

The only paper that proudly sponsors the use of Tenglish

Hanoi sira from the editors

Well it looks like you guys have come through yet again. Way to go team we are so proud of your efforts in this past year and cannot wait to see what sort of great projects you have in the works for this coming year. PCV William G. Has started a cow shit collection program that aimed at integrating ema kiak tinan boot maibee nee moos tinan kiik. Sonya Chi and Teresa Michael have been hard at work desiphering the incrypted code of juventude halimar and Maun Marcos had so much time to train up on his Snake 2 gaming that he was sadly taken from us to compete in the International Mobile Phone Games. Keep it up guys....

Advice from Charles Sister:

...avoid croch rot.

It is really something to live by both here an at home.

PLEASE SUPPORT THE *SHIRTLESS PADANG* -
THEY HAVE GOOD RICE
(see culinary corner, Issue 1)

The real use of a satellite phone...



...please save all questions on proper use for the upcoming IST.

Ena Timor nia filosofia by Homer Simpson.

“Son, if you really want something in this life, you have to work for it. Now quiet! They’re about to announce the lottery numbers.”

Interesting fact

Aoccdrnig to rscheearch at Cmabrigde Uinervtisy, it deosn’t mtttaer in waht oredr the lttteers in a wrod are, the olny iprmoetnt tihng is taht the frist and lsat lttteer be at the rghit pclae. The rset can be a tatol mses and you can sitll raed it wouthit porbelm. Tihis is bcuseae the huamn mnid deos not raed ervey ltteter by istlef, but the wrod as a wlohe.

Voter Registration

Do you vote? Do you know anyone who does? Are you one of the few Americans who thinks it actually matters? If you do, know of someone or actually care. Don’t forget to check out the voting information that is posted in the training center. *USEFULL*

NOTE ***Peace Corp will be stocking the Federal Write-in Absentee Ballot (FWAB).

Exploring Timor Loro Sae

What's in a name?

Ever wonder how and where the name of a suco or aldeia came from? Two examples of the interesting multi-lingua phenomenon in Timor Lorosae tuir mai ne'e:

I was sitting around with Avoo Vicente next door to my house in Bogoro, MotaUlun talking about the old times when he was the Chefe do Suco right after the Japanese left in 1945, when he was an unwilling resident of the old Portuguese prison at Ai Pelu, the place where you turn to go to my house, and of where the name 'Bogoro' came from. Yes, he might be the oldest man in this country.

The name of my aldeia is Claso, but the main area where the most people live along the road is called Bogoro. In Mambai, 'bogoro' roughly translates as 'people who are weak.' Up the mountain is Bazartete. We all know what a 'bazaar' is; the place where I can buy \$2 chickens and see all the kios's laid out on tarps and bitis. In Mambai, 'tete' is 'leten.' So, a long, long time ago, people went to the market at the top of the hill.

However, old people and young children had not the energy to make the trip and stayed at the bottom of the hill, waiting for their loved ones to return. In time, these 'weak people' built shelters, then houses, planted some to'os, for their waiting time. As the years went on, more and more people came and stayed and 'Bogoro' stuck.

I would be interested in knowing the origins of other such places throughout this country and will continue to explore, possibly finding a village called 'PovuBaruk.'

ambou will

Restaurant Review *Shirtless Padang* - good, cheap Timorese food, and the shirtless dude is just plain funny. Best beans and hard boiled eggs in town. *The first GLB friendly Padang in Timor*

Learning new Tetun in day to day life

Maus: *tame, domesticated*

It was my Xefi's birthday so he invited everyone to eat lunch at his house. We are sitting there, and this cat comes out of the bedroom and starts begging for food like it was hers to begin with and we stole it from her. Xefi says "busa nee maus". I'm thinking "this cat is a mouse??" - I hadn't learned maus yet. I'm laughing because of how funny it sounds, and of course they think I'm nuts. I told xefi that maus means laho in English, but they still didn't think it was funny. Which brings me to a relevant tangent. One day when I needed a ride to dili, I was asking around in the office if anyone was going and someone said yes, in about an hour. An hour came and went, so I asked what the deal was, and the reaction was like dili is an imaginary place and no one ever heard of it. I became frustrated because this is only the 8,000th time this happened....so I was talking to my xefi (he's super smart and with it), and I was like "whats the deal with people always saying UNTRUE stuff?" And he said "koalia halimar...comic"...and I said "maibe, nee la comic!, tempu lakon ona." - it's not funny, it wastes my time. And he proceeded to explain to me that of course its not funny to me, I'm from a different culture and my life is very different from theirs. He said, they probably don't laugh at the things you find funny...which is completely true. It's still frustrating though. Why is it funny to say you are going somewhere but not mean it?? Maybe after two years here I will have a clue....

Notes from the suco in my head

Ambou Wilim

I would like to send some lovin' out to Mark as he struggles with some stomach parasites and the methloquine withdrawal symptoms of Simpson's watching, cheeseburger eating, and clean water drinking (without the parasites).

Teresa and I spent several days in Venilale, half way between Baucau and Viqueque, with several professors from the U of Hawaii in January. Their 2-year program involves all things agriculture and concentrates on one big thing; showing the Ministry of Ag, Forestry, and Fisheries how important it is to involve people in their decisions. Otherwise, newly planted trees will be turned into firewood in a month or two to cook one oil soaked meal.

Very interesting time. The members of the MAFF were quite confused and saw no relevance to, or importance in, consulting the people who live in the area of operation. Their eyes betrayed their declared confidence in initial meetings and, I believe, they felt their jobs were threatened when ordinary farmers poured the criticisms on like thick Thanksgiving gravy (Mmm, gravy). They were scared to talk to the locals! This shouldn't be surprising, however, as at no time in the history of this country did this ever happen.

The MAFF quickly saw how involving communities makes their jobs easier and more secure (of great importance to them); you can help people, build trust, and leave out the guess work. Suco Fatulia is about 1 ½ km from Venilale and a very welcoming and warm place. We did a lot of mapping and talking about agriculture and economics and all around really cool PRA te'e after the crazy band-playing welcome, tebe dai and tebe-tebe in which we all the Malaes danced, evoking much laughter. Teresa and I took on the local women (not in the hola malu way!), and, in my opinion, succeeded in breaking down many of the major barriers of Malaes coming and going. After a little time, Teresa took the reigns and I started playing soccer with about 300 kids.

After dinner, we continued to play with the kids, tell stories, and try to make the people feel comfortable. You know, all that integration crap that PC is always raving about. Well, it worked. Two days later, on a drive through the village on the way to a transect walk to look at trees and some natars, the people were yelling out my name and asking where Mana Taresa was. Fatulia would be a wonderful site, and it's not retarded hot either.

A little dirt

by *Moris Kiak*

Life of late consists of rolling out of bed, looking down at my feet while I twinkle my toes and contemplate the occurrences of the day that lies ahead of me. Today will I tuur halimar iha servisu ka halimar hamutuk ema - jogga bola karik? ka kolia halimar ho ema iha dalan nee. These are the options I think of while eating warmed up leftover rice with ai-manas. How am I going to get my halimar on today? A couple of weeks ago I got my halimar on by collecting some dirt and trying to figure out proper proportions of clay-sand and haree kin so that one day I can halo fugan halimar. I had asked the locals the best place to get clay and the best method for making a sauna or taxi. I hiked a couple Ks up a hill to collect the dirt, spent a day drying it, a day breaking it into small pieces so that it will absorb water, placing it in water and waiting a couple of days so that it would grow gluten-like bacteria that strengthens the clay. Then one morning forming a piece fired it and had a positive result. I had two soil samples that I fired with some success; two blobs of clay that were rock-hard and shinny. I left the fired clay in the kitchen area where I had the clay in water set-up and though tomorrow, yes tomorrow it will all come together. I even told my old lady I was happy because it was successful and she just looked at the clay with general disinterest. 'Alin Carlos technique la hatene.' The next day started off with the rice and the ai-manas and a loud banging noise from the kitchen. I went outside to see what was going on to find the old lady I live with bashing the hard pieces of clay against the bench. She looked up with a smile, the same smile she had when she pulled up all the herbs I had planted claiming they were merely duut. "Nee la metin ida!" What the hell old-balls? Are you going to be doing that to your fugan when it is complete or will you use it like a regular person. Stupid question right?...this is Timor. The lessons were learned; the clay will eventually work and the old lady is always right and always wins. If you have any successful stove building techniques give a brother a bolu.

Aileu Proud Home of the #3

by Moris Kiak

Some small towns in America boast of such things as being the hometown of Henry Ford, having the winning entry for largest pumpkin in the 1983 state fair or even being an All-American town because in 1967 they won the double-A high school state champions in football. There are old signs and new signs denoting the worth of most every po-dunk town in the most po-dunk of counties (I would know, I come from middle-America where we like to congratulate ourselves on the most forgotten and obscure of subjects). However, I now find myself living in Aileu where the fahi roam and the asu moan and there isn't a single nostalgic or iconic sign that differentiates it from any other budding metropolis in the rapidly developing country of Timor Loro'sae. I thought long and hard but in the end it was my site mate who came up with what could be Aileu's notoriety. In the particularly banged-up months of November and December Aileu became the proud home of the #3. We all know what a #3 is by this point, that dreaded purging of bowels that PCMO Bill warned us about while wearing a loud shirt and a smile during PST. An outsider from the states might see this sign and think, "Oh a #3. Is that the two quarter pounders or is that the McChicken Sandwich?" But once in our little haven there will be a steep learning curve and the option to Super-Size will depend on what you last consumed before your visit. There are a few options when you hear your stomach start to growl and feel the small beads of sweat congregate on your forehead. If you are in a house excuse yourself in the regular manor but start singing on your way to the bathroom that way the screaming that will occur once you are inside the bathroom will be thought of as singing (remember Timorese frame of reference for singing is screaming in Indonesian). If you are in the middle of town or walking home your can: A) duck into a banana ring and hope that your whiter or browner than the local ass isn't noticed. B) Shimmy your way behind a piece of zinc that will no-doubt be lying around however, the zinc is sitting around for a reason probably because it is full of holes in which case your mailai kidung will be out anyways or C) Have it be your lucky day because you are wearing shoes and long pants which you can tuck into the shoes and rush home. These options might sound grim but they are necessary actions in the time of need. If you would like to help there will be a workshop held in the near future about community development and tourist infrastructure after which xefes will be bolu-ed atu foo lisensa so that womens' groups, jouventudes, ex-combatants, and ema kiak can come together and with locally available resources to create the sign *Aileu Proud Home of the #3* that can be placed on every exit ramp into Aileu.

Missing

Scrappy brown and white dog. Most of hair missing and answers to Asu. If seen please call Peace Corp office. Loving and hungry owner misses his Asu.

A very much Timorese experience

I was in Dili and needed to get to Manatuto dadeer san to meet w/ the health staff to go to soibada. Intended time of departure was 8:30am. (dream on, right?) so it's 6:15am and I'm waiting at bekora with ants in my pants to get back. Of course the buses are idle, empty and waiting to fill up. And of course someone tells me "bis foin sae ba Bacau", a bus just left for baucau. So, it's now 6:45 and a bus says "ami sai agora". I get on, hopeful, and it's moving! Yes! We only go like 10 meters and stop. Long story short, we sit there until about 7:20. meanwhile tons of malae cars are whizzing by...(wouldn't it be awesome if we could set up some sort of ride-share info board with Malae's or something?) I'm thinking that I'm not going to get to Soibada, they will definitely leave without me. Anyway, we get going, flat tire along the way and I get to the health office around 9am. They haven't left yet, and there is no sign of them leaving anytime soon. We left around 10:30. Gotta love it.

.....mana Eza

New Arrivals

Hey kiddies don't forget we get our new CD and APCD in February. The CD, Fran Ruddick, will be arriving on the 20th and the APCD, Richard Stoll, arrives on the 23. Please give them a nice Timorese welcome by throwing some tais and sugary coffee their way when you see them.