

Free one day some of
the children came to
the maasais leader, a
great woman with ...

[Family](#), [Parents](#)



There was once a race of great and peaceful people. They were not very tall, all even the biggest of the adults no more than 5 feet tall the men and no more than 4 ½ feet tall the women. They made beautiful works of art and decorations of gold which they mined from the nearby mountains and silk spun tapestries that were glorious to behold. They lived together across a wide green land, happy to greet the day with the sun's birth but sad to bid the day farewell with the sun's disappearance over the silvery blue mountains. On one side of their land they were bordered with a great forest where animals lived that they had befriended over the years. Squirrels and deer, owls and possums and gazelles.

The people called themselves the Maasai, a word used to refer to the sun people. This is who they were. They took their strength from the sun which they gathered to them through large amber colored circles on their stomachs which were called Kabi's. Although the children were born with their kabi it wasn't until they matured at 16 or 17 that they had the ability to do all the wonderful creative things their parents did. In the meantime their parents taught them patiently the ways of their people and the ways of creating the beautiful artwork their people were known for. The day they could add the power of the sun to all that they'd learned they too could begin producing their own designs by themselves. Then there was a big party for them and they began their journey into adulthood.

The Maasai were a fair people, pale blond hair and pure green eyes like the water of the great lake where they swam and the children played on hot days. Their food they took from the grains and plants of the ground and the fruits and berries of the bushes and trees and their water they drank from

the sparkling clear brook which traveled through the land. Times were not always easy as there were great floods that drove them to the mountains where food was sparse and great lightning storms that forced them into the open as they huddled together as far from the trees of the forest as possible and the water of the lake and the water of the brook so they would be struck by a tree given to fire or struck by a bolt gathered to the water.

“ Mother, why must we stay out here in the meadow and pick grass and berry’s and fruits and grains and gather water when the floods always come and the lightening storms always come?”

“ Where else would we go?” The great Mother asked.

“ Over the mountains. The Moon People live there. They live in great buildings and have machines that get their food for them and hollow reeds that their water travels through”

“ The Moon People are the Moon People. Our People are the Sun People,” The Great Mother said.

“ I heard that sometimes the Moon People come over and invite us to join them. And some of the young one’s decide to go with them and that this Sun Season will be one of those times,” another boy said.

“ And if this were true?” the Great Mother asked beginning to feel afraid for all her children.

“ Well, we thought we’d go with them,” a small girl said. “ Just for a while. We could learn what they have to teach us and bring what we learn back so we can live like they do.”

“ You cannot,” said the Great Mother hoping to cut off the argument and at the same time knowing better.

“ But why?” asked one child.

“ Are they coming?” asked another.

“ It would be exciting,” said a third

“ We really want to go,” said a fourth.

The Great Mother listened to her children and saw the excited light in their eyes, a new level of fear growing inside her.

“ Listen my children. You want to know why you cannot go. I will tell you.”

The children gathered round her as she began to speak.

“ Before the moon people began coming to our people to take our children, we lived separately and peacefully/ They were the moon people and we were the sun people and for each of us that was enough. But then things changed.”

“ How?” asked a child.

“ Well, you see the moon people saw all that we could do with our art and with our knowledge of where to find the gold for our decorations and the silk for our tapestries. They tried to get us to tell them our secrets and soon found out that it was our Kibi’s which allowed us to do these things.”

“ But our Kibi’s don’t work yet,” the small girl said.

“ Oh, but they will,” the Great Mother said with a smile.

“ So what happened?” asked one of the boys.

“ They became jealous of all that we had, all that we could do even though

they had their own skills and their own talent. Building. Inventing,” the Great Mother said.

“ But we could learn those things,” a child said excitedly.

“ It is not for us,” the Great Mother said. “ Now listen.”

The Great Mother settle back against the pillows of the large chair in which she sat.

“ The first time the Mati came we tried to deal peaceably with them. But all they wanted was to learn how we do what we do. Of course we had no way to tell them and a few of the men thought if they knew how we harvest the sunlight they would leave us in peace. It seemed like that would be what would be. But then. . . “

“ Then what?” asked the small girl.

“ We awoke to a silence like none we’d ever heard. They’d taken our children.” The Great Mother had to stop to wipe a tear from her face. And every few years since then they return and take more of our children though some go willingly.”

“ What happens to them?” asked a tiny child

“ The first year and every one after that our men searched the land for the Mati but never found them until the last time. This was 5 seasons ago. One of the children had a necklace made of brookstones which she’d let fall as a trail. The men followed them until there were no more. They stopped for the night. In the morning they were awoken by screams and cries and they knew their children were near and in pain. They rushed towards the wound but

each time they thought they were close the cries were still farther, still farther. And then there was silence.”

“ Did they find the children,” asked one child now big eyed with fear. The Great Mother wondered whether she should tell them the rest. Though it was a sacrificial year as the Mati referred to it an perhaps this time they could protect their children if they kenw.

“ No exactly,” The Great Mother said. “ Not exactly, no.”

“ What do you mean?” the small girl asked.

“ Well, the men came upon a village. It was a clearing in the middle of the forest. A place our children would feel comfortable at. There were toys the likes of which we’ve never seen, food and drinks that were sweet and savory, plush pallets for them to lay down on. All this had been clearly used the men could see. They pushed farther into the forest and after a two day walk saw the outlines of a tall, tall building. As they neared it they could see it was over a river and reddish brown water ran from hollow reeds into the river. The men could not find a way to enter the building and so they went around the back and that was where they saw . . .” here the Great Mother stopped as if unable to go further.

“ What then, Mother,” a bigger boy asked softly, as if dreading to know the answer.

“ The men rounded the building and here the soil was like red clay and the river rolled with red water and that was were they saw them . . . saw. . . saw the kibi’s. Just the kibi’s. They’d been skinned from the children’s bellies. Though they search they never found the children. We build a large white

fence along the entrance to the forest from where they always come and each time they succeed in taking our children we lengthen the fence, make it higher. This year we have built a great bunker underground and in the spring when they are likely to come we will all of us hide in the hidden underground place and keep our little ones safe.

“ They just took the Kibi’s” one child asked looking a bit green and sick.”

They thought they could use them to imitate us, do the stuff we do,” said another child. “ They didn’t know only the grownup kibi’s work.”

“ But they only work for us, you can’t separate them from us and hope they’ll help you,” the great Mother said.

There was quiet for a moment and one child asked, “ Is this really true?”

The Great Mother trembled and looked around the still faces. It would do well to scare them too much, she thought.

“ It was long ago and no one can be sure,” the Great Mother said.

“ But you have to know if it is true or not,” one of the children said.

The great Mother made a decision. “ No, I’m sure it’s not true, just a story one people have created to speak of another.” It would be soon enough when they went to the bunker she thought.

Unbeknownst to her, her youngest grandson had decided this last part was not true, that she did believe it and wanted the children not to know how great it was with other people and how easy things were not to mention the toys and the food and the drink. He was determined to find these people and

their wonderful inventions. After the other children had gone he put his head in his grandmother's lap and asked one question.

" Grandmother, what does a white fence look like?"

Works Cited

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