

Why the Farmers Carry Their Crops
Written by: Brian V. Xiong

A long time ago, a Hmong farmer wanted to plant rice and corn.

First, he went to the field and cut down the trees. Then he cut down the bushes, the vines, and the weeds.

Then he planted rice and corn, and he went home.

Puag thaum ub, muaj ib yawg Hmoob xav cog nplej thiab pob kws.

Ua ntej, nws mus tom teb ces txawm luaj tau ib daig teb. Nws txiav cov ntoo, hmab, thiab nroj tsuag.

Ces nws cog nplej thiab pob kws, ces nws txawm los mus tsev lawm.

The rice and corn began to grow.

But the weeds began to grow back again, too.

Cov nplej thiab pob kws pib loj tuaj.

Tab sis cov nroj tsuag pib loj hlob rov qab tuaj ib yam nkaus thiab.

The weeds fought with the rice and corn, and they hurt them.

Cov nroj tsuag nplawm thiab ntaus nplej thiab pob kws, thiab ua rau lawm mob heev.

The young rice and corn plants went to the Hmong farmer's house. They said, "The weeds are hurting us!"

Nplej thiab pob kws txawm mus hu rau yawg Hmoob tim nws lub tsev. Lawv txawm hais tias, "Nroj tsuag hlob tuaj, es lawv niaj hnuv ntaus peb."

The Hmong farmer said, "Go back to the field. Tell the weeds to stop fighting you. If they hurt you, I will hurt them when I come. Then wait for me. On the seventh day, I will come to see you."

Yawg Hmoob hais tias, "Nej rov lawm tom teb. Hais kom nroj tsuag txhob ntaus nej lawm no nas! Yog nroj tsuag tseem ntaus nej thiab mas, kuv tuaj txog, kuv yuav ntaus nroj tsuag ntag no nawb. Tos xya hnuv, kuv mam li tuaj xyuas nej."

So, the rice and corn went back to the field. They waited and waited. On the first day, only a tiger came.

"Is that your owner?" the weeds asked.

"Oh, no! Our owner wears a big hat," answered the rice and corn.

Ces pob kws thiab nplej txawm rov qab mus tom teb lawm. Nplej thiab pob kws tos thiab tos. Thawj hnuv, pom tuaj ib niag tsov tuaj txog.

"Tus ntawd puas yog nej tus thawj?" Nroj tsuag txawm nug.

"Tsis yog! Peb tus thawj mas ntoo ib lub kaus mom dav dav," Nplej thiab pob kws txawm teb nroj tsuag.

On the second day, a wild cat came.

"Is this your owner?" asked the weeds.

"No! Our owner wears a big hat and smoke a pipe," answered the rice and corn.

Hnuv ob, ib niag plis ho tuaj txog.

"Tus no puas yog nej tus thawj?" Nroj tsuag txawm nug.

"Tsis yog! Peb tus thawj mas ntoo ib lub kaus mom thiab haus ib lub yeeb thooj," Nplej thiab pob kws txawm teb nroj tsuag.

On the third day, a mouse came.

"Is he your owner?" asked the weeds.

"No, he is not our owner either! Our owner wears a big hat, carries a pipe and a long knife," answered the rice and corn.

Hnub peb, ib tug nas tsuag tuaj txoj.

"Ua li tus no puas yog nej tus thawj" Nroj tsuag txawm nug.

"Niag no haj yam tsis yog peb tus thawj thiab. Peb tus thawj ntoo ib lub kaus mom, nqa ib lub yeeb thooj thiab ib rab txuas," Nplej thiab pob kws txawm teb nroj tsuag.

On the fourth day, a cow came through the field.

"Is that your owner?" asked the weed.

But the rice and corn answered, "No, not yet!"

Hnub plaub, ib tug nyuj ho tuaj txog.

"Tus no puas yog nej tus thawj?" Nroj tsuag txawm nug.

Pob kws thiab nplej teb tias, "Tus no tsis tau yog peb tus thawj thiab!"

On the fifth day, a wolf came by.

The rice and corn said, "He is not our owner!"

Hnub tsib, ib tug niag hma ho tuaj txoj ntawd.

Pob kwb thiab nplej kuj hais tias, "Nws tsis yog peb tus thawj thiab!"

On the sixth day, a chicken came.

The rice and corn said, "No, this is not our owner. But he will come tomorrow."

Hnub rau, ib tug qaib ho tuaj txoj ntawd.

Pob kws thiab nplej hais tias, "Tus no los tsis yog peb tus thawj thiab. Tab sis tag kis mas nws yuav tuaj."

Then, on the seventh day the Hmong farmer came. He was wearing a big hat. He was carrying a pipe and a long knife. He cut down all the weeds. And the rice and corn were happy.

Hnub xya, ces yawg Hmoob txawm tuaj txog. Nws ntoo ib lub kaus mom. Nws nqa ib lub yeeb thooj thiab ib rab txuas. Ces yawg Hmoob muab nroj tsuag txiav pov tseg. Ua rau nplej thiab pob kws mas zoo siab kawg.

The rice and corn said, "Mr. Farmer, you helped us so much! We will help you too. We will grow big, and when we are ripe, we will come to your house. Just get a place ready for us."

Pob kws thiab nplej thiaj lis hais rau yawg Hmoob hais tias, "Koj pab peb ntau kawg nkaus! Yog li ntawd, peb yuav pab koj thiab. Peb yuav loj hlob tsuag tsuag. Thaum twg peb siav lawm no, ces peb mam li los pem koj tsev. Koj tsuas yog mus ua chaw npaj tos peb xwb."

So, the Hmong farmer went home. But he went to sleep. He did not get a place ready for the corn and rice.

Ces yawg Hmoob txawm rov qab los mus tsev lawm. Tab sis nws los txog tsev, nws txawm cia li los pw lawm xwb. Nws tsis ua chaw tos nplej thiab pob kws li.

When the corn and rice came to his house, they said, "What? No baskets ready for us? You are too lazy!"

Thaum nplej thiab pob kws los txog nws lub tsev, lawv txawm hais tias, "Dab tsi? Ua cas tsis muaj pob tawb npaj rau peb li? Koj tub nkeeg dhau lawm!"

"We won't come by ourselves anymore. After this, you will have to come get us!" said corn and rice.

"Peb yuav tsis los ib zaug ntxiv lawm. Yog koj xav noj no ces koj mam li tuaj ris koj xwb!" Pob kws thiab nplej hais li ntawb
