

There was once a big village where the people broke ground, planted their gardens and ate their crops. One day a woman said to her husband, "Let's pack up and go to the garden to sleep." She collected their things and off they went to the garden. They put their belongings into the garden house and then set off to work. They worked until the sun began to set and started back to the garden house. They were talking and but soon began to argue. The man went away saying, "That's it. I'm going home." He took his axe and went back to the village. Now the wife came back to the garden house afterwards not realizing that her husband was not there. At first she thought he must have gone off somewhere and would soon return. But as it got dark, she knew that he was not coming back, so she cooked some food. After eating it, she went up into the house and barred the door.

While she was staying there, Meteor came across the sky from the village side. The village people saw him and cried out, "Oh! Meteor!" They saw him racing. He came to ground on the garden road. Meteor stood up and climbed over the garden fence. His light shone across the garden. It shone right into the house where the woman was staying. The woman thought to herself, "Oh dear! This must be Meteor. Has he come here?" Meteor could smell a body. He paced back and forth across the garden smelling everywhere, trying to find it. Nothing there. At last he came up to the garden house and pulled on the door, but the door held fast. "Open up!" he called out. "I'm coming up." The terrified woman said nothing. He kept telling her to open the door, but she remained silent. He became impatient and forced his way through the door. The woman jumped up. Meteor grabbed her and they began to wrestle fiercely.

Her husband, who was still in the village, began to worry about his wife. He wondered about the direction that Meteor had taken. Making up his mind, he got his knife and started off for the garden. As he climbed over the garden fence, he saw the bright light coming from the garden house. "Arel," he said. "Meteor came in here. He may have killed my wife already!" Then he heard the noise of their blows. He climbed into the house where Meteor and his wife were still fighting. The man grabbed his knife, hit Meteor and then cut him down the middle. Meteor lay flat on the floor, dead. The man cried to his wife, "Hurry! Hurry! Pack up and let's get back to the village." The woman packed their gear and they hurried back to the village.

Translated by Franklin Seri and John Barker, June 22, 1995