

The Plight Öf The Trapper



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The Plight Of The Trapper

In every culture of human beings there is story telling. Whenever there are no stories it means the storytellers have left to somewhere else... Because of this, there are stories where they went to and silence where they left from, until yet another storyteller ventures into the community without stories and tells a story. This story is about a bio diverse culture of human beings that was visited by the storyteller Pong.

Whenever there are no stories,
the storytellers left to some-
where else... Because of

She was a very particular and special girl. According to her mother, Pong was born talking, but we know about mothers: They always imagine things during delivery and we're best served not arguing these claims. Still, someone else did say that Pong's mother must have mistook the birth wail of her newly born for a baby's prattle. It so happens that 'someone' was the storyteller Ping. He left the eco system soon after having expressed his doubts about Pong's mother, and the entire system fell silent. It would be quite some time before this silence was broken and sort of treated by a storyteller. You see, Pong went on a boat trip abroad, and it would be years and years before she returned to her native village that had fallen silent for want of a storyteller.

She had gone off to not only acquire the skill of reading but also that of writing. And, Pong had mastered

the ability to commit things she wanted to say to paper. Yes, Pong now knew both writing and reading out loud. The first story she actually told was to a group of young adults. It was called “Vroeger Mochten Vrouwen Geen Alcohol Drinken.” Or in English: “Before, Woman Drank.”

It turned, that story was deemed heretic and injurious to the fraternity. Pong was run out of the academic place where she had discovered her talent for hitting a story home. Of course “Before Women Where Drunks” wasn’t about any religion at all, it was Pong’s expression of an imminent threat that she felt was devouring...things. She had been watching much news, and had purchased a UMTS radio that enabled her to practice using her lovely ears. “Tuned into hearing oncoming traffic,” her dad used to say when Pong was not around of course. After Pong returned to her native village, her dad solemnly declared it had been Pong’s *ears and hearing* that had prevented his baby girl from harm worst then being chased out of ‘Academia.’ The story Pong told this time would not get her run out of town. Want to hear it? Here it goes!

Het Lopend Vuurtje/The Fire

A cabbage patch or something; a tiger; and a deer where looking to cross a river. Wrapping their mind around their predicament, they were bound to get hungry and walking up and down the rivulet didn’t solve that problem either.

The rooster sitting on top of the church saw the three of them ambling back and forth, growing more and more hungry.

"Death never solved anything."

The Crossing

The cabbage patch, Mamio, and his two companions were getting hungry. Looking for a place to cross a river costs energy, not everybody knows this. You don't want to lose your footing and fall in, you don't want to wade in and suddenly get carried off by the river and you want to make sure all this doesn't happen, thinking, from where you're at. So you're bound to get hungry. Figurin and all. Such do dictate circumstance and the desire to cross a river.

The rooster, perched on top of a church had been regarding the three slowly getting hungry. It crowed loudly and they looked up. "Whaddup!" yelled the tiger, clearly fancying some chicken at the sight of all that on top of a church even. "There's a fire coming!" said the rooster, "but up ahead is where the boatman is about to moor."

The deer had smelled the fire coming for some time now, and decided to follow the rooster's indication right off. Mamio and tiger followed suit, not all together unsatisfied about apparently having found a suitable place to cross.

I don't know why you
suffer, but I can assure
you do not want to go
to hell."

To Fruba on
vacation in the
telling saga "

Indeed it wasn't long before they found the little dock, and saw a boat approaching it. The tiger sized up Dia, our buck, and Mamio silently put up with a similar regard from the deer. Mamio decided to strike up conversation to kill both time and appetite before the boat arrived, and enquired what tiger's name might be. It took a precious few seconds before tiger replied:

"I don't talk to my food,
I don't play with my food,
I eat my food."

When this appeared to look like the end of that conversation, tiger added: "My mother taught me this." "Yah? Did she name you? Or did your daddy?" Patch joined into the talk. Tiger turned his lovely gaze to Mamio and said: "Guess."

...Well 'Guess' what do you think the fare is going to be? You know, for: Crossing this here stream; not getting burnt; alive; and, heck, eaten?

That, ‘Patch’, probably depends on what you tell the boatman, Tiger replies as he sees the boat pull up into the little dock.

“Nice parking Mr. Boatman!”

“Thanks ‘Patch’ said Ernest Hemmingway, with a mighty friendly grin that contorted most if not all of his face.



Mamio continued and said we’d like to kindly...request you to ferry us across this river in your boat there, so as to we don’t meet an untimely end of life due to fire and/or slaughter.

Ernest sized the stomach growling lot up and said: “There’s a fire coming, and I’ll have to ferry you up and down for reasons apparent. This will get you in a state, so, to prevent that from happening, I’ll explain how this ‘French ride’ as I call it, is going to happen: First you, ‘Patch’ and the deer will get on, leaving Tiger there. We’ll drop Patch off and you, deer, and I will come back for Tiger. After all this the two of you, Tiger and deer, will be there as well.”

That’d be about half an hour after we drop off ‘Patch’ then, accounted Dia. Yes that’d be about that long, the boatman ushered the first two aboard, slightly hurriedly as there was a fire coming. And off they went. Without Mamio and including Dia it was another twenty five minutes before Tiger jumped aboard and laid down flat on deck. Both church and rooster had disappeared in a fiery hold. The dock itself was being threatened and the boatman must have been happy to see Tiger had been

brave enough not to run off and wait for his return elsewhere, further away from the rooster.

When the three of them reached the other side of the river the boatman struck up conversation with Tiger who by now had recovered from a nasty confrontation with one menacing rooster. He started by saying it was always remarkable to find the weather on this side of the river so much more alpine, but that today the fire they'd just left added a huge amount of difference to the whole experience. "Remarkable" replied Tiger, you said 'remarkable', that's not a word, as he looked at Dia leaping onto the dock and off into the wild ahead. The boatman continued voicing his appreciation of the weather on this side of the river as he moved the boat around a bit, and took his time docking. By the time Tiger could get off there was no sign of Dia. Looking



back to where the three of them had left, he saw the rooster's mane tower high above a red and yellow burn, like thick black cloth covering the television set in winter.

What do I owe you, the Tiger asked the boatman. Nothing you can spare replied the man. What if I want to

go back across Tiger hazarded? Don't bring a deer, Tiger. And off he was, urged by a need to stay alive.

Ba Anansi

The fire eventually went out and left the place a desolate moonlike landscape. The church had been burnt to a cinder and the churchyard was no more than a collection of tombstones covered with a thick coat of ash. Nothing moved until there was a stir as Ba Anansi struggled to move a slab of marble he'd crawled under to ward himself from the fire. The tips of his legs had turned an irritated color red because his tombstone had become rather heated in the blaze. Cursing at every step, he tiptoed out of his hiding place and read what it said on the rock he had crawled under, as a gust of wind wiped the ashes off...but that's another story.

Ba Anansi rested the scorched tips of his legs, he gazed at the tombstone that he'd crawled from under, and muttered:

"Fire solves many problems, fire solves many problems."