One day an old farmer visited a nearby village. He needed to acquire a new horse there. So he went to the horse-seller and found a horse that
seemed good enough. But because the farm was advanced in age, he had become wise. And because he was wise, he was cautious. Before he was willing to buy the horse that he had chosen, he wanted to try it out. The horse-seller said that he was willing to lend the workhorse out to the farmer. He doubted that the farmer would be disappointed since it was a particularly strong horse, this beast that the farmer had found. So, the farmer returned to his farm, leading the horse he had found and led him to the stables, next to where all the other horses were. Varied were the sorts of horses that the farmer had. He had both hardy and weak horses though each was diligent. However, one horse was lazier than all the others put together. It would not work and it was stubborn and it even tried to bite the farmer on occasion. The horse which that farmer had borrowed walked over next to this horse and when the farmer saw what had happened, he immediately went back to the village and gave the borrowed horse back to the horse-seller. The seller said "Impossible! You took it back to your farm just moments ago! You haven't even had an opportunity to see it work yet!" The farm replied, saying "I have seen it choose its companions and that was enough."
2. pem, ram je

bov tlQ, chu'chu'taHvIS 'u' 'ej pagh yoq tu'lu'taHvIS, wa' Qun neH tu'lu'. tl'yan 'oH pongDaj'e'. chenmoHwI"a' ghaH. jatlhDI' ghaH, chen vay' 'ej QeHchoHDI' Qom 'u' Hoch HoSghajqu'mo' ghoghDaj.

wa' jaj yIttaH 'ej QubtaH tl'yan. yIt pay' 'e' mev 'ej jatlh « tlhoy Hurgh. jlyIttaHvIS Hewlj vlleghlaHbe'. vabDot tochDu'wlj, chapDu'wlj joq, cha'neHDu'wlj joq, qamDu'wlj joq vlleghlaHbe'chu'. »

vaj valqu'mo' tl'yan tamghay chenmoH 'e' wuq.

jatlh « tamghay, yInargh. »

'ej SIBl' tl'yan tlhopDaq nargh tamghay.

jatlh tl'yan « tamghay, jIlleghmeH qachenmoH vaj reH tlhopwlj DawovmoH. SoHmo' Hewlj vISovlaHtaH. »

jang tamghay. jatlh « lu', qaH. reH qatoy'taH 'e' vI'Ip. »

vaj tl'yan wovmoHwI' gheS tamghay 'ej qaStaHvIS poH nl'qu' chenmoHwI"a' Dev, wo'Daj vaS nuDtaHvIS. qaStaHvIS poH nl' matlhchu' tamghay 'ej ra'DI' pIn'a'Daj lob 'ej not tlhIv. 'ach qej tl'yan 'ej leS tamghay not 'e' chaw'. SIBl'Ha' ghalchoH 'ej qeHchoH bay'eS 'ej pIn'a'Daj lumoHmeH QuSchoH.
wa' jaj DumtaHvIS t'l'yan So'egh tamghay. vemDI' chenmoHwI'a'
Dach tamghay nom 'e' tlhoj 'ej QeHchoH. tamghay SammeH 'u' HurghDaq
Dat nej 'ej yuQ 'emDaq So'eghtaH tamghay 'e' Harmo' yuQ law'qu'
Qaw'chu'.

qettaH 'ej jachtaH 'ej raltaH. SIbI'Ha' qetqu'pu'mo' 'ej jachqu'pu'mo' 'ej
ralqu'pu'mo' Doy'qu'choH 'ej Dej pe'vIl tlhuHtaHvIS.

ngugh So'Ha'egh tamghay 'ej pIn'a'Daj Hl'Iv. pe'vIl nachDaj qIp.
logh'obDaj pup. tlch. pum t'l'yan 'ej 'oy'ba'taH porghDaq naQ. jeyta' 'e' Har
tamghay vaj baqmeH jeqqIj lel 'ej t'l'yan ghoS. 'ach DuQrupchoHDl' nom
pay' Hu' t'l'yan 'ej tamghayvo' jeqqIj tlhap. pung SuqmeH qoy' tamghay
SaQtaHvIS.

jatlh « joHwI', SoHvaD jIyI'chu': jIQoS. jInguqmo' qaHoH 'e' vInID
'ach DaH QaghwIj vlyaj. DuHoHlaH pagh. blHoSghajchu'. pungIj vltlhob.
SoHvaD jIll'laHtaH. choHoHnISbe'. HIHoHneSQo'. »

qaStaHvIS lup puS jangbe' t'l'yan. tamchu'. QeH mInDu'Daj; pe'bll
lurur. Doj HoSDaj; vIghro'a' rur.

SIbI'Ha' jang chenmoHwI'a'. jatlh « DaHjaj qaquHchu' 'ej 'u'Daq Dat
'ay'Ilj vIghomHa'moH. reH blHeghtaH 'a not blHegh. reH 'oy' neH DaSov
'ej HewIj DawovmoH not 'e' DamevlaH. »
2. Day and Night

In an ancient time, while the universe was still new and there were no humanoids about, there was only a single god. His name was T'yan. He was the great creator and when he spoke, something would appear and when he became wroth, the whole universe would shake because of his voice's might.

One day, T'yan was walking and thinking. Suddenly, he stopped walking and said "It is took dark! As I walk, I cannot see the path before me. I cannot even see my palms, nor the back of my hands nor my forearms nor my feet."

And because he was so very wise, T'yan decided to create Tamg'ai, the light.

He said "Tamg'ai, appear."

And as soon as he said this, the light appeared before him.

T'yan said "Tamg'ai, I have created you so that I may see, therefore always light what is in front of me. Because of you, I shall always be able to see the path before me."

Tamg'ai responded, saying "I shall do so, sire. I swear to always serve you."

So Tamg'ai became T'yan's lightbearer and for a very long time, he led the great creator along his way as he examined his vast kingdom. For that
time, the light was perfectly leal and when his master commanded him, he obeyed. Never he was insubordinate. But T'yan was foul of mood and never allowed Tamg'ai to rest. After a time, the subordinate became jealous and resented his master and so began to plot to bring him down.

One day, as T'yan was napping, the light hid. When the great creator awoke, he quickly realized that Tamg'ai was not there and became enraged. He searched everywhere in the dark universe for Tamg'ai and because he thought that the light was hiding behind a planet, he destroyed many worlds.

He ran and cried out and was very violent. Eventually, because he had run so much and cried out so much and had been so violent, he tired and collapsed, panting.

It was then that Tamg'ai unhid himself and attacked his master. He hit his head forcefully. Kicked his chest. Insulted him. T'yan fell and his whole body visibly ached. Tamg'ai believed that he had successfully defeated him and so took out his club to finish what he had begun and approached T'yan. But as he readied himself for the attack, quickly and suddenly T'yan stood up and took the club from out of Tamg'ai's hands. The light begged for mercy, weeping.

Said he "My lord, I speak respectfully: I am sorry. I tried to bring you down because of my pride and now I understand my error. No one can defeat you. Your might is absolute. I plead for your mercy. I can still be useful to you. You mustn't put an end to my days. Please spare me, sire."

For some seconds, T'yan did not answer. He was perfectly silent. His eyes were filled with lightning-like wrath. His strength was as fearsome as a lion's.
Finally, the great creator answered, saying "Today, I shall divy you up and spread your pieces all throughout the universe. Your days shall know no end and you shall suffer as you continue to light my path endlessly."

Then he broke Tamg'ai into pieces. He picked up the pieces and threw them in a bag. Then he walked throughout his kingdom, spreading the pieces all about. So, as a way of punishing his unfaithful servant, T'yan, the first god, created day and night.

The End
3. 'aS 'IDnar pIn'a' Dun 'ay' 16: HoQwI"a' 'IDnarqoq

po veb juppu'DajvaD jatlh wljwI' ngeb:
«HIHoy'. tagha' yabwlj vISuqmeH 'aS vISuch. jlcheghDI', yoq motlh vIrrur.»
«rEH qaparHa'» jatlh DortIy.
«bInaHHa'qu', wljwI' ngeb DaparHa'mo'» jang. «'ach qech 'ey'e' lNgbogh QoghIj chu' vlRchlhaHDI' choparHa'qu'choHoq.» ghIq mej Quchqu'taHvIS 'ej qu'S'pa' pa' ghoS. pa' lojmIt tlhaw'.
«yI'el» jatlh 'aS.
'el wljwI' ngeb. Qorwagh retlhDaq ba'taH loD, Qubqu'taHvIS, 'e' tu'.
«QoghIjwlj vISuq vIneH» jatlh wljwI' ngeb, loQ blttaHvIS.
«toH, jIyaj. quSvetlhDaq yIba'» jang 'aS. «yIQeHQo'. nachlljDaq QoghIj vIlanmeH nachllj vIteqInlS.
«qay'be'» jatlh wljwI' ngeb. «nachwlj Dateq 'e' vlchaw'bej. Dalanqa' vIneH neH.»
vaj wljwI' ngeb nach QeyHa'moH 'ej 'oHvo' magh QaD teq. ghIq pa'Daj mach 'el 'ej tlr woH. tlr, 'emvI', Hut'InHom je DuD. ghIq wljwI' ngeb nach teb. ghIq tlr, 'emvI', Hut'In je DuDta'boqgh ralhmoHmeh magh QaD vev.
wIjwI' ngebDaq nach Qeyqa'moHta'DI' 'aS, jatlh «DaH ta' Dun DaTa'bej, SoHvaD QoghIj vlnobta'mo'.»
belqu' 'ej Hemqu' wljwI' ngeb, Doch neHbogh Hevpu'mo'. 'aS tlho', montaHvIS ghIq jupDaj chegh.
qel 'ej loQ mIS DortIy. loQ tlher nachDaj yor, QoghIjqoqmo'.
«Dotlhllj yIngu'» jatlh.
«jIvalqu'choH 'e' vIHarbej» jatlh. Saghwlj Da. «yabwlj vIbItlhhDI', Hoch vISovbej.»
«qatlh nachllj jeq Hut'InHomvetlh?» jang jey' loD.
«vawlI'na' ghaH 'e' 'oS 'e' vIHar» jatlh vIlghro"a'.
«toH, 'aS vISuch vIneH. tIqwIj vISuq» jatlh Sor pe'wl'. vaj quS'a' pa' ghoS 'ej lojmIt tlhaw'.
«yI'el» jatlh 'aS 'ej 'el Sor pe'wl' 'ej jatlh «tIqwIj chonob vIneH.»
jang loD mach. jatlh «luq. 'ach Daq lughDaq tIqlIj vIlanmeH logh'oblIj vIpe'nIS. Du'oy'moHbe' mIwvetlh 'e' vItul.»
«mu'oy'moHbe' mIwvetlh. Hutvav vIHutlh je» jatlh jey' loD.
vaj jey' mutlhwl' cha"etlh pe'wl' qem 'aS 'ej jey' loD logh'ob poS mIcDaq qung mach chenmoH. ghIq 'ut'at ghoS 'ej bo'voDvo' tIqqoq lel. weSjech yugh reDDaj 'ej tlhut; Sor Hap pul ngaS.
«'IH tIqvam, qar'a'?» jatlh.
«'IHqu'bej!'» jang Sor pe'wl'. belqu'bej. «'a naHHa'wI' tIq 'oH'a'?»
Next morning the Scarecrow said to his friends:

"Congratulate me. I am going to Oz to get my brains at last. When I return I shall be as other men are."

"I have always liked you as you were," said Dorothy simply.
"It is kind of you to like a Scarecrow," he replied. "But surely you will think more of me when you hear the splendid thoughts my new brain is going to turn out." Then he said good-bye to them all in a cheerful voice and went to the Throne Room, where he rapped upon the door.

"Come in," said Oz.

The Scarecrow went in and found the little man sitting down by the window, engaged in deep thought.

"I have come for my brains," remarked the Scarecrow, a little uneasily.

"Oh, yes; sit down in that chair, please," replied Oz. "You must excuse me for taking your head off, but I shall have to do it in order to put your brains in their proper place."

"That's all right," said the Scarecrow. "You are quite welcome to take my head off, as long as it will be a better one when you put it on again."

So the Wizard unfastened his head and emptied out the straw. Then he entered the back room and took up a measure of bran, which he mixed with a great many pins and needles. Having shaken them together thoroughly, he filled the top of the Scarecrow's head with the mixture and stuffed the rest of the space with straw, to hold it in place.

When he had fastened the Scarecrow's head on his body again he said to him, "Hereafter you will be a great man, for I have given you a lot of bran-new brains."

The Scarecrow was both pleased and proud at the fulfillment of his greatest wish, and having thanked Oz warmly he went back to his friends.

Dorothy looked at him curiously. His head was quite bulged out at the top with brains.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"I feel wise indeed," he answered earnestly. "When I get used to my brains I shall know everything."
"Why are those needles and pins sticking out of your head?" asked the Tin Woodman.

"That is proof that he is sharp," remarked the Lion.

"Well, I must go to Oz and get my heart," said the Woodman. So he walked to the Throne Room and knocked at the door.

"Come in," called Oz, and the Woodman entered and said, "I have come for my heart."

"Very well," answered the little man. "But I shall have to cut a hole in your breast, so I can put your heart in the right place. I hope it won't hurt you."

"Oh, no," answered the Woodman. "I shall not feel it at all."

So Oz brought a pair of tinsmith's shears and cut a small, square hole in the left side of the Tin Woodman's breast. Then, going to a chest of drawers, he took out a pretty heart, made entirely of silk and stuffed with sawdust.

"Isn't it a beauty?" he asked.

"It is, indeed!" replied the Woodman, who was greatly pleased. "But is it a kind heart?"

"Oh, very!" answered Oz. He put the heart in the Woodman's breast and then replaced the square of tin, soldering it neatly together where it had been cut.

"There," said he; "now you have a heart that any man might be proud of. I'm sorry I had to put a patch on your breast, but it really couldn't be helped."

"Never mind the patch," exclaimed the happy Woodman. "I am very grateful to you, and shall never forget your kindness."

"Don't speak of it," replied Oz.

Then the Tin Woodman went back to his friends, who wished him every joy on account of his good fortune.

The Lion now walked to the Throne Room and knocked at the door.
"Come in," said Oz.

"I have come for my courage," announced the Lion, entering the room.

"Very well," answered the little man; "I will get it for you."

He went to a cupboard and reaching up to a high shelf took down a square green bottle, the contents of which he poured into a green-gold dish, beautifully carved. Placing this before the Cowardly Lion, who sniffed at it as if he did not like it, the Wizard said:

"Drink."

"What is it?" asked the Lion.

"Well," answered Oz, "if it were inside of you, it would be courage. You know, of course, that courage is always inside one; so that this really cannot be called courage until you have swallowed it. Therefore I advise you to drink it as soon as possible."

The Lion hesitated no longer, but drank till the dish was empty.

"How do you feel now?" asked Oz.

"Full of courage," replied the Lion, who went joyfully back to his friends to tell them of his good fortune.

Oz, left to himself, smiled to think of his success in giving the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman and the Lion exactly what they thought they wanted. "How can I help being a humbug," he said, "when all these people make me do things that everybody knows can't be done? It was easy to make the Scarecrow and the Lion and the Woodman happy, because they imagined I could do anything. But it will take more than imagination to carry Dorothy back to Kansas, and I'm sure I don't know how it can be done."