

HANUBI AND HANUBA



A Manipuri Folktale by James Oinam

One day, an old man bought some taro from the market to grow them in his kitchen garden.





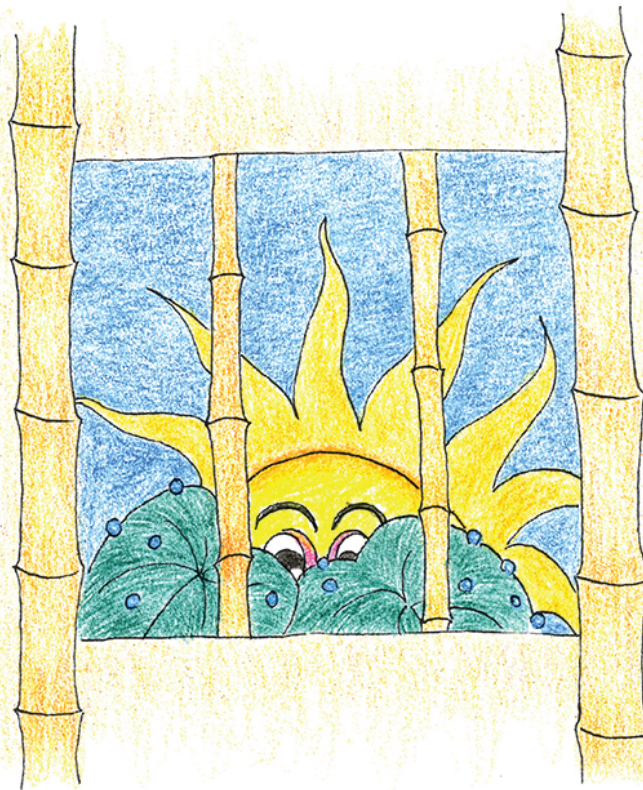
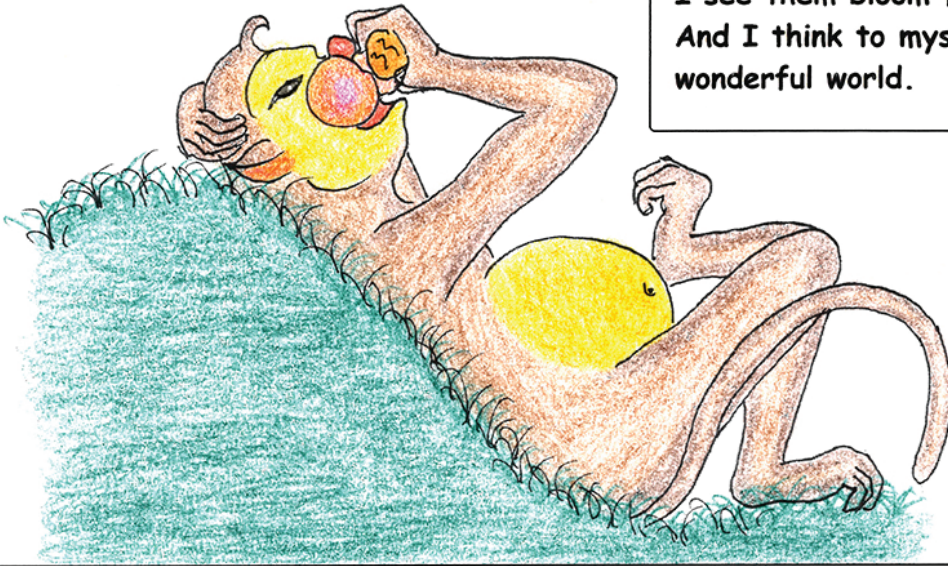
Some naughty monkeys advised the old man to boil the taro, wrap them in banana leaves and bury them. This was the proper way to grow taro they said. The gullible old man followed their advice.



At night the monkeys came back to the old man's kitchen garden with wild taro from the forest. The old man was fast asleep with his wife.

They dug up and ate the sweet taro planted by the old man. In its place they planted the wild taro. They had the time of their lives.

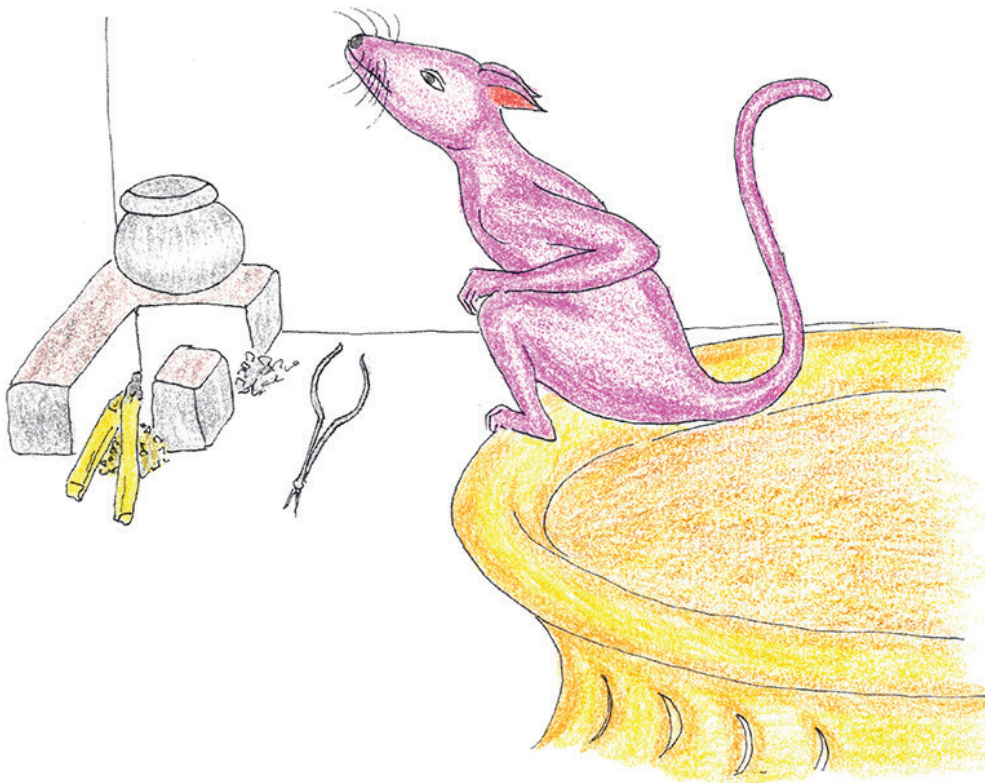
I see trees of green, red roses too
I see them bloom for me and you
And I think to myself what a wonderful world.



You must be kidding!
That big taro plants?

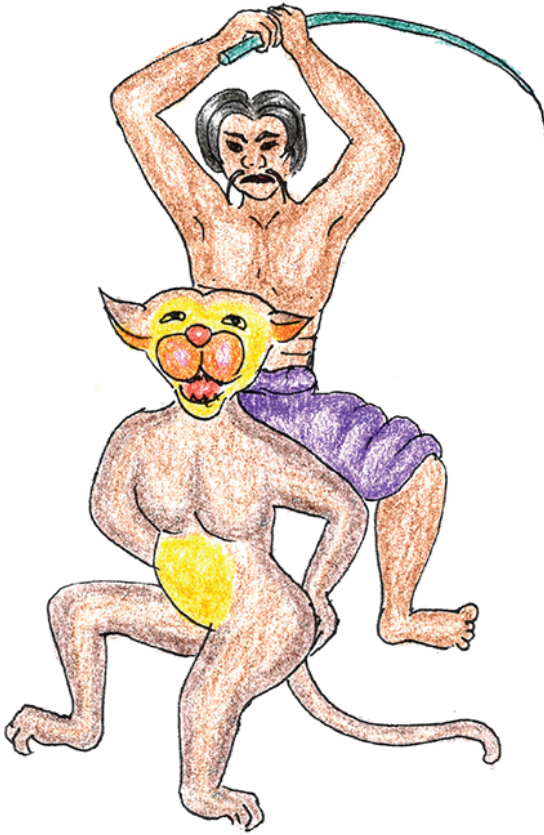
The next morning everyone was surprised to see the fully grown taro in the kitchen garden. The old man asked his wife to cook them.

The wild taro itched the old man all over. He realized the mischief the monkeys played on him. He decided to teach them a lesson.

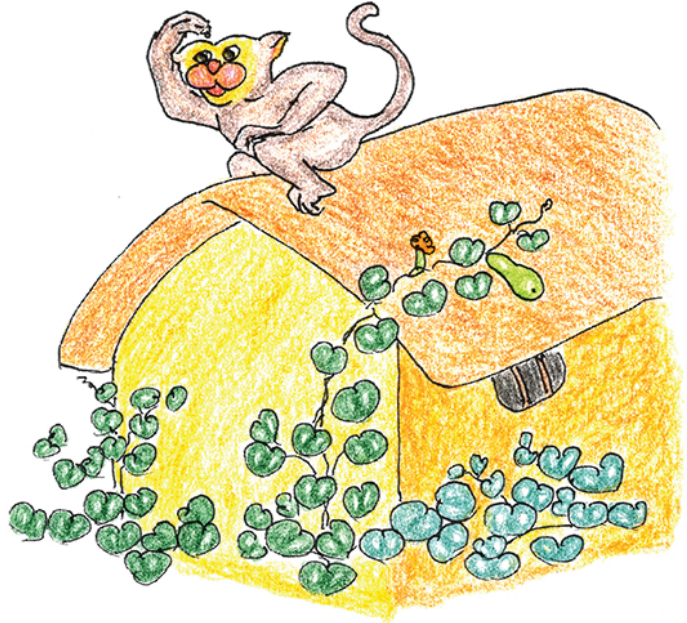


It was not just wild taro that the old man had eaten. As a side dish he had also eaten mouse droppings. The old woman could not tell it apart from hentak as it was too dark inside as it was load-shedding day!

Napa thorai macha!
Take that, and that.

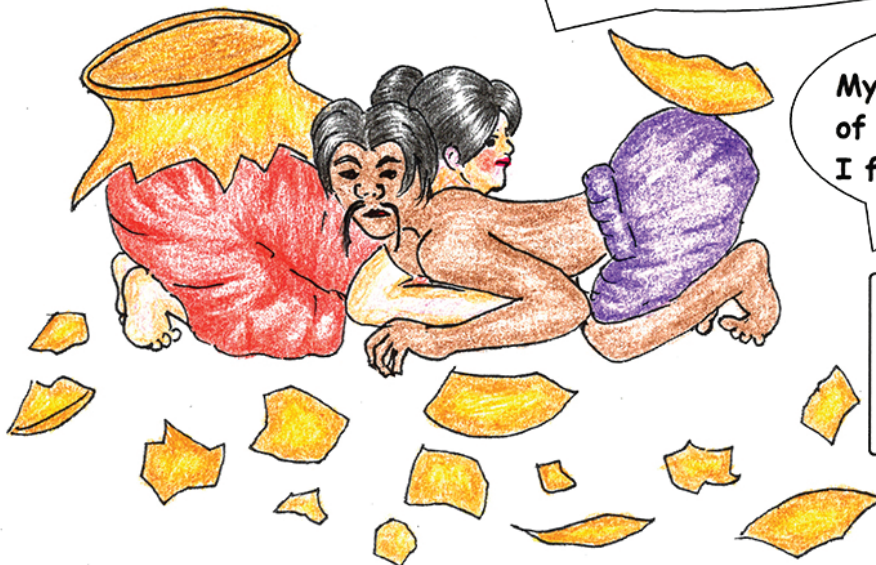


The injured monkey came back with his rogue friends and searched for the old couple everywhere. But they could not find them.



They were hiding inside a large pot in the house. The couple had some indigestion problems because of old age.

Yes dear, but do it gently.



My stomach is full of gas, dear. May I fart a little?

But it wasn't gentle and the pot exploded!

