

## Storytelling and Culture Learning Center

### Handout B: A Story of Nho Lobu from Cape Verde

Nho Lobu was walking along a path when he came upon two men sitting in a clearing. As usual, he was hungry and when he saw the pair, he thought they would make a good meal. He approached them and smiled his warmest smile. He saw they sat before a fire with a covered pot between them. As he grew nearer, he noticed that they were very sad.

"Why such long faces?" said Nho Lobu.

"We were all set to make our cachupa when we realized we don't have any onions," said the first man.

"There are plenty of wild onions in the woods," said Nho Lobu. "Why don't you go out and get some?"

"Because we are old men," said the second man. "I have arthritis in my knee and he has problems with his back. If one of us were to leave here, we might have an accident or get lost then we would both be trapped here forever with no one to look for us."

Nho Lobu studied the men. His stomach growled and he began to imagine how the cachupa would taste with onions. He also thought the cachupa would serve as an excellent appetizer.

"If I go into the woods and bring back some onions, will you give me some of your cachupa?" he asked.

"Oh yes!" The men said in unison. "You will have the largest portion!"

Nho Lobu hesitated, then went into the woods heading north. He found some wild onions not far into the woods, dug them out of the ground and carried them back. "Here are your onions," said Nho Lobu. The men were overjoyed. They thanked Nho Lobu and began to cut the onions.

"When will the cachupa be ready?"

"Soon, soon," said the first man. They went about their work for a minute or two with Nho Lobu looking on.

"You know, while you were gone, we were thinking how good this cachupa would taste with some mandioca," said the first man. (Mandioca is a plant that has large edible roots. Inside the roots is a starchy white vegetable with the consistency of a yam or sweet potato. It is a staple food in Cape Verde.)

"Yes, that would be tasty," agreed the second man. Nho Lobo thought so too.

"Would you be able to get some mandioca from the woods?"

Nho Lobo sighed. He was tired but he could almost taste the cachupa with the mandioca and his mouth began to water. "OK, but I want a larger portion of the cachupa," he said as he headed south into the woods.

"Yes! Yes!" The men called after him. "You will have half and we two shall share what's left."

In the woods, Nho Lobo found some mandioca, dug it up and returned to the men. They were so happy and began adding the mandioca to their pot.

"When will it be ready?" Nho Lobo asked, his stomach growling.

"Soon. Very soon," said the first man.

"But we were thinking," said the second man. "What would make this cachupa even tastier would be if we could add some meat." His friend agreed.

"Yes, but we have no meat," said Nho Lobo. "And I am hungry now."

"We saw some rabbits when we entered the woods from the west. Maybe they are still there."

Nho Lobo paused. He was tired and wanted to eat, but since the men put the idea of adding meat to the cachupa, he began to crave it. So, he stood up and headed west. "This is the last time. When I come back, I want my cachupa," he said over his shoulder.

"And you'll have it," said the first one. "My friend and I will each have only a small cup, the rest will be for you."

Satisfied, Nho Lobo entered the woods without looking back. He had gone only a few steps when his foot got caught in a trap. Before he knew it, he was hanging upside down by one foot from a large tree. Upon hearing the "snap" of the trap, the two men laughed then looked at each other.

"We will have plenty of meat for our cachupa now," the first man said to the second. "And a tastier cachupa, thanks to the wolf."

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