

Folktales from Allada
Gathered and Translated by Sophia Hounton

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Torgboryè and the Pigeon

My tale flies, flies, and lands on Torgboryè and his pigeon.

Torgboryè was a lazy man. He seldom worked and lived off others. Yet he had taken a wife. One day, his father-in-law died.

As was tradition at the funeral, each son-in-law had to demonstrate his contribution. Three sons-in-law were expected to participate in the burial ceremonies; however, unlike the other two, who were well-off and successful, Torgboryè had nothing. He possessed not an ounce of wealth to honor his father-in-law's memory. At a specific moment during the funeral, called *Zankonyi*, the sons-in-law were required to publicly display their generosity, power, and love for the deceased. It was an occasion when each had to show what he was capable of.

Worried, Torgboryè went to a Fa¹ priest, called the Bokonon², to seek the oracle's wisdom.

After listening, the Bokonon asked him to bring a live pigeon for a ritual that would allow him to perform alongside the other sons-in-law. Torgboryè found the pigeon, and the priest completed the necessary rites.

Night fell, and the *Zankonyi* ceremony began. In the grieving family's courtyard, the two other sons-in-law were surrounded by their loved ones. They sang, danced, and celebrated. The drums reverberated, and they spent lavishly to honor the deceased.

It was then that Torgboryè made his entrance, a bag in his hand. Inside the bag was the live pigeon. He sat down and began to cry loudly. An old woman nearby told him not to cry because he had nothing to offer. His wife also tried to console him.

Suddenly, Torgboryè began a song:

Kú é hú lanmilolo é...

And from deep in the bag, the pigeon replied:

Kéwún, gbagbagoudouloukou, kéwún!

Torgboryè sang again,

Kú é hú lanmilolo é...

¹ A divinatory system and means of communication with the spiritual world in Nigeria, Benin, Togo, and Ghana. An oracle that provides guidance and often prescribes certain rituals and sacrifices. Also called Ifa.

² A Vodun priest, a conduit of the Fa that interprets signs and messages from the Fa received in ceremony and shares them with the inquiring party.

And the pigeon replied again:

Kéwún, gbagbagoudouloukou, kéwún!

The rhythm was set. The man sang, and the bird responded. The scene drew a crowd around Torgboryè. Curious onlookers, little by little, left the place where the two other sons-in-law were performing to watch Torgboryè. He began to dance. The crowd encouraged him. They brought him food and drink. Torgboryè was very gluttonous. He ate everything that was offered and drank without restraint... but he completely forgot the pigeon trapped in the bag, the one who had brought his success. The bag formed a sort of mysterious choir with him, and no one understood how. All night, Torgboryè sang, danced, and entertained the crowd thanks to the pigeon.

At dawn, full and exhausted, he slept after having eaten everything the guests had brought him.

The following day, the family wanted to see his performance again. They called him to dance for them once more. Torgboryè thus got up and began his song: *Kú é hú lanmilolo é...*

But this time the pigeon did not reply. He sang again:

Kú é hú lanmilolo é...

Still no sound. He repeated it once, twice, three times... but the bird stayed silent. Before the shocked crowd, Torgboryè pretended to be exhausted from the funeral and slipped away discreetly.

Once alone, he opened the bag. The pigeon lay inside, dead. All night, as he ate greedily, he never thought to feed the one who had helped him.

Since that day, the elders have told the story of Torgboryè and the pigeon to guide absent-minded hearts. The wise ones say that when you eat, always think of others, especially those who have helped you. When food is abundant in your mouth, remember the one who helped you find it. When joy fills your calabash, don't forget the hand that filled it. Always share what you receive, and always honor the one who has supported you, because gratitude is the food of the heart. And those who forget the good deeds of others will one day see silence replace songs of their wealth.

The Lion and the Two Women

My story flies and flies and lands on a lion and two women.

In those days, water was a scarce resource. To find it, one had to wake up before dawn and walk far to reach the water source.

At that time, animals lived side by side with humans. They were not far from one another, and animals could even understand human language.

One day, the women of a village organized to leave very early the following morning to fetch water. The news spread from mouth to ear throughout the huts of the village.

But the woman failed to notice that a lion had overheard their conversation. Lurking in the shadows, the great beast began to reflect.

He told himself that the path to the well would be the perfect opportunity to find a good meal. He thus decided to set a trap for the women. Before the rooster even began to crow, the lion approached the village. Speaking in a sweet, human voice, he called to the women to wake them, as if one of them were walking through the alleys to remind them of their meeting.

By the strange power of metamorphosis, the lion had taken the appearance of a human being. Tricked by this familiar voice, the women woke. They took their water basins and began the trip to the well, speaking among themselves in the cool morning air. Among them walked the lion, concealed beneath the features of a woman. The group continued calmly when the lion, despite his human form, suddenly let out a low roar.

The women stopped. They looked at each other for a long moment. Something was off. Without a word, they set their empty basins on the ground. They turned to the unknown woman who had walked with them, unaware that she was the lion.

“Watch our basins for a moment,” they said. “We’re going into the brush to relieve ourselves.”

The women were dressed in white cloth. They tied their fabrics around a very spiky tree, giving it the appearance of two squatting silhouettes. Then they hid, holding their breath.

During this, the lion waited. The women were slow to return. Impatient, the lion abandoned his disguise and took his true form. He then followed their footprints to find them. From afar, he spotted the white cloth that enveloped the tree trunk. In the twilight of dawn, he believed they were two women squatting. His hunting urges

surged. Without hesitation, the lion leaped with all his might to trap his prey. But it was not the women who awaited him. The tree trunk, hard and sharp, pierced his stomach. The injury was fatal, and the lion took his last breath at the foot of the tree. And so, the formidable hunter perished.

The two women, hidden in the bush, saw everything. Thanks to their calm demeanor, intelligence, and cunning, they had saved their lives.

Since that day, the elders have taught the young, “One should never announce too early what they plan to do the following day. In this world, certain ears listen in silence, and some dangers are born from careless words.”

The Man and the Two Wives

My tale flies and flies and lands on a home where there lived a man and his wife.

In those times, a man had only one wife. The two of them lived together in peaceful understanding. They shared the same roof, the same meals, and the same hopes. Days passed in peace, but the husband's heart was sometimes like a restless bird: often lost.

Over time, the man set his eyes on another woman. Little by little, he let himself be seduced by her beauty and charm. What began as a glance became a desire, then a decision: he would take her as his second wife.

After that, the balance of their home was shattered. The man, taken by his new passion, began to neglect his first wife. He spent more time with the newcomer and showed her greater attention and affection. The first wife was deeply hurt by this. Jealousy grew in her heart like a poorly put-out fire. Fights became frequent, and the peace once known in the house faded little by little.

One day, the tension grew so great that the husband and his first wife went to his mother's house to seek her advice. The old woman listened to them, then announced in a firm voice:

"My son has the right, as is our custom, to have multiple wives. Don't expect to be the only one under his roof. If you live in this home, you will need to learn patience and tolerance."

But these words, far from soothing the first wife, only fueled her anger. With her pride hurt, she began to seek advice from other women. Unfortunately, they only gave her bad ideas. Driven by jealousy, she went to the Bokonon, a Fa priest. She wanted to get rid of her co-wife at any cost to keep her husband for herself.

The Bokonon gave her a poisoned powder. The woman returned home and poured the poison into the meal she prepared for her rival. But by a trick of fate, the second wife did not eat the meal.

That day, the eldest son of the first wife came home from school. Unconcerned, he ate the meal. The poison acted quickly on him. Despite being cared for at the hospital, the child died. The house was plunged into pain and consternation.

In the face of such tragedy, the elders summoned the two wives to uncover the truth. The second wife was found to be innocent. The first wife, overwhelmed by the weight of her actions, confessed.

“It was me who poisoned the meal,” she said in tears. “I wanted to kill my co-wife... but the hurt meant for another struck me instead, and I lost my own son.”

Before the court of elders, the husband’s mother made a grim decision. She declared that the woman had to leave the house and return to her family. The second wife, innocent, would remain in the house. Thus, the first wife was cast out, leaving her place to her rival.

Months passed, and one day the husband went to his mother’s house. His heart was filled with nostalgia, and he begged his mother to let him bring back his first wife. The old woman shook her head.

“I don’t want that bitter-hearted woman in your home anymore,” she said. “Her return could bring trouble. She could even try to harm you, as she unintentionally harmed her own child.”

But her son insisted. He knelt before his mother, begging her to forgive his wife’s mistake and to give her a second chance. Eventually, his mother agreed.

And so the first wife returned to her husband’s home. But time had not changed her heart. Jealousy still burned within her. One late night, while her husband slept peacefully at her side, she grabbed a knife. In an act of terrible hatred, she mutilated her husband. The man succumbed to his injuries and died. The first wife had preferred that no one have the man rather than share him. When the news reached her husband’s mother, she sighed deeply.

“My son took his own life because he did not listen to the advice he was given.”

Since that day, the elders say, “He who refuses to listen to the elders’ advice opens the door to unhappiness, because wisdom saves only those willing to listen to it.” They add, “He who turns away from wise advice digs with his own hands the pit in which he will fall. Wisdom, offered like a light, illuminates only those who agree to open their eyes.”

The Hunter and the Three Oaths

A long time ago, in the heart of a forest that no one entered without fear, there lived a hunter whose skill and endurance were known to all. He was familiar with hidden trails and long, silent hunts, traveling every day through the dense woods, his bow and arrow in hand, carrying the fruit of his efforts in his game bag.

One day, after traveling farther than usual, he discovered a pit hidden beneath a pile of leaves. Carefully approaching, he glimpsed three beings in the pit, prisoners of the same fate: a man, a squirrel, and a cobra.

The man, casting a pleading look toward the hunter, cried out. "Please, pull me from this abyss, and I will prove myself worthy of your help."

The squirrel, in turn, began to speak. "Save me, and I swear I will shower you with riches."

The hunter, surprised, hesitated at this singular promise. How could such a frail creature offer him prosperity?

Finally, in a calm, measured voice, the cobra declared, "If you grant me life, I will one day save you from death."

After hearing from each of them, the hunter, guided by his fair nature, made no distinction among them. He pulled each of them from the ditch, one by one, and gave them their freedom.

As a token of gratitude, the squirrel invited the hunter to his burrow to receive the reward. The hunter took his three hosts to his home, welcomed them, and then let each return to their worlds.

Seven days passed. True to his word, the squirrel honored his debt. With remarkable skill, he dug a secret passage from the hunter's room to the palace walls. Through this passage, he discreetly transported, night after night, treasures of gold and silver into his savior's home. When his work was finished, he erased all traces of the passage, filling the exits with perfect precision.

Thus, in silence, without raising the slightest suspicion, the hunter gained unexpected wealth.

However, a few days later, the disappearance of the royal treasures was discovered. The king, filled with rage, proclaimed that a reward would be given to whoever revealed the guilty party.

It was then that the man saved from the pit, having witnessed the hunter's sudden wealth, let jealousy corrupt his heart. He presented himself to the king and

said, “Your Majesty, he whom you seek could only be this hunter, once miserable and now wealthy.”

Without delay, the king had the hunter arrested. They tied him up, threw him in prison, and set the date for his execution. The cobra, informed of his benefactor’s fate, decided to keep his promise. He slid into the hunter’s cell and placed a leaf in the hunter’s hands.

“Keep this safe,” he murmured. “It will allow you to accomplish the impossible.”

Then the cobra went to the palace and bit the king’s only daughter, injecting venom into the wound. The young princess cried out before collapsing, plunging the palace into panic. The king, grief-stricken, ordered the hunter brought to him.

“If you manage to save my daughter,” he told him in a broken voice, “I will give you back your life.”

Remembering the cobra’s words, the hunter took the leaf and rubbed it between his palms. He squeezed out the sap and applied it to the bite. Time seemed to stand still. Then, to his surprise, the princess opened her eyes, her health restored.

Filled with joy, the king immediately freed the hunter, granting him grace and showering him with riches.

And so ends this ancient story, which reminds men of an immutable truth: sometimes it is safer to bestow one’s blessings on wild beings than on one’s own kind, for the one who is saved can betray him, while the beast never forgets a debt of the heart.

The elders say, “The good you do for an ungrateful heart becomes a trap, but what you offer to a grateful being becomes protection for your life.”

Foun and Yor (the Egg of Jealousy)

Long ago, Foun and Yor were united by a friendship of rare intensity. Their connection was such that no one ever saw them apart; they seemed to come into existence as two souls born of the same breath.

One day, each of them was given an egg.

Yor, taken with reckless excitement, opened his without delay, cooked it immediately, and ate it in one bite without considering the following days.

Foun, on the other hand, showed restraint. He patiently stored his egg, keeping it safe until the day it opened on its own. To his surprise, great riches sprang forth from the egg: an abundance of fruits, exquisite dishes, and a million other delights. From then on, Foun's circumstances changed, and his home became prosperous.

But Yor, having witnessed this sudden fortune, felt a darkness born within him: a blind, insidious jealousy that, little by little, changed the nature of their friendship. Unable to overcome this feeling, he began to visit Foun's home in Foun's absence, sneaking provisions and eating what didn't belong to him.

Against all odds, Foun caught him in the act. Outraged by the betrayal, he severely punished Yor, striking him until Yor, overwhelmed and in tears, fled. Wandering the streets, Yor found a rabbit. Moved by Yor's weakened state, the rabbit asked him: "What misfortune has befallen you to reduce you to such grief?"

Yor responded, hiding his fault, "It's Foun who beat me, even though I never did him any wrong."

The rabbit, deceived by this tale, confidently declared, "Take me to him; I will get you justice."

They gathered in front of Foun's house. There, Yor began to sing.

*O fun é, wa,
Alile kaka mi nă xó,
Hún mən nən cikə nú yəgbə.*

From inside the house, Foun responded in a low voice:

Klinlin vounvoun, klinlin voungba.

At those words, the rabbit's courage vanished. Seized by fear, he fled, leaving Yor behind. Without hesitation, Foun struck him again.

Yor, bruised and humiliated, fled again. Along his path, he met a partridge who asked the cause of his cries. Yor gave him the same false tale. The partridge, feigning bravery, told him, "Take me to him; I will get you justice."

They had barely arrived at Foun's home when the partridge lost all her confidence and abruptly flew away, leaving Yor alone again with his friend's anger. Once again, Foun punished him.

At the cost of his pain, Yor learned a truth the elders have passed down from generation to generation: nothing is gained by envying another's fortune. Jealousy degrades the one who gives in to it, while patience and moderation uplift those who know how to wait.

The Hunter and the King

Once upon a time, in a faraway village, there lived a king and a hunter who were complete opposites.

The king, fulfilled by all the goods of this world, lacked for nothing. He had wives, children, gold, and abundant riches. His life passed in opulence and serenity.

As for the hunter, he lived in profound misery. Alone and impoverished, he often lamented his fate, bitterly asking himself: when would he, too, know the happiness of marrying a woman, having children, and possessing some wealth?

One day, as was his habit, he went into the forest to hunt. As he surveyed the forest floor, his gaze fell on a majestic palm tree.

Seized by an impulse of desire and despair, he murmured, “If this tree became a woman, could I marry her?”

As soon as he made this wish, the palm tree shivered and transformed into a woman of striking beauty. However, before giving herself to him, she laid out strict conditions: he may never call her by her true name, “palm tree,” nor reveal her true nature to anyone. Other forbidden things, all essential, accompanied this promise, and the hunter must respect them scrupulously.

Amazed, the hunter accepted wholeheartedly. He brought the young woman to his house, and for the first time in his life, he knew the sweetness of a shared home.

The days passed peacefully until the woman’s exceptional beauty reached the ears of the king’s subjects. Fascinated, they went to tell the king.

“Your majesty, a simple hunter has married a woman of incomparable beauty. Such a marvel of a woman would not know how to live in such a humble home. She is worthy of the palace.”

The king, his curiosity and desire piqued, immediately called the hunter. The hunter arrived at the palace, his heart heavy.

“Hunter,” said the king, “I learned that you now possess a wife of great beauty.”

“It’s true, your majesty,” he humbly replied.

“You will stay here. My men will find her and bring her to the palace.”

“But your majesty... what has she done?”

“You are not to ask questions.”

The king's subjects immediately left and brought the woman to the palace. The hunter was sent back home alone, with the promise that he would be summoned again. But they never summoned him. The woman became one of the king's wives, a queen among many others.

Time passed. Deprived of the one he loved, the hunter sank into a deep sadness. His loneliness grew even heavier than before. Little by little, the words of his wife returned to him as a memory, and with them came the forbidden things she had stated—especially the promise never to speak her true name.

And so a dark thought took root in him: since he had lost everything, he would make sure she lost everything as well.

One morning, driven by anger, he went to the outskirts of the palace and climbed to the top of a tree, where he hid. From there, he observed the comings and goings until he noticed the king's wives going one by one to their bath. He waited patiently. When it was his wife's turn, he recognized her among a thousand women; he raised his voice and sang a chant, in which he clearly pronounced her forbidden name:

*Acadé, oun do tomen fi é lin,
Anangonou, acadé,
Oun do tomen fi é lin,
Oun da gbadé yi ya tɔ hă,
Oun do finyin kounkoun tɔ hă,
Oun do weli kounkoun tɔ hă,
Oun wa sɔ nú bo yi da si do xɛ kă men,
Xɛ ɔ wa nyɔn dada sɛgbo tɔn,
Dadasègbo nă gbɔ có nyindesú nă gbɔ...*

At that moment, the promise was broken. Upon hearing her name, the woman immediately understood what had happened. Without taking time to dress, she left the bath. She crossed the palace grounds amid shouts and astonishment. She escaped the guards who chased her and ran to the hunter's old home, where she gathered her belongings. Then, without looking back, she fled into the forest. There, out of sight, she abandoned her human form and transformed back into her true nature: the palm tree, unmoving and silent, forever separated from men.

Since that day, the elders say, “Unwisely obtained happiness never lasts. He who does not heed this word loses what is most precious to him. The greed of the powerful breeds injustice, but the anger of the weak, when acting on what is forbidden, also leads to ruin.”

The Woman's Broom

My tale flies and flies and lands on a woman who lived in a humble home in the heart of a peaceful village. Every dawn found her waking with the same determination: she took her broom and tirelessly cleaned her home. Day after day, she cleaned her home as if her mission on earth were summed up in this simple, essential act.

One day, a passerby stopped in front of her and asked, “Woman, why are you sweeping so much?”

She slowly raised her head and replied serenely, “When our living space is dirty, what are we to do but clean it?”

The man, pensive, continued on his way. Shortly afterward, another man approached her. He watched her for a long time, then declared, “I admire your sense of cleanliness. What you do day after day is remarkable. I want to take you somewhere else so you can gain even greater wisdom.”

But the woman, without hesitation, replied, “The wisdom I seek is found here. I prefer to live in this place, which is my own.”

Days passed and blurred into one another, punctuated by the sound of the broom on the ground. A third man approached her. He was a twin.

“I will wait for my brother to arrive so I can speak to you, for we are never apart.” But the second twin did not come.

Time passed. The man stayed with the woman, shared her life, and from their union sprang children. After the woman's death, her descendants carried on her legacy. They continued sweeping, cleaning, and preserving the purity of their home, as she had taught them—not by her words, but by her example.

Ever since, the elders say, “The eldest must be role models, for it is through their actions that future generations find their way.”

The Hunter's Wife and Hèdagorli

Once upon a time, in a secluded village, a hunter and his wife lived in harmony. The man, valiant and experienced in the demands of the bush, sank into the forest depths each day and invariably returned with his game bag full.

One day, he brought back a unique specimen of prey: a live bird he had captured.

Surprised, his wife asked whether this bird could be prepared for a meal. But the hunter, in a firm voice, said she would do nothing of the sort.

“Beware of touching it,” he said. “Don’t kill it or eat it. Keep it alive.”

The woman accepted, though troubled by the order she did not understand.

A few days later, her husband left for another hunt. Taking advantage of his absence and yielding to her curiosity and desire, the woman took a knife and killed the bird.

The moment the blade touched it, the bird, in its final breath, began a strange chant.

*Gorgounoulé, gorgounoulé, tɔkpozín,
Yéhwé si tɔba jé xa jé,
Kɔja lɔlé, kɔja lɔlé,
Tɔkpozín kɔja lɔlé,
Tɔba jé xa gbɛ...*

Shaken but undeterred, the woman prepared the animal’s meat. As she made her meal, the chant continued. It seemed the bird’s voice had permeated the food itself.

When she had finished eating, she returned to the house to rest. Only a few moments had passed when her stomach began to swell excessively. It tensed, grew heavy, and pain settled in with growing violence, like that of an unnatural pregnancy. Soon, her screams carried over to the villagers, who rushed to aid her.

They tried to cut open her stomach with a machete, but the blade had no effect. They then tried with an ax; nonetheless, no blow managed to cut into the inexplicable swelling.

Meanwhile, a bird like the one she had slain landed on the roof of the house.

“What ill is consuming you so?” he asked.

In a weak voice, the woman responded, “I ate a bird... and since then, my stomach won’t stop growing.”

Overwhelmed by suffering, she begged the bird for help, promising a just reward in return.

Moved by her distress, the bird took flight. It flew to a great height, then came down suddenly and, with its long beak, struck the swollen belly.

The first time, nothing changed. The second time, the pain persisted. On the third attempt, having gained even more momentum, it charged with great intensity and delivered a final blow.

Immediately, the swelling subsided. The stomach returned to its original form, and the woman, delivered from her torment, regained her health.

As a token of her gratitude, she showered the bird—named Hèdagorli—with gifts.

From then on, she understood the following truth: not everything that exists is meant to be consumed, and every prohibition contains wisdom that should not be ignored.

The Orphan and the Azizibo Spring

A long, long time ago, in a remote land, there lived a young boy. His mother was dead; he lived under the guardianship of a stepmother of boundless cruelty.

This shrewish woman mistreated him relentlessly. She would tie him up and beat him for the most minor offenses, and she would deprive him of food for days.

One day, driven by an immeasurable wickedness, she sent him to fetch water from a spring feared by all, the Azizibo Spring. No one dared to go near it, as wild beasts constantly roamed and devoured anyone who ventured there. All who had tried to go had never returned.

Despite the danger, the young orphan, courageous and determined, placed a basin on his head and set out.

On the path, he met a panther. The animal called to him in a low voice, “Young boy, where are you going?”

“My mother is dead,” he replied humbly. “My stepmother sent me to fetch water from the Azizibo Spring.”

Moved by his courage, the panther taught him a mysterious song and instructed him to sing it whenever he encountered a beast on his path. The young boy listened attentively, thanked the animal, and then continued on his way.

*Azizibo, Azizibo tɔ sú daxó,
Nɔn cé wɛ dɔ nyi da Azizibo,
Nǎ da sɛtɔ do do dé bɛ gbɛ,
Dɛ cé wɛ dɔ nyi da Azizibo,
Nǎ da lóɔ do do dé bɛ gbɛ,
Nɔn cé wɛ dɔ nyi da Azizibo,
Azizibo, Azizibo tɔ sú daxó,
Nɔn cé wɛ dɔ nyi da Azizibo.*

Further along, he crossed paths with an old man named Sakpata, whose nose was bleeding profusely. Remembering the panther’s words, the child began to sing the song. Touched, the old man asked him to help stop the bleeding by licking his nose and nostrils. Without hesitation, the boy did so with respect. Immediately relieved, Sakpata indicated the correct path and let the boy pass.

The child soon discovered an isolated hut in the heart of the forest, inhabited by an old woman. As he approached, he sang his song again. The old woman, attentive, realized that this was no ordinary child.

She asked him to set down his water basin and help her prepare pâte from millet. The boy obediently complied. Once he finished, she ordered him to eat the residue of the sifted millet. He accepted without protest.

Night fell; she didn't offer to let him sleep in the house but instead sent him to sleep in a neighboring pigsty. The pigs, splashing in the mud, dirtied the boy all night. However, in the morning, when she asked him, "Did you sleep well?"

"Yes, I slept great," he responded with a serene smile.

Never complaining, he endured numerous tests, however humiliating or arduous. His humility and patience softened the old woman's heart.

At last, she showed him the path that led to Azizibo and gave him the following instructions: "When you arrive at the spring, you will find two calabash trees. One will speak and say, 'Pick me'; the other will remain silent. Pick one fruit from the tree that speaks and six from the tree that is silent. On your return, break them open one by one. When you reach the last one, break it when you are back home."

The boy thanked her and, after many hours of walking, reached the feared spring. He followed the instructions scrupulously and picked the seven fruits.

On the way back, he broke open the first fruit—the one from the tree that spoke—and immediately the wild beasts emerged and chased him. Seized by fear, he broke open a second fruit. An army of men and women appeared and fought the beasts until they defeated them.

Reassured, he continued and broke open a third fruit. Incredible riches—gold, silver, diamonds—emerged around him. Then, as he broke open the rest of the fruits, servants and means of transporting his treasures appeared.

Thus, surrounded by a procession singing his praises, he returned to his village. Standing before his house, he broke open the last fruit. Immediately, a lavish palace rose before him. From then on, the young orphan lived there in abundance, like a blessed king.

Seeing such prosperity, his stepmother was consumed with jealousy. She sent her own daughter to Azizibo, hoping she would share the same fate.

But the young girl, arrogant and disrespectful, refused to heed the panther's advice, looked down on Sakpata, and disobeyed the old woman. Her pride was her downfall, and she never returned from her adventure.

The stepmother thus realized too late that a child, even an orphan, deserves just as much love and care as one's own children.

Since that day, the elders say, "Humility, obedience, and patience open doors to blessings, whereas pride and contempt lead to ruin."