

A COLLECTION OF IGOROT LEGENDS

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Collection made in 1940 (see terminal Note, below)

The Origin of the Orange Tree

By Segundo Aligmayo

Many years ago there lived in the small village of Palay a group of people consisting of only a few families. Among this small tribe of people lived a man named Masedman who was loved by two women. The names of these women were Baddasan and Kayman. Baddasan being the more beautiful of the two, she won the love of Masedman and they were married.

After a year of married life, Baddasan became pregnant. While she was in that condition, Masedman was deceived by Kayman who told him his wife had beriberi. Her aim in doing this was to make Masedman leave his wife and go to her.

Believing what the woman told him, Masedman made a plan to get rid of his wife. He went to the forest, cut down the biggest tree, and made a coffin out of it. But in order that his wife would not discover his plan, he cleared a small kaingin near the place where the coffin was. Then he went home and asked his wife to go with him to the kaingin that he had cultivated and plant some beans. His wife, happy to hear that they had such a field, willingly prepared the seeds, and she and her husband went to the forest.

When they came to the place, Baddasan was surprised to see the coffin beside the kaingin. Her husband told her it belonged to someone from another town. He then joked about it by getting inside it. Then he asked his wife to get in just to see how it would fit her. This she laughingly did, but as she was fixing herself, he suddenly closed the coffin and locked it. Then he went home and married Kayman.

Baddasan in the coffin yelled and shouted, and tried to free herself, but in vain. For it was just the time for her delivery. Without anybody to help her, she gave birth inside the coffin. Then she prayed to the god Lumawig to help her, and the god sent an army of rats who came and gnawed the coffin through until it was easy for the woman to open it. With this help, the mother and child were freed.

Having no home to go to, for her former house was now occupied by her husband and another wife, she was given a house by the captain of the rats, who made it with his power about a kilometer from the village. This house was so much better than any other house in the village that Masedman was very impressed. Since it belonged to that former wife he thought dead in the coffin, he repented and asked her pardon so that he could return to her. The mother of his child received him as though nothing had happened. Thus they were again brought together.

After many years of happy partnership with the captain of the rats, they were told that when he died not to throw his body away but to put it in a big vat covered with another vat and bury it beside the house. For the captain of the rats knew that his end was near. This they did when the rat died, putting the body in a vat, covering it, and then burying it in their yard.

After many months passed, a small plant began to sprout just over the grave of the rat. Although the family was ignorant of this kind of plant, they took good care of it until it grew big. Then this tree bore fruit of spherical shape. They sold these fruits in other places, making themselves rich. A child in the family named it

lollokisen, called "orange" in English.

The Man Who Became a Snake

By Miguel Bacoco

There was, it is said, Bangan, the wife of Gomotan. They lived in Lausan near Maodan. They had no children, not even one. For a long time they made *caniao* as the old men had taught them to do so that their ancestors might be appeased and give them young ones. But only after a long period of longing did Bangan feel that she was going to have a child. But before the time had come, she began to crave something special to eat.

One day she told her husband Gomotan to go and look for some *capio* which she craved. But for eight months he never found or saw one. His worry and longing to get some and his feeling for his wife made him thinner and thinner. In addition, the wife often scolded him for not finding some of the *capio* she was craving.

One day Gomotan happened to pass a nearby lake, and a king of the *ideo* living in that lake came out and had a talk with him. After Gomotan told him that his wife never treated him right, the King Ideo took pity on him. The King gave him the skin of another *ideo* that he might take it home with him so that his wife might then admire him. After this conversation, Gomotan went home with the skin.

When he got home, his wife came out to meet him thinking he had gotten some *capio*. But as soon as she found out that her husband hadn't got any, she turned her back on him and said many bad things that might hurt her husband's feelings. Gomotan, upon hearing the bad treatment he received from his wife, kept quiet and went in the house. When night fell, Gomotan planned to change his body into a *beklat* or *ideo* to spite the bad words he had received from his wife. During that night, there was much roaring around their house and the woman often got up and looked outside but never saw anybody for it was dark. When the cock crowed in the morning, Bangan got up and started to prepare food for her husband so he could go look for *capio* again. But as soon as

she got up she found that the man with whom she had been sleeping had turned into a big *ideo*-snake! Then the thought came to her mind that this was because of the bad treatment she had shown her husband. She tried to call for help but the big *ideo*-snake said, "Do not shout. I am not your husband anymore; I'm going to look for another companion. You may look for a better man than me, one who is not lazy. I can't stand the treatment you have given me, so goodbye." Then he left her immediately.

Bangan then realized her faults and decided to teach other women to treat their husband right. So she did her best to teach other women not to do the same thing she did to her husband. And her teaching spread throughout the world.

The Woman Who Married a Deer

By Joseph Biteng

Once upon a time a woman went to the forest to make a *kaingin*. When she was coming home in the evening, she met a man near the village. The woman asked him where he was going. The man said he was bound for the same village where the woman was going. He also said that his purpose was to find someone who would let him stay in their house that night.

The woman invited him to go with her and eat in her house that evening. When they got to the woman's house, the man told her that he was looking for a woman to be his future mate. After a long conversation, both of them fell in love with each other. So the man and woman married.

Once, after they had three children, the husband went to work to change his wife's *kaingins* into rice fields. He told his wife to take care of bringing his lunch at noon. But he told her that when she came near the place where he was working, she must cough loudly so he would hear it. She was to do this in a place where she still could not see him.

The wife did this for four days. She was very surprised to see that her husband was finishing the work very quickly. The fifth day she decided not to cough because she wanted to find out how the man was working. When she reached the place, she saw a deer but she did

not show herself. The deer was using his ears as shovels, and his antlers as crowbars and, at the same time, as hammers for breaking the stones into pieces. Then she went back out of sight and coughed before going to the place again. When she got there she found a man instead of an animal. So her husband had his lunch.

After he had finished eating, he told his wife, "Since you have disobeyed me, we must part. I must go to my parents and leave you to care for our children. Anyway, I have made two fields for our three children. I had intended to stay with you until we had five children, but then you did not obey my words."

So the deer went off into the forest and the woman went home crying for her husband.

**How the People of Data
All Committed Suicide**
By Angel Ayogat

Way back in the olden days, at the center of the barrio of Data lived a rich family who had only one child. This boy was three years old when his father and mother both died. The orphaned boy had an uncle, but he did not take care of him. Fortunately there was a very kind neighbor who did his best to take care of him until he was five. Then the aggressive cruel uncle claimed all the property of the orphan. Everything fell to him and nothing to the good neighbor or the orphan.

When the orphan was six years old, his uncle bribed a servant to go and get the orphan at night. The servant succeeded in persuading the orphan to follow him to his old house, which was now the uncle's house. At eleven o'clock when all the people were asleep, the uncle ordered his servant to take the orphan out to the sacred lake a half kilometer away from the barrio. When they reached that body of water, the orphan was thrown into the deepest part.

The wicked servant returned home and told his master what he had done. His master was overjoyed because he was now rid of his fear that the orphan might regain his property. Then the aggressive uncle started a year's feast in honor of his victory.

The orphan, meanwhile, went way down to the underwater world, and there he was nursed by the Goddess of Water. He grew up to become handsome, strong and rich.

One time one of the gods asked him if he would like to return to the upper world. He was surprised at the question for he had not known that he came from the upper world. The god told him the story of how he came to be there. Then the handsome young orphan wished very much to go up to the earth at once.

Suddenly a golden ladder coming down from the upper world appeared before him. Then the Goddess gave him a bottle of stagnant water and told him to smell it whenever he got hungry or thirsty. Everything was ready so one of the gods said, "Orphan, *solutem nan tetey ta encas nagapoam* — follow the ladder and go up to the world where you belong. And when you get to the barrio, call yourself Basala-Maing." (That means thrown and saved by the Goddess of Water.)

Basala-Maing left the underwater world. He spent half a month ascending the ladder but at last he reached his destination. When he got to earth, his uncle's one-year feast had two more months before the finish. No one knew him, but as he began to display himself, people's attention was attracted to him and they began to ask how he had become so rich and strong. He told them the story. So all the men got ready to do the same thing, especially the cruel uncle and his servant. Then they all went down to the lake and drowned themselves. Later, men went down by the hundreds. At last all the men were gone. Then the women followed in the same belief.

The barrio was deserted. All the people except the orphan's family committed suicide. The houses were empty, the fields and camote fields were full of weeds.

The family that was saved became very prosperous. Brothers and sisters married, and their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren make up the barrio today. These never quarrelled, and even today the people never quarrel because they are sure to have come from one family.

What Makes It Thunder

By Reynaldo Abad

Once upon a time there was a bride and bridegroom. This couple lived happily at the foot of a tall mountain. Every day this couple went out to the mountains to gather fruit and berries. One day as they were walking on the top of a big mountain, they were frightened because they saw a big snake. They ran to their house as fast as they could. They were ignorant of snakes because they had never seen one before.

Some days later, for fear that the snake would come to their very house, the couple decided to move away to another mountain. The goddess who owned that mountain invited them to dwell there. But before the couple decided to leave their place, they asked permission from the goddess called Lumawig. This goddess granted their wish, but added the following words, "Once you leave this place, I don't want you to return. If you do, there will be a calamity."

So the couple got ready and packed their things and left the place. As they were walking along, they found some nuts that were hard to break open without a knife. They looked and looked for their knife but they could not find it. At last the bridegroom decided to go back to their former dwelling place to get the forgotten knife.

As the bridegroom came near the foot of the mountain, the goddess saw him returning and did a marvelous thing: she caused the mountain to collapse and cover the bridegroom!

The bride waited and waited for the return of her partner, but she waited in vain. Finally she decided to go and search for him. As she overlooked their former dwelling place, she was astonished to see that the mountain where they had come from had collapsed. Then she realized that her partner had been covered by the sliding earth.

When she was alone on the way, she could hear great sounds which seemed to reach all

parts of the world; this was really the sound of the anger of the goddess. In later years people called it thunder. This noise occurs during rainy days when some of the hills slide, indicating that the goddess is angry at something she does not like.

The Trees of Fedilizan

By James Bawayan

Just at the eastern edge of Fedilizan village stands a big old pine tree. The tree is a huge one, taking about eight men joining hands to go around it. It has an umbrella-like shape and it covers a round piece of ground about 25 meters in diameter.

Another tree of hardwood type stands at the western edge of the same village. Unlike most other trees of this kind, this particular tree has its gigantic branches uniformly spread in all directions, the biggest of them all extending toward the village.

Fedilizan people call these two trees *appades* and the place they stand *pappatayan*. They believe these two trees are husband and wife, the hardwood tree being the male and the pine tree being the female. They believe that the husband goes to sleep at night with his wife, but he waits to see that all the people are asleep before he goes. Some say they have heard a gale at about midnight, which they suppose to be the husband going to sleep with his wife.

Every time the men have a feast in the boys' sleeping house, or *dappay* as they call it, they take a small pig to the pine tree, or wife, and kill it there. They offer a pig to the tree and the big powerful snake which they believe is living thereabouts though nobody ever saw it there. They offer this sacrifice to the tree and to the snake so that they will protect the village from any demolition by the demons, increase the food supply of the people, protect them from invasion by the enemy, and to keep peace in the village. They do this three times a year.

To the hardwood, or husband tree, they offer an old female pig every year after they finish planting rice. They offer this pig for the

same purpose as when they offer the small pig to the pine tree, but they also pray to this tree to cause the rice they planted to grow well.

There is a well-known story in this village about these trees. It goes this way:

During the days when men in one village did nothing but wage war against men of other villages, Fedilizan village was always impregnable. This was due to the fact that these two trees put an invisible fence around the village so that no enemies could penetrate it. Many planned a surprise attack on the village but they never succeeded. As a result, Fedilizan village became the most powerful village among all the villages.

Why the Spirits of the Dead Cannot be Seen

By Edward Umaming

Long ago the spirits of dead people were visible. Men often wrestled with them. These spirits looked like human beings. Whenever they had a wrestling match with men, they were defeated. Men always defeated these anitos or spirits.

Whenever these anitos or spirits were put down on the ground, they turned into what we call *linesles* or camote vines. But the men saw that they always stood up again ready to wrestle with the men again. This made the men very angry. So their quarrels never stopped.

Finally, the men used their heads. They started a fire near the place they had their fights. Then they fought those troublesome spirits for the last time to end their disturbances among the human beings.

When the fights began, the men directed the anitos near the place where the fire was burning. Then these anitos were thrown to the ground near the fire. Immediately the anitos turned into camote vines. Quickly the men got fire and burned the vines. Thus ended the anitos showing themselves to human beings.

That is why we people of today cannot see the spirits or anitos of dead people.

The Water That Devoured People

By Philip Ngilab

In a certain place near the barrio of Fedilizan was a water that ate people, and in the olden days the water that came from this spring used to be big enough to water the fields below it. But after many years during which many people died because of it, the old men told the people never to go near the spot. This advice was carried out for many years, so the water grew smaller and people believe that the spirit of this water went to some other place because it had nothing to eat any more. Now the water that comes from that spot is small, not enough to water the fields below it.

The Girl That Was Turned into a Carabao

By Adela Burgos

Many long years ago there lived in a little village of Baguio a family of a father, a mother and an only daughter. Domayad, the father, was a very good man and an industrious farmer. He plowed the field, took the carabao to pasture, and carried firewood for his family. Too kind he was, so that his daughter, Domaan, became a very lazy girl.

Doma, Domayad's wife, was as good as her husband. She came from a wealthy and a good family. It was known throughout the whole village that her great grandparents had been skillful weavers of cloth. This skill was inherited from one generation to another, and Doma was the most skillful weaver in the village.

Domaan's parents were so absorbed in their work that they neglected to teach her to work. Many years passed. She passed her twentieth birthday without knowing any kind of work. She spent most of her time playing in the river and in the grass.

"Domaan," said her mother one day as she was weaving, "I am now getting old and I know I have just a few days to stay in this world. I want you, therefore, to begin weaving now. It would be a shame and a disgrace on my part if

you don't learn, for it is a tradition in my family. Tomorrow you have to start to weave whether you like it or not."

"I would rather die than weave," replied her daughter, muttering. "I plan to spend my life playing in the grass and in the river. I will never learn to weave!" She banged the door and went out to play.

However, her mother prepared the thread, the sticks, and all the things used in weaving. Everything was ready the next morning. Domaan was pouting and muttering, but she began to weave. But the threads were not tied. "Oh dear!" Domaan cried, tearing the threads and throwing down the sticks, "I'll go out and play in the grass and the water and not let mother see me. How I hate weaving!"

On her way to the river she met an old woman. Not knowing that the woman was a witch, she cried, "Oh, I wish I were someone who never worked but only stayed in the river and played in the grass." The witch changed Domaan into a carabao. The threads became her hair-skin, and the sticks became her ribs.

Nowadays we always see the carabao among the grass and in the river, bathing or playing in the water.

The Star Girls

By Florence Busacay

A man wanted to begin planting rice so he started one day to go and visit his field. He found it in bad shape, for the stones that made the walls had fallen to the ground. There were many weeds growing in the field, too, so he began to fix it. When he was through with his job night was approaching, for it was a hard job.

The next morning he went again to his field. To his surprise, he found the walls destroyed again. So he set to work again. It was evening before he was through with his work again. But he went home happy for he had done his work well.

When the next day came, again he set out to visit the field. He was again met with the same surprise to find the walls of his field once more destroyed. He was angry so he decided to stay

in his field overnight and watch for the person who was always destroying the walls of his field. He waited through the whole day till night came. The stars began to come out, and he sat still, waiting.

Suddenly he saw three stars flying down from the sky. They landed in his field, but now he saw they were no longer stars but three beautiful winged women.

"Aha, I know now the people who come to destroy my field every day," he said to himself. "I must catch one of them."

He saw that the three women were removing their wings, putting them on the ground. This was his chance. He silently crept toward the wings. When he was near enough, he grabbed one pair of wings and shouted. Two stars grabbed their wings and flew away, but the one whose wings the man had got could not do anything for she had no wings. She cried and begged for her wings but the man would not pay any attention to her.

"Please let me have my wings," she cried. "I am really sorry for destroying your field but we couldn't help it. We had to destroy it because you always forgot to put a stick in the middle of the field before you go home."

But with all this begging, the man still paid no attention to her pleas. He took her home and showed her how to do the work that the people on earth do. Every day the woman begged for her wings for she said that she could not bear to smell the odor on earth, but the man would not listen to her.

After some months they married and she bore him a son. She loved the son very much so that when he grew up he always followed her wherever she went. The father, meanwhile, thinking his wife had forgotten about her wings, grew careless about the wings. One day he just put them down on top of a jar and went out. His wife found them and was overjoyed. She put them on and went to call her son. She took her son up in her arms and flew up to the sky.

When the man came home, he found them gone with the wings. He cried bitterly, so that the God Lumawig took pity on him. He asked

him why he was crying, and he told him the story. Lumawig was moved with sympathy.

"Tomorrow," he told the man, "get up early and you will find a rope hanging from the sky. Climb up until you reach the sky. There you will be met by eight beautiful maidens. Among them is your wife, but you will not be able to recognize her. Sit down and wait; then a bee will come and sting one of the women. This woman is your wife." Saying this, he disappeared.

The man then went to sleep and woke up early in the morning. He went outside and, sure enough, there was a rope up to the sky. He climbed it as Lumawig had told him to do. All the things Lumawig related came to pass. He met his wife and child again.

Lumawig loved them very much, and he built a road for them stretching from the sky to the earth, so that if they wanted to go down to the earth for a visit they would have an easy time coming down. It was a beautiful road. Its colors varied, and today we call it the rainbow.

The Child Born Without a Body

By Bibiano M. Capuyan

There was, it is said, Bulawan and Madul-aman who live in the village of Kabidingan (that is, the place of rice-birds). They were married, the former being the husband and the latter being the wife.

These people, it is said, were the *baknangs* of the village. They had many ricefields so that when the palay began to ripen they were bothered every day with ricebirds. Both the husband and the wife, during the scaring-away of ricebirds, had to eat very early in the morning — when it was still so dark not even brothers could recognize each other — and start for their fields, and stay there the whole day until late in the evening.

This husband and wife, it is said, lived together for several years but a child was never born to them. "What kind of people are we?" it is said, said the husband to his wife. "Though we are rich, it is like this: that we have no child. We had better have a *bayas* ceremony to try to have a child someday."

Now, it is said, they began selling some of their ricefields to prepare for the *bayas* ceremony. When everything was ready, they invited all the people of the village to their house and fed them for several days. When the *bayas* ceremony was over the people had to leave, leaving Bulawan and his wife to take care of the house again.

Some months later, it is said, it was seen that Madul-aman was pregnant. This that had never happened before made the family happy and contented with their lot.

Eight months after the *bayas* ceremony, a child was born. But this child was nothing but a head! It had no body whatsoever, only a complete head. The parents were sad and discontented about it, but thought it better to take care of it because it was the only child they had. So they took care of it, and at the age of two years it could talk and acted like the head of a normal person.

A time came, it is said, when the mother had to take the bundles of old palay, which had been kept for several years, out in the sun to be dried so as to make it easier to pound in the mortar. This needed someone to watch so the chickens would not scratch or eat the palay. The wife and husband could not do this because they were going out to the fields to work. So they took out the head-only child to watch over the palay, thinking that it might scare any chicken that came near.

On the ground was a block of wood resting on a stone in the form of a seesaw. On one end of this piece of wood was the winnowing basket with the bundles of palay. On the other end was the child.

When the sun was halfway across the sky, instead of chickens a flock of rice-birds that was flying toward the north stopped at this place where the bundles of palay were and began to eat the grains. While the birds were eating, the child, wondering how to drive the rice-birds away, rolled from the piece of wood to the ground. This caused the piece of wood to be unbalanced and so the basket on the other end was turned upside-down, covering the palay and some of the rice-birds.

The rice-birds that were not caught, seeing that their companions could not escape, begged the child to uncover them. But the child did not, saying, "I can't uncover them unless I have a body to be able to reach the basket. If you want your companions to be saved, make a body for me."

Now, it is said, the rice-birds gathered dirt for a skin, soil for flesh, and some sticks for bones. When the body was complete they connected it to the head and then begged again to have their companions uncovered. But the child still does not, saying, "I can't uncover them unless you make legs for me so that I will be able to walk to the basket, and arms, too, so that I will be able to hold the basket."

Again the birds made the same process and made arms and legs for the child. All was complete — the head, which had been all alone before was now complete with a body, arms and legs. He had the appearance of a boy as he uncovered the rice-birds and thus he gathered, too, the palay that was dumped out and arranged it as before. When the sun set, he gathered the palay and took it inside the house.

In the evening the parents came home from the fields and found no palay in front of their house, and also no child they had put there to watch. They entered the house, which was open, and were surprised to find a child there. They asked who he was, and he answered that he was their child. They could see that his face was the face of their head-only child, but they could not believe him at first, not until he told them how he came to be a whole person. Then the parents rejoiced that their only child was turned into a real human being.

Now that boy is called Bayaya. He never married, but since that time he released the rice-birds from prison, their rice-fields were never attacked by rice-birds during the ripening season of the palay. That man died without any children and his fields which he inherited were taken by his villagemates and even today, it is said, these ricefields never suffer from any birds' attack.

One-Leg

By George Dongail

Once upon a time, when the barrio of Sagada was populated by only four or five families, there was born among them a baby boy who had only one leg. That is to say, his body was complete but had one leg missing. People believed that the boy, Ubi by name, was the child of an Evil Spirit through a human mother.

When the boy was ten summers old, he surprised people by his strength and cleverness. He travelled by leaping and bounding. He leaped over houses, hills, trees and mountains. He travelled like a grasshopper but, because he was much bigger than a grasshopper, his one leap amounted to a kilometer.

Whenever he was sent to cut wood he would come home with a whole tree with its leaves, bark, trunk and roots. He was also very clever in catching fish. He would catch a million kinds of fish all strung together. The only thing Ubi's parents disliked in him was the way he ate. He ate a whole basket of cooked rice each meal, and a whole pig or chicken, too.

One day Ubi's family had no food to eat because Ubi had consumed all their food. Soon his father died of starvation. Ubi and his mother had to work hard to earn their food but the food they found was not even enough for Ubi alone to eat.

However, by a special treatment Ubi received from some Igorot medicinemen, his way of eating became normal. He did not have to eat a whole basketful of rice or a whole roasted pig any more. Thereafter he and his mother lived happily because they could acquire enough food.

Thirty years after Ubi's birth he was made the leader of his Igorot tribe. He ruled his people wisely during the time of peace and led them bravely during the time of war. When his hair became grey and his body old and weak, he was appointed by the people to be emperor of the whole mountainous land of northern Luzon. A short time later he died of old age. His death caused great sorrow and mourning in the land he once ruled.

The Origin of Sagada
By Justo Dongail, Jr.

Generations ago the town of Sagada did not exist. There were only hills and valleys around, but no town.

In one of these hills there dwelt a huge white dog that gave birth to a baby boy. The dog nursed the child and he grew up to be a sturdy boy. When the boy was about ten, he wandered off from their mountain home and got lost. He looked and looked for his dog-mother but couldn't find her. When night came he lay down on the soft grass under a tree and went to sleep. The next day he renewed his search, but in vain. At the end of the second day he came upon the opening of a cave and there he decided to spend the night. As he was looking for a nice snug place to sleep, he heard a voice. He turned around and saw a beautiful woman standing before him.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

The boy told her the whole story — his dog-mother, how he got lost, and his fruitless search.

The woman, being kind-hearted, comforted the boy and said that he could sleep with her. She told him that she had a child, too, a girl, and that she was probably asleep.

The next day the boy wanted to go away and continue his search for his mother, but the woman bade him stay, saying that he should stay in their cave with them because his mother had probably, in her anger over his absence, gone off to another mountain to live. The boy was persuaded and so he stayed and lived with the woman and her child.

Years later, when the boy and the woman's child grew up to be a young man and woman, the woman told them that they must marry. They consented, married, and went to another cave to live. It so happened that this place was what is now known as Demang. Here the first woman and first man of Sagada dwelt. They begot many children, and these in turn multiplied. They came out of their cave and built huts to live in.

That is how Sagada came to be.

Ulo
By Adelaide Golpe

In the days beyond recall, a couple lived a long period of married life and found that they were not so happy as those who had crying and laughing children around so their desire of having a child was very strong. Each day they prayed that the gods might satisfy such a longing even by giving them just a head. It was not long afterwards that just such a thing came to pass. The wife was happy after the birth of the head.

As days passed, Ulo, this child, grew older and took his place among his playmates. He was the cause of much talk in the neighborhood. His mother was envious of other children and wished that hers was like the rest. He became such a problem to his parents that they later were ashamed of him. Finally the parents decided to dispose of him.

"Ulo, let's go out to the woods to get firewood," came the soothing words of his father as the child was one day engaged in play. The child was happy to hear this new thing, for the woods were sure to be an interesting place he had never seen before. They then went off while the sun was not very hot. Poor Ulo just rolled along beside his father.

After having gone a long distance, the elder of the two stopped to search for the largest tree for his purpose. Ulo was called near the tree. Then the father chopped down the tree on the head. The man smiled in relief on his way home.

When he got home smiling, his wife, too, rejoiced as he approached their humble hut. "From now on," boasted the husband, "there will be only two mouths instead of three. A chicken will always last us for several meals!" After supper they started to go to bed in peace, for the man was very tired.

"Ma, *ama*," came a familiar voice from outside the house, "where shall I put this tree?" The father and mother looked at each other in surprise. Supper was hurriedly prepared for the child. He was received with pretended kindness in his home.

Two days elapsed and the father asked Ulo to go fishing with him. As usual, the boy rolled along beside his father. They came to the river at noon. Ulo was asked to go near a big stone. Just as he got near it, the man pushed the stone over, covering the little creature. He walked back home to tell his wife that that was the end of the boy, and they both slept soundly that night.

Early the next morning the woman was surprised to see a huge stone standing in the yard when she went out in answer to the voice of a very tired child. She let the boy in and prepared his breakfast. She was touched by the sight he made. He was only a child yet he didn't grumble about such incidents. The woman gave up the idea of getting rid of him. But that night the man again talked about successfully disposing of the child. The wife gave in after a long period of argument.

About a week later the old woman prepared her best provisions for two people to take on a long hike. It was a long way to go but the father convinced his son that at their destination many wonderful things were to be seen. That night they slept in the thickest part of the woods.

The next morning Ulo woke up to find that he was alone. He looked around but found his father was not with him. He sighed and cried but no help came to lead him home. Alas, he could find no trace of his way home. Suddenly, at that moment his mind was not the mind of a child, but a man's: he realized that his parents did not want him and had thus brought him to this end.

Many days passed and he was there helpless and hungry. He was much relieved when a hunter came his way. After much conversation, he finally persuaded him to bury him since he was not of any use to anybody. Later, squash of luxuriant growth were found on the spot where Ulo was buried, and they grew to enormous size and beauty in that forest.

The Boy Who Became a Wild Hog

By Alfredo Copape

Once upon a time there lived a boy named

Balanga-atan with a sister who had one son. Balanga-atan had no father and mother so he had to live with his sister. He was eight years old.

When he was ten years old, his sister made him do all the household work and everything her family wished him to do. At the time for eating, the boy had a separate room for eating in which the food they gave him was like the food of pigs and dogs.

One sunny day his sister told him to pound rice, take good care of their little son, and do whatever else was necessary so that when the wife and her husband came home they would not have anything to do. It was a hard task for a boy to do everything while caring for a baby, so he left one thing, only one thing, to be done by them for he was very tired. In the evening the couple came home and found that the boy had not fed the pigs. His sister then beat him with all her might until the skin came off his body. Then she drove him from the little hut that night. With no shirt, the boy went to sleep in an empty pigpen, crying and praying that he would rather die than continue to suffer such a terrible life.

The next morning Balanga-atan decided to go to the forest and let himself be eaten by wild beasts. He did not go in to eat but went directly to the forest. His stomach at last craved food for he was very hungry. He lay down on some fine grass, thinking and sighing over the bad treatment his sister had given him. As he was lying there, an old woman appeared to him and asked him why he was crying. Balanga-atan then told the whole story of his life and how he'd rather be a wild hog than suffer it. The woman looked at him closely and saw that he was helpful, innocent and kind.

Now, this woman was a fairy of the forest; and she at once called for the wild hogs. In about five minutes the King of the Hogs came with his followers. Then the woman made the boy sleep and commanded the King of the Hogs to mold the boy's head into the head of a middle-sized hog. The King bit the head with all his might and by the magic voice of the fairy the head was formed. Then every hog did its

part to mold the boy in their image. At last the boy was made a hog. Then the woman woke him up and he found himself standing on four legs. The boy was now very happy and thanked the old woman. Then he went off with the other hogs to roam about, and soon found himself the leader of all, directing the way to fields where they could find plenty of *gabi* to devour, especially his sister's. What had happened did not make his sister unhappy. Instead, she invited all her friends and had a joyous feast—while the wild hogs were enjoying themselves eating up the vast tract land planted with *gabi* by his sister.

The Boy with only Half a Body

By Dominga Omengan

Long before our generation, there lived an old couple who had been married many years without a child. Both man and woman desired to have a baby but for the many years past the woman had been barren.

Then one day they offered prayers very earnestly to God for even a *pisi*—that is, half a body. It was not very long before the woman gave birth to a baby boy that was exactly one half of a boy. In spite of his appearance, his parents rejoiced. After a few days he was called Pisi.

Before many months passed, the mother repented that they had prayed for even half a body of a child. But her husband felt the other way. He said, "Be thankful that a child is born," to his wife. When Pisi grew up to be able to walk, his mother always kept him in the house for she had it in her mind that other boys would always laugh at him.

One day his mother sent him to go to cut wood in the forest with the other boys. When they reached the forest, he sat down to rest while his companions got busy with their loads. But the others dragged him and pushed him and told him to get busy, but he did not mind them. Finally he went to a big pine tree and talked to his *bolo*, telling it to chop the tree down, and prayed to God, too, that he would

have enough strength to carry the load home. So he was left in the woods, and his companions went home and lied to his mother, saying, "Pisi is lost in the woods."

His mother was worried. But some time later he was seen coming home with a big tree. This surprised his parents a great deal, and he told them how his companions always laughed at his half-body. After he ate, he decided that he would leave his parents to go and look for the other half of his body. His parents rejoiced at once, so he started out the following day.

He held his hunger as he passed through the woods until he finally came to a village. In this village there was a rich man who always took pity on those who needed his help. "Of course, you have to do something for him before he will give you your reward," a stranger said. "I will do the best I can," Pisi replied.

At this man's house it first looked as if he would not be let in. But when the man saw him, he asked him what he wanted. After his story was over, he was given three trials. First, cavans of rice mixed with sand were to be sorted out and put back in the sacks; not one grain must be left. But he prayed to every creature to help him, and succeeded in his task. Second, salt was mixed with sand and he had to separate the salt. He did as he had done before and again he succeeded. Third, the man directed that this biggest and highest tank be filled with water. Then a ladder was used for Pisi to climb up and jump into the water and come out again.

When Pisi jumped into the water, he became taller, and when he came out again, his body was complete! For a few days he stayed in the man's house, worked as a servant, and later became the bridegroom of the man's daughter. Then he wished to go home.

At first his parents did not recognize him. But he proved himself to his mother by showing his ear where she had pinched him as a baby. "The completion of your body has brought us great pride in our unfortunate son," his parents told him. They lived happily ever after, and he later won the people's respect.

The Orphan Girls Turned into Stones

By Arthur Dayoday

Long before the Spanish came, the different barrios of the Mountain Province were bitter enemies of one another.

One day a rich young couple went out to work in their fields. This couple had two small daughters. While they were working, three men from another barrio came and killed them. Their two daughters then were left orphans. As they were too young to care for themselves, an uncle took them.

The uncle, however, was full of envy for their inheritance and treated them cruelly. These two little girls, treated in this way, were always sad and wished for death. One morning they changed their wish: if they couldn't die, they wished to be turned to stones. From that day on they went out every morning to pray to God that they might be turned into stones.

After praying thus for many days, they were really turned into stones. The uncle, upon discovering that they had been turned into stones, was overjoyed for their property was at last his. But, alas, it did him no good for a few months later this uncle died, leaving no child to take his place.

The Origin of Tobacco

By George Dongail

Once upon a time, a terrible winter swept over the Igorot lands. People suffered much from the cold, so they prayed and prayed for relief.

Sometime later a Cloud Goddess came upon them and ruled them. The people loved the Cloud Goddess. One day some men went to her and asked if she could give them something to help them not to freeze. The Goddess pitied them so she gave them instructions: they should kill and bury her.

This the people did, and a month after her death, a plant was seen growing on the Goddess's grave. The people tended it well and it grew and grew and grew. Soon the plant multiplied and spread out. That was the first tobacco plant. The people gathered the leaves

and dried them. They were soon ready to smoke.

When the people discovered that the tobacco, when smoked, helped them to keep warm, they made a great feast in honor of the dead Cloud Goddess. The people were reminded of the Cloud Goddess whenever they smoked because clouds of smoke came out of the tobacco.

The Origin of Lake Danom

By Salvador Madalang

There was, it is told, famine in Besao that affected the whole town. The people were so short of food they went to other places to earn food. One bright sunny morning a man came along the road to Sagada intending to earn food there. As he was passing through the place where Lake Danom is situated at present, he saw a small cottage. Around it was a large area planted with *gabi*. The man said to himself, "Well, I had better go there and ask if the owner of those fields will permit me to work for him and in return I might receive some of that *gabi*. Sagada is still very far and my family wants me to bring the food as soon as possible so they won't starve to death."

He went to the house, it is said, where he found a woman. This woman was very old and grayhaired and she was all alone in the house. She was sympathetic when the man came to ask for food so that his family wouldn't starve and she entertained him well. When the man began to eat, however, he discovered that the rice and vegetable bowls were human skulls. Though this was shocking, he went on eating until he was satisfied and full. After he had eaten, the old woman asked him to take the lice off her head. But the man found snakes, centipedes and other animals in her long hair instead of lice! He took them off, however, no matter how terrible they looked to him. For this woman, it is said, was believed to be a goddess.

When the man started to his home, the goddess gave him pieces of husked rice and three *gabi* roots. She instructed him to put the three pieces of rice in three containers when he reached home and plant the three *gabi* the next

morning. The containers he put the rice in were soon full of rice. All around the outside of the house the *gabi* plants spread and sprouted. "Oh, what a mystery!" said the man. The rice and the *gabi* were never consumed even though his family was always supplied. Probably it supplied the family forever, I don't know. At least, when they took half the rice out of the container, the next day it was full again. When they gathered *gabi* from one whole plot, it was thickly planted again the next morning.

One morning, one of the man's children went out to play with other children with two pieces of big *gabi*. The child shared them with the other children. One child took his share and ran home and gave some to his younger sister. His father asked him where he got the *gabi* and he told his father. His father then went to the man who had the *gabi* and asked him where he had got it. The man told him how he got it from an old woman living in a small cottage, somewhere along the way between Besao and Sagada. He was very much interested so he took his son with him and they started out.

On the way to Sagada they finally saw the house of the old woman where the first man had got the *gabi*. They proceeded to the house and found the woman eating and she invited them to eat with her. They ate, but because the bowls of rice and vegetables were human skulls, the man and his son kept spitting in disgust. They were so delicate that they showed disrespect in their eating. They even told the old woman she was a very dirty person because she used skulls for bowls.

After eating, the woman asked the man to take her lice off and he obeyed. But when he saw that her head was full of centipedes, snakes, flies and other animals instead of lice, he discontinued the job. He despised her and began spitting. He said it was too awful a job for him and even if he were to be paid he wouldn't do it. The woman acted very much embarrassed and suggested he go to the *gabi* field and dig up some roots so they might have something to take home. The man was happy to do this so he got a sharp rod and began digging for roots. Suddenly the woman went up

to him and beat him with a rod. Oh, pity him! He became Lake Danom. His son tried to escape but he was overcome and, still worse, he was turned into another lake. This is the smaller lake called Lake Banao. It is just below Lake Danom.

Note: The present people of Sagada still believe that an old goddess lives in Lake Danom. It is told that formerly the lake was entirely hidden by bushes, and that only recently cattle ate them up and the lake became wider.

Ala-alan

By Salvador Madalang

There was, it is told, a young lady named Bangan, who was the most beautiful and most adored among the ladies of the district of Paingan. She surpassed every other young lady of the place she lived in. Her beauty and grace attracted the love of handsome young men who gathered around her day and night. There were many who asked for her hand in marriage but were refused because she didn't love any of them. The day finally came when the worried young men who crowded her house lost all hope and went back to their own homes.

A very handsome young man named Gatan heard the story of Bangan who had so many suitors. This man lived in the village of Maudan. He dressed himself and started for Bangan's home to try his luck. Bangan accepted him at once when he called on her to marry him. She consented to all the arrangements of marriage and after a few days they were married. They begot a baby boy that brought them into a tighter and closer relationship, love and affection for each other. They were happy for some time but then the family met a misfortune.

One day the whole district set aside one day of holiday. Nobody was permitted to go out to the fields but had to stay in his home. Bangan, however, thought it was better to do some work instead of staying idle around the house like a sluggard. She told her husband to stay with their child while she went to the river to bathe and wash their clothes and utensils. She was all alone when she went to the river with a basket of clothes and utensils. No one could be

found along the river except Bangan because everyone else was confined to his home as required by the law of that place concerning holidays.

She finished washing and then bathed herself at the end of the morning. While she was bathing, she beheld a big tall man riding on horseback coming toward her. This man was well-armed and had a bulging stomach. His name was Ala-alan and he lived in the forest called Nanabea-an. His prey were human beings whom he oftentimes captured and devoured. That very moment he captured Bangan, who cried out helplessly, and rode off with her to his home.

Gatan was very much surprised and worried because his wife never came home, even when it was late in the afternoon. He went from the source to the mouth of the river looking for her but she could not be found. He asked help from the people of the district to search for her but she was never found anywhere. The chiefs and wisemen thought she had been caught by Ala-alan because many were captured by him. Hundreds were at the mercy of this cannibal.

Gatan was enraged so he prepared himself with arms. He sharpened his bolo and spear. He had a *caniao* — that is, he butchered a chicken to have good luck — and started on his journey to pursue Ala-alan in order to rescue his wife. On his way, dogs barked at him and the birds flew in the direction he had come from. Alas! This was a sign of bad luck, but because he was enraged he continued his pursuit of Ala-alan.

Ala-alan's house was a big building surrounded by soldiers. The walls and roof were reinforced with stones and iron so that nobody could ever break in. There was only one way leading to the house and this was over a bridge which was really an *ideo* (a spirited big snake that swallows its prey, either human or animal). Gatan kneeled down and prayed to the *ideo* to permit him to walk on its belly to the other side. The *ideo* slowly turned over on its back and so Gatan got safely to the other side. With the permission of the guard soldiers, he went right in to the room of Ala-alan, directed by some of the soldiers. Ala-alan was happy and

said he was glad that Gatan had come to be his lunch. He jumped up with a wide bolo two meters long and the two fought. After a clang and a clash of bolos and daggers, Gatan went down, dead. Ala-alan joyfully took him for a meal.

Many years passed after this while the child of Gatan and Bangan grew big — eighteen years of age. He was named Boliwan. He had been taken care of by his grandfather since he was young. One morning his grandfather told him the story. Boliwan immediately decided to take action against Ala-alan. He asked for his grandfather's sharp dagger and spear to hunt Ala-alan with. His grandfather gladly gave him these things and before he went in pursuit, they performed a *caniao* and a prayer for good luck. They prayed for his success in overcoming his opponent.

It is said that it took him one whole day sharpening his dagger and spear to make them very sharp and glittering. Then at sunrise, he said good-bye to his grandfather and started on his way to rescue his father and mother or fight their captor. Along the way birds flew in the direction he was going. Dogs wagged their tails when they saw him. Aha! These were signs of good luck. The performance of the *caniao* had been successful.

As he approached the bridge of Ala-alan's house, he prayed to the snake just as his father had done, and the *ideo* kept still while he passed over to the other side. When he got to the other side, at first he thought it would be impossible to get by the sentinels who were on guard. But with braveness of heart he spoke and told them that he had come to rescue his parents and challenge Ala-alan. The sentinels made an expression of pity and told him not to go on because no one could ever defeat a giant like Ala-alan. There were many who had tried but they were all slaughtered. There was no hope, then, that if he went in he could live. But Boliwan insisted so they gave him the keys of all the rooms.

He went in with his dagger ready. He opened the room toward the west and he found nothing. He opened the next room and found

Ala-alan drunk, leaning against the table. The latter was awakened by the opening of the door and the footfall of Boliwan. He stood up and, seeing that Boliwan was armed, took out his bolo from its scabbard and commenced the fight.

Ala-alan laughed in his heart because he was so confident that Boliwan would be his weakling prey. With a cling and a clang of their weapons, a foot of Ala-alan's bolo broke off. Boliwan now threw all his energy into the effort of his hand and threw his weapon at his assailant. The blow was successful — the drunk giant neither raised his arm or bent his head to avoid it. The sharp dagger struck its victim right in line with the stomach. He fell down, bleeding to death, and Boliwan hurried to open the room toward the east. In that room he found his mother sitting on a well-cushioned chair. She was thin and pale. They both expressed their love and then the mother told him why he would never find his father.

Boliwan proceeded to open the next room and he found thousands of people newly captured. He released them at once. In the next room were thin people, and in the last were still worse. All these people were happy to be released. They were happy, too, because Ala-alan, who had always menaced people, had been killed. Boliwan and his mother went home and were cordially welcomed by all the people of Paingan. The news reached every ear in the district that Boliwan had ended the life of the cannibal who had consumed one third of the population. Therefore, in the history of the Igorots, Boliwan is recorded and marked as the Saviour of our own people.

The Child Carried Away by a Hawk

By Juanito C. Pageet

There was, it is said, Maganga-an and his wife who lived in the village of Sangya-an. They lived together for many years but never begot a child. For this reason they thought of separating from one another and marrying other people. Day and night this was their talk and no other. Finally they came to agree that they would separate if they had no child at the age

of forty. So they worked during the day and at night they prayed for a child to the Christ. Then at the age of 35, the wife became pregnant. This made Maganga-an and his wife happy for the first time in their lives. Some months later a boy was born and his name was Law-igan.

One day Maganga-an went out to the woods to gather fuel, leaving his wife and her child watching the newborn chicks that were roaming around near the house in order to protect them from any bird that might carry them off. It came to pass, however, when the time came to cook the food, that the wife hurried in to cook the food and left the child outside. As the woman was cooking she heard a noise outside. Her attention was attracted so she ran out to see what was happening. She found the child was not there and when she looked up she was surprised to see a hawk flying away with her child. She shouted for help but she couldn't do anything. She just kept watching the disappearing bird until it couldn't be seen any more.

The hawk came to Sabangan and, due to its tiredness, dropped the child. He alighted in a camote field near a house and was seen by a girl in the house. She ran to see the child that had been dropped and found him alive. She took him to the house and gave him to her father. The family was glad to receive the boy like this and took care of him until he became a man. The father, who had only the one girl, treated the boy like a brother to the girl.

It came to pass that a *babayas* and a *laylaya* came. This family in Sabangan was invited to the feast. Law-igan and the girl prepared for *laylaya*. They rode on horseback and started in the morning, arriving at the place in the afternoon. The playing of games was going on when they arrived. They were so attracted that they didn't think of eating but joined right in with the gongs.

Law-igan danced with the people. When he bent to the right, the earth swayed with him so the eyes of all the people were on him. His so-called sister, too, who when the dancing was going on, found the people crowding around, felt discontent so they started back to their

home. When they arrived at Sabangan, the girl asked her father to marry Law-igan because of the way he danced, explaining to her father that when Law-igan danced, the earth danced with him. The father answered harshly, saying that it couldn't be because he was her brother. But the girl complained that that wasn't true because she had found Law-igan dropped by a hawk. But still the father wouldn't agree.

This made the girl disconsolate for days. Finally she asked her father again to permit her to marry Law-igan before some other young woman came to him. Now the father got very angry and forbid his girl to eat. "Well, father," said the girl, "if you won't permit me to marry Law-igan, don't be sorry if something should happen to me." Then she got a wooden bowl and sat on it right in front of her father and, all of a sudden, she turned into water filling the bowl!

Immediately the father cried and repented, saying to the water that she might marry Law-igan as long as she would turn into a person again. Then he left the house in sorrow. When he went back, he found the girl turned back into a beautiful girl, more attractive than before. The father now kept his promise and so Law-igan and the girl were married. They later inherited the property of the girl's parents and became the richest people in Sabangan.

How Kotkot-Aso Got Its Name

By Priscilla Taga

When the Mountain Trail was still a forest, people there used to engage in hunting. They went from one forest to another looking for wild animals to use for food or the skins to use for shelter and clothing. They tamed the animals, too, and made them guard their houses during their absence.

One day a hunter left his house. He went to a faraway forest where he thought he might find many animals. He really did get many animals. Those animals were mostly wild dogs. He then decided to go home without hurting any of the dogs because he wanted them to be tamed.

After a while, however, the dogs were all panting because they were thirsty. The hunter was thirsty, too, and could walk no longer. He lost his way, and couldn't even remember his family. He really could not walk any farther, nor could his dogs, so he sat down on a stone. His dogs lay down and surrounded him. One dog, however, that was black and white, ran around as though it were mad. It ran to a place where a big, big stone lay just three meters away from where the rest were lying down.

The hunter and the other dogs tried to follow that black and white spotted dog but as they were getting near it, it disappeared. They tried to see where it went but could not locate it any more. The hunter, seeing that the other dogs were thirsty and hungry, went to look for water. In spite of his searching for water, he found nothing. So he went back to the place where his dogs were lying.

As he got near, the black and white spotted dog reappeared again. He saw it digging in the ground, and as it dug deeper the black spots turned to rocks and the white spots turned to water: the water flowed through the rocks. The hunter then changed to water and they all drank some. When they finished drinking, the hunter kneeled down and prayed to thank God.

Nowadays you can see the many branches of that water. Its name is thus Kotkot-Aso because kotkot means "digging" and *aso* means "dog."

The Origin of Kotkot-Aso

By Guillermo Lumbag

Kotkot-Aso is a pass on the Mountain Trail and many believe that it is haunted. This place is part of the mountain a few kilometers from Mt. Data. During the coldest part of the year, December and January, snow is believed to be found on its summit.

Some travellers are even afraid to camp at this place, for supposedly rice won't be cooked even with a very good fire. This is hard to believe but one of those victims of the uncooked rice, my mother, told me this story:

Going back to the 1920's, most of the travel in the Mountain Province was done on foot. In 1925 we made a journey from Sagada to Baguio. On our way we

camped at that place and imagine our surprise when the rice we were cooking didn't even boil though the fire was very good! This incident made us think of Ano so we packed up again and left the place as fast as we could. Upon reaching another good spot for camping here, away from the other spot, we stopped and did our cooking successfully and then proceeded on our way.

I asked her who Ano was and how this place happened to be haunted, and she told me this story:

Many years ago, when the world was still young, there lived a hunter named Ano. He was a small man about five feet tall and skinny. In spite of his physical appearance, he was a very skillful hunter, surpassing the other hunters in other villages.

One day while Ano was hunting on that mountain, he was overtaken by a thunder storm which lasted for a night and a day. As he could find no place for refuge, he sat down beside a big rock and only God knows what happened to him.

After he was absent for three days, the people of his village became worried about him and a searching party found him, very stiff, still in a sitting position with his hands under his armpits. His body was cold and lifeless.

They also looked around for his dog and found him in a hole which he had dug during the storm. Both dog and master were frozen and dead. They were taken from that place but nobody knows where the searchers took his body. Some say that Ano was bought by an American tourist for exhibition purposes. From that time on, people believed that Ano's spirit was still in those parts, and the name *Kotkot-Aso* was given to that spot because his dog had dug a hole there to protect himself from the rain. (*Kotkot*: to dig; *aso*: dog.)

Why Our Heads Cannot Be Removed

By Maria Likigan

A long time ago, when the world was young, people's heads could be removed. People could remove their heads to wash them. They did not have to bother anybody to look for their lice, because they could remove their own heads and see for themselves. People had lots of fun sometimes exchanging their heads.

But one day there was a girl who washed her head and when she was finished washing her head, she examined it carefully and then hung it on the fence in front of the house to dry. Then she went in to cook. When she was inside, a dog came along. The dog thought that the head hanging there was a bone or a piece of meat so he got it and ran away. The neighbors didn't pay any attention because they also thought it was the hairy bone of some animal.

But, alas! when the girl came out, she found that her head was gone. She knew right away that it was a dog that had run away with it. She cried bitterly and for the whole day she cursed and said she wished that the heads of people could not be removed. The god, Lumawig, heard her and pitied her so much that he granted her wish.

That is why our heads cannot be removed nowadays.

Why the Dead Do Not Come Back to Life

By Petra Kuanso

Many years ago, when the world was young, people who died used to rise from the grave three years after their deaths and come to life again. People who died and rose again had their faces facing their backs.

During this time there lived a newly married couple that loved one another dearly. One unfortunate day, the young man got ill. He was afraid he would not recover. He asked his wife to wait for his resurrection in case he died of that illness. He asked her not to marry again after he was gone so that they could live together again when he rose again after three years. The man died a few days later. His wife grieved over his death but she could do nothing but accept the inevitable.

Now, there was another man who was interested in the young widow. He wooed her so that the woman was unable to keep her promise to her former husband and she agreed to marry him. They were married a year after the death of the first husband. They lived together and soon they had a child.

One day the father of the new baby took it out to play. The woman was left to do the work in the house. While she was working, a

man entered. He proved to be her first husband. He had died but had risen again after three years as he had said he would. He asked his wife to clean his head — to pick his lice. His hair had grown very long and it was full of lice, too. The woman picked two of his lice and as she did so, the milk from her breast dripped on the man's head.

Now, it is the belief that the dripping of milk from a mother's breast signifies that the child fed from that breast is hungry. When the man felt the milk on his head, therefore, he knew that the woman had married and had a child. He was sorry for his wife, but what could he do? He told her to go to the child because it was hungry, as shown by the dripping of human milk. She denied that she had a child but the man did not believe her. She could not convince him, so the cord that tied them together was severed and she had to give him up and go to live with her child's father.

The man then took the jar which was used as a water container and went out with it on the pretense of fetching water. But when he got out of the doorway, he threw the jar down and it broke into pieces. He then asked the gods to make people like the jar. When the jar was broken, that was the end of it — it could not be pieced together again. He asked the gods that people be made the same way — when they died, they would be buried and rise no more. The gods must have heard his prayers for now dead people do not rise again.

The Tooth of the Thunder

By Roberto Lacay

In the small barrio of Ambaguio a proud boy was born. He was a naughty sort of fellow. In any trouble committed by the children he was always the ringleader. Oftentimes he was punished for insulting the beliefs of the venerable old men of the barrio.

One day he was called by an old man to his house. The old man told him many frightening stories with the idea of improving the boy's conduct. The boy's name was Ebbong. But after the old man finished his stories, Ebbong laughingly thanked him and hopped out.

Ebbong went to join his playmates. He gathered them around him and related the old man's stories to them. The children were all scared. Ebbong was able to scare the other children but he had not been scared himself.

One of the stories Ebbong heard from the old man was that thunder would strike anyone who is shouting during a thunderstorm. He was so curious about this and not frightened that he went out during a thunderstorm and shouted at the top of his voice. The old men then went to Ebbong's father to *multaen* — that is, punish by taking one of his chickens — him for Ebbong's misdemeanor. Ebbong got very angry at the old men, especially when he expected to get a share of the chicken meat but they didn't give him any. The old men cursed Ebbong. They wished him to be struck by lightning or to be killed by a wild animal. They said all sorts of fearful things to curse him.

Once during a barrio feast, an old man stood up in the midst of the crowd and shouted that some day Ebbong would have his head taken off by lightning. This made Ebbong very angry and he sought some means for revenge. But the old man was the real head of the barrio and respected by all the villagers. Finally Ebbong decided on a plan.

One stormy day he called his brother to go with him to a nearby cave. His younger brother obeyed. They went to the cave north of the village together. When they got there, Ebbong started to gather wood and pile it in the cave. His younger brother Kangaio began to suspect something wrong but he could do nothing against his aggressive brother; he had to obey Ebbong. They both gathered wood the whole day until the huge cave was almost filled. In the evening they went home.

After two months, the rainy season began. Thunder frequented the heavens. One stormy day Ebbong called his brother Kangato and again they went to the same cave. The merciless rain didn't deter Ebbong. They went to the cave and Ebbong started a big blaze at the entrance to the cave. "You keep quiet and stay there in the corner," he told his brother. Then he went out and shouted at the top of his voice to the thunder. "Come and fight and see if you can

defeat me!" he shouted, and then ran in the cave.

The thunder violently struck the stone they were hiding under, but the fire in the entrance prevented its coming in the cave. (It is believed that thunder is afraid of fire.) Ebbong repeated this action three times. The third time he found the tooth of the thunder in front of the cave. He shouted again, but there was no more thunder to come. "We've beat the thunder," he told his brother. "Let's go home." As they went home, the weather was calm.

They straightway went to defy the old men when they got home and chide them for their foolish beliefs. They showed the old men the tooth of the thunder proudly. When the old men heard the story, they were greatly frightened. They called a council of old men to talk the matter over. They agreed to have a *caniao* to appease the anger of the god of the thunder. They got a pig from Ebbong's father for the *caniao*.

Later the tooth of the thunder was imitated so we now have the ax to cut down trees. Anyone having the tooth will always be lucky in either hunting or fishing.

The First Monkey

By Baltazar Lardizabal

A long, long time ago there lived a mother and a daughter. The daughter was very lazy.

One day when her mother was working on the cotton they had gathered, she said to her mother, "When you plant the cotton, is that a dress already?"

The mother smiled because of her funny question and said, "No, daughter, it's not a dress. You must plant it first, gather the pods when they split, dry them in the sun afterwards, then get them and beat them so as to have the small seeds separated from the cotton."

Her daughter said, "After the beating, is it a dress, mother?"

"No, my daughter, after beating all the seeds clean, we then spin it into thread."

The daughter, who was very curious, still asked questions. "When the cotton is spun into thread, is it a dress, mama?"

"Oh my daughter, you must starch it first and after it dries, roll it into balls of thread. Then we place it in the loom and weave it."

"So, mother, after the weaving, it's a dress?" She was happy because she thought the cotton would now be a dress, but her mother continued.

"It must be cut into pieces first."

"So then it's a dress, mother?"

"Not yet, it must be sewn first."

Her mother couldn't stop her from asking more questions, and she said, "After it's sewed, is it a dress then, mother?"

The mother replied, "Yes."

But the lazy daughter, because she now realized all the hard work of making a dress, got the cotton they were beating and covered her whole body with it. Then she got the sticks and put one in her behind and it became a tail. The cotton which she put on her body became hair, and she was the first monkey.

The Woman Who Delivered a Boy and a Cat

By Lizardo Yodong

Long, long ago in Kayangan, Sagada, there lived a poor man named Lawingan with his wife Lalacan and their two daughters Bangan and Bugan. Their house was a small cogon-roofed hut built in the midst of mango and banana trees. They had no neighbors with whom they could associate. The nearest house to their dwelling was about four kilometers away.

About half a kilometer away from their house was a beautiful and deep-mouthed cave. It was so dark that many people were afraid to enter it. The cave was famous as the dwelling place of different kinds of birds so many people entered it to watch the birds build their nests and catch them for food, even in spite of the frightfulness of the cave.

Lawingan's family was so poor that they lived solely upon the fruits of the banana and mango trees that grew naturally around their house. They ate rice only when someone brought rice to exchange for the bananas and mangoes.

One day Bangan and Bugan thought they'd go to the cave and watch the birds build their nests. They prepared their torch and entered the cave bravely. They were going on, hoping to

see some birds build their nests when suddenly they heard a voice say, "*Gawis ta inmalicayo*" (it's good you came). They looked around for the speaker but they saw no one. They went ahead into the depths of the cave, hoping to see some person who had entered the cave before them and uttered such words. But they found no one. Instead they found a beautiful cat seated on an elevated platform watching a dozen strings of beads. The cat showed signs of pleasure when the two sisters went near him.

Because of their greed, and since the beads would be highly valuable property, Bangan drove the cat away while Bogan picked up the beads. Then they hurried away, planning to show their new valuable property to people. But before reaching the mouth of the cave they found that it had no outlet. They went back and forth, thinking they had gone the wrong way, but they hopelessly lost the way they had entered the cave. Finally they sat down and prayed to the evil spirits (*anito*) to let them out. After a few hours the cave suddenly opened and the two sisters came out and went home.

A few weeks later, Bangan was found to be pregnant but she had no husband. Her father, being ashamed of what had happened, disowned Bangan and forced her to leave the house and not show herself there any more. Bangan left her father's house slowly and went out to the meadow where she stayed for many months, eating wild fruit roots.

At the end of the tenth month, Bangan gave birth to a male cat and a baby boy. The young cat was very similar to the cat Bangan had seen in the cave almost a year before. Bangan took her children, the cat and the boy, and went to the cave and there they lived for a few weeks, eating raw camotes which Bangan secured from a camote field near the cave. After a few weeks the cat became strong enough to leave Bangan and his boy brother and he went off into the cave.

When Bangan's son was old enough, she took him to Kayangan to her father's house. She was afraid to show herself to her father but because of her poverty she had to, so she and her son entered his house. Lawigan welcomed them,

however, because he was now sorry for his daughter and his grandson who had no father.

When Bangan's son was a few years older, he mysteriously turned the hills nearby to rice fields and then Lawigan's family became the richest family in their village. The cat helped to catch the rats in the rice fields so the palay was unmolested from planting time to harvesting time. But Bangan never married.

The Sacred Tree

By Victor Lardizabal

In the *ili* the pagans worship a certain tree as sacred. This tree is so sacred that the tribes are afraid to cut a bit of it except if their oldest man or the man acting as their leader dies. Then some men will go and cut it down for cooking the food for the people in the old man's house.

The pagans believe that if a certain village is in danger of accident by fire, landslide or any other kind, this tree in that village will protect the village. Thus the tree is the protector of the village near which it stands.

During feast days, the so-called *cañao*, the pagans and their leader go and kill some pigs and chickens under this tree. They will have a crowded procession, too. If the people do not meet any creatures such as a snake or bird, the procession is lucky in one way only. But if the watchers in the *dap-ay*, a house serving as the pagan's church, see the people in the procession turn black, they will be unlucky, but if they become red, they will be successful. And if the people do not meet any creatures and become red just as they reach the tree, they will have good crops and be successful in everything during the following year.

When the people come back from the tree, they go directly to the *dap-ay* and kill pigs and chickens while others sound the gongs and let other people, young or old, dance. In the *dap-ay* after the pigs and chickens are killed, the oldest man says a prayer of thanksgiving called *sos-oa* and while he is saying this to thank their God, the people must be quiet. After this is done, the old men sing the *liwliwa*, as they call it, while the young men sound the

gongs and dance with the ladies. Sometimes this feast lasts for a week or more and the food is free to all in the *dap-ay* during this feast. Their food supply comes from the people, for every person going there takes rice, camote or anything else.

And when this feast is over they will have holy days again. This holy day is called *obaya*. Sometimes the holy day lasts for several days. No one is to go out of the village. If a person goes out, he might get sick or die from anitos.

How Sagada Got Its Name

By Santiago Lominio

During the Spanish regime, Sagada was settled by a group of peace-loving people. It was covered with forest, mostly pine trees. These early people of Sagada found some small people known as Negritos hunting in the forest. They drove the Negritos away and began a settlement in the lower part of the valley. These settlers wore the bark of trees for their G-strings and were otherwise entirely naked. They cleared the forest and began to raise camotes, a little rice and vegetables – just enough for their own use.

They increased more and more till the forest was all cleared away but still the food which they raised was not enough for them. From time to time they were so hard up for food that it was necessary for them to import food from other places outside the valley. They had to import rice, salt, sugar and clothes from the lowlands. There were no roads in those days, so it was very hard for these people to bring food up from the lowlands to the Mountain Province. They were like animals going to the lowlands and bringing up heavy loads of food.

Their chief occupation was fishing. They had a net called *sagada* for catching fish. This net is common here even now. The people came to think that it was necessary to call this place Sagada because it imported almost everything it needed.

Why Some Are Pagans And Some Are Christians

By Paulina Malugdas

A good many years before Christianity came into the Mountain Province, there lived in

Tanulong two brothers. They were called Abaya and Dina-ongan. Abaya was the older and Dina-ongan was his younger brother. At that time, people inhabiting that place were very few.

One bright morning they started out for a place they thought would be better. That place was called Candang (which is at present called Candon) in the province of Ilocoş Sur. So they set out on their journey. According to the story, they travelled for many days and finally reached the place where they were bound. But before they reached that place, they had to encounter difficulties on the way. At that time there were no roads or any modern means of travel. However, that was fate so it did not matter to them. They didn't give up the journey. In spite of their difficulty and the heat of the sun, they pushed forward.

After a perilous journey, they saw many people busy tilling the soil of the mountains. Some were planting rice and some were plowing. The women in that province wore loose strips of cloth which hung down from the waistline to the foot, with another piece of cloth for the top. The lower piece was called *pan de ling* in the olden times. The men wore pants with their shirts not tucked in.

Upon arriving at that place they had to make acquaintance for they knew nobody there. The people who knew Christianity invited them to their house. After staying there some time, these Cambaba (or Christian people) began to ask for information about them. Upon learning that these two brothers were pagans, they began to talk of how they could convert them to Christianity. The two brothers didn't know what was going to happen to them. However, they found out later. But on learning of the people's plans, they ran away for fear of God of whom they had never heard before. They had a god called Lumaweg, too, but they worshipped him in an entirely different way.

But the two brothers were followed by these Cambaba for the sake of making them believe and worship their God in their way. Still they refused to be converted for fear of the Cambaba's God. So they were still followed. They were followed until they reached Kitang (a

mountain just above Tanulong) and there they were caught. The Cambaba people got hold of Abaya, the elder, while Dina-ongan escaped and went back to his town and remained a pagan. But his elder brother was taken back to Candang and baptized. Thus some people came to follow Abaya, a Christian, and some followed Dina-ongan, the pagan.

The Origin of the Rocks of Sagada

By Alipio Owaten

Many years ago there lived only a few people in this place. These people gathered together one day and one of the men said, "Let's vote a man who is very brave to rule over us. But first of all, let that man fight the thunder." One proud man rose up and said, "I had better be the one." Then he went home and got his big club and his stone ax and started on his journey to fight the thunder.

Not more than a kilometer away from the village he remembered something that could anger the thunder. He came to the brook where there was a cave that was wide enough for his body to fit in and it was about ten meters long. As everything was now ready to fight that huge person who could shout and his voice could be heard to the corners of the earth, he went out and challenged the thunder. At his challenge, the thunder began to shout and come down from the sky and dashed at the cave where the man was hiding, but the thunder couldn't get him. A second time the thunder was successful and the man in the cave was smashed to pieces.

After this great but short war between these two, there grew along the brook many white stones like castles. These stone castles were the bones of the man who had been defeated in the fight. In these castles there were beautiful caves and inside them you can still see many beautiful stones hang-down. In addition to this, the blood of the man became the red clay that in this place is mixed with the natural clay.

The Origin of Lake Banao

By Isabel Bicaca

In the early days when the men of the tribes of Bontoc were still very savage and unknown

to the people in the western part of Bontoc — that is, Besao — a man from Tetep-an came to Besao to seek food. On his way home, his pig squealed near the place where the present Lake Banao is, which was then a *gabi* field. After the pig squealed, a woman appeared and asked him what he wanted. He told his purpose, so she invited him into her house. Then they talked of exchanging the pig for *gabi*, and this was agreed upon. But before they concluded the bargain, the woman asked the man to pick off her lice.

The woman's hair was so thick and long it was hard for the man to part. When he touched her head, there he saw a big green centipede. Realizing now that this woman must be someone supernatural, he killed the insect with difficulty, then another and another. Some others were like snakes. Then when they went in for lunch, he was again greatly surprised to see the dishes were parts of a human body! For a vegetable bowl they used a human skull, and for a dipper a human arm and hand, the fingers cupped for the purpose. For getting the rice out of the pot, they used a human scapula. The man was so afraid of the woman, however, that he ate without saying anything and then went home.

When he got home, people were surprised to hear his story. Not long after this incident, a woman went to buy a pig to butcher and when she reached that spot she pinched the pig's ear to make it squeal and attract the woman's attention. She also took her child with her. But when she saw the old woman's lice, she was so frightened by the insects on the old woman's head she refused to pick them off. And when she and the child were invited for lunch, she refused to eat because of the strange dishes.

The old woman was displeased and told her to go out and gather *gabi*, which she did. But when she was in the field, the woman told her she would suffer for her conduct, and the *gabi* field suddenly turned into the deep lake which it is now! In the beginning, there was a statue in the middle like a woman calling for help. But when that statue was cut down, blood gushed out. The child suffered a similar fate, and was turned into a smaller lake but a few meters below the mother lake.

During the rainy season, people still hear the woman calling for her daughter and complaining that she is filthy because of the carabaos always wallowing there. During the summer, people also see her come out of the lake and go to a spring nearby, and when she does that the water in the lake becomes much smaller.

The Man Who Became a Stone Fountain

By Innocencio Comicho

In the prehistoric period of the Philippines, long, long ago, before any man of steel came to introduce Christianity to the hostile inhabitants of the archipelago, there roamed as most of us know, Lumawig, the supreme God of the Igorots. According to tradition, he was supposed to be Jesus Christ who came to visit the Islands. Well, no one knows.

Lumawig had a brother-in-law, Fakalan. Fakalan was jealous of his brother-in-law Lumawig's spreading popularity, but he pretended to be a follower of Lumawig. One day while Lumawig and his followers, including Fakalan, were journeying from Samoki to Malegcong, a nearby village, the day became very hot. After walking several kilometers, the people following Lumawig began to feel thirsty. So Fakalan said, "If you're really a god, why don't you just strike this rock and water will come forth to satisfy our thirst?"

"Be patient," answered Lumawig.

Fakalan kept murmuring. The journey went on. Then they came to a brook. Lumawig's followers ran to it but found no water in it. "If you're really a god, we are thirsty — thrust your spear into this rock," said Fakalan again.

"Wait till the next brook," replied Lumawig.

Thus the journey went on and on till they reached the next brook. Then Lumawig shouted to his people. "Everybody take a drink, but Fakalan drink last."

His followers all drank from the cool water of the brook. When Fakalan's turn came, he went to get a drink, too. But while Fakalan was bending over the water, using his spear to support his body, Lumawig put his spear in Fakalan's anus and Fakalan turned to a stone statue. Lumawig then thrust his spear into the

anus of the statue, and water ran forth. It can still be seen high up on a cliff east of the barrio of Malegcong. It is situated on a cliff because when Lumawig left the brook, all the land behind the statue slid down the mountain and left only the cliffs where the statue stands.

Origin of the Rice Bird

By Hobart Komilong

In a certain village a boy was very much in love with a young woman. But although they loved one another, the family of the boy did not want the boy, Felin, to marry that girl.

One day the two lovers agreed to meet in a certain place, but Felin's parents, upon learning of the lovers' agreement, would not let him go. They then persuaded him to go to watch their vast rice terraces in Baguio. Felin did not want to do what his parents proposed but soon he was forced to yield to them. His father told him that if he did not, he was no longer a son of his and he would be out of the family.

While Felin was arguing with his parents, Bomangan, his sweetheart, went to the place they had agreed to meet. She waited and waited but Felin did not come. Because of her faithfulness she stayed where they were supposed to meet all night.

Felin did not follow his parents' orders. On his way to their vast terraces he planned to kill himself. It was a hot day when he arrived at the boundary of their rice terraces. Being unable to stand the heat, he went into the shade of the granary, getting inside where they put the palay during harvest. As he entered the granary, he saw a big basket which his mother kept there. In his sadness he got the basket and put it over him. Inside the basket he prayed that his parents should remember him until the last generation by having to guard their rice terraces against birds. His prayer was answered and he was turned into many rice birds. But the birds could not get out because they were covered by the basket.

When it was getting dark and Felin had not come home, his father had to go look for him. He went directly to the place he had sent Felin. When he reached the field, he heard a voice in

his granary. When he looked in, he was surprised to find the basket turned upside-down. Just as he was about to turn the basket over, his son's spirit talked. "Here I am — turned into rice birds, to be your number-one enemy — I'll eat your rice every year!" The father turned the basket over at once and about a thousand rice birds flew out.

The Baby Born Without a Head

By Martin Banglawayco

There was once a man named Cawit. He had a wife named Magay. They had no child. Nearby was a cave where some valuable things were believed to have been left by the Spaniards. One day Cawit said, "I will go and get the costly necklace and jar in the cave." So the next day he started out for this purpose.

He took a ladder so he could reach the place when he got there. At the cave, he climbed up the ladder and took the necklace and the costly jar, and then took them home. They kept these things about three months when the wife gave birth. When the child was born, it had no head — it was just like the jar. That night, Cawit reasoned that if he didn't return the jar, he would die, but if he did return it, his wife would die. The next morning he took the things and returned them.

A month later his wife died. The child also died, five days later. The man lived until he was very old. The jar and necklace can be found there yet in the cave called Balanyan.

The Man Who Could Turn Into a Pig

By Wallace Dongga-as

In the northern part of the Mountain Province, Bangilo is a barrio just west of Balbalasang. This barrio is believed to be a place where corn, rice and sugar grew very well.

Once there lived a man in that barrio who was sixty years old. This man had a very good wife who treated her husband very kindly. They lived happily together but they had no children so the husband did not need to work hard on his farm. When the man was fifty, he found himself so poor that he could only live by stealing. For ten years this had happened:

the man turned himself into a wild pig and roamed in the night searching for any kind of plants.

This caused much destruction among the people's plants. If the people hunted this pig with dogs at night, the pig would run as fast as he could into the barrio. The dogs stopped chasing when they reached the barrio. The hunters were always surprised that this pig ran directly into the barrio when chased by dogs. The thief's wife, when she woke in their bed in the morning, was surprised to hear the stories her husband would tell. Sometimes he told his wife where there were wide fields of corn on the mountain.

One night a famous hunter in the barrio went out with his dogs to his corn field which was being destroyed by pigs. A pig eating there surprised the man because this pig seemed to be eating like a man and the footprints were very much bigger than the footprints of a pig. Ear after ear of corn was already destroyed. The hunter and the dogs chased the pig and the hunter struck off one of its front legs. The pig ran quickly, followed by the hunters and dogs, all the way home.

In the morning the hunter happened to go to the thief's house. The hunter was surprised to see his spear placed against the wall of the house. He entered. He found the man very badly wounded in the arm, his left hand. The hunter suspected this man had been the one he had hunted during the night. So the hunter watched him carefully and talked about him.

The next night, again, there was a disturbance — this time quarreling dogs. The man had turned himself into a large dog and entered some of the houses and eaten what food he could find. This big dog was seen by some people — it walked somewhat as if one leg was broken. This dog fought with any other dog he met. But when this dog entered a certain house, the man shouted and called the people. The people came with arms. The people caught the dog with a rope and a bat and batted the dog over the back so the dog died. The man who owned the house tied it with a rope and then the people went to sleep again.

In the morning the man went to look at the

dog. The dog was not there. Only the rope was left. About eight o'clock that morning the thief began to die, saying to his wife that he had a very great pain in his back. The man breathed his last breath, and the woman cried with all the relatives who were present. The people put the dead man in a big box and buried him.

After the demise of this man, the people realized that this man had been the one causing the trouble in the barrio. His wife admitted that during the night she used to sleep only with the head of a man and his blanket. From the day the man died, people's crops flourished with no more destruction by pigs.

The Tooth of the Thunder

By Augustus A. Saboy

In the northern part of Luzon there is a village called Balbalasang, surrounded on two sides by mountains covered with pine trees. Many years ago the Saltan river in this place was covered with pine trees. Above the river, looking towards the mountain, was the house of a witch doctor called Sagtet.

This witch doctor was sixty-six years old. She wandered from place to place to cure sick people. The person who was cured by this witch doctor had to give some gift to her, such as a bowl or a chicken or pig.

One rainy day when she was walking along a road, she stopped for a moment in the shelter of a pine tree. Finally a thunderstorm came up. The day became darker and darker. So she stayed under the tree for an hour. After an hour under the tree, the rain stopped, but still the thunder went on. She decided then to go away from the tree. When she was walking along, the rain came again and the lightning followed by thunder did not stop. She was so wet she was forced to stop again under a pine tree. When the rain stopped, she got up and started off again.

When she was walking this time, there came a very bright flash of lightning, followed by the loudest sound of thunder that was ever heard. As soon as the thunder stopped, she stopped for a moment and saw that the tree was split into pieces, all of its branches off, and a fire in

the tree. She saw the thing that had split the wood and went deep into the trunk of the tree.

After the fire in the tree was out, she went to look at the trunk of the tree. She stopped and examined it: smoke was rising out of the trunk of the tree. She urinated on it, and when she dug out the soil, she found a black thing like the head of an ax. She took it out and carried it to Balbalasang, and until this time we keep it as a remembrance of the witch. Sometimes we use it as medicine for pigs.

The Divided Child

By Ines Dalingay

Once there was a man who was a good hunter. One day he went out to hunt and he happened to cross a river. While he was crossing the river, he saw a beautiful girl near the bank of the deepest part of the river. He was surprised to see a girl as beautiful as the river. The man went closer to the girl and asked, "Where did you come from?"

The girl answered, "I am the Rainbow, that's why I'm in the river."

They conversed for some time and by and by the man said to the girl, "We will go to our house and you will be my partner." So the girl accepted the man and went to his house.

Days went fast and they had a daughter. Every day the man went to hunt and when he came back he was always loaded with the deer that he got. One time the girl said, "Don't throw the bones of the deer around the house because the dogs might eat them." Then she said, "I must gather them up and throw them in the water." The people of the village believed her.

Every day she gathered up the bones and went to the river. But instead of throwing the bones away, she ate them all. This happened for many days. When people went to the river to take a bath, they wondered why there were no bones in the river. One day they decided that her husband should observe her the next time. So he did.

When he went to watch her, he saw the girl was eating the basket of bones. The girl was very much ashamed of herself. She was too

ashamed to stay any longer. So she said to her husband, "Now that you have seen what I am doing, we'd better separate."

The man didn't want this, but the girl insisted because she was so ashamed of herself. They had only one daughter, so the girl said, "Let's divide our daughter," and they did. The girl took the upper part of the body, and he took the lower part. So they separated, and the girl went up to the sky with half the child.

After that, people always saw the rainbow with different colors. The smallest part of the rainbow is their daughter.

The Boys Devoured by a Stone

By Alfred Lomeng

Once upon a time in a Tingian village, two boys decided to go fishing. They prepared their fishing materials early in the morning. When the sun rose in the sky, they started without their parents' notice.

They arrived at the bank of the river with a light heart. How happy they were when they began fishing! They decided to stay on top of a big flat stone for they knew that at the bottom of it were plenty of fish.

While they were fishing, the older boy caught a brown fish. In less than a minute, the other caught a black fish spotted with white. These fish were similar to the rest but their colors were different. The boy who caught a brown fish called the fish "Brownny" and the other called his "Spotty." They decided to separate them from the rest and put them on the bank of the river, calling them by those names and advising them not to get out of place. Everytime they spoke to the fish, they laughed.

Then the weather became darker and darker, followed by a thunderstorm. The boys didn't

know they were about to be punished; they still talked to the fish on the bank of the river, laughing at them at the same time.

At noon, while they were still fishing, the thunderstorm became worse. Suddenly, they were surprised by the stone. The big stone on which they were sitting began to open up! They tried to escape the opening stone, but the stone was so quick in opening that the two boys failed to jump in time. The stone opened up and immediately it closed again. The body of the boys was swallowed up by the stone, leaving only their heads. A woman happened to go fishing and just then passed these heads. She was so frightened that she stopped and went home to tell the news to the people in the village.

The news quickly spread all over the village, and to the small barrios surrounding it. Children even at present, and fishermen, too, still go to catch fish, but not to make fun of the fish they catch, not to laugh at them.

Note

ROY F. BARTON, the late great authority on the religion and culture of the Ifugaos, taught history in high school of the Mission of St. Mary the Virgin, Sagada, for three months in 1940, after which he proceeded to Burnay, Ifugao, to continue anthropological investigations. During his stay in Sagada, he had his students record Igorot legends. This collection was copied and presented to the University of Santo Tomas Museum, Ethnological Section, by Samuel S. Schier as an internee project in May-June 1942.

Barton's original collection included several stories of Ilocano or extra-Igorot origin, which are not included in this publication. It should be pointed out, moreover, that some of these legends appear to be the product of students' imaginations rather than genuine local legends.