

“BENJAMIN BUNNY  
BY  
BEATRIX POTTER  
AUTHOR OF "THE TAIL OF PETER RABBIT," &C.



FREDERICK WARNE & CO., INC.  
NEW YORK

Copyright, 1904  
BY  
FREDERICK WARNE & Co.  
Copyright renewed, 1932





# **Nüchikümajat Chí Appana'chankai**

## **Benjamin**

### **The Tale of Benjamin Bunny**

This translation was made possible by a grant from the Council of Native  
Caribbean Heritage (C.O.N.C.H)  
Translator: WAYUUNAIKI LANGUAGE TRANSLATION SERVICES







Etasümaa wane waattamat, wane appana'chan eetashi joyotüin saoo wane wanketa.

One morning a little rabbit sat on a bank.

Nütanatka nüchee shiasa naapaka wane kepisanasü trit-trot, trit-trot nu'uisana wane motsoyüi amaa.

He pricked his ears and listened to the trit-trot, trit-trot of a pony.

Shiasa sulüpuna tü wopukat alutsü shipisana wane ejetüü; nia'jo chupetkasulü chii kanuliakai Laulakai McGregor, jotsi naatou joyotüin tu nuwayuse kanuliakat Laulakat McGregor süma sünain tü anashantasukat sükoma won.

A gig was coming along the road; it was driven by Mr. McGregor, and beside him sat Mrs. McGregor in her best bonnet.



Mayaka müin nalatüin, chii jouchankai Benjamin Appana nüsirrataka unapumuin süinainmüin tü wopukat ottushejese nia süinain awaulawa sulüpuna wopukot (sulü munnatüin, munnatüin munnatüin numüin) Ounushi'jo analain sümuin tü nupushikalirrua, na kepiakana sulerrü unaapuka shiamaje sain tü apunajülekat nukorroloko chi kanuliakai Sr. MCGregor.

As soon as they had passed, little Benjamin Bunny slid down into the road, and set off—with a hop, skip, and a jump—to call upon his relations, who lived in the wood at the back of Mr. McGregor's garden.





Shiasa tía unaapukat pirratashantasü main suka shiapiapala appana; niasa chirra shipioula julekai main sūma anashantain sakaaje nia'jo shiapiapalakat tu nüit'ka Benjamín namaa na süchonnikan kanuliakana: Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail nūma chi kanuliakai Pedro.

That wood was full of rabbit holes; and in the neatest, sandiest hole of all lived Benjamin's aunt and his cousins—Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter.

Tü laulaka jiet appana shiakat mechinsat; epijasü sao einaa tü kanuliakalü mitones sūmaya'jo tü shipachenka jitpai soimajatka appana (watuwama müin tayalajüin piama shipajana tia jitpaika).

Old Mrs. Rabbit was a widow; she earned her living by knitting rabbit-wool mittens and muffatees (I once bought a pair at a bazaar).

Sūmaya'jo suiikain tü wunu apolojushikat, shia'jo tü asūnakat jain kanuliakalü romero suma akajushi saimakat appana (tü kanuliakat'lü watumaa lavanda).

She also sold herbs, and rosemary tea, and rabbit-tobacco (which is what we call lavender).





Chii Jouchan'kai Benjamín nojotsü main nain shirre nirrein tu nuirruit'kat.  
Little Benjamin did not very much want to see his Aunt.

Nuleyajain shiamapüna tü pünajutka sümaya'jo nujututaicheje nauje chi  
nuwalakai kanuliakai Pedro.  
He came round the back of the fir-tree, and nearly tumbled upon the top of  
his Cousin Peter.







Pedro eshi joyoin'müin numüiwa.  
Peter was sitting by himself.

Mojuyasü sain tü nukuwaipa süma nushenyain wane jouchan painyerra  
ainjüshi suka mawi ishosü.  
He looked poorly, and was dressed in a red cotton pocket-handkerchief.







"Pedro", Nümaka'jo chii jouchechan'kai Benjamin suma nüzejai nucheerrü,  
"¿kasaa sünainka tü pushenkalü?"

"Peter," said little Benjamin, in a whisper, "who has got your clothes?"

Nüsoutaká Pedro. "Chii wayunkerra eipijuikai wuchí sulü niyujase chi  
laulakai. McGregor" Nukujaka süchikü nukuwaipa wana süma nipijunüin  
sulüpuna tü yunjakat apünajülekat nukujain sujutuín nuliia tü nüsapatseka  
suma tu kulut nüshempalakat sülia jemiyaí.

Peter replied, "The scarecrow in Mr. McGregor's garden," and described how  
he had been chased about the garden, and had dropped his shoes and coat.

Chii Jouchan'kai Benjamín nuikalaka naatou chi nuwalaichikai süma  
nukujain nüchiku chi laulakai McGregor nujituichipain nunuin sulu wane  
ejetuu, süma tü laulakat nuwayusekat McGregor nüma; shimuin'jo  
sou'kaika, sünaínsü tu anaskalü main sukoma.

Little Benjamin sat down beside his cousin and assured him that Mr.  
McGregor had gone out in a gig, and Mrs. McGregor also; and certainly for  
the day, because she was wearing her best bonnet.





Nümaka Pedro atapajushine taya sujutüin tü juyaka.  
Peter said he hoped that it would rain.

Shiasa wana süma tíaa jayashika sünüikü tü laulakat appana'chan sulüje tü shipioulakat appana süma suwatüün main: "¡Susichan mawii! ¡Susichan mawii! ¡chee'tamüin soomüin tü Manzanilla'kat!"

At this point old Mrs. Rabbit's voice was heard inside the rabbit hole, calling: "Cotton-tail! Cotton-tail! fetch some more camomile!"

Nümaka Pedro anetpaja tain müinka tounüle warrain'tamui.  
Peter said he thought he might feel better if he went for a walk.







Nounaka süma najapulújirrain tü naajapüka naantaka emüinrre yaletüin  
main ipüna tü maapaka saka sain tü unapuka.

They went away hand in hand, and got upon the flat top of the wall at the  
bottom of the wood.

Shiasa yaleje anashantaka naamüin erraa tü yüja nüpunajule'ka chi laulakai  
McGregor.

From here they looked down into Mr. McGregor's garden.

Tu kulut nüshempalakat sü jemiyaai süma tü nusapatsekat Pedro etasü'jo  
jayashin palastüin nao chi wayunkerra aataajiakai wuchi, ainjúshi sükaa  
laula tam-o'-shanter numüin McGregor.

Peter's coat and shoes were plainly to be seen upon the scarecrow, topped  
with an old tam-o'-shanter of Mr. McGregor's.







Tu kulut nüshempalakat sü jemiyaai süma tü nusapatsekat Pedro etasü'jo  
jayashin palastüin nao chi wayunkerra aataajiakai wuchi, ainjúshi sükaa  
laula tam-o'-shanter numüin McGregor.

Little Benjamin said: "It spoils people's clothes to squeeze under a gate;  
the proper way to get in is to climb down a pear-tree."

Nujutúka pedro unapumuin niki; nojotka patatüin nain, anashantasü tü  
atunkulee namaanakalü anasü ojutüwa sao.

Peter fell down head first; but it was of no consequence, as the bed below  
was newly raked and quite soft.

Apünajushi'pala sukaa sulia toolopana.

It had been sown with lettuces.







Naputüin waimashantain süchikanain tü nouchika naatajat'nuin sao tu antukulekat, kachikanainrreka ouchikana chi Jouchan'kai Benjamín, sunainje naataja'tuin suchikanain tü nuichikana'kat.

They left a great many odd little footmarks all over the bed, especially little Benjamin, who was wearing clogs.







Chii Jouchan'kai Benjamín mushi niakai tü palajanain'jatka wainrrüin shia'jo wasaajuinjatka shia nushenkat Pedro süpüla'jo numanainjatüin tü panñerrakat.

Little Benjamin said that the first thing to be done was to get back Peter's clothes, in order that they might be able to use the pocket-handkerchief.

Newetaka shia nuli chi wayunkerrakai atajia wuchí.  
They took them off the scarecrow.

Eitüsü'pa wane juya mioushanta wane aii pala süpülapuna, ejatuka wüin sulü tü nüsapatseka jotsi tü nüshempalakat suliaa jemiyaai asokolojosü.  
There had been rain during the night; there was water in the shoes, and the coat was somewhat shrunk.

Benjamín nulakaka nünain tü tam-o'-shanter, shiasa muy japuka shia nulia.  
Benjamin tried on the tam-o'-shanter, but it was too big for him.





Mapa'süchikeje nuchuntaka shipirrajunüin numüin tü panñerrakat suka  
cebollas, süpüla'jo nüsülajuintuin shia sümuin tü nüü'itka.

Then he suggested that they should fill the pocket-handkerchief with onions, as  
a little present for his Aunt.

Pedro nojoishi talatakai nain; Jayatüsia napüin sain shipijana kasa.

Peter did not seem to be enjoying himself; he kept hearing noises.







Benjamín, nojoishi imoluwakai nain, mushika nain nipialujuchin erré'jo nia  
ekalatain supana tolopana.

Benjamin, on the contrary, was perfectly at home, and ate a lettuce leaf.

Nümaka mapushia taya antapüin sulüje tü yujakat nüma chi tashikai sünain  
asaja tolopana süpüla ekuna domingou.

He said that he was in the habit of coming to the garden with his father to get  
lettuces for their Sunday dinner.

(Tü nüliakat chi nushikai Benjamín shiapü laulakai Sr. Benjamín Appana.)  
(The name of little Benjamin's papa was old Mr. Benjamin Bunny.)

Tü tolopanaka anajashantasu shia'ya müin sanainkalu.

The lettuces certainly were very fine.





Pedro nojorruleya nulakuin sejü; keirreka'ne tain walejuin wachukuwa  
wepialumuin.

Peter did not eat anything; he said he should like to go home.

Shiasa wana süma numüin sujutaka nuilia shiatapuna tu cebollakat.

Presently he dropped half the onions.





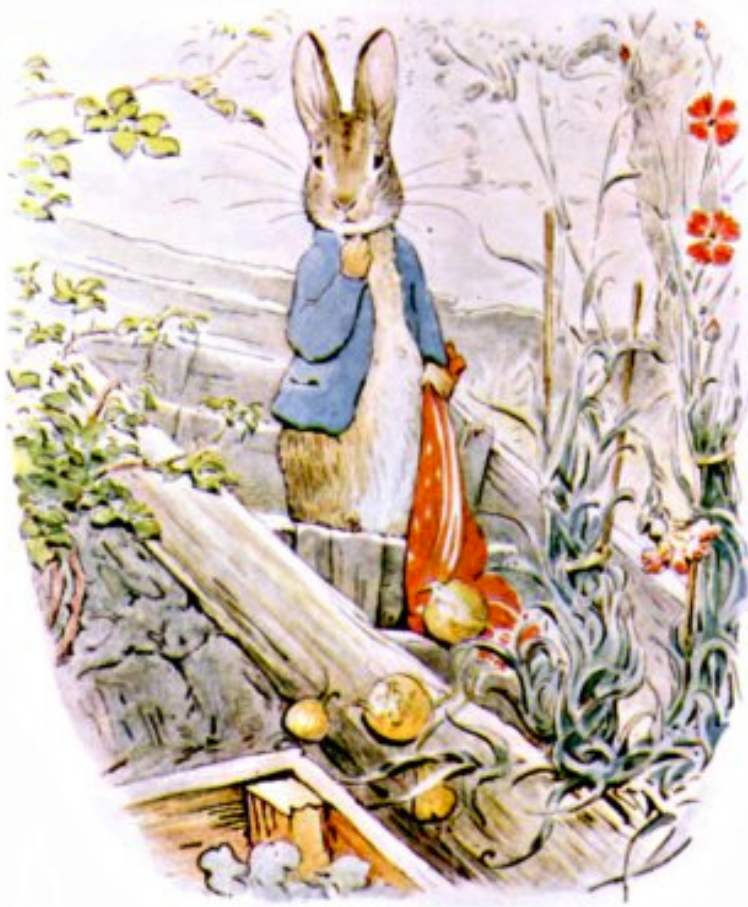
Chii Jouchan'kai Benjamín nūmaka nojoletsa wainküin wayalerruin  
ipunamüin sukaa tü manirraska supushuale tü ekülü wakotchojoko.  
Little Benjamin said that it was not possible to get back up the pear-tree with a  
load of vegetables.

Neerrülaka tu wopuko sukaa supushuale nutsin süpüla jutatüin shia  
sünainmuin wanemuin saata tu yujaka.  
He led the way boldly towards the other end of the garden.

Nainkaka nerruluin wane alatia soopuna wane tapüla, sakapuna wane  
jaishantasü setpü michi ainjüshi sukaa ladrillos ishosü.  
They went along a little walk on planks, under a sunny, red brick wall.

Tüirrüa cocochetka eshi joyojoyolüin soulü tü supuetsou'ka tü nipialü, ekajushi  
süwasala sü'ü jaipai; nachimitka no'u numüin Pedro Rabbit jotsi müin numüin  
chi Jouchan'kai Benjamín Appana.  
The mice sat on their doorsteps cracking cherry-stones; they winked at Peter  
Rabbit and little Benjamin Bunny.





Shiasa wana süma tíaa Pedro nüjütaka süchikü suchuküa tü panñerrakat.  
Presently Peter let the pocket-handkerchief go again.







Nawatapunaka nekerroluin sulü macetas, ishí coushisü süma sulü iita.

*They got amongst flower-pots, and frames, and tubs.*

Pedro napüin shipisana kasairrua pejechan nünain; ¡tū noukalirü  
mioüyushantajusu main makaa sain tu kanuliakalü paletas!

*Peter heard noises worse than ever; his eyes were as big as lolly-pops!*

Makaa wane o piama nupou palajana nünain chi nuwalaichikai süma  
nushowalalain numüin.

*He was a step or two in front of his cousin when he suddenly stopped.*







¡Tüyalai shia tü nerrakalü nainua appana'chenkana wana süma nojunüintain tü wopukat!

**This is what those little rabbits saw round that corner!**

Chii jouchan'kai Benjamín nunalaka shiasa, yaulet'chan müin'ne, nujulakaa numüinwa, nuliia'jo Pedro supunaje tu cebollas sulüjutka tu miousuka sarrüna...

**Little Benjamin took one look, and then, in half a minute less than no time, he hid himself and Peter and the onions underneath a large basket....**







Chii musakai nutamaka, sümaya'jo niyurrulain jotsii'jo nürrüt kain süma  
naatüin sejum tü mioü'ka sarruna.

The cat got up and stretched herself, and came and sniffed at the basket.

¡Esüü süpüla nuchekalain sejüü tü cebolla'ka!

Perhaps she liked the smell of onions!

Shiasa müin, shiala süikalaka sauje ipüna sünain tuyalai canasta'ka.

Anyway, she sat down upon the top of the basket.







Yalajatka shia joyotüin sao maka'sain jarrai horas.  
She sat there for five hours.

Mojusü takujuin nuchiku Pedro nümaa Benjamín süpünaa tü sarrüna'ka,  
nojotsü anain erra sütüma cojoin piyushika, jotsi'jo sütüma kejuin main tü  
cebolla aishantasü tü sejum'ka; kewirrashi Pedro Rabbit sütüma nüma chii  
jouchan'kai Benjamín.

I cannot draw you a picture of Peter and Benjamin underneath the basket,  
because it was quite dark, and because the smell of onions was fearful; it  
made Peter Rabbit and little Benjamin cry.







Chii kaikai ashakatushi unapumuin shiama'muin sain tü unaapuka epiyulairrü  
sain kaika; süma jayatuinja chii muusa'kai joyotüin saoo tü sarrünaka.  
The sun got round behind the wood, and it was quite late in the afternoon; but  
still the cat sat upon the basket.

Shiasa mapa jayashika shipisana wane kashanajülesü, kashanajülesü,  
sümaya'jo sujunujün tü süpanaka mojuu molumuin ipunaje.  
At length there was a pitter-patter, pitter-patter, and some bits of mortar fell  
from the wall above.

Chii musakai nirrakaka ipunamuin nirrakuwataka chii laulakai Sr. Benjamín  
Appana munnatün ipunapüna sünaïn süsepü michikat wane saata ipünaje.  
The cat looked up and saw old Mr. Benjamin Bunny prancing along the top of  
the wall of the upper terrace.







Etashi'jo nia joyotüin süma wane tawakü sukajuinpalakat Appana nujapulü  
suma wane warrarrat süna'in tü wane najatpukat.

He was smoking a pipe of rabbit-tobacco, and had a little switch in his hand.

Achajashi'jo nuchikü chii nuchon'kai.

He was looking for his son.

Chii laulakai appana nojorle nutüjain sao ein nü'ütpa wane musairrü.

Old Mr. Bunny had no opinion whatever of cats.

Numuttaka ipunajeshanta main süna'inje müin sain tu susepukat michii süma  
nujutuin nao chii musakai, nutchutapunaka nia saouje tu sarrunakat suma  
nushetuin nia sulumuin tu apünajülekat, sümaya'jo nuwetalein süpushi tü  
noikat nuliia.

He took a tremendous jump off the top of the wall on to the top of the cat, and  
cuffed it off the basket, and kicked it into the greenhouse, scratching off a  
handful of fur.







Chii musakai patatashantashi nojurruleya julujain nain nusütajainchin.  
The cat was too much surprised to scratch back.

Shiasa mapa chii laulakai Appana nutshutaka chii musakai sulümuin tü  
apünajülekat, süma nüsülajain naamajirra tü süpuetsouka sukaa cantawa.  
When old Mr. Bunny had driven the cat into the greenhouse, he locked the  
door.

Süchiküje nulejaaka sünain'muin tü sarrünakat, naapaka niyulüin chii  
nuchonkai Benjamín suka nucheipa nutsajaka nia suka tü warraratka.  
Then he came back to the basket and took out his son Benjamin by the ears,  
and whipped him with the little switch.

Süchiküje niyulakat chii nusipukai Pedro.  
Then he took out his nephew Peter.





Mapa'süchikeje nutchutaka tü panñerraka kalüjatka cebollas süma nünalein  
sumanaje tu yunjakat apunajülekat.

Then he took out the handkerchief of onions, and marched out of the garden.







Shiasa mapa chii laulakai McGregor nulejaaka maka sain shiatapunamüin hora  
süchiküje, chuntatasü nou sunain tü süchikanain waima kasa sulü tü  
niyujaseka sulü'jo ponotoin'shia nain.

When Mr. McGregor returned about half an hour later he observed several  
things which perplexed him.

Tasü sain süchikanain suii wayuu ekaii warrai'sumuin sulüpuna tü yunjakat  
apünajülekat süma wane oulii natajatnu... ¡sümaya'jo jayatüin'ja tü  
süchikanainka jouchen!

It looked as though some person had been walking all over the garden in a pair  
of clogs—only the footmarks were too ridiculously little!

Nojotsü tayawatüin sain suküwaipa jamuin tü müsüka'jo süsürrüluin sulümuin  
tü apünajülekat, sulü sülajain tü puettouka anoipaje'sain.

Also he could not understand how the cat could have managed to shut herself  
up inside the greenhouse, locking the door upon the outside.





Shiasa nuntapa Pedro nipiylumuin, tüü nikat nojoishi siyaajuin ekamain'ne shia talatüin sao nulejuin sümaya'jo nustüin sünain tu nüsapatseka süma tu nüshempalakat sü jemiyaii.

When Peter got home his mother forgave him, because she was so glad to see that he had found his shoes and coat.

Susichan mawii nümaa Pedro nashataaka nukuwaipa chii panñerrakai, shiasa tü laulakat Appana'jiet saapaka tü sewollakat suwayajaka shia surralaoje tü michii kusinapiakat, sümaya'jo tu süpanakat mojuui ekajushiika sümaa tü tawaku saimakalu appana.

Cotton-tail and Peter folded up the pocket-handkerchief, and old Mrs. Rabbit strung up the onions and hung them from the kitchen ceiling, with the bunches of herbs and the rabbit-tobacco.





...

THE END