

There once was a man who lived with his wife and sons. He always stayed in the village. His wife had been bringing food from her garden; she cooked and they ate it until the garden and the food were finished. And so she said to her husband, "Our garden is finished. You cut and make sago and the boys and I will be saved." The husband did not listen to what his wife said.

They always slept until daybreak, and then the man got up, slung his string bag and went to another village. There he would sit until he was ready to finish and come back. They lay down and slept until day broke. He did the same thing: he took and slung his string bag and went down to stay at another village. But his wife had no food. So she filled the cooking pot with stones and cooked them. She left the pot standing in the ashes of the cooking fire until her husband came home. He came up to the house and saw the pot standing in the cooking spot. He asked his wife, "What's in the pot?" His wife replied, "What will it be? I was staying and became desperate so I filled the pot with bad ones which are cooking. Go get a fork, open up the pot, spear what you want and eat it." So the man got his fork and took off the leaf from the pot so he could spear the taro inside. But he speared the stone and his fork broke. He cried, "What is this?" His wife replied, "I told you and you were listening that I finished bringing the food. That is why I cooked these stones. You are going to eat them, for there is no taro."

The man was ashamed, because of his neglect, the woman divorced her husband and married another man. She divorced her first husband because he was bad.