

*Kont-yei*

**THE STORIES**

# Torti & Shévrey

## Turtle & Deer

Louis Bizette

"M'a pariyé twa di pyas m'a bat twa galopé," Torti dí a Shévrey in jou.

"Fé pa mo ri apré twa!" Shévrey réponn li. "Min, si to olé, jis pou montré twa, n'a tiré in lakous."

"Bin!" Torti montré li larout, é li dí, "Démin a di zè dan lavanmidi, n'a wa sa ki méyé ent mwin é twa." É, yé séparé pou jwonn onkò dan minm plas-la on lanmin matin.

"Torti fou nét!" Shévrey dí en partan koté li. Min, li té pa fou; li té gin bon léspri, é li t'ê kouri fé sò di pyas-yé, sir.

Torti kourí shèshé sò frè ki té minm grosè avék li é yé té senm konm dé gout dolo. Li mét li on ènn dan lamak-yé, é li dí li rété lá jiska Shévrey vyin parlé avék li; li promét donn li ènn pyas si li sé gañin sò lakous.

Konm dê fèt, a di zè yé kanméné yé lakous; Shévrey prenn dévan li, é Torti tournin toutswit, kourí asit on minm lamak-la. Shévrey, bét konm li té, kontinnwé a lakous. Kan li rivé on lamak-la, li té sirprenn pou wa ké Torti té lá déjà; li té pa konnin ké cé té frè Torti ki té lá.

"Ké Djab!" li dí. "Konmen to fé rivé isi avan mwin?" Torti-la jis rí pou répons. "Min, lakous pa finí," li kontinnwé. "Lakous cé pou kouri é tournin."

"Mo paré," frè a Torti réponn. É, yé partí onkò. Shévrey prenn dévan, é li galopé pli vit fwa-çala. Min, li rivé on lamak tro tar; Torti té lá déjà, apé ri apré li.

"Bondjé!" Shévrey konméné parlé. "Konm to galòp vit! To sir méyé ké mwin zordi-çala; chin tò larjen."

Yé séparé, Shévrey kourí koté li, é Torti kourí péyé sò frè. É, cé té ènn afèr finí.

"I'll bet you ten dollars I'll beat you in a race," Turtle said to Deer one day.

"Don't make me laugh!" Deer responded. "But, if you want, just to show you, we'll hold a race."

"Ok!" Turtle showed him the route, and he said, "Tomorrow at ten in the morning, we'll see who's better, me or you." And they parted to meet again in the same place the next morning.

"Turtle is completely nuts!" Deer said leaving his house. But, he wasn't crazy; he had a good mind, and he intended to make his ten dollars, for sure.

Turtle went to find his brother who was the same size as him. They looked like two drops of water. He put him on one of the marks, and he told him to stay there until Deer comes to speak with him; he promised to give him a dollar if he won the race.

Just as expected, at ten they started their race; Deer took off in front of him, and Turtle soon returned, to go sit on the same mark. Deer, stupid as he was, continued the race. When he arrived on the mark, he was surprised to see that Turtle was already there; he didn't know that it was Turtle's brother.

"What in the Devil!" he said. "How did you get here before me?" The turtle just laughed. "Well, the race isn't finished," he continued. "The race is to go and come back."

"I'm ready," Turtle's brother responded. And, they left again. Deer took off in front, and he ran faster this time. But, he arrived too late at the mark. Turtle was already there, laughing at him.

"Good Lord!" Deer said. "You run so fast! You're surely better than me today; take your money."

They parted, Deer went home, and Turtle went to pay his brother. And, it was a done deed.

# Misyé Lyon Te enn Ere

## Mr. Lion Makes a Mistake

In jou Misyé Lyon renkontré avék Pa Lapin. Li rété in ti menmen pou sharé avék li.

"Yé dí mwin cé twa ki bès isi! Cé vré ça?" Lyon dí, apré kék mo.

"Ô non!" Lapin réponn. "Cé pa mwin ki bès ditou," é li partí galopé pou kashé.

Lyon kontinnwé marshé é li renkontré avék Lours. Li menndé li si cé té vré cé té li ki té bès dan plas-çala. Lours réponn ké non, min li té toujou kwá ké Bondjé té bès dan syèl é nonm té bès en latè.

"Cé pa vré!" Lyon hélé. Lours konmensé vini pè. Lyon kontinnwé fé dê kri é graté latè, "Bondjé mét on'ò, min cé mwin ki mét enba." En minm tem li dí ça, Lours wá in nonm ki t'apé vini.

"Abin, Misyé Lyon," Lours dí li pli pè ké avan, "mwin, mo tro féb pou desidé késtyon-çala. Mo bliyé mô lapip koté mô kimp; mo kwa m'a kouri shèshé li. Vou wa ti bétay ki apé vini lá? Li gin in ti baton kròsh on sô do. M'a lésé vou desidé ça ki bès avék li." É li partí dèryé sô lapip. Ça té senm ké li té plin présé pou shèshé pip-çala.

Nonm té vini. Lyon graté latè é fé dê kri. Min, nonm kontinnwé vansé. Kan li té apépré sen yad distans, li rété é pwonté sô baton on Lyon. Osi vit, Lyon wá in ti boukònn, tenn ènn éksplozyon, é èna kishòz ki frapé sho dan sô fron. Ça fé li si di mal, li tournin pou galopé, min kan li viré, li tenn ènn òt éksplozyon, é èna kishòz ki frapé li dan sô koté. Ça fé li si di mal, li pa rété lá pli lontem. Li partí lakous en travè dan bwa, é li pa rété avan li rivé koté li.

Li rété kashé dé jou. Lafim kròshé li, é li té bliyé sorti. Li renkontré avék Lours onkò. "É! Misyé Lours!" li pélé li. "Cé vou ki lá?"

"Wé, cé mwin," Lours réponn.

"To gin tô pip avék twa?" Lyon té pa olé li parti

One day Mister Lion met with Br'er Rabbit. He stopped for a short moment to talk.

"They told me it's you who is boss here! Is that true?" Lion said, after some words.

"Oh no!" Rabbit responded. "It's not me who is boss at all," and he went to run and hide.

Lion continued walking and he met with Bear. He asked him if it was true that it was he who was boss. Bear responded that no, but he always believed that the Good Lord was boss in heaven, and man was boss on Earth.

"That's not true!" Lion yelled. Bear started to become afraid. Lion continued to growl and scrape the earth, "The Good Lord is master on high, but it's me who is boss below." At the same time he said that, Bear saw a man approaching.

"Well, Mister Lion," Bear said to him more afraid than before, "me, I'm too weak to decide that question. I forgot my pipe at my camp; I think I'll go get it. You see the little animal that's coming here? He has a little odd stick on his back. I'll let you decide who is boss with him." And he left. It seemed that he was very pressed to go look for that pipe.

The man came. Lion scratched the earth and growled. But, the man continue to approach. When he was at a distance of about one hundred yards, he stopped and pointed his stick at Lion. Suddenly, Lion saw a little smoke, heard an explosion, and something hot hit his forehead. It hurt him so bad, he turned and ran, but when he turned around, he heard another explosion, and there was something that hit him in his ribs. It hurt him so bad, he didn't hang around any longer. He raced through the woods and didn't stop until he got home.

He hid for two days, but hunger seized him, and he had to go out. He met Bear again. "Hey! Mister Bear!" he called to him. "Is that you there?"

koté kimp onkò dèryè sô lapip, paské çé lá ou sô traka té konmésé lòt jou.

“Wé, mo gin mô pip,” Lours réponn.

“Rété in ti menmen, abin,” Lyon dí li. “M’olé sharé avék twa. To rapél ça nou té parlé pou lòt jou-la? Abin, m’olé rakonté twa ça ki rivé mwin! Mo pa sélmen bat avék ti nonm-la; kan li rivé apépré sen yad dê mwin-----abin, mo janmin wá kishòz krashé lwon é fò konm ça! Li krashé dan mô fron, é mô lasèrvél apé sorti! Li foú mwin in òt krashé dan mô koté kan mo tournin, é li kasé mwin dé kòt! Mo té gin asé avék ça, é mo lésé lá osi vit konm mo té kapab.

“Wé, to té bin! Bondjé mét en’o, nonm ét enba, é lá mwin, mo viyin trwazyinm.”

“Lá, vou gin li bin, Misyé Lyon,” Lours dí li en riyen.

“Yeah, it’s me,” Bear responded.

“You have your pipe with you?” Lion didn’t want him to leave again to go fetch his pipe, because that’s when his trouble started the other day.

“Yeah, I have my pipe,” Bear responded.

“Well, hold on a moment,” Lion told him. “I want to chat with you. You remember what we were talking about the other day? Well, I want to tell you what happened to me! I didn’t only fight with that little man; when he was about one hundred yards from me-----well, I never saw something spit so far and strong like that! He spat on my forehead, and my brains were coming out! He spat on me again when I turned, and he broke two of my ribs! I had enough of that, and I left as fast as I could.

“Yeah, you were right! Good Lord, Master on high, Man master below, and then me, I became third.”

“Now, you have it right, Mister Lion,” Bear told him laughing.

# *Le Béf en Lavéy Latousin*

## The Cows on Halloween

In fwa ènnavé in nonm ki té konnin travayé dan laswamp. Li té apé alé dê lòg, é çé konm ça li té fé sô lavi.

Le jou avan Latousin ènn dan sô zanmi-yé vini vizité li. Nonm-çala té in ventrilòg, é li té linmin fé fars toutem. Li dí a sô nami ké lê béf té konnin parlé a mènwi on Lavéy Latousin.

"Mo pa kwa ça, mwin!" alè lòg-yé réponn.

"Si to pa kwa, va dan tô pak a mènwi, é t'a wa si bét-yé pal pa," ventrilòg-la réponn. Li té fé sô lidé pou fé li in fars. É, a mènwi li kourí kashé dan pak avék bét-yé.

Alè lòg-yé té kiriyé pou konnin si bét-yé sé parlé. Ça fé, a mènwi li lévé é kourí dan pak parmi sô bét-yé. Li vansé koté pli gro-la, é li dí li, "Éské çé vré zo pal a mènwi on Lavéy Latousin?"

"Wé!" li tenn pou sô répons. Li té kwá ké çé bét-la ki té réponn li, é konm li vini pou di kishò onkò, ventrilòg-la di, "Wé, nou pal, é nou gin pou téré nou mét démin matin."

Nonm-la té si pè, li tonmbé mò drét lá. Ventrilòg-la wá ké sô bétiz té kourí tro lwon, é li désidé rété fé fars-çayé nét.

Once there was a man who worked in the swamp. Hauling logs was how he made his living.

The day before Halloween one of his friends came to visit him. That man was a ventriloquist, and he loved to play jokes all the time. He told his friend that the cows were able to talk at midnight on Halloween.

"I don't believe that, me!" the log hauler responded.

"If you don't believe it, go into your pasture at midnight, and you will see if the cows don't talk," the ventriloquist responded. He made up his mind to pull a prank on him. And, at midnight he went to hide in the pasture with the cows.

The log hauler was curious to know if the cows would speak. So, at midnight he got up and went into the pasture among the cows. He approached the largest, and he told him, "Is it true y'all speak at midnight on Halloween?"

"Yeah!" he heard for his answer. He thought that it was the cow who answered him, and as he went to say something again, the ventriloquist said, "Yeah, we speak, and we have to bury our master tomorrow."

The man was so scared, he fell dead right there. The ventriloquist saw that his jokes had gone too far, and he decided to quit his jokes right then and there.

# *Pa Lapin: Kofè sò Laché Kourt*

## Br'er Rabbit: Why His Tail is Short

In jou Pa Lapin renkontré avék Pa Kokodri dan in lapyés lèrb. Kokodri t'è koushé dan lèrb sék-la, apé dromi.

"Kanmen ça va?" Pa Lapin menndé li.

"Ça va bin," li réponn. "É twa?"

"Ça va bin avék mwin, ousi, Misyé Kokodri," Lapin dí. Yé parlé lá lontem avan Lapin désidé pou jwé in fas on Misyé Kokodri.

"Hin, Misyé Kokodri," li kanméné, "vou konnin ki cé ça traka?"

"Non," Kokodri réponn. "Ki cé ça?"

"M'olé montré twa," li dí. "Jis rété lá, é kan m'a kriyé 'traka', gardé alentou to-minm, paské vou sa dan traka."

Kokodri fé konm li té dí, min li kanméné dromi onkò. É, Pa Lapin limmin difé tou alentou li dan lèrb sék-la é li hélé 'traka'. Min, Kokodri t'è dromi toujou. Kan difé-la té ora li, ça shofé li sitan li révéyé. Li gardé pou in laplas pou shapé, min difé-la té tou partou. Li soté, li fé dè kri, li jiré. A lafin, li té blijé pasé dan difé pou shapé. Kan li sortí, Pa Lapin menndé li si li té konnin ki cé té traka.

"Wé!" li réponn. "Çé kishòz ki sho ça, traka."

Pendan Kokodri té dan traka, Lapin té zonglé ké li té brilé tou lèrb vèr-la, é ènnavé pi pou li manjé. Ènnavé plin bon lèrb vèr on lòt koté lak-la, min li té pa olé marshé tou alentou. Li ranjé ènn manjè pou fé Kokodri trèversé li san li konnin. Ça fé, li dí Kokodri li té olé fé in pari avék li.

"M'a paryé twa ènna plis lapin ké kokodri isi lá," li dí. "Min to fou!" Kokodri réponn. "Lak-çala plin avék kokodri."

One day Br'er Rabbit met Br'er Alligator in a field of grass. Alligator was laying down in the dry grass, sleeping.

"How's it going?" Br'er Rabbit asked him.

"It's going well," he responded. "And you?"

"It's going well with me, too, Mister Alligator," Rabbit said. They spoke there for a long time before Rabbit decided to play a trick on Mister Alligator.

"Hey, Mister Alligator," he started, "you know what trouble is?"

"No," Alligator responded. "What is that?"

"I want to show you," he said. "Just stay there, and when I shout 'trouble', look around you, because you will be in trouble."

Alligator did as he said, but he started sleeping again. And Br'er Rabbit lit a fire around him in the dry grass and he yelled 'trouble'. But Alligator was still sleeping. When the fire was near him, it warmed him up so much he woke. He looked for a place to escape, but the fire was everywhere. He jumped, he shouted, he cursed. Finally, he was forced to go through the fire to escape. When he got out, Br'er Rabbit asked him if he knew what trouble was.

"Yeah!" he responded. "Something that's hot, that's trouble."

When Alligator was in trouble, Rabbit thought that he had burned all the green grass, and there wasn't any more for him to eat. There was plenty of good green grass on the other side of the lake, but he didn't want to walk all the way around. He figured out a way to make Alligator ferry him without him knowing. So, he told Alligator he wanted to make a bet with him.

"Abin," Lapin dí li, "n'a konté. Mét ouzòt en linng en trèvè lak-la, é m'a soté on zò do é m'a konté ouzòt."

Kokodri kourí pélé tou sò zami-yé, é li mét yé dan in linng ki trèvèrsé lak-la nét. Lá, Lapin soté on yè do é li fé konm si li té konté yé. Kan li soté en dèryin-la, li konmansé ri apré yé.

"Mo té jis olé vini on koté isi lá," li dí li en ríyan. "Çé pou ça mo té olé paryé." Min Lapin konmansé ri tro vit. Kan li soté pou kouri on latè, Kokodri fé in so, ousi, pou trapé li. Li pa trapé li bin; li jis trapé sò laché é li koupé li in gran bout.

Çé pou ça laché a Lapin kourt jiska zordi. Çé paské li té séyé jwé in salté on Kokodri.

"I'll bet you there are more rabbits than alligators here," he said. "Well, you're crazy!" Alligator responded. "That lake is full of alligators."

"Well," Rabbit told him, "we'll count. Arrange yourselves in a line across the lake, and I'll hop on your backs, and I'll count y'all."

Alligator went to call all his friends and put them in a line that crossed the lake completely. Then, Rabbit jumped on their backs, and he acted as if he was counting them. When he jumped on the last one, he started laughing.

"I just wanted to get to this side," he told him laughing. "That's why I wanted to bet." But Rabbit had started laughing too quickly. When he jumped toward land, Alligator jumped, too. He didn't catch him completely; he just caught his tail and chopped off quite a bit.

That's why Rabbit's tail is short today. It's because he was trying to play a dirty trick on Alligator.

# Fifolé

## Feufollet<sup>1</sup>

Ènn fwa ènnavé in vyé nég ki té konnin tournin li-minm en fifolé. Lê swa, li sé oté sô lapo, roulé li, é mét li dan in kwon dan magazin mayi. Lá, li sé parti konm ènn boul difé, kouri fé lòt nég-yé pè.

Sô mét té konnin ké li té konnin parti tou lê swa. Li menndé lòt nég-yé ou li t'ê kouri konm ça, min yé grouyé yê latét é réponn yé té pa konnin. Ina ki dí ké vyé nég-çala té in zombi, é yé té tou pè li.

Ça fé, in swa sô mét gété li. Li wá kan li kité sô kabònn é rentré dan magazin mayi. Li gardé dan ènn krak, é li wá li oté sô lapo, roulé li, é mét li dan in kwon. Dépi sô lapo tommbé, li tournin li-minm dan ènn boul difé, é li partí.

"Han!" mét-la dí. "Çé lá ou to va tou lê swa konm ça. Min, m'a ranjé twa!" Li ramasé sô lapo, mét plin disél, dipwav, é pimen dan li, é li lésé li dan kwon-la ou li té.

Kan vyé nég-la tournin, li rentré dan sô lapo, é ça brilé si télmen, li té blijé soté dan dolo. Ça géri li drét-la.

Li janmin fé fifolé apré ça, é lòt nég-yé té sirpenn pou wa li koté li tou lê swa, é fifolé-la rété fé yé pè.

One time there was an old Black man who used to turn himself into a feufollet. At night, he would remove his skin, roll it up, and put it in a corner of the corn barn. Then, he would leave as a ball of fire, to go scare the other Black people.

His master knew that he would leave every night. He asked the other Black people where he went, but they scratched their heads and responded they didn't know. Some said that the old man was a ghost, and they were all scared of him.

So, one night his master watched him. He saw when he left his cabin and entered the corn barn. He looked through a crack, and he saw him remove his skin, roll it up and put it in a corner. As soon as his skin dropped, he turned himself into a ball of fire, and he left.

"Huh!" the master said. "That's where you go every night. But, I'll fix you!" He picked up his skin, put plenty of salt, pepper, and spice in it, and he left it in the corner where it was.

When the old man came back, he got in his skin, and it burned so much, he had to jump in the water. That fixed him right then.

He never played feufollet after that, and the other Black people were surprised to see him at home every night, and the feufollet stopped scaring them.

1. Feufollet - Sometimes referred to as a Will-o'-the-Wisp in English, which misleads nighttime travelers.

# *In Kò ki Parlé*

## A Talking Corpse

In ranjè souyé fé in pari avék in ami ké li té pé véyé in kò tou lanwi dan légliz. Nonm-la ki paryé avék li fé habiyé li konm in mò, mét li dan in sèrkéy, é ésposé li dan légliz.

Ranjè souyé-la vini pou véyé li. Li té porté ènn ou dé pèr souyé pou ranjé, é li asit on sèrkéy-la pou travayé. Li t'apé ranjé souyé-yé é té p'apé porté atensyon pou kò-la ditou. Nonm ki té dan sèrkéy-la té vini las, é li té bin dézapwonté pou wa nonm-la té pa pè ditou. Li desidé pou fé kishòz ki sé fé li pè.

"Kan yé véy in kò yé travay pa," kò-la dí.

"Çila ki mò, pal pa," ranjè souyé-la dí; é li fou li in kou marto en sô latét. Li chwé li fré.

Lá, li kourí téré li. Li mét sèrkéy-la dan lafòs-la, é klouwé sô kouvè. Min, li klouwé sô kapo ousi, é kan li vini pou lévé, li wá li té prí. Li té kwá çé té nonm mò-la ki té gin li.

"Lashé mwin," li dí, bin pè. Min, li pa lashé, é li menndé pou lashé li onkò, é pli li menndé pli li vini pè. Li vini si pè, lê kriz prenn li é li toufé.

A shoemaker made a bet with a friend that he could stay the whole night with a corpse in the church. The man who bet with him dressed up like a dead person, laid in a coffin, and displayed himself in the church.

The shoemaker came to sit with him. He brought one or two pairs of shoes to fix, and he sat on the coffin to work. He was fixing the shoes and not paying attention to the corpse at all. The man who was in the coffin became tired, and he was disappointed to see the man wasn't afraid at all. He decided to do something that would make him scared.

"When they sit with a corpse, they don't work," the corpse said.

"That which is dead, doesn't speak," the shoemaker said; and he hit him on the head with his hammer. He killed him cold.

Then, he went to bury him. He put the coffin in the grave, and nailed its cover shut. But he nailed his coat as well, and when he tried to get up, he saw he was caught. He thought it was the dead man who had him.

"Let me go," he said, very scared. But he didn't let go, and he asked again, and the more he asked the more scared he became. He became so scared; convulsions seized him, and he choked to death.

# *Karankro é Manjè Poul*

## Buzzard and Chicken Hawk

Karankro té asit on in poto baryè é Manjè Poul vini menndé li ça li té apé fé lá.

"M'apé éspéré Bondjé voy mwin lavyònn," dí Karankro, ki té pa olé ét embété avék pèsonn.

"Imbésil!" Manjè Poul réponn li. "To pa konnin ènna pa in Bondjé? Si to olé lavyònn pou to manjé, va shèshé li konm mwin. Mo garanti twa t'a soti boukou méyé."

En minm tem Manjè Poul wá in ti zozo é li partí dèryè li pou montré Karankro kanmen li té gin pou fé pou gin lavyònn pou manjé. Li té kourí si vit li té pé pa wa bin ou li t'é kouri. Li frapé li kont baryè-la fò é li chwé li-minm.

"An-han!" Karankro dí. "To wa ènna in Bondjé apré tou. Li tenn mwin menndé pou lavyònn é li voyé pou mwin."

É en dizan ça, li soté partè é kanmésé manjé Manjè Poul.

Buzzard was sitting on a fence post and Chicken Hawk came to ask him what he was doing there.

"I'm waiting for the Good Lord to send me some meat," said Buzzard, who didn't want to be bothered by anyone.

"Imbecile!" Chicken Hawk responded. "You don't know that there isn't a Good Lord? If you want to eat meat, go search for it like me. I guarantee you you'll come out much better."

Just then, Chicken Hawk saw a little bird, and he took off after him to show Buzzard what he had to do to have meat to eat. He went so fast, he wasn't able to see really well where he was going. He smacked into the fence hard and killed himself.

"Uh-huh!" Buzzard said. "You see there is a Good Lord after all. He heard me ask for meat, and he sent it for me."

And, saying that, he jumped down and started to eat Chicken Hawk.

# *Pa Lapin é Pa Bouki*

## Br'er Rabbit & Br'er Hyena

In jou Pa Lapin é Pa Bouki ranjé pou kouri wa dé fyi ensem. Bouki té gin vini shèshé Lapin koté sô lamézon a katr'è dimansh apré-midi, é yé sé kouri ensemb.

A katr'è Bouki rivé. "Abin! Anon," li dí a Lapin.

"Mo pa kwa mo ka kouri," Lapin réponn. "Mo té désenn mô léskalyé yé, é mo tonmbé. Mo kwa bin mo kasé mô pyé, é mo pé pa marshé."

"To pé pa marshé in ti brin?" Bouki dí, tou désapwonté.

"Lasèl mañè mo pé kouri avék twa, çé si to pòt mwin," Lapin réponn.

"M'a porté twa jiska koté la grònn pòt," Bouki dí li. "Min, m'a mét twa partè lá, é to sa gin pou marshé labalans larout, paské fyi-yé va ri apré mwin, si yé wa twa monté mwin konm on in shwal."

Lapin mét li ènn pèr zépron, é li monté Bouki. Kan yé rivé koté la grònn pòt, Lapin désenn, min li té pé pa fé in pâ; sô pyé té fé li si di mal. "Mo pé pa fé li," Lapin dí li. "Si t'olé mo va, to sa blijé porté mwin in pé pli lwon."

"Abin! Monté on mô dô onkò," Bouki réponn. Li té pa olé kité sô nami lá, é li sé fé nimpòt kishòz pou édé li. Kan yé rivé koté lamézon, fyi-yé té tou enba lagarli. Yé gardé pozisyon a Lapin, é yé té olé ri, min yé pa ri. Yé té pa olé blésé sentimen a Bouki.

Pòv Bouki! Li plasé li-minm ora léskalyé, é Lapin soté on lagarli, bin gaya. Li tournin koté fyi-yé é li dí, "Mo pa toujou di ouzòt Bouki té mô ti shwal!" Fyi-yé té pé pi chèn yé-minm, yé bòs ri apré Bouki, drèt dévan li. Li té si ont, li té tou mizérab; ça fé li éskizé li-minm toutswit, é li partí.

One day, Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Hyena were getting ready to go see some girls. Hyena was going to meet Rabbit at his house at four on Sunday afternoon, and they would go together.

At four Hyena arrived. "Well! Let's go," he said to Rabbit.

"I don't believe I'm able to go," Rabbit responded. "I came down my stairs yesterday, and I fell. I really think I broke my foot, and I can't walk."

"You can't walk even a little bit?" Hyena said, completely disappointed.

"The only way I can go with you, is if you carry me," Rabbit responded.

"I'll carry you up to the front door," Hyena told him. "But, I'll put you down there, and you will have to walk the rest of the way, because the girls will laugh at me, if they see you riding me like a horse."

Rabbit put on a pair of spurs, and he mounted Hyena. When they arrived at the big door, Rabbit got down, but he could not take one step; his foot hurt him so badly. "I can't do it," Rabbit told him. "If you want me to go, you'll have to carry me a little bit further."

"Well! Climb on my back again," Hyena responded. He didn't want to leave his friend there, and he would do anything to help him. When they arrived at the house, the girls were all on the porch. They saw Rabbit's position, and they wanted to laugh, but they didn't. They didn't want to hurt Hyena's feelings.

Poor Hyena! He got close to the stairs, and Rabbit jumped on the porch, all healthy. He turned toward the girls and he said, "I didn't yet tell y'all Hyena was my little horse!" The girls couldn't hold back. They busted out laughing at Hyena, right in front of him. He was so ashamed, he was completely miserable; so, he immediately excused himself, and he left.

# *In Nonm Onnèt*

## An Honest Man

Ènn fwa inavé in nonm ki té olé maryé sô fiy avék in nonm onnèt. Çé té ènn joli fiy, é na plin dê garson ki vini séyé kourtizé li. Min, sô popa trouvé yé tou tro malonnèt, é li empesé yé tournin koté li.

A lafin, in garson kourtizé lá, é vyé nonm-la desidé ké li té onnèt konm li té olé. Li kourajé li pou tournin, é avan lontem, li maryé avék fiy-la.

Kék tem apré maryaj-la, sô bo-pèr menndé li pou mèninn li wa laplas ou li té travayé. É, yé kourí sir lennmin.

Çé té ènn grònn batis. Li travayé li tou sél. Çé li ki porté atensyon pou lê dat dê mò; çét-a-di, li té konnin kan shak pèrsonn t'ê kouri mouri. Li té gin in lashandél pou shak, é lapèrsonn sé viv osi lontem konm shandél-la sé brilé. Kan lashandél sé fini brilé, pèrsonn-la sé mouri.

Ènnavé dê grònn shandél, é dê kourt; lapèrsonn ki té gin ènn grònn sé viv lontem; çila ki té gin ènn kourt té pa gin lontem pou viv. Bo-pèr-la té olé wa sochènn.

"Ça çé li ki lá," garson-la dí, en montran li ènn ki té bin kourt.

"Han!" li dí. "Mo pa gin lontem pou viv onkò." Ça trakasé li, é li kanmense zonglé. "Shak shandél réprésent lavi ènn pèrsonn, é mochènn bin kourt. Montré mwin tochènn." Li montré li, é çila té pli long ké lòt. Li, li té gin onkò lontem pou viv.

"Mo pa olé mouri vit konm ça," bo-pèr-la dí. Li pwonté koté ènn grònn shandél tou pré sochènn. "To pé pa oté in bout on çala, é mét in bout on mochènn?" li menndé.

"Wé," garson-la réponn.

"Abin, mét in bout on çila tô bo-pèr, hin fis?" li menndé li.

"Ô, non!" té larépons. "Mo p'apé fé ça. Mwin, çé in

Once there was a man who wanted his daughter to marry an honest man. She was a pretty girl, and there were plenty of boys who came to court her. But, her papa found them all too dishonest, and he prevented them from returning.

Finally, a boy came to court, and the old man decided that he was honest like he wanted. He encouraged him to return, and before long, he married the daughter.

Sometime after the marriage, his father-in-law asked him to bring him to see the place where he worked. And, they went the next day.

It was a big building. He worked it by himself. It was he who paid attention to death dates; That is to say, he knew when each person was going to die. He had a candle for each, and the person would live just as long as the candle would burn. When the candle finished burning, the person would die.

There were tall candles and short; the person who had a tall one would live for a long time; the one who had a short one would not have a long time to live. The father-in-law wanted to see his own.

"That's it there," the boy said, showing him one that was very short.

"Huh!" he said. "I don't have a long time left to live." It bothered him, and he started to think. "Each candle represents the life of a person, and mine is very short. Show me yours." He showed him, and this one was longer than the other. He still had a long time to live.

"I don't want to die quickly like that," the father-in-law said. He pointed to a tall candle close to his own. "You can't remove a bit on that one, and put a bit on mine?" he asked.

"Yeah," the boy responded.

"Well, put a bit on your father-in-law's one, huh

nonm onnèt. Si mo koup on shandél nonm-çala, m'a fé li ènn injistis, é mo tro onnèt pou fé ça."

Bo-pèr-la té pa osi onnèt konm li té olé fé krwa, kan ça rivé koté sochènn intéré-yé.

son?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" was the response. "I can't do that. Me, I'm an honest man. If I cut that candle, I'll do him an injustice, and I'm too honest to do that."

When it came to his own interests, the father-in-law wasn't as honest as he wanted to believe.

# Katafo

## Catafo

Anéus Guerin

Katafo té le plis vyé dan lê trwa ti frè. Yé rété avék yê monman é yê popa dan in ti kabònn ora dan bwa. Çé té ènn famiy ki té bin pòv; yé té pa gin asé pou manjé, é yé té pé pa gin en nil par.

Ça fé, la vyé fenm-la dí a sô mari pou kouri jété piti-yé dan bwa-la ou yé sé pé pi tournin. Katafo tenn ça é li fé sô lidé pou trompé sô paren-yé é sové li-minm é sô ti frè-yé. Li remplí sô pòsh-yé avék lafarinn. Konm dê fét, lennmin matin vyé nonm-la pélé sô piti-yé bonnè.

“Lévé mêté piti,” li dí yé. “Vini marshé avék mwin dan bwa.”

Katafo é sô dé ti frè-yé swiv li dan bwa. Li kourí lwan avék yé, é Katafo sémin lafarinn en mizi yé marshé.

“Espéré pou mwin lá,” Li dí yé kan li té kwá li té kourí asé lwan. “M’a vini shèshé ouzot toutswit. M’apé kouri in ti bout-la.”

Min, vyé nonm-la, janmin tournin. Katafo pren trèk farinn-la, é li dí sô ti frè-yé pou swiv li. Yé marshé en trèk-la jiska yé sorti dan bwa. Yé rivé koté lamézon pa lontem apré yé popa.

“Ga, piti-yé tournin,” la vyé fenm-la dí, tou sirpenn. “To pa mèninn yé asé lwan; çé pou ça yé trouvé shémin pou tournin.”

Apré yé kourí koushé, Katafo tenn sô moman di a sô popa li té gin pou kouri pèrd yé onkò démin matin. Ça fé, li lévé tou dousmen é remplí sô pòsh-yé avék dê grènn mayi fwa-çala. Li sémin lagrènn mayi-la tou dilon larout.

Yê popa dí yé pou espéré pou li dan in plas lá ou li té kwá piti-yé té bin pèrd. É, yé té pèrd, ouisi, min Katafo té gin dan lidé pou swiv trèk lagrènn mayi-la.

Yé espéré pou vyé nonm-la in ti menmen, é kan li wá ké li sé pa tournin, li dí sô ti frè-yé pou swiv li, é li partí on trèk mayi-la. Li swiv ça pou in démi mil, min apré ça, li té pé pi trouvé grènn-yé ditou. Çé ti zozo-yé ki té manjé lagrènn-la, é lê ti garson-yé té bin pèrd.

Catafo was the oldest of the three brothers. They stayed with their mama and their papa in a small cabin near the woods. They were a really poor family; they didn’t have enough to eat and couldn’t get it anywhere.

So, the old wife told her husband to go leave the children in the woods where they would not be able to return. Catafo heard this, and he made up his mind to outwit his parents and save himself and his little brothers. He filled his pockets with flour. As expected, early the next morning the old man called for his children.

“Get up my children,” he said. “Come walk with me in the woods.”

Catafo and his two little brothers followed their papa into the woods. He went far with them, and Catafo sprinkled the flour while they walked.

“Wait for me here,” he told them when he thought he had gone far enough. “I’ll come get you right quick. I’m going a little ways there.”

But, the old man never returned. Catafo took the flour track and he told his little brothers to follow him. They walked on the track until they got out of the woods. They arrived back the house not long after their papa.

“Look, the children returned,” the old lady said, all surprised. “You didn’t take them far enough; that’s why they found their way back.”

After they went to bed, Catafo heard his mama tell his papa that he had to go lose them again tomorrow morning. So, he woke up quietly and filled his pockets with corn seed this time. He sprinkled the corn seed all along the route.

Their papa told them to wait for him in a place out there where he thought the children were good and lost. And, they were lost, too, but Catafo was expecting to follow the track of corn seed.

Katafo té pa konnin ça pou fé. Li désidé on in diréksyon, é yé partí, lè trwa ti frè-yé.

Lanwi rivé é yé té pli pèrd ké janmin. Lè dé pli jènn konmansé kriyé é ça troublé Katafo plis. Li té olé kontinnwé min yé dí yé té las é yé té pè dan nwa-la. Yé swiv in ti bout onkò é Katafo wá ènn limmyè lwon dan bwa-yé. Li montré ça a sò ti frè-yé, é ça donn in ti brin kouraj. Çé lá Katafo fé sò lidé pou pasé lanwi.

Li kourí koñin en lapòrt é ènn vyé fenm sortí pou parlé avék li. Li té sirprenn pou wa dê piti lá a lè-çala. Li menndé yé ça yé té olé.

“Mo olé ènn plas pou nouzòt koushé,” Katafo réponn. “Nou pèrd é nou olé manjé.”

“Mo pé pa fé aryin pou ouzot,” li réponn, “paské mô mari çé in djab é l’a manjé ouzot kan l’a tournin.”

Katafo parlé jiska li donn yé soupê é ènn plas pou koushé. Yé koushé dan minm lit avék lè piti a Djab. É, kan Djab tournin, li sentí layvòn frèsh.

“Ki lavyòn frèsh m’apé senti lá?” Djab menndé a sò fenm.

“Çé lavyòn béf to mèninn yé lá.”

“Ô! Non! Ça sen méyé ké ça,” Djab réponn. “Mo pa kwa ça.” Li lévé bèr lit-la. “Â! Trwa piti! Lá m’apé kouri gin in soupê! Lésé mwin kouri filé mô kouto pou koupé yé kou.” É li partí dan lakizinn.

Katafo tenn ça, é li révéyé sò frè-yé. “Lévé,” li dí yé. “Nou sa gin pou parti astè, lá.” Yé té pa olé lévé, min li fé yé lévé kanminm. Yé partí dan bwa onkò.

Kan Djab tournin koté lit-la, li pa gardé bin ça li t’è fé. Li trapé lè trwa piti ènnavé endan lá, é li koupé yé kou. Çé sokènn piti-yé li chwé, é kan li wá sò èrè, li té fashé pou mourí. Li gardé pou Katafo-yé, min yé té déjà partí.

Li monté en sò gro milé é li prenn dèryé yé. Katafo-yé galopé vit, min li té gañin on yé. Ènnavé mòñin tenn li vini. Shak pà li sé fé, li sé di “Tip toup, sin-sen pà.” Katafo wá ké li sé trapé yé toutswit, ça fé yé monté dan in bwa. Kan Djab rivé, li wá yé dan bwa-la, é li rété.

“Lá mo gin ouzot,” li dí. “Mo gin in sak enba ouzot, é shak ki a gardé enba a tommbé dan sak-la.”

“To pé espéré si to olé,” Katafo réponn. “Min, n’a

They waited for the old man for a good moment, and when he saw that he was not returning, he told his little brothers to follow him, and they took off on the corn track. He followed it for a half mile, but after that he was not able to find seeds at all. Little birds ate the seed, and the little boys were good and lost. Catafo didn’t know what do to. He decided on one direction, and they left, the three little brothers.

Night arrived and they were more lost than ever. The two youngest started to cry, and that troubled Catafo even more. He wanted to continue, but they said that they were tired, and that they were scared of the dark. They followed a little while more, and Catafo saw a light far off in the woods. He showed it to his little brothers, and that gave them a little bit of courage. That’s when Catafo made up his mind to stay the night.

He went to knock on the door, and an old woman came out to speak with him. She was surprised to see children there at that hour. She asked them what they wanted.

“I want a place for us to sleep,” Catafo responded. “We’re lost, and we want to eat.”

“I can’t do anything for y’all,” She responded, “because my husband is a Devil and he will eat y’all when he returns.”

Catafo talked to her until she gave them supper and a place to sleep. They slept in the same bed as the Devil’s children. And, when the Devil returned, he smelled fresh meat.

“What fresh meat am I smelling there?” the Devil asked his wife.

“It’s the cow meat you brought here yesterday.”

“Oh! No! It smells better than that,” the Devil responded. “I don’t believe that.” He lifted up the mosquito netting on the bed. “Ah! Three children! Now I’m going to have a supper! Let me go file my knife to cut their necks.” And he left for the kitchen.

Catafo heard that, and he woke up his brothers. “Wake up,” he told them. “We have to leave right now.” They didn’t want to wake up, but he made them get up anyway. They went into the woods again.

When the Devil returned to the bed, he didn’t see what he was doing. He caught the three children they had in there, and he cut their necks. It was his own kids

janmin gardé enba.”

“Mo pa tro sir pou ça,” Djab réponn. É li asit enba bwa-la. Li espéré lá in bon ti boudtem, é kan li wá yé sé pa gardé enba, li lévé é li kanméné shanté é dansé. Pli piti-la gardé enba, é li tommbé dan sak-la. “Ça çé ènn,” li dí, é li maré ladjél sak-la. In ti menmen apré ça, ségon-la gardé enba, é li tommbé li ousi. “Ça çé dé,” Djab dí. “Trwazyinm-la pa lwon.”

“Ô! Wé li lwon,” Katafo réponn. “To kapab shanté é dansé tou lanwi, min mo p’apé janmin gardé enba.” É li pa fé li nonpli. Djab té vini las, é li dí li sé monté dèryè si li sé pa désenn. “Monté si to olé.”

Djab grimpe bwa-la, é kan li té on’o, Katafo soté partè. Li ouvri sak-la, é li dí kan Djab sé gardé enba, li sé tonmbé dan sak-la li-minm. Konm dê fèt, Djab gardé enba, é konm li tonmbé dan sak-la, Katafo maré ladjél-la; é, lá, li lashé sô ti frè-yé.

Yé prenn shak in baton, é yé bimmin Djab jiska yé chwé li. Yé tournin koté lamézon onkò, é la vyé fenm-la té plis ké konten (sirpren) pou wa yé vivan onkò. Katafo rakonté konm yé té chwé Djab, é fenm-la té konten.

“M’olé ouzot vini rété avék mwin,” li dí yé. “Mo sa konten pou gin ouzot paské mô mari chwé mokènn piti-yé.”

“É, çé konm ça Katafo é sô frè-yé trouvé in lamézon pou yé rété, avék la fenm a Djab. Yé rété lá tou yé vi bin satisfé.

he killed, and when he saw his error, he became angry as hell. He looked for Catafo and them, but they had already left.

He got on his big mule and took after them. Catafo and them ran fast, but he was gaining on them. They could hear him coming. Each step he would make, he would say “Tip-toe, twenty-five steps.” Catafo saw that he would catch them quick, so they climbed a tree. When the Devil arrived, he saw them in the tree, and he stopped.

“Now I have y’all,” He said. “I have a large sack below y’all, and each one of you who looks down, will fall into the sack.”

“You can wait if you want to,” Catafo responded. “But, we’ll never look down.”

“I’m not so sure about that,” the Devil told him. And he sat down under the tree. He waited there for a good while, and when he saw they would not look down, he got up and started to dance and sing. The youngest looked down, and then he fell into the sack. “That’s one,” he said, and he bound the mouth of the sack. A short moment later, the second looked down, and he fell in, too. “That’s two,” the Devil said. “The third isn’t far behind.”

“Oh! Yeah he’s far behind,” Catafo responded. “You can sing and dance all night, but me, I won’t ever look down.” And he didn’t do it, either. The Devil became tired, and he told him he would come up after him if he would not come down. “Come on up if you want.”

The Devil climbed the tree, and when he was up top, Catafo jumped down. He opened the sac and he said when the Devil looks down, he will fall into the sack himself. As expected, the Devil looked down, and as he fell into the sack, Catafo bound the mouth of sack; and, then, he freed his little brothers.

They each took a stick, and they beat the Devil to death. They returned to the house, and the old woman was more than surprised to see them still alive. Catafo recounted how they killed the Devil, and the woman was happy.

“I want y’all to come stay with me,” she told them. “I will be very happy to have y’all, because my husband killed my own children.”

“And, that’s how Catafo and his brothers found a home for them to stay in, with the Devil’s wife. They stayed there all their lives, very satisfied.

# *In Karankro Dévinnè*

## The Fortuneteller Buzzard

Anéus Guerin

In vyé nonm pòv trouvé in karankro blésé olon sô shémin, é li ramasé li. Li zonglé ké li çé kapab sèrvi avék li pli tar; ça fé, li mét li enba sô bra, é li kontinnwé en sô larout.

Li rivé koté in gro lamézon, é li frapé on lapòt. Ènn fenm ouvri pou li é li menndé li ou mét lamézon-la té.

"Mô mari apé travayé astè, lá," li réponn. "Mo kwa li sa lá toutswit. To olé éspéré pou li?"

"Wé!" vyé nonm-la réponn.

"Asit twa, abin," fenm-la dí li. "Mo gin louvraj pou fé."

Vyé nonm-la rété asit enba pendan fenm-la kouri fé sô louvraj. Lá, ou li té lá, li té kapab wa tou ça fenm-la té fé. Apépré a midi, nonm-la rivé.

"Ça to gin dan tô min-yé?" Li menndé, bin sirpenn.

"Çé in bétay ki konnin dévinnin tou kishòz," vyé nonm-la réponn.

"To olé fé li dévinnin pou mwin?" Nonm-la té bin intéressé déjà.

"Wé!" vyé malin-la réponn, "Min li blijé gin in gro difé pou li shofé." É, li limmin in difé dan foyé.

"Vyé nonm-la prenn karankro-la, ouvri sô zél-yé dévan difé-la, é kan li té vini tro sho, vyé bétay-la séjé soté a koté é li fé ----- "Fwak, fwak, fwak."

"Ça li dí?" mari fenm-la menndé.

"Li dí ina bon manjê dan garmanjé," vyé nonm-la réponn. É, nonm-la lévé pou kouri wa. Kan li tournin, li dí ké inavé bon manjê konm bétay-la té dí.

"Fé li dévinnin onkò pou mwin," li réponn.

"Vyé nonm-la shofé sô zél-yé onkò, é karankro fé laminm shòz.

A poor old man found a wounded buzzard along the road and he picked him up. He thought that he would be able to help him later; so, he put him under his arm and continued on his path.

He arrived at a large house and he knocked on the door. A woman opened it for him, and he asked her where the master of the house was.

"My husband is working right now," she responded. "I think he will be here soon. You want to wait for him?"

"Yes!" the old man responded.

"Well, sit down," the woman said. "I have work to do."

The old man stayed seated while the woman went to do her work. There, where he was, he was able to see everything the woman did. At about noon, the husband arrived.

"What do you have in your hands?" she asked, very surprised.

"It's an animal who predicts everything," the old man responded.

"You want to make him tell my future?" The man was already very interested.

"Yes!" the clever old man responded. "But, he needs to have a large fire to warm himself." And, he lit a fire in the foyer.

"The old man took the buzzard, opened his wings in front of the fire, and when he got too hot, the old animal would try to jump aside and he went ----- "Fwawk, fwawk, fwawk."

"What did he say?" the woman's husband asked.

"He said there's good food in the pantry," the old man responded. Then, the man got up to go see.

"Ça li dí fwa-çala?" li menndé onkò.

"Li dí twa pou kouri wa en'ò é t'a wa dé kalité manjê. Bon manjê é mové manjê." Nonm-la kourí wa é li trouvé lòt manjê-la ki té bin kashé. Li tournin é li té olé wa li dévinnin onkò. Vyé nonm-la fé laminm shòz, é li dí li té pa olé di nonm-la ça li té dí fwa-çala, paské ça sé pétét mét li dan traka avék sô fenm. Nonm-la fé jiska li dí li.

"Abin!" li éspliké li. "Li dí ina in nonm kashé en'ò lá, é bon manjê-la té pou li; move manjê-la té pou twa." Nonm-la kourí wa é li trouvé nonm-la kashé dan ladépans. Li fouú li in tournin koupyé é fé li parti.

"To olé venn mwin bétay-çala?" li menndé kan li tournin.

"Min konmen m'a gañin mô lavi, si mo ven twa li?" vyé nonm-la réponn.

"M'a donn twa sink mil pyas pou li," nonm-la ofrí li. É, vyé nonm-la désidé venn li. Li prenn sô larjen é li partí.

Pou sélébré, nonm-la donn in gran bal. Li invité tou moun-yé pou vini wa sô bétay dévinnin. Yé tou rasemblé dévan difé-la, é kan nonm-la shofé karankro-la, li soté é li fé ---- "Fwak, fwak, fwak," konm avan.

"Ça li dí?" yé tou menndé li.

"Kré sakré tonnè!" li réponn. "Mo bliyé menndé vyé nonm-la pou montré mwin sô langaj!"

"Imbésil!" yé dí li. "To wa pa çé simplemen in karankro." Yé partí koté yé, bin amizé apré labétasri, malgré larishés dê sèrtin moun.

When he returned, he said that there was good food in the pantry like the animal said.

"Make him fortune-tell again for me," he asked.

"The old man warmed his wings again and the buzzard did the same thing.

"What did he say this time?" he asked again.

"He said for you to go upstairs and you will see two types of food. Good food and bad food." The man went to see and he found the other food that was well hidden. He returned and he wanted to see him fortune-tell again. The old man did the same thing, and he said that he did not want to tell the man what he said this time, because that would perhaps put him in trouble with his wife. The man made him tell him.

"Well!" he explained to him. "He said there is a man hidden up there, and the good food was for him; the bad food was for you." The man went to see and he found the man hidden in the crawlspace. He dealt him a volley of kicks and made him leave.

"You want to sell me that animal?" he asked when he returned.

"But how am I going to make a living, if I sell him to you?" the old man responded.

"I'll give you five thousand dollars for him," the man offered. So the old man decided to sell him. He took his money and left.

To celebrate, the man hosted a great ball. He invited everyone to come see his fortune-telling animal. They all gathered in front of the fire, and when the man warmed up the buzzard, he jumped and went ---- "Fwawk, fwawk, fwawk," like before.

"What did he say?" they all asked him.

"Good Heavens!" he responded. "I forgot to ask the old man to teach me his language!"

"Imbecile!" they told him. "You don't see that it's simply a buzzard." They left for home, very amused about the foolishness of some people, in spite of their wealth.

# *Pa Lapin é Pa Bouki*

## Br'er Rabbit & Br'er Hyena

Anéus Guerin

In jou Pa Lapin té travayé avék Pa Bouki dan dézè. Yé té fé rékòt ensamm lannin-çala, é yé té ranjé pou divizé égal en bout lannin. Çé té fé bin sho jou-çala, é Pa Lapin té olé trompé Bouki dan kék mañè.

"Ça to di nou ajét in ladjòg divin zordi?" Lapin dí.

"Tòp!" Bouki réponn. "T'a kouri shèshé li, twa."

Pa Lapin partí shèshé divin-la. Kan li tournin, li mét li dan in fosé lá ou énnavé lombraj. Li kourí travayé onkò, min li pa séyé swiv Bouki; li té prenn sô tem, é profité on sô lasosyé. Bouki té travayé vit pou fini, é Lapin té lwon dèryè. Tou dan in kou, Lapin dí, "Ôu!"

"Ça ina?" Bouki menndé li.

"Ina kékènn ki ê pélé mwin," Lapin réponn.

"Kouri wa ki çé," Bouki dí. Lapin partí koté djòg-la é bwá li in bon filé. Kan li tournin, Bouki menndé li konmen li té rété si lonten.

"Yé té pélé mwin pou in batinm," li réponn.

"Konmen to pélé piti-la?" Bouki té olé konnin.

"Yé nommin li Prémyin-la," li dí. Yé kontinnwé travayé, é toutswit, Pa Lapin dí yé té pélé li onkò. Li partí bwa in òt gro filé. Kan li tournin, li dí Bouki ké çé té in batinm onkò, é yé té pélé piti-çala "Désyinm-la." É, li kourí fé in trwasyinm batinm, é li nommin piti-çala "Trwasyinm-la." Li finí bwa tou divin-la fwa-çala. É li kapoté ladjòg avan li tournin koté sô louvraj.

Abin!" Bouki dí kan çé té ten pou kité. "N'a kouri bwa nou divin astè."

Yé kourí koté djòg-la, é yé wá ké li té kapoté. Énnavé pa énn gout ki rété dan djòg-la.

"Malérezmen!" Lapin dí. "Nou divin tou pèrd!" Bouki té tris, bin dézapwonté é las; Pa Lapin té sentí li-minm bin, é yé tournin koté kabònn.

One day Br'er Rabbit was working with Br'er Hyena on the farm. They were harvesting together that year, and they agreed to divide equally at the end of the year. It was very hot that day, and Br'er Rabbit wanted to prank Hyena in some way.

"What do you say we buy a jug of wine today?" Rabbit said.

"Agreed!" Hyena responded. "You go get it, you."

Br'er Rabbit left to get the wine. When he returned, he put it in a ditch where there was shade. He went to work again, but he didn't try to keep up with Hyena; he took his time and took advantage of his business partner. Hyena worked quickly to finish, and Rabbit was far behind. All of a sudden, Rabbit said, "Ooh!"

"What is it? Hyena asked him.

"There's somebody calling me," Rabbit responded.

"Go see who it is," Hyena said. Rabbit went to the jug and took a good drink of liquor. When he returned, Hyena asked him how come he stayed so long.

"They called me for a baptism," he responded.

"What's the name of the child?" Hyena wanted to know.

"They named him The First," he said. They went back to work, and soon, Br'er Rabbit said they were calling him again. He left to drink another big drink. When he returned, he told Hyena that it was a baptism again, and they called that child, "The Second." And, he went to do a third baptism, and he named that child, "The Third." He finished drinking all of the wine that time, and he knocked over the jug before he returned to his work.

"Well!" Hyena said when it was time to leave. "We'll go drink our wine now."

Kék tem apré ça, Bouki é Lapin kourí marshé dan dèzè pou wa yê patat. Yé té gin in bon rékòt; pyé patat-yé té gran é plin avék dè flè. Yé rété lá lontem, apé parlé é admiré yê louvraj.

“Çé pròsh tem pou nou fouyé nou patat-yé,” Lapin dí. “Konmen nou gin pou divizé rékòt-la? T’olé prenn rasinn-yé é mwin, m’a prenn pyé-yé?”

“Ô non!” Bouki réponn. “Mwin, m’olé joli pyé-yé.”

“Konm t’olé,” Lapin dí li. É, kan yé rentré yê rékòt patat, Bouki mènin tou pyé-yé dan sô magazin, é Bouki pa i aryin ditou; Lapin prenn rasinn-yé, é li té gin manjé tou lannin.

Plitar, çé té tem pou rentré rékòt mayi-la. Bouki fé sô lidé ké Lapin t’ê pa gin pou trompé li en mayi-la. Li dí li té olé rasinn-yé fwa-çala, é Lapin dí li pou fé konm li té olé onkò. É, Bouki prenn rasinn-yé mènin yé dan sô magazin, é li pa i aryin; Lapin prenn pyé-yé, é li té gin plin pou manjé tou lannin. Dan livè, kan Bouki kourí menndé Lapin kishòz pou manjé, li réfizé li. Bouki manké mouri avék lafim tou lannin, é li désidé pi fé rékòt ensosyé avék Pa Lapin.

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Pa Bouki té bin malsatisfé, min li té gin pou ét onkò pli shagrin, avan li finí avék Lapin.

Yé t’ê kourtizé laminm fiy, ènn prinsés. Çé té ènn joli fiy, é li linmin Lapin plis. Bouki té jalou, é li té olé konnin si çé li ou Lapin ki té gin maryé avék fiy-la.

“M’a di twa ça n’a fé,” Pa Bouki dí a Lapin in jou. “N’a tiré in lakous, N’a lésé isi ensenm démin matin, é çila ki a rivé koté fiy-la prémyin va maryé avék li.”

“Tòp!” Lapin réponn. “N’a tiré in lakous.”

“Konm dè fét, lennmin matin yé partí fé yê lakous. Pa Lapin bat li lwon. Kan Bouki rivé, li menndé Lapin pou donnin li in òt lashans.

“Ça t’olé fé onkò, Pa Bouki?” Lapin menndé li.

“Anon wa,” Bouki dí, en gratan sô latét. “Ô wé! N’a bwi ènn grònn shodyè dolo, é çila ki a soté li va gin lafiy. To olé?”

“Mwin, m’a fé tou ça t’olé,” Lapin réponn. Yé bwi dolo-la jiska li té bouyonnin. Yé mét li dan lakou akoté lamézon, é yé désidé ké çé té Lapin pou soté prémyin.

They went to the jug, and they saw that it wasknocked over. There was not one drop left in the jug.

“Sadly! Rabbit said. “Our wine is all gone!” Hyena was sad, very disappointed and tired; Br’er Rabbit felt just fine, and they returned to the cabin.

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Sometime after that, Hyena and Rabbit went walking on the farm to look at their potatoes. They had a good harvest; the potato plants were tall and full of flowers. They stayed there for a long time, talking and admiring their work.

“It’s almost time for us to dig up our potatoes,” Rabbit said. “How should we divide the harvest? You want to take the roots and me, I’ll take the stalk?”

“Oh no!” Hyena responded. “Me, I want the pretty stalks.”

“Whatever you want,” Rabbit told him. And, when they brought in their potato harvest, Hyena brought all the pretty stalks into his barn, and Hyena didn’t have anything at all; Rabbit took the roots, and he had food for the year.

Later, it was time to bring in the corn harvest. Hyena made up his mind that Rabbit was not going to trick him on the corn. He told him he wanted the roots this time, and Rabbit told him to do as he wanted. And Hyena took the roots, brought them into his barn, and he didn’t have anything; Rabbit took the stalks, and he had plenty to eat all year long. In winter, when Hyena went to ask Rabbit for something to eat, Rabbit refused him. Hyena nearly died of hunger that year, and he decided to no longer harvest on shares with Br’er Rabbit.

---

Br’er Hyena was very unhappy, but he would feel even worse, before he finished with Rabbit.

They were both going out with the same girl, a princess. She was a beautiful girl, and she loved Rabbit more. Hyena was jealous, and he wanted to know if it was him or Rabbit who was going to marry the girl.

“I’ll tell you what we’ll do,” Br’er Hyena told Rabbit one day. “We’ll have a race. We’ll leave here together tomorrow morning, and the one who arrives first at

"Just as expected, the next morning they left to have

Lapin partí lakous pou soté, min kan li rivé koté gro shodyè-la, lapè kroshe li, é li pa soté. "Çé o, wé!" li dí. Li séyé onkò, é fwa-çala, li mét tou ça li té gin, é li soté li.

"Çé tô tour astè, Bouki," Lapin dí. Bouki partí lakous, é kan li soté, li tommbé omilyé shodyè-la. Dolo-la té si sho li kwí avan yé té kapab konté jiska kat.

Apré ça, fanmiy a Bouki té gin in lahènn kont Lapin. Yé té blanmin Lapin pou lamò yè garson é yé té gété in lashans pou renn li laminm shòz.

Pa Lapin té konnin vini volé dolo dan yè pwi tou lê swa. Ça fé, Vyé Bouki ranjé in ti bonnonm godron é mét li ora pwi-la. Tou lê matin, pwi-la té sék é Vyé Bouki té konnin çé té Lapin ki té vole sò dolo. Kan li vini wa pou dolo swa-çala, Lapin wá ti bonnonm-la. Li té pé pa komprenn ki çé té, é li marshé tou alantou li en gardan li bin pròsh. A lafin, li ramasé asé kouraj pou parlé avék li.

"Sorti ora pwi-la!" li hélé on li, min li pa fé konm si li té tenndé. Lapin vansé pli ora, é dí, "Sorti! Sorti, avan mo fou twa in kou lapat." Min, li pa porté atensyon ditou. Pa Lapin fou li in kou lapat, é sò lapat rété prí.

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Lenmin matin, Vyé Bouki trouvé Lapin on sò latrap-la. "Lá, mo gin twa! M'ê kouri chwé twa, é mo kwa m'a brilé twa."

"Brilé mwin, si vou olé!" Lapin réponn, "min, tanpri, pa jété mwin dan zérons-yé dèryè voû baryè, lá. Ça va ét tro in mové lamò."

"M'olé donn twa pli mové lamò mo konnin, é çé dan zérons-yé t'ê kouri," Vyé Bouki réponn. É, li partí avék Lapin, pou jété li dan zérons-yé. Kan li rivé koté baryè-la, li voyé li, é li tonmbé dan milyé tal-la. Li gardé dan in lakrak pou wa li mouri, min Lapin té ri apré li. Bouki wá sò érè, min tro tar.

"To jis jété mwin dan mô lamézon, lá," Lapin dí li, é li partí galopé vit koté li.

the girl's house will marry her."

"Agreed!" Rabbit responded. "We'll have a race." their race. Br'er Rabbit beat him good. When Hyena arrived, he asked Rabbit to give him another chance.

"What do you want to do this time, Br'er Hyena?" Rabbit asked him.

"Let's see," Hyena said, scratching his head. "Oh yeah! We'll boil a large pot of water, and the one who jumps over it will get the girl. Want to?"

"Me, I'll do anything you want," Rabbit responded. They heated water until it was boiling. They put it in the yard next to the house, and they decided that Rabbit was to jump first.

Rabbit started racing to jump, but when he got close to the big pot, fear seized him, and he didn't jump. "That's high, yeah!" he said. He tried again, and this time, he put all that he had, and he jumped it.

"It's your turn now, Hyena," Rabbit said. Hyena started running, and when he jumped, he fell into the pot. The water was so hot, he cooked before they were able to count to four.

After that, Hyena's family hated Rabbit. They blamed Rabbit for the death of their son, and they waited for a chance to repay him.

Br'er Rabbit used to come steal water from their wells every night. So, Old Hyena made a little tar baby and set him up near the well. Each morning, the well was dry and Old Hyena knew it was Rabbit who was stealing his water. When he came to look for water that night, Rabbit saw the little tar baby. He could not understand what it was, and he walked all around it, looking at it very closely. Finally, he got up enough courage to speak with it.

"Get away from the well!" he yelled at it, but it didn't act as if it heard. Rabbit moved closer, and said, "Leave! Leave, before I hit you with my paw." But it didn't pay any attention at all. Br'er Rabbit hit it with his paw, and his paw got stuck.

"Let go of my paw!" Rabbit told it. "Let go of me, or I'll hit you with my other paw," and when he hit it, that paw got stuck, too. Rabbit hit it with his two other paws, and they got stuck, too. Then, he hit it with his head, his body, everything got stuck on the little tar baby. Rabbit was good and stuck!

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"Çé in malin wé ça," Bouki dí, é li tournin koté li, tou shagrin.

The next morning, Old Hyena found Rabbit on his trap. "Now, I have you! I'm going to kill you, and I believe I'll cook you."

"Cook me, if you want!" Rabbit responded, "but, please, don't throw me in the blackberry bushes behind your fence. That will be too horrible a death."

"I want to give you the worst death I know, and in the blackberry bushes you're going," Old Hyena responded. And he left with Rabbit, to throw him in the blackberry bushes. When he arrived close to the fence, he threw him, and he fell in the middle of the briar patch. He looked through a crack to watch him die, but Rabbit laughed at him. Hyena saw his error, but too late.

"You just threw me in my house, here," Rabbit told him, and he went running home quickly.

"That's a dirty trick indeed, that," Hyena said, and he returned to his home, pitifully.

# *In Nonm é sa<sup>1</sup> Lyon*

## A Man and His Lion

Anéus Guerin

Ènnavé in nonm ki té fé in krimm, é li té partí maron dan bwa pou péshé yé mét li dan laprizon. Li rété trwa jou san manjé é li té apé mouri avék lafim. Li té dékourajé nèt; li té asit dan le rasinn in gro bwa apé zonglé ça li té gin pou fé.

“Mo pé pa siporté ça tou mô lavi,” li té apé di. “Mo pé pa trouvé aryin pou manjé, é m’apé krévé d’fim.” Li té fé sô lidé pou kouri renn li-minm, é li vini pou lévé, min li pa finí. Ça li wá apépré si pâ dê li, kan li lévé sô latét, frédí li avék lapé.

Ènnavé in gro lyon koushé on sô vent drét dévan li. Li té apé gardé li, é li té kwá li té apé préparé pou soté en li. Le kriminel frinmin sê zyé, li té si si li t’ê kouri manjé li. Min lyon-la pa soté on li; en kontrè. Nonm-la tenn li ronflé konm in shat. Ça semblé ké li té olé di nonm-la kishòz. Li té pa olé manjé nonm-la. Li té gin kishòz mal avék li, é ça semblé li té apé séyé di nonm-la ça li té olé.

Nonm-la pa grouyé; li gardé gro bétay-la ki té apé ronflé konm in shat ki karés sô mét. Li obsèrvé a tou menmen lyon-la sé lévé sô pat é froté sô nin apré li. Li komprenn ènnavé kishòz mal apré sô lapat.

Li fé sô lidé. Li lévé é vansé ora lyon-la. Gro bétay-la jis koushé sô latét on sô pat. Li froté sô min on sô latét, é lyon-la kontinnwé ronflé. Li gardé on sô pat é li wá ké li té gin in gro pikan.

“Ô! Çé ça ki tô traka!” li dí, en trapan sô kouto dan sô lapòsh. Li travayé dousmen, min lyon-la sé hélé shak fwa li sé toushé pikan-la. A lafin, li réisi oté pikan-la. Ça soulajé li plin, paské li konmésé, fé alentou nonm-la, dê sô é dê kri térib.

Nonm-la partí koté li, é lyon-la swiv li jiska li rivé pròsh lá. Li té pè vini lá ou ènnavé dê moun min, le kriminel rantré koté li. Ènnavé in policeman ki té apé éspéré pou li, é li mèninn li koté laprizon. Plitar yé té gin pou jété li dan in park dê lyon ki té pa manjé pou trwa jou.

Ça rivé ké minm lyon-çala tonmbé dan ènn trap, é yé mèninn li dan park-la ou yé té gin jété nonm-la. Le

There was a man who committed a crime, and he ran away into the woods to avoid prison. He went three days without food, and he was dying of hunger. He was completely discouraged; he sat on the roots of a large tree, thinking about what he should do.

“I cannot endure this all my life,” he was saying. “I can’t find anything to eat, and I’m dying of hunger.” He made up his mind to turn himself in, and he was about to get up, but he stopped. What he saw about six feet from him, when he raised his head, made him cold with fear.

There was a huge lion laying on his stomach right in front of him. He was watching him, and he believed that he was about to jump on him. The criminal closed his eyes, he was so sure he was going to eat him. But the lion didn’t jump on him; on the contrary. The man heard him purr like a cat. It seemed that he wanted to tell the man something. He didn’t want to eat the man. He had something wrong with him, and it seemed he was trying to tell the man what he wanted.

The man didn’t budge; he looked at the huge beast who was purring like a cat caressed by his master. Suddenly, he saw the lion raise his paw and rub his nose. He understood that there was something wrong with his paw.

He made up his mind. He got up and walked over to the lion. The huge beast was just laying his head on his paw. He rubbed his hand on his head, and the lion continued to purr. He looked at his paw, and he saw that it had a huge splinter.

“Oh! That’s your trouble!” he said, grabbing his knife in his pocket. He worked gently but the lion howled each time he would touch the splinter. Finally, he succeeded in removing the splinter. That relieved him greatly, because he started to leap and let out terrible cries around the man.

The man left for home, and the lion followed him until he was almost there. He was afraid to go where there were people; but, the criminal entered his house. There was a policeman who was waiting for him, and

gran jou rivé! Ènn gros bann moun té vini pou wa lê lyon manjé in dinnin moun.

Tou dan in kou, ènna ènn pòrt ki ouvri, é nonm-la rantré dan park-la. Ènn dan lyon-yé, pli gro ké lézot, galopé vit koté nonm-la. Li lésé li tonmbé on sô do, en kwayan li té foutí. Min non! Lyon-la pa manjé li. Li tournin pou bat lézot lyon, pou empéshé yé fé nonm-la di mal. É, lá li koushé ora li. Çé lá ou li wá ènn sikatris on sô pat, é li rékonnin sô lyon.

Tou moun-yé té sirpren pou wa in lyon bat pou in nonm. Yé té pé pa komprenn ça, é yé tou menndé le rwa pou lésé li kouri lib. É, le rwa lésé li sòrti ou si.

Kan li sòrtí, li éspliké yé lafè konm li té pé. Yé té tou bin konten pou li. Li menndé le rwa pou donn li lyon-la, é li donn li. Ça fé in joli pèr, le nonm é le lyon marshan kòt-a-kòt dan lari.

he brought him to prison. Later they threw him in a pen of lions who had not eaten for three days.

It happened that that lion fell into a trap, and they brought him to the pen where they had thrown the man. The big day had arrived! A large group of people came to see the lions eat a man for dinner.

All of a sudden, there was a door that opened, and the man entered the pen. One of the lions, larger than the others, ran quickly toward the man. He let him fall on his back, believing he was done for. But no! The lion didn't eat him. He turned around to fight the other lions, to prevent them from doing harm to the man. And, then he laid close to him. That is where he saw a scar on his paw, and he recognized his lion.

Everyone was surprised to see a lion fight for a man. They couldn't understand it, and they all asked the king to set him free. And, the king let him out, too.

When he came out, he explained to them the matter as best he was able. They were all very happy for him. He asked the king to give him the lion, and so he did. They made a nice pair, the man and the lion walking side by side down the road.

# *Pa Lapin - Kofè sa' Zoréy-yé Gran*

## Br'er Rabbit: Why His Ears Are So Long

Leonard Aguiard

Pa Lapin té ènn bétay bin piti é féb. Li té pli malin ké tou lòt bétay-yé, é cé sô malis ki chin li vivan. Li té si féb, li té pé pa bat avék Lours ou avék Shévréy ou tou lòt-yé ki té pli gro ké li. Ça fé, li désidé li té olé vini gro konm in Shévréy.

Li kourí wa Madanm Djab, é li menndé djablés-la kanmen li sé sharjé li pou fé li vini gro konm in shévréy.

"Mo p'apé sharjé twa aryin pou ça," djablés-la réponn, "min, to sa gin pou fé trwa konmisyon pou mwin don."

"Ki cé ça?" Pa Lapin menndé li.

"M'olé to va shèshé pou mwin ènn kòp dilé shatig. Ça cé tô prémyin louvraj," Madanm Djab dí li. "Kan t'a tournin, m'a donn twa ségon-la."

"Abin!" Pa Lapin réponn, "Mo sa gin fé ça." Li prenn sô kouraj é li partí dan bwa. Li kanmense zonglé kanmen li té gin pou fé trèr Madanm Shatig. Li fé sô lidé ké cé té tro danjéré, é konm li tournin pou kouri koté li, li wá Madanm Shatig drèt dan sô shémin. Li té pé pa shapé, é li kanmense komprenn ké djablés-la té jis olé fé chwé li.

"Bonjou, Madanm Shatig," Pa Lapin dí, kan li wá li té pri. Shatig-la pa réponn. "M'a paryé," Pa Lapin kontinwé, "Vou pé pa donn ti kòp-çala plin avék dilé."

"Konmen to fé konnin mo pé pa!" Madanm Shatig réponn, é en wayan ènn shans pou trapé li in bon dinnin, li dí, "Vini trèr mwin, é t'a wa to-minm."

Lapin té pè, min li kourí kanminm. Li gété Shatig ora li remplí sô lakòp, é avan di li mersi, li partí lakous koté Madanm Djab. Shatig prenn dèryè li, min Lapin té tro vit pou li.

"Cé bon!" Madanm Djab dí kan li wá dilé-la. "Astè, m'olé to va shèshé mwin in sèrpen sonnét vivan."

Pa Lapin prenn in moso lakòd é in baton kat pyé

Br'er Rabbit was a very small and weak animal. He was more mischievous than all the other animals, and it was his cleverness that kept him alive. He was so weak, he couldn't beat Bear or Deer or all the others who were bigger than him. So, he decided he wanted to become bigger like Deer.

He went to see Madam Devil, and he asked the she-devil how much she would charge him to make him grow big like a deer.

"I'm not charging you anything for this," the she-devil responded, "but, you will have to do three tasks for me."

"What is that?" Br'er Rabbit asked.

"I want you to get me a cup of wildcat milk. That's your first job," Madam Devil told him. "When you return, I will give you the second."

"Well!" Br'er Rabbit responded, "I will have to do that." He got up his courage and he went into the woods. He began to think about how he was going to milk Madam Wildcat. He made up his mind that it was too dangerous, and as he turned to go home, he saw Madam Wildcat right in his path. He could not escape, and he started to realize that the she-devil just wanted to kill him.

"Good day, Madam Wildcat," Br'er Rabbit said, when he saw he was trapped. The wildcat didn't respond. "I'll bet," Br'er Rabbit continued, "you can't fill that little cup with milk."

"How do you know I can't!" Madam Wildcat responded, and seeing her chance to catch herself a good dinner, she said, "Come milk me, and see for yourself."

Rabbit was afraid, but he went anyway. He kept an eye on Wildcat while he filled his cup, and before telling her thanks, he ran to Madam Devil. Wildcat took after him, but Rabbit was too fast for her.

"That's good!" Madam Devil said when she saw

long é li partí dan dézè. Li shèshé jiska li trouvé in sonnét. Li kanmènsé kabalé. Misyé Sonnét té olé trapé Lapin, é li té bin konten pou ènn shans konm ça.

“To kwa to long konm baton-çala?” Pa Lapin menndé.

“Wé, mo pli long ké ça.” sèrpen réponn.

“Lésé mwin miziré,” Lapin dí li. “Alonjé to-minm, é m’a miziré avék baton-la.” Sèrpen fé konm li dí, é Lapin alonjé sô baton ora li. Lá, li prenn sô lakòd é maré li on baton-la. “Jis rété trankil,” Lapin dí, é li maré li omilyé sô kò, é koté sô laché.

“Baton-la in pé pli long ké mwin, hin?” Sèrpen menndé li.

“Wé, li pli long,” Lapin dí en ramasan li é mét li en sô lépòl. Li partí koté Madanm Djab, é Sèrpen hélé on li pou démaré li. “M’a fé twa péyé pou ça in jou,” li dí, min Pa Lapin pa porté atensyon. Li jété li partè kan li rivé koté Madanm Djab.

“Çé bon!” djablés-la dí. “Astè, m’olé to kouri trapé mwin in kongo vivan.” Lapin kité onkò, é li trompé Misyé Kongo konm li té fé avék Sèrpen Sonnét, é mèninn li koté Madanm Djab.

Vyé fenm-la té pé pa komprenn kanmen Pa Lapin té fé réyisi dan louvraj-çala san ét chwé. Li té promét pou fé li vini gro konm in shévréy, min li té pé pa fé ça. Li trapé Lapin par sô dé zoréy-yé, é alé on yé jiska yé vini gran konm yé ê zordi.

Çé pou ça Pa Lapin gin dé gran zoréy zordi.

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Kan Lapin partí, li té bin fashé. Madanm Djab té trompé li, é sô zoréy-yé té fé di mal. Li té olé pasé sô lakolè on kékènn, é lè prémyin li renkontré té Lours é Néléfan. Inavé lonten li té olé konnin lékél ki té pli fò, é li désidé pou informin li-minm jou-çala.

“Mo gin in lavash ki bourbé dan bayou-la,” li dí yé. “Mo tenn dí ké ouzòt toulédé bin fò. Zo olé vini édé mwin rashé li? Yé té konten pou gin in lashans pou montré yé lafòs, é yé kourí avék lapin.

Kan yé rivé koté bayou-la, Pa Lapin mét ènn on in koté é lòt on lòt koté. Lá, li prenn in lagid, maré li dan kou a Néléfan, trèversé bayou-la avék lòt bout, é maré li dan kou a Lours. Li dí yé kan li sé hélé, yé sé

the milk. “Now, I want you to go find a live rattlesnake for me.”

Br’er Rabbit took a bit of rope and a four-foot-long stick and he went out into the field. He searched until he found a rattler. He began to scheme. Mister Rattler wanted to catch Rabbit, and he was very happy for a chance at that.

“You think you’re as long as this stick?” Br’er Rabbit asked.

“Yeah, I’m longer than that.” Snake responded.

“Let me measure,” Rabbit told him. “Stretch yourself out, and I’ll measure with the stick.” Snake did as he said, and Rabbit stretched out his stick next to him. Then, he took his rope and tied him on the stick. “Just stay still,” Rabbit said, and he synched him up in the middle of his body, and at his tail.

“The stick was a little bit longer than me, huh?” Snake asked.

“Yeah, it’s longer,” Rabbit said picking him up and putting him on his shoulder. He left for Madam Devil, and Rattlesnake yelled for him to untie him. “I’ll make you pay for this one day,” he said, but Br’er Rabbit didn’t pay any attention. He threw him to the ground when he arrived at Madam Devil’s house

“That’s good!” the she-devil said. “Now, I want you to go catch me a live copperhead.” Rabbit left again, and he happened upon Mister Copperhead same as he did with Rattlesnake, and brought him to Madam Devil.

The old woman could not understand how Br’er Rabbit had succeeded in that job without being killed. She promised to make him big like a deer, but she could not do that. She caught Rabbit by his two ears, and pulled on them until they became long like they are now.

That’s why Br’er Rabbit has long ears today.

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When Rabbit left, he was very angry. Madam Devil lied to him, and his ears hurt him. He wanted to pass his anger on to someone, and the first he met were Bear and Elephant. For some time, he had wanted to know which one was stronger, and he decided to find out for himself that day.

kanmense alé.

Dan in kou, li kriyé, "Alé!" é, dé gro betay-yékanmense alé. Ènn té alé kont lòt. Yé mét tou yé fòs, min aryin pa vini. Yé menndé Pa Lapin ça ènnavé, min Lapin té kourí kashé. Li pa réponn. Li té tenn lakòd-la kraké, télmen yé té alé fò. A lafin, Néléfan é Lours désenn dan bayou-la pou wa ça ènnavé avék vash-la. Yé renkontré omilyé bayou-la. Yé komprenn ké Lapin té jwé in trik on yé. Yé té bin fashé, min yé té pé pa trouvé li en nil pa.

Pa Lapin té shapé, é li t'apé ri apré yé dan sò kabònn. Li pa wá ça ki té pli fò ent yé dé, min li té wá asé pou konnin ké yé té toulédé bin fò.

"I have a cow who got all muddy in the bayou," he told them. "I heard that the both of you are very strong. Y'all want to come help me pull him out?" They were happy to have a chance to show their strength, and they went with Br'er Rabbit.

When they arrived at the bayou, Br'er Rabbit put one on one side and the other on the other side. Then, he took one rein, and tied it to Elephant's tail, went across the bayou with the other end, and tied it to Bear's tail. He told them when he yelled, they should pull.

Suddenly, he cried, "Pull!" and, the two big animals started. One pulled against the other. They used all of their force, but nothing happened. They asked Br'er Rabbit what was happening, but Rabbit went to hide. He didn't respond. He heard the rope crack, they were pulling so hard. Finally, Elephant and Bear went into the bayou to see what was going on with the cow. They met in the middle of the bayou. They understood that Rabbit had played a trick on them. They were very angry, but they could not find him anywhere.

Br'er Rabbit had escaped, and he was laughing at them in his cabin. He didn't see who was the stronger of the two, but he saw enough to know that they both were very strong.

# *Cé Wit*

## It's Eight

Louis Bizette

Kat nonm t'apé marshé olon in shémin. Ènn dan yé té gin sèt pyas on li. Yé rivé koté in ti bayou lá ou ènnavé plin dè gounouy ki t'apé shanté. Ça semblé konm si yé t'apé di "Çé wit! Çé wit!"

Nonm ki té gin sèt pyas-yé té kwá yé t'apé di li té gin wit pyas dan sô pòsh. Li konté sô larjen onkò, é li wá ké çé té sir sèt pyas li té gin. Li vansé ora bòr bayou-la, é li dí "Zo menti! Çé sèt mo gin, çé pa wit!"

Grounouy-yé kontinnwé yé shanson---"Çé wit, çé wit." É, li dí yé onkò ké çé té sèt, é pa wit li té gin. Yé pa porté atensyon pou li ditou, ça fé li fashé li-minm, é li voyé sô larjen dan dolo, é li dí "Chin! Konté li si to pa kwa!" Ti bétay-yé kontinnwé yé shanson, é nonm-la menndé yé pou voyé sô larjen en lékò-la. Min, yé pa voyé li.

Lapant lékò-la té apik, é li té pa foutí désenn pou kouri shé sô larjen. Li pélé sô zanmi-yé pou vini édé li. Li trapé in rasinn onbòr bayou-la, fé ènn dan lòt nonm-yé désenn, é chèn sô pyé-yé jiska yé rivé koté sô larjen.

"Rété in pé!" li dí; çé té lour, é li té olé ranjé sô lamin-yé. "Mo olé krashé dan mô min-yé." É, kan li lashé rasinn-la pou krashé dan sô min-yé, yé tou tonmbé ènn dési lòt dan dolo-la.

Four men were walking along a road. One of them had seven dollars on him. They came to the banks of a small bayou where there were plenty of frogs who were singing. It seemed as if they were saying, "It's eight! It's eight!"

The man who had seven dollars believed they were saying he had eight dollars in his pocket. He counted his money again and saw that it was indeed seven dollars he had. He went near the edge of the bayou, and he said, "You lie! It's seven I have, it's not eight."

The frogs continued their song---"It's eight, it's eight." He told them again that it was seven, and not eight he had. They didn't pay any attention to him at all, so he got mad and he threw his money in the water, and he told them, "Here! Count it if you don't believe!" The little animals continued their song, and the man asked them to throw his money on the bank. But they didn't.

The slope of the bank was steep, and he didn't dare try to climb down to go searching for his money. He called his friends to come help him. He grabbed a root at the edge of the bayou, made one of the other men climb down and hold his feet until they reached his money.

"Hold it!" He said; it was heavy, and he wanted to set his hands. "I want to catch it in my hands." And, when he let go of the root to catch it in his hands, they fell one on top the other into the water.

Pyè

Pierre

Anéus Guerin

Pyè té in vyé nonm ki té pa satisfé avék sô lavi ditou. Li té pé pa wa okin plézi dan arjen. Li té dégouté viv é li té olé mourì.

“Ô! Si Bondjé té olé prenn mwin onkò,” li sé di toutem. “Kan Bondjé sa paré pou mwin, mo sa paré pou li mwin ousi.”

Lê swa li sé asit devan sô foyé é li sé zonglé konm li té mizérab. A tou menmen, li sé di a sô vyé fenm, “Kofè Bondjé prenn pa mwin? Mo olé mourì si tèlmen mo pé pis viv.”

“To sé pa dwa parlé konm ça, Pyè” vyé fenm-la sé réponn. “Çé pa bon parlé konm ça. Bondjé té asé bon pou don nouzòt lavi, é mo kwa nou sé montré in bon volonté par viv bin.”

Sô vozin-yé tenn minm shòz-la shak fwa yé sé visité Pyè. Yé té pa kwá li té olé mourì plin konm ça é yé té vini las tenn li komplinté. Ça fé ènn dan yé désidé li t’ê kourì géri Pyè pou toutem. Li prenn in moso lashènn é li kouri kashé avék ça en griñin a Pyè, san li wa. Li éspéré lá jiska le vyé komplinté rivé.

Si vit konm li asit dévan difé-la, li kanméné menndé pou lamò. “Ô! Si Bondjé té olé prenn mwin onkò!” Kan li finí di ça, li tenn in lashènn grouyé en sô griñin.

“Ô! Pyè!” ènna in lavwa ki élé on’o lá. “Bondjé tenn twa péli li é li vini wa pou twa. Si to paré pou mourì, konm to dí, mo vini shèshé twa avék mô shènn-yé. Anon kouri.”

“Pyè pa lá aswa-la!” Pyè réponn. “Li kourì pronmenin koté sô vozin.” É san éspéré pou tenn plis, Pyè lévé é li prenn lakou. Li té si pè li pa tournin koté li swa-çala ditou; li rété koushé déyò.

Apré ça, Pyè rété komplinté, é yé janmin tenn li menndé pou lamò.

Pierre was an old man who was not at all satisfied with life. He couldn’t see pleasure in anything. He was disgusted with living and he wanted to die.

“Oh! If the Good Lord would only take me,” he’d always say. “When the Good Lord is ready for me, I’ll be ready for him too.”

In the evenings, he would sit in front of his foyer and would think about how miserable he was. He would say to his old lady, “Why doesn’t the Good Lord take me! I want to die so badly that I cannot live any longer.”

“You should not talk like that, Pierre,” the old woman would respond. “It’s not good to talk like that. The Good Lord was good enough to give us life, and I believe we should set a good example by living well.”

His neighbors heard the same thing each time they would visit Pierre. They didn’t believe he really wanted to die like that, and they grew tired of hearing him complain. So, one of them decided he would fix Pierre for good. He took a bit of chain, and he went to hide with it in Pierre’s attic, without him seeing. He waited there until the old complainer arrived.

As soon as he sat in front of the fire, he began begging for death. “Oh! If the Good Lord would just take me!” When he finished saying that, he heard a chain moving around in his attic.

“Oh! Pierre!” the voice was crying out from up there. “The Good Lord hears you calling him and he has come to find you. If you’re ready to die, as you say, I have come to retrieve you with my chains. Let’s go.”

“Pierre isn’t here tonight!” Pierre responded. “He went to his neighbor’s.” And, not waiting to hear more, Pierre got up and ran. He was so afraid that he didn’t return to his own house at all that night; he stopped to sleep outside.

After that, Pierre stopped complaining, and they never again heard him ask for death.

# *Shévréy é Krapo*

## Deer & Frog

Charley Bridgewater

Shévréy é Krapo t'apé kourtizé laminm fiy. Yé ranjé pou menndé fiy-la lékél li té linmin plis. Ça fé, yé menndé li, min li té pa olé réponn; li té pa olé fé ni ènn ni lòt ènn afron.

"M'a di ouzòt," li dí yé. "Zo kapab tiré in lakous, é çila ki a rivé isi prémyin dimansh, m'a maryé avék li. Ça zo di?"

"Çé bon pou mwin," Shévréy dí. Krapo dí li li té paré li, ousi. Dimansh-la, Shévréy-la viní prenn Krapo koté li pou tiré yê lakous. Yé préparé yé-minm, é kan yé partí, Shévréy prenn dévan, é Krapo trapé sô laché en pasan. Li rété penn lá, é li prenn lafrésh tou larout.

Kan Shévréy rivé, fiy-la pa wá Krapo dan ché-la. Li té konten li té gañin, paské li té linmin li plis. Li invité li pou rentré.

"Prenn lashéz," fiy-la dí. Kan li viní pou asit, Krapo soté on lashéz-la, é li pousé Shévréy akoté. "Rété in ti pé," Krapo dí li. "T'apé asit on mwin. Prenn lòt lashéz-la."

Yé té sirprenn pou wa li lá, min li asit prémyin, ça fé çé li ki gañin lakous-la. É, fiy-la prenn Krapo pou sô mari, konm li té promét.

É, Shévréy bésé sô latét dan in gro shagrin, paské li té linmin fiy-la plin.

Deer and Frog were courting the same girl. They planned to ask the girl which one she liked more. So, they asked, but she didn't want to answer; she didn't want to snub either of them.

"I'll tell y'all what," she told them. "Y'all can have a race, and the one who arrives here first on Sunday, I'll marry him. What do y'all say?"

"That works for me," Deer said. Frog told her he was ready, too. Sunday, Deer came to take Frog to their race. They prepared themselves, and when they started, Deer took off in front, and Frog caught his tail as he passed. He remained hanging there the whole way, enjoying the breeze.

When Deer arrived, the girl didn't see Frog on his tail. She was happy he won, because she liked him more. She invited him to come in.

"Take a seat," the girl said. When he went to sit down, Frog jumped on the chair, and he pushed Deer aside. "Wait a minute," Frog told him. "You're sitting on me. Take the other chair."

They were surprised to see him there. But, he sat down first, so it was he who won the race. And, the girl took Frog as her husband, as she promised.

And, Deer lowered his head in sorrow, because he really liked the girl.

# Trwa Arishmènn

## Three Irishmen

Trésville Guidroz

Ènn fwa trwa Arishmènn t'apè voyajé dan Lalwizyòn. Yé té pa konnin parlé kréyòl, é çé té difisil pou yé fé moun komprenn yé. Ça fé, yé désidé pou aprenn parlé kréyòl.

Yé rentré dan in boutik olon shémin, é konm yé rentré, ènn dan yé tenn konmi-la di, "Ga, trwa Arishmènn!" É, li dí ké li té konnin parlé kréyòl. Kan sô zami-yé menndé li pou montré yé, li répété ça li té tenndé, "Ga, trwa Arishmènn."

Yé sorti é yé kontinnwé on yê shémin. Pli lwon, yé rentré koté ènn òt boutik. É, en rantran, ségon Arishmènn-la tenndé konmi-la menndé in pratik, "Pou di sou moutard?" Lá, li dí a sô zami-yé ké li té konnin kréyòl, li, ousi. É, li dí, "Pou di sou moutard".

Yé kontinnwé jiska yé rivé koté ènn òt boutik. Trwasinm Arishmènn-la rentré li tou sél, é kan li tournin, li dí li ousi té konnin parlé kréyòl. Li dí yé ça li té tenndé, "Çé jis."

"Abin," ènn dan yé dí, "lá mo konten! Nou tou ka parlé kréyòl." Yé kontinnwé marshé é shakènn té résité yé ti bout kréyòl. Ènn té dí, "Ga, trwa Arishmènn," lòt, "Pou di sou moutard," é trwasinm-la té di, "Çé jis."

Yé rivé lá ou ènnavé in nonm mò. Yé té konnin kékènn té gin pou vini lá, é konm ça sé donnin yé in lashans pou izé yê nouvo langaj, yé désidé pou espéré lá.

Shérif-la rivé é li menndé yé ça ki té chwé nonm-la. Prémeyin Arishmènn réponn, "Trwa Arishmènn."

"Kofè zo chwé li?" li dí bin en kolè.

"Pou di sou moutard," ségon-la réponn.

"Kré sakré tonnè!" shérif-la té firyé. "Fo mo kas zò kou!"

"Çé jis," trwasinm-la réponn. É, shérif-la penn tou lê trwa.

Pòv trwa Arishmènn! Yé té jis olé aprenn parlé kréyòl é yé fé penn yé o prémyin koudéséy.

One time three Irishmen were travelling in Louisiana. They didn't know how to speak Creole, and it was difficult for them to make people understand them. So, they decided to learn how to speak Creole.

They entered a shop along the road, and as they entered, one of them heard the clerk say, "Look, three Irishmen!" And, he said that he knew how to speak Creole. When his friends asked him to show them, he repeated what he heard, "Look, three Irishmen."

They left and they continued on their path. Further along, they entered another shop. And, on entering, the second Irishman heard the clerk ask a customer, "for ten cent mustard?" Then, he told his friends that he knew Creole, too. And, he said, "For ten cent mustard."

They continued until they arrived at another shop. The third Irishman entered by himself, and when he came out, he said he also knew how to speak Creole. He told them what he heard, "That's right."

"Well," one of them said, "now I'm happy! We can all speak Creole." They continued to walk and each one recited their little bit of Creole. One said, "Look, three Irishmen," the other, "for ten cent mustard," and the third said, "That's right."

They stumbled upon a dead man. They knew someone was going to come there, and that would give them the chance to use their new language, so they decided to wait.

The sheriff arrived and asked them who killed the man? The first Irishman responded, "Three Irishmen."

"Why did y'all kill him?" he asked very angrily.

"For ten cent mustard," the second responded.

"Holy damned thunder!" the sheriff was furious. "I'll have to break your necks!"

"That's right," the third responded. And, the sheriff hung all three of them.

Poor three Irishmen! They just wanted to learn to speak Creole, and they were hung on their first try.

# Fran Kokin

## Honest Thief

Félicien Saizan

Ènn fwa ènnavé in vyé nonm ki té gin plin larjen. Li mourí kan sô trwa garson-yé t'apé préparé pou kouri o koléj. Yé té p'apé fé larjen, é yé té olé kouri aprenn in méché.

Pli vyé-la partí o koléj prémyin, é li té kourí tidyé lamétsinn. Li dí li té olé ét in doktè. Ségon-la menndé sô manman pou lésé li kouri tidyé lalwa. Li dí li té olé ét ènn avoka. É, pli jènn-la prenn jis sin sen pyas, min li pa dí ça li t'ê kourí tidyé. Li dí li té pa sir ça li té olé fé, é li sé désidé plitar é di yé kan li sé tournin. Konm dê fét, dan trwa mwa li tournin.

"Abin!" li dí a sô manman. "Mo finí aprenn mô méché."

"Ça ki tô profésyon?" sô manman menndé li.

"Mô méché cé volé," li réponn. Sô manman té kwá li t'ê bétizé, min li kontinnwé "Démin matin, m'apé parti on in gran voyaj. Mo pa konnin kan mo gin pou tournin, min mo kwa kan m'a tournin mo sa gin larjen pou montré twa."

"Min, mô garson!" manman-la dí. "To blijé ét apé fé dê bétiz avék mwin. T'a dézonoré mwin é mâ fanmiy."

"Trakas pa twa, manman!" li réponn. "Mwin, cé in fran kokin. Mo pa gin pou fé aryin ki mal."

Lenmin matin, Fran Kokin-la partí. Li té pa konnin ou li t'ê kouri, min a lafin, li rivé koté le rwa. Li menndé pou wa li, é yé mèninn li koté sô lashanm. Li éspliké li ké li té in volé, min ènn ki té fran. É, li menndé li pou donn li kishòz pou fé.

"M'olé wa si to si bon volé," rwa-la répòn li. "M'a donn twa kinz sen pyas si to vol mô shwal."

"Bon!" Fran Kokin réponn li, é li partí. Li kourí abiyé li-minm konm in vyé nég. É, le swa li vansé koté shwal-la; li té gin dé flès wiski dan in ti sak li té gin on sô lépòl. Li wá ké ènnavé dé nonm ki t'ê gété pou péshé li volé li. Rwa-la té mét dé gard pou éspéré pou Fran Kokin. Ça fé, li élé on gard-yé.

Once there was an old man who had plenty of money. He died when his three sons were about to go to college. Unable to make money, they each wanted to go learn a trade.

The oldest left for college first, and he went to study medicine. He said he wanted to be a doctor. The second asked his mama to let him go study law. He said he wanted to be a lawyer. And the youngest just took five hundred dollars, but he didn't say what he was going to study. He said that he wasn't sure what he wanted to do, and he would decide later and tell them when he returned. As expected, in three months he returned.

"Well!" he told his mama. "I finished learning my trade."

"What is your profession?" His mama asked him.

"My trade is stealing," he responded. His mama thought he was joking, but he continued, "Tomorrow morning, I'm leaving on a big trip. I don't know when I will return, but I believe, when I do return, I will have money to show you."

"But my son!" the mama said. "You must be joking with me. You will dishonor me and my family."

"Don't worry, mama!" he responded. "Me, I'm an honest thief. I don't have to do anything bad."

The next morning, the Honest Thief left. He didn't know where he was going, but finally, he arrived at the king's. He asked to see him, and they brought him to his chamber. He explained to him that he was a thief, but one who was honest. And, then he asked him to give him something to do.

"I want to see if you are such a good thief," the king responded. "I will give you fifteen hundred dollars if you steal my horse."

"Ok!" the Honest Thief responded and left. He went to get dressed like an old man. And, that night he went up to the horse; he had two flasks of whiskey

"Lésé mwin vini limmin mô pip koté difé-la?" Li menndé yé.

"Vini!" ènn dan gard-yé répòn. Fran Kokin vansé koté difé-la, limmin sô lapip, é li prenn in bon filé dan ènn boutéy, é li dí "Ça fé si fré! Mo kwa ça va fé mwin di byin. Mo pa olé ofri ouzòt bwa dan minm boutéy avék mwin, min mo gin in òt flès ki pa toushé. M'a donn ouzòt si zo olé." É, yé té olé. Yé bwá shak in bon filé. Yé té linm li, ça fé yé bwá onkò. Ça tournin yê latét, é yé bwa plis onkò, jiska yé té sou moriv. Yé kanmensé dromi, é Fran Kokin prenn yê laklé é partí avék shwal-la.

Lenmin matin, li kourí mènnin shwal-la é shèshé sô péymen. Le rwa donn li sô kinz sen pyas-yé, é menndé li si li té kapab fé dòt vol.

"Wé!" Fran Kokin réponn li. "Mo pé volé labag on dwa tô fenm é le dra on sô lit."

"Si to fé ça, m'a donn twa dé mil pyas!" le rwa dí. Ça fé, Fran Kokin vini dan lanwi alentou lamézon-la. Li ranjé in bononm é mét li ora lafnét larènn-la. Sô lit té ora fnét-la é kan li wá bononm-la, li partí galopé vit koté sô mari dan lòt shanm, é sô bag rété prí dan dra-la. Lá, Fran Kokin pasé sô lamin dan fnét-la, alé dra-la é labag déyò é li partí avék yé vit. Li tournin lennmin matin pou sô larjen é apré rwa-la péyé li, li invité li pou rété dinnin avék li, min konvèrsasyon-la tournin en dê vòl onkò.

"Mo gin dé dènn ki apé kwi pou dinnin," rwa-la dí li. "M'a donn twa mil pyas si to vòl yé."

"Wé," kokin répòn li. "M'a volé yé." Li partí é li vini toutswit avék dé kanar fransé é dé lapin vivan. Li frapé on lapòt lakisinn é li menndé domestik-la pou ashté sô kanar-yé é lapin-yé. "Ga," li dí, "lapin-yé vivan toujou."

"Lésé mwin jwé avék lapin-yé," domestik-la menndé li, é li lashé yé dan lakisinn. Yé partí galopé tou partou é li élé en li pou trapé yé vit. Domestik-la prenn dèryè yé é pendan li t'ê galopé lá, Fran Kokin prenn dé dènn-yé, é partí vit. Li fé tour lamézon, é li kourí donn rwa-la sô dènn-yé. Rwa-la péyé li é lá yé kouri dinnin.

"Kat mil sin sen pyas dan trwa jou çé pa mal." Fran Kokin dí lennmin kan li té tournin koté sô manman. "M'a péyé manman sin sen pyas mo té prété avék li lá, é m'a gin kat mil ki a rété."

Kan li rivé, li trouvé sô dé frè-yé té finí lékòl. Ni ènn

in a little sack he had on his shoulder. He saw that there were two men there to keep him from stealing it. The king assigned two guards to wait for the Honest Thief. So, he called out to them.

"Let me come light my pipe?" He asked.

"Come!" one of the guards responded. The Honest Thief approached the fire, lighting his pipe, and he took a good shot from a bottle and said, "That's so refreshing! I believe that will do me well. I don't want to offer y'all to drink from the same bottle with me, but I have another flask that's untouched. I will give it to y'all if y'all want." And they wanted it. They each took a good shot. They liked it, so they drank again. It made their heads spin, and they drank more until they were dead drunk. They fell asleep, and the Honest Thief took their key and left with the horse.

The next morning, he went to deliver the horse and retrieve his payment. The king gave him his fifteen hundred dollars and asked him if he could steal other things.

"Yeah!" The Honest Thief responded. "I can steal the ring on your wife's finger and the sheet on her bed."

"If you do that, I will give you two thousand dollars!" the king told him. So, the Honest Thief came up to the house in the night. He made a scarecrow and put it next to the queen's window. Her bed was next to the window, and when she saw the scarecrow, she ran quickly to her husband in the other chamber, and her ring remained snagged on the sheet. The Honest Thief passed his hand through the window, pulled the sheet and the ring outside, and quickly left with them. He returned the next morning for his money and after the king paid him, he invited him to stay for dinner, but the conversation turned to stealing again.

"I have two turkeys cooking for dinner," the king said. "I'll give you one thousand dollars if you steal them."

"Yes," the thief responded. "I will steal them." He left and he quickly returned with two greenhead mallards and two live rabbits. He knocked on the kitchen door and asked the servant to buy his ducks and rabbits. "Look," he said, "the rabbits are still alive."

"Let me play with the rabbits," the servant asked him, and he let them loose in the kitchen. They went

ni lòt té fé larjen. Dotkè-la té pa gin pratik, é avoka-  
la pasé sô tem a lir. Dan lê trwa frè çé jis çila ki té  
aprenn volé ki t'apé fé larjen.

running all around and he yelled for them to come  
catch them quick. The servant took after them and  
while he was running the Honest Thief took the two  
turkeys and left quickly. He walked around the house  
and gave the king his turkeys. The king paid him and  
then they ate.

“Four thousand five hundred dollars in three days  
is not bad.” The Honest Thief said the next day when  
he returned to his mama’s house. “I’ll pay mama the  
five hundred dollars I borrowed from her, and I’ll have  
four thousand left.”

He arrived to find his two brothers had finished  
school; neither one nor the other had made any  
money. The doctor didn’t have a practice, and the  
lawyer spent his time reading. Of the three brothers,  
only the thief had money.

# Bal Kote Misye Shévrey

## The Ball at Mister Deer's

Trésville Guidroz

Pa Shévrey t'ê kouri donnin in bal. Li té gin donnin sô fiy a çila ki sé dansé on in kayou jiska lapousyè sé sorti dan li.

Li t'apé séyé fé ènn grònn parti avék bal-çala. Li invité tou ça ki té olé kouri, é konm fiy-la té bin joli, tou jènn nonm-yé préparé pou kouri bal.

Pa Ratbwa konmensé préparé a bonnè. Pa Réнар té razé dépi avan midi. Pa Bouki, Pa Shawé, Pa Lours, tou jènn garson-yé néché yé-minm pròp pou kouri bal, é séyé gañin fiy-la.

Pa Lapin sél té pa ê fé préparasyon. Li kourí koushé dan lapousyè tou laprémidi, é kan yé menndé li si li t'ê kouri bal, li dí non, ké li té pa kwá li té olé kouri bal ditou. É, li kontinnwé roulé dan lapousyè.

Tou jènn garson-yé rivé o bal bonnè. Apré yé té tou lá, Pa Lapin rivé é kourí asit dan in kwon san pèrsonn wa li. Li rété trankil lá, tou kagou é ça té semblé li té malad.

"Ça ènna, Pa Lapin?" kékènn menndé li.

"Ô! Mo pa ê senti mo-minm bin ditou," li réponn, é yé lésé li trankil en pasan pou kouri amizé yé-minm.

A név'è Pa Shévrey mèninn gro kayou plat-la, é mét li dan milyé sal-la. Li anonsé ké çila ki sé dansé on kayou-la jiska lapousyè sé sorti dan li, li sé gin sô fiy en maryaj.

Pa Bouki té prémyin pou séyé. Li dansé, li soté, li voyé koupyé, min li té pé pa fé pousyè sorti lá. Lá, çé té tour a Pa Shawé. Li dansé, li fé dê kri, min pa lapousyè. Pa Réнар, Pa Lours, Pa Ratbwa, yé tou séyé, min yé pa réyisí.

Ça rété jis Pa Lapin ki té pa séyé onkò. Yé tou gardé pou li, é li té toujou asit dan kwon-la, avék sô latét enba. Li té semblé bin malad.

Br'er Deer was throwing a ball. He was going to give his daughter to the one who could dance on a stone until dust came out of it.

He was trying to make a grand party with that ball. He invited everyone who wanted to come, and since his daughter was very pretty, all the young men prepared to go to the ball.

Br'er Opossum started to get ready early. Br'er Fox shaved before the afternoon. Br'er Hyena, Br'er Raccoon, Br'er Bear, and all the young guys got cleaned up to go and try to win the daughter.

Only Br'er Rabbit didn't prepare. He went to lay in the dust all afternoon, and when they asked him if he was going to the ball, he said no, that he didn't believe he wanted to go to the ball at all. And he continued to roll in the dust.

All the young guys arrived at the ball early. After they were all there, Br'er Rabbit arrived and went to sit in a corner without anyone seeing him. He quietly remained there, looking all cagou<sup>1</sup> and sick.

"What's up, Br'er Rabbit?" someone asked him.

"Oh! I'm not feeling well at all, me," he responded, and they left him alone to go have fun.

At nine o'clock, Br'er Deer brought the large flat stone, and put it in the middle of the room. He announced that whoever danced on the stone until dust came out of it would have his daughter in marriage.

Br'er Hyena was the first to try. He danced, he jumped, he kicked, but he couldn't make dust come out of there. Then, it was Br'er Raccoon's turn. He danced, he shouted, but no dust. Br'er Fox, Br'er Bear, Br'er Opossum, they all tried, but they didn't succeed.

1. cagou - out of sorts

"Vini séyé tô lashans, Pa Lapin," Misyé Shévréy dí li.

"Mo pé pa mwin nonpli," li réponn. "Tou lòt-yé séyé, é yé té pé pa. Konman mwin mo gin pou fé ça?"

Shévréy prenn li par so lamin é mènin li koté kayou-la. Pa Lapin gardé alentou li, é yé tou apé ri apré li. Yé frinmin alentou li, é yé té kwá Pa Lapin t'ê mouri avék la'ont. Dan in kou, li kanméné dansé, é tou pousyé li té ramasé dan lapremidi kanmansé shapé. Li fé sitan lapousyé, Pa Shévréy té blijé vini rété li avék in lalimyé. Yé té tou avéglé dan lasal-la, é yé té kwá pousyé-la té sortí dan kayou-la.

Ça fé, Pa Shévréy donnin sô lafiy a Pa Lapin en maryaj.

That left just Br'er Rabbit who had not yet tried. They all looked for him, and he was still sitting in the corner, with his head hanging down. He seemed very sick.

"Come try your chance, Br'er Rabbit," Mister Deer told him.

"I can't do it either," he responded. "All the others tried, and they couldn't. How will I do that?"

Deer took him by his hand and brought him to the stone. Br'er Rabbit looked around, and they were all laughing at him. They closed in around him, and they believed Br'er Rabbit would die of embarrassment. Suddenly, he began to dance, and all the dust he had amassed in the afternoon started to escape. He made so much dust, Br'er Deer was obliged to come stop him with a light. They were completely blinded in the room, and they believed the dust had come from the stone.

With that, Br'er Deer gave his daughter to Br'er Rabbit in marriage.

# *Laklòsh de Plantasyon*

## The Plantation Bell

Louis Schustz

Ènn étranjé vini menndé madamm pou louvraj. On sô plas, li té jismen bézwon in nonm pou travayé pou li é prenn li pou fé sô rékòt.

"Kan m'a sonnin laklòsh," li éspliké nonm-la, "t'a kouri travayé; é kan m'a sonnin laklòsh onkò, t'a sorti pou vini dinnin."

In ti menmen apré ça, li tenn lasklòsh-la sonnin. Li partí travayé en dizan, "Sakré klòsh! Kofè li sonnin vit konm ça!" Li travayé lontan avan li tenn klòsh-la. Inavé in bon bout li té apé espéré pou li.

"Â!" Li dí kan li tenn li. "Ça cé ènn bonn klòsh!" é li partí dinnin.

Madamm donn li dinnin, é li dí "To sa gin manjé dinnin é soupé ensenm, paské mo sa pétét pa lá pou donn twa soupê aswa."

Nonm-la pa réponn; li manjé plin, asé pou dinnin é soupé, é kan li finí, fenm-la dí li ké li té tem pou li va travayé.

"Ô! Non!" li réponn. "Mo travay pa apré soupé, Madamm."

A stranger came to ask Madame for work at her place. In fact, she did need a man to work for her, and she took him on to do her harvest.

"When I sound the bell," she explained to the man, "you go to work; and, when I sound it again, you leave to come to dinner."

A little while after that, he heard the bell ring. He left for work, saying, "Damned Bell! Why is it sounding so quickly like that!" He worked for a long time before he heard the bell. There was a good while there that he was waiting for it.

"Ah!" He said when he heard it. "That's a good bell!" and he left for dinner.

Madame gave him dinner, and he said "You will have to eat dinner and supper together, because I may not be here to give you supper tonight."

The man didn't respond; he ate plenty, enough for dinner and supper, and when he finished, the woman told him that it was time for him to go work.

"Oh! No!" he responded. "I don't work after supper, Madame."

# *Sèt Nonm Perd*

## Seven Lost Men

Louis Bizette

Sèt nonm t'apè trèversé ènn foré. Çé té ènn plas bin fouré, é yé té pè séparé, paské yé sé janmin jwon onkò.

"Anon rété ensem," in dan yé dí, "é, a tou menmen, m'a konté pou wa si tou nouzòt lá." Yé kontinnwé mashé pou in bon bout, é lá, nonm ki té apwonté li-minm pou gidé yé, rété é dí, "Anon wa si nou tou lá," é li kanmensé konté yé.

"Mwin," li dí, é li frapé sò min on sò potrinn. Lá, li kontinnwé konté lòt-yé san zonglé ké li té pa konté li-minm. "Ènn, dé, trwa, kat, sink, sis. Ènna ènn dan nouzòt ki mank," li dí. Li konté onkò pou wa si li té pa fé ènn èrè. Min, non, li fé minm èrè lafwa-çala, é li trouvé ké yé té jis sis.

"Lékél dan nouzòt ki mank," ènn menndé.

"Mo pa konnin!" li dí, "min, anon trouvé li."

Yé tournin pou wa pou li, é yé renkontré avék ènn étranjé. Nonm ki té konté lá éspliké li yê traka é menndé li si li té pa wá in nonm ki té pèrd.

"Non!" li réponn. "Min, kanmen vouzot té? A wit?"

"Non!" kontè-la dí. "Nou té a sèt, é nou jis a sis astè." É, li konté onkò pou montré li. Li fé minm èrè-la.

"Ô!" étranjé-la dí, kan li wá ça. "Swiv mwin, é m'a montré twa kanmen t'a trouvé tô nanmi." Yé partí é li rété koté in trou labou. Labou-la té épé é dir, li dí yé, "To wa trou labou-çala? Wé? Abin, mét ouzòt en linng, é ènn apré lòt, kalé zò nin dan labou-la."

Yé té tou kiryé pou konnin ça nonm-la té gin dan sò lidé, é yé fé konm li dí.

"Lá, konté trou-yé dan labou-la," li dí a nonm ki té konté avan, kan yé té tou finí kale yê nin. Nonm-la vansé ora lá é li konté trou-yé.

Seven men we crossing a forest. It was a thickly wooded place, and they were afraid to separate, because they would never meet up again.

"Let's stay together," one of them said, "and, I'll count to see if we're all here." They continued walking a ways, and then, the man who appointed himself to guide them stopped and said, "Let's see if we're all here," and he started to count them.

"Me," he said, and he hit his hand on his chest. Then, he continued to count the others, without thinking that he was not counting himself. "One, two, three, four, five, six. There is one of us missing," he said. He counted again to see if he hadn't made an error. But, no, he made the same error this time, and he found that they were just six.

"Which of us is missing," one asked.

"I don't know!" he said, "but, let's find him."

They turned around to look for him, and they met with a stranger. The man who counted explained their trouble and asked him if he had seen a man who was lost.

"No!" he responded. "How many were you? Eight?"

"No!" the counter said. "We were seven, and we are just six now." And, he counted again to show him. He made the same error.

"Oh!" the stranger said, when he saw that. "Follow me, and I'll show you how to find your friend." They left and he stopped next to a mud hole. The mud was hard and thick. He told them, "You see that mud hole? Well, y'all line up, one after another, and stick your nose in the mud."

They were completely curious to know what this man had in mind, and they did as he said.

“Ènn, dé, trwa, kat, sink, sis, sét,” li trouvé. “Kré tonnè!” li dí, tou sirprenn. “San trou labou-çala, nou sé janmin trouvé noû nami.”

“Now, count the holes in the mud,” he said to the man who counted before, when they had all finished sticking their noses in it. The man moved closer and counted the holes.

“One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,” he found. “Holy Thunder!” he said, completely surprised. “Without that mud hole, we would have never found our friend.”

# Ròklò

## Roclos

Ròklò t'apè kourtizé lafiy a rwa-la, é li dí li ké li té pa olé li vini wa sô lafiy é pi tournin koté li paské li té gin maryé fiy-la avék in prins. Min, Ròklò vini wa li kanminm.

"Ça to vini fé isi?" rwa-la menndé li, dépi li wá li ê bin en kolè. "M'apè kouri néyé twa," é li trapé Ròklò, maré li dan in sak, mét li on sô lépòl, é partí avék li koté Flév.

Kan rwa-la rivé, li zonglé kishòz li té bliyé koté li. Ça fé, li mét Ròklò partè, é li tournin koté li. Pendan li té laba, in vyé nonm pasé lá é wá sak-la. Li taté pou wa ki cé té.

"Cé mwin, Ròklò," li tenn sorti dan sak-la.

"Ça t'apè fé lá?" vyé nonm-la menndé li.

"Le rwa olé fé mwin maryé avék sô fiy, é mo pa olé," Ròklò réponn. "É, li gin néyé mwin pou ça."

"To bin bét!" li réponn. "Mwin, mo sé maryé li."

"Abin," Ròklò prenn paròl, "démaré mwin é lésé mwin shapé. Lá, m'a maré twa dan sak-la, é t'a di li twa t'a maryé avék li."

Vyé nonm-la té kwá li t'ê kouri fé sô fortinn, é li fé konm Ròklò té dí. Kan rwa-la tournin, li ramasé sak-la, é li vansé koté dolo-la. Ròklò té kashé pou wa, é li tenn vyé nonm-la di ---- "Wé! M'a maryé avék tô fiy." Min, en dizan ça, le rwa balansé li dé ou trwa fwa é voyé li osi lwon dan Flév konm li té pé. Le rwa partí, é Ròklò kanmensé zonglé.

Wit jou apré, Ròklò pasé dévan lamézon rwa-la avék in troup mouton. Rwa-la gardé pli pròsh, é li hélé, "Cé twa ça, Ròklò?"

"Wé, cé mwin," li réponn.

"Ina pa mòñin fé aryin avék twa, hin?" rwa-la dí.

"Si to té voyé mwin si pyé pli lwon," Ròklò éspliké li, "mo sé tonmbé dan in minn lòr. Min, lá ou to jété mwin lá té in troupe mouton."

Roclos was courting the king's daughter, and he told him that he didn't want him to come see his daughter anymore and to go back home because he was going to marry his daughter to a prince. But Roclos came to see her anyway.

"Why are you here?" the king asked him angrily as soon as he saw him. "I'm going to drown you," and he grabbed Roclos, tied him in a sack, put him on his shoulder, and brought him to the river.

When the king arrived, he thought of something he had forgotten at his house. So, he put Roclos on the ground, and went back home. While he was over there, an old man passed by and saw the sack. He felt around to see what it was.

"It's me, Roclos," he heard come from the sack.

"What you doing in there?" the old man asked him.

"The king wants to make me marry his daughter, and I don't want to," Roclos responded. "And, he is going to drown me for that."

"You're really stupid!" the old man responded. "Me, I would marry her."

"Ah well," Roclos spoke up, "untie me and let me escape. Then, I will tie you up in the sack, and you can tell him you will marry her."

The old man thought he was going to make his fortune, and he did as Roclos said. When the king returned, he gathered the sack, and he walked toward the water. Roclos was hiding to see, and he heard the old man say ---- "Yes! I'll marry your daughter." But, in saying that, the king swung him two or three times and launched him as far into the river as he could. Then, the king left, and Roclos started to think.

Eight days later, Roclos passed in front of the king's house with a flock of sheep. The king looked closer, and he yelled, "Is that you, Roclos?"

"Yeah, it's me," he responded.

"Rété in ti menmen!" rwa-la té bin intérése. "Lésé mwin sharé avék twa on ça. Ça to olé di avék si pyé pli lwon?"

"Abin, tou ça mwin mo pé di, mo wá ènn minn lòr apépré si pyé pli lwon ké lá ou mo tonmbé lá."

"To pé pa voyé mwin dan plas-la?" rwa-la menndé li.

"Wé!" Ròklò réponn. "Mo pé, é m'a fé sa si to olé." É, Ròklò maré li dan in sak é mènnin li obòr Flév. Li balansé li kat ou sink fwa, é li voyé li lwon dan Flév. Li tommbé fò, é li wá dolo-la frinmin on li.

"Lá to finí!" Ròklò di a li-minm, é li tournin koté lamézon rwa-la. Apré ça, li maryé avék prinsès-la é élvé ènn grònn famiy.

"There's no way to get rid of you, huh?" the king said.

"If you had thrown me six feet further," Roclos explained, "I would have fallen into a gold mine. But where you threw me there was a flock of sheep."

"Wait a moment!" the king was very interested. "Let me chat with you about that. What did you mean about six feet further?"

"Ah well, all that I can say, I saw a goldmine about six feet further than where I fell."

"Can't you send me there?" the king asked him.

"Yes!" Roclos responded. "I can, and I'll do that if you want." And, Roclos tied him up in a sack and brought him to the bank of the river. He swung four or five times, and he launched him far into the river. He fell hard, and saw the water close up on him.

"Now you're done!" Roclos said to himself, and he returned to the king's house. After that, he married the princess and raised a large family.

# *In Dévinnè*

## A Fortune Teller

Louis Bizette

Ènnavé ènn nonm ki t'apé pasé dan shémin ê di toumoun-yé ké li té in dévinnè. In jou le rwa jwonn nonm-çala, é li menndé li si li té konnin dévinnin bin konm li té dí.

"Ô! Wé," li dí. "Mo pé dévinnin bin."

"Mô bag disparèt iyè," rwa-la dí li. "M'a frinmin twa dan lashanm-çala, é démin matin, fo to di mwin ou mô bag ê. Si to di pa mwin ou li ê, m'a fé yé penn twa."

Rwa-la mét li dan lashanm-la é frinmin lapòt. "Lá mo foutí!" li dí, kan lapòt-la frinmin on li. Li té pa in dévinnè ditou. Li té jis dí ça tou partou pou fé dê bétiz, min ça semblé konm si sô mentri-yé té mét li dan in gro traka.

Çé té in doméstik ki té volé bag-la, é konm li té kwá nonm-la té vrèmen in dévinnè, li té pè ké nonm-la sé di rwa-la ké cé té li ki té gin bag-la. Ça fé, le swa kan li mènmin sô soupê, li dí, "Di pa mô mét to tenndé! Paské si li konnin cé mwin ki volé sô bag l'a chwé mwin."

"Mo bin konten to dí mwin ça," dévinnè-la dí. "Mo pa linm fé di mal a pèrsonn, é mo blijé di ou bag-la ê."

"Ça fé, kouri dan lakou é trapé tô pli gro dènn, é fé li valé bag-la."

Lannmin matin, le dévinnè dí rwa-la pou kouri chwé sô pli gro dènn, é li sé trouvé sô labag dan sô jijyé. Konm dê fèt, li trouvé sô labag.

"Lá mo gin ènn òt shòz pou to fé pou mwin," rwa-la dí li. "Si to réyisi, m'a lésé twa parti, é m'a péyé twa in gro larjen. Mo gin kishòz enba mô shapo; di mwin ki cé."

Le dévinnè té pa donn sô nom. Li pélé li-minm Krikét, é kan rwa-la menndé li pou dévinnin ça li té gin enba sô shapo, lapè kroshé li, é li dí, "Lá, Krikét foutí!"

There was a man who was going down the road telling everyone that he was a fortune teller. One day the king met that man, and he asked him if he really knew how to tell fortunes like he said.

"Oh! Yes," he responded. "I can really tell fortunes."

"My ring disappeared yesterday," the king told him. "I will lock you in this room, and tomorrow morning, you must tell me where my ring is. If you don't tell me where it is, I'll have them hang you."

The king put him in the room and closed the door. "I'm in bad shape, now!" he said, when the door closed on him. He was not a fortune teller at all. He just said that everywhere as a joke, but it seems as if his lies put him in big trouble.

It was a servant who had stolen the ring, and as she believed the man was really a fortune teller, she was afraid that the man would tell the king that it was her who had the ring. So, that night, when she brought him his supper, she said, "Don't tell my master, you hear! Because if he knows it's me who stole his ring he'll kill me."

"I'm very happy you told me that," the fortune teller said. "I don't like doing harm to anyone, and I'm obliged to say where the ring is."

"So, run into the yard and catch your biggest turkey, and make him swallow the ring."

The next morning, the fortune teller told the king to go kill his biggest turkey, and he would find his ring in his gizzard. As expected, he found his ring.

"Now I have another thing for you to do for me," the king told him. "If you succeed, I will let you leave, and I will pay you a lot of money. I have something under my hat; tell me what it is."

The fortune teller hadn't given his name. He called himself Cricket, and when the king asked him to guess what he had under his hat, afraid, he said,

Rwa-la lévé sô shapo, é çé té in krikét ènnavé enba lá. Apré ça, rwa-la té kwá li té in dévinnè vrémen. Li péyé li é li lésé li parti. Krikét té bin konten pou shapé fasil konm ça.

"Now, Cricket is done for!"

The king lifted his hat, and a cricket was under there. After that, the king thought he was really a fortune teller. He paid him and let him leave. Cricket was very happy to escape so easily like that.

# *Le Shyin en Boutéy*

## The Dogs in the Bottle

Anéus Guerin

Jan té gin trwa shyin, Po Béni, Ça Çé Ça, é Tétélo. Li té linmin sô shyin-yé plin, é li té konnin mènin yé dan bwa avék li souven. Inavé dê djablés dan dibwa-yé, é shyin-yé sé défenn li kont djablès-yé. Çé pou ça li té linmin yé konm ça.

In jou sô fenm chwé Po Béni é kwí li pou dinnin. Li té shagrin pou pèrd sô shyin, min yé té pòv, é yé té pa gin aryin pou manjé. Ça fé, li prenn ènn dan kòt shyin-la, é mét li dan ènn boutéy.

Pli tar, fenm-la chwé Ça Çé Ça pou dinnin. Jan té désolé nét fwa-çala. Min, li prenn ènn dan kòt-yé, é li mét li dan minm boutéy-la. É, kan tem a Tétélo vini, Jan mét ènn dan sokènn kòt-yé dan sô laboutéy.

Ça fé, li té pi gin shyin ditou, jish trwa dézo-yé. Jan té zonglé konmen li té gin pou défenn li-minm kont djablés-yé san sô shyin-yé kan li sé kouri dan bwa.

Konm dê fét, prémyin fwa li kouri dan bwa, ina ènn bònn Djablés ki prenn dèryè li. Yé riflè trapé li, min li grimpe in bwa jis a tan. Li kanmansé pélé sô shyin-yé, "Po Béni, Ça Çé Ça, Tétélo!" é li tiré in kou fizi en lè pou fé yé tenn méyé. Laba koté li, laboutéy ki té gin dézo-yé bòs, é lê trwa shyin-yé sorti konm yé té avan fenm-la chwé yé.

Trwa shyin-yé rivé a lakous koté Jan. Yé shasé tou Djablés-yé dan pé ditem. Kan yé té tou partí, Jan té plis ké konten pou soté partè pou karésé sô shyin-yé. Yé soté alentou li, yé japé; yé té si konten pou renn in sèvis a yê mét onkò.

Jean had three dogs, Peau Bénit, Ça C'est Ça, and Tétélois. He really loved his dogs, and he would bring them into the woods with him often. There were She-devils in the trees, and the dogs would defend him against the She-devils. That's why he loved them like that.

One day his wife killed Peau Bénit and cooked him for dinner. He was sad to lose his dog, but they were poor and they didn't have anything to eat. So, he took one of the dog's ribs and put it in a bottle.

Later, the wife killed Ça C'est Ça for dinner. Jean was completely hysterical that time. But he took one of the ribs, and he put it in the same bottle. And, when the time for Tétélois came, Jean put one of his ribs in the bottle.

So, he no longer had any dogs at all, just three bones. Jean thought about how he could defend himself against the She-devils without his dogs when he would go into the woods.

As expected, the first time he went into the woods, there was a band of She-devils who took after him. They almost caught him, but he climbed a tree just in time. He started to call his dogs, "Peau Bénit, Ça C'est Ça, Tétélois!" and he fired a gunshot into the air to make them hear better. Over there next to him, the bottle full of bones busted, and the three dogs jumped out just as they were before the wife killed them.

Three dogs came running to Jean. They chased away all the She-devils in no time. When they were all gone, Jean was more than happy to jump down to pet his dogs. They leaped around him, they barked; they were so happy to be of service to their master again.

*Batis*

## Baptiste

Anéus Guerin

Batis té réyisi bin lannin-çala. Li té jis finí in gran rékòt. Li té fé koton é li té venn li bin; tou sô patat-yé, dékann, mayi, é zoñon té mèninn li in bon pri. Ça fé, Batis sorti rish, é li fé sô lidé pou mèninn sô famiy on in vizit koté sô vyé péyi.

Yé barké, Batis é sô fenm é sô dé piti-yé, Envil en in navir franse, ki sharjé moun é marshandiz ousi. Fwa-çala li té sharjé avék dê bal koton. Piti-yé té konten pou fé voyaj-çala; yé té né é élvé dan Lalwizyòm, é yé té janmin sorti boukou.

Navir-la kourí san traka pou trwa jou. Lá, in vilin loragan tonmbé en yé. Navir-la grouyé plin, min li chobo in bon boudtem. Min, diven-la té tro fò pou li, é li frapé on in shiko; dousmen min sirmen, li kanmensé kalé.

Manman-la prenn dé piti-yé, Mari é Jan, mét yé on in bal koton ki té floté ora lá, é li soté on lá li-minm. Yé pa wá Batis ditou, é yé pèrd kouraj pou janmin wa li onkò; yé té sir li té néyé.

Bal koton-la floté jiska li kolé on in ti lil. Fenm-la mèninn sô dé piti-yé on lil-la, é yé shèshé jiska yé trouvé in gro bwa kré. Yé desidé fé yé mézon lá, min yé té pa gin rété lá lontem, paské jé té gin pou wa ènn òt malè toutswit.

Yé manman tonmbé malad prémyin jou yé monté on lil-la. Ça vini pli mal, é apré kat ou sink jou, li mourí. Mari é Jan té pa konnin ça pou fé; yé rété dé jou avék li dan dibwa-la. Yé sé kriyé toutem, é kan kò-la kanmensé senti pi, yé kité li lá.

Yé partí marshé yé pa konnin ou. Ènnavé dê fri en lil-la, é yé viv en lá, pou in bon boudtem, san in lamézon é san in lit pou yé koushé.

In jou Jan wá in navir ki t'é pasé. Li fé yé siñal é yé rété pou li. Ça fé, yé ramasé Mari é Jan é partí avék yé. Yé té konten pou manjé kishòz kwi onkò. Kan yé finí manjé kapitin-la mèninn yé koté yé shanm. É, li krosché lapòt apré yé rentré.

Baptiste did really well that year. He had just finished a great harvest. He made a lot of cotton it sold well; all his potatoes, sugarcane, corn, and onions fetched him a good price. So, Baptiste came out rich, and he made up his mind to bring his family on a trip to his homeland.

Baptiste and his wife and his two children, got on a French ship from New Orleans that carried people and merchandise. This time it was loaded with cotton bales. The children were happy to make this trip; they were born and raised in Louisiana, and they hadn't left much.

The ship sailed without trouble for three days. Then came a nasty hurricane. The ship swayed plenty. It held fast for a good while, but the wind was too strong. It hit a stump; and slowly it began to sink.

The mama took the two kids, Marie and Jean, put them on a cotton bale that was floating nearby, and jumped on herself. They didn't see Baptiste at all. They lost hope of ever seeing him again; they were sure he had drowned.

The cotton bale floated until it landed on a little island. The woman brought her two kids on land, and they searched until they found a large hollow tree. They decided to make their house there, but before long they had another misfortune.

Their mama fell ill the first day they got on the island. It got worse, and after four or five days, she died. Marie and Jean did not know what to do; they stayed two days with her in the woods. They cried all the time, and when the body started to smell, they left her there.

They set out walking, to where they didn't know. There was fruit on the island, and they lived on that, for a good while, without a house or a bed to rest in.

One day Jean saw a ship passing. He signaled them, and they stopped. The ship picked up Marie and Jean and set out with them. They were happy

Jan séyé ouvri lapòt kan li partí, min li té pé pa. Ligardé lafnèt, é li té baré avék dê bar dê fèr. Jan wá ké yé lashanm té in laprizon pou yé; yé té pa foutí sorti.

Çé té in navir vagabon. Yé sé pasé é ramasé toumoun yé sé wa, grésé yé dan kaj-yé, é lá yé sé manjé yé. Çé ça yé t'ê gin fé avék Mari é Jan. Trwa fwa par jou, in vyé nonm sé mènin yé manjê; é shak fwa li sé vini, li sé rété in ti menmen pou parlé avék yé. Yé dí li yê listwa, é li wá ké cé té sokènn piti-yé. Li dí yé ké li té yê popa, é kan yé gardé pli ora, yé rékonnin li. Yé toulédé tonmbé dan lê bra a Batis, é yé menndé li pou oté yé en navir-çala.

"Prenn kouraj in pé pli lontem," Batis réponn. "Mo gin in lidé, é mo kwa mo kapab shapé avék ouzòt. Min, pal pa pou ça; rété trankil, é lésé mwin fèr."

Mari é Jan fé konm li dí yé, é yé éspéré lontem pou li di yé kan li cé paré. Yé sé menndé li shak fwa li sé mènin yê manjê. Li sé di yé pou prenn pasyens, é ké li t'ê gété so lashans, é toutswit li sé vini pou yé.

Konm dê fét, in swa piti-yé révéyé tou dan in kou. Ènnavé kishòz apré lapòt-la; yé gardé é yé wá ké cé té yê popa. Li ouvri lapòt en dizan yé pou pa mènin ditrin.

Li dí yé toukishòz té paré, é pou jis swiv li. Yé sorti tou dousmen, é yé rentré dan in piròg Batis té préparé pou yé. É si vit konm Batis rentré dan piròg-la, li kanmésé pagayé vit. É, dan in ti menmen yé mét a tèr.

Çé té on lil dê Koubyé té. Batis réyisi rivé koté sô plantasyon apré wit an. Tou sô vozin-yé té sirprenn pou wa li onkò. Yé té kwá li té desidé rété en Frans pou toutem. Li rakonté yé ça ki té rivé li, yé té plis ké konten pou édé li néché sô latér ki té plin avék lèb, paské yé té pa travayé li pou wit an.

Ti famiy-la kanmésé travayé onkò, é avan lontem, Batis té gin sô plantasyon konm li té avan li partí. É, yé rété lá bin satisfé tou yê vi, san dòt traka.

to eat something cooked again. When they finished eating, the captain brought them to their room, latching the door after they went in.

Jean tried to open the door, but he couldn't. He looked out of the window, and it was covered with iron bars. Jean realized that their room was a prison; they weren't able to leave.

It was a pirate ship. They would round up everyone they saw, fatten them up in cages, and then they would eat them. That's what they had done with Marie and Jean. Three times each day, an old man would bring them food; and, each time he would come, he would stay for a moment to speak with them. They told him their story, and he realized that they were his own children. He told them that he was their papa, and when they looked closer, they recognized him. They both fell into Baptiste's arms, and they asked him to take them off that ship.

"Be brave a little bit longer," Baptiste responded. "I have an idea, and I think I can escape with y'all. But don't say anything; stay calm and let me handle it."

Marie and Jean did as he said and waited for a long time for him to tell them when he was ready. They would ask him each time he brought them food. He'd tell them to be patient, that he was waiting for his chance, and he would come for them right away.

As expected, one evening the children woke up. There was something at the door; they looked, and they saw that it was their papa. He opened the door, telling them not to make a sound.

He told them everything was ready, and to just follow him. They left very quietly, and they got in the pirogue Baptiste had prepared for them. As soon as Baptiste got in the pirogue, he started to paddle quickly. After a short while, they landed.

They were on the island of Cuba. Baptiste had finally returned to his plantation after eight years. All of his neighbors were surprised to see him. They thought he had decided to stay in France forever. When he told them what had happened, they were more than happy to help him clear his land which was full of weeds, because it had not been worked for eight years.

The little family started to work again, and before long, Baptiste had his plantation like it was before he left. They stayed there well satisfied for all their lives, without other troubles.

# *Le Maringwin*

## The Mosquitoes

Étienne Satama

Ènn fwa dé Fransé té apé trèversé in swamp. Lanwi trapé yé dan milyé larout. Ça té fé si nwa, yé té pé pa kontinnwé. Ça fé, yé gardé alentou pou in plas pou koushé é méyé shòz yé wá té in ti labit ki té asé sék pou yé koushé san mouyé yé-minm.

Yé alonjé yé-minm partè-la, kwayan konmésé dromi bin vit, paské yé té si las. Konm yé koushé, marongwan-yé tonmbé mòd yé. Yé té janmin wa dê marongwan, é yé té pa konnin ki kalité bétay çé té ki té apé mòd yé. Ni ènn ni lòt té pé dromi, é apré ènn nwi ki té semblé san fin jou rivé.

“Min ki ti bétay çé ça ki té mòd nouzòt konm ça?” ènn dan yé menndé.

“Mo pa konnin, min çé Djab minm!” lòt-la réponn.

Yé lévé é kontinnwé en yê shémin. Ça rivé ké yé té gin pou koushé dan in ti kabònn obòr laswamp-la le swa apré. Yé frinmin tou fnét-yé é pòt-yé avan yé vá koushé pou péshé marongwan-yé rentré dan kabònn-la. Kan yé tenn yé-minm en planshé-la, yé té pròsh pou dromi dibout, télmen yé té las.

Ènnavé ènn moush-a-fé dan kabònn-la, é li té apé volé alentou. Ènn dan yé wá li, é li lévé dan in so en dizan a sô nami, “Anon sorti isi vit! Mo wa bétay-yé apé porté lantènn pou trouvé nouzòt! Çé pli mal endan lá!”

One time two Frenchmen were crossing a swamp. Night caught them in the middle of the route. It was so dark they couldn't continue. So, they looked around for a place to rest and the best thing they saw was a small mound that was dry enough for them to rest on without getting themselves wet.

They laid themselves out on the ground, believing they'd fall asleep very quickly, because they were so tired. As they laid down, mosquitos started biting them. They had never seen mosquitos, and they didn't know what kind of insect was biting them. Neither one nor the other could sleep, and after a night that seemed endless, day broke.

“Well, what was that little insect who bit us like that?” one of them asked.

“I don't know, but it was the Devil himself!” The other responded.

They got up and continued on their path. It just so happened that they were staying in a little cabin at the edge of the swamp the next evening. They closed all of the windows and doors before they went to bed to stop the mosquitos from entering the cabin. When they stretched themselves out on the floor, they were about to sleep standing up, they were so tired.

There was a firefly in the cabin flying around. One of them saw it, and he jump up, saying to his friend, “Let's get out of here quick, quick! I see insects carrying lanterns to find us! It's worse in here!”

# *Shyin é Kokodri*

## Dog & Alligator

Kokodri linm pa shyin ditou. Ènna ènn rézon pou la'ènn-çala, é ti kont-çala va éspliké kofè.

Lê swa Kokodri sé koushé dan kanal ora in lamézon. Famiy-la ki té rété dan mézon-la té gin plin dê shyin. Tou lê swa Kokodri sé tenn shyin-yé hélé, é yé té konnin révéyé li souven. Çà té konnin fashé li, min li té pé pa fé aryin pou rété yé.

In jou ènn dan shyin-yé kourí pronmnin olon kanal-la, é li jwann avék Kokodri ki té asit on in shiko dan dolo. Li kanmense ènn konvèrsasyon avék Kokodri.

"Kofè zo fé plin ditrin konm ça dan lanwi?" Kokodri menndé li.

"Abin, Misyé Kokodri," Shyin réponn li. "M'a di twa. Kan to ten nouzòt apé kriyé fò, lá çé soupê y'apé donn nouzòt.

"Ô wé!" Kokodri réponn. Min, li té pé pa wa kofè yé hélé plin konm ça jis pou soupê.

"Aswa, kan t'a tenn nouzòt hélé, vini koté kabònn é y'a donn twa soupê, ousi" Shyin dí li en partan.

"M'a fé ça," Kokodri réponn. É, kan li tenn shyin-yé li kourí koté mézon-la. Li gardé alentou li, é li pa wa aryin. Çà fé, li monté en garli-la, é toumoun-yé konmense fé dê kri kan yé wá li. "Ga Kokodri! Ga Kokodri!" É, yé tommbé on li a kou baton, shodyè, é kouto. Shyin-yé ousi soté on li. Yé manké chwé li avan li réyisi rivé koté kanal-la.

Çé pou ça Kokodri linm pa shyin. Shyin té jwé li in salté, é mét li dan in gro traka.

Alligator didn't like Dog at all. There was a reason for that hatred, and this story explains it.

At night Alligator would sleep in a canal next to a house. The family that lived there had plenty of dogs. Every night Alligator would hear the dogs barking, and they would wake him up often. That angered him, but he couldn't do anything to stop them.

One day, one of the dogs was walking along the canal and he met with Alligator who was sitting on a log in the water. He started up a conversation with Alligator.

"Why y'all make so much noise like that at night?" Alligator asked him.

"Ah well, Mister Alligator," Dog responded. "I will tell you. When you hear us barking, they're feeding us supper."

"Oh yeah!" Alligator responded. But he didn't see why they barked like that just for supper.

"At night, when you hear us bark, come to the cabin, and they will give you supper, too," Dog told him as he walked away.

"I'll do that," Alligator responded. And, when he heard the dogs, he went to the house. He looked around, but he didn't see anything. So, he went up on the porch, and everyone started screaming when they saw him. "Look at Alligator! Look at Alligator!" And they fell on him with sticks, cast-iron pots, and knives. The dogs also jumped on him. They nearly killed him, but he made it back to the canal.

That's why Alligator doesn't like Dog. Dog did him dirty and put him in big trouble.