



Sohn Stoari Fahn

Gaylz Paint

(Malanti)

Paat 1

*Some stories from the
village of
Gales Point Manatee*

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Notes:

- In the translation from Kriol to English, a meaning-based translation was used rather than a literal translation. Note also that in narrative conversation in Kriol, the past tense pre-verbal markers “mi” or “mi-di” are often omitted.
- There are variations in the pronunciation of some Kriol words. For instance, the word “frahñ” [from] is often pronounced “fahn”, as in some of these stories from Gales Point. Also in Gales Point, the pronoun ‘mi’ is often used for the first person subject pronoun, rather than “Ah”.
- Gales Point Manatee is most often called “Malanti” by its inhabitants.
- In the Kriol writing system each letter represents just one sound. There are no silent letters. Following is a brief guide to reading some of the more unfamiliar symbols:

‘long a’ = ‘ay’ as in ‘wayt’ (wait)

‘long i’ = ‘ai’ as in ‘bwai’ (boy)

‘long e’ = ‘ee’ as in ‘teeçh’ (teach)

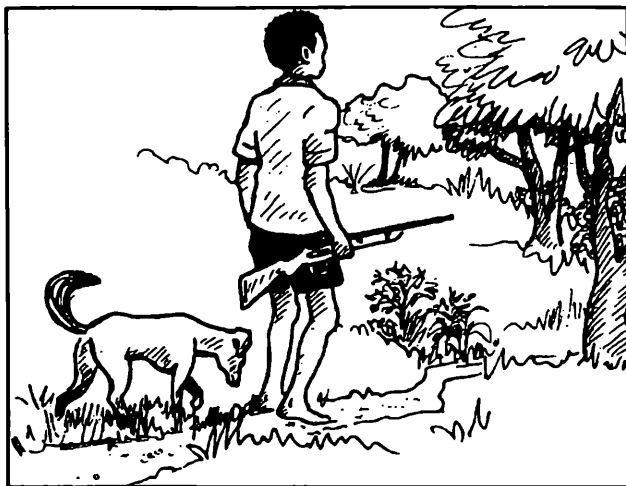
‘long o’ = ‘oa’ as in ‘bloa’ (blow)

‘long u’ = ‘oo’ as in ‘hoo’ (who)

‘double short a’ = ‘aa’ as in ‘yaad’ (yard)

‘tr’ – ‘chr’ as in ‘chrai’ (try)

‘nasalization’ – ‘hn’ nasalizes the vowel as in
‘kohn’ (come)



Wahn Taiga Ekspeeryans

(Paat 1)

bai Allan Andrewin

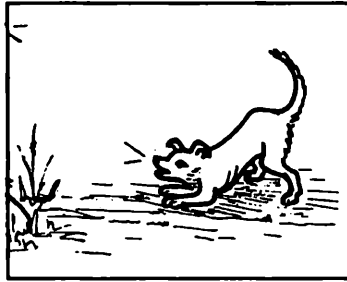
Wen Ah mi yonga, Ah da-mi wahn honta. Ah kil wahn lat a animal. Ah mi ga wahn faam oava da Soalja Krik ahn Ah mi ga sohn gud daag tu. Afta wahn wail Ah geh too nyoo daag. Wan mi nayhn Wanda, ahn wan mi nayhn British.

An Experience with a Jaguar

When I was younger I used to be a hunter. I killed a lot of animals. I had a farm over at Soldier Creek, and I had some good dogs, too. After a while I got two new dogs; one was named Wonder and the other was named British.

Soh wahn day Ah gaahn da Soalja
Krik. Di day mi oanli nais, ahn soh Ah staat
di hont. Ah di hont, Ah di hont. Wel, wen yu
di hont wid daag, dehn aalwayz goh da wahn
chrayl weh fresh, ahn wen sohnting deh
rong deh, dehn moov faas, rait? Dehn di
smel sohnting, soh dehn di moov faasa ahn
faasa.

Sodn-wan di daag dehn begin tu baak.
Wen Ah reech deh, da wahn hamadili hoal.



One day I went to Soldier Creek. It was a very nice day, so I started to hunt. I hunted for quite a while. When you hunt with dogs they always go on a fresh trail, and when something is in the area, they really move fast. They smell something so they move faster and faster.

Suddenly the dogs began to bark. When I reached where they were, I saw an armadillo hole.

Wel, Ah mi ga mi shat beg weh dehn kaal
'malayta', an Ah ga mi siksteen gayj gon.

Wen Ah mi goh hontin mee wan, Ah
kehr mi shatgon wid mi loadid. Soh wen di
daag dehn baak an Ah si di hamadili hoal, Ah
leen op mi malayta ahn mi gon rait deh. Dehn
daag dig bowt ten fut eena di hoal bifoah Ah
sait di hamadili. Bwai, da-mi wahn big wan, ih
ga bowt ayt pong.

Jos laik weh Ah mi seh, Ah mi ga too
nyoo daag, soh Ah di teech dehn how fi hont.
Di oal wan dehn lidong di kool aaf, an Ah

*Well, I had a type of hunting bag called a "malayta",
and I had my sixteen-gauge gun.*

*When I go hunting alone, I carry my gun
loaded. So when the dogs were barking and I saw the
armadillo hole, I put my gun and my 'malayta' aside and
waited. The dogs dug about ten feet into the hole
before I saw the armadillo. It was really a big one -
about eight pounds.*

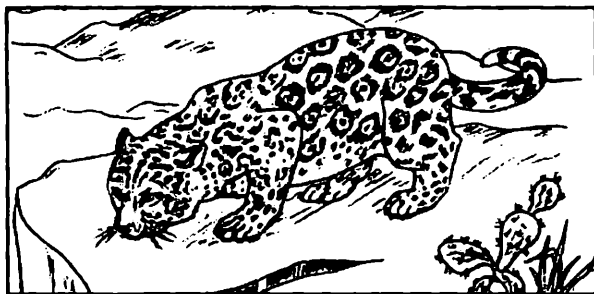
*Well, as I said, I had two new dogs, so I was
teaching them to hunt too. The old dogs were lying
there cooling off, and I wanted to get the new ones*

waahn geh di nyoo wan dehn ahn put dehn
eena di hoal. Dat da di way how yu teech
dehn fi hont. Soh Ah put di fos nyoo wan
weh nayhn Wanda eena di hoal, ahn ih staat
fi dig owt di hamadili. Ah di rilaks gud now,
kaa Ah si di daag oanli di bait ahn dig op di
hamadili.

Wel, di ada wan weh Ah mi ga weh
nayhn British, Ah wahn put hihn neks, yu
noa. Bot hihn oanli di baak ahn di push op
pahn mee. Ah luk rong fi si weh ih di baak
fa. Sayhn plays weh Ah mi leen op mi gon
ahn mi malayta - rait deh, wahn big taiga di

*and put them in the hole. That is the way you teach
them to hunt. So I put the first new dog, the one
named Wonder, in the hole, and he started to dig
out the armadillo. I could really relax now, because I
saw that the dog was already biting at the armadillo
and digging it up.*

*Well, I was planning to put the other new
dog, British, into the hole next, but he was barking
hard and pushing op against me. I turned to see why
he was barking, and right there where I had put my*



staan op di luk pahn mi. Ih mi deh bowt
fifteen fut fahn wehpaa Ah mi deh.

Wen di daag mi staat a baak, Ah
neva di pay ahn no main. Ah tel ahn, "Da
yoo neks. Yoo gwehn da di hoal neks, yu
noa."

Bot wen Ah rayz op mi hed an Ah si
di animal, Ah mi frayd ih wahn mek wahn
leap afta di daag. An Ah staat a baal
"Weeahn, weeaaaahn!" Ah noh noa how di

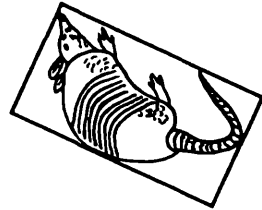
*gun and my hunting bag was a big jaguar looking at
me. It was about fifteen feet away from me.*

*When the dog started to bark, I hadn't paid
any attention to him. I just said, "You're next, you
know! You're going in the hole next!"*

*But when I raised my head and saw the
jaguar, I was afraid it would make a leap after the
dog. So I started to holler: "Weeah! Weeaaaahn!"*

pipl eena di vilij dehn noh yehr mi, bot Ah gaan
aan bad da day, kaa Ah neva kohn soh kloas tu
wahn taiga yet.

Di baal weh Ah baal owt, dat mek Ah noa
taiga frayd fi hyooman. Ah noh noa if ih gaan
anda di grong er op eena di ayr. Aal Ah noa, da
taiga gaahn bowt ih bizniz. Ah put di daag dehn
pahn di chrayl, bot dehn ton rait
bak kohn mes wid di hamadili.



Soh Ah pik op mi hamadili
ahn Ah neva hezitayt ataal. Ah
hed schrayt fi hoahn, an Ah tel di pipl dehn
eena di vilij weh hapm tu mi.

I don't know how people in the village didn't hear me, because I really yelled loud that day. I had never been so close to a jaguar before.

The way the jaguar reacted to my yelling showed me how afraid jaguars are of humans. I don't know if it went underground or up in the air. All I know is that that jaguar went on its way. I put the dogs on its trail, but they turned right back and continued messing with the armadillo.

I didn't wait another minute. I picked up my armadillo and headed for home. When I got there, I told everyone in the village what happened to me.

(Paat 2)

Bowt too weeks afta, Ah si di taiga agen. Ah mi ga wahn tomayto feel rait bai di krik said, ahn mee ahn mi breda gaahn deh. Wail wi dehdeh, wi si di taiga oava di neks said a di krik. Ih di kohn fi jrink waata.

Ah tel mi breda, "Ooo, dat da di sayhn taiga weh Ah mi si di ada day. Geh di gon! Geh di gon!" Ah ga too gon -- wahn tweni gayj wan ahn wahn siksteen gayj wan.

Bifoa ih geh di gon, Ah kaal di daag dehn, an Ah put dehn pahn di chrayl. Sohn a dehn gaahn pahn di rang chrayl, ahn sohn a

About two weeks after that, I saw the jaguar again. I had a tomato field by the creek, and my brother and I went there. While we were there, we saw the jaguar across the creek coming to drink water.

I told my brother, "Hey, that's the same jaguar I saw the other day. Get the gun! Get the gun!" Well, I had two guns, a twenty gauge and a sixteen gauge.

Before my brother brought the guns, I called the dogs and put them on the trail. Some of them went on the wrong trail but the others went on

dehn gaahn pahn di karek chrayl. Ah neva
gaahn tu faar til Ah sait ahn. Ih deh pahn
tap a di hil rait deh eena wahn chree. Soh
Ah tel mi breda, "Wi
wahn get ahn. Wan --
too - chree!"



Ahn wen Ah
seh chree, mi gon
snap. Mi breda gon
gaan aaf, di tweni

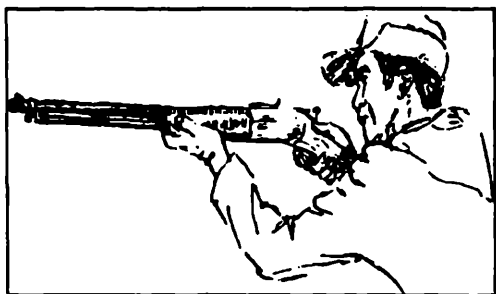
gayj wan, bot ih neva du di taiga notn.

Ah seh, "Wat? Dis neva hapm tu mi
yet! Weh gaan aan?" Ah seh, "Ah hafu
chrai agen."

*the right one. I hadn't gone far when I saw the
jaguar. It was on top of the hill right there in a
tree. So I told my brother, "We'll shoot it together!
One-two-three!"*

*When I said "three", my gun snapped. The
twenty-gauge gun my brother was using did go off,
but it didn't hurt the jaguar.*

*I said, "Such a thing has never happened to
me before. What is going on?" Then I said, "I have
to try again."*



Soh Ah paint schrayt fi di taiga hed
ahn di gon gaan aaf. Soh di taiga jrap dong,
bif! — laik wahn lag. Bif! Ahn wen ih jrap
dong, aal di daag dehn sorong ahn.

Wahn taiga da noh laik wahn kyat, yu
noa. Ih noh yooz too paa, ih oanli yooz wan,
wan paa tu ih mowt.

Ah mi ga wahn daag weh nayhn Haad
Taim, ahn ih gaahn mes wid wahn taiga. Di

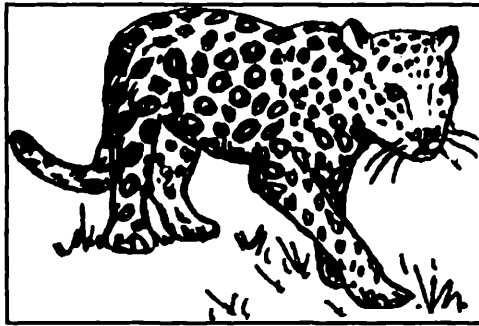
*So I pointed straight at the jaguar's head, and
this time the gun went off. The jaguar fell like a log to
the ground with a big thud, and as soon as it fell, the
dogs surrounded it.*

*A jaguar isn't like a cat, you know. It doesn't
use two paws. It just uses one and that goes straight
to its mouth.*

*I once had a dog named Hard Times, and it
got mixed up with a jaguar. The jaguar just scratched*

taiga jos skrach di skin a di daag, an da daag pof rait op. Mee mi hafu kot di daag said fi mek di win kom owt bifo di daag kuda waak. Dat mek yu noa dat di taiga nayl ful op a paizn, kaa ih jos skrach di daag an dat da weh hapm.

Soh wi skin di taiga. Eena dehn taim, dehn yoostu pay wahn honjrid ahn fifti dalaz fi di skin ahn di hed. Bot nowadayz wi

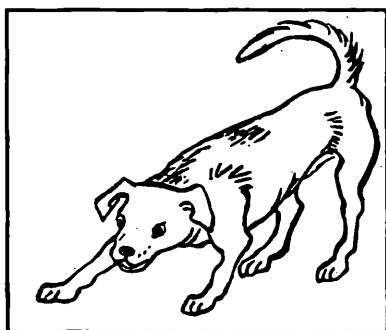


the skin of the dog and that dog puffed right up. I had to cut the dog's side to let out the air before the dog could walk again. That shows how full of poison a jaguar's nails are; it just scratched the dog and that is what happened.

Anyway, we skinned the jaguar. In those days they used to pay a hundred and fifty dollars for a jaguar's skin and head. But nowadays we don't kill

noh du dat agen. Wi noh di kil taiga. Wi protek
dehn, kaa evribadi waahn kohn luk pahn dehn.
Wen yu kil dehn, yu noh mek notn aaf a dehn,
bot wen yu shoa pipl dehn, yu mek sohnting.

Dat da wahn ekspeeryans mee mi geh
fahn hontin.



jaguars. We protect them, because everyone wants to come and look at them. You don't make anything off of them anymore if you kill them, but if you can show people a jaguar, you will make some money.

That was an experience I had when I went hunting.

Di Wait Haas
bai Myrna Manzanares

Ah memba wen Ah mi bowt siks er
sebm, Ah mi aalwayz goh dong di road goh
hayl mi Aanti Tita. Sohntaim Ah sleep deh.

Eena dehn taim deh, wi mi ga wahn
haas eena di vilij. Ah tink dis haas mi nayhn
Roobi, an Ah tink da-mi wahn wait wait haas,
if Ah memba karek. Ih yoostu kohn, ahn di
pikni dehn wuda chays ahn er sohntaim dehn
eevn raid ahn. Dehn geh pahn ih bak ahn
raid ahn dong di road. Ah aalwayz yoostu

The White Horse

*I remember when I was small, maybe six or
seven years old. I often would go down to the end of
the road to visit my Aunt Tita. Sometimes I would
stay overnight.*

*I also remember that we had a horse in the
village. I think this horse was named Ruby, and I
think it was a white horse, if I remember correctly.
When the horse would come around, the children
would chase it, or sometimes they would ride it.
They would get on its back and ride it down the*

di wach dehn ahn seh, "Wan day dehn wahn put mi op deh tu, yu noa." Ah neva frayd fi ahn ataal.

Wel, ih gaan aan fi kwait sohn taim. Di pikni dehn chays ahn, ahn dehn play wid ahn, ahn dehn raid ahn.



Ahn soh wan day Ah mi-di di kohn bak fahn mi aanti. Yu noa how wen yu da pikni, yu di waak ahn yu di kik ting weh deh eena

di san, kaa mee mi aalwayz laik fi luk fi ting eena di san. Ah tink dehn pipl weh yoostu liv ya langtaim mi ga aal kain a ting

road. I would always watch them and say, "Some day they are going to put me up there too, you know." I wasn't afraid of the horse at all.

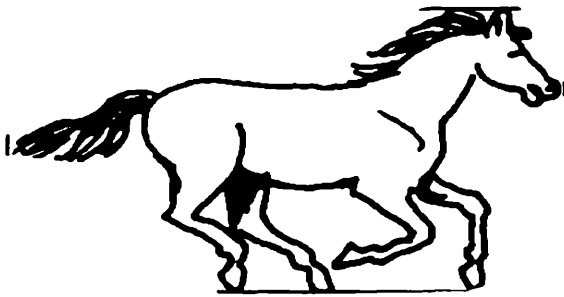
Well that went on for some time -- the children chasing and playing with the horse and riding it. One day I was coming back from my aunt's house. You know how it was when you were a child - you walked along slowly, kicking things in the sand. Well, I always liked to look for things in the sand. I think the people who used to live here at Gales Point

Wi yoostu fain moni er difrant kain a ting,
laik di lee perl dehn weh kom owt a di
aisterz, di lee blak wan er di wait wan er di
pink wan. Wi jos fain dehn eena di san.

Soh Ah di kik eena di san an aal av a
sodn Ah yehr wahn naiz - gidyap! gidyap!
gidyap! Ahn wen Ah luk way op di schreet,
Ah oanli di si dos, an Ah reeyalaiz dat da di
haas di kohn. Ahn yu noa, jos di way how
di haas di kohn soh faas, Ah noh eevn tink
bowt fi jomp owt a ih way. Ah jos fraitn
fraitn fraitn, ahn Ah staan wan plays rait
da midl a di road, ahn Ah jos di wach dis

*long ago had all kinds of things. We used to find
money or other things in the sand , like the little
pearls which came from the oysters - little black
pearls, or the white or pink ones.*

*So there I was kicking in the sand and all of
a sudden I heard a noise - giddyap! giddyap! giddyap!
When I looked up the street, I only saw dust, and
then I realized that the horse was coming. It was
coming so fast that I never even thought about
jumping out of the way. I was simply scared stiff. I
just stood there rooted in the middle of the road ,*



haas di kohn. Ahn Ah jos di wach ahn di kohn
an Ah jos staan op rait deh. Ah kyaahn du
notn.

Ahn di haas di kohn. Ah di tel yu, Ah
wahn neva figit dat. An Ah mi leel. Di haas di
kohn di ron, an az soon az ih geh kloas tu mi
ih stap ahn ih jomp rait oava mi. Ahn ih jos
kantinyu fi ron. Ah staan op rait deh til wen
di haas gaan.

Tu dis day Ah noh noa how di haas neva

*watching the horse coming at me. I was unable to do
anything else.*

*The horse kept on coming. I tell you, I will
never forget it. I was just a little child. The horse was
running towards me, and as soon as it got close to me,
it stopped and jumped over me, and then it continued
to run. I just stood there until the horse was gone.*

To this day, I don't know how that horse didn't

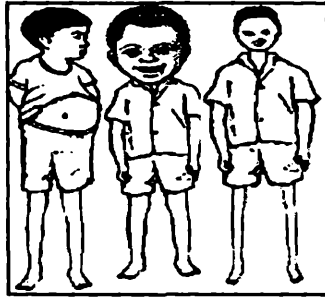
ron ahn chramp! oava mi. Ah noh noa how Ah
deh ya fi tel dis stoari, kaa Ah di tel yu, Ah mi
reeli reeli reeli fraitn fi chroo chroo chroo. Ah
mi reeli tink di haas mi wahn jomp pahn mi.

Tenk Gaad Ah deh ya tideh fi tel disya
stoari.



*trample me. I don't know how I can be here telling this
story, because I was really really frightened. I thought
the horse would jump on me but it never did.*

Thank God I am here today to tell this story.



Di Chree Fren Dehn

bai Justin Bowen

Wans apan ahn taim, dehn mi ga
chree fren: Big Hed, Big Beli, ahn Snaipi
Fut. Soh wahn day dehn gaahn da bush, ahn
dehn bok op pahn wahn maami chree.

Big Hed aks di ada too: "Unu noh
hongri?"

Dehn seh, "Yes man, wi hongri bad."

Soh dehn begin tu kwaaril bowt wich

The Three Friends

*Once upon a time there were three friends:
Big Head, Big Belly, and Scrawny Legs. One day they
went to the bush, and they came upon a mamey fruit
tree.*

*Big Head asked the others: "Are you
hungry?"*

They answered, "Yes man, we really are." So

wan a dehn wahn klaim di chree.

Big Hed seh, "Mee kyaahn klaim
ataal."

Big Beli seh tu, "Mee kyaahn klaim
needa."

Snaipi Fut seh, "Mee wosa."

Soh Big Hed gaan op bai di chree. Ih
shayk, shayk, shayk di chree til fi hihn hed
jrap aaf. Big Beli hihn laaf til fi hihn beli
bos. Snaipi Fut hihn ron fi goh kehr di
nyooz, fi hihn fut jrap eena kasaava hoal
ahn brok.

Dat da di en a di chree fren dehn.

*they began to argue about which one of them would
climb the tree.*

Big Head said, "I can't climb at all."

Big Belly said, "I can't climb either."

*Scrawny Legs said, "I'm worse at climbing
than either of you."*

*So Big Head went up to the tree and began
to shake it. He shook it so hard that his head fell
off. Big Belly laughed so hard that his stomach
burst. Scrawny Legs ran to carry the news, and he
fell into a cassava hole and broke his legs.*

And that was the end of the three friends.

Wahn Stoari Weh Grampa Saami Tel Mi

bai Ronald Williams

Wen Ah mi yong, Ah yoostu du wahn lat
a ting wid mi grampa. Hihn nayhn Saami, an ih
yoostu taak tu mi wahn lat.



Wahn day mee ahn hihn mi-
di sidong tugeda an ih seh, "Mi
granson, Ah waahn yu lisen tu
dis." Ih seh, "Eena dehn oal dayz
wi yoostu ga wahn faam, ahn wen wi goh deh wi
wuda goh pik banaana ahn plaantin. Wi wuda
bail di banaana, roas di plaantin, an aal kain a
ting."

A Story That Grandpa Sammy Told Me

*When I was young, I used to do a lot of things
with my grandpa. He was named Sammy and he used to
talk to me a lot.*

*One day he and I were sitting together and he
said, "My grandson, I want you to listen to this. In the
old days we used to have a farm where we would go and
gather bananas and plaintain. We would boil the bananas
and roast the plantains and do all kinds of things.*

Wel dis hapm eena dehn oal taim
dayz dehn. Ah noh noa if da chroo, bot
maybi ih ku bee chroo, kaa mi grampa seh yu
ga aal kain a pipl. Yu ga di bad an di gud. Bot
di bad wan da di wan dehn weh ton haligeta,
ahn dehn wuda eet yu bes hontin daag.
Sohntaim dehn ton dyaa, ahn dehn wuda goh
da yu faam goh eet di ting dehn owt a yu
faam, rait?

Soh dehn mi ga wahn big faam, ahn
dehn yoostu ga wahn man weh wuda goh
teef owt di pitayta an di kaan. Dehn kaal

Well, this happened in those days. I don't know if it is a true story; but it could be, because my grandfather said you have all kinds of people - both bad and good. The bad ones were the ones who would turn into an alligator and would eat your best hunting dog. Or they would turn into a deer and would go to your farm and eat things out of your farm.

Well, there was a big farm in those days, and there was a man who would go and steal potatoes and corn from the farm. They called him Tata

ahn Tata Duhende, bot da noh di sayhn Tata
Duhende weh evribadi di taak bowt.

Ahn dis man yoostu paas di big faam
evri day. Ih si dehn di werk an ih hayl dehn
gud, bot ih jelos di big faam weh dehn ga.

Afta wahn wail, di man ton dyaa, an ih
gaahn da di big faam gaan
eet owt aal di fresh pitayta
leef.



Wen di man weh oan
di faam paas, ih si di dyaa eena deh, an ih
seh: "Bot how dat ku hapm laik dat? Kaa if
ih da-mi wahn reel dyaa, ih wuda neva eet

*Duhende, but it wasn't the Tata Duhende [of folk
lore] whom everybody talks about. This man used to
pass the big farm every day. He would see the
people of the farm working and he would greet them
heartily, but he was jealous of their big farm.*

*After a while, the man turned into a deer
and he went to the big farm and ate all the fresh
potato leaves.*

*When the owner of the farm passed by, he
saw the deer in there and he asked himself, "How
can that be? If that were a real deer, it would never*

aal di pitayta dehn soh. Ih wuda tek ih taim an eet." Ih seh, "Da mosi sohnting rang."

Wen di man ton bak agen, ih si dis sayhn big dyaa agen. Ih di shayk ih hed, ih di wag ih tayl ahn stamp ih fut bakway, ih di injai di eet di man sweet pitayta.

Wel di man seh, "Ah wahn fiks hihn." Soh ih kohn bak hoahn da Malanti, ahn ih fiks op ih shat gon.

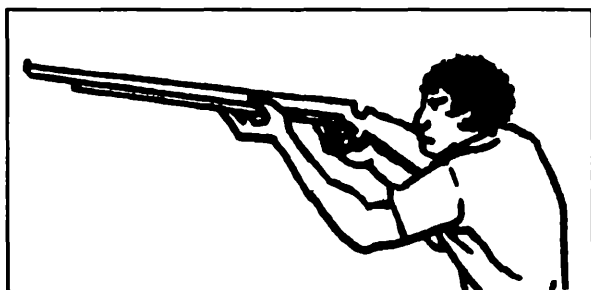
Ahn ih gaahn bak soon di neks maanin. Ih si di dyaa di jomp rong, ih di wag ih tayl, ih di kik ih fut bakway, ih di eet di pitayta leef. Bot den ih luk op an ih si di man weh oan di faam

gobble up all of the leaves. It would take its time and eat them slowly. Something must be wrong!"

On his way back, he saw this same big deer shaking its head, wagging its tail, stamping its feet, and enjoying the man's sweet potatoes.

"Well, I'll take care of him," the man said. So he went back home to Malanti [Gales Point] and got his shot gun ready.

Early the next morning he saw the deer again, jumping around, wagging its tail, kicking up its hooves, and eating the potato leaves. But then it looked up and



wid ih gon eena ih han. Bot ih tu layt fi ron.
Soh di man shat ahn eena ih fut. Ih neva
waahn shat ahn eena ih badi said, kaa ih noa ih
wahn bok op pan ahn da Malanti wen ih kohn
bak ya, rait?

Wen ih gaan bak da Malanti, ih meet di
man weh mi ton into di dyaa ahn weh ih mi
shat eena ih fut. Ih mi-di limp.

Dat da wahn stoari weh mi Grampa
Saami tel mi.

*saw the owner of the farm with his gun in his hand. But
it was too late to run, so the man shot him in the foot.
He didn't want to shoot him in the body, because he
knew he would come across him in Gales Point when he
returned home.*

*When he returned to Gales Point, he met the
man who had turned into a deer and whom he had shot
in his foot. He was limping.*

That was a story my Grandpa Sammy told me.

Too Harikayn Ekspeeryans

bai Minnie Usher

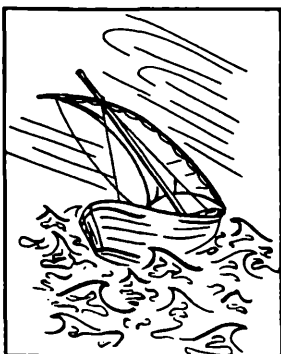
Ah waahn tel unu bowt di too
harikayn weh Ah gaahn chroo, '31 ahn '61. Di
1931 harikayn neva ga no naym, kaaz wi neva
noa bowt harikayn dehn taim deh. Bot di
1961 harikayn, dehn kaal ahn Harikayn Hati.

Wel di fos harikayn neva hit Gaylz
Paint. Wi oanli mi geh gayl foas breez. Da
day deh mi pa mi gwehn goh fishin. Wen wi
get op da maanin, ih luk jos laik wahn waal a
blaknis aal day, bot ih stil gaan.

Two Hurricane Experiences

*I want to tell you about the two hurricanes
which I went through in 1931 and 1961. The 1931
hurricane didn't have a name, because we didn't know
about hurricanes in those days. But the 1961
hurricane was called Hurricane Hattie.*

*Well, the 1931 hurricane didn't hit Gales
Point. We only got a strong gale. That day my father
was planning to go fishing. When we got up that
morning, it was like a wall of blackness everywhere,
and it stayed like that all day. But my father still
went fishing.*



Wen ih kohn bak,
di gayl kech ahn rait bai
di paint, an ih tayr op di
sayl aaf a ih doari. Bot
ih mi loki. Ih reech
hoahn wid sohn nais fish
ahn wi hav fish da day.

An den di breez staat tu bloa fi
chroo. Wen yu luk, yu si too chree faal
dong, ahn mi yehr dat pan di neks said a di
vilij wahn hows mi faal dong. Dats aal.

Wen yu luk eena di lagoon, yu si di
waata jrai op fi wahn lat a yaadz owt. Aal di

*When he came back, the gale caught him
right at the point of the peninsula and tore the sail
off of his boat. But he was lucky. He reached home
with some nice fish and we ate fish that day.*

*And then the wind really began to blow.
When we looked outside, we saw that two trees had
fallen down. I also heard that on the other side of
the village one house had fallen down. But no other
houses fell.*

*When you looked at the lagoon, you noticed
that the water had receded several yards. All the*

foas a waata gaahn da Bileez Siti eena wahn
big taidal wayv, bikaaz da harikayn deh
dischrai Bileez Siti bad bad bad.

Wel mi pa ahn mi ma seh, "Wan er too
lee hows mosi mi jrap dong da Bileez eena
da gayl weh bloa yestideh yu noa, man!" Wi
neva noa notn.

Da sayhn nait wi gaahn da bed. Di
neks nait wi yehr wahn nak pan di doa. Hoo
dat? Da mi breda Rabert weh kohn fi tel wi
dat Bileez Siti don. Wen di harikayn hit,
dehn mi-di maach fi selibrayt di tent a

*force of the water had gone into Belize City in a big
tidal wave, because that was the hurricane that
badly destroyed Belize City.*

*Well, my father and mother said, "One or
two little houses must have fallen down in Belize
City during that strong wind that blew yesterday!"
We didn't know anything about what had really
happened.*

*That night we went to bed. The next night
we heard a knock on the door. It was my brother
Robert who had come to tell us that Belize City was
completely destroyed. When the hurricane hit,
people were marching to celebrate the tenth of*

Septemba, ahn pipl
 bai di towznz mi geh
 ded an dehn badi mi
 deh aal oava di plays.
 Nayli evri hows mi
 faal dong.



Wel da nait deh, dehn mi ahn ga wahn
 wayk da Gaylz Paint. Wahn man mi ded ahn wi
 mi wahn selibrayt. Bot wen mi breda gaahn
 dong da di vilij ahn tel di pipl dehn weh mi
 gat faamli da Bileez, dehn put een provizhan
 eena dehn doari ahn gaahn da Bileez da sayhn
 nait.

September. Thousands had gotten killed and their bodies were all over the place. Almost every house had fallen.

Well, that night we were planning to hold a wake at Gales Point. A man had died and we were going to honor him. But when my brother went to the center of the village and told what had happened in Belize City, the ones who had relatives there put provisions in their little boats and went to the city that same night.

Wel, Ah neva get deh til wahn kopl
weeks afta. Mi pa kehr mi di nait ahn wi ku



si di faiya weh dehn di
bon op di ded badi
dehn. Dehn kehr dehn
da di domp an dehn
bon dehn op deh. Oava

too towzn pipl laas dehn laif. Dis harikayn
oanli kech Bileez Siti, bot dong Malanti wi
neva get ahn. Tank Gaad fi dat.

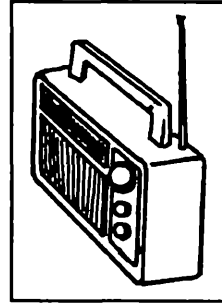
Bot di 1961 harikayn weh dehn kaal
Hati da di wan weh chaynj Malanti. Wi noh
ga noh moh tach ahn bambu hows, loan boad

*Well, I didn't get to the city until a couple
of weeks afterwards. My father took me one night,
and we could see the fire where they were burning
all the bodies. They were taking them to the dump
and burning them there. Over two thousand people
lost their lives that night, but down here at Gales
Point [Malanti], we didn't get hit. Thank God for
that.*

*However, the 1961 hurricane - the one called
Hattie - that was the one that changed Gales Point
forever. Since then we don't make our houses out of*

ahn zink ahn wahn lee bit a siment hows. Ah
gaahn chroo wahn terabl taim wid dat wan deh.

Di Sondeh bifo di
harikayn da-mi wahn byootiful
day. Di son mi-di shain, ahn wahn
nais breez mi-di bloa. Wi mi gah
wahn rayjo an dehn tel wi dat



wahn harikayn wahn hit Kyooba Sondeh nait.
Bot bifo Mondeh eevnin wi yehr di nyooz dat
di harikayn chaynj ih koas an di kohn schrayt fi
Bileez!

Da nait mi nayba alert mi ahn seh, "Mis
Mini, yu noh gwehn da di skoolhows?"

*thatch and bamboo. We use boards and tin rooves and
there are a few cement houses. I went through a
terrible time with that hurricane.*

*he Sunday before the hurricane had been a
beautiful day. The sun was shining and a nice breeze was
blowing. We had a radio and we heard that a hurricane
was going to hit Cuba that night. But before Monday
evening, we heard that it had changed its course and
was coming straight for Belize.*

*That night my neighbor said to me, "Miss Minnie,
aren't you going to the schoolhouse?"*

Ah seh, "Ah noh gwehn kaa Ah hav dehn pikni." Mee neva bileev dat Ah mi gwehn chroo wahn bad taim.

Dehn taim deh mi hozban neva kohn een yet. Bot afta di laydi gaan, ih kom een an Ah aks ahn, "Weh wi ahn du?"

Den di breez staat tu bloa haad haad. Naybaz di paas ahn seh, "Get owt, man. Chrai fi get owt."

Wen yu luk, di waata staat tu kom een. Ah gaan tu di bak a di room weh di pikni dehn mi-di sleep, an Ah wayk op di chree a dehn an

I said, "I'm not going, because I have the children." I never believed that I would be going through a hard time.

At that time, my husband hadn't come in yet. But after the lady left, he came in and I asked him, "What are we going to do?"

Then the wind began to blow really hard. Neighbors were passing and saying, "Get out, man! Try to get out!"

Then the water started to come into the house. I went to the back of the room where the children were sleeping, and I woke up all three of them and put them



Ah put dehn eena mi bed. Ah seh, "Mek wi aal hodl tugeda til maanin."

Bot bifo maanin kohn wen wi luk —
daylait! No roof, no waal, jos di bed. Di paat
a di hows weh di pikni dehn mi déh mi aal
brok dong. Loki ting dehn mi deh eena mai
bed.

Ah seh, "Bwai, unu aarait?"

Dehn seh, "Yes ma, wi aarait!"

Ah seh, "Mek wi chrai fi get owt."

in my bed. I said, "Let's huddle together until the morning."

But before dawn, we looked up and saw what seemed like daylight. There was no roof, no walls, just the bed. The part of the house where the children had been was all broken down. It was a lucky thing that they had been in my bed.

I said, "Boys, are you alright?"

They said, "Yes mother, we're alright."

I said, "Let's try to get out." So my husband



Soh mi hozban tek di baybi, Ai tek
Jimi. Wi rap dehn op eena wi aamz, ahn soh
wi gwehn op di schreet. Wen Ah luk Ah seh,
"Bwai, noh goh deh! Yu gwehn eena di
lagoon! Si da kuknat chree? Dat da di
lagoon! Mek wi klaim oava di chree dehn til
wi reech da lee lait deh. Dat da Jentl."

An dat da weh wi du. Ahn wen wi
reech deh, fi dehn roof gaan tu. Mee mi
hafu hoal wahn pees a boad oava di baybi.

*took the baby and I took Jimmy. We wrapped them
in our arms and began to go up the street. I looked
up and said to my husband, "Don't go there! You're
going into the lagoon! See that coconut tree? That's
the lagoon! Let's climb over the trees until we get to
that little light there. That is Gentles' place."*

*And that is what we did. When we got there,
their roof was also gone. I had to hold a piece of*

Ah mi hav di baybi kloch, ahn di waata di poar dong. Evri taim di sheet geh tu wet, wahn laydi mi-di ring it owt ahn chroa it bak. Ah nayli looz mi baybi bikaaz ih mi geh brongkaitis.

Wid dat di haad paat kohn. Wi mi hafu geh sohnting fi eet fi di pikni dehn. Dehn mi gah wahn senta weh dehn kip aal a dehn tingz dehn weh kohn fahn Bileez fi gi owt. Bot di hoal ting da-mi wahn pees a palitiks. Wen Ah aks fi sohnting, dehn seh ih don aredi. Mee ahn mi pikni dehn mi reeli sofa.

Da taim deh Ah mi waahn milk fi mi

board over the baby as protection from the rain. I had the baby clutched in my arms and the rain was pouring down. Whenever the sheet covering the baby got too wet, a lady would wring it out and throw it back over the baby. I almost lost my baby that because he got bronchitis.

After that the difficult part began. We had to get something for the children to eat. There was a distribution center where they kept all the things which were sent from Belize City. But the whole thing was a piece of politics. Whenever I asked for something, they said there wasn't any left. My children and I really suffered.

At that time I wanted milk for my baby, but I



baybi, bot Ah mi kudn
geh non fahn ya. Soh Ah
sen da Bileez an Ah aks
Ners Wait ahn shee sen
ahn. Bot Ah mi kudn geh

no kloaz. Jimi ron rong eena wahn jres fi
dayz. Ah di laaf now, bot Ah neva mi-di laaf
den. Ah mi-di krai den. Bot tank Gaad Ah
servaiv an Ah stil deh ya. Bot dehn pipl weh
mi- di chreet mi bad, aal a dehn don ded.

Wen Ah kohn bak tu mi hows, di oanli
ting weh Ah si da loan floarin. No waalz, no
roof, no notn. Loan mod, ih beri fi dayz. Ah

*couldn't get any from the distribution center. So I
sent to Nurse White who was in Belize City, and she
sent me some. But I couldn't get any clothes. Jimmy
ran around in a dress for days. I laugh about it now,
but I didn't laugh back then. I cried instead. But
thank God, I survived and I am still here. The people
who mistreated me are all dead.*

*When I came back to my house, the only
thing I could see was the empty floor. There were
no walls, no roof, nothing was left! All our things
were buried in mud for days. I came and scraped
around to see if I could salvage anything. It was*

kohn ahn skrayp fi si if Ah ku salvij eniting.
Ih da-mi wahn haad haad taim. Sohntaim Ah
giv op an Ah krai.

Bot wen mi too son dehn kohn fahn
Bileez Siti, dehn pich een an da soh wi klair
di mod weh. Dehn gaahn da beech an dehn
pik op oal lomba, an dehn nayl it tugeda. Bai
Disemba dehn hav foa waalz ahn wahn roof
oava mi hed, ahn soh Ah kuda mi kohn hoahn
ahn staat laif aal oava agen.



*really a very hard time. At times I would give up and
cry.*

*But when my two sons came from Belize City,
they pitched in and together we cleared away the
mud. They went to the beach and picked up old
pieces of lumber and nailed them together. By
December they had put up the four walls and I had a
roof over my head, so I was able to return home and
begin life all over again.*

Haaf pong a hyaa

bai Myrna Manzanares

Wen Ah mi smaal, Ah yoostu opstaat
bad. Ah mi groa op da Malanti an evribadi
noa mi az Kay. An dehn noa dat Ah laik rayl
op rayl op, soh dehn yoostu laik jos faas wid
mi soh dat Ah ku seh tingz.

Eena dehn dayz mi ma yoostu laik plat
mi hyaa eena kaan roa, an den da tap ih laik
put wahn big big boa weh wi kaal 'papam
boa'.

Ah wahn neva figet dis Sondeh wen
Ah mi gwehn da cherch eena mi nais jres,

Half pound of hair

*When I was small, I used to be pretty sassy.
I grew up in Malanti and everyone knew me as Kay.
They knew that I got riled up easily, so they used to
enjoy irritating me to hear what I would say.*

*In those days my mother used to like to
braid my hair in corn rows, and on top she would put
a big bow which we called a "pompom bow."*

*I'll never forget a particular Sunday. My
mother used to enjoy dressing me up and I was going*

kaa mi ma mi laik jres mi
 op. Ah di paas wahn groop a
 man weh mi-di sidong deh.
 Dehn aalwayz laik fi teeze mi
 kaaz dehn noa dat Ah wahn
 she ting bak tu dehn. Soh
 Ah di waak op, ahn wan a
 dehn seh "Hahn! Di lee gyal
 di kohn. Di lee opstaat gyal
 shee di kohn."



Wel mee kip mi hed schrayt, ahn mee
 jos di step wid mi lee breda.

Ahn wahn neks wan a dehn luk pahn
 mi an ih seh, "Hm! Unu si dat? Haaf pong a

*to church in my nice dress. On my way to church, I
 passed a group of men sitting there. They always
 liked to tease me, because they knew that I would
 answer back with something smart.*

*So as I was walking up, one of them said,
 "She's coming! The sassy little girl is coming!"*

*I just kept my head up and kept coming with
 my little brother.*

*Another of the men looked at me and said,
 "You see that! A half pound of hair and one pound of*

hyaa ahn wan pong a boa!"

Wel Ah di tel unu dis, datideh ting deh get tu mee. Ah swing rong, an Ah put mi han pahn mi hip an Ah tel dehn, "Unu di seh mee gah haaf pong a hyaa ahn wan pong a boa? Karek!" Ah seh, "Bot unu noh hafu wori bowt weh deh pan tap a mi hed," Ah seh. "Tink bowt weh deh eensaid a mi hed, noh?"

An Ah jos fling miself an Ah gaan. An Ah ku hyaa dehn bak a mi jos di laaf, bikaa dat da weh dehn mi waahn. Dehn mi jos waahn yehr mi mowt.

ribbon!"

Well, I tell you, that really made me angry. I swung around, put my hands on my hips, and said, "You say that I have a half pound of hair and one pound of ribbon? You're right! But you shouldn't be concerned about what is on top of my head. You should be thinking about what is inside!"

And I just flung myself around and went on my way. Behind me I could hear the men laughing because they had gotten what they wanted. They just wanted to hear my mouth!

Oal Taim Krismos da Gaylz Paint

bai Iris Abraham ("Miss Iris")

Wahn lang lang taim abak, Krismos ya da Gaylz Paint mi soh moch difrant fahn aal di ada Krismos dehn weh yu ku fain eena eni plays da Bileez. Yu si, Gaylz Paint pipl dehn oanli yoostu laik goh da choch, ahn pahn Krismos Eev nait evribadi gwehn.

Bot yu noa wat? Dehn deh taim wi neva ga no Krismos lait aal oava di plays, ahn wi neva eevn ga wahn Krismos chree. Aal a dehn brait shain ting weh dehn ga heng op now pan di waal, wi neva yoostu ga dat needa. Bot wi mi ga

Old-Time Christmas in Gales Point

A long time ago, Christmas here in Gales Point was very different from any other Christmas you would find in Belize. You see, Gales Point folks used to really enjoy going to church, and on Christmas Eve night everyone would go.

In those days we didn't have Christmas lights all over the place. We didn't even have a Christmas tree, nor did we have all those bright shiny things that people hang on their walls nowadays. But we had togetherness.

tugedanis. Wi kohn tuggeda wid lov ahn yooniti,
ahn wi spen fi wi Krismos eena wahn gud gud
way.

Eena dehn dayz deh, evribadi gah tach
hows, ahn pahn Krismos Eev nait, evribadi wuda
lait dehn lee
lamp. Ahn bwai,
yu kuda si wahn
lat a lee lait di
blink blink blink
owt a aal a dehn
tach hows. Ih



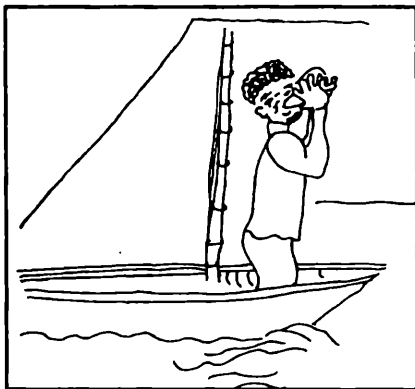
da-mi wan a di moas byootiful ekspeeryans
enibadi wuda waahn. Dehn lait dehn mi-di blink
laik wahn hoal lat a faiyaflai.

*We came together with love and unity and we spent our
Christmas in a very good way.*

*In those days, everyone had thatched roof
houses. On Christmas Eve, everyone would light their
little lamps, and you could see a lot of little lights
blinking out of all those thatched houses. It was one of
the most beautiful experiences anyone would have
wanted. The lights were blinking like a whole lot of fire-*

Wi yoostu kaal dehn 'peerom'. Dehn lat a
peerom dehn di blink blink blink.

Ahn wahn neks ting, dehn mi gah wahn
boat weh di kohn chroo Baar Riva ahn wen ih di
kohn, yu ku aalwayz
yehr di konk shel
di bloa. Unu noh
memba hoo yoostu
bloa da konk shel?
Misa Hendi. Ahn
wen Ah mi leel ahn



wi yehr da man bloa di konk shel, ih mi song laik
ih di seh, "Milisen, Milisen, put aan di tee! Put
aan di tee! Ah di kohn, Ah di kohn!"

*flies. We used to call them 'peerom'. All those 'peerom'
would blink and blink.*

*And another thing, there was a boat that would
come through Baar River, and when it came you could
always hear the blowing of the conch shell. Do you
remember who used to blow the conch shell? Mister
Hendi. When we were little and we heard him blowing
the conch shell, it sounded like he was saying, "Millicent,
Millicent, put on the tea! Put on the tea! I'm coming! I'm
coming!"*

Wel Ah di tel yu, wen aal a dehn pipi
dehn yehr dat, dehn gwehn krayzi. Bikaaz dehn
noa dat dehn lamonayd di kom, dehn terki di
kohn, dehn ham di kom, an aal a di nais ting
dehn weh da fi Krismos.

Wen Krismos Eev kohn, dehn lee laydi
dehn di heng op dehn kertn fi Krismos. Nobadi
oapm dehn winda da day, yu noa. Bot wen nait
kohn, evribadi fling oapm dehn doa an dehn
winda, ahn wi si dehn priti kertn di flai. Dat da
weh evribadi laik. Man! Mee mi oanli laik dat tu!
Bot yet, dat da noh it soh moch, yu noa.

*Well I tell you, when everyone heard that conch
shell they went crazy. Because everyone knew that
lemonade, turkey and ham were coming, as well as all the
other nice things for Christmas.*

*When Christmas Eve arrived, the ladies would
hang up their curtains for Christmas. No one would open
their windows that day, you know. But when night came
everyone would fling open their doors and their windows,
and we would see those pretty curtains blowing in the
breeze. That is what everyone enjoyed and man, I really
did enjoy it, too.*

And yet, that wasn't really what it was all about,

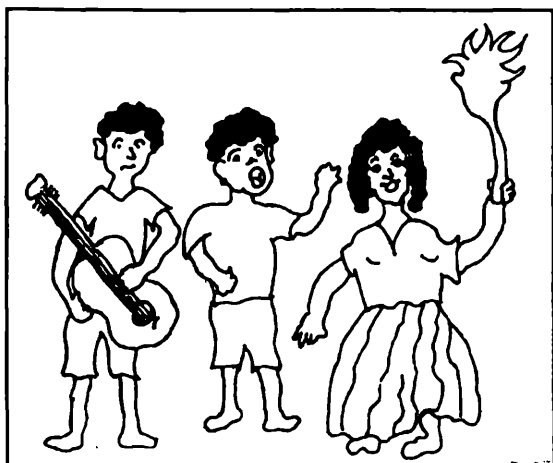
Wen aal a dat don ahn wi lisen op yaanda, wi
 ku yehr di choch bel di ring. Wahn lat a wi
 di ron goh da choch fi
 bring een Krismos
 maanin. An Ah di tel
 yu, dehn choch servis
 dehn oanli byootiful.
 Evribadi di sing
 Krismos karol.



Ahn wen di choch oava, wahn lat a wi
 kohn tugeda, ahn wi staat tu sing Krismos
 karol fahn wan en a Malanti tu di ada. Oh
 mai gudnis! Ah mi feel soh gud, an Ah noa
 aal a di gyal dehn an di bwai dehn mi feel

you know. When all of that was done, we would listen and we would hear the church bells ringing. A lot of us would run to church to bring in Christmas morning. I tell you, the church services were really beautiful. Everybody would sing Christmas carols.

When church was over, a lot of us would come together and we would start to sing Christmas carols from one end of Malanti to the other. My goodness! I would feel so good, and I know that all the other girls and boys would feel good too. Some



gud tu. Sohn a dehn di kehr pain wud taach er
flashlait er kerosene lamp az wi di waak chroo
di schreet an di sing di Krismos karol dehn. Di
bwai dehn mi-di play dehn gitaar. Man, dat da-
mi wahn gud taim.

Afta dat, wi yoostu goh fahn hows tu
hows di bram. Disya taim ya, yu noh hafu wori
bowt eet, kaa evribadi di gi yu dina. Evribadi.

*of them were carrying pine wood torches or flashlights
or kerosene lamps as we walked through the streets
singing those Christmas carols. The boys were playing
their guitars. Man! That was really a nice time.*

*After that we would go from house to house
dancing. You never had to worry about eating because*

Ahn wi bram man, wi bram fahn hows tu hows.

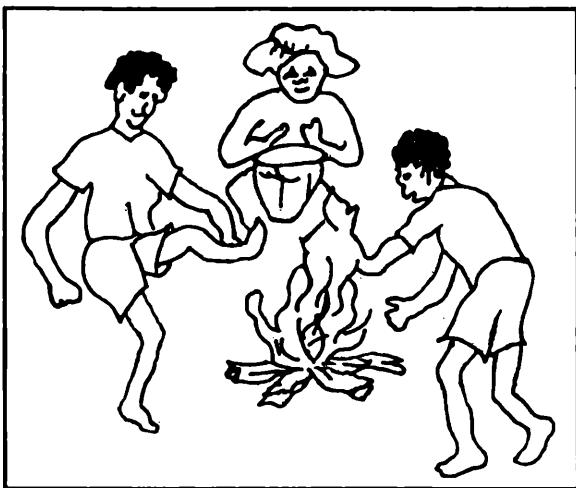
Ahn wen wi don, wi goh bak dong da di hows

weh wi mi mis, ahn wi bram agen.

Ahn wen nait kohn, dehn yoostu daans sambai. Bot mee neva yoostu daans ahn wen Ah mi yong, bikaaz fi mee graama neva waahn mi fi daans sambai. Bot dehn ga di bigis sambai daans, an dehn mek wi goh deh goh sing. Dehn oala pipl dehn di daans di sambai, ahn wee di wach dehn. Wi di pain eena wi haat fi goh daans sambai, bot wi mi hafu satisfai fi jos wach. Wi ku sing, bot wi kyaahn daans!

everyone would give you dinner. Everybody! We would dance from house to house, and when we finished, we would go back down to the houses we had missed and dance again.

When night came, there would be a 'sambai' dance. I never used to dance it when I was young, because my grandmother didn't want me to dance the sambai. But they had the biggest sambai dance. They would let us go there and sing. The older people would dance and we would watch them. We really longed to dance, but we had to be satisfied just to watch. We could sing but we couldn't dance.



Yu si, now da wahn difrant taim. Dehn pikni dehn ku daans now. Bot eena fi mee taim wen wi mi yong, wi kudn du dat. Mee oanli hafu wach.

Ahn wahn neks ting, wen wi mi smaal, wi neva yoostu geh no Krismos gif, yu noa. Wi neva yoostu seh, "Santa, bring dis" ahn "Santa,

You see, times are different nowadays. Today children can dance the sambai. But in my day, when we were young, we couldn't do that. I could only watch.

Another thing, when we were small we didn't get any Christmas gifts, you know. We never used to say, "Santa, bring this" or "Santa, bring that." We didn't

bring dat." Wi neva eevn di tink bowt Santa, bikaa wi mi noa dat fi wee pipl dehn neva gat aal a dat deh lat a moni fi goh bai wahn lat a ting fi wi. Bot wi mi hapi, kaa wi ku goh fahn hows tu hows ahn evribadi wahn feed wi. Dehn wahn gi wi laik kayak, dehn wahn gi wi lamonayd, dehn wahn gi wi aal kain a ting weh dehn mek -- pitayta pong, kuknat taat, jam roal. Eniway wi goh wi ku eet.

Dat da how wi yoostu spen wi Krismos da Malanti eena dehn oal taim dayz.

even think about Santa because we knew that our folks didn't have a whole lot of money to buy a lot of things for us. But we were happy, because we went from house to house and everyone would feed us. They would give us cake, soft drinks, and all kinds of other good things to eat, like sweet potato pudding, coconut tarts, and jam rolls. Anywhere we went we could eat.

That is how we used to spend our Christmasses in Gales Point in those days. It was a very special time.



Yu mi reed di ada buk deh'n eena Kriol?

Anansi Ton Wahn Oal Man

Anansi Ahn Di Domplin Chree

Layzi Saiman

Faiyaants Teech Kakroach Wahn Lesn

Stoariz Frahn Crooked Tree Vilij

Di Stoari A Hilda

Di Chree Chreez Dehn (wahn lee Krismos stoari)

Ada Kriol tingz:

Di Birt a Jeezas (tayp ahn lee buk)

*You Can Read and Write Kriol
(wahn buk fi help yu laan fi reed
ahn rait Kriol)*