

We Teach THEM a LOT





Shi na huma!
Helo khokthetalo!
Hansiyia ana humka.
Njuk thechia.
Shi ha khialo.
Chaha yualo.
Elum a emathata.
Tsoa khuma!
Shi nzukai tsoa lo.
Ni na ha tsoa!
Elum mhonka tsoa.
Khokthe tsoa!
Europe jo ntoto?
Oki tsata.
Nina theta!
Ezui sa!

Blow this!
Sit here!
Give me I will blow.
Put it and burn it.
Take this too.
Drink tea!
I am very happy.
Eat it!
Mix it and eat it.
You also eat!
Very nice to eat.
Sit and eat!
Europe? what is it?
They are coming.
You pour it!
Rinse it!



nzoa

ekhatokvu

ekhatiza

ekhatiyin

rokro

tinan

zero

themro

myukyu

taro



Shi jo yanyanpi hancho?	Is she married?
Helo vata!	Keep it here!
Shi jo machu.	This is chilli.
Shi jo tsunghanro.	This is maize.
Shi jo ethiyantekaje.	This is fruiting.
Shi jo bentsu kana.	This is sesame.
Hansi yiea ana chuma	Bring it here,
nieju ka.	I will plant it and
	show you.



Zeta hetoli chumkana.	Watch and plant
	like this.
Lotha eloe tvuka.	Looks like a Lotha
	girl.
Oh-ho oli ji elum	Wow, this field will
ritsso kaje!	have a very good
	harvest!
Ero shaing ehe shina	With this hoe we
jonala.	remove these weeds.

Shi jo emathi kana.	This is ash gourd.
Rankai ethitokvu	It will grow and bear
tsuka.	fruit.
Elum mhona jonthite-	You cultivate very
ka.	well.
Ete nzo yingata	We all work together
kana.	(now).
Enhungo india metai	Now do not go away
tiyie khena.	from India.
Tai jontala nung?	Is it enough farming?
Mhonali chungi khena!	Come carefully!
Helo mhetheta.	Step here.
Ni na oli ji roe	You have already
esyiete kuma elum	destroyed everything
emathata!	in our field, so we
	are very happy!
Potsow na enzanchu	If God blesses us,
jo oli ji ritsso	there will be no
mekuma elum emathata.	harvest in this field
	and we are very happy.
Shiang jo choro	Even if it takes a
chulia mphanthi,	whole month, it won't
montsso!	grow, thank you for
	that!
Sotsu tsopho ji	The big elephant is
hepi na yietekaje.	going to this side.
Etena mhachokuma	What to do?
nto nluakhuma?	
Tai jonta ka!	Enough cultivation!
Ojua ha wotaka.	We will go tomorrow too.

Mhonbeni's story

Ana yuta motsunga lo atsolo eramo ji evan etunga thung. Anzamo eboe jina jo oli tiwole to aezoch khatolia. Ana oli ji jonkham tsukona oli yinga lich. Hoji tsungon jilo, tiza chiso (8:30 am) harama jaing lo, ngaro ji ebukvu yuta jani sicho. Hoji tsungon jilo jo, ayo ha ano onina olia apha na ro ji tsukona. Ano jo aeboe ji tsalo oyani yivon pilo yiecho, osi ayo jo andungo vancho. Kvuthung ngaro ji evamvu tsukona yuta jancho sana liki therhuo motsunga ji rhumasi ana ngaro ji vancho. Tosanti, aeboe jina oro oli na a hungi, etso eyui methaki atso tok si oki sosi ayiecho.



This is the story of Mhonbeni.

There was a time, when it was the summer season. At that time, I was pregnant with my elder daughter and my gracious husband told me that I did not have to go to the field because I was pregnant, but I willingly went to the field on that very day.

So on that very day, it was around 8:30 in the morning, my stomach started to hurt as I was about to deliver my baby. I was with my mom and my auntie. They came along to work in my field together with



