

This book is the first to be written by a Hadza, with stories in the Hadza language of Tanzania. The stories and songs reflect both the traditional culture and changing modern way of life of Hadzabe people.

Hadza Stories & Songs



Cover art: *The Sun and the Moon* by G.G. Bala. Haine, the Sun (above), chases Seeta, the Moon, who has stolen his fire (front cover, surrounded by their children, the stars).



G.G. Bala

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Editors' Note

Gudo Mahiya was first encouraged to write his stories down by Nicholas Blurton-Jones. Jeannette Hanby continued to encourage him, spending hours with him writing down and then typing stories in KiSwahili. She and Bonny Sands recorded him telling some of these same stories in Hadza.

Stories and songs translated from Hadza are presented here in Hadza and English. The other items were translated from KiSwahili tape recordings or writings. Translations were made by Bonny Sands with the help of Gudo Mahiya. All stories and illustrations in this book are by Gudo Mahiya, also known as Mkune, G.G. Bala, and Goli Mahiya. Proceeds of this book are the property of Gudo Mahiya and his children.

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Preface

This is the first edition of Gudo Mahiya's book about his people, the Hadzabe. These stories, songs, and illustrations – sometimes instantly understandable, sometimes a little more strange to western minds – are clues to the Hadza view of the world.

The Hadza are one of the four or five societies which remain in the world where most people try to earn their livelihood primarily from wild resources. Currently the success with which Hadza pursue this tradition varies widely from one locality to another and one year to another. They are great opportunists. For example, they have taken to making themselves available to visitors very readily. At some times of year they work harvesting the farmers' crops, or guarding crops against wild animals. Individual men have been away and worked for farmers, or in town, building hotels, as askaris, and as trackers. Several have been to secondary school; some of these work away from the Eyasi area, one as a nurse, one a rural clinic attendant, and so on. Gudo is one of those educated to secondary level, but he has stayed in the Eyasi area and worked for researchers as guide, interpreter, mentor, and language consultant.

RESEARCH STUDIES

Researchers have attended to many aspects of Hadza life: language, demography and life history, ecology and economy, ethno-archaeology, men's and women's behavior, children's work, and so on. References to some of the publications, and sometimes copies of papers in preparation, and information about the Hadza, can be found on web sites of Nick Blurton-Jones, Kristen Hawkes, and James O'Connell (see Further Reading and World Wide Web Links on page 42). Accounts dating back to the turn of the century indicate remarkably little change in the way Hadza live in the bush. But it also appears that Hadza have become much more familiar with the world around them and outside the Eyasi basin. These days most Hadza have a good grasp of how government works, both locally and nationally, and a better knowledge of westerners and their ways than some of their neighbors have. There is already at least one baby called Mkapa, to grow up alongside several Nyereres and Kaundas.

Hadza language, Hadzane or tl'odzo weta Hadzabe, has been thought

to be related to the southern African Khoisan languages (such as !Kung and Khoekhoe), mainly because it includes click consonants. Recent research by Sands showed that although the sounds are comparable, nothing else links the languages. Representatives of three other major African language families (Bantu-speaking Isanzu, Nilotic-speaking Datoga, and Cushitic-speaking Walraqw) surround the Hadza. Some miles away are the Sandawe, who also have click consonants, but there is no clear relationship between the Sandawe and Hadza languages. Thus Hadza seem to have been surrounded by all these different languages, yet have kept theirs separate, probably for many hundreds of years, and perhaps longer. This is a remarkable feat of cultural survival for such a small group (about a thousand people).

Contrary to the usual assumption, Hadza are not disappearing. They have been increasing in number for at least half this century. This deduction from demographic analyses is supported by the written accounts of earlier visitors. Women have on average 6 births in a lifetime, beginning at around 19 or 20 years old. As in other “simple” societies where people live a hard life, puberty is quite late compared to western societies. Unaccountably, a popular assumption is that in primitive societies people mature and start having children very early. They do not; they mature much later (as did Europeans and Americans a hundred years ago) but have their first child quite soon after they mature. They are spared the agonies of a modern western teenage, the long interval during which our children are physically mature but not yet able to earn their living and set up home as adults. Another popular misunderstanding of demographic data leads to the view that the old people you see are about 35 years old. This is not true; the old people that you meet are probably at least as old as you think they look. If anything, they are older than they look. Gudo for instance is in his early 40s. But he certainly looks like a younger man! There are many people in their 60s and quite a few in their 70s. But it is unusual for many people to live to the extreme old ages, 90 or 100 sometimes seen in the west. Infant and child mortality is quite high and this gives rise to the popular misconceptions about old age. Expectancy of life at birth is rather low among the Hadza, not much more than 30 years, but as in other such populations this is entirely due to the high infant and child mortality. Life expectancy at 10 years old is 43 more years, and a Hadza woman of 50 can expect to live 18 more years, to an age of 68.

Data gathered in wild bush country show that the traditional Hadza diet was both balanced and sufficient. Women gathered up to 10000 calories each day, enough to feed themselves and three children. Hunting was, as it is everywhere, very unpredictable, and even with the extensive sharing that characterized Hadza society, there were many periods when nobody ate any meat. A catch produced a mountain of meat, so that the average amount of meat brought home per hunter per day was 4.9 kg! Nonetheless,

aerial counts of wildlife showed that Hadza were taking animals at a just sustainable rate. Honey from several species is taken at all times of year but in some seasons *Apis mellifera* honey is a major harvest.

Some researchers have been especially interested in older women because older women work as effectively – and rather longer hours – than women of childbearing age do. The role of grandmother as confidante and helper to her daughters may have been important for thousands of years, as it is clearly important in this example of the hunting and gathering economy, analogous to the economy/ecology that brought our species into being. The ability of the elderly to help their younger kin may be one reason for the extension of human lifespan beyond that of our Great Ape relatives. In many localities Hadza children are also successful foragers. Our measurements show they can acquire about half their daily dietary requirements by their own efforts at many times of year in many localities. The variation in the opportunities for forager children to acquire food by their own efforts, and the accommodations mothers make to this emphasize the probable importance of women and their digging sticks in human evolution. Man the Hunter has had a good run for his money. Woman the gatherer may have been more important in making us what we are. Human foragers are characterized by the use of very nutritive but hard to get wild foods – like tubers that must be dug from deep underground, and nuts that need complex processing. The seeds in Baobab fruit are very hard to crack because they are a bit rubbery but they add significantly to the enormous nutritive value of Baobab fruit, which the Hadza use so much. The pith is almost pure vitamin C, sweet and sour – try it. The seeds add valuable protein and fat.

Archaeologists have studied Hadza hunting and butchering methods. Two subjects were of especial interest: what determines which parts of the animal (which bones) are taken home and which are left at the kill site; where do marks get left on bones and when. The results can lead to more rational interpretation of archaeological finds. Recently archaeologists from the University of Dar es Salaam have conducted surface surveys and some test excavations in the Eyasi area. This promises to be an extremely rich and important area for archaeology. The presence of the Hadza as practitioners of, and consultants about, the hunting and gathering way of life, makes the area all the more of a world treasure house.

IS THERE ANY FUTURE FOR THE HADZA AND THEIR COUNTRYSIDE?

As you will have observed, Hadza country is under siege. It is easy to show that Hadza occupied the whole Eyasi basin from the last century until some 20-30 years ago, less easy to determine if they shared it with the Datoga herders. The onion farms in Mang’ola are here because of freshwater springs that feed the irrigation. We can expect this new and vibrant industry to be sustainable so long as the Ngorongoro rim and Mount Oldeani are not deforested (have you noticed any fires up there?). The rain

captured by the forests feeds the springs throughout the year. But elsewhere in Hadza country, where rainfall is only around 300 mm per year, sustainable lifestyles are probably limited to the traditional methods of the Hadza and Datoga. However, in recent years people from the expanding populations of the rainy highlands have moved into the Eyasi basin with more livestock and with the ambition of farming. The excess livestock put unsustainable pressure on the Datoga herds. The efforts to clear fields, the cutting of wood for charcoal to sell to the towns (and the lodges at Ngorongoro), and the felling of more trees for houses and to sell to the highlands all deplete the Hadza resources. The newly cleared fields only sometimes bear a harvest, and the pioneers often go away disappointed. But they leave behind them bare ground that takes many years to even begin to grow new vegetation. The countryside is on an environmental ratchet. Good rains mean more pioneers will come and clear forest. Bad rains mean the deserted fields and overgrazed pastures have even less chance to recover. All this, and the passage and presence of people deprive the wild animals of food and peace and the animals leave often across the dry bed of Lake Eyasi. Given the chance, they could return the same way! Because the Datoga are under so much pressure from their neighbors, they have begun to live in the rocky mountains that used to be the exclusive preserve of the Hadza and the wild animals (in the 1980s it was very unusual not to hear Lions and Zebras at night). Datoga enlarge the waterholes for their cattle and lower the water table. Wild animals can no longer find water, and the lowered water table weakens the vegetation. Burning the bush (to make more grass) reduces the cover for wild animals.

These environmental troubles would be enough to threaten the Hadza way of life without any outside help. Unfortunately, until very recently a series of efforts to help the Hadza have had the unintended side effect of giving away yet more of their country to environmental degradation. A series of aid organizations were persuaded to try to settle Hadza in a village. Many people came for the gifts of food and clothing. Some stayed. But when water supply, clinic, and school were built, others came too. Hadza resented their treatment by these outsiders and left. In the process the land surrounding the new village was lost. The process continues today, in a low budget, more gradual manner. Although Hadza obtained a village and a large tract of land to go with it, the ability of outsiders to now predict where they will find Hadza has led to an increase in visiting traders. Meat and grain trade seems to have greatly increased. Besides bringing trade goods, these traders sometimes leave less welcome organisms behind them.

We take no pleasure in ending our preface on this sad note. You may be some of the last visitors to meet Hadza who have lived significant parts of their lives as hunters and gatherers. Hadza often express to us the wish to be able to continue this way of life. We find it easy to believe them, although it is also evident that they enjoy those few trappings of modern

civilization that they can get access to. Can anyone think of a peaceable way to solve these problems, and save the Hadza from becoming the new underclass of hitherto classless Tanzania, or helpless passive wards of the state? Give your ideas to CUSO, or Cultural Survival, or us, and any Tanzanian you meet. After all, the country belongs to Tanzanians, all of them, even the Hadza.

Nicholas Blurton-Jones
Department of Anthropology,
UCLA, Los Angeles, CA 90095

Gudowa Hadzane'e 'ono – I Am Gudo, A Hadza

A long time ago, we Hadza lived in peace and comfort because there were lots of animals, lots of fruit, and lots of honey. There was a lot of everything.

Now the Swahili have filled the place. We are in a bit of trouble. Places where there used to be animals, there are now just people. They have taken the water. And now, the animals have headed off to somewhere a ways away – Ngorongoro and places. Because of this, if there are people who can help us meet with the government to give us our land back, we would really thank them a lot.



I have been called Gudo Mahiya, but my real name, as I was born, is Mkune. And according to the judge, I am Mkune. But now, I have changed my other name. I am called G.G. Bala.

I was born in Domanga. I went to elementary school in Yaeda Chini. I had the idea to write our Hadzabe stories in school. This was something I wanted to accomplish before I died, but I didn't have the equipment for the work. When I finished school I had no job, so I just hunted.

Well, one day I met an Mzungu (westerner) named Rasi (Lars Smith). I worked with him until he left and went to Europe. I continued hunting, and after a while more Mzungus came, a woman named Ana (Anne Vincent), and also Niki (Nicholas Blurton-Jones). Well, because of this last Mzungu I came up with ideas about how to write down Hadzabe stories.

I stayed a little bit and thought and went to Mama Simba (Jeannette Hanby) to ask for pen and paper to begin to write our stories in order to leave our children with something of their heritage. We parents explain our customs and the traditions of our ancestors for our children and for their children so that they will know them and follow them. The teaching of customs and respect for our ancestors is something we want to strengthen and make solid. If we can really follow the customs of grandfathers and grandmothers, we will be people of great peace like them. Our grandfathers had the job of hunting and making arrows and our grandmothers dug and gathered fruit. Well, as the parents of long ago would say, "Respect is a useless thing. There is no place to get it except from you yourself."

OUR ANCESTORS

A long time ago, our ancestors lived in caves and their food was meat, fruits, honey, and roots. The clothes that they wore were made of the bark of trees and skins of male and female gazelles. The weapons that they used were white rocks that they broke and ground until they had a sharp point and could use as knives. They also used clubs and strings for trapping. The meat that they got they used to eat without roasting it on the fire; they just ate it raw. This is how our ancestors did it.

These days we communicate by letter, telephone, etc. But our ancestors did it differently. Let's say Mzee (a respected old man) Itiyega wants to get a knife from his friend Kampala because his has gotten dull. He would give the dull rock to a person to take to Kampala, and Kampala would send a big rock knife with a very sharp point back to Itiyega. Thanks to the gift that was made in this way, whenever Mzee Itiyega would get a lot of meat with a lot of fat, he would call his friend Kampala. Kampala would call his friends and the old men of his camp to follow him to see Itiyega. They would be welcomed to the camp of the Mzee and would stay until they ended the time of their welcome and would then leave and return home.

Our ancestors were courageous and would hunt animals in order to get their food. They drew pictures of the animals that they were hunting on the rock faces in their caves. The pictures that they drew were of fierce animals and those that were not fierce. They were there to show the women and the children and to say, "If you see this animal – run! That animal – he's okay." The colors they used were made from hogoyoko and mninga or nyawa. Our ancestors did not have houses but lived in the caves and would call to each other by whistling, not like today where we call each other in any old way.

HADZA HUTS

There once came many rains. At that time, a woman named Gwadiso really used her head. God told her, "Use your brains to make something to hide in." So she cut up the branches of kongoloko and nguilabe bushes. She built a hut with these branches and then she took some leaves and put them on top. The next day, the father and the mother and their children all went inside the house. The Hadza build this style of house up until the present day. In the rainy season, Hadza make houses out of branches and leaves. In the dry season, one can just sleep outside.



HADZA PIPES

The Hadza make pipes out of stone to use like paperless cigarettes. From long ago, our grandfathers were shown that this "cigarette" of ours is the one to use. Now, the kind of stone the Hadza use to make these "cigarettes" is called t'l'omasa and it comes from a region called !ukwa. People from Monguli, Siponga and Ha!'abi all get their t'l'omasa there in !ukwa. Another place where you can get t'l'omasa is called Dindima. They get it above the Balai River. Our ancestors used these "cigarette" pipes, and they are still used today.

NUMBER 6 CAMP

A while ago, I studied a bit with an Mzungu missionary whose name was Fama. I ran away from this school and ran till I got as far as Monguli. I went off with some Hadza from there. We went into the bush during the honey season and gathered honey up on a hill. Looking down below, we saw an elephant which seemed to be sleeping. We climbed down to investigate and found that it had been killed by a poacher with a bunduki (rifle). Because I knew how to read, I saw that there was a large number six on its ear. I said, "Look at that, I say. That is a number six of the government. If we are caught here we will be thrown in jail!" The other Hadza said, "No problem. If you're bothered by it, you can just shut up. We are going to eat well!" I said, "Okay, I'll eat too." We ate and ate. And up until this very day, that land there is known as Namba Sita (Number Six).



BUFFALO HUNT

A long time ago, I lived at Pa'anakwebe. One day, I went out to hunt animals there. I saw a lot of animals there at Mongo wa Mono and Pa'anakwebe. I climbed up a hill and saw a big, male buffalo. I climbed down and shot him, a great shot! Hitting this buffalo brought me a lot of trouble, though. He really started to harass me. Everywhere in the bush I

went he followed me, until all my things were finished off. I had to throw away my bow and my clothes. I was left totally naked! I ran up a tree to recuperate. Luckily, the poison finally got to the buffalo and he became like he was drunk. We were fighting for half an hour, with him trying to kill me. But I won because I had really hit him well and he didn't have his regular strength. Now, when I saw that he was crippled, I climbed down and ran away from there. It was in the early evening and almost completely dark when I ran home. When I got near, I said, "Hey! Bring out some clothes for me to wear, because I have been torn by a buffalo. It was a big buffalo, but I really hit him." The next day, we went to look for the meat. We went out in the morning and saw that he really chased me around all over the place! All of my things were picked up and returned to me. We followed the buffalo's trail to where he had died. We skinned him and ate him. I recovered completely.



ELEPHANT WAR

A long time ago, I came from Endamagha and went to Yaeda. When I arrived at Yaeda valley, it was pretty hot. I kept passing clumps of trees and bushes until I arrived at the land called Mongo wa Mono. I passed that place a little bit and I heard a terrible ruckus. I scrambled up Mugulumbia Hill for a better view. I saw many, many elephants and many Mang'ati (Datoga). They were having a war. Elephants were chasing Mang'atis and Mang'atis were throwing spears at elephants.

The elephants were very mad on account of being speared. One elephant grabbed two Mang'atis. Then he started grinding them like he was

a machine. Like a machine, he was grinding, grinding them till they were fine like meal. Even maize ground by machine isn't anything like this was! The elephant totally finished them off. One was stretched out long like a rope. What kind of a rope? Like a rope that would reach from Mongo wa Mono to Yaeda.

2

Stories in English



Haine (God) used three wires to lift away a huge man-eating snake. The snake dropped into a spring, causing a lake to be formed which can still be seen today at Basodako (between Mbulu and Yaeda).

GOD'S GIFTS TO THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD

A long time ago, God made the world and clouds, trees, water, mountains, sun, moon, and people. When God finished making these things, he made things for all the peoples of the world. He started with a bow and arrows, then spears, hoes, rifles, and even medicine. He laid out these pleasing things and let each group choose the things it wanted.

God called the people of each group to come one by one and choose the things they wanted. He started with the Hadzabe. One Hadza came before God who told him, "Sir, choose the things that you like here." The Hadza chose the bow and arrows, saying to God, "I'm done. Nube'eya (thank you). You made some very nice things!" God said, "Yes. Okay, leave." Here comes a Nyiramba person. He chose a spear. An Iraqw person chose a hoe and a spear. A Datoga person chose a spear. God said, "You are many people. You like these things. Well, come here to get the medicine." They came and got the medicine of pus. God told them, "Okay, leave." They left and an Mzungu came. God told him, "Okay, sir, choose now." The Mzungu chose the rifle and several other things. God said, "Here, take this medicine." The Mzungu drank it and left.

When God went outside and met the people, they were very happy with their things. God came and said, "Now you have gotten your things, so leave. Go to the places that you want." All the people trotted off. They scattered about to their places and went about their business. Up to today, every group has its own affairs and work, all over the world.

MUDULUNGU

A very long time ago, there was a man named Mudulungu. This man had a lot of things and was very smart and very big. Once, he went to hunt in the forest and met some Hadzabe who had meat and honey. Because Mudulungu was so large, they were afraid. They ran away. He picked

up their four honey bags and carried them, taking them to his home. He put them away. But after a few days, the Hadza said, "Let's go find that guy who bullied us." They looked and looked until they were tired out. Mudulungu had already parted the waters of Lake Eyasi and crossed to the other side. He went to Mlima Mungu to live for almost a month and they forgot about him. Next, Mudulungu returned to his place at Showebe and lived there. Finally, he left there and went to Digidabesh. The other Hadzabe were there as well, because there was a lot of food at Digidabesh: ||ekwa roots, meat, and everything from the bush. They saw Mudulungu and snuck up on him. The men said, "Let's kill him." Mudulungu took their things three times – four times he took their things. Then the men attacked him. They followed him. Before they reached Lake Eyasi, they came to Maji Moto (Hot Water). They killed him there. And his bones were picked up by people who were around there. These days, his bones are at Olduvai.



If you want to see Mudulungu's house, at Mlima Mungu, come visit! G.G. Bala will show it to you.

MZEE GIPO, HYENAS, AND EAGLES

A long, long time ago, there was an old man who was called Gipo. He used to kill a lot of animals compared to all his Hadzabe friends. He was really an expert at hitting them right on the mark. The Hadzabe were getting tired of carrying meat home and people were telling him, "Mr. Expert, we are tired of carrying meat and we want to rest! It will be a problem for you if you keep on killing them. It is really an effort for us to carry them because we are very tired from such heavy loads."

Well, about this time the people stopped carrying meat, ignoring Mzee Gipo. The Mzee told them, "Are you tired? Well, if the meat is not eaten it will go bad for no good reason." The Mzee rounded up some hyenas and eagles who liked eating meat. They started eating the meat and the Mzee told them, "it is your job in life to eat meat!" Well, the hyenas ate all through the night and this made them happy. They laughed and laughed, calling out to each other. The eagles ate all through the day. There was a leader among them called Nkonako who wanted to beat them in a race to an animal that had died. He ate one eye, got up and beat his wings, and cried out, "Nkoooo!" The eagles then began to rush down, eating and attacking anyone there.

Since that day, it is a lesson for Hadzabe to leave meat alone that has been left by hyenas and will be eaten by eagles.

MZEE GIRIA, JACKAL, AND HARE

A long time ago, there was an Mzee called Giria who was a very brave hunter. Giria lived alone, far away from his Hadzabe relatives. One day Giria left his house to go hunting in the bush.

Well, when he returned from the bush with his bags and his meat, he put his bags inside and wearily went to draw water. He had to draw it for himself, not having anyone to draw water for him. The water was far away. While he was gone, Hare and Jackal went into his house and nibbled the nice piece of meat and fat that he had brought home.

When Mzee Giria returned from the water, he saw what was left of his meat. It had been chewed and torn up very badly. Hare and Jackal had already left before he arrived, so he only came across their tracks. They had already been running for many, many hours and they were full of meat.

Well, Mzee Giria complained a lot and said, "Who is this who spoiled all my things? If I meet him one day, he will learn to fear me!" He went on to say, "I will stop complaining because I can't see you. I only see very small footprints, but we will see each other one day. I'm surprised, you must be a very small thing – your footprints are so small! Did you leave your footprints so that I would be afraid? Oh! Come here now! I'm ready with my stick!"

On this day Mzee Giria guarded his meat vigilantly until it became dark. When it was night, Mzee Giria began to eat the meat and all its

fat. When he finished eating, Mzee Giria began to sleep deeply. Mzee Giria slept so deeply that he did not wake up at dawn, but continued to sleep until 10:00 am. When he woke up, without looking at his meat, he left to go draw water because he had a really strong thirst. When he came back from the water, he looked at his meat and realized that it had been chewed on again. He was shocked and said, “Who is this who is spoiling my wealth?”

Well, Mzee Giria began to search and search but didn't see them. When he returned from looking for them, he said, “I will move from here. I never see the culprit, only his footprints!” So Mzee Giria tied up his meat and picked it up, saying, “I will move closer to the water.” When he got near the water, he put his meat down and went to bathe there. He sang and sang until the afternoon. When he finished bathing, he planned to go and look for fruit and honey. He was lucky and found some honey. He left at 6:00 in the morning and returned at 4:00. Back at home, they had attacked his meat again, in spite of the move. But this time, the Mzee returned to his house clean from bathing, with no smell. The creatures that were eating up his meat did not smell him coming, so that day, Mzee Giria finally came across those animals who were ruining his wealth. The Mzee went in the door to his boma, trapping them inside.

Well, Hare and Jackal were very worried, now. They looked for a way to get out and run away. Jackal began to cry out. Baring his teeth fiercely, he slipped away, leaving his friend the hare inside, to be captured by Mzee Giria. Mzee Giria said, “Are you the one who's been pestering me? Now you will see!” He took him to the fire and showed him a knife. He said, “Do you see this?” Hare answered, “Yes, sir, I see.” Mzee Giria said, “I won't ruin my knife on account of a little critter like you, so I will kill you in another way. First, I will hang you up on a tree with a rope. Then I will cut the rope. When it is cut, you will fall down, and you will certainly die!”

Well, Mzee Giria hoisted Hare up on the tree and swung him, saying, “See how high you are? Now I will climb down and take the knife and cut the rope that I tied you with. Then you will fall from up here and die.” Well, the Mzee climbed down and grabbed his knife and said, “I will pile on the ashes here below. When you fall in the pile, you will make your own hole without me having to bother with burying you.” Mzee Giria climbed down quickly and cut the rope. Hare fell down – Phuuuu! But he couldn't be hurt. Hare was happy to find himself alive and began to run. The Mzee was very surprised because Hare didn't die. He said, “It was my mistake to pile up ashes. I gave him strength, and now he has recovered!” And that finishes the story of Mzee Giria.

MZEE MGESA AND THE ELEPHANTS

A very long time ago, there was an old Mzee named Mgesa. This man was very short and was very dark. He was like the color of charcoal. Well, this Mzee really knew how to sneak up on animals. He was very skillful at killing animals.

One day Mzee Mgesa went out very early in the morning to go hunting in a place called Atinakwiko ('little water'). When he reached this place, he came across many, many animals of every kind: giraffe, eland, buffalo and gazelle. He snuck up on them, as usual for him. Suddenly, a lot of elephants came out. They were breaking bushes in every direction. Mzee Mgesa was in a small clearing and an elephant came out right near there. Mzee Mgesa wasn't able to run or even to fall down. He just stayed standing and animals began to pass by him. The whole group of elephants was passing right by him. One elephant with a child was surprised to see a stump shaped like a person. She pushed him and shook him with her 'arm for air' (her trunk). Mzee Mgesa didn't fall down, so she continued to shake him. Mzee Mgesa wasn't alarmed, he just stayed standing. The elephant stopped shaking him and grabbed some dirt. She swept and swept until he was covered with dirt and then the elephant said, “Aah. Now this is just a stump.” She left him, and the story is done.



MZEE NGORI, GUINEAFOWL, AND CHICKEN

A very long time ago, Guineafowl and Chicken were both wild animals. Once, it rained a lot for three days without pause, and Guineafowl and Chicken were lacking a place to rest because of the cold and moisture. They really started to worry. They looked here and there in the forest for a place to take shelter. Fortunately, near the edge of the forest, they came across the house of Mzee Ngori. Guineafowl and Chicken began to consult together about who should go ask for fire in the house that was giving out smoke. They decided it was Chicken who would go ask.

Well, Chicken now went to ask for fire from Mzee Ngori. Chicken greeted Mzee Ngori, “Hodi!”, and was answered, “Karibu!” Chicken went inside. He was soaked very badly, close to death. Mzee Ngori saw his condition and moved Chicken closer to the fire so that he would get dry. After he was comfortable, Chicken totally refused to go back into the forest, saying, “I had a lot of trouble coming in from the rain. I will just abandon my friend the guineafowl. I will look for a spot of ground to dig out with my feet and sleep in your house – the trouble I had was so big!”

At that time the rain was incredibly heavy. Every creature forgot his past! From then on, Guineafowl and Chicken continued to call to each other using their language. Guineafowl whistles to his friend and Chicken crows back, without them seeing each other. Even today, Guineafowl and Chicken just call each other without seeing each other.

DONKEY AND ZEBRA

A very long time ago, when the world was still being made, Zebra and Donkey just lived in the forest for many, many years eating grass. At that time, Zebra had a typical skin without any color at all – nothing fancy. His skin was the color of a domesticated donkey. Zebras were abundant during that time. They especially filled the land called Mlima Punda, which was on the way to Mbulu. They also spread out to the east and south.

Well, one day Donkey met Zebra and they stared at each in surprise. Zebra envied Donkey’s handsome skin. Well, when they stared at each other for a long time, each one shook his head at the other. They were far away, about twenty footsteps, but after a while more donkeys and zebras appeared and the two groups drew closer to each other. Eventually, the zebras headed toward the place where they bathe in the dust.

When they got to the clearing where zebras bathe, Zebra took off his drab skin and put it aside. He began to roll around in the dust. When the donkeys saw Zebra roll around on the ground, they were very happy because they also love to roll around. Donkey quickly took off his fancy skin, put it aside, and threw himself down to roll around.

Zebra finished bathing early and drew close to his friend Donkey, saying, “Friend, let me try on your skin to see how it fits. I see that it is smaller than mine.” Donkey told him, “Sir, try it quickly before I get up.

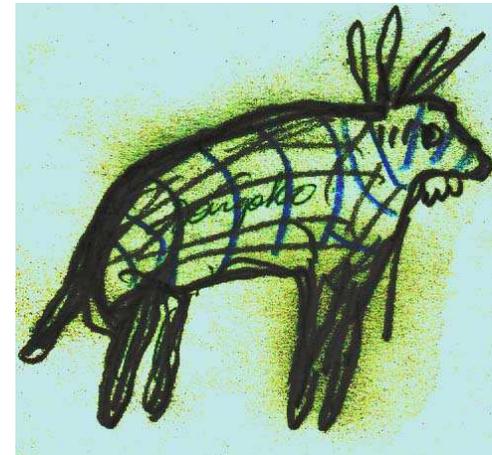
When I leave, I will wear it.” Zebra quickly put it on and walked around trying to jump with the little skin. He shook his body and his head so that it would fit better. Then he made a lot of noise until his friends told him, “Really, the skin suits you, but it’s not quite right, because it’s small and you’re big.”

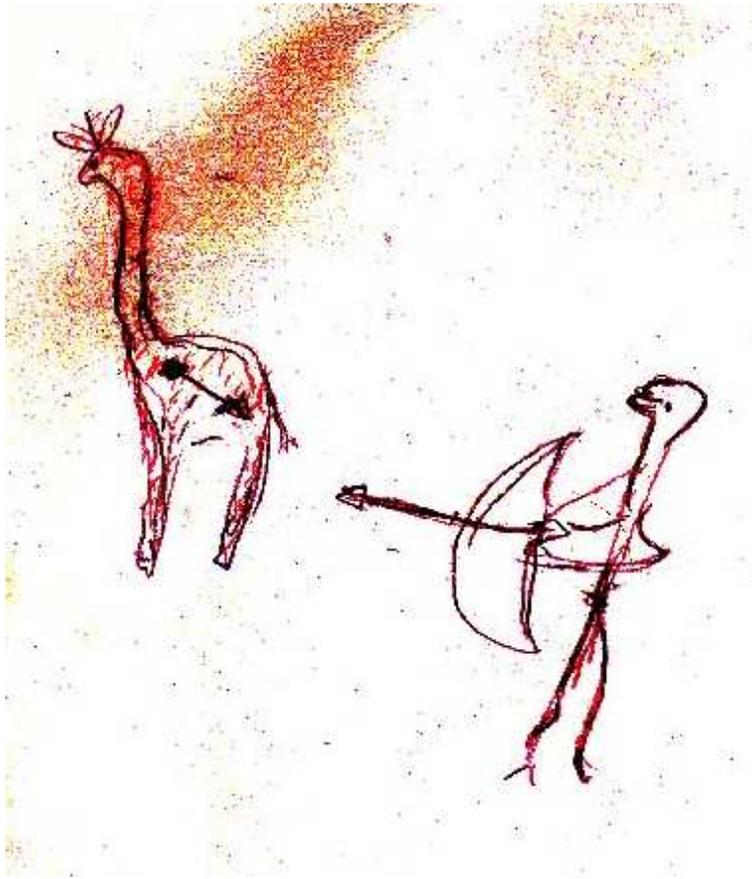
Zebra continued wearing his friend’s skin, running out a ways and then running quickly back. He saw that it was okay, even if it was a little tight. Now Donkey was beginning to get worried. He got up and put on Zebra’s skin and they played around biting each other. Zebra didn’t truly bite his friend, but Donkey bit him hard, until Zebra felt the pain. He said, “Friend, why are you mad?”

“I can’t stand wearing your skin!” Donkey cried.

All the zebras ran away. They entered Ubambako and descended into Murusi, until they reached Gidabimbirida. Donkey was too tired to keep up and the zebras went up the mountain by themselves.

Donkey stayed below in the valley and began to cry and cry until he went home in shame on account of his skin. He still wears that awful skin until today. Even today, when you meet a donkey, you will see his shame on account of his bad skin. “Truly,” he says, “This bad skin! Now people will give me trouble carrying loads.” And indeed, the donkey has the sorrow of carrying loads to this day.





Minyagalu – The Big Giraffe

Ika kwata chokwahema minyagalu.	<i>I am stalking the big giraffe.</i>
Kato hupaa.	<i>But he recovered.</i>
Dongolohimana'a hoch'obichina.	<i>I hit him right in the lungs.</i>
Dongolohimana'a hoch'obichina.	<i>I hit him right in the lungs.</i>

MINYAGALU – THE BIG GIRAFFE

Baheyamo |ets'a yeta akakanebe. Hakamo ||a||achana pa'a nakwete 'ichame n||akafena. Kwamo haka kamo tets'ehehe nana kwamo hi!'e nana, bami ||'akamo ts'okwana.

Akanabema minyagalua. Kwamo dza kwapi ubabima, kaka tl'odzo, "Uwe micho, ||'akana'a ts'okwana nkolotina. Ta|'eyana'a. Welapina manako. Hakabita ba !e!eke 'acho."

"Uwe hi|i'i. Welapina hakabita ba |iya."

Kwamo shahe hukwa kicha kicha haka. Kwami ta haka kicha kopandana "Kweli hamana ta 'uwe hamana hahamanaiya bami. Chikima'o'o hamana nkolotina. Ta|'eyana'a minyagalua. Hingi. Mahisi 'iti che'e."

Kwami haka kicha kopandicha halapi'i, kwamo hukutl'u hukutl'u minyagalua chichana. Kicha chokwaema. Kicha kopandata !imbaloko ||'apiyako. Akwakwa n!o'o.

Kwami ta 'isa sokoniko, kicha "Te 'uwe, tl'uhata'a ts'okwana. Ukuwa 'a 'atama. Ukuwa 'a manako."

Kaka "Uwe, chokwaemasi. Ta|'eyana'a.

Kwa mita 'isa Isimangeda. "Uwe, tl'uhata'a ts'okwana. Ukuwa 'a 'atama."

"Hinge. Mahisi kwata 'ono ||'aka."

Kwa mita gushika kicha kopandata ||anako. Kicha, "Uwe, che'e'e 'atomena. Tl'uhata ts'okwana. Lamusi yata'a. A semeyona kwa'ochaneya ||a||aka'abita."

Hadisiko kota bahe Minyagonaloniko.

Akanabekwa MaNchinine'e Gudo Mahiya. Bami meto hi!'eta.

MINYAGALU – THE BIG GIRAFFE

A long time ago, our earliest ancestors lived in a camp. One of these people was an old man. He went out hunting by himself late one afternoon. He went out and was on his way back – he was coming back from way out there, when he hit a giraffe.

"It's a Minyagalua!" he said. Only a very large giraffe is called Minyagalua. The old man said, "My friends! I have hit a giraffe right in the heart. I hit him dead on. Tomorrow we're going to have meat! Let's go now and skin it."

One of his friends said, "Relax, my friends. Let's go tomorrow. We will see it then."

At dawn, they all got up and went out. They walked until they reached the spot. The old man said, "Really... it was right here. It was right here, my friends. It was here that I shot it. I hit that Minyagalua right in the heart! Let's go on a bit and look around, and then you'll surely see him!"

So they continued on for about a quarter of an hour following the deep tracks the giraffe had made when he tore off running. They walked and walked and finally came across the shaft of an arrow. It was dry. There was no blood on it, so it couldn't have entered the body of the animal.

The men walked around a little bit more. Finally, someone said, "Friend, you didn't hit a giraffe. There is no blood. There is no meat."

But the old man replied, "Friend, let's follow him some more. I really hit him dead on."

So they went about the distance from Mang'ola to Isimangeda. The men said again, "Friend, you didn't hit a giraffe. There's no meat."

"Well, then! Let's go back to the place where I shot the arrow," said the old man.

They went and reached the place where they had found the arrow. Then they said to the old man, "Friend, look now. You missed the giraffe. You've lied to us. Now we still have to look for some food to divide up among ourselves."

The story of the big giraffe is finished.

I am called Gudo Mahiya of MaNchini. This story came from me.

TL'AKWE NAKWIKO – THE YOUNG GIRL

!ets'a dzu'a, yeta Hadzabe, ba'ala'usha. Hadzabe'e ba'ala'oshana n||a-hehepe'e tsikipa'ona. Bahe'e'akwa tl'akwe nakwiko 'ichameyako 'asum-ibitina, kwakwachiya hocha 'ichinanesa. Kaka 'a 'unu 'akwe tetata'o.

Sasa 'atonena, boko tl'akwe nakwi kota, biya 'ika, biya 'ika, biya 'ika. Kota !'uyuwehe 'ununina.

“Nasema teko tameya? Ika bami 'aku gashenga? Nasema hako, 'a'ahosa teko, pakwiko. Aku 'ihi'a kwako, chiyakwa hocha? Chiyakwa hocha hako ts'eheya. Sasa 'atonena 'iba tashi?” “A'aweta, 'asumebe'e.”

“Nasema, 'ee, laka kota, nena hama 'ikacha sa hlimibi'i tl'ikipi'i. Laka-'a! ||'ame hu'una!” Kota peshehe 'atonena.

Welapina shaheyamohe. Keta 'a tahe Hadzabe'e hakachana ba'alana. Hakachana ba'alana, 'atonena ts'ikipa'oma 'atonena. Ichebe'e ng'ang'ambiyako. Ichebe'e 'ela 'a lukuluna !ets'a, 'abesama n||an||ahe 'ika 'ichebe'e ng'ang'ambiyako. Ichebe'e tets'ehepe'e. Kwakwa 'ishoko hlototohe keta tets'e 'ichebe'e kwako 'ishoko tashi. Kota nana keta tets'e 'ichebe'e.

Welapina, 'atonena, tashiyakwa? Kota hamana baki 'eheshina 'atonena 'ich'ina nesa, ts'eheya nakwiko. Welapina shaheyamo, n||ahe'o'o. “Cheche'a 'atonena. Ukuwa 'a 'unu kwa !ets'a. Pichinane'asa.” Kwakwa tl'a'eshina. Chichita 'ishoko 'ichinanesa. Kutukutu, 'ukuwa 'a 'unu.

“Eh, wa'a nakwi 'ina tashe?” Kwakwa !i'he 'ishoko. Kota kutula hochako. “Aiyi, hochako 'onoko! Hochako tameya? Tameya hochako? Ika 'ukuwa 'a 'unu!”

Basi kaka 'ola 'eke 'intl'ima, “tl'oooooo, tl'oooooo, tl'oooooo.”

“Ola nakwete, 'ola nakwete, 'ina tashi? Ina tashi? Ukuwa 'a 'unu. Ina tashi? Ukuwa 'a 'unu. Che'e'e 'atonena, 'a pahle 'a pakwa 'ichanaiya. A paka chokoko, 'aho sa. Sasa 'onoko 'ichinaneyakwa.”

Kota “Lambuye. Lambu 'ita 'ishi'akwa.”

Kaka “Ono bahe'ene'e. Ehe.”

Kota chuchu'a lambu kota 'u'utu'a ts'okonina. Kaka polahe 'atonena, bububunama 'atonena.

“Ato ts'eheya hama musitikwaiya dzanaiya 'a samiyane, sengani 'a duduk'e. Te, taye'e 'uhucha! Samiyabita.” Kaka bami ts'eheya hombowe. Kaka cheche'enena ts'oko. Kwaheto pipi “Owaaaaaaah, 'owaaaaaaah, 'owaaaaaaah, 'owaaaaaaah.”

Koti “Ato hama ts'eheya, dzana samiyachane, dzana samiyane! Onoko 'aho kwa kwene'e hani shahita. Hama 'ipika kwa iya 'onoko. Cheche'e'e 'a 'unu wa'ina ma, hama 'itongo. 'Onoko tashina tana, 'ishi'iya ma?” Kota, “Bahiyako 'ishoko wa'a nakwi. A'asitita. !'elehitita.” Hama 'uhu 'ika heka so lalaka, kota shashahita.

TL'AKWE NAKWIKO – THE YOUNG GIRL

There was a big camp of Hadzas around the time of the honey harvest. Hadzas were going off together in groups to remove honey from the wild hives during this honey season. There was a young girl there who was the only child of her parents. She got pregnant and no one in the camp knew.

Now, this young woman, she hid, and hid, and hid. Then when her belly was too big to hide, someone noticed.

This person said, “I say, what kind of person are you? And what is this thing? I say, I just don't know what your mother will do.” What had gotten her pregnant, gotten her with child?

“Now what do we do?” she said, “My parents don't know.”

He said, “Do what you should. Try to get married!” So she just sat by herself.

The next morning, the sun rose and some Hadzabe went to the honey. They went to the honey, to take it out of the trees. Some people were at a temporary camp while others went to move the main camp. A group of them moved while others were at the temporary camp. As the sun was setting, everyone but the girl went to the new camp.

The next morning, now, what did the girl do? She just stayed by herself, all alone now, this young girl. By the time the sun was up, they had all left. “Look now. There is no one at the camp,” she said, “I am really all by myself.” She was left behind, all alone. She just was in the sun there by herself. It set, and there wasn't anyone else there.

“Oh, my little child, what will I do?” The sun was very low in the sky. And that is when her labor started. “Aiyi, my belly! What is with my belly? What is with my belly? And there is nobody here!”

Well, then the child came out crying, “tl'oooooo, tl'oooooo, tl'oooooo.”

“Baby, baby, what will I do? What will I do? There is no one here. What will I do? There is no one here. Look now, even your father and your grandfather are far away. And your grandmother, I don't know about her. I am alone.”

Then she said, “Log. Log, you must help me.”

The log said, “Yes, I am here.”

She pulled the log and lit it. Now it was burning well. “Oh, this boy is worrying me. With his wailing, he is attracting something to eat him, Sengani and Duduk'e (monsters, see page 39). Stop crying! We'll be eaten! Then the boy sat still and just looked at the fire. But soon he cried again, “Owaaaaaaah, 'owaaaaaaah, 'owaaaaaaah.”

The girl said, “Oh, this boy is bringing something to eat us, bringing something to eat us! I don't know what I'll do if he stays this way all night, doing this to me. Just look at how there is nobody else here in this clearing. How will I help myself?” Then she said, “There is the sun, baby. Just sleep. You will wake up someone.” But he just went on making noise in the same way until the sun rose.

Welapina, 'atonena, shaheyamohe, keta ||iti 'asumebe. Kwamo ||iti kwame 'isa jikoniko, kota hamana 'uhu. Hama ts'ehe, "Owaaaaaaah, 'owaaaaaaah!"

"Wa'a nakwete!" Kaka tanse 'aso. "Teko, teko wa'ako! Hani kwabita huti'i'i kahe." ||aiya 'a ko'o dudunguwiya kamo n!o'o. Wa'a nakwiko, amayegako!"

Kota ||iti 'asuko. Kota puhluwehe n!o'o ma. Kota "Ee, te, lalaka'a. Ts'u'aiyako'o |okosahata. Atonena sakapihita."

"Ee, wa'a nakwi. Ukuwa 'a gashenga. Akwata samiya. Kokopan-dana'a'a dzana ||ekwa, ba'alako, 'aku gashenga." Kwako boko tl'akwe kwakwa 'akwe samiya paka 'a hama'isho.

Nasema kwete'e jitiatia'ehe 'ika tl'akwetl'akwe'ehe hataliya 'a heli hu-'unana.

Hadisiko kota bahe tl'akwitiko.



In the morning, at dawn, the girl's parents came back. When they were about as far away as the cooking area, the baby cried, "Owaaaaaaah, 'owaaaaaaah!"

"My young daughter!" The father broke away. "You, you, daughter! Why were we late like this!" He even threw his bow down when he moved quickly to her. "Our daughter is healthy!" he said to his wife.

Then her mother came. She went near her husband. "Yes, daughter, there is no problem now. You have not been eating? We just found some ||ekwa roots and honey and other things to bring to you." The girl had not eaten up to then.

I say, when you behave just like this girl, it is trouble, and it is better to get married.

This finishes the story of the young girl.



GISALANG'WEGA

Bahe'e'amo [ets'a dzu'a 'akaka'anibite. Bahe'e'amo pa'a nakwete fun-diya hamachana hla'ana. Akanabema Gisalang'wega. Kwamo bami hama 'ichinanema sasa. Hamaka kwapi 'undushibi pikihlo, 'aku seme, tafako, gashenga, wa'inama pikihleya. Sasa, 'atonena, kwaheto seseme. Kaki haka hahama seseme. Kaki haka hahama.

Akasema "Aa, hama'isho 'ina tashi, niyenakwi, 'ichinaneyakwa."

Kaka "A'ahoma so Haine, shashauliyakoena tete. Hama seme wa'ina-ma tame metoso sakama?"

Kaka "Ato ts'ifi 'ani kotako 'ishoko. Ishoko kota ts'ifi."

Kwamo ta shahe 'atonena. Kaka, "Atoiye! Tame ma kwiso hamana 'elekwa [ets'abe'e?" Keta ets'abe kenena gogolangasiya ts'iki'ebe'e, 'uku-weta 'a tame. "Basi," kaka. Boko ts'ifi seme 'aseheheyamo shashahita se-mema. Welapina 'atonena kaka 'itl'ikwa 'ikahehe kwapi 'undushibi, tafako, 'aku gashenga.

Kaka "Ooh! Hama'isho 'aho. Sasa dzaya baheya 'a 'ati. Ina tashi 'ika kwimbiyaya hama 'ihi'a, hama seme? Nasema, bahiyako 'ishoko. Baheya 'unu hama kwene ka'a ma 'iso dza so [iki]liya hama yamu'a."

Kaka tl'otl'odzo, "Takwe 'ihli."

Dza kotako ts'ela'aloko, tl'apoko 'asoko. Kota wech'e. Kaka "A 'ete-be'e 'akwete wedza'e tlatlehana hama seme. Hama seme pakapa'a. Ts'u-iyate 'etebe 'ola nakweya! Ukuwayina etebe kazi.

Dzaka 'atonena so 'aku gashenga kalimo. "Nasema etebe'e 'a 'olana-kweya 'akwete'e gumuse'ana!"

Dzakota 'atonena ko ne'eko, ka'a ne'eko. Fundiyako kweli. "Nasema obe'e mdze wetu, obe'e."

"Nasema 'etebe'e, 'ukuwa shida. Tetete'e."

"Nasema welapina kweso shahe 'obe tiyari 'iya dza 'anihe."

Basi kwame dza. Kaka, "Cheche'ete hama 'undushi, niye. Tlakwatete dzanekwa ets'ana."

Yame tlakwa kame lukutl'utl'uwa tafa'aneke kila gashenga. Kamo, "Sasa, ts'ifiyakwa 'ishoko."

Kamo mzee, "Tume'ika 'ota ya 'ase?"

"Nasema, 'ukuwa shida. 'A teko, cheche'ete hama 'isawa. Ts'ii dzu'a chikina, 'ukuwa shida."

"Kila gashenga [o]oseya."

"Nasema mzee, yasena 'ota taka'epe kwe'e 'a cheta?"

"Kwete tlatlakwa dzaneheha bami seme. Nasema, 'etebe'e, babaheya gashenga kwene kwihina." Basi, kaka hats'iya dzu'a.

Tlatlakwa [okoseta [ets'abe ne'eko, paki kaka [okoso yamu'a. "Nasema mzee, [okoso'a'a."

Kota 'efe 'ishoko! Nasema mzee ya tumi'ika [o'aso'aso'eta? Te, pa'a-nakwete. Te, pakapa'ate'e. Hinge! [hi]hiye'e. Hahabami. Ubahena mutemi 'isa te. Hakama te'e. Hakama te ta."

GISALANG'WEGA

There once was a big camp in the time of the first Hadza people. There was an old-timer then who was an expert at living in the bush. His name was Gisalang'wega and he lived all by himself. He lived on ripe undushi berries, and other things, tafako berries; all the ripe things. Now, he would just eat and eat. He would go and just sit.

One day, he said to his assistant, "Ah, what will I do today, young friend, being all alone?"

His assistant said, "I just don't know what Haine (God) will do. It is your problem. Who will be the one to eat all this food?"

He said, "Oh, the sun is quickly setting." Then the sun set.

When it was dawn, he said, "Oh! Who will build houses here for me to put all this food in?" Then houses were made ready and they were nice. There was nothing wrong with them. "Well then," he said. That night he ate and slept until it was dawn. In the morning he went to the place with the undushis, tafakos, and other food.

He said, "Ooh! Today, I don't know! It is even about to rain. What will I do with these bushes that are burgeoning with fruit? I say, the sun exists, so there must be someone who I can call to come and help."

"Don't be afraid," his assistant said.

Then a bunch of birds came, many doves. There were not enough of them. Gisalang'wega said, "You are not able to move the food. This is a lot of food. Leave, you children! There is no work for you."

Then every kind of animal came. Gisalang'wega said, "I say, you and your children are not able to do it!"

Then the baboons came, many baboons. They were really experts at harvesting berries. The chief baboon said, "I say, we are the ones, Mzee."

Gisalang'wega responded, "I say, no problem, you are the ones, then."

The chief baboon said, "I say, tomorrow at dawn we will be ready and come without delay."

When they came, Gisalang'wega said, "See these undushi and tafako bushes, sisters. Pick their berries and take them to the houses for me."

They were picking and collecting up tafakos and all the kinds of berries until the sun was setting.

The head baboon said, "Where will we sleep?"

Gisalang'wega said, "I say, no problem. Look at this cave. It is very nice inside, no problem."

"Everything is filled up. I say, Mzee, we ask of you, how much are we going to get?"

"When you bring me this food, I say, there is something I will give you." Then Gisalang'wega left.

The baboons worked on filling up the houses until all the space was full. "I say, Mzee, we filled the houses up."

The other baboons said to the head baboon, "By the sun! I say, Mzee,

“Mzee, tumi’ika pese ’ase ’ubabekwa?”
 “Nasema, haboko ets’ako. Aa, lakini be’ena kwete ’ase, ’akwata hla’ata tsi’a ’ika he. Tl’ikitaheta chombo mutemine.”
 “Nasema mzee, ’akwe’e’e ’obe’e tsi’a. A’ase’ota.”
 “Nasema, ’ee. Hahaboko ets’ako, lote. Ono hakata ina ’ase.”
 N!un!u dzu’a yamo hombowe dzua, ’isa hamakwa hombowa. N!o’o yamo hombowe ’aniye. Homboma. Kwamota hombowe. Keta lo “Saun!”
 N||un||uku’uwo’o ’atonena. Ika chikina ||ikititiyako tafako, ’undushi, nguilako, ’embele –’aku seme. A ets’ana ma bami, hi’iyehya seme. A be’ena kwame ’ase. Akwete’e n!o’o bami seme. Sasa ’atonena kwame ’akase.
 Kamo tese ts’ifi. “Nasema |ekelete! Hama ’aku, ’aku ’ihi’a kweso kwehona?”
 “Nasema, ’ee. Lakate. Samabita habamiya ’ihi’a’ona ’onebe kweya kwehona mtemi Igama. Rggffh!!! Sakamama wa’inama!”
 Sasa ’atonena kwamota shahechana. “Nasema, ’ika kwehete’e ’ise haka hla’ana ’akwe ma hamana tl’ikita hla’a.”
 Kaka |hele dzu’a be’ena. “Teko!” Shaka’e bami ts’ehya. Ch’a’owamo.
 Kota shakahi’i. Hema kota, “Ehe! Ehe!” Tl’impiyaha hich’i. Nasema mzee wangu, mzee wangu tl’impiyana’a hich’i. Hama ts’ehya tashina ya ’a’ase? Nasema teko, tashi teko?”
 “Teko, teko lame’e ka’a ya mu’a!”
 Kaka |hele dzu’a yamo, “Teko! Teko! A ’ono tl’impi’ana’a hich’i! Tl’impi’ana’a. Nasema, tashina ’ita te hiname?”
 Kota kutula hamana “Te ’a ’onoko.”
 Yame kotula wa’ineta, lobebe’e, wa’inama |ets’a ’atonena. “Nasema, mzee, hama’isho bita tsiki’a.”
 “Nasema, hi’i te. Hi’i te.” N||a’eamo mtemi, ka ’i n||an||a’ete’a he’enaiya ’ukukuha, saaaaauun! Nasema mzee wangu... Hinge! N||ohiyako ets’ako. Sasa ’onebe’e ba dzahehe bita baha ’efe, tahata tl’alako.”
 A hama |ele so lalaka. Hama kweso pupukuku. “A basi! !uma ma ya hla’ata ’a tal’icha.” Basi, kota lobeko ’efe n||ahe ma ts’ifi, tahiya mutemi. Kwamo bami |’eleheyamo, “Hich’i dzu’a! Ukuwa seme! Tumitokwako n||ahe lobeko?”
 Ika kwata hena, mzee? n||ahe’akwa.”
 “Mumusikwatita ’ono.”
 Hadisiko kota bahe lolaniko ’a ne’eko.

where will we go now that the houses are all filled up? You, old man. You are a big man. Hey, look, Gisalang’wega is your friend. A chief like you. You go to him. You go to him.”

The chief baboon asks, “Mzee, where will they sleep, my friend?”

Gisalang’wega’s assistant replied, “I say, you baboons can sleep in this house. Ah, but after eating all those berries, you will need to poop a lot, and I don’t want any nasty poop spoiling the chief’s things.”

“I say, Mzee, we won’t poop. We’ll just sleep.”

“I say, yes. This is the house, so come in. I am going off to sleep.”

The head baboon just went in and sat down quickly, proudly like a chief. He sat straight and proud. The baboons entered, “Shhhhh!”

There was lots of snoring now. But inside the storeroom there were tafako, undushi, nguilako, and embele berries – all kinds of food. There were all these kinds of food inside where the baboons were to sleep. They couldn’t bring in more food, so they all went to sleep.

Then the sky started turning red for morning. A young baboon woke up and was surprised to see all the food. He said, “I say, wake up! What did he give you?”

Another baboon responded, “I say, it must be this. We’ll eat the food the chief of Igama gave us. Rggffh!!! Eat it all!”

Now the sun came up and they became sleepy, with their full bellies. One older baboon said, “I say, go out in the bushes to poop, not in the house.” But most of the baboons just pooped inside, they were so tired.

Then the head baboon started to wake up and said, “Hey!” This noise woke up a little girl baboon.

“Oh! Oh!” she said, as she stepped in poop. “I say, our Mzee... our Mzee... I stepped in poop. How is it that this child who made this poop is just sleeping? I say, what can you do?”

An older baboon said, “You, you wait. The chief will call his whip!”

The head baboon got up then and stepped in poop himself! “You! You! Ah! I stepped in poop! I stepped in it. I say, what have you done?”

She said “You and I both stepped in it.”

Then the big baboons, and the whole camp started saying, “I say, Mzee, today we pooped a lot.”

One said, “I say, be quiet. Be quiet. You can hear someone coughing. Shhhhhh! I say, our Mzee... Hey! The house smells. Let’s get out of here, with God’s grace, leaving this dust behind.”

Now the chief woke up and went about his business. He waited and waited. “Oh well!” Well, the baboons, with God’s grace, all went off in the night, leaving the chief. When he got there, he said, “Lots of poop! No food! Where did the baboons go off to? I want my club to kill them with!”

“And what did I tell you, Mzee? They all left,” said his assistant.

“You really annoy me!” said the chief.

Here ends the story of Gisalang’wega and the baboons.

IYEYE AND THE BUTTERFLY'S MEDICINE

ʼets'a dzua. Baheyamo pa'a nakwete. Akanabe ma Iyeyeya. Bamiya pa'a nakwete, 'ashapo sa manako, ||a||a ma kalimo. 'ateka 'ana'amo kalimo 'ika nok'ohamo. Nok'ohamo 'ukuwa 'ihi'a 'itshame. Haka'amo kaki 'ase 'atinina, kaki tets'ehehe k'a'o 'ets'ana- 'ukuwa 'a manako.

Sasa, kaka "Ono... 'ika so hama kalimo? Tumi tokweya haka? Tumi tokweya haka? Hinge! Lami na haka ||ama."

Kwamo haka kaka 'ase. Kaka tushuwicha !'ikwibi. Tushuwicha !'ikwibi. Yamo 'a'ase, ||upi'o'o. Kaka dzadzahehe kalimo. Atonena lohe 'atinina fafakacho. Kaka bami n||un||u'u kwako salamedako, n||u'u ma salamedatina.

Kaka 'oko'a kalimo, fachana 'atibi. Yamo n||ahe. Kwamo 'elehe kaka "Ah!" Hukwayamo che'e ts'ifi. U'ukuwa kalimo. Akwakwa dza.

Kaka hahama homboma. Kwamo shahe welapina 'atonena, "Hinge! Hakata che'e." Kamo kukukunya. Hahabami kalimo fakachowamo!

Kaka ts'uwaiya. Kaka haka 'ets'ana, "Ah! Ato! Tashina ta 'ase 'ono, kaki kato faka kalimo? Sasa, tume'ikata 'ono?" Kaka tets'ehe. "Ika hama'isho, kenenata na 'ela 'ani ts'oko. Na che'e'o'o. A'e! Hama'isho ||a||aketata 'o'ota."

Akwakwa talasha ishoko kaka kenena 'ela ts'oko. Kaka hamasa. Kaka 'ako ||u||upiyamo ||ama. Dzadza'e kota fafakacho ichiko kalimo. Dongoko 'a fakacho kota ts'u'aiya. Welapina kota dza kota fakacho komatiko. kota ts'u'aiya.

Kwamo shahe, kaka, "A'a! Komatiko fakachowakwa. Tashinata 'ono 'a'ase? Habi'i !'ikwi tashi'ipi'i? Ah, 'iya, lamusi'ita." Kwelepe 'aniye hakamo 'elaha ts'oko.

Samakabi ts'ifi kwamo chicha kaka nok'ohama kalimo! Kaka 'a hats'e n!o'o 'ets'ana 'a 'ola nakwe ma kaka 'ukukuhu. "Nasema pahleya! Tumako manako habi ts'ifi wa'inecha nena 'asechayena, te? Tashete'e?"

A 'okoko kota, "Pa'a nakwete, te...musata nena 'asecha. Hama'a. A kalimo 'u'ukuwa kwatita ||owa! Te! Tatashete'e? N||its'ina 'ase'e 'ets'ana. Takwe kukuyita yamu'a."

"Ha'iyia. Teko, 'a'a... boko masala tashiyako? Hakata na 'ono 'ase manatina. Teko oma? Eh, laka'a. Haka chukwa ||ekwabi 'ina seme. Teko, 'ina 'o'a'o'o. ||okwa 'o'o weya hats'e."

Kota 'uwitako. Boko 'o'oko 'okoko.

Chiyasi ts'oko yamo haka kamo 'elaiyamo totokoiya. Baha na ts'oko yamo puhluwehe hakamo. "Ato! Teko! Bochona'a. Dzaniko 'atibi'i 'ina fa." Kaka fa 'atibi.

Kwakwa n||akafe 'ishoko kaka chi'o'o. Kaka n||o'o kaka 'a'ase. Kwamo ta ts'ifi 'atonena kamo hamama kalimo 'atina. Kaka wech'eya. "Ukuwa 'a dzacha 'a n!o'omatekwami. !'ikwibi 'a'asete 'ono." Kaka 'a'ase, pa'a-nakwete Iyeye.

Dzadzayehe 'atonena kalimo. Yamo fafakacho. Fakacho 'atibi'i, paki

IYEYE AND THE BUTTERFLY'S MEDICINE

It was a big camp. There was an old man named Iyeye. He was an old man; a real meat expert, a hunter of animals. He could really finish the animals off. But these days he was no longer so able. He couldn't catch even one thing any more. When he went hunting by the water at night, he would always fall asleep in his hunting blind and end up returning home empty handed – without any meat.

He said, "Where did these animals all get to? Where did they all go? Oh! I'll have to wait and go again tonight."

So he went and slept again. He slept deeply. He slept deeply. He really slept, slept a lot. Then the animals started coming to the water to drink. And Iyeye was snoring away in the hunting blind, snoring away in the hunting blind.

The animals had gotten full drinking water. They went off in a group. When Iyeye woke up, he said, "Ah!" He got up to look in the night. There were no animals. They had not come.

So he just sat up very straight and waited. Now, at dawn, he said, "Oh! I'll go look." He was very surprised – animals had been drinking there!

He left to go home. He said, "Ah! Well! How could I have slept while those animals were drinking? Now where shall I go?" He went back. "Today I'll be ready early and get a fire made quickly. I'll look really hard. Yes! Today I'll really get them."

The sun had not yet started to set when Iyeye had already built his fire. He waited for them. But he just fell asleep again. Animals were coming and drinking away. Even zebras came to drink and then left. In the early morning, elands came to drink and then left.

At dawn, Iyeye said, "Ah! Elands were drinking here! How is it that I'm always sleeping? What kind of sleep is this? Ah, I'm lying to myself." He turned quickly and went to make a fire.

Three nights and he couldn't catch any of those animals! Hunger entered the camp and his children cried, "I say, father! Where is the meat from all the nights? And with your sleeping, what kind of man are you?"

And his wife said, "You, old man... I am fed up with all your sleeping. How can you just sit there when you haven't killed any animals! You! Just what kind of person are you? Here in camp you can sleep at home. Don't be bothered with the great outdoors."

"No. You, nah... what kind of bright idea is that? I'll go and sleep where the meat is. What about you? Yeah, mind your own business. Go dig up some ||ekwa roots so I can eat till I'm full. I'm really feeling hungry!"

So she fed him till he was full, because she was his wife.

Some firewood was thrown on to get the fire built up. When that was done, he told his wife, "Oh! You! I worked fast. Bring me water to drink." Then he drank water.

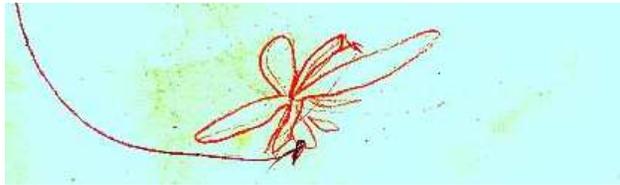
koti 'a |osa'i ma 'a salamedako. |osahe ma, niyeko. Haka chaowako 'atonena mahali kwakwa boko hi!'e. Kwakwa n||ahe 'atonena kalimoko.

|eleya 'atonena kwamo tese ts'ifiya. Kamo 'etl'ekekehemamo mopandana ma kalimo kwamo n||akahe. "Ah, 'ika so himik'e. Ika so himik'e n||ahe ta." Kaka hahama. Kaka "A, dzaneya kwiti 'a. Himik'e 'ihi'a dzadzaya kwako kalimoko!"

Kaka hombowe dzu'a ma. Kwamo homboma hi'ihe ma. Kwamo shahe 'atonena, koko 'aniye he. Kaka, "Che'esi 'ono. Tameya 'ono 'aku gashenga? Nasema, |i'i kwaheto, baheya 'aku kwa? Samiyata. Baheya 'ono hamana kwene 'a'a'ase. Iso 'a dzadza gashenga fafa 'atibi. Haka ka. Samiyata. Hats'iya ha 'atonena |ets'ana. Teko, 'aku 'ihi'a 'ono? Ddadza so 'a fafa kalimo 'atibi so 'a haka ka. Habi'i ts'ifi wa'ineicha |i'iyehelami 'ina haka, 'ina 'ela ts'oko, kwako 'ishoko hama |i'iyehelami"

Kaka kokowehe 'elachana ts'oko. Kaka tl'odzo shina be'ena 'isa bami hlalakama, "Nasema tashinata? Na 'ono ||ota manako."

Kota puhlu ma ta tambaluko. Tamatama tambaluko kota hombo kupana ma. Kota hlatona. Kota hlatona.



Kaka, "Tambalu bocho, 'ina |'una. Bocho, 'ina |'una." Kaka, "Cheche'e. Cheche'e 'e. Hama kalimo 'iso 'a fafa 'atibi 'ono hamana ta 'a 'a'ase."

Kota, "Aku 'ihi'a kwatita hla'ata?"

Kaka, "Aho, ono. Hla'atita manako 'ina 'a ||ota. Lakini kwene 'ase hama'isho, 'aho. Ddadzako fafa, akwene ||ota. Aho. Elakwayako kwiti 'a."

Kota, "Kata lami." Kota, "lami'i'i, baheya ts'iti. Hi!'e henata ts'iti. Kwene 'onoko hi!'ehena chi'itita, so te ||ohotatita."

Kaka "Bocho na 'a |'unata niyeko. Dzaniko 'ani bami ts'iti."

Kota "Humako."

Kwamo haka kwamo haka, kamo 'a'ase welapina. Ukuwa 'a manako. Haboko dzadzata kota fakacho.

Kwamo shahe, kota ||iti. "Tashinaita 'ase sa kalimoko? Bocho na 'a cheche'e'e hits'ape'e fafakacho."

"Hepe'e kate 'a hats'iyaha 'ika 'ono tashene'e?"

Kota. "Lame'e."

"Dza ta 'ela ts'oko."

Kwamo ta 'ela ts'oko 'atonena n||akafena. Boko ts'ifi, kota dzama ta. Kota, "Hinge! Tl'odzoko'o,"

When it was the late afternoon, he really ran. But that evening, as it got dark, he thought, "There is not even anything coming near me. I'll just sleep a bit." He just snored and slept. When it was really dark, the animals came again. The animals were coming and coming at this time. They were drinking. Drinking water, they would even brush against the hunting blind. They brushed past, my friend. The animals went on now, to the place where they had first entered. The animals all left.

Now, when Iyeye woke up, the sky was red. He heard the steps of the animals as they were all leaving. "Oh!" he said. "There is a far-off sound, a far-off sound of them leaving!" He just sat there. He said, "Maybe they will come back. This noise is the animals coming!"

He sat up straight and proud. He sat up like this (like a big chief). The sun was rising quickly now. He said, "Look at me. What kind of person am I? I say, what is it that is doing this to me? What is there about me? I could even be eaten. I could just be here sleeping away when some big thing comes to drink. He'll go like this and I'll be eaten. I'll just go home now. People will ask what kind of person I am. The animals just drink water and go. I've been waiting all these nights like this. I'll go and make a fire while the sun is like this."

He quickly went about making a fire. He was talking to himself there like a crazy person, "I say, what am I doing? I'll kill me some meat."

And then a butterfly appeared to him. The butterfly sat up proudly near him. She moved and moved again.

He said, "Come here butterfly. I need a favor. I need a favor." He said, "Just look. Just look. These animals are drinking water while I'm right here sleeping away."

She said, "What kind of thing is it that you want?"

He said, "I don't know. I want meat to kill. But if I sleep today, I don't know. The animals come and drink and I can't kill them. I don't know. Maybe I'll make a fire."

She said, "Wait then, just wait!" she said. "There is a medicine. I'll get it for you. When I get it for you, you'll really kill them."

He said, "Go quickly, then, my friend, and bring me this medicine as fast as you can."

She said, "Great!"

Then Iyeye went right to sleep and slept until morning. Again there was no meat, though the animals had come drinking.

At dawn, the butterfly appeared and asked, "How did you sleep with all the animals? Come quickly and look at all those fatty animals just drinking."

"If they just take off, what kind of person would I be?"

"Wait." she said. "Come and make a fire."

So he waited and made a fire in the late afternoon. That night, she came back to him and said, "Ah! Talk to me."

Kaka, “Hla’atita ’ono manako.”

Kota “Manako? Huhumako? Te, hla’atitatita ’oma manako? Tashina’ita ta ||ota manako?”

“Isa hla’atita, ’ina ’akwe ||upi. Ina shashahi ta, paki ko dzadzamatekwa. Ina ||ohota.”

Kota ’e lame’e tuwa’ani’i ’ishoye.” Kota hlototowe. Kwamo tikits’i ’a ’u’uma ta niye ||uwiko.

Kaka, “Ah.” Bami kaka ts’ah’e’ana. “Nasema Iyeye ta||’ita. Nasema Iyeye kwakwa iname.” Kaka kotula, “Ah hama gashenga ’akweso ||upitikwa. Hama gashenga golangasiyeya. Hama, ’ukuwa kwa shida hama.” Kaka, “Hama n|ats’a ha ’atonena. Ukuwa kwa shida ’iso ’a hukwa che’e. Hama tasheya gashenga? Hinge!”

“Lame’e tits’iya’o’o, niyeko, ts’ifi ’isa chiyah’e ts’ifi nakwete.”

Kota hahe ’aniye “aaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh.” ||uwiko hahema kota kutula ’aniye. Iyeye kamo !oko. Shina pa’a nakwete !oko ma. !okoshina mzee wetu. !okoshina pa’a nakwete. Kamo petena petena manabe ma paki kamo ’a bami yamo “Ato, ’ono! Aku gashenga hama? Kopanda kwaheto habamiya ’oma so ts’iti ma ma? Ee. Bamiya.”

Lami so shahe ’atonena. Kaka hama ma kalimo, niyeko. Akwamo ||upi. Akwamo ||upi pa’a nakwete. Boko ts’ifi musamo nena ||uwiko. Kota sama ||uwiko mpaka kota dza ’akwana ma kalimo. Kaka kamo n||an||aket a. N||ake dzu’a ta dongoko. Kota hats’iya ha ’ika bami hamana !o!okeya. ||aka dzu’a na ’atonena komati. Yamo hats’iya bami !o!okeheya. Kwamo ta ha||’aka bami kalimo yamo sahunhe. Tahimi ma. Atonena ndagoko. Kota sama Iyeye paki kaka pu||’uhu. Kaka ts’ah’e’ana ’a bami . “Nasema hama ’akanabema ’aku gashenga?” Hama ’aku ’ihi’a ha ’ika ’akanabesa? Akwadzako hako samekwata ’ono? Akanabe ma ’ihi’a hama? Aku ’ihi’a, niyeko, ’ika ’akwamo ’ase. Ika ’akwamo hishina tl’omatina tumi’ika sasama’iyako.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.”

Ichinaneyama kota sama bahe. Kaka shahe. Kaka “Ah.” Bami kamo ts’ah’e’ana. “Samiyana’a.” Kwamota shahe, ’atonena, yamo ts’u’aiya. Aku samiyana’a manabekwa humako. Akwene tashi?” Baheya yamo hombowe. Atonena hakamo nakuweta !imbalobe’e ma kalimo. Yamo tets’eyamo. “Atoye, ’atoye pola’ame manabe nena gashenga hama.”

Kamo chokwahe ma kalimoko ’ika hahaboko hanta’i’i. Kaka haka ’atonena ’a’anena hubu’i. Kaka ’atonena haka tehle. Haka ’o’o ’atonena yamo kapula’i, hukuwe. Tets’ehe ’o’o ’atonena. Tets’ehe amo ’o’o. Atonena amo !ele ’acho. Kamo hakayamo ’oteta manako kwako boko salameda.

Yamo “Hamanako samekwa. Hamanako samekwa. Hamishe’ena.”

“Eh, laka’a.”

“Akanabena ’akwadza ’itita?”

Iyeye said, “I want meat.”

She said, “Meat? Really? Do you really want meat? How will you kill the meat?”

“Since I want it, I won’t sleep. I’ll go until dawn when they come and approach me. I’ll just kill them.”

She said, “Wait, the sun sets pretty soon.” The sun set. It became dark and then mosquitoes started to land on him.

He said, “Ah!” Now he understood. He said to himself, “I say, Iyeye, this is something I have never seen before. I say, Iyeye, I’m going to die! Oh, this thing won’t let me sleep. This thing is pretty good. This thing is no problem for me. It is quiet now. No problem. I’ll get up and look. What kind of thing is this? Ah!”

“Wait till it’s very dark, my friend, a bit more dark.”

Many more mosquitoes quickly came in a huge group, “aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh.” Iyeye was bit. All alone, the old man was bit and bit. He was bit, our old fellow. He was bit and bit. His body was burning and burning and he said and said again, “Oh, me! What kind of thing is this? It is the medicine itself that I have met up with? Yes, it must be this.”

So he waits until dawn. He sits still for the animals, my friend. He couldn’t sleep. The old man couldn’t sleep, he was so tormented by mosquitoes. The mosquitoes ate and ate, and when the animals came, Iyeye was still awake. He shot his arrows at the animals. He hit a really big zebra. He hit him right here (in the chest). He hit a really big eland. He just shot them and shot them. When he was hitting the animals, he was very quiet. Then they left. Now, there was trouble. The mosquitoes ate Iyeye until he turned white! He really understood now. “I say, what is this thing called?” he said. “What kind of thing is it and what is it called? What is this thing that has eaten me up? What is this thing called? What kind of thing, butterfly, my friend? I haven’t slept. I haven’t slept. All over my head they have been eating me.”

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh.”

He was by himself and they ate him up until dawn. He said, “Ah.” He understood. “I have been eaten on all night.” At dawn, he left. “Oh no, my body has been really eaten up. What can I do?” When he finished, he sat up straight. Now he went to pick up the arrow shafts from the animals. He returned. “Oh, Oh, my body burns with this thing.”

He went and followed an animal, a dead zebra. He went ahead and there was a dead eland. Now he went and there was a dead buffalo. He went out a ways now and there was a dead elephant and a dead rhino. He went back and forth, back and forth. Now, he cut up skins. He went and roasted the meat there in his hunting blind.

He said, “It is here I was eaten. Here I was eaten. Maybe...”

The butterfly said, “Yes, go on.”

“What do you call it?”

“||uhiyako hako. Hako habokowako ||uhiko ’akanabesa.

Atonena tl’icha ma chubi’i. Homboiya hakama ’atonena homboiya hakama puhluwehe |’ets’ana yamo, “Teko! Oooooooooooooooooo! Tats’ako’o ’ani’i! Tats’ako ’ani’i! Ono chitana’a hama’isho manako! Dzanikwamo so, so, ’alufuye. N||atlahikwa ’ono manako. Tats’akwa, te. A lakini samiyana’a. Samiyana’a nena gashenga.”

Kicha, “Ah, ’ubabima!” N||aka’en||aka’ehehe samiyamo nena gashenga.”

Ika ’akwamo haka. Kamo hombowehe.

Kaka, “Buuuu ’unu. Mahite ’iba !eke ’acho.”

Manako yame tlakatlatle ets’ana. Yame lutl’uta yame sekeme ma-makoma.

A unu kaka tl’otl’odzo “Hamishe’ena dzaiya bami ’ihi’a ||ama. Hama-’isho ka ’iini, baheyakwa ’ishoko.”

“Ato! Tal’i! Bami ’ihi’a |iyateta. A takwe ka dza. Bibi’i’i yetaka nana kwaya ’ono. ||ohokwa.”

“A’ahowena, te. Hlala kamate’e, te. Hlalakamate, te shauri ya koena. Ahowena. Ika ’obe seseke’ota manako.”

Kaka tl’otl’odzo, “Ato! Hama ’ihi’a ’iso ’akwedza. Hama ’ola nakwe k’uk’umiya. Hamo ’ola nakwe k’uk’umiya.

“||’akaiyahabita.”

Kwamo ta ts’ifi, niyeko, kaka kutula Iyeye, “Uwe micho, dzadzamo gashenga, hama kwaiya samekwa ’ono. Kota kutulana na ’ichebe’ tata ’ika, ika so.”

“Aku ’ihi’a hama huhumako ’oma?”

Eh, kwamo ’a ||a’a ts’ifi n!o’o ma ts’ifi kota hahe, “haaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.”

N||ima ’atonena tlehena, tlehenaeta yamuabe akwa ’unu kota “Seke-me”, paka ’ola nakwe kaka kukutulanamo, “Tl’oooooooooooo, tl’oooooooooooo, tl’oooooooooooo.” Tameya samiyabita! Samiyabita paka kaka shaheneta!”

Kaka, “Ola nakwe gogosalabane.”

“Welapina dungudungu ’a manako ’one’esa, niyeko.” Akabesame hadzabe, hlato ’ichinina |’ets’a me.

Yame lami. “Atonena hlatoba’a hamana. Ukuwa ma shida. Babamineya ’ika tayaba Iyeye. Sasa hama ’ihi’a bami meto ’a chokwaemaso bami maana dzanamo so Iyeye. Sasa, kaka hombowehe ’atonena Iyeye bebe’ena.”

“Lami so ts’ifineta ’ichinina yamu’a.”

Kame samiya paki kame k’wakati paki ’a hama’isho ||uhiko sasamo naiyako. A hadisiko kota bahe Iyeyeniko.

“||uhiko (mosquito). This thing is called a mosquito.”

Now Iyeye carried home pieces of flesh from the lower backs of the animals, the most delicious part. He sat proudly. He went to his house. He said, “You! Oooooooooooooooooo! Help me quickly! Today I got some meat! He brought it to me, dear friend. I was shown meat. Help me! Ah, but I was eaten. I was eaten by a thing.”

The people in the camp said, “Ah! Friend.” They heard that he had been eaten up by something. But he was not gone. He sat proudly.

He said, “Get up! Let’s go and cut skin.”

They carried the meat home. They collected it up and boiled it up.

Someone said, “Maybe this thing will come again. And today is really hmmm... the sun is finished.”

Iyeye said, “Oh! Death! You will see this thing. It has not yet come. There are too many of them for me. Kill me.”

One of the people said, “I just don’t know about you. You are crazy. You are crazy because of this stuff of yours. I don’t know about you, but we are just going to eat meat.”

Iyeye said, “Oh! This thing must not come. These children are small. These children are small.”

“We’ll get rid of them.”

When it was night, Iyeye said, “My friends, they have come.” Iyeye starts hitting mosquitoes that land on his body. “This thing just came, this thing that ate me.”

Then others started slapping their bodies and saying, “Just what kind of thing is this?”

Well, when it was the middle of the night, they buzzed, “haaaaaaaaaaa.”

The people came together now on the ground, on the ground and someone said, “We’re eaten,” and the children started crying, “Tl’oooooooooooo, tl’oooooooooooo, tl’oooooooooooo. We’ll be eaten! We’ll be eaten until dawn!”

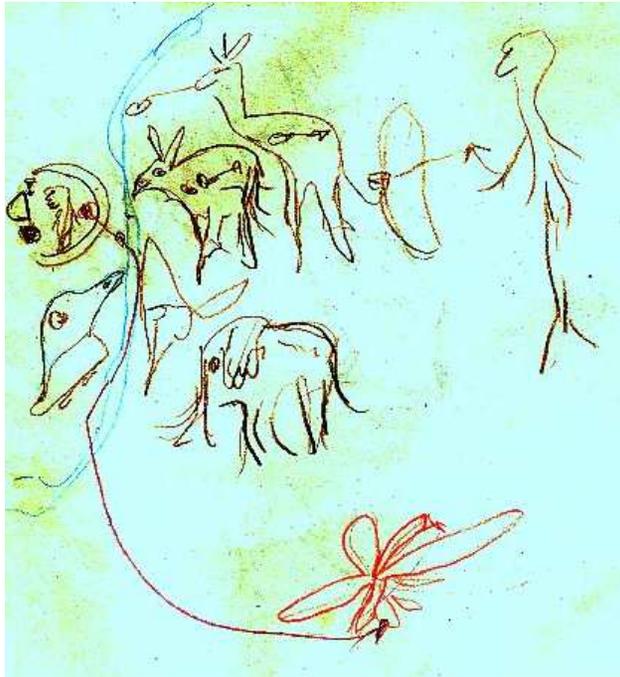
“The children are starting to go crazy.”

“Tomorrow we’ll move and taste meat, sister.” The Hadza moved, moved to another camp, leaving Iyeye behind.

They waited. “Now we moved here. There is no problem now because we left Iyeye. Now this thing, it was following Iyeye because he brought it. Now Iyeye is sitting proudly, over there.”

But Iyeye just said, “Wait till it is night for them in that other country.”

They were eaten in that far-away place where they had gone. And until today, the mosquito just eats us. And that is the story of Iyeye.



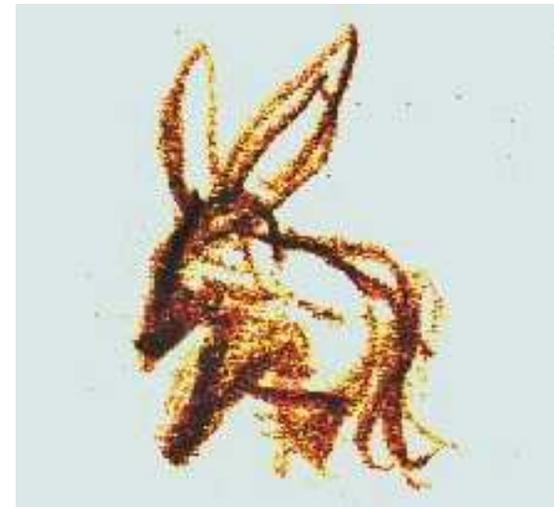
Iyeye sleeps in a hunting blind at the far left, by a stream where animals come to drink. Butterfly approaches along a curved line from the bottom, and gives Iyeye the mosquito medicine to keep him awake. Then Iyeye is on the right, shooting arrows at the animals.



People flee the camp as a mosquito approaches from the left. Huts are at the top. The circle at lower left is a fire.

4

Songs



HUTUTUME SONG

Hututume tl'a'iko'o...

Hututume tl'a'iko'o...

'ati'i mako.

Akwene 'onoko Giloma chi ma.

Springhare, leave some...

Springhare, leave some...

liquid honey.

I can't run away from Giloma.

HE IS COMING

Dzaya so 'ahabite.

Dzaya so 'ahabite.

Akwene 'onoko Giloma chi ma.

He is coming using teeth.

He is coming using teeth.

I can't run away from Giloma.

RHINO SONG

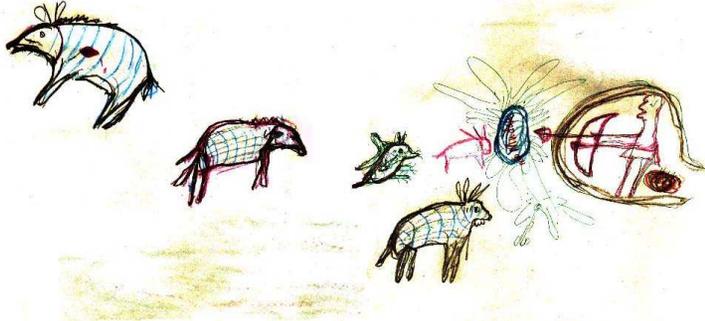
Losho, 'embilipiyina.
 Losho, 'embilipiyina.
 Ika kwaiya,
 lokoshohe,
 yeketina.
 Aliya 'epabeyena!

*Rhino's embele berries.
 Rhino's embele berries.
 But he is there,
 standing ready,
 in the path.
 Watch your butt!*

BIG ZEBRA SONG

Teko, mwanda, bocho!
 Teko, 'atona,
 'a chi'i
 'atinina.
 Ina ||ona.

*You, big zebra, come here!
 You, in back,
 just run
 to the water.
 So I can kill you.*



THORN SONG

Pise, pise.
 Tekek wamo.
 N|ehoko pise 'ono.
 Chomele miba.

*Thorn, thorn.
 It has pierced me.
 I pull out the thorn.
 The thorn is stinging.*

SONG OF THE SWAHILIS

"Wewe!" ekwaya.
 Ele'a ma te,
 Shamo, 'aiya.

*"You!" he says to me.
 Look out for him,
 that Swahili man, mother.*

THE YOUTHS LAGGING BEHIND

Mupungu'e pa'a nakwebe
 hama kwabe.
 Koeba ma kopandeta,
 'iya chi.

*Fools, are the older people
 of this day and age.
 To catch up with them,
 we'll have to run.*

THEY TOOK HER AWAY

Hakanikwami
 'akwitiko
 Siponganibi,
 Bala'i, Mang'ola,
 Kampi ya Nzige.
 Hakanikwami.

*They took from me
 my woman.
 The men of Siponga
 Bala'i, Mang'ola,
 and Locust Camp.
 They took her away.*

BAOBAB SONG

Bahepe 'a n||obabe,
 ukuweta seme.
 Bahepe 'a n||obabe,
 ukuweta seme.
 Kazonzo kanoka,
 hamana puhuna.

*There are baobabs,
 they have no food.
 There are baobabs,
 they have no food.
 Kazonzo climb quickly
 up here.*

BIG BABOON SONG

Lobeko !u'ushinakwa,
 Lobeko !u'ushinakwa,
 puhuna ts'itiko.
 Gondowakwa ts'aho.

*Big baboon fell,
 Big baboon fell,
 from up in the tree.
 Its tail is crooked.*

BIG GIRAFFE SONG

Ika kwata chokwahema minyagalu.
 Kato hupaa.
 Dongolohimana'a hoch'obichina.
 Dongolohimana'a hoch'obichina.

*I am stalking the big giraffe.
 But he recovered.
 I hit him right in the lungs.
 I hit him right in the lungs.*



Duduk'e or Masiyeka, a huge, fierce monster.

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Introduction to Hadza Language

Guide to Hadza Sounds

a	like <i>a</i> in <i>father</i>	s	like <i>s</i> in <i>sky</i>
b	like <i>b</i> in <i>boy</i>	sh	like <i>sh</i> in <i>show</i>
ch	like <i>ch</i> in <i>chew</i>	t	like <i>t</i> in <i>time</i>
ch'	ejective <i>ch</i>	t'	ejective <i>t</i>
d	like <i>d</i> in <i>dog</i>	tl	like <i>t</i> followed by <i>hl</i>
dz	like <i>ds</i> in <i>kids</i>	tl'	ejective <i>tl</i>
e	like <i>ai</i> in <i>wait</i>	ts	like <i>ts</i> in <i>cats</i>
f	like <i>f</i> in <i>fire</i>	ts'	ejective <i>ts</i>
g	like <i>g</i> in <i>girl</i>	u	like <i>oo</i> in <i>food</i>
h	like <i>h</i> in <i>hot</i>	w	like <i>w</i> in <i>wet</i>
hl	voiceless, fricated <i>l</i>	y	like <i>y</i> in <i>yes</i>
i	like <i>i</i> in <i>spaghetti</i>	'	glottal stop, as in <i>uh-oh</i>
j	like <i>j</i> in <i>joke</i>	!	alveolar click (roof of mouth)
k	like <i>k</i> in <i>kite</i>		lateral click (side of mouth)
l	like <i>l</i> in <i>leg</i>		dental click (tip of tongue, like <i>tsk-tsk</i>)
m	like <i>m</i> in <i>man</i>	!', ', '	clicks with voiceless airflow from nose
n	like <i>n</i> in <i>nose</i>	!n, n, n	clicks with voiced airflow from nose
ng	like <i>ng</i> in <i>finger</i>		
ng'	like <i>ng</i> in <i>sing</i>		
ny	like <i>ni</i> in <i>onion</i>		
o	like <i>o</i> in <i>hope</i>		
p	like <i>p</i> in <i>pie</i>		
r	like <i>r</i> in <i>ring</i>		

Hadza also contrasts aspirated and unaspirated voiceless consonants *ch*, *k*, *p*, *t*, *tl*, and *ts*, though this distinction is not represented in the spelling system. An example is the difference between the *t* in *top* (aspirated) and *stop* (unaspirated).

Useful Phrases

shayamo	<i>good morning</i>
ts'ifiakwa	<i>good day</i>
mtana	<i>fine</i>
amayegane'e	<i>I'm fine</i> (m)
amayeganeke	<i>I'm fine</i> (f)
nube'eya	<i>thank you</i> (lit. <i>it's good</i>)
'ukuwa shida	<i>no problem</i>
'aho	<i>I don't know</i>
it!'ikwa ta	<i>goodbye</i> (lit. <i>I'm leaving</i>)
!ikwibi ina	<i>how are you?</i> (f)
!ikwibi ena	<i>how are you?</i> (m)
bocho!	<i>come here!</i>

Numbers

'ichame-	1
piye-	2
samaka-	3
bone-	4
botano-	5
sita-	6
saba-	7
nani-	8
tisa-	9
'ikumi-	10

Numbers take suffixes that show the masculine or feminine gender of the noun they modify, *eg.* Hadzabe sitabe = six women (or a mixed group of six women and men), Hadzabi sitabi = six men.

Tongue Twisters

||'ach'o 'a ||'ich'o ||etle'ami ||'utl'etina tl'ikipi.
Frog and wasp passed by the mountain, limping.

|'i'iko n|ts'i |'ets'ana ika |'emets'e'eke n|ets'en|ets'e ts'ititina.
The red-billed firefinch stays at home but the duiker jogs in the trees.

!na!nadeko nena !'ak'ihla 'a ||'inchinobi'i ||'uk'uwakwa |'ak'weyakwa !undeke tikwa kwa||a.

The serval, using his palate and fangs, gnawed at and swallowed a red rat and then he vomited.

Further Reading

- BLURTON-JONES, N.G., L. SMITH, J.F. O'CONNELL, K. HAWKES, AND C.L. KAMUZORA 1992. Demography of the Hadza: An increasing and high density population of savanna foragers. *American Journal of Physical Anthropology* **89**, pp. 159-181.
- HAWKES, K., J.F. O'CONNELL, AND N.G. BLURTON-JONES 1995. Hadza children's foraging: Juvenile dependency, social arrangements, and mobility among hunter-gatherers. *Current Anthropology* **36.4**, pp. 688-700.
- NDAGALA, D.K., S.A.C. WAANE 1982. The effect of research on the Hadzabe: A hunting and gathering group of Tanzania. *Review of Ethnology, Vienna* **8**, pp. 94-105.
- SANDS, B.E. 1998. "Eastern and Southern African Khoisan: Evaluating claims of distant linguistic relationships." *Quellen zur Khoisan-Forschung* **13**, (Rüdiger Köppe Verlag, Köln).
- WOODBURN, J. 1970. "Hunters and gatherers: The material culture of the nomadic Hadza." (The British Museum, London).

World Wide Web Links

Academic work on the Hadzabe.

<http://www.gseis.ucla.edu/facpage/blurtonjones.html>

<http://www.anthro.utah.edu/anthro/hawkes.html>

<http://www.anthro.utah.edu/oconnell.html>

CUSO, a Canadian aid organization active in the Hadza region.

<http://www.cuso.org>

Cultural Survival, research and advocacy for rights of indigenous peoples.

<http://www.cs.org>