

A man lived in the village. Every morning he would go and make his own garden. He never went fishing, he always went to the garden. One day he came home from the garden and his wife said, "You never go fishing. When they go they only give us the small ones. So why don't you go fishing and then we will have big ones to cook." So one morning all the people went fishing. He went after them. They went around two points and were fishing there. He went up and got a leaf. He went and put the leaf in the water. He went up and called for fish. All sorts of fish came and went through those leaves. When all those big fish got stuck on his leaf, he pulled out the leaf and carried the fish up to the village. As he went up to his house, the people came after him. When he came up to his wife, the village people asked those who had gone fishing, "He got big ones, but you didn't. He got plenty, but you didn't. Where did he got to get these fish?" That old man kept doing that: he kept using his leaf and getting plenty while the rest did not.

One morning when the people were going, a small boy went with his father. He said, "I want to go up on the beach." So he went up on the beach and into the bush for toilet. He saw that leaf but didn't know it. He was staying there. He saw the old man come up and get the leaf. The old man went down to the beach, put the leaf in and called for fish. That little boy was hidden and watched all of this. When that old man called for fish, he got plenty. The boy went back to this father. They didn't catch many with the nets and only small ones. When those people came back with the small fish, their wives were cross. "You never catch big fish like that old man." They said, "We go out with our nets but never catch fish. Why?"

That small boy heard this. The small boy got up and told his father what he had seen. That afternoon his father made a fire in the varo and all the kawo gathered there. That old man was away at the time. The man got up and said, "That man did magic to catch all of these fish." So they said, "O.k., tomorrow we will hide by that tree and see what this old man will do." In the morning they all went to the beach. They said to the boy, "Where did you go?" "Up here." So he took them to the tree. Some stayed there with their axes while others went down to the sea. They saw plenty of fish, so they encircled them with their nets. While they were down there, that old man went up into the tree and called out. When he did that there were no fish in the nets. They said, "We had plenty of fish. What happened?" The people who had hidden told them, "That old man called out and all the fish left your nets." So they took their axes, chopped the tree down and killed that man.

When they tried to kill him, he said, "Don't kill me here. Take me down so that my blood will run into the salt water." So they took him down and as they cut him up, all of his blood flowed into the waster. The blood became small fish called dodomassa (small red fish), ura and some other red fish. These days we go and catch them.