



Yar Hamarete Tabung

Hamarete Makes A Mistake

**Story and Tobian by Paulina Theodore. English by Peter W. Black
Illustrations by Jarvis Mokisang Lorenzo and Alonzo Sumor**

**To hear it read by Felicia Andrew, go to
<http://www.friendsoftobi.org/wordweek/hamarete/YarHamareteTabung.html/> and click on the Tobian**

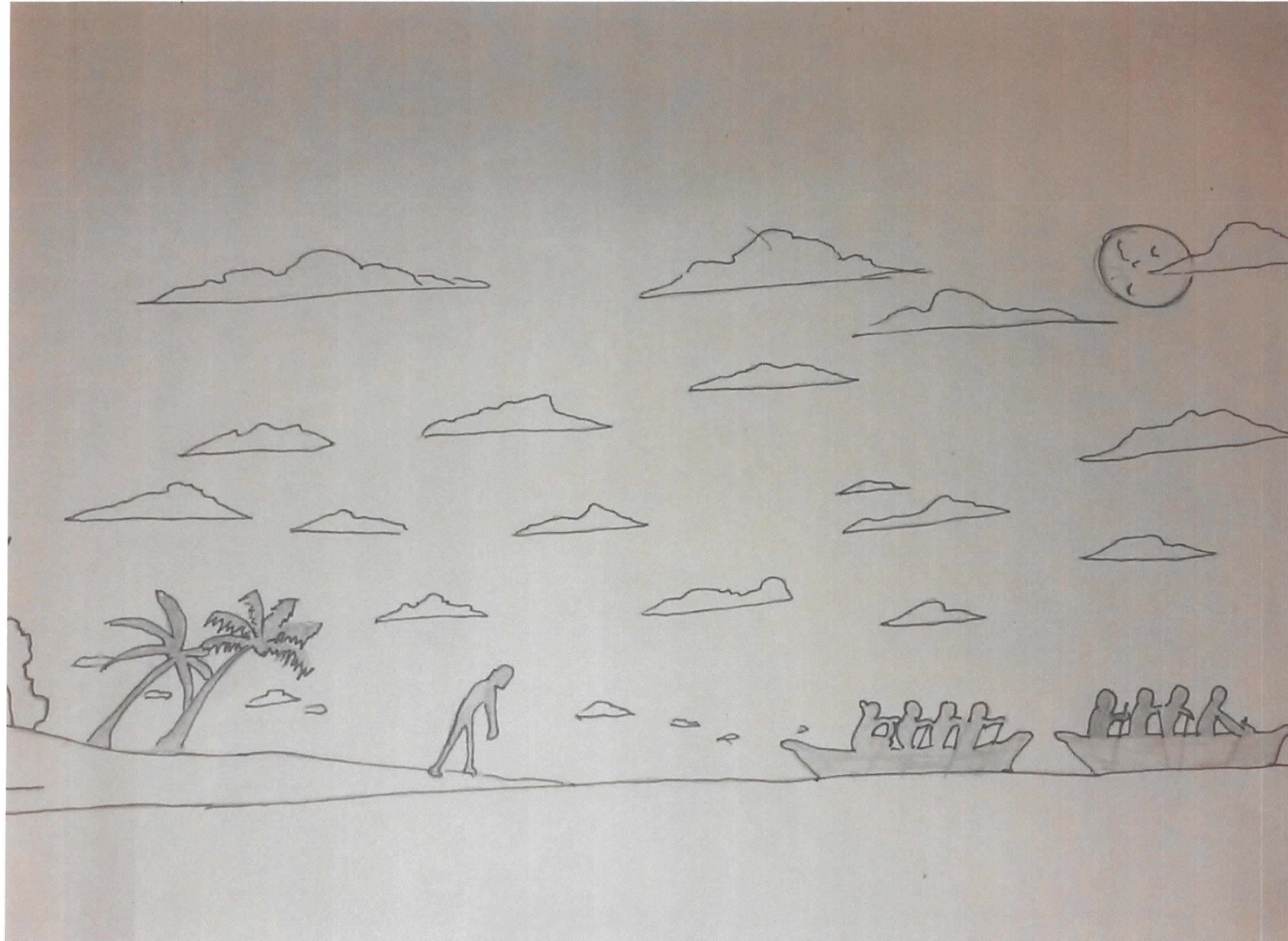
**Hamarete iteri yarusura ehamatahutoh
tamau ra emire woar sew faruh.**

Hamarete is the name of a dangerous ghost
who lived on an island.



**Yahamatari faruhara hasa mangie bwa
habwe sairoh wori sew faruh bwa habwe
tsuhatang yarusura.**

The people of that island decided to sail to another island to get away from the ghost.



Samar faifir ma esa tawaharoh tsuheri wakara bwa hahangeri bwa ebwe kato tsar.

A pregnant woman missed the last canoe because they had told her to go fetch some water.



Toh ebwe wehi tafar bwa ebwe hasi faifina.

No one would come back for her.

Esa miretsah wor faruhara iyohori yarusura ehamatahutoh ra tamau.

She was stuck on the island with a dangerous ghost and no way off.

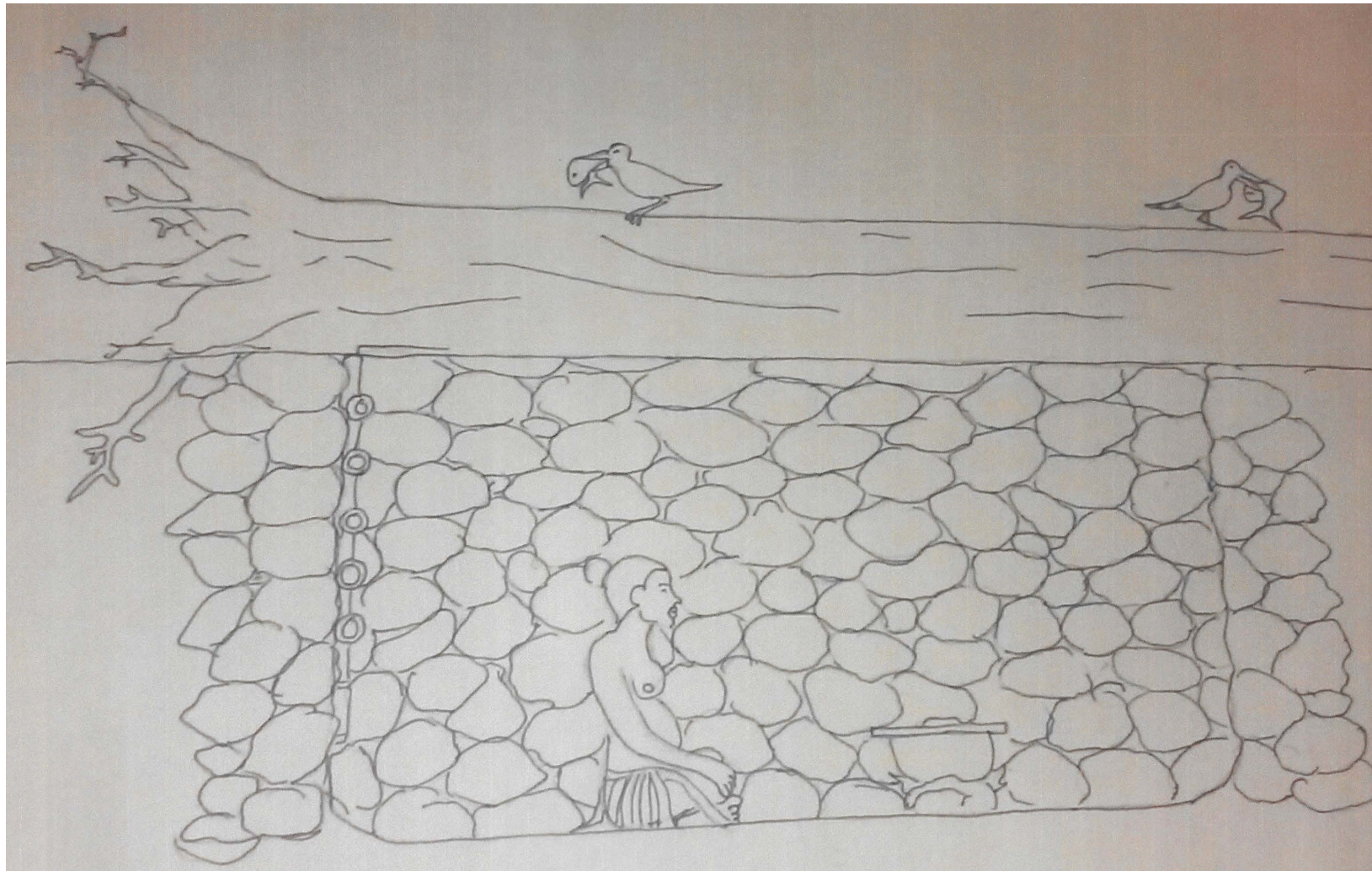


Esa keringi pie fari hapepei kara mara marutoh, ba ninieri yar mwor.

She made a hiding place for herself by digging into the beach under some driftwood.

Han ra ek maifiri pesiri iih ra hani maar rahaha mwot wori hapepeira iiye emir ifar.

Her food was fish that birds dropped while sitting above her on the driftwood.

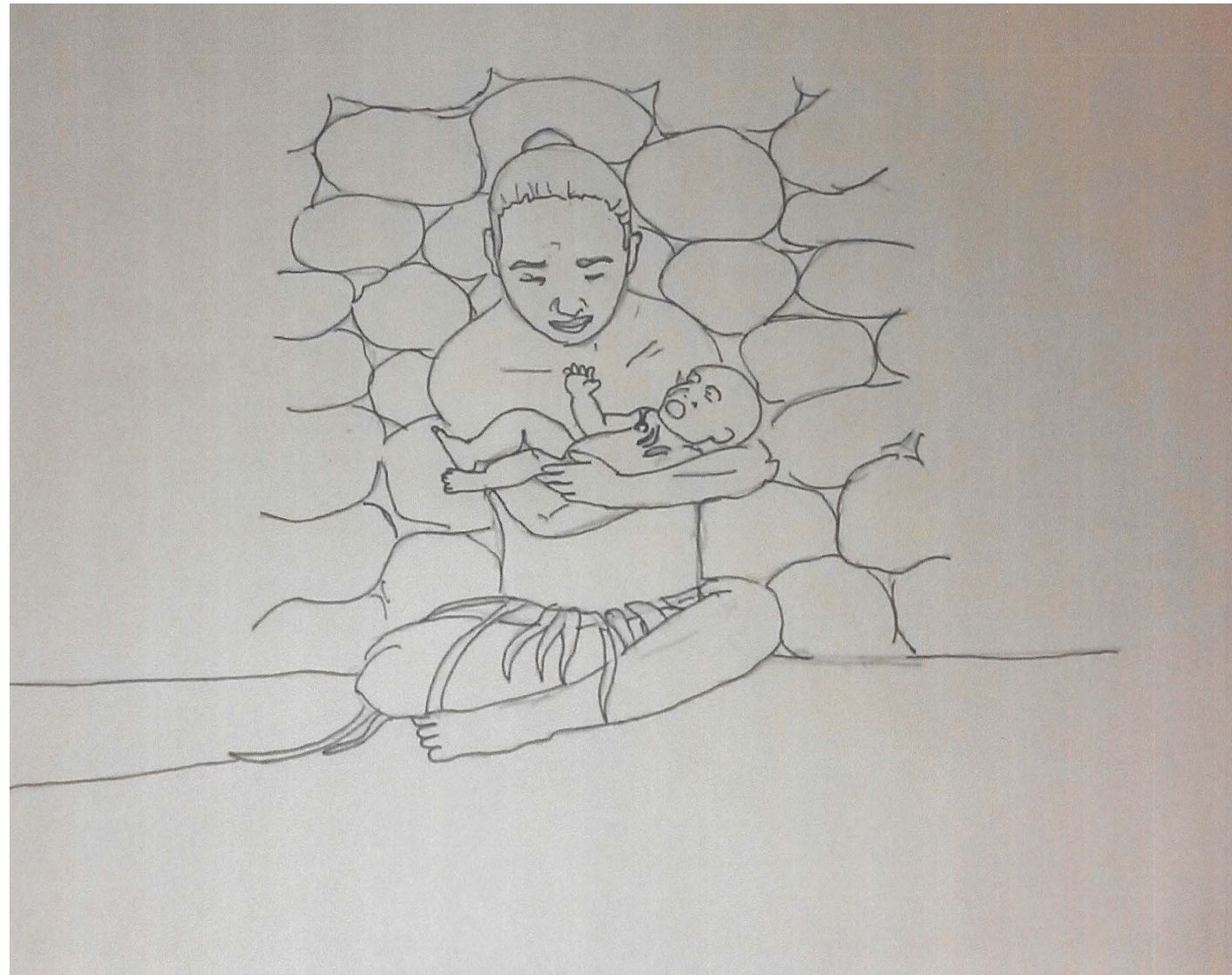


Esa hafasa samar hariweits mwar.

Finally she gave birth to a boy.

**Hariweitsi mwar ra, efaas nga ewoh
farufor “meek” worututeri ma posur.**

This boy was born with a tattoo on his body.



**Hariweitsi mwana mwa mwa sin
hamiretsah rani keru
ra esa rapara hariweitsi mwana.**

The woman and her son stayed in that hole
until the boy was big.



Saharitsoh nga hariweitsi mwana esa buwou retet nga ehoho bau bwa ebwe sairoh.

One day he went to the ocean to fish with a pole.

Ifiri ma efafatar wori maat, nga Hamarete esa hakane.

As he was walking on the reef, Hamarete saw him.



Yarusura esa buwou weri maat, nga ifiri mwa sa hahapangari nga sa hakane bwa mwa maker ra emoh sewa.

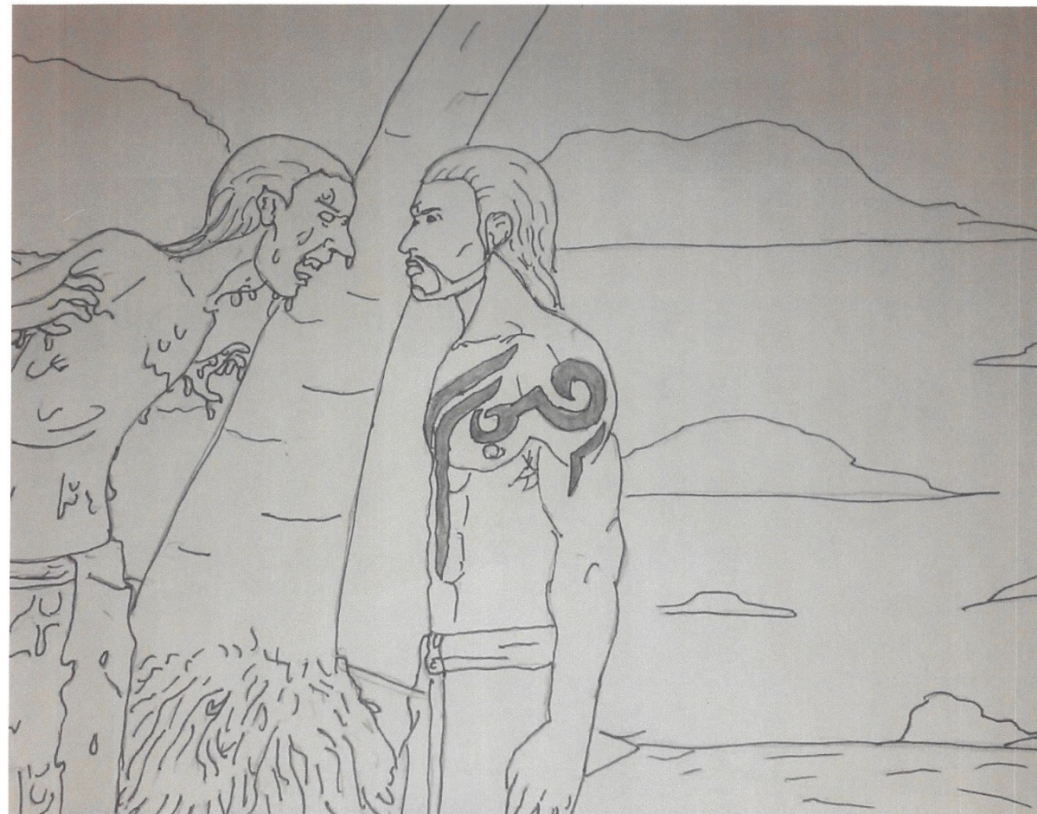
The ghost went out there and when he got close he saw that the boy had a beautiful tattoo.

Hamarete esa hasiya efeita esa fauhu makera.

Hamarete asked how he had made that tattoo.

Hariweitsi mwana efisiri hura hafatitin yarusura bwa ehamatahutoh tamau esa mangie bwa ebwe katsow.

The boy knew all about this dangerous ghost so he decided to lie.



Esa hasiya, “Hotiperi mwe makai?”

"Do you like my tattoo?" He asked.

Yarusuwe esa soh bwa “Unga.”

“Yes, I do,” said the ghost.

“Ira,” hariweitsi ra esa soh, “bwito bwa hobwe puhuyei bwa ibwe makeho.”

“OK, come with me,” said the boy, “and I will put a tattoo on you.”

Hasa wosurong weri faruh, itona hariweitsi mwana esa hatouiye fafie.

So together they went to the island, where the boy gathered some firewood.



Eharapa sewa fafie ra ehatouiyeri esa itewau patuu ra yar ra erap sewa.

He collected a lot of firewood and got out his big pot.

Esa soh, “Hamarete, sibwe fauhu bwa ebwe motsotsoh mwa ruhum bwa ebwe maek, hosa haharong rani patuu ye.”

He said “Hamarete we have to make your skin soft for the tattoo so get into the pot.”

Hamarete emwouri mire rani patuu ra nga esa iteiterong tsaar iran esa boruboruh.

And then he added water and covered the pot with Hamarete inside.

Esa iteiteta faas mwa fafie iwor bwa yarusura etawaitseh mwa ebwe hahawau.

He put stones and firewood on the lid so that the ghost could not come out.

Esa hatohotoh yaaf ifar patuu ra.

He started a fire under the pot.

Esa bwara iteiteta hapepei wori yafira esa betsingar patuu ra.

He added more and more driftwood until the pot was very hot.

Hariweitsi mwana esa fasongu: "Hamarete, Hamarete, homouru (kawawa) bets?"

The boy called out: “Hamarete, Hamarete, have you started to boil?”



Yarusu we esa soh mwa rani patuu we:
“Nawer, itotu bets.”

The ghost answered from inside the pot: “No I am not boiling yet.”

Riweitsi mwar we esabara iteitengar fafie
yafiwe bwa ebwe betsingeri.

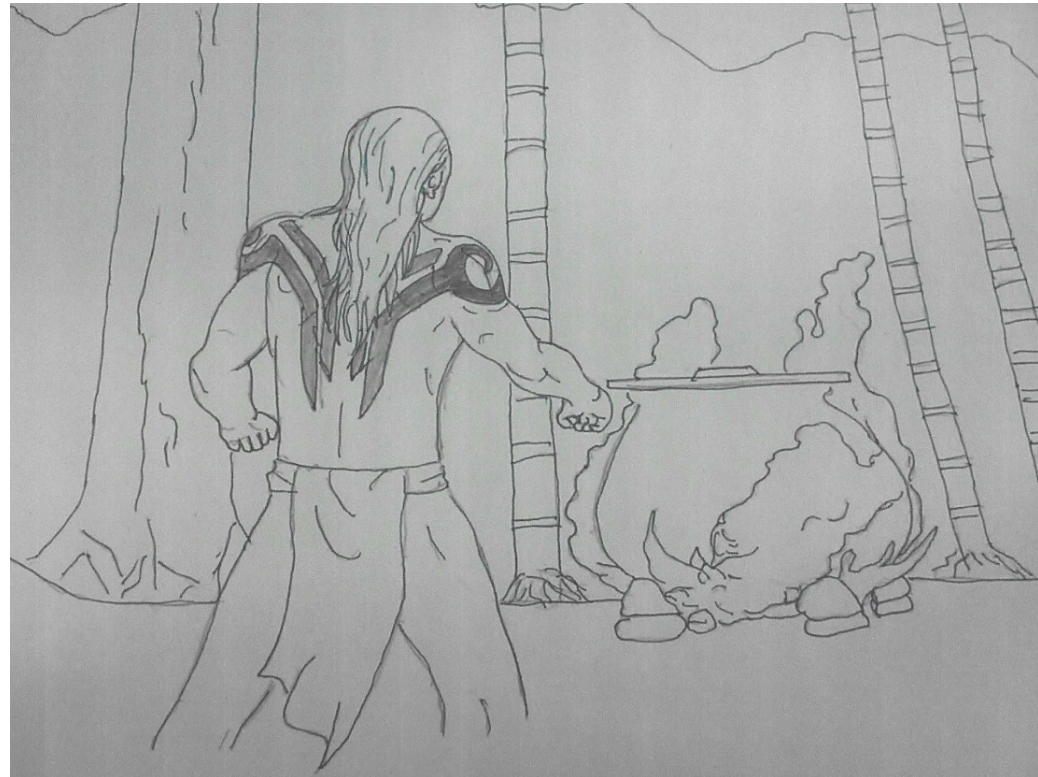
So the boy put more wood on the fire to make it hotter.

Esa bara fasongu: “Hamarete, Hamarete,
homour (kawawa) betsingeri?”

Again he called out: “Hamarete, Hamarete, are you already boiling?”

Hamarete esasoh, “itotu bets (kawawa).”

“Still not yet,” answered Hamarete.



**Sabara harapa fafie wori yafi we nga esa
betsingeri.**

More wood went on the fire. Now it was really hot.

**Hasoruweri hasie: “Hamarete, Hamarete,
homouri (kawawa?)”**

For a third time the question was asked: “Hamarete, Hamarete, have you begun to boil?”

**Meihara nga tai titiro (paruhar). Esabwar
fasongu. “Hamarete, Hamarete, homouri
Kawawa?”**

This time there was no answer. So he called again: “Hamarete, Hamarete, have you started to boil?”

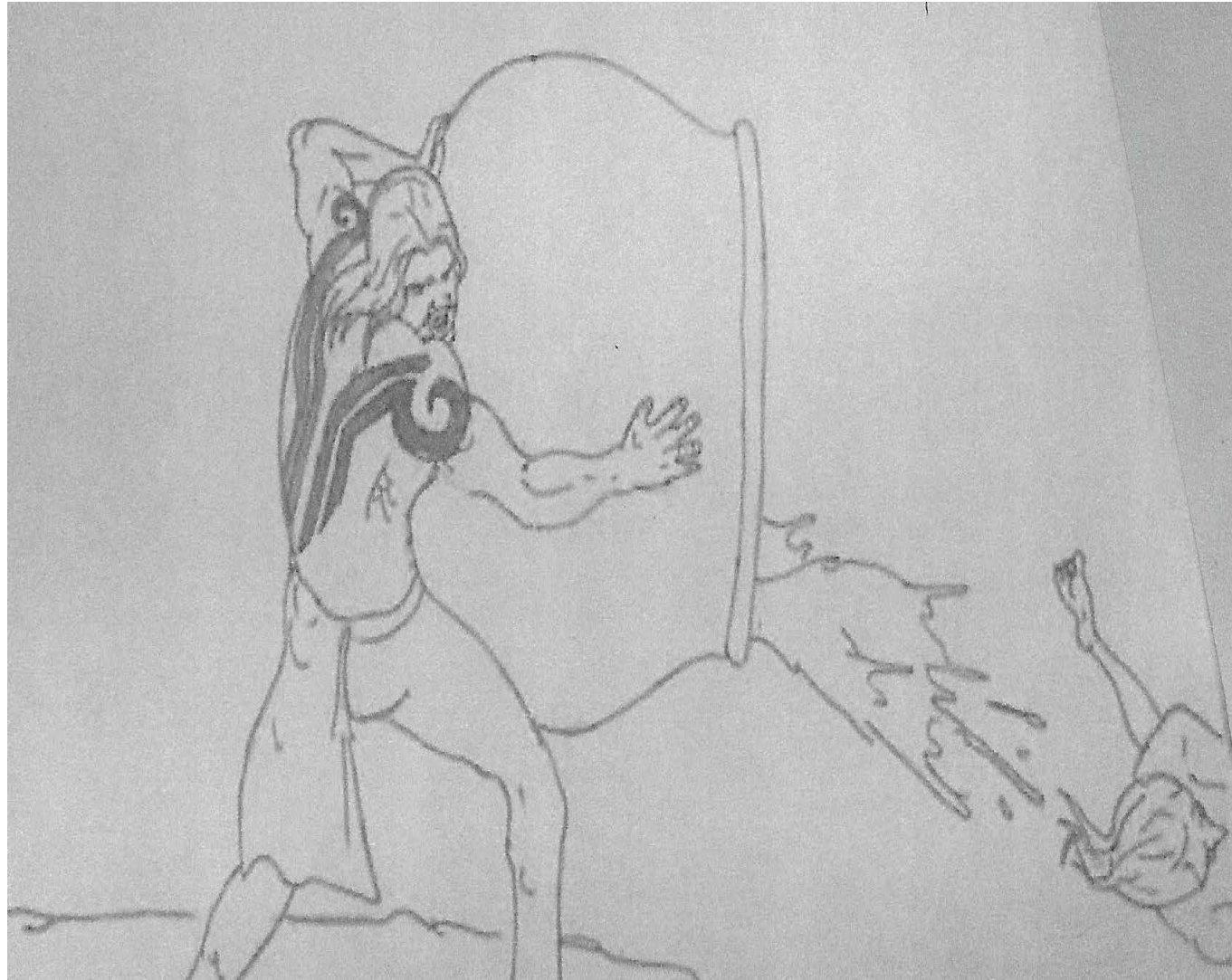


Toh eparuhar.

**Esa mouri hura bwa Hamarete emouri
mes, esa itewau mwa rani patuu we esa
peitaroh.**

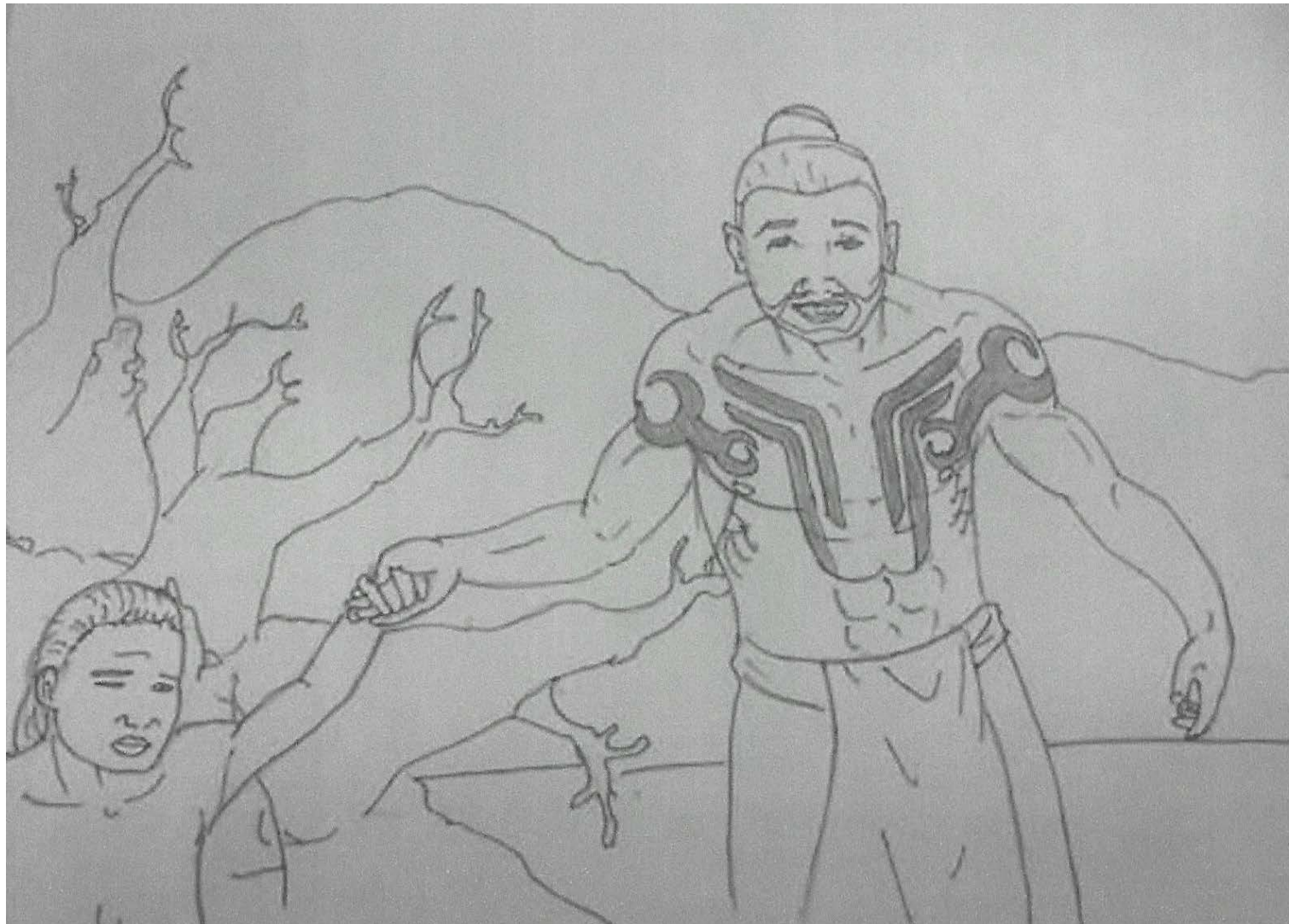
Still no answer.

Because he knew Hamarete must be dead
he took him out of the pot and threw him
away.



**Meihara ra taiwoh yarus hamatahutoh
tamau wori faruhara, neirar emouri tsuh
mwa ebwe hahawau mwa rani kerira esa
fatar fatar.**

Now that there wasn't a dangerous ghost on
the island, his mother could come out of that
hole and walk around.



**Sahar nga pahur yahamatakawe ha
haitang faruhawe ha buow faatuur hasa
hakane hariweitsi mwar awe efafatar
weripie.**

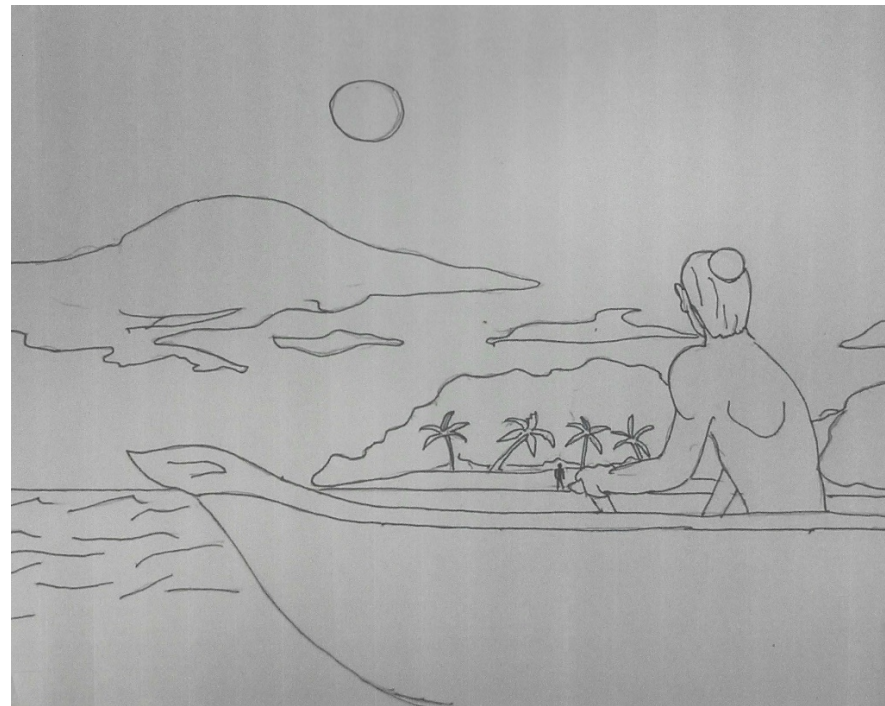
One day some of the people who had run away from the island were out paddling and saw the boy walking on the beach.

**Hamangie bwa yarusuwe hasa
hatawahatsah.**

They thought he was the ghost and stayed away.

**Ngara taiye yarus, iiye mwa mwa sin
hasa mir wori faruhara sa moh mireh.**

But he wasn't a ghost and he and his mother lived happily by themselves on the island.



Moribong. The end.