

# Janjak & Freda

Cousins Janjak and Freda travel with their godmother to visit one of Haiti's most famous national treasures: the Citadelle.

On their big adventure, they make a new friend who shows them everyone can use a helping hand. As they tour the famous fortress, they learn important lessons about encouragement and sharing.

This story is told in such a way that the characters, scenery, and plot will be meaningful to both English speaking children and Creole speaking children. Rather than a literal translation, the Creole text has been rewritten to provide the most authentic experience for Creole speakers.

Janjak ak Freda, ki se kouzen kouzin, vwayaje ak marenn yo pou y al vizite Sitadèl Laferyè ki se youn pami trezò nasyonal peyi d Ayiti e ki popilè anpil.

Nan gwo avanti sa a, yo fè yon nouvo zanmi ki montre yo tout moun ka bezwen yon kout men nan lavi. Nan vizite gran fò sa a, yo aprann yon gwo leson sou ankourajman ak pataj.

Istwa sa a ekri nan yon fason pou ti moun ki pale kreyòl ak sa ki pale angle kapab apresye pèsanaj, sèn, ak istwa a. Li pa tradwi mo pou mo. Men, li pito rakonte nan yon langaj senp istwa Sitadèl Laferyè pou moun ki pale kreyòl kapab dekouvri li pi byen.

# Janjak & Freda

go to the Citadelle  
ale nan Sitadèl la



Elizabeth Turnbull

Illustrations by Aude Rivers Sainé



Children's Fiction Ages 3-8  
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Disability & Special Needs  
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A portion of the proceeds from this book goes to sponsor children in Haiti.

Yon pati nan lajan vant liv sa a sèvi pou parene ti moun ann Ayiti.

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 Light Messages

Durham, NC

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Elizabeth Turnbull  
elizabeth@lightmessages.com  
eturnbull.lightmessages.com

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*In loving memory of Eleanor Turnbull*

*Avèk lanmou pou memwa Eleanor Turnbull*





Janjak and Freda stood at the base of the big mountain leading up to Citadelle Laferrière. They had traveled many hours by tap-tap with their godmother, Mrs. Pierre, to see the famous fortress.

“Marenn, look! It is so big,” Janjak said. He had brought his soccer ball with him for the long journey and was kicking it around.

“It is so old,” Freda added.

“The Citadelle is both old and strong,” Mrs. Pierre said. “I know you’re excited to see it. But first, you two should go run and play to stretch from the long drive.”



Janjak ak Freda kanpe nan pye gwo mòn ki monte nan Sitadèl Laferyè. Yo te vwayaje anpil tan nan otobis ak marenn yo, Madan Pierre, pou yo vizite gran fò sa a tout moun konnen patou nan monn lan.

Janjak di : « Marenn, gade ! Li tèlman gwo. »

Li te vwayaje ak balon foutbòl li pou l te ka amize l epi l t ap choute balon an.

Freda ajoute : « Sanble fò sa a la lontan. »

Madan Pierre di : « Sitadèl la ansyen epi li solid. Men, anvan n pale sou sa, al kouri epi jwe pou detire pye n apre vwayaj la. »



Janjak and Freda took off running with the soccer ball. They passed it back and forth a few times, laughing and seeing who could kick the hardest. Then, Janjak gave the ball a really strong kick. It went sailing over Freda's head and disappeared behind some bushes.

"Oh, no!" Janjak said.

"Oh, no!" Freda said.



Janjak ak Freda pran kouri ak balon foutbòl la. Pandan y ap ri, y ap dribble, yo fè de twa pas epi yo chak choute balon an pou yo wè kiyès ki ka tire pi fò. Janjak fè yon gwo chout ki fè balon an pase an lè tèt Freda epi l disparèt dèyè yon touf pye bwa.

Janjak di : « O o woy ! »

Freda di : « O o mezanmi ! »



The cousins ran over to the bushes to look for the ball, but just as they started looking, the ball popped out .

“Look! I found it,” Janjak said.

“It’s me who found it,” a voice said from behind the bushes.



De ti kouzen yo kouri pou y al cache boul la. Men, kou yo kòmanse cache, boul la parèt soti dèyè touf pye bwa a.

Janjak di : « Gade ! Mwen jwenn li. »

Yon vwa dèyè touf pye bwa a di yo : « Se mwen ki jwenn li ! »



When Janjak and Freda got closer, they saw that the bushes shaded a little convenience store (a "boutik") where you could get a cola or snack.

Standing in front of the boutik was a boy who looked to be about the same age as the cousins.

Freda noticed that the boy's right leg was skinny and crooked instead of straight like hers. He used a stick to help him walk.

"What happened to your leg?" Janjak blurted out.

Freda glared at him. "Marenn says you're not supposed to ask things like that."

"It's ok, I'm used to questions," the boy said. "I was born this way. People always feel sorry for me or laugh at me. But really, I'm just like you. Only my leg is a little different."

"Thanks for finding our ball. I'm Janjak, by the way."

"I'm Freda!"

"My name is Wilgens," the boy said.

Lè Janjak ak Freda rive pi pre, yo gade dèyè touf pye bwa a epi yo wè yon ti boutik kote w ka jwenn kola oswa bonbon.

Yo wè yon ti gason kanpe devan boutik la. Li te sanble l gen apeprè menm laj ak ti kouzen yo.

Freda remake janm gòch ti gason an te pi piti epi l te kwochi olye ke l dwat menm jan ak pa l la. Li t ap sèvi avèk yon baton pou ede l mache.

Janjak mande : « Ki sa ki pase janm ou ? Pou ki sa li kon sa ? »

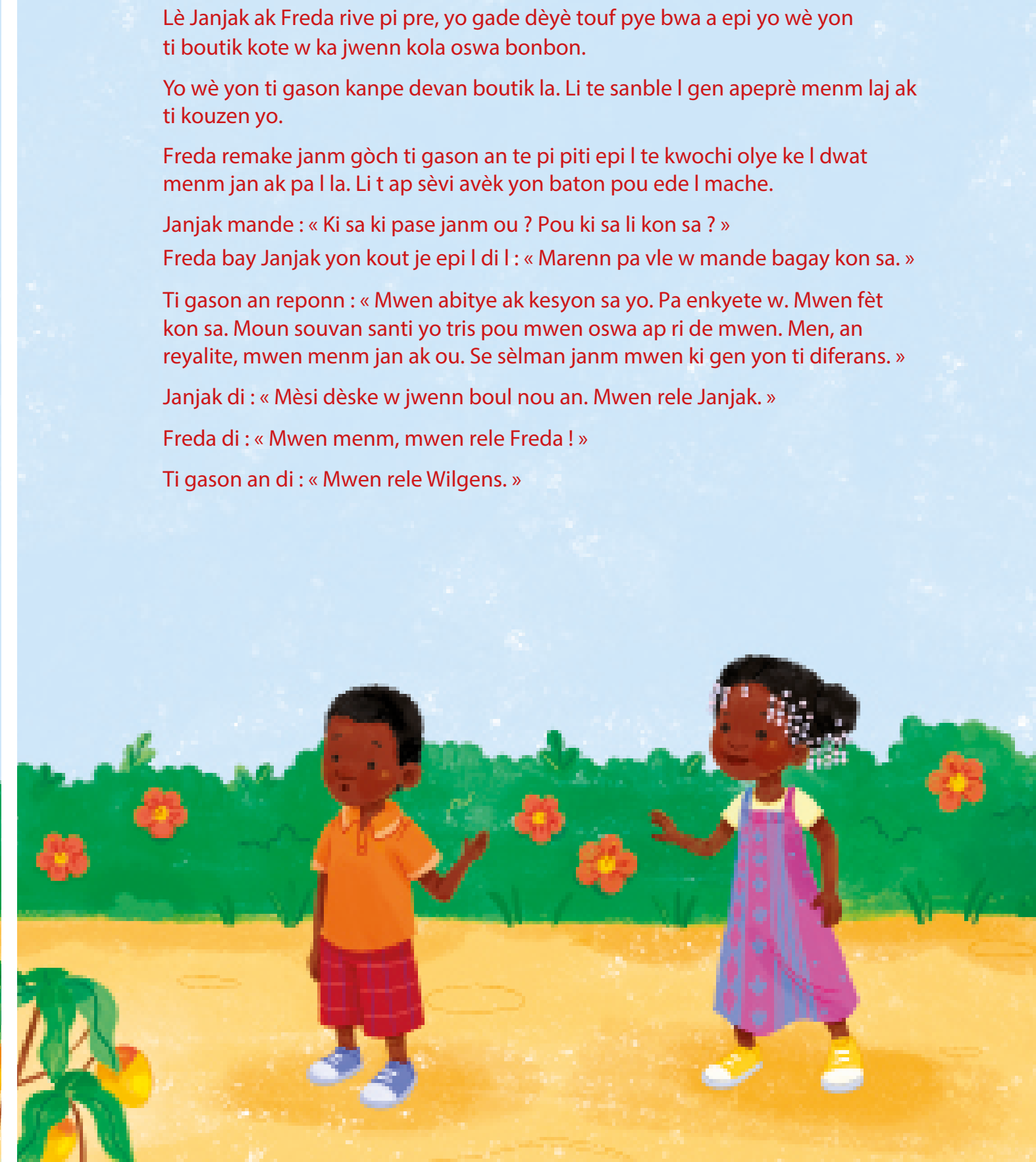
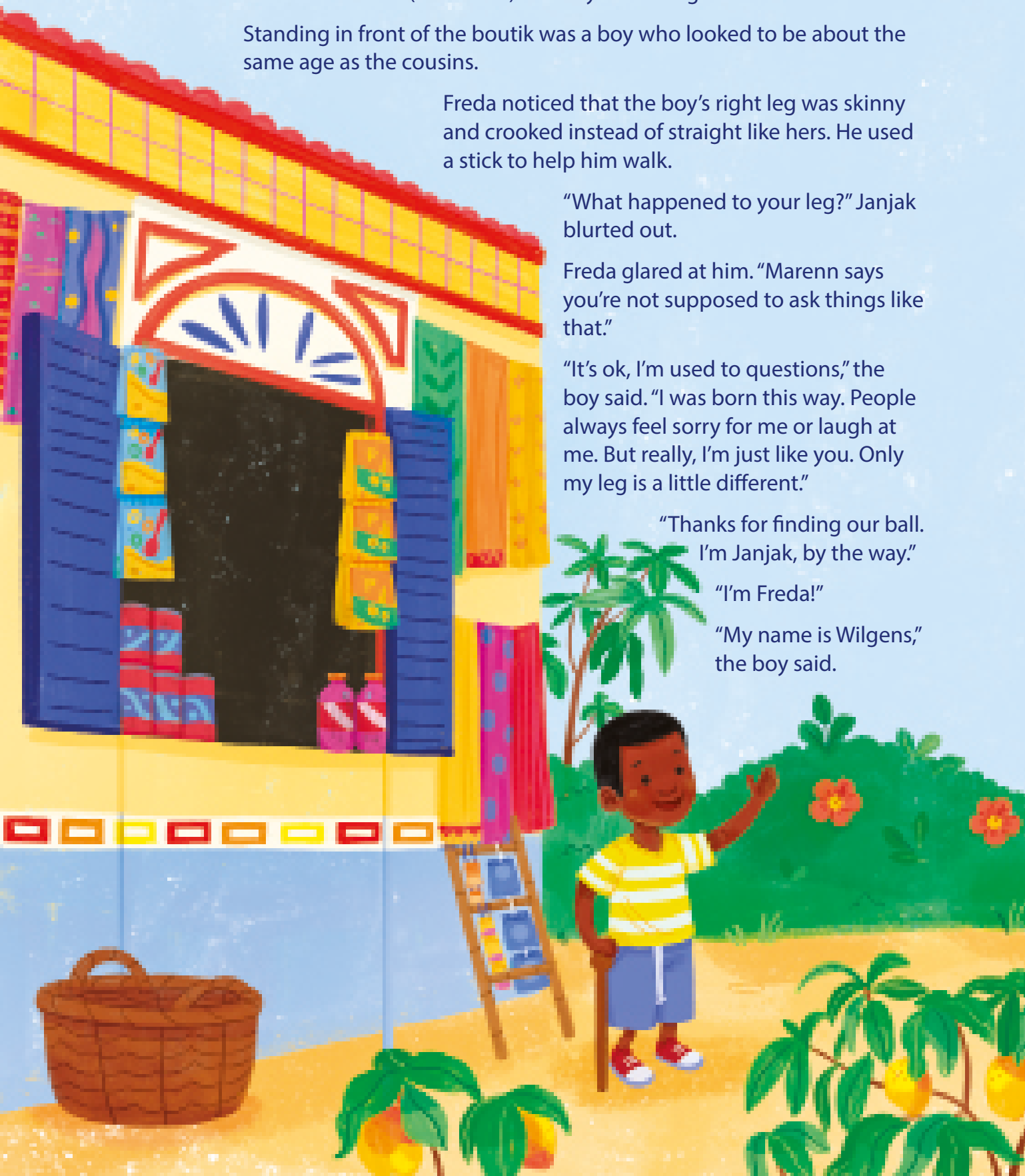
Freda bay Janjak yon kout je epi l di l : « Marenn pa vle w mande bagay kon sa. »

Ti gason an reponn : « Mwen abitye ak kesyon sa yo. Pa enkyete w. Mwen fèt kon sa. Moun souvan santi yo tris pou mwen oswa ap ri de mwen. Men, an reyelite, mwen menm jan ak ou. Se sèlman janm mwen ki gen yon ti diferans. »

Janjak di : « Mèsi dèske w jwenn boul nou an. Mwen rele Janjak. »

Freda di : « Mwen menm, mwen rele Freda ! »

Ti gason an di : « Mwen rele Wilgens. »



"We're going to hike up to the top of the Citadelle," Freda said.

"I'll go with you!" Wilgens said. "I like visiting the Citadelle. Do you know that it has 160 canons?"

"That's a lot of canons," Freda said.

"It is! Most of them were captured in battles against the French and the Spanish. You can tell by the symbols on the canons," Wilgens said.

"Hey, let's hike up together," Janjak said. "Then you can show us the canons."



Freda di : « Nou pral monte mòn lan rive nan Sitadèl la. »

Wilgens di : « M ap akonpanye nou ! Mwen renmen vizite Sitadèl la. Èske w konnen li gen 160 kanon ? »

Freda di : « Sa se anpil kanon. »

Wilgens reponn : « Wi, se anpil ! Pifò kanon sa yo te kaptire nan batay kont lame Lafrans ak Lespay. Ou ka wè sa nan desen ki sou kanon yo. »

Janjak di : « Si w akonpanye nou lè n rive, ou ka montre nou kanon yo. »





Just then, Mme. Pierre came around the corner leading a donkey.  
“Children, I thought it would be fun for you to ride the donkey up to the top of the mountain.”

Freda and Janjak loved to ride, and it was a rare treat. But then Freda whispered something to Janjak and he nodded.

“Marenn, I think that maybe our friend Wilgens would like to ride to the top instead,” Janjak said.

Wilgens looked at Janjak and Freda. “I know my leg looks weak to you. But I often hike to the top. I may go slower than you, but I can do it just as well as you can.”

“I’m sorry, Wilgens,” Freda said. “We didn’t mean to be unkind. We wanted to share the donkey with you to say thank you.”



Nan menm moman sa a, Madan Pierre parèt ak yon bourik dèyè l. Li di : « Ti moun, mwen panse nou ta renmen monte mòn lan sou bourik. Kon sa, n a gen plis enèji pou n vizite Sitadèl la. »

Freda ak Janjak tou lè de te souri paske yo te renmen monte bourik ; men, yo pa t jwenn okazyon sa a souvan. Freda pale nan zòrèy Janjak ki souke tèt li « wi ! »

Janjak di : « Marenn, mwen panse petèt zanmi nou, Wilgens ta renmen monte bourik la pito. »

Wilgens gade Janjak ak Freda epi l di : « Mwen konnen janm m parèt fèb pou nou ; men, mwen abitye monte mòn lan. Pètèt mwen mache pi dousman pase nou ; men, mwen ka fè sa menm jan ak nou. »

Freda di : « Tanpri eskize nou, Wilgens. Nou pa t vle parèt engra. Nou te vle pataje bourik la ak ou pou n di w mèsi. »





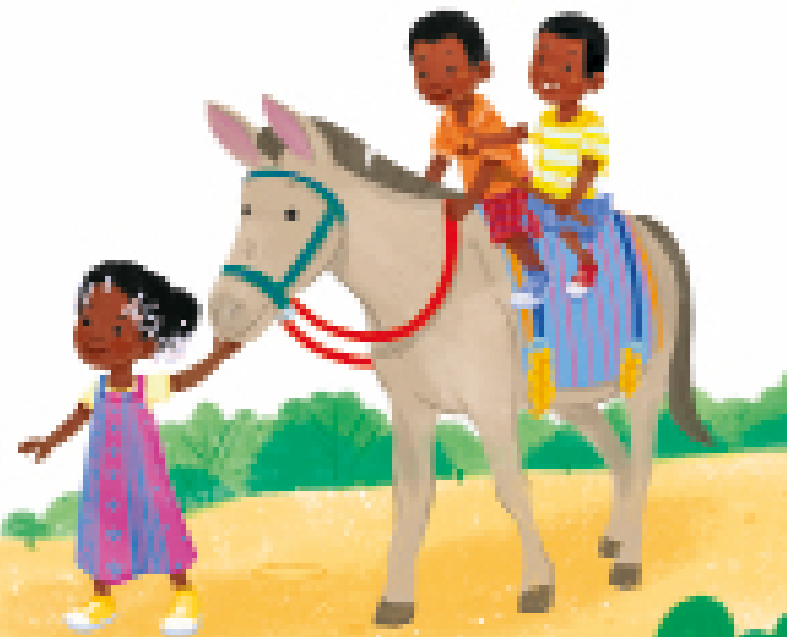
"I have an idea!" Janjak declared.  
"Maybe we can all take turns riding the donkey."

"The climb is hard, but I can do it by myself," Wilgens said.

"We know you can, Freda responded. But Marenn says 'When you have friends you don't have to do hard things by yourself!'"

"Well, riding a donkey does sound like fun," Wilgens said.

The path up to the Citadelle was very steep and it zig-zagged across the face of the mountain. Freda found herself imagining how many different people must have climbed this path in the 200 years it has existed.



Janjak di : « Mwen panse petèt nou chak te ka fè yon ti kout monte sou bourik la. »

Wilgens di : « Monte a difisil ; men, mwen ka fè l pou kont mwen. »

Freda reponn : « Nou konnen w kapab, men Marenn toujou raple n youn bezwen lòt. Lè w gen zanmi, ou pa bezwen fè tout sa ki difisil pou kont ou. Men anpil, chay pa lou. »

Wilgens reponn : « Ebyen, monte bourik sanble se yon bon plezi. »

Wout ki mennen nan Sitadèl la te a pik. Li fè anpil vire tounen nan mòn lan. Freda panse a tout tout moun ki te dwe mache nan chemen sa a pandan 200 lane depi li egziste a.

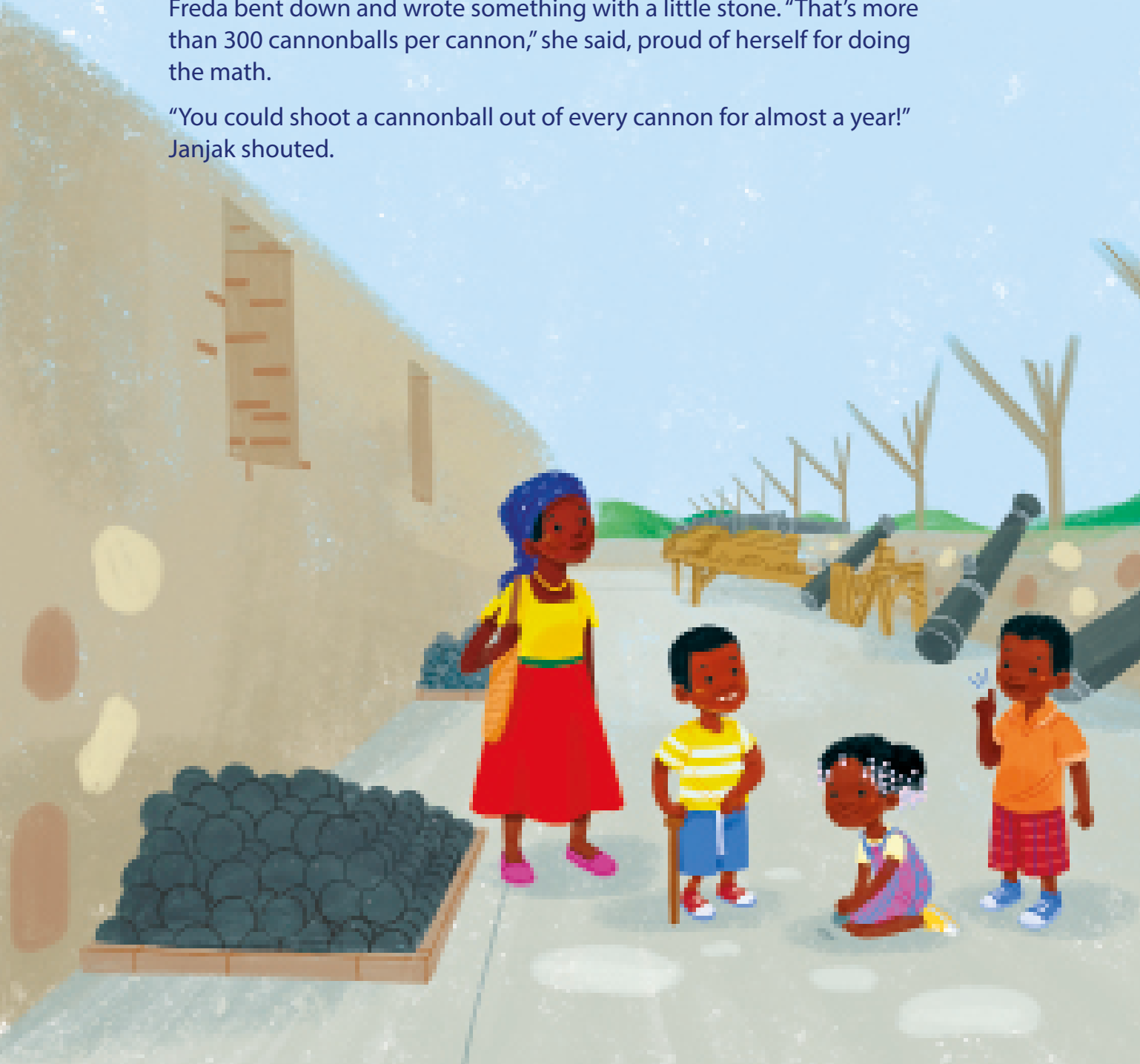
When Mme. Pierre and the children arrived at the Citadelle, they noticed that the walls were very thick and very high. It was built on top of the mountain so that it would be impossible for an attacking army to climb the walls or break through them.

There were stacks and stacks of cannonballs made from iron. "Let's count them!" Janjak said.

Wilgens said. "There were once 50,000 cannonballs."

Freda bent down and wrote something with a little stone. "That's more than 300 cannonballs per cannon," she said, proud of herself for doing the math.

"You could shoot a cannonball out of every cannon for almost a year!" Janjak shouted.



Lè Madan Pierre ak ti moun yo rive nan Sitadèl la, yo remake kokenn chenn epesè ak wotè miray yo. Sitadèl la te bati sou tout tèt mòn nan. Li t ap enposib pou yon lame lènmi monte oswa kraze miray yo.

Te gen plizyè pil boul kanon an fè. Janjak di : « An n konte yo ! »

Wilgens di : « Yon lè te gen 50 000 boul kanon. »

Freda bese epi l ekri atè a ak yon ti wòch. Apre sa, li di : « Sa fè plis ke 300 boul kanon pou chak kanon. » Li te kontan dèske li te ka fè kalkil sa a.

Janjak anonse : « Ou ta kapab pase yon lane ap tire yon boul kanon pa jou tèlman kanon yo anpil ! »



Full of excitement, Janjak started to climb to the top of a big pile of cannonballs, counting them as he went up. "One, two, three..."

He got up to 50 when Freda and Wilgens noticed the pile was starting to wobble. "Janjak, be careful!" they shouted.

Just then, Janjak's foot slipped and kicked one of the cannonballs. The balls began to roll, and Janjak tumbled down with them.

"Ouch!" Janjak shouted. "My ankle hurts."

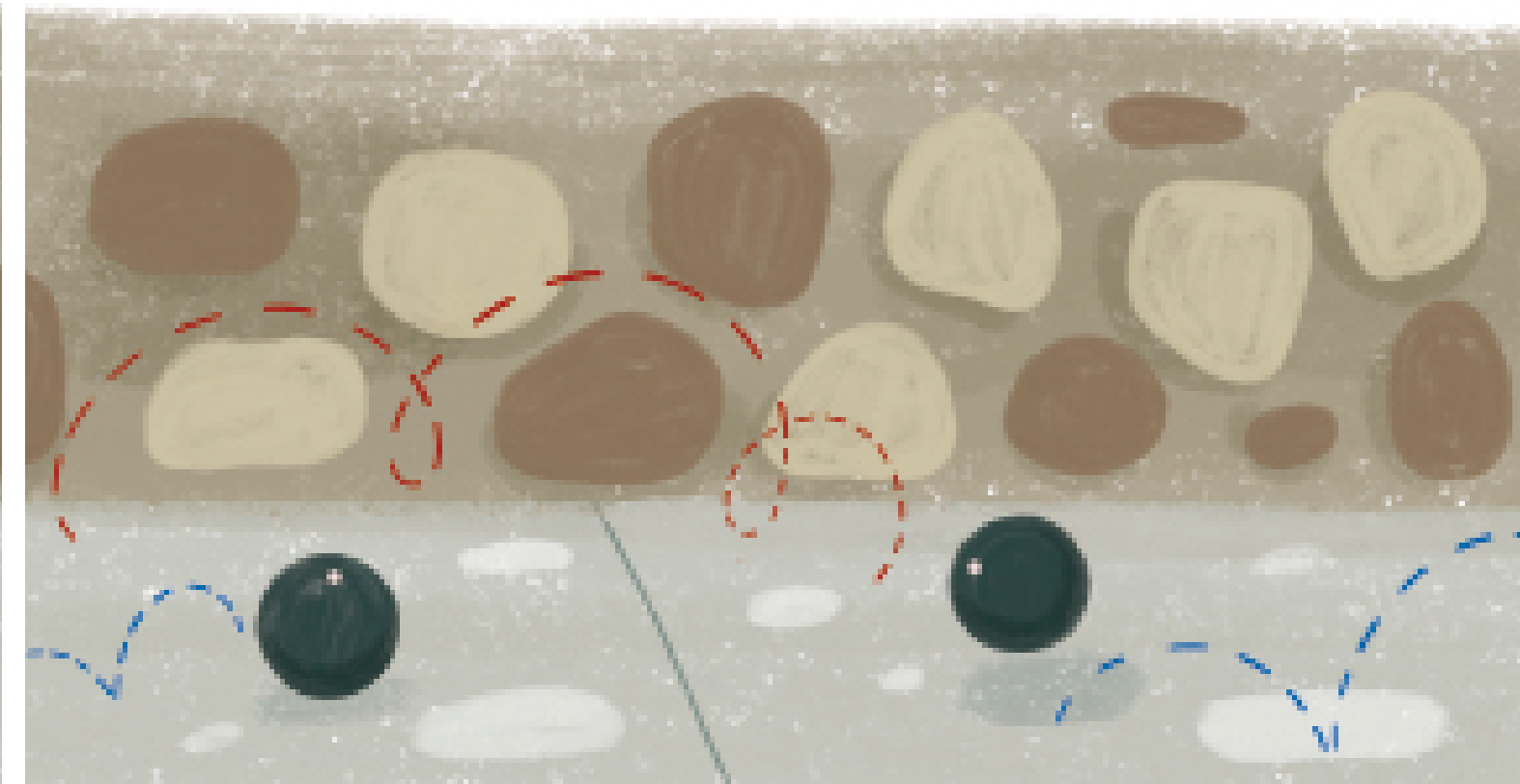


Janjak te byen eksite epi l kòmanse monte sou yon gwo pil boul kanon. Li t ap konte yo pandan l t ap monte. « En, de, twa... »

Janjak te konte jiska 50 lè Freda ak Wilgens remake pil boul kanon yo te kòmanse ap tranble. Yo rele byen fò : « Janjak, fè atansyon ! »

Men, pye Janjak te gen tan glise. Li frape youn nan boul kanon yo. Youn apre lòt boul kanon yo kòmanse woule epi Janjak degradingole ansanm ak yo.

Janjak kriye : « Ay ! Cheviy mwen ap fè m mal anpil. »





The fall sprained Janjak's ankle and it hurt for him to walk.

Wilgens appeared by Janjak's side. "Here, take my walking stick. It will help."

"It's ok. I can do it by myself," Janjak said.

"I know you can. But, when you have friends, you don't have to do hard things by yourself," Wilgens replied with a smile.



Lè li te tonbe, Janjak fè yon antòs nan cheviy li ki t ap fè li mal e ki anpeche l mache.

Wilgens parèt bò kote Janjak epi l di : « Men, pran baton m nan. L ap ede w mache. »

Janjak reponn : « Pa enkyete w, m ka fè sa pou kont mwen. »

Wilgens di : « Mwen konnen w kapab ; men, lè w gen zanmi, ou pa bezwen fè tout sa ki difisil pou kont ou. Baton zanmi pa janm kase. »



Mme. Pierre appeared by their side and said, "As the proverb says, 'A bird doesn't fly with one wing.' We need each other. Now, I have an idea. Why don't you all ride the donkey down together?"

With the Citadelle behind them and the sun dropping in the sky, the children piled on top of the donkey.

Janjak said with a big sigh, "I think I'm done with cannonballs for a while."

"That's a good idea," Freda and Wilgens said, and they all laughed.



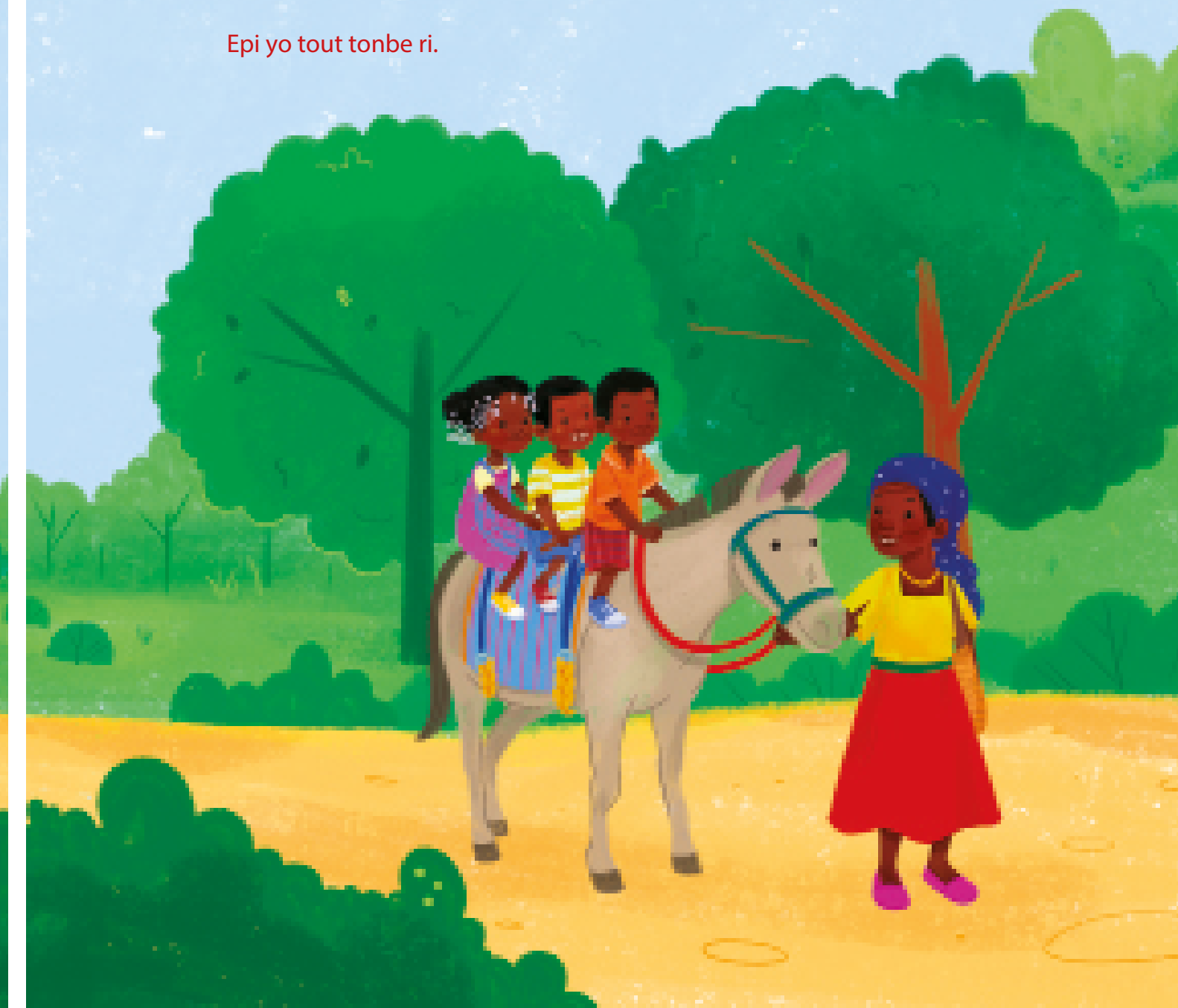
Madan Pierre rapwoche epi l di : « Jan pwovèb la di : "Zwazo pa vole ak yon sèl zèl." Youn bezwen lòt. Mwen gen yon lide. Pou ki sa nou tou lè twa pa monte bourik la ansanm pou n tounen ? »

Sitadèl la dèyè yo epi solèy la ap desann nan syèl la. Ti moun yo monte sou do ti bourik la.

Janjak anonse ak yon gwo soupi : « Sanble pito m kite afè jwe ak boul kanon pou kounye a. »

Freda ak Wilgens reponn : « Sa se yon bon lide. »

Epi yo tout tonbe ri.



## About Citadelle Laferrière

A citadel is a large fortress often on top of a hill near a town. One of the most famous, *Citadelle Laferrière* in Haiti, is the largest in the Western hemisphere. It was built by Henri Christophe, a leader of the war for independence who became king of north Haiti. It was designed as a defense against the French Army.

It took 15 years from 1805 to 1820 for 20,000 workers to build the Citadelle. It is both very large and strong. It covers almost 100,000 square feet and has walls that are 130 feet high and 10 feet thick. It has 160 cannons and many thousands of cannon balls. King Henri Christophe made it big enough to provide protection, food, and water for 5,000 people for a full year.

Citadelle Laferrière is located at 3,000 feet on top of the Bonnet à L'Évêque mountain near the town of Cape Haitian. Many people from Haiti and other countries visit the Citadelle every year. Not only is it very interesting to explore the Citadelle, but the view from the top of the mountain is very special. On a clear day it is possible to see the island of Cuba 100 miles away.

## Konsènan Sitadèl Laferyè (Citadelle Laferrière)

Yon sitadèl se yon gwo fò ki bati sou tèt yon mòn pre yon vil. Youn nan fò ki pi enpòtan se Sitadèl Laferyè nan peyi d Ayiti. Li pi gwo pase tout fò nan emisfè oksidantal la. Henri Christophe, yon lidè nan lagè endepandans ki te vin wa nan nò Ayiti, te konstwi Sitadèl Laferyè kòm yon defans kont atak lame Lafrans.

Sa te pran 15 ane, soti 1805 rive 1820, pou 20 000 travayè te ka bati Sitadèl la. Li gwo e l solid anpil. Li kouvri 10,000 mètr kare. Miray li gen 40 mètr wotè ak 3 mètr epesè. Li gen 160 kanon ak plizyè milye boul kanon. Wa Henri Christophe te fè li ase gwo pou bay 5,000 moun pwoteksyon, manje, ak dlo pou yon lane.

Sitadèl Laferyè chita sou tèt mòn *Bonnet à L'Évêque* ki gen 900 mètr wotè e ki pa lwen vil Okap. Chak ane, anpil moun ki viv nan peyi d Ayiti ak sa ki soti lòt bò dlo vizite Sitadèl la. Yo jwen sa trè enteresan pou yo gade Sitadèl la epi pou yo voye je sou bèl peyizaj alantou mòn lan. Nan yon jou ki fè klè li posib pou wè zile Kiba ki a 160 kilomèt distans.



**Elizabeth Turnbull** was born and raised in Haiti where she grew up surrounded by the sights and sounds brought to life in her Haitian children's stories. As a young child she would spend hours snuggled in the laps of her parents and older brothers while they would read a story to her. One of her greatest joys was learning to read and having the power to unleash the stories for herself.

Elizabeth studied Spanish and Journalism at Wake Forest University and receive her MA in Latin American and Caribbean Studies from Florida International University. Today, she is the Senior Editor for Light Messages Publishing. She is the author of three children's books about Haiti: *Janjak and Freda Go to the Citadelle*, *Janjak and Freda Go to the Iron Market* and *Good Night Goat/Bonwit Kabrit*.

Her biography of Wallace Turnbull's lifelong ministry in rural Haiti, *Say to This Mountain*, won an IBPA Benjamin Franklin Award gold medal. Elizabeth lives on a budding farm in Hillsborough, North Carolina, with her family. Connect with her online at [torchflamebooks.com/elizabeth-turnbull](https://torchflamebooks.com/elizabeth-turnbull). Follow her on Twitter, Instagram, and Pinterest @ejturnbull.

**Elizabeth Turnbull** fèt nan peyi d Ayiti kote sa l te konn tande ak sa l te konn wè depi lè l te ti bebe te antre nan istwa pou ti moun. Lè l te pi jèn, li te konn pran plezi nan chita sou janm paran l yo ak gran frè li yo pou l koute istwa yo t ap li pou li. Se te yon gran jwa pou li lè l te vin konn li pou l te dekouvri istwa yo pou kont li.

Elizabeth te fè etid panyòl ak jounalis nan Inivèsite Wake Forest. Apre sa, li fè metriz nan etid Amerik Latin ak Karayib nan *Florida International University*. Kounye a l ap travay kòm Editè an Chèf pou piblikasyon *Light Messages*. Li se otè twa liv ti moun sou Ayiti : *Janjak ak Freda ale nan Sitadèl la*, *Janjak ak Freda ale mache an fè*, ak *Bòn wit, Kabrit*. Biyografi li ekri sou ministè Wallace Turnbull ann Ayiti, *Say to This Mountain*, te genyen prim meday lò IBPA Benjamin Franklin. Elizabeth abite nan yon ti fèm nan Hillsborough, North Carolina, ak fanmi li.

Konekte ak li sou entènèt nan [torchflamebooks.com/elizabeth-turnbull](https://torchflamebooks.com/elizabeth-turnbull). Swiv li sou Twitter, Instagram, ak Pinterest : @ejturnbull.

**Addy Rivera Sonda** is a Mexican illustrator, who loves color, learning, and exploring ways in which we could build a kinder and more sustainable world.

Addy's biggest inspiration for drawing is that she knows that stories and art are slowly but surely changing the way people understand themselves and perceive others, building empathy, and creating a more inclusive world.

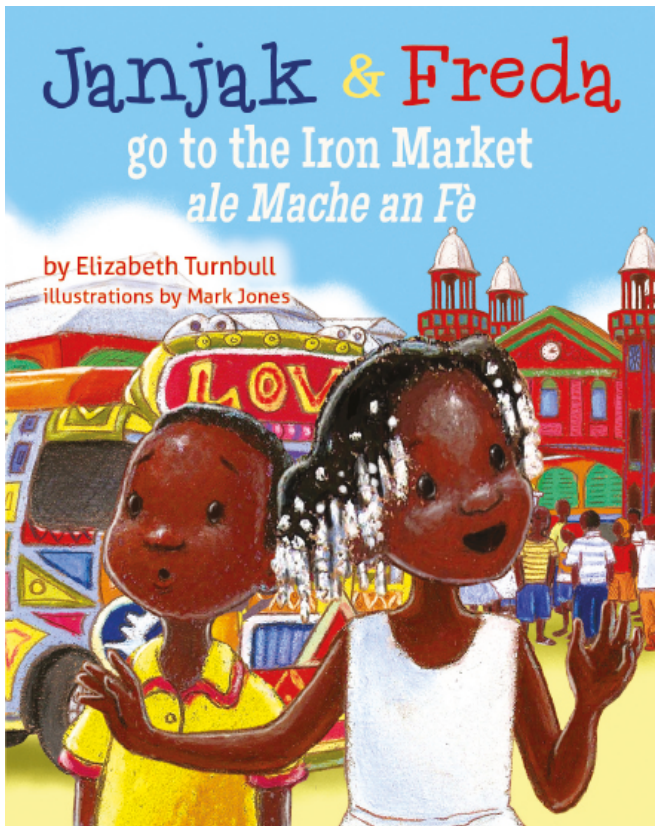
**Addy Rivera Sonda** se yon ilistratè meksiken. Li renmen koulè, li renmen aprann ak chèche fason pou bati yon monn ki pi janti e pi dirab.

Pi gwo enspirasyon Addy jwenn nan fè desen se paske l konnen, lè ti moun an kontak depi tou piti ak istwa e atizay, sa fè yo vin konprann tèt yo pi byen, devlope plis anpati epi kontribye pou bati yon monn kote tout moun se moun.

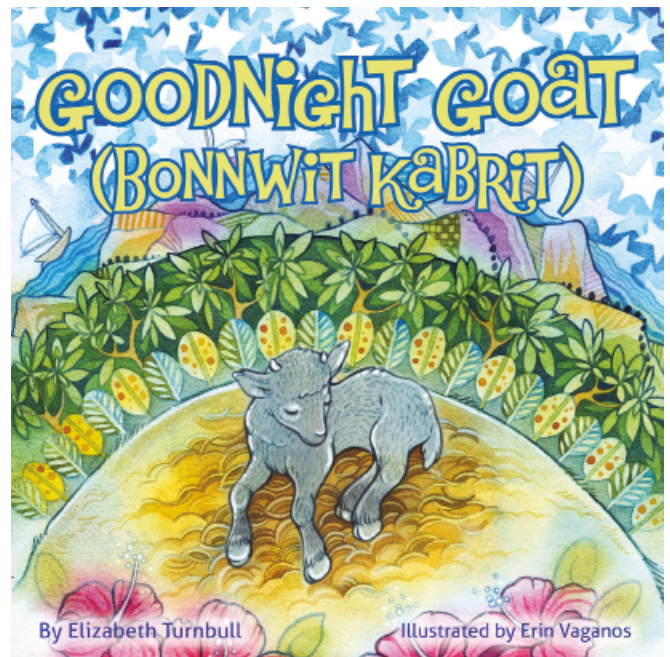




# More Reading Adventures



In this first book of the bilingual *Janjak and Freda* series, cousins Janjak and Freda go with their godmother on an exciting adventure to Haiti's famous Iron Market. While there, they make many new friends, taste new fruits, and show the value of helping others when a runaway goat causes havoc in the market. The colorful text and beautiful illustrations will leave children dreaming up their own adventures. This story is told in such a way that the characters, scenery, and plot will be meaningful to both English speaking children and Creole speaking children.



In this delightful, rhyming bedtime story, children journey across Haiti, saying goodnight to scenes the nation's children would know from their daily lives. From the calico cat to the pink flowers of the bouganvillea to the sweet goat nestled beneath the starry sky, children will embark on an exciting bedtime journey as one by one they say, *bòn wit*. Haitian Creole (*kreyòl ayisyen*) words are sprinkled throughout the text to expand children's vocabulary and introduce them to a new language. A helpful pronunciation guide at the back teaches readers how to say the words aloud.