

“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





THO BENJAMIN BUNNY EHI

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: Ivan Cornelius





Abaaro moucha~bun balie shokochie koneso abaaalta kaai~rie janto kona.

One morning a little rabbit sat on a bank.

Le jikahe lofadoka kena kana ba kola tho pony okochie kanoku kona.

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

Aba bae~u~kai arin' ando to bo the' waboroko je; Mr. McGregor, ousosha bo abo,
kena lodonato tho balta kotha Mrs McGregor sakwan tho ketonwa.

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



Na fako ton bena, shokchie abaenjamin Bunny thlakada tho waboroko kona, kena ouson dudai darijin le shemakon bia-loyobae. Kakobae chie konoko ajie Mr McGregor bonakara yabon.

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.



Thora ada ebayto koseno olai abo: kena satowabo, motoukelie to olai kakoka le'
Benjamin;s yabwatho oma lowahonchie- Flopsy, Mopsy, yaho-ehie kena Peter.
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.

Habatho Mr Koneso botoba tho, tho kakobia th'scesaka koneso-bara moyamoyato
(baho dai oyontha bimanto to yokaran nalen).

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).

Konoko ebihe bajah thoyokara, kena rosemary teya, kena koneso yurithie
(lavander wasa sha).

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



Shokochie Benjamin dokachi kako wabo loyaboatho.
Little Benjamin did not very much want to see his Aunt.

Toyabon jie tho kabara to ada landa, kena hebiron chikejin lowahonchie Peter
kona.

He came round the back of the fir-tree, and nearly tumbled upon the top of his
Cousin Peter.

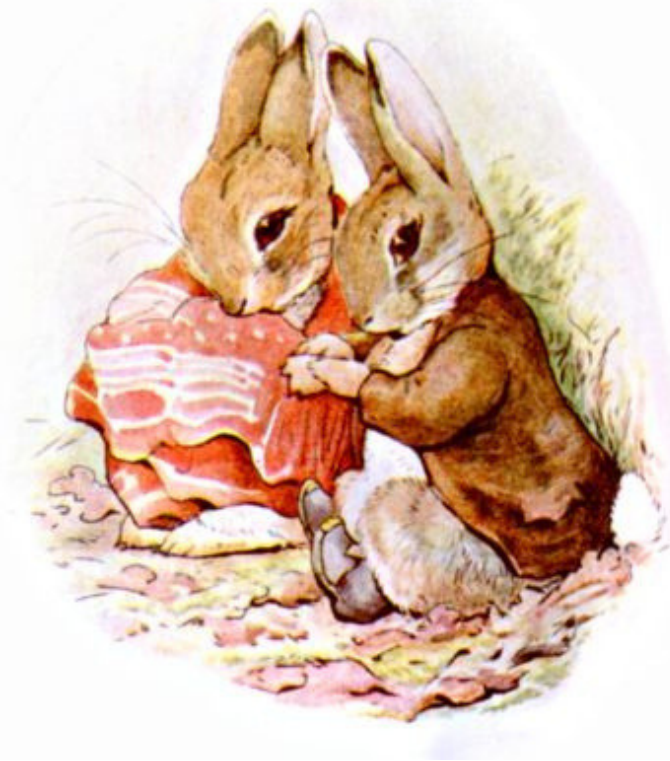




Peter balta kwanchie lowaia.
Peter was sitting by himself.

Kamonay ka chie jin loyara, kena koreto yaho nosedoko abo.
He looked poorly, and was dressed in a red cotton pocket-handkerchief.





"Peter" ajaka sokochie Benjamin, the'the'dwahu olokoji, "halikan wabo ouchaka ekaibomon.

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

Peter ounaba, "tho anwanna janto Mr Mc Gregor bonakarai koborogi," kena akan lomon halika lan daridabon bonakarai aji, kena chikegikechin lo sapaton oma lo jakechin.

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.

Shokeli Benjamin balta lowahonchie adonan kena akan lomon Mr. McGregor tha ousun baukai eberanbo oma.kena Mrs McGregor baja: kedwada bakasakabo bia, tho' ketwa sato wabo ekai abo.

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.



Peter anseka oni chke jin.
Peter said he hoped that it would rain.

Karohoda habaetho Mrs. Koneso ajain kakanokoka tho koneso olai
oloko,shimakakonbo "yaho ehie! Abaquan camomile! abo bandalithae!"
At this point old Mrs. Rabbit's voice was heard inside the rabbit hole, calling:
"Cotton-tail! Cotton-tail! fetch some more camomile!"

Dousonka jaro kona sasabo komadai la Peter
Peter said he thought he might feel better if he went for a walk.





Na kabo quwa nowkota kena, ousan tho sapalato takara kona tho ada aboun.
They went away hand in hand, and got upon the flat top of the wall at the bottom
of the wood.

Yara waria nadokota Mr. McGregor bonaka bae betchie.
From here they looked down into Mr. McGregor's garden.

Peter jakechi kena lo sapaton adokai koma sani tho annwana janto, quamai janto
habaeto th' oshe ajako Mr. Mc Gregor annye.

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





Shokochie Benjamin ajaka: "Lokono ekai th'bwada to hegekie chen bena thabon: shemara dia kona bomodama kena safana"

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."

Peter chekeda leshe tobora: hama ko bia thanda; emaelean doman na tho donkai borado baletto.

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

Lettuces alokowaria amaritoto.

It had been sown with lettuces.





Yohoro shokobaeto okochie jikie ebera halonjiron tho borado kona Benjamin anee
ron hama ba kamonchie lokochie kona.

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





Shokochie Benjamin ajaka baran dai keshedofa ouchiken keba lee Peter ekai,
tojin ron nowchie kama to nosedoko nanejin.

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.

Nanokana tho anwana janto oshewaria.
They took them off the scarecrow.

Oni kaka tra orekai ke: oniabo thokota tho sapato, kena lo jakechi yokorotoma.
There had been rain during the night; there was water in the shoes, and the coat
was somewhat shrunk.

Benjamin kesheda tho tam-o-shanter, Ferokaytha lomon.
Benjamin tried on the tam-o'-shanter, but it was too big for him.



Kena karo wabakae chin jaro to joraho tho kabo nosedoko onions abo, waboko tha
mana shokonie daiyabotho omon.

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

Peter ko halekaebae lonwan, kanokotaho ron lokanaba bo.

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





Benjamin lobaromaria, sachie leshekwan, kena koton tho adabona jantho.

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

Losachika thawabo tho bonakarai ji lechie oma lochiekenbia tho llettuces sundaka
bakalamai na koton bia.

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

(Shokilee Benjamin echie eri hebalie Mr. Benjamin Bunny.)

(The name of little Benjamin's papa was old Mr. Benjamin Bunny.)

Tho lettuces kiedwanwabo sawabo.

The lettuces certainly were very fine.





Peter ko hama ekai, lokowia chika wabo la.
Peter did not eat anything; he said he should like to go home.

Peter ko hama ekai, lokowia chika wabo la.
Presently he dropped half the onions.



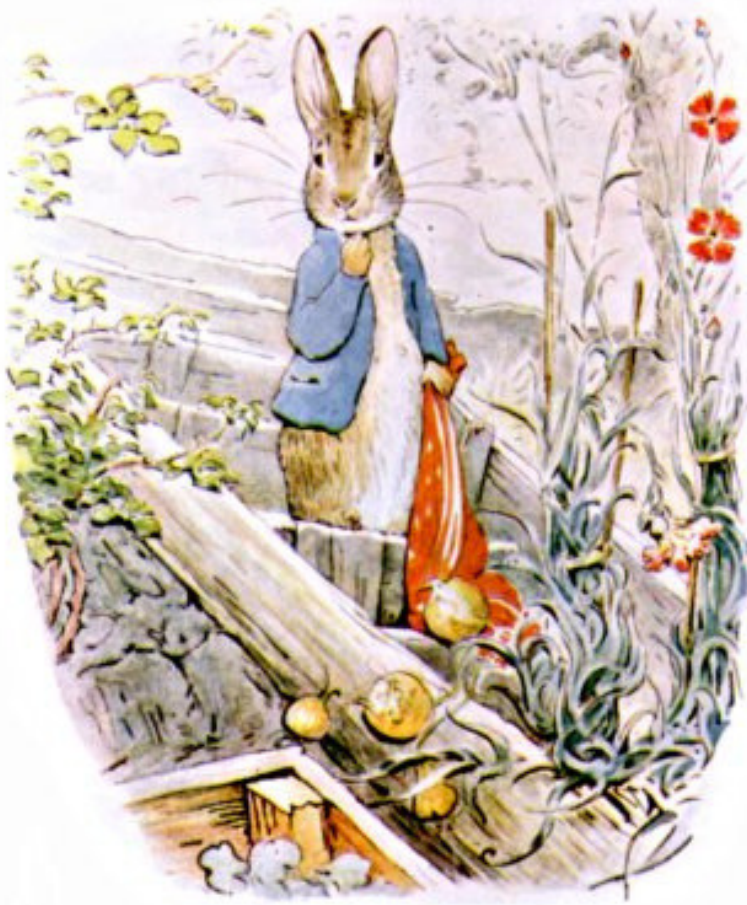


Benjamin ajaika samakona dosonbia keba tho shemara dia modon.
Little Benjamin said that it was not possible to get back up the pear-tree with a load of vegetables.

Lousa wajilene tho bonakarai rabodoko ema.
He led the way boldly towards the other end of the garden.

Nousa konaho oloko planka kona, hadali thereto oloko koreato sheba takara.
They went along a little walk on planks, under a sunny, red brick wall.

Tho korehe abalta nashequa modokona forotonbo boywahu-sheba: nayabosa Peter
koneso kon kena shokochie Benjamin Bunny.
The mice sat on their doorsteps cracking cherry-stones; they winked at Peter Rabbit
and little Benjamin Bunny.



Karoho Peter ousakota tho nosedoko keba.
Presently Peter let the pocket-handkerchief go again.





Toko ake aji nousa, kena kene theya, kena sokosakona.
They got amongst flower-pots, and frames, and tubs.

Peter kanaba kanokotan baleto tobora aji: lokoshie ferotwa lolly-pop's tashamon!
Peter heard noises worse than ever; his eyes were as big as lolly-pops!

Abaro kochie knenajro biaman waria chi lera kato abarn lebejin.
He was a step or two in front of his cousin when he suddenly stopped.





Tho toraha nako kenoso ousa adoka thorefoji!
This is what those little rabbits saw round that corner!

Shokile Benjamin abaro adokotha, kenada, wabojine ayakatonwa, kena Peter oma
tho onionbae tho koyrie fetho abon....

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....





Tho pushy jenaba kena wajekejin thefero, kena ousan jemeshin tho kourie kona.
The cat got up and stretched herself, and came and sniffed at the basket.

Aboka jaro tansheka toh onions emmae!
Perhaps she liked the smell of onions!

Halekajin, thobalta to kourie ajako.
Anyway, she sat down upon the top of the basket.





Yara thobalta abaro dakabo maan.

She sat there for five hours.

Dai yatakoma ko bobon naaya Peter kena Benjamin thoho kourie abon, urerokan doma, hamaroika tho onions emae; Peter koneso oma shokochie Benjamin ayaka.

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.





Balla tho hadali andon to ada yabo, kena bakolamai kana baja, kaikee tho
apushey abalta to kourie ajako.

The sun got round behind the wood, and it was quite late in the afternoon; but still
the cat sat upon the basket.

Hebenbena karo pitter-patter,pitter-patter,kena aba thfae chkeda tho takara ouria
ayounto.

At length there was a pitter-patter, pitter-patter, and some bits of mortar fell from
the wall above.

To apushy adokotha kena dokon habachie Mr. Benjamin Bunny koyabonbo to
takara ajako.

The cat looked up and saw old Mr. Benjamin Bunny prancing along the top of the
wall of the upper terrace.



Boywachibo lo pipan koneso yuriethe, kena kamoning shokoto hamaba lo'kaboloko.
He was smoking a pipe of rabbit-tobacco, and had a little switch in his hand.

Lachie bechie awado cjibo.
He was looking for his son.

Habalie Mr Bunny ko aitha hamajaro apushy konan.
Old Mr. Bunny had no opinion whatever of cats.

Hamarochto dodai lomarita tho takara ayonto waria tho apushy jacko, kena
mokorodon lee apushy to kourie ajakoto, kena yakasan dai tra soboletho sheqwa
oloko, karason abakabo lobara.

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.





Tho apushy amarontwa tho karasama ko yountonwa.
The cat was too much surprised to scratch back.

Habalie Mr. Bunny ousokoton bena le apushy to sobeletho shequai oloko lo tatada
theshebo.

When old Mr. Bunny had driven the cat into the greenhouse, he locked the door.

Ka' lokoiketaka to kourie bechie kena bokoton laichie Benjamin lejaike kona, kena
bokondai tho lokabo lokoto abo.

Then he came back to the basket and took out his son Benjamin by the ears, and
whipped him with the little switch.

Kakie lowahonchi Peter lochiketa.
Then he took out his nephew Peter.



Kena ouchieke jin tho nosedoko onions kamonto, kena ouson tho bonakariji
lokowaria.

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





Kah'to Mr.McGregor quiketan wajako ke hamairo ladoka mayadon dai.
When Mr. McGregor returned about half an hour later he observed several things
which perplexed him.

Abano konaka jata halonjiron tho bonakarii'ji nasapaton abo - nakochie jike shoko
kaema!

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!

Kenaba maichila halekachin wabo tho apusy tatadon towaya tho sheqwai oloko,
thshebo waria.

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





Peter andonbena bahoun lo'oyou koyaba lokonan, halekaebae na lochiken
lo'sapaton kena lo'jackechin.

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

Yahoehie kena Peter fujiketa tho nosedoko, kena habaetho Mrs.Koneso
themata tho onions kena yodokoton na tho hekekosa ouria. Oma tho konoko
ebehi kena tho koneso-urithae.

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.





Th'ema.

THE END