P. Middelkoop
Four tales with mythical features characteristic of the Timorese people


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FOUR TALES WITH MYTHICAL FEATURES
CHARACTERISTIC OF THE TIMORESE PEOPLE

This article consists of four Timorese tales in original language and translation. It may be useful to give some short introductory remarks about the tales and the general background.

a. *The contents of the tales:*

Of course they speak for themselves, but attention may be drawn to the fact that they are not built up logically. Especially in text A, it is inconsistent that the man has been two weeks in the open sea. When the turtle carries him into the open sea it is full moon and only when it is full moon again he is brought back. Notwithstanding the tale-teller — although an educated pandit — just relates the tale in original form, saying that the man has been out on the turtle's back for two weeks whereas it ought to be four weeks.

It seems to me that all four contain very old traditional clan-tales, except text A that cannot be connected with a definite clan, even if it might be guessed that it is connected with the Nokas-Biaf clan.

In text C. the relationship between the clan Natonis and the turtle is very clear. The second part of the heading in Timorese intrigued me. At first I took the Timorese *bi* as a preposition, but still I could not grasp the meaning of: “ashes of the fire-place”. That is why I began to inquire about the connection between the turtle and the ashes of the fire-place (Indonesian “tungku”). Then it appeared that *Bi* here indicates the name of a woman.

So further investigation was made and the tale could be completed with the addition of the last paragraph.

It is very significant that the heading now appears to consist of an appositional clause, i.e.:

a. *Ke kais muti*: the foreign white turtle;

b. Woman: Ashes of the fire-place (i.e. a kind of Cinderella).

This is confirmed by the fact that in the additional explanation the

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1 This may be due to the fact that in old Timorese stories from crescent to full moon is called a month, and the like from full moon till there is no moon.
turtle is called: be*i-ke which means "ancestress-turtle"; consequently, she ought to be designated as: "Woman of the ashes of the fire-place".

This implies a metaphor: The hot sand into which the turtle digs itself is compared with the ashes of the fire-place. A picturesque expression for the function of the woman in the clan Natonis. Therefore, the kan akun, i.e. the "confessional" name or the "comfortable" name of the clan Natonis, is: Woman of the ashes of the hearth.

b. General background:

When we arrived on Timor in October 1922 we began to ask for tales, and in the beginning of January next I got a tale of two birds: the pui i.e. partridge and the totiu, i.e. rainbird. Unfortunately, the original text got lost during the Japanese occupation, but I still remember the contents quite clearly. The partridge playing in the sand sees a rainbird on the branch of a tree and invites it to come down and play with him. But the rainbird refuses, saying: "It is so dirty there and I want to keep clean."

Whereupon the partridge replies: "If that is the case, never mind, just come down and let us go up to the lake over there. It is very clean water. We may bathe there to our heart's content and be clean and happy."

But the rainbird answered: "I don't like it, I don't think the water of the lake is very clean. On the rim there is much mud and that is very filthy. I like bathing in the drops of rain and dew dripping from the leaves of the trees much better. So I am sorry, but I won't come down and be your playmate."

And this tale concluded with the following statement:

Well, it is clear that the partridge and the rainbird never will meet, because they live in perpetual hostility to each other.

Besides tales concerning birds, many clans believe in the crocodile being their ancestor. There are two kinds of crocodiles on Timor, the one with five fingers and of greenish complexion, the other with three fingers and a reddish tinge. The latter are much more feared because they are man-eaters. Whereas the former only exceptionally attack people. There are clans who, when they find the corpse of a crocodile, bury it and mourn for it as if it were a near relative.

Some of the tales about crocodiles on Timor have been published by a missionary A..Krayer van Aalst in a missionary weekly the "Timor Bode" during the years 1919—1922. A general feature in these
is that crocodiles become incarnate man and join the bonet, i.e. alternative choir singing.

I remember three remarkable events in connection with crocodiles during the time we were engaged in missionary activities on Timor.

The first is of a pagan connected with the crocodile. He told me once he went out with his father to hunt wild buffaloes. A wild buffalo stood still in the river bed and from a height on the riverside he levelled his rifle and shot. The bullet grazed the back of the buffalo, but it so happened that hidden behind it at some distance a crocodile was basking in the sunshine. The bullet hit its right eye. And then the man showing me his eye said: "From that moment, my right eye protruded just as a crocodile's, as you can see here!"

The second was told me by a christian village chief. It was about the year 1939, and prices of crocodile skins were very high and so especially Chinese were very keen on crocodile hunting. Many a time they induced Timorese hunters to join them. So this christian village chief took part in the crocodile hunting.

They arrived at a large deep pool in a river bed and there on the bank a big crocodile lay basking in the sunshine. The chinese hunter levelled his rifle and shot, the bullet hit the beast between its eyes. It slipped down into the pool, but after some moments it came to the surface again. Then it turned half upside down, lifted its right foreleg to its head, just as a soldier saluting his superior. Then it sank again disappearing definitely under the surface of the pool.

Well, said the village chief to me: "When I saw that, my hair stood on end and I trembled. At once I decided not to take part any more in crocodile hunting."

The third was of quite an opposite character. It happened about the year 1934. In the area of Molo near the villages of Tobu and Huëtêta, there is a large pool called Nîju siuf. There a very old and huge crocodile resided. My Timorese friends told me that this old ancestor knew to imitate the lowing of the buffalo cow and the whinny of the mare to lure calves and foals. Many a time he caught one and pulled it down into the pool, satisfying his hunger for meat. On the other hand, there was an old priest who regularly offered sacrifices of hens and goats to the venerable old tone. The Timorese word for crocodile means: the old iron or the old invulnerable one. The soil around the border of the lake is very fertile, but no one dared to till a field there.

The year 1934 was a very difficult year for the Timorese. The crop of the foregoing year had been very bad and there was the well known
period of hunger and starvation on Timor. In that time pandit Z. told
the young people to whom he gave biblical teaching, the story of
Samson. A young man T. H. was deeply impressed. He and his family
were in serious food-difficulties and he was looking for good grounds
to till a new field for the next year. For several days he considered
a question occurring to his mind, running thus: "Why, if the Lord
could give strength and courage to Samson to do such brave deeds,
could not I pray the Lord to strengthen me that I might kill the old
invulnerable one and till a new field on the border of the lake?" He
kept silent and told nobody of what he had in mind. He prepared
himself in prayer and then one morning about daybreak he went alone
with a spear and approached the spot on the border of the lake where
the old crocodile kept quiet in the first rays of the rising sun, expecting
some sacrifice being brought to him. The young man stole stealthily
to the spot where it lay, hiding behind the shrubs on the border. Sud-
denly he stabbed his spear twice, first in the right and then in the left
eye of the huge old fellow. It was killed on the spot and T. H. went
back triumphantly to his relatives, with whom he came back to skin
the crocodile.

Thereafter he tilled a new field on the border of the lake and saw
his indian corn growing prosperously. But the old priest and his
people were furious. Whereas the christians were glad that the old
crocodile was dead and no more colts or calves would disappear into
the lake, the old priest and those belonging to his sphere accused T. H.
and his fellows, because he had occupied the field at the border of the
lake which was utterly taboo according to their belief.

The judge — a government officer — felt himself in an awkward
position. From a formal-legal-standpoint, judging on the base of adat-
justice, he had to pronounce a sentence on the culprits. Consequently,
the judge passed a verdict of three months prison on the young people
concerned who occupied the new field.

The priest and his group rejoiced, but the christians were indignant.
Between these two conceptions there is a deep gap. To the heathen,
the killing of the crocodile meant a disturbance of the cosmic balance;
on the contrary the christians experienced it as a victory of faith and
failed to understand how a government officer, according to their con-
ception belonging to the new sphere of christian life and faith, could
pass such a verdict. They deemed that to be absurd. The very good
crop of the new field in that year was a considerable comfort after the
disappointment of the unexpected sentence.
The belief in these kinds of reptiles is still alive up to the present day. About four years ago, during a short stay for a reading course at Manufui, some christians came to me saying: “What is the use if heathens, when becoming christians, surrender their le’u’s (relics of very different kinds to which sacrifices are brought), but keep bringing sacrifices to a living creature, as the koko manu?”

In this same area they still bring offerings to the obenu, a kind of very poisonous viper. The name obenu consists of “o”, i.e. a kind of bambu, and benu, meaning friend. The tale narrated in text B is connected with it, and there it appears to be an object of worship. Concerning the Koko manu, i.e. the hen-koko, they told me that a species of this kind was fostered in the house near the road side. Sometimes this reptile withdrew into a cave in the neighbourhood, but often resided on the ceiling of the lopo of the family living there.

Afterwards I learned some very interesting particulars about this koko manu, as follows:

It seems to be a kind of flying lizard, but its head is like a cock’s with a crest of a colour between yellow and red. In the dark this crest sometimes seems to be flaming, not red but yellow. Its beak also is like a hen’s beak. Sometimes it mounts the back of a buffalo or cow. When it pecks such an animal, no trace of even the smallest wound is to be found, but anyhow the buffalo or cow dies.

When it is cut open, the blood seems to have changed into yellowish limelike water and even the flesh is said to be a pale shade of red color. If somebody eats such meat he also dies; not only men but dogs also. From other sides in the area of Amanuban they told me the same particulars concerning this koko manu.

As to the koko kauna (the serpent koko), particulars can be found in the Bible Translator Vol. 7, Nu. 3, July 1956, p. 130/133 in connection with the Hebrew word nachasj.

c. Kan-akun:

This timorese expression I translated into English by: “confessional name or comfortable name”. It may be useful to explain this in detail. All names on Timor are given in parallellism and consequently they give two names, the kan-fitî together with the kan-akun. The root fitî means to carry something hanging on a cord like a handle; the indonesian word is: Djindjing. But it is also used in the sense of: making somebody who is ill or weak rise by taking hold of his hand, e.g. as
is told in Acts 3:6, that Peter took the lame man by his right hand and lifted him up. This name is also characterized as the Kan-nitu, i.e. the name of the deceased. That is why you may never mention this name during the lifetime of a person. If you do, he would feel uneasy and never will give any response when being called by this name. On the contrary, the kan-akun is a name that is only used during the lifetime of a person. When somebody is called by this name, he will answer or come. In doing so he confesses this name to be his. For the root aku is used in the sense of: “to confess”, but also means: “to comfort”. Consequently, the kan-akun ought to be interpreted meaning: his comfortable name. When a man is called by that name, he feels comfortable. That is why I translated the expression kan-akun by: the “confessional” name or “comfortable” name. In this connection I may point out how significant the phrasing is occurring in text A, the latter part running: “The name in which I am taken up has stood by me; if not, I would have died.”

May these introductory remarks throw light upon the following four tales, translated into English, revealing the sphere from which they have sprung.

Soè (Timor), October 1956.

P. MIDDELKOOP.

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TEXT A.

KOA-KOA KIKO BNAPAN.
T. Benoefinit.

Atoni anbi pah Amanatun lè natua bi tasi ninèn naèt ansanu nau tasi ninen ma anain kè. Nes-nesi kalau funan natem. Kalau natem tuaf hen sae ma annau nuèn. Mesnokan aai ahinet, fafeat napeni ke namfaun helin ma nekin sisi ke naèk anaek ma neki ke teno amsa⁵.


Atoni natatuina kê nanaèl mèse, naène on pap lopo² mèse. Ke abautin naskeKen ma nain kuk ok-okè, mes nanaè ka naèn fa. Lo in nanau ma anteán snaine amanulat, hake anpoè snain. Anpopoè ma opu mnanun ma mainuane te he nateko, nalali nateko.

Atoni i nabela alu mau benas, naľeau lek-leko néman neu ke nanaè i.

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² A lopo is a housing without built on four poles, made with a ceiling for stores. At the upper end a big round board with a hole is stuck on the top beneath the ceiling to prevent mice from coming up to the stores.
The koa-koa kiko bnapan.
(The "bird which keeps on calling: Stir-up his side".)

The Timorese of the Amanatun-area who live near the coast are accustomed to go down from the hills to the shore to turn turtles upside down on their shells. Especially when it is full moon, the men rise and go out. When it is still dark after full moon, the men who know to turn turtles upside down, sally forth, often catch many turtles, cut the meat into strips and bring much turtle meat as well as turtle eggs home. Once upon a time there was a man (his name is not mentioned) to whom those who had set out, divided part of the booty, either meat or eggs. He ate the meat and sucked out the contents of the eggs. It had a very good taste. After he had eaten, he asked the hunters: "How do you manage these turtles, do you thrust them with a sword or do you slaughter them or shoot them?" The hunters replied: "Oh no, there is no difficulty at all. When we find them trudging on the beach or underneath the sand to lay eggs, we press them and turn them upside down; well then they can not get up, we just cut them in strips until they are dead." The man listened very attentively and took these words to heart. Then he queried again: "When do the turtles come out of the sea to the beach to lay eggs?" The hunters answered: "Mostly when it is full moon". "When do you set out again?" He asked and they replied: "Next full moon we shall go again." Then he replied: "If that is the case, then let us go together. I have never yet set out and I do not know the job either. Let me join you next time to see and learn how you manage to turn them upside down." They agreed. The man did his work and in the evening he marked the moon in order to know when it would be full. He looked and looked, may be perhaps one night before full moon he set out and went before the others to the beach. He was quite alone and arrived first of all. When he was there, he found many turtles coming out to the beach. The turtles on the beach dug themselves into the sand and laid their eggs in the hole they had dug. The man went after a big turtle, as big as a round board at the upper end of a pole in a lopo 2. The small turtles were all startled and fled, but the big one did not flee. It trudged on and on and after having reached the dry sand, it stopped and began to dig into the sand. It dug and dug and when the hole was deep and large enough, it laid its eggs. The man put off his bag, his cover, his machete and bound his loin-cover tightly up between his legs and strode up to the big turtle.
Neman tean kë onnane anhilo neu hen ai nok me, kë aune maeki okeah. In anhakë man hil-hilo antaë nît akloput anbi le ke in konë (ktolen bolan) nalali atoni i natenab nak: Oo bale het na ma atai ès le i: Na'mim nua man tekan bi skloput nane. Naskeket ke nane anukus neone hapi nan atoni niman fuane ok-okë. Atoni nahel-helon anai nît ka nabe'î fa, natuin ke i nàë le'suf. Anai-ai kanabe'sif, hen tet napoitan nafani niman amsa'ka nabe'sî.


Saëlîfani neman tean balan lë afi nateko anbine. Neman tea snaïn nami bale le hen su bine; napeni onnane, ansu ma nateko teni. Naïf i antok-toko bi kë in tunan.
Reaching the turtle, he looked how he could turn the turtle upside down, but the body of the turtle was awfully smooth. He stood and looked and happened to see a hole in the neck of the turtle (the hole at the back of its head); now that fellow thought: “O, this is the spot to get hold of him and turn him upside down.” With both hands he clutched it and put his hands into the hole. Suddenly, the turtle withdrew its head into its shell and jammed the fingers of the man. He did his utmost and tried to turn the turtle upside down, but he could not because this turtle was very big. Turn it upside down he could not, neither could he pull his fingers out; he tried to scream to those who might be on the beach, but there was no village near. Not only were there no helpers, but even there was no answer. He struggled and struggled till he was utterly exhausted; after the turtle had laid its eggs, it sallied off to the sea. The man remained sitting astride the turtle’s back; both went out into the sea, both were carried away by the ocean current. The turtle went wherever it liked in the open sea. Sometimes it dived a little while and then came back to the sea surface which it did again and again so that the man was not drowned but remained alive. The following day towards sunset most of the villagers came to the seashore. After arriving there, they vied with each other to be the first to catch a turtle to turn it upside down. Thus searching they came up to the things of the old fellow: his bag, short sword and cover.

They investigated the sand, where the man had struggled with the turtle; they saw the long drawn track of the fierce struggle; they followed the track as far as the rim of the sea; there it disappeared. Then they said: “The man is as dead as a doornail. May be a turtle, may be something else has caught him and carried him off into the open sea and he is drowned.” They took up the man’s things, his bag, his machete, his cover and went home; they held a ritual gathering and mourned for him. After their mourning, they decided to gather rice and cattle; this decision taken, they performed the ritual in remembrance of the deceased. Having done that, they dispersed. Meanwhile the man remained riding on the back of the turtle. This went on about half a month or two weeks. The old fellow suffered hunger and lost his mind. Thirst affected him the same way. After about half a month from crescent to full moon, the turtle returned to the shore to lay eggs. After having returned, it came to the spot where formerly it had laid eggs. Then it chose the place to dig into the sand and laid its eggs. The old fellow was still sitting on its back.

Dl. 114 26

Namolok ma anpeon sin na5'ko le in hen ai kë talan tea kë anhapi nan, nalali nain neki neu tasi, talan tea fun abùiaf na anfani nèm nukan bi tasi ninèn. Anpeo knut-nutu talan tea namsopu.

In anpeo nasopu nalali abitin umè anpeo neo le sin nem nita baèlin bi tasi ninèn ma slatif le tea tasi ninèn nalali sin nak; O hom matè mulalièn; nek bale neman namofun nub, nabua èn lekat nalali nalasi nalalièn Sin amsa5 anpeo mnuttu-mnuttu amsa5.

Ma pepeon ma nalalin onnane naif nane lelu hek manu, lelu teni napau sain. Nalali onnane teop manu i fuà kë, fuà tasi ma kolo kiko nane. Anfua kë nane, natuin ke nain-nain matan-tani anbi oè tasi nanan

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3 The Timorese say that they are taken up in the name fixed to them by sacrifices, i.e. the name is as a protecting sphere around somebody representing the unseen protecting presence of all the ancestors connected with it.
It laid eggs till the bird which calls: stir-up-his-side, cried for the first time (just before day-break). After having laid its eggs, the bird which calls stir-up-his-side, cried quite near to the spot of the egg-laying turtle. The stir-up-calling bird cried saying: "Stir him up at his side!" The old fellow heard it very clearly, then he pondered: "What is the meaning of the bird's calling?" While he was still pondering in the same fashion, the bird cried again and again, calling: "Stir-up-his-side!" Then suddenly the old fellow looked at the side of the turtle. He lifted his leg to stir it, then at once the turtle reached out its neck and the old fellow's hands escaped from where they were held jammed between its neck and the shell. After the old fellow had pulled out his hands, he rose very prudently from the back of the turtle and got out of the hole in which it had laid it eggs. When the old fellow had come out to the beach, he stood and lifted up his eyes and sighed: "The name in which I am taken up has stood by me, if not I would have died." Then he moved and turned his back on the turtle, turned his back on the sea and went home. Just before daybreak he arrived at his house. Having arrived at his house, all those who were in there marvelled and were exceedingly glad because they supposed that the old fellow was as dead as a doornail, but he was still alive and had come back. Then they ladled out food to him and he had his meal.

After having eaten, he began to speak.

He talked and narrated to them the story from the moment that he tried to turn the turtle upside down and the turtle jammed his hands and then carried him into the open sea for half a month and finally returned with him to the shore. He related the story to them in every detail until he had finished.

After he had finished his story, those who were in the house related how they came and found his things on the sea shore and the long drawn track that reached out unto the rim of the sea and closed their story saying (we thought): "You are as dead as a doornail". And then how they had brought his things home and mourned for him, then gathered and had decided to perform the ritual in remembrance of the deceased and had already done that. They also related their story in every detail. After the story-telling, the old fellow ordered them to catch a hen and to pound millet. Then he beat the hen to death and sacrificed it to the turtle, sacrificed it to the sea, and to the bird calling: Stir up, stir up. He brought the sacrifices to the turtle because it was running away very quickly into the open sea, so that the turtle although all the sea-monsters in the open sea tried to kill the old fellow, carried
talan tea ale mui amaufinut tasi nanan anbuli he namate naif nane, mes kè nane nain nek kunu. Anfua tasi nane natuin on kè nane in paha ma in nifun.

Anfua koa kiko natuin koa kiko anfani anoïna afainekat neone ma ankoke kè bnapan, kalau kah kè nateko nalali taman fani neo tasi oni lo in anmate kan monin tenif.

Anfua nalali: Sup, tutu fatu mèse ma neuk nane.

Sup in ka nah anten kun sisi kè talan tea in anmate.

Sup in kan telin ten kun fa tasi ninen talan tea in anmate.
Lasi nane antu neu i.

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TEXT B.

Ibrahim Biaf (So'è 11-9-1956).

Fatu Ele, fatu nanaè on uim baun ès, au nai au be'si anbine Nai Tek Naif ma bi Faif Na's. Oè nèm sin ansañe neone, oè ansanu fatu nasauantu, napal. Oè ansañè nèm nok le kauna nane le antek at nak obenu lo usi, usi oè nain neki nok au nai, antam neu umè nok au nai nok au be'si; paha oè okè. Ume anfani fatu, ma fatu le antel-teli antam umè fe esan, ma in enon fe etan mes muni i temef kun, fatu kbubu kun.
Afi unu tasi fe kan saè, ka fatu fa mes ume.

Tatean au nai au be'si nammadi anmate, ka napeni fa anah, sin bia ainaf nua kankenu Nifu am Bal nasi. Neu okè sin nammadi nok2a nau anpo's sin, ankiso ka tahoni fa sekau hen pau kit bia. Nok-noka tu te au nai annau nu's in kiso li ana mèse naplisi anbi nai monè. Okè on le nai au nai anlelu au be'si nasnat li ana, nait in ma kloèf ma anamu.

Okèt nem ante urne anpo anpo's neki bia nèm neo le umè i taine; au be'si susal in susnenu ka maoè eun fa, nais bia le ai, fait le ana le ai, tal nanaè; he nan sekau anah, ka tit fa anah. Au nai nak neu au be'si tapeni hit anah he nan sekau, he tabiabe nokan. Okèt au nai antok anbi hau ès, hau usapi anbi o'oof antok anbasenu, okè au nai nak: Ai au anah he nan sekau.
him safely through. He brought the sacrifices to the sea, because it is
the turtle's land and lake. He brought the sacrifices to the bird calling
"Stir-up" because the bird calling stir-up became a teacher and coun-
sellor to him that he might stir up the turtle's side, if not, the turtle
after having laid its eggs, would certainly have carried him back into
the open and probably then he would have died and not have been
kept alive. After the sacrifice he swore an oath, he smashed a stone
and ate it. He swore that he would not eat turtle-meat again until he
died. He swore that he would not tread again on the beach till he died.
Here the story is concluded.

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TEXT B.

TRANSLATION.

The rock Ele (Ele means "transgress") is as big as a small house.
My forefather and ancestress lived there: the man Tek Naif and the
woman Faif Na'. When the flood came, they climbed the rock; as the
flood sank the rock was lowered and became short. As the flood rose
it brought a reptile with it that is called: obenu, he is a lord of the
water. The flood brought it together with my forefather. It (the reptile)
entered with my forefather and my ancestress; all the land was covered
with water, the house became a rock and they used to tread into it
as a house, it is still there. And its door is still there, but now it is
shut, it is a round rock. But in olden times when the flood had not
yet risen, it was not a rock but a house. At the time my forefather and
ancestress had grown very old, they had no child, (but) they had two
cow-buffaloes named Nifu and Bal tasi. As they had grown old, every
morning when they went to drive them up, they perceived (and said):
"We have borne no children who will look after the buffaloes." One
morning my forefather arrived and perceived a child, left to itself on
the soil, o boy. After that he ordered my ancestress to take the child
up in her arms; she took a worn-out cloth and enwrapped it. There-
after when they went home, they brought the buffaloes to the border
of this house. My ancestress had trouble because her breast had no
milk. She milked the buffalo and fostered the child till it had grown up.
Whose child could he marry, there was no other child. My forefather
said to my ancestress: "We have got our child, whom can he take
that we may give him his better half?" Then my forefather sat down
at the foot of a tree, a kusambi tree in the kraal, he sat and lifted his
head; after that my ancestress said: "Whom can my child possibly
Okêt kauna nok, an-ana ès napoin nok tain ana nabnaba, antok bi in pusun.


Nak neno fe kan saè okêt anbonu (natoìn) antek in kanan; Neo noni mapnio teme baïaku; neki usapi fua faun, ma ansàe neo usapi tunan, ma nabela sin neu ale nak aunoni, nabelaha.Ansanu nau antak-takuon, kais nástun of anmaèt, natok atoni anmà ⁵ anmaèt. Neo nèm ante kuan, nèm antè lopo nesin ala aniti nafoèk fùe tunan, ma saine likan ma anmofu neu nain, anhoè neu nain.


Isbai kanan anbi kuan Lotas, ansaè neo uik ta’u anlak neo pah ès kanan Talmanu.
FOUR TALES OF THE TIMORESE PEOPLE.

Then an insect came, a small one hanging from a small thread, it crawled and sat down on his thigh. My forefather would wipe the insect away, (but) a speaker on the top of the *kusambi*-tree said: “I give you the thing to come, you chase it away, where will it go to?” My forefather looked up to the top of the kusambi tree. Then looked and looked around. A woman was sitting at the other side of his thigh. Suddenly he spoke with her. He asked her: Who are you? But she kept silence; after that this woman was called: “Woman Hun Elo” (grass Elo).

That being the case, my forefather connected them with my forefather’s name, he mentioned the name of the man and said: Man Niuf Bia (buffalo pool), he came together with woman Hun Elo. Then my forefather said: The man Niuf Bia took the woman Hun Elo as his wife. They begot three girls and three boys. The eldest: the man Niuf Bia, the middle one: the man Tua Bia, the name of the youngest was: the man Tau Bia; the eldest girl: the woman Faif Na’, following her mother, the middle one: the woman Ane Bia (Aèn Bia), the other woman Funan Bia. Thereafter the eldest brother took the eldest sister for his wife, the middle brother took the middle sister, the youngest brother took the youngest sister. Thus was the case.

They recognized a lord, generation after generation, and prayed with a silverpiece, a rather long silver piece: the image of the moon was there, the image of the sun was there, the image of the morning star was there, the image of the Pleiades was there; was it silver (gold) who knows?

They left it on the top of the *kusambi* tree; when we climbed the tree, we did not see it, it had fled. Then we came down.

When it was not yet dawn, they called on it and mentioned its name: baïaku. (Object of gold (silver) round as a bambu-reed). They brought eight kusambi fruits (berries) and climbed the Kusambi tree, put these down on the golden object, they left them there. When they had come down, they walked cautiously, lest they stumble and die. Having arrived at the village, at their lopo (house without walls), they passed, they pinched off the top of the small green pea and the husk of a kind of millet and let these fall on the ground at random. Then the sun rose. The flood came up with it and ebbed away with it. When my forefather got much offspring, once it happened that one of them went to tap the sap of the lontar palm, in consequence of which my middle forefather changed his name: Man Tua Bia into Man Bai Tua.

He is the Rotenese. He changed his name in the village of Lotas,
Ke namoilbon fe anbi meto, kolo kun, oni anmoè nak kauna, anli*u antam neo èkè kono ma antam neo tasi; kalau ansu snain ma anlik in teno, anbaina neo meto, le in kolo pli, anbaina neo tasi anfain kè. Kolo nuasin mali*u anpas nane, anmof neo tasi nabaina am kè kun.

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TEXT C.

KE KAIS MUTI, BI BAL AFU NAU.

Natonis.

Nak fe anun-unu nane nai But, nau ma taun kun ika. Onnane te na besi mnasi nem man ol nan tanu nane nalali te nain ma tam neo tasi nanan.

Tanu nane nai But Ba**u in ka ini fa nai Ome in tanu kun.

Onnane te nai But Ba**u anfani neu Ome. In tia te nai Ome nato* neo in tanu fun na*besi mnasi ol nan kunu. Ma Nai Ome nalelab he nai But Ba**u nami in tanu. Mes Nai But Ba**u in nekan naïnu natuin in ka napeni fa tanu nane.

Anbi neno mese Nai But Ba**u nau naleku tasi Kolbano in ninen te nau tia Fatuhane te nit kè antok anbi Fatu in un. Oke te ke i natan nai But Ba**u nak:

Ho mami sa² ka. Ma in natae nak kahaf au uoni kuk. Oke te kè nak kaisa ho muoni mnau le i te usif na besi mnasi auna anbisik. Ma nai But Ba**u nata nak: Ait bait au kiso it, mes neu, in ès kun sonaf nanan nane.

Ma okè kè nak leko kaisa ho mumtau. Ma ke nak neu But Ba**u nak om hem saë he tutlaë ko, nua kit he tam teo sonaf in nanan.

Ma oke te But Ba**u ansaë ma tutlai nan ma lenu nai But Ba**u nabil. Naskeke te sin antian usif in balan.

Sin antia te usif in antup. Ma ke nane nau ma nafena usif ma boin But Ba**u ma antam. Nai But Ba**u in kiso te usif in namkaka ma in nit in tanu. But Ba**u nek nanu usapi tlaë mese. In nit nalali tanu nane te in nak neu ale atokos anbi nane nak: mibil; okè in napoitan nani tanu nane ma tau neu in kunan.

Ma nak mimeo matmenu.
The foreign white turtle, i.e. the woman who is “Ashes of the fire-place”.

It is told in olden times that the man But Ba۲u went out to catch fish with a fishhook. Then the crocodile came and swallowed the fishhook and fled entering into the open sea. The fishhook did not belong to the man But Ba۲u, it was the man Ome’s fishhook. Thereafter the man But Ba۲u returned to the man Ome. Having arrived at the man Ome, the latter was angry about his fishhook because the crocodile had swallowed it. Then the man Ome pressed the man But Ba۲u to go in search for his fishhook. But the heart of the man But Ba۲u was in distress because he could not find the fishhook. Once upon a time the man But Ba۲u went along the seashore of Kolbano. He arrived at the rock Fatu Hane; there he saw a turtle at the foot of the rock. Then the turtle asked the man But Ba۲u saying: “What do you look for?” And he answered: “Oh no, never mind. I just go to and fro.” Whereupon the turtle said: “Don’t go hither and thither here, the king-crocodile’s body is badly hurt.” Then the man But Ba۲u replied, saying: “Suppose I could see him, but what can I do, he is in the inner court of his palace.” Then the turtle said: “All right, don’t fear.” And the turtle told the man But Ba۲u: “Come here, mount and ride on my back, we two shall enter into the inner court.” Thus But Ba۲u mounted and rode on its back and the turtle ordered him to close his eyes. Suddenly they arrived at the king’s palace. When they arrived, the king was asleep. The turtle went and awakened the king, then he called But Bau, who entered into the interior. The man But Ba۲u saw the king’s beak open wide and perceived the fishhook. But Ba۲u took a twig of kusambi. (Schleichera oleosa). He had seen the fishhook and he said to those present there: “Close your eyes.” Then he removed the fishhook and put it into the bag of his cover. And then he said: “Open your eyes.”
Leka sin nameo sin matkenu te usif i naleok. Ma nai But Ba\textsuperscript{4}u naton usapi tlaè le in neki, in bul (pule) neki maf ma hau nane me oke.

Ma usif nane nak hen bain in, mes in pen kun natuin ke ès antauna lasi usif i naoki hen bain mes in pènaha kun. Ma usif nak atoni i in ès ansau (anlau) nis kau te hit het bain mes in pen kun.

Sin nami lanan he namate.

Mes ké nane tutlai nan ma nain neki ma nasaèb neu in pana (loteng).

Nalai te ke i fen nai But Ba\textsuperscript{4}u kaut fua ha. Ma ke napoitan nafani ma antauna lasi nak: Kalu hom poi tia meto hom tau kaut nane neu ninaf nane ma fai ha ho om hem senu. Nalali te in nek kaut nane ma antau neu ninaf nane. Ma in fin ma fe nani Ome in tanu; fai ha in nem ma nsenu kaut nane te bia ha esan nbi ninaf nane.

Ma ké amsa\textsuperscript{3} anbi nane.

Kè nak neu nai But Ba\textsuperscript{4}u fain fe, fai ha ten na ho om. Ma in nau fai ha te na in fain nèm. In nèm te in nit bia fanu anbi ninaf nane. Ma in po\textsuperscript{5} neki sin ma nau kun neu in ume.

Nbi neno mèse te nai Ome in nau ma nliu ma in natok nok nai But Ba\textsuperscript{3}u. In anbol te nai But Ba\textsuperscript{4}u annaès in bianu. Ma nai Ome natan nak: Ho mit kum hau lite nane nbi me? Fe sin nuasin nauab te nai Ome in asun anopan nani Nai But Ba\textsuperscript{3}u in susu. In nit nane te in nato\textsuperscript{5} kun nanaè. Ma in nak neo nai Ome nak: Hom senu au susu fun fini au uneku ho tanu, te ho muslutu kau, au ami ho tanu talan tia au upeni ko.

Neu hom opan mani au susuèn, hom hani mani, kalau ho mupeni ma susu te ho kum, ma kalau ho mupeni ma oè te au. Ma in hani nalali te in napeni oè te nai But Ba\textsuperscript{3}u in pal kunu fun mataèn nalalièn.

Ma oè nane in nakanab Oè Sus (anbi Kot-Olin).

\textsuperscript{3}-bal

** BAL AFU NAU. **

Lè kan Natonis antek sin kan akun nak Bi Bal Afu Nau natuin on i:
After they had opened their eyes, the king had recovered. Then the man But Ba’u shew the twig of the *kusambi* tree he had taken, he had moistened it with his tongue and the twig was red all over. The king wanted to pay him, but he refused because the turtle had given him orders; the king tried to persuade him, but he refused definitely. Then the king said: “This man has bewitched me to kill me, we want to pay him, but he refuses me once and for all.” They tried to find a way to kill him. But the turtle took him on its back and fled with him and brought him up to his ceiling.

After that the turtle gave four papayas to the man But Ba’u. The turtle brought him out again and gave him the following orders: “When you have got out and arrived on the shore, you must put down these papayas at the border of a pool on the shore and after four nights you should come and look after them.” Thereafter he took the papayas and put them down at the border of the pool. Then he passed by and gave the fishhook to the man Ome. Four nights passed, then he looked after the papayas. It happened that there were four buffaloes in the pool. And the turtle was also there. The turtle spoke to the man But Ba’u: “Just go home and after four nights come back again.”

Then he went; four nights passed till he came back. When he arrived, he perceived eight buffaloes in the pool. Then he drove them up and went home. Once upon a time, the man Ome went out hunting and met with the man But Ba’u. When he arrived, the man But Ba’u was milking his buffaloes. And the man Ome asked him, saying: “Where did you find that resin?” While they were talking, the man Ome’s dog spilt the milk of the man But Ba’u. Seeing that, he grew very angry. Then he said to the man Ome: “You must replace my milk because formerly when I lost your fishhook you were furious with me. I searched for your fishhook till I got it for you. Look here, you have spilt my milk, now you must dig, if you find milk it will be yours,, and if you find water it will be mine.” Then he dug and found water so that the man But Ba’u got it for himself, because they had made an agreement. And this spring they called: “Milk-well” (it is at Kot-Olin).

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*Woman: Place (work) of the ashes of the hearth.*

Those who bear the name *Natonis* mention their confessional (comfortable) name: *Bi Bal afu nau* i.e. “*Woman: Place (work) of the ashes of the hearth*”, because of the following reason:
Lè on tak le nu\textsuperscript{un} nai But Ba\textsuperscript{s}u in nau natuin tasi ninen Kolbano ès nit be\textsuperscript{i} kè antok ma nak on in naniu snain bi ale Fatu Hane in un.
Nak on nai But Ba\textsuperscript{s}u in nit afu skuku anu nan kè nane Es nane hit Natonis tek hit kan akuk tak Bi Bal Afu Nau.

* * *

TEXT D.

PUI KE KASE.

\textit{Natonis.}

Natuin fe anununu nane nai But Ba\textsuperscript{s}u nau ma he nami nai Ome in tanu.
Ma in nami onnnane te in natok nok kè. Ma in nok kè nane ma nauab.
Sin nua sin nauab nala te kè le\textsuperscript{4} na loi nan nai But Ba\textsuperscript{s}u ma tam neu tasi nanan.
Leka sin nua sin antea nane te nai But Ba\textsuperscript{s}u in nit ume fafaun ma ume\textsuperscript{2} nane makean oke. In natenab he moè ume kalu in poi tia meto.
Ma in nit anteni on kase fafaun anbi le ume le na.
Kasen le i sin nit nai But Ba\textsuperscript{s}u onnane te sin boin hen nèm neu sin.
Mes nai But Ba\textsuperscript{s}u in nekan kan lomi fa.
Mes namuni te in nau msa. Leka in tia nane ma in tam neu kean i in nanan te in namkak kuni ma in nekan mas namtau, fun in nik neu in kotin te in mes ès metan, ma kasen le na po\textsuperscript{5} muti oke. Ma in natenab nait kais-kaisa sin he namate kau. In tatok onnane te kase ès natan neu in nak: Hom tam om neu i he moè sa\textsuperscript{3} mes leka te hom fani?
Ma in nataè nak: au he fani kuken mes ke fe nau neu in ume. Fe sin nautab onnane te ke nem ma anboin nai But Ba\textsuperscript{s}u he nain nokan.
Fun usif nami he namate in. Fe ka nasop fa sin uab, ma nai But Ba\textsuperscript{s}u fen ma nau nok kè i neu in ume. Oke te kè napoitan.
Leka nai But Ba\textsuperscript{s}u in tia meto te in natenab nak: Na\textsuperscript{3}ko le i au he tek au kan akuk ak: Pui ke kase fun pui nane te ke in ès nahoni in ma le au it kase fafaun anbi le au tam nbi ne.
Es nane nai But Ba\textsuperscript{s}u in natalu sin anfani in kan akun. Talan tia neno muni i kan Natonis sin kan akun ès le Pui ke kase.
FOUR TALES OF THE TIMORESE PEOPLE.

As the tale of: Man But Ba'u explains, he walked along the seashore of Kolbano. There he saw foremother-turtle sitting and it was as if she bathed in the sand at the foot of the rock: Hane. Thus Man But Ba'u perceived how the subtle dust (ashes) enveloped the turtle. That is why we Natonis mention our name of confession (of comfort) Bi Bal afu nau.

* * *

TEXT D.

The Partridge:
“Foreign Turtle”.

According to (the story of) olden times, the man But Ba'u went out to look for the hook of the man Ome. As he searched for it, he met with a turtle. And then he spoke with the turtle. After they had talked, the turtle carried the man But Ba'u and entered into the open sea. When they arrived, the man But Ba'u saw many houses and all these houses had rooms. He planned to make such houses if ever he should return to the dry land. And in these houses he saw again what looked as if it were many foreigners. These foreigners saw the man But Ba'u and called him to come to them. But the man But Ba'u did not like it. But after some time he did go. When he arrived and entered into these houses he was perplexed and his heart feared, because — when he looked round — he alone was black and the foreigners were all white skinned. And then he thought: Suppose they kill me. While he sat down, a foreigner questioned him, saying: “Why have you entered here and when are you to go back?” And then he answered: “I want to return, but the turtle is still going home.” While they were still talking, the turtle came and called the man But Ba'u, that he might flee with him, because the king sought to kill him. They had not yet finished speaking. Then the man But Ba'u rose and went together with the turtle to its house. Then the turtle brought him out. When the man But Ba'u had arrived at the shore, he pondered and said: “Henceforth I will call my surname: Partridge = Foreign turtle, because it is the turtle that has engendered the partridge and I have seen many foreigners in the place where I entered.” And so it happened that the man But Ba'u connected these two names to become his surname. Until the present day the surname of those who have the name Natonis, is: Partridge — Foreign turtle (Pui ke kase).