

Some small boys once collected snails. They made a fire and roasted them. A little boy happened by and asked them, "What are you baking?" "We cut off our mothers' breasts," they replied. "That is what we are baking. You should go and ask your mother to cut off her breasts for you so that you also can bake them." That little boy returned to the village. He went to his mother. "Mummy," he said, "cut off your breasts and give them to me." His mother asked him why. "The other mothers cut off their breasts for their young sons to bake. They are doing that now." But his mother said, "If I cut off my breasts to give you, I will die!" The little boy pleaded, "But my friends' mothers were willing to cut off their breasts for their sons to bake. You *must* cut yours' off and give them to me so that I can join the others and bake them." His mother repeated her objection but the boy threw a tantrum, crying and rolling about on the ground. At last she relented. She cut off her breasts and gave them to her son. Off he went while his mother was dying behind him. But when he arrived, his friends said, "We are not really baking our mothers' breasts; we are baking snails. Your mother cut her breasts off to give to you and so killed herself." That little boy started to cry. He turned back to the village where his mother had died.