Opening text
Tradition is like a wise elder,
as she sits on the road of days,
she tells future generations what she has lived.

Jasai
Kushematai, get me a cactus fruit.

Kushematai
No, I’m playing!

Rosa
Why are you two fighting?

Jasai
He won’t get me a cactus fruit.

Rosa
Why won’t you get her a fruit?

Kushematai
Because.

Rosa
Are you mad at your little sister?

Kushematai
I’m not.

Rosa
Knock one down for her. You had one. Why didn’t you give it to her? I think you are mad at her.
Hug her! Is your mom home?

Jasai
Yes
Rosa
Let’s go. How are you my dear sister?

Amaliata
You have arrived, come this way!

Amaliata
I was asking myself: Has something happened to my sister who has not come? Has she forgotten about me, I asked myself. That is why I am so happy that you came over with your harvest. One day you will bring better harvests. When there are better rains.

Rosa
It’s true, you know already that the rains have not been very good, a part of the crop got worms, I brought you what was good.

Amaliata
Bring your plate over here. Go make us coffee. You come too and bring your plate. Go prepare the food that your aunt is going to take.

Rosa
You are big now and you have to take care of your grandmother. I’ve been seeing you running and jumping about.

Amaliata
This one doesn’t listen to me, it would be good if you give him advice, my sister, before you leave. That grandchild as well.

Rosa
Oh my child how good, you brought me coffee. I will come again.

Amaliata
I will miss you, my sister. It’s been so long since you’ve visited.

Rosa
When will you come visit me?

Amaliata
One day I will visit. It’s time to go!

Rosa
Sure it is! My children, I’m leaving.

Kid
Goodbye.
Rosa
Well my children, I'm leaving.

Jasai
Goodbye grandma!

Kushematai
Here.