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BAGOBO MYTHS

BY LAURA WATSON BENEDICT

THE following stories were obtained from the Bagobo people, one of the groups of pagan Malays in southeastern Mindanao, Philippine Islands. Their habitat is on the eastern folds of the Cabadangan mountain-range, in the vicinity of Mount Apo, the highest peak, and on the foothills thence sloping down to the west coast of the Gulf of Davao. They practise a primitive agriculture—raising corn, rice, camotes, and several vegetables—in fields and little gardens at the edge of the forests. Their garments are of home-grown hemp; and their artistic interests centre largely around the decorative designs produced in dyeing, weaving, and embroidery.

In spite of physical barriers interposed by mountain-spurs, frequent swift-flowing rivers, and dense undergrowth in the forests, there is considerable intercourse between the small villages, each of which contains from two to twenty or more houses. The people take long journeys on horse and on foot over the trails to assemble at ceremonial festivals and for purposes of trade, as well as for social visiting. On such occasions, stories and songs are repeated.

That the component parts of the stories have been drawn from numerous and widely separated sources, is apparent, even at a cursory glance. Among these sources, the folk-lore material of Sanscrit writers seems to have left a distinctive impress upon the Bagobo mythical romance. Against a Malay background, and blended with native pagan elements, are presented chains of episodes, characteristic personalities, methods for securing a magical control of the situation, that suggest vividly parallel literary forms in the Sanscrit saga. Still more, one is conscious of a prevailing Indian atmosphere, that may sometimes elude analysis, yet none the less fails not to make itself felt. But as to the line of ethnic contacts which has transfused this peculiar literary quality into Malay myth, — whether it is to be traced solely to the influence exerted by Hindoo religion and Hindoo literature during ages of domination in the Malay archipelago, or whether we must reconsider the hypothesis of an Indonesian migration, — this is a problem of great complexity, for which no satisfactory solution has yet been offered.

Modern foreign increments that have filtered into the stories from the folk-lore of neighboring wild tribes — notably that of the Bilan, the Tagacolo, and, to a less extent, the Culaman and Ata — will have to be sifted out eventually. In illustration of this point, one tale known to be outside of Bagobo sources is here introduced. The story of "Alëlük

and Alëbū'tud" was told by an Ata boy to a Bagobo at the coast, who immediately related it to me. It was unquestionably passed on in Bagobo circles, and has become a permanent accession. Yet this was the sole case that came under my observation of a social visit made by an Ata in a Bagobo house; for the Ata live far to the north-west of the Bagobo, and are extremely timid, and "wild" in the popular sense. Recent ethnic influences from higher peoples, pre-eminently the Moro and the Spaniard, will have to be reckoned with. The story of "The Monkey and the Turtle" is clearly modified from a Spanish source.

The myths here presented include only those of which no texts were recorded. A part of the material was given in the vernacular and interpreted by a Bagobo; a part was told in English, or in mixed English and Bagobo. The stories were taken down in 1907, on Mount Merar in the district of Talun, and at Santa Cruz on the coast.

As regards subject-matter, the stories (*ituran*¹) tend to cluster into groups fairly distinguishable in type. Foremost in significance for the cultural tradition of the people is the *ulit*, a long, romantic tale relating in highly picturesque language the adventures of the mythical Bagobo, who lived somewhere back in the hazy past, before existing conditions were established. Semi-divine some of them were, or men possessing magical power. The old Mona people; the Malaki, who portrayed the Bagobo's ideal of manhood; and the noble lady called Bia, — these and other well-marked characters figure in the *ulit*.

Another class of stories deals with the demons known as Buso, who haunt graveyards, forests, and rocks. These tales have been built up by numerous accretions from the folk-lore of many generations. The fear of Buso is an ever-present element in the mental associations of the Bagobo, and a definite factor in shaping ritual forms and magical usages. But the story-teller delights to represent Buso as tricked, fooled, brought into embarrassing situations.

Still another type of myth is associated with cosmogony and natural phenomena. It is probable that more extended research would disclose a complete cosmogonic myth to replace the somewhat fragmentary material here offered.

The number of explanatory animal tales thus far collected is surprisingly small. Doubtless there are many more to be gathered. Yet, in view of the comparatively scanty mammalian fauna of Mindanao, we might anticipate a somewhat limited range of animal subjects.

It will be observed that these groups of stories, tentatively thus classified for convenience, are not separated by sharp lines. Buso figures prominently in the *ulit*; animals play the part of heroes in Buso tales; while in nature myths the traditional Mona are more or

¹ The general name for a story, of whatever type.

less closely associated with the shifting of sky and sun. But this is merely equivalent to saying that all the tales hang together.

A word as to the form of the stories and the manner of narration. Here we find two distinct styles dependent on the content of the myth. The tales of animals, cosmogonic myths, and the folk-lore of Buso, are all told in prose, with many inflections of the voice, and often accompanied by an animated play of dramatic gesture. In marked contrast is the style of the mythical romance, or *ulit*, which is recited in a rapid monotone, without change of pitch, with no gestures, and with a regard to accent and quantity that gives a rhythmic swing suggestive of a metrical rendering.

Although Bagobo songs are often designated as men's songs and women's songs, in the case of the stories I have found as yet no monopoly by either sex of any special type. The *ulit*, however, is often told by a young woman just after she leaves the loom, when darkness drops. She sits on the floor, or lies on her back with hands clasped behind her head, and pours out her story in an unbroken flow to the eager young men and girls who gather to listen. Again, I have seen a girl of thirteen the sole auditor while a boy but little older than she rolled off an *ulit* that seemed interminable, with never a pause for breath. The children did not glance at each other; but the face of each was all alight with joy at the tale.

I. MYTHS ASSOCIATED WITH NATURAL PHENOMENA

I. COSMOGONY

In the beginning, Diwata¹ made the sea and the land, and planted trees of many kinds. Then he took two lumps of earth,² and shaped them like human figures; then he spit on them, and they became man and woman. The old man was called Tuglay,³ and the old woman, Tuglibung.³ The two were married, and lived together. The Tuglay made a great house, and planted seeds of different kinds that Diwata gave him.

Diwata made the sun, the moon, the stars, and the rivers. First he made the great eel (*kasili*), a fish that is like a snake in the river, and

¹ Among the Bagobo the name "diwata" is used rather as a collective than as a specific term, and refers to the gods in general, or to any one of them. Pamulak Manobo, creator of the earth, is the *diwata* here referred to.

² In Malayan-Arabic tradition, Adam was moulded from a lump of clay mixed with water (cf. W. W. Skeat, *Malay Magic* [1900], pp. 21-22); but the suggestion may as well have come from a Jesuit story.

³ Tuglay, the "old man" of Bagobo myth, and Tuglibung, the "old woman," were the Mona, who lived on the earth before time began. Tradition says that they were acquainted with only the rudest of Bagobo arts and industries; that they were very poor, and dressed themselves in the soft sheath torn from the coconut-trees. Tuglay and Tuglibung are not specific, but general, names for all those old people of the tales.

wound¹ it all around the world. Diwata then made the great crab (*kayumang*), and put it near the great eel, and let it go wherever it liked. Now, when the great crab bites the great eel, the eel wriggles, and this produces an earthquake.

When the rain falls, it is Diwata throwing out water from the sky. When Diwata spits, the showers fall. The sun makes yellow clouds, and the yellow clouds make the colors of the rainbow. But the white clouds are smoke from the fire of the gods.

2. IN THE DAYS OF THE MONA

Long ago the sun hung low over the earth. And the old woman called Mona said to the sky, "You go up high, because I cannot pound my rice when you are in the way."

Then the sky moved up higher.

Mona² was the first woman, and Tuglay³ was the first man. There were at that time only one man and one woman on the earth. Their eldest son was named Malaki; their eldest daughter, Bia. They lived at the centre of the earth.

Tuglay and Mona made all the things in the world; but the god made the woman and the man. Mona was also called Tuglibung. Tuglay and Tuglibung got rich, because they could see the god.

But the snake was there too, and he gave the fruit to the man and the woman, saying to them, "If you eat the fruit, it will open your eyes."

Then they both ate the fruit. This made the god angry.

After this, Tuglibung and Tuglay could not see the god any more.⁴

3. WHY THE SKY WENT UP

In the beginning, when the world was made, the sky lay low down over the earth. At this time the poor families called "Mona" were living in the world. The sky hung so low, that, when they wanted to pound their rice, they had to kneel down on the ground to get a play for the arm. Then the poor woman called Tuglibung said to the sky, "Go up higher! Don't you see that I cannot pound my rice well?"

So the sky began to move upwards. When it had gone up about five fathoms, the woman said again, "Go up still more!"

This made the sun angry at the woman, and he rushed up very high.

¹ The Malays of the peninsula have a similar tradition as to the snake element (cf. Skeat, *l. c.*, p. 6).

² The name "Mona" is ordinarily applied to the old man as well as to the old woman of prehistoric days.

³ A generic name for the old man of the ancient myths. The word seems to be related to *tugul* ("old"), which is used only of persons. "An old thing" is *tapi*.

⁴ With ready ease the Bagobo incorporates elements that have come from Catholic sources, yet without breaking the thread of his narrative.

In the old days, when the sun as well as the sky was low down, the Mona had a deep hole in the ground, as large as a house, into which they would creep to keep themselves from the fierce heat of the sun.

The Mona were all very old; but after the sun went up very high, they began to get babies.¹

4. WHY THE SKY WENT UP

In the beginning, the sky hung so low over the earth, that the people could not stand upright, could not do their work.

For this reason, the man in the sky said to the sky, "Come up!" Then the sky went up to its present place.

5. THE SUN AND THE MOON

Long ago the Sun had to leave the Moon to go to another town. He knew that his wife, the Moon, was expecting the birth of a child; and, before going away, he said to her, "When your baby is born, if it is a boy, keep it; if a girl, kill it."

A long time passed before the Sun could come back to the Moon, and while he was gone, the Moon gave birth to her baby. It was a girl. A beautiful child it was, with curly hair like *binübbüd*,² with burnished nails that looked like gold, and having the white spots called *pamoti*³ on its body. The mother felt very sad to think of killing it, and so she hid it in the big box (*kaban*⁴) where they kept their clothes.

As soon as the Sun returned, he asked the Moon, "How about our baby?"

At once the Moon replied, "It was a girl: I killed it yesterday."

The Sun had only a week to stay at home with the Moon. One night he dreamed that a boy with white hair came to him from heaven. The boy stood close to him, and spoke these words:—

"Your wife got a baby, but it was a girl; and she hid it away from you in the box."

When the Sun wakened from sleep, he was very angry at the Moon, and the two fell to quarrelling about the baby. The Moon wanted the child saved.

"You ought to keep it with you," she urged.

¹ A tradition of the first peopling of Mindanao was found by Mr. Cole at Cibolan. Cf. *The Philippine Journal of Science*, vol. vi, pp. 128-129 (1911).

² Hemp warp that has been laced in a banded pattern before dyeing, in order to produce decorative figures in a textile, is called *binübbüd*. After the binding-threads are clipped, there is an effect of rippling in the hemp, of which curly hair is suggestive.

³ Such auspicious white spots are referred to in the text of a Bagobo song (in manuscript), in which the Divine Man who lives at the source of the streams is said to have the *pamoti* on his body.

⁴ A well-made box of hard wood in which fine garments are kept.

"No, no!" protested the Sun. "I cannot keep it, because my body is so hot it would make your baby sick."

"And I cannot keep it," complained the Moon, "for my body is very dark; and that would surely make the child sick."

Then the Sun fell into a passion of rage; and he seized his big *kampilan*,¹ and slew the child. He cut its small body into numberless little bits, — as many as the grains of sand that lie along the seashore. Out of the window he tossed the pieces of the shining little body; and, as the gleaming fragments sparkled to their places in the sky, the stars came to birth.

6. ORIGIN OF THE STARS

All the old Bagobo men say that the Sun and the Moon once had a quarrel about the Moon's baby.

The Moon had a baby in her belly; and the Sun said, "If our baby is a girl, we will kill it, because a girl could not be like me."

Then the Sun went on a journey to another town, and while he was gone, the baby was born; but it was a girl. Now, the Moon felt very sorry to think of her little child being killed, and she hid it in a box. In a few days, the Sun came home to rest with his wife. Then he asked her for the baby.

The Moon answered, "I killed it yesterday: it was a girl."

But the Sun did not believe what his wife said. Then he opened the box to get his clothes, and there he saw a baby-girl. And the Sun was very angry. He seized the baby and cut it into many pieces, and threw the pieces out of the window. Then the pieces of the baby's body became the stars.

Before the Sun and the Moon had their quarrel, they journeyed together through the sky, and the sky was not far above the earth, as now, but it lay low down.

7. THE FATE OF THE MOON'S BABY

The Sun wanted the Moon to have a boy-baby so that it would be like its father. The Moon too hoped to give birth to a boy. But when the child was born, it was a girl. Now, at that time, the Moon was very hungry, and wanted to eat her own baby. Then the Sun killed the girl-child, and ate it up himself.

8. THE BLACK MEN AT THE DOOR OF THE SUN

The men who live in that part of the world near to where the sun rises are very black. They are called *Manobo tagselata k'alo*.² From

¹ A long, one-edged sword that hangs at the left side, in an elaborate scabbard, when a man is in full-dress.

² Men (*ta*, "the;" -*g*-, a formal or euphonic infix; *selat*, "door;" *k'* [*ka*], "of;" *alo*, "sun") at the door of the sun. *Manobo* is a general term for "man," "people."

sunrise until noon, they stay in a hole in the ground to escape the fierce heat of the sun. Just before sunrise, they put their rice in the big pot, with water, and leave it without any fire under the pot. Then they creep into their hole in the ground. The rising sun cooks the rice; and, when the black men come out of the hole at noon, their meal is all ready for them. From noon until sunset, and then all night, the black men play and work. But before the sun rises, they fix their rice in the pot, leave it for the sun to cook, and go down again into the big hole.

9. STORY OF THE ECLIPSE

Before time began, very long ago, a great bird called "minokawa"¹ swallowed the moon. Seized with fear, all the people began to scream and make a great noise. Then the bird peeped down to see what was the matter, and he opened his mouth. But as soon as he opened his mouth, the moon sprang out and ran away.

The minokawa-bird is as large as the Island of Negros or Bohol. He has a beak of steel, and his claws too are of steel. His eyes are mirrors, and each single feather is a sharp sword. He lives outside the sky, at the eastern horizon, ready to seize the moon when she reaches there from her journey under the earth.

The moon makes eight holes in the eastern horizon to come out of, and eight holes in the western horizon to go into, because every day the big bird tries to catch her, and she is afraid. The exact moment he tries to swallow her is just when she is about to come in through one of the holes in the east to shine on us again. If the minokawa should swallow the moon, and swallow the sun too, he would then come down to earth and gulp down men also. But when the moon is in the belly of the big bird, and the sky is dark, then all the Bagobo scream and cry, and beat *agongs*,² because they fear they will all "get dead." Soon this racket makes the minokawa-bird look down and "open his mouth to hear the sound." Then the moon jumps out of the bird's mouth and runs away.

All the old men know about the minokawa-bird in the *ulit* stories.

¹ The Visayans believe that an eclipse of the moon is caused by an enormous animal that seizes the moon, and holds her in his mouth. Cf. this Journal, vol. xix (1906), p. 209.

² Large percussion instruments made by the Chinese, imported from Singapore into Mindanao, and widely used by the wild tribes.

II. THE "ULIT:" ADVENTURES OF MYTHICAL BAGOBO AT THE DAWN OF TRADITION

I. LUMABAT AND MEBŪ'YAN

Long ago Lumabat¹ and his sister (*tūbē'*²) had a quarrel because Lumabat had said, "You shall go with me up into heaven." And his sister had replied, "No, I don't like to do that."

Then they began to fight each other. Soon the woman sat down on the big rice mortar,³ and said to Lumabat, "Now I am going down below the earth, down to Gimokudan.⁴ Down there I shall begin to shake the lemon-tree. Whenever I shake it, somebody up on the earth will die. If the fruit shaken down be ripe, then an old person will die on the earth; but if the fruit fall green, the one to die will be young."

Then she took a bowl filled with pounded rice, and poured the rice into the mortar for a sign that the people should die and go down to Gimokudan. Presently the mortar began to turn round and round while the woman was sitting upon it. All the while, as the mortar was revolving, it was slowly sinking into the earth. But just as it began to settle in the ground, the woman dropped handfuls of the pounded rice upon the earth, with the words: "See! I let fall this rice. This makes many people die, dropping down just like grains of rice. Thus hundreds of people go down; but none go up into heaven."

Straightway the mortar kept on turning round, and kept on going lower down, until it disappeared in the earth, with Lumabat's sister still sitting on it. After this, she came to be known as Mebū'yan. Before she went down below the earth, she was known only as Tubē' ka Lumabat ("sister of Lumabat").

Mebū'yan is now chief of a town called Banua Mebū'yan ("Mebū'yan's town"), where she takes care of all dead babies, and gives them milk from her breasts. Mebū'yan is ugly to look at, for her whole body is covered with nipples. All nursing children who still want the milk, go directly, when they die, to Banua Mebū'yan, instead of to Gimokudan, and remain there with Mebū'yan until they stop taking milk from her breast. Then they go to their own families in Gimokudan, where they can get rice, and "live" very well.

¹ The first of mortals to reach heaven, and become a god (cf. the "Story of Lumabat and Wari"). In the tales that I have thus far collected, Lumabat does not figure as a culture-hero.

² The word indicating the relationship between brother and sister, each of whom is *tūbē'* to the other, whether elder or younger.

³ The mortar in which rice is pounded is a large, deep wooden bowl that stands in the house. With its standard, it is three feet or more in height.

⁴ The place below the earth where the dead go (*gimokud*, "spirit;" -*an*, plural ending); that is, [the place of] many spirits.

All the spirits stop at Mebū'yan's town, on their way to Gimokudan. There the spirits wash all their joints in the black river that runs through Banua Mebū'yan, and they wash the tops of their heads too. This bathing (*pamalugu*¹) is for the purpose of making the spirits feel at home, so that they will not run away and go back to their own bodies. If the spirit could return to its body, the body would get up and be alive again.

2. STORY OF LUMABAT AND WARI

Tuglay and Tuglibung² had many children. One of them was called Lumabat. There came a time when Lumabat quarrelled with his sister and was very angry with her. He said, "I will go to the sky, and never come back again."

So Lumabat started for the sky-country, and many of his brothers and sisters went with him. A part of their journey lay over the sea, and when they had passed the sea, a rock spoke to them and said, "Where are you going?"

In the beginning, all the rocks and plants and the animals could talk³ with the people.

Then one boy answered the rock, "We are going to the sky-country."

As soon as he had spoken, the boy turned into a rock. But his brothers and sisters went on, leaving the rock behind.

Presently a tree said, "Where are you going?"

"We are going to the sky," replied one of the girls.

Immediately the girl became a tree. Thus, all the way along the journey, if any one answered, he became a tree, or stone, or rock, according to the nature of the object that put the question.

By and by the remainder of the party reached the border of the sky. They had gone to the very end of the earth, as far as the horizon. But here they had to stop, because the horizon kept moving up and down (*supa-supā*). The sky and the earth would part, and then close together again, just like the jaws of an animal in eating. This movement of the horizon began as soon as the people reached there.

There were many young men and women, and they all tried to jump through the place where the sky and the earth parted. But the edges of the horizon are very sharp, like a *kampilan*,⁴ and they came together with a snap whenever anybody tried to jump through; and they cut him into two pieces. Then the parts of his body became stones, or

¹ The same word is used of the ceremonial washing at the festival of G'inum. Ordinary bathing is *padigus*.

² See footnote 3, p. 15, also 3, p. 16.

³ This is also an element in Visayan myth (cf. Maxfield and Millington's collection in this Journal, vol. xx [1907], p. 102). For the Malay tradition, cf. Skeat, *Malay Magic*, p. 205.

⁴ See footnote 1, p. 18.

grains of sand. One after another of the party tried to jump through, for nobody knew the fate of the one who went before him.

Last of all, Lumabat jumped — quick, quicker than the rest; and before the sharp edges snapped shut, he was safe in heaven. As he walked along, he saw many wonderful things. He saw many *kampilans* standing alone, and fighting, and that without any man to hold them. Lumabat passed on by them all. Then he came to the town where the bad dead live. The town is called "Kilut."¹ There, in the flames, he saw many spirits with heavy sins on them. The spirits with little sins were not in the flames; but they lay, their bodies covered with sores, in an acid that cuts like the juice of a lemon. Lumabat went on, past them all.

Finally he reached the house of Diwata,² and went up into the house. There he saw many *diwata*, and they were chewing betel-nut.³ And one *diwata* spit from his mouth the *isse*⁴ that he had finished chewing. When Lumabat saw the *isse* coming from the mouth of the god, it looked to him like a sharp knife. Then Diwata laid hold of Lumabat, and Lumabat thought the god held a sharp knife in his hand. But it was no knife: it was just the *isse*. And Diwata rubbed the *isse* on Lumabat's belly, and with one downward stroke he opened the belly, and took out Lumabat's intestines (*betuka*).

Then Lumabat himself became a god. He was not hungry any more, for now his intestines were gone. Yet if he wanted to eat, he had only to say, "Food, come now!" and at once all the fish were there, ready to be caught. In the sky-country, fish do not have to be caught. And Lumabat became the greatest of all the *diwata*.

Now, when Lumabat left home with his brothers and sisters, one sister and three brothers remained behind. The brother named Wari felt sad because Lumabat had gone away. At last he decided to follow him. He crossed the sea, and reached the border of the sky, which immediately began to make the opening and shutting motions. But Wari was agile, like his brother Lumabat; and he jumped quick, just like Lumabat, and got safe into heaven. Following the same path that his brother had taken, he reached the same house. And again Diwata took the *isse*, and attempted to open Wari's belly; but Wari protested, for he did not like to have his intestines pulled out. Therefore the god was angry at Wari.

¹ A synonyme for Gimokudan ("the city of the dead"). It is not ordinarily associated in the mind of the Bagobo with any idea of retribution. This episode shows traces of Jesuit influence.

² See footnote 1, p. 15.

³ The popular name "betel-nut," has been retained in these stories to designate the fruit of the areca-palm. Strictly speaking, "betel" is the leaf of a climbing plant (*buyo*) that is chewed with the nut.

⁴ The solid part of the betel-nut that remains after the juice has been extracted by long chewing.

Yet Wari staid on in the house for three days. Then he went out on the *atad*¹ that joined the front and back part of the gods' house, whence he could look down on the earth. He saw his home town, and it made him happy to look at his fields of sugarcane and bananas, his groves of betel and cocoanuts. There were his bananas ripe, and all his fruits ready to be plucked. Wari gazed, and then he wanted to get back to earth again, and he began to cry; for he did not like to stay in heaven and have his intestines taken out, and he was homesick for his own town.

Now, the god was angry at Wari because he would not let him open his belly. And the god told Wari to go home, and take his dogs with him. First the god fixed some food for Wari to eat on his journey. Then he took meadow-grass (*karan*), and tied the long blades together, making a line long enough to reach down to earth. He tied Wari and the dogs to one end of the line; but before he lowered the rope, he said to Wari, "Do not eat while you are up in the air, for if you eat, it will set your dogs to quarrelling. If I hear the sound of dogs fighting, I shall let go the rope."

But while Wari hung in the air, he got very hungry, and, although he had been let down only about a third of the distance from heaven to earth, he took some of his food and ate it. Immediately the dogs began to fight. Then Diwata in the sky heard the noise, and he dropped the rope of meadow-grass. Then Wari fell down, down; but he did not strike the ground, for he was caught in the branches of the tree called *lanipo*. It was a tall tree, and Wari could not get down. He began to utter cries; and all night he kept crying, "Aro-o-o-o-i!" Then he turned into a kulago-bird.² At night, when you hear the call of the kulago-bird, you know that it is the voice of Wari.

The kulago-bird has various sorts of feathers, feathers of all kinds of birds and chickens; it has the hair of all animals and the hair of man. This bird lives in very high trees at night, and you cannot see it. You cannot catch it. Yet the old men know a story about a kulago-bird once having been caught while it was building its nest. But this was after there came to be many people on the earth.

The three dogs went right along back to Wari's house. They found Wari's sister and two brothers at home, and staid there with them. After a while, the woman and her two brothers had many children.

"In the beginning," say the old men, "brother and sister would marry each other, just like pigs. This was a very bad custom."

¹ A sort of bridge or platform connecting the main body of the native house with the shelter that serves as kitchen, when this is separate from the living-room.

² A fabulous bird, probably associated with the screech-owl (*Aluco candidus*) of the Philippines. It is a bird of ill-omen. Compare A. Newton, *Dictionary of Birds*, pp. 679-680 (1893-96).

3. HOW MAN TURNED INTO A MONKEY

Before the world was made, the monkey looked like man, and was called *manobo*,¹ and was actually human. But after the world and people were made, the monkey took its present form.

When people began to live in the world, they had many children. One man was called Lumabat. His father had a number of children, so that Lumabat had many brothers and sisters.

One day a brother of Lumabat was climbing up over the roof, and in his hand he had a long ladle made of cocoanut-shell. He held the ladle behind his back, at the base of his spine, until by and by a tail began to grow. The ladle had turned into a tail, and presently Lumabat's brother became a monkey. After that, a few other people turned into monkeys. But all this came about before Lumabat went to heaven.

4. THE TUGLIBUNG AND THE TUGLAY

Before time began,² an old woman (Tuglibung) and an old man (Tuglay) lived in a town at the centre of the world. There came a season of drought, when their bananas spoiled, and all their plants died from the hot sun. Tuglibung and Tuglay were very hungry, and looked skinny, because they had nothing to eat.

One night as the old man slept, he dreamed that a little boy with white hair came close to him, and said, "Much better it would be, if you would stay here no longer; much better, that you go to the T'oluk Waig³ ('water-sources'), where there is a good place to live."

So the old folks started on their journey to the source of the rivers. On their way, they stopped at one place that seemed good, and staid for about a month; but there was little to eat, and they were always hungry. At last, one day, the man climbed up into a tall tree, whence he could see the whole earth, even to the border of the sky. Far away he could see a little smoke, just like a cigarette. Then he climbed down the tree in a hurry, and told his wife what he had seen.

"I will go and find out where that smoke comes from," he said, "and see if I can get some bananas and things, — all we can eat."

So the man started out and travelled a long way, leaving his wife at home. As he approached the place where he had seen the smoke, he found himself in a vast field full of fruit-trees and sugarcane-plants. The sugarcane grew as big as trees; the bananas were as huge as the trunks of cocoanut-palms; and the papaya-fruit was the size of a great clay jar. He walked on until he reached a very large meadow, full of long wavy grass, where there were many horses and carabao and other animals. Soon after he left the meadow-grass, he could make

¹ General term for "man," "people."

² The *ulit* has a stereotyped opening with the phrase *unda'me (unda ume)*, "no year."

³ The fabulous source of all the mountain-streams.

out, some distance ahead of him, a big house with many smaller houses grouped around it. He was so scared that he could not see the houses very well. He kept his eyes on the ground at his feet.

When he came up to the big house, he saw lying under it piles of human bones. He then knew that the Datu of the Buso¹ lived there. In all the other houses there were *buso* living too. But he went bravely up the steps of the big house, and sat down on the floor. Right away, while he sat there, the children of Buso wanted to eat him. But Tuglay said, "No, no! don't eat me, because I just came to get bananas of many different kinds."

Then the man made a bargain with the Datu of the Buso, and said, "Give me some bananas, and I will pay you two children for them. Come to my house in nine days, and you shall have one boy and one girl for the bananas." But Tuglay had no children.

Then the Buso gave Tuglay a basket of bananas, and let him go away.

Now, while her husband was away, the woman gave birth to twins, — a boy and a girl. And when the man got home he was pleased, and said, "Oh! that's fine! You got some babies while I was away."

But the man felt very sorry to think of giving his children to the Buso, and he went from place to place, hoping to find some friend who would help him. All the time, the days of the *falla* ("time of contract") were slipping by. He could get nobody to help him. Now it lacked only two of the nine days' *falla*. And while the children were asleep, Tuglay said to his wife, "Let us run away, and leave our babies here asleep, because to-morrow the Buso will come."

Then Tuglay and Tuglibung ran away, and left their children. They ran and ran until they reached the T'oluk Waig; but they could not get away from the *falla*. The nine days of *falla* had caught up with them.

At home, the children woke up and found no mother and father there, and they began to cry. They thought they would run after their parents. So they left the house, and forded the river, and began to run.

When the nine days were up, the Buso came to Tuglay's house for his pay. When he found nobody at home, he ran after the children, carrying with him many iron axes and big bolos, and accompanied by a crowd of other *buso*. In all there were three thousand *buso*, — two thousand walking, and one thousand flying. The children had the start; but the three thousand *buso* kept gaining on them, until they were close behind.

¹ The anthropomorphic and zoöomorphic evil personalities, whose number is legion. The traditional concept of Buso among the Bagobo has essentially the same content as that of Asuang with Visayan peoples. Both Buso and Asuang suggest the Rákshasa of Indian myth.

As they ran, the little boy said to his sister, "When we get to that field over there, where there are ripe bananas, you must not speak a word."

But when they reached the banana-tree, the girl-child cried out, "Brother, I want to eat a banana."

Then she ate a banana; but she felt so weak she could run no longer. She just lay down and died. Then the boy-child looked about for a place to put his sister's body. He looked at the fine branched trees, full of fruit, and saw that each single fruit was an *agong*,¹ and the leaves, mother-of-pearl.

To one of the trees, the boy said, "May I put my sister here?" And the tree said that he might do it.

Then the boy laid his sister on a branch of the tree, because the child was dead.

After this, the boy ran back toward the Buso who led the rest, and called out to him, "I'm going to run very fast. Chase me now, and catch me if you can!"

So the boy ran, and the Buso chased him. Hard pressed, the boy sprang toward a big rock, and shouted to it, "O rock, help me! The Buso will catch me."

"Come up!" said the rock, "I'll help you, if I can."

But when the boy climbed up, he found that it was not a rock, but a fine house, that was giving him shelter. In that house lived the Black Lady (*Bia t' metum*²), and she received the boy kindly.

As soon as the Buso came up to the rock, he smiled, and said, "The boy is here all right! I'll break the rock with my axe."

But when he tried to break the rock with axe and *poko*,³ the hard stone resisted; and the Buso's tools were blunted and spoiled.

Meantime, in the Black Lady's house the boy was getting ready for a fight, because the Black Lady said, "Go down now; they want you down there."

Then with sharp sword and long spear, bearing a fine war-shield, and wearing ear-plugs of shining ivory, the boy went down to meet the Buso. When he went down the steps, all the other *buso* had come, and were waiting for him in front of the house. Then they all went to fighting the one boy, and he met them all alone. He fought until every one of the three thousand *buso* fell down dead. At last, one only of the *buso* stood up, and he was the great Datu of Buso. But even he fell down before that mighty boy, for none could conquer the boy. He was *matulus*.⁴ After all was done, the boy married the Black Lady, and lived well in her house.

¹ See footnote 2, p. 19.

² *Bia*, "lady;" *t'* (*to*), "the;" *metum*, "black."

³ A stout work-knife, with broad, one-edged blade, and square tip; used to hew down trees, and cut kindling-wood.

⁴ A term regularly used of the great Malaki, and combining the sense of "all-wise" and "invincible." *Matulus* is often used with a connotation of having magical power.

5. ADVENTURES OF THE TUGLAY¹

It was eight² million (*kati*) years ago, in the days of the Mona,³ that the following events took place.

The Tuglay lived in a fine house the walls of which were all mirrored glass, and the roof was hung with brass chains. One day he went out into the woods to snare jungle-fowl, and he slept in the woods all night. The next day, when he turned to go home, he found himself puzzled as to which trail to take. He tried one path after another, but none seemed to lead to his house. At last he said to himself, "I have lost my way: I shall never be able to get home."

Then he walked on at random until he came to a vast field of rice, where great numbers of men were cutting the *palay*.⁴ But the rice-field belonged to Buso, and the harvesters were all buso-men. When they saw Tuglay at the edge of their field, they were glad, and said to one another, "There's a man! We will carry him home."

Then the *buso* caught Tuglay, and hastened home with him. Now, the great Buso's mansion stretched across the tops of eight million mountains, and very many smaller houses were on the sides of the mountains, all around the great Buso's house; for this was the city of the *buso* where they had taken Tuglay. As he was carried through the groves of cocoanut-palms on Buso's place, all the Cocoanuts called out, "Tuglay, Tuglay, in a little while the Buso will eat you!"

Into the presence of the great chief of all the *buso*, they dragged Tuglay. The Datto Buso was fearful to look at. From his head grew one great horn of pure ivory, and flames of fire were blazing from the horn. The Datto Buso questioned the man.

"First of all, I will ask you where you come from, Tuglay."

"I am come from my house in T'oluk Waig," replied the man.

And the great Buso shouted, "I will cut off your head with my sharp *kris!*"⁵

"But if I choose, I can kill you with your own sword," boldly answered Tuglay.

Then he lay down, and let the Buso try to cut his neck. The Buso swung his sharp sword; but the steel would not cut Tuglay's neck. The Buso did not know that no knife could wound the neck of Tuglay, unless fire were laid upon his throat at the same time. This was eight million years ago that the Buso tried to cut off the head of Tuglay.

Then another day the Tuglay spoke to all the *buso*, "It is now my turn: let me try whether I can cut your necks."

¹ See footnote 3, p. 15, also 3, p. 16.

² The number sacred in ceremonial and song.

³ See footnote 2, p. 16.

⁴ Visayan word for rice growing in the field; Bagobo, *'ume*.

⁵ The long sword of the Moro, with a wavy, two-edged blade.

After this speech, Tuglay stood up and took from his mouth the chewed betel-nut that is called *isse*, and made a motion as if he would rub the *isse* on the great Buso's throat. When the Buso saw the *isse*, he thought it was a sharp knife, and he was frightened. All the lesser *buso* began to weep, fearing that their chief would be killed; for the *isse* appeared to all of them as a keen-bladed knife. The tears of all the *buso* ran down like blood; they wept streams and streams of tears that all flowed together, forming a deep lake, red in color.

Then Tuglay rubbed the chewed betel on the great Buso's throat. One pass only he made with the *isse*, and the Buso's head was severed from his body. Both head and body of the mighty Buso rolled down into the great lake of tears, and were devoured by the crocodiles.

Now, the Tuglay was dressed like a poor man,—in bark (*bänüt*) garments. But as soon as he had slain the Buso, he struck a blow at his own legs, and the bark trousers fell off. Then he stamped on the ground, and struck his body, and immediately his jacket and kerchief of bark fell off from him. There he stood, no longer the poor Tuglay, but a Malaki T'oluk Waig,² with a gleaming *kampilan* in his hand.

Then he was ready to fight all the other *buso*. First he held the *kampilan* in his left hand, and eight million *buso* fell down dead. Then he held the *kampilan* in his right hand, and eight million more *buso* fell down dead. After that, the Malaki went over to the house of Buso's daughter, who had but one eye, and that in the middle of her forehead. She shrieked with fear when she saw the Malaki coming; and he struck her with his *kampilan*, so that she too, the woman-buso, fell down dead.

After these exploits, the Malaki T'oluk Waig went on his way. He climbed over the mountains of benati,³ whose trees men go far to seek, and then he reached the mountains of barayung and balati wood. From these peaks, exultant over his foes, he gave a good war-cry that re-echoed through the mountains, and went up to the ears of the gods. Panguli'li and Salamia'wan⁴ heard it from their home in the Shrine of the Sky (*Tambara ka Langit*), and they said, "Who chants the song of war (*ig-sungal*)? Without doubt, it is the Malak T'oluk Waig, for none of all the other *malaki* could shout just like that."

¹ The Babogo say, that, before the invention of weaving hemp, all the people clothed themselves in the soft, inflammable layers of the sheath that envelops the trunk of cocoa-nut-palms.

² The semi-divine being who dwells at the mythical source of the mountain-streams (*malaki*, "good man;" *t'* [to], "the;" *oluk*, "source;" *waig*, "water"). Traditionally there are many of these *malaki*, devotionally there is but one.

³ A very hard, fine-grained wood susceptible of high polish, in color grading, according to age, from yellow to golden tan, and used to make handles for the most valuable swords.

⁴ These gods are of high rank. Salamia'wan occupies the second heaven, and Panguli'li, the ninth.

His duty performed, the Malaki left the ranges of balati and barayung, walked down toward the sea, and wandered along the coast until he neared a great gathering of people who had met for barter. It was market-day, and all sorts of things were brought for trade. Then the Malaki T'oluk Waig struck his legs and his chest, before the people caught sight of him; and immediately he was clothed in his old bark trousers and jacket and kerchief, just like a poor man. Then he approached the crowd, and saw the people sitting on the ground in little groups, talking, and offering their things for sale.

The Malaki Lindig Ramut ka Langit¹ and all the other *malaki*² from the surrounding country were there. They called out to him, "Where are you going?"

The Tuglay told them that he had got lost, and had been travelling a long distance. As he spoke, he noticed, sitting among a group of young men, the beautiful woman called Moglung.

She motioned to him, and said, "Come, sit down beside me."

And the Tuglay sat down on the ground, near the Moglung. Then the woman gave presents of textiles to the Malaki Lindig Ramut ka Langit and the other *malaki* in her crowd. But to the Tuglay she gave betel-nut that she had prepared for him.

After that, the Moglung said to all the *malaki*, "This time I am going to leave you, because I want to go home."

And off went the Moglung with the Tuglay, riding on the wind.

After many days, the Moglung and the Tuglay rested on the mountains of barayung, and, later, on the mountains of balakuna-trees. From these heights, they looked out over a vast stretch of open country, where the deep, wavy meadow-grass glistened like gold; and pastured there were herds of cows and carabao and many horses. And beyond rose another range of mountains, on the highest of which stood the Moglung's house. To reach it they had to cross whole forests of cocoanut and betel-nut trees that covered eight million mountains. Around the house were all kinds of useful plants and trees. When they walked under the floor³ of the house, the Moglung said, "My grandmother is looking at me because I have found another grandchild for her."

Then the grandmother (Tuglibung) called to them, saying, "Come up, come up, my grandchildren!"

¹ Malaki who lives at the horizon (*lindig*, "border;" *ramut*, "root;" *ka*, preposition "of;" *langit*, "sky").

² Although the name *malaki* properly is limited to men of high moral character, yet actually the story-teller calls all the young men *malaki* round whom the action centres. Often it means simply an unmarried man.

³ A typical Malay house presents the appearance of a pile-dwelling, the floor being raised several feet above the ground, and tied to the heavy upright timbers which run to the roof and form the framework of the house.

As soon as they entered the house, the Tuglay sat down in a corner of the kitchen, until the grandmother offered him a better place, saying, "Do not stay in the kitchen. Come and sleep on my bed."

The Tuglay rested eight nights in the grandmother's bed. At the end of the eight nights the Moglung said to him, "Please take this betel-nut that I have prepared for you."

At first Tuglay did not want to take it; but the next day, when the Moglung again offered the betel, he accepted it from her and began to chew. After that, the Tuglay took off his trousers of bark and his jacket of bark, and became a Malaki T'oluk Waig. But the Moglung wondered where the Tuglay had gone, and she cried to her grandmother, "Where is the Tuglay?"

But the Malaki stood there, and answered her, "I am the Tuglay."

At first the Moglung was grieved, because the Malaki seemed such a grand man, and she wanted Tuglay back.

But before long the Malaki said to her, "I want you to marry me."

So they were married. Then the Moglung opened her gold box, and took out a fine pair of trousers (*saroad'r¹*) and a man's jacket (*umpak² ka mama*), and gave them to the Malaki as a wedding-gift.

When they had been living together for a while, there came a day when the Malaki wanted to go and visit a man who was a great worker in brass, — the Malaki Tuangun;³ and the Moglung gave him directions for the journey, saying, "You will come to a place where a hundred roads meet. Take the road that is marked with the prints of many horses and carabao. Do not stop at the place of the cross-roads, for if you stop, the Bia⁴ who makes men giddy will hurt you."

Then the Malaki went away, and reached the place where a hundred roads crossed, as Moglung had said. But he stopped there to rest and chew betel-nut. Soon he began to feel queer and dizzy, and he fell asleep, not knowing anything. When he woke up, he wandered along up the mountain until he reached a house at the border of a big meadow, and thought he would stop and ask his way. From under the house he called up, "Which is the road to the Malaki Tuangun?"

It was the Bia's voice that answered, "First come up here, and then I'll tell you the road."

So the Malaki jumped up on the steps and went in. But when he was inside of her house, the Bia confessed that she did not know the way to the Malaki Tuangun's house.

"I am the woman," she said, "who made you dizzy, because I wanted to have you for my own."

¹ Short trousers of hemp, usually embroidered and beaded.

² Short jacket of hemp (*ka*, "of;" *mama*, "man," "boy," the specific term for "man").

³ Brass-smith.

⁴ A title of respect, which is best rendered by "lady" or "señora."

"Oh! that's the game," said the Malaki. "But the Moglung is my wife, and she is the best woman in the world."

"Never mind that," smiled the Bia. "Just let me comb your hair."

Then the Bia gave him some betel-nut, and combed his hair until he grew sleepy. But as he was dropping off, he remembered a certain promise he had made his wife, and he said to the Bia, "If the Moglung comes and finds me here, you be sure to waken me."

After eight days had passed from the time her husband left home, the Moglung started out to find him, for he had said, "Eight days from now I will return."

By and by the Moglung came to the Bia's house, and found the Malaki there fast asleep; but the Bia did not waken him. Then the Moglung took from the Malaki's toes his toe-rings (*paniod*¹), and went away, leaving a message with the Bia:—

"Tell the Malaki that I am going back home to find some other *malaki*: tell him that I'll have no more to do with him."

But the Moglung did not go to her own home: she at once started for her brother's house that was up in the sky-country.

Presently the Malaki woke up, and when he looked at his toes, he found that his brass toe-rings were gone.

"The Moglung has been here!" he cried in a frenzy. "Why didn't you waken me, as I told you?" Then he seized his sharp-bladed *kampilan*, and slew the Bia. Maddened by grief and rage, he dashed to the door and made one leap to the ground, screaming, "All the people in the world shall fall by my sword!"

On his war-shield he rode, and flew with the wind until he came to the horizon. Here lived the Malaki Lindig Ramut ka Langit.² And when the two *malaki* met, they began to fight; and the seven brothers of the Malaki Lindig that live at the edge of the sky, likewise came out to fight. But when the battle had gone on but a little time, all the eight *malaki* of the horizon fell down dead. Then the angry Malaki who had slain the Bia and the eight young men went looking for more people to kill; and when he had shed the blood of many, he became a *buso* with only one eye in his forehead, for the *buso* with one eye are the worst *buso* of all. Everybody that he met he slew.

After some time, he reached the house of the great priest called "Pandita," and the Pandita checked him, saying, "Stop a minute, and let me ask you first what has happened to make you like this."

Then the Buso-man replied sadly, "I used to have a wife named Moglung, who was the best of all the *bia*; but when I went looking for the Malaki Tuangun, that other Bia made me dizzy, and gave

¹ Brass toe-rings, corresponding to the *paninsing* ("finger-rings").

² See footnote 1, p. 29.

me betel, and combed my hair. Then she was my wife for a little while. But I have killed her, and become a *buso*, and I want to kill all the people in the world."

"You had better lie down on my mat here, and go to sleep," advised the Pandita. While the Buso slept, the Pandita rubbed his joints with betel-nut; and when he woke up, he was a *malaki* again.

Then the Pandita talked to him, and said, "Only a few days ago, the Moglung passed here on her way to her brother's home in heaven. She went by a bad road, for she would have to mount the steep rock-terraces. If you follow, you will come first to the Terraces of the Wind (Tarasu'ban ka Kara'mag¹), then you reach the Terraces of Eight-fold Darkness (Walu Lapit Dukilum²), and then the Terraces of the Rain (Tarasuban k'Udan³).

Eagerly the Malaki set out on his journey, with his *kabir*⁴ on his back, and his betel-nut and buyo-leaf⁵ in the *kabir*. He had not travelled far, before he came to a steep ascent of rock-terraces, — the Terraces of the Wind, that had eight million steps. The Malaki knew not how to climb up the rocky structure that rose sheer before him, and so he sat down at the foot of the ascent, and took his *kabir* off his back to get out some betel-nut. After he had begun to chew his betel, he began to think, and he pondered for eight days how he could accomplish his hard journey. On the ninth day he began to jump up the steps of the terraces, one by one. On each step he chewed betel, and then jumped again; and at the close of the ninth day he had reached the top of the eight million steps, and was off, riding on his shield.

Next he reached the sharp-edged rocks called the "Terraces of Needles" (Tarasuban ka Simat), that had also eight million steps. Again he considered for eight days how he could mount them. Then on the ninth day he sprang from terrace to terrace, as before, chewing betel-nut on each terrace, and left the Tarasuban ka Simat, riding on his shield. Then he arrived at the Terraces of Sheet-Lightning (Tarasuban ka Dilam-dilam); and he took his *kabir* off his back, and prepared a betel-nut, chewed it, and meditated for eight days. On the ninth day he jumped from step to step of the eight million terraces, and went riding off on his war-shield. When he reached the Terraces of Forked-Lightning (Tarasuban ka Kirum), he surmounted them on the ninth day, like the others.

¹ Rock-terrace (-an, plural ending; ka, "of;" *karamag*, "wind") of the Wind.

² Terraces (*walu*, "eight;" *lapit*, "folded;" *dukilum*, "night," "darkness") of Eight-fold Darkness.

³ *Udan* ("rain").

⁴ A large carrying-bag worn by Bagobo men on the back, by means of straps over the shoulders. It is woven of hemp, often heavily beaded, and contains the betel-box, the lime-tube, and a tight case of woven rattan for flint, steel, medicine, and other necessities.

⁵ The leaf of a vine that is chewed with betel-nut.

But now he came to a series of *cuestas* named "Dulama Bolo Kampilan,"¹ because one side of each was an abrupt cliff with the sharp edge of a *kampilan*; and the other side sloped gradually downward, like a blunt-working bolo. How to cross these rocks, of which there were eight million, the Malaki did not know; so he stopped and took off his *kabir*, cut up his betel-nut, and thought for eight days. Then on the ninth day he began to leap over the rocks, and he kept on leaping for eight days, each day jumping over one million of the *cuestas*. On the sixteenth day he was off, riding on his shield. Then he reached the Terraces of the Thunder (Tarasuban ka Kilat), which he mounted, springing from one terrace to the next, as before, after he had meditated for eight days. Leaving these behind him on the ninth day, he travelled on to the Mountains of Bamboo (Pabungan Kawayanan), covered with bamboo whose leaves were all sharp steel. These mountains he could cross without the eight days' thought, because their sides sloped gently. From the uplands he could see a broad sweep of meadow beyond, where the grass glistened like gold. And when he had descended, and walked across the meadow, he had to pass through eight million groves of cocoanut-trees, where the fruit grew at the height of a man's waist, and every cocoanut had the shape of a bell (*korung-korung*). Then he reached a forest of betel-nut, where again the nuts could be plucked without the trouble of climbing, for the clusters grew at the height of a man's waist. Beyond, came the meadows with white grass, and plants whose leaves were all of the rare old embroidered cloth called *tambayang*.² He then found himself at the foot-hills of a range of eight million mountains, rising from the heart of the meadows, and, when he had climbed to their summit, he stood before a fine big house.

From the ground he called out, "If anybody lives in this house, let him come look at me, for I want to find the way to the Shrine in the Sky, or to the Little Heaven, where my Moglung lives."

But nobody answered.

Then the Malaki sprang up the bamboo ladder and looked in at the door, but he saw no one in the house. He was weary, after his journey, and sat down to rest in a chair made of gold that stood there. Soon there came to his ears the sound of men's voices, calling out, "There is the Malaki T'oluk Waig in the house."

The Malaki looked around the room, but there was no man there, only a little baby swinging in its cradle. Outside the house were many *malaki* from the great town of Lunsud, and they came rushing in the

¹ *Dulama* ("soft rock"). This rock formation appears to be a *cuesta* structure.

² An embroidery done by old women in former days, but now almost a lost art. *Tambayang* was used for the uppers of sleeves for *fiesta*, and it formed the scarf worn by mothers to carry the baby. There is a taboo on young women doing this special sort of needlework.

door, each holding a keen blade without handle (*sobung*). They all surrounded the Malaki in the gold chair, ready to fight him. But the Malaki gave them all some betel-nut from his *kabir*, and made the men friendly toward him. Then all pressed around the Malaki to look at his *kabir*, which shone like gold. They had never before seen a man's bag like this one. "It is the *kabir* of the Malaki T'oluk Waig," they said. The Malaki slept that night with the other *malaki* in the house.

When morning came, the day was dark, like night, for the sun did not shine. Then the Malaki took his *kampilan* and stuck it into his belt, and sat down on his shield. There was no light on the next day, nor on the next. For eight days the pitchy darkness lasted; but on the ninth day it lifted. Quick from its cradle jumped the baby, now grown as tall as the bariri-plant; that is, almost knee-high.

"Cowards, all of you!" cried the child to the Malaki Lunsud. "You are no *malaki* at all, since you cannot fight the Malaki T'oluk Waig." Then, turning to the Malaki T'oluk Waig, the little fellow said, "Please teach me how to hold the spear."

When the Malaki had taught the boy how to make the strokes, the two began to fight; for the boy, who was called the Pangalinan,¹ was eager to use his spear against the Malaki. But the Malaki had magical power (*matulus*²), so that when the Pangalinan attacked him with sword or spear, the blades of his weapons dissolved into water. For eight million days the futile battle went on. At last the Pangalinan gave it up, complaining to the Malaki T'oluk Waig, "How can I keep on fighting you, when every time I hit you my knives turn to water?"

Disheartened, the Pangalinan threw away his spear and his sword. But the Malaki would not hurt the Pangalinan when they were fighting; and as soon as the boy had flung his weapons outside the house, the Malaki put his arm around him and drew him close. After that, the two were friends.

One day the Pangalinan thought he would look inside the big gold box that stood in the house. It was his mother's box. The boy went and raised the lid, but as soon as the cover was lifted, his mother came out from the box. After this had happened, the Pangalinan got ready to go and find the Moglung whom the Malaki had been seeking. The boy knew where she lived, for he was the Moglung's little brother (*tūb*³). He took the bamboo ladder that formed the steps to the house, and placed it so that it would reach the Shrine in the Sky, whither the Moglung had gone. Up the bamboo rounds he climbed, until he reached the sky and found his sister. He ran to her crying, "Quick! come with me! The great Malaki T'oluk Waig is down there."

¹ The "small boy" of the ancient tales (*ulit*), who in some magical manner becomes great.

² See footnote 4, p. 26.

³ See footnote 2, p. 20.

Then the Moglung came down from heaven with her little brother to their house where the Malaki was waiting for her. The Moglung and the Malaki were very happy to meet again, and they slept together that night.

Next day the Moglung had a talk with the Malaki, and said, "Now I want to live with you; but you remember that other woman, Maguay Bulol, that you used to sleep with. You will want her too, and you had better send for her."

So the Malaki summoned Maguay Bulol, and in a few minutes Maguay Bulol was there. Then the Malaki had two wives, and they all lived in the same house forever.

6. THE TUGLAY AND THE BIA

Long ago, in the days of the Mona, the Tuglay lived on a high mountain. He lived very well, for his cocoanut-trees grew on both sides of the mountain. But he had no hemp-plants, and so he had to make his clothes of the soft dry sheath that covers the trunk of the cocoanut-palm (*bünüt*). This stuff caught fire easily, and many a time his clothes ignited from the flame where his dinner was cooking, and then he would have to make fresh garments from *bünüt*.

One day he looked from his house over the neighboring mountains, and saw the village of Koblun. He thought it looked pretty in the distance. Then he looked in another direction, and saw the town of the Malaki Tuangun, and said, "Ah! that is just as nice looking as the Koblun town. I will go and see the town of the Malaki Tuangun."

Immediately he got ready for the journey. He took his spear (that was only half a spear, because the fire had burned off a part of the handle) and his shield, that was likewise only half a shield. He started out, and walked on and on until he reached the mountains called "Pabungan Mangumbiten."

Now, on another mountain there lived a young man named the Malaki Itanawa, with his little sister. They lived alone together, for they were orphans. The young girl said to her brother, "Let us travel over the mountains to-day."

And the boy answered, "Yes, my sister, we will go."

And the two climbed over the hills, and they reached the Pabungan Mangumbiten soon after the Tuglay. And they were astonished to see the great Tuglay. But when the Tuglay saw the young girl, who was named Bia Itanawa Inelu,¹ he was so bewildered and startled that he turned away his eyes, and could not look at the sister and brother.

Then the girl prepared a betel-nut and offered it to the Tuglay, but he did not like to accept it. But when she had pressed it upon him many times, he took the betel and chewed it.

¹ *Bia*, "lady;" *inelu*, "orphan," — the orphan lady Itanawa.

Then the girl said, "Come with my brother and me to my house, for we have no companion."

But when the girl saw the Tuglay hesitate, she asked him, "Where were you going when we met you?"

The Tuglay answered, "I want to go to the town of the Malaki Tuangun, for to my home has come the word that the Malaki is a mighty man, and his sister a great lady."

Then the girl looked at the Tuglay, and said, "If you want to make ready to go to the Malaki Tuangun's town, you ought to put on your good trousers and a nice jacket."

At that, the Tuglay looked mournful; for he was a poor man, and had no fine clothes. Then, when the girl saw how the case stood, she called for beautiful things, such as a malaki wears, — fine hemp trousers, beaded jacket, good war-shield and brass-bound spear, ear-plugs of pure ivory, and eight necklaces of beads and gold. Straightway at the summons of the Bia, all the fine things appeared; and the Tuglay got ready to go away. He was no longer the poor Tuglay. His name was now the Malaki Dugdag Lobis Maginsulu. Like two big moons, his ivory ear-plugs shone; when he moved his shield, flames of living fire shot from it; and when he held up his spear, the day would grow dark, because he was a brave man. His new clothes he sent¹ upon the swift wind to the Malaki Tuangun's town.

When the Tuglay started, the Bia gave him her own brass betel-box (*katakia*²) to take with him. It was a *katakia* that made sounds, and was called a "screaming *katakia*."

"May I eat the betel-nut from your box?" asked the man; and she replied, "Yes, but do not throw away the other things in the box."

The Malaki Dugdag Lobis Maginsulu walked on until he reached the town of the Malaki Tuangun, and sat down on the ground³ before the house. The Malaki Tuangun was a great brass-smith: he made *katakia* and other objects of brass, and hence was called the Malaki Tuangun Katakia. As soon as he heard the other *malaki* call from outside, "May I come up into your house?" he sent down eight of his slaves to look and see who wanted to visit him.

And the eight slaves brought word to their master that the Malaki Dugdag Lobis Maginsulu waited to enter.

¹ When a Bagobo makes an expedition over the mountains to attend a *fiesta*, he wears his old clothes, and carries his elaborately ornamented garments in the bag on his back. On nearing the end of the journey, he goes behind a tree, or into the jungle, and puts on his fine clothes.

² A box with three compartments, — for betel-nut, buyo-leaf, and calcined shell, — cast in brass or bell-metal from a wax mould. This type has rectangular surfaces, and is to be distinguished from the *kapulan*, a type marked by its circular, or elliptical, or polygonal top and base.

³ It is the custom of the natives to wait for the host to say, "Come up," before mounting the ladder or notched log leading to the door.

Then the Malaki Tuangun Katakia called to his visitor, "Come up, if you can keep from bringing on a fight, because there are many showers in my town."¹

Then the other *malaki* went up the steps into the house, and the Malaki Tuangun said to him, "You shall have a good place to sit in my house, — a place where nobody ever sat before."

Then the Malaki Tuangun prepared a betel-nut for his guest. But the Malaki Dugdug Lobis Maginsulu would not take the betel-nut from him. So the Malaki Tuangun called his sister, who was called Bia Tuangun Katakia, and said to her, "You go outside and prepare a betel-nut for the Malaki."

As soon as the Bia had finished preparing the betel, she took the (screaming?) *katakia* from the Malaki, and set it on the floor. Then the Malaki Dugdug Lobis Maginsulu took the betel-nut from the lady. When he had finished chewing it, he stood up and went to the place where the Bia Tuangun Katakia was sitting, and he lay down beside her, and said, "Come, put away your work, and comb my hair."

"No, I don't like to comb your hair," she replied.

The Malaki was displeased at this retort, so at last the woman agreed to comb his hair, for she did not want to see the Malaki angry. By and by the Malaki felt sleepy while his hair was being combed; and he said to the Bia, "Do not wake me up."

He fell asleep, and did not waken until the next day. Then he married the Bia Tuangun Katakia.

After they had been married for three months, the Bia said to the Malaki, "The best man I know is the Manigthum. He was my first husband."

But the Manigthum had left home, and had gone off to do some big fighting. He killed the Malaki Taglapida Pabungan,² and he killed the Malaki Lindig Ramut ka Langit.³

After the Manigthum had slain these great men, he came back to the home of his wife. When he came near the house he saw, lying down on the ground under the kinarum-tree,⁴ the things that he had given his wife before he went away, — pendants of pearl, bracelets

¹The reference here is a little ambiguous. It is suggested that a transposition of clauses may throw light on the meaning. Transposed and expanded, the invitation would read thus: "Come up into the house for shelter, since there are many showers in my town. Come up, provided you can keep from bringing on a fight."

²The good man [of the] Folded Mountains (*taglapida*, "folded;" *pabungan*, "mountains").

³*Lindig*, "border;" *ramut*, "root;" *ka*, preposition "of;" *langit*, "sky."

⁴A low-growing tree yielding a black dye, which for a very long time has been used by women to color hemp.

and leglets of brass, gold necklaces (*kamagi*¹), hair-ornaments of dyed goats'-hair and birds'-down, finger-rings, and leg-bands of twisted wire hung with bells. As he looked at the beautiful ornaments all thrown on the ground, he heard the voice of the Malaki Dugdag Lobis Manginsulu calling to him, "Do not come up, because your wife is mine."

Then the two *malaki* went to fighting with sword and spear. After a sharp fight, the Manigthum was killed, and the Malaki Dugdag Lobis Maginsulu had the Bia for his wife.

7. THE MALAKI'S SISTER AND THE BASOLO

There is a certain mountain that has a sharp, long crest like a *kampilan*. Up on this mountain stretched many fields of hemp, and groves of cocoanut-palms, that belonged to the Malaki and his sister.

Near to these hemp-fields lived the Basolo-man, under a tall barayng-tree. His little house was full of venison and pig-meat and lard, and he kept a dog to hunt pigs and deer. Although his hut looked small and poor, the Basolo possessed treasures of brass and beads and fine textiles. He had a *kabir*,² from which darted forked lightning; and in the bag was a betel-box and a necklace of pure gold.

One day when the Malaki's sister went to look at her hemp, she felt curious to go inside the Basolo's house. The Basolo was lying on the floor, fast asleep, when the woman entered. She looked at the things in the house, and saw hanging on the wall the Basolo's bag with the lightning playing on it. Now the bag was an old one, and had a lot of mud in it; but the woman thought it must be full of gold, because the lightning never ceased to flash from it. So she crept across the floor, and took the bag from off the end of the bamboo slat on which it hung. Still the Basolo slept, and still the lightning continued to play upon the bag. The woman looked inside the bag and saw a fine gold betel-box, and when she lifted the lid, there in the box lay a necklace of pure gold. Swiftly she closed the box, and stealthily drew it out of the bag. Into the folds of her hemp skirt she slipped the precious box with the gold necklace inside, and very quietly ran down the bamboo ladder at the house-door.

When she got home, her brother smiled, and said to her, "What has happened to you, my sister?"

Bright flashes of lightning seemed to be coming from the girl. She looked almost as if she were made of gold, and the lightning could not escape from her. Then she took out the betel-box and the necklace,

¹ A bead necklace, the most highly valued of all Bagobo ornaments. One section is a gold or silver cord, several inches long, made of small over-lapping scales of the precious metal. The necklace is thought to be of Moro manufacture, and is valued by the Bagobo at from one to four *agongs*.

² See footnote 4, p. 32.

and showed them to her brother, saying that she had found them in the Basolo's hut.

The Basolo awoke, and found his brass *katakia* and his fine necklace gone.

"Who has been here?" he cried.

In a frenzy he hunted through his *kabir*, throwing out of it his old work-knife and his rusty spear-head and all the poor things that he kept in his bag. Then he began to moan and weep for his betel-box and gold necklace.

By and by he started out to find his lost things. In the soft soil close to the house, he found the footprints of the woman; and, following the prints, he traced her to the Malaki's house. Right there the footprints ended. The Basolo stood at the foot of the steps, and called, "Who has been in my house?"

Then he ran up the ladder and rushed into the house, screaming to the Malaki's sister, "Give me back my gold necklace! If you don't give it back, I'll marry you."

Quick came the woman's answer, "I don't like you, and I will not marry you."

But her brother was angry because she refused to marry the Basolo.

At last she agreed to the match, and said to the Basolo, "Yes, I will marry you; but I can't let you live in my house. You must stay in your own house over yonder."

So the Basolo and the Malaki's sister agreed to meet and try¹ each other (*talabana*). Then the Basolo went home.

Not long after this, there came a day when many men went out to hunt the wild pig and the deer. And from her house the woman heard the sound of many men gathering in the meadow. There were Malaki T'oluk Waig and other *malaki*, who were there ready for the chase. And the girl thought, "I will go out and see the men."

Immediately she hurried to dress herself carefully. She put on nine waists one over another, and similarly nine skirts (*panapisan*); and then she girded herself with a chain of brass links that went a thousand times round her waist. Over her left shoulder she hung her small beaded basket (*kambol*) that was decorated with row upon row of little tinkling bells, a million in all, and each bell as round as a pea.

But the Basolo knew that the girl was dressing to go out, and he was angry that she should want to go where there were so many men gathered. In order to keep watch on her movements, he climbed up into a hiding-place behind the great leaves of an areca-palm,² and waited. Presently he saw the woman walking to the meadow. And she staid there just one night. But the Malaki was alarmed when he

¹ A trial-marriage before the Bagobo ceremony is not uncommon.

² The tree that bears betel-nuts, and is commonly called "betel-nut tree."

found that his sister had gone out to see the men. And after he had taken off his clothes, he began to put them on again to follow his sister.

Then, when the girl's brother and all the other *malaki* had assembled in the meadow, the Basolo came down from the tree and went home. When he got into his house, he took off his coat, and became a Malaki T'oluk Waig. His body shone like the sun (you could hardly look at him), and all his garments were of gold. He had on nine jackets, one over another, and nine pairs of trousers. Then he called for his horse, whose name was Kambeng Diluk;¹ and Kambeng neighed into the air, and waited, prancing, before the house. Soon the Malaki T'oluk Waig mounted his horse, and sitting on a saddle of mirrored glass, he rode toward the meadow. Then Kambeng Diluk began to run, just like the wind.

When they reached the meadow, there were many people there. The Malaki's wife was sitting on the grass, with men grouped around her, and she was laughing with them. But she did not recognize her husband when he came riding up. After everybody had arrived, they set fire to the long grass, and burned off the meadow, so as to bring the wild pigs and the deer out of ambush. Then many men entered the chase and ran their horses; but none could catch the deer or the wild boar, except only the great Malaki, who had been the Basolo: he alone speared much game.

When the burning of the meadow and the hunt were finished, many men wanted to marry the Malaki T'oluk Waig's wife, and many of them embraced her. But the Malaki T'oluk Waig stood up, fierce with passion. His body was almost like a flame to look at. And he fought the other *malaki*, and killed many, until at last all were dead but one, and that was the woman's brother.

When all was done, the Malaki mounted his horse and rode back to his home. His house was all of gold, and yet it looked just like a mean little hut nestled under the barayung-tree. Then the Malaki picked up his coat and put it on: at once he became a Basolo again. He then went over to the woman's house and waited there for her to come back. By and by she came loitering along, crying all the way, because she was afraid to meet her husband. But the Basolo staid right along in the house, and lived with the woman and her brother. Then, after they had tried each other, they were married with Bagobo ceremony. The Basolo took off his coat, and again became a Malaki T'oluk Waig. They lived well in their house, and they had a big *hacienda* of hemp and cocoanuts and banana-plants.

¹ Possibly a form of *kambin* ("goat"); *diluk* ("little"); i.e., "little goat," a name that would be selected readily by a Bagobo for a fleet horse.

8. THE MONA¹

When the Mona lived on the earth, there was a certain man who said to his wife, "I want to go out and make some traps."

So that day he went out and made about thirty traps, of sticks with nooses attached, to snare jungle-fowl. His work finished, he returned home. Next day he went out to look at his traps, but found that he had caught, not a wild chicken, but a big lizard (*palas*²) with pretty figured patterns on its back. The man said to the lizard, "Halloo!"

Then he released the lizard, and gave him his own carrying-bag and work-knife, and told him to go straight to his house. But the lizard was afraid to go to the man's house, for he suspected that the man wanted to make a meal of him. Instead, he ran up a tree, taking with him the knife and the bag. The tree overhung a clear brook, and the lizard could see his reflection (*alung*³) in the water.

No fowl could the man snare that day, and he went home. As soon as he reached the house, he said to his wife, "Are you all done cleaning that lizard?"

"What lizard are you talking about?" returned the woman. "There's no lizard here."

"I sent one here," insisted the man, "and I'm hungry."

"We have no lizard," repeated his wife.

In a hot temper the man went back to his traps, and there saw the tracks of the lizard, leading, not towards his house, but exactly in the opposite direction. Following the tracks, he reached the brook, and at once caught sight of the lizard's reflection in the water. Immediately the man jumped into the water, grasping for the image of the slippery lizard; but he had to jump out again with empty hands. He tried again. Hour after hour he kept on jumping, until he got so wet and cold that he had to give it up and go home.

"The lizard is right over there in the brook," he told his wife; "but I could not get hold of him."

"I'll go and look at him with you," she said.

So together they reached the brook; and the woman glanced first into the water, and then up into the tree.

"You foolish man," she smiled. "Look in the tree for your lizard. That's just his shadow (*alung*³) in the water."

The man looked up, and saw the lizard in the tree. Then he started to climb up the trunk, but found himself so chilled and stiff from jumping into the water, that he kept slipping down whenever he tried to climb. Then the woman took her turn, and got part way up the

¹ See footnote 2, p. 16.

² One of the *Agamidæ*.

³ The same word is used for the reflection in the water and for the shadow cast on the ground, since both phenomena are regarded as manifestations of the same spirit (*gimokud*).

tree. The man looked up at his wife, and noticed that she had sores on parts of her body where she could not see them, and he called to her, "Come down! don't climb any higher; you've got sores." So she climbed down.

Then her husband wanted to get some medicine out of his bag to give her for the sores; but the lizard had his bag.

"Throw down my bag and knife to me!" he shouted up to the lizard, "because I must get busy about fixing medicine for my wife."

And the lizard threw down to him his knife and his bag.

As soon as they got home, the man made some medicine for his wife; but the sores did not heal. Then he went to his friend Tuglay and said, "What is the medicine for my wife?"

Tuglay went home with the man; and when they reached the house, he told him what he was about to do. "Look!" said the Tuglay.

Then the man looked, and saw the Tuglay go to his wife and consort with her.

And the husband let him do it, for he said to himself, "That is the medicine for my wife."

When the Tuglay was done with the woman, he said, "Go now to your wife."

Then the man went to her, and said, "This is the best of all."

After that, the man cared for nothing except to be with his wife. He did not even care to eat. He threw out of the house all the food they had, — the rice, the sugarcane, the bananas, and all of their other things. He threw them far away. But after they had taken no food for several days, the man and the woman began to grow thin and weak. Still they did not try to get food, because they wanted only to gratify their passion¹ for each other. At last both of them got very skinny, and finally they died.

III. FOLK-LORE OF THE BUSO

I. HOW TO SEE THE BUSO

The Buso live in the great branching trees and in the graveyard. The night after a person has been buried, the Buso dig up the body with their claws, and drink all the blood, and eat the flesh. The bones they leave, after eating all the flesh off from them. If you should go to the graveyard at night, you would hear a great noise. It is the sound of all the Buso talking together as they sit around on the ground, with their children playing around them. You cannot see the Buso; but if you do get a glimpse of one of them, it is only for a few minutes. He looks like a shadow.

In the beginning, everybody could see the Buso, because then the

¹ The Mona were aged people, without sexual passions; hence this episode presents a situation out of the ordinary.

Buso and the people were friendly together. Nobody died in those days, for the Buso helped the men, and kept them from dying. But many years ago the Buso and man had a quarrel, and after that nobody could see the Buso any more.

Now, there is one way to see Buso; but a man must be very brave to do it. While the coffin for a dead man is being made, if you cut some chips from it and carry them to the place where the tree was felled for the box, and lay the chips on the stump from which the wood was cut, and then go again on the night of the funeral to the same place, you will see Buso. Stand near the stump, and you will see passing before you (1) a swarm of fireflies; (2) the intestines of the dead person; (3) many heads of the dead person; (4) many arms of the dead person; (5) many legs of the dead person; (6) the entire body passing before you; (7) shadows flitting before you; and finally (8) the Buso. But no one yet has been brave enough to try it.

"But one thing I did when my uncle died," said my boy informant. "I chipped a piece of wood from the coffin, and tied it to a long string, like a fly to a fish-hook. This I let down between the slats of the floor, as I stood in the room where the dead body lay, and I held the line dangling. As a fish catches at the bait, so Buso seized that bit of wood, and for about two minutes I could feel him pulling at it from under the house. Then I drew up the string with the wood. Buso was there under the house, and smelt the chip from the coffin."

2. BUSO AND THE WOMAN

In a little house there lived a man and his wife together. One night, after they had been married for a long time, the man told his wife that he would like to go fishing.

"Oh, yes! my husband," said the woman eagerly. "Go, and bring me some nice fish to-morrow, so that we can have a good meal."

The man went out that same night to fish. And his wife was left alone in the house.

In the night, while her husband was away, the Buso came, and tried to pass himself off as her husband, saying, "You see I am back. I got no fish, because I was afraid in the river." Then the Buso-man made a great fire, and sat down by it.

But the woman did not believe that it was her husband. So she hid her comb in a place on the floor, and she said to her comb, "If the Buso calls me, do you answer. Tell him that I have run away because I have great fear of the Buso."

Then, when the Buso called, the Comb answered just as the woman had told it. By and by the Buso went away. In the morning, the man came back from fishing, because daylight had come. And he had a fine catch of fish. Then the woman told him all that had happened,

and the man never again let his wife sleep alone in the house. After that, everything went well; for Buso was afraid of the man, and never again attempted to come there.

3. THE BUSO'S BASKET

Two children went out into the field to tend their rice-plants. They said these words to keep the little birds away from the grain:—

“One, one, maya-bird,¹
Yonder in the north;
Keep off from eating it,
This my rice.”

Just then they heard the sound of a voice, calling from the great pananag-tree,² “Wait a minute, children, until I make a basket for you.”

“What is that?” said the boy to his sister.

“Oh, nothing!” answered the little girl. “It’s the sound of something.”

Then the children called to their father and mother; but only from the pananag-tree the answer came, “Just wait till I finish this basket to hold you in.”

Down, then, from the tree came the great Buso, with a big, deep basket (such as women carry bananas and *camotes*³ in) hanging from his shoulders. The frightened children did not dare to run away; and Buso sat down near by in the little hut where the rice was kept. Soon he said to the children, “Please comb out my nice hair.”

But, when they tried to comb his hair, they found it swarming with big lice and worms.

“Well, let’s go on now,” said the Buso. Then he stuffed the children into his deep burden-basket, and swung the basket upon his back.

On the instant the little girl screamed out, “Wait a minute, Buso! I’ve dropped my comb. Let me down to pick it up.”

So the Buso sat down on the ground, and let the girl climb out of the basket. He sat waiting for her to find her comb; but all the time she was picking up big stones, and putting them into the basket. Her brother got out of the basket too, and then both girl and boy climbed up into a tall betel-nut tree,⁴ leaving Buso with a basket full of stones on his back.

Up to his house in the pananag-tree went Buso with the heavy basket. When his wife saw him, she laughed and shouted very loud.

¹ A small bird that steals grain from the growing corn and rice. A clapper of split bamboo is sometimes made to scare away the maya.

² One of the thick-branching trees haunted by demons.

³ A native sweet-potato. The Bagobo name is *kasila*.

⁴ See footnote 2, p. 39.

She was glad, because she thought there was a man in the basket, all ready to eat. But, when Buso slipped the basket down from his shoulders, there was no human flesh in it, but only big stones.

Then the angry Buso hurried back to look for the two children. At last he caught sight of them far up in the betel-nut tree, and wondered how he could get them. Now, at the foot of the tree there was a growth of the wild plant called "bagkang;" and Buso said words to make the bagkang grow faster and taller:—

"Tubu, tubu, bagkang,
Grow, grow, bagkang,
Baba, baba mamāā'n."¹
Handle, handle, betel-nut.

But the children, in their turn, said:—

"Tubu, tubu, mamāā'n,
Grow, grow, betel-nut,
Baba, baba bagkang."
Handle, handle, bagkang.

By and by, when the bagkang-stems had grown so tall as almost to reach the clusters of betel-nuts at the top of the trunk, the boy and girl said to each other. "Let us pick betel-nuts, and throw them down on the bagkang."

And as soon as they began to pick, the betel-nuts became so big and heavy that the bagkang-plants fell down when the betel-nuts dropped on them.

Then the Buso went away; and the children climbed down in haste, ran home, and told their mother and father how the Buso had tried to carry them off.

4. THE BUSO-CHILD

Datu Ayo was a great man among the Bagobo, well known throughout the mountain-country for his bravery and his riches. He had gathered in his house many products of Bagobo workmanship in textiles and brass and fine weapons. At his death, human sacrifices of slaves were offered up for him. It was not many years ago that he went down to the great city of the dead, and many of his children and grandchildren are living now. His sons like to think about their father's renown; and, as a reminder, the eldest son, Kawayun, always

¹ Buso is saying a charm to make the stem of the bagkang-plant grow tall enough to form a handle for the betel-nut tree, so that the children may be dragged down (*tubu*, "grow;" *baba*, "rattan strap forming the basket-handle;" *mamāā'n*, "betel-nut"). The children, for their part, say other magic words to make the tree grow at an equally rapid rate, so that its branches may swing above the bagkang as a handle for it. The Buso's formula appears to have been the more effective of the two charms in producing a magically rapid growth.

kept in his medicine-case two of the incisor teeth of the great Ayo, until he needed money, and sold the medicine-case with its contents. It had made Kawayun happy to look at his father's teeth.

When Datu Ayo died, his wife was about to become a mother. Now, the Bagobo women know that, when they become pregnant, they must be very careful to protect themselves from the evil Buso. On going to bed at night, an expectant mother places near her the woman's knife (*gulat*), the *kampilan*,¹ and all the other knives, to frighten Buso away. Failing this, the Buso will come to the woman while she sleeps, and change her baby into a Buso-child. One night, the wife of Datu Ayo lay down to sleep without putting any knives near her; and that very night the Buso came, and he transformed her child into a Buso-child. She did not know when he came, nor did she even think that a Buso had been near her, until her baby was born.

Everybody around the woman at the birth saw that something was the matter with the child. It was little and frail, and as weak as threads of cotton. Its body was flat, and its legs and arms were helpless and flabby. Then all the men said, "That is a Buso-child."

As the little boy grew old enough to creep, he moved just like a fish, with a sort of wriggling motion. He could not stand on his feet, for his legs were too weak to support his body; and he could not sit down, but only lie flat. He could never be dressed in *umpak*² and *saroa'r*,³ and his body remained small and puny.

Now the boy is more than fourteen years old, but he cannot walk a step. He understands very well what is said to him, and he can talk, though not distinctly. When he hears it said that somebody is dead, he breaks into laughter, and keeps on laughing. This trait alone would stamp him as a Buso-child.

5. THE BUSO-MONKEY

One day a man went out, carrying seventeen arrows, to hunt monkeys; but he found none. Next day he went again, and, as he walked along on the slope of the mountain called Malagū'san, he heard the sound of the chattering of monkeys in the trees. Looking up, he saw the great monkey sitting on an alumā'yag-tree. He took a shot at the monkey, but his arrow missed aim; and the next time he had no better luck. Twice eight he tried it; but he never hit the mark. The monkey seemed to lead a charmed life. Finally he took his seventeenth and last arrow, and brought down his game; the monkey fell down dead. But a voice came from the monkey's body that said, "You must carry me."

¹ See footnote 1, p. 18.

² See footnote 2, p. 30.

³ See footnote 1, p. 30.

So the man picked up the monkey, and started to go back home; but on the way the monkey said, "You are to make a fire, and eat me up right here."

Then the man laid the monkey on the ground. Again came the voice, "You will find a bamboo to put me in; by and by you shall eat me."

Off went the man to find the bamboo called *laya*, letting the monkey lie on the ground, where he had dropped it.

He walked on until he reached a forest of bamboo. There, swinging on a branch of the *laya*, was a karirik-bird. And the bird chirped to the man, "Where are you going?"

The man answered, "I am looking for bamboo to put the monkey in."

But the karirik-bird exclaimed, "Run away, quick! for by and by the monkey will become a *buso*. I will wait here, and be cutting the *laya*; then, when the monkey calls you, I will answer him."

In the mean time the monkey had become a great *buso*. He had only one eye, and that stood right in the middle of his forehead, looking just like the big bowl called *langungan* (the very bad *buso* have only one eye; some have only one leg).

After the Buso-monkey had waited many hours for the man to come back, he started out to look for him. When he reached the forest of *laya*, he called to the man, "Where are you?"

Then the karirik-bird answered from the tree, "Here I am, right here, cutting the bamboo."

But the man had run away, because the bird had sent him off, and made him run very fast.

As soon as the bird had answered the Buso, it flew off to another bamboo-tree, and there the Buso spied it, and knew that he had been fooled; and he said, "It's a man I want; you're just a bird. I don't care for you."

Directly then the Buso began to smell around the ground where the man had started to run up the mountain-side, and, as quick as he caught the scent, he trailed the man. He ran and ran, and all the time the man was running too; but soon the Buso began to gain on him. After a while, when the Buso had come close upon him, the man tried to look for some covert. He reached a big rock, and cried out, "O rock! will you give me shelter when the Buso tries to eat me?"

"No," replied the rock; "for, if I should help you, the Buso would break me off and throw me away."

Then the man ran on; and the Buso came nearer and nearer, searching behind every rock as he rushed along, and spying up into every tree, to see if, perchance, the man were concealed there.

At last the man came to the lemon-tree called *kabayawa*, that has

long, sharp thorns on its branches. And the man cried out to the lemon-tree, "Could you protect me, if I were to hide among your leaves and flowers?"

Instantly the lemon-tree answered, "Come right up, if you want to."

Then the man climbed the tree, and concealed himself in the branches, among the flowers. Very soon the Buso came under the lemon-tree, and shouted to it, "I smell a man here. You are hiding him."

The Kabayawa said, "Sure enough, here's a man! You just climb up and get him."

Then the Buso began to scramble up the tree; but as he climbed, the thorns stuck their sharp points into him. The higher he climbed, the longer and sharper grew the thorns of the tree, piercing and tearing, until they killed the Buso.

It is because the monkey sometimes turns into a Buso that many Bagobo refuse to eat monkey. But some of the mountain Bagobo eat monkey to keep off sores.

6. HOW THE MOON TRICKS THE BUSO¹

The Moon is a great liar. One night long ago, the Buso looked over the earth and could not discover any people, because everybody was asleep. Then Buso went to the Moon, and asked her where all the people were to be found.

"Oh, you will not find a living person on the earth!" replied the Moon. "Everybody in the world is dead."

"Good!" thought Buso. "To-morrow I shall have a fine meal of them."

Buso never eats living flesh, only dead bodies.

Next morning, Buso started for the graveyard; but on the way he met the Sun, and stopped to speak to him.

"How about the men on earth?" he questioned.

"They're all right," said the Sun. "All the people are working and playing and cooking rice."

The Buso was furious to find himself tricked. That night he went again to the Moon and asked for the men, and, as before, the Moon assured him that everybody was dead. But the next morning the Sun showed him all the people going about their work as usual. Thus the Buso has been fooled over and over again. The Moon tells him every night the same story.

7. THE BUSO AND THE CAT

The cat is the best animal. She keeps us from the Buso. One night the Buso came into the house, and said to the cat, "I should like to eat your mistress."

¹ See footnote, p. 25.

“I will let you do it,” replied the cat; “but first you must count all the hairs of my coat.”

So the Buso began to count. But while he was counting, the cat kept wriggling her tail, and sticking up her back. That made her fur stand up on end, so that the Buso kept losing count, and never knew where he left off. And while the Buso was still trying to count the cat's hairs, daylight came.

This is one reason why we must not kill the cat. If a Bagobo should kill a cat, it would make him very sick. He would get skinny, and die. Some Bagobo have been known to kill the cat; but they always got sick afterwards.

8. HOW A DOG SCARED THE BUSO

The Tigbanua' are the worst of all the Buso; they want to be eating human flesh all the time. They live in great forests, — in the panagag-tree, in the magbo-tree, in the baliti-tree, and in the liwaan-tree.

One day a man went out to hunt, and he took his dog with him. On his way to the woods, he speared a very little pig. By the time he reached the great forest, night had come. He made a little shelter, and kindled a fire. Then he cleaned the pig and cut it into pieces, and tied three sticks of wood together, and placed them on two upright pieces of wood stuck in the ground. On this *paga* he laid the pig-meat to broil over the flames.

By and by he got very sleepy, and thought he would go under the shelter and take a nap. But just then he heard voices up in the big trees. He listened, and heard the Tigbanua' talking to one another.

The Tigbanua' that lives in the liwaan-tree called out to the Tigbanua' that lives in the panagag-tree, “The mighty chief of all the Tigbanua', who lives in the sigmit-tree, gives this command to his people: ‘Don't make fun of the man, because he has been here many times before.’”

And right there, under the trees, the man, standing by his dog, was listening to the talk of the Buso. The dog was sleeping near the fire, and he was as big as the calf of a carabao. Very quietly his master spread his own sleeping-tunic (*kisi*) over the dog, and crept away, leaving him asleep in the warm place. The man hid in the shelter, and waited.

Presently many of the Tigbanua' began coming down from the trees, for some of them did not give obedience (*paminug*) to their Datu. They gathered around the fire, and sat down. By and by, as they sat near the fire, the penis (*tapo*) of every one of the Tigbanua' began to grow bigger and bigger (*lanag-lanag*). All at once, the Tigbanua' caught sight of the tunic spread out, and showing the form of a huge head and body under it. They all thought it was the man; and they rushed

up to it, and hugged it. But the dog woke up, jumped out from under the tunic, and bit the Tigbanua'. Then they all ran. One of them climbed up the tree to his own house, the dog holding on to his leg, and biting him all the time. But when they were halfway up the tree, the dog fell down and got hurt. And the Tigbanua' called down to the dog, "Swell up, swell up!" ("*Pigsa, pigsa!*")

All the other Tigbanua' were afraid of the big dog, and ran away. So the man slept well all night, because the Buso could not hurt him now.

9. STORY OF DULING AND THE TAGAMALING

Before the world was made, there were Tagamaling. The Tagamaling is the best Buso, because he does not want to hurt man all of the time. Tagamaling is actually Buso only a part of the time; that is, the month when he eats people. One month he eats human flesh, and then he is Buso; the next month he eats no human flesh, and then he is a god. So he alternates, month by month. The month he is Buso, he wants to eat man during the dark of the moon; that is, between the phases that the moon is full in the east and new in the west.

The other class of Buso, however, wants human flesh all of the time. They are the Tigbanua', the chief of whom is Datu of all the Buso. A Tigbanua' lives in his own house, and goes out only to eat the bodies of the dead.

The Tagamaling makes his house in trees that have hard wood, and low, broad-spreading branches. His house is almost like gold, and is called "Palimbing," but it is made so that you cannot see it; and, when you pass by, you think, "Oh! what a fine tree with big branches," not dreaming that it is the house of a Tagamaling. Sometimes, when you walk in the forest, you think you see one of their houses; but when you come near to the place, there is nothing. Yet you can smell the good things to eat in the house.

Once a young man named Duling, and his younger brother, went out into the woods to trap wild chickens. Duling had on his back a basket holding a decoy cock, together with the snares of running-nooses and all the parts of the trap. While they were looking for a good spot to drive in the stakes for the snare, they heard the voice of Tagamaling in the trees, saying, "Duling, Duling, come in! My mother is making a little *fiesta* here."

The boys looked up, and could see the house gleaming there in the branches, and there were two Tagamaling-women calling to them. In response to the call, Duling's younger brother went up quickly into the house; but Duling waited on the ground below. He wanted the Tagamaling-girls to come down to him, for he was enamoured (*kala-tugan*) of them. Then one girl ran down to urge Duling to come up

into the tree. And as soon as she came close to him, he caught her to his breast, and hugged her and caressed her.

In a moment, Duling realized that the girl was gone, and that he was holding in his arms a nanga-bush, full of thorns. He had thought to catch the girl, but, instead, sharp thorns had pricked him full of sores. Then from above he heard the woman's voice, tauntingly sweet, "Don't feel bad, Duling; for right here is your younger brother."

Yet the young man, gazing here and there, saw around him only tall trees, and could not catch a glimpse of the girl who mocked him.

Immediately, Duling, as he stood there, was turned into a rock.

But the little brother married the Tagamaling-girl.

There is a place high up in the mountains of Mindanao, about eight hours' ride west of Santa Cruz, where you may see the rock, and you will know at once that it is a human figure. There is Duling, with the trap and the decoy cock on his shoulder. You may see the cock's feathers too.

10. THE S'IRING

The S'iring¹ is the ugly man that has long nails and curly hair. He lives in the forest trees. If a boy goes into the forest without a companion, the S'iring tries to carry him off. When you meet a S'iring, he will look like your father, or mother, or some friend; and he will hide his long nails behind his back, so that you cannot see them. It is the S'iring who makes the echo (*ā'u'd*). When you talk in a loud voice, the S'iring will answer you in a faint voice, because he wants to get you and carry you away.

There was once a boy who went without a companion into the forest, and he met a man who looked just like his own father, but it was a S'iring; and the S'iring made him believe that he was his father. The S'iring said to the boy, "Come, you must go with me. We will shoot some wild birds with our bow and arrows."

And the boy, not doubting that he heard his father's voice, followed the S'iring into the deep forest. After a while, the boy lost his memory, and forgot the way to his own house. The S'iring took him up on a high mountain, and gave him food; but the poor boy had now lost his mind, and he thought the food was a milleped one fathom long, or it seemed to him the long, slim worm called *liwati*.

So the days went on, the boy eating little, and growing thinner and weaker all the time. When he met any men in the forest, he grew frightened, and would run away. When he had been a long time in the forest, the S'iring called to him and said, "We will move on now."

So they started off again. When they reached the high bank of a

¹ The S'iring are said to appear in the likeness of some near relative of the wanderer in the forest (*s-*, prefix widely used by mountain Bagobo before an initial vowel of a proper name; *iring*, "like" or "similar to").

deep and swift-flowing river, the S'iring scratched the boy with his long nails. Straightway the boy felt so tired that he could no longer stand on his legs, and then he dropped down into the ravine. He fell on the hard rocks, so that his bones were broken, and his skull split open.

All this time, the mother at home was mourning for her son, and crying all day long. But soon she arranged a little shrine (*tambara*¹) under the great tree, and, having placed there a white bowl with a few betel-nuts and some buyo-leaf as an offering for her son, she crouched on the ground and prayed for his life to the god in the sky.

Now, when the S'iring heard her prayer, he took some betel-nuts, and went to the place where the boy's body lay. On the parts where the bones were broken, he spit betel-nut, and did the same to the boy's head. Immediately the boy came to life, and felt well again. Then the S'iring took him up, and carried him to the shrine where the mother was praying; but she could not see the S'iring nor her boy. She went home crying.

That night, as the woman slept, she dreamed that a boy came close to her, and spoke about her son. "To-morrow morning," he said, "you must pick red peppers, and get a lemon,² and carry them to the shrine, and burn them in the fire."

Next morning, the woman hastened to gather the peppers, and get a lemon, and with happy face she ran to the shrine under the big tree. There she made a fire, and burned the lemon and the red peppers, as the dream had told her. And, as soon as she had done this, her son appeared from under the great tree. Then his mother caught him in her arms, and held him close, and cried for joy.

When you lose your things, you may be sure that the S'iring has hidden them. What you have to do is to burn some red peppers with beeswax (*tadu ka petiukan*³), and observe carefully the direction in which the smoke goes. The way the smoke goes points out where your things are hidden, because the S'iring is afraid of the wax of bees. He is afraid, too, of red peppers and of lemons.

II. HOW IRO MET THE S'IRING

Not long ago, a young man named Iro went out, about two o'clock in the afternoon, to get some tobacco from one of the neighbors. Not

¹ The family altar seen in many Bagobo houses. It consists of two slim rods of bamboo (attached to the wall, and standing upright), split at the upper ends so as to support each a bowl of white crockery, in which offerings of betel-nut, brass bracelets, and other objects, are placed. Similar shrines are sometimes put up under trees or by a mountain-stream.

² Red peppers and a piece or two of lemon laid under the house are effective in keeping Buso away from that vicinity; and the use of the same charm here against the S'iring suggests that the S'iring may not be separated by a very sharp line from the Buso who crowd the forests.

³ *Tadu* ("wax"), *ka* (preposition "of"), *petiukan* ("bees").

far from his house, he saw his friend Atun coming along; and Atun said to him, "I've got some tobacco hidden away in a place in the woods. Let us go and get it."

So they went along together. When they reached the forest, Atun disappeared, and Iro could not see which way he had gone. Then he concluded that it was not Atun, but a S'iring, whom he had met. He started for home, and reached there about eight o'clock in the evening. To his astonishment, he saw Atun sitting there in the house. Confused and wondering, he asked Atun, "Did you carry me away?"

But his friend Atun laughed, and said, "Where should I carry you? I have not been anywhere."

Then Iro was convinced that a S'iring had tried to lure him into the forest.

When you have a companion, the S'iring cannot hurt you.

IV. ANIMAL STORIES: METAMORPHOSIS, EXPLANATORY TALES, ETC.

I. THE KINGFISHER AND THE MALAKI

There came a day when the kingfisher (*kobug*¹) had nothing to drink, and was thirsty for water. Then she walked along the bed of the brook, searching for a drink; but the waters of the brook were all dried up.

Now, on that very day, the Maganud went up the mountain to get some *agsam*² to make leglets for himself. And when he came near to where the bulla grows, he stopped to urinate, and the urine sprinkled one of the great bulla-leaves. Then he went on up the mountain. Just then, the kingfisher came along, still looking for a mountain-stream. Quickly she caught sight of the leaf of the bulla-tree all sprinkled with water; but the man had gone away. Then the kingfisher gladly drank a few drops of the water, and washed her feathers. But no sooner had she quenched her thirst, and taken a bath, than her head began to pain her. Then she went home to her little house in the ground.

Now, every day the kingfisher laid one egg, and that day she laid her egg as usual. But when the egg hatched out, it was no feathered nestling, but a baby-boy, that broke the shell.

"Oh!" cried the frightened bird. "What will become of me?" Then she ran off a little way from her nest, and started to fly away.

¹ This bird, often called a "hornbill" by foreigners in the Philippines, is probably the halcyon kingfisher (*Ceyx euerythra*) of the islands. The ground hornbill is confined to Africa; and the tree hornbill of the Philippines does not make its nest at the foot of trees, as in this story.

² A mountain-plant whose stem has a thin, glossy, black sheath, that is stripped off and used in twisting the decorative leglet called *tikus*.

But the little boy cried out, "Mother, mother, don't be afraid of me!"

So the kingfisher came back to her baby. And the child grew bigger every day.

After a while, the boy was old enough to walk and play around. Then one day he went alone to the house of the Maganud, and climbed up the steps and looked in at the door. The Maganud was sitting there on the floor of his house; and the little boy ran up to him and hugged him, and cried for joy. But the Maganud was startled and dismayed; for he was a chaste *malaki*,¹ and had no children. Yet this boy called him "father," and begged for ripe bananas in a very familiar manner. After they had talked for a little while, the Maganud went with the child to the home of the kingfisher.

The kingfisher had made her nest at the foot of a great hollow tree. She had dug out a hole, about four feet deep, in the soft ground, and fixed a roof by heaping over the hole the powdered rotten bark of the old tree. The roof stood up just a few inches above the ground; and when the Maganud saw it, he thought it was a mere little heap of earth. Immediately, however, as he looked at the lowly nest, it became a fine house with walls of gold, and pillars of ivory. The eaves were all hung with little bells (*korung-korung* ²); and the whole house was radiantly bright, for over it forked lighting played continually.

The kingfisher took off her feather coat, and became a lovely woman, and then she and the Malaki were married. They had bananas and cocoanut-groves, and all things, and they became rich people.

2. THE WOMAN AND THE SQUIRREL

One day a woman went out to find water. She had no water to drink, because all the streams were dried up. As she went along, she saw some water in a leaf. She drank it, and washed her body. As soon as she had drunk the water, her head began to hurt. Then she went home, spread out a mat, lay down on it, and went to sleep. She slept for nine days. When she woke up, she took a comb and combed her hair. As she combed it, a squirrel-baby came out from her hair. After the baby had been in the house one week, it began to grow and jump about. It staid up under the roof of the house.

One day the Squirrel said to his mother, "O mother! I want you to go to the house of the Datu who is called 'sultan,' and take these nine *kamagi*³ and these nine finger-rings to pay for the sultan's daughter, because I want to marry her."

¹ In a strict sense, the term *malaki* is never applied to a man, unless he is young, unmarried, and perfectly chaste. But this technical use is not always preserved.

² Small bells cast from a hand-made wax mould, and extensively used for decorating baskets, bags, belts, etc.

³ See footnote 1, p. 38.

Then the mother went to the sultan's house and remained there an hour. The sultan said, "What do you want?"

The woman answered, "Nothing. I came for betel-nuts." Then the woman went back home.

The Squirrel met her, and said, "Where are my nine necklaces?"

"Here they are," said the woman.

But the Squirrel was angry at his mother, and bit her with his little teeth.

Again he said to his mother, "You go there and take the nine necklaces."

So the woman started off again. When she reached the sultan's house, she said to him, "I am come with these nine necklaces and these nine finger-rings that my son sends to you."

"Yes," said the sultan; "but I want my house to become gold, and I want all my plants to become gold, and everything I have to turn into gold."

But the woman left the presents to pay for the sultan's daughter. The sultan told her that he wanted his house to be turned into gold that very night. Then the woman went back and told all this to her son.

The Squirrel said, "That is good, my mother."

Now, when night came, the Squirrel went to the sultan's house, and stood in the middle of the path, and called to his brother, the Mouse, "My brother, come out! I want to see you."

Then the great Mouse came out. All the hairs of his coat were of gold, and his eyes were of glass.

The Mouse said, "What do you want of me, my brother Squirrel?"

"I called you," answered the Squirrel, "for your gold coat. I want some of that to turn the sultan's house into gold."

Then the Squirrel bit the skin of the Mouse, and took off some of the gold, and left him. Then he began to turn the sultan's things into gold. First of all, he rubbed the gold on the betel-nut trees of the sultan; next, he rubbed all the other trees and all the plants; third, he rubbed the house and all the things in it. Then the sultan's town you could see as in a bright day. You would think there was no night there — always day.

All this time, the sultan was asleep. When he woke up, he was so frightened to see all his things, and his house, of gold, that he died in about two hours.

Then the Squirrel and the daughter of the sultan were married. The Squirrel staid in her father's home for one month, and then they went to live in the house of the Squirrel's mother. And they took from the sultan's place, a deer, a fish, and all kinds of food. After the sultan's daughter had lived with the Squirrel for one year, he took off his coat and became a Malaki T'oluk Waig.¹

¹ See footnote 2, p. 28.

3. THE CAT

Very long ago the cocoanut used to be the head of the cat. That is why the cat loves cocoanut so much. When the Bagobo are eating cocoanut, they let the cat jump up and have some too, because her head once turned into a cocoanut. When the cat hears the Bagobo scraping cocoanut in the kitchen, she runs quickly to get some to eat.

We cut off some of the fur from the tip of the cat's tail, and put the hairs under one of the big stones (*sigung*) where the fire burns. This is why the cat loves the house where she lives.

When the cat dies, her *gimokud takawanan*¹ goes down to Gimokudan, where the spirits of dead people go.

4. WHY THE BAGOBO LIKES THE CAT

An old man was fishing in the brook; but the water kept getting muddy, and he did not know what was the matter. Then he went away, and he walked and walked. After he had gone some distance, he saw in the mud a big lion² that eats people. The Lion had been sleeping in the mud. He said to the man, "If you'll pull me out of the mud and ride me to my town, I will give you many things."

Then the man drew the Lion from the mud.

The Lion stood still a while, and then said, "Now you must ride on me."

So the man mounted the Lion, and rode until they came to a large meadow, when the Lion said, "Now I am going to eat you."

The man replied, "But first let us go and ask the Carabao."

The Lion consented, and they went on until they reached the Carabao.

"This Lion wants to eat me," complained the man.

"Yes, indeed! eat him, Lion," answered the Carabao, "for the men are all the time riding on my back, and whipping me."

There were many Carabaos in the field, and they all agreed to this.

Then the man said to the Lion, "You may eat me; but we will first go and tell the Cows."

Soon they reached the Cows' home, and the man told them that the Lion wanted to eat him.

At once the Cows exclaimed, "Yes, eat him, Lion, because all day long the people drive us away from their fields."

"All right!" assented the man; "but first let us speak to the Dogs."

When they came to the Dogs' home, the man cried, "The Lion is going to eat me."

¹ The good soul that goes to the city of the dead, and continues to live much as on earth. The *gimokud tebang*, or bad soul, becomes a Buso after death.

² The "lion" is borrowed from some foreign source, since in the Philippines there are no large carnivorous mammals.

The Dogs said to the Lion, "Devour this man; for every day, when men are eating, they beat us away from the food."

At last the man said, "Sure enough, you will eat me up, Lion; but let us just go to the Cat."

When they reached the Cat's home, they found her sitting at the door, keeping her nice house. It had groves of cocoanut-palms around it. The Cat lived all alone.

The man said to her, "This Lion wants to eat me."

"Yes, Lion," the Cat replied; "but first you make a deep hole in the ground. We will race each other into the hole. If you jump in first, then I shall lose and you will win."

And the Lion ran, and jumped into the hole. Then the Cat covered him with earth and stones until he was dead. But before he died, the Lion called to the Cat, "Whenever I see your excrement (*tai*), I shall eat it." That is why the Cat hides her excrement, because she is afraid the Lion will come.

Now, the Lion is the dog of the Buso.

5. HOW THE LIZARDS GOT THEIR MARKINGS

One day the Chameleon (*palas*¹) and the Monitor-lizard (*ibid*²) were out in a deep forest together. They thought they would try scratching each other's backs to make pretty figures on them.

First the Chameleon said to the Monitor-lizard, "You must scratch a nice pattern on my back."

So the Monitor went to work, and the Chameleon had a fine scratching. Monitor made a nice, even pattern on his back.

Then Monitor asked Chameleon for a scratching. But no sooner had Chameleon begun to work on Monitor's back than there came the sound of a dog barking. A man was hunting in the forest with his dog. The sharp barks came nearer and nearer to the two lizards; and the Chameleon got such a scare, that his fingers shook, and the pretty design he was making went all askew. Then he stopped short and ran away, leaving the Monitor with a very shabby marking on his back.

This is the reason that the monitor-lizard is not so pretty as the chameleon.

¹ The so-called "chameleon" of the Malay Peninsula and the Malay Islands is *Calotes*, one of the *Agamidae* (cf. H. Gadow, *Amphibia and Reptiles*, pp. 517-518).

² A semi-aquatic lizard of the Philippines that lays edible eggs, and otherwise answers to the description of the *Varanus*, or *Monitor*.

6. THE MONKEY AND THE TORTOISE¹

One day, when a Tortoise was crawling slowly along by a stream, he saw a baby-monkey drinking water. Presently the Monkey ran up to the Tortoise, and said, "Let's go and find something to eat."

Not far from the stream there was a large field full of banana-trees. They looked up, and saw clusters of ripe fruit.

"That's fine!" said the Monkey, "for I'm hungry and you're hungry too. You climb first, Tortoise."

Then the Tortoise crawled slowly up the trunk; but he had got up only a little distance when the Monkey chattered these words, "*Roro s'pūnno, roro s'pūnno!*"² ("Slide down, slide down, Tortoise!")

At once the Tortoise slipped and fell down. Then he started again to climb the tree; and again the Monkey said, "*Roro s'pūnno!*" and again the Tortoise slipped and fell down. He tried over and over again; but every time he failed, for the Monkey always said, "*Roro s'pūnno!*" and made him fall. At last he got tired and gave it up, saying to the Monkey, "Now you try it."

"It's too bad!" said the Monkey, "when we're both so hungry." Then the Monkey made just three jumps, and reached the ripe fruit. "Wait till I taste and see if they're sweet," he cried to the Tortoise, while he began to eat bananas as fast as he could.

"Give me some," begged the Tortoise.

"All right!" shouted the Monkey; "but I forgot to notice whether it was sweet." And he kept on eating, until more than half of the fruit was gone.

"Drop down just one to me!" pleaded the Tortoise.

"Yes, in a minute," mumbled the Monkey.

At last, when but three bananas were left on the tree, the Monkey called, "Look up! shut your eyes" (*Langag-ka! pudung-nu yan mata-nu*³).

The Tortoise did so. The Monkey then told him to open his mouth, and he obeyed. Then the Monkey said, "I'll peel this one piece of banana for you" (*Luitan-ko 'ni sēbad abok saging*⁴).

Now, the Monkey was sitting on a banana-leaf, directly over the Tortoise; but, instead of banana, he dropped his excrement into the Tortoise's mouth. The Tortoise screamed with rage; but the Monkey

¹ This story, in an abbreviated form, was found by Clara Kern Bayliss at Laguna (cf. this Journal, vol. xxi, p. 46 (1908)).

² *Roro*, "slide;" *s* prefix (euphonic or formal, used by mountain Bagobo before vowels and many consonant sounds, as the labial *p* here); *pūnno*, "tortoise."

³ *Langag*, "look;" *-ka* (suffix, second person nominative), "you;" *pudung*, "shut;" *-nu* (pronominal suffix), "your;" *yan* (demonstrative pronoun), "that," "those;" *mata*, "eyes."

⁴ *Luit* (transitive verb and noun), "peel," "shell;" *-ko* (suffix, first person pronominal), "I;" *'ni* (abbreviated from *ini*), "this," "here," in sense of "at hand;" *sēbad*, "one;" *abok*, "piece;" *saging*, "banana."

jumped up and down, laughing at him. Then he went on eating the remainder of the bananas.

The Tortoise then set himself to work at making a little hut of bamboo-posts, with a roof and walls of leaves. The upper ends of the bamboo he sharpened, and let them project through the roof; but the sharp points were concealed by the leaves. It was like a trap for pigs (*sankil*).

When the Monkey came down from the banana-tree, the Tortoise said, "You climb this other tall tree, and look around at the sky. If the sky is dark, you must call to me; for the rain will soon come. Then you jump down on the roof of our little house here. Never mind if it breaks in, for we can soon build a stronger one."

The Monkey accordingly climbed the tree, and looked at the sky. "It is all very dark!" he exclaimed.

"Jump quick, then!" cried the Tortoise.

So the Monkey jumped; but he got killed from the sharp bamboo-points on which he landed.

Then the Tortoise made a fire, and roasted the Monkey. He cut off the Monkey's ears, and they turned into buyo-leaves.¹ He cut out the heart, and it turned into betel-nut. He took out the brain, and it became lime (*apog*²). He made thet ail into *pungaman*.³ The stomach he made into a basket. He put into the basket the betel and the lime and the *pungaman* and the buyo, and crawled away.

Soon he heard the noise of many animals gathered together. He found the monkeys and the deer and the pigs and the wild birds having a big rice-planting. All the animals were rejoiced to see the Tortoise coming with a basket, for they all wanted to chew betel. The monkeys ran up, chattering, and tried to snatch the betel-nuts; but the Tortoise held them back, saying, "Wait a minute! By and by I will give you some."

Then the monkeys sat around, waiting, while the Tortoise prepared the betel-nut. He cut the nuts and the *pungaman* into many small pieces, and the buyo-leaf too, and gave them to the monkeys and the other animals. Everybody began to chew; and the Tortoise went away to a distance about the length of one field (*sebad kinamat*), where he could get out of sight, under shelter of some trees. Then he called to the monkeys, "All of you are eating monkey, just like your own body: you are chewing up one of your own family."

At that, all the monkeys were angry, and ran screaming to catch the Tortoise. But the Tortoise had hid under the felled trunk of an

¹ See footnote 5, p. 32.

² A white powder (calcined shell) that is sprinkled on the betel-nut. It is made by burning certain shells to ashes, and mixing with water.

³ The stem of a mountain-plant that is chewed in lack of betel-nut. It blackens the teeth, like betel.

old *palma brava* tree. As each monkey passed close by the trunk where the Tortoise lay concealed, the Tortoise said, "Drag your membrum! here's a felled tree" (*Sūpa tapo! basīō'*¹).

Thus every monkey passed by clear of the trunk, until the last one came by; and he was both blind and deaf. When he followed the rest, he could not hear the Tortoise call out, "*Sūpa tapo! basīō'*;" and his membrum struck against the fallen trunk. He stopped, and became aware of the Tortoise underneath. Then he screamed to the rest; and all the monkeys came running back, and surrounded the Tortoise, threatening him.

"What do you want?" inquired the Tortoise.

"You shall die," cried the monkeys. "Tell us what will kill you. We will chop you to pieces with the axe."

"Oh, no! that won't hurt me in the least," replied the Tortoise. "You can see the marks on my shell, where my father used to cut my body: but that didn't kill me."

"We will put you in the fire, then, and burn you to death," chorussed the monkeys. "Will that do?"

"Fire does not hurt me," returned the Tortoise. "Look at my body! See how brown it is where my father used to stick me into the fire."

"What, then, is best to kill you?" urged the monkeys.

"The way to kill me," replied the Tortoise, "is to take the punch used for brass, *bulit*,² and run³ it into my rectum. Then throw me into the big pond, and drown me."

Then the monkeys did as they were told, and threw him into the pond. But the Tortoise began to swim about in the water.

Exultantly he called to the monkeys, "This is my own home: you see I don't drown." And the lake was so deep that the monkeys could not get him.

Then the monkeys hurried to and fro, summoning all the animals in the world to drink the water in the lake. They all came, — deer, pigs, jungle-fowl, monkeys, and all the rest, — and began to drink. They covered their *pagindis*⁴ with leaves, so that the water could not run out of their bodies. After a time, they had drunk so much that the lake became shallow, and one could see the Tortoise's back.

But the red-billed bakaka-bird that lived in a tree by the water was watching; and as quick as the back of the Tortoise came into sight, the bird flew down and picked off the leaves from the *pagindis*

¹ *Basīō'*, term used of any old *palma brava* tree that has been broken down or felled, and lies on the ground (*sūpa*, "drag," "lower;" *tapo*, "penis").

² A short, pointed iron tool; used to punch ornamental designs in brass ornaments, especially bracelets and leglets.

³ In a slightly different version, the tortoise tells the monkeys to bore into his ear with the *tiuk*, a brass wire that forms a part of the hinge of a betel-box.

⁴ The distal opening of the urethra.

of the deer. Then the water ran out from their bodies until the lake rose again, and covered the Tortoise. Satisfied, the bird flew back into the tree. But the deer got fresh leaves to cover their *pagindis*, and began to drink again. Then the bird flew to the monkeys, and began to take the leaves from their *pagindis*; but one monkey saw him doing it, and slapped him. This made the bird fall down, and then all the monkeys left the Tortoise in the lake, and ran to revenge themselves on the bird.

They snatched him up, pulled out every one of his feathers with their fingers, and laid him naked upon the stump of a tree. All the animals went home, leaving the bird on the stump.

Two days later, one Monkey came to look at the Bakaka. Little feathers were beginning to grow out; but the Monkey thought the bird was dead.

"Maggots are breeding in it," said the Monkey.

Three more days passed, and then the Monkey came again. The Bakaka's feathers had grown out long by that time; and the Monkey said, "It was all rotten, and the pigs ate it."

But the bird had flown away. He flew to the north until he reached a meadow with a big *tual*-tree in the middle. The tree was loaded with ripe fruit.¹ Perched on one of the branches, the bird ate all he wanted, and when done he took six of the fruit of the *tual*, and made a necklace for himself. With this hung round his neck, he flew to the house where the old Monkey lived, and sat on the roof. He dropped one *tual* through the roof, and it fell down on the floor, where all the little monkey-children ran for it, dancing and screaming.

"Don't make such a noise!" chided the old Monkey, "and do not take the *tual*, for the Bakaka will be angry, and he is a great bird."

But the bird flew down into the house, and gave one *tual* to the old Monkey.

"That is good," said the old Monkey, tasting it. "Tell me where you got it." But the bird would not tell. Then the old monkey stood up, and kissed him, and begged to be taken to the *tual*-tree.

At last the Bakaka said to all the monkeys, "Three days from now you may all go to the *tual*-tree. I want you *all* to go, the blind monkey too. Go to the meadow where the grass grows high, and there, in the centre of the meadow, is the *tual*-tree. If you see the sky and the air black, do not speak a word; for if you speak, you will get sick."

At the set time, all the monkeys started for the meadow, except one female monkey that was expecting a baby. The deer and all the other animals went along, except a few of the females who could not go. They all reached the meadow-grass; and the monkeys climbed up the *tual*-tree that stood in the centre of the field, until all the branches were

¹ A small edible fruit with an acid pulp and red-and-white skin.

full of monkeys. The birds and the jungle-fowl flew up in the tree; but the deer and the other animals waited down on the ground.

Then the sky grew black, for the Bakaka and the Tortoise were going around the meadow with lighted sticks of *balekayo*,¹ and setting fire to the grass. The air was full of smoke, and the little monkeys were crying; but the old Monkey bit them, and said, "Keep still, for the Bakaka told us not to speak."

But the meadow-grass was all ablaze, and the flames crept nearer and nearer to the tual-tree. Then all the monkeys saw the fire, and cried, "Oh! what will become of us?"

Some of the birds and most of the chickens flew away; but some died in the flames. A few of the pigs ran away, but most of them died. The other animals were burned to death. Not a single monkey escaped, save only the female monkey who staid at home. When her baby was born, it was a boy-monkey. The mother made it her husband, and from this pair came many monkeys.

It was the same with the deer. All were burned, except one doe who staid at home. When her little fawn was born, it was a male. She made it her husband, and from this one pair came many deer.

7. THE CROW AND THE GOLDEN TREES

The liver of the crow is "medicine" for many pains and for sickness. On this account the Bagobo kills the crow so that he may get his liver for "medicine." The liver is good to eat, either cooked or raw. If you see a crow dead, you can get its liver and eat some of it, and it will be "medicine" for your body.

The crow never makes its nest in low-growing trees, but only in tall, big trees. Far from here, the old men say, in the land where the sun rises, there are no more living trees; for the scorching heat of the sun has killed them all, and dried up the leaves. There they stand, with naked branches, all bare of leaves. Only two trees there have not died from the heat. The trunks of these trees are of gold, and all their leaves of silver. But if any bird lights on one of these trees, it falls down dead. The ground under the two trees is covered with the bones of little birds and big birds that have died from perching on the trees with the golden trunks and the silver leaves. These two trees are full of a resin that makes all the birds die. Only the crow can sit on the branches, and not die. Hence the crow alone, of all the birds, remains alive in the land of the sunrise.

No man can get the resin from these trees. But very long ago, in the days of the Mona, there came a Malaki T'oluk Waig to the trees. He had a war-shield that shone brightly, for it had a flame of fire

¹ A light-weight bamboo with slender, thorny branches, very inflammable, and used where a rapid-burning and intense fire is needed (*bale* ["house"], *kayo* ["wood"]). This wood is extensively used in building the lighter parts of the framework of a house.

always burning in it. And this Malaki came to the golden trees and took the precious resin from their trunks.

V. AN ATA STORY¹

ALĚLŮ'K AND ALĚBŮ'TUD²

AlĚlŮ'k and AlĚbŮ'tud lived together in their own house. They had no neighbors. One day AlĚlŮ'k said to his wife, "I must go and hunt some pigs."

Then he started out to hunt, taking with him his three dogs. He did not find any wild pigs; but before long he sighted a big deer with many-branched antlers. The dogs gave chase and seized the deer, and held it until the man came up and killed it with the sharp iron spike that tipped his long staff (*tidalan*³). Then the man tied to the deer's antlers a strong piece of rattan, and dragged it home.

When he reached his house, his wife met him joyfully; and they were both very happy, because they had now plenty of meat. They brought wood and kindled a fire, and fixed over the fire a frame of wood tied to upright posts stuck into the ground. On the frame they laid the body of the deer to singe off the hair over the flames. And when the hair was all burned off, and the skin clean, AlĚlŮ'k began to cut off pieces of venison, and AlĚbŮ'tud got ready the big clay pot, and poured into it water to boil the meat. But there was only a little water in the house, so AlĚbŮ'tud took her bucket (*sekkadu*⁴), and hurried down to the river. When she reached there, she stood with her bare feet in the stream, and dipped the bucket into the stream, and took it out full of water. But, just as she turned to climb up the river-bank, an enormous fish jumped out of the river, seized her, dragged her down, and devoured her.

At home, AlĚlŮ'k was watching for his wife to come back bringing the water. Day after day he waited for her, and all day long he was crying from sorrow.

The man (AlĚlŮ'k) symbolizes a big black ant that makes its nest in a hollow tree. The woman (AlĚbŮ'tud) is a little worm that lives in the *palma brava* tree. The fish is another man who carried off AlĚlŮ'k's wife.

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¹ This story came to the Bagobo from a young man of the Ata tribe, whose habitat is the mountainous country in the interior, to the northwest of the Gulf of Davao.

² "AlĚlŮ'k" and "AlĚbŮ'tud" are Ata names, for which the Bagobo forms are respectively Bungen and Batol.

³ The long handle or rod of a spear, tipped with a sharp-pointed iron cone; equally useful for killing animals, and, driven into the ground, for supporting the spear when at rest. The same name (*tidalan*) is applied to the shaft of a spear lacking the blade, and carried by old people like a mountain-staff.

⁴ A vessel formed of a single internode of bamboo, in which water is brought from the river, and kept in the house.

