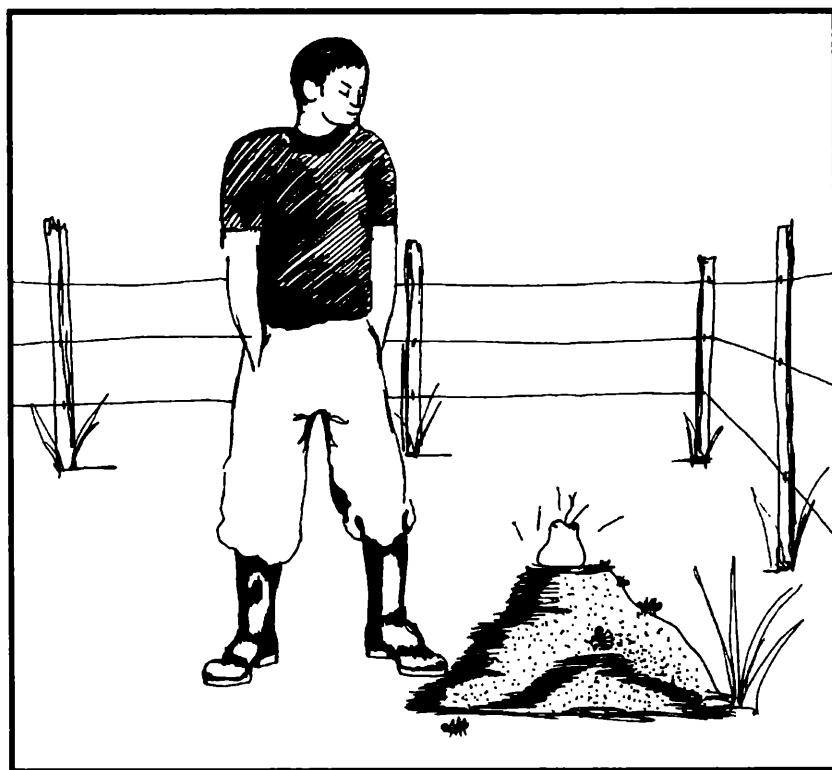


Layzi Saiman



**Adapted from a narration by
Maria (“Nettie”) Wade**

**With illustrations by
David Anderson**

[An English translation can be found in the back of this book.]

Composition and format: Naomi Glock
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Assistants: Paul and Cindy Crosbie

“Miss Nettie” Wade lived by the lagoon in the village of Crooked Tree. She was beloved by all and known for her generosity. She has been sorely missed since her death in 2004.

This story was recorded during a Kriol Writers Training Workshop held in Crooked Tree Village under the auspices of the Belize Kriol Project.

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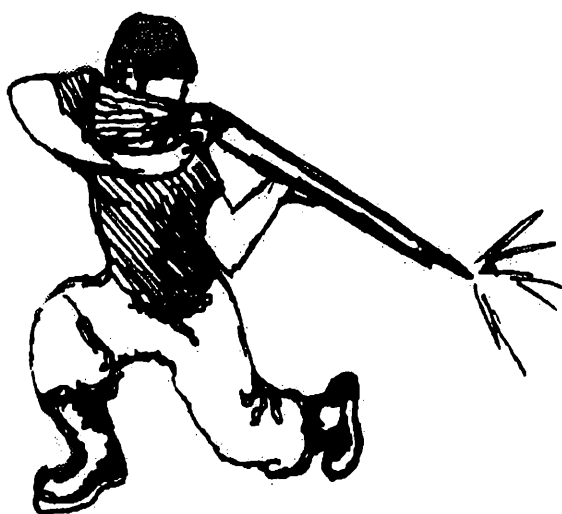


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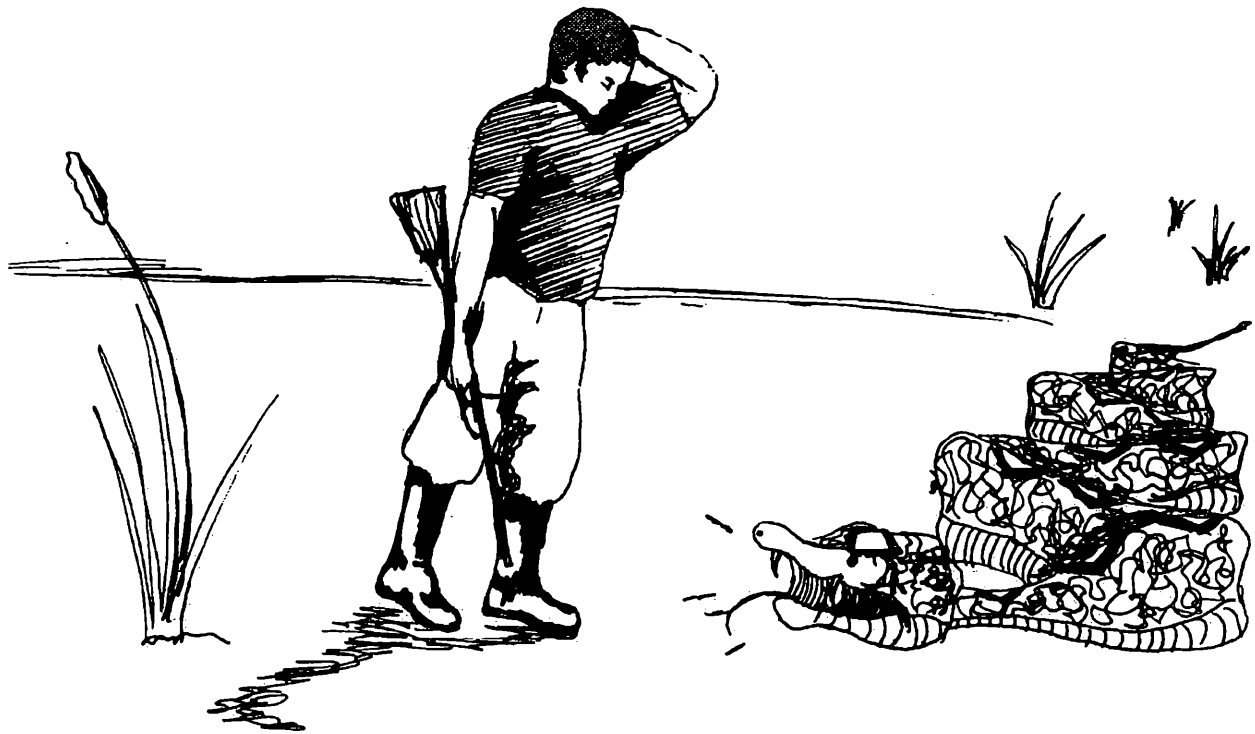
Dis da wahn taim wen taim da-mi taim.
Dehn mi ga wahn bwai weh mi oanli layzi. Ih
pa gi ahn wahn gon, soh ih gaan da bush fi goh
hontin.

Wen ih gaan, ih lidong bai wahn chree root
fi tek wahn lee res.



Ahn wen ih luk, ih si ahn big snayk. Ih get
op an ih shat ahn. Ahn wen ih don shat di
snayk, ih grab ih gon fi ron hoam bak.

Bot den ih hyaa wahn vais bak a ahn. Bot
wen ih luk rong, ih neva si nobadi. Ih oanli si
di snayk pan di grong.



An di snayk seh,

"Kohn pik mi op, kohn pik mi op,
Yu Saiman Dudu, yu layzi bwai.
Kohn pik mi op, kohn pik mi op.
Mm, mmm."

Bot di bwai neva stap.

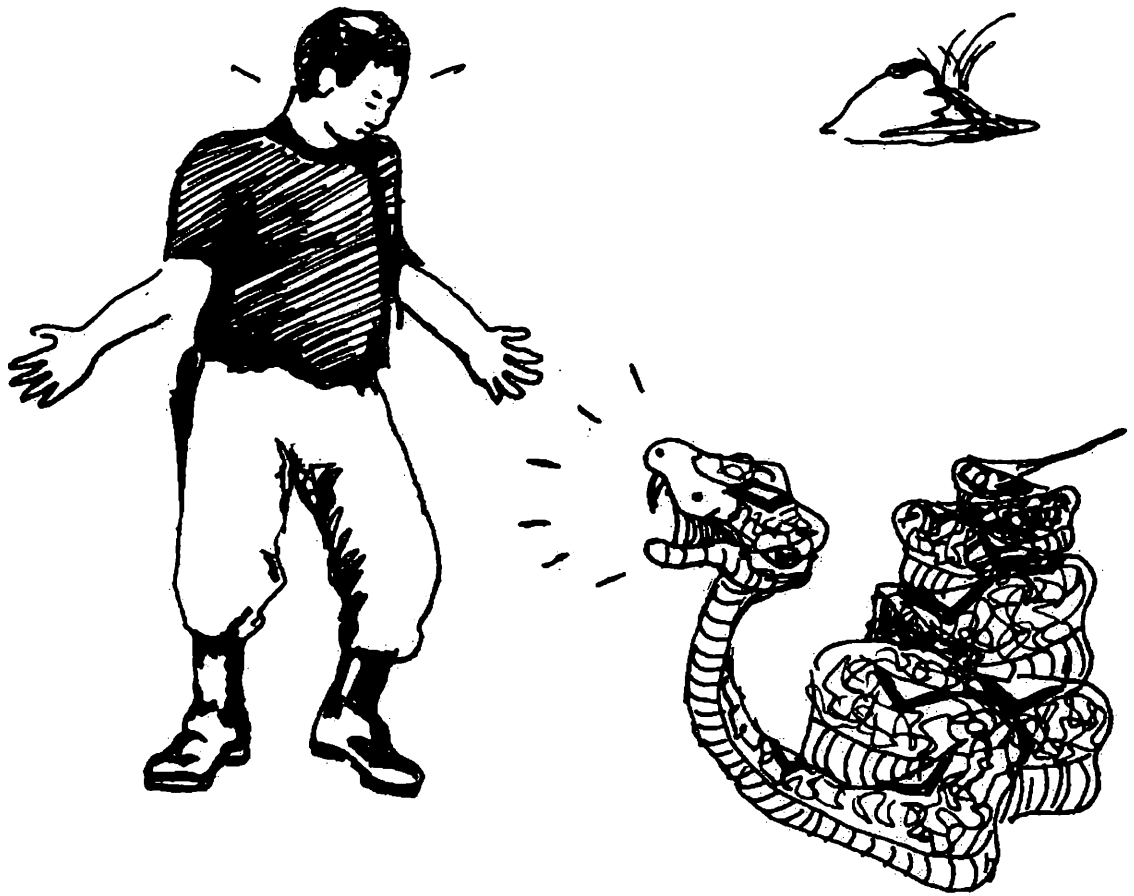
Soh di snayk jomp pan ahn, ahn rap rong
ih nek.



Soh Saiman ron hoahn wid di snayk rong ih nek.

Wen ih reech hoahn, ih ma seh, "Wehpaa yu gwain wid da big ded snayk?"

An ih seh, "Di snayk noh ded, yu noa. Ih ku taak."

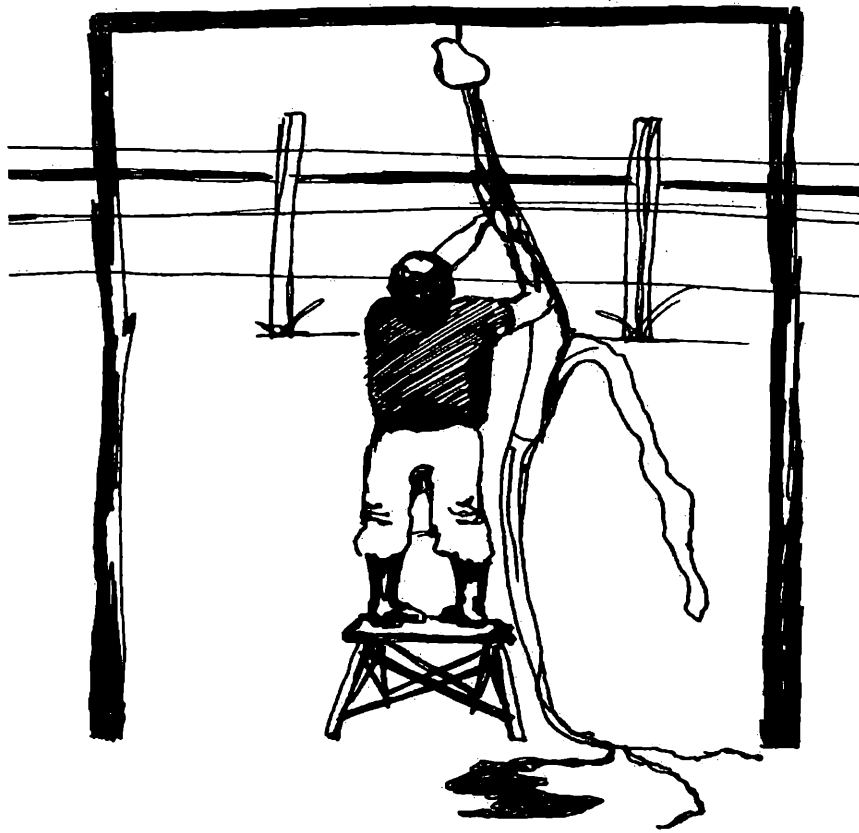


An den di snayk kohn aaf a ih nek an ih
seh:

"Kohn skin mi now, kohn skin mi
now,

Yu Saiman Dudu, yu layzi bwai.
Kohn skin mi now, kohn skin mi
now.

Mm, mmm."



Soh ih skin di snayk.

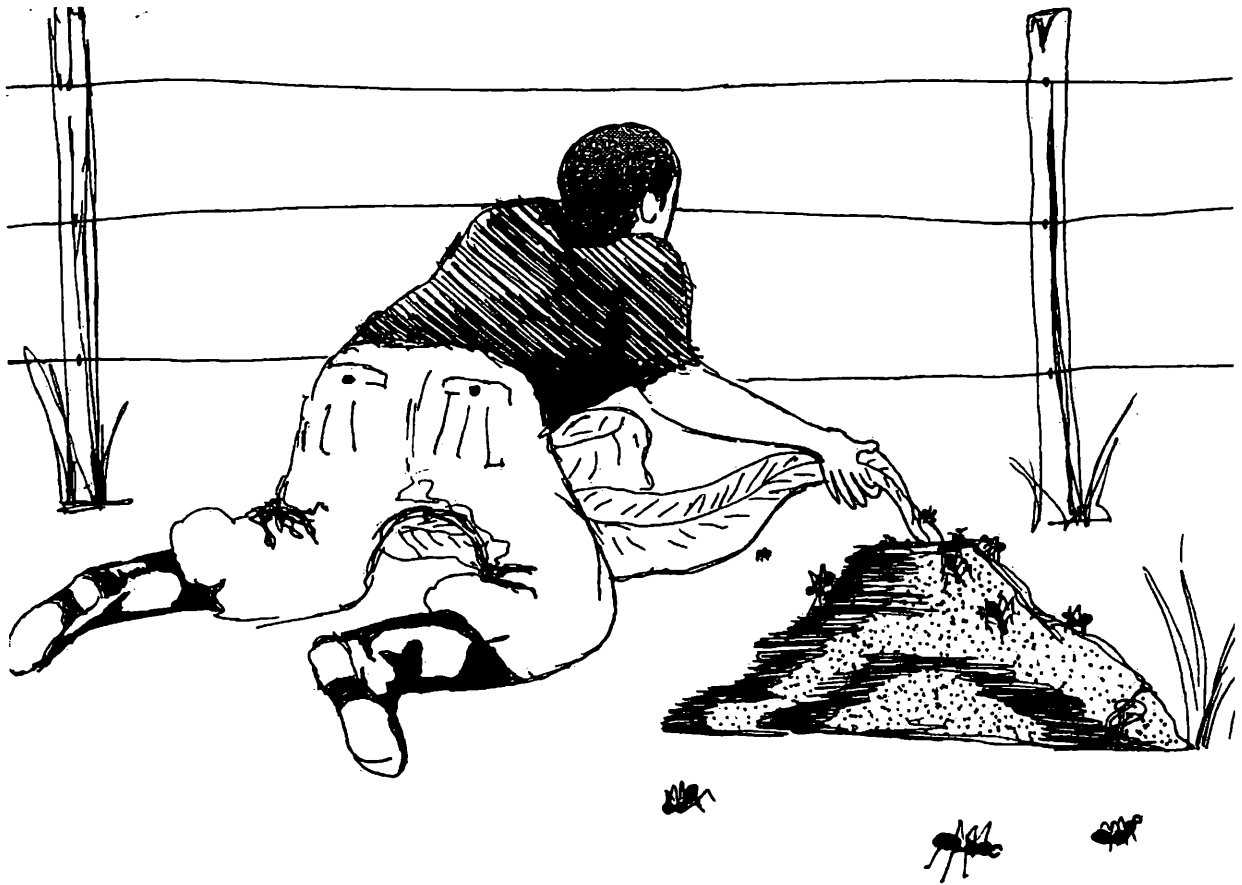
An den di snayk seh,

"Kohn beri mi now, kohn beri mi
now,

Yu Saiman Dudu, yu layzi bwai.

Kohn beri mi now, kohn beri mi
now.

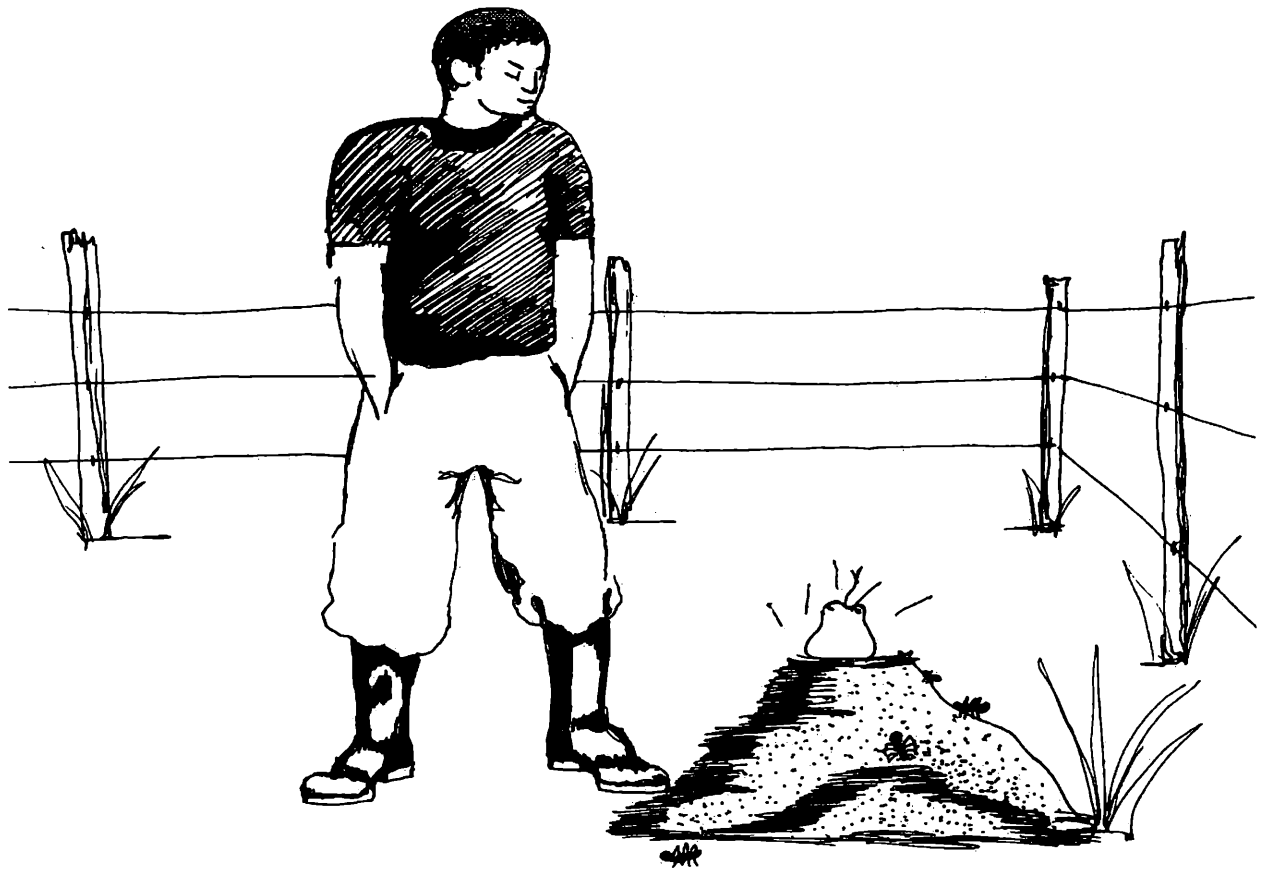
Mm, mmm."



Bot Saiman mi soh layzi, ih neva waahn dig no hoal. Soh ih mi noa weh wahn weewi hoal mi deh.

Soh ih pik op di snayk an ih kehr ahn, an ih jrap ahn dong di weewi hoal.

Bot ih neva kehr di skin.



Soh di snayk tel ahn,

"Goh bring mi skin, goh bring mi
skin,

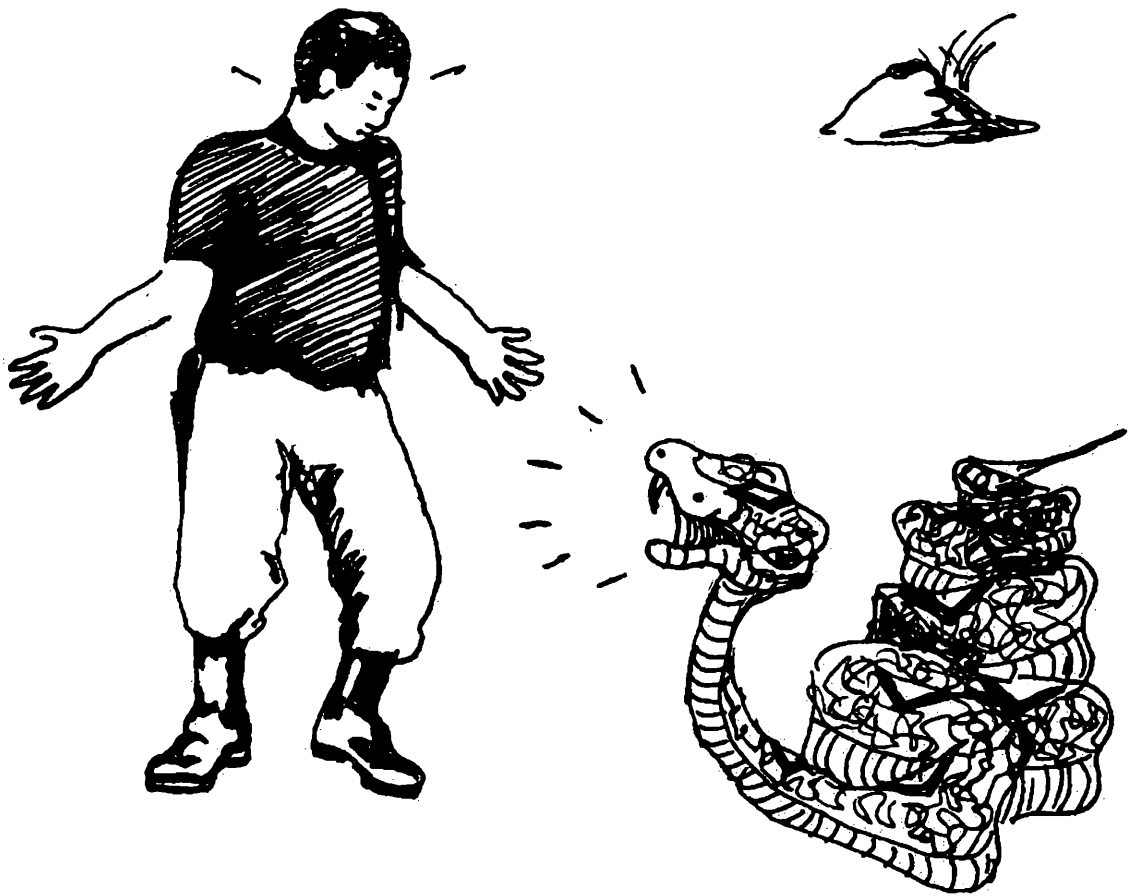
Yu Saiman Dudu, yu layzi bwai.

Goh bring mi skin, goh bring mi
skin.

Mm, mmm."

Soh ih gaahn bak gaahn geh di skin,
kaa ih mi frayd fi di snayk.

An ih jrap di skin eena di hoal.



An di snayk tel ahn, "Yu noa wai Ah du yu dis? Bikaa yu tu layzi. Di neks taim wen yu ma tel yu fi du sohnting, yu du it. Bikaa if Ah hafu kohn bak, Ah wahn du yu sohnting plenti wosara dan dis."

Soh Saiman ron gaahn hoahn.

Ahn fahn da day, Saiman laan ih lesn. Ih neva layzi nohmoh.

Lazy Simon

Once upon a time there was a boy who was very lazy. His father gave him a gun, so he went to the bush to hunt. When he got there, he lay down by the root of a tree to take a little rest.

When he looked up, he saw a big snake. He got up and shot the snake. And then he grabbed his gun to run back home.

But then he heard a voice behind him. When he looked around, he didn't see anyone. He only saw the snake lying on the ground.

And the snake said,

"Come pick me up; come pick me up.
You Simon Dudu, you lazy boy.
Come pick me up; come pick me up.
Mm. Mmm."

But the boy didn't stop, so the snake jumped on him and wrapped around his neck. And Simon ran home with the snake wrapped around his neck.

When he reached home, his mother asked, "Where are you going with that big dead snake?"

Simon answered, "It's not dead, you know. It can talk."

Then the snake came off his neck and said,

"Come skin me now; come skin me now.
You Simon Dudu, you lazy boy.
Come skin me now; come skin me now.
Mm. Mmm."

So Simon skinned the snake. Then the snake said,

"Come bury me now; come bury me now.
You Simon Dudu, you lazy boy.
Come bury me now; come bury me now.
Mm. Mmm."

But Simon was so lazy, he didn't want to dig a hole. He knew where a "weewi" ant hole was, so he picked up the snake and took it to the hole and dropped it inside. But he had left the snake's skin behind.

The snake said:

"Go get my skin; go get my skin;
You Simon Dudu, you lazy boy.
Go get my skin; go get my skin.
Mm. Mmm."

So Simon went and got the skin, because he was afraid of the snake. He dropped the skin in the hole.

Then the snake told him, "Do you know why I am doing this to you? It's because you are too lazy. The next time your mother tells you to do something, you do it; because if I have to come back, I will do something much worse to you."

So Simon ran home. That day he learned his lesson and was never lazy again.