

New Voices 2



The Dauli Writers' Workshop. From left, first row: John Mering, Kaing Mana, Kombesane Lopa, Susannah Kuwamilon. Back row: Pininga Walkube, Silis Taian, Towi Tui, Siwa Budruan, Naomi Posawan, Anna Waiu, Mrs. Charles Horne. Elizabeth Taylor (not shown), on the staff of Dauli Teachers College, continues to lead the writers' group.

HOW KANEM DIED FOR HIS CLAN

By Kaing Mana

Way up on the rugged, steep mountains lived a well-known man whose name was Yiinom, which meant he was the only man on whom the people depended.

Yiinom didn't have any wives. The women in the village were too frightened to marry him because he was too holy for them to touch.

Somehow he had a son whose name was Kanem. Nobody could tell where he got the wife who gave birth to that boy.

People had never seen Yiinom. He was too holy. But they used to dream about him and heard him speaking through bushes.

The people in the village were very wicked. They grumbled at the seasons. They grumbled at their skin. They grumbled for food. They grumbled the whole week through.

Therefore Yiinom said, "I have created those people to live on the things which are provided for them, without grumbling. But if they want to grumble a lot I'm going to destroy them tomorrow." But Kanem loved the people very much. Therefore he asked his father if he could go and tell the people how his father felt towards them.

So Kanem asked, "Father, may I go down to that village tonight and tell them how you feel toward them?" Yiinom wouldn't let Kanem because he was his only son. Yiinom said, "Son, you are not going down there in the form you are now but you are going to enter Mar's womb and be born like a child. So tonight you enter Mar's womb."

In the middle of that night Mar gave birth to Kanem. She called him Kanem because he wasn't a boy that was conceived by man. Kanem was well looked after by his mother, Mar. He was obedient. He loved his mother, therefore he helped her a lot. Kanem grew faster than his peers. He did his schoolwork better than they. He was a handsome boy. All he did pleased people.

When he was quite a grown-up man he gave speeches in public places and the people paid attention because the words he spoke were sweet as honey. He told the people that he was the son of Yiinom, but they didn't believe him. He told them that his father wasn't happy the way people acted. But the more people heard from him the angrier they got. Therefore they decided to get rid of him. But there wasn't a way to do it.

One day one of the villagers killed a man from another village and those other people tried a pay-back killing. But the men from Kanem's village always used to escape. Finally they grew so tired of always being on guard that they decided to hand over a man to the other tribe. The men talked among themselves and decided to hand over Kanem.

Kanem didn't know what his tribesmen had talked about. So the next morning they gathered in a big house and had a party. While they were enjoying themselves inside they heard someone calling out to them, saying, "Hei, you people. Come and help us to carry food down the hill because it is too heavy."

The men in the house said to each other, "Is Kanem somewhere? Go and help those people." So Kanem obeyed, hopped out of the house and started to run up the hill. But, my word! What did he see? His enemies were running down the hill with bows and arrows and spears. Poor Kanem didn't know where to go so he just stood there and said, "Take me and do to me whatever you want, but don't touch my brothers."

(more)



Kaing Mana at work

How Kanem Died, continued/

So they took him and beat him badly. They took off his clothing and fastened on a leaf instead. Also they took thorns from a bush and hit him with them.

At last they laid him on the ground and took bush knives and cut his fingers and toes one by one. It gave him tremendous pain but he didn't scream.

After that they skinned him and tied him to a tall tree for the sun to burn him.

In the afternoon an old man was sorry for Kanem and he took his body and buried him.

After some days the people saw Kanem walking around with his mother again. The people were very scared of him and never went close to him.

One day Kanem told his mother to go with him to a small mountain called Opil. When they got there he kissed her and **said good-bye.** His mother asked, "Kanem, where are you going?"

Kanem said, "I'm going back to my father Yiinom."

The mother screamed and clung to him but he said, "No worries, mother. One day I'll come back and take you to my home." While mother Mar was watching, thunder roared and Kanem disappeared. The mother told the people the news and they waited to see him come back, but they never saw him again. Therefore they made a great story about how Kanem died for his clan. They are still waiting for his return.

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(That's a true legend from my area, Minj, before missionaries came. The people from the mid-Waghi area still tell this story and compare it with Jesus' death. It is similar, isn't it?)

THE LORD FIRST

By Anna Waiu

I want the Lord to have first place in my heart.
I want the things of earth that hinder to depart.
I have heard my Saviour's call,
I gladly yield my all
I want the Lord to have first place in my heart.

How about you, dear friends?
Do you want the Lord to have first place in your heart?
Do you want the things of earth that hinder to depart?
Well! Hear your Saviour's call
Give up sinful practices
Yield your service to Him
And let Him have the first place in your heart.

PRAYER FOR STUDENTS IN TEACHERS COLLEGES IN PNG

By Kombesane Lopa

Our dear Heavenly Father, thank you indeed for all the students in teachers colleges in Papua New Guinea. I pray that you will truly bless each one so that we might be better equipped for the life that is ahead of us. Open the eyes and minds of each individual student so that we might see and realize how important it is to take the responsibility of teaching in this young and growing country.

I also pray that you will help us to teach not only about material things which will soon disappear, but also about the Word of God, which will last for ever. Our Father, train and prepare us to be effective teachers able to understand each child and able to help develop their abilities.

Thank you Lord for those who have consecrated their lives to you and serve you. Continue to be with them each day so that they will be more alert to teach and help each child to develop the whole three parts of the person--body, mind and soul. Also help them not only to teach but to set a good example for children and to their fellow men in this country. Amen.

THE VOICE OF BRIGHTNESS

By Towi Tui

I am a man.
I show no darkness when you have need.
I sleep when you sleep.
I go to others to give you rest
But come to keep you working.

I am sometimes praised
But am hated when I show too much.
I stay when you get day, go when you get night.
I do this just for you
But you both praise and hate.



KAGO KAL I PINIS OLGETA

Siwa Budruan i raitim

Taim bikpela pait i pinis na ol soldia na kago bilong ol i go bek, tingting bilong ol pipel i go paul nogut tru. Ai bilong ol i bin lukim ol kain kain samting bilong pait, olsem gan, planti kaikai, bikpela sip bilong pait. Ol i daunim spet bilong ol tru. Wanpela tingting i kamap long het bilong ol: "Yumi inap kisim bek ol dispela kago?" Ol i no save as bilong ol dispela kago i kamap olsem wanem.

Muli, hetman bilong ol, i sanap na i tok: "Yupela man na meri, Harim! Mi gat wanpela tingting, na i olsem.

Ol pipal i spik, "Yes, tokim mipela. Ol dispela waitman i nogut. Ol i haitim rot bilong kisim kago long yumi. Ol i ting nogut yumi kamap olsem ol. Ol i laikim ol yet i bosim yumi, mekim yumi wokman bilong ol."

Muli i tok, "Orait! Klostu san i laik go daun. Mi laikim olgeta lapun na yangpela meri i mas bilasim ol long plaua na go na sanap long nambis. Kisim tupela lip long han na sekim het bilong yupela i go na i kam. Yupela i mas mekim i go inap tudak i kamap. Na sapos faipela de i pinis, kago bai i kam."

"Gutpela tru! Dispela faipela de i pinis, yumi bai i kamap risman tru," ol man i bikmaus.

Taim san i laik go daun, nambis i pulap long ol lapun na smatpela yangpela meri. Sapos yu lukluk i go, ating yu seksek long bilas bilong ol liklik. Man! Het bilong ol i wok long seksek i stap. Tripela de i lus na ol i wok i go yet. Na ol man, ol i no wok. Ol i sindaun nating na wok long wet long kago. "Bai kago i kam," ol i tok. Orait faipela de i kamap.

Muli i tok, "Orait tude long nait yumi olgeta i mas go long haus na pasim dua i stap. No ken mekim wanpela nois tru. Ol pikinini i no ken bikmaus. Kago bai i kam tude long nait. Na sapos wanpela long yupela i mekim nois, sori tumas! Kago i no inap kam. Harim! Nau go na bihainim maus bilong mi!"

Ol pipel i kirap na go long haus bilong ol. Tudak i kamap na ol i pasim dua na wet i stap. Ol i no save long trik bilong Muli. Nogat nois tru. Ol i wet tasol.

Muli i gat wanpela longlong pikinini long haus bilong em. Em i tokim dispela pikinini long i go ausait na wokabout i go long hap. Taim em i go pinis, Muli i kirap na bihainim em. Muli i mekim maus bilong em olsem wanpela masalai. Na dispela pikinini i pret na i bikmaus. Kwiktaim tumas, Muli i ran bek long haus bilong em na i wok long giaman i stap.

Tulait i kamap na ol pipal i no lukim wanpela samting yet. Nau Muli i kirap na i tok, "Sori tumas! Kago i no inap kam. Long nait mi harim wanpela nois olsem bilong wanpela pikinini. Ating yupela olgeta i harim tu."

"Yes, mipela i harim." Ol meri i belhat nogut tru. "Olsem wanem? Bun bilong beksait bilong mipela i pen nating," ol meri i tok. "Muli! Yu mas baim mipela."

Muli i tok, "Harim! Mi gat narapela rot i stap yet. Na i olsem: "Yumi mas wokim wanpela bikpela haus. Sapos i pinis yumi mas putim ol kaikai bilong gaden bilong yumi i go insait. Sapos yumi mekim olsem, bai kago i kam."

Ol pipel i bihainim tok bilong em, na i no long taim haus i sanap pinis. Sampela man i statim long putim kaikai long haus. Ol dispela kaikai i bilong Muli stret. Em i bin giamanim ol na wok long kaikai i stap.

(stori i no pinis)



Kombesane Lopa (left) & Siwa Budruan

Hap stori bilong Kago Kal/

Wanpela taim wanpela kiap i go long lukluk long ples. Kiap i tok, "Dispela haus i bilong wanem?"

Ol man i tokim em, "Em i haus bilong kago. No long taim bai i pulap long kago."

Kiap i tok gen, "Nogat tru ya. Husat man i tokim yupela? Kago i no inap kamap. Sapos yupela i no wok, kago i no inap kamap."

Ol pipal i tok, "Giaman tok bilong waitskin. Em i no laik tokim yumi. Em i laik haitim long yumi."

Kiap i traim long helpim ol, tasol ol i no inap harim tok bilong em. Ol i rausim em i go na wok long wet i stap. Planti mun i lus tasol kago i no kam.

Nau wanpela misineri i go long ol. Em i go long stap wantaim ol. Planti krismas i lus na em i wok long tokim ol pipel long tok-tok bilong God. Tu em i tokim ol as bilong ol kain kain samting bilong ol wait man i kamap olsem wanem. Insait long ol dispela krismas, planti bilong ol pipel i kamap Kristen. Twelpela krismas i lus na Muli i kamap Kristen. Em i mekim kamap giaman bilong em na tingting bilong kago i pinis olgeta. Bihain Muli i kamap wanpela wokman bilong God na i wok insait long ol pipal bilong em yet.



Naomi Posawan (See page 8)

THE TIRED MAN SWALLOWED BY A SNAKE

By John Mering

On the mountain Sapau, near Asier village, where the sun sets, there was a man named Kuren. One Sunday morning he got up from his bed and walked through the bush. He went to collect rats in his traps, the traps which he had made with dead logs. He saw that all the traps had fallen down.

Kuren was very happy indeed. He thought to himself, "Mmm...what a lucky person I am. I'm going to have a good lunch today."

He got many different kinds of rats--big rats with fat noses, small rats with short noses, tiny rats with thin noses. He got white rats, black rats, rats with reddish fur, rats with yellowish fur. He got rats with black tails, white tails, and brown tails, with short tails and with long, rounded tails. He got both male and female rats. He collected them with happy excitement on his face. He filled his bilum with them.

It was a very bright, sunny morning and as Kuren approached a river he came to a whirling, deeper part. There was a very big stone sitting in the middle of the water.

The man felt tired and weary so he decided to lay down and rest on the stone. He was so tired that he could not stay awake. When he was sleeping deeply, snoring like a groaning sick man, the enemy, the mighty moran, came up. "Mmm..." the moran thought. "What nice tasty food is that. I will be hungry if I can't do something about it."

The moran slowly but yet quickly, his hands and legs moving yet without moving or splashing water on the human's warm and juicy flesh, opened his arms and stretched his legs like elastic to trap the sleeping man. The mouth of the snake opened wide like the rising of the sun.

The poor man went straight down, down like a grain of salt. The snake walked back to his beautiful kingdom. He was rejoicing and praising himself.

Oh, the poor man! There was no way to escape from his enemy. He was bound with a big, thick net. He stayed in the snake's belly for three hours. He realized that he had disobeyed his wife the day before. The punishment had come upon him as a result.

Then Kuren began to think of doing something to save his life. So he asked his wife to forgive him for what he had done to her the day before. Then the snake brought him up and vomited him out.

Kuren had been inside the belly of the moran for three hours. His body was weak and he could not walk properly. When he arrived home he told his wife what had happened to him, and asked her to forgive him. So they both lived happily from that time on.



THE UNEXPECTED DEATH

By Naomi Posawan

During my Christmas holidays in 1971 I went to be with my parents at Tingau village, Manus Island. While I was there everybody in the village was preparing for Mr. Dietsch's party. Mr. Dietsch was a missionary to Manus Island. He and his family had lived at Manus for more than 20 years.

Dietsch's family was leaving Manus for America. So my village people and also some surrounding villages thought of making a farewell party. Everybody in the village started preparing sago and singsing a month early. Everything went well all that time. Only two days were left before the actual thing would happen on Thursday the 7th of January, 1972.

It was on Tuesday evening that every man, woman and young boy and girl from the ages of 5 to 7 came up to my place for the second last practice of their traditional singing and choir for the farewell party.

My father, Posawan, started beating the kundu. All the young men and women started dancing. On their left the smaller boys and girls really pleased themselves that evening. They seemed as if they were practicing for the party. They had very good fun.

The practice went on till 11 at night. After dancing we had the choir. All the young men and women who could read the Tingau language practiced some local church hymns for the party.

It was very late in the night when the choir finished. Nearly everyone had gone to sleep, except for a few young men who sat up in a verandah telling stories.

The men were having good fun when they suddenly heard a cry from the next house. "Oh my daughter! Oh my daughter!" It was Pikopia the mother who cried.

The young men ran across to see what was happening. They found that a little girl was burnt. Somehow the fire had caught Hilonai's dress and burnt her body. Poor Hilonai couldn't say a thing or shout or cry because she was very badly burnt.

A young man was sent to the mission station for the Sister's help. The Sister came up by the Land-Rover. Mrs. Somerville, the nursing sister, couldn't give any help because the accident was very bad.

The small girl with her mother was brought to the hospital about midnight by the Land-Rover. The doctor on duty tried his best to make the girl live. He had other medics helping. Even though they tried to save Hilonai's life, they couldn't.

About 4:30 in the morning, on Wednesday, the doctors couldn't do anything else. Suddenly Hilonai was dead, with her last words to her mother being, "I'm going to see my brother." Hilonai had left the old world and had gone to the new world.

All these things happened during the night. Not all the village people knew what had happened. The Tingau people thought everything was all right.

Surprisingly, at 7 in the morning, when the sun was just above the horizon, the hospital car brought the body back. The news spread through the whole village that Hilonai was dead.

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Unexpected death, continued/

Everyone in the village was very sad because they could imagine the night before when she was dancing with some other small girls.

An amazing thing had happened so the program of practicing the singsing was cancelled. The Tingau people had to put their mind on Hilonai's dead body.

Many people came and cried. Many came with broken hearts, saying, "This is a strange death for a girl wasn't sick."

At 3:30 in the afternoon we had the funeral. I will never forget what Pastor Benjamin said about the death:

"None of us knew this small girl was going to die," he said. "Last night she really pleased herself with other girls in dancing. We don't know when our friends are going to die. Our life is just like the flowers of the garden, which appear with the rising of the sun and disappear with its setting."

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WHAT WILL I DO WITH JESUS WHO IS CALLED CHRIST? (Matt. 27:22)

By Kombesane Copa

Pilate, the Roman governor who was in the district of Jerusalem, had to make a vitally important decision. He had to decide what he would do with Jesus who was called Christ when the high priests, scribes, pharisees and noblemen in Jerusalem brought him before Pilate and accused him as an evil-doer and a law-breaker. They wanted to crucify Jesus.

As Pilate was sitting on his judgment seat there came loud voices from every direction, saying, "This man said he was the son of God. This man said he would break our big temple in Jerusalem and build it in three days."

Pilate knew that Jesus hadn't done anything wrong. He was innocent. Therefore he wanted to set Jesus free. But the people cried out all the more. "If you set him free you are not Caesar's friend, for every one who makes himself a king is against Caesar. Away with him! Crucify him!"

Big question! What will I do with Jesus who is called Christ? This question came right from the heart of Pilate who sat on the judgment seat. He had to choose between two things. He would either be weak and listen to the people or be strong and do the right.

There are many Pilates in Papua New Guinea who do not know what to do with Jesus. This question is written in the hearts of everyone and it cannot be avoided. Everyone has to answer it individually. The question always remains, "What will I do with Jesus who is called Christ?" We have to choose between two things too as Pilate did nearly two thousand years ago. We either receive him to be our Saviour and King or reject him and say, "I don't want you."

Note: If we reject him in this life, he will reject us in the next when we come to his kingdom. Everyone will have to face his judgment; it does not matter who we are.

This is a publication of The Christian Writers' Association of Melanesia. CWAMEL is open to members of all churches. It seeks to help Christians to learn more about the art of modern writing, so that they might better tell about their faith and ideals, thus gaining better understanding themselves while communicating with their fellow men. The address of CWAMEL is P.O. Box 709, Madang, Papua New Guinea.

MANUI WANTAIM WAKAPA

Susannah Kuwamilon i raitim

Wanpela de bipo long ples Kuminibis san i hat nogut tru. Manui i bin i stap long hausblut na i waswas. Na em i tokim pren bilong em Wakapa i tok, "Pren, mitupela go waswas, lukim san i hat tumas."

Wakapa i tok, "Sori pren bilong mi, mi laik askim yu, tasol nogut yu no laik, olsem na mi no askim yu. Nau yu yet i askim na mi amamas. Kam, mitupela i go long wara."

Tupela meri i go daun i go long wara. Tupela i kalap i go daun long bikpela raunwara na stat long pilai. Ma-a-an, tupela i amamas tru. Tupela i waswas na paitim wara na bi-hainim i go antap i go long het bilong wara. Tupela i go liklik tasol na i painim wanpela pikinini bilong diwai i gat mo-song. Manui i kisim na brukim na Wakapa i tok, "O----!'pren bilong mi bai yu brukim hap long mi."

Tasol Manui tok pilai long em na i tok, "Mi bai i no inap long givim yu. Em bai mi tasol i kaikai ya." Manui i tok pilai tasol na i givim hap long Wakapa.

Tupela i waswas i go liklik na tupela i lukim tupela diwai i pulap tru long ol naispela, naispela prut. Na i sanap arere long wanpela draipela raunwara. Long wanpela diwai ol prut olgeta i mau tasol. Long narapela diwai olgeta prut i yangpela tasol. Maski i no pilai pilai. Tupela meri i lukim na ol prut ya i swit moa long ai bilong tupela.

Manui i tok, "Mi bai go antap long diwai i gat prut i mau long en."

Wakapa i tok, "Mi bai go antap long diwai i gat yangpela prut." Nau tupela i stat go antap. Wakapa i go antap long diwai i gat yangpela prut. Long wanem em i yangpela. Manui i lapun liklik olsem na em i go antap long diwai i gat pikinini i mau long en.

Taim tupela i go antap, wanpela nupela kain pasin i kamap. Dispela raunwara i stap klostu long diwai i kirap. Na wara ya i bihainim tupela i go antap long diwai. Wakapa i lukluk i go daun na i tok, "Poroman yu lukim, wara i bihainim mitupela ya!"

Manui i tok, "Ah! Yu giaman. Em i stap long ples bilong em. Em i no kam antap."

Taim tupela i krungutim nambawan han bilong diwai wara i stap daunbilo liklik. Taim tupela i go antap long namba tu han bilong diwai, wara i go kamap long namba wan han. Taim tupela i go kamap long namba tri han, wara i go kamap long namba tu han.

Bilum bilong tupela i pulap tru long pikinini bilong diwai. Tupela i kisim moa yet i go inap tupela i kamap long las liklik han bilong diwai. Plis ya, sori long tupela! I no gat rot bilong tupela i ranawe.

Nau wara i go antap na i kamap pinis long han bilong diwai tupela i stap long en. Wakapa kalap strong na i pundaun insait long arere bilong raunwara. Na Manui i kalap na pundaun namel long raunwara. Sori long em plis. Wara i strong tru na i wilwilim Manui na i karim em i go ananit long ol bikpela ston. Wakapa i sindaun kraikrai long em. Bai em i helpim em olsem wanem? Wara i strong tumas ya.

(i no pinis)

Wakapa wanpela tru i kirap na ron i go long ples. Em i wari nogut tru long pren bilong em na bun bilong em i slek olgeta. Em i no inap long wokabaut gut na i no wokabaut stret. Em i go kamap long ples na i hap i dai i stap. Em i orait nau na ol papamama bilong tupela i askim em, "Wanem samting i kamap na yu kam hap i dai olsem?"

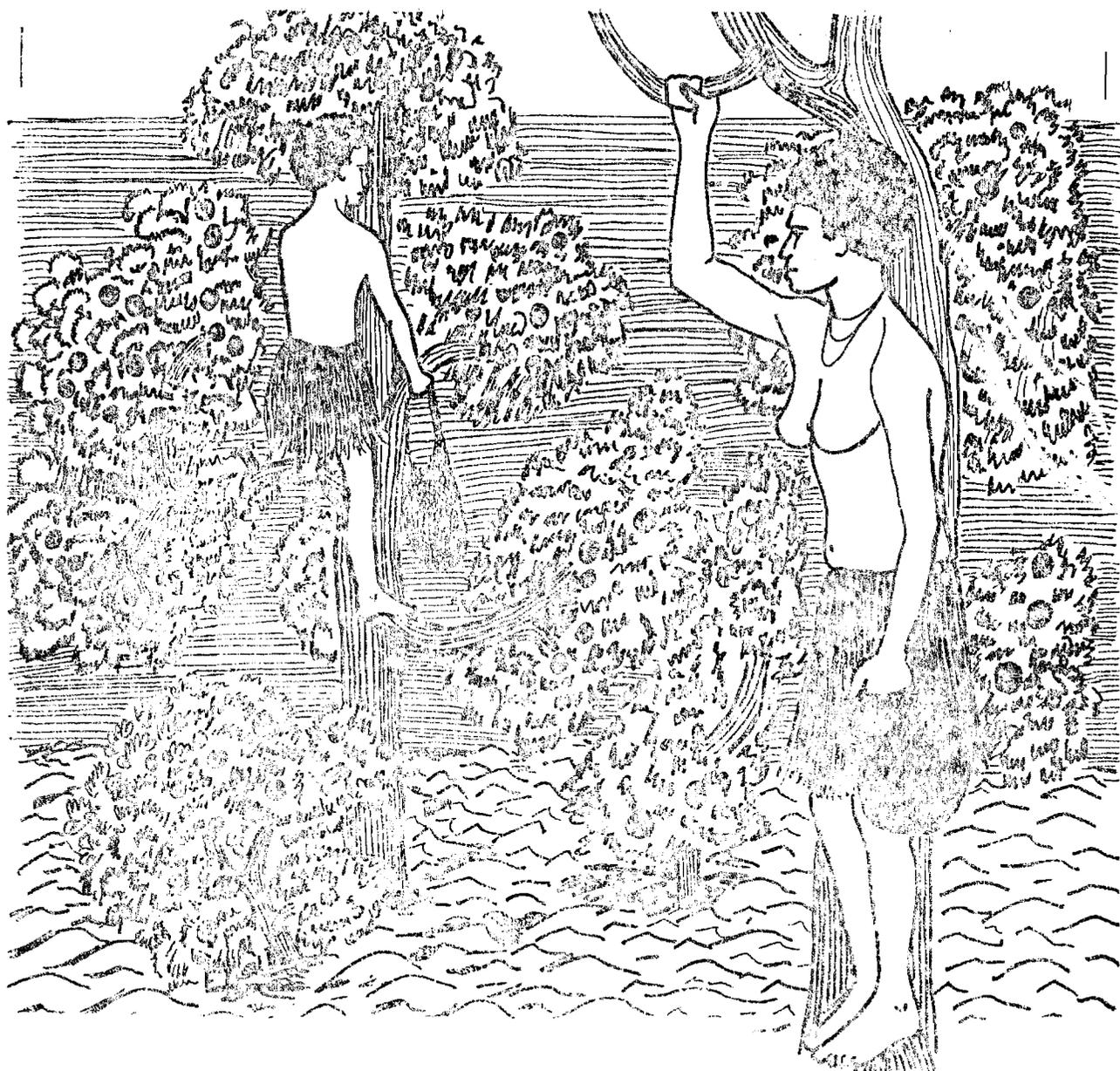
Na Wakapa i tokim ol papamama wanem samting i kamap long tupela. Em i tokim ol long raunwara i kilim Manui na maski olgeta i krai nogut tru. Ol i wari nogut tru long em.

Narapela de long moning taim tru olgeta manmeri long ples i kirap na i go long bus. Long bus ol i kisim lip na skin bilong tupela kain diwai. Long wanpela diwai ol i kisim skin tasol na long narapela diwai ol i kisim lip tasol. Ol sampela manmeri i katim limbun na ol arapela i brukim sampela paiawut.

Bihain ol i karim i go long arere bilong raunwara. Ol i sotwin nogut tru. Ol i sindaun na kisim win liklik na bihain ol i bungim sampela ston i no bikpela tumas. Wanpela hip long wanpela sait, narapela hip long narapela sait. Sampela ol i hipim long het bilong bikpela raunwara na sampela ol i hipim long daunbilo bilong wara.

Bihain ol i mekim paia na hatim ol ston. Taim ol ston i hat i stap long paia, ol i mekim foapela dis long ol limbun. Na ol i kisim lip na skin bilong diwai na tilim ol i go long foapela liklik hip na putim ol i go long foapela dis ol i wokim long limbun. Bihain ol i putim sampela wara tu i go long limbun.

(i no pinis) Akii Tunu i wokim piksa



Nau ol i kisim pitpit na wokim sisis long en na ol i kisim hatpela ston na putim i go long ol foapela limbun. Ol samting i stap long limbun i hat nogut tru na ol i kapsaitim olgeta samting i go daun long wara.

E---m nau, ol i sindaun na lukim dispela raunwara i kapsait olsem bikpela tait i kam bihain ren i pinis. Taim wara i go pinis, ol i lukim ol samting nogut nau. Ma---an, ol kain kain snek i kamap ananit long ston i stap daunbilo long raunwara. Sampela ol bikpela, sampela ol liklik i kamap i kam. I---o p-i-l-i-s, ol manmeri i pret nogut tru. Tasol ol snek i kam bihainim wara tasol i go daun.

Las tru, ol i lukim draipela moran. Em i karim het bilong Manui na i kamap i kam. Ol manmeri i lukim tasol na ol i katim dispela snek i go liklik na kilim em i dai. Na bihain ol i kisim het bilong Manui na karim i go long ples bilong ol.

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Dispela stori i lainim mipela olsem: long wanem ol i kilim bikpela snek na rausim olgeta snek i go pinis, nau mipela i ken waswas long ol bikpela, bikpela raunwara.

Dispela liklik hap tok i mekim mi tingting long taim bipo Jisas i no kam yet ol manmeri painim hat tumas long toktok wantaim God. Tasol nau Jisas i kam long dispela graun na i kliaim olgeta samting i pasim rot bilong mipela long toktok wantaim God. Na nau mipela ken go long God long wanem taim mipela laik.

(pinis)



Susanah Kuwamilon

MUBANGA GOES HOME

By Pininga Walkube

Mubanga had gone to the city to find work. But day after day he had only found disappointment. One day at noon, after all the past days' tiring hikes around the town, Mubanga rested under a shady tree from the blistering sun.

Since it was noon everything was quiet except for a few cries from the nearby houses. In addition there was banging some distance away in a shop.

"Oh, what hunger and thirst! You people of the town, where is your mercy?" Mubanga was thinking. Soon after that he heard dish-washing noise. He put his hand in one of the pockets of his shorts and pulled up several notes and counted them. He pushed them all back in. There was only \$5 left out of \$150 he had once had.

"Water needs money, a plate of rice needs money, a house needs money. Everything needs money," he said to himself.

Soon after all his worries and wonders a sudden click hit Mubanga's mind. Then these words came in, "A father always loves his son."

From there, his mind commenced to recall all his past experiences at home. "In my village there are not as many problems as here. My father, brothers and their relatives aren't confronting these problems. They don't need money for water, for a house, a plate of food, a cup of tea, and so on," Mubanga commented.

"What shall I do? Shall I go home now to my father? I am sure he's a godly man and would accept me without hesitation. I should go in order to come to the solution of this difficulty."

Mubanga finalized the homeward destination decision. "Let me go over to the main bus station and see if I can get home just at this moment," he said to himself.

At the busy main bus station he came to a man who was directing people to different buses. "What can I do for you? Do you want to go somewhere?" the man asked.

"To Katito village, sir," Mubanga answered.

"Can you see the red bus beyond that black one over there? It's taking tourists to Katito village. Go and ask the driver if there's a vacant seat in the bus," he directed.

"Thank you sir," Mubanga said happily.

Katito was the largest village in the district. Thus tourists usually visited it.

Mubanga went over to the driver. "Excuse me sir, any vacant seats inside the bus?"

Where do you want to go?" the driver asked.

"To Katito village sir."

"Yes, there's only one vacant seat," said the driver.

With no delay, Mubanga entered the bus. All the tourists' eyes were on him. His clothes were patched over and were dirty and dusty. That didn't bother Mubanga. He only wondered what his family would say to him.

It wasn't long before the bus departed for Katito. When it had parked near the village, as usual children ran from their houses to see it. Mubanga's young brothers were there first. They saw him coming out of the bus. With excitement and happiness they ran back to their father in the house.

(more)

Mubanga, continued/

"Father, Father, Mubanga is over there," one of the boys said.

"Are you sure your brother is coming?" the father asked. "Let's go and see him."

As they walked towards the bus they saw Mubanga coming with his head down.

"Oh Mubanga, my son, my son, I thought you would never return!" the father declared and ran for his son. He grabbed Mubanga by the hand and gave him several pats on his back and led him away to the house.

In the house the entire family accepted and welcomed Mubanga with happiness. Mubanga thought he would not find such an attitude at home.

A welcome party was added, friends were invited to the house and there was great happiness. Mubanga's former happy life was regained.

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The writings in this second number of New Voices are all by students at Dauli Teachers College, Tari, Southern Highlands, Papua New Guinea. They took part in a five-day Writers' Workshop held from 10-14 July 1972.

Siwa Budruan is from Manus Island, as are Naomi Posawan and Silis Taian (writings by Silis appear in another publication, Singaut Strong; the name was inspired by one of her poems).

Writers from the Sepik region are Anna Waiu (Maprik), John Mering, Sibilanga; Pininga Walkube and Towi Tui, Anguganak, and Susanah Kuwamilon, Maprik.

Kaing Mana is from Minj in the Western Highlands and Kombesane Lopa is from Laiagam, in the same district.

In their week of intense effort, the students began to learn that writing, to be good, should include the appeals of either conflict and humour, or both. Conflict does not mean violence; it can be a contest of wills or physical strength between two persons, or it can be a conflict of man with nature, or conflict between two or more selves within a single personality.

The human spirit yearns for humour, or play. It cannot stand a continued diet of seriousness or heaviness. That is why it is never good for a writer to "preach to" or lecture his readers--and the temptation to do these things is perhaps the greatest one facing beginning writers. It is story-telling that is needed; dramatically-told stories involving human nature, something familiar, in which readers feel that they can take part--these are the means through which lessons can be taught and minds can be awakened.

Violence in stories can be a proper subject, of course, since it is such an ever-present part of life. But it is not to be held up as a way of life to be followed. Writers should remember that violence only tends to beget violence, so they should be concerned to show readers that it is a wrong approach to life.

Good writing can re-create the world around us, can help us see things we have overlooked although they were right before our eyes, can give us new ideas, can put our experiences into words through which other people may be helped to find more meaning for their lives.

The world needs to hear the New Voices from Papua New Guinea.