

People lived in a big village. It was dry season and there was no food. They had little to eat. One morning the kawo man said, "Staying like this is bad. It would be best for all of the village men to make sago to feed to the women and the children." When the kawo man said that, the people said, "That is good; if we stay here we might die."

Next morning the men got their axes and knives and got ready to go. The people walked out past their gardens. They went right into the bush. They found a good place to stay, so all the young boys cut down the bush and made a small house. They and their fathers stayed in the bush. Early in the morning they got out their axes. They went and chopped the sago down. That afternoon they brought the sago up to their house. When they came up the elders said, "Cook all the sago and we'll eat. Tomorrow we'll make more for our wives." So they cooked it all up and ate it.

The next day they went down and made sago. They did the same thing. They brought it up, cooked it and ate it. meanwhile their wives were waiting. Still the men continued to eat all of the sago.

The women waited. Then the moon was up. They said, "Aga! Our husbands went to make sago and they still are not back. What is going on? If they make sago, the young ones should bring some home for us to eat. Later, when there is plenty, they should bring it all home." One afternoon the women made a fire in the *varo*. Some said, "Our husbands have not come back quickly. The rest of you stay while two of us go and find out what they are doing."

So early in the morning 2 women took their things and ran until they came to that place. They looked into the house expecting to see sago - but there was none. All of the men were out working. They said, "What has happened? There is no sago." So they decided to hide and wait for their husbands to return from the bush. They waited. In the afternoon all of the young men brought up the sago and started to cook. The women looked out and saw this. "We'd better go back and tell them." So they quietly crept around the house and made their way back to the village. Later that day they made a fire and sat around. They asked each other, "What will we do to this people?" They said, "O.k. tomorrow go up to your husbands houses, get all of their feathers and nomo, their spears and clubs. We will go and fight them."

Early in the morning they woke up, decorated themselves and went to where their husbands were. They said, "No one must make noise. We'll wait here and see what our husbands do." They lay around the house and waited. When they lay down they said, "We will fight with them. You must fight with own father, or son, or brother. You must fight with him and kill him." All of them laid down. In the afternoon they said, "Not long they will come up here; be ready." "You watch. I'll throw the first spear and you follow." A man came and the woman jumped up and speared him. She cried out, "Faga gagagaga!" Then another woman threw a spear. They started fighting until all the men were dead. One got away. The women chased him but he was a man and ran fast enough to get away. "What happened?" they asked. "He ran away from me." They buried all of the bodies, cheered and turned for home.

They took all the sago. That man ran all the way through the bush. He made his way to the village and knocked on the door. His wife asked, "Who is that." "It is me. Open the door. We were attacked by bush people. They are all dead. You won't see your fathers or brothers again. Let me in." Early in the morning the wife cooked food. The day before she had washed all of the paint off of her face except for a bit behind the ear. Her husband saw the red as they were eating and began to wonder. He thought to himself, "Ah, this was not the Doriri. This was our wives." He said to her, "You stay here and I'll go and see your in-laws across the Tafoti River."

So the man went over and saw his brothers in the village and told them what had happened. They said, "O.k. tomorrow we will fight with them." So that afternoon they put on their things. In the morning they crossed the river, expecting to kill the women as they came out to sweep. The first woman came out of her house with a broom and speared her. She cried out, "The men have come and there are plenty of them." So all the women came out and began to fight. But the men were plenty and they killed all of the women.

If they didn't fight then these days men would be fighting women with spears. (claps).