

There once was a village of fishermen. One time they caught a turtle. They said, "You can't find banana and taro leaves near the village. You must climb over one range of mountains and then another and another again. Let's go get some cooking leaves so that we can roast and butcher the turtle." So they went off into the mountains in search of the leaves. The turtle lay on the verandah, flapping with its flippers. It began talking. "A little move... a little move", the turtle puffed as it flapped its way across the verandah until it fell to the ground. Still saying, "a little move... a little move" it gradually pushed itself down to the edge of the sea. Some small boys watched as it went into the ocean, dived and disappeared. Meanwhile the people had gathered their leaves. They returned but saw that the verandah was empty. "What happened to it?" they cried. The little boys answered, "We saw. It kept saying, 'a little move... a little move' as it pushed itself down to the sea. It dove under water and got away."

*Translated by John Barker and Franklin Seri*

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