

# **Kreyòl Wowoloy**

**(The Best of Creole)**

## Kreyòl Wowoloy

dezyèmman enprime se - Dèsanm 2005 55/0/0

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Èditè a se:

Eastern Digital Resources

PO Box 1451

Clearwater, SC 29822-1451

<http://www.researchonline.net/haiti>

EMAIL: [Sales@Researchonline.net](mailto:Sales@Researchonline.net)

Tel. (803) 439-2938

## The Best of Creole

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PO Box 1451  
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# TÈT ANSANM POU FÈ YON DIFERANS

Jiskaske li te pale, pa t gen nasyon Kretyèn ki aboli esklavaj.

Jiskaske li te pale, pa t gen nasyon Kretyèn ki bay lemonn yon bon jèfò pou aboli esklavaj.

Jiskaske li te pale, bato esklavaj avanse nan lapè nan Atlantik Sud la, ap pentire lamè ak san Nèg yo; te genyen reken byen grangou k ap swiv yo, ki pare pou devore esklav ki mouri yo voye jete nan lanmè kòm manje reken.

Jiskaske li te pale, tout nasyon Kretyèn lemonn te andose komès esklavaj la, sa enkli peyi libète ak limyè pa nou an. Moun te vin rich nan trafik dyabolik sa a, epi lòt moun te apresye yo kòm bon moun Kretyèn, moun ki t ap reprezante sa ki Sòvè Lemonn nan.

Jiskaske Ayiti te pale, legliz pa t di anyen, pastè yo te bèbè. Sa k travay nan komès esklavaj viv, sa k travay nan komès esklavaj mouri. Prèch antèman te prèche pou moun sa yo, epi yo di moun sa yo te mouri nan viktwa lafwa Kretyèn epi yo ale nan syèl la pami tout bon moun.

Frederick Douglass

## WORKING TOGETHER TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Until she spoke no Christian nation had abolished Negro slavery.

Until she spoke no Christian nation had given to the world an organized effort to abolish slavery.

Until she spoke the slave ship, followed by hungry sharks, greedy to devour the dead and dying slaves flung overboard to feed them, ploughed in peace the South Atlantic, painting the sea with the Negro's blood.

Until she spoke, the slave trade was sanctioned by all the Christian nations of the world, and our land of liberty and light included. Men made fortunes by this infernal traffic, and were esteemed as good Christians, and the standing types and representations of the Savior of the World.

Until Hayti spoke, the church was silent, and the pulpit was dumb. Slave-traders lived and slave-traders died. Funeral sermons were preached over them, and of them it was said that they died in the triumphs of the Christian faith and went to heaven among the just.

Frederick Douglass

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# TI MO ENTWODIKSYON

Byenveni a Kreyòl Wowoloy, 2005. Nou byen kontan prezante rezilta PREMYÈ Konkou Tèks Kreyatif Kreyòl la. N ap patwone konkou sa a pou n jwenn nouvo otè Ayisyen epitou pou n ankouraje lekti ak ekriti an Kreyòl.

Avèk nou, w ap jwenn pwezi ak istwa sa yo mèveye pou li epitou yo chofe nou pou fè nou reflechi. Anplis yo montre nou ke genyen yon gwo potansyèl pou literati ki baze an Kreyòl Ayisyen.

Nou swete sa se sèlman “premyè a” de anpil liv nouvo otè Ayisyen ki pral soti. Vizite sit èntenèt nou an pou tout detay ak dele pou lòt Kreyòl Wowoloy Konkou Tèks Kreyatif k ap vini yo.

--- John Rigdon  
Redaktè

Moun ki te fè tradiksyon Anglè yo se Christine Barnden, Eroid Saint-Louis, Yanick Ernest Fulgueira, Anne Marie Rosier, ak Emmanuel Vedrine.

<http://www.researchonline.net/haiti>

# INTRODUCTION

Welcome to The Best of Creole, 2005. We are happy to present the results of our FIRST Creole Creative Writing Contest. We are sponsoring this contest to engender new and emerging Haitian authors and to encourage reading and writing in Creole.

With us, you'll find these poems and stories to be delightful to read and thought provoking. They also illustrate that there is a great potential for Haitian Creole based literature.

We hope that this will be just "the first" of many books to come by new and emerging Haitian authors. Visit our web site for details and deadlines on upcoming Best of Creole Creative Writing contests.

--- John Rigdon  
Editor

English translations by Christine Barnden, Eroid Saint-Louis, Yanick Ernest Fulgueira, Anne Marie Rosier and Emmanuel Vedrine.

<http://www.researchonline.net/haiti>

**Ekriti**  
**Anne-Marie Rosier**

**The Writings  
Of  
Anne-Marie Rosier**

Non                      Anne-Marie Rosier

Pwofesyon            Elèv Lengistik Aplike  
Pwofesè lise - Franse ak Kreyòl

Holly, Debussy, Pòtoprens.

Name Anne-Marie Rosier

Occupation Senior student in Applied Linguistics  
High school French and Creole teacher

Holly, Debussy, Port-Au-Prince .

# KIYÈS OU YE?

Anne Marie Rosier

Ou se yon espas

Kote tout moun ta renmen vin vizite.

Ou se yon solèy

Ki klere chemen tout moun.

Lakay ou chaje ak bèl plezi

Se sa ki fè tout moun ta renmen vin taye banda.

Ou se yon bèl zile

Kote tout moun ap reve abite.

Ou se yon po flè

Tout moun ta renmen ofri anmorèz yo.

Ou sanble ak yon bèl douvanjou

Kote lafimen sant kafe natirèl ap moute.

Ou se yon bèl tèt mòn

Ki chaje ak bèl plant vèt.

Zwazo lakay ou konn chante

Melodi pou sa ki nan lapenn

Melodi pou sa ki nan rejwisans.

# WHO ARE YOU?

Anne Marie Rosier

You are a place

That everyone wants to visit.

You are the sun

Lighting the way for all people.

Your home is full of wonderful pleasures

That's why everyone wants to come and show off.

You are a magnificent island

Where everyone dreams of living.

You are a bouquet of flowers

That everyone would like to offer to their beloved.

You are like the dawn

With the scent of fresh coffee wafting gently  
through the air.

You are a glorious mountain top

Covered with luscious green plants.

Your birds sing

A melody for those in pain

A melody for those rejoicing.

Ou tankou yon bèl nègès  
Tout je brake sou ou.

Tout moun di ou se yon flanbo.  
Ou se lanmou ki nan kè chak grenn sitwayen.

Ou se ...  
Ou se Ayiti Toma  
Ou se yon flè  
Ou se Ayiti Cheri.

You are like a beautiful black woman  
All eyes are on you.

Everyone says you are like an Olympic torch.  
You are the love that is in the hearts of all citizens.

You are ...  
You are our beloved Haiti.  
You are a flower.  
You are Haiti Cherie.



# NOU NAN MENM BATO

Anne Marie Rosier

Nan lavi sa, gen anpil bagay ou ka pa  
konprann, ou pa wè

Anpe moun ap moute  
Yon pòsyon ap desann

Yon lòt kantite ap travèse  
Voye je w agòch, yon lòt ap janbe.

W ap wè, yo tout pa gen menm koulè;  
Genyen ki wouj  
Genyen ki jòn, genyen ki nwa,  
Epi, genyen ki blanch.

Se chache w ap chache konnen?  
Genyen yon ekip ki gen cheve swa  
Yon gwoup gen cheve boukle  
Yon lòt menm genyen cheve grenn  
Yo tout gen kalite cheve pa yo.

Men, si tout moun te gen  
Menm cheve, menm koulè  
Yo t ap genyen menm direksyon  
Lavi a pa t ap bèl konsa.

## WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT

Anne Marie Rosier

Take a breath .. have a seat .. don't you see in life

A few people rise up  
A portion are cut down  
Others move across  
If you take a look to the left  
Another is crossing.

They don't have the same color  
They are red,  
They are black,  
They are yellow and they are white.

Are you trying to understand?  
There is a group with silky hair  
Another group with curly hair  
Each has his own kind of hair.

Well, do you know what would happen  
If we had the same type of hair?  
The same color skin?  
If we took the same direction?  
Life wouldn't be as beautiful as it is.

Moun pa t ap bezwen vizite lòt peyi  
Yo tout t ap gen menm reyalite a  
Koze touris la ta pral bwa chat.

Ou konn wè zwazo k ap vole?  
Yo tout pa gen menm plimay.  
Ou konn wè lè pyebwa yo ap danse  
Lè gen yon ti van dous k ap pase?  
Tout fèy yo pa fèt menm jan.

Sa mwen wè a se li ou wè tou.  
Malgre tout diferans sa yo  
Nou sanble kanmenm youn ak lòt  
Nou gen yon bagay ki makonnen nou ansanm  
Nou tout gen yon sèl objektif.

Ou pa wè?  
Nou tout gen de je  
Pou nou wè sa ki byen epi denonse sa ki mal  
Nou tout gen de zorèy  
Pou nou tande sa ki nan mizè ak sa yo ki byennere.

We would all stay in our own place  
We wouldn't know the thoughts of others  
Their ways of living.

Have you ever seen birds flying when the weather is cool?  
Their feathers are different  
Have you ever seen trees dancing  
When the wind is blowing?  
Their leaves are different too.

The world with its variety  
Seems to be interesting sometimes.  
But, despite all of these differences  
We are all in the same life-boat.  
We have something that binds us together  
And makes us believe that we are brothers and sisters:  
We all have only one goal.

Don't you see?  
We all have two eyes  
To see what is done well, and declare misdeeds?  
We all have two ears  
To hear those who are poverty-stricken  
Those who eat the bread of affliction  
And those who are carefree.

Nou tout gen yon sèvo  
Pou nou panse sa ki nan avantay nou tout.  
Nou tout gen de men  
Pou nou travay epi pran men lòt ki dekouraje sou chemen  
delivrans.

Pa kite egoyis bouche je ou  
Pa kite rankin fèmèn pòt kè ou  
Nou tout se pasajè

Nou nan menm bato  
Ann fè yon chenn solidarite...

We all have one brain  
To think about what is favorable for everyone.  
Don't you see that we all have two hands  
To work and help those who are disheartened in life?

Don't let your selfishness close your eyes!  
Don't let your grudges close the door to your heart!  
Don't turn a deaf ear to them!  
We are all passengers,  
We are in the same boat.

Now, you see what I used to see?  
Let's make a chain of solidarity!

# POUKISA?

Anne Marie Rosier

Poukisa w ap plenyen?  
Poukisa ou toujou ap flannen?  
Poukisa ou toujou ap fè tenten?  
Poukisa ou pa bay lòt la lanmen?  
Olye ou vle mete latwoubat tout lasent jounen

Poukisa ou pa fè yon ti ri?  
Konsa tout pwoblèm yo ta pati  
Poukisa ou toujou ap souffri?  
Poukisa ou vle modi lanati?  
Poukisa ou pa konvèti?

Pa dekouraje menm si ou pa konn ki lè w ap rive  
Yo di Ayisyen brav, li gen fyèl  
Se pa manti, nou pa gen parèy  
Lanati pa fè w anyen ki mal  
Se ògòy vye frè ou yo ki pa vle avanse

# WHY?

Anne Marie Rosier

Why are you complaining?  
Why are you always loafing about?  
Why are you always making nonsense?  
Why don't you help others?  
Instead you want to laze about the whole day

Why don't you laugh a little?  
That will make the problems go away.  
Why are you always suffering?  
Why do you want to curse nature?  
Why don't you change?

Don't be discouraged even if you don't know when  
you will make it  
They say Haitians are brave, they have endurance  
It's no lie, there is no one like us  
Nature will do you no harm  
It is the pride of your despicable brothers who don't  
want to advance.

Depi ou ti katkat, w ap mache,  
W ap chache madmwazèl lapè  
Yo pran ou nan de wa trèf  
Tout kè tounen lanfè  
Tout moun ap blofe ou  
Yo tout se piyajè, atoufè ak gran manjè

Ala traka pou ti nèg ginen!  
Yo di ou se Ayisyen  
Men ou gen lè pa gen nasyonalite  
Ou tounen yon tèren ak de kan yon gadyen.  
Tande bri pèp la ki nan lanfè  
Ou sanble ou san konsyans.

Tout moun vle toupizi ou.  
Ou met vant tout moun nan men lòt bò dlo  
Ou pa vle travay latè  
Men, di nou poukisa.

Ou pè di ou se Ayisyen  
Paske ou pa gen paspò  
Paspò ou se idantifikasyon ou  
Idantifikasyon ou se lang ou!  
Ki lang ou pale?

Since you were a child, you've been walking,  
Searching for missing peace  
They catch you with their two kings of clubs  
All hearts returned to hell  
Everyone is bluffing you  
They are all looters, criminals and corrupt officials.

What a problem for a son of Guinea!  
They say you are Haitian  
But it's as though you have no nationality  
You've become a soccer field with two goals and one  
goalkeeper  
Listen to the noise of the people who are in hell  
It's as though you have no conscience.

Everyone wants to mistreat you.  
You put everyone's life in the hands of those overseas  
You don't want to work the ground  
But, tell us why not?

You are afraid to say you are Haitian  
Because you don't have a passport  
A passport is your identification  
Your identification is your language!  
What language do you speak?

Ou pa pale angle, ou pa pale franse!  
Ou pa ameriken, ou pa gwadloupeyen  
Ou pa chinwa paske ou pa gen cheve swa  
Ou pa panyòl ni ou pa kreyòl  
Ki moun ou ye?  
Nan ki planèt ou sòti?

Pouki ou pa sispann reve?  
Metete tout vwazinay sou kote  
Sèvi ak moun lakay  
Pou metete peyi a sou ray.

Pouki ou pa fè bon jalouzi a  
Pou pèp la sispann souffri  
Pouki ou pran poul sou peyi devlope  
Petèt lwa gran papa ou a ta desann  
San restavèk la ta soti nan je ou.

Pouki ou rele de kout beniswa letènèl  
Oubyen di Ayibobo nan lakou a  
San ou pa nan prejije, metete tout malmaske deyò nan  
kay la  
Pouki ou pa voye je ou anba pou ou tande rèl yo?

You don't speak English, you don't speak French!  
You aren't American, you aren't Guadeloupeans  
You're not Chinese because you don't have silky hair  
You aren't Spanish, nor are you Creole.  
Who are you?  
What planet are you from?

Why don't you stop dreaming?  
Put all of your neighbors aside  
Use your own people  
To put the country back on track.

Why don't you get jealous  
So your people will stop suffering  
Why don't you learn more about developed countries  
Perhaps your ancestor will come down  
You will cry the blood of the restavèk.

Why do you whisper Praise the Lord  
Or say Ayibobo in your backyard  
Without prejudice, throw all fools out  
Why don't you look down and hear their cries?

Pouki? Pouki? Tonnè?

Pouki branch trip uit milyon moun ap kòde san rezon?

Pouki ou egziste?

Pouki ou fè m mòtifye m te Ayisyen?

Pouki lapè pa gaye sou tout fas tè a?

Why? Why? Damn it!?

Why are eight million people writhing in pain for no reason?

Why do you exist?

Why do you make me ashamed that I am Haitian?

Why doesn't peace spread over the face of the earth?

# ENPOTANS EDIKASYON NAN YON SOSYETE

Anne Marie Rosier

Edikasyon se poto mitan yon sosyete. Li byen fasil pou yon moun yon peyi detemine nivo edikasyon oubyen devlopman nan yon lòt peyi. Kidonk, si yon sosyete ta renmen fonksyone tèl fason, li ta dwe mete aksan sou kalite fòmasyon l ap ofri moun ki anndan sosyete a. Granmoun di “Bwa kwochi pa konn vin dwat” sa vle di si yo ta konsidere edikasyon tankou baz devlopman yon peyi, yo ta dwe konmanse ak timoun yon fason pou yo ta ka evite tout kontraryete sou chemen chanjman.

Si depi nan anfans timoun nan ou kite l fè sa li vle se sèten nan jenès li li gen pou l fè ou kriye e yo toujou di “Pito timoun kriye pase se granmoun paske granmoun pran anpil tan pou l konsole”. Kidonk fòk gen yon chef ki pou dirije kanmenm. Timoun jodi granmoun demen. Ou pa ta kwè sa. Si peyi Dayiti te bay edikasyon plis enpotans, jounen jodi a peyi a pa t ap degradingole konsa nan men yo. Ayiti tankou yon timoun ki nan pinisyon, yo mete l kanpe sou yon pye e sa fè deja yon bon bout tan, li prèske dekonpoze.

# THE IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATION IN A SOCIETY

Anne Marie Rosier

Education is the cornerstone of a society. It's very easy for someone in one country to determine the level of education or development in another country. Therefore, if a society wishes to function in a particular manner, it needs to emphasize the type of education it will offer its society. They say "A crooked branch can't be straightened" which means if they consider education to be at the root of development of a country, they should begin with children in such a way as to avoid disappointments on the road to change.

If, from infancy, you allow a child to do what he/she wants, it's certain that in their youth they will disappoint you - they always say "Better that a child cry than an adult because adults take time to be comforted." Therefore, it's a must to have someone to lead. Today's children are tomorrow's adults. It's hard to believe. If the country of Haiti had made education a higher priority, the country wouldn't be so run down today.

Ayisyen bezwen rebati sosyete a, yon fason pou l jwenn chans retounen Ayiti Toma li ye nan tan lontan, kote tout moun ap viv nan lapè nan renmen youn pou lòt. Kote chak moun ap gen chans resevwa ti moso fòmasyon. Lè sa a jalouzi ak ipokrizi p ap jwenn plas pou yo abite nan fon kè nou.

Yon peyi kote edikasyon pa alamòd kondane pou l peri ak tout moun k ap viv ladann nan. Si Ayiti sou kabann lopital se paske tout lwa ki sou papyè pa janm aplike. Yo chak ap defann zafè pa yo. Yo bliye si nou tout nan menm avyon an, malè a pandye sou tèt nou tout. Yo kidnape nenpòt moun. Yo pa nan patipri lè y ap touye moun, peyi a fin kraze nan men moun ki di yo se gran konèsè mele ak mas pèp ki san edikasyon epi ki san konsyans.

Edikasyon se pa pale nan bouch, se poze aksyon. Si lemonn menase jodi a se pou tout fanm vanyan mare tèt yo sere epi tout gason boukle sentiwon yo pou yo di non ak yon fason pou yo prepare avni pitit yo.

Haiti is like a child who has been punished, being forced to stand on one foot for so long, she's about to faint. Haitians need to rebuild their society, to once again become the beloved land that she once was, where everyone lived in peace, loving one another; where everyone had the opportunity to receive some education. Then, jealousy and hypocrisy wouldn't find a place in our hearts.

A country where education is not fashionable is condemned to perish, along with all of her people. If Haiti is lying on a hospital bed it's because all of her laws on paper are never applied. Everyone is looking after their own interests. They forget that we're all in the same boat, misfortune hanging over our heads. They kidnap anyone. They're not biased when they kill someone. The country is being ruined at the hands of people who think they are experts, those without education, and those without conscience.

Education is not just talk, it's action. If the world is threatened today then all valiant women and men need to stand up for the future of their children.

# ENPAS JOJO

Anne-Marie Rosier

Jojo se te yon jenn ti gason ki te gen cheve wouj, dan pwenti ak yon bèl ti tèt bouch woz, konsa li te toujou ap simen payèt nan tout ti katye li te rete a. Jojo te gen yon lòt kalifikatif: kè li te toujou kontan! Poukisa? Èske li te nan bon jan okipasyon? Pèsonn pa konnen paske chak jou li leve li pran yon beny, li mete li frèchòp epi li mete gaz nan pye li paske li pa t gen machin. Jojo gen tout kapital la pou li bat ak pye l. Ti jennonm sa a fè tout kalite dyòb: li raketè, li magouyè, li enjenyè, li tayè epi li gran manjè. Sa ki pi rèd la li pa depoze c. v. pyès kote paske li pa gen referans pou eksperyans pwofesyonèl epitou li pa gen pyès papye li ka pwouve ke li te aprann yon bagay vre. Men Jojo toujou fè tout moun konnen li p ap travay ak moun se te yon fason pou yo pa janm rive dekouvri si li pa gen papye. Jojo sa a ou tande a se yon revolisyonè. Li pa renmen esklavaj.

Chak jou se Jojo ki pou bay kòb lè li rantre lakay pou yo fè manje. Kidonk kay la se sou li yo te repoze paske manman li p ap travay epi ti sè li poko fin lekòl. Tout espwa yo se sou ti Jojo.

# IMPASSE JOJO

Anne Marie Rosier

Jojo is a young lad with red hair, pointed teeth and beautiful pink lips. He was always showing off all over his neighborhood. Jojo had another quality: he was always happy! Why? Did he have a good job? Nobody knows because every day he got up and bathed, put on some aftershave and then got going on foot, since he didn't have a car. Jojo had everything he needed to get by. This young man had all kinds of jobs: he was a racketeer, a schemer, an engineer, a tailor and a corrupt official. What's even more amazing is that he never left his CV anywhere since he didn't have any references from professional experiences, nor did he have any papers to prove that he had really learned anything. But Jojo always told people that he hadn't worked for anyone, that way they'd never discover that he didn't have any papers. This Jojo is a revolutionary. He doesn't like slavery.

Every day, Jojo had to earn some money so that when he came home they had food to cook for him. His family depended on him because his mother didn't work and his younger sister hadn't finished school yet. All of their hope rested on Jojo.

Li gen bon karaktè men Jojo sa manje anyen ki frèt, li gen lespri, li se potomitan fanmi l, se li ki pou pwoteje yo kont tout menas. Tout moun veye zo yo ak Jojo. Yo toujou di Pòtoprens se tè glise, manman Jojo, pa prekosyon ak kiryozi ta renmen konnen kisa l ap fè chak fwa li rantre ak kòb lakay la, paske nan moman sa a jèn yo ka fè tout bagay jis pou yo jwenn lajan epitou si yon pa gen tèt li byen rèd sou zèpòl li, lòt moun ka antrene l nan nenpòt vye bagay, zak malonèt, men ou konnen Jojo toujou reponn manman li “Mwen pa nan move dil”.

Jojo toujou ap reve sa li pa genyen yon fason pou li ka fè plis efò chak jou, pou li toujou gen defi l ap leve. Yon bon maten, tan an te demwazèl, solèy la te klere kou dife, ti zwazo yo t ap danse nan syèl la, lawouze pa te kò menm tonbe. Li ale lakay yon bon ti zanmi li ki pa rete twò lwen ak li, li rele Florita. Se yon bèl ti nègès cheve boukle, dan blanch ak nen pwenti. Florita sa a se de je nan tèt Jojo tèlman li adore li. Lè li fin bwè kafe li kòmanse rakonte li pwojè li genyen pou li reyalize.

He had a good temperament, but Jojo wouldn't eat anything cold. He is smart, he is the cornerstone of his family. It's up to Jojo to protect his family from all harm. Everyone is careful of Jojo. They always said Port-au-Prince was slippery territory. Jojo's mother, due to precaution and curiosity, always wanted to know what he had been up to whenever he came home with some money, because these days, young people would do just about anything to get some money and if they didn't have a good head on their shoulders, they could end up in all sorts of bad deals, dishonest acts, but you know what Jojo always told his mother? "I'm not doing any bad deals."

Jojo was always dreaming about how he could do better every day, to get through the challenges that came his way. One fine day, early in the morning, the sun was shining like a fire, birds were dancing in the sky, the dew hadn't yet dried, he went to a friend's house who lived nearby. Her name was Florita. A beautiful young lady with curly hair, white teeth and a pointy nose. Florita only had eyes for Jojo, she adored him so much. When they had finished drinking their coffee, Jojo began to tell her about a project he wished to accomplish.

“Mwen konnen ou se yon fi entèlijan, di m kisa pou mwen fè, mwen ta renmen vin prezidan.”

“Nan ki sa, ki kote?”

Florita kase yon sèl kout ri epi li di:

Gade ki foli ou genyen kounye a! Antouka sa a pa yon bon foli, se kòm si w ap fè testaman w ban mwen! Monchè.... pa jwe ak bagay serye!

Ou pè lanmò? Ou te di m avanyè, ou pa gen anyen ou pè, m kenbe ou!

“Se pa lach mwen lach men se yon kesyon de prekosyon, enterè, lanmou, dayè pa gen anpil moun ki foure tèt yo nan politik ki soti vivan ou byen pwòp, yo viktim yon jan kanmenm. Gen anpil san ki koule, anpil rèl ap fèt chak jou, sa pa chanje anyen ‘ti Mari pa moute ti Mari pa desann’. Mwen pa pral voye ou nan lagè epi se mwen ki pou pèdan, pa gen sa pyès.”

“Nou tout bezwen viv nan paradi men nou chak gen yon perèz k ap kraze nou, nou dwe domine tout bagay sa yo. Ede m reflechi toujou paske mwen pa prese nan objektif mwen, ‘mize nan wout men pote bon nouvèl’. Mwen ale. Mwen ap retounen vin manje lakay la jodi a.”

“I know you’re a smart girl, tell me what you think of this, I want to become president.”

“Of what, where?”

Florita bursed out laughing and said:

“What kind of foolishness are you thinking of now! Anyway, it’s madness, it’s like you’re writing your will to give to me! My dear friend ... don’t play around with such serious issues!”

“Are you afraid of dying? You told me yesterday that you weren’t afraid of anything, I’m holding you to it!”

“I’m not a coward but it’s a question of precaution, interest, love, besides there’s hardly anyone that gets into politics and lives to tell the tale, they become victims one way or another. So much blood flows, weeping and wailing each day, nothing changes. I’m not sending you to war with me being the loser, it’s not like that at all.”

“We all want to live in paradise but we all have fears that control us. We need to dominate those things. Help me to think about this some more because I’m not in a hurry to reach my objective, ‘taking time along the road brings good news.’ I’m leaving now. I’m going home for

(Li fè yon ti bo epi li ale).

Anpil nan kòb Jojo pase nan abiman paske li toujou kwè fòk li depanse pou li ka genyen, se konsa, yon jou li devan DGI yon lòt jou ou wè l ak enstriman nan men li li pral sou chantye paske l se enjenyè. Se yon taktik ki konsa kou li rive sou teren an li kòmanse mache, epi li gentan gen dizon ak yon lòt bon grenn zanmi ki pou rele li nan telefòn epi sa ou tande a li bay yon moun kenbe pou li.....se konsa li fè kòb li! Se konsa tout moun ki te bon zanmi l yo se te moun fòme depi telefòn yo sonnen yo kouri vin pote l sekou paske yo konnen se antrave li antrave: yo tout gen kòb pa yo!

Jojo sa a tèlman entèlijan, li mete yon machin akoud devan lakay li a kidonk li se tayè tou. Kou yo pote rad ba li koud se ti sè a ki toujou fè dyòb la epitou, chans li genyen li pa janm la lajounen donk se kou li vini aswè yo fèmen pòt epi ti sè a kòmanse koud andan an, konsa yo toujou panse se li menm k ap koud la.

dinner.” (He kisses her on the cheek and leaves).

A lot of Jojo’s money is spent on nice clothes because he always believes you have to spend money in order to make money. One day you’d see him standing in front of DGI (tax office), another day you’d find him with tools in his hand because he was off to a construction site because he was an engineer. It was a tactic that he had, that once he arrived at the site he would start walking, and he already had agreement with another friend to call him on the phone and immediately he would have them stand in for him .....that’s how he made his money! Everyone that was a good friend of his is well organized – as soon as the phone rings they run to help because they know he’s in trouble: they all end up with some money!

Jojo is so smart, he put a sewing machine in front of his house as he is a tailor, too. When they bring clothes to be sewn, his sister does the sewing. Fortunately for him he’s never there during the day and when they come in the evening they close the door and his sister begins to sew inside. That way they always think it’s him doing the sewing.

Si Jojo ta kanpe devan ou ou pa t ap janm kwè se li ki ka fè tout bagay sa yo. A! A! 'Afè lezòm se mistè.'

Nan aprèmidi, pandan l ap manje lakay Florita, li di l:

"Kòm ou konnen m toujou vini ak bon konsèy, ou gen anpil bagay ou ka fè nan plas prezidan an tankou:

- W ap fòme yon komite moun dyanm.
- N ap deside bay enpas kote nou rete a yon lòt non tankou **Enpas JOJO**.
- N ap fòse tout moun fò pwòpte nan kay yo epi pentire yo.
- N ap ekri yon lèt voye bay kèk reskonsab yon fason pou nou ka jwenn kèk èd pou nou fè sa n ap bezwen tankou adokinaj enpas la.
- N ap bezwen èd pou paran ki pa ka voye timoun lekòl pou nou voye yo ale aprann yon metye.
- N ap bezwen yon ajan sekirite pou moun yo ka viv alèz."

If Jojo was standing in front of you, you'd never believe it was him doing all of these things. Aha! 'Men's business is a mystery.'

In the afternoon, while they were eating at Florita's house, she said to him:

"You know I always have good advice, there are so many things you can do instead of being president, like:

- You could organize a committee of good people.
- We could decide to rename the impasse near here, perhaps **Impasse Jojo**.
- We could make everyone clean and paint their houses.
- We could write a letter and send it out to try and find some assistance to do what we need to pave the impasse.
- We need help for parents to send their children to school so they the can learn a trade.
- We need security so people feel safe."

Epi tout lòt bagay yo ap vini aprè men premyè sa k ap vini anvan se anpil moun pral fè jalouzi, n ap reponn yo: Fè tankou nou epi n ap ede ou. Konsa youn ede lòt paske moun pa dwe vin abite lakay lòt moun se pou yo netwaye lakay pa yo, fè lakay yo bèl, konsa nou tout ap patisipe nan devlopman peyi nou Ayiti Cheri.”

Se konsa Jojo te tèlman kontan li pa te ka pale sèl sa li di se, “Ou la la!!! Ou se fanm chans mwen.....”

And everything else we need will follow but the first thing we need is for everyone to be proud, then we'll tell them: Do what we did and we'll help you. In that way, we'll be helping each other because people shouldn't come and live with others, they should go and clean their own house, make it beautiful, and in that way we're all participating in the development of our country Haiti Cherie."

Jojo was so happy he could hardly speak except to say: "oh la la!! You are my lady luck ..."

**Ekriti**  
**Rosaline Deharth**

**The Writings  
Of  
Rosaline Deharth**

# ISTWA TI NANPWEN

Rosaline Deharth

Byen lwen lakay lòt bò larivyè, mwen t ap gete ak de nawè m lòbèy ki t ap pase nan lakou landjèz. Anben, lage chimiy mwen pou m rakonte n: “Istwa Ti Nanpwen”. Nègès peyi Dayiti Toma, pou n pi klè li te soti nan Nò peyi a nan yon ti vil ki pote non Baron ki gen dezyèm seksyon kominal li bay.

Ti Nanpwen se te yon bèl ti nègès nwa kayimit, zye chandèl, chive siwoline, long tankou kòd pit, yon lestonmak pike douvan, ou ta di se lestonmak pipirit ka pral pran vòl. Ak yon fès bonbe k ap di ou fè dèt la peye. Kote nègès pase tout jenn gason te gen yon chalè k ap monte nan janm kamson yo, tankou m ta di ou Bondye te fè erè pliske li pa te fè tout fanm tankou Ti Nanpwen.

Ti Nanpwen te rete nan yon lakou ki rele Pwadou. Li t ap viv ak manman ak papa l ak sis (6) ti frè ak sè l, Ti Nanpwen pa t janm konnen sa k rele lekòl, se li yo te kite lakay pou te gadiyen timoun yo. Ti Nanpwen pa t gen zanmi, paske l pa t konn mache, se ti frè l ak ti sè l yo ki te zanmi l.

# THE TALE OF TI NANPWEN

Rosaline Deharth

Far away, on the other side of the river, I saw with my own eyes, a scandal that was going on in a community of backbiters. If you'll stop tugging at my shirt I will tell you the tale of Ti Nanpwen: A black woman of Haiti Thomas (a traditional nickname of Haiti) who lived in a small northern village bearing the name of Baron, located in the second municipal district.

Ti Nanpwen was a beautiful black woman, with bright shining eyes, silky hair, an upright posture, and with her breasts moving forward like small birds ready to fly away. The way she walked was like an open invitation. Wherever she went, young men felt such passion for her. It's as if God made a mistake especially since He didn't make more women like Ti Nanpwen.

Ti Nanpwen lived with her mother and father and her six younger brothers and sisters in a small community called Pwadou. Ti Nanpwen never went to school; it was her job to stay home and look after the children. She had no friends because she never went out; her little brothers and sisters were her only friends.

Se nan ale katechèz pou fè premyè kominyon li rive banke ak yon ti nègès ki pote non Ti Meli. Li te chwazi l pou ma sè l, li te tou zanmi ak li. Ti Nanpwen pa t janm fè fas kare ak lekòl, sa fè li pa t janm konn jeyaga. Se je li ki pa pete ki wè tout timoun apral lekòl, li nan gwo liv, poutan li se lè yon marengwen mode li, li di a. Bakay sa t ap wonje kè l tèlman sa te bay pwoblèm li pa t janm ka viv byen akòz de sa. Men elas nanpwen moun ki te pran la penn Ti Nanpwen.

Aprè anpil lane kominyon Ti Nanpwen li pa t janm wè Ti Meli. Yon bon jou nan ravin ki rele Manjozye etan Ti Nanpwen t ap lave, je l tonbe nan je ma sè li, Ti Meli, ki t ap travèse ravin pou l pran chimen kay li. M pa bezwen di ou ki fèt medam sa yo fè.

Jou sa Ti Meli te bèl tankou lalin, ak bèl chenn nan kou li, zong li byen wòzle, nan pale li li fè konnen li gen kat lane depi li pa nan seksyon an se lavil Okap li ye. Nan pale sa te vin pouse Ti Nanpwen pou l te pran chemen lavil.

It was through going to catechism for her first communion that she met a young woman called Ti Meli and she considered her as a sister, they became friends immediately. As a consequence of not going to school Ti Nanpwen was illiterate. She wasn't blind, she watched all of the kids going to school, reading important books, however when a mosquito bit her, she said "a." (*As if she pronounces the letter "a" without actually knowing the alphabet*). This ate away at her heart so much that she thought she couldn't live with it. But alas, there was nobody who knew Ti Nanpwen's pain.

Ti Nanpwen didn't see Ti Meli for several years after her communion. One day, while Ti Nanpwen was washing her clothes in a ravine called Manjozye, she saw her sister, Ti Meli, crossing the ravine on her way home. I don't need to tell you how excited they both were!

That day, Ti Meli was as beautiful as the moon, wearing a pretty necklace around her neck and her fingernails painted Ti Meli said that she had been away for four years, living in Cap Haitian. This conversation encouraged Ti Nanpwen to move to the city.

Yon semenn pita Ti Nanpwen pa t gen lòt lwa ki monte nan tèt li se pran wout lavil, li pa t posede anyen menm ata rad li pa t gen m pa bezwen di ou kote l t ap pase pou l te jwenn lajan. Manman l se te yon vye pòv malerèz fanm ki pa t ap fè anyen, papa l se te yon mazora koukoujanyan ki te posede selman yon bout manchèt. Kanmenm Ti Nanpwen te mete devan yo pwojè l sa pa t pote yo byen ditou kè yo t ap manje yo. Aprè kèk nwit plen zanminasyon san somèy yo te rive repoze sou pwovèb sa ki di, “Si ou pa met pye deyò ou p ap konn kote miyò al kache.” Se konsa yo vann yon ti kabrit ak de ti poul pou yo regle koze Ti Nanpwen.

Ti Nanpwen te blije al kay marenn li ki se madanm Remoulin Tenten, pou l fè konnen l ap antre Okap pou l al viv. Nouvèl sa pa t ka dijere sou kè Marenn nan, ak dlo nan je, li te fè l kado yon bèl ti rad klòch ak de vye kòsaj, enpi li bay 20 pyas. Madi maten apre Ti Nanpwen te fin pase chive l, li rive fè Ti Meli konnen li prè pou vwayaj la. Mèkredi maten byen bonè avan bajou kase, avan kòk zinga desann pou bay premyè chan an montan kamson, Ti Meli ak Ti Nanpwen te gentan sou gran karetèl ap tann kamyon. Lè kamyon an vin parèt Ti Nanpwen ak Ti Meli te gentan pran plas yo.

For the next week Ti Nanpwen thought of nothing else but to move to the city but she didn't own anything, not even some clothes. I don't need to tell you where she went to get some money. Her mother was a poor unfortunate woman who never did anything. Her father was a toothless, ugly man who owned nothing but the stump of his machete. Nevertheless, Ti Nanpwen told them what she wanted to do. It broke their hearts. After several sleepless nights of reflection, they found some rest in the proverb which says: "If you don't take a risk you won't know where something better is hidden". So they sold a goat and two chickens to help Ti Nanpwen out.

Ti Nanpwen then had to visit her godmother, Mrs. Remoulin Tenten, to let her know that she was going to live in Cap Haitian. This news was hard for her godmother to take; with tears in her eyes she gave Ti Nanpwen a gift of a dress and two old blouses, and twenty gourdes (Haitian currency). Tuesday morning after doing her hair, Ti Nanpwen arrived to let Ti Meli know that she was ready to leave. Early Wednesday morning before daybreak, before the fighting roosters flew down from their shelters to crow, Ti Meli and Ti Nanpwen were already on the main road waiting for the bus. When the bus arrived Ti Nanpwen and Ti Meli took their places quickly.

6 zè pil, kamyon an te gentan ap chire wout, nan tout wout la se te bèl plezi Ti Meli t ap pale Ti Nanpwen non zòn yo: tankou Gad Bay, Semalon, Banami, Jolitwou, Gran Rivyè, jiskaske yo te rive nan vil Okap

Se te yon bèl vwayaj pou Ti Nanpwen, paske se premyè fwa li te fè yon wout long konsa. Ti Nanpwen te tèlman etonne wè vil la li te rete ak dan li tou griyen.

Senk semenn pita ak kòb Ti Nanpwen te sot lakay li, li fè yon layo epis chak semenn li voye bay fanmi li yo andeyò lè li jwenn moun ki prale. Se nan mache a kote Ti Nanpwen chita li rive kwaze ak yon bouretye ki rele Joslen, nan koze koze Ti Nanpwen lage bay Joslen, twa mwa pa t menm pase Joslen te gentan abandone Ti Nanpwen ak yon gwosès. Apre anpil soufrans anpil zanminasyon Ti Nanpwen te di lakay se lakay fòk li tounen lakay pou l al akouche. Gras Bondye anyen mal pa t rive li mete atè yon bèl ti fi.

Ti Nanpwen rele li Jou Nawè. Aprè kèk mwa li te remèt manman l ak papa l chay la, li retounen lavil Okap pou l al batay ak lavi.

By six o'clock, the bus was already speeding down the road. During the ride Ti Meli enjoyed telling Ti Nanpwen the names of the places they were passing: like Gad Bay, Semalon, Banami, Jolitwou, Gran Rivyè, until they reached Cap Haitian.

It was a wonderful trip for Ti Nanpwen because this was the first time she had traveled so far. Ti Nanpwen was so amazed by the city view that she couldn't stop smiling.

Five weeks later, with the money Ti Nanpwen had brought with her, she sent her parents a basket of spices every week when she found people going to their village. At the market where she sat, she met a cart-puller named Joslen. After some flirting Ti Nanpwen threw herself at him. It wasn't even three months later, Joslen had already abandoned Ti Nanpwen and she was pregnant. After a lot of suffering and reflection Ti Nanpwen came to the conclusion that home is home and that's where she must go to have her baby. By the grace of God nothing went wrong and she gave birth to a beautiful little girl.

Ti Nanpwen named her Jou Nawè. A couple of months later she gave this burden to her parents. She returned to Cap Haitian to continue her battle with life.

Malgre li t ap goumen ak komès la men li pat janm bouke reflechi de piti li, Jou Nawè. Li achte ti rad ak barèt pou li, li voye sik ak ti kòb. Li t ap zanminen ke ti komès la pa reponn pou tout bezwen li, se refleksyon sa ki mennen li al plope ak yon jennonm ki rele Si Yovle. Aprè yon lane byen viv ak Si Yovle Ti Nanpwen te pouse vant. Se lè sa Si Yovle deklare gwosès pa pou li. Ti Nanpwen se yon bouzen. Lè Ti Nanpwen revòlte li bat li jouk li voye li lopital. Ti Meli pa t kontan, li chèche enfòmasyon sou Si Yovle. Yo fè konnen Si Yovle gen twa fanm ak kenz pitit. Ti Nanpwen ki fè kat. Lè nèf mwa Ti Nanpwen rive pou l akouche li pa t ka youn nan fanm Si Yovle ki tèlman renmen l li te mare pitit la nan vant Ti Nanpwen.

Ti Nanpwen mache kay doktè tankou kay bòkò, pou li wè si l a jwenn solisyon, li pa janm jwenn. Lè kenz (15) mwa gwosès ap pase li blije pran wout lakay. Lakwa te gentan ansèkle tout kay Ti Nanpwen, Ti Nanpwen te bay dènye soupi.

Despite the fact that she was struggling with her business, she never stopped thinking about her daughter, Jou Nawè. She bought dresses and barrettes; she sent sugar and some money too. She was thinking about how this small business wasn't meeting all her needs. These reflections led her to go out with a young man named Si Yovle (means "if they want"). After a year of living well with Si Yovle Ti Nanpwen became pregnant again. Si Yovle claimed that he wasn't the father, and that Ti Nanpwen is a whore. When Ti Nanpwen stood up to him he beat her so badly that she ended up in hospital. Ti Meli was angry and she sought information about Si Yovle. He already had three different women and fifteen children. Ti Nanpwen was his fourth woman. When Ti Nanpwen was in her ninth month, and she was ready to give birth to her baby she couldn't. One of the women who loved Si Yovle very much cast a spell on Ti Nanpwen, preventing the normal development of the baby.

Ti Nanpwen visited doctors and voodoo priests, trying to find a solution but to no avail. After fifteen months of pregnancy she had to go home. Suffering was already surrounding Ti Nanpwen's house as she took her last breath.

Avan li ale li te gen yon dènyè mo nan bouch li, li te di manman l ak papa l pa bliye mete piti mwen an lekòl.

Yon jenn fi 24 lane pati kite yon ti lanj twa (3) lane nan yon touf mizèrere plen madichon, Ti Nanpwen ale kite lanmizè, Jou Nawè parèt anfas li bab pou bab.

Anben ti zanmi, lè ou bèl ou pote yon vye non, se chenka tranpe kasav pou ou. Ni bèl ni lèd yo tout se moun, men lè ou bèl ou pa kalkile bote ou, ou sanble tèt koupe ak demwazèl danje. Lè ou pa kalkile bote ou, ou kite l de kalkile, l ap mennen ou sou yon wout maswife, wout maswife sa a pa mennen ou lòt kote, l ap mennen ou dirèk dirèk nan karetèl simetyè.

Before she died she spoke her last words, she told her mother and father not to forget to send her child to school.

A twentyfour year old young woman died leaving behind a three year old angel in the midst of misery and curses. Ti Nanpwen escaped the misery but Jou Nawè came face to face with it.

Well folks, when you are attractive but you have an ugly name only dogs will soak your cassava for you. Both beautiful and ugly women are human beings, but when you are pretty and you don't consider your beauty you are a dangerous young woman. When you don't consider your beauty, you allow your beauty to lead you down a slippery road, this slippery road doesn't lead you to another place, it takes you directly down the road to the graveyard.

**Ekriti**  
**Yanick Ernest Fulgueira**

**The Writings  
of  
Yanick Ernest Fulgueira**

# BIYOGRAFI YANICK ERNEST FULGUEIRA

Yanick te fèt Nou Yòk Site. Tou de paran li se Ayisyen yo ye. Li te pase lane fòmativ li yo Pòtoprens. Papa Yanick te soti Pòdepè, epi manman Yanick te soti Okay.

Yanick te ale nan plizyè lekòl Ayiti, yon nan lekòl yo te lekòl primè Madanm Turian kote li te edike nan sistèm Montesori epi kote li aprann koman pou bay kont.

Boulvèsman politik nan peyi a te fòse fanmi li kite Ayiti pou yo al Etazini lè Yanick te genyen 17 an.

Yanick te travay avèk yon konpay piblisite ki fè travay nan domèn tourism Ayiti, epitou, li te fè travay chache finans pou kèk òganis. Anplis, li t ap travay pou youn konsèy lekòl pou ede parann nan kominote Ayisyen nan.

Malgre tan li te pase Etazini, Yanick pa t janm sispann renmen Ayiti ansanm ak kilti li a, paske mistè ak mèvèy Ayiti telman antre nan kò li a.

## YANICK ERNEST FULGUEIRA'S BIOGRAPHY:

Yanick was born in New York City of Haitian parents. She spent the formative years of her life in Port-au-Prince. Yanick's father was from Port-de-Paix; while her mother was from Les Cayes.

Yanick attended several schools in Haiti, including Mme Turian primary school where she was educated under the Montessori educational system and learned story telling.

Political turmoil forced her family to leave Haiti for the United States when Yanick was 17.

Yanick has worked with a publicity firm for Haitian tourism, and has also worked as a fundraiser for some organizations, and as a parent liaison for the Haitian community for the school board.

Despite her Americanization, Yanick's love for Haiti and its culture never died having been imbued with the magic and wonder of Haiti.



*Men yon tablo Yanick.  
Se atis Zilleruella,  
ki sòti peyi Tchilè,  
ki te fè sa a.*

*Yanick E. Fulgueira's picture  
by famous Chilean painter,  
Zilleruella*

# KONPE LYON AL NAN KANAVAL

Yanick Ernest Fulgueira

Nan yon forè fon fon fon nan bwa tèt mòn Jakmel, nan yon ti vilaj yon peyi yo rele Ayiti, viv yon gwo lyon feros ki chak kanaval nan mwa Fevriye kanpe sou tèt mòn pou l gade defile kanaval.



Sa li renmen anpil se tout zanimo jeng yo; yo genyen jiraf, lyon, zeb, chwal, chat, toro; yo genyen tout bèt! Yo bèl, yo tout koulè, tout dimansyon. Sa lyon renmen tou se moun ki degize en indyen, en chaloska, en mò, en indou, en alèkin, an kostim foklorik; genyen sa k mete janm long, sa k mete gwo tèt, gwo dada, genyen Madansara ak panye fèye sou tèt yo, genyen lamayot, dyab tout koulè ak zèl laj.



# LION GOES TO CARNIVAL

Yanick Ernest Fulgueira

Once upon a time, in the Caribbean island of Haiti, lived a ferocious lion. He lived deep in the forest of Jacmel and every February during carnival, he would stand at the top of the mountain to watch the parade.

What he liked most were the jungle animals: giraffes, lions, zebras, horses, cats and bulls. There were all sorts of animals in the parade. They were beautiful, in all colors and sizes. The lion also loved how the people would dress up as Indians, *chaloska*<sup>1</sup>, *mô*<sup>2</sup>, Hindus, *alèkin*<sup>3</sup>, and in folkloric costumes; some walked on stilts, some with big heads or big backsides; there were Madame Saras<sup>4</sup> carrying woven baskets on their heads, the Mardi Gras character called *lamayòt*<sup>5</sup>, and colorful devils with giant wings.

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<sup>1</sup> Attempt to ridicule a political figure of the 1915's-a mean general by the name of Charles Oscar Etienne.

<sup>2</sup> A ghost or skeleton.

<sup>3</sup> Harlequin or clown.

<sup>4</sup> Women who transport and sell merchandise, usually carrying their merchandise on their heads.

<sup>5</sup> A masked man, sometimes dressed as a ghost, with a box containing a funny or horrifying surprise.

Ayayaye! Men mizik la se sa l renmen plis! Li renmen wè cha plen ak mizisyen ki fè gwo bri ak tronpèt, epi gwoup a pye tankou rara ak tanbou ki genyen bèl dessen vèvè sou yo, epi ak banbou byen long yo ki genyen vwa enwe yo.

Lyon pa janm ka konprann ki jan fè tout zanimo jeng sa yo pa nan mòn li an, se pou kanaval sèlman li wè yo. Ane sila, li deside pou l swiv yo pou li ka al viv ak yo. Epitou, ane sila, Lyon deside li pou l chèche yon lyonès paske li pa ka rete nan solitud mòn sa pou kò l anko ak yon vye Jako tou deplimin ki pale anpil.

Tout lyon fin ale nan bouk li an, depi machan chabon koupe dènye kras pyebwa ki te ba yo lavi. Li menm pou kont pa l, li tande nan radyo se pou moun konsève bwa, men se pa pwoblèm moun, se gen lè pwoblèm bèt sèlman. Pandan Konpè Lyon ap reflechi, li tande,

“Kw a a a k!”

Wow! There's that music that he loves so much! He loves to see the floats full of musicians playing their trumpets loudly, and groups of people on foot like the rara with drums that have special designs on them, and the long bamboos<sup>6</sup> with hoarse sounds.

Lion still couldn't figure out why all these jungle animals didn't live on his mountain. He only saw them during carnival. This year, he decided to follow them so he could go and live with them. More importantly, this year he was planning to look for a lioness because he couldn't bear to live alone in the mountains anymore. His only companion was a parrot who talks too much and who had lost most of his feathers.

All the lions fled from the forest when the charcoal merchants had cut down all the trees, stripping the lions of their shelter. He was all alone. He heard on the radio that people should preserve the forests, but apparently it's not a human concern, but only a problem for animals. While Lion was thinking about this, he heard:

"Squ a a a w k!"

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<sup>6</sup> A musical instrument.

“Jako, sa ou bezwen?” Lyon di yon jako wouj, ki manke mwatye plim nan zèl li. Jako poze sou branch yon ti pye korosol, epi li di, “Bon, tande non, mon konpè Lyon, ki lè w ap deside ou pou ou al nan kanaval sila? Kanaval sila? K w a a a k!” di Jako.

Konpè Lyon pa reponn.

“Kw a a a k! Mon konpè, desann nan kanaval non, w a kontre yon ti danm. Konsa w a sispann plenyen ke ou pou kont ou. Kw a a a k! W a sispann plenyen. Kwaaak! W a sispann plenyen,” Jako di e repete.

“Kote sa a Jako! Mwen pa konn pèsonn anba a!” reponn Lyon ak enpasyans.

“ ‘Timoun ki pa kriye, domi san tete!’ ‘Si ou pa chèche ou p ap jwenn!’ Ou p ap jwenn! Ou p ap jwenn! Kwaaak!” di Jako.

“Jako banm tèt mwen, ak pwovèb ou yo. Mwen p ap desann!”

“What’s the matter, Parrot?” Lion said to the red parrot who was missing half of the feathers from his wings. Parrot stood up on a branch of a soursop tree, and said, “Well, my dear Lion, when are you finally going to decide to go to the carnival? The carnival? The carnival?” “Squaaawk!” said Parrot.

Lion didn’t answer.

“Squaaawk! My dear, go to the carnival, you’ll find a girlfriend. Then you’d stop complaining about being alone. Squaaawk! You’d stop complaining. Squaaawk! You’d stop complaining,” repeated Parrot endlessly.

“No way, Parrot. I don’t know anybody down there,” answered Lion impatiently.

*“Ti moun ki pa kriye domi san tete!* (Kids who do not cry sleep with no food). If you don’t seek, you won’t find. You won’t find. You won’t find,” said Parrot. “Squaaawk!”

“Can’t you be quiet for a moment, Parrot and stop quoting proverbs at me? I’m not going anywhere!”

“Kw a a a k! Gen lè Lyon timid, ou byen Lyon kapon, kapon, kapon,” reponn Jako.

“Ahhh non, sa se twop, Grrrrrrrrrr! Se lyon mwen ye, mwen pa ka kapon, ou tou wè Jako se timid mwen timid.”

“Konpè Lyon,” di Jako, “ ‘Pwomenen chèche pa domi san soupe.’ Ale non, w ap jwenn yon ti danm.”

Bon! Konpè Lyon reflechi, li pase gwo pat li a sou tèt drèdlok li a epi li di, “Ok, Konpè Jako, m ap desann nan kanaval.”

Konpè Jako kontan. “Kw a a a k! Kw a a a k!” Li chante, li vole san rete, kou yon zwazo ki vale grenn pèp.

Bon! Alèkile, Lyon fè bèl preparasyon pou l desann nan kanaval. Li benyen nan rivyè dlo frèt la, fwote pwèl krinyè li ak fèye korosol Jako kelli pou li pou l ka santi bon.

“Squaaawk! Looks like the lion is shy, or else the lion is a coward, coward, coward,” said Parrot.

“That’s enough, Parrot. Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr! I am a lion and I can’t be a coward. I’m just shy.”

“My dear Lion,” said Parrot, “He who seeks shall find. Come on, go ahead! You’ll find a girlfriend.”

Lion thought about it for a while; he combed through his mane of dreadlocks with his huge paw and said, “Ok, Parrot, I am going to the carnival.”

Parrot was happy about the decision. “Squaaawk! Squaaawk!” He sang, he flew all over the place; like a bird that had swallowed a jumping bean.

So, Lion started to get ready to go to the carnival. He took a bath in the cold river and rubbed himself all over with soursop<sup>7</sup> leaves. Parrot had collected them for him so that he would smell good.

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<sup>7</sup> A large and delicious slightly acid pulpy fruit of a small tree. Natives of the Caribbean use its fragrant leaves as a tea or a bath.

Li bwose dan l ak bwa chèch. Li wouji bouch li ak yon ti moso roukou tankou bèl ti danm li konn wè ki pral legliz les dimanch yo. Aprè sa, Lyon kanpe sou tèt mòn nan pou l fè yon bon van byen fò seche tout bèl pwèl jòn e nwa li yo. Li fè yon bèl stil drèdlok ak krinyè li. Lyon kontan. Lyon chante pandan tout preparasyon sila yo:

‘Men lyon, men lyon  
k ap soti nan mòn Jakmel.  
Men lyon, men lyon  
pou l al danse kanaval.’

Genyen lontan l ap pratike dans mereng ak konpa pou l ka al fè chèlbè. Men Lyon genyen yon ti sekre. Ou te mèt wè li parèt feros, men se yon lyon ki genyen bon kè, epi ki kapon. Si ou soufle sou Lyon, ti kè l vole kou yon ti moso papyè dan lè. Men ane sila, Jako konvenk li. Lyon di tèt li konsa, li p ap fè kapon anko, fò l desann al nan kanaval.

He brushed his teeth with a dry branch. He put on some red lipstick made from the roucou<sup>8</sup> plant. He wanted to have red lips like the ladies he saw going to church on Sundays. Then Lion stood on top of the mountain so the wind could dry his beautiful black and yellow fur. He then styled his mane with beautiful dreadlocks. He was happy. Lion sang while he was getting ready:

‘Here comes the lion, here comes the lion  
Coming from the mountains of Jacmel.  
Here comes the lion, here comes the lion  
He’s going to dance at the carnival.’

He had been practicing the Merengue and Compas<sup>9</sup> for quite a while so that he could look good. But Lion had a little secret. He might seem ferocious but he is kind, and he is a bit of a coward. Even a gentle breeze blowing close to Lion would nearly make him jump out of his skin. But this year Parrot had persuaded him. Lion told himself, he wasn’t going to be a coward anymore, he must go to the carnival.

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<sup>8</sup> A red dye obtained from the roucou plant. Natives of the Caribbean used it a long time ago to decorate their bodies.

<sup>9</sup> Traditional Haitian dance

Bon! Lò Lyon rive nan ri St Anne tou fre, tou santi bon. Aye, se lajwa! Tout moun degize ap danse, ou byen nan lari ou byen sou balkon, ak bra anlè, y ap fè gwouyad. Tout lari a dekore ak balon epi ak ti papiyot tout koulè mare nan fil. Tout gwo zotobre ki fè biznis mete banyè de yon balkon a yon lòt pou fè piblisite; kanta pou odè fritaye banann peze ak griyo, sa melanje ak youn ti van fre ki soti nan bè Jakmel la. Se sa nèt! Tanbou fin pran chen:

“Latam pim bow  
Lakatam pim bow!”

Lyon rantre nan bann defile zanimò yo ak yon pat anlè, ke l nan yon lòt pat, l ap danse. Lyon di nan kè li: “Ala yo bèl! Tout mete makijaj! Ayayaye! Gade ti lyonès sa a, ti krinyè li woz e wouj rive jist sou do!” Li gade bèl lyonès sa nan je. Epi bon, se sa nèt! Li tonbe damou! Je lyonès la klere kou yon bout glas nwa, epi lò je Lyon tonbe nan je lyonès la, li pa menm bat je l. Lyon di tèt li,

Well! When Lion got to St Anne Street, looking dashing and smelling good; Wow! He was so happy! Everyone was dressed up and dancing, either in the streets or on balconies, with their hands in the air and their hips swaying. Every street was decorated with balloons and paper butterflies of all colors, tied together on a string. All the big-shot businessmen hung banners from one balcony to the next to advertise; the aroma of fried plantains and pork blended with the ocean breeze. It was amazing! The drums were beating their rhythms:

“Latam pim bow!  
Lakatam pim bow!”

Lion made his entrance into the animal parade with one paw in the air, another paw holding his tail, dancing. Lion said to himself, “Look how beautiful they are! They’re all wearing make-up! Wow! Look at that lioness. Her thin mane<sup>10</sup> is pink and red, and goes all the way down her back.” Lion looked into the eyes of the lioness. The next thing you know, he was falling in love with her! The lioness’ black, glossy eyes lit up; and when their eyes met, the lioness did not blink once. Lion said to himself,

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<sup>10</sup> During the magical time of carnival even a lioness has a mane. Manes are thin and pastel for girls, and thick and darker colors for boys.

“Ahhh! Lyonès damou tou!” Lyon konmanse fè pa, l ap fè chèlbè, l ap file. Yo danse kot a kot, yo fè kole kole jiska solèy kouche, e sa, pandan twa jou. Lò Lyon chante, tout moun pran chante tou:

‘Men lyon, men lyon  
k ap soti nan mòn Jakmel.  
Men lyon, men lyon  
pou l al danse kanaval.

Men lyon, men lyon  
lyon ki tonbe damou sal.  
Men lyon, men lyon  
pou yon ti lyonès ki trè bèl.’

Sou twazyèm jou, bal fini. ‘Aprè bal, tanbou lou.’ Moun tonbe atè, tèlman yo danse. Alèkile, tout moun degize konmanse retire mask yo.

“Ahh! She’s in love, too.” Lion started to show off, acting cool while wooing her. They danced side by side; they danced in each other’s arms until the sun went down, and continued for the next three days. When the lion sang, everyone sang too:

‘Here comes the lion, here comes the lion  
coming from the mountains of Jacmel.  
Here comes the lion, here comes the lion  
He’s going to dance at the carnival.

Here comes the lion, here comes the lion  
He is falling deeply in love.  
Here comes the lion, here comes the lion  
With a gorgeous lil’ lioness.’

After the third day, the carnival was over. As they say after Carnival, ‘After the dance the drums are heavy.’ So, everybody fell to the ground, tired from all the dancing. Then, everyone started to take off their masks.

Epi, oh, oh! Lyon pran sezisman. “Apa bèt jeng se te moun! Grrrrrrr!” Lyon rele. Lò Lyon wè sa, li konnen li pèdi ti lyonès li a. Li kouri, li kouri san gade dèyè. Li monte sou tèt mòn nan. Li chita sou yon gwo woch anba dènyè pye akajou ki rete nan forè ya, anfas rivyè dlo frèt la, l ap kriye.

“Kw a a a k! Lyon sa k pase? Sa k pase?” di Jako.

“Aye Jako, ‘se kouto sèl ki konn sa k nan kè yanm’,” reponn Lyon.

“A kounye la, se ou menm k ap bay pwovèb, sa rès nèt! Les choses sont duuurrrres. Di m non, sa k pase? Sa k pase?” reponn Jako. “Aye Jako,” di Lyon, “Mwen pran yon sèl sezisman. Te krè bèt jeng nan kanaval sila, se moun yo ye.”

“Mwen te sispèk sa!” reponn Jako.

Oh, oh, no! Lion was shocked. "They aren't jungle animals, they are humans! Grrrrrrrrrr!" Lion shouted. When Lion saw what was happening, he knew he had lost his lil' lioness. He ran as fast as he could, without looking behind him. He climbed to the top of the mountain. He sat on a big rock underneath the only mahogany<sup>11</sup> tree left in the forest, right across from the river, and wept.

"Squaaaawk! Lion, what's up? What's up?" said Parrot.

"Oh Parrot! Only God knows what's in my heart," said Lion.

"Oh, so now you are quoting proverbs, it must be terrible! Life is tough. Tell me now, what's going on? What's going on?" said Parrot. "Oh, Parrot!" said Lion, "I am in shock. I thought that they were animals in the carnival, but they were people."

"I suspected that," said Parrot.

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<sup>11</sup> Haiti was once famed for its forests of these majestic trees. They were used to make furniture for foreign royalty during colonial times (Haiti was occupied by Spain, England and France). Now only a few remained, most having been cut down by the colonial furniture makers, merchants and wood-carving artists.

“Kote sa a! Mwen jwenn yon bèl ti lyonès ak bèl je klere, ak yon bèl krinyè wouj. Men se moun li ye,” Lyon esplike.

Lyon pran kriye anko, “Grrrrrrr, han, han, han!”  
Lyon chante, “Aye, Jako!”

Mwen te yon lyon feros te gen yon tan  
Moun te gaye pou lonbray mwen sèlman  
Jeng nan te konn tranble lò m mache,  
Tout zanimo te konn salye m lò m pase,  
Mwen te yon lyon feros te gen yon tan  
Alèkile, mwen kou yon ti chat kay  
Yon mò pou kò l san lonbray  
Depi mwen pèdi ti lyonès mwen an.

Grrrrrrr, grrrrr, han, han, han”

“Kw a a a k! *‘La resignation fait l’homme!’*,” reponn Jako.

“Jako, mwen pa ‘homme’,” reponn Lyon, “Epi Jako, kite m trankil mwen, ou sinon m a manje ou.”

"Sure, you did! Listen Parrot! I met a gorgeous lioness with beautiful bright eyes and a beautiful red mane; but she's human," explained Lion.

Lion started to cry again, then sang slowly with sadness, "Aye, Jako!

Once I was a fierce lion  
People would run just from my shadow  
The jungle trembled when I walked  
All the animals greeted me when I walked by  
Now I'm like a lil' house cat  
A lonely ghost without a shadow  
Since I lost my lil' lioness.

Grrrrrr, grrrrrr, han, han, han"

"Squaaawk! *La resignation fait l'homme* (Resignation makes a man)", said Parrot.

"Parrot, I'm not a 'man'," said Lion, "And Parrot, leave me alone or I'll eat you."

“Aaaahhh, sa se manti. Ou te eseye deja, plim mwen pa t bon nan bouch ou; epitou, ‘manman pa janm modè pitit li jouk nan zo, nan zo, nan zo’.” reponn Jako.

“Jako, mwen pa manman ou,” di Lyon.

“Adye! Konpè Lyon,” reponn Jako, “ ‘Gwo tèt pa vle di lespri pou sa’. Sa mwen vle di ou, se ke mwen se zanmi ou. Nou se kòm de frè. Se pou sa ou p ap janm manje m.”

Pandan tout diskisyon sa yo, briskeman, yon ti vwa swa bo zorèy Lyon di: “Pouki w ap kriye, Lyon?”

Lyon leve gwo tèt drèdlok li a, li wè ti lyonès li a ak bèl krinyè long li a, epi ak bèl gwo je klere li yo. Kè lyon fè vip!

“Oh, se ou,” Lyon di l avèk yon vwa trè sevè. “Ou pran chans vini la, ou pa konnen lyon manje moun?”

Lyonès la, pa di anyen. Li pran de pat li, li rale mask la soti nan tèt li.

“Ah, that's a lie. You tried already; my feathers didn't taste good; and as the saying goes, 'A mother does not bite her offspring all the way to the bones, to the bones, to the bones'," said Parrot.

“Parrot, I am not your mother," said Lion.

“Poor dear Lion," said Parrot, 'having a big head does not mean you are smart.' What I mean is that you're my friend. We're like brothers. That's why you'll never eat me.”

While they were arguing, suddenly, a soft voice whispered into Lion's ear, “Why are you crying, Lion?”

Lion lifted his head of dreadlocks, he saw the lioness with the beautiful thin long mane and big bright eyes. His heart skipped a beat!

“Oh, it's you," said Lion with a very stern voice. “You are taking a chance coming here, don't you know that lions eat people?”

The lioness didn't say a word. With two paws, she grabbed the mask and removed it from her face.

Lyon pran sezisman. Li manke endispoze.

“Oh, apa se lyonès ou ye?” li di ak emosyon, yon pat li sou kè li.

Lyonès reponn, “Wi, Misye Lyon. Mwen menm tou mwen te santi m sèl. Se pou sa mwen te vin nan kanaval pou m chèchè yon zanmi, menm si se te yon lyon en papye.”

Lyon sezi, Lyon kontan. Li ri tèlman fò, ke tout forè a sekwe. Li pran de pat lyonès la, li konmanse danse konpa ak li. Li monte, li desann, li chante, li ri, li danse san rete.

Jako tou deye yo, pye pou pye, ap vole, ap chante.

Jako kontan tou, li di, “Dan lavi fò pa janm dezespere paske ou pa konn kisa Bondye kite pou ou. Pou ou! Pou ou! K w a a a k!” Jako dèyè yo, pye pou pye, li vole, li monte, li desann, li chante tou san rete avèk yo,

‘Nou pa sèl anko  
Paske nou jwenn lanmou  
Paske nou jwenn lanmou’

Lion was stunned. He almost fainted.

“Oh, but you are a real lioness!” he said full of emotion, with one paw over his heart.

Lioness answered, “Yes, Mr. Lion. I, too, felt lonely and thought I was alone. I came to the carnival looking for a friend, even if it were only a paper-lion.”

Lion was surprised. Lion was happy. He laughed so hard that the forest shook. He took the lioness’ paws and started to dance the Compas with her. He danced all around; he sang, he laughed and danced nonstop.

Parrot was right behind them, flying and singing.

Parrot was happy too and said, “Don't ever lose hope because you never know what God has in store for you.” Parrot followed them; he flew all around, he sang nonstop together with them,

“We are not alone anymore  
Because we found love  
Because we found love”

Depi lè sa, chak kanaval nan Jakmel, si moun gade byen leswa, y ap wè nan reflè lalin lan, yon jako ak de lyon k ap danse konpa san rete pendan twa jou kanaval yo.

‘Men lyon, men lyon  
k ap soti nan mòn Jacmel.  
men lyon, men lyon  
pou l al danse kanaval.’

*“Men Lyon” Se Yanick E. Fulgueira ki ekri pawòl ak melodi chan an, e Leonardo Fulgueira ki ranje l.*

Ever since then, each year at the carnival in Jacmel, if you look very closely in the evenings, in the light of the moon, you will see a parrot and two lions dancing the Compas nonstop during the three days of carnival.

'Here comes the lion, here comes the lion  
Coming from the mountains of Jacmel.  
Here comes the lion, here comes the lion  
He's going to dance at the carnival.'

*"Here comes the lion" Lyrics and melody by Yanick E. Fulgueira; Arrangement by Leonardo Fulgueira*

# YON GOUD KOUTE CHE

Yanick Ernest Fulgueira

Yon jou, yon jennom soti nan yon boutik lò de goud sot tonbe nan poch li. De ti gason jwenn kòb la epi yo separe li ant yo de. Jennom mande de timoun yo si yo wè de goud soti nan poch li. Youn nan timoun yo di “Wi” imedyatman epi li remèt kòb la. Lòt la di “Non,” epi li kenbe kòb la. Sa ki te malonet la ki kenbe goud la achte kat bwat kreyon, li vann yo lekòl li fè kòb sou yo. Sa ki te onèt la, lò li vinn pi gran, li fè tout vi l ap ede malere. Tandike sa ki te malonèt la vin yon òm dafè tre rich paske li te al marye ak yon fanm rich epitou paske li vole kòb anpil klyan li yo. Alekile, li pran zanmi onèt la travay ak li paske li konnen li onèt li pa p janm tronpe l. Sa ki te onèt la te renmen zanmi li ya kòm yon frè, men li pa t renmen tanperaman dezonèt li a.

Yon lè neg onèt la wè zanmi li a touye madanm li pou l eritye kòb madam li. Pou proteje zanmi li, nèg onèt la ramase kouto nèg malonèt la jete. Men lapolis vin parèt sou li, epi se neg onèt ke yo arete. Lò li rive nan tribinal, yo mande l pou yon temwen. Natirelman, li di se zanmi n malonèt li a ki pou sèvi l temwen.

# THE COST OF ONE DOLLAR

Yanick Ernest Fulgueira

One day, a young fellow was walking out of a grocery store when two dollars fell out of his pocket. Two boys found the money and shared it. The fellow asked the kids if they saw two dollars on the ground. One kid immediately said "Yes" and gave the money back. The other kid said "No" and kept the dollar. The dishonest kid bought four packets of pencils and sold them in school at a profit. The one who gave the money back went through his life as an adult helping people by giving them money. The dishonest kid became a very successful businessman by being dishonest with his clients and also because he married a rich woman. He hired his honest friend to run his business because he knew he was honest. The honest one loved him like a brother, but despised his dishonesty.

One day the honest man witnessed his dishonest friend murder his rich wife to inherit his wife's money. The honest man picked up the knife that the dishonest man dropped so his friend wouldn't be implicated. But when the police arrived they arrested the honest man. During his trial, he said he had one witness, his friend.

Nèg malonèt vin nan tribinal. Avoka a mande l, "Misye Malonèt, eske ou wè Misye Onèt, zanmi ou, ramase zam ki touye madam ou an?" Nèg malonèt reponn, "Non!" Zanmi n onèt la rele avèk dezespwa, "Men ou wè sa! Ou wè sa!" Nèg malonèt kontinye di li pa wè aryen.

Jij tonton an gade nèg malonèt la ak anpil atansyon, epi li di l, "Misye Malonèt, mwen sonje ou tre byen. Ou se ti gason ki te kon ede machan mango ki te gen komès li nan kwen lakay mwen, epi zanmi ou, Misye Onèt te la tou. Sa se vre, n'est-ce pas?"

"Wi, Misye le Jij" reponn nèg malonèt la. Epi jij la kontinye pale, "Aaaa! Mwen sonje sa kòm si se te ayè. Jou sila, lò mwen fin achte de bèl mango nan bak Sò Yette, mwen jete de goud a tè. Eske ou sonje sa Misye Onèt? Eske ou sonje sa Misye Malonèt?" Yo tou de reponn "Wi."

Jij kontinye, "Lò mwen mande nou tou de si nou wè de goud mwen an, zanmi ou sila, Misye Onèt di m 'Wi' epi li remèt mwen goud la, men ou menm, ou di m 'Non' e ou kenbe goud la."

The dishonest man went to the trial. The lawyer asked him, "Mr. Dishonest did you see Mr. Honest, your friend, pick up the weapon used to murder your wife?" "No!" answered the dishonest man. The honest friend cried in despair, "But you saw that! You saw that!" The dishonest friend continued denying his friend's innocence.

The old judge looked intensely at the dishonest man and said to him, "Mr. Dishonest, I remember you very well. You were the young boy in my neighborhood who bagged fruits at the corner grocery store with your friend here, isn't that right?"

"Yes, your Honor," replied the dishonest man. Then the judge said, "Ah! I remember that as if it were yesterday. That day, after buying those delicious mangos from Sister Yette's store, I dropped two dollars. Do you remember that Mr. Honest? Do you remember that Mr. Dishonest?" Both replied "yes".

The judge continued, "When I asked you if you'd seen my two dollars, your friend here, Mr. Honest, said 'Yes' and gave me back the dollar; but you said 'No' and kept the dollar."

Nèg Malonèt pran sezisman, “Men Misye Jij, ki jan ou fè konnen mwen te kenbe goud ou a?” “Paske,” reponn jij la, “mwen te gen lentansyon ba nou chak yon goud pou rekompansè sèvis nou. Kòm lè sa mwen t ap etidye le dwa, mwen te deside m pou m fè yon ti eksperyans. Mwen di m te m wè si yon goud ka fè yon nèg onèt.” Jij la touse, li grate bab li, epi li mande, “Misye Malonèt, eske se lan abitud ou pou ou di ‘Non’ pou sove po ou lò ou nan pwoblem?” Jij pa kite l reponn, li kontinye, “Misye Malonèt, te m di ou yon ti koze. Ou wè, Avoka Misye Onèt vini isit ak plizye temwen pou ateste ke ou pa yon moun ki kon di laverite. Temwen sa yo se kliyan ou yo te ye. Li mennen tou yon temwen tre zenpotan ki wè lo ou touye madanm ou, e lò zanmi ou, Misye Onèt, ramase zam ou te jete a lò ou fin fe zak ou a.”

Jij pran mato l li frape ‘Bo-o!’ sou biwo li, epi li kontinye avèk severite, “Konklizyon mwen, apre tou, ‘onnètete peye pi byen pase malonèt!’ ”

Mr. Dishonest was flabbergasted, "But your Honor, how did you know I kept the dollar?" "Because," said the judge mockingly, "I intended to give both of you a tip of a dollar each and dropped the money on purpose to see who was the most honest of you two. You see, I was a law student at the time and I wanted to run a little experiment. I didn't say anything because I wanted to find out if honesty would pay off in the long run." The judge cleared his throat, stroked his beard and continued, "Mr. Dishonest, are you in the habit of saying 'No' to save your skin? You see, Mr. Honest's lawyer brought several witnesses here to attest to your dishonesty. They were your former business clients. He also brought another key witness who saw you kill your wife that night and saw your friend pick up the knife to discard it so you would not be implicated."

The sound of the judge's mallet resonated in the court room as he added in a stern voice, "My verdict, 'Honesty does pay after all.'"

**Pwezi  
Suze Baron**

## **The Poetry of Suze Baron**

# YO DI

## Suze Baron

Yo di  
san kretyen  
enrichi  
latè  
Si se te vre  
si se te vre  
mezanmi  
ala diri  
pitimi  
ak mayi  
ki ta genyen  
lan peyi  
Dayiti.

# THEY SAY

Suze Baron

They say  
the blood of Christians  
enriches  
the earth  
If that were true  
if that were true  
think of it  
what incredible rice  
millet  
and corn  
we would have  
in the land  
of Haiti.

# TENEB TENEB

Suze Baron

Se lan ri St Honore  
tape a komanse  
ri reyinyon reponn

toupatou  
se kowkow kowkow  
kowkow kowkow

Ti moun granmoun  
travayè lokatè  
chofè faktè

komèsan chalatan  
abitan dirijan  
Tout ap tape

Yo tape  
san rete  
yo tape  
jous Bondye  
lan syèl la  
tande.

# DARKNESS DARKNESS

Suze Baron

In the street of St Honore  
the beating (of the drums) begins  
the laughter of the meeting responds

everywhere  
it's kowkow kowkow  
kowkow kowkow

Children adults  
workers tenants  
drivers mailmen

merchants charlatans  
inhabitants Directors  
All are beating

They beat  
without stopping  
they beat  
until God  
in the heavens  
hears.

# TANBOU A PALE

Suze Baron

tanbou a pale  
Ti Roro fè  
tanbou a pale  
nòt yo leve  
yo mache  
y al sote  
sou Sò Yaya

yo rantre  
nan kòlèt li  
yo jwe anba vant li  
teke zantray li

Sò Yaya  
alèkile  
avèk de bra l anlè  
kom youn pè k ap preche  
kòmanse gouye

# THE DRUM SPEAKS

Suze Baron

the drum speaks  
Ti-Roro makes  
the drum speak  
the notes rise up  
they walk  
they jump  
onto Sò Yaya

they enter  
her chest  
they play under her belly  
bumping into her guts

Sister Yaya  
now  
with two arms in the air  
like the priest preaching  
begins to sway

pli nan vant li woule  
kou vag sou lanmè  
souf li kou timoun  
k ap sote kòd

lò mizik la fini  
figi Yaya w a di  
youn fanm ki  
fèk fin fè lanmou

wrinkles of her belly roll  
like the waves of the ocean  
her breathing is like a child  
jumping rope

when the music ends  
Yaya's face shows  
a woman who  
has just made love

# YON JOU

Suze Baron

yon jou  
yon bon jou  
devenn ayiti  
va fini

pa p gen bezwen  
plede ame ni  
plede kache

pa p gen bezwen  
bati bato ni  
mouri lan dlo

yon jou  
yon bon jou  
devenn Ayiti  
va fini

moun va sispann  
kraze brize  
moun va sispann  
mete dife

# ONE DAY

Suze Baron

one day  
one beautiful day  
Haiti's bad luck  
will come to an end

there will be no more need  
to always be armed nor  
to always hide

there will be no more need  
to build boats nor  
to die in the water

one day  
one beautiful day  
Haiti's bad luck  
will come to an end

people will stop  
vandalizing  
people will stop  
lighting fires

epi y a  
vide kòb  
krete djòb  
lan mòn kou lavil

lò sa va fèt  
lò sa va fèt  
tout pèp la  
va rele

viv lademokrasi

and they will  
pour out their money  
creating jobs  
in the mountains and in the towns

when that happens  
when that happens  
all of the people  
will cry out

long live democracy!

# KREYÒL WOWOLOY 2006 KONKOU TÈKS KREYATIF

Konkou Tèks Kreyatif Kreyòl Ayiti  
Dat pou fini: 1 Jiye 2006  
Premye pri: US\$100

Nou byen kontan anonse DEZYÈM Konkou Tèks Kreyatif Kreyòl Ayiti. N ap patwone konkou sa a pou n jwenn nouvo otè Ayisyen epitou pou n ankouraje lekti ak ekriti an Kreyòl. Nou ap seleksyone 12 a 15 istwa pou n pibliye epi otè meye istwa a ap resevwa yon pri US\$100.

Pwoje Louvèti (<http://www.thelouvertureproject.org/wiki/>) ap ajoute yon pri US\$75 pou pi bon istwa osije Ayiti ki soumèt nan Konkou Tèks Kreyatif Kreyòl Ayiti a. Anplis, istwa ki genyen pri sa a ap parèt sou weblog Pwoje Louvèti An, e rèt toutan sou wiki Pwoje Louvèti An. Pwoje Louvèti An va patwone yon tradiksyon Angle pou istwa a tou.

# THE BEST OF CREOLE 2006 CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST

Creole Creative Writing Contest

Deadline: July 1, 2006

First Prize: US \$100

We are happy to announce our SECOND Creole Creative Writing Contest. We are sponsoring this contest to engender new and emerging Haitian authors and to encourage reading and writing in Creole. We expect to accept 12 - 15 stories for publication and the BEST story will receive US\$100.

The Louverture Project (<http://www.thelouvertureproject.org/wiki/>) has added a prize of US \$75 for the best Haitian history-related submission to the Creole Creative Writing Contest. In addition, they will post the author's story both at their weblog and permanently at their wiki, and will sponsor an English translation of the work as well, if one isn't already available.

Dapre Stuart Maxwell, Editè Jeneral:

“Pwoje Louvèti se yon sit istwa ki an liy sou èntenèt ki ap ranmase, analize epi pwopaje konesans ak enfomasyon sou revolisyon Ayisyen nan. Pi gwo pati pwoje a se wiki (yon sit èntenèt ki kolaboratif) kote nou deja kòmanse kolekte epi òganize yon diferan enfomasyon pou n fè istwa Ayiti vin pi disponib pou tout moun. Vin fè yon vizit nan sit nou pou ou ka wè sa n ap fè. Mwen kwè, ak plis aktivite, Pwoje Louvèti a kapab vin yon gwo zouti pou konprann Ayiti, istwa li, ak pèp li.”

**Enstriksyon jeneral konkou a:**

Soumisyon kapab gen 3000 mo maksimom, menmsi istwa ki pi long ap konsidere.

Chak otè mèt soumèt senk (5) tèks maksimom.

Kalite istwa ki akseptab:

- Entevyou
- Memwa
- Ese
- Ekstre Roman
- Istwa kout
- Pwezi
- Atik

From Stuart Maxwell, Managing Editor:

"The Louverture Project is an online history site, gathering, analyzing, and promoting knowledge of the Haitian Revolution. The main part of the project is a wiki, or collaborative website, wherein we have started to collect and organize a range of information that we hope will help make Haiti's story known to a wider audience. I invite you to visit our site and check out what we're doing. I firmly believe that, with further development, The Louverture Project can be an invaluable aid to understanding Haiti, its history, and its people."

### **Contest Guidelines**

Submissions should be 3000 words or less, although longer works may be considered.

Each author may submit up to five works.

Acceptable works for submission are:

- Interviews
- Memoirs
- Essays and Assays
- Novel excerpts
- Short Fiction
- Poetry
- Articles.

Nou pa p konsidere sije “gran moun” pou piblikasyon. Lekte ki enterese nou plis se jennjan ak timoun lekol ki se majorite moun ki li Kreyòl.

Sèl istwa ki ekri an Kreyòl Ayisyen nou ap konsidere. Si travay la ta deja tradwi nan lang Angle, otè a ka soumèt li tou, men se pa yon obligasyon. Tradiksyon an p ap gen enfliyans sou ki moun ki ap pote lamayol.

Sa pa fè anyen si istwa a te deja pibliye ou non. Nou anvi bay tout moun yon chans pou li li. Bi pa nou se ankouraje otè ki gen bel teks orijinal pou mete yo pou lot moun konnen yo, apresye yo. Nou pare pou nou li nenpòt estil ekriti depi l bon kalite, orijinal, imajinatif epi pote kè kontan.

N ap anonse gayan an 1 Sektanm 2006 pou pita.

Gayan pri pou meye istwa a ap resevwa:

- US\$100
- Yon Setifika Rekonesans ak Konpliman
- Piblikasyon nan “Kreyòl Wowoloy – 2006”
- 5 kopi liv ki pibliye koleksyon teks yo
- Yon pòsyon wayote lè liv la vann
- Piblikasyon nan sit èntenèt pa nou an pandan ennan.

"Adult" material will not be considered for publication. Our target audience is for young adults and school children who make up the majority of Creole readers.

Only Haitian Creole language works will be considered. While not required, an English translation of the work may also be submitted. The absence or presence of the English manuscript will NOT affect your chances to win the grand prize.

It doesn't matter whether your work has been published before or not. We want to give more people the chance to read it. Our goal is to promote excellent writers and their best work. We are open to reading any form or genre of writing provided the writing is of excellent quality, original, and opens up our imagination to make us wonder.

The winner will be announced no later than September 1, 2006.

The winner of the BEST work award will receive:

- US \$100 prize.
- A Certificate of Recognition.
- Publication in "The Best of Creole - 2006".
- Five (5) copies of the published book.
- A share of the royalties from the sale of the book.
- Publication on our web site for 1 year.

Gayan pri pou pi bon tèks osije istwa Ayiti ap resevwa:

- US\$75
- Yon Setifika Rekonesans ak Konpliman
- Yon pòsyon wayote lè liv la vann
- Piblikasyon nan sit èntenèt pa nou an pandan ennan.
- Piblikasyon kont otè a sou weblog Pwoje Louvèti An
- Piblikasyon pemanan sou wiki Pwoje Louvèti An
- Tradiksyon gratis an Angle, si se nesèsè

Soumisyon ki bon men ki pa gayan ki seleksyone pou piblikasyon ap resevwa:

- Yon Setifika Rekonesans ak Konpliman
- Piblikasyon nan “Kreyòl Wowoloy - 2006”
- 2 kopi liv ki pibliye koleksyon teks yo
- Yon pòsyon wayote lè liv la vann
- Piblikasyon nan sit èntenèt pa nou an pandan ennan.

Yon Fon Wayote va pataje pami tout otè ki pibliye yo. Fon an ap egal ak 25% pri net liv la. Wayote a ap pataje egal ego pami tout otè ki nan liv la. Chak otè ap touche chak twa mwa, kòmanse 1 Janvye 2007.

The winner of the best Haitian history-related work will receive:

US \$75 prize.

- A Certificate of Recognition.
- A share of the royalties from the sale of the book.
- Publication on our web site for 1 year. \*
- Publication of the author's story on The Louverture Project weblog.
- Permanent publication of the work on The Louverture Project wiki.
- FREE translation of the work into English, if needed.

"Runner-up" submissions which are accepted for publication will receive:

- A Certificate of Recognition.
- Publication in "The Best of Creole - 2006".
- Two (2) copies of the published book.
- A share of the royalties from the sale of the book.
- Publication on our web site for 1 year.

A Royalty Fund will be shared among the published authors equal to 25% of the net selling price of the book. These royalties will be equally shared among the submitting authors and paid quarterly beginning Jan 1, 2007.

Eastern Digital Resources gen dwa pou l edite tout istwa k ap pibliye pou yo kapab byen klè.

Dwa otè, pou tout istwa ki soumèt, ap rete nan men otè.

Nou prefere pou ou soumèt istwa pa ou nan fòm elektronik, men ou mèt tape l voye l (voye de (2) kopi).

Chak soumisyon gen dwa enkli yon lèt ki bay non, adrès, imel ak nimewo telefòn otè a, depi genyen.

Voye soumisyon nan adrès sa a:  
Eastern Digital Resources  
PO Box 1451  
Clearwater, SC 29822-1451

Oubyen pa imel:  
Bestof2006@researchonline.net

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Submissions via electronic format (Word or other word processor) are preferred, but typed manuscripts may also be submitted in duplicate.

All submissions should include a cover note listing the author's name, address, email and phone number if available.

Submissions should be sent to:  
Eastern Digital Resources  
PO Box 1451  
Clearwater, SC 29822-1451

or via EMAIL to:  
Bestof2006@researchonline.net