



SOHN STOARIZ FRAHN

CROOKED TREE

VILIJ

[Some Stories from Crooked Tree Village]

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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 "frah" [from] is often pronounced "fahn", as in some of these stories from Crooked Tree.

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 'teech' (teach)

'long o' = 'oa' as in 'bloa' (blow)

'long u' = 'oo' as in 'hoo' (who)

'double short a' = 'aa' as in 'yaad' (yard)

'nasalization' - 'hn' nasalizes the vowel as in 'kohn' (come)

'tr' - 'chr' as in 'chrai' (try)



Kaydl Pan

*Wen wi yoostu deh hoam, wi yoostu laik bayd
eena wahn pan weh mi deh kloas. Enitaim wen wi don
wi werk, da een deh wi wudda goh.*

*Eena di pan wahn lat a chree stomp mi deh,
soh wi yoostu jomp aaf a dehn. An kwik taim di
waata yoostu geh grongzi grongzi, bikaa da loan*

Cadle Pond

*When we were children living at home, we used to
enjoy bathing in a nearby pond. Whenever we finished our
chores, that is where we would go.*

*There were a lot of tree stumps in the pond, and we
used to jump off of them into the water. The water would
quickly become murky because of the thick black mud at the*

*blak mod deh da batam. Wi yoozhali kohn owt
dotiya dan wen wi gaahn een. Man, yu kudda mi si
wi, wahn lang lain a loan gyal jres eena loan panti.
Tobunks, tobunks! -- wan afta di ada eena di waata.
Wi swim bowt laik fish, sohntaim fi owaz, til wi skin
luk swibl op.*

*Wi mi yoostu play wahn lee chrik tu. Wi put
blak mod aal oava wi, an oanli lef owt wi too aiy
hoal. Dat da-mi wi sweet way fi fraitn wi ma
er wi aanti. Dehn mi noa da-mi wee, bot dehn
aalwayz ak laik dehn fraitn.*

*bottom of the pond. We would usually come out dirtier than
when we went in. You should have seen us -- a long line of
girls dressed only in our panties! One after the other we
would splash into the water. We would swim about like fish,
at times for hours, until our skin was all wrinkled.*

*We also used to play a little trick. We would cover
ourselves with black mud until only our eyes were visible,
then we would have fun trying to frighten our mother and our
aunt. They knew who we were, but they always acted as if
they were frightened.*

*Mod fait mi gud tu. Yu haftu dok anda di
waata, mek dehn noh kech yu wid mod. Rait frahn
bigis tu smaalis yoostu play.*

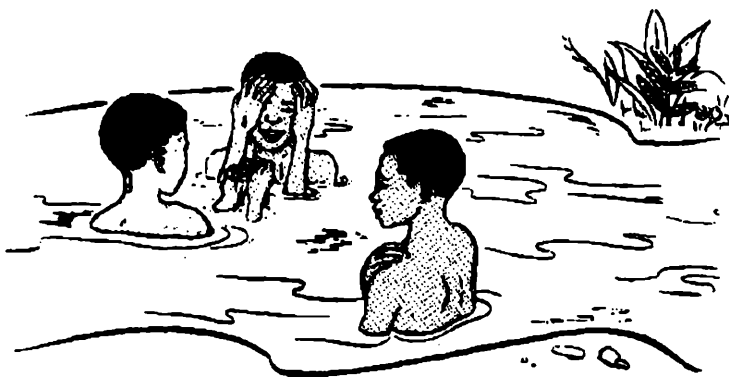
*Sohntaim wi kozn yoostu jain wi tu, bot
bikaaz dehn da bwai, dehn yoostu play rofa. Dehn
laik dok wi andaneet di waata fi si how lang wi
kudda mi goh fa. Wahn taim Ah mi nayli jrongdid
bikaaz Ah mi stoban. Ah neva waahn tel dehn dat
Ah haftu kohn op.*

*Too a di bwai dehn yoostu play baptiaiz.
Dehn yoostu dok wi chree taim an seh, "Eena*

*Mud fights were also fun. You had to duck under the
water to keep the others from hitting you with mud. All of us
children used to play this game, from the smallest to the
oldest.*

*Once in a while our cousins would join us as well, but
because they were boys they would play more roughly. They
liked to duck us underneath the water to see how long we
could stay under. Once I almost drowned because I was
stubborn and didn't want to admit that I needed to come up.*

*Two of the boys used to play as if they were
baptizing us. They would duck us under the water and say,*



*di nayhn a di Faada, eena di nayhn a di Son, eena di
nayhn a di Hoali Spirit." An yu noa, wan a di bwai
dehn ton paasta tu!*

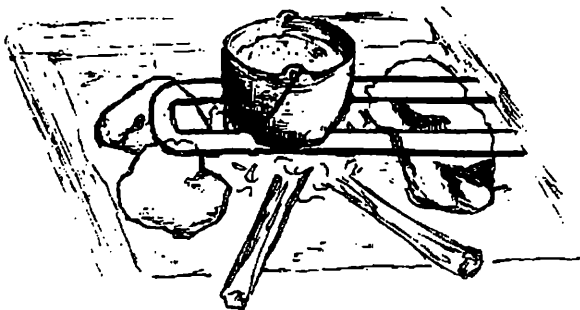
*Soh yu si wai Ah yoostu laik bayd da Kaydl
Pan.*

■ *Ulanda Jones*

*"In the name of the Father, in the name of the Son, in the
name of the Holy Spirit." Not surprisingly, one of the boys
became a pastor!*

You can see why I enjoyed bathing in Cadle Pond!

■ *Ulanda Jones*



Faiyahaat Dayz

*Az wahn lee gyal, Ah yoostu wayk soon da
maanin. Ah wudda si mi ma di kleen di faiyahaat.
Afta dat, ih put di wud pahn di faiyahaat. Den ih
geh wahn pees a pain wud, ih lait ahn, an ih staat di
faiya. Ah memba Ah yoostu laik di smel a di pain
wud wen ih di bon.*

Fire Hearth Days

*When I was a little girl, I used to wake up early in
the morning to see my mother cleaning the fire hearth. She
would arrange the wood upon it, and then she would get a
piece of pine wood and light it to start the fire. I remember
how I enjoyed the smell of the pine wood burning.*

Mi pa yoostu bee wahn wudkota. Wen ih goh da bush, ih wudda gyada op faiyawud an pain wud fu mi ma. Ah memba ih yoostu pail op di wud anda di faiyahaat fu rayni weda.

Fi tel di chroot, Ah neva yoostu laik di faiyahaat, bikaaz tu moch smoak wudda bon mi aiy, espeshali wen di faiya di owt an Ah wudda hafu bloa an fan di faiya fi bring ahn op bak. Wen Ah don



My father was a woodcutter. When he went to the forest, he would gather firewood for my mother. I remember that he used to pile up the wood underneath the fire hearth to keep it from the rain.

To tell the truth, I never really liked the fire hearth because the smoke would burn my eyes, especially when the fire was going out and I had to blow and fan the flames to get the fire going again. By the time I finished working in

*frahn di kichin, mi hyaa an mi kloaz smel a smoak,
an mi aiy di ron waata.*

*Now Ah tink dat da wai mi hyaa soh piki an
kyaahn groa. Bot mek Ah tel yu, faiyahaat dina da
di naisis dina!*

■ *Antoinette Hope*

*the kitchen, my hair and clothes would be smelling of smoke
and my eyes would be watering.*

*Now that I am an adult, I think that is the reason
why my hair doesn't grow. But let me tell you, there is nothing
more delicious than food cooked on a fire hearth!*

■ *Antoinette Hope*

Mi Erli Maanin Dehn Az Wahn Pikni

*Ah memba wen Ah da-mi wahn lee gyal fa
mosi bowt rong ayt er nain yaaz soh, mi ma yoostu
wayk mi op evri maanin -- eksep Sondeh, weh da di
day a res -- bowt rong faiv aklak. "Gyal, yu gah rais
fi beet, yu noa!" er "Gyal, Ah wahn need waata fi
wash tudeh, yu noa!" er "Gyal, if Ah noh get
faiyawud, Ah noh wahn kuk tudeh, yu noa."
Sohntaim, laik pahn wahn Satideh, da aal chree.*

*Wel, ih mosi song laik aal mi ma du da gi
aadaz, noh? Bot disya maanin wen Ah fainali get op,*

My Early Mornings As A Child

*I remember when I was a little girl of about eight or
nine, my mother used to wake me up at five o'clock every
morning -- except Sunday, which is the day of rest. She
would say, "Child, you have rice to beat, you know!" or "Child,
I will need water for washing clothes!" or "Child, I don't have
any firewood. I need to cook today, you know!" Sometimes,
especially on Saturday, it was all three.*

*Well, it must sound like all my mother did was give
orders, right? But this one morning when I finally got up*



Ma don bail di feeve graas aredi, an Ah kudda mi smel kaan kaafi. Ih mi don grain di kaan weh Ah skim laas nait, an ih mek wahn kopl a hat torteeya. Dehn don rap op eena di klaat aredi.

"Di fag di goh op, soh wi wahn hav wahn soni day tudeh," Ma seh. Ah luk, bot Ah kyaahn si weh ih di taak bowt.

Mother had already boiled the fever grass, and I could smell corn coffee. She had ground the corn which I had taken off the cob the night before, and had made a few hot tortillas which she had wrapped in a cloth.

"The fog is disappearing, so we're going to have a sunny day today," Mother said. I looked, but I couldn't see what she was talking about.

"Kohn geh wahn lee bitl til tee taim, gyal," Ma tel mi.

An Ah sidong wid mi haaf a kop a feeva graas tee weh sweetn wid ahn lee kandens milk, wahn hat kaan torteeya, an mi lee tinin playt wid kuhoon ail wid ahn lee saal an wahn jrap a laim joos fi dip mi torteeya. Man! Ah feel gud fi bi di oalis pikni.

Di song a rais di beet mi-di kohn frahn aal kaanaz. Da-mi taim fi Ai staat mi oan!

■ *Joan Swasey Arana*

"Come get a little breakfast to last you until tea time, child," Mother said.

I sat down with my half cup of fever grass tea (which had been sweetened with a bit of condensed milk), a hot corn tortilla, and my little tin plate containing palm oil, salt, and a drop of lime juice for dipping the tortilla. Man, being the oldest child was fun!

The sound of rice pounding was coming from all corners. It was time to begin my own!

■ *Joan Swasey Arana*



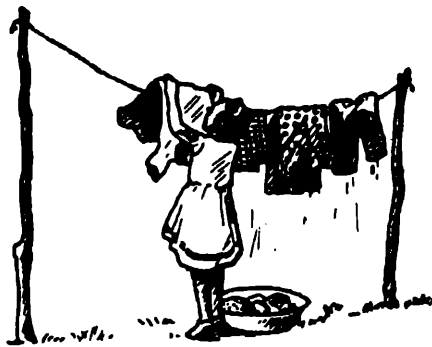
Rais Beetn

Ah memba wi yoostu beet rais bowt chree taim fi di week. Disya taim Ah di memba rait now da-mi wahn blesid Satideh maanin. Ih luk laik di Man da tap mi mek ahn speshali fi rais beetn. Yu noa, jos di karek amonk a breez fi mek wi ku fan ahn eezi, an wid wahn lee klowd oavahed evri now an agen fi kip tingz kool.

Rice Pounding

I remember that we used to pound rice about three times a week. The time I am thinking about right now was a beautiful Saturday morning. It looked like God made it especially for rice pounding. There was just the right amount of breeze to make winnowing easy, and there was an occasional little cloud to keep things cool.

*Wel, Ah mi tel mi ma dat Ah mi waahn beet di
hoal laad bokit ful a rais -- bowt chree beetn in aal,
sebm kwaan a maata ful. If Ah du di hoal bokit, Ah
noh mi wahn hafu beet agen til di neks Satideh.
Moas impoatant rait den, Ah noh mi wahn hafu help
Ma heng owt kloaz.*



*Well, I told my mother that I wanted to pound an
entire lard bucket full of rice. That would take about three
poundings in all, and would yield seven quarts of rice. If I did
that much, I wouldn't have to pound rice again until the next
Saturday. Most important right then, I wouldn't have to help
Mother hang out the wash.*

Ma gah wahn sistem weh oanli Gaad an shee andastan, bot pipl aalwayz paas an seh, "Dat da Mis Elsa lain. Luk gud, ay?" No mee an shee tudeh!

"Dis rais eena dis green bokit da swet rais, Ma?" Ah hala. Shee mi deh way yaanda anda di roaz aapl chree wid wahn ton a kloaz.

"Ahaan!" Ma hala bak. "Gud swet rais beet plenti eeziya."

"Hayl mi wen yu redi fi fan ahn," Ma hala agen.

"Aarait!" Ah hala bak.

Mother had a system which only she and God understood, but people would always pass by and say, "That is Ms. Elsa's line. Doesn't it look good?" I wouldn't be getting into that with her today!

"Is the rice in this green bucket brown rice, mother?" I yelled. She was down below under the rose apple tree with a ton of clothes.

"Yeah!" Mother called back. "Good brown rice is much easier to pound."

"Call me when you are ready to winnow it," she called again.

"O.K." I answered.

*Soh Ah mezha di rais eena di maata, an way
di maata stik dehn eena mi han til Ah fain di karek
wan fi mee. An Ah staat mi jab fi di day. Lif, jrap!
Lif, jrap! -- rait da midl a di maata. Du ahn karek an
eech maata wahn gi chree kwaat an wahn paint a
rais. Dat da nof rais fi too kukin.*

*Ah werk owt wahn patan, weh afta faiv
honjrid fifti lif-an-jrap da taim fi di fos fan. Chree
honjrid taim tu sekant fan. If wahn gud breez deh,
Ah ku jos breez ahn miself.*

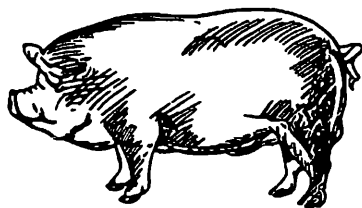
*So I measured the rice into the mortar and
estimated the weights of the pestles with my hand until I
found the right one for me. Then I started my job for the
day. Lift and drop, lift and drop! -- right in the center of the
mortar. Do it correctly and each mortar will yield three
quarts and one pint of rice, which is enough for two meals.*

*I worked out a pattern so that after five hundred
and fifty lifts-and-drops it was ready for the first
winnowing. Three hundred more and you were ready for the
second. If the breeze continued as nice as it was, I could
winnow it myself.*

Wan honjrid an fifti moa beet, an Ma wahn hafu kohn gi di laas fanin. Fos maata ful don!

Di sekant maata don eevn kwika. Pa mi kohn een frahn Kolbek, an ih help mi, too a fi hihn wan tu mai wan.

Now Ah deh pahn di laas maata ful wen di sow hag disaid seh shee waahn di maata a rais. Aal di kooche! kooche! neva help. Ah noa da di maata



One hundred and fifty more beats, and Mother would come to winnow it for the last time. Then my first mortar-full of rice would be done!

The second mortar-full was done even more quickly. Father came in from Kolbek and he helped me to pound, two of his strokes to one of mine.

Just when I was working on my last mortar-full, the sow decided that she wanted the mortar of rice. All my work had been in vain! I know it was the pestle that I used to drive

*stik Ah yooz fi jraiv di hag, bot Ma seh ih hafu mi
bee mi fut Ah yooz fi kik ahn. Eniway wen Ah luk,
blod di ron laik riva dong mi rait fut. An yu noa, di
blaastid oal hag gaahn bowt ih bizniz, wen ih don ih
dami.*

*Ma shee, afta wahn lee wail wen ih noh hyaa
di maata stik noh moh, staat tu hala, "Joaneeee?
Joaneeee? Da blastid gyal gaahn an lef da rais deh,
yu noa! Mek da hag chroa weh da rais! Ih wahn si
weh ih wahn geh tudeh! Joaneeee? Joaneeee? -- Mek
Ah goh put op da rais, man."*

An da soh ih fain mi di leen pahn wahn koknat

*her away, but Mother said that I must have used my foot to
kick her. At any rate, before I knew it, blood was running
down my right foot. As for the blasted sow, it went on its way
after doing its damage.*

*Meanwhile, Mother wasn't hearing the pestle anymore.
She began to yell, "Joanee? Joaneeee? That blasted girl went
off and left the rice right there. Let the hog get it! She'll see
what she gets today! Joanee? Joanee? -- I guess I'll just have
to go put up the ricel"*

And so Mother came and found me leaning against the

chree eena wahn pool a blod. Ah jos kudn seh wan wod.

Schraynj, chroo! Kaa now dat Ah geh big an ton wahn ners, Ah ten tu aal kain a kot an diliva soh moch pikni, an Ah taak mi payshants rait chroo di hoal ting!

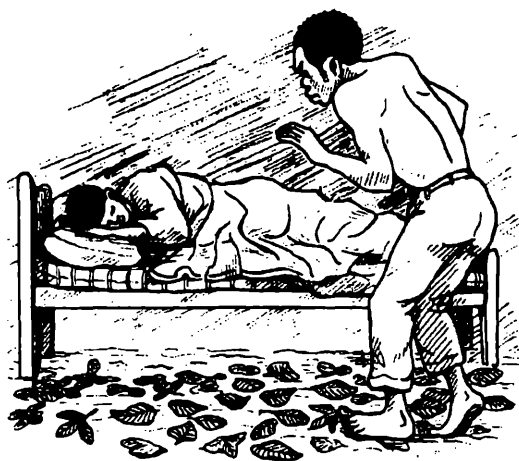
■ *Joan Swasey Arana*



coconut tree in a pool of blood. I just couldn't say a single word.

That was strange, you know. Because now that I have grown up and become a nurse, I tend to all kinds of cuts and deliver so many babies, and I talk my patients right through it all!

■ *Joan Swasey Arana*



Layzi Saiman

Dis da wahn taim wen taim da-mi taim. Monki sidong pahn wahn blak di skrach ih bak, an den aal weh dehn haftu du da sidong da nait an taak Anansi stoari. Dat da how dehn kaal di stoari weh dehn tel dehn pikni.

Lazy Simon

This was the time when time was time. The monkey sat down on a block of wood scratching his back, and there was nothing else to do in the evenings except to sit down and tell Anancy stories (folk tales). That is what the stories were called which adults told to their children.

*Ah memba wen Ah da-mi wahn lee gyal, mi
grampa tel mi wan bowt wahn layzi bwai weh noh
waahn du no werk.*

*Soh wan day wahn oal uman paas deh, an ih tel
ahn, "Ai da wahn wich. Ah wahn mek da bwai werk,
bikaaz ih tu layzi. Weh di bwai laik?"*

*An di bwai pa tel ahn, "Aal ih waahn da wahn
gon."*

*Soh di wich tel ahn, "Wel, bai wahn gon fi ahn
den," ih seh, "an den ih wahn werk."*

*Wen di pa bai di gon fer ahn, di bwai geh hapi.
Ih gaahn hontin. Bot ih pa mi waahn ih geh hapiya.*

*I remember when I was a little girl, my grandfather
told me a story about a lazy boy who didn't want to do any
work.*

*One day an old woman passed by and said, "I am a
witch. I want to make the boy work, because he's too lazy.
What does he like?"*

His father said, "All he wants is a gun."

*The witch said, "O.K. Buy a gun for him then, and he
will work."*

*The boy was really happy when his father bought him
the gun. He was going to go hunting! But his father wanted*



Soh ih tek wan a fi hihn taym dyaa an haid ahn eena wahn lee bush.

An az di bwai get deh, ih si di dyaa an ih shoot ahn. An ih kohn hoam hapi. Ih seh, "Ah kil wahn dyaa! Ah kil wahn dyaa!" Soh dehn kuk di dyaa an dehn mi gat wahn big fees.

him to be even happier, so he took one of his own tame deer and hid it in a bush.

When the boy got to the bush, he saw the deer and shot it. He came home happy. "I killed a deer!" he said. "I killed a deer!" So they cooked the deer and had a big feast.

An di neks maanin ih seh, "Ah gwain goh kil wahn neks wan."

Bot wen ih gaahn, ih neva fain non, bikaa ih pa neva haid wahn neks wan fer ahn agen. Soh ih get beks an gaahn hoam. Ih seh ih noh gwain bak noh moh. Ih put dong di gon, an ih gaahn bak da ih bed.

Soh di wich paas an aks, "Weh Saiman deh?"

Dehn tel ahn ih gaahn bak eena ih bed gaahn lay dong.

Ih seh, "Get op, bwai. Goh hontin agen. Yu wahn kil sohnting."

The next morning, the boy said, "I'm going to go kill another deer!"

But when he went hunting, he didn't see any deer, because his father hadn't hidden one for him that time. So he got angry and went back home. He declared he would never go hunting again. He put down his gun and went back to bed.

After a while the witch passed by and asked, "Where is Simon?"

They told her that he had gone back to bed.

She went to him and said, "Get up, boy. Go hunting again, because you will kill something."

An laik how ih frayd fi di wich, ih pik op ih gon an gaahn owt a di hows. Ih neva meen fi goh hontin. Ih oanli gaahn owt fi mek di oal uman lef ahn loan.

Soh ih gaahn eena di bush. Ih put di gon dong, an ih lay dong bai wahn chree root. An wen ih luk, ih si wahn big snayk. Ih faiya di gon an ih shoot di snayk. An wen ih don shoot di snayk, ih put di gon pan ih shoalda fi ron bak hoam, kaa ih frayd fi di snayk. Bot az ih gwain, ih yehr wahn vais bihain ahn. Soh ih luk bak. Bot ih noh si nobadi, oanli di snayk weh dehdeh pahn di grong.

And because he was afraid of the witch, he got up and went out of the house. He had no intention of going hunting. He only went to make the witch leave him alone.

When he got to the woods, he put his gun down and lay against the root of a tree. Suddenly he saw a big snake. He fired his gun and shot the snake. Then he put his gun on his shoulder to run back home, because he was afraid of the snake. But as he began to run, he heard a voice behind him. He looked back but saw nothing but the dead snake there on the ground.



An di snayk seh:

Kohn pik mi op, kohn pik mi op,

Yoo Saiman dudu, yoo layzi bwai.

Kohn pik mi op, kohn pik mi op,

Mm, mmm.

*Bot di bwai wudn stap. Soh di snayk gaahn front a
ahn an stap, mek ih kyaahn paas.*

Ih seh, "Yu hafu pik mi op an kehr mi hoam

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 wouldn't stop. So the snake went in front of him
and stopped, so that he couldn't pass.*

"You have to pick me up and take me home with you,"

wid yu." An ih jomp op an rap rong ih nek.

*An den Saiman ron gaahn hoam wid di snayk
rong ih nek. Wen ih reech hoam, ih ma seh, "Weh yu
gwain wid da big ded snayk?"*

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

*Ih ma seh, "Noh tel mi no lai, bwai. Di snayk
ded. Ih stink an aal."*

*Bot ih seh, "No, Ma. Di snayk di taak tu mi an
Ah hafu du evriting weh ih tel mi."*

An den di snayk jomp aaf a ih nek, an ih seh:

it said. And it jumped up and wrapped itself around his neck.

*So Simon ran home with the snake around his neck.
When he got home, his mother said, "Where are you going
with that big dead snake?"*

He said, "The snake's not dead, Mother. It can talk."

*She said, "Don't tell me any lies, son. The snake is
dead. It already stinks."*

*But Simon said, "No Mother, it talks to me. I have to
do everything it says."*

At that, the snake jumped off his neck and said,

Kohn skin mi now, kohn skin mi now.

Yoo 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,

Yoo Saiman dudu, yu layzi bwai.

Kohn beri mi now, kohn beri mi now,

Mm, mmm.

Wel, Saiman mi soh layzi ih noh waahn dig no hoal,

soh ih memba weh wahn weewi hoal deh, an ih pik op

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. And 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.

Well, Simon was so lazy that he didn't want to dig a hole. He knew where a large ant hole was, so he picked up the snake,



*di snayk an ih kehr ahn da di
weewi hoal, an ih jrap ahn dong
eena di hoal. Bot ih neva kehr di
skin. Soh di snayk tel ahn, ih seh:*

Kohn bring mi skin, kohn

bring mi skin,

Yoo Saiman dudu, yu layzi bwai.

Kohn bring mi skin, kohn bring mi skin,

Mm, mmm.

*Soh ih mi hafu gaahn bak an get di skin, kaa ih frayd
fi di snayk. Bikaaz da oanli hihn weh ku hyaa weh di
snayk di seh.*

*took it to the ant hole, and he dropped it down. But he hadn't
brought the skin. So the snake told him:*

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 he had to go back and get the skin because he was afraid
of the snake. He was the only one who could hear what the
snake was saying.*

An ih gaahn fi di skin, an ih jrap ahn eena di hoal.

An di snayk tel ahn, "Yu noa wai Ah du yu dis? Bikaa yu tu layzi. Goh hoam now. An neks taim wen yu ma tel yu fi du sohnting, yu du ahn, kaa wen Ah kohn bak neks taim Ah wahn du yu sohnting plenti wosara dan dis."

Soh Saiman ron gaahn hoam. An fahn dat day, Saiman laan fi du weh ih ma seh.

■ *Mrs. Maria ["Nettie"] Wade*

So he went for the skin and dropped it in the hole.

Then the snake said, "Do you know why I did this to you? Because you're too lazy. Go home now. Next time when your mother tells you to do something, you do it. Because if I come again, I will do something far worse than this."

So Simon ran home. And from that day to this, he learned to do what his mother said.

■ *Mrs. Maria ["Nettie"] Wade*

"Sohnting Deh Ya!"

*Kriol pipl laik seh noh goh da bed wid beli ful,
kaa yu wahn gat naitmayr.*

*Misa Reggie da wahn chiklayro man. Ih mi-di
kyamp da bush wid chree ada man: JaaJ, Peeta an
Papsi. Aal day dehn deh eena bush di bleed sapadili
chree fi mek wahn lee too sens, an wen nait di
kohn, dat da di taim dehn di reech kyamp, taiyad an
hongri.*

*Soh wahn nait dehn disaid monks dehnsel
dat dehn wahn mek wahn lee bail op owt a wahn*

"Something's Herel"

*Creole folks like to tell you not to go to bed with a
full stomach or you will have a nightmare.*

*Mr. Reggie was a man who worked in chicle. He used
to camp with three other men: George, Peter, and Papsi. The
entire day was spent in the jungle, getting sap from the
sapodila tree in their efforts to earn a few cents. As night
fell, they would arrive back at their camp, tired and hungry.*

*One evening they decided among themselves that
they would make some "boil up" out of a piece of dried*



*pees a kaan pikayri, sweet pitayta, bail kayak,
plaantin, an kasaava.*

*Afta dehn don eet, aal a dehn sidong rong
dehn kyamp faiya, an dehn staat tu taak bowt weh
hapm eena di day. Afta wahn lee wail Reggie seh,
"Unu bwai, mee gwain da bed kaa mi taiyad bad."*

*Lee wail afta ih gaahn da bed, ih staat tu
snoar an mek sohn foni naiz laik ih di choak.*

peccary, some sweet potato, dumplings, plantain, and cassava.

*After they finished eating, all of them sat around the
camp fire and began to talk about the day's happenings.
After a little while, Reggie said, "Hey guys, I'm exhausted.
I'm going to bed."*

*Shortly after he went to bed, he began to snore and
make strange noises as if he were choking.*

Peeta seh: "Ssh! Unu lisn. Reggie di gat naitmayr."

Bowt wahn minit afta dat, Reggie hala owt an jomp aaf a ih bed.

Aal a dehn aks ahn, "Da wat, Reggie?"

Ih seh, "Ah jreem Ah mi deh eena di bush, an wen Ah luk dong di road, Ah si wahn lat a goas di kohn. Ah haid bak a wahn cheekleh chree an wayt til dehn paas.

"Afta dehn don paas, Ah tel miself Ah gaahn klayr.

Peter said, "Shh! Listen! Reggie's having a nightmare!" A minute later, Reggie yelled and jumped off his bed. "What's the matter, Reggie?" they all asked.

Reggie said, "I dreamed that I was in the jungle. I looked down the road, and suddenly I saw a lot of ghosts coming, so I hid behind a chicle tree to wait until they passed by.

"After they had gone by, I said to myself, I got away with that one!"

*"Bot wen Ah luk dong di road, Ah si wahn lee
goas weh mi lef bihain di kohn. An az ih reech di
chree weh Ah mi-di haid bihain, ih stap an hala,
'Sohnting deh ya!'*

"Da den Ah skreem an wayk op."

■ *Wilda Crawford*



*"But when I looked down the road, I saw a little ghost
coming that had been left behind. As it reached the tree
behind which I was hiding, it stopped and yelled, 'Something's
here!'*

"It was then that I screamed and woke up."

■ *Wilda Crawford*

Wen Ah Mi Yong

*Ai baan da Revenge 1930, di tweni-fif a
Maach. Mi ma an mi pa mi oanli hapi bowt dehn fat
baybi gyal.*

*Mi pa da-mi wahn chiklayro man. Hihn an wan
er too ada man aalwayz goh da bush fi bowt too
weeks goh werk, den dehn kohn hoam bak.*

*Eena dehn taim deh, dehn mi gah wahn man
weh gat wahn shap weh dehn kaal 'kamiseri'. Dat da
weh mi pa an di res a man dehn bai food fi kehr wid
dehn. Dehn kehr rais, flowa, shuga, milk, laad, saal,
an mach.*

When I Was Young

*I was born in Revenge in 1930, on the 25th of March.
My mother and father were very happy about their fat baby
girl.*

*My father was a chicle worker. He would go to work in
the jungle with one or two other men for a period of about
two weeks, and then he would come home.*

*In those days, there was a man who had a grocery
shop which was called a "commissary." My father and the
other men would buy supplies there to take with them, such
as rice, flower, sugar, milk, lard, salt, and matches.*



*Dehn bigin tu waak til dehn reech wehpaat di
cheekleh chree dehn deh, an dehn mek wahn kyamp
wid stik bed fi sleep pahn.*

*Afta dat, dehn kot di bush an dehn mek wahn
lee pikaado road fi reech da di chree weh dehn
wahn kot fi geh milk. Den dehn chap di root an put
wahn bag deh fi kech di milk.*

*They would walk until they reached the place where
the chicle trees were, and then they would make a little camp
with stick beds to sleep on.*

*After that, they would cut away the brush and make a
little path to the tree from which they would be getting the
sap. They would cut the root and fasten a bag there to catch
the milky sap.*

*Afta dat dehn wudda klaim di chree wid ahn
sper, an dehn chap di chree wahn lat a plays wid
mashet fi mek di milk ku ron dong.*

*Wen di bag ful op a milk, dehn poar ahn eena
wahn big aiyan pat an dehn mek wahn faiya andaneet
an staat tu ster ahn. Dehn ster di milk til ih get tik
tik tik, an den dehn haal ahn op wid wahn pees a
stik.*

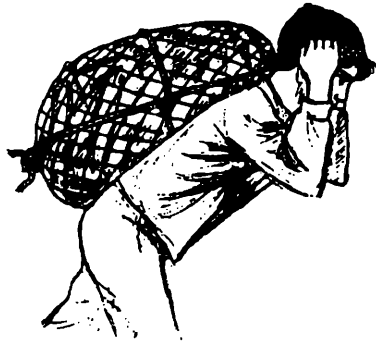


*Then they would climb the tree, using a spur to give
them a foothold. They would make many slits in the tree with
a machete, cutting in a way that would cause the sap to run
down into the bag.*

*When the bag was full of sap, they would pour it into a
big iron pot, and then build a fire underneath. They would then
stir the sap until it became very thick, after which they would
take it out with a stick.*

*Afta dat dehn da pap sohn leef an get wahn
bokit a waata fi mek di cheekleh noh stik pahn dehn
han. An wen di cheekleh geh kool, dehn moal ahn op
eena blak an put di blak eena di leef dehn. Eech a di
blak dehn way bowt ten pong.*

*Wen di man dehn don dehn werk, dehn kohn
hoam bak wid di cheekleh. Dehn hafu bak di bag a*



*After that they would go in the jungle and get some
large leaves. They would also get a bucket of water for rinsing
their hands, since the chicle is so sticky. After it was cooled,
the men would mold it into blocks of about ten pounds each,
which they would wrap in the leaves.*

*When the men were finished, they would return home
with the blocks of chicle. They would have to carry them on*

*cheekleh pahh dehn bak an waak chroo deep koal
waata frahn krik tu krik.*

*Wen dehn reech bak, dehn goh da di kamiseri
man, weh way di cheekleh an bai it frahn dehn. An
da soh dehn pay fi di food dehn weh dehn mi gat. An
di res a moni dehn kehr hoam an bai ting fi dehn
famili.*

*Wen di kamiseri man get di cheekleh, ih sel
ahn tu di kompni weh mek ching gom, kaa dat da weh
ching gom kohn frahn.*

Wail mi pa deh eena di bush, mi ma da stay

*their backs and wade through deep cold water from one creek
to another.*

*When the men arrived back in the village, they would
go to the commissary, and the owner would weigh the chicle
and buy it from them. Part of the money went to pay for the
supplies they had taken for their trip, and the rest was theirs
to meet the needs of their families.*

*On his part, the commissary owner would sell the
chicle to the chewing gum company, since chicle is the basic
ingredient of chewing gum.*

While my father was working in the jungle, my

hoam an tek kayr a wi. Ih da wash an kuk an mek wi goh da skool. Bot bayli eni skool dehdeh, kaa di tee'cha dehn noh liv da Revenge. Dehn kohn frahn Dangriga, an dehn stay fi bowt chree monts. Wen dehn dehdeh, wi goh da skool bowt nain, an wi geh bak hoam bowt twelv.

Eena dehn taim deh, wi bayli gah food fi eet. Mi ma wudda gat wahn lee bit a rais, an ih mek wahn big pat a lab fi wi. Ih da sweetn ahn wid ahn lee bit a kayn sorop an gi aal a wi wahn lee kop a it.

mother would stay home and take care of us. She would wash clothes and cook, and she made us go to school. But there was really very little schooling in those days, because the teachers didn't live in Revenge. They would come from Dangriga and stay in our village for about three months. While they were there, we would go to school about nine o'clock in the morning and come home at noon.

In those days, we had barely enough food to eat. My mother would get a little bit of rice and make a big pot of rice porridge for us. She would sweeten it with a little bit of cane syrup, and each of us would get a small cupful.



*Ih tel wi, "Dat da unu dina, an unu kyaahn get
noh moh noh moh til dis eevnin."*

*Sohntaim da eevnin, mi ma wudda mek wahn
lee bit a jani kayak er bred. If ih mek bred, ih da
brok ahn eena too haaf fi mek too a wi shayr. An
wid dat, ih da mek sohn laim tee. Ih da tek di laim
leef, put ahn eena di ketl wid waata, an ih put ahn
pahn di faiyahaat fi bail.*

*She would say, "That is your dinner, and you won't be
getting any more until this evening."*

*Some evenings, Mother would make a few biscuits. If
she made small bread loaves, she would break one in half for
us to share. She would also make lime tea for us to drink by
boiling a few lime leaves in a kettle of water.*

*Sohntaim ih mek feeva graas tee er ih da bon
di kaan an mek kaan kaafi fi wi jrink.*

*An dat da how wi mi yoostu liv wen Ah mi deh
da Revenge, bifo wi moov da Crooked Tree.*

■ *Estelle Smith*

*Other times she would make lemon grass tea, or she
would burn corn and make corn coffee for us to drink.*

*That is how we used to live when I was at Revenge
before we moved out to Crooked Tree.*

■ *Estelle Smith*



Wen Mi Grani Yoostu

Koam Mi Hyaa

*Wen Ah da-mi wahn lee gyal bowt ten yaaz
oal, Ah memba mi ma yoostu goh da Bileez goh sel
froot an koknat ail, an lef mi grani fi tek kayr a wi.*

*Wen ih wudda goh da Bileez, wi get op soon
da maanin fi du di howswerk. Den wi jrink wi tee.
Afta dat, da taim fi geh redi fi goh da skool. Soh*

When My Granny Used To Comb My Hair

*When I was a little girl about ten years old, I
remember that my mother would go to Belize City to sell
fruit and coconut oil. She would leave us in our grandmother's
care while she was gone.*

*On the days that she would go, we would get up early
in the morning to do the housework. We would then have
breakfast. By then it was time to get ready to go to school.*

*Ah bayd, put aan mi kloaz, pik op mi skoolbaag, an
goh da mi grani hows fi mek ih koam mi hyaa. Mi
grani wudda tek da koam an rayk ahn chroo mi hyaa.*

*Dehn taim Ah don beks aredi, kaa Ah noa Ah
noh wahn laik how ih koam mi hyaa. Ah noh noa if mi
grani neva noa bowt kaan roa, bot ih put dehn big tik
plat eena mi hed. Ih put wan pahn eech said, too da
tap, an bowt foa da bak. Wen ih staat koam mi hyaa
an Ah put mi han pahn mi hed fu feel weh ih di du, ih
wudda tek da koam an ih kof mi pahn mi finga.*

*So I would bathe, get dressed, pick up my schoolbag, and go to
my grandmother's house to have her comb my hair. She would
take the comb and rake it through my hair.*

*By that time I was already irritated, because I knew
I wouldn't like the way she would fix my hair. I don't know if
she had ever heard of corn rows, but she would braid my hair
with big thick braids. She would put one on each side of my
head, two on top, and about four in the back. When she would
start, I would put my hand up on my head to feel what she
was doing, and she would take the comb and hit my fingers
with it.*

*Wen ih don, Ah wudda goh da skool. Ah
kudda mi haadli wayt fi get da skool, fi mek wan a
mi fren fiks mi hyaa oava, bot aal weh dehn du da
mek ih luk wos. Ah ges da dats wai Ah noh laik no
kain a plat eena mi hed tudeh day.*

■ *Antoinette Hope*

*When she was finished, I would go to school. I could
hardly wait to get there, so that I could get one of my
friends to re-do my hair. But they would only make it look
worse.*

*I guess that is why even to this day I don't like any
kind of braids in my hair.*

■ *Antoinette Hope*



Di Wich Dehn

*Mi ma tel mi dat wen dehn da-mi pikni, sohn
wich mi yoostu gyada ya. Dehn mi gat big blak skin,
weh fan owt laik wahn kloak. Dehn skin kudda mi
kohn aaf. Ih yoostu help dehn, kaa yu ku si ih di
flap eena di win.*

*Wen di wich dehn di play pahn dehn broom,
dehn di flai aal oava di plays. Dehn wudda play chrik*

The Witches

*My mother told me that when they were little, some
witches used to gather here in Crooked Tree. They had big
black skins which fanned out like cloaks. Their skins could be
taken off. Because they were like cloaks, they helped the
witches to fly by flapping in the wind.*

*As the witches would play, they would fly all over the
place on their brooms and they would often play tricks on*

pahn wahn lat a pipl tu. An wen dehn don play, dehn tek aaf dehn skin an put ahn eena son fi son owt, den dehn goh sleep.

Wel, di vilija dehn, dehn mi yoostu frayd fi dehn bad. Soh dehn gaahn da wahn bush dakta an aks ahn weh fi du. Ih tel dehn fi saal di skin dehn weh di wich dehn son owt. Den di wich dehn wahn kyaahn flai weh.

Di vilij leeda kaal op wahn kwik meetn an aks hoo wudda goh saal di skin dehn. Bowt faiv yong bwai valantya fi goh. Wen dehn don, dehn haid fi

people. When they finished playing, they would take off their skins and put them out to get some sun. Then they would sleep.

Well, the villagers used to be really afraid of these witches. So they went to a bush doctor and asked what to do about them. They were told to salt the witches' skins while they were out in the sun, then the witches wouldn't be able to fly away.

So the village leader held an emergency meeting to ask who would dare to salt the witches' skins. About five young boys volunteered to do the job. When they finished,

si weh wahn hapm.

*Di wich dehn wayk op lee bit bifo di son
gaahn dong. Dehn waak op tu dehn skin an chrai fi
put dehn aan. Bot di skin dehn noh waahn goh aan.*

Dehn staat tu daans op an dong an seh:

"Skini, skini, yu noh noa mi now.

Skini, skini yu noh noa mi now."

■ *Ulanda Jones*

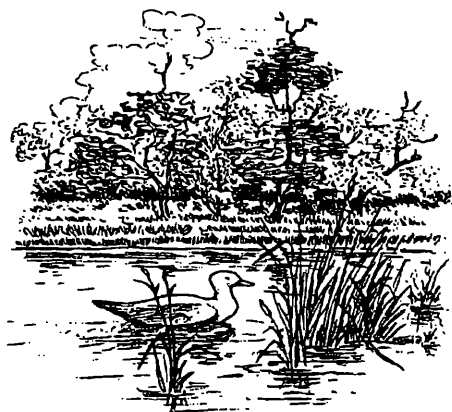
they hid to see what would happen.

*The witches woke up a little before sundown. They
walked to their skins and tried to put them on, but they
couldn't. The witches then began to dance up and down and
say:*

Skini, skini, you don't know me now.

Skini, skini, you don't know me now.

■ *Ulanda Jones*



Bag Dong Eena Mod

Ah memba wen wi yoostu waak kraas di lagoon, bifo dehn put di kaazway eena di erli '80's.

Yu si di oanli way fi get kraas di lagoon joorin di rayni seezn da eena boat er doari. Bot wen ih jrai, man, da den ting geh bad! Di waata get soh loa dat di oanli way yu ku kraas da fi yu pay wahn dala an

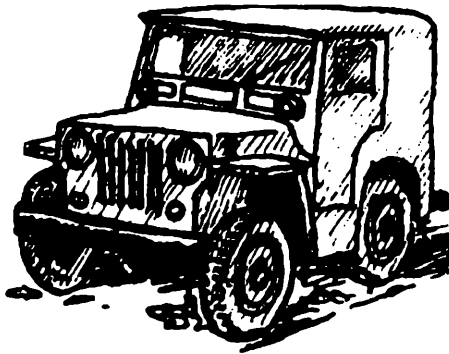
Stuck In The Mud

I remember when we used to walk across the lagoon before the causeway was built in the early '80's.

You see, the only way to get across the lagoon during the rainy season was in a boat or canoe. But during the dry season, things really got bad. The water would get so low that the only way you could cross was by paying a dollar for

sohnbadi wahn push yu kraas eena wahn doari. Er els yu waak kraas.

Eena dehn dayz deh, Mista Jeks da-mi di oana a di oanli chranspoat fi goh da Bileez. Ih aalso mi gat wahn lee oal Jeep weh ih kehr ih groasri er wahn fyoo oal pipl an pikni eena. Ih da goh rong di lagoon an kraas da wahn plays weh dehn kaal 'Hen an



someone to push you across in a canoe, or else you would walk across.

In those days, Mr. Jeks had the only transport to Belize. He also had a little old Jeep in which he carried his groceries or a few old people or children. He would go around the lagoon and cross over at a place called 'Hen and Chicken.'

*Chikin.' Di chrip wudda tek bowt wan an a haaf owa
er maybi too er chree owaz, espeshali if dehn geh
bag dong eena mod.*

*Eniway, mi kozn Wilma an mee gaahn da tong
fi kalek wi pay fu di mont. Bot wen wi kohn bak, aal a
di doari mi deh pahn di ada said a di lagoon. Soh di
oanli ting da fi mek wi waak kraas.*

*Wi staat aaf gud, bot wen wi geh haafway,
Kozn Wilma geh bag rait dong eena di mod. Ah chrai
fi pul ahn owt, bot kudn mek it ataal.*

Eniway, too yong man mi-di paas. Wid waata

*This trip would take about an hour and a half, or sometimes
two or three hours, depending on whether or not the Jeep got
stuck in the mud.*

*Anyway, one day my cousin Wilma and I went to Belize
City to get our month's salary. When we came back, all the
canoes were on the other side of the lagoon. The only thing
left to do was to walk across.*

*We started off well. But when we got halfway, Cousin
Wilma got bogged down in the mud. I tried to pull her out, but
it was impossible.*

*After a while, two young men started to pass us by.
With tears in her eyes and sweat running down her face,*

*eena ih aiy an swet di ron dong ih fays, Wilma put
pwt ih han dehn an seh, "Mista, pleez hav mersi
pahn mi."*

*Di too yong man stap an jreg ahn owt. Wen
dehn pul ahn owt, wan a ih shooz lef stok eena di
mod. Dehn luk til dehn fain ahn, an den dehn hoal ih
han an help ahn til ih reech kraas di lagoon.*

*Afta dat, if enibadi eevn menshan di wod
"mod," wi luk pahn wan anada an bos owt a laaf.*

■ *Wilda Crawford*

*Wilma put out her hands and said, "Sirs, please have mercy on
me."*

*The two young men stopped and dragged her out. But
when she got out, she discovered that one of her shoes was
left in the mud. The young men looked until they found it, and
then they held her arm and assisted her all the way across
the lagoon.*

*After that, if anyone would even mention the word
"mud", we would look at each other and burst out laughing.*

■ *Wilda Crawford*



How "Hen an Chikin" Geh Ih Nayhn

Wahn laydi mi gat wahn lat a fowl, an ih mi liv da Oal Crooked Tree. Wan a dehn fowl mi-di lay, an di laydi pik op di eg evri day. An di fowl get jelos. Ih moov ihself, an ih gaahn bitween too klomp a lagoon bush, an ih mek ih nes deh. An di laydi mi-di kos an kwaaril, an ih seh sohnbad i mosi mi teef ih fowl.

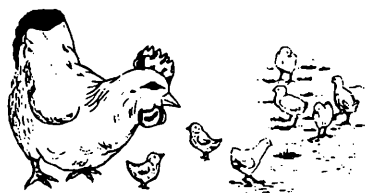
How "Hen and Chicken" Got Its Name

A woman who lived in Old Crooked Tree owned a lot of chickens. One of her hens used to lay, and the woman picked up the egg every day. But the hen didn't like that, so it went and built a nest between two clumps of brush in the lagoon. This left the woman cursing and fussing that someone had stolen her hen.

*An den wahn day ih mi-di rayk di yaad an ih di
kwaaril fi mek pipl hyaa how dehn teef ih fowl. An
wen ih luk, ih si di fowl di kohn frahn di big klomp
wid wahn lat a chikin.*

*Frahn dat, dehn kaal di plays weh di hen mi
deh 'Hen an Chikin'. Ih deh da wahn plays weh lat a
lee klomp a bush deh, an lat a fish deh wen ih flod.*

■ *Mrs. Maria ["Nettie"] Wade*



*One day she was raking the yard and fussing loudly, so
that everyone could hear about the person who stole her hen.
Suddenly she saw the hen coming from the lagoon with a lot of
chicks.*

*Since then, the place where the hen had her nest has
been called "Hen and Chicken." It is a place where there are
many clumps of brush, and many fish at flood time.*

■ *Mrs. Maria ["Nettie"] Wade*



How Ah Yoostu Spen Mi Soma Dehn

Enitaim wen soma haliday mi-di kohn, wahn laydi yoostu kohn da wi vilij. Sohntaim ih bring ih sista wid ahn. Bot ges weh els ih bring -- chree fowl, wan fi eech Sondeh weh ih wahn deh eena di vilij! Mek Ah tel yu hoo wahn hafu kleen dehn. Da poa mee! Ah neva hayt notn moa dan dat. Bot Ah

How I Used To Spend My Summers

Whenever the summer holiday would begin, a lady used to come here to our village. At times she would bring her sister with her. But guess what else she brought - three chickens, one for each Sunday that she would be there! And guess who had to clean them! It was poor me! I never hated anything more than that. But that was all right because the

neva kayr, bikaaz ih yoostu chreet mi gud.

Imajin wahn ten yaa oal gyal weh hafu kleen chikin. Ah yoostu geh wan a mi bredda fi kil di chikin fi mi. Di wos paat da wen Ah haftu poar di hat waata pahn di fowl. Ah yoostu hayt da smel fi dat, an tu wen Ah haftu kleen di gizad. Bot Ah du it eniway.

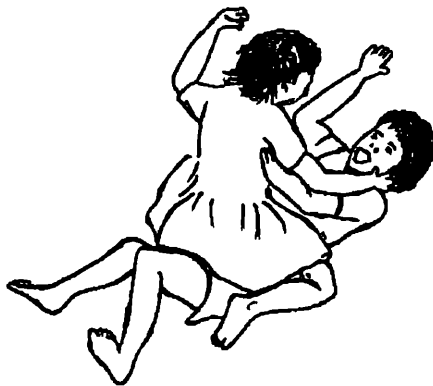
Sohn yaaz layta, di laydi staat tu bring ih too nees wid ahn. Bot da mee stil hafu kleen di chikin dehn. Mee an ih nees dehn ton gud fren, til wahn soma mi ma sen mi da Bileez fi spen too weeks wid dehn.

lady used to treat me really well.

Imagine a ten-year-old girl having to clean a chicken! I used to get one of my brothers to kill it for me. The worst part was when I would pour hot water on it [before plucking it]. I hated the smell of that, and I also hated having to clean the gizzard, but I did it anyway.

Some years later, the woman began to bring her two nieces with her. but I still had to clean the chickens. Her nieces and I became such good friends that one summer my mother sent me to Belize City to spend two weeks with them.

*Wan a di soma wen Ah mi deh da mi vilij,
dehn mi hav dis gyal weh yoostu paas bai mi fren
hows an teeze dehn. Soh wahn day wen Ah gaahn da
di hows, mi fren dehn tel mi fi beet ahn op wen ih
paas bai di hows. Ah neva soh yoostu laik di gyal
eniway, soh wen ih mi-di paas, Ah grab ahn eena ih
blowz an wi staat tu schrogl. Ah manij fi chroa ahn
pahn di grong. Ah sidong pahn ahn an Ah bait ahn.*



*One summer, when they were in my village, a girl
would pass by and tease them. So one day when I went to
their house, my friends told me to beat up the girl. I didn't
like her anyway, so when she passed by the house, I grabbed
her by her blouse and we began to struggle. I managed to
throw her to the ground, sit on her, and bite her.*

*Den Ah get op an ron. Di gyal chays mi rong
an rong di hows, an mi fren dehn di hala, "Kohn
opstayz, gyal! Kohn opstayz!" Soh Ah ron op di step
an di gyal nayli kech mi.*

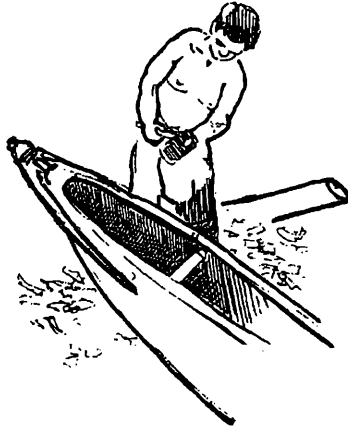
*Wahn day wi geh di sad nyooz dat di laydi
ded, an Ah neva geh fi gaahn da di finaral. Ah neva
geh fi si mi fren dehn agen. Mi soma dehn geh
boarin, kaa Ah mi haftu stay hoam an help mi ma
wash dehn lat a doti kloaz.*

■ *Antoinette Hope*

*Then I got up and ran. She chased me around the
house several times. My friends yelled at me to come
upstairs, and I made it up the stairs just in time.*

*One day we received the sad news that the woman
had died. I never got to go to the funeral, and I never saw my
friends again either. My summers were no longer interesting,
as I had to stay home and help my mother wash all those
dirty clothes.*

■ *Antoinette Hope*



Wahn Chrip Wid Grampa

Sayra an Joan an dehn Aanti Rosie mi oanli eksaitid, bikaaz dehn mi gwain da Blakbon wid dehn grampa fi plaant rais. Dehn mi haftu chravl eena wahn doari chroo Crooked Tree Lagoon tu Spanish Krik.

A Trip With Grandpa

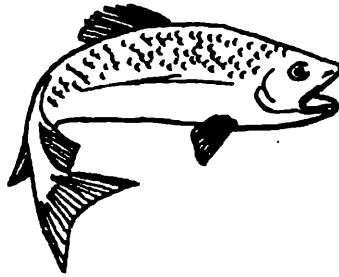
Sarah and Joan and their Aunt Rosie were excited, because they were going to Blackburn with their grandfather to plant rice. They would have to travel in a canoe through Crooked Tree lagoon all the way to Spanish Creek.

*Wen dehn geh da wahn plays weh nayhn
Poahal, Grampa get owt a di doari, an ih tai di doari
tu wahn chree. Ih tel di pikni dehn fi stay eena di
doari til ih geh bak. Grampa da-mi wahn faama, bot
ih da-mi wahn fishaman tu, an ih gaahn eena di bush
fi goh luk fu wud lais fi put eena ih fish pat. Di wud
lais dehn achrak di fish tu di fish pat, an dehn shoar
fi geh wahn gud fish dina.*

*Aanti Rosie da-mi di oalis wan a di chree
pikni, an Sayra an ih lee sista doz lisen tu evriting
weh ih seh. Di fos ting ih seh da, "Dis waata deep*

*When they arrived at the place named Poahal, Grandpa
got out of the canoe, tied it to a tree, and told the children to
stay in the canoe until he got back. Grandpa was a farmer, but
he was also a fisherman, so he went into the jungle to look for
wood lice to put in the fish trap. The lice would attract the
fish, and one would be sure to get a good fish dinner.*

*Auntie Rosie was the oldest of the three children, and
Sarah and her little sister used to believe everything that she
told them. The first thing that she said was, "This water is*



bad. Ih noh gat no batam." Den ih seh, "Ih ful a shaak an haligeta an krakadail."

Di sayhn taim, wahn big fish jomp op bai di said a di doari, an Sayra an ih lee sista chrai fi get lang shoa. Bot dehn mi haftu klaim oava di fish pat, and too a dehn jrap da waata. Grampa yer di baalin an ih rosh deh fi reskyu dehn. An ih gi dehn wahn gud beetn.

really deep. It doesn't have a bottom." Then she said, "It's full of sharks, alligators, and crocodiles."

Just then a big fish jumped out of the water, right by the side of the canoe. Sarah and her little sister tried to get to shore, but they had to climb over the fish trap and both of them fell into the water. When Grandpa heard them crying, he rushed down and rescued them, and then he gave them a good spanking.



Wel, dehn kantinyu til dehn get da plantaysh. Grampa mi haftu goh sohnweh, soh ih lef di chree a dehn da di kyamp. Aanti Rosie staat agen wid di schupidnis.

Fos ting ih seh, "Yu kaal dehn bush ya 'wildanis', an dehn gat taiga, laiyan, an mongtin kow eena dehn."

After that they continued on to the planting field. Grandpa had to go somewhere, so he left the three of them alone at the camp. Auntie Rosie began again with her crazy talk.

First she said, "This place is called a wilderness, and there are jaguars, lions, and tapirs in it."

*Neks ting ih seh, "In fak, Ah tink Ah si wahn
mongtin kow rait deh eena di bush." An shee an
Sayra an di lee sista tayr aaf eena di neks
dairekshan.*

*Loki ting fi dehn, Grampa kohn bak da di
kyamp, an ih noh si no pikni. Pikni gaahn. Soh
Grampa staat tu hala, an dehn staat tu hala bak. An
da soh ih fain dehn.*

*An dat da di en a di rais plaantin chrip,
bikaaz da sayhn day Grampa put di chree pikni bak
eena di doari, an ih kehr dehn hoam bak.*

■ *Jean Perriott Reynolds*

*"In fact, I think I see a tapir right over there!" she
said next. And suddenly she and Sarah and her little sister
were tearing off in the opposite direction.*

*Lucky for them, Grandpa returned to the camp and
didn't see any children. He began to yell and they yelled back,
and so he was able to find them.*

*And that was the end of the trip to the planting
ground, because that very day, Grandpa put the three
children back in the canoe and brought them back home.*

■ *Jean Perriott Reynolds*