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Solomon Mamaloni

Key Words

backgrounds, talents, late, abroad, term, hosted, long service, professionals



All over the world there are great men and women from many different backgrounds. In Solomon Islands there are famous people who could be called the heroes of our country. Some of these men and women have done great things towards the development of our country. Some have done this by getting high qualifications and becoming professionals such as doctors, lawyers or pilots. Others have developed their talents and become great sportsmen and women who have represented our country in many parts of the world.

This text looks at a long serving politician who contributed to the development of Solomon Islands, the late Solomon Sunaone Mamaloni.

Solomon Sunaone Mamaloni was born on January 21st 1943. As a child he went to Pawa Primary School on Ugi Island. This small island lies about 10 kilometres to the north of his home island, Makira. He was then selected to carry on his education at the King George Secondary School in Honiara. In 1964 he

was among a group of four students who were chosen to study in New Zealand.

When Mamaloni returned to Solomon Islands from his studies abroad in 1966, he served in the Colonial Civil Service of the British Solomon Islands Protectorate (BSIP). He was the Clerk to the Legislative Council.

In 1974 Mamaloni became the first Chief Minister. When Solomon Islands became independent from Great Britain in 1978, Mamaloni became the leader of the opposition.

In 1982, after Sir Peter Kenilorea's term in office as Prime Minister, Mamaloni became the new Prime Minister.

Mamaloni served two terms as Prime Minister from 1982 to 1991. Apart from being Prime Minister he also did other things. For example he was the chairperson when Solomon Islands hosted the South Pacific Forum in 1992.

Mamaloni was a politician for 20 years. His long service proves his commitment to serve, not only his own people of Makira, but also all people of Solomon Islands. He was still representing his people in parliament when he died on 11th January 2000. His death left the country with great challenges.

Lance Armstrong

An Extraordinary Biography

Alison Blaylock

World champion cyclist, Lance Armstrong is one of the heroes of the sport of cycling.

His life story describes the determination and commitment needed by any top class athlete. It also includes an incredible chapter in which this young American looked death in the face.

The Early Years

Born in 1971, Lance was a natural athlete from an early age. His mother encouraged his talent and competitive spirit, helping him to train and enter youth competitions in their hometown in Texas.

At the age of 13 Lance won the local Triathlon, which is a grueling race combining swimming, running and cycling. By the time he was in High School, however, it was clear that cycle racing would become his main event. Lance believes that he was “born to race bikes.”

Lance qualified to train with the U.S. Olympic team while he was still at school and after he completed his studies he turned his attention to cycling full time.

As an amateur cyclist, he entered the 1989 junior world championships in Moscow. By 1991 he was the U.S. National Amateur Champion, and he remained an amateur competitor through the 1992 Olympic games in Barcelona. By then it was time to turn professional.

His success in amateur cycling had been almost effortless. The professional scene was a different story. After winning almost every race he entered as an amateur, Lance had to face defeat. It was not so easy, crossing the finish line last, 27 minutes behind the winner, in his first professional race!



But he was not the type to give up. It was a humbling experience, but it made him even more determined to succeed.

In the first season as a professional he once again began to win races. He took ten titles in 1993 including the US Pro Championship, and became the youngest road racing World Champion ever. His team was ranked among the top five in the world, the first time in cycling history that a US team had entered the top five.

Lance spent about eight months of each year in Europe training and racing on the professional circuit. He attracted many fans and was becoming famous around the world for his outstanding ability. All the time he continued to grow and develop as an athlete both mentally and physically.

He secured his place in U.S. racing history in 1993, winning one million dollars in a race called the Triple Crown. In 1995 he was named as American Cyclist of the Year.

The Tour de France, is a long and grueling road race which takes place in the mountains of the south of France and ends in the capital, Paris. It is the hardest and most prestigious race in world cycle racing. Lance dreamed of winning this title one day.

Cancer

He began 1996 as the number one ranked cyclist in the world. Then the unthinkable happened. When he was just four months away from his 25th birthday Lance was forced off his bike during a race, in terrible pain. Tests revealed that he had

cancer of the testicle that had spread to his lungs and his brain. A press conference was held on October 9th 1996 to announce this shocking news to the world. No one could believe that this athletic young man was facing a life threatening illness.

Lance had two major operations in the next two weeks to remove his testicle and the cancer in his brain. Doctors told him that he had a less than 50/50 chance of survival, and that he should certainly not expect ever to ride his bike again.

After the operations, Lance had to take chemotherapy, very strong drugs to kill off the cancer cells in his lungs. He was frightened, but determined not to give in to this disease, just as he had not given up in the face of the challenges of his cycling career.

He remained weak and extremely sick for many weeks, but remarkably, the chemotherapy did begin to work. Against the odds, and to the amazement of his doctors, Lance slowly began to recover.

Although cancer left him scarred physically and emotionally, he now believes that it was an unexpected gift. Like other people who have survived cancer, he believes that cancer was "...the best thing that ever happened to me."

Through his illness, he matured. He grew to fully appreciate the blessings of good health, a loving family, and close friends. He set up a charity called the Lance Armstrong Foundation to raise money for research into the cause and treatment of cancer and to help other people to manage and survive the illness as he had done.

Comeback

His story would be remarkable if it ended here. It does not. As he got better Lance started to think about racing again. Just five months after his operations, he began to ride his bike again and soon started a gentle training programme.

In May 1998 Lance celebrated his victory over cancer and his “official” return to U.S. cycling by winning a race in his home town of Austin, Texas.

It was impressive, but many people still doubted whether he could ever regain the standard he had achieved before his illness. Could he really compete again in the top class European races?

Although he was determined to win back his position as one of the world’s top cyclists, it was not an easy ride. After withdrawing exhausted from an important race Lance was tempted to give up cycling for ever.

Later in 1998 he won stunning victories in important European races in Luxembourg, Germany and America.

He finished the 1998 season by taking fourth place at the World Championships in Holland. The weather for this race was so awful that only 66 out of 152 riders even completed the race.

The Tour de France

Lance once again allowed himself to dream of winning the Tour de France. This goal was unheard of by an American team. The only American ever to win was part of a French team.

Lance started the 1999 season slowly, training hard, and racing only in those events that would prepare him for the big race. When the Tour de France began in July 1999, Lance won the opening time trial convincingly.

He and his team stayed up at the front of the pack for every stage of the race, but rode steadily, leaving others to win each stage so as not to exhaust themselves. At Stage 8 Lance took matters into his own hands. He won the stage and took the famous yellow jersey worn by the leader. He and his team remained in the lead all the way to Paris winning the race by seven minutes.

Wining the Tour de France was a tremendous victory, not only for Lance, but also for cancer survivors around the world!



Lance after winning the Tour de France in 1999

Update

Lance Armstrong went on to win the Tour de France five more times. No other cyclist in the history of the sport has ever achieved so many wins in this race.

The Weather

Linda Puia

Key Words

weather, condition, information, photographs, temperature, forecasts, predict, haze

What is Weather?

Weather describes the condition of the air at any time and place. Weather also tells about how the air moves and describes anything the air might be carrying such as rain, clouds or even snow. Thunder, lightning, rainbows, haze and other special weather events are all part of weather too. Weather conditions can change suddenly. One day the weather conditions might be hot and sunny. The next day it might be cool and raining. Some words used to describe weather include wet, fine, hot, cool, humid, windy and calm.

Who Measures the Weather?

Meteorology is the study of weather. Meteorologists are scientists who predict or forecast what the weather will be like. They measure temperature, rainfall, air pressure, humidity, the amount of sunshine and cloud. They also make predictions and forecasts about what the weather will be like the next day, or sometimes even further into the future.

In Solomon Islands, we get our weather reports from the Solomon Islands' Meteorological Service, in Honiara. This service has weather stations located in different parts of Solomon Islands. The stations are at Munda, Taro Island, Auki, Kirakira and Lata. Every day, these stations report back to the meteorological office at Henderson Airport. The meteorologists use this information to put together the daily weather report. These reports are broadcast on the radio and printed in the Solomon Star.

How Does Weather Affect Us?

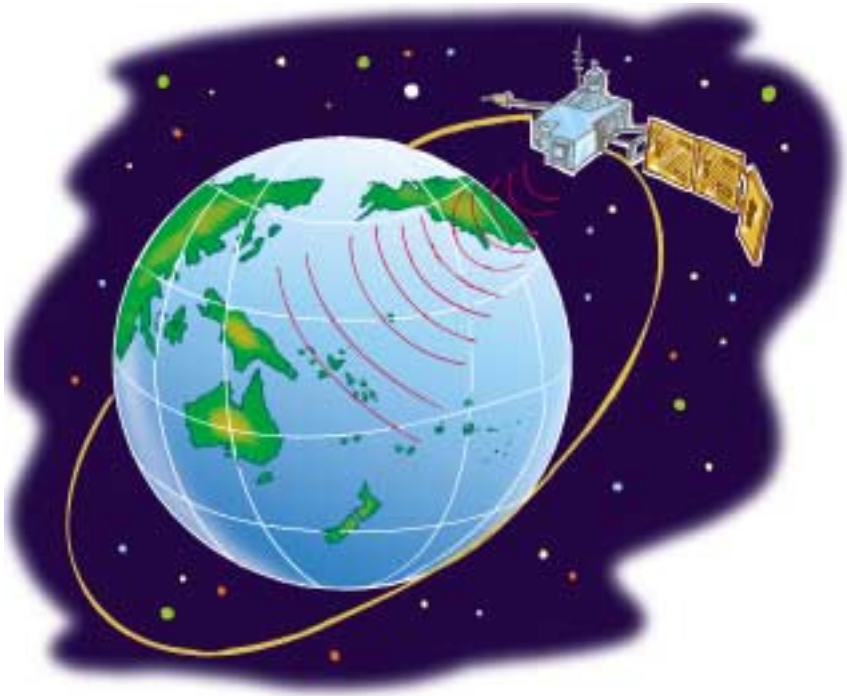
The weather affects us in many different ways. For example, it affects what we wear, our work and the activities that we do. It can even affect our moods and our feelings. Understanding the weather and predicting future weather has always been important to people. For most of us knowing if the weather will be fine or rainy, hot or cold is enough information. However, pilots, sailors, fishermen and farmers all need more detailed and accurate predictions of the weather so that they can do their work well.

Weather Forecasts

To predict the weather is called forecasting. Weather forecasting is very important. It gives people early warning of danger, such as floods or cyclones, and lets them get ready in time to be safe. In the olden days, people forecasted the weather by looking at the direction in which the clouds were moving or at cloud patterns. People who lived on the coast studied the flow of tides and currents to understand and forecast the weather for the next day. Although this was helpful, it was not always accurate because people relied only on what they could see with their eyes.

Modern Weather Forecasting Equipment

Forecasting the weather is now done with the use of special equipment. This equipment is used to measure the temperature, rainfall, wind speed and humidity. Meteorologists can also make weather predictions by studying photographs taken by satellites.



A satellite orbiting around earth

A satellite is an electronic device that is sent into space. The satellites are fitted with special cameras. Modern technology allows meteorologists to measure and predict different weather conditions more accurately than people could do before.

I am the Rain

Grace Nichols

I am the rain
I like to play games
Sometimes I pretend
I'm going to fall
Man that's the time
I don't come at all

Sometimes
I get these laughing
stitches up my sides
rushing people in and out
with the clothesline

I just love
drip
dropping
down
collars
and spines

Maybe it's a shame
but it's the only way
I get some fame



Ways of the Wind

Joan Poulson

The wind from the west
is a gentle wind
a wind of smiles
a wind of soft stroking.

The wind from the east
is a cruel wind
a wind of scowls
a wind of sly chillness.

The wind from the north
is a harsh wind
a wind of force
a wind of cold boldness.

The wind from the south
is a friendly wind
a wind of laughter
a wind of warm kindness.



Windy Day

Mary Jeffries

A wind blew up one morning
And joined us in our play,
Chasing us round the playground
Blowing our ball away.

It whistled at the window
and bustling quickly through
Found our teacher's pile of papers
And blew, and blew, and blew.

Then everybody scrambled
As we heard our teacher shout:
"Quick! Shut the doors and windows
And keep that wild wind out!"



How Beautiful is the Rain

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat
In the broad and fiery street
In the narrow lane
How beautiful is the rain!
How it clatters along the roofs
Like the tramp of hooves.

How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window pane
It pours and pours
And swift and wide
With a muddy tide
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!



The Miracle of Tikopia

Linda Puia

Key Words:

remote, miracle, helicopter, destruction, flee, centuries, emergencies, gigantic, donated

Early on Sunday morning, 29th December 2002, Cyclone Zoe smashed into the island of Tikopia. Many people feared for the safety of the islanders. For a whole week, there was no contact with the tiny, remote island.



The tiny island of Tikopia

A helicopter was sent to Tikopia to check on the people there. While hovering over the tiny island, only destroyed crops flattened villages and fallen trees were seen. There was no sign of life. The people on board the helicopter feared that they may have arrived too late. The helicopter crew were the first people to arrive on Tikopia after the cyclone. They expected to find hundreds dead or injured. When the helicopter landed, people began to come out as if from nowhere and started running towards the helicopter. By some miracle, the population of Tikopia had survived the cyclone, not a single person had died in the storm.



Destruction left behind by Cyclone Zoe

It turned out that the islanders had survived by fleeing to the higher ground along paths that the Tikopians have used for centuries during cyclone emergencies. They sheltered in mountain caves. Outside the caves, winds of 370 kilometers per hour lashed the island and gigantic waves swept across the low lying areas.

Cyclones are not new to Tikopians and over many centuries, the islanders have become adept at preparing for cyclones and surviving them.

After Cyclone Zoe the islanders faced many problems because their gardens were smashed by the storm and their water supply was spoilt by salt water, but at least they were alive.

Emergency supplies donated by many countries around the Pacific began to arrive in Tikopia about a week after Cyclone Zoe struck. Slowly, the people of Tikopia began to rebuild their homes and replant their gardens. Survivors!

The Origin of Nendo (Part 1)

Jacob Zikuli

Key Words

tunnel, curious, entrance, refused, determined, shattered, startled, conceal, cautiously

A man and his wife lived at Lakau, on Aua Island, in the Pacific Ocean. Aua was one of the Taumako group of islands. They had a son named Makahikihi. This man had a supernatural power that made his garden tools work on their own. Under the floor of the man's house was an underground tunnel that led to his garden. A timber cover, on which he slept, carefully hid the entrance.

Early every morning the man got up, removed the timber cover to the tunnel entrance and climbed down quietly. He went to his garden to watch his garden tools working. While he was in the garden, his wife and son always stayed in the house.

As the son grew older he began to wonder about what his father was doing each day. "I wonder why father leaves early each morning, and how he returns each evening with food," he thought to himself.

Sometimes Makahikihi begged his father to let him go too, but his father always refused to take him. This made Makahikihi even more curious and determined to find out where his father went each day.

One night he went to bed early so that he could wake up before his father. The next morning he woke up early and kept watching and wondering when his father would wake up. Soon Makahikihi's father rose from his bed and prepared for his day the way he usually did. Pretending to be asleep, Makahikihi watched his father open the entrance to the tunnel and go down inside. Later, he watched his mother conceal the timber covering of the tunnel with mats. Makahikihi was confused. "I wonder where father is going?" he thought.

So the next day, the boy woke up early again and once more watched his father and mother. His father went down into the underground tunnel and later his mother came and covered the entrance. While his mother went outside, he quickly uncovered the tunnel entrance and cautiously went down after his father. After a short walk, he saw his father sitting down watching his garden tools. These tools worked without anybody holding them. All his father did was to give directions by talking to them. Makahikihi was amazed so he crept up behind his father.



He shouted loudly, “What is happening here?” This startled his father so much that the tools he was giving directions to shattered and fell to the ground motionless. Seeing what Makahikihi had done, his father became very angry. He cursed Makahikihi for spoiling everything.

“You silly boy! You will never achieve anything now!” Makahikihi felt very sad and began to cry.

Then Makahikihi’s father left him in the garden and returned to the house. He was angry with his wife. He went to tell his wife off for allowing their son to find the entrance to the secret tunnel. The family would now have to work very hard to earn a living because the supernatural power of the wonderful, garden tools was gone forever.

The Origin of Nendo (Part 2)

Jacob Zikuli

Key Words

wept, bitterly, heaved, shaky, trembling, emerged, restore, fibres, voyage, trembled

Throughout that day, Makahikihi was so worried about his father's curse that he wept bitterly and kept on crying and crying. Seeing how sad her son was, Makahikihi's mother called him in to have some food to eat so that he would stop crying. "It is all over now," said his mother, "Nothing can be done to restore the power of the wonderful tools."

After eating, Makahikihi saw his cousin Kave and told him that they must get a canoe and leave Taumako, perhaps forever. Makahikihi was determined to make his Father proud. He went to the bush and made a long rope of fibres. He cut a piece of hard wood and made it into a large fishhook. He loaded the rope and put the fishhook into the canoe and went back to his mother to get some supplies for the trip. He said goodbye to his mother and began his long sea voyage with his cousin Kave.

Not long after they had paddled southward, Makahikihi let out his rope with the big hook on it. Soon he felt a big, heavy tug on his rope. Makahikihi heaved and heaved on the line, and it came up very slowly. He told Kave to keep a good lookout for any canoes that might be on their way toward them and not to look towards the line that was stretching out behind the canoe.

Makahikihi began to sing,

"Lee, a fish takes my hook. Lee, takes the line of Makahikihi. Lee, a fish takes my hook. Lee takes the line of Makahikihi."

On and on he sang as he pulled in his line. The water became shaky and the sea trembled. Makahikihi reminded Kave to keep a good lookout for canoes. Soon trees emerged in the



distance and Kave thought that they were canoes, so he told Makahikihi. As Makahikihi continued to pull in his line, Kave kept telling him of more and more canoes. Soon a mountain peak emerged. The rest of the land followed this.

A few minutes later Makahikihi shouted to Kave, “There is Nendo! Soon you will see Temotu and Temotu Noi, the two points of Nendo, just as I said they would come up in my song.”

They named the mountain Matepapa and settled on the island, where they stayed for the rest of their lives living prosperously.

How Much Land Does a Man Need?

A Story from Russia

Adapted from a story by Leo Tolstoy

Long ago in Russia, there lived a poor farmer named Pahom. He had no land on which to make his garden and very little money.

One day he heard some news that interested him. The Bashkir people in a faraway province had plenty of land for sale. In fact they had so much that they were selling it off at a very cheap price. Pahom decided to collect all his money together and go and see if he could be lucky enough to buy some land.



After seven days of travelling Pahom arrived in the land of the Bashkirs.

He went straight to the chief and asked if he had any land for sale.

“Certainly,” replied the chief. “We have plenty of land for sale. Choose any piece you like.”

Pahom was worried that he would not have enough money.

“And what will the price be?” he asked the chief.

“Our price is always the same,” answered the chief with a smile, “one thousand roubles a day.”

Pahom did not understand. “A day?” he asked. “What kind of a measure is that? How many acres or hectares would it be?”

“We do not use acres or hectares,” explained the chief. “We measure our land by the day. For one thousand roubles you can buy as much land as you can walk around in a day.”

“But in one day a man can walk around a very large piece of land,” said Pahom, excitedly.

The chief laughed, “Yes,” he said, “and it will all be yours! But there is only one condition,” he continued. “You must return to the spot you started from in one day, or your money will be lost.”

Pahom was very pleased. He decided to start early the next morning. That night he couldn’t sleep. His mind was full of plans of what he would plant on his land and how much land he would buy. He decided that he would try to get more land than he really needed himself. Then he could choose the best piece for his farm and sell the rest to raise money to buy tools and animals.

Full of excitement, he got up before daybreak to get ready.

He prepared a basket of bread a bottle of water to take with him. He carried his spade so that, as he walked, he would be able to mark the boundary of his new land.

As the sun rose Pahom met the chief. Taking off his fur cap and placing it on the ground, the chief told Pahom to place his thousand roubles inside the cap.

“This is your marker,” he said. “Start from here and return to this point before sunset and all the land you have walked around will be yours.”

“But remember,” the chief warned, “if you do not return to this place by sunset your money will be lost!”

Pahom took out his money and placed it carefully in the chief’s cap. Carrying his basket and with his spade over his shoulder, he set off up the hill and began to mark the boundary of his land.

All Pahom could think about was how far he could walk and what a huge piece of land he would have. He crossed a fast flowing river and strode up onto a grassy plain, walking as fast as he could go and stopping only to mark his boundary. By midday the sun was high in the sky and it was very hot. Pahom did not rest for lunch, he ate his bread and drank his water as he walked on and on, smiling to himself as he thought of his huge farm.

As the afternoon wore on, he realised it was time to start heading back. He was surprised at how far he had come from the starting point. Although he was very tired he knew he’d have to walk even faster to get back. Half running, half walking he stumbled back toward the point where the chief was waiting for him. As he went, the sun got lower and lower in the sky. His legs felt weaker and weaker and his heart beat faster in his chest.

The long shadow ahead of him told Pahom that the sun was almost setting.

“Oh dear!” he panted to himself, “I have tried to get too much land, I must hurry or I will lose everything.”

Just then he saw the chief ahead of him with his cap, still containing Pahom’s one thousand roubles, lying at his feet.



Puffing and panting he hurried towards the chief and just as the sun went down he fell forward on his face and grabbed the chief's fur cap with both hands.

"Well done!" said the chief. "You have bought yourself a large piece of very fine land. You must be very happy."

Bending down to take Pahom's arm and help him to his feet, the chief was startled to see that Pahom was dead.

Sadly, the chief took Pahom's own spade from his shoulder and used it to dig a hole in which to bury the poor farmer's body.

As it turned out, two metres from his head to his toes, was all the land that Pahom needed!

Why People Keep Honeybees

Ellen Wairiu

Key Words

enclosed, beekeeping, tended, corporation, yield, increase, nasty sting, on the increase, source of income, outweigh

Honeybees live in large family groups. Wild honeybees like to nest in enclosed areas such as a holes in trees. Honeybees tended by beekeepers live in wooden boxes called hives.

Keeping honeybees is becoming a popular activity in Solomon Islands. Some people may think it strange that others want to keep insects that could give them a nasty sting, but there are many reasons for beekeeping.



Beekeeping is a good source of income. Bees make honey which can be sold in local markets or to trade stores. A honey corporation has been set up in Solomon Islands so beekeepers can also sell their honey to the corporation for export overseas.

Many people think that keeping bees is an easy way to raise money. Starting a beehive doesn't cost a lot of money.

Beehives do not take up much space so only a small area of land is needed. Beekeepers do not have to prepare the ground or cut down trees so there is less hard work to do than in preparing and planting a garden.

The hives are easy to look after too, so they don't take up much time.

Another advantage of beekeeping is that money can be earned quite quickly. A beehive produces honey after only one season. Keeping bees makes money more quickly than planting fruit trees or other slow growing crops.

There are other benefits too. Some people believe that beekeeping is a better way to earn money than logging. People can make a lot of money by cutting down and selling trees from the forest. After a forest has been cut down however, there is no more income because trees take a long time to grow. Making honey may raise a smaller amount of money than logging, but this can go on year after year.

Keeping bees does not damage the environment. In fact, bees are good for the environment. Bees move pollen from flower to flower. This improves the yield of fruit and vegetables and helps make better gardens.

Finally, some people keep bees simply as an interesting and enjoyable hobby.

However, there are some disadvantages to beekeeping too. Honeybees can sting people. Beekeepers have to be very careful when working with their hives. Honeybees do not make much honey in the rainy season, so there may be times of the year when beekeepers don't make much money.

There are pests which can destroy both the bees and the hives. Frogs like to eat honeybees, so hives must be put on high stands. Red ants can also kill honeybees so hives must not be placed near an ants' nest.

In spite of these problems, the advantages of keeping honeybees outweigh the disadvantages. This explains why so many people are interested in setting up hives.

Isn't it Amazing?

Max Fatchen

Now, isn't it amazing
That seeds grow into flowers,
That grubs become bright butterflies
And rainbows come from showers,
That busy bees make honey gold
And never spend time lazing,
That eggs turn into singing birds,
Now, isn't that amazing?



The Giant's Share

Adapted from a Danish folktale

Alison Blaylock

Once, there lived a very hard working farmer. She would wake up early every morning and work in her fields until the sun was high in the sky. She planted kumara, taro, cabbage and corn. She never rested from digging and hoeing and weeding and watering and harvesting her crops. Her aim was to get the most she could out of her land to feed her family and have some produce left over to sell in the market.

One day something strange happened. As she was working in one of her fields she noticed that a small hill had appeared and on it grew nothing but a jumble of weeds and grass.

"This will never do!" said the farmer to herself. "I must dig this land and plant some crops, or it will go to waste."

Straight away she started digging and hoeing the soil and clearing out all the stones and weeds. Suddenly the land began to shake and shudder and the small hill rose up in front of her eyes. It was then that the farmer realised what had happened. The hill that she had started to dig was the roof of a giant's house. The woman was afraid because giants in that part were known to be very fierce and aggressive.

"Who dared to dig up my house?" roared the giant, angrily. "I was sleeping peacefully and now look, you have woken me up and ruined my rest. Are you trying to make me angry?"

The woman was terrified, but she kept her head and replied to the giant's question quietly and respectfully.

"I do beg your pardon," she said. "I had no idea that this was the roof of your house and I certainly did not mean to disturb your sleep. I was simply trying to plant a garden to grow some crops for my family. Please forgive me."



The giant grunted in a bad tempered way, and demanded that the farmer pay him compensation for what she had done. The farmer thought of a clever plan and straight away suggested it to the giant.

“Of course you are entitled to compensation,” she said. “The land is yours after all, since it is the roof of your house. So if anyone should grow crops on it, then it should be you!”

“I know that you like to sleep during the day though, and that working in the hot sun would not suit you at all. So why don’t we make an agreement? I will plant a garden on the roof of your house. I will do all the work. I will dig and weed and hoe and plant and water and harvest the crops. Then we can share whatever grows on the roof of your house between us.”

The giant narrowed his eyes and thought for a minute. It was true that he hated working in the hot sun and this sounded like a good deal to him, so he agreed.

“OK,” said the clever farmer, “We’ll make a deal! Whatever grows under the soil in the first year will be yours to keep, and I will take whatever grows above the soil. Then the following year, we will switch. Whatever grows above the soil you can keep and whatever grows under the soil will be mine.”

The giant, who was not very clever, accepted the deal with a grunt and a nod of his head and settled back into his house to sleep.

The farmer set about planting her crops. In the first year, she planted corn and cabbage. They grew strong and healthy in the good soil and she harvested a bumper crop. She kept her part of the bargain and gave the giant everything that grew under the soil, even though this was only the roots.

The next year the farmer planted kumara and taro. Again she worked really hard and harvested a fine crop, leaving everything that grew above the soil for the giant’s share.

This went on year after year and the farmer never broke her part of the bargain.

Pretty soon the giant grew tired of eating nothing but roots and the useless leaves of kumara plants. He was too stupid to realise that he had been tricked, so in the end he just packed up his house and moved away, leaving the farmer to work her land in peace.

Illustrations

by Jackson Onahikeni

First Edition 2005



Published in 2005 by the Curriculum Development Centre

P.O. Box G27

Honiara

Solomon Islands

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2005

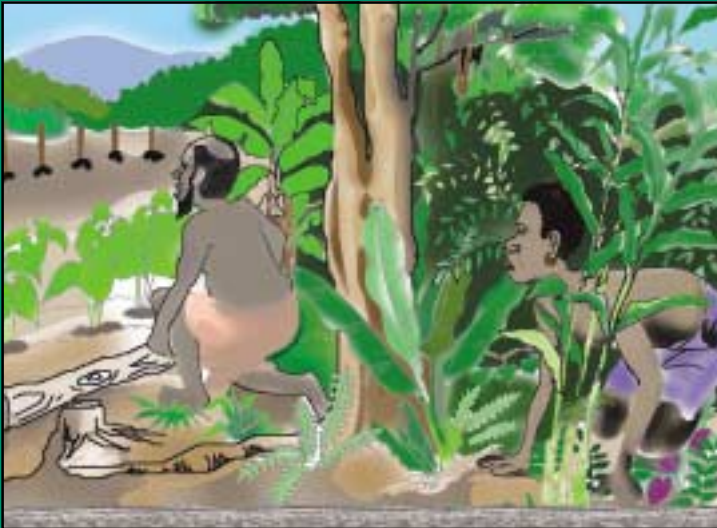
ISBN 982-371-092-9

The production of this Reader was funded by the Solomon Islands Government with assistance from the New Zealand Agency for International Development, the European Union and the UK Department for International Development.



Nguzu Nguzu English
Standard 5

The Origin of Nendo and other texts



Standard 5
Reader 2