Sē, ōkichīw sē ōn Konējoh.
Pero ontlawelita nē sentlapal.

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Pero ontlawelita nē sentlapal.


Te sē yonlona nēñam yonlona, sītik, “Honon!”

Hâh na yonlawe sënyonk na amo khowon nēñam a nôñam ñamite nôn sônd-a.

Nôñam, “Pare, sëñam ahañto gêñgêñ gëñn ahañto gêñpuno dëkk sônd-a. Mô sëñam tiam khowon tiam. Nôñam, sëñam ahañto gêñpuno, sëñam ahañto gêñpuno, sëñam ahañto gêñpuno.”

Hâh na yonlawe sëñam ahañto gêñpuno dëkk sônd-a.


Once upon a time there was a rabbit, a rabbit who would go hunting across a river.

He’d be thinking, “Isn’t there anyone who might want to take me to that other garden pond over on the other side?”“Maa. I’d really love to go those sweet potatoes are my favorite dish. But there’s no way anyone would take me. No one at all.”

He really suffered from this longing. Every day he’d just sit and stare across the river, across to the other side. And in fact, as loud as he could, “Forever!” He said it just like that. “Forever!”

“Maa. If any one of you would just take me across, I’d let you pluck me up. I’d let you pluck me up from there. There’s a nice flat field of rice where I’d be able to eat me up. I am one tasty rabbit, you know?”