

THE CASSOWARY WOMEN

Long, long ago in the forest near the bottom of the big mountains there lived a very young man. He was a nomad. He ate when he came across food. He built his shelter when the sun began to set behind the big mountains. He had no wife. He had no relatives. He was the only human being that ever lived in that part of the world.

One day he was out on his usual hunting trips. He hunted and hunted until it was mid-day. He did not catch anything. He did not care much about time. The only thing he cared about was catching something to eat for that day. He continued hunting until the sun began to sink. The singing of the birds, the creaking of the frogs and the chorus of many insects reminded him that it was time to return to a better place for a sound rest.

On his way he felt really worn out. He had not taken a single bite that whole day. He felt thirsty and he remembered the great still lake that he had passed when he came hunting. He walked straight to it. He arrived soon and had a drink and a bath. Coming up from the lake he heard strange noises. Frightened, he ran. He hid himself in the bush. He watched to see what had caused the noises. He thought that he might have disturbed some kind of lake monster. He was afraid of its revenge.

Silently he watched from his hiding place. Then down from the mountain side came ten pretty cassowaries. The eldest came first. The youngest came last. He watched as they came. They did not know that they were being watched. One by one they began to strip their cassowary skin. One by one they jumped into the lake. One by one they came out again. One by one they dressed up again. And on to the mountainside they climbed in single line. He hid until they were all out of sight. Then he came out and built a hut and slept.

During the night he planned how he could catch the youngest one. The next day came. He got up at the usual time and set off looking for roots and leaves and raw meat. After lunch he returned to his original place beside the lake and waited for the cassowary women. As happened yesterday, down they came again with the same strange noise. This time he climbed onto a tree and watched from above. His main concentration was on the youngest cassowary. He watched her come down last. He saw her stripping her garment. He saw her putting it down. Then like a lizard he climbed slowly down. He went straight to the youngest one's garment. He picked it up and hid it in the limbum.

It was time for the cassowaries to leave. They all came out one by one. They put on their garments. And in single line they started to climb up the side of the mountain again. It was the youngest one's turn to put on her garment. But her garment was not there.

(continued on page 5)

THE SUPREME COMMANDER

"I am the most powerful person living on the planet earth," said the Supreme Commander. "Throughout the world every human being follows my command as long as he lives.

"Well, servants, don't be surprised at this. Even though I am the top person in the world I am very, very poor indeed. I am much poorer than the poorest person you can think of. I don't possess anything--not even a single cent or flower. I just place myself where there is a nice platform and stay there.

"Besides being poor I am in a terrible condition. But I don't care. I have no legs to walk with, no hands to carry things, no mouth to eat or speak with, no eyes to see, no ears to hear, no brains to think, and no nose to smell with. The only thing I have is two little tongues without a mouth and a poor little heart. I am only an abdomen and no more. I was born this way and I will never change.

"When my heart beats it causes my two little tongues to move. As they move I am able to command you around. If you come close to where I am you can hear the sound of my heartbeat and see my two little tongues move around.

"I am not a living creature, yet I am very important for the people of this earth. You have heard all about me and now do you know who I am?

"I am the Supreme Commander, MR. CLOCK!"

--by A.K. Waim

HOW THE COCONUT CAME TO BE

Once there lived a man who was hated by the other village men. Every time the men went fishing, this man would go to his favourite fishing spot alone. He would then take off his head and dive into the water to catch fish. In this way he caught a lot more than all the other men. For this reason they hated him. The village men wondered how he caught a lot of fish each day, but none of them knew the secret.

One day the men decided to

hold a meeting. At it, a boy was chosen to follow the man the next day while they were fishing.

When the next day dawned and the village men were setting off to fish, the boy carefully followed the lonely man until he reached his favourite fishing spot. From his hiding place the boy watched as the man took off his head and placed it on the sand. Then he dived into the water. After a short time, he came out of the water with a lot of fish.

The boy quickly ran home and told the secret to all the other men. Plans were made. The next day, when the men again went out fishing, the boy followed the lonely man to his spot again. But this time, as soon as the man took off his head and dived into the water, the boy ran out of his hiding place, took the head, and put it in the bush nearby. Then he hid again and waited to see what the man would do.

When the poor man came out of the water, he searched and searched for his head but it was nowhere to be found. At last he decided to go back into the water forever. The boy then ran to tell his story to the village men, who were pleased about what he had done.

Some time later the boy decided to go see what had become of the man's head. When he got to the place in the bush where he had put it, he was surprised to see that a new plant was growing there. He noticed that the tree had some fruit and decided to taste one of them. The fruit tasted nice. Once again the boy returned to the village to tell his story.

Today many Papuans believe that was how the coconut first came. They also say that the face of the man can be seen on the coconut after it has been husked.

--by Priscilla Ikoirere

SNEK I DAUNIM BERA

Long moningtaim tru, Bera i tokim meri bilong em olsem, "bihain yu go na wetim mi long gaden. Mi bai go long bus na bihain mi kam kisim yu na kam long ples."

Bera i kisim ol lain dok bilong em na i go long bus long painim pik.

Em i go insait long bus na i go longwe moa long ples bilong em. Em i stap i go san i kamap bikpela tasol em i no painim wanpela pik. Em i belhat tru na kisim ol dok bilong em na ol i go longwe moa yet.

Em i go go na long apinun tru ol dok bilong em i bungim wanpela bikpela pik tru. Ol i wok long ranim i go i go na klostu i laik tudak nau em i sutim long spia bilong em.

Em i sutim pinis na em i laik masin na karim i go long gaden. Bera i traim long litimapim pik hia, tasol pik i hevi tumas.

Nau em i bungim paiawut na i mekim bikpela paia. Taim em i mekim paia pinis, em i kukim pik. Em i kukim pinis na em i katim. Taim em i katim pik pinis em i painim diwai na em i wokim wanpela bikpela bet antap long paia. Bet i pinis em i putim ol hap bik i go antap long dispela bet. Olgeta abus i go antap long bet na em i wok long mekim paia anit bilong smukim dispela abus. Taim paia i lait gut, em i lusim na i go painim sampela moa diwai. Em i kam bek na i wokim arapela bet klostu long paia.

Em i wokim bet pinis nau, em kaikai sampela abus. Em i givim sampela abus long ol dok bilong em tu. Em i kaikai i go i go na bel bilong em i tait tru. Em i pilim olsem tasol, em i slip antap long bet na ol dok bilong em i slip klostu long paia.

Long wanem em i kaikai planti abus moa na taim em i slip, em i wok long kapupu. Em i kapupu na pairap strong moa.

Klostu long ples em i slip, i gat wanpela raunwara na long dispela raunwara i gat wanpela bikpela snek. Dispela snek i slip long wara na i harim man hia i kapupu. Snek i harim i go i go na i kirap i kam antap. Taim em i kam antap, Bera wantaim ol dok bilong em i slip pinis. Snek i kam isi isi na i smelim Bera i slip i stap.

Em i lukim pinis, em i go na kaikai sampela gras i save wel. Em i kaikai dispela gras long mekim nek bilong em i wel na em ken daunim Bera hariap.

Taim em i kam bek, em i wok long putim dispela samting i wel

long skin bilong Bera. Em i putim i go i go na taim skin bilong Bera i wel nogut tru, em i wok long daunim em. Em i stat long het bilong Bera na daunim i go daun. Isi isi tasol em i wok long daunim.

Taim em i daunim em pinis, em i go bek long ples bilong em. Em i go daun long wara nau man i kirap. Em i kirap na i laik taitim skin bilong em, tasol i no nap. Bera i tingting i go na i tok, "Oh, mi stap long bel bilong snek."

Nau em i wok long tingting long wanem samting em i ken mekim. Em i tingting i go na i ting bek long naip em i bin putim long paspas bilong em. Nau em i kisim dispela naip na i wok long painim rot bilong snek i save pekep.

Taim em i painim pinis, em i putim dispela naip long as bilong snek na i brukim bel bilong snek. Taim em i brukim, bel bilong snek i pairap na tromoim Bera i go arere bilong raunwara.

Bera kirap na i brukim bus i go long ples. I no gat liklik lait insait long bus tasol em i mekim nating i go.

Bihain em i go kamap long ples, meri bilong em i kirap na i askim em i spik,

"Yu mekim wanem na yu no kam kisim mi long gaden?" Bera i bekim tok na i spik,

"Maski, pasim maus na slip. Tumora bai mi tokim yu."

Bera i slip i go na long moning em i kirap i kam ausait na limbun i pas long skin bilong Bera. Taim ol i rausim limbun pinis em i tokim ol long wanem samting i bin mekim em long bus.

Ol man i harim stori pinis, ol i go long dispela ples na lukim bikpela snek tru i dai i stap long wara. Ol i lukim pinis na ol i kisim ol dok na abus i go long ples.

--by Teddy Wetetia

THE LEGEND OF TO AISAK

Once there lived a man named To Aisak. He had a wife and five children. They lived in Wairiki village in the south of East New Britain.

When To Aisak was 16 he learned to hunt pigs with his father's

advice. After four years he was one of the most experienced hunters of pigs. He was more interested in going hunting than in anything else. He would leave his family before dawn, coming back late in the afternoon, usually with pigs. People often bought pig meat from him. Soon he became a rich man in the village.

Besides being a great hunter, To Aisak was also a great magic man. He killed people--even his relatives--by words and by action. People did not see him often because he was "AINGIAT." This means that he could change himself into any type of bird or animal. Sometimes people saw him as an animal or bird, not knowing that it was a person.

To Aisak's magic was so powerful that a person could not live more than four days after it had been used on him. If a person started to get sick he had to go quickly to To Aisak with European money or shell money so that he would live again. Because of this, To Aisak's relatives and other people seldom visited him. Both during his life and after his death, people at Wairiki regarded To Aisak as a great hunter and magician. Even now, many years afterward, To Aisak is the most well-known hunter and magic man in the Wairiki area.

--by Doris Pairava

HOW HORNBILL'S GOT THEIR LONG BEAKS

Once upon a time hornbills were so beautiful that most other birds admired them. They had beautiful feathers with wings like an umbrella and soft small beaks like pliers. The hornbills fought and won many battles with other birds. Realising that they were so powerful, the hornbills started to boast around the forests.

This made the other birds angry, but who among them could stand up to talk against the hornbills or fight them? So they just talked among themselves to plan the best way to destroy the hornbills' power.

However, one day a strange thought came into a parrot's mind. It told the other members of its clan about the wonderful idea. Then they decided to call a secret meeting for all the birds except the hornbills. They gathered near

a pool where they normally went for a bath. Then, having heard the parrots' plan, they returned to their hiding places with hopeful thoughts. For several days they waited anxiously to hear what would result from the meeting. For the parrots had made arrangements with the hornbills to hold games near the pool and for a diving competition.

Eventually, the hornbills and parrots met near the pool. As usual, every bird that went to the pool had to take its beak off, before playing or bathing.

The day was almost over, and they had only one event left. Both clans gathered near the pool to finish the day's events with the diving competition, which was to see who could hold their breath under water longer.

As had been planned, the parrots dived in first. When they came out the hornbills went in.

While the hornbills were in the water, the cunning parrots put on the beaks which were not theirs and flew away, leaving their long horn-like beaks behind. The parrots were already out of sight, eagerly spreading the tale of "the loss of the great power".

The birds of the forests flew out of their hiding places and rejoiced, while the foolish hornbills sat around the pool, with tears running down from their faces, not knowing what to do.

This is why the hornbills nowadays have big long bills like horns.

--by Pius Bonjui

WAIT DOK NA BLAK DOK

Asde blak dok tasol i stap,
Em tasol bos long em i yet i stap.
I nogat planti samting i stap,
Em i no save tunas long ol samting
Tasol bus bilong em nabis bilongem,
Olgeta samting bilong em.
Em wokabaut long bus bilong em,
Em wokabaut long nabis bilong em,
Em hepi long ol samting bilong em.

Tude tupela dok i stap,
Waitpela dok na blakpela dok
i stap.
Waitpel i tok "yu blak yu rabis,
Yu blak yu no save painim abus.
Bus bilong yu i no bus bilong yu,
Nabis bilong yu i no nabis
bilong yu,
Em olgeta samting bilong mi.
Mi save long olgeta samting,
Mi mas skulim yu long olgeta
samting."

Tasol blak dok i tok "Yu save God
 putim mi hia,
 God putim mi long dispela graun
 hia,
 Em mekim mi masta long ol
 samting hia,
 Em givim lo long mi long dispela
 graun,
 Em givim pasin bilong sindaun
 long dispela graun.
 Yu ken skulim, uy ken lainim mi,
 Yu ken helpim mi long painim
 ol abus,
 Yu ken helpim mi long painim
 ol pis,
 Sapos yu pikinini bilong God,
 yu no tok ol bilong yu."

"Yes brata blak dok tumora mi
 givim yu,
 Ol samting bai i go long han
 bilong yu.
 Nau mi lukautim yu na stretim yu,
 Nau mi wasim yu mi soim yu.
 Tumora ol bus ol nabis bilong yu."
 Blak dok i tok "Nau, brata givim mi
 Tumora, wanem tumora mi no laik
 tumora,
 Yu givim mi bek nau na yu go?"
 Tasol wait dok i tok "Wet liklik
 bai mi go."

--by Leo Saulep

CHINESE IN NEW GUINEA

Chinese men, women and children
 are busy trading for wealth.
 As it is now, so for the years
 to come.

It was me,
 walking up and down,
 from street to street
 hunting for a piece of rag
 for cleaning my feet.

Walked in and out on a humid day,
 As it was humid,
 sweat covered my skull,
 from top to bottom.

It was me again,
 approaching a shop.
 It looked so beautiful inside,
 As I rushed in with terror, my eyes
 claimed all the goods there
 as my own.

Between the hanging clothes,
 stood a bunch of tiktik.
 With tiny legs, tiny arms,
 with slit eyes and eye brows,
 with greasy fibre hair
 sticking out from her head
 and tiny flat nose
 sticking out in front of her,
 looking upon me as a
 prey chicken.

Then I was assisting her
 to find me a rag
 for cleaning my feet.
 The answer was yelled out
 like a master says
 to his greedy dog
 "Go there! and you will find
 a rag,
 but not here..."
 So I went there
 and I was about to find it.
 A black man came along
 to assist me to find
 what I needed.
 He is a man, A New Guinea Man.

--by Peter Wia

THE CASSOWARY WOMEN (continued)

She searched for it. But there
 was no hope and she gave up. Her
 sisters had all departed. Dark-
 ness slowly descended until it
 blanketed the whole forest. She
 started to cry. She cried and
 cried but there was no help any-
 where.

Suddenly from the nearby bush
 the young man sprang out. He
 asked whether she was a human
 being or a spirit. She answered,
 "I am a real human being. But
 now since my skin has been taken
 I will die. If I have my skin I
 will live forever.

The man answered, "I am also
 a human being and I want to take
 you with me. If you promise to
 come with me I will perhaps give
 you back your skin later."

The woman did as she was told.
 They both moved off into the hut
 that he had built the previous
 evening. Next day when the cas-
 sowaries returned the man chased
 them away. They never came back.
 So the man and the woman lived as
 husband and wife until they had
 two children, a boy and a girl.

For the first five years they
 lived happily. Then came a bad
 time. The parents often quarreled.
 The man often beat his wife. She
 was very worried because every time
 they fought he told her that she
 was not a real human being but a
 cassowary. This made her very,
 very sad.

One day her husband went to the
 forest to hunt. She stayed back
 with her children. She swept the

village while her two children were playing. She swept the house. Then she moved in and swept the inside. Finally she swept the fireplace. Her son had moved in with her. He climbed into the attic and moved to the place where they usually smoked their meat. He cried out loudly, "Mother, I've found something!" He held it up. As soon as his mother saw it she cried,

"My son, that is my lost skin! Throw it to me and let me show you how to wear it."

The son did so and the mother got into it. When she was properly dressed she jumped out of the house and disappeared into the bush. The children were very, very sad. They waited and waited but the mother did not return. So they started to cry.

As the evening wore on the father returned from hunting. "What are you crying for my children? Has mother not fed you? Or did she beat you?"

The children replied, "We are neither hungry nor beaten but we are weeping for our mother who will never return." The children then related the whole incident to their father. He was very sad but could do nothing.

The two children grew up into man and woman. They got married and gave birth to many children who in turn gave birth to many more, and so on down the line. Thus from those people my village of today came to be.

--by Joe A. Nidue

MY DARK WORLD

As the moving airs go by, they refresh me.
As the moving airs go by, in a wide area, they go fast.
As the moving airs fly across the land, they bring heavy dark clouds.
As the moving air tears my thatched roof, I know it's wind.
Sometimes there's an individual weather that affects the individual world.
As the wind tears my thatched roof I bow my head, in order not to look at the problem.
As I bow I get a day dream and an unusual view. A view into my own world.
The rough valley of my private world gets dark as I watch.
Soon the rain drops at the far end of the slope of the darkened green hills.
And later at the closest, and the nearest hillsides of my land. I can't see anything at that moment.
After the rain has gone through his duty, the flood takes his part towards the sea. "What an exciting happening!" I think as I watch.
Instead of falling into the ocean, it fills my eye lids.
(What a peculiar flood!)
While I have my rainy season I hear a heavy thunder in my upper world.
"What's the matter, poro? What's your problem?"
says a soft kind voice.
"Please, poro, stop crying.
Please, brother, stop crying."
another voice so:
"We are sad about you."
Soon I feel that someone is standing beside me. I look up and see them. They are sad because I am sad.
And I don't tell them what happens, because I still have darkness and moisture in my own world.

(continued, page 7)

And the darkness comes to me day after day and month after month
"What a continuous dark weather?" I would say to myself.

It seems to me that one particular day I would take a trip
to the valley of my world I visit once in a while.

There I could be put under the wing of the cumulus cloud.

I will be there as a dead man's soul.

There is a special community, and I'll join their community,
And cooperate with them forever.

There will be the day which has no afternoon.

I'll be looking down if I am lucky.

And I'll be looking up if I am unlucky.

--by H. Beremu Sesiguo

THE LEGEND OF ASUAR

There once lived a boy who was always sad and lonely. He was
always sad because he had ringworms on his skin, and his sister
didn't like him. She made him stay home all the time with his
grandmother and wouldn't let him go out and play with other boys.

One day all the people went to a nearby village for the big
Sing-Sing. His sister went with them. While they were gone, he
went out and cut a long bamboo and filled it up with water. After
this he went and asked his grandmother to do something to get rid
of the ringworms.

In the olden times the people around my area referred to a person
with ringworms as "two skins." So now, you see, this boy had "two
skins" and he wanted his grandmother to take off his first skin. To
her the skins looked like two heavy coats. So the grandmother took
off his first skin and put on his second skin. And he left for the
Sing-Sing at night.

He saw many people there and even saw his sister in the Sing-
Sing group. While they were dancing around he climbed on one of the
roofs and sprinkled some water on the people. He did this for a long
time and the people thought it was raining. So they all ran to their
houses and waited. When he stopped sprinkling they got out and start-
ed again and he did the same thing as before. This went on till day
broke. And he went home.

When he got home he found out that his grandmother had burnt his
first skin. This really broke his heart and he wept as he watched
the sun rising. Not very long after this his sister got home. She
found him sitting on the tip of the "garamut." She couldn't believe
it was her brother, for he looked very handsome to her. She fell in
love with him and wanted to marry him. But he refused and told her
that he was her brother. But she wouldn't listen to him.

So the boy decided to leave her and find a new home. He climbed
up the betelnut tree and watched her crying for him. Then he turned
into a bird and flew towards Asuar. The girl followed him and they
both got stuck in a huge stone in one of the mountains at Asuar---
because the girl ran after him.

--by Toina Jacob

THE DANCING GRASSHOPPER

Dance Dance Dance Dance!

He dances all day

He dances from morning till down.

He does nothing else but dance.

He would see a leafy leaf

Blown by the wind

Which still makes him much happier.

He could dance in any weather

That still don't matter to him very much

It doesn't matter to him when he loses a leg

For he can still dance with five.

(con't. pg. 8)

When he dances to a stone
He would stand and stare
At long rows of armies
With black and red uniforms.

But one day when dancing on a stick
He suddenly felt sick.
Not very long after he died
The soldiers took him
To their camping place
And enjoyed the sweet meat
of his body.

--by Dinah Kukutu

"WHAT IS MONEY TO ME?"

Far away down the Pacific ocean
Lies a mountainous piece of land
Where the world's most treasure laid.
The land of grief, pain and noise.
Oh! how the "Bishop" destroyed us!
Lost, blindfolded as moths.
What is money to me
Now that my land has gone?

Look! Oh my dear children, Look!
Hundreds and fives, fifties, and tenths.
The most motions come from the whites.
But the haters are the blackers
Who call the whites robbers.
This our motherland, but!
What is money to me!

The noise of the earth movers,
Bulldozers, vehicles, and graders--
To me is paining and grief.
The modernization of the country
Is something of hatred to me.
A robber is the leader
Who gave a thousand dollars for
One plantation. And the scream of lorries--
But what is money to me?

Come on! Kietas! Admins! and Police!
Leave your guns and tear gas!
Let's fight with fists alone.
It's our land, our very own.
Get out, you stupid fools,
You drunkards, smugglers, and thieves!
This is the land of the world's most treasure,
But what is money to me...

--by Elizabeth Lahis

NEWS ITEM

The 12 authors who appear in these pages are "new writers" of Papua and New Guinea. They studied and wrote during a three-week writers' workshop held at the Creative Training Centre, at Nobonob, Madang, New Guinea.

Special lecturer on poetry, stories and drama for the course was Mr. Donald Maynard, Officer in Charge, Literature Bureau, Department of Information and Extension Services, Territory of Papua and New Guinea. The workshop was under the direction of Glen W. Bays, Literature Officer of the Creative Training Centre.