.

Le "Djinné" emmena chez lui sa nouvelle femme, dans ses voiles blancs, monté sur un vieux cheval de la famille.

-Il est vilain, mais il a mangé chez nous pendant beaucoup d'années, dit la mère à sa fille, en la quittant; quand il hennira, va le voir à l'écurie.

Le mari de Fatou chassait. Tous les jours il partait avec ses armes, et revenait chargé de bêtes mortes.

Un jour le cheval hennit. Fatou se rendit à l'écurie. Le cheval lui dit:

-Ton mari va revenir bredouille ; il se mettra en colère et le tuera pour te manger. Selle-moi, sauvons-nous, mais auparavant, crache un peu partout, dans dix endroits, dans la maison.

Fatou fit ce que demandait le cheval, puis sauta en selle.

-Je vais forcer ma course, dit le cheval, mais ne me donne jamais d'éperon.

Quand le "Djinné" revint chez lui, il appela: "Fatou". A chaque appel, dans un coin de la maison, ici, là, un crachat répondait:

- Nam (oui)....

- Nam....

Le diable allait vers l'endroit d'où partait la voix, et il perdait du

temps.

Puis, quand il se fut rendu compte que Fatou était partie, il entra en grande colère, et se mit à sa poursuite. Il courait très vite.

Le premier jour, à la fin de toute une journée de course, il rencontra la poussière que le pieds du cheval avaient soulevée durant la première année de fuite.

Le deuxième jour, il rencontra la poussière que les pieds du cheval avait fait voler, durant la deuxième année de fuite.

Et ainsi le troisième jour, pour la poussière de la troisième année.

Et ainsi le quatrième jour, pour la poussière de la quatrième année.

A la fin du quatrième jour Fatou dit:

-J'entends venir le diable.

Le cheval marchait à toutes pattes, mais Fatou lui donna quand même de l'éperon.

D'un bond, le cheval arriva avec Fatou sur son dos, dans un pays inconnu.

.....

Dans ce pays, il n'y avait pas une seule femme par ordre du roi.

Fatou et le cheval s'installèrent et vécurent quelque temps; un jour, Fatou fut se baigner dans la rivière. Un Maure la vit sortir du bain, et il alla dire au roi qu'il y avait une femme dans le pays.

Le roi punit le Maure pour avoir menti. Mais cependant il ordonna une réunion de tous ses sujets auprès de la mare, pour une baignade à laquelle il assisterait.

Un soir le cheval hennit, Fatou se rendit à l'écurie, le cheval lui dit:

On a découvert notre présence dans le pays. Il faut aller le chercher un sexe et j'y vais.

-Le cheval partit dans la brousse. Il marche longtemps. Enfin il rencontra un lièvre et lui prit son sexe, puis revint à la maison.

Le jour de la baignade arriva. Le roi regardait tous les hommes nus sortir de l'eau.

-Attention...dit le Maure, quand ce fut le tour de Fatou. Mais Fatou était un homme et le roi fit tuer le Maure.

.....

Un soir le cheval hennit. Fatou se rendit à l'écurie. Le cheval lui dit:

- Je vais mourir, quand je serai mort, il ne faudra pas me pleurer. Tu prendras mon cadavre, et tu le réduiras en cendres, puis tu mettras ces cendres dans unealebasse, et tu les feras envoler dans le vent en fermant les yeux.

Le soir, le cheval mourut. Fatou fit comme il avait dit. Elle ferma les yeux, pendant que le vent emportait les cendres.

Quand elle les rouvrit, elle était chez elle, dans la maison de sa mère, et tout à coup, elle entendit le cheval hennir. Elle se rendit à l'écurie. Le cheval aussi était là et le cheval lui dit.

- Dans la vie, il ne faut pas être trop difficile.

(Raconté par A. Sadjí).

A similar story is given in Ousmane Socé: Contes et Légendes d'Afrique Noire, Paris, 1962. "Penda", pp. 83-91. It also appears in Mirages de Paris, by the same author.

Translation: Story 64.

SHE WHO DID NOT WISH A MAN WHO HAD SCARS

There was once in a village, a very beautiful girl, who was very difficult in terms of choosing a husband. She did not want any man who had scars.

The news about it was carried through the bush, and from all corners, came suitors. When the men arrived, she had them undress, and looked at their bodies.

A Jinn (Devil) also heard the news, and transformed himself into a handsome youth and came to demand Fatou in marriage. He had no blemishes, and the woman agreed to marry him, but her mother told her that this was not an ordinary man.

The Jinn took his new wife home, with a white veil, and riding an old family horse.

"He is ugly, but he has eaten with us for many years," said the mother to her daughter, when she left her, "when he neighs, go and see him in the stable."

Fatou's husband used to go hunting. Every day he would set out with his weapons, and return loaded with dead animals.

One day the horse neighed. Fatou went to the stable. The horse said to her: "Your husband is going to return empty handed; he will become angry, and kill you to eat. Saddle me, let us escape, but before that, spit a little everywhere, in ten places in the house."

Fatou did what the horse asked, then jumped in the saddle.

"I am going to go as fast as I can," said the horse, "but never use the spurs on me."

When the Jinn returned home, he called "Fatou". To each call, in a corner of the house, here, there, a spittle replied: "Nam (yes)... Nam..."

The devil went towards the place from which the voice came, and lost time.

Then , when he realized that Fatou had gone, he became greatly angry, and set off in pursuit. He ran very fast.

The first day, at the end of a day's running, he met the dust that the horse's hooves had raised during the first year of flight.

The second day, he met the dust that the horse's hooves had made fly, during the second year of flight.

And so the third day, for the dust of the third year.

And so the fourth day, for the dust of the fourth year.

At the end of the fourth day Fatou said:

"I hear the devil coming."

The horse was going at top speed, but Fatou nevertheless used the spurs.

With one leap, the horse arrived with Fatou on his back, in an unknown country.

.....

In this country, there wasn't a single female by order of the king.

Fatou and the horse settled down and lived [there] for a while; one day Fatou had bathed in the river. A Mauretanian saw her come out of the bath, and went to tell the king that there was a woman in the country.

The king punished the Mauretanian for having lied. However, he ordered a meeting of all his subjects near the lake, for a bathing at which he would be present.

One evening the horse neighed. Fatou went to the stable. The horse said to her: "They have discovered our presence in the country. It is necessary to go and look for a penis, and I am going off."

The horse went into the bush. He travelled for a long time. Finally he met a hare and took his penis from him, and returned home.

The day of the bathing came. The king was watching all the naked men emerging from the water.

"Pay attention.." said the Mauretanian, when it was the turn of Fatou.

But Fatou was a man, and the king had the Mauretanian killed.

.....

One evening the horse neighed, Fatou went to the stable. The horse said to her: "I am going to die, when I am dead, you should not weep for me. You will take my corpse, and reduce it to ashes, then put these ashes in a calabash, and have the wind carry them away while you close your eyes.

In the evening the horse died. Fatou did as he said. She closed her eyes while the wind carried off the ashes.

When she opened them again, she was at home, in the house of her mother, and suddenly she heard the horse neigh. She went to the stable, and the horse too was there, and said to her " In this life, it is not necessary to be too difficult."

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p. 66.

DIANJOU MANDIG MA

(La jeune fille de la brousse noire)

Quand son père, avec qui elle habitait seule dans la brousse noire, mourut, il lui dit:

- Je te laisse le chien, il te défendra si tu es en danger. Ecoute ses conseils, et surtout, prends bien garde aux animaux qui ont mille ruses.

Car il faut dire que le père était un grand chasseur, qu'il vivait de la viande de toutes les bêtes et que souvent il leur avait entendu dire, quand il les poursuivait dans la brousse, qu'un jour elles se vengeraient sur sa fille.

Donc la fille resta seule avec le chien; comme elle était belle, les prétendants ne manquèrent pas et il en vint de la brousse noire.

- Prends garde à ceux-ci, dit le chien.

Mais, déjà, la fille avait oublié les paroles du mort, elle laissa venir les prétendants et même accepta de les reconduire un peu sur leur chemin de retour. Le chien essaya de l'en empêcher, mais sans y réussir.

- Je garderai la maison, dit-il, tu m'appelleras si tu es en peine. Voici trois bobines de bois qu'on met dans les navettes, prends-les, emporte-les et jette-les sur le sable, sous ton pied, si tu te trouves en grand danger.

Quand la fille, suivant ses prétendants, fut engagée assez profondément dans la brousse, elle les vit, ^{qui} tous en même temps, sur un signal, se changeaient en bête, et, en un instant, elle fut environnée de lions, de panthères, d'hyènes qui se mirent à ricaner:

- Nous avons bien dit à ton père que nous nous vengerions...

Comme les animaux allaient se précipiter sur elle, la jeune fille jeta une des bobines sous son pied, et aussitôt, elle fut soulevée en l'air à la hauteur des feuilles des plus grands palmiers. Alors, de toute sa voix, elle appela le chien.

Les animaux, avec leurs dents, attaquèrent le tronc de cet arbre nouvellement poussé qui portait la fille.

L'arbre s'abattit.

En tombant au sol, la fille écrasa du pied la seconde bobine, un nouvel arbre magique la souleva dans le ciel.

Les bêtes abattirent le nouvel arbre. La fille jeta la troisième bobine qui la porta une troisième fois à la hauteur des feuilles des palmiers.

Le troisième arbre s'abattait quand le chien arriva et, seul, il mit toutes les bêtes en pièces.

Moralité

Il faut écouter les dernières paroles.

(Raconté par A. Sadjî).

Translation.

Story (65)

The young girl of the dark bush

When her father, with whom she had been living alone in the dark bush, died, he said to her:

"I leave you the dog, he will defend you if you are in danger. Listen to his advice, and above all, beware of the animals which have a thousand tricks."

For it is necessary to say that the father was a great hunter, that he lived on the meat of all the animals, and that often he had heard them say, when he was pursuing them in the bush, that one day they would seek vengeance on the daughter.

So the girl remained alone with the dog; as she was beautiful, suitors were not lacking, and some of them came from the dark bush.

"Beware of those ones," said the dog.

But already the girl had forgotten the words of the dead, she let suitors come, and even agreed to escort them a little on their return journey. The dog tried to prevent her doing it, but without succeeding.

"I will protect the house," he said, "you will call me if you are in trouble. Here are three wooden bobbins which one puts in shuttles, take them and throw them on the sand, under your foot, if you find yourself in great danger."

When the girl, following her suitors, was deep in the bush, she saw them, all at the same time, on a signal, change themselves into animals, and, in an instant, she was surrounded by lions, leopards, hyenas who began to sneer.

"We told your father that we would avenge ourselves..."

As the animals were going to hurl themselves on her, the young girl threw a bobbin under her foot, and immediately she was lifted into the air to

the height of the leaves of the tallest palm trees. Then, as loudly as she could, she called the dog.

The animals, with their teeth, attacked the trunk of the newly grown tree which held the girl. The tree fell.

On falling to the ground the girl crushed with her foot the second bobbin, a new magic tree lifted her up in the sky.

The animals cut down the new tree. The girl threw down the third bobbin which lifted her a third time to the height of the leaves of palm trees. The third tree was falling when the dog arrived, and alone, tore all the animals to pieces.

Moral

One should listen to a person's last words.

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen, Afrika und Uebersee, 1961/62, XLV, Nos. 1-2, 78-79.
Wolof and German versions.

Translation. Told by Ndiaw Mbanyik, Dakar.

22. SAMBA BINGI BANGA

A young woman said: "A man who has a scar, I will not marry you." He who comes should bathe in entirely pure milk. Lion prepared to go there, and changed himself into a man. When he arrived he said they should give her to him. Samba came, and said: "He is not a husband." He (Lion ?) said: "I am her husband." He was accompanied by his friends. He said : "I will marry her." They gave her to him. He [Samba] tells all his friends in the village that all the trees have been changed into friends of the Lion.

When evening came he [Lion ?] mounted a horse, and rode, and rode, and rode, until all the trees had taken their places again. There remained only Samba Bingi Banga and the young woman. They continued far into the middle of the wilderness. He [Lion ?] seized the horse. The lion arrived, changed back into a lion again. As soon as he arrived, the girl began to cry. He asks : " Why are you crying ? Is it because I have no scar ." He said to her "I am a lion. " He goes away into the night, catches a goat, and brings it back, and says "Here's meat." She says to him: "I can't eat meat without fire." [i.e. raw meat]. He goes hunting, nothing. He goes hunting again, nothing. Samba Bingi Banga said to her: "Your husband has gone hunting. If he does not find anything to eat, he will kill and devour you. You must spit inside the room." He says "You must spit in the bath place, you must spit at the doorway. You must saddle me and ride me. If you do not spur me, I'll bring you to the house of your father and mother. She rode off on him.

The lion arrived at the house, and called his wife. The spittle at the doorway says "Yes ?" He enters, looks around, sees nothing. Then he follows the horse, pursues it, pursues it, pursues it. When he had almost reached it, the girl spurred the horse. He brought her to a village in which there were not women [in which women were not allowed]. Samba Bingi Banga said to her: "I told you everything." He said to her: "Now you must change yourself into a man." She changes all of her clothes to men's ones. He tells her: "In a while I will take you away from here."

She remained in the village. When she had accidentally exposed herself, a Naar (Mauretanian) went to the king and told him that the girl was a woman [not a man]. He said to him: "The baobab tree produces gold. Order all the people in the village to throw sticks at the tree ¹ They threw and threw, but no one reached anything. When no one but the girl remained, the horse produced a stick, gave it to the girl, and told her, throw. She did so, three fruits were cut, all of gold. The king said to the Naar: "Before the woman was here, no one could cut any baobab fruit."

- 1 Normally sticks are thrown at the baobab fruit to cut the stems and loosen the fruit. As women are believed to have less skill in throwing, this test would reveal that the person was in fact a woman.
- 2 The story seems to involve a number of standard motifs, -which are not fully elaborated in the narrative.

The basic story is that of the girl who won't marry a man who has a scar, and ends up marrying a python, lion, ogre, etc. which had changed into a handsome young man. She is helped escape by an intelligent child, [Samba Bingi Banga ?] or by an old horse with supernatural powers, generally provided by her mother or father. She is told not to spur the horse, but through fear does so, and this places her in further perils, from which the horse generally succeeds in extricating her.

The spittle (or other objects buried) delays the ogre/lion/ etc. until the woman has set off. Sometimes he returns after failing to find the girl, the spittle in a second place answers, and he sets off a second time, and so on.

- 3 The narrative involving "The village where women are not allowed," and various tests that the suspect undergoes, I have heard in a Fula version, [Saare Worbe, recorded by Mary Uma Balde]. This includes the baobab tree test, and the help of her horse,

(F) TALES OF THE CLEVER CHILD

See also (60)

	Date	Pages
67 Samba Born Yesterday	1961/62	239-242

Source: Walter Pichl: "Wolof Erzählungen," Afrika und Ebersee, 1961/62, XLV, Nos. 1-2, 80-81.

Wolof and German versions.

Told by Senghor, Wolof commun.

Translation.

23

SAMBA BORN YESTERDAY [LAST NIGHT]

Here is a story...

Once upon a time there was Samba-Born-Yesterday [Last Night], older than his mother, older than his father, younger than his younger brother. When he, the pap his mother made,
*
he drank it when his mother went to fetch the water. One day he said to his mother: "Perform the naming ceremony for me." His mother replied: "I cannot perform the naming ceremony." Then he said to her: "I will perform the naming ceremony myself." He said: "Give me a name." His mother said: "I cannot give you a name." He said: "Well, I will give myself a name Samba-Born-Yesterday, older than his mother, older than his father, younger than his younger brother.

When this had happened, and some time passed, his elder brothers
**
went with his friends on a journey. He said to them: "I too am going with you." They said: "You are not coming." He said: "I am going whether you want or not.

When they set off, he went with them, following at a distance. After they had gone a long way, they looked back and saw him. They caught him and beat him severely. He said: "That is not going to prevent me accompanying you." The friends said to the elder brother: "Let him alone." They went in search of girls to play tricks on. The child went to his older brother and said to them: "You should spurn the pap that is prepared first, I shall turn myself into a log, and spill the pap, for they poured blood over it. When the the women did that, he changed

into a log, and spilled all the pap. Another one was prepared. He said: "If it comes, you should eat it. The pap came, they ate it. He said to the older people : "When you go to sleep at night I will come and take your clothes, for the woman is a murderer." They went to bed. In the middle of the night the woman got up and started to sharpen her knife. He said: "Grandmother, why are you sharpening ? Are to sharpening to kill a sheep, are you sharpening to kill a goat, or are you sharpening to kill an ox. She said: "Eh, little child, go back to sleep." Then she took two cloths (pagnes) and covered him up, and patted his bottom. After a while the child was as quiet as if he were asleep.

She got up again, and started sharpening. The little boy said to her: "Grandmother, why are you sharpening your knife ? Is it for a sheep you are sharpening, or a goat, or an ox ?" Then she said: "My little boy, perhaps you aren't sleeping because you are hungry ?" The child said: "No." She said: "Tell me what you want ?" He said to her: "Nothing." The woman got tired with all that he was doing and fell asleep. The boy woke up, and went to wake up the older boys. They took off the male clothing they had on, and they took off the clothing the girls had on, they took the men's clothing and put it on the women, and then the men put on the women's clothing. He then told the older brothers: "Get up, let's run away before the woman awakens. They got up, and ran off. The woman woke up, took the knife and cut off the children's heads, and went back to bed until morning. She says to her small grandchild: "Go and bring me the black eyes and leave the red eyes there." The child said to her: "I found only red eyes there. " She said: "That can't be." and went to see for herself. She comes, and holds her mouth, cries and says

"What accursed dog has done this to me ?" She cried, and then ran after them.

When she was about to catch up with them, they had arrived home. She came and turned herself into a beautiful baobab tree in the village square. The children wanted to climb it. The boy said to them: "If you find a fully grown baobab tree in the middle of the village square, no one should climb it." The children would not listen. The baobab carried them away. The villagers were crying. He said to them: "I will go and get them." He went to the woman's house, and found she had a sheep. He entered the stomach of the sheep. The woman said: "My sheep is pregnant." Three days passed, the sheep gave birth. The baby was a beautiful little lamb. When the woman went out into the 'bush', the lamb said to the children "You should get ready, in the evening I'm taking you back." In the afternoon the boy waited until the woman was asleep, and stole the children back. He said to the villagers: "If they go again, I won't bring them back."

The woman came again, and found the children playing. She chased them, but before she could catch them, they had reached home. She set a trap to catch the child, and carried him away [in a pot ?] As she was passing under a tree, the child shot up out of the an overhanging pot, , grabbed / branch of the tree, and climbed on it.

[The load was being carried on the woman's head] The woman said: "Samba-Born-Yesterday," The fugitive answered "Yes ?" That's how the woman reached home, but she did not see anything in the pot, when she put it down, that looked like the runaway. She went back. She went to make a large fire, and the boy who was following behind her, pushed her into the fire, where she fell down and died. That's the story.

- * Maybe this is one of the tall tales where he drank the pap before his mother had made it.
- ** Presumably to find young women.

(G) MISCELLANEOUS

68	God, the Hornet and the White Man	1914	244-245
69	One Eyed Death	1933	246-247

Le bon Dieu, le frelon et le blanc

416 Le jour que le bon Dieu créa l'homme, le frelon et le blanc
étaient présents à l'ère de l'univers, dirent le frelon et le
blanc, nous voulons te voir classer les organes humains, afin
que nous puissions en tirer profit" Volontiers, leur répondit le
bon Dieu. Alors il commença son classement ; il avait tout classé
devant eux, hormis l'âme. Pourquoi cette réserve ? Le père de
l'univers considérant que le frelon et le blanc étaient des
mortels, ne voulait pas leur divulger le secret divin. Que fit-il
donc ? Il envoya le frelon puiser de l'eau, et le blanc ramasser
du bois mort. Le premier se réfugia devant la porte, le second
obéit et s'en alla. Quand le bon Dieu eut fini de préparer et
de classer l'âme, le frelon qui le voyait faire poussa un grand
cri de joie. Le bon Dieu, irrité, le bâtonna si bien qu'il lui
enleva les reins. Ceux-ci furent remplacés par une simple cellule.

417 Voilà pourquoi le frelon ne pond jamais, mais métamorphose
des vers pour avoir des petits. Voilà aussi pourquoi le blanc
peut fabriquer des poupées et des mannequins, sans pouvoir les
animer.

Amadou Théophile Konte,
Instituteur-adjoint à l'école régionale de
Rufisque.

Konté, Amadou Théophile

"Folk-Lore. Contes Ouolofs."

Bulletin de l'Enseignement de l'Afrique Occidentale Française,

2(14), mai-juin 1914, 416-417.

(68)

Translation: God, the hornet, and the white man

The day that God created man, the hornet and the white man were present at this era of the universe, said the hornet and the white, "We want to see you clasify human organs, so that we can obtain profit from it." "With pleasure," replied God. Then he began his classification; He had classified everything before them, except for the soul. Why this holding back ? The father of the universe considered that the hornet and the white were mortals, and did not wish to reveal to them the divine secret. What did he do then ? He sent the hornet to draw water, and the white to pick up firewood. The former hid behind the door, the latter obeyed and went off. When God had finished preparing and classifying the soul, the hornet who was watching gave a great cry of joy. God, angry, struck him with a stick, so that it removed his loins. These were replaced with a simple cell.

That is why thehornet never lays an egg, but metamorphizes into worms to have children. Also that is why the white can make dolls and mannikins, without being able to give them life.

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p. 33

A Lébou tale

LA MORT BORGNE

Jadis, la Mort en personne, visible, matérielle, se présentait chez les parents du mourant, venant réclamer son âme, puis elle les consolait avant de repartir, emportant l'esprit du défunt.

Un jour, elle se présenta chez une vieille femme qui cuisait le "lakh" et l'agitait avec son bâton, tout près de son fils unique qui allait mourir.

- Je viens prendre ton fils, dit la Mort.

- Reviens dans un moment, dit la vieille, que j'aie le temps de lui donner à manger, une dernière fois.

La Mort s'éloigna. Quand elle revint, la mère lui dit:

Reviens dans un moment, que j'ai le temps de regarder mon fils, une dernière fois.

La Mort patiente s'éloigna. Elle revint une troisième fois et dit:

- Maintenant, c'est l'heure.

Mais la vieille femme, folle de douleur, arrachant son bâton de la pâte de semoule, en frappa la Mort et lui creva un oeil.

La Mort borgne n'est jamais, depuis, venue se montrer dans la case de ceux qu'elle veut emporter.

(Raconté par A. Sadjî).

Translation:

(69)

One-eyed Death

Formerly , Death in person, visible, material, used to present himself to the relatives of the dying person, when he came to claim his soul, then consoled them before leaving, taking the spirit of the dead person.

One day she presented herself to an old woman who was cooking lakh (pap) and stirring it with her stick, close by her only son who was going to die.

"I have come to take your son," said Death.

"Come back in a moment," said the old woman, "so that I have time to give him food to eat, for the last time."

Death went away. When she returned the mother said to her:

"Come back in a moment, so that I may have the time to look at my son, for the last time."

Death was patient and went away. She came back a thrid time and said:

"Now, it is time."

But the old woman, mad with grief, took her stick out of the [pot of] lakh, and struck Death with it and put out her eye.

Death, one eyed, has never since then, shown herself in the house of those that she wishes to carry away.

A similar tale "Pourquoi la mort est-elle invisible" [Why is death invisible], in which a smith puts out an eye of Death when he comes, is given in Mamby Sidibe: Contes populaires du Mali, Paris/Dakar, Presence Africaine, 1982, pp. 17-18.

(H)

RABELAISIAN TALES

		Date	Pages
70	Hammat and Mandiaye	1947	249-262
71	The Incongruous Ones	1947	263-266

Source: Blaise Cendrars: Anthologie nègre, 1947, p. 266.

74. Hammat et Mandiaye.

Un chef de village diolof avait deux femmes dont chacune lui avait donné un garçon. L'un des enfants s'appelait Hammat et l'autre avait nom Mandiaye.

Comme Hammat atteignait l'âge d'adolescent, sa mère mourut. Un peu de temps s'écoula, puis ce fut au tour de son père de mourir. Avant sa mort, le chef avait désigné Mandiaye comme son successeur dans le commandement du village et il avait déclaré ne vouloir rien laisser à Hammat.

Ce dernier est allé trouver un vieillard âgé de cent ans pour le moins et il lui a demandé ce qu'il devait faire. Le vieillard lui conseille de gagner la brousse et de ne jamais retourner au village.

Hammat se met en route et voici qu'il rencontre un petit guinné. Il saisit le petit par le bras. L'enfant crie et sa mère accourt.

-C'est toi qui te nommes Hammat ? demanda-t-elle.

Hammat répond que oui.

-Je sais ce qu'il y a dans ton coeur, dit la guinné. Viens avec moi; tu resteras près de nous.

Hammat est resté trois mois chez la guinné. Au bout de ce temps, celle-ci l'a appelé. Elle lui apporte du couscous à manger, puis elle lui fait présent d'une petite canne. - Tu vas partir, dit-elle. Prends cette route-là et marche pendant deux mois. Il y a une guinné qui commande à notre race. Tâche de parvenir jusqu'à elle sans faire de sottises et reste bien sérieux jusqu'à ce que tu l'aies rencontrée.

Hammat s'est mis en route. Voici un mois et vingt-trois jours qu'il chemine. La guinné lui a prescrit de ne rien dire quoi qu'il rencontre sur son chemin. Il trouve une marmite où cuit du riz. Le riz cuit, la marmite se renverse d'elle-même, puis se remet sur le feu, pleine de nouveau riz à cuire.

Hammat regarde, mais il ne souffle mot.

La marmite lui demande alors:- Si tu rencontres quelqu'un sur ta route, que lui diras-tu que tu as vu ?

-Je lui dirai, répond Hammat, que j'ai rencontré ma mère qui faisait cuire du riz et qu'elle m'en a donné à manger.

La marmite alors lui donne du riz et il le mange; puis elle lui dit:- C'est bien, mon garçon ! Pars et fais un bon voyage !

Hammat reprend sa route. Au bout d'une heure il aperçoit un homme qui, brandissant son bengala comme un bâton, en frappe un baobab qu'il jette bas du coup.

Hammat reste là assez longtemps. L'homme lui demande:-

Si tu rencontres quelqu'un, que lui diras-tu ?

- Je lui dirai, répond Hammat, que j'ai trouvé mon père qui abattait des pains-de-singe (fruit du baobab), et qu'il m'en a donné.

- C'est bien ! approuve l'homme. Et il lui donne des pains-de-singe que Hammat mange. Quand il a fini de manger, l'homme le congédie en lui souhaitant bon voyage.

Hammat marche six jours encore. Il ne s'en faut que d'un jour pour qu'il arrive chez la reine des guinnés. A ce moment il rencontre une femme à côté d'un puits.

Hammat a grand soif. Il demande de l'eau à la femme. Celle-ci se sert de sa calebasse en guise de récipient, pour lui offrir à boire. Hammat boit sans hésiter dans ce vase d'un nouveau genre et la femme lui demande:- Si tu rencontres quelqu'un, que lui diras-tu ?

-Que j'ai vu une femme, une brave femme ! Je lui ai demandé de l'eau et elle m'en a donné sans faire de manières.

-C'est bien ! Alors bon voyage !

Hammat a encore rencontré un homme qui menait avec lui cent ânes. Il a chargé son bengala sur les cent animaux. Quand il entre en érection, les ânes tombent sur le sol. Quand c'est passé, ils se relèvent.

-Que diras-tu, demanda-t-il à Hammat, si tu viens à rencontrer quelqu'un ?

-Je lui dirai que j'ai vu un homme qui menait cent ânes qu'il avait chargés d'une seule charge et que cet homme m'a donné à manger.

L'homme alors a donné à manger à Hammat. - Bon ! dit-il, ça va bien !

Bon voyage !

Hammat continue son chemin et rencontre encore une femme qui était étendue sur le sol. Depuis un an elle n'avait pas forniqué. Près d'elle se tenaient cent fillettes, munies dealebasses, qui recueillaient l'eau qui sortait de son sexe pour l'y renverser de nouveau.

La femme lui demande ce qu'il dira s'il rencontre quelqu'un sur la route. Hammat répond qu'il dira avoir trouvé une brave femme qui lui a donné d'abord à manger et, ensuite, de l'eau à boire.

La femme lui donne à boire et à manger, puis elle lui dit:-

Je sais ce qu'il y a dans ton coeur. Tu vas rendre visite à la reine des guinnés. Tu arriveras chez elle aujourd'hui. Elle a, pour premier fils, l'éléphant; pour second fils, le lion; pour troisième et quatrième, la panthère et l'hyène, et, pour cinquième, le serpent. Tu ne les trouveras pas chez elle, car ils seront partis dans la brousse.

Hammat arrive près d'un village et il y rencontre la reine des guinnés. Elle n'a qu'une jambe, qu'un bras, qu'une oreille, qu'un oeil et qu'un narine. Son dos est tranchant comme un rasoir. Au moment où Hammat se présente devant elle, elle a puisé de l'eau pour se laver le corps.

Hammat lui souhaite le bonjour. La guinné lui répond:-

C'est toi t'appelles Hammat ?- Oui ! Bon ! Viens un peu me laver le dos.

Hammat commence à frotter le dos tranchant de la guinné et s'entaille les mains profondément . Il n'en continue pas moins son travail. Quand il a terminé, la guinné lui lèche les mains qui redeviennent intactes comme auparavant.

-De mon dos ou de celui de ta mère, lui demande-t-elle, quel est le meilleur ?

-C'est le tien ! affirma Hammat.

Alors la guinné lui ordonne de la suivre et ils se rendent ensemble à la case de la reine. -C'est toi qui vas préparer le manger aujourd'hui, lui dit-elle. Elle sort un vieil os dégarni de sa viande et aussi sec que s'il y avait trois ans qu'on l'aurait épluché: - Mets ça dans la marmite avec de l' eau ! Hammat obéit. Il ajoute ce qu'il faut pour le couscous, car le mil était déjà pilé. Avant que le couscous fut prêt, l'os s'était garni de viande, au point d'emplir entièrement la marmite.

Quand tout est prêt, Hammat apporte le couscous et la viande à la reine des guinnés et ils se mettent à manger.

Ensuite la guinné donne à Hammat une aiguille. - Mes cinq fils, lui dit-elle, sont partis dans la brousse et ils ne sont pas encore rentrés. Tu vas coucher avec moi dans la case. Voici pourquoi je te remets cette aiguille: tu t'étendras sous le lit. Si l'hyène commence à uriner, tu la piqueras légèrement.

L'hyène et les autres enfants de la guinné sont revenus. L'hyène flaire partout et demande:- Qu'est-ce qui sent ainsi ? Cela sent l'homme ici !

-Tu es folle ! réplique la guinné. Que viendrait chercher un homme chez nous ?

Tous le monde se couche, et bientôt l'hyène commence à uriner. Alors Hammat la pique légèrement. Oh ! dit la bête, il y a quelque chose qui me pique ! A deux ou trois reprises elle appelle ses frères:- Nous allons sortir, dit-elle, car aujourd'hui il y a sur le lit quelque chose qui me pique.

L'hyène, l'éléphant, le serpent, le lion et la panthère, tous s'en vont. Après leur départ, Hammat raconte à la reine guinné tout ce que son frère lui a fait.

Le lendemain matin la guinné lui donne deux petitesalebasses sphériques

comme celles où l'on met le tabac et lui dit de casser la première après un mois de marche. Pour la seconde il ne devra la briser qu'arrivé à proximité de son village.

Lorsque Hammat est à moitié route, il casse la première calebasse. Il en voit sortir des boeufs, des chevaux et des guerriers en quantité. Tout cela l'accompagne: tout lui appartient.

Il continue son chemin jusqu'à ce qu'il arrive en vue de son village. Alors ils brise la seconde calebasse, mais de celle-ci ne sortent que des animaux mangeurs d'hommes: des éléphants, des lions, des hyènes...

Déjà les soldats qui accompagnent Hammat ont tué toutes ces bêtes-là.

Hammat entre dans le village. Il demande aux gens des provinces voisines de se réunir. Il leur parle, et on tombe d'accord pour mettre Hammat, comme chef, à la place de Mandiaye.

Alors la mère de ce dernier dit à son fils: -Hammat a su s'y prendre de manière à avoir tout ! C'est lui le chef maintenant et c'est lui qui nous commande ! Pourquoi ne pars-tu pas, toi aussi ?

Mandiaye va trouver Hammat. Il lui demande comment il s'y est pris pour acquérir tout ce qu'il possède. Hammat le renseigne. Alors Mandiaye se met en route.

D'abord il rencontre le petit guinné que Hammat avait trouvé en premier lieu sur son chemin. Il lui donne une gifle, le saisit et l'attache. La mère du petit accourt: Ah ! dit-elle, c'est ainsi que tu agis ? Tu n'auras pas la chance de Hammat ! Elle lui donne cependant les mêmes conseils qu'à son frère auparavant.

Mandiaye poursuit sa route. Bientôt il trouve la marmite merveilleuse:

- Que diras-tu de moi si tu rencontres quelqu'un ? lui demande-t-elle.

- Je dirai que j'ai vu une marmite qui faisait cuire du riz, puis se renversait, recommençait à cuire d'autre riz, pour se renverser de nouveau.

-Bien ! Tu peux partir, mais tu n'auras pas un aussi bon voyage que Hammat !

Mandiaye rencontre ensuite l'homme qui abat les baobabs avec son bengala :

Que diras-tu de moi à ceux que tu rencontreras ?

-Je dirai que j'ai vu un homme renverser des baobabs avec son membre !

-C'est bon ! Passe ton chemin ! Tu n'auras pas un heureux voyage !

Mandiaye passe près de la femme qui puise de l'eau avec son tiaper. Tiens !

dit-il, c'est ainsi que tu puises de l'eau ? Oui ! - Eh bien ! je ne veux

pas d'eau puisée dans le sexe d'une femme !

Va-t'en ! Ton voyage ne sera pas heureux comme celui de Hammat !

Il rencontre ensuite l'homme qui charge cent ânes de son seul bengala -

Voilà, s'exclame-t-il, quelque chose que je n'ai jamais vu !

-Et que diras-tu à ceux que tu rencontreras ?

-Que c'est la première fois que j'ai vu un homme à qui il faut cent ânes pour porter son membre !

-Continue ta route ! Tu ne feras pas un aussi bon voyage que Hammat !

Mandiaye va plus loin et trouve la femme à qui on fait rentrer dans le corps l'eau qui découle de son sexe. Il s'écrie encore que jamais il n'a rien vu de pareil : Toi, dit-il à la femme, tu es bonne pour épouser l'homme au gros bengala que j'ai rencontré sur la route et qui a besoin de cent ânes pour porter son membre viril ! Tu es en rut comme lui !

-Ou as-tu rencontré cet homme ? demande la femme avec une avide curiosité.

-Sur la route, là-bas !

-Eh bien ! à ton retour je t'accompagnerai et tu me montreras cet homme-là !

Mandiaye arrive enfin chez la reine guinné. Il s'aperçoit immédiatement qu'elle n'a qu'une jambe, qu'un bras et qu'une oreille.

-Ah ! dit-il, c'est toi qui commandes aux guinnés ? Jusqu'à présent je n'ai jamais vu personne d'aussi laid que toi !

-Il faut que tu me frottes le dos comme Hammat l'a fait, dit la reine guinné.

Mais Mandiaye qui lui voit le dos en lame de rasoir:-

Non ! s'écrie-t-il, jamais je ne toucherais à cela !

La reine guinné lui remet alors l'os et le mil pilé en farine, en lui disant:- C'est à toi de nous faire à manger aujourd'hui.

-Comment cet os-là va-t-il se garnir de viande ? demande Mandiaye.

-Ca ne te regarde pas ! Mets-le dans la marmite et prépare le couscous !

Mandiaye prépare le manger. Quand tout est prêt, il l'apporte à la guinné. Celle-ci lui dit alors:- Mes enfants vont rentrer, mais fais attention ! car s'ils te voient, ils vont te dévorer !

Elle donne à Mandiaye une aiguille, comme elle l'avait fait pour Hammat, et lui dit de se placer sous le lit:- Si l'hyène commence à uriner, lui prescrit-elle, tu la piqueras légèrement...pas trop fort !

Les bêtes arrivent. Elles se couchent. L'hyène commence à uriner. Mandiaye alors la pique fortement. -Je veux voir ce qui m'a piqué ! déclare l'animal, et je vais apporter du feu pour mieux voir.

Non ! proteste la guinné, qui fait sortir toutes les bêtes et leur ordonne de s'éloigner.

La guinné a remis à Mandiaye deuxalebasses exactement semblables à celles dont elle avait fait présent à Hammat. Elle lui désigne une en disant:-C'est celle-là, et non pas l'autre, que tu devras briser la première.

Ensuite elle le laisse partir.

Mandiaye, à son retour, reprend au passage la femme à qui il avait promis de la mener jusqu'à l'homme au gros bengala. Sitôt que l'homme a aperçu celle-ci, il s'est excité et est entré dans la calebasse de la femme, lui et ses cent ânes. Peuh ! a déclaré la femme, cela ne me suffit pas !

Au milieu de sa route, Mandiaye a cassé tout d'abord la secondealebasse, celle-là même que la guinné lui avait recommandé expressément de ne casser qu'en dernier lieu. Toutes les bêtes en sont sorties; elles se sont jetées sur lui et l'ont dévoré. C'est fini.

Translation: Story (70)

Hammat and Mandiaye

A Wolof village head had two wives each of whom had given him a son. One of the children was called Hammat and the other was called Mandiaye.

When Hammat reached the age of puberty, his mother died. After a little time, then it was the turn of his father to die. Before his death he had designated Mandiaye as his successor as head of the village, and declared he did not wish to leave anything to Hammat.

The latter went to find an old man, a hundred years old at least, and asked him what he ought to do. The old man advised him to go to the bush, and never return to the village.

Hammat set off, and happened to meet a small jinn. He took the little one by the arm. The child cried, and its mother came running.

"Are you the one called Hammat?" she asked.

Hammat replied that he was.

"I know what there is in your heart," said the jinn, "Come with me; you will stay with us."

Hammat remained three months with the jinn. At the end of this time, she called him. She brought him some couscous to eat, then she made him the present of a little cane. "You are going to leave," she said, "Take this road and travel for two months. There is a jinn who rules our people. Try to reach her without doing anything foolish and remain serious until you have met her."

Hammat set off. A month and twenty three days he was on the road. The jinn had ordered him to say nothing, whatever he met on his path. He found a pot where rice was cooking. When the rice was cooked, the pot turned over, then put itself on the fire full of new rice to be cooked.

Hammat watched, but did not breathe a word.

The pot then asked him: "If you meet someone on your way, what will you tell him that you have seen?"

"I will tell him," replied Hammat, "that I met my mother who was cooking rice, and that she gave me some to eat."

The pot then gave him some rice and he ate it. Then she said to him: "It is well, my son. Leave, and have a good trip."

Hammat continued on his way. After an hour he saw a man, who was brandishing his bengala (penis) like a stick, and striking a baobab tree with it, knocked it down with a blow.

Hammat stayed there for a while. The man asked him:

"If you meet someone, what will you tell him?"

"I will tell him," replied Hammat, "that I met my father who was knocking down baobab fruit, and that he gave me some."

"Very good," said the man. And gave him some baobab fruit which Hammat ate. When he had finished eating, the man look leave of him wishing him a good journey.

Hammat walked for six more days. There was only one day to go before he reached the queen of the jinns. At this moment he met a woman beside a well.

Hammat was very thirsty. He asked the woman for water. She used her own calabash (vagina) as a recipient, to offer him a drink. Hammat drank without hesitation from this new kind of recipient, and the woman asked him: "If you meet someone, what will you tell him?"

"That I saw a woman, a fine woman! That I asked her for water, and she gave it to me without reluctance."

"That is fine. So, a good journey."

Hammat then met a man who was leading with him a hundred donkeys. He had loaded his bengala (penis) on these hundred animals. When he had an erection, the donkeys fell down. When it passed, they got up again.

"What will you say," he asked Hammat, "if you happen to meet someone ?"

"I will tell him that I saw a man who was leading a hundred donkeys, and that he had loaded them with a single load, and that that man had given me food to eat."

The men then gave him something to eat. "Good," said he, "it is fine. Good journey."

Hammat continued his way and met a woman who was stretched out on the ground. For a year she had not had intercourse. Near her were a hundred little girls, with calabashes, who were collecting the liquid which came from her vagina, to pour it back.

The woman asked him what he would say if he met someone on the road. Hammat replied that he would say he had met a fine woman who had first given him something to eat, and then water to drink.

The woman gave him something to drink and to eat, then said to him:

"I know what is in your heart. You are going to visit the queen of the jinns. You will reach her today. She has, for her first son, the elephant, for a second son, the lion ; for the third and fourth, the leopard and hyena and for the fifth, the snake. You will not find them at her place, for they will have gone into the bush. "

Hammat arrived near a village, and found the queen of the jinns. She had only one leg, one arm, one ear, one eye and one nostril. Her back was as sharp as a razor. When Hammat presented himself before her, she had drawn water to wash her body.

Hammat wished her 'Goodday'. The jinn replied:

"Are you the one called Hammat ?" "Yes" "Good, come and wash my back a little." Hammat began to rub the sharp back of the jinn, and cut his hands deeply. But he continued his work nevertheless. When he had finished, the jinn licked his hands which became whole again as before.

"My back or that of your mother," she asked him "which is the better ?"

"Yours ! " replied Hammat.

Then the jinn ordered him to follow her, and they went together to the house of the queen. "It is you who are going to prepare the food today," she told him. She took out an old bone stripped of meat and as dry as if it had been three years since it was stripped. "Put that in the pot with water ! " Hassan obeyed. He added what was necessary for the couscous, for the millet was already pounded. Before the couscous was ready, the bone was already covered with meat, so as to fill the pot completely.

When all was ready, Hammat brought the couscous and the meat to the queen of the jinns and they began to eat.

Then the jinn gave Hammat a needle. "My five sons," she told him, "have gone to the bush, and they have not yet come back. You will sleep with me in the house. That is why I am giving you this needle. You will stretch out under the bed. If the hyena commences to urinate, you will prick him lightly.

The hyena and the other children of the jinn returned. The hyena sniffed around and asked "What is it that is smelling so ? It smells like a man here."

"You are mad ! " replied the jinn "What would a man seek in our place ?"

Everyone lay down, and soon the hyena began to urinate. Then Hammat pricked him lightly. "Oh," said the animal, "There is something stinging me." After two or three pricks she called her brothers: "We are going to go out," he said, "for today there is something on the bed that is stinging me."

The hyena, the elephant, the snake, the lion, and the leopard all left. After they had gone, Hammat told the queen of the jinns all that his brother had done to him.

The next morning the jinn gave him two little round calabashes like those in which one puts tobacco and told him to break the first after a month's

walking. And for the second, he should not break it until he arrived near his village.

When Hammat was half way, he broke the first calabash. He saw come out of it oxen, horses, and warriors in large numbers. All these accompanied him. All belonged to him.

He continued his way until he arrived in sight of his village. Then he broke the second calabash, but from this there came only animals which eat man , elephants, lions, hyenas....

Already the soldiers who accompanied Hammat killed all these creatures.

Hammat entered the village. He asked the people of neighboring provinces to join him. He spoke to them, and they agreed to put Hammat in Mandiaye's place as chief.

Then the mother of the latter said to her son: "Hammat has learnt to act so as to obtain everything. He is the chief now, and it is he who rules us. Why don't you set out also ?

Mandiaye went to find Hammat. He asks him how he has acted so as to acquire all that he possesses. Hammat informs him. Then Mandiaye sets off.

First he meets the little jinn that Hammat had found first of all on the way. He strikes him a blow, seizes him and ties him up. The mother of the little one runs up: "Ah, " she says " is this the way you act. You will not have Hammat's luck ! However she gives him the same advice as that given earlier to his brother.

Mandiaye goes on his way. Soon he finds the marvellous pot.

"What will you say of me when you meet someone ?" it asks him.

"I will say that I have seen a pot which was cooking rice, then emptied itself, and began to cook other rice, and empty itself again."

"Well, you can go, but you will not have as good a journey as Hammat !"

Mandiaye then met the man who knocks down baobabs with his bengala:

"What will you tell about me to those that you meet ?"

"I will say I have seen a man knock over baobabs with his penis !"

"Good. Go on your way. You will not have a fortunate journey."

Mandiaye passed near the woman who drew water with her tiaper. Indeed, is that the way you draw water ? " "Yes !" "Well, I don't want water drawn in the vagina of a woman ! "

"Go on ! Your journey will not be fortunate like that of Hammat !"

He then met the man who loads a hundred donkeys with his one bengala -

He exclaimed, "I have never seen such a thing."

"And what will you say to those you meet ?"

"That it is the first time I have seen a man who needs a hundred donkeys to carry his penis !"

"Continue on your way ! You will not have as good a journey as Hammat !"

Mandiaye went further on and found the woman for whom water which flowed from her vagina was returned to her body. He exclaimed again that he had never seen anything like it. "You, he said to the woman, "you are suitable for marrying the man with the large bengala that I met on the road, and who needs a hundred donkeys to carry his penis. You are in heat like him."

"Where did you meet this man ?" asked the woman with avid curiosity.

"On the way, over there ! "

Well, on your return I shall accompany you and you will show me this man.

Mandiaye finally arrived at the place of the queen jinn. He saw at once that she had only one leg, one arm and one ear.

"Ah," he said "do you rule the jinns ? Until now I have never seen anyone as ugly as you ! "

"You should rub my back like Hammat did," said the queen jinn.

But Mandiaya who saw her back as sharp as a razor:

"No," he cried, " I will never touch that !"

The queen jinn then gave him the bone and the millet already pounded to flour, saying: "It is you who will cook for us today."

"How can this bone garnish with meat ?"asked Mandiaye.

"That does not concern you ! Put it in the pot and prepare the couscous !

Mandiaye prepares the food. When all is ready, he brings it to the jinn.

She then says to him: "My children are going to return, but pay attention, for if they see you, they are going to devour you !"

She gives Mandiaye a needle, as she had done for Hammat, and told him to place himself under the bed: "If the hyena begins to urinate, she instructed him, you will prick it lightly..not toohard."

The animals arrive. They lie down. The hyena begins to urinate. Mandiaye then pricks it strongly. "I want to see what has pricked me ! " declared the animal, and I am going to bring fire [a light] to see better.

"No !" protested the jinn, who had all the animals go out, and ordered them to go away.

The jinn gave Mandiaye two calabashes exactly like those she had given to Hammat. She pointed out one saying: "This is the one, and not the other, that you should break first." Then she let him leave.

Mandiaye on his return, picked up the woman whom he had promised to lead to the man with the large bengala. As soon as the man saw her, he was excited and entered into the woman's "calabash", he and his one hundred donkeys. "Peuh," declared the woman, "that doesn't satisfy me."

In the middle of the journey, Mandiaye broke first of all the second calabash, that the the jinn had told him clearly to not break until last.
wild
All the/animals came out of it, threw themselves on him and devoured him.
That's the end.

Source: Blaise Cendrars: Anthologie nègre, 1947,¹
p. 289.

No. 79

Les Incongrus

A N'Dougoumane, près de Kahone, dans le Saloum, il y avait une Ouolove qu'on appelait Koumba N'Daô.

A la même époque vivait dans le Diolof, au village de Sagata, un Ouolof nommé Mademba Dieng.

Lorsque Koumba pétait, tout ce que son souffle rencontrait sur son passage était brisé comme un fêtu. Aussi l'expulsa-t-on de son village, car son canon naturel avait estropié quantité de gens.

Mademba avait dû déguerpir de Sagata pour le même motif.

Tous deux se rencontrèrent dans la brousse. - Pourquoi te trouves-tu ici ? interrogea Mademba.

Koumba répondit: On m'a forcée à quitter mon village parce que chaque fois que je pétai je tuais quantité de gens.

-Tiens ! s'est exclamé Mademba, c'est justement pour cela qu'on m'a chassé du mien !

Ils se sont mariés et ont vécu ensemble près d'une année. Un jour ils se querellent: Koumba pète et atteint Mademba à la jambe. Voilà la jambe cassée. Alors, redoutant la fureur de son mari, Koumba a pris la fuite.

Mademba est resté à pleurer dans sa case. Quelqu'un passe qui lui demande: - Qu'as-tu donc à pleurer ? - Ah ! gémit l'autre, c'est que ma femme m'a cassé la jambe en pétant dessus: je voudrais qu'on me braque le derrière dans la direction qu'elle a prise en s'enfuyant pour qu'à mon tour je pète et lui casse une jambe aussi.

Le passant lui rend le service demandé. Mademba tonne alors dans la direction de Koumba.

Déjà celle-ci avait atteint un village. On entend arriver le pet de Mademba avec un fracas de tonnerre.

- Qu'y a-t-il ? Mais qu'y a-t-il donc ? se demandent les villageois épouvantés.

- C'est mon mari qui pète de la sorte, leur explique Koumba.

Le pet fit irruption dans le village. Koumba, la première tombe morte et, avec elle, tous ceux qui se trouvaient dans son voisinage. Le village prend feu.

Pendant sept ans, le pet a tourbillonné au-dessus des ruines comme l'air sur le passage d'un guinné. Puis il est remonté dans le ciel et tout a été fini.

1 This story was taken from:
F.V.Equilbecq: Contes Indigènes de l'Ouest-Africain Français. 1915, pp.168-170.

Conté par Ousman Guissé, griot torodo. Dubreka, 1910.

Translation

Story (71)

The Incongruous

At N'Dougoumane, near Kahone, in Saloum, there was a Wolof woman called Koumba N'Dao.

At the same time there lived in Diolof, in the village of Sagata, a Wolof called Mademba Dieng.

When Koumba farted, everything that her wind met on its passage was broken like a straw. So she was driven out of her village, for her natural canon had crippled a series of people.

Mademba had to quit Sagata for the same reason.

They met each other in the bush. "Why do you happen to be here ?" asked Mademba.

Koumba replied: "I was forced to leave my village because each time that I farted I killed a bunch of people."

"Well," exclaimed Mademba, "it is exactly for that that I was driven from mine."

They married and lived together almost a year. One day they quarreled. Koumba farted and hit Mademba on the leg. The leg was broken. Then, fearing the anger of her husband, Koumba took flight.

Mademba remained weeping in his house. Someone passing by asks him: "What are you crying about ?" "Ah ! " groaned the other, " my wife has broken my leg by farting : I want someone to point my behind in the direction she has taken in flight so that in my turn I can fart and break her leg also."

The passer-by did the service required. Mademba thundered in the direction of Koumba. Already she had reached a village. They heard the fart of Mademba come with the noise of thunder.

"What is it ? What is it then ? " the terrified villagers asked themselves.

"It is my husband who is farting in that way," explained Koumba.

The fart burst into the village. Koumba first fell dead, and with her, all who found themselves near her. The village caught fire.

For seven years, the fart whirled above the ruins like the air
1₁
with the passage of a jinn. Then it rose into the sky and all was finished.

1 DPG: Moving whirlwinds which are often seen in the savanna in the dry season, are regarded as spirits in motion.

(1) DILEMMA STORIES

		Date	Pages
72	The Man with the Hen	1885	268-270
73	Three Young Men	1933	271
74	The Three Sambas	1933	272
75	Sadigali	1933	273-278

Two lengthy dilemma stories (not reproduced here) - Wolof text and French translation, collected at Yangyang from M. Lakhe Demba Babakar, are given in:

Sauvageot, Serge: Description Synchronique d'un Dialecte Wolof: Le Parler du Dyolof.
 Memoires de l'Institut Francais d'Afrique Noire,
 No. 73.
 Dakar, 1965.

Fatu Len pp. 220-227.

Saddigan pp. 227-237.

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

L'Homme à la Poule

240 Il y avait un homme dans les environs de Kahone dans le Saloum qui pouvait se flatter d'être très favorisé du Ciel; en effet, quoique déjà âgé, il avait encore sa mère bien portante; et cette vieille femme avait une étrange qualité; elle prenait un peu de sable devant sa case tous les matins et, le mettant dans un plat, elle le transformait en excellent couscous.

Cet homme avait aussi un fils qui, tous les jours au moment du repas, lançait une flèche en l'air et en rapportait une volaille toute cuite, ou bien un morceau de viande tout apprêté.

Il avait aussi un coq qui en grattant la terre lui trouvait tous les jours dix gros d'or qu'il lui portait; une vache qui lui 241 faisait un veau tous les matins; une chèvre qui au lieu de lait donnait du vin de palme en abondance; enfin un cotonnier qui avait tous les matins dix pagnes très beaux en guise de gousses à coton sur ses branches.

Cet homme était heureux; il était un jour couché dans son lougan et faisait sa sieste après dîner quand il est éveillé par un grand bruit.

Un malfaiteur insultait sa mère et cherchait à l'enlever pour aller la vendre comme captive. Son enfant effrayé était tombé dans le puits et était près de se noyer.

Un lion s'emparait de sa vache pour la manger.

Un chacal qui suivait le lion allait croquer le coq.

Le chèvre effrayée s'était embarrassée dans sa corde et

et s'étranglait.

Enfin le feu prenait à un tas de paille placé sous le cotonnier et l'aurait bientôt rôti.

Que devait faire le pauvre homme ?

(72)

Translation: Bérénger-Féraud: L'Homme à la PouleThe Man with the Hen

There was once a man in the neighborhood of Kahone in Saloum who could flatter himself as being favored by Heaven; in fact, although already old, he had his mother still in good health; and this old woman had a strange power; she would take a little sand in front of the house every morning, and, putting it in a dish, would transform it into excellent couscous.

This man had also a son who, every day at mealtimes, would fire an arrow into the air, which would bring back a fowl already cooked, or a piece of meat all prepared.

He had also a cock which by scratching the earth would find for him every day [?] ten pieces of gold which it brought to him; a cow which produced a calf every morning; a goat which instead of milk used to give abundant palm wine; and finally a cotton ^{plant} ~~tree~~ which every morning had ten beautiful pagnes (cloths) instead of pods on its branches.

This man was happy; one day he was resting on his farm, and having his siesta after dinner when he was awakened by a great noise.

An evil-doer was insulting his mother, and trying to carry her off to sell her as a slave. His terrified child had fallen down the well and was on the point of drowning. A lion was seizing his cow to eat her. A jackal which was following the lion was going to devour the cock. The terrified goat was tangled up in its cord and was being strangled. Finally fire had broken out in a heap of straw under the cotton plant and would soon consume it. What ought the poor man to do ?

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p. 51.

LES TROIS JEUNES GENS

Ils allaient voir une fille, chacun portant son talisman.

Le premier avait une peau de bête qui vous transportait dans les airs à toute distance.

Le second avait une longue-vue merveilleuse.

Le troisième avait une poudre qui ressuscitait les morts.

Du haut d'une colline, la longue-vue leur fit apercevoir la fille morte et qu'on mettait en terre. La peau les transporta au cimetière. La poudre ressuscita la morte.

A qui appartient la fille ?

Translation: The Three Young Men

They were going to see a girl, each carrying a magical charm.

The first had an animal skin which would carry you through the air for any distance.

The second had a marvelous telescope.

The third had a powder which would revive the dead.

From the top of a hill, the telescope enabled them to see the girl dead and about to be buried. The skin transported them to the cemetery. The powder revived the dead girl.

Who should have the girl ?

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p.51.

(59)

LES TROIS SAMBA

Il y avait Samba Djidbri, l'homme au gros ventre; Samba Tiévyél, l'homme aux jambes fines, et Samba Didjibop, l'homme à la grosse tête. Ils cherchaient des pains de singe. L'homme aux longues jambes grimpa à l'arbre et fit tomber un pain dont l'homme au gros ventre s'empara. L'homme aux longues jambes se précipita de là-haut et creva le ventre de Didjibri qui en mourut. Samba Tiévyél mourut aussi les jambes brisées.

Samba Didjibop a raconté l'histoire au village. Il en est resté stupide et, en racontant, il secoue sa grosse tête qui se décolle et tombe dans unealebasse.

(Raconté par A. SADJI).

Translation:

The Three Sambas

There were Samba Djidbri, the man with a large stomach; Samba Tievyel, the man with thin legs, and Samba Didjibop, the man with the big head. They were looking for baobab fruit (monkey bread). The man with the long legs climbed the tree and dropped down a fruit which the man with the big belly seized. The man with the long legs jumped down from above, and split open the belly of Didjibri who died from it. Samba Tievyel died also, his legs broken. Samba Didjibop told the story in the village. He was stunned by it, and in telling it, shook his large head which came off and fell in a calabash.

Source: René Guillot: Contes d'Afrique, 1933, p. 87.

SADIGALI

Sadigali était un géant qui vivait de sa chasse. Il habitait dans le creux d'un baobab avec deux de ses amis.

Le premier jour de la chasse, Sadigali partit avec un de ses compagnons, tandis que l'autre restait sous l'arbre à préparer le repas.

Quand le géant revint, il trouva des calebasses vides qui avaient été grattées jusqu'au fond si bien qu'il n'y restait plus trace de nourriture, et il se mit en grande colère.

- Le diable du baobab est descendu de son arbre, dit le compagnon, il a mangé tout le riz et toute la viande que j'avais préparés.

Sadigali, le deuxième jour de chasse, laissa auprès du baobab le deuxième compagnon et emmena avec lui celui qu'il soupçonnait de lui avoir, la veille, joué un mauvais tour.

En revenant de la chasse, Sadigali trouva encore les calebasses vides, et le compagnon qui l'attendait, lui parla aussi du diable qui était descendu de son arbre.

Le troisième jour, Sadigali n'alla pas à la chasse et c'est lui qui resta au pied de l'arbre, à cuire le repas.

A l'heure de midi, quand les chasseurs revinrent, ils virent un beau combat autour du feu, une lutte terrible de Sadigali et du diable. Ils s'approchèrent comme Sadigali qui avait saisi le diable à bras-le-corps, l'écrasait contre les racines de l'arbre.

Et de chanter:

Sadigali, tu es un champion

Toi qui terrasses le baobab

Ensemble, avec le diable

Sadigali, tu es un champion.

Car Sadigali était doué d'une telle force, que dans le choc, le baobab avait été déraciné, projeté en l'air et s'en était allé tomber dans l'oeil d'un bébé porté au dos de sa mère.

Mais c'était le bébé géant d'une femme géante. Le baobab entra dans l'oeil, et le petit n'avait pas fini de pousser son cri que l'arbre avait fondu, sous la paupière, dans cette eau tiède qu'on a dans l'oeil.

Au cri de son enfant, la mère entra dans une colère terrible et arracha des arbres et des pierres énormes à la colline, pour écraser Sadigali et ses deux compagnons.

Les trois hommes prirent la fuite, poursuivis par la femme qui criait avec une voie étonnante.

La course dura longtemps; Sadigali et ses amis avaient de l'avance, mais pourtant, la femme allait les rejoindre, quand, épuisés, ils aperçurent auprès d'un puits, un berger lépreux qui faisait boire ses bêtes. Ils le supplièrent de leur donner un refuge.

L'un après l'autre le berger les prit du bout des doigts, et les cacha dans un pli d'étoffe, en roulant un peu la cotonnade de son pantalon autour de sa ceinture de corde.

La femme, en arrivant au puits devina bien que Sadigali et ses compagnons s'étaient cachés par là. Elle le demanda au berger qui ne voulut rien dire.

Alors, la femme se battit avec le lépreux, ils se lancèrent des choses énormes, et jusqu'à des morceaux de montagne, mais c'est le berger qui eut le dessus, et la femme abandonna la lutte.

Quand elle fut loin, le lépreux dénoua sa ceinture pour rendre la liberté à Sadigali et à ses deux amis.

Il ne restait plus trace des deux hommes, ils avaient été dévorés, engloutis, pour les poux du berger.

Avant que le conte ne s'en aille à la mer, on demande lequel était le plus fort, de celui qui arrachait des arbres, de l'enfant qui faisait fondre un

baobab dans l'eau de son oeil, de la femme qui jetait des montagnes, ou du
berger dont les poux mangeaient des hommes ?

(Raconté par A. Sadjî).

Translation:

Story (75)

SADIGALI

Sadigali was a giant who lived by hunting. He lived in the hollow of a baobab tree with two of his friends.

The first day of the hunting, Sadigali went with one of his companions, while the other remained under the tree to prepare the meal.

When the giant returned, he found empty calabashes, which had been scratched right down to the bottom, so that there did not remain any trace of food, and he became extremely angry.

"The devil of the baobab came down from his tree," said his friend, and ate all the rice and all the meat that I had prepared."

Sadigali, the second day of hunting, left his second companion at the baobab tree, and took with him the one he suspected of having, on the previous day, played him a bad trick.

On returning from the hunt, Sadigali again found the calabashes empty, and the friend who was waiting for him, told him also of the devil who had come down from his tree.

The third day, Sadigali did not go hunting, and it was he who stayed at the foot of the tree, to cook the meal.

At midday, when the hunters returned, they saw a great combat round the fire, a terrible struggle between Sadigali and the devil. They approached as Sadgali, who had seized the devil round the waist was crushing him against the roots of the tree, and singing:

Sadigali, you are a champion,
You who knock down the baobab,
Together with the devil,
Sadigali, you are a champion.

For Sadigali, was endowed with such strength, that with the impact, the baobab tree had been uprooted, tossed in the air, and was about to fall in

the eye of a baby carried on the back of its mother.

But it was a baby giant of a female giant. The baobab tree went into its eye, but the child hadn't finished uttering its cry, when the tree had dissolved, under the eyelid, in the tepid water that one has in the eye.

At the cry of her child, the mother became terribly angry, and tore up the trees and enormous rocks from the hill, to crush Sadigali and his two companions.

The three men took flight, pursued by the woman who was shouting with a gigantic voice.

The chase lasted long. Sadigali and his friends were ahead, yet however, the woman was about to catch them, when, exhausted they saw near a well, a leprous herder who was watering his animals. They begged him to provide them with a safe place.

One after the other the herder took them with the ends of his fingers, and hid them in a piece of material, by rolling a little of the cotton cloth of his trousers around his cord belt.

The woman, arriving at the well, guessed that Sadigali and his companions had been hidden there. She asked the herdsman, who would say nothing.

Then the woman struggled with the leper, they threw enormous things at each other, as much as pieces of mountain, but it was the herdsman who had the upper hand, and the woman left the struggle.

When she was far off, the leper loosened his belt to free Sadigali and his two friends.

There was no longer any trace of the two men, they had been devoured, swallowed up by the herdsman's lice.

Before the story goes away into the sea, it is asked which was the strongest, the one who tore up the tress, the baby who made a baobab dissolve

in his tears, the woman who threw mountains, or the herdsman whose lice devoured men.

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N.B. Wolf = Hyaena
Rabbit = Hare

(76)

The monkey and the bean farm

There was a man who had a farm of beans. When his beans were ripe a monkey came and stole some. In the farm was an ant hill. On this ant hill the monkey used to enjoy the beans he stole from the farm. The monkey raided the farm three times causing much damage to it. Each time he ate the beans on the ant hill. The farmer saw that the person causing damage to his farm was eating the crop on the ant hill. The farmer therefore chopped down the ant hill and knelt there himself in disguise.

Soon afterwards the monkey repeated its raids and made for the ant hill with its collection of beans ready for eating. On reaching the spot the monkey sprang and sat on the farmer's head, thinking it to be the ant hill. The monkey after eating the beans, started to look at the object on which it was sitting and suddenly touched the farmer's ears. There were some other monkeys on the other side of the farm. The monkey on the farmer's head shouted to them saying "Do ant hills possess ears ?" His companions replied "Get down quickly or else you will be caught." As it made ready to spring the farmer caught it, and the monkey shouted to its companions "What you were expecting has happened. I have been caught. I shall not be safe."

1 Mr. A. K. Seka (Secka), who is no longer alive, came from Banjul, and was my interpreter and assistant at Njau, Upper Salum, in 1950. My work there consisted of a socio-economic survey, and was financed both by Colonial Development and Welfare Funds and funds from the Gambia Government. No attempt was then made to collect folktales systematically. On reviewing my notes, I find that I assumed that these were stories he knew himself rather than stories collected from informants at Njau.

However a story similar to # was recorded by Emil A. Magel at Bati Hai near Njau (1044A, pp. 416-418 in "Hare and Hyena: Symbols of Honor and Shame in the Oral Narratives of the Wolof of the Senegambia." Ph.D. Dissertation, 1977).