

Once upon a time, an old woman lived in the village. One day she picked up her *kandi* basket and her *voja* stringbag and took them down to the shore of a lake. She sat there and removed her head. She submerged it in the water and waited by the lake side. All kinds of fish came into her head, filling it. As soon as her head was full, she went into the water and felt for it with her legs. She carried it back to shore and dumped out the fish, once again returning the head into the water. She did this until she had caught all the fish she wanted. She put her head back on, filled her basket and stringbag and carried the fish to her house. Once home, she cooked and ate those fish until they were all finished. When she saw that she was running low, she went back to the same place and did the same thing: She took off her head and left it submerged in the water for the fish to swim into. When the fish came, she felt around with her legs and carried her head back to shore. She emptied out the fish, put her head back on, filled her big basket and stringbag and made her way home.

She did this for a long time. Other people in the village began to wonder how this old woman managed to catch so many fish. They talked about it at length and decided to keep an eye on her the next time she went out. If she was going fishing, one person would follow her and learn how she caught so many fish.

One day the old woman once again set off to fish. The people saw her leaving the village. One of them followed her and hid himself in the jungle near the lake. He watched as she took off her head and submerged it under water. The fish swam in and then she felt around with her legs for her head. She brought up the head, dumped it and returned it to the water. While the old woman was waiting for her head to fill up the second time, the man came down, took her head out of the water and hid it. The old woman went back into the lake, feeling everywhere for her head. "Where is my head?" she cried out. "It was here attracting the fish." She looked everywhere, but the poor old woman could not find her head. In the end, she stopped looking and died.

Eventually, the old woman's head germinated and grew into a palm tree where it had been hidden in the jungle. The coconut palm that grew from it bore plenty of nuts. Some dry ones fell to the ground and more coconuts grew from them. One day a man who was out hunting with his dogs came across the coconuts and wondered what they were. He broke open a sprouting one and gave some of the flesh to his dogs to eat. When he saw the dogs eating the coconut, he knew that it was good food and began eating it himself.

*Notes:*

- Probably not Maisin though Lambert said it was.
- See Frederick's version of "Coconut Story".

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