

Meree ohio kehi umai iarodioi-ka

Treating a Boy's Sore

Translated by Tompinkin Aumarie

Kope / English Diglot
Gulf Province, PNG



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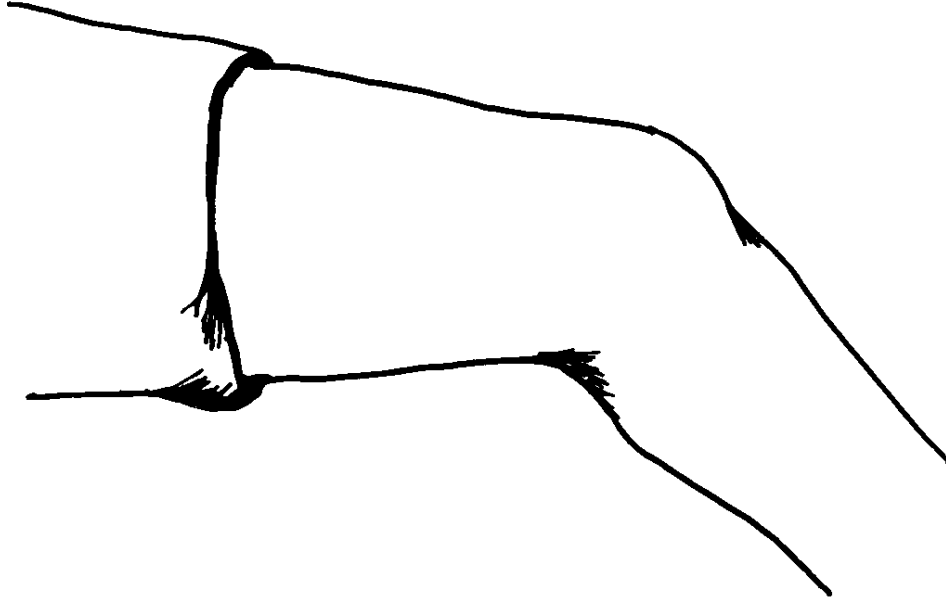
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Illustrated by Bertie Knowlton

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Now Misek is happy again. His sore is healed and he is doing well.

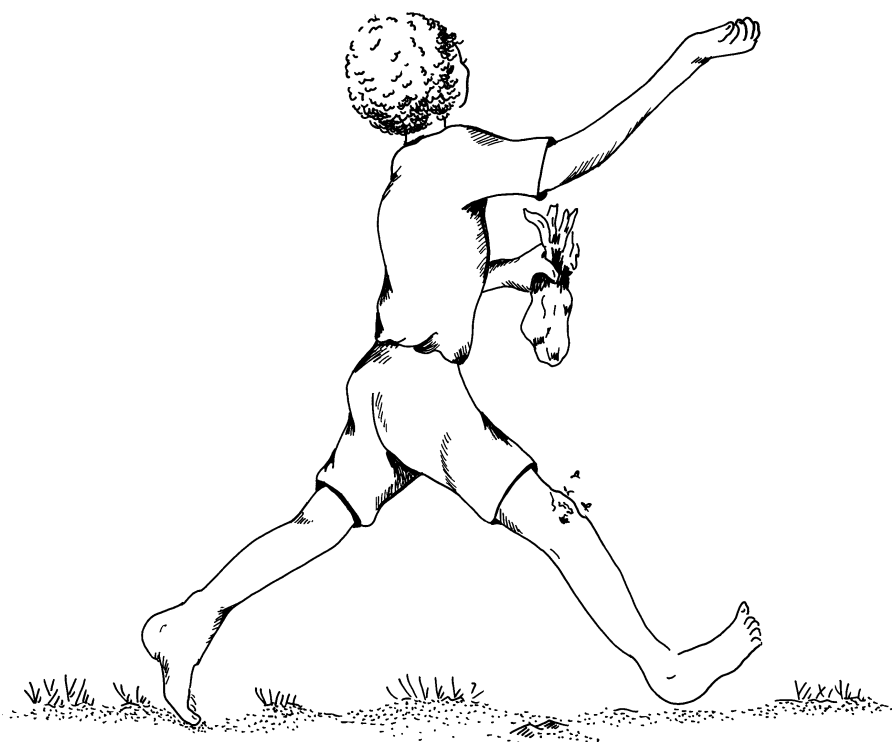


Do'ou Misk ge'ii-ka. Ruu umai tauo
poodoo'ia, ka ruu mea haka.



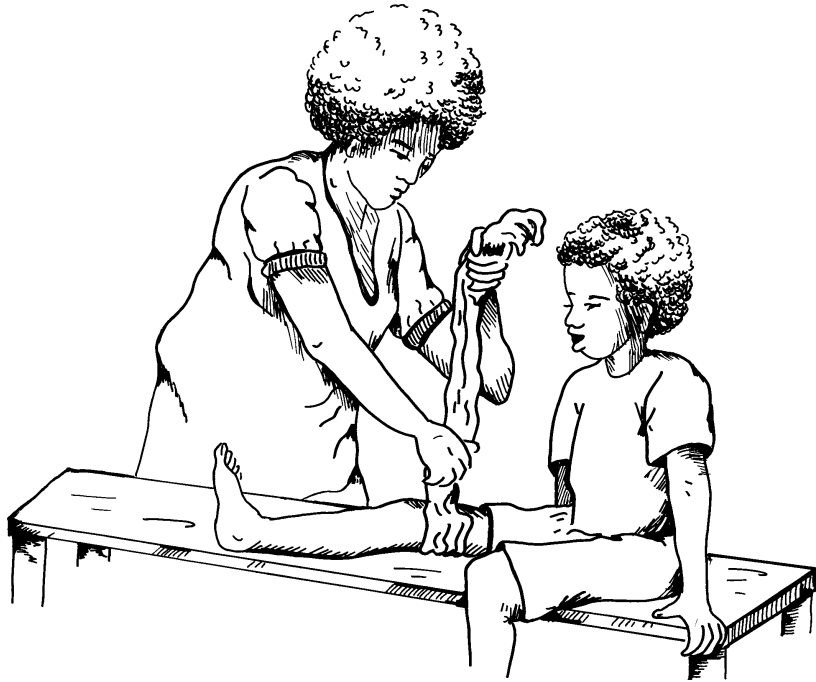
Meree ohio kehi pairai Misk, abei
rautu podai-do bu'i eito. Hieida, bu'i
oro ata-ro Misk otoi ai-papehai, ka
uma kehi orododiai-ka.

A boy named Misk went to the bush
with his father. While they were there,
Misk scratched his leg on a thorn and
it made a small sore.



After she finished washing the sore, she covered it with some clean cloth. She had prepared the cloth beforehand by boiling it and hanging it in the sun to dry completely. Then she had covered it well and put it in a safe place. She didn't want it to get dirty.

Irai Misek ihaha iraromo bia aa'o-rau
eito. Ruu rio bia himioi opoioi, umai
oru'oi kamia maa omoopai. Ruu go'otoi-
da ieredeai-da orioi-ha podau dodo-ha
pii aa'o rau.



Ruu-ro umai omoru'oi ioropoi'oi-da,
ruu-ro otohiti-ka mea hi'aa hipurai-da.
Aa'o hipurai umotuu-ha pemaumodi,
erara oboi-da pitai, ka himio-da
pamotoo'a toatoa-ro maa oohiai-ri. Ka
mea hi'a ha pomopai, ka mea matii-
hato pedee'a. Ruu rio bia irio ododiai.

But Misek didn't think much about it.
He didn't want to take time to wash
and cover the sore. When he got back
to the village, he went off to play and
forgot all about it.



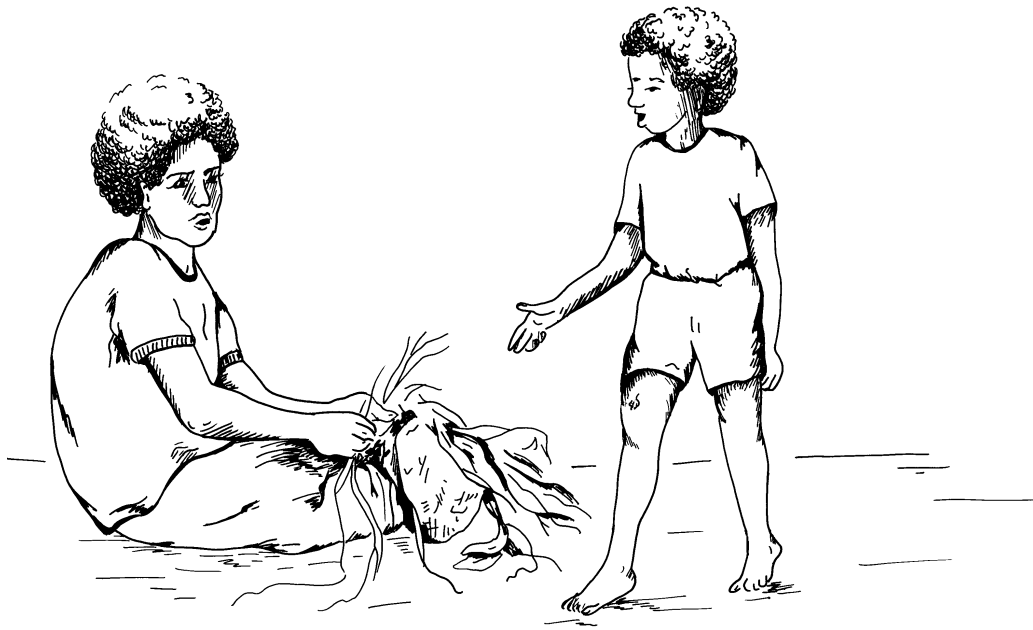
Umai pupuoi eidai iomahoroi-da
hu'uurei iamairiai-ka. Umai da
emi'eituti-moika auo kekei re irioi-re
umai da aiha pidiaamo-umo. Aa'o
rauda, umai memiho hi'a ii'ii-ka, kamia
geema-ro ohiai-ka. Misek-upi gie'epu-
ka. Do'ou ruu uro orobui modobo bia
duoi-da.

His mother was very wise and she
always helped her children. First she
boiled some water. When the water had
cooled down she washed the sore. She
often used bush medicine in the water
to help clean the sore. Since she didn't
have any at the house, she used some
salt.



Ruu maamui kehi uumo-bia, kamia ruu mereei aiha pimo'abai-dio. Epu hi'ai erara obo itai-ka. Oboi guga'oo-ro iohiai-da, umai omoru'oi-ka. Bu'i ru'a bari oboi-da pidobia omoru'oi maa oromoabai-ri. Irai aami'a tiatoi-ri motoi-da, ruu-ro dameraai podabuai.

As the sore began to fester, the flies were attracted. They landed on the sore and left more germs and dirt. This made the sore worse and it got really big. Poor Misek! Now he wasn't even able to sleep at night.



The pain got so bad that Misek finally went to his mother. He cried and asked her to help him.

Kiau-ka umai temetemei geema-ro
iohiaida, Misek odai-ka ruu maamui
eito. Ruu idebi rautu a'oi-ka, mamui-ro
ruu maa omo'abai-ri.