

Pikinini Bilong Man Bai I Kam

(Redio tok long foapela  
nek)

Long Skelim Olgeta Man

By T. Dadok

MAN BILONG  
STORI (MBS)

Pikinini bilong Man bai i kam wantaim glori bilong em. Bai olgeta lain ensel kam wantaim em, na em i sindaun long sia bilong em i gat glori. Bai i kam long skelim na tilim ol manmeri, olsem wasman bilong abus i save tilim sipsip na meme.

KING

Olgeta manmeri mas kam long pes bilong mi. Mi laik tilim yupela, na putim yupela sampela long han sut bilong mi na sampela long han kais bilong mi.

SIPSIP

King, bilong wanem yu putim mipela long hia long han sut bilong yu? Bilong wanem yu brukim mipela tupela lain? Mipela i save bung na wokabaut.

MEME

King, em i tru. Mipela i save bung na wokabaut wantaim. Bilong wanem yu tilim mipela na sampela sanap long han kais bilong yu? Mipela i no save pait. Mipela i save long singaut bilong wasman bilong mipela na mipela save kam long em.

KING

(I TOKIM OL MAN LONG HAN SUT) Yupela long han sut bilong mi, mi redim ples bilong yupela i stap. Bai yupela i stap wantaim mi long kingdom bilong mi. Bipo yupela i mekim mi gut. Taim mi hangre na yupela givim mi long kaikai Mi sik na yupela i was long mi. Na mi i stap long kalabus na yupela kam na lukim mi.

SIPSIP

King, mipela i longlong, long tok bilong yu. Wanem taim yu i stap hangre na mipela i givim kaikai? Na long wanem taim yu bin stap long kalabus na mipela i go lukim yu? Na long wanem de yu kisim sik na mipela helpim yu? Mipela i no klia long tok bilong yu.

KING

Mi no tok long mi yet, nogat. Taim yu i bin helpim wampela em i no gat nem na hangre na yupela i bin givim kaikai long em, na yupela i bin helpim husat i kisim sik, na tu yupela i helpim ol sampela ol i stap long kalabus: dis-pela i olsem yupela i helpim mi. Mi tok long husat yupela i bin mekim gut long em.

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Day and night I pictured him as a mother of five. With a piece of white, soft, stick--fire on one end and the other end in his mouth--he sat down. He was a man. But he was also an oven which spitted out smoke. Then suddenly he turned into a moving steamer with a chimney on. The dirty smoke coiled out through the chimney as Bala lifted his leg up and down again.

I could hear him coughing nearly all night long. As he coughed, I could not tell the difference between him and the sound made by misplacing the needle on a record. There were times when I hardly believed my eyes. His back was almost as curved as a bow when doing a forceful cough. It was no longer an illness. Coughing had become a habit. Yet he was not aware of it.

When he spoke in front of me, the hair in my nose nearly dropped. The scent of smoking penetrated through my nostrils, and blackened my heart and lungs.

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Let's Shake Hands

by J. Pasingan

Let's shake hands  
For the time has come to depart,  
I don't know, probably I will be in danger,

The plane flies above the sky,  
Great grief is shocking my lonely heart,  
Oh! yes I hope I could die,  
But no--I get there safely.

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Two Parts To Our Lives

by A.K. Waim

Do we realize that our life is like a government with two political parties working against each other?

One says, "No worries, you have a lot of time to live on this earth and enjoy yourselves. You are still young and so each of you is still growing aren't you? Plan now what you will be doing tomorrow or in your future lives, otherwise you might become poor".

The other part of our life says, "Watch out, you are not growing younger but you are growing older each day. As each day passes your life becomes shorter and shorter, even the lives of new-born babies. You never know where the end of your life lies. So do not worry about tomorrow or your future lives".

Who is right? What if we plan for tomorrow and die tonight? Isn't our plan just a waste of time? But, what if we are still alive tomorrow and have no plan for it? What are we going to do? Won't it take time to plan something?

Which do you think is right? Write and give your opinion.

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