

TIZISTWAR SORT LENN

TALES FROM INDIA

TRADIKSION-ADAPTASION PAR DEV VIRAHSAWMY

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ENGLISH	MORISIEN
THE PIGEON AND THE CROW	ZISTWAR PIZON EK KORBO
<p>Once upon a time the Bodhisatta was a Pigeon, and lived in a nest- basket which a rich man's cook had hung up in the kitchen, in order to earn merit by it. A greedy Crow, flying near, saw all sorts of delicate food lying about in the kitchen, and fell a-hungering after it. "How in the world can I get some?" thought he? At last he hit upon a plan.</p> <p>When the Pigeon went to search for food, behind him, following, following, came the Crow.</p> <p>"What do you want, Mr. Crow? You and I don't feed alike."</p> <p>"Ah, but I like you and your ways! Let me be your chum, and let us feed together."</p> <p>The Pigeon agreed, and they went on in company. The Crow pretended to feed along with the Pigeon, but ever and anon he would turn back, peck to bits some heap of cow-dung, and eat a fat worm. When he had got a bellyful of them, up he flies, as pert as you like:</p> <p>"Hullo, Mr. Pigeon, what a time you take over your meal! One ought to draw the line somewhere. Let's be going home before it is too late." And so they did.</p> <p>The cook saw that his Pigeon had brought a friend, and hung up another basket for him.</p> <p>A few days afterwards there was a great purchase of fish which came to the rich man's kitchen. How the Crow longed for some! So there he lay, from early morn, groaning and making a great noise. Says the Pigeon to the Crow:</p> <p>"Come, Sir Crow, and get your breakfast!"</p>	<p>Lontan, bien lontan ti ena enn pizon ki ti pe viv dan enn pagne ki kwizinie enn gran misie ti ranze pou li e ki ti anpandan dan lakwizinn. Sa ti fer so patron plezir. Enn korbo gourman, enn zour, ti pas par la. Ler li ti get dan lakwizinn li ti trouv enn trale bon manze e deswit so vant ti koumans grogne. Ki ti kapav fer pou souk enpe manze?</p> <p>Ler Pizon ti sorti pou rod manze, korbo ti swiv li.</p> <p>- Ki ou'le Misie Korbo? Zame nou lasas ansam.</p> <p>- Mo kontan to manier. Anou rod manze ansam!</p> <p>Pizon pa ti maynn. Toule de ti ansam dan lezer. Korbo ti fer koumadir li ti parey kouma pizon me tanzantan li ti glise, li ti al dan depotwar pou fouy malang pou gob enn lever. Kan so boyo ti ranpli, li ti retourn kot Pizon.</p> <p>- He, Misie Pizon, ala to pran letan pou manze. Finn ler pou retourn lakaz.</p> <p>Toulede ti anvole lor sime retour.</p> <p>Ler kwizinie ti trouv konpagnon so pizon li ti anpandan enn lot pagne pou li.</p> <p>Detrwa zour pli tar peser ti livre enn gro kargezon pwason dan lakwizinn. Pa bizen dir, Korbo so lapeti ti fite. Tout lazourne so vant ti grogne e li ti azite. Li pa ti pe kapav tini anplas. Pizon pa ti abitie ar sa kalite manier.</p> <p>- Misie Korbo, ou pa pou nasta zordi?</p> <p>- Ayo! Mo pa bien. Mo gagn maloker. Mo</p>

"Oh dear! oh dear! I have such a fit of indigestion!" says he.

"Nonsense! Crows never have indigestion," said the Pigeon. "If you eat a lamp-wick, that stays in your stomach a little while; but anything else is digested in a trice, as soon as you eat it. Now do what I tell you; don't behave in this way just for seeing a little fish."

"Why do you say that, master? I have indigestion."

"Well, be careful," said the Pigeon, and flew away.

The cook prepared all the dishes, and then stood at the kitchen door, wiping the sweat off his body. "Now's my time!" thought Mr. Crow, and alighted on a dish containing some dainty food. Click! The cook heard it, and looked round. Ah! he caught the Crow, and plucked all the feathers out of his head, all but one tuft; he powdered ginger and cummin, mixed it up with butter-milk, and rubbed it well all over the bird's body.

"That's for spoiling my master's dinner and making me throw it away!" said he, and threw him into his basket. Oh, how it hurt!

By-and-by the Pigeon came in, and saw the Crow lying there, making a great noise. He made great game of him, and repeated a verse of poetry:

"Who is this tufted crane I see
Lying where he's no right to be?
Come out! my friend, the crow is near,
And he may do you harm, I fear!"

To this the Crow answered with another:

"No tufted crane am I—no, no!
I'm nothing but a greedy crow.
I would not do as I was told,
So now I'm plucked, as you behold."

And the Pigeon rejoined with a third verse:

"You'll come to grief again, I know—
It is your nature to do so;
If people make a dish of meat,
'Tis not for little birds to eat."

Then the Pigeon flew away, saying: "I can't live with this creature any longer." And the Crow lay there groaning till he died.

kwar mo vant finn deranze.

- Pa rakont zistwar. Korbo so lestoma solid. Li kapav manz ros. Li dizer lakaz karya. Dan ou kafe peyna triyaz. Aret ou sinema! Pa parski ou trouv pwason dan lakwizinn ki ou bizen fer koumadir ou pa finn manze depi enn semenn. Mo konn ou grimas bien.

- Pa bon to koz koumsa! Kwar mwa, mo pa bien mo dir twa. Endizestion mo kwar!

- Bon, mo pe sorti. Pa fane dan mo labsans. Pa gat repitasion zwazo!

Kwizinie ti fini prepar manze extra pou so patron. Li ti al dibout kot laport lakwizinn pou gagn enpe ler fre. Korbo ti profite pou koken manze lor latab. Kwizinie so zorey ti finn e li ti tann enn ti tapaz. Li ti vire pou gete. Li ti may Korbo anplen. Li ti trap li, deplim li, ti kit zis enn ti touf lor so latet. Li ti kraz zenzam ek kanel, ti melanz li ar lasi. Lerla li ti frot sa melanz la partou lor lekor Korbo.

- Sa pou aprann twa gat manze mo patron; obliz mwa zet bon manze.

Li ti zet li dan so pagne.

Ler Pizon ti retourne, li ti trouv dan ki leta Korbo ti ete. Li ti sikann li ar enn ti sante.

- Ki sa zozo bizar

Dan pagne pa pou li?

Tansion, tansion razwar

Vinn sot likou touni!

- Mo pa zozo bizar;

Mo zis enn voras.

Mo ti kwar mo'enn nanar,

Lergete enn fay ras.

Lerla Pizon ti dir li ki zot pa ti pou kapav lasas ansam parski zot ti tro diferan.

- Kan to koken manze lezot

Bizen pare pou met menot!

Pizon ti prefer sanz baz, al zwenn dimoun plis frekantab. Korbo ti res dan so pagne, tousel, abandone, ziska lamor.

ENGLISH	MORISIEN
THE BROKEN POT	PO KASE
<p>There lived in a certain place a Brahman, whose name was Svabhavak_ri_pa_n_a, which means "a born miser." He had collected a quantity of rice by begging, and after having dined off it, he filled a pot with what was left over. He hung the pot on a peg on the wall, placed his couch beneath, and looking intently at it all the night, he thought, "Ah, that pot is indeed brimful of rice. Now, if there should be a famine, I should certainly make a hundred rupees by it. With this I shall buy a couple of goats. They will have young ones every six months, and thus I shall have a whole herd of goats. Then, with the goats, I shall buy cows. As soon as they have calved, I shall sell the calves. Then, with the calves, I shall buy buffaloes; with the buffaloes, mares. When the mares have foaled, I shall have plenty of horses; and when I sell them, plenty of gold. With that gold I shall get a house with four wings. And then a Brahman will come to my house, and will give me his beautiful daughter, with a large dowry. She will have a son, and I shall call him Somasarman. When he is old enough to be danced on his father's knee, I shall sit with a book at the back of the stable, and while I am reading, the boy will see me, jump from his mother's lap, and run towards me to be danced on my knee. He will come too near the horse's hoof, and, full of anger, I shall call to my wife, 'Take the baby; take him!' But she, distracted by some domestic work, does not hear me. Then I get up, and give her such a kick with my foot." While he thought this, he gave a kick with his foot, and broke the pot....</p>	<p>Enn fwa ti ena enn soumrra. Pli lare ki li pa ti ekziste. Toulezour li ti dimann lasarite , rod zafer moufta e li ti servi so pouvwar maraz pou fer mem dimoun pli pov donn li diri basmati ki li ti kasiet dan enn po anterkwit ki ti anpandan lor so lili. Samem ti so trezor. Souvan, olie dormi, li ti fixe so lizie lor so po diri basmati e li ti fer toutsort kalite rev.</p> <p>“Mo po ranpli. Si enn zour ena lafaminn, mo pou kapav vann sa diri la ar bann risar e mo pou gagn boukou larzan. Ar larzan la mo pou aste enn bouk ek enn kabri. Ler zot krwaze, mo pou gagn boukou ti kabri. Mo pou vann tou mo kabri ek kas lavant mo pou aste detrwa vas ki pou donn mwa toro ek zenis. Ler mo vann zot mo pou aste seval ek ziman. Ziman pou donn mwa boukou ti poulen ek poulis. Ler mo vann zot mo pou gagn enn fortinn ki mo pou servi pou konstrir enn vila. Lerla pli gran risar dan vilaz pou vinn donn mwa dahej pou mo marye ar so tifi. Mo fam lerla pou gagn enn garson ki pou kontan zwe ar mwa.</p> <p>Kan garson la trouv mwa li pou kit godi so mama pou vinn fer gate ar mwa, fer kem-kem mo seval, mont kadadak.</p> <p>Si zame so mama pa pe okip li kouma bizen e li kapav gagn dimal, mo pou angel so mama. “Eta fam, to pa trouve sa zanfan la kapav gagn dimal. Si ariv li kiksoz, mo kas to lagel.”</p> <p>Si li pa pran kont, mo pou fou li enn kotpie dan so deryer, koumsa...”</p> <p>Anmemtan li ti avoy so lipie anler ar lafors. So lipie ti pik penalti ar po diri ki ti pe anpandan lor so lili. Po ti eklate e diri ti fane partou. Enn larme zwazo ti anvole, rantre e ti balaye tou prop.</p>

ENGLISH	MORISIEN
<p align="center">THE LION AND THE CRANE</p>	<p align="center">ZISTWAR LION EK SIGOGN</p>
<p>... as a lion was eating meat a bone stuck in his throat. The throat became swollen, he could not take food, his suffering was terrible. The crane seeing him, as he was perched on a tree looking for food, asked, "What ails thee, friend?" He told him why. "I could free thee from that bone, friend, but dare not enter thy mouth for fear thou mightest eat me." "Don't be afraid, friend, I'll not eat thee; only save my life." "Very well," says he, and caused him to lie down on his left side. But thinking to himself, "Who knows what this fellow will do," he placed a small stick upright between his two jaws that he could not close his mouth, and inserting his head inside his mouth struck one end of the bone with his beak. Whereupon the bone dropped and fell out. As soon as he had caused the bone to fall, he got out of the lion's mouth, striking the stick with his beak so that it fell out, and then settled on a branch. The lion gets well, and one day was eating a buffalo he had killed. The crane, thinking "I will sound him," settled on a branch just over him, and in conversation spoke this first verse:</p> <p>"A service have we done thee To the best of our ability, King of the Beasts! Your Majesty! What return shall we get from thee?"</p> <p>In reply the Lion spoke the second verse:</p> <p>"As I feed on blood, And always hunt for prey, 'Tis much that thou art still alive Having once been between my teeth."</p> <p>Then in reply the crane said the two other verses:</p> <p>"Ungrateful, doing no good, Not doing as he would be done by, In him there is no gratitude, To serve him is useless.</p> <p>"His friendship is not won By the clearest good deed. Better softly withdraw from him, Neither envying nor abusing."</p>	<p>Ler Lion ti pe manze, enn lezo ti tas dan so lagorz. Li ti pe soufer douler atos. Enn sigogn ki ti pe rod manze, ti trouv li e ti bien sagren li.</p> <p>- Ki pe ariv ou mo bourzwa?</p> <p>- Pa koze matlo. Enn lezo finn tas dan mo lagorz.</p> <p>- Mo kapav tir li ar mo long labek me mo per ki ler mo met mo latet dan ou lagel, ou ferm ou lamaswar e sot mo likou.</p> <p>- Pa per sa matlo. Mo pa pou fer sa ar mo sover!</p> <p>Sigogn ti enn gran malen. Pou evit problem li ti servi enn baton pou kal lamaswar Lion ki pa ti pou kapav ferm so lagel. Lerala li ti plonz so latet dan lagel Lion e ar so long labek li ti dekal lezo la e ti tir li. Par prekosion li ti deklase tansion Lion ti anvi manz laser sigogn.</p> <p>Lion ki ti ankor gagn lagorz fermal pa ti fer nanye brit.</p> <p>Detrwa mwa pli tar, enn zour Sigogn ti trouv Lion pe devor enn bouk. Sigogn ti anvi teste li.</p> <p>- <i>Rapel servis mo ti rann ou Kan ou ti'ena enn gro boubou. Aster ki ou nepli dan douk, Eski ou pou partaz ou bouk?</i></p> <p>Lion ti reponn li:</p> <p>- <i>Mwa mo zis manz laviann segnan! Pa fer mwa perdi mo letan! Dir merci to ankor vivan! Aster to pou gout mo ledan!</i></p> <p>Sigogn ti servi so lezel e lor vites li ti fonn.</p> <p>- <i>Samem apel nimakarram! Li pa ena ditou sharram. Li bliye vit seki yerswar Ti tir li dan nik marenwar.</i></p>

ENGLISH	MORISIEN
THE TALKATIVE TORTOISE	ALA KI ARIV TORTI BAVAR
<p>... Now this king was very talkative; while he was speaking, others had no opportunity for a word. And the future Buddha, wanting to cure this talkativeness of his, was constantly seeking for some means of doing so.</p> <p>At that time there was living, in a pond in the Himalaya mountains, a tortoise. Two young hamsas, or wild ducks, who came to feed there, made friends with him. And one day, when they had become very intimate with him, they said to the tortoise:</p> <p>"Friend tortoise! the place where we live, at the Golden Cave on Mount Beautiful in the Himalaya country, is a delightful spot. Will you come there with us?"</p> <p>"But how can I get there?"</p> <p>"We can take you, if you can only hold your tongue, and will say nothing to anybody."</p> <p>"Oh! that I can do. Take me with you."</p> <p>"That's right," said they. And making the tortoise bite hold of a stick, they themselves took the two ends in their teeth, and flew up into the air....</p> <p>... So just as the swift flight of the wild ducks had brought him over the king's palace in the city of Benares, he let go of the stick he was biting, and falling in the open courtyard, split in two! And there arose a universal cry, "A tortoise has fallen in the open courtyard, and has split in two!"</p> <p>The king, taking the future Buddha, went to the place, surrounded by his courtiers; and looking at the tortoise, he asked the Bodisat, "Teacher! how comes he to be fallen here?"</p> <p>The future Buddha thought to himself, "Long expecting, wishing to admonish the king, have I sought for some means of doing so. This tortoise must have made friends with the wild ducks; and they must have made him bite hold of the stick, and have flown up into the air to take him to the hills. But he, being unable to hold his tongue</p>	<p>Enn fwa dan enn pei, ti ena enn lerwa ki ti extra bavar e person dan so lantouraz pa ti kapav met enn virgil. Li ti monopoliz konversasion. So konseye ki ti apel Bouda ti fer tou pou sanz so manier me anven.</p> <p>Sa lepok la mem ti ena enn torti ki ti pe viv dan bor Gran Basen dan Montagn Imalaya. De kanar sovaz ki ti vinn rod manze laba ti fini par vinn kamarad ar li. Kan zot ti vinn veritab torsenn kole, zot ti koumans koz lor zot prop gawn e zot ti rod amenn zot nouvo kamarad laba.</p> <p>- Kamarad Torti nou anvi envit twa pou vizit nou pei ki apel Lakav Lor lor Montagn Splendid, lot kote Imalaya. Enn pei merveye! To pou aksepte nou envitasion?</p> <p>- Be kouma pou fer pou al laba?</p> <p>- Nou pou kapav amenn twa akondision ki to konn bous to labous.</p> <p>- Rayto! Amenn mwa.</p> <p>- Ekout nou bien. Mord sa baton la omilie. Nou, nou pou trap sakenn enn kote baton la e nou pou sarye twa ziska nou ariv dan nou pei extra.</p> <p>Ler zot ti ariv lor sato lerwa dimoun ti pe kriye.</p> <p>- Eh, get lao, enn torti ki pe aprann anvole!</p> <p>Olie ferm so labous, torti ti anvi zour zot. Kouma li ti ouver so labous li ti sape, tonbe, al kraz lor pavaz.</p> <p>Lerwa ek so konseye ti vinn rann enn kont. Tou bann kourtizan ti antour zot. Lerwa ti dimann so konseye explik li kifer enn zafer koumsa kapav arive. Konseye ti fini realize ki sa ti enn bon lokazion pou donn lerwa enn bon leson.</p> <p>- De kanar sovaz ti dir torti bavar mord enn baton omilie e zot de ti pou trap enn bout sakenn. Zot ti dir li fer bien atansion. Ariv seki ariv, li pa ti gagn drwa koze parski si li ti pou ouver so labous, li ti pou sape, tonbe e li pa ti pou sorti la vivan.</p>

when he hears any one else talk, must have wanted to say something, and let go the stick; and so must have fallen down from the sky, and thus lost his life." And saying, "Truly, O king! those who are called chatter-boxes— people whose words have no end—come to grief like this...

... And the king henceforth refrained himself, and became a man of few words.

Ler zot ti lao dan lezer, torti ki ti enn move bavar pa ti kapav bous so labous. Rezilta li ti finn sape, tonbe, al kraz lor pavaz.

Ou trouve Mazeste souvan li meyer bous nou labous, ekoute. Ala ki ariv bann ki, ale-vini, zot yap-yap-yap-yap-yap-yap koumadir garni koze finn fware.

Depi sa zour la lerwa ti sanz so manier parski li pa ti ole fini kouma torti bavar.

ENGLISH	MORISIEN
THE GOLD-GIVING SERPENT	KADO NAAGDEV
<p>... There was a farmer, but poor was the return his labour brought him. One day, at the end of the hot hours, the Brahman, overcome by the heat, lay down under the shadow of a tree to have a doze. Suddenly he saw a great hooded snake creeping out of an ant-hill near at hand. So he thought to himself, "Sure this is the guardian deity of the field, and I have not ever worshipped it. That's why my farming is in vain. I will at once go and pay my respects to it."</p> <p>When he had made up his mind, he got some milk, poured it into a bowl, and went to the ant-hill, and said aloud: "O Guardian of this Field! all this while I did not know that you dwelt here. That is why I have not yet paid my respects to you; pray forgive me." And he laid the milk down and went to his house. Next morning he came and looked, and he saw a gold denar in the bowl, and from that time onward every day the same thing occurred he gave milk to the serpent and found a gold denar.</p> <p>One day the Brahman had to go to the village, and so he ordered his son to take the milk to the ant-hill. The son brought the milk, put it down, and went back home. Next day he went again and found a denar, so he thought to himself: "This ant-hill is surely full of golden denars; I'll kill the serpent, and take them all for myself." So next day, while he was giving the milk to the serpent, the Brahman's son struck it on the head with a cudgel. But the serpent escaped death by the will of fate, and in a rage bit the Brahman's son with its sharp fangs, and he fell down dead at once. His people raised him a funeral pyre not far from the field and burnt him to ashes.</p> <p>Two days afterwards his father came back, and when he learnt his son's fate he grieved and mourned. But after a time, he took the bowl of milk, went to the ant-hill, and praised the serpent with a loud voice.</p> <p>After a long, long time the serpent appeared, but only with its head out of the opening of the ant-hill, and spoke to the Brahman: "'Tis greed that brings you here, and makes you even forget</p>	<p>Enn fwa ti ena enn fermie ki ti pe travay dir me rannman dan so laferm ti bien fay. Enn zour kan ti pe fer bien so, li ti al kas enn poz anba enn pie. Souden li ti trouv enn serpan sorti dan enn nik fourmi pre kot li. Li ti panse:</p> <p>- Alerman limem naagdev ki vey mo karo. Kouma mo pa ti kone, zame mo pa finn fer so servis. Aster mo konpran kifer rannman dan mo karo bien-bien meg. Bien bizen koriz mo erer e fer servis naagdev toutswit.</p> <p>Deswit li ti al sers enn bol dile pou donn naagdev, gardien so karo.</p> <p>- O Gardien mo karo, pardonn mwa. Mo pa ti kone ki ou ti pe viv isi e mo pa finn fer seki mo devwar ti dir mwa fer.</p> <p>Li ti poz bol dile la e li ti retourn kot li. Lelandime ler li ti retourn dan karo, bol dile ti vid e dan plas dile ti ena enn pies annor. Depi sa zour la, toulezour mem zafer ti pe arive. Li ti donn dile; naagdev ti donn li enn pies annor.</p> <p>Enn zour fermie la ti bien bizen al okip enn zafer anvil ki ti ase lwen e li ti dimann so garson okip bol dile. Kouma so papa ti dir li, li ti poz bol dile la kot nik fourmi e lelandime li ti gagn enn sok. Dan plas dile ti ena enn pies annor. Tilom ti koumans fer lespri travay. Ala seki li ti pe panse:</p> <p>- Sirman sa nik fourmi la ranpli ar pies annor. Si mo touy serpan la, tou bann pies annor pou vinn pou mwa.</p> <p>Lelandime kouma naagdev ti lev latet, garson la ti flank li enn kout matrak lor so latet. Pa sa ki ti pou fini naagdev. Ankoler naagdev ti mord grengale la ki ti tom sek.</p> <p>De zour pli tar so papa ti retourne e li ti aprann move nouvel. Apre servisdemor, li ti retourn kot nik fourmi ar so bol dile. Li ti loue naagdev ki ti tarde pou paret. Apre enn bon bout letan naagdev so latet ti paret. Zis so latet.</p> <p>- Se pa lamour ki amenn twa isi; se lentere personel; se laswaf lor; gourmandiz lor. To telman kontan lor ki to finn mem bliye lamor to</p>

the loss of your son. From this time forward friendship between us is impossible.

Your son struck me in youthful ignorance, and I have bitten him to death. How can I forget the blow with the cudgel? And how can you forget the pain and grief at the loss of your son?" So speaking, it gave the Brahman a costly pearl and disappeared.

But before it went away it said: "Come back no more."

The Brahman took the pearl, and went back home, cursing the folly of his son.

garson ki finn mor parski li ti enn enbesil.

Me twa, kouma to kapav bliye lamor enn zanfan?

Nou lamitie finn mor. Pran sa perl la ki pou fer twa rapel to erer ziska to mor.

Mo pale retrouv twa isi! Namaste!

Fermie ti pran perl la, ti retourn so lakaz.

Pov enbesil la! Olie li ti realiz so erer, li ti modi so garson.

Fasil met tor lor lezot.

Pa mwa sa, li sa!