

“BENJAMIN BUNNY
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Luragate Másaraga le Giribei Benjamin

The Tale of Benjamin Bunny

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Luagu aba binafi, ñuru liña aba liraügua másaraga luagu halaü.

One morning a little rabbit sat on a bank.

Aba lásaragüdüni leigei, ligia sodini laganbui laguahan aba liraügua gabayu, trit-trot,
trit-trot ligia animalu le.

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

Ümadarugugien arihuati tayarafadun aba gabalabatu; Yau McGregor abugahabalun,
ñuru tugia nóufuri McGregor lau tubunidin le geiyawase timábei.

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



Murusun oura lumagien hásügürün, aba líagun Masaraga Benjamin dagá
ümadarugun aba giñe lagumeserun éibuga (lau aba chubaü, aba chubaü, labu abaya
chubaü) lun lidin abeluha hamoun liduheñu ha awiwandubaña dabiarugu laganagua
fuluri, tanagagien luban Yau 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.



Dabiara ligia buin liña tau haban másaraga; lidan ti huenti le harumatimabei ani
gasagontimati ñein ha teredera lóufuri Benjamin habu liduheñu: Flopsy, Mopsy,
Kotton-tail labu Feduru.

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.

Weiyou ti buga mutu to, masaraga, mamarihoun buga; ahüchagua lidaü uhabu
tabu mâgu to lautu lura másaraga ligia meha teiga tebegibei (gañeitinaha aba
tidan aba budigü).

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).

Aluguragatu giñe sun luyerigu hiduru lanina arani; lila hachú labu liyuite
másaraga (aba fuluri le unbei laguarua lawanda)
She also sold herbs, and rosemary tea, and rabbit-tobacco (which is what we call
lavender).



Maweiti yebé buga labuserun Benjamin larihinu lóufuri.
Little Benjamin did not very much want to see his Aunt.

Aba lageyegun lau aba lidibu gudi, itagaü yebé leiguadun luagun liwerun liduhe,
Feduru.

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

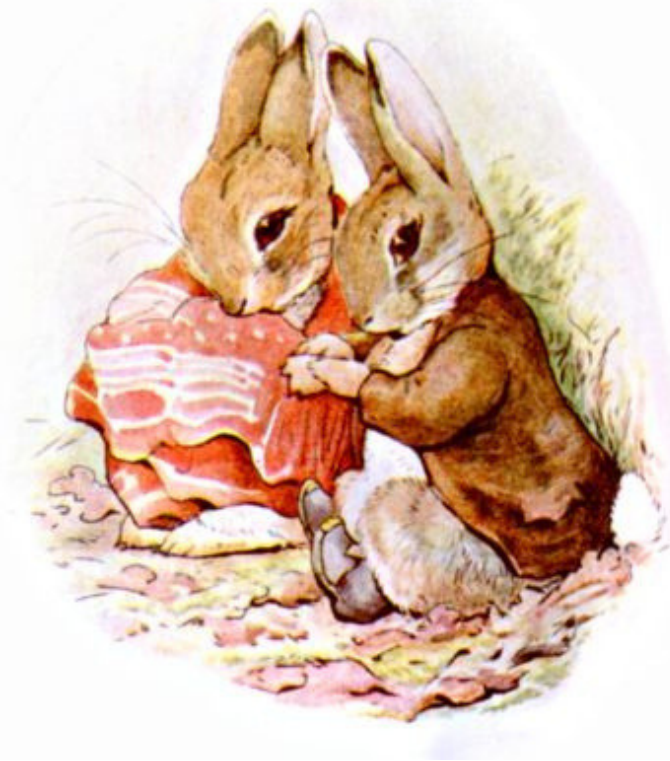




Ñuru liña Feduru lábuguarügü.
Peter was sitting by himself.

Wuribati lariawaguniwa ani tauñei aba gamisa funatu to luntu busedu.
He looked poorly, and was dressed in a red cotton pocket-handkerchief.





"Feduru", ligia laguarun Benjamin hamarueina, "ka taubei badaüragun?"

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

Aba lóunaburun Feduru: "Aba henege gürigia lida lifulurin Yau McGregor" abaüdahalei ida liñala lasigiruni laganagua fuluriagei ani aba téiguadun lisabadun tabu labirite.

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.

Aba lañurun Benjamin lóuburagu liduhe, aba lachóuruni lun furí liñala Yau Macgregor tida aba gabalabatu, ani furitula giñe lóufuri McGregor; arienga ligia lun masiantilá magaraguhama oura to, ladüga darütumuti tibunidin le wendetimabei.

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.



Aba lariengu Feduru agurabatila láhuyurun.

Peter said he hoped that it would rain.

Ligia sódini laganbú tumalali weiyou mutu to, nóufuri Másaraga lubiagien másaraga, aguaheina: "¡Tili mou!, ¡Tili mou!, ¡Barübaya murusun mansanilla"

At this point old Mrs. Rabbit's voice was heard inside the rabbit hole, calling:

"Cotton-tail! Cotton-tail! fetch some more camomile!"

Aba lariengu Feduru - laganoula yebé lun touchadagubalá anhei afurida asáñaha murusun oura.

Peter said he thought he might feel better if he went for a walk.





Aba hadisedun, ragūnahamei hahabu, hachülürübei lugudinoun dabiara.
They went away hand in hand, and got upon the flat top of the wall at the bottom
of the wood.

Ñeingien haríaguei liwende lichari yau McGregor.
From here they looked down into Mr. McGregor's garden.

Ariahouatu labíte tabu lisabadun Feduru ñeingien lau furangu ligibuagu henege
yuma gürigia, fadalu lau aba binadu libunidin Yau 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.





Aba lariengu Benjamin: " Barasetu gamisa houn mutu anhaña Abelura labugegien aba bena; le timá hamuga buidubei lun wabelurun wareirun taganaguagien peraagei.

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."

Aba leiguadun feduru lau lichügü; gama lumon mabuleseruti, lugundubuga le málügili lumagien tarouchuniwa gabana ani ñulutu buga.

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

Tau me he lechuga tabunuwa.

It had been sown with lettuces.





Igirahamuti hagudiarigi tigibuagu ubari, lugudiarigi timá Benjamin, le buga amubei
isabadun.

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





Larienga Benjamin, -furumieti le lunbei wadügüni wadeirunu lilagu Feduru lun gayaralá me wouserunu kei gafamelu.

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.

Aba lubeiti hagridunu luei henegeyuma gürigia.

They took them off the scarecrow.

Ahuyati bugati sun ariebru; buin tiña sabadu lau duna, abíti buga barugutiña.
There had been rain during the night; there was water in the shoes, and the coat was somewhat shrunk.

Aba lóuchaguni Benjamin bunidi, gama lumon wéiriti lerederun luagu.

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



Murusun óura larigi, aba lariengu lun habuinchagüdünu gafamelu lau sebuya, kei
aba idewesei tun lóufuri.

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

Memegi lóuguati buga ligunda Feduru; aba lasigirun aganbahei ásouhani.

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





Dise luéi lira, Bejamin, kamá hamuga lubiañein lasandiragun lungua aba léigini tubana lechuga.

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

Aba lariengu hechulá bugá abeluha ñeinhin dimásu luma luguchi aluraha lubuña heigin le laninati rabanweyu.

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

(Le liribei luguchi Benjamin, Yau Benjamin Másaraga.)

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

Le linarün aba ketei semêtu buga lechuga to.

The lettuces certainly were very fine.





Meigiti buga Feduru nikata; aba lariengu busientila buga lagaragun munadon.
Peter did not eat anything; he said he should like to go home.

Lida murusun oura ligia aba léiguadun lamidan sebuyaagei le lanügübei.
Presently he dropped half the onions.





Aba lariengu Benjamin herengubeilá lamudeirun lau wuisiu katei.

Little Benjamin said that it was not possible to get back up the pear-tree with a load of vegetables.

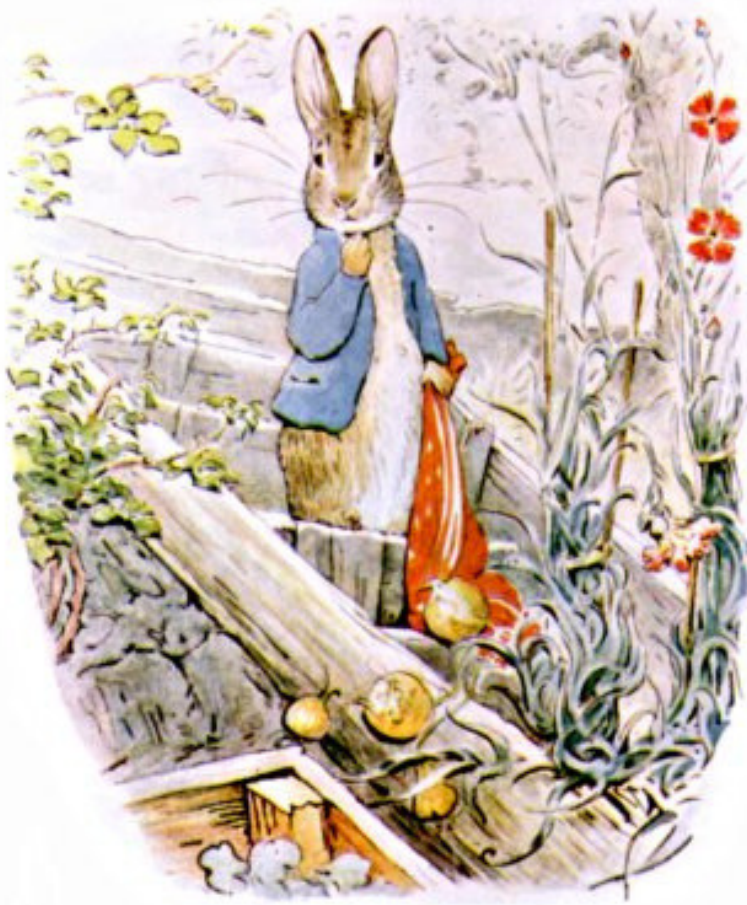
Lau saragun masuhani aba ladârun iseri ũma lueigien le aba loubadina fuluriagei.

He led the way boldly towards the other end of the garden. They went along a little walk on planks, under a sunny, red brick wall.

Ñuru haña garadun tubeneri haban, aboha seresa; aba hámuruduni hagu lun Feduru Rabbit labu lun Benjamin Másaraga.

The mice sat on their doorsteps cracking cherry-stones; they winked at Peter Rabbit and little Benjamin Bunny.





Lida oura ligia abaya ligiragüdünü Feduru gafamelu to lumabon.
Presently Peter let the pocket-handkerchief go again.





Aba habelurun taganaguon legei fuluri labu tinaagei.
They got amongst flower-pots, and frames, and tubs.

Aganbalumuti Feduru sun luyerigu arenchuni; ¡Itagabuiñein lagu kamá paleta!
Peter heard noises worse than ever; his eyes were as big as lolly-pops!

Eibugeina liña yebé lubá lubá liduhe, ligia sódini lalaramagun.
He was a step or two in front of his cousin when he suddenly stopped.





¡Anihá buga harihibei harahügua másaraga hageredubali ebei!
This is what those little rabbits saw round that corner!

Aba laganeridun Benjamin ñeigien aba laramudagun furesequeina, aramudalei
Feduru labu sebuya labugien aba dabâsi...

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....





Aba lasarun mesu, chawagua ligia ñeigien aba layarafadun imichahei dabasi le.
The cat got up and stretched herself, and came and sniffed at the basket.

¡Masianti hinsiola buga lihemeni sebuya le afuridubei ñeingien lun!
Perhaps she liked the smell of onions!

Memegi, aba tañurun ligiguagu dabasi le.
Anyway, she sat down upon the top of the basket.





Seingüñein oura tau nürulu ligibuagu dabasi ligia.

She sat there for five hours.

Siñati hamuga nadibuni hun ida liñala hasügürüni Feduru labu Benjamin labugien dabasi le, ladüga burugati ani hanarimeti liheme sebuya le ñeibei; darí lumon layahuragüdüniun Feduru Rabbit labu Benjamin.

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.





Aba labuluchun weyu lanagagien dabiara, figígali; gama lumon anireigiwa buga mesu nūru ligibuagu dabâsi legia.

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

Lagumuhounbei oura, aba laganbú léiguadun katei, labu dübü éiguada iñugien. At length there was a pitter-patter, pitter-patter, and some bits of mortar fell from the wall above.

Aba larihin mesu iñu arihainalei ya Benjamin le Masaraga agarabaha iñugien lun toubâ muna.

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





Lagumulahaña aba feifa lauñein aba liraügua wewe luhaburugu.
He was smoking a pipe of rabbit-tobacco, and had a little switch in his hand.

Lalurahañein lisani.
He was looking for his son.

Lóuguati buga lanágun Yau Másaraga lingua hama mesu.
Old Mr. Bunny had no opinion whatever of cats.

Aba lachubarun ligibuagun mesu, hulagualei ligibuagiñe dabasi ñeingien láfara aba
kiki luagu ladagara ligibuagun watu, hulágubeilei liyu.
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.





Madani gubeiti mesu lun lañuguchagun lungua.
The cat was too much surprised to scratch back.

Lichugubei fe luógua, laduruguduñein Yau Másaraga gelein ligia lau laganagua
fuluri.

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

Larigi buga murusun le, abaya lagaragun lugabun dabasi ligia, aba lasagaruni lisáni
leigeigugũi, fadá ligia bian beiti luagu lau wewe le buga lumabei.

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

Ñeigien aba lasagaruni liraühaña, Feduru.
Then he took out his nephew Peter.



Aba liabin sagáloun gafamelu buin lau sebuya aba lafuridun ñeigien.
Then he took out the handkerchief of onions, and marched out of the garden.





Dan bei lachülürün Yau McGregor, kei buri dimí oura larigien, lóugudalumuti fiyú
katei le larihinei.

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

Kamá hamuga buga añarei mutu éibugei lichari tau aba feu sabadu ... ¡ gama lumon
weiti buga liñügüri ugudidaigi le!

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!

Úati giñe gufarandelani ida liñala tadouragun mesu taugua, geileintei bena
barugudigien.

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





Dan bei lachülürün Feduru munadoun, aba ferudunatali luguchu ladüga
tigunda luagu ladeirunu lisabadun tabu labirite.

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

Aba houburagunu Feduru labu Tili mou gafamelu to ñeigien aba tadiwiruni
Noufuri másaraga sebuya le iñugien tun gusina labu sun iyuri houn masaraga.
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.





Dagá ya..!

THE END