

A man and his wife lived together. They made a big garden. Every morning when they went to the garden they saw that the pig had come and eaten all of the food. The mother pig gave birth to many small ones, among them was a little boy. They would come into the garden and root. The little boy would take ripe bananas to eat and leave the peels among the rubbish. When the husband and wife went to the garden they would see what had happened and they wondered, "These pigs came and ate the food in our garden, but who came and ate the bananas and left this rubbish here?" So every morning they would see this and they wondered about it.

One day as they went, the husband told his wife, "I'll stay here and tonight I'll see who is doing this thing." So when it got dark the husband hid near the garden and watched. He waited and waited until it was the middle of the night. He heard the pigs coming and said, "Oh, now it is happening." The pigs came in and started to dig for all the taro. But the boy went in and stood there, eating the ripe bananas. The man looked at the boy and said, "Aree!! What should I do? How will I get this boy? I want him to be my son." So the man slowly went in to grab the boy. He came up beside him. He grabbed the boy and he started to struggle. The boy said, "Let me go!" The man said, "I won't hurt you. I have no son, so I want you to be my son." The boy was still struggling, but he man kept talking and talking until the boy stopped struggling. So the man took him back to the village and up to his house. As he came in the wife said, "Eye! It is our son!" The wife was very happy. She told the son to sit on her lap. Then she quickly got up to cook food for her son. When the food was cooked, she gave it to the boy to eat. But the boy said, "I can't eat this. We do not eat this type of food. But the woman said, "Eat this one. It is really good!" The boy didn't want to eat the taro. "You eat this. It's really good. We always eat it." So he ate one piece and then the woman gave him a second one. She asked him, "How is it?" He said, "It's very good." So the boy ate all of the taro.

They kept he boy inside the house. They fed him until he was a big boy. Then the man and woman said, "Our son is a very big boy now, so we'll decorate him and then take him down from the house." So the next day early in the morning the father took the son down to the river and bathed him. Then they came back and had breakfast together. Then they started decorating the boy. He was a very handsome looking boy. When it was the afternoon, the wife went and put a mat on the ba'basi and the boy went out and sat there. The mother went into the house and got a new yaati, son and betelnut and gave them to the son. He sat there chewing. All the village people wondered, "Who is this boy who is sitting on the verandah of this man's house. Where did he come from?"

When all the girls of that village saw that boy they all wanted him to be their toma. All the girls were trying luck (ai-so tinan) because they all wanted him. The village boys were talking among themselves. All the girls in the village don't want us, they just want that boy there - Siko Jiwo - as their mafi. So we must take this boy down to the island and leave him there." So the next day the boys said, "This afternoon we will go and dance on that island." So when the afternoon came they all went and pulled out their canoes. Siko Jiwo said to his parents, "All of my friends are going to dance on that island so I will go with them." But his parents said, "You will not go." "But all of the girls will be there and I want to dance with them." So the parents said, "Nene you can go with your firends." So all the boys and girls went to that island. When they got there they started dancing. They danced on that island until the next morning. When morning came the boys said, "Ove! We will not go back to our village but sleep here. The next afternoon we will go back to our

village." So they all lay under the nice shade of the trees and went to sleep. When all were fast asleep, one of the boys got up and woke all the boys and girls up except Siko Jiwo. He told them, "We will go back to the village and leave this boy here." The girls didn't want, but the boys chased them down to the canoes and then paddled back to the village.

When the boy woke up he looked around the island, but nobody was there. He said, "Are! All my friends left me and went back to our village. How will I go up?" He was still wondering and then he thought, "I will call to my mother." So he called out, "Yawuuuu!" The pig heard it and the pig said, "Where is my son calling from?" So she ran out of the bush and swam all the way out to the island. When she got to the island she asked the son, "What are you doing here?" "They came and left me here, I have no way to get back to the village." So the mother said, "You sit on my back and I'll take you there." So he climbed on to her back. She swam all the way. When they came to shore, the pig went back into the bush. The boy came up into the house and lay down to sleep. It was nighttime.

The next morning the boy woke up and was sitting outside. All the boys and girls saw him and asked, "How did this boy come up? We left him there with no canoes, it is far and he doesn't know how to swim. How did he get here?" Every night the girls would approach him and he was sleeping with them. The boys said, "Oh, we didn't want this. This is why we took him and left him on that island." The boys said, "We'll take this boy down to the island again." So they went. Siko Jiwo didn't stay back, he went with them. They danced all night and lay down to sleep in the morning. Again they left him there but he called his mother and so was able to get back. He called for the mother and she swam all the way down. He went on to her back and they started for shore. All the boys were waiting there with their spears. They said, "We will see what happens. Who will take this boy back?" They saw a pig swimming up. They said, "Oh, it is this pig that is taking the boy up." So when they came into shore all of the boys rushed down and speared that big pig. They tied up the pig's legs, took it up to the village, singed it and started butchering it.

While they did this the boy was very sad. He went down to the firing place and collected the wuwodi (body hairs) of his mother, wrapped them up and took them up to his house. The people shared the pig among themselves and ate it. When they did that the boy was very sad and said to himself, "If I stay here the boys of this village will be very godji and kill me so I'd better leave this place." At that time there was another village where a kaniun was taking place so he went to it. He decorated himself, put on a new tapa cloth and took the wuwodi and walked to the other village. In the afternoon they started dancing and they danced until dawn. In the morning when he looked under the houses he saw that the people had tied up human beings and were planning to cook and eat them. When they were trying to kill them the boy said, "Aga! I don't want to eat these human beings!" So he went out into the bush and threw those wuwodi around. They all turned into pigs and started running into the village. The people got their spears and speared all of them. They singed them, butchered and cooked them to eat. After they had eaten them they gave him a wife and he stayed there.