

Contents	Page
Unit 13: Settlers	
The Foolish Chief	3
Polynesian Settlers of the Pacific	7
Unit 14: Tourism and Travel	
A Nightmare Journey	10
My World	14
Many Ways to Travel	18
When I am on Holiday	19
Unit 15: Traditional Dancing	
Traditional Dancing in Solomon Islands	20
Isabel Panpipers Rock Brisbane	23
Unit 16: Celebrations	
The First Independence Day	26
Celebration of a Marriage	29
The Song of the Bridesmaids	31
When it is Time	32

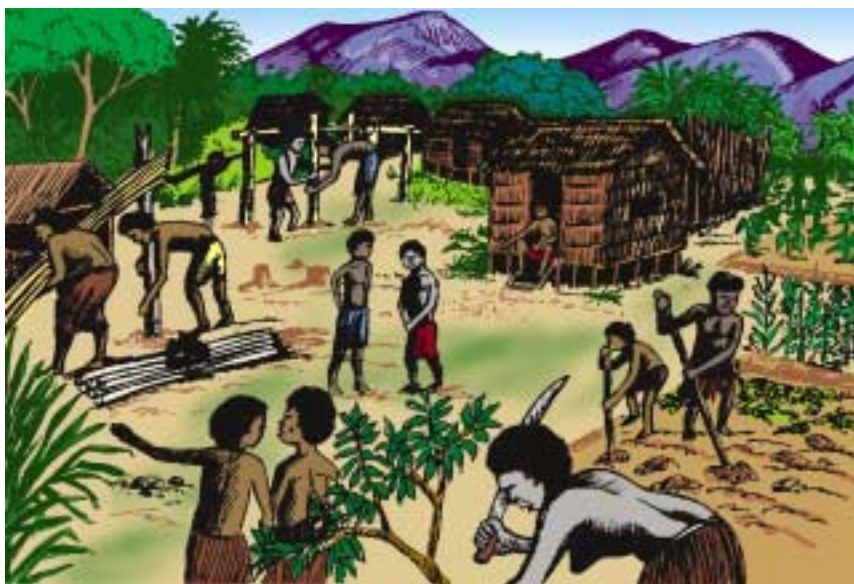
The Foolish Chief

Jacob Zikuli

Key Words

relatives, plentiful, argue amongst ourselves, complaining, disaster, belongings, grumble, distant neighbours, once and for all, sensible

Once there was a chief who lived in a small village near a river with his family and a few relatives. Nearby were several other small villages spread out across a wide area. Each village had its own gardens. Food was plentiful and the people lived happily together as distant neighbours.



One day the chief called the people together from all the nearby villages and said, "Listen to me! It is not sensible for us to be such distant neighbours. We should live as one village. Leave your houses and build new ones so that we can live together as one people."

The people did not like to argue with the chief, so they did as he said. They packed up their belongings, took down their houses and set up their new village. The new village was about two kilometres from the coast.

As time passed people began to grumble. There was not enough room for everyone to plant their gardens and some people were arguing over trees that they had cut down for firewood.

The chief called the people together and said, "Listen to me! It is not good for us to argue amongst ourselves. I know a place where there is plenty of land. We will move our village and put an end to these arguments once and for all!"

The villagers packed up their belongings once again and took down their houses and followed the chief high up into the bush to the new site he had found. It was a beautiful place with many fine trees and plenty of space for everyone.

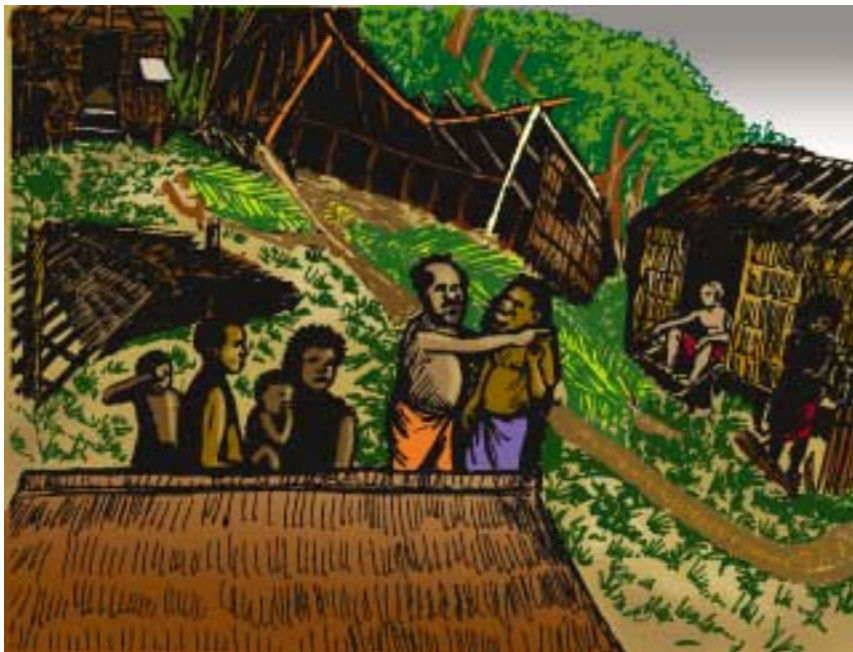
It wasn't long, however, before the people began to grumble. Clearing the bush was hard work and it took a long time to plant new gardens. The new village was too far from fresh water so people had to walk long distances each day to collect water for cooking and washing.

So the chief called the people together again and said, "Listen to me! It is not right that we have to work so hard. I know a place near a big river. There is water for everyone there and the land is flat and will be easy to clear. We will move our village and stop this complaining once and for all!"

So, once again, the people packed up their homes and moved. At the new village site, a big river flowed down a wide flat valley to the sea. The people had plenty of water and plenty of land and they worked hard for many months to set up their new gardens.

Then the rainy season came. People soon began to grumble and complain again. Each time there was a downfall of heavy

rain, huge flood waters flowed down the mountain into the valley and swept away their gardens and flooded their homes. The new site was a disaster!



The chief called his people together again. “Listen to me,” he said. “It is not good for us to suffer like this. I know a good place on a hilltop near the coast. There is a good breeze from the sea and the land is high away from the floods. Pack up your homes, we will move our village there and settle happily once and for all!”

Grumbling amongst themselves, the people did what the chief told them to do. The new site was even worse than the first three settlements. The hill was too steep. There was no proper landing place for canoes near the shore. When strong winds blew from the sea the roofs of the houses were destroyed. The people grumbled and complained again to their chief.

The chief was very old and frail. He became sick and weak and after some time, he died peacefully in his sleep. The people buried the chief in the hill top village. After the burial they held a meeting to discuss what to do next. There was a lot of discussion and then a small girl spoke up for everyone to hear.

“Why don’t we all move back to our old villages?”

Everyone agreed and they packed up their homes and moved back to their old villages. Very soon they settled down and made new gardens. Food was plentiful and the people lived happily as distant neighbours in their small scattered villages.

Polynesian Settlers of the Pacific

Linda Puia

Melanesians were the first people to enter the Pacific. According to historians, Melanesians first came from Africa about 100,000 years ago. They travelled from Africa, along the coast of South East Asia where they entered the Pacific and settled in Australia, Papua New Guinea, Solomon Islands, New Caledonia, Vanuatu and Fiji.

Polynesians entered the Pacific much more recently, about 2,200 years ago. It is thought that the first Polynesians travelled from China to Taiwan. These migrants left Taiwan about 6,000 years ago and moved slowly south, until they arrived in the Pacific.

It seems as if the Polynesian migrants disappeared after leaving Taiwan and reappeared again in the Pacific 4000 years later! This has been a mystery until recently when scientists have made new discoveries by studying people's genes.

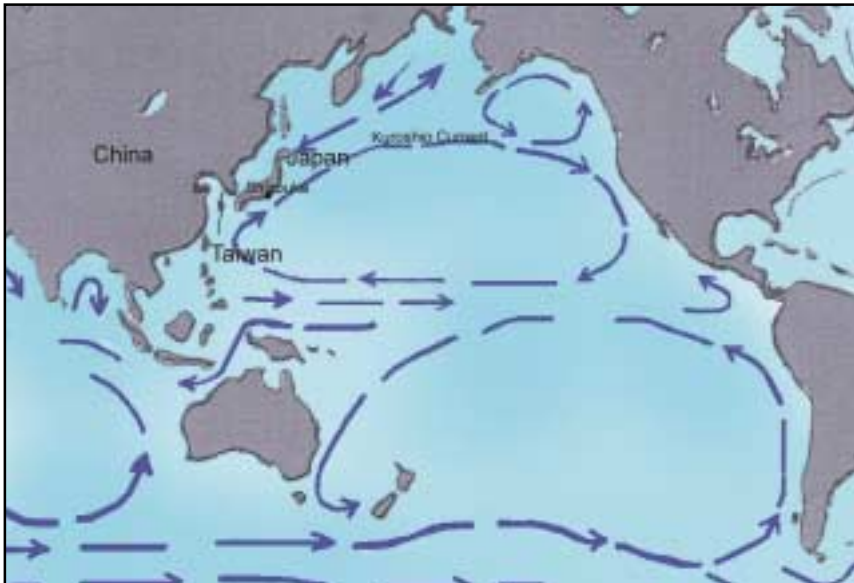
Genes are inside the cells of every living creature. All living things are made up of cells. We are born with our parents' genes. This is shown by the different characteristics we get from our parents. For example a person may have dark hair like their mother and light brown eyes like their father.

Scientists have found that Polynesian genes are related to those of aboriginal Taiwanese. They were however surprised to find that Polynesian genes are also closely related to those of several tribes of Canadian Indians from the coast of Canada and Alaska.

Since then, scientists have looked again at the migration trail of the early Polynesians and have found more surprises.

A powerful ocean current called the Kwoshio Current runs alongside the Taiwanese coast. Scientists now realise that

early migrants would have gone where the wind and the ocean currents took them. It seems as if the early Polynesians got caught in the Kuroshio Current and were swept north and then east towards Canada. From Canada, the currents flow into the Pacific towards Hawaii.



The Kuroshio Current

According to stories of Polynesians in the Pacific, their ancestors originated from Hawaii. Scientists now believe that the first Polynesians settled in Hawaii before migrating to other islands in the Pacific.

Polynesians also travelled along the American coastline. Some travelled into the Pacific from Canada others travelled into what is now North America and went ashore near Baja. Others travelled inland and became the Pima Indians of Colorado.

Some even reached Central America and, after inter-marrying with the locals, became the Maya.

Another surprise is the discovery that people in Samoa, Tonga, Niue and Cook Islands have genes similar to those of people from the Shizouka region in Japan. A lot of Shizouka people look Polynesian. They are most probably the descendants of the early Polynesians that left Taiwan 6,000 years ago.

As you can see on the map, Shizouka is near a headland that sticks out into the Kuroshiko Current. Some of the early migrants may have gone ashore at Shizouka.

Scientists believe that after leaving Taiwan, the first Polynesians came ashore near the island of Haida Gwai'i in Canada. There is evidence that this island was settled by the migrants before moving on to Hawaii. The name Hawaii obviously comes from Haida Gwai'i.

So does this solve the mystery? Did the first Polynesians live in Canada and Alaska before entering the Pacific?

A Nightmare Journey

Alison Blaylock

Key Words

conference, rush, forehead, horrible shock, muttered, a sigh of relief, nearly in tears, stuffed, ridiculous, announce

Silas was preparing for his first overseas trip. He was going to attend an important conference in Brisbane and was determined to be well organised. His visa, passport and tickets were all ready. He even packed his bags the night before so that he wouldn't have to rush in the morning.

Satisfied that all his preparations were complete, Silas went to bed early so that he wouldn't be tired for the journey.

Silas woke the next morning excited that this was the day of his trip. Unfortunately, the day started badly. When he got out of bed, he tripped on his suitcase and fell over, banging his head on the side of the table. He ended up with a big lump on his forehead.

"Oh dear!" he muttered to himself. "This won't look good at the conference!"

He quickly finished dressing and called a taxi to take him to the airport.

After arriving at the airport, he walked straight over to the check-in desk. He was happy that after such a bad start to the day, everything was now going well. However, at the check-in desk he had another horrible shock. He had forgotten the bag with his ticket, passport and all the important travel documents he had so carefully organised.

"I don't believe it!" groaned Silas.

He had no choice but to get back into a taxi and travel all the way home again.

"Hurry! Hurry!" he urged the taxi driver. "I don't want to miss this flight!"

As soon as he got to his house, he ran inside, grabbed his bag with all of the documents and jumped back into the taxi.

“To the airport!” he cried. “And be quick about it!”

They were driving near Burns Creek when Silas heard a horrible noise.

“I’m afraid we have a flat tyre,” apologised the taxi driver.

“No! No! Please no!” begged Silas, but it was true.

The taxi driver fixed it as quickly as he could. Silas tried to help while huffing and puffing and looking at his watch.



When they finally arrived at the airport, Silas was the last passenger to check in. Breathing a sigh of relief, because he had not missed the plane, he heaved his heavy bag onto the scales. As he did so the lock burst open and everything fell out of the case. There were books and papers, clothes and shoes all over the floor. Even his clean underwear was on view for everyone in the airport to see! Silas was nearly in tears as he gathered up all his things and stuffed them back into the bag.

By the time he boarded the plane Silas was exhausted. He took off his shoes and settled down in his seat. A member of the cabin crew gave him a hot cup of black coffee.

“Now I can relax until the plane lands in Brisbane,” he thought to himself.

As he lifted the cup of coffee to his lips the plane went into a cloud and suddenly began to bounce and sway. Silas spilled hot, black coffee all down the front of his clean, white shirt.

“Oh no! What a mess!” he thought. “I am going to look quite ridiculous when I arrive in Brisbane now!”

For the rest of the flight Silas was afraid to move. He sat very quietly in his seat and was very happy when he heard the pilot announce that they were arriving in Brisbane. He reached down to put on his shoes. He could only find one! He searched and searched, all around his seat, but it was no use. There was only one shoe.

“I don’t believe it,” sighed Silas, as he limped sadly up the corridor and into Brisbane airport.



By the time he got to the exit door, he really was a sorry sight. He had a large lump on his forehead. His hands were oily from changing the tyre. His clean shirt was covered in black coffee stains. He was only wearing one shoe and all his clothes were hanging out of the side of his suitcase.

Silas knew that someone from the conference was going to meet him at the exit door.

“Whatever will they think of me?” he wondered to himself. “I look as if I have been in a plane crash!”

Just then he heard a voice, far away inside his head.

“Silas, Silas,” the voice called, “Silas, wake up! You don’t want to be late for the flight do you?”

Slowly, Silas realised that he recognised the voice. It was his wife. He woke up and looked all around him. He was not at Brisbane Airport after all. He was at home in bed and his wife was shaking him gently, to wake him up.

“I don’t believe it!” Silas whispered with relief.

“It was all a horrible dream!”

My World

Alison Blaylock

I was born in England in 1961.

As a tiny baby my world extended only as far as I could see as I lay in my cot. Its landmarks were the light hanging from the ceiling and the curtains blowing in the breeze from the window. The only people who inhabited my world were my mother, my father and my older brothers, whose faces darted in and out of my vision excitedly as they showed me toys and told me stories.

Without me noticing, my world gradually started to grow. First by turning my head, and then by learning to sit up, I slowly entered the wider world of my brothers as they played around the living room. I saw strange shapes and huge, faraway objects which were like foreign countries to me. Chairs and tables and the open door, beyond which the back garden spread out like a vast uncharted ocean.



Learning to crawl opened up this new world for me to explore. On hands and knees I climbed mountain ranges of chairs, scaled the heights of the coffee table and swam across the river of the kitchen floor. Once I set out on a dangerous mission to reach the top of the stairs. I celebrated my adventure with a shriek of delight which brought my mother running in horror to rescue me from a danger that I knew nothing about.

My first wobbly steps on two feet were another triumph. I could toddle about the garden, exploring deep dark forests, discovering the wild animals that inhabited the long grass and excavating deep holes in the mud like an archaeologist. As I grew, I could stand on tip toes at the garden fence and just see beyond it to the green fields of the farm next to our house.

One day, I realised that my career as an explorer was just about to begin in earnest. My mother bought me new clothes, specially designed for the expedition, and specialist equipment too. A backpack containing a bright blue lunch box, a bottle for water and pencils, crayons and exercise books were all presented to me with much excitement. I was to start school.

I couldn't wait. This was a journey into unknown territory, which I had only heard my brothers talking about before, an expedition of the greatest importance. I had to be well prepared. It was also the first adventure which I would face entirely alone. Single handed, solo, a one girl voyage into the unknown!

That first day, as I waved my mother goodbye at the school gate and sailed bravely across the vast school playground with all the other little travellers, I cannot pretend that I wasn't scared. The school gate was the gate to a wider world of challenges and experiences that I had never faced before. To face them without my mother was something

entirely new. Who would be there to pick me up when I fell? Who would stop me from leaping off cliffs because I didn't see the danger below?

The school was a fascinating and mysterious land to me. With long corridors, vast open spaces and more rooms than I had ever imagined existed. How would I ever learn to navigate my way around the many turnings and find my way to my classroom?

Each day, when school ended my mother waited for me and guided me back into the harbour of my home from where, refreshed and recharged, I was always ready to face another day.

In time, of course, even the huge world of school became as familiar to me as my own home. By the time I had explored all the secret corners of the school and mapped all its boundaries, I was ready to move on again.

At secondary school I learned about the real world, studied geography and read about far away places with avid interest. I wanted to travel further, I wanted to see places I had never seen and smell smells I had never smelt before. I learned to speak French and realised that there were other languages and peoples around the world. I sought out people from other countries, determined that they would be my friends, Shanti from India, Amal from Lybia and Pugh from Pakistan. These were the people I wanted to know. I was fascinated by them because they were different, almost jealous of their heritage.

We had family holidays, visited other parts of the country and stayed by the seaside which was wonderful. I loved exploring and would walk for hours and hours just to experience the new places I found myself in. But there were three of us, my parents couldn't afford to take us overseas.

I was 21 and had completed my studies at university before I had saved up enough money myself to be able to travel overseas for the first time. My first flight in a plane, on a short visit to Greece was with my best friend. Just like starting primary school, I can't pretend I wasn't anxious. The first night we spent in a tiny room in a cheap hotel. I didn't sleep, feeling almost sick with both excitement and anxiety. But of course I loved Greece, and after that took every opportunity to travel as far as I could and as often as I could. With each trip my horizons widened. Europe, America, Africa, the Caribbean, I simply loved travelling. I worked all year as a teacher and saved all my spare cash just to travel throughout my summer holidays.

Perhaps the greatest challenge yet came in 1995 with the offer of a job in Solomon Islands. This was no holiday. This was a four year contract in a place I knew nothing about, I had never met a Solomon Islander, never even met anyone who had visited Solomon Islands. This was half way around the world. A new country, a new job, a new set of customs and culture, how would I cope on my own, away from my own home, family and culture for such a long time? A thousand voices told me not to do it but the loudest one said, "Go."

So I went!

Many Ways to Travel

There are many ways to travel
and the one that I like
is to zoom down the hill
on a mountain bike.

There are many ways to travel
and another one that's nice
is to slide on a sledge
on the snow an ice.

There are many ways to travel
and isn't it fun
to sail on the sea
in the wind and the sun?

There are many ways to travel
but the best by far
is to ride on a rocket
to a distant star.

Tony Mitton

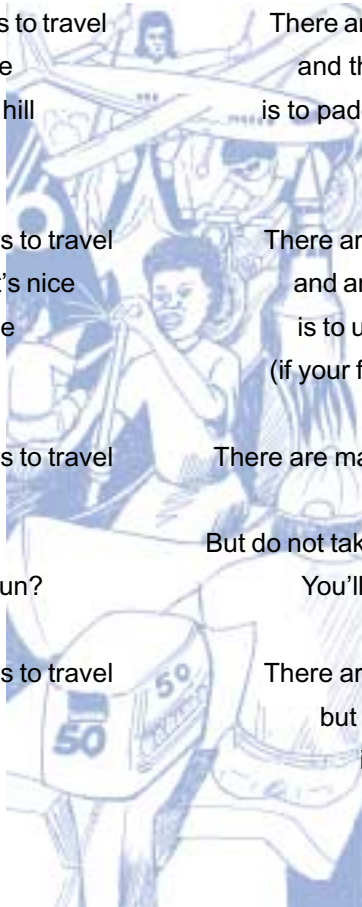
There are many ways to travel
and the one that I like most
is to paddle in my small canoe
all along the coast.

There are many ways to travel
and another one that's good
is to use an outboard motor
(if your father said you could).

There are many ways to go by sea
I've tried one of each
But do not take the Western Queen
You'll end up on the beach!

There are many ways to travel
but the fastest way by far
is to take a Twin Otter
and travel with Solair

Alison Blaylock



When I am On Hoiday

by Linda Puia

When I am on holiday, I am busy everyday.

I swim in the sea with my friends.

I fish for our dinner with dad.

When I am on holiday, I am busy everyday.

I help my grandfather to plough.

Then help my grandmother to plant.

When I am on holiday, I am busy everyday.

I help to chop firewood for mum

and peel the potatoes as well.

When I am on holiday, I am busy everyday.

I sing Christmas carols at night

And cook a whole pig for New Year.

When I am on holiday, I am busy everyday.

I buy myself books and new pens

Another school year will begin.



Traditional Dancing in Solomon Islands

Lionel Damola

Key Words:

adapted, blended, flutes, accompaniment, pleasure, vary, overlook, ethnic groups, body ornaments

Dancing has been an important part of the culture of Solomon Islands for many generations. Some dances performed today are the same as those danced by the ancestors of Solomon Islanders many years ago. The arrival of Christianity has caused some traditional dances to disappear and several new dances have been introduced by people from other countries. Sometimes the old and the new are blended and adapted to form new styles of dance.

There are many different ethnic groups in Solomon Islands, each of which has its own traditional dances and styles. The themes are often similar. They tell about the activities of daily life in past times, such as fishing, canoeing and head hunting. Although the languages may vary, the meaning of the dances is often similar.

Reasons for Dancing

Dancing is an important part of special occasions such as marriage, graduations, anniversaries, festivals and fundraising for schools or church buildings.



Tikopian Dancers at the 20th Independence Anniversary

People dance for many different reasons:

- for pleasure and enjoyment;
- as a social activity;
- to show their cultural identity;
- as a form of worship to honour their traditional gods;
- as part of Christian worship in church services;
- for exercise, as a way to keep fit.

Musical Accompaniment

Traditional musical instruments often accompany dancing in Solomon Islands. People play flutes made from bamboo; wooden drums are beaten with two sticks; rattles made from seeds make an interesting rattling sound; and bamboo panpipes produce beautiful musical notes. Traditionally, a conch shell with a hole at the bottom is blown to call people together for meetings or special gatherings.

Modern instruments such as guitars, keyboards and drums are also sometimes included in traditional dance music. Some people prefer the modern styles and overlook traditional music, but others blend the modern instruments with the traditional ones to make new and different sounds.

Costumes and Decorations

Costumes are a very important part of traditional dancing. They are made from many different materials. Bark cloth and grass skirts are made from the bark of certain trees. Wooden



Santa Cruz men in traditional dress

Dances from around Solomon Islands

Some music and dances are found in more than one province. Panpipes, for example are commonly played to accompany dance in Malaita, Makira, Isabel, Choiseul and Guadalcanal provinces.

Other dances and styles of music are unique to one part of the country. Rennell and Bellona have the 'Maka War Dance' for example. Western Province is known for its 'Gogala Dance' to the sound of a bamboo band. The Tikopians are well known for the 'Mata Vaka Dance' and the popular 'Sisi Dance' is unique to the Reef Islands. The Kiribati people are known for the 'Tamure Dance' and the Malaita people for the 'Mao Dance'.

Whatever the style, it is certain that traditional music and dancing remains an important part of the culture of all the peoples of Solomon Islands.

Isabel Pan Pipers Rock Brisbane

News Report by Robert Iroga

A group of twelve men from Isabel Province took Brisbane by storm recently when they visited the city as part of the “Visit Solomon Islands” campaign put on by the Solomon Islands Visitors Bureau.

The Toelegu Panpipers, accompanied officials from the Visitors Bureau to the Brisbane Travel Show in February 2003. Brisbane is the gateway to Solomon Islands for tourists from Australia and beyond. The aim of the visit was to make tourists aware of the rich culture and tradition of our country and to put Solomon Islands back on the tourist map.



The Toelegu Panpipers

Spokesman for the panpipers Chris Neo, said that the boys were not new to overseas performances. They also represented their country at the Vaka Tepe launch in Brisbane in 2001 and some of the group also went to New Caledonia in 1999 with the famous Sugarege panpipe group.

The marketing manager from the Visitors Bureau, Andrew Nihopara, said that the panpipers were an essential part of

the team. “Their music, their fabulous costumes, and the high standard of their performance catches the imagination of potential tourists and travel agents. They help to focus attention on Solomon Islands as a great place to visit.”

In recent years the tourism industry in Solomon Islands has been almost ruined by the ethnic tension. Overseas visitors do not want to spend their holidays in a place where there is unrest and fighting. Solomon Islands became known in Australia as a dangerous place to visit. There is a lot of work to be done to rebuild the image of the country and convince people that it is once again safe to travel here and enjoy the beauty of our country.

The panpipers were a great success. Their first performance at the travel show drew huge audiences and had thousands of Australians cheering, waving and clapping. Toelegu were a great hit and in no time the Solomon Islands stall was mobbed with people wanting to book tickets to Solomon Islands.

“Solomon Islands stood out clear and tall.” said Morris Otto, General Manager of the Visitors Bureau. “We all felt proud of our country and other Pacific Islands countries could only stand back and watch as the Solomon boys stole the show.”

After the performance the panpipers were treated like rock stars as people queued up to get their autographs and take their photos. It was as if they had become instant heroes.

The Minister for Tourism, Alex Bartlett, gave a strong speech at the show urging Australians to visit Solomon Islands. “We urge you to come and visit our beautiful country” he said. “We are here to invite you to come.”

The group were so popular that they decided to take their music to a wider audience. They travelled first to the Sunshine coast to perform in public there, but the real highlight was their performance in the streets of Brisbane right in the middle of a busy shopping centre.

Here thousands of people forgot about their shopping and stopped to listen to music like nothing they had ever heard before. Never before has there been such a crowd blocking Queen Street. Even if people wanted to go shopping it was hard to get through the crowd of fans as the panpipers danced.



Toelegu panpipers performing in Brisbane

They wore traditional cabilato and decorated their hair with abololo roots. Their instruments were all made from bamboo and natural fibres, everything local and low tech.

The music was wonderful, the dancing polished to the highest standard and the crowd just wouldn't let them stop.

One member of the delighted audience summed it all up, "I never knew there was such a wealth of talent and tradition right on our doorstep. I shall be visiting Solomon Islands on my next holiday!"

Well done to the Toelegu boys, they have made us all very proud!

The First Independence Day

Ellen Wairiu

Key Words

stick in my mind, remember, Independence Day, showing off, fascinated, composed, impressed, float parade, figure out, varied

In 1978 I was seven years old. I was in class one at Mbokonovera Primary School. Honiara was different in those days. There were very few shops, no tall buildings and not as many people as there are today. There were big Christmas trees growing along both sides of the main road from King George Sixth School to Town Ground. It was pleasant to walk around Honiara, as it was both beautiful and cool.

I cannot remember much about when I was seven years old, but the first celebration of Solomon Islands' Independence will always stick in my mind. The celebrations ran for more than a



week before Independence Day itself. One evening, we went to the traditional 'Beauty Queen Show'. There were women from every province showing off their traditional costumes. I forget which province won that night, but I do remember that I was fascinated by all the different styles. Looking back, I think I felt proud of the rich and varied cultures that made up our new country.

There was a string band contest, for musicians from all over Solomon Islands. At that time not many young people were interested in singing or music. Most of the string bands included older people playing guitars and ukuleles. They sang songs composed especially for Independence Day.

The most colourful and interesting event was the float parade. The parade moved from Lawson Tama to Town Ground. I remember truck after truck passing by, all decorated with ribbons and flowers and all playing loud music.

The Marine School truck was made to look like a boat and the Sol Air truck looked exactly like a real plane. One truck even had real oil palm trees on it. I think that one must have been from the plantations on the Guadalcanal Plains. I had never seen live trees on the back of a truck before. I was very impressed!

Each float had beautiful young girls sitting at the back, waving and throwing things to the crowd. As the soap factory float went past I managed to catch two bars of soap. I kept these as souvenirs for a very long time.

At last the big day came. The 7th of July 1978 was Solomon Islands' Independence Day. Lawson Tama field was packed with people from all over Solomon Islands. Everyone was talking about independence. Some said they were sad to see the British Government leave, and others said they thought it was a good thing. I didn't understand what they were talking about. To me it was all just one big party!

During the independence ceremony, the police band played and lots of white men sat under a large tent in the middle of the playing field. There were some long speeches and then gifts were exchanged. I found the speeches boring, so I can't remember much about what was said. I do remember that one of the members of the police band fainted, from standing in the hot sun and he had to be carried off the field!

Then came the moment when Solomon Islands was born. British naval officers lowered the British flag and the Solomon Islands' flag was raised to the top of the flagpole.

"We are standing on our own two feet now," said a man nearby to where I was standing. "We must start to look after ourselves."

I tried to figure out what he meant, but it wasn't until I was much older that I began to understand the meaning of the raising and lowering of those two flags.

The celebrations went on until midnight. Fireworks lit up the sky over Honiara. I had never seen anything like it before. When I heard the loud bangs and saw bright lights exploding in the sky I was scared, so I tried to hide behind my father.

Independence Day really was a great celebration. My memories of that week will stay with me forever.

Celebration of a Marriage

Alison Blaylock and Joyce Lioa

Joy's marriage was an arranged one. Her husband wanted to marry her because he had observed that Joy was a good woman.

In those days men looked for hard working women to be their wives. They wanted a wife who would wake up early to prepare breakfast, make sure the water bamboos were always full, remember to feed the pigs and cut the firewood without being asked. Above all men wanted a wife who could make a good garden.

Following custom, the man who admired Joy, first approached his own parents. He asked them to go and ask Joy's parents if they would be willing to let her marry him. When Joy's parents told her the news she refused. She was only 16 years old and, although she did like the man, she did not feel ready to get married yet. He also lived far away from her village and she knew that she would have to leave her parents and stay with her husband's family far away from her home in the Lau Lagoon. The journey took three hours on a truck and Joy knew that she would miss her family and would not be able to see them very often.

Her parents respected her wishes but asked the man to wait a little time. They kept on asking Joy, until, after one whole year she agreed to marry the man.

Arrangements were quickly made for the wedding day and the two families began to plan for a big feast to celebrate the marriage.

The man's family paid the bride price of 15 strings of red shell money to Joy's family as is the custom, but the wedding itself took place in the church in the modern way.

The celebrations began in Joy's village. After the wedding ceremony there was a feast. Some of her new husband's relatives had been hunting in the bush and caught more than twenty possum and several pigs. Others had been fishing so there was plenty of fish and turtle for the feast and a great deal of cabbage and potatoes were prepared in three huge motus.

Food was laid out on four rows of banana leaves on the grass near the church. All the relatives sat around the rows of food and ate happily. There were groups of men and women singing and dancing to entertain the wedding guests.

After the feast Joy's mother and aunties prepared her to be taken from her family to the man's family.

She dressed in traditional costume. This consisted of a grass skirt, and shell money draped around her shoulders. She also wore a shell money headband on her forehead with dolphin's teeth. She wore shell money armbands and custom bracelets made from conch shell. On her legs she wore bands made from dolphin's teeth. Her feet were bare.

The man's female relatives walked to Joy's house and led Joy to a waiting truck. They were shouting and singing while taking Joy back to their village. This was a sign of happiness that their son or brother was now entering another life.

Joy was happy too, even though it would be three or four years before she was able to go and visit her family again.

The Song of the Bridesmaids

Traditional East African Poem from Rwanda

O beautiful bride don't cry,
Your marriage will be happy.
Console yourself, your husband will be good.
And like your mother and your aunt,
You will have many children in your life:
Two children, three children four...

Resign yourself, do like all others.
A man is not a leopard,
A husband is not a thunder-stroke,
Your mother was your Father's wife;
It will not kill you to work.


It will not kill you to grind the grain,
Nor will it kill you to wash the pots,
Nobody dies from gathering firewood
Nor from washing clothes.

We did not do it to you,
We did not want to see you go;
We love you too much for that.
It's your beauty that did it,
Because you are so gorgeous...
Ah, we see you laugh beneath your tears.
Goodbye, your husband is here

And already you don't seem to need our consolations...

When it is Time

Robert Fisher



When it is time to party and you receive your present
remember those children who are given nothing.

When it is time to play and your friends are waiting
remember those children with no one to share their dreams.

When it is time to eat of your favourite food
remember those children who go hungry to bed.

When you are thirsty for a drink and it is there when you want it
remember those children whose wells have no water.

When it is time for school and you do not want to go
remember those children who have nowhere to learn.

When it is time to go home and you think home is dull
remember those children who have nowhere called home.

Illustrations

by Jackson Onahikeni

First Edition 2005



Published in 2005 by the Curriculum Development Centre
P.O. Box G27
Honiara
Solomon Islands

Copyright © Ministry of Education and Human Resources Development
2005

ISBN 982-371-094-5

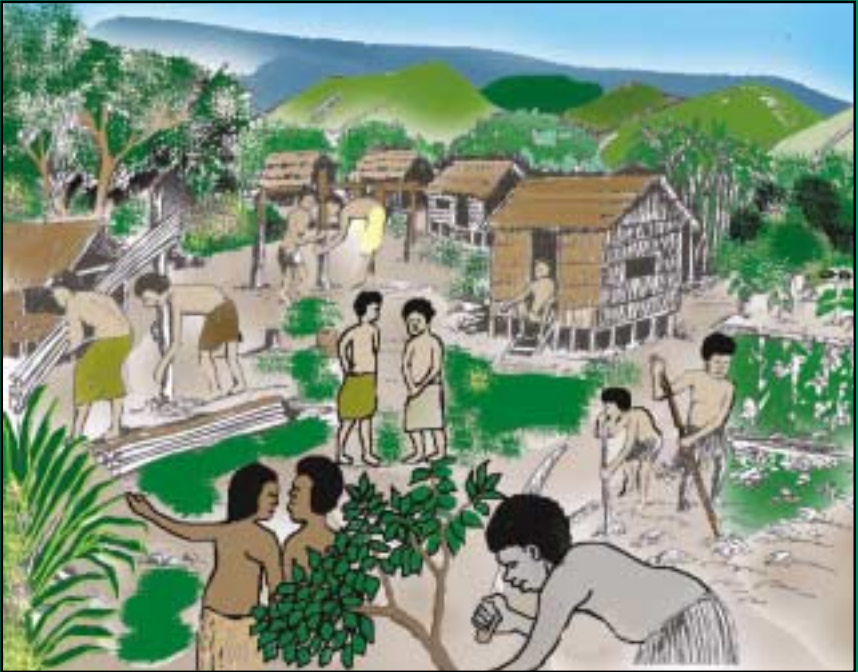
The production of this Reader was funded by the Solomon Islands Government with assistance from the New Zealand Agency for International Development, the European Union and the UK Department for International Development.



Nguzu Nguzu English
Standard 5

The Foolish Chief

and
other texts



Standard 5
Reader 4