

People lived in the village. They planted taro and bananas. But one old man and his wife planted more didige (a small melon). They planted those melons and that was all they ate. One day small children came down to the river to swim. They said, "Let's go." When they came up a small girl went with her mother to the garden. They worked in the garden. When they were coming back, the small girl said she wanted to go to the toilet. Her mother said, "You can go into that small garden there." When she went in she saw the more didige. She put one into her pocket and came. She was frightened of her mother finding out what she had done; so she wrapped the melon up in a banana leaf and put it inside her dress. Then they came to the village. They slept. The next morning the little girl went swimming in the river with her friends. She said to them, "Come to the house. I have something to show you in the house." They came up and gathered at the house. She brought the didige down. They got shells called gin kosassa. They peeled the melon with those. They did this until they finished it. That small girl said, "It is very sweet. We must go and get more of these. "O.k. we'll go tomorrow morning."

The next day, after their parents went to the gardens, the children said, "Our parents have gone to the garden so we can go now." While the bigger children went, the smaller ones followed them. They came up to the garden fence and climbed over. They saw those didige and they were eating. The old man and his wife were in the village. A tove (March fly) came and bit the old man. He got up and said, "Who is in my garden eating my didige." His wife said, "You better go to the garden." So the old man got up and went to the garden. He got to the fence and heard talking. When he looked in, he saw groups and groups of children eating didige. Then he came back to the village and got his pig net (foke). Then he went back and put it across the fence. Then he went around and started chasing the children. They ran all directions. Some were crying. He caught a few of them. The rest ran into his net and they couldn't get out of it. Those which went in the net, he wrapped up and put a pole through to carry, after having thrown the remaining children he had caught by hand into the net.

When he came up to the village, his wife thought he was bringing pigs. Then she saw they were children. "Aja! Why are you bringing all these chiefs' people and village people's children? They are not pigs!" The husband got up and scolded her. "Why do you say this. We will cook these children; they will be good to eat." Then he said, "Tomorrow you must chop firewood. I will go into the bush and get leaves called dowa. The next morning the man said, "I'm going to go far away where those mountains are and get them there." So in the morning, the wife cut a big tree down, cut it up and put them under the house. Meanwhile the children asked each other, "What do you have in your hand?" One said, "I have kosassa." Another said, "I have giu." Another said, "What have you got?" "I've got sikafu ando." "I've got sambiki." "What have you got?" "I've got sivei." Then they said, "O.k. We can cut the net." They started to cut. The woman took the pot down to the river filled it and came back. While she was taking the second pot, the children cut through the net and jumped down. Then they went up to the house and took the foe fisiga. They told the big one to sit by the doorway and the rest sat inside. They said to the big one, "When this old woman comes to the door, you hit her over the head. When she tries to fight we will all come in and kill her." They planned this and hid in the house.

The old woman finished her wash and then picked up the pot. As she came up to the door of the house, the bigger boy hit her on the head and broke the pot. Then the rest got up and began to hit her. She cried out, "Oh, my grandchildren! Don't kill me!" But they hit her and killed her. They took her out of the house, singed her, brought her back and butchered her. Then they took

down the pots. They put her head into one and the rest of her body in the others. They put water in and started cooking the body over the fires.

While the pots were cooking, the husband came back. They were frightened of him, so they went and climbed on the coconut palms. They had hung the intestine at the door. He thought that it was the small children's so he began eating it. As he came in the doorway he saw all of the pots. He said, "Did she cook all of the small children, or did some run away?" Then he took one pot out. When he took the leaves off, there was a head inside. He started eating that head. When he was eating the children on the coconuts started to sing:

You are eating your own wife.
Who will tell you?

They kept singing that. When he finished eating the head. He thought that it was small birds. "Why are these small birds crying?" They kept singing while he was eating. A hair caught in his teeth. He pulled it out and saw that it was his wife's hair. "Oh, these small children killed my wife! It is her that I am eating!"

He went up to his house and got his axe down. He began to cut the tree. The children kept singing:

You ate your own wife
Who will tell you?

He chopped through the coconut, but as it fell the children jumped across to the next one. As he cut the coconuts they went from tree to tree. It went on till they came to the last coconut near the river. While he tried to cut the children said to each other, "When I go down I'll become ririsi (prawns)" "I'll become kuma (fish)" "I'll become kurume (fish)" "I'll become sembo (fish)" "I'll become oten (fish)" "I'll become soven (fish). The others said, "O.k. we'll be ririsi too." As they said this the tree started to lean over the water. When it went inside the water all the children became small fish. As the man came up to get his fishing net. He tried to get the fish but they swam away. So he went up and got the pots and poured them out. Now he stays at Kerorova.