Riddle

By Noriega Kigolena Igara
Art by Annisa Lista Sari
Ms Fiona said, “Here’s a riddle. What am I? I have an eye. I run on land and sea. My name can be your name.”

Malu did not know.

Tina did not know.

None of the kids in the class knew the answer.

“Come to school tomorrow and I will tell you,” Ms Fiona said.
Tina went home.
That night it rained and rained. There was a big wind. The sea was rough.
The rain hit the roof and Tina could not sleep.

She thought about her teacher’s riddle.
During the night the rain grew stronger! The wind roared like a big truck!
Tina’s mum moved things away from the windows. Tina’s dad listened to the radio.

“What is wrong, Mum?” Tina asked.
“This is a cyclone, Tina. We need to be careful. We are listening to the radio to see if we need to leave the house and move to a safer area.”
Suddenly, everything was quiet. The wind and rain stopped.

“Is the cyclone over, Dad?” Tina asked.

“No, dear, this is called the eye of the cyclone. It is the middle of the storm. As the eye moves over us the wind stops blowing. But soon we will feel the wind again.”
Tina imagined a wide, open eye moving over her house.
“What about Aunty Anne?” Tina asked. Her aunt’s eyes were not good. “She must be scared in her house!”
“There is time to help Aunty Anne while the wind is quiet,” Dad said. “I’ll go now.”

“Don’t walk under trees, Dad! And be careful of things flying in the wind!” Tina reminded her father.
Soon, Dad was back with Aunty Anne. On the radio, a man was talking.

“All people who live near the sea must move to higher ground,” he said. “The storm is called Cyclone Jonah and it will be very strong for one more day. Please move to a safe place before the wind gets strong again!”
“Ok. Let’s go before the wind comes back!” said Dad. “Tina, hold Aunty Anne’s hand and help her please. We will walk to the school. It is high on a hill. I’ll carry some food and water. Mum can bring a torch.”
The family walked in the middle of the track to the school so that they would not be hit by falling coconuts or tree branches.
There were lots of people at the school. Even Tina's teacher Ms Fiona!

“Hello Tina!” called Ms Fiona. “I’m glad you’re safe.”

“Yes, we are safe,” said Tina. “And, by the way, I know the answer to your riddle,” she said with a smile.
About The Author

Noriega Kigolena Igara is from Lamhaga Village, Milne Bay Province, PNG. He currently resides in Port Moresby.

He studied Biology at Pacific Adventist University, so he likes to write about village folktales associated with animals and the environment.

He has not had any story writing experience but was inspired by the challenge to write some interesting and creative pieces for Library For All.

He hopes his stories will teach children something about taking care of the environment and also ways to relate to their individual cultures.
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