



The Greenwood Library of

world folktales

STORIES FROM THE GREAT COLLECTIONS

volume one

**Africa,
The Middle East,
Australia, and
Oceania**



EDITED BY THOMAS A. GREEN

The
Greenwood Library
of
World Folktales

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VOLUME 1

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Australia, and Oceania

Edited by Thomas A. Green

Jack Zipes, Advisory Editor



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Preface

The *Greenwood Library of World Folktales* incorporates a broad spectrum of the world's traditional narrative genres for a target audience of educators, students, and the general reader. The introductory notes that precede each of the narratives characterize the ecology and history of the regions from which they are drawn; contextualize the individual item, its characteristics compared with other genres of traditional narrative, and its similarities to related tales in other cultural settings; and strive to establish the relationships between these narratives and other cultural institutions, such as religion, political systems, folk medicine, and material culture. These comments are not intended to be exhaustive. Rather, they are intended to stimulate additional study and discussion.

The following volumes contain a varied collection of folktale types—sacred and secular, fictional and historical—from a wide range of the world's cultures. Although these tales have in most cases been identified in their introductions by terms that are derived from American and European scholarship, within each culturally identified subsection, entries have not been sorted into cross-culturally defined generic categories. This method was decided upon to avoid imposing unwarranted Western misperceptions on indigenous narratives. In a global undertaking of this magnitude, omissions are inevitable; therefore, the best that can be hoped for in this instance is to provide a point of departure for further exploration of this vast subject on the part of the reader.

The collection not only incorporates variants of the narratives that have become “standards” by virtue of their repeated inclusion in folktale anthologies, but also makes a special effort to include those tales that, despite their cultural importance, have been heretofore inaccessible to many potential readers. Such tales were often published in specialized journals or incorporated as data into linguistic or ethnographic studies rather than considered as objects of study in their own right. In other cases, tale collections went out of print before scholars had the opportunity to recognize the intrinsic value of these artifacts from the

perspective of contemporary folkloristics. Where possible, the earliest available collections of narratives were consulted to obtain “baseline” tales that represent traditional rather than contemporary repertoires

Although this anthology is designed as an independent collection, readers can benefit from the bibliographies at the end of each volume by consulting them for additional contexts for these narratives both individually and as they relate to the other narratives selected from a given culture. In addition, overviews of folklore theory such as Thomas A. Green’s *Folklore: An Encyclopedia of Beliefs, Customs, Tales, Music, and Art* and reference works that delineate the spectrum of folklore existing in the world’s cultures such as William M. Clements’s *The Greenwood Encyclopedia of World Folklore and Folklife* can provide useful supplemental information.

In terms of academic taxonomies, the narrative genres contained in this four-volume collection include jokes, folktales, legends, myths, and personal experience narratives. Each of these terms and other key terms are highlighted in **boldface** and are defined in the glossary at the end of each volume.

In most cases, narratives are modified from their original forms for the benefit of contemporary readers. In the vast majority of cases, modification has brought the spelling and punctuation of tales into conformity with contemporary American English usage. In some cases, tales have been edited to translate a collector’s attempts at rendering a regional dialect into a dialect of contemporary American English. Occasionally, longer narratives have been abridged while retaining both the style and intent of the originals. Finally, in a small number of cases, alternative terminology has been substituted for terms (particularly racially charged terms) that would prove offensive to contemporary readers. Every effort has been made to perform a minimum amount of modification, however.

Many of the tales included in the collection build on well-known plot structures and include widely distributed narrative motifs. When these are noted, reference is made to Antti Aarne and Stith Thompson, *The Types of the Folktale: A Classification and Bibliography* (cited as AT, followed by the appropriate number) or to Stith Thompson, *The Motif Index of Folk Literature* (cited as Motif, followed by the appropriate letter and numbers). Other indices are based on these two models, some of which are noted at end of this preface.

Following the precedent established by William Clements in *The Greenwood Encyclopedia of World Folklore and Folklife*, the volumes of *The Greenwood Library of World Folktales* are organized in the following fashion:

- Volume 1: Africa, The Middle East, Australia, and Oceania
- Volume 2: Asia
- Volume 3: Europe
- Volume 4: North and South America

Regional divisions are based on the prevailing categories for each continent. In general, these subdivisions are cultural (for example, Hopi, Yoruba, San) or political (Ireland, Italy, India). In certain cases, such as the tales of the African or Jewish Diasporas other strategies have been employed (for example, African American, Sephardim).

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Introduction to Volume 1

Volume 1 of *The Greenwood Library of World Folktales* includes continental **Africa** and those islands such as Madagascar customarily classified as belonging to this geographic region by virtue of their proximity to the continent's coast. The volume also includes those North African nations such as Egypt and Morocco that have been classified as Middle Eastern according to some systems. The climate on the vast continent ranges from tropical to subarctic and from rainforests to arid deserts. Cultural exchanges have been documented between indigenous African cultures and Phoenicia, Greece, Rome, and Persia by 300 B.C.E. and between Arabia, China, and the European nations from the seventh century to the present. Therefore, the ecological divisions and the cultural patterns of Africa are extraordinarily diverse. To accommodate this diversity, within the usual geographic divisions of the continent into Northern, Eastern, Western, Central, and Southern Africa, tales as a general rule have been categorized according to the cultural groups from whom they were collected. Thus, within Nigeria are found Efik, Hausa, and Yoruba contributions. This method is practical in contexts in which cultures commonly cross politically imposed national boundaries.

Although, properly speaking, the **Middle East** is located on the Asian rather than the African continent, the proximity of Arabian to Northern African territories and the unifying influence of Islam in much of the area, as well as in parts of Eastern, Northern, and Western Africa makes it practical to include the Middle East within the same volume as Africa. Early civilizations arose in the area of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers in the vicinity of twenty-first century Iraq. A succession of Eurasian civilizations emerged in the area: Babylonian, Greek, Israelite, Sumerian, Syrian, and Roman—among others. With the rise of Islam on the Arabian Peninsula in the seventh century, an Arabian and later a Turkish Muslim presence came to be felt in the Middle East. All of these cultural traditions left their impact on the folktales of the region.

While tales in this collection are assigned to national categories (that is, Armenia, Syria, Turkey), the arrangement of Middle Eastern materials (like

those of some other regions) present special difficulties. For example, both the Bedouins and the Kurds are distinct cultural entities whose territories extend across the borders of several nations. Palestine, on the other hand, is home to Christian, indigenous, Islamic, and Judaic traditions. These issues are addressed by maintaining the ethnic categories for the Bedouins and the Kurds and by setting up subcategories to accommodate the various religious traditions within the area designated as Palestine. In recognition of the Jewish Diaspora, distinctions have been made between the tales of those Jews who trace their immediate historical origins to Southwest Asia or Africa (the Mizrahim, “Easterners”) as distinct from the Iberian community of Sephardim who fled to North Africa (see “The Weight before the Door,” page 14) after the reconquest from the North African Moors of Portugal and Spain. The Sephardim who owe their origins to Europe as well the European Ashkenazic Jewish community will be considered in Volume 3.

Oceania encompasses four distinct regions: **Australia**, **Melanesia**, **Micronesia**, and **Polynesia**. The indigenous populations of Oceania are considered in turn in the present collection, and the classification of each is managed by means of the standard geographic classification of the islands as Australian, Melanesian, Micronesian, and Polynesian. Australia, by virtue of being the most isolated of the world’s continents, allowed its indigenous population to develop diverse traditional lifestyles and languages (estimated at more than 150). The major cultural differences among groups are the results of adaptations to different ecological niches—for example, interior deserts versus coastal areas. Evidence for the time and source of the original population of Australia is not conclusive; however, there is strong support for settlement at least 40,000 years ago from the Indonesian archipelago. Thus, while Australia has been grouped with the Pacific Islands, the languages and cultures of the continent are distinct from the Pacific Islands designated as Melanesia, Micronesia, and Polynesia. The geographic area commonly designated as Melanesia includes the islands of the southwestern portion of Oceania. The northeastern section is labeled Micronesia. Polynesia includes both the islands of the eastern area and the indigenous population of New Zealand—that is, the Maori (who trace their descent from Polynesian immigrants)—despite New Zealand’s proximity to Australia.

AFRICA

Northern Africa

EGYPT

GIFTS FOR MY SON MOHAMMED

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Sayce, A. H. "Cairene Folklore." *Folklore* 11 (1900): 357–358.

Date: ca. 1900

Original Source: Egyptian

National Origin: Egypt

Egypt is located on the Mediterranean and Red Seas. To the south is Sudan, on the west Libya, and on the northeast Israel and the Gaza Strip. From around 8000 B.C.E., Egypt established itself as a major power in Africa: politically, economically, and culturally. Over the millennia, the Greek, Persian, Roman, European, and various Islamic cultures influenced the repertoire of folktales. Since a large portion of the country is given over to the Sahara Desert, the majority of Egypt's population pursues an urban lifestyle clustered in metropolitan centers such as Cairo (the largest city in Africa) and Alexandria, or lives as agriculturalists along the arable stretches watered by the Nile. The division between urban and rural cultures may be seen in the following narrative. As the following tale collected in Cairo during the late nineteenth century demonstrates, the rural agriculturalists, the fellahin (Arabic), were common characters in comic tales and generally were ridiculed on the basis of intellect and ethics by the city dwellers. In the following story, however, the crafty fellah, playing the role of **trickster**, outwits a Turkish soldier who serves as the representative of one of the foreign empires who politically dominated Egypt during the time period in which the tale is set. In this case, therefore, the friction between indigenous Egyptians and the dominant Turks is a more important issue than the urban-rural split. The piastre the fellah uses as a bribe was the coin of the

Ottoman Turkish Empire. The narrative's storyline is a **variant** of "Student from Paradise" (AT 1540).

There was once a fellah, who being annoyed with his wife left the village and went away; he came to another village, went to a house there and begged. The mistress came to him, "Where do you come from (she asked)?"

He replied, "I am come from hell."

She said, "Have you not seen my son Mohammed there?"

He answered, "Yes I saw him, poor fellow, naked and hungry."

When she heard that she cried exceedingly, and went and got some clothes, and bread, and money, and gave them to him, saying, "Give these to my son Mohammed along with many remembrances from me."

The fellow took the clothes and went away, saying to himself, "It's not my wife only who is a fool, all women are the same."

Presently the Turkish soldier who was the woman's husband came home and found his wife crying, so he asks, "What's the matter, Fatûna?"

She replied, "A man has come from hell, who has seen my son Mohammed there miserable, and naked, and hungry; so I have given him some linen clothes and some food to take to my son Mohammed."

The soldier cried, "You are a fool; no one ever comes back from hell! Where's the fellow?"

She said, "He is gone in such and such a direction."

The soldier mounted his horse and rode off in order to overtake the fellah and recover from him the linen clothes.

The fellah saw him coming in the distance and hid the clothes in the well of a waterwheel and said to the irrigator, "Take a piastre [coin of the Ottoman Turkish Empire] and bring a stick from the garden yonder."

The lad jumped over the walls; the soldier came and asks the fellah, "Good Sir, has no one passed this way with a bundle of clothes?"

He replied, "Yes, soldier, he has just jumped over into the garden."

The soldier said, "Hold the horse till I come back."

The fellah mounted the horse and took the clothes and went off. The soldier searched and searched; there is no one (to be seen). When he returns from the garden he cannot find the horse. He took his departure and returned home.

His wife came to him, "Where's the horse?"

He answered, "I have sent it to Mohammed in order that he may ride it in hell."

A GIFT FOR THE SULTAN

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Sayce, A. H. "Cairene Folklore." *Folklore* 11 (1900): 359-360.

Date: ca. 1900

Original Source: Egyptian

National Origin: Egypt

The following folktale of domestic strife is a **variant** of a common **tale type** (for example, “The Silence Wager,” AT 1351). There is no particular indication of stereotyping on the basis of ethnicity or on the rural vs. urban dichotomy discussed in “Gifts for My Son Mohammed” (page 3). As the names Ignoramus and Scold indicate, these are simply **stock characters** in traditional narratives. In addition, the tale reflects the multicultural mix that is typically Egyptian. Power structures that followed in the wake of Islam are apparent in the presence of the Sultan. The character of the “negress slave” is likely to have been Nubian, as Nubians were reported to have entered Cairo from Southern Egypt and the Sudan to serve as domestic servants (Sayce 356). The tale itself is most likely to be Persian in origin.

There was a man whose name was Khêba (Ignoramus), who was married to a wife named Nêba (Scold); he was walking one day when he found a very pretty thing, so he said to himself, “It will do as a present to the Sultan.”

He took it and went to the Sultan and said, “Accept this present, O king; I have brought it for you!”

The Sultan said to him, “Tell me what I shall give you in return for it.”

“I want you to fill my house with bread.”

The Sultan replied, “My man, ask for something else.”

He answered, “I want you to fill my house with bread.”

The Sultan ordered accordingly that his house should be filled with bread. When they had filled the house with bread, he and his wife sat down to devour the food.

He said to her, “Get up, Nêba, and moisten the bread!”

She replied, “Get up yourself, and moisten the bread.”

He answered her, and words ran high, as to who should moisten the bread. The two sat opposite one another, but neither he nor she speaks a word.

Now there was a woman with child, who sent her negress slave to fetch Nêba in order that she might help her. When the slave reached the house she began to call to her, “Nêba, wife of Khêba!”

No one answered her. The slave opened the door and found the two sitting opposite each other.

The slave said to her, “Get up, ma’am, and act as midwife.”

She rose and went with her to the house. When the woman had given birth, they killed a sheep, and gave the innards to Nêba. Nêba gave them to the slave and told her to carry them to Khêba.

The slave took them, and went to the house; she cries, “O Khêba, husband of Nêba!” No one answered her.

The slave got angry, opened the door, and went in; there she found Khêba sitting, and said to him, “Take it, Khêba; this is what Nêba has sent you.” No reply was made to her. As he did not answer her, the slave put the tripe round his head, wound the intestines round his neck, and left him and went away.

The dogs smelt the savor (of the tripe); they came gradually nearer and nearer to him. When they got up to him, no one drove them away, so they pulled at the intestines and the fellow falls down; they continue to drag him as far as the Nile.

A fisherman passed by; when he drew up his net, Khêba was in the net. The fisherman cried, “Are you a man or a spirit?” There was no answer. The fisherman thought to himself, “I will take him and make a show of him; I shall make more money thereby than out of my fishing.” Then he threw him over his shoulder and went his way. Nêba went home, but did not find Khêba she said, “Perhaps he has gone to wash the innards.”

She went to the river to see, and found the fisherman carrying him. “What’s the matter, Khêba?” she asked.

“Ah, you have to moisten the bread,” he shouted because she had been the first to speak.

The fisherman exclaimed, “Get down and a curse be on you! Is it only about moistening the bread that you have made this row?”

THE TRICKSTER AND THE SULTAN

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Sayce, A. H. “Cairene Folklore.” *Folklore* 11 (1900): 361–364.

Date: ca. 1900

Original Source: Egyptian

National Origin: Egypt

Through the character of the first man, the following folktale illustrates the dual nature of the **trickster** figure common not only in the comic tales of Cairo, but cross-culturally. In this tale, he attempts to turn misfortune into gain. When confronted by blocking characters, who imply the corrupt nature of the Turkish sultan’s retainers, he uses his wits to escape harm and punish his persecutors, using the basic plot found in “To Divide Presents and Strokes” (AT 1610). This tale’s final plot twist also suggests that he is able to exact revenge on the neighbor who originally cost him his fortune. This tale is often related as one of the exploits of Nasrudin, also Mullah (Persian, Islamic cleric) Nasrudin, a

trickster who often plays the role of “wise fool” in Islamic tradition. Nasrudin has been a topic of narrative since ca. 1200 C.E. He is often associated with Sufism, an Islamic mystical tradition, but the origins of the figure of Nasrudin have yet to be established. In this folktale, the protagonist is not identified as either Nasrudin, in particular, nor as a holy man, in general.

There was once a man who had a thousand piastres [coin of the Ottoman Turkish Empire], but he was afraid to go into business because of fear of losing his money; then he goes away, not wanting to give anything to other people lest he should become poorer.

A neighbor of theirs, a woman, said to his wife, “You had better buy some spring chickens; they will soon grow into fowls, and you can sell each fowl for two piastres and a half or perhaps three piastres, and so you will make a good profit.”

The wife replied, “Very well, when my husband comes I will tell him of it.”

When her husband came in she said to him, “You had better buy some spring chickens so that we may make a good profit out of them. At present ten spring chickens cost a piastre, but after awhile when they grow big, we can sell them for two and a half piastres each, and so make a great deal.”

Her husband replied, “Very good, you are a clever woman.”

So he gave his wife a thousand piastres, and she bought spring chickens with five hundred of them and corn with the (other) five hundred. She put the chickens into a court and crushed the corn and threw it to the chickens, and shut the door upon them. But the kite [a bird of prey] comes and picks out the chickens; the weasel comes and carries off some others.

After a little time they went to see the chickens. They found only one of them left. Then the man said to his wife, “Cook the cock and we will dine off it.” His wife killed the cock and cooked it.

When her husband comes, he said to her, “Who can dine off a thousand piastres? It can only be the sultan; if I should make such a dinner everyone would say, this fellow is mad, no one dines for a thousand piastres except the sultan.”

So he took the cock in a dish and took the bread and went to the palace of the sultan.

The porter said to him, “Hullo, where are you going, good sir?”

He replied, “I am going to the sultan to give him the cock.”

The porter answered, “If the sultan is favorable to you, what will you give me?”

He replied, “I will give you a quarter.”

He said, “Very well, go!”

He reached the second gate; the second porter asked him, “Where are you going?”

He answered, "I have a present for the sultan."

The porter said, "If the sultan grants you a favor, what will you give me?"

He replied, "I will give you a quarter."

So the other said, "Very good, go."

He reached the third gate; the porter asked, "Where are you going?"

He replied, "I have a present for the sultan."

The porter said, "If the sultan grants you a favor what will you give me?"

He answered, "I will give you a quarter."

He said, "Very good, pass on."

He reached the fourth gate; the porter asked him, "Where are you going, good sir?"

He replied, "I have a present for the sultan."

He asked, "If the sultan grants you a favor, what will you give me?"

He replied, "I will give you a quarter."

The porter said, "Very good, pass on."

The fellow entered the palace and found the sultan and the vizier, and the sultan's children, sitting there. He makes obeisance to the sultan; the sultan asks him, "What have you got, good sir?"

He answered, "I have a present for you."

The sultan said, "A present, of what sort is it?"

He answered, "Food."

The sultan said, "All right, I have not yet eaten." They placed the food in the middle of them and sat down to eat. The sultan said to the fellow, "Set on!" [literally, display]

He replied, "Your servant!" and took the cock, broke its head and gave it to the sultan, saying, "The head! You shall take the head."

And he gave the neck to the vizier, saying, "The neck! You shall have the neck."

And he gave the children the wings and said to them, "The wings! And you shall take the wings."

The sultan exclaimed, "What's this, O vizier?"

Then the vizier replied, "The head includes all the people; therefore you take the head."

The sultan was greatly pleased with the fellow and said, "Ask what I shall give you."

He answered, "I want eight hundred blows with the kurbash [a whip about one meter long of Turkish origin]."

The sultan said, "My man, think of something else!"

He said, "No, I want eight hundred blows with the kurbash." When they were going to give him the eight hundred lashes, he cried, "Wait a little! I have a partner!"

They went to the first gate; he said to them, "Give the Nubian two hundred!" When they had given the fellow two hundred blows, they went to the second gate; he told them to give the porter of it another two hundred. Next they came to the third gate; and he told them to give the porter of it another

two hundred. They went to the fourth gate and he told them to give the porter there another two hundred.

The sultan asked, "What is the meaning of this, good sir?"

He replied, "Your majesty, when I came the fellow said to me, 'If the sultan grants you a favor what will you give me?' I answered, I would give a quarter. Each of the porters asked the same question and I made the same reply, 'I will give you a quarter.' So if your honor wishes to give me anything, each will take a quarter, and I shall have nothing. Now each has taken a quarter and I have had nothing."

The sultan laughs greatly; he was pleased with the fellow and gave him plenty of *bakshish* [a bribe, the term is apparently Turkish in origin]. So he went back to his house and was happy.

He had a neighbor, a woman; when she saw that he had received plenty of *bakshish*, she said to her husband, "Come, I will prepare two cocks, and do you give them to the king in order that he may give you plenty of money as he has done to our neighbor."

He replied, "Very well!" She prepared for him four cocks and a little bread, and he took the meat and the bread and went to the palace.

As soon as the porter saw him, he said nothing for fear; so the fellow passed from the first gate to the last.

He found the sultan, and the vizier, and the children, sitting, and made obeisance. The sultan asked, "What have you got, good sir?"

He answered, "I have a present for you."

The sultan asked, "What is the present?"

He answered, "Food."

The sultan said, "Very well, I have not yet eaten."

He put the food in the middle of them, and they sat down to eat.

The sultan said to him, "Set on!" The fellow gave a cock to each.

The sultan said, "Good sir, why is there nothing for yourself?"

He replied, "The wise man eats of the sauce."

The vizier said to the sultan, "This fellow is a fool: he makes us fools and himself the wise man."

The sultan grew angry with the man and said, "He must be beaten well."

Then they beat him and turned him out of the palace."

ABU-NOWÂS

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Sayce, A. H. "Cairene Folklore." *Folklore* 11 (1900): 365–367.

Date: ca. 1900

Original Source: Egyptian

National Origin: Egypt

The protagonist of the following tale, Abu-Nowâs, Abu-Nuwas al-Hasan ben Hani al-Hakami (756–813 C.E.), was the most famous Arab poet of his era, the second Muslim Dynasty (749–1258 C.E.). Born in Persia, he achieved fame in the cultural center of Baghdad. His reputation both as a libertine and as a court poet resulted in his inclusion as a fictional character in several tales of the *Thousand and One Nights* (*The Arabian Nights*). In the following narrative, he is cast as a **trickster** figure who typically imperils himself through tomfoolery, then frees himself by his wits.

One day the Sultan told Abu-Nowâs that his wife said a smell went up from her during the night.

Abu-Nowâs replied, “O Sultan, we will contrive something to remove the smell.” Then he brought a pipe, and went to the soldiers who came by night to the Sultan’s palace, telling them that when they hear the watchman overhead they must assemble in the Sultan’s room.

During the night the Sultan was asleep and his wife said, “A smell rises from me!”

Then the soldiers thronged together to the Sultan and the Sultan said, “What’s the matter?” The soldiers answered that Abu-Nowâs had been the cause of it.

In the morning the Sultan said to the vizier, “I never want to see Abu-Nowâs again.”

The vizier replied, “If you don’t want to see Abu-Nowâs, we will throw him into the well where the ape will eat him.”

When Abu-Nowâs comes in the morning the vizier said to him, “The Sultan will throw you into the well today!”

Abu-Nowâs answered that he would come after two or three hours. Then he went and bought a sheep; he bought also a drum and bagpipes; he put them into a saddlebag and went to the Sultan.

Then the vizier said. “What is all this, Abu-Nowâs?”

He replied, “I want food, because the people who are dead have had nothing to eat.” He took the food with him, and then they took him to the well.

Then Abu-Nowâs said that the ape would kill him if he is let slowly down into the well. And the people say, “All right!” When he is let slowly down into the well, he saw the ape in the well; he gave him pieces of meat one by one, and the ape grows satiated.

The people above say, “It’s all over! Abu-Nowâs has been dropped into the well, and the ape has eaten him!” But Abu-Nowâs took the drum, and when the ape grows hungry he gives him a piece of the flesh. The people come to see Abu-Nowâs; they see him making a merry noise at the bottom of the well.

Then the people say to the Sultan, “Always when you throw a man into the well the ape eats him at once, but now Abu-Nowâs beats on his kettledrum, and plays with the bagpipes in the well.”

The Sultan went to the well and said, “Abu-Nowâs!”

Abu-Nowâs answered, “What do you want?”

He says, “Come!”

Abu-Nowâs replies, “No, I don’t want to, I am contented here.” Then the people let down ropes and draw Abu-Nowâs up from the well. And he said, “I was contented in the well; why do you come to me?”

MOROCCO

THE REASON FOR ABSTAINING FROM WINE AND PORK

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Green, Feridah Kirby. "Folklore from Tangier." *Folklore* 19 (1908): 441–443.

Date: ca. 1906

Original Source: Moorish

National Origin: Morocco

Contemporary Morocco borders Algeria to the east, and the long coast extends from the Atlantic Ocean on the west to the Mediterranean Sea in the north. Across the northern expanse of water lies Spain into which Islamic Morocco extended its influence in eighth century C.E. The population is primarily Berber (an indigenous Northwest African culture speaking languages classified as Afro Asiatic) and Arab (related groups who originated in the Arabian Peninsula of Northwest Asia in the area where the Asia and Africa meet). The Arabs brought their customs, culture, and their religion, Islam, all of which profoundly influenced the indigenous Berbers. The following pair of **legends** are Arabic in origin and offer explanations for the Muslim prohibitions on wine and pork. These narratives demonstrate the profound impact of Islam on the narrative repertoire of Morocco.

The reason we, the faithful followers of the word revealed through the agency of the holy Nebi ["prophet," that is, Mohammed] touch not wine nor the flesh of swine is this: In the days when the Prophet lived on the Earth there also lived his Sohaba or disciples, holy men who are now called

Saints or Shereefs [also, sharif] likewise, though their glory is a lesser glory than that pertaining to the most glorious Si Mohammed. Among them were Sidna ["our lord," Arabic] Suleyman [Solomon, ruler of Israel] and his father, Sidna Daoud [David, father of Solomon], Sidna Alkoma, and Sidna Ali, and Sidna Mousa, and Sidna Haroun, and Sidna Aisse, venerated by the Nasara [Christians], and many others whose names I cannot remember at the present moment, but who all did great and noble deeds and converted many unbelievers. And these Sohaba in the intervals between their Holy Wars used to hunt and feast together, and they ate of the flesh of the pig, and drank wine even as do the Nasara to this day.

And it came to pass that one day one of these Shereefs, being inflamed with drink, hit his mother a most grievous blow, and when his drunkenness had left him he repented with a great repentance. And he drew forth his sword and was about to cut off his right hand, when the Nebi saw him and called out, "Stay, oh my son! Why art thou about to mutilate thyself thus?"

And the Sid with tears answered, "With this hand, when I was inflamed with wine, did I hit my mother."

And the Prophet said, "Lo, the fault is not with thy hand, neither with thee, oh my son, but with the wine that inflamed thee. Of a truth the juice of the grape is a servant of the Evil One, and through it does he tempt the Faithful to their destruction." And he forbade his Sohaba and all their followers to drink wine again.

And for the not eating of pork, it is thus. Once when the Prophet was away, the Sohaba had a hunting party and slew many pigs and had a feast and were very merry.

And when Si Mohammed returned, one of his disciples, a poor man, came unto him and cried, "I have a claim, oh my Lord."

And the Prophet said "Speak on," and the man said, "I was prevented from joining in the hunt of the other Shereefs, and when they returned and the spoil was divided as is our wont, and they sent to each man a portion, my portion they forgot. And thou knowest, oh my Lord, that I am a poor man, and a piece of meat is not easily procured in my household."

Then said Sidna, "This is not right," and to the other Sohaba he said, "Give the man his portion," and they said, "It is some days since, and what was not eaten we destroyed and none is left."

Then was Sidna wroth, and he said, "Henceforth, for the sake of this my poor disciple whom ye have scorned, that portion of the pig which should have been his shall be cursed, and no true believer shall eat of it."

And the Sohaba bowed their heads and said, "It is well." But when they came to think how they had divided the pig and what pieces had been portioned to each, they found that no man could remember which piece should have been allotted to the poor man, and so for fear of offence they determined

to abstain from the eating of pig; and thus do we also, we, their sons and followers.

THE WEIGHT BEFORE THE DOOR

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Green, Feridah Kirby. "Folklore from Tangier." *Folklore* 19 (1908): 453–455.

Date: ca. 1906

Original Source: Moorish

National Origin: Morocco

From the eighth through the fifteenth centuries, portions of the Iberian Peninsula (now occupied by Portugal and Spain) were under Moorish domination. During this period, cities such as Cordoba, Granada, and Seville were established as citadels of learning under a tolerant Islamic rule. Among the groups inhabiting the Iberian Peninsula was the Sephardic Jewish community. The Sephardim (as they came to be called) were persecuted along with Iberian Muslims from Spain and Portugal after the "Reconquest" and the fall of the final Moorish stronghold of Granada. Many of the persecuted fled to Morocco. In North Africa the Sephardim not only escaped the Inquisition that followed the Reconquest, they became valued members of the Moroccan community. The status of the faithful Jewish guardian in the following tale demonstrates the degree to which the Sephardim were assimilated into Moorish society.

There lived once a man so rich that he measured his money by the mood [a unit of measure equivalent to approximately one bushel], as we poverty-stricken ones measure barley or bran. And it came to pass that he fell very ill, and feeling that his last hour had come, he called his son unto him, and gave over to him all his wealth and property, and said to him, "O my son, I leave thy welfare in the hands of the Almighty, and to the care of such and such a one, a Jew, who is my friend. Harken thou to his words even as though they were mine. Moreover, I have given him charge to find thee a bride when thee desirest to wed" And having blessed his son, the man died.

Now, in course of time the young man desired to marry, and so, according to his father's last words, he went to the Jew and informed him. And the Jew said, "It is well," and bestirred himself and found a damsel, and caused a suitable feast to be prepared and all things necessary.

And the morning before the amareeyah [large cage-like box in which the bride was carried to her groom's house] was sent he called the young man and

said to him, "Oh son of my friend, I have found thee a bride; but before we may know that she is the one destined for thee by Allah, it is necessary that thou shouldst do this. Tonight, after the amareeyah has been brought to thy house and the bride is seated in thy chamber awaiting thee and before thou goest up to her, I will cause a heavy weight to be placed before the door of the room and thou wilt endeavor to remove it. If she be the wife that is fitting for thee, thou wilt succeed; but if not, know that she is not for thee, and divorce her tomorrow without so much as seeing her face."

And the young man wondered, but he said, "It is well."

And that night was the amareeyah brought with much pomp and rejoicing, and the bride was taken to the man's apartment and seated there to await him in a rich robe, with her eyes closed and a veil over her face. And the bridegroom, after tarrying a while in the mosque with the young men of his acquaintance, came up to the door of the room; and it was ajar so that he could see the shrouded figure, but before it lay the weight of which the Jew had spoken. It was round like a ball and not large, so that the youth thought, "I will lift it with ease and tarry not to go in unto my wife." But when he came to try, behold he could not move it, no, not the breadth of a fingernail, and he strove with all his strength to move it by lifting or pushing or rolling it, but in vain, and he did not enter the room.

And the next morning he went unto the Jew and told him, and the Jew said, "Thou must divorce this woman, oh my friend, and I will seek thee another." And this was done.

And the Jew, after he had found a second damsel, caused a yet finer feast to be prepared, and the amareeyah was brought, even like the first time, and the bride was seated in the young man's room, and lo, when he came to enter, the weight again lay before the slightly open door, and though he saw the veiled girl and strove with all his strength to remove the obstacle and go to her he could not, nay, though he struggled till dawn.

And when the Jew heard that the young man had failed once more, he sighed and said, "Neither is this the wife destined for thee by the All-Wise. Let us send her back to her father and I will seek again." And all was done as he said.

And when the young man came for the third time to try to enter the bridal chamber, behold for the third time he saw that the way was blocked. And he said, "But this time I will remove the weight, or if I cannot I will try no more, for if I do not succeed this time I shall know that it is decreed that I should die single." And he bent his back and seized the ball with his two hands and pulled at it till he groaned with weariness, but in vain.

And the maiden within heard his groans, and she said to herself, "Shall I let this man who is my husband kill himself without striving to help him?" And she arose and laid aside her veil and her outer robe of gold and pushed herself through the half-open door. And she approached the young man who was wrestling with the heavy weight, and she said, "Let me help my Lord." And the two

placed their hands together on the ball and pushed with all their force, and lo, it rolled on one side of the door, so that the entrance was free. And the young man looked on the fair face of her who had come to his aid, and saw that she in truth was the bride destined for him, and he embraced her and the two entered the chamber together.

TALE OF A LANTERN

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Green, Feridah Kirby. "Folklore from Tangier." *Folklore* 19 (1908): 443–453.

Date: ca. 1906

Original Source: Moorish

National Origin: Morocco

The city of Fez provides the setting for the following tale. Fez was founded by the Idrisid Dynasty of North Africa under the leadership of Idris I (Idris ibn 'Abd Allah ibn Hasan II, ?–791) who is alluded to as Mulai Dris in "Tale of a Lantern." His son Idris II (791–828) developed the area of Fez, already colonized by his father, as a royal residence and capital at the turn of the ninth century C.E. The city ultimately became a major city for trade, science, and theology. Another of the good Sephardim characters rescues the protagonist and sets society back in order in this narrative. The Mellah, the Jewish quarter, accommodated the sizable Jewish population of the city.

There was once a man, a rich merchant of Fez, who had a very beautiful wife to whom he was greatly devoted. He gave her all that her heart desired, and never allowed another woman, whether white or black, to share her place in his life.

One day while they two were sitting over the evening meal, he drew from his bag a pair of very beautifully wrought silver bracelets and gave them to her, saying, "See if these will fit thy arms, beloved, for this afternoon my fellow merchants refused to buy them from the auctioneer, saying, 'no woman had wrists small enough to slip them on,' and I knew in my heart that my Fatumah would find them a world too large." And Fatumah, smiling, slipped the bracelets on with ease, for surely they fitted her as though they had been made to measure.

Then said Fatumah, "Oh my lord, grant me one request."

And he said, "It is granted, on my head be it."

And Fatumah said, "Should it please the Almighty that I should die before my lord, will my lord promise that he will wed again she whom these bracelets, his munificent gift, will fit?" And the merchant promised.

“Nay,” said she, “but thou shalt swear, and Dada here shall be witness.” And he swore a solemn oath, and the old black woman, who had been Fatumah’s nurse, was witness.

And shortly after, it was decreed that Fatumah should give birth to a daughter, and die.

But the babe lived, and to it was given the name of Shumshen N’har, and the old Dada cared for her and brought her up, even as the daughters of Sultans are brought up. And she grew daily more beautiful so that she surpassed even the loveliness of her mother, and her father regarded her as the apple of his eye.

Now when Shumshen N’har had reached the age of fourteen, the relations and friends of her father spoke to him very seriously, saying, “It is necessary that thou shouldst marry again. Behold thy daughter is growing up and she ought to have a husband found for her, and who could arrange for her wedding so fittingly as her stepmother would? Wouldst thou leave such an important matter to the Dada? Moreover, when thy daughter is married, thy house will be empty and thou wilt require more than ever a wife to cherish thee and care for thy welfare.”

And the merchant saw that they spoke the truth, and said, “It is well. I will wed.” That evening when the Dada stood before him to give an account of her stewardship that day and to hear his wishes, he told her what his friends’ advice was, and that he had determined to follow it.

Then said the Dada, “Has my lord forgotten the oath which he swore to the Lilla Fatumah, on whose soul be peace?”

And the merchant said, “Nay, prepare thou the bracelets, so that when I hear of a suitable bride, thou mayest take them to her and see if they will fit her arms, and if they do, we will know that she is the wife Allah has destined for me, and if not, we will seek further.”

And the Dada kissed his hand and said, “On my head be it.”

Soon after the merchant told the Dada, “Go to the house of such a one. I hear he seeks a husband for his daughter. Maybe she is the one who will do for me.”

And the Dada went even as her lord commanded, but in vain. When the young girl tried to put the bracelets on, they stuck on her thumb bone, though she pushed until her hand was as white as milk. And thus it happened many times, so that the Dada grew weary of going from house to house with the bracelets; and all who saw them marveled at their beauty, and at the smallness of the wrists for which they had been made.

And it came to pass that when the Dada returned from her tenth or twelfth essay, it was late in the evening, and she put down her haik [North African outer garment, a cloak], and the handkerchief containing the bracelets in one corner of the kitchen while she hastened to prepare the evening meal.

And the Lilla Shumshen N’har entered the kitchen to speak with her and to help her. And she said, “I will fold thy haik for thee, oh Dada, and put it

away lest it get soiled.” And when she lifted the haik, she saw the handkerchief knotted in a parcel. Then she said, “Lo, what has Dada here?” and she opened the handkerchief, and when she saw the bracelets she admired them exceedingly and examined them carefully and then she tried them on, for she thought they must be a pair prepared for her by her father, and lo, the bracelets slipped on to her wrists and rested on her arms as though they had been made to her measure.

Then did Shumshen N’har clap her hands and call to her servant, saying, “See, Dada, how beautiful these bracelets are, and how well they fit me. Did my father buy them for me?” And the Dada came with haste and looked, and fell on the floor in a swoon, for she feared greatly.

And Shumshen N’har called the other maids, and they poured water on her face and rubbed her hands till she revived; but she would not tell them what ailed her, but groaned heavily, and then the voice of the master was heard, and Shumshen N’har ran to her own apartments with the bracelets forgotten on her arms, for she feared she knew not what. And that night, when the household was quiet, the Dada stood before her master and recounted to him what had befallen.

Then was that merchant greatly perplexed, and the next day he called all his chief friends and the learned men and the Kadi [village judge], and laid all things before them. And for a long time they talked and wondered, and sought to find a way out of the difficulty, but they found none.

Then did the Kadi say to the merchant, “Oh my son, seeing that thou hast sworn this solemn oath to thy wife, on whose soul the Almighty have mercy, before witnesses that thou wilt marry the woman whom these bracelets will fit, and seeing that these bracelets fit only thy daughter, Shumshen N’har, though thou hast tried them on other maidens, it seemeth unto me that thou must marry her. And if it does not please the All-Wise One to open a door of escape for thee before the wedding, thou canst but divorce her the day after the marriage ceremony and perchance thus thou may accomplish what is written in the Book of Fate.”

And the merchant bowed his head and agreed to what the Kadi said. And a wedding day was appointed, and the merchant went and lived in another house belonging unto him, leaving his former home to Shumshen N’har and the Dada, who set about preparing for the marriage, but with tears and lamentations as though she was preparing for a funeral.

As to Shumshen N’har, she shut herself into her own room and would see no one, and prayed day and night with tears that death might release her. And it came to pass one evening, that as the Dada was bargaining in the courtyard with a Jew, a jeweler, about sundry ornaments of gold that he was preparing, that the moans of Shumshen N’har struck on his ear, and he inquired as to the reason of her grief, and the Dada recounted to him the story.

And the Jew, being a charitable man, and having daughters of his own, was moved with pity for Shumshen N’har. And he said to the Dada, “Verily, this is

a sad tale thou hast related to me, oh my mistress. May it please the Almighty to interpose and avert the evil.”

And he said, “Wallah, my tongue cleaveth to my throat with my wonder and pity. Give me, I pray, a drink of water to steady me before I go forth into the streets.” And the Dada went away to seek a cup.

And whilst she was gone the jeweler whispered at the door of Shumshen N’har’s room, “Oh Lilla, fear not, I will aid thee, God willing.”

And she said, “The blessing of Mulai Dris rest on you, oh charitable man.”

Then said the Jew with haste, “I will send a large lantern for thee to see. Hide thyself in it and I will get thee away from this place,” but before he could say more the Dada returned with the water. And the Jew left, promising to send all the ornaments of gold with his apprentice so that the Dada might show them to her master before she paid for them.

And the next morning the apprentice of the Jew came, and he brought with him a most beautiful lantern made of silver inlaid with gold, and colored glass, and so large that it had to be carried by two men. And the apprentice said, “My master has made this lantern for the son of the Sultan who is about to be wedded to the daughter of his uncle, Lilla Ameenah, and it is to be carried in front of the amareeyah. And my master has sent it for thy master to see, so that if it pleaseth him such another may be made for his wedding.”

And the Dada said, “Well, but my lord does not live here and I cannot carry this great lantern, as I can these jewels, from this house to where he lives, so that he may see it.”

And the apprentice said, “Suffer it to remain here a little while, oh my mistress, for I have paid and dismissed the porters who brought it, and I will go quickly to my master and ask him whether he be willing that I should hire two other porters and carry it to where your master now dwells.”

And the Dada said, “Well, but it is Friday and about eleven o’clock. If you go now, my lord will be at the Mosque. Come back this evening.”

And the boy replied, “I will come back at Dehhor [first call to prayer after mid-day, around 2:00 P.M.] so that thy lord may have time to see it and decide before sunset.” And he went off, leaving the lantern in the courtyard covered with a sheet.

And Shumshen N’har watched from the little window in her door till she saw that the Dada and the other women were busied elsewhere, and then she ran and entered into the lantern, seating herself among the candlesticks, and shutting the door after her. No sooner had she entered it when there came a knocking at the house door, and one of the slave children went to it. There was the jeweler himself and his apprentice and two porters, and the jeweler told how he had come to fetch away the lantern, for a message had come from the Sultan’s house that it should be sent there immediately.

And the two porters lifted the lantern, and the Jew was directing them how to carry it to his shop in the Mellah, when another messenger came from the

Sultan's wife about the lantern, and he interposed, saying, "Take it at once to the palace."

"But, my lord," said the Jew, "I have something yet to do to the door. At present it will not open or shut properly, so I have locked it, and the wife of our blessed Lord the Sultan will not be able to see the interior."

"What matter, dog," said the Sultan's slave rudely.

"Our Lady wishes to see it now, and as to the door, thou canst arrange it tomorrow or next day," so the jeweler perforce let the lantern be carried into the palace with its precious burden.

By the time the porters arrived with the lantern, the Sultan's wife had lost all desire to see it, so the slave had it placed in a corner of the apartment of the Prince, for whose wedding it had been ordered, and left it there, still draped with its sheet.

Now the Prince, whose name was Abd-el-Kebir, had after the morning prayer gone for a long ride outside Fez, and returned to the palace late that evening, and so weary with his exertions that he ordered his people to bring him some supper into his room, and then to leave him to rest. And after partaking of the meal he threw himself on a couch and fell asleep.

Meanwhile Shumshen N'har had remained all day concealed in the lantern, scarce daring to breathe, until, overcome by weariness, she too slept. When she awoke it was about midnight, and she was consumed with hunger. Emboldened by the quiet that reigned around, she opened the door of the lantern and peeped out. She saw that she was in a lofty, spacious room, sumptuously furnished, and lit by a large lamp that hung in the centre of an arch. Beneath this lamp was a small table with a tray and food, and in the recess beyond, on a divan, lay a most beautiful youth fast asleep.

At first, overcome by fear and bashfulness, Shumshen N'har retreated back into her lantern, but her hunger was too much for her. "After all," said she, "this youth seems too sound asleep to awake easily, and the food is not too near unto him. I will creep out, making less noise than a mouse, and assuage my hunger, and return ere ever he sees me." So she stole to the table side, and began eating with fear and trembling. But gradually curiosity made her creep closer to where he lay, so that she might the better see his features, and their beauty was such that she forgot all, but bent over closer and closer, and he, feeling that someone approached him, awoke suddenly.

At first these two glorious creatures gazed speechless at each other, and then with a cry Shumshen N'har strove to flee, but Mulai Abd-el-Kebir seized her caftan and implored her in earnest tones to fear naught, but to recount to him how it was that she was there. And his honeyed words prevailed on Shumshen N'har, so that her fear departed, and she told unto the Prince all her tale.

And Mulai Abd-el-Kebir comforted her, and made her eat food and rest on his divan, and he said, "I will devise a way that thou escape from this dreadful thing that thy people wish to do unto thee, and in the meanwhile thou shalt

remain hidden in thy lantern in this room, and none shall know that thou art here till I can find some other place where thou wilt be safe." And Shumshen N'har and the Prince talked together till the morning light peeped in at the window. And then she returned into her lantern and lay on some cushions he had placed there, and Mulai Abd-el-Kebir called his slaves and said, "Let no one enter this room whilst I am out, and this evening place food there even as ye did last night."

And thus it happened for three days. Every evening when the palace was quiet, Shumshen N'har emerged from her lantern and ate with the Prince, and spent the whole night in converse with him. And the heart of Abd-el-Kebir was filled with love for her, for her beauty was great, and he swore unto her by a great oath that he would save her from her father, and that he would marry her, and in token he gave her his ring, which was a diamond set in silver. And Shumshen N'har loved him with a love greater even than that which he had for her.

And on the fourth day Prince Abd-el-Kebir went with his young men to hunt gazelle, and whilst he was away, his sister, the Lilla Heber, said to her favorite slave. "Mesoda, I will go to my brother's apartments this morning, for the air there is cooler than in mine, and I know that he will not return till evening," and Mesoda said, "It is well," and the two went to the door of Mulai Abd-el-Kebir's rooms.

And the slave that was stationed there endeavored to stop them, saying, "Sidna said none were to enter there," but Mesoda chide him, saying, "Knowest thou not that is his own sister, the Lilla Heber, who wishes to enter?" and the slave feared and let them pass.

And Lilla Heber was much pleased with her brother's room, for it was much cooler than in the woman's court, and the windows opened into a small court full of flowers, and from them one could see the roofs of all Fez. Moreover, the room was filled with beautiful and strange things, and the Lilla and Mesoda amused themselves examining them all.

And Mesoda lifted the sheet off the lantern, saying, "Behold this splendid lantern, oh Lilla. It is for the wedding of thy noble brother and the Lilla Ameenah."

Lilla Heber replied, "It is truly a magnificent thing, and how large it is. I believe I could enter it." And she strove to open it, and Mesoda helped her, and at last they managed to open it, and there lay on some cushions a lovely maiden asleep. And when Lilla Heber saw her, her anger was great and her jealousy was kindled, and she said to Mesoda, "Roll this evil thing in a mattress and bear her forth to the baker's and have her burnt in the oven, saying the mattress is infested with lice."

And Mesoda did as the Princess commanded, stuffing a handkerchief into Shumshen N'har's mouth, and she gave a piece of gold to the slave at the door so that he might not tell Mulai Abd-el-Kebir who had entered the rooms.

And Shumshen N'har, rolled in the mattress and bound about with cords, was taken to the chief oven, and the master thereof told to bake the bale thoroughly, so as to kill the vermin.

But, thanks be to God, the baker's wife saw the bale, and when her husband told her that it was from the Sultan's palace she said, "I will examine it before we put it into the oven, for perhaps it may have gold or silk embroideries on it that may spoil with the heat, and also, perhaps, I may get rid of the vermin in some other manner." And when she cut the cords and the mattress fell open, there within lay neither gold nor silver, nor noisome insects, but a fair and slim young damsel with a face like the silver moon, and hair that covered her as though with a garment. And the baker's wife took her into her own room and gave her reviving drinks until she opened her eyes, and then Shumshen N'har told her all her tale, and the baker's wife recounted how the Lilla Heber's slaves had brought her to the oven in a mattress.

Then did the baker's wife consult with her husband, and they agreed to keep Shumshen N'har hidden from all people, and they clothed her in poor clothes, like unto their own daughter, whose name was Aisha, and Shumshen N'har lived with these good people and assisted them in their labors. And Aisha was never tired of hearing her adventures, and made Shumshen N'har show unto her the bracelets that had been the cause of all her woe, and she tried them on, and lo, they fitted her as if they had been made for her; for Aisha also was a pretty maid and graceful, though not fit to be compared with Shumshen N'har.

But the ring of Mulai Abd-el-Kebir, Shumshen N'har showed to no one, and of his promise to wed her she said naught; but in her heart she dwelt on these things, and when Aisha and her parents slept, she lay awake and wept, and thought on the beauty and goodness of Mulai Abd-el-Kebir, and prayed to Allah and our patron Mulai Drees to keep him from all ill and to restore her to him.

Meanwhile, in the palace of the Sultan reigned woe and sorrow and distress, for Mulai Abd-el-Kebir, the favorite of the Ruler, had fallen sick, and shut himself up in his rooms, and would see no one and would eat no food, but lamented day and night. And no one knew the cause of his suffering. And his mother and his father rose up to comfort him, but he would have none of them.

And his sister, Lilla Heber, said, "Let be, when he is wed with his cousin Ameenah, all will be cured," and she advised her mother to have the wedding accomplished.

But when the Lila's words were repeated to Mulai Abd-el-Kebir he cursed her most dreadfully, and he swore that he would never wed with Lilla Ameenah, no, not if all women died and only she were left.

And the Sultan was greatly perplexed. But the Sultan's wife, she who was mother to Abd-el-Kebir, said, "What matter this talk of brides and weddings? If my son eat not, he will die," and she caused it to be cried through the streets of

Fez that all women versed in cookery might prepare a dish of food which would be taken before the Prince, Mulai Abd-el-Kebir, so that peradventure he might be tempted to partake of one, and thus eat and live. Moreover, the wife of the Sultan promised a rich reward to her whose cookery would tempt her beloved son to eat.

And on the first day many dishes were brought to the rooms of Mulai Abd-el-Kebir, and he glanced at them, but with loathing, and would not touch so much as a grain of kuskusoo. And the second day it happened thus. And that evening the baker recounted to his wife how the Prince had fallen ill and how all the women of Fez were vying with each other to make delicacies for him, so that his oven, yea, and every other oven, were filled with delicacies.

And Shumshen N'har heard what he said, and when he had returned to his oven she said to his wife, "Oh my mother, let me try also whether I can tempt the Prince to eat." And she got couscous, and some fat chickens and onions and vegetable marrows and spices and eggs and dates and raisins, and many other things. And she made a most succulent dish of couscous, and the outside she ornamented most lavishly, and on it she wrote "Bismillah" [in the name of God] and "Long life to our Lord" in cinnamon, and under that she wrote the word "Shumshen N'har," and inside the couscous, right in the middle, she hid the diamond ring.

And it came to pass, that on the third day as the slaves passed before the couch of Abd-el-Kebir, carrying the various dishes that he might see them, that he caught sight of the couscous that Shumshen N'har had prepared, and he read what she had written thereon, and he beckoned to the slave who carried it to set it before him. And the Prince sat up and plunged his hand into the dish, and he felt the ring and he drew forth his hand and ate.

And then he said, "Verily, this is good couscous. Find out who brought it."

And they said, "My Lord, my Lord's baker brought it and his daughter cooked it." And Lilla Heber's slave Mesoda was standing by, and she heard and trembled and fled unto her mistress. And Mulai Abd-el-Kebir arose and mounted his horse and went down to the house where lived the baker.

And the baker's wife brought out Shumshen N'har veiled unto him, and she spoke to him, and he knew her voice. And she told him all that had befallen her, and how she had found a substitute to be her father's bride, even Aisha the baker's daughter, and Mulai Abd-el-Kebir took her home to the palace and married her with great rejoicings. And the lantern was carried before her amareeyah by two porters.

And Lilla Ameenah was wedded to Mulai Abd-el-Kebir brother, Mulai Abd-el-Wahed, and Lilla Heber was sent by the Sultan to Tafilet as a wife for the governor thereof, and Mesoda her slave accompanied her.

And for the Jew, the charitable jeweler, there was a rich recompense.

And Shumshen N'har's and Mulai Abd-el-Kebir's love was blessed by many children, and they lived for many many years in prosperity and happiness.

THE JINNS

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Green, Feridah Kirby. "Folklore from Tangier." *Folklore* 19 (1908): 455–457.

Date: ca. 1906

Original Source: Moorish

National Origin: Morocco

The jinns of Arabic folklore are believed to be malicious spirits who are shape-shifters (can change their forms) or become invisible at will. As the first of the following supernatural **legends** states, concerning a type of female jinn, "No other than the bewitched man can see her." In the second and third legends, the jinn assumes the form of an animal. The Tolba are religious scholars, such as Talib Faroosh mentioned in the third legend, who are often reputed to have occult powers.

As to Jinoon, it is wonderful how many they be, and what shapes they take. One very evil kind take the shape of women.

Traveling at night alongside of a marsh, all mud and with little water, a man may sometimes hear a woman making that cry we call the Zachr-hut. If he searches, he will see her submerged to her breast in the mud. A fair woman, beautifully clothed, and apparently no whit different to others.

If he be wise he will flee from her, but if foolish, he will stop and speak. And she will answer with soft words, and he will help her out of her muddy home, and take her to wife. Then will she bewitch him, and take all his senses from him, and make him do mad things, and perhaps finally kill him.

Mostly will her power be on him when he approaches water, rivers, springs, or marshes. No other than the bewitched man can see her, but it is well known what has befallen him. He himself will declare that he is wed to her, and will describe her. Such a man lived in our village once, and I myself have seen him when a lad. Sometimes the "Tolba" are able to help to exorcise the witch, but over some evil spirits no one can wield power.

Once a man was sitting in a mosque and he heard the cry of a hedgehog, even as that of a young child. So he rose and searched for it, and finding it, caught and rolled it in a secure ball with his garment. He tied it in most firmly, but when he came to open the bundle, behold, though the knots were untouched, the hedgehog was gone. It was a jinn.

Once another man was walking along a road when he saw a fine black goat, apparently straying. Said he, "I will take this beast to the Sook [market], and if no one claims it, I will sell it," so catching it, he flung it over his shoulders and went on.

Scarcely had he gone a few steps when there occurred a wonder! The goat spoke! "Am I not heavy?" said he.

The man nearly dropped his burden in his surprise, but he was truly courageous. "Am I not strong?" he answered, and clutched the tighter.

Then he thought, "This most certainly is a jinn. Now will I take him to Talib Faroosh, who is a holy man, and reported to have much power over all such evil things," and he went as fast as he could to the Talib's house.

When Talib Faroosh saw the goat, he at once recognized him, and began to "beat him with his tongue" [abuse him soundly], "for," said he, "thy mother has been searching for thee, high and low. What evil pranks hast thou been doing, oh Son of the Wicked One?"

And the Jinn was very meek, answering that he had only been taking a walk when caught by the man. Then the man told how he had found, as he thought, a goat straying, but that when it had spoken he had perceived that it was a Jinn, and had brought it at once to the learned Talib.

And then he demanded a reward from the jinn.

"It is just," said the Talib. "Name thy price," and the man asked for 120 mitzakil. Then said the Talib, "It shall be paid thee. But thou wast foolish not to ask more, for this Jinn is the one son of his mother, and very dear to her, and she would be able and willing to pay any sum you choose to ask. However, go now in peace," and the man returning to his own home, found the 120 mitzakil awaiting him.

Jinns are exceedingly rich, as they are able to draw upon the supplies of treasure hidden everywhere about this our country. The money paid by them is good, but of such ancient date, that it cannot pass, and must be melted by the jewelers back into lumps of gold and silver. Some of these coins are of a long shape, not round like our dollars.

Certain Talibs there are who are able to convert pieces of paper written on and cut into small rounds like coins, into money, but these are of a truth useless, for if thou trust to change them, they turn back into paper.

Eastern Africa

LUHYA

ORIGIN OF THE JA-LUO

Tradition Bearer: Uganda

Source: Hopley, C. W. "British East Africa: Anthropological Studies in Kavirondo and Nandi." *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* 33 (1903): 327–328.

Date: 1903

Original Source: Luo

National Origin: Kenya

This origin **myth** of the Luo of Kenya portrays their divine ancestor Apōdtho as a **culture hero**. Bringing with him cattle and the seeds of the Luo's staple crops, he establishes the basis of their indigenous pastoral and agricultural lifestyle. As is the case in many of the world's mythologies, the culture hero brings the gift of fire, which represents technology. The importance of lineage is apparent in the narrative's careful delineation of the descendants of Apōdtho. Moreover, the myth accounts for the presence of the Bantu lineages that preceded the Nilotic Luo into the area of Uganda and Kenya.

Apōdtho was the ancestor of all men; he descended to the earth from above, and brought with him two head of cattle, some fowls, and seeds of *mtama* [sorghum], *sem-sem* [sesame seeds], and *wimbi* [millet]. He found the tobacco plant growing on earth; the elephant gave him the sweet potato and beans. He also brought the knowledge of making fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together, and he taught the Ja-Luo to mix cow's urine with the milk. He reached the earth in the country away to the north of the lake, and

died in that country; at his death, he turned into a rock. Apōdtho had supernatural powers and possessed the power to turn into a rock at will.

When he was old, the Ja-Luo conspired to kill him, but for a long time nothing came of it, because they were afraid of him; but one day sickness overcame him; the conspirators sent a girl to see if he was really sick, as they thought it would be a good opportunity to kill him. She took a small horn, used for cupping blood, in her hand, and, while talking to him, she placed the cupping horn on his shadow; to her surprise it drew blood from the shadow. She returned and told her friends that, if they wanted to kill Apōdtho, they must not touch his body, but spear his shadow; they did so, and he died and turned into a rock, which the Ja-Luo afterwards considered to possess special virtues for sharpening spears on.

Ramogi was the first member of the Ja-Luo race to come to Kavirondo, and he built in Kadimu country, near what is now the village of the chief Anam. The Ja-Mwa (or Bantu Kavirondo) are descended from Anyango and came to Kavirondo before the Ja-Luo. They also came from the north, but belong to a different stock, the Baganda and Ba-Soga. The Nandi came from the Ja-Lango. The Ja-Luo on the south side of Kavirondo Gulf originally lived on the north side, and crossed over by canoes. The Koloa and various Ja-Luo clans on the Kitoto plain are the descendants of one Kanu, who is said to have come from Masai land, and to have married the sister of Rachonyo and settled down in the Kitoto plain; they are to this day often grouped together under the name Ja-Kanu.

Gemi, Lego, Sakwa, Kadimu, Ugenya, the founders of the tribes of the same name, were not sons of Ramogi, but were collaterally descended from Apōdtho.

AWA-WANGA ANIMAL FABLES

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Hobley, C. W. "British East Africa: Anthropological Studies in Kavirondo and Nandi." *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* 33 (1903): 337–339.

Date: 1903

Original Source: Luhya

National Origin: Kenya

The Awa-Wanga people are now subsumed under the Luhya, an amalgam of more than a dozen subgroups inhabiting the area of contemporary Kenya. The Luhya along with approximately 400 other distinct groups distributed from west-central to southern Africa are categorized as Bantu on the basis of linguistic relationships and certain cultural similarities.

One of these Bantu traits is a highly developed repertoire of **animal tales**. According to C. W. Hobley, the collector of the following set of narratives,

[T]he general type of story [that is, animal tales] is usually the meeting of a savage animal with a harmless one, and the eventual triumph of the harmless animal by some simple trick. These stories are told in the evening, when the members of the village congregate and gossip after their meal is finished; one will start and tell a story, and then another will tell one, and so on; they try to outvie one another by striving to see who can recount the greatest number; the children sit round, and, as the same stories are heard over and over again on different occasions, they become firmly imprinted on their memories, and are thus perpetuated from generation to generation. (337)

Each of the four Luhya tales that follow incorporates device of cleverness to overcome advantage. Furthermore, “The Fable of the Leopard and the Hyena” and “The Story of the Rat and the Cat” serve the explanatory function found cross-culturally in many such animal tales.

The Fable of the Leopard and Hyena

The leopard and the hyena met over a kill belonging to the leopard, and the leopard reviled the hyena and said, “I kill meat and you come and try to eat it,” and the leopard gave the hyena a kick. This made the hyena angry and he snapped at the leopard’s leg and bit it off, and the leopard died from the effects of the bite. But before he died, he gathered his children together and said unto them, “Beware of the hyena, and when you kill an animal, take the meat up into a tree where the hyena cannot get it.” This is the custom of the leopard to this day.

The young leopards remembered the words of their father, and some time after one of them was eating some meat up in a tree and the hyena came by and waited at the foot of the tree. The young leopard was much afraid; so he bit off a small bone and dropped it to the hyena, who snapped it up, and he said, “You killed my father, and now you come here and want to take my meat and kill me, but I will give you only bones,” and he thereupon threw down a big bone, the hyena snatched at it and ran off a short distance, and as the hyena was worrying the bone, the leopard quickly slipped down the tree, gave a big jump, and made off into the bush.

The Story of the Rat and the Cat

A cat found a rat in a river, and it was likely to drown, and the rat called out, “Pick me out of the water or I shall die,” and the cat said, “Very well, what

will you give me?" and the rat replied, "I have nothing to give you, but when I am out of the water, you can eat me as your recompense."

The cat agreed, and helped him out of the water, and then said, "Well, now what about the bargain?" and the rat looked round, and espying a little hole between two rocks, he replied, "Wait a little till I am dry; I do not want to be eaten while I am still wet."

And the unsuspecting cat agreed, and gave him time for his coat to dry. Then waiting his opportunity, the rat made for the hole and slipped into it. The cat was exceeding wroth, and shouted down the hole, "You have cheated me this time, but if I meet you again, I will catch you and eat you." And this is the reason why the cat is the great enemy of the rat to this day, and is always hunting it.

The Story of the Buffalo and the Lion

A lion, out hunting one day, chanced to find a buffalo, which he pursued, and sprung on to its back and seized it. The buffalo then said to the lion, "You have caught me, but wait a moment, I will not struggle, but lie down and die quietly."

At the same time as he said this, he had his eye on a tree close by, which had fallen over and left a space under its trunk. The lion was still hanging on to his back, and he moved on quietly until he and the lion were under the tree-trunk, and then he raised himself with all his might, and crushed the lion to death between his back and the tree. Thus was the lion outwitted by the buffalo.

The Story of the Kite and the Mole

The kite was poised in the air over some young moles who were playing about, and was on the point of swooping down to seize one, but their mother, happening to come out, saw the danger, and cried out, "Stay, I will give you one of my young ones, but let me pick the one I am least fond of."

The kite paused, and just at that moment, the mole picked up some earth and threw it into the kite's eyes, and before he had cleared the earth out of his eyes, the moles had all burrowed underground and disappeared.

MADAGASCAR

THE CROCODILE AND THE DOG

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Sibree, James, Jr., and W. C. Pickersgill. "The Oratory, Songs, Legends, and Folk-Tales of the Malagasy." *The Folk-Lore Journal* 1 (1883): 208–210.

Date: ca. 1883

Original Source: Madagascar

National Origin: Madagascar

Madagascar is the fourth largest island in the world, situated in the Indian Ocean off the southeast coast of Africa. Malagasy culture shows the influence of both African and Asian culture. Linguistic evidence demonstrates that, despite the island's proximity to Africa, the earliest settlers of Madagascar arrived from the area of Indonesia. Subsequent African, Middle Eastern, and South Asian cultural infusions influenced traditional Malagasy folklore. Folk performance is highly valued, and tales are classified as either true (for example, **legends, myths**) or intentional fictions. Even conscious fictions, however, may be used to embody basic social truths. Such moralizing is often encapsulated in proverb form, as in the **fable** of "The Crocodile and the Dog."

Once upon a time a crocodile and a dog chanced to meet suddenly on the road. Then said the crocodile, "Where are you from, my younger brother?"

"Just hereabouts, my elder brother," said the dog. Upon that the dog also asked the crocodile, "Where are you from, elder brother? I've just come from such a place, younger brother," said he.

And said the dog, "What do you think about my proposal? Do you agree or not?"

"What proposal is that, younger brother?"

"Let us strike up a friendship together," said the dog.

"Yes, all right," said the crocodile; "if a little fellow like you knows what is right, much more a senior like myself. Come along then, young friend."

"Agreed," said the dog. So the two struck up a firm friendship, and went on talking thus, "Whoever proves false," said the crocodile, "shall be scouted."

"Agreed," said the dog.

Some little time afterwards the crocodile said, "Come, let me give you a meal, young friend."

So he supplied the dog with food, and when he had eaten his fill, the dog said, "Come, carry me over, old friend." So the crocodile carried him; but half-way across he stopped and sank down into the water. Upon that the dog struggled a little, but presently got across; and as soon as he landed the crocodile emerged from the water.

So the dog said, "You've broken the agreement, old fellow."

"Why, wasn't I there below you all the same? For, I want you to be able to swim." Nevertheless if the dog had not been able to swim he would have been drowned.

Then said the dog in his turn, "Come now, old fellow, do you go yonder with me tomorrow."

"But where is the place of meeting, young friend?"

"Yonder, at such-a-place," said the dog.

"Agreed," replied the crocodile.

On the morrow accordingly the dog took him some distance towards ground covered with the trailing tendrils of gourds. But it was to pay him out for what he had done. So the dog said, "I will give you a signal, old fellow; when I bark, then run off, for people are coming."

The crocodile, be it said, had brought his wife and family with him. And when they all arrived the dog set food before them, but before the meal was halfway through he began to bark. So off they all ran, but some of the young ones were entangled in the trailing tendrils of the gourds and killed.

So when they got to the water, the crocodile said, "What kind of a dog are you? What's the meaning of this, fellow?"

"There's no retribution, but the past returns," said the dog.

The crocodile rejoined, "If my descendants and heirs do not destroy dogs from henceforth, then let me have no heirs to inherit!"

And this was the origin of the enmity between dogs and crocodiles.

THE WILD CAT AND THE RAT

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Sibree, James, Jr. "The Oratory, Songs, Legends, and Folk-Tales of Malagasy (Continued)." *The Folk-Lore Journal* 1 (1883): 312.

Date: ca. 1883

Original Source: Malagasy

National Origin: Madagascar

Animal tales commonly serve either moral or explanatory functions. “The Wild Cat and the Rat” is a classic Malagasy example of the latter function of this **genre**.

It once happened, ‘tis said, that the wild cat and the rat played together; the rat was housekeeper, and the wild cat was the hunter. So the cat went hunting, and the rat dug a hole without the cat knowing what his intentions were, and these two took counsel together and decided to go and steal an ox.

So they went off to rob, and got a fattened ox; and the rat was overreached by the cat, for the latter ate the flesh and gave the rat only the bones. And when the pair had eaten, there was still a great deal left, so the rat begged some flesh, but the cat would not give it, but gave him the skin. Then the cat made *kitoza* (dried meat cut up in long strips) of the flesh and sewed it up in a basket, and after hanging it up from the ridge of the house went away to hunt.

After the cat had gone away hunting, the rat made a hole in the basket and ate up all the dried meat. As soon as the cat came home from hunting he said, “Come, let us get some *kitoza* to serve as a relish for our rice, my friend.” But lo and behold, when he looked he found nothing. So the cat was extremely angry, and chased the rat; but he got into his hole and so was not taken. Then the cat invoked a curse, saying, “Whoever are my descendants indeed, they must kill these rats.” And that, they say, is why the cat eats rats.

THE HEDGEHOG AND THE RAT

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Sibree, James, Jr. “The Oratory, Songs, Legends, and Folk-Tales of Malagasy (Continued).” *The Folk-Lore Journal* 1 (1883): 313.

Date: ca. 1883

Original Source: Malagasy

National Origin: Madagascar

As in the preceding **animal tale**, “The Wild Cat and the Rat” (page 34), rat proves to be a self-serving and untrustworthy character. In this narrative, the offense is graver. Rat violates a kinship bond with hedgehog,

deceives his maternal cousin, and dines on his remains. The concluding proverbial statement, “a hedgehog climbing a rock and can’t get halfway,” alludes to the fact that hedgehog is a terrestrial (often subterranean) creature, who suffers by being tempted to abandon his natural habitat.

Once upon a time they say that the hedgehog and the rat chanced to be amusing themselves at the foot of a rock; and the rat, it is said, gave advice to the hedgehog thus: “I perceive, Mr. Hedgehog, that you are mother’s brother’s son, so I don’t deceive you, but tell you the truth. There up in the tree are some good things to eat.”

The hedgehog answered, “I knew that long ago, but that belongs to the birds, and I’m afraid of them.” The rat answered again, “When the birds come, then jump down.” But the hedgehog declined, and would not consent.

And another day these two chanced to meet; so the rat led the hedgehog climbing up a very high rock; but he was exhausted through the heat of the sun; so the hedgehog died there and was devoured by the rat. Then the rat, they say, wept, but made a jest of him, saying, “A hedgehog climbing a rock and can’t get halfway.”

THE WAY IN WHICH ANDRIANORO OBTAINED A WIFE FROM HEAVEN

Tradition Bearer: Vakin-Ankaratra

Source: Sibree, James, Jr., and W. C. Pickersgill. “The Oratory, Songs, Legends, and Folk-Tales of the Malagasy.” *The Folk-Lore Journal* 1 (1883): 202–208.

Date: ca. 1883

Original Source: Malagasy

National Origin: Madagascar

The following narrative, known in some versions as “The Story of Ibonía,” has been labeled the favorite, longest, and most interesting Malagasy folktale (Sibree and Pickersgill 202). The *laloména* mentioned in the text is an animal said to be like an ox that lives in the water. It has two red horns and possesses extraordinary strength (Sibree 1883, 173).

Once upon a time there was, it is said, a man named *Adriambahbaka-in-the-midst-of-the-land*, and this man had three children—one son and two daughters. The son’s name was ... *Andrianoro*, and those of his

two sisters, Ramatba [eldest daughter] and Rafaravavy [youngest daughter]. Adriambahbaka was rich and had large estates, and these two daughters of his were unmarried. Then said the son named Andrianoro to his father and mother, "Get me a wife, oh daddy and mammy." So his parents agreed to obtain a wife for their son. But when they had fetched the wife for Andrianoro, he could by no means like her. So his father said, "We will no more fetch a wife for you; you yourself shall choose whom you like." And after some time, so the story goes, someone spoke to Andrianoro and said, "There is a most enchanting lake yonder, and delightful sands, and the water clear as crystal; and there are three sisters whom we have seen swimming in that clear lake, and whose beauty we have never seen the like of."

Then said Andrianoro, "I will capture one of them for my wife." So he said to his subjects, "Where lives the person most skilful in divination?"

The people replied, "Go to Ranakombe, for he is the most skilful diviner." So Andrianoro went to Ranakombe and said, "Be so good as to divine for me, Ranakombe, for there is a person whom I wish for a wife in this lake; but, if any one approaches the lake then she flies away, for in heaven, they say, is her dwelling place; so please give me good counsel as to what I should do to capture her." Then Ranakombe answered, "Go thou away to the lake and change into three very ripe lemons, and then while the three sisters are playing do thou desire them; and when the three take thee, then do thou change again into a man, and so lay hold of one of the three sisters for thy wife."

So when Andrianoro had come to the sand where the three sisters played, he changed into three lemons, according to Ranakombe's directions. And when the three sisters came there and saw the lemons, they were exceedingly astonished. So the youngest of the three said, "Come, let us take these lemons for ourselves." But the eldest and the second one replied, "Don't let us touch these lemons, for it is a snare, for from long ago there have been no such lemons here." Then they flew away, and went up into the sky.

So the lemons changed again, it is said, and became Andrianoro once more, and off he went afresh to Ranakombe to inquire what divination would enable him to obtain his wish; and the divination worked by Ranakombe gave answer, "Do thou change into bluish water in the midst of the lake, and when the three sisters swim there, lay hold of them." So Andrianoro went away again. But when the three sisters came again to swim they were afraid to do so, for they said, "That water is a snare, like the lemons we saw before."

And after a little while again, Andrianoro changed again in an instant into the seed of the anamamy [a vegetable] growing by the water side; but the sisters knew all about it. So Andrianoro was perplexed, and did not see what he could do, for he wished to obtain one of the three for a wife. And off he went again to Ranakombe to ask some more suitable counsel as to how he might obtain her. So Ranakombe said, "Do thou change into an ant, and walk upon the sand."

Then the three sisters came down from the sky again and sat on the sand, and then Andrianoro caught one of them, the youngest, and said to her, "Thou art my wife, Ifaravavy." But she replied, "I am not thy wife, Andrianoro."

Then said Andrianoro, "What is it makes thee unwilling to marry me?"

She answered, "There are many things about you which trouble me."

"What things are they?" said he. Ifaravavy replied, "My parents do not live here on the earth, but in the skies; and thou art of humankind here on the earth, and art not able to live in heaven with father and mother; for if father speaks the thunderbolt darts forth; and besides, I do not drink spirits (rum), for if spirits even touch my mouth I die."

Then said Andrianoro, "I can endure all that for my love to thee, my darling" [literally, "piece of my life"]. Then she consented to be his wife. And when the pair went home to Andrianoro's house they were met by a great many people, and both his subjects and his father and mother rejoiced. And Andrianoro made an exceedingly strong town, with seven inclosures, one within another did he make it; and together with Andrianoro there lived also his younger sister, whom he loved best of the two.

And after a long time, Andrianoro's wife said to him, "I should like to play with the horns of the lâloména." So he replied, "I will go to seek it, my dear, wherever it may be; so do not trouble yourself needlessly about it, my wife." Then Andrianoro told his parents that he was going to seek the thing desired by his wife, speaking to them thus, "I am going, father and mother, to procure the horns of the lâloména, and lo, here is my wife for you to take care of, if you love me; and let my sister Rafaravavy stay with her until I come, for if I do not find the horns of the lâloména I shall not return" (they say he did find them). So Andrianoro's father and mother agreed to take good care of his wife and children until he returned. Then his dependants and servants pounded rice for the journey, for he was about to go. And when the rice was pounded, he went and took leave of his parents and his wife and sisters, saying, "Farewell [literally, "May you live"] then until I come back, so do not grieve fruitlessly!" And then Andrianoro set off with very many of his people to seek the horns of the lâloména. And after he had remained away a long time, his father and mother and eldest sister said, "Come, let us kill this woman, for it is through her only it has come about that Andrianoro has gone off to a country he knew not. So her father-in-law said, "How shall we manage to kill her?" Then her mother-in-law and sister-in-law replied, "Give her spirits in a horn, for that is what she told Andrianoro before they were married." So they went to buy rum, and put it in a horn. But Rafaravavy, Andrianoro's sister, was there with his wife, and overheard about their killing her. So the wife charged Rafaravavy, saying, "When I am dead, then say to the chief people, 'Bury her in the road by which Andrianoro will come'."

"Yes," said Rafaravavy, "but cannot I be a substitute for what is to befall you, my relative, for what will it matter to me? For I will inform the chief people secretly."

So the two sisters-in-law locked all the gates (seven deep), and Andrianoro's parents and sister and wife went and fetched the toaka. Soon the father called at the gateway, "Open me the gate, my child, open me the gate, my child; for here is the toaka for thee." Then his daughter-in-law replied, "I do not drink toaka, O dada; for if I drink that I die, no matter if in a white horn, or in a black horn." Then again her mother-in-law and her sister-in-law called, and to the same effect, but Andrianoro's wife still refused, as she had done before. Then the three broke the gate where the wife was, together with her sister Rafaravavy; and they forced toaka into Andrianoro's wife's mouth, and she died. So the sister went to the chief people and said, "Bury her in the road by which Andrianoro will come, for that was the charge she left."

So she was buried there; and there was a voice crying out for Andrianoro there in his wife's grave. And after some time Andrianoro said to the people who went with him, "Come, let us return to the land of our ancestors, for I am longing to see my wife, for she appears to me constantly in dreams" [or visions]. And after a long journey he got back to his house; and his sister Rafaravavy chanced to be in the house weeping for sorrow for her brother's wife. And when she ceased weeping she declared to her brother about her father and mother killing his wife. Then Andrianoro was in a swoon a long time before coming to his senses. And after he had lamented her a long time he said, "Where did you bury my wife?" His sister replied, "In the very road by which you came we buried her." So Andrianoro commanded his people to be gathered together at his wife's grave. Then they brought a quantity of red lambas [cloths] to remove the corpse, and numbers of oxen to be killed as votive offerings, and dug open the grave; and when it was uncovered, and the cloths undone in which she was wrapped, lo and behold, Andrianoro's wife was alive again, and her face was exceedingly fair and fresh [literally, "green"] and tender as the young shoots of the banana. Then Andrianoro swooned when he saw his wife alive again; but they blew upon him, and he recovered from his fear. Then he bade all the people return to their homes. And Andrianoro was exceedingly glad, and killed many oxen, those indeed all but sacrificed for his wife, so that the people might eat. Then he said to his father and mother and eldest sister, "Go, depart you three, for I will not suffer you to remain here; and the populace also dislike you because you killed their loved one, and sought to destroy me too, therefore I cast you forth now; and if you will not depart I shall bid the people kill you, for they dislike you and I hate you." So the three departed and wandered in an unknown country.

And after a little while again Andrianoro's wife said to him, "I will go now to father and mother in the sky, for it was thee I waited for in the grave; for had I gone when your parents killed me, they could not have killed me by any means; but on account of your love for me and my love for you also I waited for you, although I endured so much here. So now let me go to visit father and mother in the sky." But Andrianoro said, "I beseech you, my lady do not go away."

But his wife said again, "Let me go, my lord, for my father and mother grieve for me; for the day is thundering, and that is a sign of their grief." Then said Andrianoro, "Suffer me then to go along with you, if you will not stay." But his wife replied again, "Remain here, my lord; for father is obstinate, and when he speaks the thunderbolt darts forth. And not only so, but the sky is no dwelling place for you, for you are of humankind here on the earth; and also, there are spacious fields and giant trees, and if you cannot till the fields and fell the trees, father will kill you, for he will in no case suffer you to live; but if, on the other hand, you are able to accomplish it, he will give me to you afresh for your wife. Besides, that is not all, for there are also a thousand spades buried in a great lake, and if you are not able to obtain them you will be killed; and also, there are a thousand cows, and the mothers and the calves are exactly alike, but if you cannot distinguish which are the mothers you will be killed. Besides that, we three daughters and our mother are alike in appearance, but if you cannot tell which is our mother, then father will kill you; but if, on the contrary, Andrianoro, you can distinguish all these things, then father will give me to you for a wife, and you shall live and not die. So, therefore, I beseech of you, Andrianoro, do not go, but remain here; besides that, your sister will be desolate if you leave her, my lord." Then said Andrianoro, "I will nevertheless go with you, my dear one." So he went and bade farewell to his sister, who wept profusely. Then, just before going away, Andrianoro went into the fields and called thus to all the beasts and the birds in the fields, "O, animals! O, animals! Help me, for I am in sore distress!" So all the birds and beasts came to him, and Andrianoro killed oxen to feed the beasts and the birds. And he recounted to them what had befallen him (that is, the things he was to do in the skies, and the tests by which he was to know them); so the beasts and birds gave him encouragement, that they would accomplish the things that troubled him. So Andrianoro and his wife went up to the sky. And when they arrived at the gate of heaven Andrianoro wept for sorrow about his sister, and called out, "O, this earth below us! This spacious earth! The earth where my dear Rafaravavy lives!" Then his sister also wept, and replied to her brother's voice thus, "O, Andrianoro, do not forget me, thy relative!" And just as the gate of heaven was really about to be opened he was bidden again by his wife to return, for his difficulties were just at hand. "Besides, I grieve for thee, my dear," said she, "so do thou return."

Then her father in the sky heard her words, and it thundered fearfully. And when Andrianoro would still not return, his wife gave him this advice: "When you come in to father and mother do not be persuaded to advance first, but remain there at the place where the firewood is stored, for they will kill you."

"Very well," said he.

And when he came in his father-in-law said, "Come forward, child." Then the thunderbolt flashed out. But Andrianoro was breathed upon for some time by his wife, and so he still lived. "Advance yonder to the golden chair," said his

father-in-law. So he went into that part of the house. "Give him rice in my plate," said his father-in-law again. But Andrianoro refused, and ate from the plate of the servants. So his father-in-law was astonished, and said, "Art thou the husband of my daughter?"

"Yes," said Andrianoro.

Then said he again, "If thou, my lad, art indeed her husband, then go and do this work for me: cut down yonder trees which hide the sun; and fetch those thousand spades buried in the lake which is full of crocodiles; and also find out which are the mothers which bore those thousand oxen, for the mothers and the offspring are alike; and also find out which is the mother amongst my wife and daughters. For if you cannot accomplish all these things you shall surely die, so do not hope to live. If, on the contrary, you can perform these acts, and can cut down the trees, then you shall have my daughter to wife, and shall also have wherewith to live."

"Yes, my lord," replied Andrianoro. So he went off to call the beasts and the birds who had made a compact with him to help him, saying, "Help me, O beasts and birds!" So he went to work, and the beasts ploughed up the earth with their tusks, so that it was dug all over; and the trees were plucked up by the birds and uprooted by the beasts, so they were all felled. And the thousand spades were brought by the crocodiles until they were all fetched. And the great cattle-fly said, "Those which I bite on the nose are the mothers among those thousand cattle." And the little fly also said, "The woman on whose nose I settle is the mother, so take good heed."

So Andrianoro bade his father-in-law come out to look at the work which he had performed, and also pointed out the mothers among the cattle, and the mother amongst the four women. Then his father-in-law was astonished, and gave Andrianoro his daughter for his wife. And he gave a quantity of oxen, and numbers of slaves, and much money, to him and his wife. So the pair returned to the husband's fatherland, and they all came in peace and safety to their house, but Andrianoro's sister, Rafaravavy, had died of sorrow.

"It is not I who tell fictions (literally, "lies"), but the people in former times related them. The heat of the sun tomorrow breaks the bald head; I break the bones, but you are those who stick them out." [Closing words of the narrator].

SOMALIA

GERHAJIS AND ARAB

Source: Haji Ali Mohammed

Source: Kirk, J. W. C., and E. S. Hartland. "Specimens of Somali Tales." *Folklore* 15 (1904): 325.

Date: ca. 1904

Original Source: Somali

National Origin: Somalia

Somalia is located on the east coast of Africa on what has been called the Horn of Africa. By land, Djibouti, Ethiopia, and Kenya comprise Somalia's northwest, west, and southwest borders, respectively. Known as the Land of Punt to classical Egypt, Somalia has been continuously inhabited for the last 2,500 years. Trade was carried on by sea with the Greeks and Romans in the first century C.E. As the following narratives attest, Islam is firmly established in modern Somalia and has been since ca. 900 C.E. From the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries city-states and kingdoms developed in the territory of contemporary Somalia. Clan membership and lineage are important determinants of social relationships, although sources conflict on the particulars of clan divisions. The following **legend** focuses on the history of one of the noble clans, Ishhak (also spelled Isaaq). All of the tales presented below were performed by members of the Ishhak clan. Kirk and Hartland, suggest that the mullah from whom they collected "Gerhajis and Arab" is likely to have derived the tale in fragmentary form from Islamic texts rather than from oral tradition (325). The authors suggest that the plot is a **variant** of the biblical narrative of the sons of Judah:

And it came to pass in the time of her travail, that, behold, twins were in her womb.

And it came to pass, when she travailed, that the one put out his hand: and the midwife took and bound upon his hand a scarlet thread, saying, This came out first.

And it came to pass, as he drew back his hand, that, behold, his brother came out: and she said, How hast thou broken forth? This breach be upon thee: therefore his name was called Pharez.

And afterward came out his brother, that had the scarlet thread upon his hand: and his name was called Zarah. (Genesis 38:27–30)

Gerhajis and Arab were the twin sons of Sheikh Ishhak (the ancestor of one of the two great divisions of the Somalis) by his wife Magado. Before birth one child put out his hand, and the mother wishing to mark him wanted to put a ring on his finger, but, no ring being available, tied on a piece of thread round the little finger. Then the hand was withdrawn.

Subsequently one boy was born, but no thread was found on his finger; this child was called Arab. Later, the other was born, having the ring of thread, and called Gerhajis.

When they were grown up, there was a dispute as to which was the elder. For the elder son, besides becoming head man, must always be married before the younger is allowed to do so. But it was decided that the one that put his hand out, namely Gerhajis, was the first born.

THE GIRL WITHOUT LEGS

Tradition Bearer: Mohammed Jibril

Source: Kirk, J. W. C., and E. S. Hartland. "Specimens of Somali Tales." *Folklore* 15 (1904): 319–321.

Date: ca. 1904

Original Source: Somali

National Origin: Somalia

"The Girl Without Legs" exemplifies the **novelle** or romantic tale. The plot most resembles "Innocent Slandered Maiden" (AT 883A). Although the tale does not appear to be borrowed from a European source, the magical restoration of the slandered girls legs, her redemption and social elevation through marriage, and the final retribution against the lecherous priest who had caused her suffering have analogues in Indo-European traditions.

A sultan had a daughter, and the daughter used to be taught the Koran. One day the Sultan went on a pilgrimage, and entrusted his daughter to a priest and said, "Continue to teach that girl the Koran."

The priest coveted the girl, wishing to lie with her, but the girl refused. One day she said, "Come to me tomorrow." On the day arranged she removed from the house the ladder by which the priest used to ascend.

He then sent a letter to her father, and he wrote, "Your daughter has become a whore."

The Sultan returned from the pilgrimage, and he was angry with the girl, and he handed her over to some slaves, and he said, "Cut that girl's throat."

Then the slaves took the girl, and brought her to a wooded place, and they cut off her legs while they dug her grave. While they were digging the grave she crawled away, and went into some trees and hid. When the slaves had dug the grave, they looked in the place where she had lain and could not find her. Then they slew a gazelle, and the gazelle's blood they poured into a bottle, and brought the blood to the Sultan and said, "We have slain the girl." One day later a caravan passed by the place and camped where the girl lay. In the afternoon, as the party were loading up the camels, they saw the girl sitting under a tree. A man took the girl, and put her on a camel, and brought her to the town they came to. The man who took the girl put her to live in a house.

Later on the son of the Sultan saw the girl's face, and the young man saw that her face was beautiful, and he said to the man whose house she dwelt in, "Let me marry that girl from you."

And the man said, "The girl has no legs."

Then the Sultan's son said, "I will marry her, give her to me." And so the man said, "Well and good."

And the Sultan's son married her. She bore two children, and while she was with child the young man said, "I am going on a pilgrimage." And he left her a ram, and went on the pilgrimage.

While he was away on the pilgrimage his wife had a dream, and she dreamed that two birds sat upon her two legs, and her legs had grown out, and that she made the pilgrimage. In the morning at break of day she saw the two birds sitting upon her two legs, and the legs had grown out.

After daylight she took her two children and the ram and the two birds and went on the pilgrimage. She came to a building at the half way, and there came to her her father and her brother and the priest and her husband, none of whom knew her. She told stories to her children, and she related all that had happened to her, and her father heard and the priest.

Then the priest tried to run away, but the Sultan said, "Sit down until the story is finished." Then the Sultan, the girl's father, cut the priest's throat, and the girl and her father and husband went on together and made the pilgrimage. And so the girl and her father were reconciled.

LAME HABIYO

Tradition Bearer: Mohammed Jibril

Source: Kirk, J. W. C., and E. S. Hartland. "Specimens of Somali Tales." *Folklore* 15 (1904): 316–318.

Date: ca. 1904

Original Source: Somali

National Origin: Somalia

The following **ordinary folktale** draws on cross-culturally distributed **motifs**. For example, "Helpful Horse" (B401), "Stepmother Demands Bull's Blood" (K961), and "Hero Is Driven from Home by His Stepmother" (S31). The medieval setting implied by the characters and lifestyles of narrative is consistent with the ordinary folktale. The tale is localized by the inclusion of the political structures that followed in the wake of Islam, local fauna (that is, the rhinoceros), and the Jew who sets events in motion. However, unlike the benevolent Sephardim of the Moroccan tales "The Weight before the Door" (page 14) and "Tale of a Lantern" (page 16), the Jew in this tale behaves maliciously.

There once was a Sultan who had a son, whose mother was dead. But the Sultan married another wife and went on a pilgrimage.

Now a certain Jew was a friend of the Sultan's wife, but the Sultan's son and the Jew were enemies. The Jew said to the woman, "Let us kill the boy."

So she mixed some poison in his food. But the boy had a mare, who knew everything, and the mare said to the boy, "Don't eat the food," and when the food was put before him, the boy refused it.

The next day the Jew came to the Sultan's wife and said, "When the Sultan comes back, say you are sick, and when he asks what will cure you, tell him the liver of the mare."

The next day the Sultan came. Then she laid the skin on the bed and placed under it some fig leaves, and when she lay down the leaves crackled.

Then the Sultan said, "What is the matter with you?" and she said, "I have a pain in my ribs."

"What will cure you?" he said; and she answered, "The liver of your son's mare."

The Sultan called the boy and said, "I intend to kill your mare for your stepmother."

And the boy said, "Very well, but let me take a ride on her this evening." In the evening the boy rode the mare, and said to his father, "Good-bye, Father," and departed with the mare.

He went to a town, and near the town he saw six girls washing at a well. The youngest of the girls saw him, and when she saw the man, she ran away from the well, being ashamed in front of the man. Then he singed the tail of the mare, who went up into the sky. The young man then pretended to be a cripple, and went into the town, and there became a servant.

Later on the daughters of the Sultan said, "We wish to marry."

The Sultan beat his drum, and announced, "My daughters wish to marry." Then the rich young men came together, and the girls were brought, and the people stood in the plain. Then the girls were asked, "Are the men you want all here?" And the young girl said, "The man I wanted is not here." The slave girls who were summoning the men were told to call all the men in the town, so they called the young cripple, *Lame Habiyu*. Then the Sultan asked the girls, "Are the men all here?" And they said, "Yes." The girls were given six oranges, and they were told, "Let each girl hit the man she wants." The five other girls hit five rich young men; the young girl hit *Lame Habiyu*. Then her father and mother were so struck with horror that they lost their sight, and the young man married the girl. On the next day they were told, "That which will cure the Sultan and his wife is rhinoceros' milk." And the young men who married the five girls were given five good horses, and *Lame Habiyu* was given a donkey, and they left the town. There came to *Lame Habiyu* the mare, whose tail he had burned, and he put on his gold dress and sword, and mounted the mare. The mare flew up and reached the sky. Then he went to a place where rhinoceroses are born. A young rhinoceros he cut open, and opened out the skin, and made a figure from it. In the afternoon the mother rhinoceros came, and *Lame Habiyu* pretended to be the young one. The first portion of milk he milked into one skin, and the second portion he milked into another skin. Then the rhinoceros went to graze. Then the young man threw away the figure and took the milk. He went to a tree and tied his mare to it. While he slept under the tree the five young men who married the other girls came to him and said, "Salam Alekum."

And *Lame Habiyu* said, "Alekum Salam." Then he said, "Where are you going?"

And they said, "We are looking for rhinoceros' milk."

Then he said, "I have some rhinoceros' milk. What will you give for it?"

And they said, "Whatever you wish."

Then he said, "Wealth do I not want, but I will brand my name on the hinder parts of each of you."

Then they said, "Agreed."

So he branded his name on the hinder parts of all five. Then he gave them the first milk, and the second milk *Lame Habiyu* took for himself. They went to the town where the Sultan lived, and took the milk. The five young men carried the milk, and it was poured on the eyes of the Sultan, but was of no use. Another day *Lame Habiyu* gave his milk to his wife and said, "Let not your

father and mother see you when you pour it in.” Then she took the milk and she poured it in. And the eyes of the Sultan and her mother were opened. Then the girl came running away and came to her house.

Then the Sultan learned that Lame Habiyio had opened his eyes, and the Sultan called the other young men that married his daughters, and he said, “To the young man Lame Habiyio who married my young daughter have I given authority over my town, and you, be his servants.”

Then Lame Habiyio said, “O, Sultan, ‘twas I who did bring you the rhinoceros’ milk, and my name is on the five young men’s hinder parts.” And they looked, and the name of Lame Habiyio was found. Afterwards Lame Habiyio became Sultan.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE

Tradition Bearer: Ismail

Source: Kirk, J. W. C., and E. S. Hartland. “Specimens of Somali Tales.” *Folklore* 15 (1904): 323–324.

Date: ca. 1904

Original Source: Somali

National Origin: Somalia

The following tale falls into the category of “The Bride Test.” The success of the third, and youngest, candidate is a common structural pattern in many folktale traditions.

A man had a son, and the son said to his father, “Father, I want to marry a wife.”

Then his father said, “Do you take a widow.” So he took a widow, and his father said, “Marry her.” So he married her. Then his father said, “Tie her with a rope, and when she speaks to you, untie the rope.”

So he tied her with a rope, and the woman said, “This is not what I have been accustomed to see. What are you doing with me?” Thereupon he untied the rope.

In the morning his father came and said, “What did she say?”

And he answered, “She said to me, This is not what I have been accustomed to see. Why are you doing that to me?”

Then his father said, “Send her away.” That was one.

The father said to his son, “Take another wife, take a grown girl.” Then he said, “Tonight tie her with a rope, and when she speaks to you, untie it.”

So he tied her, and she said, "This is not what I have been accustomed to hear. Why are you tying me with that?" So he untied her.

In the morning he came to his father and he said, "She said, 'This is not what I have been accustomed to hear. What are you doing to me with the rope?'"

Then his father said, "Send her away too." And that was another.

Then his father said, "Do you go and take a nice young girl." So he took one, and he said, "Tonight tie her with a rope, and when she speaks to you, untie it."

So the young man did so and went to sleep, and was asleep all night.

In the early morning the girl woke him up, and said, "The rope with which you tied me has fallen off and is not tied to me, tie it upon me."

And in the morning he told his father. "Father, she said, 'The rope has fallen off and is not tied to me, tie it upon me'."

Then his father said, "Keep that one, she is the right one." So she was the one he afterwards married.

SWAHILI

THE CARPENTER AND THE AMULET

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Werner, A. "The Bantu Element in Swahili Folklore." *Folklore* 20 (1909): 450–454.

Date: ca. 1909

Original Source: Swahili

National Origin: Unavailable

The Swahili inhabit the East African coast of the Indian Ocean from Somalia in the north through Kenya and Tanzania to Mozambique in the south. The Swahili people have for the past 2000 years drawn into their ranks Middle Eastern as well as indigenous African cultures. The Swahili language has spread over a vast area of the African continent. As a result, there is contemporary controversy over who should be considered Swahili. There is general agreement, however, that culture arose from a Bantu base powerfully influenced as early as the late seventh century C.E. by the Arab world, especially Islam. Traditionally, the coastal Swahili subsisted through fishing, agriculture, animal husbandry, and by the twelfth century C.E., trade networks. The tale of "The Carpenter and the Amulet" with its mixture of traditional Bantu culture and Middle Eastern Islamic features represents the effects this diversity has had on Swahili folklore.

There was once a carpenter named Makame, whose work was to cut logs into shape. He went away into the bush and shaped a *mvinja* (casurina) tree into a figure like a human being, with fingers, ears, nose, eyes, mouth, and chin. And he called a *mwallim* [teacher with a knowledge of the

Qur'an] to read the Qur'an over it, and it was turned into a person. And he called a weaver, and he wove a cloth for it, and he took it away to his house.

It was a very beautiful woman; there was no other like her. And her owner Makame hid her in the bush, and many people passed by and saw her, and carried off that woman. And when Makame returned with his loads of logs, he looked for his wife in that place, and she was not there. And Makame cried, and came home to his village and stayed there in his house.

And the woman, in the place to which she was taken, did not speak with her mouth; she stayed just like a dumb person.

And they said to her, "How is it, you woman, that you do not speak?" And she said nothing.

Many people came, and reasoned with her, and tried to persuade her, but she still kept silence. She did not speak, neither did she laugh or show herself pleased. And Makame sought for his wife, whom he had cut out of a tree, and the woman sought for someone who could find out her husband and give him back to her, and Makame went to the place where his wife was, and when he saw her he recognized her, and said, "This is my wife." And he said to those people, "He who does not know the meaning is not told the meaning, for I want this woman who does not speak. Perhaps she has been stolen and is grieving for her husband, and that is why she does not speak. I want that we should draw up an agreement to the following effect: If she does not speak, my head shall be forfeit to you; if she speaks, she is my own wife."

And they drew up a contract, and each person kept his own copy. And Makame went and sat down on a seat, and the woman was sitting in a place apart. And where Makame sat, there was a bird which is called asiraji.

And Makame said to this bird, "My father called a carpenter (and told him) to hew a tree into the likeness of a child of Adam, to make it in every way like a human being. And there came a mwallim and read over it and put an amulet on it, and it was turned into a person who can talk and laugh. And there came a weaver and wove cloth for it. Now, you, asiraji, (tell me) which of these three men is the owner of the woman?"

And the asiraji was silent. How should he answer? He is a bird. But the man was not speaking to the asiraji; he was speaking to his wife.

Makame was angry, and said, "You, asiraji, I will beat you; tell me truly which of these three men is the owner of the woman."

And he rose up, and was going to strike the bird, when the woman said, "Leave him alone, master. Why should you strike this bird?" And as soon as the woman had spoken, the people were astonished.

And Makame took his wife home to his village, and lived with her many days. One day he said to her, "Wife, I am going up country to trade." And he said, "The sultan of this country is a very profligate man who kidnaps men's wives. Do you keep quiet and stay in your house." And Makame started and went his ways up country to trade, and his wife remained behind.

One day a slave-lad of the sultan came and entered Makame's house, and asked for fire. And he was told, "Go on into the upper room," and he went up. And when that lad saw Makame's wife he fell down (with astonishment). And he went to his master, and said, "Master, I have seen a very beautiful woman in Makame's house. Your wife is very ugly compared with Makame's wife."

And the sultan said, "Is it true?"

And he said, "It is true, sir."

The sultan sent an old woman to Makame's house, who persuaded his wife to come away with her, and said to her, "The sultan will give you many clothes of silver and vessels of gold, and you will be a great person."

And she went to the sultan's house and stayed there, and he was her husband, and as for Makame's house she forgot it altogether (literally, she cast it far away from her).

And when Makame came back, he cried "Hello" at the door of his house, and found everything silent, and said, "Perhaps she has gone to my mother's, her mother-in-law's." And he went to his mother's house, and asked if his wife were there, and his mother said, "She is not." And Makame went his way home, and entered his house, and thought, "The sultan has taken away my wife." And he said, "Never mind." And he called a bird whose name is kurumbiza, and said, "Go to the sultan's house, I, Makame, send you to bring back my things: if you get them, we will share them equally, you and I." And the bird went to the sultan's house, and sat on the roof and sang its song, saying,

I do not eat the fruit of the tree.

Do you (that is, the sultan) take her,

I do not want her.

Put on her anklets and neck-ornaments and a bead girdle.

The woman sang,

Take these,

He does not want the things.

Take Makame's things,

He wants me myself.

Makame is not my husband.

And she gave him all his things, chains, and anklets, and rings, and cloth, everything which women wear, and she gave them to Makame. And that bird took them to him, and said, "Here are your things, Makame. I have brought them all." Makame said, "My things have not yet come. You have forgotten one thing. Go again." And the bird went again, and sang as before, and the woman answered as before. And she said, "I have given you your things, what more do you want?"

And she cried bitterly, and her husband the sultan came, and said to her, "Why do you weep, my wife? Give Makame his things. And if it is that amulet,

give him that too. I have plenty of amulets here, whether of magic (za uchawi) or silver or gold (ornaments), take them and put them on, “What is Makame’s amulet?” And he took it from her by force, and gave it to the bird, and immediately there sprang up a mvinja tree (that is, she was turned into one).

And the sultan was quite confounded. And Makame stayed at home, and this is the end of the story.

THE STORY OF THE FLESH OF THE THIGH

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Werner, A. “Some Notes on East African Folklore (Continued).” *Folklore* 26 (1915): 63–67.

Date: ca. 1915

Original Source: Swahili

National Origin: Kenya

The following tale is a Swahili rendering of “A Pound of Flesh” (AT 890). The same plot is used by William Shakespeare in “The Merchant of Venice.” This tale was introduced into the Swahili repertoire from South Asia; as the collector Alice Werner notes, the tale was told by a banyan. The term “banyan” signifies a Hindu merchant.

Long ago there was a Banyan who was very rich. And there was another Banyan, and he was not poor, but had just money enough to live on. One day he met a woman (whom he wished to marry); and she was the daughter of a rich man. So they two came to an agreement, and he set about providing money in order to marry, but he (found he) had not enough to pay for the wedding. So one day he went to the rich Banyan and said to him, “Sir, I pray you, be so kind as to lend me a thousand rupees, for my property is insufficient for my wedding.”

That man said to him, “I, for my part, cannot lend you even one, for you are not able to repay me anything.”

His neighbor said, “Even though I have nothing, yet you may trust that I will pay you.”

The rich man said, “If you want me to pay you all this money, you must tell me the day of your repaying it.”

The poor man said, “Be patient for the space of one month, and on the fifteenth day of the second month I will repay you all your money.”

The rich man said, “Write here a paper with your own hand, and you must also have it witnessed.” The man fetched witnesses, and then the rich man said, “And if you fail to pay this money, what shall I do to you?”

The poor man said, "I will give you leave to cut off a piece of flesh from my thigh." So the witness signed with his own hand, and the poor man likewise, and the rich man likewise. Then the rich man gave him a thousand rupees, and he took his leave and went away.

The poor man went to his father-in-law's house and gave him the money, and then he had a very grand wedding, just like that of a rich man. When the wedding was over—two, or three, or ten days later—the owner of the money sent his soldiers with a letter, saying, "The time is up—tomorrow morning you must come with my money."

The poor man received the letter and said, "Go—tomorrow morning I will come myself." So the soldiers returned and gave the message to their master. Now, the bride loved her husband very much, and since the wedding day they had been very happy together; but today she saw that he was no longer joyful, he was overwhelmed with grief.

The bride asked him, "Sir, what is the matter with you today?" The bridegroom took the letter and gave it to her, and when she had read it she was much grieved and said to him, "Explain to me the meaning of this letter."

He said, "This money is the money of our wedding, for mine was not enough..." (Here follows the account of the transaction already given.)

The bride said, "This is a strange business." The bridegroom took leave of his father-in-law and set off. But now the wife set about devising means to rescue her husband. What did she do? She went away and took off her clothes and put on men's clothes and shaved off her hair, and took gum and smeared it on her chin and stuck hair on to it, and took a cap and a sword and a dagger and put these on also. Then she set out for the place where the case was being tried. When she reached the baraza it was the third hour of the morning (that is, 9:00 A.M.). The owner of the money said, "Come, give me my money now, for this is the day we agreed on."

The poor man said, "Sir! I have not yet got your money!"

The owner of the money said, "I do not know (whether you have or not)—what I do know is that today is the day of our agreement and of the document (khati)."

The poor man said, "Do as it pleases you, sir."

So he said, "Now I will cut the flesh from your thigh." And he ordered men to sharpen knives, and also that there should be a man ready to cut that piece of flesh.

Now the woman came and spoke before the court, saying, "What has this man done, that he should have flesh cut out of his thigh?"

Those assembled replied, "Sir, this is (a matter of a) debt, and it was agreed between (the parties) that after the space of one month and fifteen days of the second month the creditor should get his money, and if the debtor had none, he should take the flesh of his thigh: so today the time is up and he has no money, and it is fitting that (the creditor) should take the flesh of his thigh."

The wife spoke, with a good and beautiful voice [sic] like that of a man, and said these words: "Take off your trousers" (suruali), and he did so; then she said, "You with the knives, come here," and they came, and she said, "Let the

creditor draw near himself, because if it had been money he would have had no hesitation in receiving it himself, and also (the debtor) received this gentleman's money in his own hands; so today the judgment of this court is that it is fitting he should cut the flesh himself, since this flesh takes the place of the money." The assembly agreed to this saying. The creditor took off his coat and turned up his shirt-sleeves, and took a knife and approached the debtor, saying, "Sit down properly, for I wish to take my money," and his neighbor said, "Very well, sir." Now he put out his hand and seized his leg, but the lady (disguised as a man (Bibi mume) said, "Sir, are you going to cut him?"

The rich man answered, "Yes."

The lady again said, "Did you agree as to flesh, or what?"

The rich man said, "As to flesh only."

The lady said, "Do you not know of any other thing?"

He said, "I do not."

She said, "Well, then, cut." He lifted up the knife and was going to cut, when she said, "But understand that you are to take flesh only, no blood, for you know yourself that flesh and blood are not the same thing."

The rich man said, "What is the good of your cleverness? Do you not know that flesh is (always found) together with blood?"

She answered, "Yes! but you did not make an agreement concerning flesh and blood, but only as to flesh."

The whole court assented to these words and said, "Yes, truly, flesh and blood are not the same thing, but blood is greater." The man was unbound and given leave to go his way, but he took off his ring and the sash (he was wearing) round his waist and his leather belt, and gave them to the clever (pleader)."

The wife returned home in haste and resumed her own clothes. The husband also returned, with great joy beyond all comparison, and the lady saluted him with all courtesy, and said, "What is the news, master? for I have been doubting in my heart whether you would return or not, for you have no money to pay so that you might escape from having your flesh cut."

The husband answered, "God be praised, for your father sent a very clever fellow who can turn round the truth so as to make it a lie, and a lie so as to make it the truth. There came a very handsome person, whose face was very much like yours, only he was a man and you are a woman—still he was very much like you. He came and made inquiries and was told of the case, and spoke well..." (Here follow the proceedings in court, in almost the same words as before.) "The owner of the money let me go, saying, 'As long as I live I will never again press you for that debt.' And I for my part took my ring and my sash and my belt, and gave them to Akilimali by way of thanks."

His wife said, "But do you know that man for certain?"

"No," he said, "I do not know him."

His wife said to him, "Well, I am the person!" She took off the cloth from her head and gave him the ring, the sash and the belt. The husband believed

her, and praised God for the beautiful wife He had given him. And then she said to him, "As long as you live, never do so again."

(The story) ends here. (Anekoma Napa.)

THE CHILDREN AND THE CANNIBAL

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Werner, A. "The Bantu Element in Swahili Folklore." *Folklore* 20 (1909): 448–450.

Date: ca. 1909

Original Source: Swahili

National Origin: Unavailable

This narrative is also known as "The Story of the Children and the Zimwi." Alice Werner notes that "Zimwi ... implies something more than a mere [eater of human flesh] ... the being [is] in some respects preternatural, but also preternaturally stupid, like our northern giants" (448).

Some children went to a river to look for cowries. One found one cowry, and laid it on a rock. And they searched and found and went home; but that child forgot his shell, and, as it was a very fine one, he asked his companions to go back with him and fetch it. They said, "Go and fetch it, and we will wait for you," and he went and sang:

Little by little it has dawned;
 My shell, I have forgotten it.
 I said, I will go back and fetch it.
 There they stood all in a row.
 My inside said, "kuchukuchu."

And he found a zimwi (cannibal) sitting on the rock, who said to him, "What do you want?" and the child sang (in answer), and the zimwi said, "I cannot hear, come closer." And, when the child came near, he took him and put him into a cask and carried him off. And as he went he came on some people sitting in the baraza, (as we might say, "on the village green"), and he said to them, "I have my drum; I want a fowl and rice that I may eat."

They said, "Sing," and the child sang. The zimwi was given food, and he ate, but he gave none to the child, he ate it all himself. He went to the boy's own village, and the people (there) said, "We have heard that you, Zimwi, have a very fine drum, sing for us!"

And he said, “I want beer.” And the child sang, and all the people (knew his voice and) said, “This is our child.” They gave the Zimwi beer, and he got drunk and went to sleep. Then the people went and took his drum, and found the child and carried him off and hid him in the inner compartment of the hut, and into the drum they put snakes and bees and biting ants, and fastened it up as it was before. And they went and awakened him, and said, “Zimwi, wake up! Some people have come and want to hear your drum.” He took his drum and beat it, and heard (literally) silence; he did not hear the child’s voice. So he went his way, and on the road he opened it and found a snake, and it bit him, and he died. Where he died there sprang up pumpkins and cucumbers, and some children came that way and said, “These pumpkins are fine; let us go and get father’s sword and cut them open” (literally, strike them). One pumpkin got angry and pursued those children, and they ran away till they came to a river, and they saw an old man there, and said, “Eh! father, please ferry us over to the other side, we are running away from a pumpkin.” The old man ferried them across and they ran till they came to another village, where they found plenty of people sitting in the baraza and said to them, “Hide us from that pumpkin: the zimwi has turned into a pumpkin, so do you take it and burn it in the fire.”

The pumpkin arrived, and said, “Have you seen my people who have run away?”

The people said, “What sort of people are yours? We do not know them.”

But it said, “You have shut them up inside.” And they took the pumpkin and threw it into a big fire, and it was burnt up so that only ashes were left, and they threw them away. So they let out the children, who then went home to their mothers.

BABOON DISGUISES HIMSELF AND BECOMES A FARMER

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Werner, A. “Some Notes on East African Folklore (Continued).” *Folklore* 26 (1915): 61–62.

Date: ca. 1915

Original Source: Swahili

National Origin: Kenya

Given the Swahili identification with the maritime trade situated on the Indian Ocean, most scholarship has focused on urban, coastal life. The following narrative, however, attests to the fact that tales recalling bases of subsistence other than the maritime are traditional for the Swahili as

well. The plot of “Baboon Disguises Himself and Becomes a Farmer” calls on other important features of the **animal tale** in many African traditions. The **motif** of the failure of disguise and trickery to achieve a desired end and denying one’s proper role in the cultural order are common. Moreover, the story of a young woman’s marriage to an animal (boar, snake, bull, among others) in human disguise is a common plot that even managed to survive in the African Diaspora.

The baboons, tired of getting a precarious living by stealing maize in people’s gardens, whereby, as they said, “we may get enough to eat one day, and the next be driven off into the woods with our hunger,” hit on the plan of disguising one of their number by the simple process of cutting off his tail, and sending him to settle in a village, build a house and take a human wife. “You can then,” they said, “cultivate seven gardens, two for you and five for us.” This was done, and the couple hoed and planted with exemplary industry, the husband’s relations coming when the crops were ripe, and feeding in peace in the gardens set apart for them. This went on for some time, but at last the wife grew tired of the arrangement, and remarked, “Ah, what sort of a nuisance is this—to cultivate every day for those baboons only!” The husband agreed with her, saying, “Truly this is a nuisance!” They were overheard by a baboon hidden in the bush beside the garden, who immediately went home and informed the clan. They immediately took his tail, which seems to have been carefully preserved in the meantime, and set out for the village. Finding that he was not at home, but had gone to help thatch his father-in-law’s house, they followed him there and sang:

Nyani he! nyani! hala muchirao,
Nyani lie! nyani! hala muchirao!

“Baboon! come and fetch your tail!” So the secret was revealed to the wife and her relations, and the baboon, resuming his tail, returned to the bush with his own people.

THE TREACHEROUS JACKAL

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Werner, A. “Some Notes on East African Folklore (Continued).” *Folklore* 26 (1915): 70–71.

Date: ca. 1915

Original Source: Swahili

National Origin: Kenya

In the following **animal tale**, the gedal (jackal) plays the role of **trickster** that is commonly played by hare in many African traditions, especially in the Bantu narrative repertoire. Exploitive and malicious, the jackal repays kindness and hospitality with cruelty.

The gedal sat in the bara, crying, all by himself. The lion passed by and asked him what was the matter.

“My father and mother are dead-I am a poor orphan!”

“I will take you with me, do not cry any more.” The lion took him to his village and told him to herd the cattle for him, which he did for some time. One day the lion, having killed a bullock, said he would go and look after the cattle, and desired the gedal to stay at home and cook the beef. He heated a stone in the fire, wrapped it up in a very fat piece of meat, and when the lion came home hungry told him to open his mouth wide, threw the stone down his throat, and so killed him.

The hyena then came and asked for a share of the meat. The gedal gave him some bones, telling him to look out, as the lion was asleep; he thereupon sat down between the hyena and the dead lion, and asked the former to let him play with his tail.

The hyena, busy with the bones, did not notice that the gedal was tying his tail to the dead lion's, but was roused by a sudden cry, “Take care, the lion is awake!”

He started off at a run, dragging the lion after him, and dived into his burrow, the mouth of which was, of course, blocked by the lion's body. The hyena, thinking the lion was still alive, did not move for some time, till at last the carcass became decomposed and the tail parted company with it. He then ate up the carrion and came out.

Meanwhile the gedal, having finished the beef and being unable to procure other food, again went and sat in the tiara, crying, till the elephant came by, carrying a bag of honey.

Questioned, he replied as he had done to the lion, adding the information that “father used to carry me on his back.”

The compassionate elephant said, “Up with you, then!” and the gedal climbed on his back and began eating the honey. From time to time he let some drops fall, and, when the elephant asked if it were raining, answered that the thought of his mother made him cry. Having finished the honey, he remarked that his father was in the habit of walking under trees, so that he could pick the fruit. The elephant fell into the trap, and passed under the overhanging branches. When he got home the honey and the gedal had alike disappeared.

Western and Central Africa

AKUAPEM

HOW ANANSE TALES GOT THEIR NAME

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Barker, W. H. “Nyankopone and Ananse in Gold Coast Folklore.” *Folklore* 30 (1919): 161–162.

Date: ca. 1919

Original Source: Akuapem

National Origin: Ghana

Akuapem are an Akan ethnic group residing in southern Ghana and related linguistically to the Ashanti, Baule, and Fante groups of Ghana and Côte d’Ivoire. The area in which these groups reside was labeled the Gold Coast because of Akan domination of the gold trade in the area. Economics revolved primarily around the trade of gold and, later, slaves. This prosperity allowed the development of advanced and extensive political systems before the European colonial period. The following narratives relate exploits of the classic West African **trickster**, Anansi (also, Ananse, Annancy). Anansi in both the Diaspora and in Continental Africa is an anthropomorphic spider with a penchant for pranks and an insatiable appetite. As with most other trickster figures, Anansi loves wit—usually at the expense of all other characters in the **cycles** in which spider is featured. Striking parallels exist between Ananse in the following two tales, the Caribbean “Nancy and the Honey Tree” (Volume 4, page 405), “Nancy Fools His Wife” (Volume 4, page 407), and “Annancy and the Yam Hills” (Volume 4, page 424), and the U.S. “How Come Mr. Buzzard to Have a Bald Head” (Volume 4, page 163). Further comparisons can be made between the African American trickster rabbit and Anansi. The following two narratives offer alternative explanations of how trickster tales came to be called “Ananse Tales”

among the Akuapem. Alternate explanations of this sort are common in oral tradition.

One day the spider went to God and begged him to let God's tales be called spider's tales. This was agreed to, providing Ananse brought three things: an earthen vessel full of bees, a tiger and a large snake.

That very day the spider took an earthen pot to a place where he knew the bees passed. After a few minutes he saw the bees coming and began a conversation with himself.

"These bees will not fill this pot."

"They will fill the pot."

"They will not fill the pot," and so on.

The bees asked what was the matter with him.

"Yesterday, God said you bees would not fill this pot, and I said you would, so I beg you will all go in and let me see, and I will pay you for it."

At once all went into the vessel, and the spider shut it and sent it to God.

On the next day he took a long stick and went to a place where he knew a large snake lived. He began by saying these words to himself:

"He is as long as this stick."

"He is not as long as this stick."

He repeated these words several times till the snake came out and asked him what he wanted.

"There has been an argument," said the spider, "in God's town since yesterday that you are not as long as this stick. I said you were, so I pray you will let me measure you. The snake obeyed, and the spider tied and bound him from head to tail and sent him straight to God.

On the next day the spider bought some needles and thread and sewed up his eyes and mouth. He now went to a tiger's path, singing and shouting. Suddenly the tiger came and asked him what he wanted. The spider said, "Don't you see my eyes and mouth? I have never seen anything so fine as this since I was born, and it is good to tell your friend when you get new things, therefore come and try."

The tiger sat down and allowed the spider to sew up his eyes and mouth. He was then quickly carried to God.

That is how we get spider's tales.

ANANSE BUYS THE TOWN

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Barker, W. H. "Nyankopone and Ananse in Gold Coast Folklore." *Folklore* 30 (1919): 160–161.

Date: ca. 1919

Original Source: Akuapem

National Origin: Ghana

Ananse and Ananse kokuroko [Ananse the Great] argued one day about a grain of corn. Ananse said he could buy a whole town and its population with a single grain of corn.

“Impossible,” said Ananse kokuroko, “if you are able, I will give you my Anyankasem.”

Ananse took the corn and went from town to town. When he saw some fowls he threw them the corn which was picked up by a cock. Ananse caught the cock and began to weep. The owner came, and Ananse said, “This corn was given me by the Creator to sow, and from this all men on the surface of the earth shall live. As I was holding it, it dropped and the cock swallowed it, therefore go and excuse yourself before the Creator.”

The owner, in fear, gave Ananse the cock.

He went to another town, where he allowed the cock to be trampled on and killed by some oxen. He seized one of them, and in the same manner as before, it passed into his possession.

Ananse went on to the next village, where he met a funeral procession. He coaxed the people and obtained the dead body in exchange for the ox.

After dark, he entered the next town with the dead body and went into a house. He was provided with food, and his “man” put to sleep with some boys who beat him soundly. When Ananse saw what had been done he wept very much, and said to his host, “Three years ago, I was sent by Ananse kokuroko to fetch this man, for the world about to be created is to be put on him. You and the king of the town had better go to Ananse.”

Not a soul was left in the town, all arose and followed Ananse, who sang:

Mede brofua m’agye akoko,
 Mede akoko m’agye nantwi;
 Mede nantwi m’agye efunu,
 Mede efunu agye kuro-man.
 (I have won a cock with one grain,
 An ox for a cock;
 My ox wins me a dead body,
 My corpse brings me a town’s population.)

The company appears before the Creator, who with his counselors is astonished at Ananse’s success, and he announces that in future Anyankasem [“Ananse the Great stories”] shall be called Anansesem [“Ananse stories”].

BULU

THE TWO HUNCHBACKS

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Krug, Adolph N. "Bulu Tales from Kamerun, West Africa." *The Journal of American Folklore* 25 (1912): 109–111.

Date: ca. 1912

Original Source: Bulu Fang

National Origin: Cameroon

The Bulu are one of the major ethnic subdivisions of the Fang, a Bantu culture of Cameroon. While there were opportunities to engage in coastal trade with Europeans, the primary Bulu resources were their fields and the surrounding forests. Many of the animal species that the Bulu hunted (for example, the pangolin, civet, elephant), and with whom they competed for game (leopard) appear as characters in their folktales. **Fables** such as "The Two Hunchbacks" are a major narrative **genre** among the Bulu.

Once upon a time there was a man who was a hunchback; and when he went a-courting, he saw a woman who was also a hunchback, even as he himself. So he said to the woman, "I wish to marry you, because you are a hunchback, even as I myself: therefore I wish to marry you." The woman assented, and they were married.

But the man happened to hear of a person who had the power to heal hunchbacks, so he arose to go to this man. As he was journeying on the road, he came upon a very old man, and he gave him some food; although he was offensive and ugly and dirty, nevertheless he gave him of his food.

Thereupon the very old man said to him, "My young man, when you have reached the town, and they cook food for you, and take it to a house that is old and tumble-down, do not object, but go and eat there." And the man did after this fashion.

When he had reached the town, they cooked food for him, and took it to a bad-looking house; but he also went, and entered the house and began to eat the food. Suddenly he noticed a very old man lying there, and he took part of his food and gave it to the old man. The old man asked him, "Who instructed you in this matter?" and he answered, "I myself." Thereupon said the old man to him, "This very night, if they come and ask you, 'Which do you prefer, a fetish covered with the skin of the genet [small mammal related to the mongoose], or a fetish covered with the skin of the civet-cat?' you reply, 'I prefer a fetish covered with the skin of the genet'; and if they ask you again, 'Which do you prefer to be, straight as an arrow or bent over?' you answer, 'Straight as an arrow.'"

When night had come, they showed him a house in which he was to sleep. During the night, when they came to ask him all these questions, just as the old man had instructed him, he answered rightly; and thus he was healed, because he did not disdain the evil things he met at the beginning. Thus did he return to his own town, a man healed completely.

When his wife saw this, she was very much grieved, because she and her husband had both been hunchbacks, but now her husband was a well man. So the woman jumped up quickly and started to go; but her husband called out to her, and said, "Wait a moment! I will instruct you as to what you should do."

But she replied, "No, indeed! Did you tell me at all, or say good-bye, when you went away?" Thus did she go in great haste; and when she came upon the old man lying by the roadside, she spit on the ground, and said, "What a horrid old thing this is!"

And the old man, in turn, said, "My youthful maiden, go on to where you wish to go." The woman also said to him, "I see that you wish to offer me insult with your talk." Thus did she leave him lying there, and went on her journey.

When she had come to the town, they cooked food for her, and they took the food to the house where the old man was staying. So she said, in her pride, "Am I, indeed, of no account, that they take food for me to such a horrible place?"

The people said to her, "We knew of no better place where you could have gone to eat food." And the woman ate all the food herself; never a bite did she give to the very old man. When night came, they showed her a house to sleep in. When they came during the night, and asked her, "Which do you prefer to be, straight as an arrow or bent over?" she replied, "Bent over."

And when they asked her again, "Which do you prefer, a fetish covered with the skin of the genet, or one covered with the skin of the civet-cat?" she replied, "A fetish covered with the skin of the civet-cat." Thereupon the hunch on her back became even worse than the one she had previously borne.

When she returned home to her husband, he said to her, "I will never live in marriage with you again." Thus did the woman go from bad to worse, because she had no pity on people in distress, but lifted herself up in pride; and thus it was that she saw all this trouble.

Upon whom rests the blame of this affair? Is it upon the woman herself, or her husband? Thus did this woman go from bad to worse.

WHAT HAPPENS TO WIVES WHEN THEY THINK MORE HIGHLY OF ANYTHING ELSE THAN OF THEIR HUSBANDS

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Schwab, George. "Bulu Tales." *The Journal of American Folklore* 32 (1919): 428–429.

Date: ca. 1919

Original Source: Bulu Fang

National Origin: Cameroon

The following narrative combines the **animal tale** form with the **fable** function.

It happened thus. Great hunger came upon the forest. Then Male-Gorilla took his wives, and they all went walking. As they walked, they found an engong tree [tree with large, plum-like fruit] laden with ripe fruit. Then Male-Gorilla said to himself, "I am going to act wisely. I will test my wives." So he climbed an Stunga tree [*Brachychiton discolor*] which grew beside the engong tree, and bent it down to the ground. His wives climbed it and from it to the engong tree, where they began eating with the greediness of hunger. Then said Male-Gorilla thus to his wives, "As you are eating up there, is it me or is it the fruit you like most?"

They answered him thus, "We like only you," and they came down laden with fruit. So he, too, ate until he was tired eating. Then they all returned to their village, passing the village of Chimpanzee, where there was also great hunger.

Now, when Husband-Chimpanzee saw the stains of the engong fruit on the hands and faces of Male-Gorilla and his wives, he asked of them the location of the engong in the forest. Male-Gorilla instructed him.

Then Husband-Chimpanzee called all his wives, and they walked to the place of the tree engong in the forest. They became tired searching for the place where Male-Gorilla and his wives had climbed up, until suddenly Husband-Chimpanzee

spoke thus, “Ke! It was by the path of the Stunga.” So he climbed up and bent it to the ground, and then his wives climbed on to it and over on to the tree engong. At once they began to eat greedily. “I will test them,” said Husband-Chimpanzee to himself. So he asked, “You, up there! Is it myself or is it the engong fruit which you like most?”

They thus to him, “We like a bunch of engong fruit.” Again Husband-Chimpanzee asked, “Myself or engong fruit, which is it you surpass liking?”

They thus, “A bunch of the fruit engong.” So Husband-Chimpanzee let go of the Stunga tree, and began to eat the fruit that his wives dropped.

It happened that a man walking in the forest came to the engong tree. Husband-Chimpanzee saw him, ran away and hid himself. When Man looked up into the tree and saw the chimpanzees eating, he quickly returned to his village, called the people, who went out to the tree engong, where they saw the chimpanzees. “Woe is us!” said Wives-of-Chimpanzee. “Let us quickly descend by way of the unga!” But they could not reach it, so all were killed, dying with a great dying. Thus did Wives-of-Chimpanzee suffer because of their greed.

NEVER TELL THE THINGS OF TABOO YOU HAPPEN TO SEE

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Schwab, George. “Bulu Tales.” *The Journal of American Folklore* 32 (1919): 437.

Date: ca. 1919

Original Source: Bulu Fang

National Origin: Cameroon

According to George Schwab, a kôn is a small, dark anthropomorphic being that is the spirit of a deceased human being when one dies. The following **legend** provides an explanation for adhering to taboos imposed by the kôn.

Son-of-Man went to the forest, where he found a honey-tree. He cut the vines about the tree, and prepared it otherwise for climbing to the beehive. Thus he said to himself, “Tomorrow I’ll come and get the honey.” Away he went.

Then came Kôn, who also saw the tree. “I’ll come tomorrow and get the honey,” he said.

When he arrived the next morning, he divided himself into three parts. The part with his head climbed the tree. The part consisting of buttocks and legs he left at the foot of the tree. The trunk was put aside.

While this was going on, Son-of-Man came along, saw the thing that Kôn did, and watched the head-part climb the tree. He hid himself to see what would happen.

When Kôn finished taking out the honey from the tree, he descended. Suddenly he saw Son-of-Man where he was standing. "Where have you come from?" he asked. "Was it when I climbed up, or when I came down, when was it you came?"

Son-of-Man thus, "While you were yet standing at the foot of the tree, then it was I came." So Kôn took the honey, dividing evenly with Son-of-Man. As he was doing this, for the second time, he asked Son-of-Man when it was he came. Again Kôn was told, "While you were yet standing at the foot of the tree." Then Son-of-Man turned to leave for his village. But ere he left, Kôn asked him the same question again, twice. "You will not tell this thing to any other person," said Kôn as Son-of-Man left him.

When Son-of-Man reached his village, he called his wife, asking her to bring him his food. When she had given it to him, he gave her a portion of the honey. "Where have you gotten this?" she asked. "Go to your hut, I'll remain here," he answered. But again she asked where he had gotten the honey. So he told her the wonderful thing he had seen Kôn do. When he had ended telling her, Son-of-Man fell over dead. His wife cried the death cry. Her mother heard it, and came rushing out to see what had happened. Wife of Son-of-Man told her all the things her husband had told her, and of his death. Then she too fell down dead.

From that day even to this, when Kôn gives a taboo, the sons of men refuse to break it.

THE TORTOISE AND THE ELEPHANT

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Krug, Adolph N. "Bulu Tales from Kamerun, West Africa." *The Journal of American Folklore* 25 (1912): 106–107.

Date: ca. 1912

Original Source: Bulu Fang

National Origin: Cameroon

Tortoise rivals hare as the **trickster** protagonist of Continental African **animal tales**. In fact, it has been asserted that, without exception, next to the hare, the tortoise is the most conspicuous figure in Bantu folklore (Werner 1933). In "The Tortoise and the Elephant," tortoise manifests the usual traits of trickster: wit to defeat superior size and strength, clever use of words, and greed.

Once upon a time the Tortoise and the Elephant went on a journey, and they said one to the other, "Let us go and visit Zambe, the son of Mebe'e!"

Thereupon they started on their journey; and when they came to a river, they stopped and took a bath. When they had finished taking a bath, the Tortoise began, and said to the Elephant, "Come, my friend, we will take new names for ourselves!" When the Elephant therefore asked him, "What names shall we take?" the Tortoise began, and said, "My name is 'Guests, go to the house'"; but the Elephant was named "Guests, remain seated." After this the Tortoise said, "Now we have finished taking new names for ourselves, therefore we will do after this manner: when we have arrived in town, and you hear the people call, 'Guests, go to the house,' then they are calling me, the Tortoise; but if you hear them call, 'Guests, remain seated,' then they are calling the Elephant."

When they had thus finished taking new names, they left the river crossing, and came to the village. Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, was greatly surprised, and said, "Great guests have come to my village." So he killed a fowl and gave it to a woman to cook, and the woman prepared and cooked it. After this Zambe called a boy, and said to him, "Go and call my guests from the palaver-house." The boy accordingly went to the palaver-house, and called out, "Guests, go to the house!"

The Tortoise thereupon quickly arose, saying, "They have called me by my name," and he said to his children, "Let us go to the house!" So the Tortoise and his children went to the house; and they ate the fowl, and saved for the Elephant and his children only a piece of the breast.

Thereupon said Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, "Perhaps the Elephant despised the fowl." So he killed a dog and had it cooked, and said to the boy, "Go and call my guests from the palaver-house."

The boy therefore went to the palaver-house and called out. So the Tortoise again said, "It is I they are calling," and he and his children went in and ate the dog, but they kept for the Elephant and his children only a small piece of the dog.

After this Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, killed a sheep and had it prepared also. Then he said again to the boy, "Go and call my guests from the palaver-house." The boy therefore went to the palaver-house and called out, "Guests, go to the house!" The Tortoise therefore said again, "It is my name they have called," so the Tortoise and his children went to the house, and they ate all of the sheep, keeping for the Elephant and his children only a piece of a leg.

When the next morning had dawned, the Elephant and the Tortoise said one to the other, "Now we will go home." Thereupon Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, took a staff in his hand, and said to the Elephant, "On the day you arrived here I killed a fowl, but you did not eat of it; after that I killed a dog, but you did not eat of it, either; so at last I killed a sheep, but never a bite did

you eat of it, either; therefore I want to ask you, what is it you desire that I should now kill for you?"

To this the Elephant replied, and said, "I did not eat, not because there was too little food, but because we took new names when we came to this town. Therefore I did in this manner: the name of the Tortoise is 'Guests, go to the house'; and the Tortoise always went, because you always called his name, 'Guests, go to the house.' I did not go because I did not hear you call 'Guests, remain seated.' If, however, you had called me in that manner, I certainly should have gone."

Therefore the people said to the Elephant, "You are certainly a great big blockhead. Will any one with any sense ever take such a name for himself?"

Thus did the Tortoise deceive the Elephant.

TURTLE DRINKS AT THE EXPENSE OF THE OTHER BEASTS

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Schwab, George. "Bulu Folk-Tales." *The Journal of American Folklore* 27 (1914): 273–274.

Date: ca. 1914

Original Source: Bulu Fang

National Origin: Cameroon

Tortoise's usual adversary in the Bulu tale corpus is leopard. Despite leopard's strength and ferocity, he is inevitably duped by tortoise. As in the following narrative, tortoise—translated as Turtle in this instance—shows no particular reluctance to sacrifice okpweng, the blue duiker (a tiny, forest-dwelling antelope); sô, the bay duiker (a related, somewhat larger species); and any other animal who might succumb to his guile to steal leopard's wine.

One day Leopard climbed a wine palm, which he tapped. Turtle, who happened by at the time, saw him suspend the gourd to catch the wine. So he hunted up Okpweng, telling him, "Come, let us go to the forest at gray dawn in the morning and drink Leopard's palm wine!" Okpweng agreed to do so. At gray dawn in the morning he came, calling Turtle.

He thus, "Have you a bag?"

Okpweng thus, "Yes." Then they went out into the forest, climbed the palm tree, and drank the palm wine. After they had emptied the gourd, Turtle thus, "You help me down, then remain up here until more wine drips into the gourd.

Then let it down to me in your bag.” Okpweng then helped Turtle down, he himself remaining in the tree. When he reached the ground, Turtle quickly hid himself in a leafy thicket.

Then appeared Leopard, who, seeing Okpweng up in the tree, said in a loud, scolding voice, “So you are the one who constantly drinks my palm wine?” Then Leopard climbed the tree, and caught and killed Okpweng.

Turtle now went to Sô, saying, “Early in the morning we shall go to the forest to drink Leopard’s palm wine.” Sô agreed. Very early in the morning it was, when Sô came to call Turtle, saying, “Show me the path [literally, “go with me”] to Leopard’s palm wine.” They both climbed the tree, drinking the wine, as on the day before. After they had emptied the gourd, Turtle asked Sô to help him down. Sô did, remaining in the tree. Then Turtle again quickly hid in the leafy thicket.

Soon Leopard came along to collect his palm wine. Seeing Sô, and finding his wine gone as before, he caught and killed Sô too.

Thus did Turtle to all the beasts, deceiving them, and himself drinking Leopard’s wine.

HOW TURTLE INHERITED LEOPARD’S GOODS

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Schwab, George. “Bulu Tales.” *The Journal of American Folklore* 32 (1919): 430–431.

Date: ca. 1919

Original Source: Bulu Fang

National Origin: Cameroon

The following tale of tortoise’s deception of his arch-competitor leopard reveals the cunning and amoral way in which **trickster** figures operate. In this case, trickster satisfies his greed by cleverly and patiently trapping, then murdering his “business partner,” leopard.

It happened thus. Leopard and Turtle arose, and said they would go to the forest to camp and hunt and set traps. So they left their villages and went. They walked through the forest until they found a place to build a shelter.

When they had built it, they said, “Now we’ll go out and set traps.” So each went his own way into the forest, where he set his traps. When Leopard had finished setting his traps, Turtle set a noose-trap near a log. Then they both returned to the camp. Night fell. At dawn they went out to look at their traps

to see if anything had been caught. Leopard had caught many animals in his traps.

These he took along. He came upon Turtle, whom he found near a tree from which a noose-trap was suspended.

Then Leopard said to him, "Ah, my Brother Turtle! and do people set traps to catch animals as you have set this one?"

Turtle asked of him, "Ah, Leopard! How is it that traps are set? Show me how it is done."

So Leopard cut the end off a sapling, dug the shallow pit for the noose-trap, and then set the trap for Turtle. Now Turtle said, "Ah, Leopard! Show me also how it is an animal can get caught in that thing you have made." Leopard answered him, "Is it that you wish to snare me?"

Turtle thus to him, "I'll come quickly and release you."

So Leopard put his head through the noose of the trap, which caused the sapling to spring up, suspending Leopard in the air. Leopard struggled with a great struggling to free himself. Turtle took up his spear, wounded Leopard, who quickly died. Then Turtle cut him into pieces, took all the animals he had caught, put them into a basket, and went to his village.

Soon the wives of Leopard came to him, asking what had become of their husband. Turtle thus, "If he comes not today, he'll never come. This he said to me when we parted in the forest. He was tired living with homely wives like you, he said. But in my eyes you are all surpassingly beautiful."

Then the wives of Leopard went back to their village, waiting even until nightfall for the return of their husband Leopard. At last the head wife said, "And why is it that we wait here for him in whose eyes we are ugly?" So they took their baskets and all the things of Leopard's village, and went to live with Turtle. And thus it was that Turtle became rich at Leopard's cost.

TURTLE DECEIVES ZOE, GIVING LEOPARD THE BLAME FOR STEALING ZOE'S DAUGHTER

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Schwab, George. "Bulu Tales." *The Journal of American Folklore* 32 (1919): 429–430.

Date: ca. 1919

Original Source: Bulu Fang

National Origin: Cameroon

Tortoise's ruse of disguise to achieve his own ends is consistent with **trickster's** shape-shifting. In the following tale, tortoise uses his disguise, his powers of observation, and his wits not only to win the competition

for Zoe's (civet cat) daughter, but also to kill leopard. Using song to work his will on his dupes is common tool for tricksters.

It happened thus. Zoe made preparations for a great dance, inviting all his forest friends to come on the night that the moon would begin to wane. When Turtle heard of it, he said, "Woe is me! Leopard will be there! He and I are very great enemies."

So Turtle went to Porcupine's village to ask what he should do. Porcupine answered him thus, "Go to Okpweng [blue duiker] and ask him for his horns," said Porcupine.

So Turtle left Porcupine and went to Okpweng, begging him for his horns for a night. Okpweng answered, "Take them." Then Turtle went to the dancing place.

Now, Turtle and Leopard met at the joining of the path, near Zoe's village, which they entered together. As soon as Zoe's daughters saw them coming, both fell in love. Turtle spoke thus in his heart, "There will be a blood-feud here to-night." As night fell, Leopard felt great hunger in his stomach; so he took up a fruit of the adjap tree and ate it, leaving only a small piece.

Turtle saw Leopard eating. Now, Turtle wanted to marry Zoe's younger daughter. So he went to her hut, where she was ornamenting herself for the dance, and said thus, "Ah, Daughter-of-Zoe! You will get a real woman's present if you will go out behind the adjap tree and await me, as soon as you hear the dance-drum begin to talk."

As the moon began to rise, Zoe called all his guests to come to the place near the palaver-house. "Who will begin the dance, and who will pound the drum for him?" asked Zoe. "I will; and Leopard, who surpasses every one in the beating of the dance-drum, he will pound for me." Zoe thus, "Yes, Okpweng, even so shall it be."

So Leopard went to the dance drum and began, while Turtle danced. And even as he, danced, Turtle began to sing, "He! He! Where is beautiful Youngest-Daughter-of-Zoe? Has not he on whose mouth the adjap fruit has stuck, has not even he hidden her to elope with him? He! He! Why is she not at the dance?"

The guests all looked at one another, but no adjap fruit did they see sticking to the mouth of any one. No, not so much as would fill the eye of a needle. "He! He! Under the adjap tree she awaits him. The fruit on his hands stuck to hers! He! He!" continued Turtle as he danced.

Then rose Zoe and went to the adjap tree, where he found his youngest daughter with adjap fruit on her hands, which Turtle had put there as a sign that he might know her in the dark. Zoe carried her back. As Turtle saw them coming, he sang, "He! He! Why does the drum's head stick to the hands of the drummer? He! He!"

"It is even as Okpweng sings," said Zoe, who went over to Leopard and looked at his face. "I invited Leopard, and he is spoiling my village by way of

thanks for my friendship!" So Zoe took his spear and wounded Leopard, so that he died. Then said Zoe to all the guests, "And where can I find a son-in-law who can surpass Okpweng in cunning?" So Turtle took her to his village.

HOW TURTLE DECEIVED LEOPARD INTO EATING HIS OWN MOTHER

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Schwab, George. "Bulu Folk-Tales." *The Journal of American Folklore* 27 (1914): 267–268.

Date: ca. 1914

Original Source: Bulu Fang

National Origin: Cameroon

Tortoise perpetrates yet another act of cruelty on Leopard to satisfy his physical desires. Tortoise uses ngong to simulate his mother's blood; the ngong is plum-size fruit that produces a large quantity of dark red juice. "Bundle cooking" is accomplished by wrapping the food to be cooked in large leaves and then boiling the resulting package.

It happened thus. Turtle and Leopard were very hungry, having no food at all. Turtle said, "Come, Leopard, let us kill and eat our own mothers!" Leopard, feeling great hunger, said, "Come on, then, we will kill them at the stream."

Turtle answered him, "Mine is across the stream. I'll go bring her." So Turtle left Leopard, crossing the stream alone. Then he went into the forest, where he gathered two basketfuls of the fruit ngong. From this he pressed the juice with his hands, then poured it into the stream. It flowed down to Leopard, who, seeing the colored water, believed it to be the blood of Mother Turtle. Then Leopard seized and killed his own mother.

Turtle and Leopard now returned to the village, Turtle going to his mother's hut. Her he hid in a large peanut-basket. Having done this, he returned to Leopard's hut, where they cooked the bundle containing Mother Leopard's corpse. Leopard went out to the back of the hut to look for something. During his absence, Turtle hastily exchanged the bundle containing Mother Leopard's corpse, which they had been cooking, for his own bundle. When Leopard returned, Turtle said, "Let us eat our mothers now!" Leopard agreeing, Turtle went, and soon returned with Leopard's bundle. They ate up everything in it. "Now," said Turtle, "you take your bundle, and we will eat what it contains too." To his surprise, Leopard found ngong fruit in his own bundle. Then he spoke angrily thus,

“Why did you say, ‘Come, let us eat our mothers?’ For this thing I shall go and seize and kill your mother.”

Turtle made answer, “You are truly a foolish thing. Does one kill and eat his own mother? Yes, your foolishness is truly great.” Thus did Turtle deceive Leopard to satisfy his hunger.

TURTLE SURPASSES MAN IN INGENUITY

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Schwab, George. “Bulu Folk-Tales.” *The Journal of American Folklore* 27 (1914): 271.

Date: ca. 1914

Original Source: Bulu Fang

National Origin: Cameroon

In the following tale, tortoise demonstrates that he is even more clever than man. Man’s reaction demonstrates an admiration for quick wit.

It happened thus. Man, whose name was Zomeyomebe’e, had a daughter. Now, Man said thus, “No one can ever give me a dowry and marry this virgin of mine for it. She can only be married by the man who brings me water from the stream in a basket.” So all men tried to thus win her, but all failed to obtain her in marriage. At last came Turtle one day to Man, saying, “I have come to marry your daughter.” Man answered, “Go fetch me basketfuls of water from the stream.”

So Turtle made himself a basket. This basket did he take to the stream, where he dipped it into the water. Then he called a child of that village, Man’s child it was, and told it thus, “Go tell your father, if he wishes me to carry to him this basketful of water, to make and bring to me a carrying-strap of smoke.” But Man tired trying to make the carrying-strap of smoke, saying at last, “Turtle, you have surpassed me in ingenuity. Come, take and marry my daughter!” So Turtle came and took Man’s daughter in marriage. Then lived Turtle and Man many days in great friendship, because Turtle had won Man’s daughter by his surpassing ingenuity.

HOW TURTLE’S GREED BROUGHT HIM TO A SAD END

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Schwab, George. “Bulu Folk-Tales.” *The Journal of American Folklore* 27 (1914): 284–285.

Date: ca. 1914

Original Source: Bulu Fang

National Origin: Cameroon

The concluding statements “Thus perished Turtle because of his greed and deceit” and “A man who has wisdom in his heart will listen to the words of this tale” attest to the fact that the following **animal tale** serves as a **fable**. Okpweng, Mian, Mvin, and Zip are all types of duikers, small forest antelopes.

It happened thus. Turtle left his village and went to see Leopard to beg of him one of his claws. When he had reached the palaver-house, he spoke thus to Leopard, “Ah, father mine! cut off one of your claws for me; I wish to be able to catch game.” So Leopard did as Turtle had requested of him, for there was a surpassing friendship between them. Turtle took it and put it on one of his fingers, then said, “Now I am going out to catch animals with my claw.” He returned home, and, taking his cutlass, went to the forest to set noose-traps. As he was setting one of them, he saw Okpweng coming along. So he called to Okpweng, “Come, help me set this trap!” Okpweng came over and set the trap for Turtle. “Now teach me how they get fast in these traps,” he begged.

To oblige him, Okpweng walked along as animals do when they are unaware of the presence of traps. Then he lightly placed one foot on the stick which held the noose in place, and, kpwing! Up snapped the sapling to which the noose was fastened, catching Okpweng by the neck and pulling him up into the air. He thus to Turtle, “Come quickly and take the noose from off my neck or I’ll die!”

Turtle thus, “No! Was it I that called you here?” Then he struck Okpweng on the head with a club and tore him with his claw, so that he died. Then he took the corpse and hid it. As he was about to again set the trap, he saw Mvin coming along the path, and repeated to him the same words he had used to Okpweng. Mvin was also caught around the neck by the noose and pulled up into the air. “Take me out of this!” he called.

“Not at all! Was it I that called you?” cried Turtle. Then he killed Mvin and also hid his body. Thus did Turtle to many of the forest beasts, Zip being the last to get caught and killed.

Mian, who happened along unnoticed by Turtle as he entrapped and killed Zip, saw and heard what Turtle was doing. Now, after a time Mian showed himself. Turtle tried the same words he had used to the others, but Mian pretended to be very stupid. “Ah, friend Turtle,” said he, “my stupidity is surpassingly great. Show me first how it is done, then all the days to come I can help you. Surely one as wise as you are, knows a bit about this sort of thing.”

“Is it that a beast puts its neck into the noose this way?” asked Turtle, as he cautiously stuck his head into it. “Let me see,” said Mian, as he came closer. Then he quickly touched the stick which held the noose in place with his foot, and up into the air went Turtle. Ne kpwek! did Mian bring down a club on his head, causing him to die. Thus perished Turtle because of his greed and deceit.

A man who has wisdom in his heart will listen to the words of this tale.

CONGO

THE LEOPARD IN THE MAIZE FARM

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Weeks, John H. "The Leopard in the Maize-Farm: A Lower Congo Folk-Tale."
Folklore 20 (1909): 209–211.

Date: ca. 1909

Original Source: Congo

National Origin: Democratic Republic of Congo

The Democratic Republic of Congo (formerly the Belgian Congo) is located in the west-central area of Africa amid the countries of Zambia, Angola, Republic of Congo, Central African, Republic, Sudan, Uganda, Rwanda, Burundi, Uganda, and Tanzania. Within the tropical climate of equatorial Africa, the topography and lifestyles of the Democratic Republic of Congo are diverse. In excess of 200 distinct ethnic groups have been identified in the area. While not as familiar as spider (Anansi), hare, or tortoise, gazelle plays the **trickster** role in the folktales of the Lower Congo. The following narrative of the magical Nkondi used as a trap to catch an arrogant thief is known in both African American and Continental African traditions as tarbaby and wax-girl, respectively.

Once upon a time the Leopard and the Gazelle made new maize farms for themselves. When the ground was ready for planting, the Gazelle put some maize into a saucepan to boil, and hid the rest of his maize in another place. While the pot was on the fire, the Leopard arrived and asked, "Friend Gazelle, what are you boiling?"

“Some maize,” said the Gazelle, “and when it is cooked I am going to plant it in my farm.”

The Leopard said, “Indeed! Do you plant boiled maize?”

“Yes,” answered the Gazelle, “I boil all my maize, and then it grows better.” The Leopard returned home at once, rubbed all his maize off the cobs, and boiled it. The next morning they both went and planted their maize, each in his own farm. During the following night the Gazelle went and planted some unboiled maize in the Leopard’s farm.

After a few days they went to look at their farms, and in the Gazelle’s fields the whole of the maize was sprouting well, but in the Leopard’s only the raw maize which the Gazelle had planted was growing. The Leopard could not understand it, for he had boiled his maize well.

By and by the maize was ripe for plucking, and the Gazelle and Leopard went and pulled what they wanted and returned home. For several nights after that the Leopard went stealing maize in the Gazelle’s farm, and one day the Gazelle said to him, “Friend Leopard, who is stealing maize from my farm?”

“I don’t know,” replied the Leopard.

The Gazelle went and carved a wooden fetish, called Nkondi, and put it in his farm. The next night the Leopard went and stole some more maize, and, as he was leaving the farm, the Nkondi said, “Oh! you are the thief, are you?”

“If you talk like that,” growled the Leopard, “I will hit you.”

“Hit me,” said the Nkondi. The Leopard hit him, and his paw stuck to the image.

“Let go!” exclaimed the Leopard, “or I will hit you with my other hand.”

“Hit me,” said the Nkondi. The Leopard hit him with the other hand, and that also stuck to the image.

“Let go!” angrily cried the Leopard, “or I will kick and bite you.”

“Hit me,” repeated the Nkondi. The Leopard did so, and his feet and mouth stuck to the fetish image, and then both the Leopard and the Nkondi fell to the ground together.

By and by the Gazelle arrived, and, when he saw the Leopard sticking to the Nkondi, he said, “Oh! You are the thief, are you?” and, having punished him, he cut some leaves and made a charm to set the Leopard free. After that the Leopard never went stealing again in the Gazelle’s maize farm.

EFIK

THE ELEPHANT AND THE TORTOISE; OR, WHY THE WORMS ARE BLIND AND WHY THE ELEPHANT HAS SMALL EYES

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Dayrell, Elphinstone. *Folk Stories from Southern Nigeria, West Africa*. London: Longmans, Green and Company, 1910, 58–61.

Date: ca. 1910

Original Source: Efik

National Origin: Nigeria

The Efik reside in the Cross River area of southeastern Nigeria, a region known as Calabar. Their economy was originally based on fishing, but as early as the eighteenth century, the Efik developed a lively trade in which slaves, as well as palm oil and similar indigenous products, were traded for European goods. In this system, the Efik served as intermediaries between European merchants and inland Africans. The lucrative network persisted into the early twentieth century. In the following Efik **animal tale**, the **trickster** tortoise behaves out of character and turns his talents to the service of the community as he attempts to find a means to control the elephant's gluttony. As a result of tortoise's manipulations, the elephant and the worm exchange eyes, which explains their current natures.

When Ambo was king of Calabar, the elephant was not only a very big animal, but he had eyes in proportion to his immense bulk. In those days men and animals were friends, and all mixed together quite

freely. At regular intervals King Ambo used to give a feast, and the elephant used to eat more than any one, although the hippopotamus used to do his best; however, not being as big as the elephant, although he was very fat, he was left a long way behind.

As the elephant ate so much at these feasts, the tortoise, who was small but very cunning, made up his mind to put a stop to the elephant eating more than a fair share of the food provided. He therefore placed some dry kernels and shrimps, of which the elephant was very fond, in his bag, and went to the elephant's house to make an afternoon call.

When the tortoise arrived the elephant told him to sit down, so he made himself comfortable, and, having shut one eye, took one palm kernel and a shrimp out of his bag, and commenced to eat them with much relish.

When the elephant saw the tortoise eating, he said, as he was always hungry himself, "You seem to have some good food there; what are you eating?"

The tortoise replied that the food was "sweet too much," but was rather painful to him, as he was eating one of his own eyeballs; and he lifted up his head, showing one eye closed.

The elephant then said, "If the food is so good, take out one of my eyes and give me the same food."

The tortoise, who was waiting for this, knowing how greedy the elephant was, had brought a sharp knife with him for that very purpose, and said to the elephant, "I cannot reach your eye, as you are so big."

The elephant then took the tortoise up in his trunk and lifted him up. As soon as he came near the elephant's eye, with one quick scoop of the sharp knife he had the elephant's right eye out. The elephant trumpeted with pain; but the tortoise gave him some of the dried kernels and shrimps, and they so pleased the elephant's palate that he soon forgot the pain.

Very soon the elephant said, "That food is so sweet, I must have some more," but the tortoise told him that before he could have any the other eye must come out. To this the elephant agreed; so the tortoise quickly got his knife to work, and very soon the elephant's left eye was on the ground, thus leaving the elephant quite blind. The tortoise then slid down the elephant's trunk on to the ground and hid himself. The elephant then began to make a great noise, and started pulling trees down and doing much damage, calling out for the tortoise but of course he never answered, and the elephant could not find him.

The next morning, when the elephant heard the people passing, he asked them what the time was, and the bush buck, who was nearest, shouted out, "The sun is now up, and I am going to market to get some yams and fresh leaves for my food."

Then the elephant perceived that the tortoise had deceived him, and began to ask all the passers-by to lend him a pair of eyes, as he could not see, but every one refused, as they wanted their eyes themselves. At last the worm groveled past, and seeing the big elephant, greeted him in his humble way. He was much

surprised when the king of the forest returned his salutation, and very much flattered also.

The elephant said, “Look here, worm, I have mislaid my eyes. Will you lend me yours for a few days? I will return them next market-day.”

The worm was so flattered at being noticed by the elephant that he gladly consented, and took his eyes out—which, as every one knows, were very small—and gave them to the elephant. When the elephant had put the worm’s eyes into his own large eyesockets, the flesh immediately closed round them so tightly that when the market-day arrived it was impossible for the elephant to get them out again to return to the worm; and although the worm repeatedly made applications to the elephant to return his eyes, the elephant always pretended not to hear, and sometimes used to say in a very loud voice, “If there are any worms about, they had better get out of my way, as they are so small I cannot see them, and if I tread on them they will be squashed into a nasty mess.”

Ever since then the worms have been blind, and for the same reason elephants have such small eyes, quite out of proportion to the size of their huge bodies.

THE TORTOISE WITH A BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Dayrell, Elphinstone. *Folk Stories from Southern Nigeria, West Africa*. London: Longmans, Green and Company, 1910, 1–5.

Date: ca. 1910

Original Source: Efik

National Origin: Nigeria

As in the preceding tale (“The Elephant and the Tortoise; or, Why the Worms Are Blind and Why the Elephant Has Small Eyes,” page 80), tortoise behaves with greater wisdom and decorum than might be expected of the African **trickster**. A number of cultural elements that need explanation are introduced in the narrative. The pieces of cloth (each generally 8 by 1 yards in size), the rods (brass hoops 16 by 6 inches used as local currency), money, clothes, yams, and palm oil were given to tortoise under the custom of “bride price.” Bride price is a sum paid to the family of a woman by the family of the proposed husband in compensation for the loss of the labor and other potential contributions that the woman might have made to her lineage if she had not joined her new husband’s family. “Fatness” is regarded as a positive attribute in the traditional Efik ideal of female beauty. Therefore, the fattening house emerged as a practice for achieving this ideal state by keeping the bride in confinement and feeding her as much as possible for some weeks

previous to her marriage. The Egbo (also Ekpo or Ekpe) society, to which the king must appeal in order to set aside a law he made in anger, is an all-male secret society charged with the enforcement of justice in the community. The Egbo also refers to a masquerade figure who takes on the role of the supernatural head of the society. In general, this is a terrifying being who may carry a whip and lash out at bystanders when he is out roaming the village.

There was once a king who was very powerful. He had great influence over the wild beasts and animals. Now the tortoise was looked upon as the wisest of all beasts and men. This king had a son named Ekpenyon, to whom he gave fifty young girls as wives, but the prince did not like any of them. The king was very angry at this, and made a law that if any man had a daughter who was finer than the prince's wives, and who found favor in his son's eyes, the girl herself and her father and mother should be killed.

Now about this time the tortoise and his wife had a daughter who was very beautiful. The mother thought it was not safe to keep such a fine child, as the prince might fall in love with her, so she told her husband that her daughter ought to be killed and thrown away into the bush. The tortoise, however, was unwilling, and hid her until she was three years old. One day, when both the tortoise and his wife were away on their farm, the king's son happened to be hunting near their house, and saw a bird perched on the top of the fence round the house. The bird was watching the little girl, and was so entranced with her beauty that he did not notice the prince coming. The prince shot the bird with his bow and arrow, and it dropped inside the fence, so the prince sent his servant to gather it. While the servant was looking for the bird he came across the little girl, and was so struck with her form, that he immediately returned to his master and told him what he had seen. The prince then broke down the fence and found the child, and fell in love with her at once. He stayed and talked with her for a long time, until at last she agreed to become his wife. He then went home, but concealed from his father the fact that he had fallen in love with the beautiful daughter of the tortoise.

But the next morning he sent for the treasurer, and got sixty pieces of cloth and three hundred rods, and sent them to the tortoise. Then in the early afternoon he went down to the tortoise's house, and told him that he wished to marry his daughter. The tortoise saw at once that what he had dreaded had come to pass, and that his life was in danger, so he told the prince that if the king knew, he would kill not only himself (the tortoise), but also his wife and daughter. The prince replied that he would be killed himself before he allowed the tortoise and his wife and daughter to be killed. Eventually, after much argument, the tortoise consented and agreed to hand his daughter to the prince as his wife when she arrived at the proper age. Then the prince went home and

told his mother what he had done. She was in great distress at the thought that she would lose her son, of whom she was very proud, as she knew that when the king heard of his son's disobedience he would kill him. However, the queen, although she knew how angry her husband would be, wanted her son to marry the girl he had fallen in love with, so she went to the tortoise and gave him some money, clothes, yams, and palm oil as further dowry on her son's behalf in order that the tortoise should not give his daughter to another man. For the next five years the prince was constantly with the tortoise's daughter, whose name was Adet, and when she was about to be put in the fattening house, the prince told his father that he was going to take Adet as his wife. On hearing this, the king was very angry, and sent word all round his kingdom that all people should come on a certain day to the market-place to hear the palaver [discussion]. When the appointed day arrived the market-place was quite full of people, and the stones belonging to the king and queen were placed in the middle of the market-place.

When the king and queen arrived all the people stood up and greeted them, and they then sat down on their stones. The king then told his attendants to bring the girl Adet before him. When she arrived the king was quite astonished at her beauty. He then told the people that he had sent for them to tell them that he was angry with his son for disobeying him and taking Adet as his wife without his knowledge, but that now he had seen her himself he had to acknowledge that she was very beautiful and that his son had made a good choice. He would therefore forgive his son.

When the people saw the girl they agreed that she was very fine and quite worthy of being the prince's wife, and begged the king to cancel the law he had made altogether, and the king agreed and as the law had been made under the "Egbo" law, he sent for eight Egbo, and told them that the order was cancelled throughout his kingdom, and that for the future no one would be killed who had a daughter more beautiful than the prince's wives, and gave the Egbo palm wine and money to remove the law, and sent them away. Then he declared that the tortoise's daughter, Adet, should marry his son, and he made them marry the same day. A great feast was then given which lasted for fifty days, and the king killed five cows and gave all the people plenty of foo-foo [a West African dish made from mashed yam, cassava, or plantain] and palm-oil chop, and placed a large number of pots of palm wine in the streets for the people to drink as they liked. The women brought a big play to the king's compound, and there was singing and dancing kept up day and night during the whole time. The prince and his companions also played in the market square. When the feast was over the king gave half of his kingdom to the tortoise to rule over, and three hundred slaves to work on his farm. The prince also gave his father-in-law two hundred women and one hundred girls to work for him, so the tortoise became one of the richest men in the kingdom. The prince and his wife lived together for a good many years until the king died, when the prince ruled in his place. And all this shows that the tortoise is the wisest of all men and animals.

Moral: Always have pretty daughters, as no matter how poor they may be, there is always the chance that the king's son may fall in love with them, and they may thus become members of the royal house and obtain much wealth.

THE DISOBEDIENT DAUGHTER WHO MARRIED A SKULL

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Dayrell, Elphinstone. *Folk Stories from Southern Nigeria, West Africa*. London: Longmans, Green and Company, 1910, 38–41.

Date: ca. 1910

Original Source: Efik

National Origin: Nigeria

The **motif** of the unnatural suitor is common cross-culturally (see, for example, the African American tale “The Bride of the Evil One,” Volume 4, page 193). The plot also crosses generic boundaries, as in “The Demon Lover” (variously titled “James Harris” and “The House Carpenter”) that presents the plot in the form of a British ballad.

Efiong Edem was a native of Cobham Town. He had a very fine daughter, whose name was Afiong. All the young men in the country wanted to marry her on account of her beauty; but she refused all offers of marriage in spite of repeated entreaties from her parents, as she was very vain, and said she would only marry the best-looking man in the country, who would have to be young and strong, and capable of loving her properly. Most of the men her parents wanted her to marry, although they were rich, were old men and ugly, so the girl continued to disobey her parents, at which they were very much grieved.

The skull who lived in the spirit land heard of the beauty of this Calabar virgin and thought he would like to possess her; so he went about amongst his friends and borrowed different parts of the body from them, all of the best. From one he got a good head, another lent him a body, a third gave him strong arms, and a fourth lent him a fine pair of legs. At last he was complete, and was a very perfect specimen of manhood. He then left the spirit land and went to Cobham market, where he saw Afiong, and admired her very much.

About this time Afiong heard that a very fine man had been seen in the market, who was better looking than any of the natives. She therefore went to the market at once, and directly she saw the skull in his borrowed beauty, she fell in love with him, and invited him to her house. The skull was delighted,

and went home with her, and on his arrival was introduced by the girl to her parents, and immediately asked their consent to marry their daughter. At first they refused, as they did not wish her to marry a stranger, but at last they agreed.

He lived with Afiong for two days in her parents' house, and then said he wished to take his wife back to his country, which was far off. To this the girl readily agreed, as he was such a fine man, but her parents tried to persuade her not to go. However, being very headstrong, she made up her mind to go, and they started off together. After they had been gone a few days the father consulted his Ju Ju man, who by casting lots very soon discovered that his daughter's husband belonged to the spirit land, and that she would surely be killed. They therefore all mourned her as dead.

After walking for several days, Afiong and the skull crossed the border between the spirit land and the human country. Directly they set foot in the spirit land, first of all one man came to the skull and demanded his legs, then another his head, and the next his body, and so on, until in a few minutes the skull was left by itself in all its natural ugliness. At this the girl was very frightened and wanted to return home, but the skull would not allow this, and ordered her to go with him.

When they arrived at the skull's house they found his mother, who was a very old woman quite incapable of doing any work, who could only creep about. Afiong tried her best to help her, and cooked her food, and brought water and firewood for the old woman. The old creature was very grateful for these attentions, and soon became quite fond of Afiong.

One day the old woman told Afiong that she was very sorry for her, but all the people in the spirit land were cannibals, and when they heard there was a human being in their country, they would come down and kill her and eat her. The skull's mother then hid Afiong, and as she had looked after her so well, she promised she would send her back to her country as soon as possible, providing that she promised for the future to obey her parents. This Afiong readily consented to do.

Then the old woman sent for the spider, who was a very clever hairdresser, and made him dress Afiong's hair in the latest fashion. She also presented her with anklets and other things on account of her kindness. She then made a Ju Ju and called the winds to come and convey Afiong to her home. At first a violent tornado came, with thunder, lightning and rain, but the skull's mother sent him away as unsuitable. The next wind to come was a gentle breeze, so she told the breeze to carry Afiong to her mother's house, and said good-bye to her. Very soon afterwards, the breeze deposited Afiong outside her home, and left her there.

When the parents saw their daughter they were very glad, as they had for some months given her up as lost. The father spread soft animals' skins on the ground from where his daughter was standing all the way to the house, so that

her feet should not be soiled. Afiong then walked to the house and her father called all the young girls who belonged to Afiong's company to come and dance, and the feasting and dancing was kept up for eight days and nights. When the rejoicing was over, the father reported what had happened to the head chief of the town. The chief then passed a law that parents should never allow their daughters to marry strangers who came from a far country. Then the father told his daughter to marry a friend of his, and she willingly consented, and lived with him for many years, and had many children.

THE WOMAN WITH TWO SKINS

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Dayrell, Elphinstone. *Folk Stories from Southern Nigeria, West Africa*. London: Longmans, Green and Company, 1910, 11–19.

Date: ca. 1910

Original Source: Efik

National Origin: Nigeria

“The Woman with Two Skins” incorporates the historical figure Eyamba I as a central character. Therefore, by some criteria, the narrative would be classified as a **legend**. The supernatural power of the Ju Ju men, the sorcerers, and the Water Ju Ju are credible in the Efik worldview. In fact, the use of supernatural medicines for combat sports, such as wrestling, persists in many areas of contemporary Africa. The introduction of the spider as Eyamba's father-in-law, however, disqualifies the narrative as legend. The anthropomorphic spider family would be more appropriate in **myth**. In addition, the inclusion of **motifs** such as the false bride are reminiscent of the **ordinary folktale** and **novella**. Overall, this tale illustrates not only Efik tradition, but also the fact that indigenous categories of art frequently defy attempts to put them into cross-cultural categories.

Eyamba I of Calabar was a very powerful king. He fought and conquered all the surrounding countries, killing all the old men and women, but the able-bodied men and girls he caught and brought back as slaves, and they worked on the farms until they died.

This king had two hundred wives, but none of them had borne a son to him. His subjects, seeing that he was becoming an old man, begged him to marry one of the spider's daughters, as they always had plenty of children. But when the king saw the spider's daughter he did not like her, as she was ugly, and the people said it was because her mother had had so many children at the

same time. However, in order to please his people he married the ugly girl, and placed her among his other wives, but they all complained because she was so ugly, and said she could not live with them.

The king, therefore, built her a separate house for herself, where she was given food and drink the same as the other wives. Every one jeered at her on account of her ugliness; but she was not really ugly, but beautiful, as she was born with two skins, and at her birth her mother was made to promise that she should never remove the ugly skin until a certain time arrived save only during the night, and that she must put it on again before dawn.

Now the king's head wife knew this, and was very fearful lest the king should find it out and fall in love with the spider's daughter; so she went to a Ju Ju man [sorcerer] and offered him two hundred rods to make a potion that would make the king forget altogether that the spider's daughter was his wife. This the Ju Ju man finally consented to do, after much haggling over the price, for three hundred and fifty rods; and he made up some "medicine," which the head wife mixed with the king's food.

For some months this had the effect of making the king forget the spider's daughter, and he used to pass quite close to her without recognizing her in any way. When four months had elapsed and the king had not once sent for Adiaha (for that was the name of the spider's daughter), she began to get tired, and went back to her parents.

Her father, the spider, then took her to another Ju Ju man, who, by making spells and casting lots, very soon discovered that it was the king's head wife who had made the Ju Ju and had enchanted the king so that he would not look at Adiaha. He therefore told the spider that Adiaha should give the king some medicine which he would prepare, which would make the king remember her.

He prepared the medicine, for which the spider had to pay a large sum of money; and that very day Adiaha made a small dish of food, into which she had placed the medicine, and presented it to the king. Directly he had eaten the dish his eyes were opened and he recognized his wife, and told her to come to him that very evening. So in the afternoon, being very joyful, she went down to the river and washed, and when she returned she put on her best cloth and went to the king's palace.

Directly it was dark and all the lights were out she pulled off her ugly skin, and the king saw how beautiful she was, and was very pleased with her; but when the cock crowed Adiaha pulled on her ugly skin again, and went back to her own house.

This she did for four nights running, always taking the ugly skin off in the dark, and leaving before daylight in the morning. In course of time, to the great surprise of all the people, and particularly of the king's two hundred wives, she gave birth to a son; but what surprised them most of all was that only one son was born, whereas her mother had always had a great many children at a time, generally about fifty.

The king's head wife became more jealous than ever when Adiaha had a son; so she went again to the Ju Ju man, and by giving him a large present induced him to give her some medicine which would make the king sick and forget his son. And the medicine would then make the king go to the Ju Ju man, who would tell him that it was his son who had made him sick, as he wanted to reign instead of his father. The Ju Ju man would also tell the king that if he wanted to recover he must throw his son away into the water.

And the king, when he had taken the medicine, went to the Ju Ju man, who told him everything as had been arranged with the head wife. But at first the king did not want to destroy his son. Then his chief subjects begged him to throw his son away, and said that perhaps in a year's time he might get another son. So the king at last agreed, and threw his son into the river, at which the mother grieved and cried bitterly.

Then the head wife went again to the Ju Ju man and got more medicine, which made the king forget Adiaha for three years, during which time she was in mourning for her son. She then returned to her father, and he got some more medicine from his Ju Ju man, which Adiaha gave to the king. And the king knew her and called her to him again, and she lived with him as before. Now the Ju Ju who had helped Adiaha's father, the spider, was a Water Ju Ju, and he was ready when the king threw his son into the water, and saved his life and took him home and kept him alive. And the boy grew up very strong.

After a time Adiaha gave birth to a daughter, and her the jealous wife also persuaded the king to throw away. It took a longer time to persuade him, but at last he agreed, and threw his daughter into the water too, and forgot Adiaha again. But the Water Ju Ju was ready again, and when he had saved the little girl, he thought the time had arrived to punish the action of the jealous wife; so he went about amongst the head young men and persuaded them to hold a wrestling match in the market-place every week. This was done, and the Water Ju Ju told the king's son, who had become very strong, and was very like to his father in appearance, that he should go and wrestle, and that no one would be able to stand up before him. It was then arranged that there should be a grand wrestling match, to which all the strongest men in the country were invited, and the king promised to attend with his head wife.

On the day of the match the Water Ju Ju told the king's son that he need not be in the least afraid, and that his Ju Ju was so powerful, that even the strongest and best wrestlers in the country would not be able to stand up against him for even a few minutes. All the people of the country came to see the great contest, to the winner of which the king had promised to present prizes of cloth and money, and all the strongest men came. When they saw the king's son, whom nobody knew, they laughed and said, "Who is this small boy? He can have no chance against us." But when they came to wrestle, they very soon found that they were no match for him. The boy was very strong indeed,

beautifully made and good to look upon, and all the people were surprised to see how like he was to the king.

After wrestling for the greater part of the day the king's son was declared the winner, having thrown every one who had stood up against him; in fact, some of his opponents had been badly hurt, and had their arms or ribs broken owing to the tremendous strength of the boy. After the match was over the king presented him with cloth and money, and invited him to dine with him in the evening. The boy gladly accepted his father's invitation; and after he had had a good wash in the river, put on his cloth and went up to the palace, where he found the bead chiefs of the country and some of the king's most favored wives. They then sat down to their meal, and the king had his own son, whom he did not know, sitting next to him. On the other side of the boy sat the jealous wife, who had been the cause of all the trouble. All through the dinner this woman did her best to make friends with the boy, with whom she had fallen violently in love on account of his beautiful appearance, his strength, and his being the best wrestler in the country. The woman thought to herself, "I will have this boy as my husband, as my husband is now an old man and will surely soon die." The boy, however, who was as wise as he was strong, was quite aware of everything the jealous woman had done, and although he pretended to be very flattered at the advances of the king's head wife, he did not respond very readily, and went home as soon as he could.

When he returned to the Water Ju Ju's house he told him everything that had happened, and the Water Ju Ju said, "As you are now in high favor with the king, you must go to him tomorrow and beg a favor from him. The favor you will ask is that all the country shall be called together, and that a certain case shall be tried, and that when the case is finished, the man or woman who is found to be in the wrong shall be killed by the Egbos before all the people."

So the following morning the boy went to the king, who readily granted his request, and at once sent all round the country appointing a day for all the people to come in and hear the case tried. Then the boy went back to the Water Ju Ju, who told him to go to his mother and tell her who he was, and that when the day of the trial arrived, she was to take off her ugly skin and appear in all her beauty, for the time had come when she need no longer wear it. This the son did.

When the day of trial arrived, Adiaha sat in a corner of the square, and nobody recognized the beautiful stranger as the spider's daughter. Her son then sat down next to her, and brought his sister with him. Immediately his mother saw her and said, "This must be my daughter, whom I have long mourned as dead," and embraced her most affectionately.

The king and his head wife then arrived and sat on their stones in the middle of the square, all the people saluting them with the usual greetings. The king then addressed the people and said that he had called them together to hear a strong palaver at the request of the young man who had been the victor of the

wrestling, and who had promised that if the case went against him he would offer up his life to the Egbo. The king also said that if, on the other hand, the case was decided in the boy's favor, then the other party would be killed, even though it were himself or one of his wives; whoever it was would have to take his or her place on the killing-stone and have their heads cut off by the Egbos. To this all the people agreed, and said they would like to hear what the young man had to say.

The young man then walked round the square, and bowed to the king and the people, and asked the question, "Am I not worthy to be the son of any chief in the country?"

And all the people answered "Yes!"

The boy then brought his sister out into the middle, leading her by the hand. She was a beautiful girl and well made. When every one had looked at her he said, "Is not my sister worthy to be any chief's daughter?" And the people replied that she was worthy of being any one's daughter, even the king's. Then he called his mother Adiaha, and she came out, looking very beautiful with her best cloth and beads on, and all the people cheered, as they had never seen a finer woman. The boy then asked them, "Is this woman worthy of being the king's wife?" And a shout went up from every one present that she would be a proper wife for the king, and looked as if she would be the mother of plenty of fine healthy sons.

Then the boy pointed out the jealous woman who was sitting next to the king and told the people his story, how that his mother, who had two skins, was the spider's daughter; how she had married the king, and how the head wife was jealous and had made a bad Ju Ju for the king, which made him forget his wife; how she had persuaded the king to throw himself and his sister into the river, which, as they all knew, had been done, but the Water Ju Ju had saved both of them, and had brought them up.

Then the boy said, "I leave the king and all of you people to judge my case. If I have done wrong, let me be killed on the stone by the Egbos; if, on the other hand, the woman has done evil, then let the Egbos deal with her as you may decide."

When the king knew that the wrestler was his son he was very glad, and told the Egbos to take the jealous woman away and punish her in accordance with their laws. The Egbos decided that the woman was a witch; so they took her into the forest and tied her up to a stake, and gave her two hundred lashes with a whip made from hippopotamus hide, and then burnt her alive, so that she should not make any more trouble, and her ashes were thrown into the river. The king then embraced his wife and daughter, and told all the people that she, Adiaha, was his proper wife, and would be the queen for the future.

When the palaver was over, Adiaha was dressed in fine clothes and beads, and carried back in state to the palace by the king's servants.

That night the king gave a big feast to all his subjects, and told them how glad he was to get back his beautiful wife whom he had never known properly before, also his son who was stronger than all men, and his fine daughter. The feast continued for a hundred and sixty-six days; and the king made a law that if any woman was found out getting medicine against her husband, she should be killed at once. Then the king built three new compounds, and placed many slaves in them, both men and women. One compound he gave to his wife, another to his son, and the third he gave to his daughter. They all lived together quite happily for some years until the king died, when his son came to the throne and ruled in his stead.

THE KING AND THE JU JU TREE

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Dayrell, Elphinstone. *Folk Stories from Southern Nigeria, West Africa*. London: Longmans, Green and Company, 1910, 98–103.

Date: ca. 1910

Original Source: Efik

National Origin: Nigeria

The following narrative details the role and methods of traditional healers as they attempt to confront supernaturally caused affliction. As in “The Disobedient Daughter Who Married a Skull” (page 85), a young woman is transported to the spirit world as a bride. In this tale, however, the skull proves benevolent and assists the girl in her flight from the cannibal spirits.

Udo Ubok Udom was a famous king who lived at Itam, which is an inland town, and does not possess a river. The king and his wife therefore used to wash at the spring just behind their house.

King Udo had a daughter, of whom he was very fond, and looked after her most carefully, and she grew up into a beautiful woman.

For some time the king had been absent from his house and had not been to the spring for two years. When he went to his old place to wash, he found that the Idem Ju Ju tree had grown up all round the place, and it was impossible for him to use the spring as he had done formerly. He therefore called fifty of his young men to bring their machetes and cut down the tree. They started cutting the tree, but it had no effect, as, directly they made a cut in the tree, it closed up again; so, after working all day, they found they had made no impression on it.

When they returned at night, they told the king that they had been unable to destroy the tree. He was very angry when he heard this, and went to the spring the following morning, taking his own machete with him.

When the Ju Ju tree saw that the king had come himself and was starting to try to cut his branches, he caused a small splinter of wood to go into the king's eye. This gave the king great pain, so he threw down his machete and went back to his house. The pain, however, got worse, and he could not eat or sleep for three days.

He therefore sent for his witch men, and told them to cast lots to find out why he was in such pain. When they had cast lots, they decided that the reason was that the Ju Ju tree was angry with the king because he wanted to wash at the spring, and had tried to destroy the tree.

They then told the king that he must take seven baskets of flies, a white goat, a white chicken, and a piece of white cloth, and make a sacrifice of them in order to satisfy the Ju Ju.

The king did this, and the witch men tried their lotions on the king's eye, but it got worse and worse.

He then dismissed these witches and got another lot. When they arrived they told the king that, although they could do nothing themselves to relieve his pain, they knew one man who lived in the spirit land who could cure him; so the king told them to send for him at once, and he arrived the next day.

Then the spirit man said, "Before I do anything to your eye, what will you give me?" So King Udo, said, "I will give you half my town with the people in it, also seven cows and some money." But the spirit man refused to accept the king's offer. As the king was in such pain, he said, "Name your own price, and I will pay you." So the spirit man said the only thing he was willing to accept as payment was the king's daughter. At this the king cried very much, and told the man to go away, as he would rather die than let him have his daughter.

That night the pain was worse than ever, and some of his subjects pleaded with the king to send for the spirit man again and give him his daughter, and told him that when he got well he could no doubt have another daughter but that if he died now he would lose everything.

The king then sent for the spirit man again, who came very quickly, and in great grief, the king handed his daughter to the spirit.

The spirit man then went out into the bush, and collected some leaves, which he soaked in water and beat up. The juice he poured into the king's eye, and told him that when he washed his face in the morning he would be able to see what was troubling him in the eye.

The king tried to persuade him to stay the night, but the spirit man refused, and departed that same night for the spirit land, taking the king's daughter with him.

Before it was light the king rose up and washed his face, and found that the small splinter from the Ju Ju tree, which had been troubling him so much, dropped out of his eye, the pain disappeared, and he was quite well again.

When he came to his proper senses he realized that he had sacrificed his daughter for one of his eyes, so he made an order that there should be general mourning throughout his kingdom for three years.

For the first two years of the mourning the king's daughter was put in the fattening house by the spirit man, and was given food; but a skull, who was in the house, told her not to eat, as they were fattening her up, not for marriage, but so that they could eat her. She therefore gave all the food which was brought to her to the skull, and lived on chalk herself.

Towards the end of the third year the spirit man brought some of his friends to see the king's daughter, and told them he would kill her the next day, and they would have a good feast off her.

When she woke up in the morning the spirit man brought her food as usual; but the skull, who wanted to preserve her life, and who had heard what the spirit man had said, called her into the room and told her what was going to happen later in the day. She handed the food to the skull, and he said, "When the spirit man goes to the wood with his friends to prepare for the feast, you must run back to your father."

He then gave her some medicine which would make her strong for the journey, and also gave her directions as to the road, telling her that there were two roads but that when she came to the parting of the ways she was to drop some of the medicine on the ground and the two roads would become one.

He then told her to leave by the back door, and go through the wood until she came to the end of the town; she would then find the road. If she met people on the road she was to pass them in silence, as if she saluted them they would know that she was a stranger in the spirit land, and might kill her. She was also not to turn round if any one called to her, but was to go straight on till she reached her father's house.

Having thanked the skull for his kind advice, the king's daughter started off, and when she reached the end of the town and found the road, she ran for three hours, and at last arrived at the branch roads. There she dropped the medicine, as she had been instructed, and the two roads immediately became one; so she went straight on and never saluted any one or turned back, although several people called to her.

About this time the spirit man had returned from the wood, and went to the house, only to find the king's daughter was absent. He asked the skull where she was, and he replied that she had gone out by the back door, but he did not know where she had gone to. Being a spirit, however, he very soon guessed that she had gone home; so he followed as quickly as possible, shouting out all the time.

When the girl heard his voice she ran as fast as she could, and at last arrived at her father's house, and told him to take at once a cow, a pig, a sheep, a goat, a dog, a chicken, and seven eggs, and cut them into seven parts as a sacrifice, and leave them on the road, so that when the spirit man saw these things

he would stop and not enter the town. This, the king did immediately, and made the sacrifice as his daughter had told him.

When the spirit man saw the sacrifice on the road, he sat down and at once began to eat.

When he had satisfied his appetite, he packed up the remainder and returned to the spirit land, not troubling any more about the king's daughter.

When the king saw that the danger was over, he beat his drum, and declared that for the future, when people died and went to the spirit land, they should not come to earth again as spirits to cure sick people.

FANTE

WHY ANANSE LIVES IN THE CEILING

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Barker, W. H. "Nyankopone and Ananse in Gold Coast Folklore." *Folklore* 30 (1919): 162–164.

Date: ca. 1919

Original Source: Fante

National Origin: Ghana

The Fante are one of the Akan ethnic groups of coastal Ghana. See the discussion of Akan culture in the introductory notes to "How Ananse Tales Got Their Name" (page 61) for additional information. The following narrative has the quality of **myth** in its description of the events that led to the contemporary characteristics of the spider **trickster**, Ananse.

Once upon a time father Kweku Ananse met Ananse Panyin and asked him whether slander was to be preferred to bodily wounds. Ananse Panyin thought a moment and said that bodily wounds were much more grievous than slander. Kweku Ananse contradicted him; they argued and argued, but neither could convince the other. To settle the dispute, Kweku Ananse suggested that he should come to Ananse Panyin's house the next day with a sharpened cutlass and he would allow himself to be cut in several parts of the body. After this Kweku Ananse would spread a report against Ananse, and then they would be able to decide which was the more painful. Ananse consented to the proposal and they departed.

Early next morning Kweku Ananse presented himself before Ananse, who made many deep cuts in Kweku's body. He returned home with blood all over his body. His wife, seeing that, asked him how he came to be in such a sad state.

Kweku Ananse, feeling rather proud of his courage, related to his wife the affair between himself and Ananse. He asked his wife to tend his wounds, and after his recovery she would see what would happen to Ananse. His wife therefore did her best, and in the course of a month or two Kweku Ananse was well again.

Just about that time Ananse was about to go to a certain place to marry the beautiful daughter of a king. When Kweku Ananse was well he went to Ananse Panyin to show himself and how he had recovered from bodily wounds.

It was now Kweku's turn to prove the grief of slander. A week later, Ananse Panyin went with his retinue to the lady's place, where the marriage was to be celebrated. Time went slowly on and at last the appointed day came. On the same day Kweku Ananse too came to the place, and during the night he went to the kitchen of Ananse's mother-in-law and polluted it. He hired a rat to make a hole in the ground, and when the people assembled and began to ask questions of the room, the rat replied that the bridegroom was the cause of the pollution.

On the day following the marriage, a girl was sent to sweep the kitchen and make the necessary arrangements for cooking. She was shocked and horrified, and exclaimed, "Who has done this?"

"It was the bridegroom," answered the rat from under the ground. The girl, not heeding what was said by the rat, began to shout at the top of her voice. Her alarm brought a crowd of people to the place, among whom was Kweku Ananse, who all the time was keeping watch near the place.

When he arrived he said, "I will find out who has done this." He then called aloud for the name of the culprit three times, and each time the answer was heard: "The bridegroom has done this."

The people then began to jeer and point the finger at the bridegroom, until he was so ashamed that he left the town with his wife and came to his native land. But Kweku Ananse had been in the place before him and had spread the report all over the town. The people jeered at him and so did his servants in spite of the thrashing he gave them, and he lost much of the respect that used to be given him. In society and in the streets people ridiculed and looked down upon him. Thus he remained until the day of his death, at which time Kweku Ananse declared that it was he and not Ananse Panyin who had done the mischief. He explained why he did it, and when he had finished his tale he jumped to the ground and made for the ceiling of his house, and there he has remained to the present day.

HAUSA

A SHORT HISTORY, PURPORTING TO GIVE THE ORIGIN OF THE HAUSA NATION AND THE STORY OF THEIR CONVERSION TO THE MOHAMMEDAN RELIGION

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Rattray, R. Sutherland. *Hausa Folk-Lore: Customs, Proverbs, Etc.* London: Clarendon Press, 1913, 2–34.

Date: ca. 1913

Original Source: Hausa

National Origin: Nigeria

The Hausa reside primarily in northern Nigeria, a West African nation bordered by the Gulf of Guinea, Benin, Niger, Cameroon, and Chad. Traditionally, the Hausa were villagers who pursued an agricultural way of life raising crops and livestock. Between 500 and 700 C.E. seven Hausa city-states arose. These city-states remain the basis of some of the modern Hausa states mentioned in the narrative, for example, Kano and Katsina. As the following historical narrative details, there is a historical connection to Bornu in the area of Lake Chad, and the Hausa people are thoroughly Islamicized (although traditional indigenous practices are still respected), following the lead of their aristocracy who adopted the religion in the eleventh century C.E. The following narrative, part **myth** and part **legend**, demonstrates the long presence of Islam in Hausa life and owes at least as much to literate tradition as to oral tradition.

In the name of Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful, and may the peace of Allah be upon him, after whom there is no prophet. This is the history of the Hausa nation. It has been familiar to every one from the time of their grandfathers and grandmothers, and is a thing which has been handed down from the malamai [Islamic scholars] and these elders. Any account other than this one is not authentic. If a questioner ask of you saying, "Where did the Hausa people have their origin?"

Say (to him), "Truly their origin was (from) the Barebari and Northerners." And this is the account of how this came to pass.

The king of Bornu had a horse with a golden horn. This horse did not neigh just at any time, but only on Fridays. If it neighed you would say it was a tornado. It was hidden away in a house. Now the king had a son. He (the son) continually gave him who looked after the horse money and robes in order that (he might persuade him) to bring his horse out, and they should come, and he should mate the horse with his mare. And it was always thus. (And) one day the man who was looking after the (king's) horse took (it) the horse out and brought it. The king's son too took his mare out. They went into the forest and the mare was covered.

Now the king has (had) previously said that whoever was seen (with) a foal from this horse at his house, he would have his throat cut. Things remained at this, (and) one day the mare gave birth, (and nothing happened) till the colt grew up, (when) one day the king's horse neighed, then the young horse answered. And the king said, "At whose ever house they see it let (that person) be killed (literally, be cut), and do not let him be brought before me." Then the councilors scattered (to make search) in the town. They were searching for the young horse.

And they came to the house of the king's son, and behold as it were the king's horse with its golden horn. Then the councilors said, "The king has said we must come with you."

Then the king's son lifted his sword. He cut down two men, the remainder were scattered. Then he saddled up the young horse. He mounted. The king ordered he should be seized and brought (before him). The whole town mounted their horses (and) followed him. They did not come up with him. He has gone his way. The king, moreover, has given orders that his own horse is not to be mounted, and if not his horse, then there was not the horse to overtake him.

The king's son (rode) went on and (eventually) dismounted in the country of Daura. He saw the daughter of the king of Daura, she possessed the town. He stayed with her. And one day she said she wanted him in marriage and he too said he loved her. So they married. The king's daughter became with child. She bore a child, a son. She weaned it. She was again with child (and) bore a girl. And that was the origin of the Hausa nation.

The Barebari and Daura people were their ancestors. But the Mohammedan religion, as far as that is concerned, from Bornu it came. Hausas and Barebari

and whatever race (you can name) in the West were at first in early times pagans. Then the maalamai (scribes) said that this is what happened.

There was a certain man away there at Bornu from among the children of their royal house, his name (was) Dalama. When he came to the throne he was called Mainadinama, the meaning of that is, "a chief more powerful than any other." After he had reigned for some months then he sent a messenger to the Caliph.

Now at this time Abubakari Sidiku, the blessing of Allah be upon him, was Caliph. You have seen the beginning of his being sent, referring back to that man (Mainadinama), was that he was hearing about Mohammedanism before he succeeded to the kingdom. Behold the name of his envoy whom he sent, his name was Gujalo. At the time when the envoy came he found the Caliph's attention occupied with a war. He said nothing to the envoy. All he said was, "Remain here." Then he did not again remember his words because his mind was so occupied with words of the war of the father of the twins.

The messenger remained there till the messenger died. After three months and a few days then the Caliph Abubakari Sidiku too died. After some months Umaru Ibunuhutabi was set up. He was the Caliph after Abubakari Asidiku. Then he called to mind the report of the envoy and his death. Then they held a consultation, they his friends who remained. They joined their heads about the question of sending an envoy to Bornu. Umaruasi was sent with manuscripts of the Koran. It was said the writing of Abdulahi the son of Umoru the Caliph, and turbans and a sword and spears and shields and the kingly fez and such things and plates; all these presents from the Caliph to Mainadinama.

When the envoy drew near he sent to them one to acquaint them of the news of his coming. The king of Bornu and his men mounted their horses and met him afar off. When he (the envoy) entered his town, then he bound the turban on him, he was established in his right to the kingdom, he was given the name of the king of Bornu, he (the king) gave him everything he was told to give him, because of the presents which he (the envoy) had been sent with for him. He lived among them. He was instructing them (the people of Bornu) in the creed of Allah and the names of His messengers, may the salvation and trust of Allah be assured to them.

They continued to honor him, to the extreme that honor could be carried. They sought a blessing (by eating) the remains of his meals and his food and from the spot (he) set his feet. Half of them were seeking blessing from the mucus from his nose and his spittle (by rubbing it on their persons). They were climbing the roofs in order to see him. They also sought blessing by touching his robes and his slippers and his whip, until it was even said they looked for a blessing from his beasts, and the remains of their fodder and their dung.

Now he wrote manuscripts for them in the writing of his own hand, the blessed one. He lived amid such works up to the very end of (his) sojourn (and this went on) till he was informed that, "Other owners of (another) land are behind you (and) are wishing for the Mohammedan religion, should they see you they would follow you."

He did not give (this report) credence until he had sent one to spy out (the land), his name is unknown. He (the spy) went and traveled over Hausa land. He made secret inquiries. He heard they were praising the Mohammedan faith and that they wished for it. He returned and gave Umaru Ibunuasi the news. Umaru Ibunuasi told his people. He said they must go (and preach the Mohammedan religion). They agreed.

Then he made preparations. He sent Abdulkarimu-Mukaila to Kano. About three hundred men, Arabs, followed him. When Abdulkarimu was near to them (the people of Kano) then he sent one to inform them. He (the messenger) came and said, "Tell them the envoy of the envoy has come."

When he came to them he told them what (message) he had been sent with. They believed him, they received the thing which he had brought. Now at this time Kano was an unenclosed town but not a walled town, the name of the man (man) at Kano (was) Muhamadu Dajakara at the time when Abdulkarimu alighted amongst them. He (Abdulkarimu) wrote them books in the writing of his own hand, the blessed one, because he had not come to them bringing books from Umaru Ibunuasi.

And thus it has come to be reported that every one who wished to be able to write well let him set out towards Bornu and remain there (till he had learned to write) and then return (home). But Abdulkarimu continued to instruct them the laws of Allah and the commands of the law until they made inquiries about things which were not (to be found) in Arabia. He did not know what answer to give them. Then he said to them to leave the matter open till he returned (to Arabia).

Among the things they were asking about were panthers, and civet-cats, and rats, and servals, and tiger cats, and such like (whether clean or unclean). He lived with them (many) months (and) every day instructed them well in the Koran and the Traditions, till at length he was informed, "There is another town near this town, it is called Katsina, should the people of the town see you they would believe you and him who sent you." When he heard (them speak) thus, then he made ready, He set out himself to go to it (the town).

When they got news of his coming, then they met with him afar off. When he alighted among them he taught them about what (he had come) to instruct them in. He instructed one who was to write books for them. It was said, speaking of him, he did not write the Koran with his own hand, and because of this the Kano people surpass the Katsina in their knowledge of the Koran till today.

Then, after the completion of his work at Katsina, he went back, going to Kano, (and) remained there a short time. Then when he thought of returning to go to Bornu he said to them, "Shortly I shall return to you with the answer to what you were asking about." Then he rose up and went away.

But many among his people did not follow him, only a few among them followed him. The rest remained and continued to perform great deeds in Kano. Their descendants are found (and) known in Kano until today, till people called

them seraphs, but surely they were not seraphs, they were just Arabs. Of a truth Abdulkarimu has set up a judge in Kano, and one to lead in prayers, and one to slaughter (live stock), and one who was to instruct the youths in the Koran, and one to call (them) to prayer.

He made lawful for them that which Allah had made lawful, and forbade that which Allah had forbidden. When he returned to go to Umaru Ibunuasi he gave him an account of what they had asked him about. And Umaru Ibunuasi was silent (on the subject) till he returned to go to the Caliph and then he sent an answer to it (the question) after six months had elapsed. He made lawful for them half of it, half he made unlawful. But Abdulkarimu did not return to Bornu after his return to their (his, Abdulkarimu's) town or to Kano. Thus (also) Umaru Ibunuasi, but he ruled over Egypt after his return home.

Now the remainder of the towns were coming in, half of them to Kano in order to know about the (new) religion, and half also to Katsina, until the creed filled all Hausa-land. Now the Kibi country, speaking of them, they refused (to adopt) the Mohammedan religion, they continued in their paganism. They persisted in it. Their kings, (these) were their names, Barbarma, Argoji, Tabariu, Zartai, Gobari, Dadafani, Katami, Bardo, Kudamdani, Sharia, Badoji, Karfa, Darka, Gunba, Katatar, Tamu. All these refused the Mohammedan creed after his advent into the land of the Hausas.

Then at the time, when Zaidu came to the throne [then], he became a Mohammedan and those who were with him. The Kabi country became Mohammedan up to the time of Bata-Musa. These were the kings of Kabi under the Mohammedan régime. The first of them was Zaidu, (then) Muhamadu, Nama-kata, Sulaimana, Hisrikoma, Abdulabi, Dunbaki, Alia, Usmanu, Chisgari, Barbarmanaba, Muwashi, Muhamadu-Karfi, Bata-Musa.

After them Fumu ruled. He turned Mohammedanism into paganism. These were they who became pagans. The first of them (was) Fumu, (then) Kautai, Gunba, Sakana-Murtamu, Kanta, Rataini, Gaiwa, Gado, Masu, Chi-da-gora, Gaban-gari, Maikebe, Marshakold, Lazimu, Mashirana, Makata. These were they who all continued in paganism.

At the time when Kanta ruled he revived the Mohammedan religion (and) inquired of the learned men the contents of (their) books, He established the faith in his time and in that of them who followed him, till the whole of the Kabi country became Mohammedan. These were their names, Kantahu, Gofe, Dauda, Hamidu, Sulaimana, Mali, Ishaka, Muhamadu-Nashawi, Amuru, Muhamadu-Kabe, Kantanabaiwa, Muhamadu-Shifaya, Hamidu. All these continued in the Mohammedan faith.

When Barbarma, became king he changed the Mohammedan religion (and) became a pagan. Paganism lasted up to the time of Hudu. He was the one Usmanu the son of Fodio made war against. He drove him out (and pursued him) till he slew him near to Kebi. Buhari the son of Abdu-Salimi, he it was who slew him. He was the king of Jega. His family are its kings till today.

It is finished. But as for Kano in (it) the faith continued after his, Abdulkarimu's, return (home). The faith continued to increase always with force and power. And it lasted on such footing for many years until the time of Mainamugabadi. It was he who changed the order of things Abdulkarimu had set up. He set at naught the law (of Mahomed), he made the kingship all powerful, he disregarded the Mohammedan faith, he exalted fetish worship, and was arrogant. He surpassed (all his predecessors in evil). Instructors endeavored to instruct him, but their admonitions were of no avail against him, but he increased in pride. He was vainglorious. He continued thus till he died.

His brother Kunbari reigned in his stead and followed in his ways. He too continued in this (evil) till the time of Kunfa. He also spread paganism and evil-doing. It was he who married one thousand maidens. He instructed (people) to prostrate themselves and put earth on their heads before saluting him. He said, let not him whose name happened to be the same as that of his parents be called so, but (let him be called) by some sobriquet. He completely destroyed the creed, he sold free men, he built a palace, the one which the kings of Kano enter today. He did what he wished.

And it was so with all the people of Kano except a very few, speaking of them, they kept to the Mohammedan faith, they were not powerful, only the Kano people did not know how to make beer, except a few among them, men in outlying villages. Thus they did not eat any animal that had died a natural death. They removed the clitoris of their women, they covered their heads with a veil. They did nothing else but this.

They continued in such (conduct) until learned men were found in Kano, who had renounced the world, who feared Allah. (Of these learned men one) his name was Muhamadu-Zari. He stood up and preached. Rumfa paid no heed to whatever admonitions he admonished them. But they planned to kill him, till at last they did kill him in the night by slaying him from behind, in the road to the mosque, and he lay (there) murdered, cast aside, till dawn. He was buried about eight in the morning. His grave is known in Kano, it is visited and watched over, he was called "the Kalgo man," blessings are sought by prayers being made for him.

Then Abdulahi-Sako stood up (to proclaim the creed) after him. He was admonishing them but they paid no heed to him, except some people of no importance, but those in authority did not hear. And they frightened him so that he fled to the outlying towns in order to instruct the people of the lesser towns. Then the king sent one to seize him. They seized him, and continually flogged him till he was brought before (the king). He was (by this time) in and died after a few days. His grave is known, (it lies) behind the rock (known as "the single rock," but it is not visited or watched over.

And so it came to pass that paganism existed till the time of Muhamadu-Alwali. It was he Usmanu, the son of Fodio, made war on, after he had ruled in the kingdom for seventeen years. He (Usmanu-dan-Fodio) drove him out and

his men, he fled in the direction of the country on the right and none know where he settled till this day, (some) say Barnabarna (some) say it was not there. The learned men said that from the coming of Abdulkarimu till the coming of Usmanu, the son of Fodio, there were seventy-six kings. All their graves have remained in the town of Kano, but two of them, that of Bawa and Muharnadu-Alwali, are in Katsina.

The creed continued after the return of Abdulkarimu. The faith continued to grow always and took firm hold. Men from Gobir continued to come to Katsina and were adopting the Mohammedan faith with (in all) truth and earnestness, they embraced it, all together. The faith took hold among them also as it had taken hold in Katsina.

And so it was until the time of Agarga. He was the first who changed the state of things that Abdulkarimu had established in Katsina. Instructors (strove) to admonish him. He heard not. He remained in his heathenism till he died.

Kaura ruled the kingdom, and (then) his son; he followed the path his father had taken. Paganism continued till the time of Wari-mai-kworria. It was he who did evil and was most arrogant. He married one thousand maidens. He embraced evil (and) did not cease. He sought for (a) medicine in order that he might go on living in the world and not die, till (at last) a certain wizard deceived him, saying he would never die, That doctor did for him what he did from (his knowledge of) medicines.

This king gave him much wealth, it was said one hundred slaves, one hundred female slaves, a hundred horses, a hundred black robes, and a hundred cattle, cows and bulls, and a thousand rams, and a thousand goats. He gave him robes which could not be counted by reason of their number, and things of this description, Allah he know (what all).

In his reign two learned men made their appearance in Katsina, men who renounced the world (and) who feared Allah. The name of one was Muhamadu Ibumusina, the name of the other also was Muhamadu Dunmurna. Each one among them gave instruction, (such) instruction as enters into the heart. He did not hear them. Then they made them afraid in order to dissuade them from preaching. They did not desist. The kings also did not pay any attention till these learned men died. In Katsina their graves are known till today, where young and old visit and guard, and at which blessings are sought by prayers for them.

Now Wari-mai-kworria, speaking of him, he lived eight years after he had had the medicine made for him to prevent his dying. He died the ninth year after (taking) it. When he died a quarrel about the kingdom arose among the king's sons. Half were slaying the other half until about one thousand men were killed in the town of Katsina among both free men and slaves. Then the younger brother of Wari ruled after slaying the son of Wari.

He again continued in heathenism. (And) heathenism continued in Katsina till the reign of Bawa-Dungaimawa. It was he Usmanu, the son of Fodio, drove

out of Katsina, he and his men, they went to Maradi, they settled there until today. His descendants continue to make war on the descendants of Usmanu, the son of Fodio, till today.

But the (men of) Gobir assembled together and continued in the faith and dwelt in it till the reign of Babari. He was the first who changed the true faith, it became lax, he exalted (and) set up paganism (and) was arrogant. The preachers (of the faith) preached to him, but he would not receive (their instructions), but persisted in his heathenism till he died.

Bachira ruled over the kingdom, he did what his predecessor had done, he added to the evil he had done, and the harm, the foam from the wave of heathenism rose in the land of Gobir, its kings were proud. They sold free men, they acted as they wished until report had it that every king that ruled married one hundred maidens. But (the only redeeming point was) they did not know how to make beer, except a few among them, (and) they did not eat animals that had died a natural death, but when they greeted (their kings) they poured earth over their heads, they served idols.

(Some) who cleaved to the faith were (still) among them, at that time only a few (and) without power or influence among them. And they continued thus till the time of Bawajan-gwarzo. He went on (living) in heathenism. He was arrogant till a learned man was found in his reign, one who had fled from the world, one who served Allah. He was called Alhaji-jibrilu. It was said, speaking of him, he went from Gobir, he came to Mecca and performed the pilgrimage and resided (away) there twenty years. It was said he lived in Egypt eighteen years. He stayed in Mecca two years, and then returned to Gobir. He instructed them each new day and night, in secret and openly. They refused the thing (message) he brought and thought to kill him.

All the kings of Hausa (land) plotted to slay him. They could not. The malamai were in Kalawa at that time, but they could not speak from their (store) of knowledge for fear of the chiefs. Only Alhaji-Jibrilu, speaking of him, he stood (fast) in (his) preaching and strove openly (and) they were not able to kill him. He could not, however, prevent them (doing) the evil they dwelt in. And they continued in evildoing and heathenism in this reign.

(Then) Usmanu, the son of Fodio, was born at the time when Alhaji-Jibrilu died. Usmanu, the son of Fodio, began to preach little by little till (the time when) Bawajan-gwarzo died. His brother Yaakubu reigned in his stead. Then Usmanu proclaimed (his) preaching openly till he did what (all the world knows) he did (and) finished. We have drawn the history to a close.

Allah, he is the one who knows all. It is finished.
The salvation and blessing of Allah
be upon
the prophet.
Amen.

HOW BROTHERS AND SISTERS CAME TO QUARREL

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Rattray, R. Sutherland. *Hausa Folk-Lore, Customs, Proverbs, Etc.* London: Clarendon Press, 1913, 50–66.

Date: ca. 1913

Original Source: Hausa

National Origin: Nigeria

The following tale bears the marks of oral tradition with its **formulaic** opening (“A story, a story”) and closing (“Off with the rat’s head”). Similar narratives of sibling rivalry are common cross-culturally (for example, “The Singing Bone,” AT 780). What makes the adaptation to Hausa culture distinctive, however, is the focus on “hatred among the children of one father by different mothers.” Among Hausa men, polygamy traditionally has not only been permitted but also considered obligatory if economically feasible. Wives are housed in separate rooms within the same dwelling, thus making rivalries more likely than in those contexts where co-wives each have their own houses.

A story, a story. This tale is about a maiden. A certain man had three children, two boys and a girl, (and) it was the girl he loved. Then (one day) their big brother went with them to the forest (bush), telling them to come for sticks. And when they had reached the forest, he seized her (the girl), climbed a tree with her, (and) tied her on to the tree, (and) came (and) said, “The maiden has been lost in the forest,” (and said) they did not see her, so they came home.

They were weeping. Then their father asked them what had happened, (and) they said, “Our young sister she was lost in the forest (and) we did not see her. We searched until we were tired, but we did not see her.”

Then their father said, “It cannot be helped.” Then one day traders came and were passing in the forest. She (the girl) heard their voices and she (sang) said, “You, you, you, who are carrying kola nuts, if you have come to the village on the hill, greet my big brother Hallabau, greet my big brother Tanka-baka, (and) greet my big brother Shadusa.” When the traders heard this they said that birds were the cause of this (singing). Then again she repeated (the song). Then the leader of the caravan said he would go (and) see what it was that was doing (singing) thus.

So he went off (and) came across the maiden fastened to the tree. And he said, “(Are you) alive or dead?” The maiden said, “Alive, alive.” So the leader of the caravan himself climbed up the tree and untied her. Now long ago the

caravan leader had wished for offspring, but he was childless. Then he said, "Where is the maiden from?"

And the maiden said, "Our father begat us, we were three, two boys by one mother, I also alone, by my mother. Our father and mother loved (me), (but) did not love my brothers. And because of that our big brother brought me here, deceiving me by saying we were going for sticks. He came with me here, tied me to a tree (and) left me. Our father is a wealthy man, and because of that, he (my brother) did this to me."

Then the leader of the caravan said, "As for me, you have become my daughter."

So the leader of the caravan took her home (and) nursed her till she recovered. She remained with him until she reached a marriageable age, and grew into a maid whose like was nowhere. And whenever she was heard of, people came to look on her, until a day (when) her elder brother reached manhood. He had not found a wife. Then he heard the report which said that a certain wealthy man had a daughter in such and such a village; in all the country there was not her like. Then he went to their (his) father (and) said he had heard about the daughter of a certain wealthy man (and) it was her he wished (to marry).

So his father gave him gifts, (and) he came to seek a wife in marriage. And Allah blessed his quest and he found what he sought, and the maid was wedded to him. They came home, but when he would consummate their union, she would not give herself to him; (and) it was always thus. Only, when they (all) went off to the farms she would lift her mortar and golden pestle which her father had given her, saying she was going to make "fura" cakes. And she poured the grain into the mortar of gold and pounded and (sung) said, "Pound, pound, mortar, father has become the father of my husband, alas for me! Mother has become the mother of my husband, alas, my mortar!" And so on till she had finished pounding. She was weeping (and) singing.

Now a certain old woman of the place heard what she was (saying). It was always so, until one day she told the mother of (the girl's) husband, and she said, "When you are all about to go to the farm, do you, mother of the husband, come out, give her grain, (and) bid her pound 'fura,' as you are going to the farm. When you get outside steal away (and) come back, enter the house, (and) remain silent (and) hear what she says." So the mother of the man came out, their father came out, the boys and the woman all came out, and said they were off to the farm.

A little while after the man's mother came back (and) entered the hut (and) crouched down. Then the maiden lifted her mortar and golden pestle. She was singing and saying, "Pound, pound, my mortar, father has become (my) husband's father, alas, my mortar! Mother has become (my) husband's mother, alas for me!" She was singing thus (and) shedding tears, the mother also was in the room and was watching her until she had done all she had to do.

When the people of the house who had gone to the farms came back, the mother did not say anything. When night came, then she told her husband; she said, "Such and such the maid did."

The father said, "Could it possibly be the maid who was lost?"

Then they said, "But if it is she there is a certain mark on her back ever since she was an infant, she had been left in a house with a fire (and) it had burned her."

She was summoned. They adjured her by Allah and the Prophet (and) said, "This man who gave you in marriage, is he your father or were you given to him to be brought up only?" But the maiden refused to answer. Try as they could they could not get an answer.

Then the father said, "Present your back that I may see."

She turned her back, (and) they saw the scar where the fire had burned her when she was an infant. Then they said, "Truly it is so. From the first when you came why did you (refuse) to tell me (us)?" And they knew it was their daughter. And they sent to her (foster) father, the one who had found her, and he was told what had happened. And he said, "There is no harm done. I beg you give me the maiden. If I have found another I shall give her to him (the husband)." But they (the girl's real father and mother) refused to consent to this.

As for the husband, when he heard this he took his quiver and bow. He went into the forest (and) hanged himself. He died. And this was the beginning of hatred among the children of one father by different mothers.

That is all.

Off with the rat's head.

ORIGIN OF THE SPIDER

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Rattray, R. Sutherland. *Hausa Folk-Lore, Customs, Proverbs, Etc.* London: Clarendon Press, 1913, 108–116.

Date: ca. 1913

Original Source: Hausa

National Origin: Nigeria

The following Hausa **animal tale** incorporates two common west African **tricksters**, hyena and spider. In this case, hyena is finally outwitted by human persistence, and from this devious group of humans, lion creates the supreme west African trickster, spider.

This is a story about a certain chief. A tale, a tale. Let it go and let it return.

A certain chief, by name Kurunguthe-bad-fish, grew old in his kingdom, and when he was near to death—he had many children—he called them together and said, “If I were to die what would you all do to observe my funeral?”

His eldest child said, “When you are dead I shall mourn for you by (slaughtering) a lion.”

Each one said what he would do.

His youngest said, “When you are dead I shall mourn for you by killing a hyena.” And it came to pass that not long after he died, and each brought what he said; only the eldest and the youngest remained (to fulfill the promise).

Then the youngest went to the bush, he was walking, and he came across a cow and brought it back. They slaughtered it and made a skin bag of it, and they took the cow’s head and feet and pushed them into the bag. Then he went and called the hyena. She came (and) he (the man) said, “We divided up the meat (when) you were not there, (and) we set aside your share.”

They showed her the bag, they said, “There it is, go in and lift (the meat).”

Then the hyena put in her head and entered. Then the youngest son immediately closed the mouth of the bag (and) they tied it up, the hyena inside, and they dragged the hyena and brought her above their father’s grave. And they kept flogging her until the skin burst. The hyena found an exit, got out, and ran off. Then the youngest son got angry and said, “I shall catch her again.”

And so another day he found a cow, he brought it back and killed (it), he searched for porridge and covered his eye with it and went off to the forest. He saw the hyena and said, “Hyena, we have divided up the meat in your absence, we looked for you until we were tired. And as for us, we are a people who keep a promise to our parents, and when they were about to die they said we must continually give (gifts), and whoever found anything let him seek his brother (to share with him).”

The hyena said, “That is quite true, but some one has come here and deceived me. It was thus he enticed me away and he was wanting to kill me.”

Then the youngest son said, “Come now, hyena, would a man call his brother to kill (him)?”

The hyena answered, “Let us go.”

They took the road, they were coming, when the hyena stood still and said, “No, yesterday he who came to call me, like you was he, let me hear it was not you.”

The youngest son said, “This man, had he one eye?”

The hyena said, “Let us go on.”

They took the road and were going on (and) they reached the house. Then the youngest son showed her where the cow's hide was, and he said, "Enter, your (share) is within."

Then the hyena, when he (she) was about to push in his (her) head, came out and said, "No, friend, do not come and do to me as your brother did to me."

The youngest son was standing by, and he said, "Come then, hyena, if it is that you do not want the meat, leave it, and go about your business. Does a man call his brother in order that he may do him harm? The meat I show you if you do not eat, leave it, and get out."

Then the hyena said, "No, I am (going) to eat it."

So she put her head in and entered. As she was going to lift the meat and then come out, then the youngest son seized the mouth of the bag and closed it. And they all came up and tied up the hyena and dragged it and brought it over their father's grave. They kept beating it, they beat it till the skin burst, and the hyena found an exit, and came out, and ran off.

But the youngest son said, "I will find and bring her back again." Then some time passed and the hyena forgot. And the youngest son found a very large cow and brought it back. They slaughtered it, flayed it, and made a skin bag; they lifted a hind leg and put (it) in the bag, and made a trap. Then the youngest son got some porridge, went to the bush, came near the hole where the hyena was, then took the (*dawo*) porridge, and covered up his eyes; then he could not see.

Then he called, "Where is the hyena's den? Look at this, a cow has been slaughtered since yesterday, they put on one side a leg for her, and she is not to be seen."

Then the hyena heard, she was in the hole, so out she came and said, "Here I am." And the hyena said, "Where is the meat?"

Then the youngest son held out to her a large piece of meat and said, "You see the sign (that what I say is true)."

Then the hyena took it and swallowed it right off, and the hyena said, "Let us go at once." Then the hyena remembered, and he (she) pulled up, and said, "My friend, some one of your kindred, it was just thus he deceived me; he took me away and he wanted to kill me."

Then the youngest son said, "Come now, hyena, how can a blind man manage to kill another person?"

And the hyena said, "Let us go on." They took the road, they were coming, until they got to where the trap was.

Then the youngest son said, "Hyena, look at the meat there." Then the hyena saw a very fat hindquarter. The hyena, without a thought, leaped and went in, in order to lift the meat out; she did not know it was a trap, till the trap caught her. Then the hyena began to shout, and the youngest son ran off and went home and called his brothers, (and) they flogged the hyena until the hyena became insensible. (And) they bound her and dragged her, and brought

her to their father's grave, and (there) they cut her throat, and skinned her, and divided up the meat, and ate.

Then they said, "Each one has observed the funeral rites of our parent with the exception of our eldest brother."

Then their eldest brother lifted up an anvil, and took it to the bush; he was forging metal, Then the lion came, and said, "Friend smith, let me come and work the bellows for you."

He said, "Yes." So the lion came and worked the bellows.

Now of a truth the smith had done something, he had sought leaves of a certain kind and put (them) between his legs. Then he lifted the tongs and put (them) in the fire, and he told the lion to blow the bellows; and the lion blew them until the tongs were red hot. Then the smith got up and bent down and said to the lion, "Friend, my anus is itching"; (and) he lifted the tongs and pushed them among the leaves, (and) the leaves were set on fire. The lion thought it was the smith's anus. The smith too left them there until the tongs were cold.

After this the lion said, "An insignificant person like you, you have strength of mind to do this?" Then the lion put the tongs into the fire, he was blowing the bellows until the tongs were red hot. Then the lion said, "Friend, lift (them) and place them for me." So the smith lifted the tongs, he worked them up and down the lion's anus until the lion fainted.

Then the smith with all speed went home and summoned his younger brothers, (and) they came (and) they pulled (the lion) (and) brought it home. Then he entered the house to get some water to bring for the young men, the lion is lying still. Then the smith drew the water (and) came, (and) the people gathered round and looked on, then the lion came round from his faint and said, "My friend, what are you doing to me?"

And the smith said, "I have seen you were weary, and so I brought you home to pour water on you."

But the lion said, "You are a liar."

And the lion leaped and trampled him and tore (him). That was the origin of the spider; when he (the lion) trampled on him (the smith), he broke up, and made many feet. That was the beginning of the spider; formerly he was a smith.

Off with the rat's head.

A STORY ABOUT A GIANT, AND THE CAUSE OF THUNDER

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Rattray, R. Sutherland. *Hausa Folk-Lore, Customs, Proverbs, Etc.* London: Clarendon Press, 1913, 108–116.

Date: ca. 1913

Original Source: Hausa

National Origin: Nigeria

Like many **fables**, “A Story about a Giant, and the Cause of Thunder,” combines explanation with admonition. After attributing the origin of thunder to a wrestling match between two genuine giants, the tale concludes with the moralizing typical of this **genre**: “That is why I was always telling you whatever you do, make little of it. Whether it be you excel in strength, or in power, or riches, or poverty, and are puffed up with pride, it is all the same; some one is better than you. You said, it was a lie. Behold, your own eyes have seen.”

This story is about a forest giant, about him and a man called, A-Man-among-Men.

A story, a story. Let it go, let it come.

There was a certain man by name, A-Man-among-Men, always when he came from the bush he used to lift up a tree (and) come, (and) throw (it down), and say, “I am A-Man-among-Men.”

His wife said, “Come now, leave off saying you are A-Man-among-Men; if you saw A-Man-among-Men you would run.”

But he said, “It is a lie.”

Now it was always so, if he has brought in wood, then he would throw it down with force, (and) say, “I am A-Man-among-Men.”

The wife said, “Come now, leave off saying so; if you have seen A-Man-among-Men, you would run.”

But he said, “It is a lie.”

Now one day his wife went to the stream. She came to a certain well; the well bucket, ten men were (necessary to) draw it up. She came, (but) had to do without the water, so she turned back.

She was going home, when she met another woman (who) said, “Where are you going with a calabash, with no water?”

She said, “I have come and seen a bucket there. I could not draw it; that is what caused me to turn back home.”

And this (second) woman, who had this (a) son, said, “Let us return that you may find (water).”

She said, “All right.”

So they returned together to the well. This woman, who had the son, told the boy to lift the bucket and draw water. Now the boy was small, not past the age when he was carried on his mother’s back. Then he lifted the bucket then and there, and put it in the well, (and) drew up the water. They filled their

large waterpots, they bathed, they washed their clothes, they lifted up the water to go home. This one was astonished.

Then she saw that one who had the boy has turned off the path and was entering the bush. Then the wife of (him called) A-Man-among-Men said, "Where are you going?"

She said to her, "I am going home, where else?"

She said, "Is that the way to your home?"

She said, "Yes."

She said, "Whose home is it?"

She said, "The home of A-Man-among-Men."

Then she was silent; she did not say anything till she got home. She told her husband. He said that tomorrow she must take him (there). She replied, "May Allah give us a tomorrow."

Next morning he was the first to get up from sleep. He took the weapons of the chase and slung them over his shoulder. He put his axe on his shoulder and wakened her (his wife) from sleep. He said, "Get up, let us go. Take me that I may see, that I may see the (one called) A-Man-among-Men."

She got up, lifted her large waterpot, and passed on in front. He was following her until they got to the edge of the well. Now they found what they sought indeed. (As) they were coming, the wife of A-Man-among-Men came up, both she and her son.

They greeted her, and the wife of this one showed him the bucket (and) said, "Lift it and draw water for me."

So he went and lifted the bucket in a rage and let it down the well; but the bucket pulled him, (and) he would have fallen into the well, when the little boy seized him, both him and the bucket, and drew (out) and threw them on one side. Then the boy lifted up the bucket, put it in the well, drew water, and filled their waterpots.

His wife said, "You have said you are going to see him called A-Man-among-Men. You have seen this is his wife and son. If you still want to go you can go together. As for me, I am not going."

The boy's mother said, "Oh, what is the matter? You had better not come." (But) he said he would come; and she said, "Let us be off." They set out.

When they arrived (at the house) then she showed him a place for storing meat, (and) he got inside. Now he, the master of the house, was not at home; he has gone to the bush. She (his wife) said, "You have seen he has gone to the bush; but you must not stir if he has come." He sat inside till evening came.

The master of the house came. He keeps saying, "I smell the smell of a man."

His wife said, "Is there another person here? It is not I." Thus, if he said he smelled the smell of a man, then she would say, "Is there another person here. Is it not I? If you want to eat me up, well and good, for there is no one else but I."

Now he was a huge man, his words like a tornado; ten elephants he would eat. When dawn came, he made his morning meal of one; then he went to the bush, and if he should see a person there he would kill him.

Now he (A Man-among-Men) was in the storehouse, hidden. The man's wife told him, saying, "You must not move till he is asleep. If you have seen the place dark, he is not asleep; if you have seen the place light, that is a sign he is asleep; come out and fly." Shortly after he saw the place has become light like day, so he came out.

He was running, he was running, until dawn, he was running, till the sun rose he was running, he did not stand.

Then that man woke up from sleep and he said, "I smell the smell of a man, I smell the smell of a man." He rose up, he followed where the man had gone. He was running. He also, the other one, was running till he met some people who were clearing the ground for a farm, (and) they asked what had happened.

And he said, "Some one chased (is chasing) me."

They said, "Stand here till he comes."

A short time passed, and the wind caused by him came; it lifted them (and) cast them down. And he said, "Yes, that is it, the wind he makes (running); he himself has not yet come. If you are able (to withstand him) tell me. If you are not able, say so."

And they said, "Pass on."

So he ran off, and came and met some people hoeing. They said, "What chased (is chasing) you?"

He replied, "Some one pursued (is pursuing) me."

They said, "What kind of a man chased (is chasing) (one) such as you?"

He said, "Some one who says he is A-Man-among-Men."

They said, "Not A-Man-among-Men, A-Man-among-Women. Stand till he comes."

He stood. Here he was when the wind of him came, it was pushing about the men who were hoeing. So he said, "You have seen, that is the wind he makes; he has not yet come himself If you are a match for him tell me; if not say so."

And they said, "Pass on"; and off he ran. He was running.

He came across some people sowing; they said, "What are you running for?"

He said, "Some one chased (is chasing) me."

And they said, "What kind of a man is it who chased (is chasing) the likes of you?"

He said, "His name is A-Man-among-Men."

They said, "Sit here till he comes." He sat down.

In a short time the wind he made came (and) it lifted them and cast them down. And they said, "What kind of wind is that?"

He, the man who was being pursued, said, "It is his wind."

And they said, "Pass on." They threw away the sowing implements, (and) went into the bush (and) hid, but that one was running on.

He came (and) met a certain huge man; he was sitting alone at the foot of a baobab tree. He had killed elephants and was roasting them, as for him, twenty elephants he could eat; in the morning he broke his fast with five. His name was "The Giant of the Forest."

Then he questioned him and said, "Where are you going in all this haste?"

And he said, "A-Man-among-Men chased (is chasing) me."

And the Giant of the Forest said, "Come here, sit down till he comes."

He sat down. They waited a little while. Then a wind made by A-Man-among-Men came, and lifted him, (and) was about to carry him off, when the Giant of the Forest shouted to him to come back.

And he said, "It is not I myself who am going off, the wind caused by the man is taking me away."

At that the Giant of the Forest got in a rage, he got up and caught his hand, and placed it under his thigh.

He was sitting until A-Man-among-Men came up and said, "You sitting there, are you of the living, or of the dead?"

And the Giant of the Forest said, "You are interfering."

And A-Man-among-Men said, "If you want to find health give up to me what you are keeping there."

And the Giant of the Forest said, "Come and take (him)." And at that he flew into a rage and sprang and seized him. They were struggling together.

When they had twisted their legs round one another they leaped up into the heavens. Till this day they are wrestling there; when they are tired out they sit down and rest; and if they rise up to struggle that is the thunder you are wont to hear in the sky; it is they struggling.

He also, that other one, found himself (escaped), and went home, and told the tale.

And his wife said, "That is why I was always telling you whatever you do, make little of it. Whether it be you excel in strength, or in power, or riches, or poverty, and are puffed up with pride, it is all the same; some one is better than you. You said, it was a lie. Behold, your own eyes have seen."

Off with the rat's head.

OVIMBUNDU

THE RABBIT AND THE PYTHON

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Bell, William C. "Umbundu Tales, Angola, Southwest Africa." *The Journal of American Folklore* 35 (1922): 118.

Date: ca. 1922

Original Source: Ovimbundu

National Origin: Angola

Angola, the home of the Ovimbundu, is a coastal nation with the Atlantic Ocean on its western shore. The Democratic Republic of the Congo lies to the north, Zambia to the east, and Namibia to the south. The Ovimbundu traditionally consisted of individual kingdoms centered on the Benguela Plateau in west-central Angola. Early in their history (ca. eighteenth century) the Ovimbundu developed trade networks between central Africa and the coast. When the Portuguese usurped this role two centuries later, the Ovimbundu turned to agriculture. The following **animal tale** typically offers a moral precept in its conclusion. This tale and the two that follow, "A Clever Hunter and a Bird" and "The Swallow and the Tortoise," are representative of this narrative genre among the Ovimbundu.

The rabbit was with young, and the python also; and they swore friendship one with the other, for they loved each other a great deal. The rabbit said, "O Python, the day we give birth to our children, you, Python, take my children; and I, the rabbit, will have your children."

So they did as they had agreed. The children of the python stretched themselves out long, because they were not habituated to nurse. The children of the rabbit were with the python, and they wished to nurse, as was their custom; but the python did not have “breasts” with which to nurse the children of the rabbit.

Soon, when the rabbit perceived that her children which she had given birth to were getting stronger, she ran away with them whilst the python was in the woods. When the python returned from the bush, and she found that the rabbit had run off with her children, she was angry, and called together all the pythons, saying, “Let us follow the trail of the rabbit and her children!”

So the pythons began singing, “Let us follow the rabbit who stole [ate] her debt to the python! ... Let us follow the rabbit—the rabbit—who stole her debt to the python!”

The rabbit, hearing this song, began to shake. She found a large animal, and said to it, “Save me!” The animal, hearing the song of the pythons, said, “Impossible [I am not able].”

The rabbit went to all the animals, and they all shunned doing anything. Finally she found a cricket, and cried, “Save me!”

The cricket replied, “All right.” So then the cricket put the rabbit and her children into a burrow, blocking it up with dirt. When the pythons came, they questioned the cricket, saying, “Have you seen the rabbit?”

And he replied, “Indeed, I have; she is in that burrow [pointing to a different one from that in which the rabbit was]—in there is the rabbit.”

So the one python wished to enter; but the cricket said, “All of you had better go in and find the rabbit”; and when they had done so, the cricket took hot water, pouring it into the burrow where were all the pythons, thus killing them. The rabbit was saved.

Moral: Little things are able to accomplish large results; all shunned helping save the rabbit, nevertheless the little cricket was able to do it.

A CLEVER HUNTER AND A BIRD

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Bell, William C. “Umbundu Tales, Angola, Southwest Africa.” *The Journal of American Folklore* 35 (1922): 137–138.

Date: ca. 1922

Original Source: Ovimbundu

National Origin: Angola

A man once set a snare in the plain, and then went on to his village. In the morning, he says to himself, “I am going to have a look at my snares and see if perchance some large bird has been caught.” And so it proved. He found one, and he lifted his stick to kill it. Then the bird spoke to him, saying,

“Save me here on the plain, and some day I will save you in the thick woods.” The man heeded and untied the bird, and it went. When the man reached his village, his wife asked, “Did nothing get caught?” to which the man replied, “As you say.”

One day the woman said to the man, “Come, and let us go and visit our village!”

To which the man responded, “All right, surely!” And the woman began to pound the meal for the journey.

In time they got started; and as they were going along the path, suddenly there appeared before them a very large snake, so that the whole path was blocked, with nowhere to pass. The big snake spoke, saying, “Give me something, give me something, give me something, you there, standing upon the path!” They gave him their mush, which he took quickly, and yet demanded, “Give me more, give me more, give me more, you standing there upon the path!” So they gave him the basket of meal, which he quickly swallowed. However, he did not let up with his demands until all they had was given him. Finally he gave the child and his wife, and the snake swallowed them all.

Yet he was not satisfied, and continued demanding more. The man could not flee, neither could he pass and go on ahead, for the snake blocked the whole woods. The man climbed a tree; and then he remembered how long ago the bird had begged to be released, saying, “Save me here on the plain, and some day I will save you in the thick woods.”

So at once he began to call for the bird Cinjila, “Cinjila, oh, I saved you! Will you not save me? Cinjila, oh, I saved you! Will you not save me? We have both been in trouble—the two of us in trouble! We have both been in trouble—the two of us in trouble!”

Before very long the bird heard the man calling, and yet he called a second time. Then the bird replied, “All r-i-g-h-t!” and when he came, asked what it was.

The man replied, “The big snake.” So the bird killed the snake; and when they cut him open, they found within him everything he had swallowed—the woman and the child, both alive, and all their belongings. Then they proceeded on to their village.

This proverb illustrates kindness: If you show kindness to another, someone in time will show you a kindness.

THE SWALLOW AND THE TORTOISE

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Bell, William C. “Umbundu Tales, Angola, Southwest Africa.” *The Journal of American Folklore* 35 (1922): 116–117.

Date: ca. 1922

Original Source: Ovimbundu

National Origin: Angola

Once there was a beautiful maiden, and the tortoise and the swallow went to court her. They found her, and they found also her relatives, and they did not wish to give the girl either to the tortoise or to the swallow.

However, the relatives set a test from Bailundo even to Dondi, saying, “He who arrives quickest, he takes the girl.” So they rose up the both of them, the swallow taking his little handbag; and when the two arrived at the point indicated, the swallow took fright and went to the woods (to stool). Whilst he was thus gone, the tortoise climbed into the handbag of the swallow. Soon the swallow returned from the woods, picked up the handbag in which was the tortoise (this was his wisdom, as he did not possess fast legs), and the swallow was much disturbed thinking that the tortoise had already gone on before: so he flew hurriedly.

Soon the swallow arrived at the village; and as soon as he reached the outskirts, he put down his handbag, in which was the tortoise, saying, “I shall not enter the village yet, until I first go to the woods.” So he went, leaving his handbag behind him.

Immediately the tortoise climbed out of the handbag which the swallow had carried, and speedily entered the village. The girl was given to him. When the swallow came from the woods, he picked up his handbag, entered, but found that the tortoise had already received the girl, and consequently was very sad; but the tortoise was happy.

A MAN WITH A WIFE WHO COULD CHANGE HERSELF INTO A WILD ANIMAL

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Bell, William C. “Umbundu Tales, Angola, Southwest Africa.” *The Journal of American Folklore* 35 (1922): 129.

Date: ca. 1922

Original Source: Ovimbundu

National Origin: Angola

The following tale is developed on the **motif** of the “Cruel Stepmother” (S31). The plot element of the shape-shifting spouse is cross-culturally distributed.

A man married a woman; but this woman was one who could change herself into an animal. When the man would go to the woods, she would give peanuts to her two children—one her very own, the other a stepchild. Whenever she would give them peanuts, she also would eat some, but hers she would eat very quickly; and when she was through, she would

snatch away by force those of her stepchild. And if the child would not willingly give them up, the mother would change herself into a wild animal, and then the child would flee and climb a tree. Meanwhile the animal came to the foot of the tree and began gnawing it, so it would fall to the ground. Then the animal would begin to chew at the child, which would cry out loudly, “Father, father, who has gone to hunt, who has gone to hunt, the hunter who has gone to hunt, father, here’s a wild animal of the woods!”

The father, hearing the cry, responded, “All right! ... all right!” When the woman heard the voice of her husband, she ran quickly to the river and threw herself in, at which she became again a person.

One day the father secreted himself near by. The woman again gave peanuts to the child; and when it began to eat, she annoyed it in the same manner as formerly, and it fled for refuge to a tree. There upon the woman began to chew at the tree—in the guise of an animal, as before—and the man fired at and killed her.

THE ORDER OF THE HIDEOUS MASKED PERSONS, AND HOW THEY MET THEIR FATE

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Bell, William C. “Umbundu Tales, Angola, Southwest Africa.” *The Journal of American Folklore* 35 (1922): 134–135.

Date: ca. 1922

Original Source: Ovimbundu

National Origin: Angola

The youthful monster-slayer is a familiar folktale theme. In Native American tradition, semi-divine twins are often the protagonists in such narratives (for example, the Wichita story of “The Two Boys Who Slew the Monsters and Became Stars,” Volume 4, page 148). In the world’s mythologies, the monster-slayer is commonly elevated to the role of **culture hero**, as is the case in the Greek myth “How Theseus Slew the Devourers of Men” (Volume 3, page 231).

In a certain country the goblins (*akisikisi*) were very numerous, and they were eating up all of the people. So it came about that but one person was left, and she a woman soon to give birth. So she ran away to the river, and crawled in among the reeds and hid there until she had a child. Then she came out, the child carrying a bow in front. In course of time the boy said to her, “Today you pound some salt, and you do me obeisance, because I am going to the village of the goblins.” So his mother did as she was told, and minded him

most explicitly. He took his bag and his bow, and went on and on until he arrived at the village of the goblins, where he found no one except those who were cooking big pots filled with meat. All had gone to the woods to hunt. He immediately ate up all the pots of meat; and when found by the leader who returned, the leader cried, "And I am going to eat you up!"

The child screamed out, crying, "Just lick away at me, because I am sweet, I am sweet, I am sweet." Then he left, and returned to his mother. And so it happened day after day, when the owners returned from their hunt, they found the pots entirely empty. They asked those who tended the pots who it was that had been eating the meat; and they replied, "Just only a little boy, but he is very sweet." So they agreed among themselves, saying, "Today let us stay at home and watch for that person, and see who it is." Soon they saw him coming; and the word was passed, "There he's coming."

When he arrived, he finished up the pots; and as they thought to kill him, he said, "Do not kill me, for I am sweet, I am sweet, I am sweet."

They licked him with their tongues; and then they asked him, "How do you do it?"

And he said, "Do you really wish to know?"

And they said, "Sure." So then he told them to get together a lot of firewood and to find some big pots; to fill these with water and get them to boiling good.

They were also to find some corn-bins (these are made of bark, and portable); and when the water was boiling well, they were to climb into these bins. "I will sprinkle a little water upon your bodies; but not one of you make an outcry, but keep as still as mice, because it is only then that the charm will work." So when the water was boiling, they all climbed into the corn-bins, and he poured great quantities of boiling water upon them until they were all dead. Then he returned to his mother, and said, "Now we've got our pay, they are all dead."

TWO BOYS AND THEIR GRANDMOTHERS

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Bell, William C. "Umbundu Tales, Angola, Southwest Africa." *The Journal of American Folklore* 35 (1922): 145–147.

Date: ca. 1922

Original Source: Ovimbundu

National Origin: Angola

With its admonitions against greed and imitation, the following tale functions as a **fable**. The plot is reminiscent of "The Kind and the Unkind" (AT 480).

Two boys started off with their grandmothers to begin a new village. When they arrived, they did not find any huts in which to stay. So they at once began to build—one boy building for his grandmother, and the other for his grandmother. Soon the rain began to fall. One boy had built his very quickly; and so his grandmother entered, and was protected from the rain. The other one had not finished; and so he begged of the other, saying, “Do a kindness, and let my grandmother come into your hut!” The other would not, replying, “You also are a man. Why didn’t you hurry faster with your building? I won’t agree to it!”

So his grandmother sought cover under a large tree called the “omanda.” As the storm increased, the lightning struck the tree under which she was; and it was torn open, and the grandmother was killed. The boy picked her up and wrapped her in cloth, put her upon his shoulder, and started with her to the other side of the river Quanja, where there were pools into which they threw those who died. As he was on his way, he met a goblin, who greeted him with friendliness, saying, “Where are you going with your grandmother?” And he responded thus:

Honored sir, I am carrying her to the other side of the river Quanja,
The deer is crying hi-hi;
Oh, the deer is crying hi-hi;
The deer is crying hi-hi;
Oh, the deer is crying hi-hi.

The friendly spirit said to him, “Cut me off the head, that I may use it as a gourd with which to drink.” He did so; and then on he went again, complying with all the requests made of him. One of the spirits would ask an arm; another, a leg with which he might stir his mush. Pretty soon he met a little old woman, who begged, “Give me the lungs, because they are soft,” and so he did. Soon one advised him, saying, “Throw your grandmother into the pool, and the water will become clear!” When he arrived at the pool, he did as he was told. He stood upon the bank, and he saw her come to the surface twice; and the third time she sank. Then at once from the pool there came forth white men and white women, with all their belongings. Among them was his grandmother, who was turned into a white woman. She asked him, saying, “Who am I?” And he recognized her. Then they all came to the village and built houses and put up tents, so that the village was filled with white folks.

Now, the other boy, who had been stingy about his hut, forbidding the grandmother to shield herself in it from the rain, when he saw all that had happened, became filled with greed, and said to his grandmother, “Come, let me kill you! and we also shall become wealthy.” But his grandmother rebelled, but he struck her and killed her, and, wrapping her in cloth, lifted her upon his shoulder.

As he was going along the path, he met a friendly spirit, which greeted him kindly, and asked, "Where are you going with your grandmother?" He replied,

Sir, I am going with her to the other side of the Quanja,
 The deer is crying hi-hi;
 Oh, the deer is crying hi-hi;
 The deer is crying hi-hi;
 Oh, the deer is crying hi-hi!

"Give me the head," said the spirit; but the boy replied, "And why, sir, should I do that?" Then he went on; and though he met many spirits, he would not comply with the requests of any of them, for he said, "The other boy is insignificant, but I am far wiser." He met also the little old woman; and she begged for the lungs, saying, "Give me, for my teeth are all gone," but he would not. Then she said to him, "Even though you are mean to me, let me give you advice: take your grandmother to the pool where the water is red, for there are found the white folks, and there is where the other boy went." So he hurried along to the pool described, and threw in his grandmother.

He stood upon the bank waiting for her; for he said, "A stone will not come to the surface." He remained there a long time; and soon there appeared some little boxes, and with them a native servant, who said, "These boxes contain that which you so much desire. When you reach your village, build a very fine house, not forgetting to put in windows. When finally you open these boxes, be entirely by yourself, and be sure you lock yourself in."

When he arrived at the village, he said to the other boy, "I have gone and gotten them too!" Then he built a house; and when it was finished, he shut himself in all by himself, and began to open the boxes. One he opened contained bees, another snakes, another hornets. All of them were filled with insects which bit and stung. When he had finished opening all of the boxes, then they assailed him and killed him.

His own sin had condemned him.

First, he was stingy about his hut; second, because of imitation, he killed his own grandmother, thus shedding blood.

YORUBA

HOW SHANGO HANGED HIMSELF AND WHAT RESULTED

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Parkinson, John. "Yoruba Folk-Lore." *Journal of the Royal African Society* 8 (1909): 175–177.

Date: ca. 1909

Original Source: Yoruba

National Origin: Nigeria

The Yoruba people are associated primarily with the West African nation of Nigeria (for additional information on Nigeria, see introductory note to "A Short History, Purporting to Give the Origin of the Hausa Nation and the Story of Their Conversion to the Mohammedan Religion," page 98). Yoruba culture is a presence in neighboring Benin, Togo, and Ghana, as well in the Americas.

Historically, the Yoruba were primarily farmers. City-states emerged in the early centuries of the current epoch, and, for example, by 900 C.E. the city-state of Ile Ife had established political and cultural influence throughout the region. The Yoruba continue to be recognized for sophisticated aesthetic and theological systems. The following **myth** focuses on Shango, a King of Oyo who became the orisha (a major manifestation of the divine essence in Yoruba theology) who is represented in the natural force of lightning, among other symbols and forces associated with him. Shango's wife, Oiya (more commonly spelled Oya), is the orisha associated with powerful winds: whirlwinds and tornados.

Formerly Shango was a King of Oyo, and had two servants famous for their wickedness, the one called Timini, the other Bonka; and these two servants troubled Shango.

Then Shango thought, "What shall I do to get rid of them?" And he said, "The next time there is war I will send them and have them killed."

After a time he sent Timini to a certain place, and then he sent Bonka, telling him to go and fight with Timini in the place where he put him. When Bonka came to Timini they fought, and Bonka conquered Timini and brought him as a prisoner back to Oyo. When Bonka got back to Oyo, he led Timini before Shango the King, saying, "I have conquered your enemy; here he is."

Shango replied, "I have no time now, come tomorrow" and when they came again Shango said, "I do not believe you fought." Then was Bonka so annoyed at Shango's words that he drew his sword and killed Timini and cut off his head.

Then went Bonka to the King and said, "I am of opinion you sought my death, otherwise you would not have sent me to fight Timini in that place, and when I brought him home say, 'I am not satisfied, you must fight again.'"

"If I had not been very strong Timini might have killed me, and therefore I will make war with you yourself."

"Moreover," continued he, "what have you to distinguish you? Once fire came from your mouth, that is all; and I will prove I am stronger than you. I should like you to collect together all the people of Oyo; tell them to get firewood, and to pour palm oil upon it."

Then the next day Shango assembled the people and ordered the wood. And Bonka said to Shango, "Before you set the wood on fire, pack it upon me, I lying on the ground."

When all the people were assembled Bonka lay down, and they put wood upon him and poured oil upon it, and set fire to it, and all the wood burnt to ashes. And Shango said, "This man is dead in spite of his boasting. I am glad."

Whilst they talked Bonka suddenly came out of the ashes, and at once went up to Shango saying, "What more have you to boast of? You see the fire from your mouth is not as big as the fire you put upon me, yet I am not dead. I will give you four days in which to leave this country."

But when the fourth day came, Shango said he would not go, and then the elders had a meeting, and concluded that Shango should go, and, moreover, that they would go with him, for, "If not," said they, "this man will destroy us all in this country of Oyo." Then Shango agreed and made preparations to go on the day indicated, and all the people said, "We will go with you."

Now Shango had an intimate friend called Mōgba, and he also promised he would leave Oyo with Shango, but Mōgba did not appear, so Shango went, taking as much of his baggage as he could and his wife Oiya.

As they journeyed, Oiya said, "Why do I come with you? I shall change my mind; you go to your country and I will go to mine." And Oiya left him and went to Ira, leaving Shango alone. And Shango, seeing his friend did not come,

and that his wife had left him, said, “Where am I to go who once was King of Oyo? I am now alone; this degradation is more than I can bear, I will die,” and he took a rope and hanged himself.

Now when some of the people were coming from the farms to Oyo they saw a man hanging by the side of the path, and approaching, found it was Shango, the King. Then as they went towards Oyo they spread the news, “The King has hanged himself.” When they came to Oyo this became the talk of the day, and was heard by Mōgba. Then they held a meeting and said, “It is degrading to us that this constant talk should go on that the King Shango has hanged himself. Something must be done so that the people will not repeat this.” And they made a medicine, so that whosoever said, “The King has hanged himself,” his house should be set on fire. But the elders who convened the meeting did not tell of this medicine to the inhabitants of Oyo.

Shortly the fires became too numerous and the people inquired from the “idols,” of whom Mōgba was the chief priest, and Mōgba said, “It is on account of your sin; as long as you continue to say, ‘Shango the King has hanged himself,’ your houses will burn, but if when people come to you, you say, ‘It is a lie, the King has not hanged himself’ this burning will cease.”

And they did so, and the burning ceased, as Mōgba said. Then all the people held a meeting and agreed to call the spot where Shango hanged himself “K’oso, not hanged.” And to this day if a man’s house catches fire, the people know that he has offended Shango.

HOW THUNDER CAME FOR THE FIRST TIME

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Parkinson, John. “Yoruba Folk-Lore.” *Journal of the Royal African Society* 8 (1909): 166–168.

Date: ca. 1909

Original Source: Yoruba

National Origin: Nigeria

According to John Parkinson the connection between the Irogun bird and thunder is logical: “Irogun is the original name for Shango—the lightning is Shango’s fire.” Audience participation via singing a chorus is common in both continental African tradition and in the African Diaspora.

A small, small rat (Eliri) gave birth to three sons; an elephant, a buffalo, and a ram. They made a farm in which the elephant planted okro [okra]; the buffalo osun [camwood], and the ram igba [eggplant]. The

three sons told their mother she must go to their farm when in need and take her choice of what was there.

The first time the mother Eliri came she took okro and igba, but the second time she found out that someone had been there before her, and she cursed the man that stole, praying that he would not die well. [Chorus in which the audience joins in singing the mother Eliri's curses]. Then Irogun the bird came from the bush and said, "I, Irogun, I came to this farm, I plucked the elephant's okro, the buffalo's osun, and the ram's igba."

And the bird Irogun took a whip and flogged the mother.

When the mother reached home she told her son, the elephant, that she had been to the farm, had seen things stolen, and that while she cursed the thief, Irogun the bird came from the bush, acknowledged the theft, and, moreover, flogged her into the bargain.

The elephant replied that he had seen no one who would so dare to flog his mother, and that he would come to the farm.

So the small rat Eliri and the elephant her son came to the farm and the mother repeated the cursing. [Chorus.]

Then Irogun the bird came out and drove the elephant and the mother away. When they reached home Eliri the mother repeated the story to her son the buffalo, saying how she had been flogged, and she and the elephant together driven away by Irogun the bird. The buffalo said it was impossible that anyone could so flog the elephant, but that he himself would go to the place and see.

So the mother and her son the buffalo went, and, as before, the mother cursed. [Chorus.] Irogun the bird again appeared, and, flogging both mother and son, drove them away. They returned home, and the mother went to make complaint to the ram.

Meanwhile the ram had gone to market, but his mother went out and met him by the way, and related what had occurred and how she had been flogged. Then the ram put down the load he was carrying and said he should like to see the man who could so flog his mother Eliri, the small, small rat.

Then the mother and her son the ram went to the farm, and the ram asked his mother to repeat the curse. This she did. [Chorus.] And the bird Irogun again appeared, and repeated to the ram what he had said to the elephant and the buffalo, that he was the man who had stolen from the farm.

Then the ram wrestled with Irogun the bird, until his horns were broken and the claws of Irogun were broken also. Then they paused, and the ram sent home for ten new horns and the bird Irogun for ten new claws.

The ram sent his wife the sheep, the bird his wife the bitch. Meanwhile Eliri, the mother of the ram, got a fat piece of beef, roasted it, and going to the bird's home hung it just above the level to which the bitch could reach. The sheep got the ten horns and brought them back to the ram; but the claws for Irogun had not yet come, for as the bitch reached home she saw the fat dropped from the beef above and stopped to lick it up, then once more the fat dropped,

and looking up she saw the beef above her. And at the sight of the beef she forgot the message. When the ram had got his new horns, he said, "Now we will fight again"; but Irogun said, "I have no claws, let us wait." And the ram said, "Very well, we will wait for a short time."

Then Irogun looked round and saw the bitch afar off trying to reach the beef, and he hailed her saying, "Carry out my message." But the bitch, thinking only of the fat dropping down from the beef, did not listen; and so when the time allowed by the ram had elapsed, the ram said, "It is not my fault if you have no claws," and so they fought. Irogun sank to his knee, then his body touched the ground, and at last he was altogether down.

From that day when there is thunder the ram digs in the ground with its foot, and says, "One day we will fight again, the fight is not finished yet, one day we will fight again."

And since that time the bird Irogun has dwelt in the ground and not on the trees as before. But the noise of the fight between Irogun and the ram was the noise of the first thunder.

THE WORSHIP OF THE THUNDERBOLT: A STORY OF SHANGO

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Parkinson, John. "Yoruba Folk-Lore." *Journal of the Royal African Society* 8 (1909): 174–175.

Date: ca. 1909

Original Source: Yoruba

National Origin: Nigeria

The following **myth** provides additional detail on the orisha Shango prior to his deification.

Formerly Shango was a man like other men and his wife's name was Oiya, and Shango was said to be the best doctor living at that time. Now a time came when Shango left the world, but before he left it he made a medicine and sprinkled it over the face of the world and pronounced a curse.

And where the medicine fell there grew a herb called yonri, and the curse so lay that any who ate of yonri, the medicines that he made should fail of their power and neither work nor cure, and this because Shango had sown yonri. Then he threw a chain up to Heaven and climbed by it to the sky. When Shango had gone one of the elders took an oath that he would not eat this yonri leaf, and one day he went to the farm and took the roots of the yonri

first, and then a yam (*begbi*) and said that he would make a medicine of these two and burn them both together. While the two roots burned Shango saw and came down from the sky, and took the medicine from the fire and threw it away. When he had gone the Ivan again went into the farm to get more roots, and again he burnt them to prepare the medicine. And Shango came down a second time and said, “I told you before, do not burn these roots together,” and for the second time he threw the roots away. But the man would not be advised, and for the third time he burnt the roots together and again Shango saw. But he said, “I will not go down for a third time; I will put an end to the man’s life.” Then, taking a certain medicine, he dropped it on the man’s head, and the man died.

Then when the people got to the place they found it very, very hot, and when they dug in the place they found a small round stone. Then from that day to this they worshipped the thunderbolt, and the name of the place was Ira.

IFA

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Parkinson, John. “Yoruba Folk-Lore.” *Journal of the Royal African Society* 8 (1909): 184.

Date: ca. 1909

Original Source: Yoruba

National Origin: Nigeria

The following **myth** describes the origin of Ifa divination. The system continues to be practiced both in continental Africa and the Diaspora by the class of priests known as Babalawo (“Father of Secrets”).

In the olden days Ifa was a great doctor, and once while he pursued his profession he asked of God (Olorun), “What shall I do that I may become rich in the world?”

And Olorun said, “You have tried by your own skill and have never asked me, knowing all the time that I was your Creator. If you had asked me at first I would have made you rich, but even now as you have at length asked I will grant your request.”

And slowly Ifa became rich and the people called him Orumila—“rich of God.” And God gave him a palm of no ordinary kind, the nuts of which were Ifa’s messengers. After his death the people, knowing his wealth, thought that if they worshipped him they also would become rich, and so they made him a God; but before making a petition they inquire of the nuts which were his

messengers whilst he was on the earth, and the nuts convey their request to Ifa and he grants the petition. And the Babalawo are the priests who divine by aid of the messengers of Ifa.

THE ELECTION OF THE KING OF THE ANIMALS

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Lomax, John A. "Stories of an African Prince: Yoruba Tales." *The Journal of American Folklore* 26 (1913): 4.

Date: ca. 1912

Original Source: Yoruba

National Origin: Nigeria

This and the following four **animal tales** collected by John A. Lomax represent potential sources for the African American and Caribbean tales best known through Joel Chandler Harris's anthologies of folktales from the southern United States.

All the animal gathered to elect their King. But it was said that either Lion or Elephant will be chosen as the King. Before the election they have to run a race. The one that wins will get the King. But Elephant knowing that he couldn't run, he said that he ought to be the King, because he is strong and can do many things that Lion couldn't do. And at the same time the Lion replied that he can do anything that that great big Elephant couldn't do. He can roar and let the earth shakes, run and fight at any time. And that Elephant couldn't do anything but drink up a whole river up, if they let him. Why Elephant went on telling some of the things he is able to do. Suddenly Lion cut him off and said, "Let's run and gets through." They line up; Rabbit is the judger. First Elephant ahead; after a short while Lion was ahead. Then Elephant stop. And said, "You can have it." The Lion was chosen as the King of the beast. After that, Lion and the Elephant hard to get along. They always try to fight one another, but they afraid of one another. Then come Rooster, and said to Elephant, "I knew that you not any count. You remember when we picking ground?" Elephant said in a rough voice, "You little scoundrel! If you don't get away from him, he is going to eat him up." It ends in this way, that Elephant and Lion was after all a good friend. They can't do without one another. Even Elephant run the throne by telling Lion what to do. This shows us that before you can become anyone's friend, you have to go in hard work or trouble. So end the election for the day.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE ROOSTER

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Lomax, John A. "Stories of an African Prince: Yoruba Tales." *The Journal of American Folklore* 26 (1913): 3–4.

Date: ca. 1912

Original Source: Yoruba

National Origin: Nigeria

During our forefathers' time, an Elephant was known as the largest animal amongst the other animals, strong and brave, and also they thought that he ought to be called the "King" of all the beasts.

But one day Elephant was walking in thick woods, he met a Rooster by the way, and he asked him who he was. And the Rooster said to him, "I'm a little bird that walk on two feet, sharp quill to pick the ground with so as to get the bugs and worms."

Then said the Elephant, "Oh, yes! I have heard so much about your picking the ground. Tell me how many acres of land can you pick in an hour?"

"About ten acres," reply the Rooster.

"That's nothing," Elephant replied. "I could do twice as much as that in a second."

Before an Elephant through talking, there came a hungry Tiger, looking terrible, and wanted to know what's the matter with them. But he wants to jump on that Rooster to devour him. But Elephant would not allow him. Therefore, he went on and left two of them there, disputing on their subject. Few minutes afterwards, the Rooster said to the Elephant, "It is not a nice thing to stand up here discoursing. But let us try and see who will win." Before starting, Elephant made a promise that if Rooster can beat him picking the ground, he shall give him his whole house and his wife.

They started. About half an hour, Rooster through with five acres of land whilst Elephant has not completed one-third of an acre. But after Rooster got through with his, in a certain hour he promised to be through. As he was going back he found an Elephant under a tree, tired and sleepy, without getting through with half an acre.

Rooster woke him and asked him if he believes what he can do. Elephant said, "Yes." Rooster ask for what Elephant promised him, but he didn't answered him. Then Rooster got mad, and jumped on him, and pecked him at his nose. Then his nose started swelling up, kept swelling up till it hang down, which we call this day an Elephant snout. Rooster is the one the cause Elephant nose to look so long, long. If not, Elephant shall have a nose just like the other animals. And at the same time he didn't get to be the King of the beasts.

THE FAMINE AND THE SPIDER

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Lomax, John A. "Stories of an African Prince: Yoruba Tales." *The Journal of American Folklore* 26 (1913): 10–12.

Date: ca. 1912

Original Source: Yoruba

National Origin: Nigeria

One day in a little town where there is nothing to eat but hot water. And in that village there was a Spider, with three wives and four children. But in those days Spiders were made like a human being. But during this famine, everybody in that village have to drink this hot water. But Spider claim to be tired of it. He said to himself one day that "I'm going to find me something to eat."

In fact he started on his journey, with a large bag hanging on his shoulder. As he was going along through the woods, he looked toward his left and found a stream of water with a large palm tree which bear lots of kernel nuts. And will ripen. He jumped in this water and swim towards the palm tree. He climb to the top, and start picking some of these kernel nuts. About two or three of them happen to dropped into this stream of water, and Spider jumped into it, looking for these nuts. And with his surprise, he found himself in a strange house, and a fierce looking man. And who said in a rough voice, "What do you want here?" And that startled Spider. With trembling voice he related all of his trouble to the man. And the man said to him, "Take these two pots, and say to them, 'Do what you can do; let me see,' and they will show you." Spider had not reach halfway home, when set these pots down by the side way and began to repeat these words. In his surprise he found a native food called "iyau"; in another, called "obe." He sat down, and eat them with satisfaction without any remembrance of his wives and children. After he got through he took them into his house and hid them, because he didn't want anybody to see it. But when he return from his journey his wives and children were so glad to see him, and they serve him some of this water. He refuse it, and told them that he is old and wise and he could stay hungry all the time. So they must go and drink that hot water. He said the same thing every day. But his wives knew that he brought something with him from where he returned, but they didn't know where he placed it. So they watched him and found out where he put these thing. And out of these pots; with their surprise, they found these food appear. They called their children and sat down and ate it. Then they went around and found some basket and a large clay dish and repeat these word three time, and they fill out these basket and also the dish; and after they are through they bore a hole in each pot, and that will not produce no more food for Spider. In a few minutes after they through, Spider came in with hope that these pots going to give

something to eat. One of his child brought him some hot water, but he wouldn't drink it. He went where these pots are and repeat these words, but nothing doing. He said it must have been because I'm dirty; I'm going swim. He went; about two minutes he came back and repeat these words, but all in vain. He found out that they all had holes in them; they couldn't supply him any more of that food. He ran to his wives and asked for that hot water. And he drank about two buckets full. That evening he started toward this stream again, and swim to the palm tree, and began to pick these palm nuts and threw few of them into this water himself. Then he jumped in it and went to this same house, and the man ask him what did he want. He related his trouble the second time, and the man gave him a long whip, and told him to say the same word he used for those pots. Spider with joy had not reached halfway home he lay the whip down and repeat these word. When that whip started poor Spider hollered; made so much noise, but in vain.

A bird happen to pass by and said, "Stop," before the whip could [be] stopped. Spider took the whip with him to his house and went all round the town and invite, King and Queen, rich men, poor men, blind men, and also his own wives and children, to come and have some supper with him.

That evening nearly everybody in that town came to Spider house and he locked them up in his large room and went out himself and told the King to said those words, and the king repeated after him. Oh! the whip started and whipped everyone in that room, killed some of them, and they broke the door and ran out. Then they jump out and beat Spider, till he burst to a little insect with eight legs crawling on the wall from then to this modern day.

THE BEAR AND THE FOX

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Lomax, John A. "Stories of an African Prince: Yoruba Tales." *The Journal of American Folklore* 26 (1913): 6.

Date: ca. 1912

Original Source: Yoruba

National Origin: Nigeria

One day, a Bear met a Fox by way with a dead meat, and he asked Fox where did he get the fish from? Old Fox answered him and said, "Brother Bear, I caught the fish in that river." Bear asked him, how did he catch it? He told Bear that he stock his tail in the water, and he let it stay there till he feel something biting him, before he pulled it out. There is a fish tangle to the end of his tail. He told Bear to go and do the same thing. So Brother Bear went there and stuck his tail in the water for about five minutes; he feels something catching whole of his tail. Then he start to pull his tail; he couldn't get it out, and pulled hard, and got his tail cut into two. When Bear

started to pull his tail, Fox stood on the bank of the river, and commence to laugh at him: and when he got his tail cut, Fox ran off, and left him there. That's why Bear and Fox never agreed together or didn't like one another. That's why Bear now has his short tail.

THE FLY AND THE ANT

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Lomax, John A. "Stories of an African Prince: Yoruba Tales." *The Journal of American Folklore* 26 (1913): 9.

Date: ca. 1912

Original Source: Yoruba

National Origin: Nigeria

The Fly and the Ant had a big discussion one day about how they make their living. First, says Fly, that among all the flying birds he suppose he is the only one can go anywhere without anyone disturbing him. He said the first seat in the church was his; he admitted in the court; even that he can be crown as a King. But he didn't care for it, because he always sit at the shoulders of the King. And he think that that enough for his can. And that he doesn't have to work before he live in this world.

By that time Ant study just what to say. As soon as he was through, Ant said, "It is true that you don't have to work, because you flying around; but to be invited to a King's house, to different entertainment that' another big thing too." Then Ant also said, that she work and get her something to put up, for when the sun too hot he can be able to eat. But she doesn't believe in waiting until she invited, before she can look for anything to eat. That's why we must depend on ourselves, not on others. We got that lesson from ants.

Southern Africa

SAN

ORIGINS

Tradition Bearer: Qing

Source: Orpen, J. M. "Folklore of the Bushmen." *Folklore* 30 (1919): 143–151.

Date: ca. 1874

Original Source: San (Maluti)

National Origin: South Africa

The San are popularly known as the Bushmen of southern Africa. Traditionally they were nomadic hunters and gatherers living in loosely organized bands and subsisting on plant and animal resources such as those described in the following origin **myth**. While the San are found in diverse geographic settings, most have made the Kalahari Desert—covering more than 200,000 square miles of southern Africa—home. Cagn (praying mantis) appears again in "The Mantis Assumes the Form of a Hartebeest" (page 154).

Cagn was the first being; he gave orders and caused all things to appear and to be made, the sun, the moon, stars, wind, mountains, and animals. His wife's name was Coti. He had two sons, and the eldest was chief, and his name was Cogaz; the name of the second was Gcwi. There were three great chiefs, Cagn, Cogaz, and Qwanciqutshaa (of all three legends are here given), who had great power, but it was Cagn who gave orders through the other two. Cagn's wife Coti, took her husband's knife and used it to sharpen a digging stick ("Cibi" on which a perforated stone is put), and she dug roots to eat. When Cagn found she had spoiled his knife, he scolded her and said evil should come to her. Upon this she conceived and brought forth a little eland's

calf in the fields, and she told her husband, and said she did not know what sort of a child it was, and he ran to see it, and came back and told Coti to grind canna, so that he might inquire what it was. She did so, and he went and sprinkled these charms on the animal, and asked it, "Are you this animal? Are you that animal?" but it remained silent till he asked it, "Are you an eland (Tsha)?" when it said "Aaaa." Then he took it and folded it in his arms, and went and got a gourd, in which he put it, and took it to a secluded kloof enclosed by hills, and precipices, and left it to grow there. He was at that time making all animals and things, and making them fit for the use of men, and making snares and weapons. He made then the partridge and the striped mouse, and he made the wind in order that game should smell up the wind, so they run up the wind still. Cagn took three sticks and sharpened them, and he threw one at the eland and it ran away, and he called it back, and he missed with each of them, and each time called it back, and then he went to his nephew to get arrow poison, and he was away three days. While he was away his sons Cogaz and Gcwi went out with young men to hunt, and they came upon the eland their father had hidden, and they did not know about it. It was a new animal. Its horns had just grown, and they tried to encircle it and stab it, and it always broke through the circle and afterwards came back and lay down at the same place. At last, while it was asleep, Gcwi, who could throw well, pierced it, and they cut it up and took the meat and blood home; but after they had cut it up they saw the snares and traps of Cagn, and knew it was his, and they were afraid. And Cagn came back the third day and saw the blood on the ground where it had been killed, and he was very angry, and he came home and told Gcwi he would punish him for his presumption and disobedience, and he pulled his nose off and flung it into the fire. But he said, "No! I shall not do that," so he put his nose on again, and he said, "Now begin to try to undo the mischief you have done, for you have spoilt the elands when I was making them fit for use," so he told him to take of the eland's blood and put it in a pot and churn it with a little native churn stick, which he made to spin in the blood by rubbing the upright stick between the palms of his hands, and he scattered the blood and it turned into snakes, and they went abroad, and Cagn told him not to make fright-things, and he churned again and scattered the blood and it turned into hartebeests, and they ran away, and his father said, "I am not satisfied; this is not yet what I want; you can't do anything. Throw the blood out! Coti, my wife! cleanse this pot and bring more blood from the little paunch where they put it, and churn it," and she did so, and they added the fat from the heart, and she churned it, and he sprinkled it, and the drops became bull elands, and these surrounded them and pushed them with their horns, and he said, "You see how you have spoilt the elands," and he drove these elands away and then they churned and produced eland cows, and then they churned and produced multitudes of elands, and the earth was covered with them, and he told Gcwi, "Go and hunt them and try to kill one, that is now your work, for it was you who spoilt them," and Gcwi ran and did his best, but he

came back panting and footsore and worn out; and he hunted again next day, and was unable to kill any. They were able to run away because Cagn was in their bones. Then Cagn sent Cogaz to turn the elands towards him, and Cagn shouted and the elands came running close past him, and he threw assegais and killed three bulls, and then he sent Cogaz to hunt, and he gave him a blessing, and he killed two, and then he sent Gcwi, and he killed one. That day game were given to men to eat, and this is the way they were spoilt and became wild. Cagn said he must punish them for trying to kill the thing he made which they did not know, and he must make them feel sore.

A daughter of Cagn became cross because her father had scolded her and she ran away to destroy herself by throwing herself among the snakes (qabu). The snakes were also men, and their chief married her and they ate snake's meat, but they gave her eland's meat to eat, because the child of Cagn must eat no evil thing. Cagn used to know things that were far off, and he sent his son Cogaz to bring her back, so Cogaz went with his young men, and Cagn lent him his tooth to make him strong.

When the snakes saw Cogaz approaching with his party, they became angry and began to hide their heads, but their chief said, "You must not get angry, they are coming to their child," so the snakes went away to hunt, and his sister gave him meat, and they told her to tell her husband they were come to fetch her and she prepared food for the road and they went with her next morning, and they prepared themselves by binding rushes round their limbs and bodies, and three snakes followed them. These tried to bite them, but they only bit the rushes; they tried to beat them with reins, but they only beat rushes, and they tried throwing sand at them to cause wind to drive them into the water, not knowing he had the tooth of Cagn, and they failed. The children at home, the young men with the chief of the snakes, knew that when those snakes came back they would fill the country with water. So they commenced to build a high stage with willow poles, and the female snakes took their husbands on their return and threw them into the water, and it rose above the mountains, but the chief and his young men were saved on the high stage; and Cagn sent Cogaz for them to come and turn from being snakes, and he told them to lie down, and he struck them with his stick, and as he struck each the body of a person came out, and the skin of a snake was left on the ground, and he sprinkled the skins with canna, and the snakes turned from being snakes, and they became his people.

The big people you have seen painted with deformities are the Qobe—they carried battle axes, and are so drawn, they were cannibals, they cut people's heads off, they killed women and drew the blood out of their noses. Cagn sent Cogaz to their residence to deliver a woman from them, and he lent him his tooth. His toothache had told him to send Cogaz. Cogaz went, and when he was coming back Cagn saw the dust, and sent the little bird that flies up and says tee-tee, called moti in Sesuto, and gouka in Bushman language, but it told

nothing; then he sent another bird, the tinktinki, or tintinyane—qinqininyq in Bushman—and it brought no news. Then he sent a third, the qeiv, a black and white bird that sings in the early morning, called tsqanafike in Sesuto; and he rubbed canna on its beak, and it flew to the dust and brought back word that the giants were coming. The giants attacked Cogaz several times but he used to get upon the tooth of Cagn and it grew up to a great height, and they could not reach him. He used to cook his food up there, and then he used to play on his reed flute, and this put them to sleep; and he would go on, and they would wake up, follow him, and he would get up on the tooth again. At last, when they continued attacking him, he killed some of them with poisoned arrows, and Cagn said he would not have these people, but drive them far off and kill them as they were cannibals, and he cut up his kaross and sandals and turned them into dogs and wild dogs and set them at the Qobe giants and destroyed them.

Qwanciqutshaa, the chief, used to live alone. He had no wife, for the women would not have him. A man sent a number of little boys to get sticks for the women to dig ants' eggs. One of the women grumbled, saying the stick she received was crooked and those of the others were straight. That night she dreamed that a baboon came to take for his wife a young girl who had refused Qwanciqutshaa. Next day, as she was digging alone, the baboon came to her in a rage (it had been present and heard her observation about the stick, and thought she was mocking at the crookedness of its tail), and it said, "Why did you curse me?" and it threw stones at her, and she ran home and told the girl of her dream and that it was coming true, and told her to escape to Qwanciqutshaa. The girl sank into the ground and came up at another place, and sank again. She sank three times and then came up and went to Qwanciqutshaa's place. Qwanciqutshaa had killed a red rhebok and was skinning it when he saw his elands running about and wondered what had startled them. He left the meat and took the skin and went home, and asked why she came. She said she was frightened of the baboon. He told her to fetch water to wash the blood off his hand, and she went, and came running back in a fright, and spilt some on Qwanciqutshaa.

He said, "What is the reason of this?"

She said, "It is fright at the baboon."

He said, "Why are you frightened; he is your husband, and comes from your place?"

She said, "No, I have run to you for fear of him."

Then he put her up on his head and hid her in his hair. The baboon had in the meantime come to the people she had left, and asked for her, and they said they did not know where she was; but he smelt where she had gone down into the ground, and he pursued, scenting her at each place, and when he came towards Qwanciqutshaa the elands started and ran about and gazed at him.

He came up to Qwanciqutshaa with his keeries, saying, "Where is my wife?"

Qwanciqutshaa said, "I have no wife of yours."

It flew at Qwanciqutshaa, and fought him, but Qwanciqutshaa got it down and struck it through with its own keerie, and Qwanciqutshaa banished it to the mountains, saying, "Go, eat scorpions and roots as a baboon should," and it went screaming away; and the screams were heard by the women at the place it came from and all the baboons were banished. And Qwanciqutshaa killed an eland, purified himself as the baboon had defiled him, and he told the girl to go home and tell the people he was alive. But the young men wanted to marry this girl, and she said, "No, I love none but Qwanciqutshaa, who saved me from the baboon." So they hated Qwanciqutshaa; and when he had killed a red rhebok and put meat on the fire to roast, those young men took fat from a snake they had killed and dropped it on the meat, and when he cut a piece and put it in his mouth, it fell out; and he cut another, and it fell out; and the third time it fell out, and the blood gushed from his nose. So he took all his things, his weapons, and clothes, and threw them into the sky, and he threw himself into the river.

And there were villages down there and young women, and they wanted to catch Qwanciqutshaa; but he turned into a snake and said, "No it is through women I was killed," and he eluded and threatened them, and they all ran away. The only girl that remained was the girl he had saved, and she made a hut and went and picked things and made canna, and put pieces in a row from the river bank to the hut. And the snake came out and ate up the charms, and went back into the water, and the next day she did the same, and that night he came and went to the hut and took a mat and went up to the sky and got his kaross and came down and slept on the mat. And when the girl saw he had been there she placed charms again, and lay in wait, and the snake came out of the water and raised his head, and looked warily and suspiciously round, and then he glided out of the snake's skin and walked, picking up the charmed food, to the hut, and when he was asleep she went in and seized him and quickly forced more charms into his mouth, and he struggled to escape, but she held him fast, and he was exhausted and trembled, and said, "Why do you hold me, you who caused my death?"

And she said, "Though I was the cause, it was not my fault, for I loved you, and none but you!" and she smothered him in the kaross and ran to the skin and sprinkled it with canna and burnt it, and they remained there three days. And Qwanciqutshaa killed an eland and purified himself and his wife, and told her to grind canna, and she did so, and he sprinkled it on the ground, and all the elands that had died became alive again, and some came in with assegais sticking in them, which had been struck by those people who had wanted to kill him. And he took out the assegais, a whole bundle, and they remained in his place; and it was a place enclosed with hills and precipices, and there was one pass, and it was constantly filled with a freezingly cold mist, so that none could pass through it, and those men all remained outside, and they ate sticks at last, and died of hunger. But his brother (or her brother), in chasing an eland he had

wounded, pursued it closely through that mist, and Qwanciquitshaa saw the elands running about, frightened at that wounded eland and the assegai that was sticking in it, and he came out and saw his brother, and he said, "Oh! My brother I have been injured; you see now where I am." And the next morning he killed an eland for his brother, and he told him to go back and call his mother and his friends, and he did so, and when they came they told him how the other people had died of hunger outside; and they stayed with him, and the place smelt of meat.

Cagn sent Cogaz to cut sticks to make bows. When Cogaz came to the bush, the baboons (cogn) caught him. They called all the other baboons together to hear him, and they asked him who sent him there. He said his father sent him to cut sticks to make bows. So they said "Your father thinks himself more clever than we are, he wants those bows to kill us, so we'll kill you," and they killed Cogaz, and tied him up in the top of a tree, and they danced around the tree singing (an untranscribable baboon song), with a chorus saying, "Cagn thinks he is clever." Cagn was asleep when Cogaz was killed, but when he awoke he told Coti to give him his charms, and he put some on his nose, and said the baboons have hung Cogaz. So he went to where the baboons were, and when they saw him coming close by, they changed their song so as to omit the words about Cagn, but a little baboon girl said, "Don't sing that way; sing the way you were singing before."

And Cagn said, "Sing as the little girl wishes," and they sang and danced away as before. And Cagn said, "That is the song I heard, that is what I wanted, go on dancing till I return"; and he went and fetched a bag full of pegs, and he went behind each of them as they were dancing and making a great dust, and he drove a peg into each one's back, and gave it a crack, and sent them off to the mountains to live on roots, beetles and scorpions, as a punishment. Before that baboons were men, but since that they have tails, and their tails hang crooked.

Then Cagn took Cogaz down, and gave him canna and made him alive again. Cagn found an eagle getting honey from a precipice, and said, "My friend, give me some too," and it said, "Wait a bit," and it took a comb and put it down, and went back and took more, and told Cagn to take the rest, and he climbed up and licked only what remained on the rock, and when he tried to come down he found he could not. Presently he thought of his charms, and took some from his belt, and caused them to go to Cogaz to ask advice; and Cogaz sent word back by means of the charms that he was to make water to run down the rock, and he would find himself able to come down; and he did so, and when he got down, he descended into the ground and came up again, and he did this three times, and the third time he came up near the eagle, in the form of a huge bull eland; and the eagle said, "What a big eland," and went to kill it, and it threw an assegai, which passed it on the right side, and then another, which missed it, to the left, and a third, which passed between its legs, and the

eagle trampled on it, and immediately hail fell and stunned the eagle, and Cagn killed it, and took some of the honey home to Cogaz, and told him he had killed the eagle which had acted treacherously to him, and Cogaz said, "You will get harm some day by these fightings." And Cagn found a woman named Cgorioinsi, who eats men, and she had made a big fire and was dancing round it, and she used to seize men and throw them into the fire, and Cagn began to roast roots at the fire, and at last she came and pitched him in, but he slipped through at the other side, and went on roasting and eating his roots, and she pitched him in again and again, and he only said, "Wait a bit until I have finished my roots and I'll show you what I am." And when he had done he threw her into the fire as a punishment for killing people. Then Cagn went back to the mountain, where he had left some of the honey he took from the eagle, and he left his sticks there, and went down to the river, and there was a person in the river named Quuisi, who had been standing there a long time, something having caught him by the foot, and held him there since the winter, and he called to Cagn to come and help him, and Cagn went to help him, and put his hand down into the water to loosen his leg, and the thing let go the man's leg, and seized Cagn's arm.

And the man ran stumbling out of the water, for his leg was stiffened by his being so long held fast, and he called out, "Now you will be held there till the winter," and he went to the honey, and threw Cagn's sticks away; and Cagn began to bethink him of his charms, and he sent to ask Cogaz for advice through his charms, and Cogaz sent word and told him to let down a piece of his garment into the water alongside his hand, and he did so, and the thing let go his hand and seized his garment, and he cut off the end of his garment, and ran and collected his sticks, and pursued the man and killed him, and took the honey to Cogaz.

The thorns (dobbletjes) were people—they are called Cagncagn—they were dwarfs, and Cagn found them fighting together, and he went to separate them, and they all turned upon him and killed him, and the biting ants helped them, and they eat Cagn up; but after a time they and the dwarfs collected his bones, and put them together and tied his head on, and these went stumbling home, and Cogaz cured him and made him all right again, and asked what had happened to him, and he told him; and Cogaz gave him advice and power, telling him how to fight them, that he was to make feints and strike as if at their legs, and then hit them on the head, and he went and killed many, and drove the rest into the mountains.

Cagn found a woman, who had been left behind by people, and he thought he would take her home and make her his wife, so he picked her up and put her on his back, and she stuck on his back like wax, and he went to a tree to scrape her off, and she stuck to the tree too like wax. At last he got home to his wife Coti, and she scolded him for his conduct—he who was so great a king picking up with any woman he met with—and she boiled water and melted the woman off him, and when he got loose, Cagn gave her a tremendous thrashing for sticking to him like wax, and he drove her away.

THE LION AND THE JACKAL

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Honey [Honeij], James A. *South African Folk-Tales*. New York: Baker & Taylor, 1910, 33–40.

Date: ca. 1910

Original Source: San

National Origin: Unavailable

The following **animal tale** reveals Jackal as another of the San **tricksters**. Featured in many of the group's tales, he is believed to be as cowardly as he is wily. For example, if one should eat a jackal's heart that person will become timid and easily frightened. Boer is the Afrikaans term for the descendants of European agriculturalists in southern Africa. In the following animal tale, the so-called tiger is actually the leopard.

Not because he was exactly the most capable or progressive fellow in the neighborhood, but because he always gave that idea—that is why Jackal slowly acquired among the neighbors the name of a “progressive man.” The truly well-bred people around him, who did not wish to hurt his feelings, seemed to apply this name to him, instead of, for instance, “cunning scamp,” or “all-wise rat-trap,” as so many others often dubbed him. He obtained this name of “a progressive man” because he spoke most of the time English, especially if he thought some of them were present who could not understand it, and also because he could always hold his body so much like a judge on public occasions.

He had a smooth tongue, could make quite a favorable speech, and especially with good effect could he expatiate on the backwardness of others. Underneath he really was the most unlettered man in the vicinity, but he had perfect control over his inborn cunningness, which allowed him for a long time to go triumphantly through life as a man of great ability.

One time, for instance, he lost his tail in an iron trap. He had long attempted to reach the Boer's goose pen, and had framed many good plans, but when he came to his senses, he was sitting in front of the goose pen with his tail in the iron trap, the dogs all the time coming for him. When he realized what it meant, he mustered together all his strength and pulled his tail, which he always thought so much of, clean off.

This would immediately have made him the butt of the whole neighborhood had he not thought of a plan. He called together a meeting of the jackals, and made them believe that Lion had issued a proclamation to the effect that all jackals in the future should be tailless, because their beautiful tails were a thorn in the eyes of more unfortunate animals.

In his smooth way he told them how he regretted that the king should have the barbaric right to interfere with his subjects. But so it was; and he thought the sooner he paid attention to it the safer. Therefore he had had his tail cut off already and he should advise all his friends to do the same. And so it happened that once all jackals for a long time were without tails. Later on they grew again.

It was about the same time that Tiger hired Jackal as a schoolmaster. Tiger was in those days the richest man in the surrounding country, and as he had had to suffer a great deal himself because he was so untutored, he wanted his children to have the best education that could be obtained.

It was shortly after a meeting, in which it was shown how important a thing an education was, that Tiger approached Jackal and asked him to come and teach his children.

Jackal was very ready to do this. It was not exactly his vocation, he said, but he would do it to pass time and just out of friendship for his neighbor. His and Tiger's farm lands lay next each other. That he did not make teaching his profession and that he possessed no degree was of no account in the eyes of Tiger.

"Do not praise my goodness so much, Cousin Jackal," laughed he. "We know your worth well enough. Much rather would I entrust my offspring to you than to the many so-called schoolmasters, for it is especially my wish, as well as that of their mother, to have our children obtain a progressive education, and to make such men and women of them that with the same ability as you have they can take their lawful places in this world."

"One condition," said Jackal, "I must state. It will be very inconvenient for me, almost impossible, to come here to your farm and hold school. My own farm would in that case go to pieces, and that I cannot let happen. It would never pay me."

Tiger answered that it was not exactly necessary either. In spite of their attachment to the little ones, they saw that it would probably be to their benefit to place them for a while in a stranger's house.

Jackal then told of his own bringing up by Wolf. He remembered well how small he was when his father sent him away to study with Wolf. Naturally, since then, he had passed through many schools, Wolf was only his first teacher. And only in his later days did he realize how much good it had done him.

"A man must bend the sapling while it is still young," said he. "There is no time that the child is so open to impressions as when he is plastic, about the age that most of your children are at present, and I was just thinking you would be doing a wise thing to send them away for quite a while."

He had, fortunately, just then a room in his house that would be suited for a schoolroom, and his wife could easily make some arrangement for their lodging, even if they had to enlarge their dwelling somewhat.

It was then and there agreed upon. Tiger's wife was then consulted about one thing and another, and the following day the children were to leave.

“I have just thought of one more thing,” remarked Jackal, “seven children, besides my little lot, will be quite a care on our hands, so you will have to send over each week a fat lamb, and in order not to disturb their progress, the children will have to relinquish the idea of a vacation spent with you for some time. When I think they have become used to the bit, I will inform you, and then you can come and take them to make you a short visit, but not until then. “It is also better,” continued he, “that they do not see you for the first while, but your wife can come and see them every Saturday and I will see to all else.”

On the following day there was an unearthly howling and wailing when the children were to leave. But Tiger and their mother showed them that it was best and that some day they would see that it was all for their good, and that their parents were doing it out of kindness. Eventually they were gone.

The first Saturday dawned, and early that morning Mrs. Tiger was on her way to Jackal’s dwelling, because she could not defer the time any longer.

She was still a long way off when Jackal caught sight of her. He always observed neighborly customs, and so stepped out to meet her.

After they had greeted each other, Mrs. Tiger’s first question was, “Well, Cousin Jackal, how goes everything with the small team? Are they still all well and happy, and do they not trouble you, Cousin Jackal, too much?”

“Oh, my goodness, no, Mrs. Tiger,” answered Jackal enthusiastically, “but don’t let us talk so loud, because if they heard you, it certainly would cause them many heartfelt tears and they might also want to go back with you and then all our trouble would have been for nothing.”

“But I would like to see them, Cousin Jackal,” said Mrs. Tiger a little disturbed.

“Why certainly, Mrs. Tiger,” was his answer, “but I do not think it is wise for them to see you. I will lift them up to the window one by one, and then you can put your mind at rest concerning their health and progress.”

After Mr. and Mrs. Jackal and Mrs. Tiger had sat together for some time drinking coffee and talking over one thing and another, Jackal took Tiger’s wife to a door and told her to look through it, out upon the back yard. There he would show her the children one by one, while they would not be able to see her. Everything was done exactly as Jackal had said, but the sixth little tiger he picked up twice, because the firstborn he had the day before prepared in pickle for their Sunday meal.

And so it happened every Saturday until the last little tiger—which was the youngest—had to be lifted up seven times in succession.

And when Mrs. Tiger came again the following week all was still as death and everything seemed to have a deserted appearance on the estate. She walked straight to the front door, and there she found a letter in the poll grass near the door, which read thus:

“We have gone for a picnic with the children. From there we will ride by Jackals’ dance for New Year. This is necessary for the completion of their progressive education.”

Saturday after Saturday did Mrs. Tiger go and look, but every time Jackal's house seemed to look more deserted; and after a while there was a spider's web over the door and the trail of Snake showed that he, too, had taken up his abode there.

THE MONKEY'S FIDDLE

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Honey [Honeij], James A. *South African Folk-Tales*. New York: Baker & Taylor, 1910, 14–18.

Date: ca. 1910

Original Source: San

National Origin: Unavailable

The following **ordinary folktale** is based on a widely distributed **tale type** (AT 592) in which a condemned prisoner earns freedom by using a magic fiddle to compel the court and would-be executioners to dance until revoke their sentence of death.

Hunger and want forced Monkey one day to forsake his land and to seek elsewhere among strangers for much-needed work. Bulbs, earth beans, scorpions, insects, and such things were completely exhausted in his own land. But fortunately he received, for the time being, shelter with a great uncle of his who lived in another part of the country.

When he had worked for quite a while he wanted to return home, and as recompense his great uncle gave him a fiddle and a bow and arrow and told him that with the bow and arrow he could hit and kill anything he desired, and with the fiddle he could force anything to dance.

The first he met upon his return to his own land was Brer Wolf. This old fellow told him all the news and also that he had since early morning been attempting to stalk a deer, but all in vain.

Then Monkey laid before him all the wonders of the bow and arrow that he carried on his back and assured him if he could but see the deer he would bring it down for him. When Wolf showed him the deer, Monkey was ready and down fell the deer. They made a good meal together, but instead of Wolf being thankful, jealousy overmastered him and he begged for the bow and arrow. When Monkey refused to give it to him, he thereupon began to threaten him with his greater strength, and so when Jackal passed by, Wolf told him that Monkey had stolen his bow and arrow. After Jackal had heard both of them, he declared himself unqualified to settle the case alone, and he proposed that they bring the matter to the court of Lion, Tiger [Leopard], and the other animals. In the

meantime, he declared he would take possession of what had been the cause of their quarrel, so that it would be safe, as he said. But he immediately brought to earth all that was eatable, so there was a long time of slaughter before Monkey and Wolf agreed to have the affair in court.

Monkey's evidence was weak, and to make it worse, Jackal's testimony was against him. Jackal thought that in this way it would be easier to obtain the bow and arrow from Wolf for himself.

And so fell the sentence against Monkey. Theft was looked upon as a great wrong; he must hang.

The fiddle was still at his side, and he received as a last favor from the court the right to play a tune on it.

He was a master player of his time, and in addition to this came the wonderful power of his charmed fiddle. Thus, when he struck the first note of "Cockcrow" upon it, the court began at once to show an unusual and spontaneous liveliness, and before he came to the first waltzing turn of the old tune the whole court was dancing like a whirlwind.

Over and over, quicker and quicker, sounded the tune of "Cockcrow" on the charmed fiddle, until some of the dancers, exhausted, fell down, although still keeping their feet in motion. But Monkey, musician as he was, heard and saw nothing of what had happened around him. With his head placed lovingly against the instrument, and his eyes half closed, he played on, keeping time ever with his foot.

Wolf was the first to cry out in pleading tones breathlessly, "Please stop, Cousin Monkey! For love's sake, please stop!"

But Monkey did not even hear him. Over and over sounded the resistless waltz of "Cockcrow."

After a while Lion showed signs of fatigue, and when he had gone the round once more with his young lion wife, he growled as he passed Monkey, "My whole kingdom is yours, ape, if you just stop playing."

"I do not want it," answered Monkey, "but withdraw the sentence and give me my bow and arrow, and you, Wolf, acknowledge that you stole it from me."

"I acknowledge, I acknowledge!" cried Wolf, while Lion cried, at the same instant, that he withdrew the sentence.

Monkey gave them just a few more turns of the "Cockcrow," gathered up his bow and arrow, and seated himself high up in the nearest camel thorn tree.

The court and other animals were so afraid that he might begin again that they hastily disbanded to new parts of the world.

CROCODILE'S TREASON

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Honey [Honeij], James A. *South African Folk-Tales*. New York: Baker & Taylor, 1910, 64-72.

Date: ca. 1910

Original Source: San

National Origin: Unavailable

In the following narrative Jackal's wiles save him, and he attempts to save his fellow land dwellers from the deceit of Crocodile. The two threats to the animal characters described in the tale, drought and Boerer incursions, posed equal danger to the San.

Crocodile was, in the days when animals still could talk, the acknowledged foreman of all water creatures and if one should judge from appearances one would say that he still is. But in those days it was his especial duty to have a general care of all water animals, and when one year it was exceedingly dry, and the water of the river where they had lived dried up and became scarce, he was forced to make a plan to trek over to another river a short distance from there.

He first sent Otter out to spy. He stayed away two days and brought back a report that there was still good water in the other river, real sea-cow [manatee] holes, that not even a drought of several years could dry up.

After he had ascertained this, Crocodile called to his side Tortoise and Alligator.

"Look here," said he, "I need you two tonight to carry a report to Lion. So then get ready; the veldt is dry, and you will probably have to travel for a few days without any water. We must make peace with Lion and his subjects, otherwise we utterly perish this year. And he must help us to trek over to the other river, especially past the Boer's farm that lies in between, and to travel unmo-
lest by any of the animals of the veldt, so long as the trek lasts. A fish on land is sometimes a very helpless thing, as you all know."

The two had it mighty hard in the burning sun, and on the dry veldt, but eventually they reached Lion and handed him the treaty.

"What is going on now?" thought Lion to himself, when he had read it. "I must consult Jackal first," said he. But to the commissioners he gave back an answer that he would be the following evening with his advisers at the appointed place, at the big vaarland willow tree, at the farther end of the hole of water, where Crocodile had his headquarters.

When Tortoise and Alligator came back, Crocodile was exceedingly pleased with himself at the turn the case had taken.

He allowed Otter and a few others to be present and ordered them on that evening to have ready plenty of fish and other eatables for their guests under the vaarland willow.

That evening as it grew dark Lion appeared with Wolf, Jackal, Baboon, and a few other important animals, at the appointed place, and they were

received in the most open-hearted manner by Crocodile and the other water creatures.

Crocodile was so glad at the meeting of the animals that he now and then let fall a great tear of joy that disappeared into the sand. After the other animals had done well by the fish, Crocodile laid bare to them the condition of affairs and opened up his plan. He wanted only peace among all animals; for they not only destroyed one another, but the Boer, too, would in time destroy them all.

The Boer had already stationed at the source of the river no less than three steam pumps to irrigate his land, and the water was becoming scarcer every day. More than this, he took advantage of their unfortunate position by making them sit in the shallow water and then, one after the other, bringing about their death. As Lion was, on this account, inclined to make peace, it was to his glory to take this opportunity and give his hand to these peace-making water creatures, and carry out their part of the contract, namely, escort them from the dried-up water, past the Boer's farm and to the long sea-cow pools.

"And what benefit shall we receive from it?" asked Jackal.

"Well," answered Crocodile, "the peace made is of great benefit to both sides. We will not exterminate each other. If you desire to come and drink water, you can do so with an easy mind, and not be the least bit nervous that I, or any one of us will seize you by the nose; and so also with all the other animals. And from your side we are to be freed from Elephant, who has the habit, whenever he gets the opportunity, of tossing us with his trunk up into some open and narrow fork of a tree and there allowing us to become biltong [Afrikaans word for dried meat]."

Lion and Jackal stepped aside to consult with one another, and then Lion wanted to know what form of security he would have that Crocodile would keep to his part of the contract.

"I stake my word of honor," was the prompt answer from Crocodile, and he let drop a few more long tears of honesty into the sand.

Baboon then said it was all square and honest as far as he could see into the case. He thought it was nonsense to attempt to dig pitfalls for one another; because he personally was well aware that his race would benefit somewhat from this contract of peace and friendship. And more than this, they must consider that use must be made of the fast disappearing water, for even in the best of times it was an unpleasant thing to be always carrying your life about in your hands. He would, however, like to suggest to the King that it would be well to have everything put down in writing, so that there would be nothing to regret in case it was needed.

Jackal did not want to listen to the agreement. He could not see that it would benefit the animals of the veldt. But Wolf, who had fully satisfied himself with the fish, was in an exceptionally peace-loving mood, and he advised Lion again to close the agreement.

After Lion had listened to all his advisers, and also the pleading tones of Crocodile's followers, he held forth in a speech in which he said that he was

inclined to enter into the agreement, seeing that it was clear that Crocodile and his subjects were in a very tight place.

There and then a document was drawn up, and it was resolved, before midnight, to begin the trek. Crocodile's messengers swam in all directions to summon together the water animals for the trek.

Frogs croaked and crickets chirped in the long water grass. It was not long before all the animals had assembled at the vaarland willow. In the meantime Lion had sent out a few dispatch riders to his subjects to raise a commando for an escort, and long ere midnight these also were at the vaarland willow in the moonlight.

The trek then was regulated by Lion and Jackal. Jackal was to take the lead to act as spy, and when he was able to draw Lion to one side, he said to him, "See here, I do not trust this affair one bit, and I want to tell you straight out, I am going to make tracks! I will spy for you until you reach the sea-cow [manatee] pool, but I am not going to be the one to await your arrival there."

Elephant had to act as advance guard because he could walk so softly and could hear and smell so well. Then came Lion with one division of the animals, then Crocodile's trek with a flank protection of both sides, and Wolf received orders to bring up the rear.

Meanwhile, while all this was being arranged, Crocodile was smoothly preparing his treason. He called Yellow Snake to one side and said to him, "It is to our advantage to have these animals, who go among us every day, and who will continue to do so, fall into the hands of the Boer. Listen, now! You remain behind unnoticed, and when you hear me shout you will know that we have arrived safely at the sea-cow pool. Then you must harass the Boer's dogs as much as you can, and the rest will look out for themselves."

Thereupon the trek moved on. It was necessary to go very slowly as many of the water animals were not accustomed to the journey on land; but they trekked past the Boer's farm in safety, and toward break of day they were all safely at the sea-cow pool. There most of the water animals disappeared suddenly into the deep water, and Crocodile also began to make preparations to follow their example. With tearful eyes he said to Lion that he was, oh, so thankful for the help, that, from pure relief and joy, he must first give vent to his feelings by a few screams. Thereupon he suited his words to actions so that even the mountains echoed, and then thanked Lion on behalf of his subjects, and purposely continued with a long speech, dwelling on all the benefits both sides would derive from the agreement of peace.

Lion was just about to say good day and take his departure, when the first shot fell, and with it Elephant and a few other animals.

"I told you all so!" shouted Jackal from the other side of the sea-cow pool. "Why did you allow yourselves to be misled by a few Crocodile tears?"

Crocodile had disappeared long ago into the water. All one saw was just a lot of bubbles; and on the banks there was an actual war against the animals. It simply crackled the way the Boers shot them.

But most of them, fortunately, came out of it alive.

Shortly after, they say, Crocodile received his well-earned reward, when he met a driver with a load of dynamite. And even now when the Elephant gets the chance he pitches them up into the highest forks of the trees.

RABBIT'S [HARE'S] TRIUMPH

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Honey [Honeij], James A. *South African Folk-Tales*. New York: Baker & Taylor, 1910, 79–83.

Date: ca. 1910

Original Source: San

National Origin: Unavailable

Variants of this tale enjoy not only a general popularity thanks to a widely read version, “The Wonderful Tar-Baby Story,” by Joel Chandler Harris and the twentieth-century Walt Disney print and film versions, but also a wide oral distribution as well. See, in this collection, the Caribbean’s “Brother Rabbit an’ Brother Tar-Baby” (Volume 4, page 414); see also the tale of “The Tarbaby and the Rabbit” (AT 175). The plot, which is often coupled with the “Briar-Patch Punishment for Rabbit” (AT 1310), enjoys worldwide distribution with versions found in South and East Asia, Africa and Europe, as well as the Western hemisphere. In the following **animal tale**, the two most popular African **tricksters**, hare and tortoise, are matched.

There was a frightful drought. The rivers after a while dried up and even the springs gave no water.

The animals wandered around seeking drink, but to no avail. Nowhere was water to be found.

A great gathering of animals was held: Lion, Tiger, Wolf, Jackal, Elephant, all of them came together. What was to be done? That was the question. One had this plan, and another had that; but no plan seemed of value.

Finally one of them suggested, “Come, let all of us go to the dry river bed and dance; in that way we can tread out the water.”

Good! Everyone was satisfied and ready to begin instantly, excepting Rabbit, who said, “I will not go and dance. All of you are mad to attempt to get water from the ground by dancing.”

The other animals danced and danced, and ultimately danced the water to the surface. How glad they were. Everyone drank as much as he could, but

Rabbit did not dance with them. So it was decided that Rabbit should have no water.

He laughed at them, "I will nevertheless drink some of your water."

That evening he proceeded leisurely to the river bed where the dance had been, and drank as much as he wanted.

The following morning the animals saw the footprints of Rabbit in the ground, and Rabbit shouted to them, "Aha! I did have some of the water, and it was most refreshing and tasted fine."

Quickly all the animals were called together. What were they to do? How were they to get Rabbit in their hands? All had some means to propose; the one suggested this, and the other that.

Finally old Tortoise moved slowly forward, foot by foot, "I will catch Rabbit."

"You? How? What do you think of yourself?" shouted the others in unison.

"Rub my shell with pitch, and I will go to the edge of the water and lie down. I will then resemble a stone, so that when Rabbit steps on me his feet will stick fast."

"Yes! Yes! That's good."

And in a one, two, three, Tortoise's shell was covered with pitch, and foot by foot he moved away to the river. At the edge, close to the water, he lay down and drew his head into his shell.

Rabbit during the evening came to get a drink. "Ha!" he chuckled sarcastically, "they are, after all, quite decent. Here they have placed a stone, so now I need not unnecessarily wet my feet."

Rabbit trod with his left foot on the stone, and there it stuck. Tortoise then put his head out. "Ha! Old Tortoise! And it's you, is it, that's holding me. But here I still have another foot. I'll give you a good clout." Rabbit gave Tortoise what he said he would with his right fore foot, hard and straight; and there his foot remained.

"I have yet a hind foot, and with it I'll kick you." Rabbit drove his hind foot down. This also rested on Tortoise where it struck.

"But still another foot remains, and now I'll tread you." He stamped his foot down, but it stuck like the others.

He used his head to hammer Tortoise, and his tail as a whip, but both met the same fate as his feet, so there he was tight and fast down to the pitch.

Tortoise now slowly turned himself round and foot by foot started for the other animals, with Rabbit on his back.

"Ha! ha! ha! Rabbit! How does it look now? Insolence does not pay after all," shouted the animals.

Now advice was sought. What should they do with Rabbit? He certainly must die. But how? One said, "Behead him"; another, "Some severe penalty."

"Rabbit, how are we to kill you?"

"It does not affect me," Rabbit said. "Only a shameful death please do not pronounce."

“And what is that?” they all shouted.

“To take me by my tail and dash my head against a stone; that I pray and beseech you don’t do.”

“No, but just so you’ll die. That is decided.”

It was decided Rabbit should die by taking him by his tail and dashing his head to pieces against some stone. But who is to do it?

Lion, because he is the most powerful one.

Good! Lion should do it. He stood up, walked to the front, and poor Rabbit was brought to him. Rabbit pleaded and beseeched that he couldn’t die such a miserable death. Lion took Rabbit firmly by the tail and swung him around. The white skin slipped off from Rabbit, and there Lion stood with the white bit of skin and hair in his paw. Rabbit was free.

THE MANTIS ASSUMES THE FORM OF A HARTEBEEST

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Bleek, W. H. I., and Lucy C. Lloyd. *Specimens of Bushman Folklore*. London: George Allen & Company, Ltd., 1911, 3–16.

Date: ca. 1911

Original Source: San

National Origin: South Africa

Mantis who is featured as the creator figure among the San in “Origins” (page 137), appears in this narrative as their central **trickster** figure. His ability to change shape from mantis to hartebeest (a large African antelope) to human being is typical of the trickster character. The trait of mantis’s ability to will his various bodily parts to animate themselves to allow the trickster to work his wiles is cross-culturally distributed.

The Mantis is one who cheated the children, by becoming a hartebeest, by resembling a dead hartebeest. He feigning death lay in front of the children, when the children went to seek gambroo (*kui*, a sort of cucumber); because he thought (wished) that the children should cut him up with a stone knife, as these children did not possess metal knives.

The children perceived him, when he had laid himself stretched out, while his horns were turned backwards. The children then said to each other, “It is a hartebeest that yonder lies; it is dead.” The children jumped for joy (saying), “Our hartebeest! we shall eat great meat.” They broke off stone knives by striking (one stone against another), they skinned the Mantis. The skin of the

Mantis snatched itself quickly out of the children's hands. They say to each other, "Hold thou strongly fast for me the hartebeest skin!" Another child said, "The hartebeest skin pulled at me."

Her elder sister said, "It does seem that the hartebeest has not a wound from the people who shot it; for, the hartebeest appears to have died of itself. Although the hartebeest is fat, (yet) the hartebeest has no shooting wound."

Her elder sister cut off a shoulder of the hartebeest, and put it down (on a bush). The hartebeest's shoulder arose by itself, it sat down nicely (on the other side of the bush), while it placed itself nicely. She (then) cut off a thigh of the hartebeest, and put it down (on a bush); it placed itself nicely on the bush. She cut off another shoulder of the hartebeest, and put it upon (another) bush. It arose, and sat upon a soft (portion of the) bush; as it felt that the bush (upon which the child had laid it) pricked it.

Another elder sister cut off the other thigh of the hartebeest. They spoke thus, "This hartebeest's flesh does move; that must be why it shrinks away."

They arrange their burdens; one says to the other, "Cut and break off the hartebeest's neck, so that (thy) younger sister may carry the hartebeest's head, for, (thy) yonder sitting elder sister, she shall carry the hartebeest's back, she who is a big girl. For, we must carrying return (home); for, we came (and) cut up this hartebeest. Its flesh moves; its flesh snatches itself out of our hand. It of itself places itself nicely."

They take up the flesh of the Mantis; they say to the child, "Carry the hartebeest's head, that father may put it to roast for you." The child slung on the hartebeest's head, she called to her sisters, "Taking hold help me up; this hartebeest's head is not light." Her sisters taking hold of her help her up.

They go away, they return (home). The hartebeest's head slips downwards, because the Mantis's head wishes to stand on the ground. The child lifts it up (with her shoulders), the hartebeest's head (by turning a little) removes the thong from the hartebeest's eye. The hartebeest's head was whispering, it whispering said to the child, "O child! the thong is standing in front of my eye. Take away for me the thong; the thong is shutting my eye." The child looked behind her; the Mantis winked at the child. The child whimpered; her elder sister looked back at her. Her elder sister called to her, "Come forward quickly; we return (home)."

The child exclaimed, "This hartebeest's head is able to speak." Her elder sister scolded her, "Lying come forward; we go. Art thou not coming deceiving (us) about the hartebeest's head?"

The child said to her elder sister, "The hartebeest has winked at me with the hartebeest's eye; the hartebeest desired that I should take away the thong from his eye. Thus it was that the hartebeest's head lay looking behind my back."

The child looked back at the hartebeest's head, the hartebeest opened and shut its eyes. The child said to her elder sister, "The hartebeest's head must be alive, for it is opening and shutting its eyes."

The child, walking on, unloosened the thong; the child let fall the hartebeest's head. The Mantis scolded the child, he complained about his head. He scolded the child, "Oh! oh! my head! Oh! bad little person! hurting me in my head."

Her sisters let fall the flesh of the Mantis. The flesh of the Mantis sprang together, it quickly joined itself to the lower part of the Mantis's back. The head of the Mantis quickly joined (itself) upon the top of the neck of the Mantis. The neck of the Mantis quickly joined (itself) upon the upper part of the Mantis's spine. The upper part of the Mantis's spine joined itself to the Mantis's back. The thigh of the Mantis sprang forward; it joined itself to the Mantis's back. His other thigh ran forward, racing it joined itself to the other side of the Mantis's back. The chest of the Mantis ran forward, it joined itself to the front side of the upper part of the Mantis's spine. The shoulder blade of the Mantis ran forward, it joined itself on to the ribs of the Mantis.

The other shoulder blade of the Mantis ran forward, while it felt that the ribs of the Mantis had joined themselves on, when they raced.

The children still ran on; he (the Mantis, arose from the ground and) ran, while he chased the children—he being whole—his head being round, while he felt that he was a man. Therefore, he was stepping along with (his) shoes, while he jogged with his shoulder blade.

He saw that the children had reached home; he quickly turned about, he, jogging with his shoulder blade, descended to the river. He went along the river bed, making a noise as he stepped in the soft sand; he yonder went quickly out of the river bed. He returned, coming out at a different side of the house (that is, his own house) he returned, passing in front of the house.

The children said, "We have been (and) seen a hartebeest which was dead. That hartebeest, it was the one which we cut up with stone knives; its flesh quivered. The hartebeest's flesh quickly snatched itself out of our hands. It by itself was placing itself nicely upon bushes which were comfortable; while the hartebeest felt that the hartebeest's head would go along whispering. While the child who sits (there) carried it, it talking stood behind the child's back."

The child said to her father, "O papa! Dost thou seem to think that the hartebeest's head did not talk to me? For the hartebeest's head felt that it would be looking at my hole above the nape of the neck, as I went along; and then it was that the hartebeest's head told me that I should take away for him the thong from his eye. For, the thong lay in front of his eye."

Her father said to them, "Have you been and cut up the old man, the Mantis, while he lay pretending to be dead in front of you?"

The children said, "We thought that the hartebeest's horns were there, the hartebeest had hair. The hartebeest was one which had not an arrow's wound; while the hartebeest felt that the hartebeest would talk. Therefore, the hartebeest came and chased us, when we had put down the hartebeest's flesh. The hartebeest's flesh jumped together, while it springing gathered (itself) together,

that it might mend, that it might mending hold together to the hartebeest's back. The hartebeest's back also joined on.

"Therefore, the hartebeest ran forward, while his body was red, when he had no hair (that coat of hair in which he had been lying down), as he ran, swinging his arm like a man.

"And when he saw that we reached the house, he whisked round, He ran, kicking up his heels (showing the white soles of his shoes), while running went before the wind, while the sun shone upon his feet's face (soles), while he ran with all his might into the little river (bed), that he might pass behind the back of the hill lying yonder."

Their parents said to the children, "You are those who went and cut up the old man 'Tinderbox Owner.' He, there behind, was one who gently came out from the place there behind."

The children said to their fathers, "He has gone round, he ran fast. He always seems as if he would come over the little hill lying yonder when he sees that we are just reaching home. While this little daughter, she was the one to whom the hartebeest's head, going along, talked; and then she told us. Therefore, we let fall the hartebeest's flesh; we laid our karosses on our shoulders, that we might run very fast.

"While its flesh running came together on its back, it finished mending itself. He arose and ran forward, he, quickly moving his arms, chased us. Therefore, we did thus, we became tired from it, on account of the running with which he had chased us, while he did verily move his arms fast.

"Then he descended into the small river, while he thought that he would, moving his arms fast, run along the small river. Then he thus did, he, picking up wood, came out; while we sat, feeling the fatigue; because he had been deceiving. While he felt that all the people saw him, when we came carrying his thighs, when he went to die lying in front of us; while he wished that we should feel this fatigue, while this child here, it carried his head, he looked up with fixed eyes. He was as if he was dead; he was (afterwards) opening and shutting his eyes; he afar lay talking (while the children were running off). He talked while he mended his body; his head talked, while he mended his body. His head talking reached his back; it came to join upon the top (of his neck).

"He ran forward; lie yonder will sit deceiving, (at home), while we did cut him up with stone knives (splinters). *A-tta!* he went feigning death to lie in front of us, that we might do so, we run.

"This fatigue, it is that which we are feeling; and our hearts burnt on account of it. Therefore, we shall not hunt (for food), for we shall altogether remain at home."

XHOSA

THE CANNIBAL MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Theal, George McCall. *Kaffir Folk-Lore: A Selection from the Traditional Tales Current Among the People Living on the Eastern Border of the Cape Colony*. London: S. Sonnenschein, Le Bas & Lowrey, 1886, 137–143.

Date: ca. 1886

Original Source: Xhosa

National Origin: South Africa

Originally the Xhosa resided in an eastern area of contemporary South Africa. Traditional Xhosa culture was built on a subsistence base of pastoralism and horticulture. A strict division of labor prevailed. Women tended the crops such as millet and pumpkins; men herded cattle, hunted, and waged war. The Xhosa diet consisted primarily of the products of their gardens, milk, and occasionally meat. They lived in villages composed of huts arranged around a central cattle pen or kraal. According to the Aarne-Thompson system of folktale classification, the narrative of “The Cannibal Mother and Her Children” most resembles the **ordinary folktale** by virtue of pursuit by an ogre (the cannibal mother) and the use of magical assistance in their escape attempt. The magical qualities of the avian world are introduced through the power of the bird who sings for the salvation of the cannibal mother’s children appear to be indigenous to the Xhosa worldview. This theme also appears in the **myth** of “The Bird That Made Milk” (page 161).

There was once a man and a woman who had two children, a son and a daughter. These children lived with their grandfather. Their mother was a cannibal, but not their father.

One day they said to their grandfather, "We have been long with you, we should like very much to go and see our parents."

Their grandfather said, "Ho! Will you be able to come back? Don't you know your mother is a cannibal?"

After a time he consented. He said, "You must leave at such a time that you may arrive there in the evening, so that your mother may not see you, only your father."

The boy's name was Hinazinci. He said, "Let us go now, my sister."

They started when the sun was set. When they arrived at their father's house, they listened outside to find out if their mother was there. They heard the voice of their father only, so they called to him. He came out, and when he saw them he was sorry, and said, "Why did you come here, my dear children? Don't you know your mother is a cannibal?"

Just then they heard a noise like thunder. It was the coming of their mother. Their father took them inside and put them in a dark corner, where he covered them with skins. Their mother came in with an animal and the body of a man. She stood and said, "There's something here. What a nice smell it has!"

She said to her husband, "Sohinazinci, what have you to tell me about this nice smell that is in my house? You must tell me whether my children are here."

Her husband answered, "What are you dreaming about? They are not here."

She went to the corner where they were, and took the skins away. When she saw them, she said, "My children, I am very sorry that you are here, because I must eat people."

She cooked for them and their father the animal she had brought home, and the dead man for herself. After they had eaten, she went out.

Then their father said to them, "When we lie down to sleep, you must be watchful. You will hear a dancing of people, a roaring of wild beasts, and a barking of dogs in your mother's stomach. You will know by that she is sleeping, and you must then rise at once and get away."

They lay down, but the man and the children only pretended to go to sleep. They were listening for those sounds. After a while they heard a dancing of people, a roaring of wild beasts, and a barking of dogs. Then their father shook them, and said they must go while their mother was sleeping. They bade their father farewell, and crept out quietly, that their mother might not hear them.

At midnight the woman woke up, and when she found the children were gone, she took her axe and went after them. They were already a long way on their journey, when they saw her following them. They were so tired that they could not run.

When she was near them, the boy said to the girl, "My sister, sing your melodious song; perhaps when she hears it she will be sorry, and go home without hurting us."

The girl replied, "She will not listen to anything now, because she is in want of meat."

Hinazinci said, "Try, my sister; it may not be in vain."

So she sang her song, and when the cannibal heard it, she ran backwards to her own house. There she fell upon her husband, and wanted to cut him with the axe. Her husband caught hold of her arm, and said, "Ho! If you put me to death who will be your husband?"

Then she left him, and ran after the children again.

They were near their grandfather's village, and were very weak when their mother overtook them. The girl fell down, and the cannibal caught her and swallowed her. She then ran after the boy. He fell just at the entrance of his grandfather's house, and she picked him up and swallowed him also. She found only the old people and the children of the village at home, all the others being at work in the gardens. She ate all the people that were at home and also all the cattle that were there.

Towards evening she left to go to her own home. There was a deep valley in the way, and when she came to it she saw a very beautiful bird. As she approached it, the bird got bigger and bigger, until at last when she was very near it, it was as big as a house (that is, a native hut).

Then the bird began to sing its song. The woman looked at it, and said to herself, "I shall take this bird home to my husband."

The bird continued its song, and sang, "I am a pretty bird of the valley, you come to make a disturbance at my place."

The bird came slowly towards her, still singing its song. When they met, the bird took the axe from the woman, and still sang the same song.

The cannibal began to be afraid.

She said to the bird, "Give me my axe; I do not wish for your flesh now."

The bird tore one of her arms off.

She said, "I am going away now; give me what is mine."

The bird would not listen to her, but continued its song.

She said again, "Give me my axe and let me go. My husband at home is very hungry; I want to go and cook food for him."

The bird sang more loudly than before, and tore one of her legs off.

She fell down and cried out, "My master, I am in a hurry to go home. I do not want anything that is yours."

She saw that she was in danger. She said to the bird again, "You don't know how to sing your song nicely; let me go, and I will sing it for you."

The bird opened its wings wide, and tore open her stomach. Many people came forth, most of them alive, but some were dead. As they came forth she caught them and swallowed them again. The two children were alive, and they ran away. At last the woman died.

There was great rejoicing in that country. The children returned to their grandfather, and the people came there and made them rulers of the country, because it was through them the cannibal was brought to death.

The girl was afterwards married to a son of the great chief, and Hinazinci had for his wife the daughter of that great one.

THE BIRD THAT MADE MILK

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Theal, George McCall. *Kaffir Folk-Lore: A Selection from the Traditional Tales Current Among the People Living on the Eastern Border of the Cape Colony*. London: S. Sonnenschein, Le Bas & Lowrey, 1886, 29–47.

Date: ca. 1886

Original Source: Xhosa

National Origin: South Africa

The following **myth** establishes the importance and origin of two staples of Xhosa subsistence: milk and millet. The division of labor along lines of gender and special relationships between the human and the animal world are validated in the narrative as well.

There was once upon a time a poor man living with his wife in a certain village. They had three children, two boys and a girl. They used to get milk from a tree. That milk of the tree was got by squeezing. It was not nice as that of a cow, and the people that drank it were always thin. For this reason, those people were never glossy like those who are fat.

One day the woman went to cultivate a garden. She began by cutting the grass with a pick, and then putting it in a big heap. That was the work of the first day, and when the sun was just about to set she went home. When she left, there came a bird to that place, and sang this song:

Weeds of this garden,
Weeds of this garden,
Spring up, spring up;
Work of this garden,
Work of this garden,
Disappear, disappear.

It was so.

The next morning, when she returned and saw that, she wondered greatly. She again put it in order on that day, and put some sticks in the ground to mark the place.

In the evening she went home and told that she had found the grass which she had cut growing just as it was before.

Her husband said, "How can such a thing be? You were lazy and didn't work, and now tell me this falsehood. Just get out of my sight, or I'll beat you."

On the third day she went to her work with a sorrowful heart, remembering the words spoken by her husband. She reached the place and found the grass growing as before. The sticks that she stuck in the ground were there still, but she saw nothing else of her labor. She wondered greatly.

She said in her heart, "I will not cut the grass off again, I will just hoe the ground as it is."

She commenced. Then the bird came and perched on one of the sticks.

It sang:

Citi, citi, who is this cultivating the ground of my father?
Pick, come off;
Pick handle, break;
Sods, go back to your places!

All these things happened.

The woman went home and told her husband what the bird had done. Then they made a plan. They dug a deep hole in the ground, and covered it with sticks and grass. The man hid himself in the hole, and put up one of his hands. The woman commenced to hoe the ground again. Then the bird came and perched on the hand of the man, and sang:

This is the ground of my father.
Who are you, digging my father's ground?
Pick, break into small pieces
Sods, return to your places.

It was so.

Then the man tightened his fingers and caught the bird. He came up out of the place of concealment.

He said to the bird, "As for you who spoil the work of this garden, you will not see the sun any more. With this sharp stone I will cut off your head!"

Then the bird said to him, "I am not a bird that should be killed. I am a bird that can make milk."

The man said, "Make some, then."

The bird made some milk in his hand. The man tasted it. It was very nice milk.

The man said, "Make some more milk, my bird."

The bird did so. The man sent his wife for a milk basket. When she brought it, the bird filled it with milk.

The man was very much pleased. He said, "This pretty bird of mine is better than a cow."

He took it home and put it in a jar. After that he used to rise even in the night and tell the bird to make milk for him. Only he and his wife drank of it. The children continued to drink of the milk of the tree. The names of the children were Gingci, the firstborn son; Lonci, his brother; and Dumangashe, his sister. That man then got very fat indeed, so that his skin became shining.

The girl said to her brother Gingci, "Why does father get fat and we remain so thin?"

He replied, "I do not know. Perhaps he eats in the night."

They made a plan to watch. They saw him rise in the middle of the night. He went to the big jar and took an eating mat off it. He said, "Make milk, my bird." He drank much. Again he said, "Make milk, my bird," and again he drank till he was very full. Then he lay down and went to sleep.

The next day the woman went to work in her garden, and the man went to visit his friend. The children remained at home, but not in the house. Their father fastened the door of the house, and told them not to enter it on any account till his return.

Gingci said, "Today we will drink of the milk that makes father fat and shining; we will not drink of the milk of the euphorbia today."

The girl said, "As for me, I also say let us drink of father's milk today."

They entered the house. Gingci removed the eating mat from the jar, and said to the bird, "My father's bird, make milk for me."

The bird said, "If I am your father's bird, put me by the fireplace, and I will make milk."

The boy did so. The bird made just a little milk.

The boy drank, and said, "My father's bird, make more milk."

The bird said, "If I am your father's bird, put me by the door, then I will make milk."

The boy did this. Then the bird made just a little milk, which the boy drank.

The girl said, "My father's bird, make milk for me."

The bird said, "If I am your father's bird, just put me in the sunlight, and I will make milk."

The girl did so. Then the bird made a jar full of milk.

After that the bird sang:

The father of Dumangashe came, he came,

He came unnoticed by me.

He found great fault with me.

The little fellows have met together.

Gingci the brother of Lonci.

The Umkomanzi cannot be crossed,

It is crossed by swallows

Whose wings are long.

When it finished its song it lifted up its wings and flew away. But the girl was still drinking milk.

The children called it, and said, "Return, bird of our father," but it did not come back. They said, "We shall be killed today."

They followed the bird. They came to a tree where there were many birds.

The boy caught one, and said to it, "My father's bird, make milk."

It bled. They said, "This is not our father's bird."

This bird bled very much; the blood ran like a river. Then the boy released it, and it flew away. The children were seized with fear.

They said to themselves, "If our father finds us, he will kill us today."

In the evening the man came home. When he was yet far off, he saw that the door had been opened.

He said, "I did not shut the door that way."

He called his children, but only Lonci replied. He asked for the others.

Lonci said, "I went to the river to drink; when I returned they were gone."

He searched for them, and found the girl under the ashes and the boy behind a stone. He inquired at once about his bird. They were compelled to tell the truth concerning it.

Then the man took a riem [leather strap] and hung those two children on a tree that projected over the river. He went away, leaving them there. Their mother besought their father, saying that they should be released; but the man refused. After he was gone, the boy tried to escape. He climbed up the riem and held on to the tree; then he went up and loosened the riem that was tied to his sister.

After that they climbed up the tree, and then went away from their home. They slept three times on the road.

They came to a big rock. The boy said, "We have no father and no mother; rock, be our house."

The rock opened, and they went inside. After that they lived there in that place. They obtained food by hunting animals, they were hunted by the boy.

When they were already in that place a long time, the girl grew to be big. There were no people in that place. A bird came one day with a child, and left it there by their house.

The bird said, "So have I done to all the people."

After that a crocodile came to that place. The boy was just going to kill it, but it said, "I am a crocodile; I am not to be killed; I am your friend."

Then the boy went with the crocodile to the house of the crocodile, in a deep hole under the water.

The crocodile had many cattle and (much) millet. He gave the boy ten cows and ten baskets of millet.

The crocodile said to the boy, "You must send your sister for the purpose of being married to me."

The boy made a fold to keep his cattle in; his sister made a garden and planted millet. The crocodile sent more cattle. The boy made a very big fold, and it was full of cattle.

At this time there came a bird.

The bird said, "Your sister has performed the custom, and as for you, you should enter manhood."

The crocodile gave one of his daughters to be the wife of the young man. The young woman went to the village of the crocodile, she went to be a bride.

They said to her, "Whom do you choose to be your husband?"

The girl replied. "I choose Crocodile."

Her husband said to her, "Lick my face."

She did so. The crocodile cast off its skin, and arose a man of great strength and fine appearance.

He said, "The enemies of my father's house did that; you, my wife, are stronger than they."

After this there was a great famine, and the mother of those people came to their village. She did not recognize her children, but they knew her and gave her food. She went away, and then their father came. He did not recognize them either, but they knew him. They asked him what he wanted. He told them that his village was devoured by famine. They gave him food, and he went away.

He returned again.

The young man said, "You thought we would die when you hung us in the tree."

He was astonished, and said, "Are you indeed my child?"

Crocodile then gave them (the parents) three baskets of corn, and told them to go and build on the mountains. He (the man) did so and died there on the mountains.

THE MIDDLE EAST

ARMENIA

THE WICKED STEPMOTHER

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Seklimian, A. G. "The Wicked Stepmother, An Armenian Folktale." *The Journal of American Folklore* 10 (1897): 135–142.

Date: 1897

Original Source: Armenian

National Origin: Armenia

Located between Turkey, Georgia, Azerbaijan, and Iran, Armenia is a former republic of the Soviet Union. Situated on the borders of Europe and Southwest Asia, this mountainous Middle Eastern nation has been a literal and cultural crossroads between the East and the West for millennia. The following extremely complex **ordinary tale** appears to owe more to the Indo-European folktale corpus than to the other traditions that have enriched Armenian folklore. The narrative incorporates **variants** of several of the Aarne-Thompson **tale types**—for example, the tale begins with "The Son of the Hunter" (AT 513C). Armenian (and other Middle Eastern) storytellers often end tales with the **formulaic** device of fruit falling from heaven as in "My Son Ali" (page 176). The kind of fruit and the number vary according to the pleasure of the narrator.

Once upon a time there was a hunter, who was a widower and had a son from his former wife. He married another wife, but soon was mortally sick. On his deathbed, he said to his new wife, "Wife, I am dying, and I know that when my son grows up he will follow my profession. Take care, do not let him go to the Black Mountains to hunt."

After the death of the hunter, the son growing up began to follow his father's profession and became a hunter. One day his stepmother said, "Son, your father, when dying, said that after you grow up, if you follow his profession, you should not go to the Black Mountains to hunt."

But the lad, paying no attention to what his father had advised him, one day took his bow and arrow, mounted his horse, and hastened to the Black Mountains to hunt. So soon as he reached there, Lo! A giant made his appearance on the back of his horse of lightning, and exclaimed, "How now? Have you never heard my name, that you have dared to come and hunt on my ground?" And he threw three terrible maces at the lad, who very cleverly avoided them, hiding himself under the belly of his horse.

Now it was his turn: he drew his bow and arrow, took aim, and shot the giant, who was nailed to the ground. He at once mounted the giant's horse of lightning, who, galloping, soon brought him to a magnificent palace, gilded all over with gold and decorated with precious jewels.

Lo! A maiden as beautiful as the sun appeared in the window, saying, "Human being, the snake upon its belly and the bird with its wings could not come here; how could you venture to come?"

"Your love brought me hither, fair creature," answered the lad, who had already fallen in love with the charming maiden.

"But the giant will come and tear you into pieces," said the maiden, who also had fallen in love with the lad.

"I have killed him, and there lies his carcass!" answered the lad.

The door of the palace was opened, and the lad was received by the maiden, who told him that she was the daughter of a prince, and that the giant had stolen her and kept her in that palace, where she had forty beautiful handmaids serving her.

"And as you have killed the giant," she added, "I, who am a virgin, shall be your wife, and all these maidens will serve us." And they accepted one another as husband and wife.

Opening the treasures of the giant, they found innumerable jewels, gold, silver, and all kinds of wealth. The lad thought such a magnificent palace, with so many treasures worthy of a prince, and the most beautiful wife in the world, were things that he could hardly have dreamed of, and he decided to live there, going to hunt every day as usual.

One day, however, he came home sighing, "Ah! Alas, alas!"

"How now? What is the matter?" said the beautiful bride. "Am I and my forty handmaids not enough to please you? Why did you sigh?"

"You are sweet, my love," said the lad; "but my mother also is sweet. You have your place in my heart, but my mother also has her place. I remembered her; therefore I sighed."

"Well," said the young bride, "take a horse-load of gold to your mother; let her live in abundance and be happy."

“No,” said the lad; “let me go and bring her here.”

“Very well, go then,” said the young bride.

The lad went to his stepmother, and, telling her all what he had done, brought her to the palace of the Black Mountains. Here she was the mother-in-law of the fair bride, and therefore the superior of the whole palace. Both the bride and the maidens had to submit to her.

The lad used to go out for hunting. The stepmother, being well versed in witchcraft and medicine, went secretly and administered some remedy to the corpse of the giant, so that he was soon healed. Falling in love with the giant, she took him to the palace and hid him in a cellar, where secretly she paid him daily visits, as she was afraid of her stepson. Wishing, however, to make her coquette freely, the witch one day said to the giant, “Giant, you must advise me a way where I may send my son on an errand, and from where he may never come back.”

Upon the advice of the giant she entered her room, and, putting under her bed pieces of very thin and dry Oriental bread, lay down upon the bed and pretended sickness. In the evening the lad returned from hunting, and, hearing that his stepmother was ill, hastened to her side and asked, “What is the matter, mother?”

“O son!” exclaimed the witch, with a sickly voice, “I am very sick; I shall die!” and, as she turned from one side to the other, the dry bread began to crackle. “Hark,” exclaimed the witch, how my bones are cracking!”

“What is the remedy, mother? What can I do for you?” asked the lad.

“O my son,” said the witch, “there is only one remedy for my sickness, and that is the Melon of Life. I shall never be healed if I do not eat one of that fruit which you could bring for me.”

“All right, mother,” said the lad; “I will fetch you the Melon of Life.”

He at once started on the expedition, and, after a long journey, was guest in the house of an old woman, who inquired where he was going.

When she heard of the errand she said to the lad, “Son, you are deceived; the expedition is a fatal one; do not go.”

But, as the lad insisted, the old woman said, “Well, then, let me advise you: on your way you will soon meet with a mansion which is the abode of forty giants, who in daytime go out hunting. But you will find their mother kneading dough. If you are agile enough to run and suck the nipples of the open breast of that giantess without being seen by her, you are safe; else she will make a mouthful of you and devour you.”

The lad went, and found as foretold by the old woman. He was clever enough to suck the nipples of the giantess without being seen by her.

“A plague on her who advised you!” exclaimed the angry giantess, “else I would make a good morsel of you. But now, having sucked of my breast, you are like one of my own sons. Let me hide you in a box, lest the forty giants should come in the evening, and, finding you here, devour you.”

And she shut the lad in a box. In the evening the forty giants came, and, smelling a human being, said, "O mother! All the year long we hunt beasts and fowls, which we bring home to eat together; and now we smell a human being, whom no doubt you have devoured today. Have you not preserved for us at least a few bones which we might chew?"

"It is you," answered the dame, "that are coming from mountains and plains, where no doubt you have found human beings, and the smell comes out of your own mouths. I have eaten no human being."

"No, mother, you have," exclaimed the giants.

"How if my nephew, the son of my human sister, has come here to pay me a visit?" answered the giantess.

"O mother!" exclaimed the giants, "show us our human cousin; we will not hurt him, but talk with him."

The giantess took the lad out of the box, and brought him to the giants, who were very much pleased to see a human being so small, but so beautiful and manly. Holding him up like a toy, the giants handed him to one another to gratify their curiosity by looking at him.

"Mother, what has our cousin come for?" inquired the giants.

"He has come," answered the giantess, "to pick a Melon of Life, and carry to his mother, who is sick. You must go and get the Melon of Life for him."

"Not we!" exclaimed the forty giants; "It is above our ability."

The youngest of the forty brothers, however, who was lame, said to the lad "Cousin, I will go with you and get the Melon of Life for you. You must only take with you a jug, a comb, and a razor."

On the following day the lad took what was necessary and followed the lame giant, who soon brought him to the garden of the Melon of Life, which was guarded by fifty giants. The guards being asleep, the lad and his companion entered the garden without being perceived, and, picking the melon, began to run.

But they were just crossing the hedges when the lame leg of the giant was caught by the fence, and, in his haste to release it, he shook the hedges, which crackled like thunder; and, lo! all the fifty giants awoke, crying, "Thieves! Human beings! A good prey for us!" and began to pursue the lad and his lame companion.

"Throw the jug behind you, cousin!" exclaimed the lame giant.

The lad did so, and, Lo! Plains and mountains behind them were covered by an immense sea, which the fifty giants had to cross in order to reach them. By this means they gained quite a distance till the fifty crossed the sea.

"Now, cousin, throw the comb behind you!" exclaimed the giant.

The lad did so, and, to an extensive jungle between them and the fifty giants. They gained another great distance before the giants finished crossing the jungle.

"Throw the razor now, cousin!" exclaimed the giant.

The lad did so, and, to all the country between them and the fifty was covered with pieces of glass sharp like razors. Before the fifty could cross the distance, the thirty-nine giants came to the rescue of the two and took them safely to their borders.

The lad took leave of his adopted aunt and cousins, and, taking the Melon of Life with him, returned home. On his way, however, he was again the guest of the old woman, who, seeing him come safely, asked if he had succeeded in bringing the precious fruit.

“Yes, I have brought it, auntie,” answered the lad, and told her his tale.

In the middle of the night, when the lad was sound asleep, the old woman got out the Melon of Life from the lad’s saddlebags and put a common melon in its place.

In the morning, the lad brought the melon to his stepmother, who ate it and exclaimed, “Oh, happy! I am healed!”

The lad once more hunts, while the witch and the giant devise new methods to destroy him. This time it is the milk of the Fairy Lioness which is to be obtained.

As before, the youth proceeds on the expedition and becomes the guest of the old woman, who at first dissuades him, but finally gives him advice. He is to shoot the lioness in the forehead. This action will perform the part of a surgical operation by relieving the beast from a pustule, and the gratitude of the animal will thus be secured.

The lad obtains the milk, but steals the cubs of the lioness and is pursued. He is saved by his clever response to her censure. He had wanted the cubs as a keepsake. The milk is presented, but the witch replaces it with goat’s milk.

The stepmother blames the giant, whom she had asked to send the youth on a journey whence he would never return, and the giant advises that the youth be asked to procure the Water of Life.

The stepmother again pretends sickness, and asks the help of the hero to seek the Water of Life. The lad mounts his horse and takes with him the two cubs, which by this time have grown into young lions.

As in previous journeys, he comes to his hostess, who warns him, “This is the most dangerous expedition that ever human being has undertaken, and no one has ever returned from the way you intend to go. Be advised, go back; your mother is surely false.”

“Let come what may, I will go,” said the lad, and, taking the two lions with him, started for the fountain of the Water of Life.

He came to the fountain and found the water oozing in with the thickness of a hair. As soon as he placed his jug under it, a sound sleep overpowered his senses, and he remained there benumbed for seven days and nights. Soon innumerable large scorpions began to attack the sleeping hero, but the lions destroyed all of them. Then thousands of terrible serpents made their appearance and assaulted the lad, hissing with their forked tongues. The lions, after a

bloody fight, destroyed them also. Soon a whole army of voracious beasts surrounded the fountain in search of the lad. The lions, after a sanguinary strife, succeeded in destroying them also.

At the end of the seven days and nights the lad awoke, and to his great horror saw that he was surrounded by a high wall, which the lions had built of the carcasses of the beasts and serpents they had killed. The two faithful guards were now sitting at both sides of their master and watching his every motion. The lad, seeing them stained with blood from head to foot, understood how much he owed them for the preservation of his life. He then washed them clean with the Water of Life, and taking the jug, which by that time was filled, went to his hostess.

“Did you bring the Water of Life?” asked the old dame.

“Yes, auntie, I did,” answered the lad, presenting her the jug full of water.

“It was not you that succeeded,” returned the old woman, “but Heaven and your faithful lions preserved your life.”

During the night, as the lad was sleeping, the old woman poured the Water of Life in another vase, and filled the jug with common water, which the lad in the morning took to his stepmother, who, drinking it, said, “Oh, happy! I am healed!”

The following day the lad again went hunting. The witch said to the giant, “Can you not devise some means to destroy my stepson? By Heaven, I will destroy you this time if you do not advise me how to destroy him.”

“Your stepson is brave,” answered the giant; “he is an unique hero, and no one can kill him but yourself.”

“How? How?” exclaimed the witch with great joy; “tell me and I will do it.”

“Do you not remember the three red hairs among his black hairs on his head? So soon as they are picked, your son dies.”

On the following day the witch said to the lad, “Come, son, lay your head in my lap and take a nap.”

The lad did so and soon slept. The witch immediately took hold of the three red hairs and picked them out. A spasm or two, and the hero died.

“Now, giant,” said the witch, “take that sword and chop this corpse into small pieces.”

“Not I,” answered the giant; “my hand will not rise to chop such a hero.”

“You coward!” exclaimed the witch, and, taking the sword herself, chopped the corpse into small pieces, put these in a sack, and threw them over the garden wall. One of the little fingers, however, fell in the garden.

The lions apprehended that their master was killed, and his chopped body was in the bag. They immediately took hold of the bag and carried it to the old woman, the hostess of the hero. Opening the bag, she got out the body, and, putting every part to its proper place, made a whole; only the little finger was missing.

She explained to the lions what was missing, and they at once went, and, smelling their master’s finger in the garden, found and brought it to the old

woman, who put it in its place. Now she brought the Milk of the Fairy Lioness, which she had secretly preserved, and poured it over the body. Immediately all the broken bones, muscles, and sinews came together, and, the members being united, the body became as sound and delicate as that of a newborn babe. Then she brought the Melon of Life and put it before his nostrils. So soon as the lad smelled it, he sneezed seven times. Then she poured the Water of Life down his throat. At once the lad opened his eyes and jumped up saying, "Oh, what a sound sleep was this that overpowered my senses!"

"Sleep!" exclaimed the kind woman. "Yes, a sleep out of which you would have never awaked had not Providence preserved you." And she told him what had happened.

"Now, my good hostess," said the lad, "you have done me a kindness next to God, a kindness that I can never reward. May Heaven reward you!"

He brought her from his treasures a horse-load of gold and a horse-load of silver, saying, "These are for you; spend as much as you like and pray for me so long as you live."

The lad came to his palace and found that his beautiful bride was imprisoned in a dark cellar, where she was left to starve; while the witch, his stepmother, was in excess of merriment with the giant and half a dozen younglings around her.

They were all horror-struck to see the hero enter it, and the giant was about to make his exit from a secret door in the wall, when the lad seized hold of him, saying, "How now, coward? Are you running? Stop and solve me this puzzle: who are those ugly younglings that are infecting the very air of my palace?"

"They are my children out of yonder woman, your mother," answered the giant.

"Mother? I have no mother!" exclaimed the lad. "You increase so soon, do you? Now we are going to have a great merriment. Go and bring me from the yonder mountain wood enough to build a large pile."

The giant obeyed, and soon a large pile of wood was built in the courtyard of the palace. The lad struck a flint and lighted the wood. Soon the whole pile was on fire burning like a furnace.

"Now, giant," said the lad, "take hold of these bastards, and throw them into the fire one by one."

The giant obeyed, and all the younglings were burned on the pile.

"Bring now yonder witch, and throw her into the fire!" ordered the lad. She also shared the fate of her bastard children.

"Now shall I throw you also?" asked the lad of the giant.

"Hero!" exclaimed the giant, "I honor you; I will obey you."

"Well, then," said the lad, "I will not kill you. Come, pass under my sword and swear obedience to me."

The giant kissed the sword, and, passing under it, became the bondman of the lad.

The lad then released his beautiful bride from her dark prison. They celebrated anew their nuptials for forty days and forty nights, and enjoyed a happy life thereafter.

Thus they attained their wishes. May Heaven grant that you may attain your wishes!

Three apples fell from heaven: one for me, one for the storyteller, and one for him who entertained the company.

MY SON ALI

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Bergen, Fanny D. "Borrowing Trouble." *Journal of American Folklore* 11 (1898): 55–59.

Date: 1898

Source: Armenian

National Origin: Armenia

The Armenian tale which follows, although it was collected in Western Massachusetts, preserves the form and content of the original Middle Eastern version of the narrative. Although these stories are told in the United States as true, and the incidents are generally supposed to have happened long ago in the same neighborhood, this is a traditional narrative device for localizing and **validating** the advice passed along during performance. The **formulaic** closing describing fruit falling into the hands of the performer and audience members appears not only in other Armenian tales (see "The Wicked Stepmother," page 169), but also in Turkish narratives (see "The Fish Peri," page 264).

Once upon a time there was a girl whose name was Fatima, who lived with her mother and brother, for her father was dead. Not far from the house there flowed a river. Twice each day, early in the morning and at evening, Fatima took a large copper vessel, and went to the river to bring fresh drinking water to the house. Early one beautiful morning she went as usual to bring her kettle of fresh water. She sat down under a great mulberry tree which overhung the river. It was full of ripe fruit which hung far above her head. As she sat there enjoying the beautiful early morning and looking up into the tree laden with fine fruit which she, being a girl, could not reach, since she could not climb the tree, she fell a-thinking.

She thought how some day perhaps she would be married and perhaps would have a little son and his name would be Ali, and after a time he would

grow to be eight years old, and that then he could go to the river to bring fresh water in the morning. Then she thought how, when Ali had come to the mulberry tree, he would climb up into the tree to pluck the delicious berries, and how at last the poor little boy would fall from the tree into the river and be drowned.

Then Fatima sprang up crying, "Oh! Ali! Ali! My son! My son Ali!" and she ran home crying aloud, "My son Ali, my son Ali is dead!"

As she ran along the street the people came out calling to her and asking what was the matter. She did not stop, but ran on crying, "Ali! Ali! My son Ali! My son Ali is dead!" until she reached her own home.

Her mother, seeing the water vessel empty, and hearing her daughter crying aloud, said, "What is the matter? Why are you weeping? Why have you brought no freshwater this morning?"

Then the girl told her mother how she had sat under the mulberry tree, and had thought that perhaps some day she would be married and would have a little son and his name would be Ali, and when he had come to be eight years old he would go to draw the water for the family, and he would see the ripe mulberries hanging from the tree and would climb the tree to gather them, and he would fall into the river and be drowned, and again she burst out, "Oh! Ali! My son Ali! My son Ali is dead!"

Then the mother also burst out crying, and the two sat there all day lamenting and weeping over the poor, drowned Ali.

Late in the afternoon there came to the door begging bread a Chingana woman (gypsy). When she heard the great outcry and saw the two women weeping she asked, "What is the matter?"

The mother told her the story, how her daughter had gone to draw water from the river, had sat down under the mulberry tree, and all that she had imagined, how she came home crying, and how ever since they had been grieving over the lost Ali.

The gypsy said, "I can tell you about your son, for you know my people can not only read the past and the future, but can see into the other world and tell what is going on there."

"Oh," cried Fatima, springing up. "Can you give me some word of my son? Where is he? How is he? Is he happy? Is he well? How old is he?" And she stopped crying, and danced, laughing, about the room in expectation of hearing about her dear lost Ali.

Then the cunning old Chingana said, "I see your son. He is now about twelve years old. He is not well. He is very poor and hungry. If any one should give him one piece of bread, he would be so glad that he would jump ten times for joy. He is lying down, faint and weak, wanting food; but if you will give me food I will carry it to him, and soon he will be well and strong."

Then the mother and daughter made themselves very busy preparing food to send by the Chingana woman to little Ali. Fatima hurried out to the shop to

buy nuts and fruit. The mother brought some saddlebags, which they packed with bread and all kinds of delicacies. They also put in clothes that they thought a twelve-year-old boy could wear.

By the time that all was ready the saddlebags were so heavy that the Chingana said she could not carry them. She was very cunning, and as she had entered the house she had seen a fine horse standing in its stall at the side of the house. This horse belonged to Fatima's brother. The old woman said, "Have you not a horse that you could lend me to ride upon to carry the saddlebags to your Ali, for he is suffering, and I should hasten to bear your presents to him?"

"Yes, yes," cried Fatima and her mother. "We have a horse," and they hurried to lead forth the horse to the front of the house. The saddlebags were placed on the horse, and the old woman mounted and rode away.

BEDOUIN

MOUNTAIN OF THE BELL

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Bolton, H. C. "Arab Legend of a Buried Monastery" *Journal of American Folklore* 2 (1889): 227.

Date: 1889

Source: Bedouin

National Origin: South Sinai (Egypt)

Historically, most Bedouins inhabited the desert areas of the Arabian Peninsula, Negev (Israel), and the Sinai Peninsula on the borders of Egypt and Israel, and pursued a nomadic lifestyle and tribal social organization. The majority were nomadic pastoralists, but some pursued other occupations, as the following **legend** demonstrates. In recent centuries, most Bedouins have been followers of Islam, but Christianity and Judaism have also influenced the culture's narrative repertoire.

A Bedouin fisherman, going to work one day, met an old man, who saluted him and conducted him into the bowels of the mountain. There, to his surprise, he found a monastery, gardens of date palms bearing fruit, and good water. The monks received him kindly, gave him food, and when they dismissed him made him swear not to disclose the secret of the monastery. The Bedouin went to his village, Tor, on the Gulf of Suez, near by, and related his discovery. The village people went with him to the spot, but found only a sandbank; and they wanted to kill the man who had deceived

them. But the sound of the nagous, or wooden gong used by the priests to call the monks to prayer, is still heard issuing from beneath the bank of sand.

Another Arab declared that the nagous is heard three times a day, morning, noon, and evening, at the hours of prayer; he crossed himself when the sound was unusually loud.

ISRAEL

GIANT OF THE FLOOD

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Landa, Gertrude. *Jewish Fairy Tales and Legends*. New York: Bloch Publishing Company, Inc., 1919, 173–177.

Date: Unavailable

Original Source: Hebrew

National Origin: Israel

The contemporary nation of Israel, established in 1948, is located on the Mediterranean Sea and borders the nations of Egypt, Jordan, Lebanon, and Syria. Historical Israel encompassed areas occupied by the modern states of Israel, Palestine, and Jordan. Often labeled the Holy Land, the region is sacred to three major religions: Christianity, Islam, and Judaism. While recognizing the importance of a variety of other Christian, Muslim, and indigenous cultures in this region, the following section emphasizes Hebrew traditional tales. The section devoted to Palestine (page 238) adopts a broader and more modern focus. “Giant of the Flood” offers an account of the biblical deluge narrative that represents a traditional extrapolation of the events detailed in the *Book of Genesis*. The giant king Og is mentioned in various texts such as the apocryphal *Book of Jasher* and the biblical *Book of Deuteronomy*.

Just before the world was drowned all the animals gathered in front of the Ark and Father Noah carefully inspected them.
“All ye that lie down shall enter and be saved from the deluge that is about to destroy the world,” he said. “Ye that stand cannot enter.”

Then the various creatures began to march forward into the Ark. Father Noah watched them closely. He seemed troubled.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "how I shall obtain a unicorn, and how I shall get it into the Ark."

"I can bring thee a unicorn, Father Noah," he heard in a voice of thunder, and turning round he saw the giant, Og. "But thou must agree to save me, too, from the flood."

"Begone," cried Noah. "Thou art a demon, not a human being. I can have no dealings with thee."

"Pity me," whined the giant. "See how my figure is shrinking. Once I was so tall that I could drink water from the clouds and toast fish at the sun. I fear not that I shall be drowned, but that all the food will be destroyed and that I shall perish of hunger."

Noah, however, only smiled; but he grew serious again when Og brought a unicorn. It was as big as a mountain, although the giant said it was the smallest he could find. It lay down in front of the Ark and Noah saw by that action that he must save it. For some time he was puzzled what to do, but at last a bright idea struck him. He attached the huge beast to the Ark by a rope fastened to its horn so that it could swim alongside and be fed.

Og seated himself on a mountain near at hand and watched the rain pouring down. Faster and faster it fell in torrents until the rivers overflowed and the waters began to rise rapidly on the land and sweep all things away. Father Noah stood gloomily before the door of the Ark until the water reached his neck. Then it swept him inside. The door closed with a bang, and the Ark rose gallantly on the flood and began to move along. The unicorn swam alongside, and as it passed Og, the giant jumped on to its back. "See, Father Noah," he cried, with a huge chuckle, "you will have to save me after all. I will snatch all the food you put through the window for the unicorn."

Noah saw that it was useless to argue with Og, who might, indeed, sink the Ark with his tremendous strength.

"I will make a bargain with thee," he shouted from a window. "I will feed thee, but thou must promise to be a servant to my descendants."

Og was very hungry, so he accepted the conditions and devoured his first breakfast.

The rain continued to fall in great big sheets that shut out the light of day. Inside the Ark, however, all was bright and cheerful, for Noah had collected the most precious of the stones of the earth and had used them for the windows. Their radiance illumined the whole of the three stories in the Ark. Some of the animals were troublesome and Noah got no sleep at all. The lion had a bad attack of fever. In a corner a bird slept the whole of the time. This was the phoenix.

"Wake up," said Noah, one day. "It is feeding time."

"Thank you," returned the bird. "I saw thou wert busy, Father Noah, so I would not trouble thee."

“Thou art a good bird,” said Noah, much touched, “therefore thou shalt never die.”

One day the rain ceased, the clouds rolled away and the sun shone brilliantly again. How strange the world looked! It was like a vast ocean. Nothing but water could be seen anywhere, and only one or two of the highest mountain tops peeped above the flood. All the world was drowned, and Noah gazed on the desolate scene from one of the windows with tears in his eyes. Og, riding gaily on the unicorn behind the Ark, was quite happy.

“Ha, ha!” he laughed gleefully. “I shall be able to eat and drink just as much as I like now and shall never be troubled by those tiny little creatures, the mortals.”

“Be not so sure,” said Noah. “Those tiny mortals shall be thy masters and shall outlive thee and the whole race of giants and demons.”

The giant did not relish this prospect. He knew that whatever Noah prophesied would come true, and he was so sad that he ate no food for two days and began to grow smaller and thinner. He became more and more unhappy as day by day the water subsided and the mountains began to appear. At last the Ark rested on Mount Ararat, and Og’s long ride came to an end.

“I will soon leave thee, Father Noah,” he said. “I shall wander round the world to see what is left of it.”

“Thou canst not go until I permit thee,” said Noah. “Hast thou forgotten our compact so soon? Thou must be my servant. I have work for thee.”

Giants are not fond of work, and Og, who was the father of all the giants, was particularly lazy. He cared only to eat and sleep, but he knew he was in Noah’s power, and he shed bitter tears when he saw the land appear again.

“Stop,” commanded Noah. “Dost thou wish to drown the world once more with thy big tears?”

So Og sat on a mountain and rocked from side to side, weeping silently to himself. He watched the animals leave the Ark and had to do all the hard work when Noah’s children built houses. Daily he complained that he was shrinking to the size of the mortals, for Noah said there was not too much food.

One day Noah said to him, “Come with me, Og. I am going around the world. I am commanded to plant fruit and flowers to make the earth beautiful. I need thy help.”

For many days they wandered all over the earth, and Og was compelled to carry the heavy bag of seeds. The last thing Noah planted was the grape vine.

“What is this—food, or drink?” asked Og.

“Both,” replied Noah. “It can be eaten, or its juice made into wine,” and as he planted it, he blessed the grape. “Be thou,” he said, “a plant pleasing to the eye, bear fruit that will be food for the hungry and a health-giving drink to the thirsty and sick.” Og grunted.

“I will offer up sacrifice to this wonderful fruit,” he said. “May I not do so now that our labors are over?”

Noah agreed, and the giant brought a sheep, a lion, a pig and a monkey. First, he slaughtered the sheep, then the lion.

“When a man shall taste but a few drops of the wine,” he said, “he shall be as harmless as a sheep. When he takes a little more he shall be as strong as a lion.”

Then Og began to dance around the plant, and he killed the pig and the monkey. Noah was very much surprised.

“I am giving thy descendants two extra blessings,” said Og, chuckling.

He rolled over and over on the ground in great glee and then said, “When a man shall drink too much of the juice of the wine, then shall he become a beast like the pig, and if then he still continues to drink, he shall behave foolishly like a monkey.”

And that is why, unto this day, too much wine makes a man silly.

Og himself often drank too much, and many years afterward, when he was a servant to the patriarch Abraham, the latter scolded him until he became so frightened that he dropped a tooth. Abraham made an ivory chair for himself from this tooth. Afterwards Og became King of Bashan, but he forgot his compact with Noah and instead of helping the Israelites to obtain Canaan he opposed them.

“I will kill them all with one blow,” he declared.

Exerting all his enormous strength he uprooted a mountain, and raising it high above his head he prepared to drop it on the camp of the Israelites and crush it.

But a wonderful thing happened. The mountain was full of grasshoppers and ants who had bored millions of tiny holes in it. When King Og raised the great mass it crumbled in his hands and fell over his head and round his neck like a collar. He tried to pull it off, but his teeth became entangled in the mass. As he danced about in rage and pain, Moses, the leader of the Israelites, approached him.

Moses was a tiny man compared with Og. He was only ten ells high, and he carried with him a sword of the same length. With a mighty effort he jumped ten ells into the air, and raising the sword, he managed to strike the giant on the ankle and wound him mortally.

Thus, after many years, did the terrible giant of the flood perish for breaking his word to Father Noah.

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Ginzberg, Louis. *The Legends of the Jews, Volume I, Bible Times and Characters from the Creation to Jacob*, trans. Herietta Szold. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America, 1909, 3–46.

Date: Unavailable

Original Source: The Haggada

National Origin: Israel

The following segment of the creation narrative was drawn from the Haggada. According to Louis Ginzberg, these stories are derived from both sacred texts and oral traditions. “Folklore, **fairy tales, legends**, and all forms of story telling akin to these are comprehended, in the terminology of the post-biblical literature of the Jews, under the inclusive description Haggadah” (Ginzberg ix). The tone and content of these renderings of Jewish lore tend to be more formal and didactic than retellings such as “Giant of the Flood” (page 181).

In the beginning, two thousand years before the heaven and the earth, seven things were created: the Torah written with black fire on white fire, and lying in the lap of God; the Divine Throne, erected in the heaven which later was over the heads of the Hayyot; Paradise on the right side of God, Hell on the left side; the Celestial Sanctuary directly in front of God, having a jewel on its altar graven with the Name of the Messiah, and a Voice that cries aloud, “Return, ye children of men.”

When God resolved upon the creation of the world, He took counsel with the Torah. Her advice was this, “O Lord, a king without an army and without courtiers and attendants hardly deserves the name of king, for none is nigh to express the homage due to him.” The answer pleased God exceedingly. Thus did He teach all earthly kings, by His Divine example, to undertake naught without first consulting advisers.

The Fifth Day

On the fifth day of creation God took fire and water, and out of these two elements He made the fishes of the sea. The animals in the water are much more numerous than those on land. For every species on land, excepting only the weasel, there is a corresponding species in the water, and, besides, there are many found only in the water.

The ruler over the sea-animals is leviathan. With all the other fishes he was made on the fifth day. Originally he was created male and female like all the other animals. But when it appeared that a pair of these monsters might annihilate the whole earth with their united strength, God killed the female. So enormous is leviathan that to quench his thirst he needs all the water that flows from the Jordan into the sea. His food consists of the fish which go between his jaws of their own accord. When he is hungry, a hot breath blows from his nostrils, and it makes the waters of the great sea seething hot. Formidable though

behemot, the other monster, is, he feels insecure until he is certain that leviathan has satisfied his thirst. The only thing that can keep him in check is the stickleback, a little fish which was created for the purpose, and of which he stands in great awe. But leviathan is more than merely large and strong; he is wonderfully made besides. His fins radiate brilliant light, the very sun is obscured by it, and also his eyes shed such splendor that frequently the sea is illuminated suddenly by it. No wonder that this marvelous beast is the plaything of God, in whom He takes His pastime.

There is but one thing that makes leviathan repulsive, his foul smell: which is so strong that if it penetrated thither, it would render Paradise itself an impossible abode.

The real purpose of leviathan is to be served up as a dainty to the pious in the world to come. The female was put into brine as soon as she was killed, to be preserved against the time when her flesh will be needed. The male is destined to offer a delectable sight to all beholders before he is consumed. When his last hour arrives, God will summon the angels to enter into combat with the monster. But no sooner will leviathan cast his glance at them than they will flee in fear and dismay from the field of battle. They will return to the charge with swords, but in vain, for his scales can turn back steel like straw. They will be equally unsuccessful when they attempt to kill him by throwing darts and sling-stones; such missiles will rebound without leaving the least impression on his body. Disheartened, the angels will give up the combat, and God will command leviathan and behemot to enter into a duel with each other. The issue will be that both will drop dead, behemot slaughtered by a blow of leviathan's fins, and leviathan killed by a lash of behemot's tail. From the skin of leviathan God will construct tents to shelter companies of the pious while they enjoy the dishes made of his flesh. The amount assigned to each of the pious will be in proportion to his deserts, and none will envy or begrudge the other his better share. What is left of leviathan's skin will be stretched out over Jerusalem as a canopy, and the light streaming from it will illumine the whole world, and what is left of his flesh after the pious have appeased their appetite, will be distributed among the rest of men, to carry on traffic therewith.

On the same day with the fishes, the birds were created, for these two kinds of animals are closely related to each other. Fish are fashioned out of water, and birds out of marshy ground saturated with water.

As leviathan is the king of fishes, so the ziz is appointed to rule over the birds. His name comes from the variety of tastes his flesh has; it tastes like this, zeh, and like that, zeh. The ziz is as monstrous of size as leviathan himself. His ankles rest on the earth, and his head reaches to the very sky.

It once happened that travelers on a vessel noticed a bird. As he stood in the water, it merely covered his feet, and his head knocked against the sky. The onlookers thought the water could not have any depth at that point, and they prepared to take a bath there. A heavenly voice warned them, "Alight not here!

Once a carpenter's axe slipped from his hand at this spot, and it took it seven years to touch bottom." The bird the travelers saw was none other than the ziz. His wings are so huge that unfurled they darken the sun. They protect the earth against the storms of the south; without their aid the earth would not be able to resist the winds blowing thence. Once an egg of the ziz fell to the ground and broke. The fluid from it flooded sixty cities, and the shock crushed three hundred cedars. Fortunately such accidents do not occur frequently. As a rule the bird lets her eggs slide gently into her nest. This one mishap was due to the fact that the egg was rotten, and the bird cast it away carelessly. The ziz has another name, Renanin, because he is the celestial singer. On account of his relation to the heavenly regions he is also called Sekwi, the seer, and, besides, he is called "son of the nest," because his fledgling birds break away from the shell without being hatched by the mother bird; they spring directly from the nest, as it were. Like leviathan, so ziz is a delicacy to be served to the pious at the end of time, to compensate them for the privations which abstaining from the unclean fowls imposed upon them.

The Sixth Day

As the fish were formed out of water, and the birds out of boggy earth well mixed with water, so the mammals were formed out of solid earth, and as leviathan is the most notable representative of the fish kind, and ziz of the bird kind, so behemot is the most notable representative of the mammal kind. Behemot matches leviathan in strength, and he had to be prevented, like leviathan, from multiplying and increasing, else the world could not have continued to exist; after God had created him male and female, He at once deprived him of the desire to propagate his kind. He is so monstrous that he requires the produce of a thousand mountains for his daily food. All the water that flows through the bed of the Jordan in a year suffices him exactly for one gulp. It therefore was necessary to give him one stream entirely for his own use, a stream flowing forth from Paradise, called Yubal. Behemot, too, is destined to be served to the pious as an appetizing dainty, but before they enjoy his flesh, they will be permitted to view the mortal combat between leviathan and behemot, as a reward for having denied themselves the pleasures of the circus and its gladiatorial contests.

Leviathan, ziz, and behemot are not the only monsters; there are many others, and marvelous ones, like the reem, a giant animal, of which only one couple, male and female, is in existence. Had there been more, the world could hardly have maintained itself against them. The act of copulation occurs but once in seventy years between them, for God has so ordered it that the male and female reem are at opposite ends of the earth, the one in the east, the other in the west. The act of copulation results in the death of the male. He is bitten by the female and dies of the bite. The female becomes pregnant and remains in this state for no less than twelve years. At the end of this long period she gives birth to twins, a male and a female. The year preceding her delivery she is not

able to move. She would die of hunger, were it not that her own spittle flowing copiously from her mouth waters and fructifies the earth near her, and causes it to bring forth enough for her maintenance. For a whole year the animal can but roll from side to side, until finally her belly bursts, and the twins issue forth. Their appearance is thus the signal for the death of the mother reem. She makes room for the new generation, which in turn is destined to suffer the same fate as the generation that went before. Immediately after birth, the one goes eastward and the other westward, to meet only after the lapse of seventy years, propagate themselves, and perish. A traveler who once saw a reem one day old described its height to be four parasangs, and the length of its head one parasang and a half. Its horns measure one hundred ells, and their height is a great deal more.

One of the most remarkable creatures is the “man of the mountain,” Adne Sadeh, or, briefly, Adam. His form is exactly that of a human being, but he is fastened to the ground by means of a navel-string, upon which his life depends. The cord once snapped, he dies. This animal keeps himself alive with what is produced by the soil around about him as far as his tether permits him to crawl. No creature may venture to approach within the radius of his cord, for he seizes and demolishes whatever comes in his reach. To kill him, one may not go near to him, the navel-string must be severed from a distance by means of a dart, and then he dies amid groans and moans. Once upon a time a traveler happened in the region where this animal is found. He overheard his host consult his wife as to what to do to honor their guest, and resolve to serve “our man,” as he said. Thinking he had fallen among cannibals, the stranger ran as fast as his feet could carry him from his entertainer, who sought vainly to restrain him. Afterward, he found out that there had been no intention of regaling him with human flesh, but only with the flesh of the strange animal called “man.” As the “man of the mountain” is fixed to the ground by his navel-string, so the barnacle-goose is grown to a tree by its bill. It is hard to say whether it is an animal and must be slaughtered to be fit for food, or whether it is a plant and no ritual ceremony is necessary before eating it.

Among the birds the phoenix is the most wonderful. When Eve gave all the animals some of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, the phoenix was the only bird that refused to eat thereof, and he was rewarded with eternal life. When he has lived a thousand years, his body shrinks, and the feathers drop from it, until he is as small as an egg. This is the nucleus of the new bird.

The phoenix is also called “the guardian of the terrestrial sphere.” He runs with the sun on his circuit, and he spreads out his wings and catches up the fiery rays of the sun. If he were not there to intercept them, neither man nor any other animate being would keep alive. On his right wing the following words are inscribed in huge letters, about four thousand stadia high: “Neither the earth produces me, nor the heavens, but only the wings of fire.” His food consists of the manna of heaven and the dew of the earth. His excrement is a worm, whose excrement in turn is the cinnamon used by kings and princes. Enoch, who saw

the phoenix birds when he was translated, describes them as flying creatures, wonderful and strange in appearance, with the feet and tails of lions, and the heads of crocodiles; their appearance is of a purple color like the rainbow; their size nine hundred measures. Their wings are like those of angels, each having twelve, and they attend the chariot of the sun and go with him, bringing heat and dew as they are ordered by God. In the morning when the sun starts on his daily course, the phoenixes and the chalkidri sing, and every bird flaps its wings, rejoicing the Giver of light, and they sing a song at the command of the Lord. Among reptiles the salamander and the shamir are the most marvelous. The salamander originates from a fire of myrtle wood which has been kept burning for seven years steadily by means of magic arts. Not bigger than a mouse, it yet is invested with peculiar properties. One who smears himself with its blood is invulnerable, and the web woven by it is a talisman against fire. The people who lived at the deluge boasted that, were a fire flood to come, they would protect themselves with the blood of the salamander.

King Hezekiah owes his life to the salamander. His wicked father, King Ahaz, had delivered him to the fires of Moloch, and he would have been burnt, had his mother not painted him with the blood of the salamander, so that the fire could do him no harm.

The shamir was made at twilight on the sixth day of creation together with other extraordinary things. It is about as large as a barley corn, and it possesses the remarkable property of cutting the hardest of diamonds. For this reason it was used for the stones in the breastplate worn by the high priest. First the names of the twelve tribes were traced with ink on the stones to be set into the breastplate, then the shamir was passed over the lines, and thus they were graven. The wonderful circumstance was that the friction wore no particles from the stones. The shamir was also used for hewing into shape the stones from which the Temple was built, because the law prohibited iron tools to be used for the work in the Temple. The shamir may not be put in an iron vessel for safekeeping, nor in any metal vessel, it would burst such a receptacle asunder. It is kept wrapped up in a woolen cloth, and this in turn is placed in a lead basket filled with barley bran. The shamir was guarded in Paradise until Solomon needed it. He sent the eagle thither to fetch the worm. With the destruction of the Temple the shamir vanished. A similar fate overtook the tahash, which had been created only that its skin might be used for the Tabernacle. Once the Tabernacle was completed, the tahash disappeared. It had a horn on its forehead, was gaily colored like the turkey-cock, and belonged to the class of clean animals. Among the fishes there are also wonderful creatures, the sea-goats and the dolphins, not to mention leviathan. A sea-faring man once saw a sea-goat on whose horns the words were inscribed, "I am a little sea-animal, yet I traversed three hundred parasangs to offer myself as food to the leviathan." The dolphins are half man and half fish; they even have sexual intercourse with human beings; therefore they are called also "sons of the sea," for in a sense they represent the human kind in the waters.

Though every species in the animal world was created during the last two days of the six of creation, yet many characteristics of certain animals appeared later. Cats and mice, foes now, were friends originally. Their later enmity had a distinct cause. On one occasion the mouse appeared before God and spoke, "I and the cat are partners, but now we have nothing to eat." The Lord answered, "Thou art intriguing against thy companion, only that thou mayest devour her. As a punishment, she shall devour thee."

Thereupon the mouse, "O Lord of the world, wherein have I done wrong?"

God replied, "O thou unclean reptile, thou shouldst have been warned by the example of the moon, who lost a part of her light, because she spake ill of the sun, and what she lost was given to her opponent. The evil intentions thou didst harbor against thy companion shall be punished in the same way. Instead of thy devouring her, she shall devour thee."

The mouse, "O Lord of the world! Shall my whole kind be destroyed?"

God, "I will take care that a remnant of thee is spared."

In her rage the mouse bit the cat, and the cat in turn threw herself upon the mouse, and hacked into her with her teeth until she lay dead. Since that moment the mouse stands in such awe of the cat that she does not even attempt to defend herself against her enemy's attacks, and always keeps herself in hiding. Similarly dogs and cats maintained a friendly relation to each other, and only later on became enemies. A dog and a cat were partners, and they shared with each other whatever they had. It once happened that neither could find anything to eat for three days. Thereupon the dog proposed that they dissolve their partnership. The cat should go to Adam, in whose house there would surely be enough for her to eat, while the dog should seek his fortune elsewhere. Before they separated, they took an oath never to go to the same master. The cat took up her abode with Adam, and she found sufficient mice in his house to satisfy her appetite. Seeing how useful she was in driving away and extirpating mice, Adam treated her most kindly. The dog, on the other hand, saw bad times. The first night after their separation he spent in the cave of the wolf, who had granted him a night's lodging. At night the dog caught the sound of steps, and he reported it to his host, who bade him repulse the intruders. They were wild animals. Little lacked and the dog would have lost his life. Dismayed, the dog fled from the house of the wolf, and took refuge with the monkey. But he would not grant him even a single night's lodging; and the fugitive was forced to appeal to the hospitality of the sheep. Again the dog heard steps in the middle of the night. Obeying the bidding of his host, he arose to chase away the marauders, who turned out to be wolves. The barking of the dog apprised the wolves of the presence of sheep, so that the dog innocently caused the sheep's death. Now he had lost his last friend. Night after night he begged for shelter, without ever finding a home. Finally, he decided to repair to the house of Adam, who also granted him refuge for one night. When wild animals approached the house under cover of darkness, the dog began to bark, Adam

awoke, and with his bow and arrow he drove them away. Recognizing the dog's usefulness, he bade him remain with him always. But as soon as the cat espied the dog in Adam's house, she began to quarrel with him, and reproach him with having broken his oath to her. Adam did his best to pacify the cat. He told her he had himself invited the dog to make his home there, and he assured her she would in no way be the loser by the dog's presence; he wanted both to stay with him. But it was impossible to appease the cat. The dog promised her not to touch anything intended for her. She insisted that she could not live in one and the same house with a thief like the dog. Bickerings between the dog and the cat became the order of the day. Finally the dog could stand it no longer, and he left Adam's house, and betook himself to Seth's. By Seth he was welcomed kindly, and from Seth's house, he continued to make efforts at reconciliation with the cat in vain. Yes, the enmity between the first dog and the first cat was transmitted to all their descendants until this very day.

Even the physical peculiarities of certain animals were not original features with them, but owed their existence to something that occurred subsequent to the days of creation. The mouse at first had quite a different mouth from its present mouth. In Noah's ark, in which all animals, to ensure the preservation of every kind, lived together peaceably, the pair of mice were once sitting next to the cat. Suddenly the latter remembered that her father was in the habit of devouring mice, and thinking there was no harm in following his example, she jumped at the mouse, who vainly looked for a hole into which to slip out of sight. Then a miracle happened; a hole appeared where none had been before, and the mouse sought refuge in it. The cat pursued the mouse, and though she could not follow her into the hole, she could insert her paw and try to pull the mouse out of her covert. Quickly the mouse opened her mouth in the hope that the paw would go into it, and the cat would be prevented from fastening her claws in her flesh. But as the cavity of the mouth was not big enough, the cat succeeded in clawing the cheeks of the mouse. Not that this helped her much, it merely widened the mouth of the mouse, and her prey after all escaped the cat. After her happy escape, the mouse betook herself to Noah and said to him, "O pious man, be good enough to sew up my cheek where my enemy, the cat, has torn a rent in it." Noah bade her fetch a hair out of the tail of the swine, and with this he repaired the damage. Thence the little seam-like line next to the mouth of every mouse to this very day.

The raven is another animal that changed its appearance during its sojourn in the ark. When Noah desired to send him forth to find out about the state of the waters, he hid under the wings of the eagle. Noah found him, however, and said to him, "Go and see whether the waters have diminished."

The raven pleaded, "Hast thou none other among all the birds to send on this errand?"

Noah, "My power extends no further than over thee and the dove."

But the raven was not satisfied. He said to Noah with great insolence, "Thou sendest me forth only that I may meet my death, and thou wishest my death that my wife may be at thy service."

Thereupon Noah cursed the raven thus, "May thy mouth, which has spoken evil against me be accursed, and thy intercourse with thy wife be only through it." All the animals in the ark said Amen. And this is the reason why a mass of spittle runs from the mouth of the male raven into the mouth of the female during the act of copulation, and only thus the female is impregnated. Altogether the raven is an unattractive animal. He is unkind toward his own young so long as their bodies are not covered with black feathers, though as a rule ravens love one another. God therefore takes the young ravens under His special protection. From their own excrement maggots come forth, which serve as their food during the three days that elapse after their birth, until their white feathers turn black and their parents recognize them as their offspring and care for them.

The raven has himself to blame also for the awkward hop in his gait. He observed the graceful step of the dove, and envious of her tried to emulate it. The outcome was that he almost broke his bones without in the least succeeding in making himself resemble the dove, not to mention that he brought the scorn of the other animals down upon himself. His failure excited their ridicule. Then he decided to return to his own original gait, but in the interval he had unlearned it, and he could walk neither the one way nor the other properly. His step had become a hop betwixt and between. Thus we see how true it is, that he who is dissatisfied with his small portion loses the little he has in striving for more and better things.

The steer is also one of the animals that have suffered a change in the course of time. Originally his face was entirely overgrown with hair, but now there is none on his nose, and that is because Joshua kissed him on his nose during the siege of Jericho. Joshua was an exceedingly heavy man. Horses, donkeys, and mules, none could bear him, they all broke down under his weight. What they could not do, the steer accomplished. On his back Joshua rode to the siege of Jericho, and in gratitude he bestowed a kiss upon his nose.

The serpent, too, is other than it was at first. Before the fall of man it was the cleverest of all animals created, and in form it resembled man closely. It stood upright and was of extraordinary size. Afterward, it lost the mental advantages it had possessed as compared with other animals, and it degenerated physically, too; it was deprived of its feet, so that it could not pursue other animals and kill them. The mole and the frog had to be made harmless in similar ways; the former has no eyes, else it were irresistible, and the frog has no teeth, else no animal in the water were sure of its life.

While the cunning of the serpent wrought its own undoing, the cunning of the fox stood him in good stead in many an embarrassing situation. After Adam had committed the sin of disobedience, God delivered the whole of the animal world into the power of the Angel of Death, and He ordered him to cast one

pair of each kind into the water. He and leviathan together thus have dominion over all that has life. When the Angel of Death was in the act of executing the Divine command upon the fox, he began to weep bitterly. The Angel of Death asked him the reason of his tears, and the fox replied that he was mourning the sad fate of his friend. At the same time he pointed to the figure of a fox in the sea, which was nothing but his own reflection. The Angel of Death, persuaded that a representative of the fox family had been cast into the water, let him go free. The fox told his trick to the cat, and she in turn played it on the Angel of Death. So it happened that neither cats nor foxes are represented in the water, while all other animals are.

When leviathan passed the animals in review, and missing the fox was informed of the sly way in which he had eluded his authority, he dispatched great and powerful fish on the errand of enticing the truant into the water. The fox walking along the shore espied the large number of fish, and he exclaimed, "How happy he who may always satisfy his hunger with the flesh of such as these." The fish told him, if he would but follow them, his appetite could easily be appeased. At the same time they informed him that a great honor awaited him. Leviathan, they said, was at death's door, and he had commissioned them to install the fox as his successor. They were ready to carry him on their backs, so that he had no need to fear the water, and thus they would convey him to the throne, which stood upon a huge rock. The fox yielded to these persuasions and descended into the water. Presently an uncomfortable feeling took possession of him. He began to suspect that the tables were turned; he was being made game of instead of making game of others as usual. He urged the fish to tell him the truth, and they admitted that they had been sent out to secure his person for leviathan, who wanted his heart, that he might become as knowing as the fox, whose wisdom he had heard many extol. The fox said reproachfully, "Why did you not tell me the truth at once? Then I could have brought my heart along with me for King Leviathan, who would have showered honors upon me. As it is, you will surely suffer punishment for bringing me without my heart. The foxes, you see," he continued, "do not carry their hearts around with them. They keep them in a safe place, and when they have need of them, they fetch them thence." The fish quickly swam to shore, and landed the fox, so that he might go for his heart. No sooner did he feel dry land under his feet than he began to jump and shout, and when they urged him to go in search of his heart, and follow them, he said, "O ye fools, could I have followed you into the water, if I had not had my heart with me? Or exists there a creature able to go abroad without his heart?"

The fish replied, "Come, come, thou art fooling us."

Whereupon the fox, "O ye fools, if I could play a trick on the Angel of Death, how much easier was it to make game of you?" So they had to return, their errand undone, and leviathan could not but confirm the taunting judgment of the fox, "In very truth, the fox is wise of heart, and ye are fools."

All Things Praise the Lord

“Whatever God created has value.” Even the animals and the insects that seem useless and noxious at first sight have a vocation to fulfill. The snail trailing a moist streak after it as it crawls, and so using up its vitality, serves as a remedy for boils. The sting of a hornet is healed by the housefly crushed and applied to the wound. The gnat, feeble creature, taking in food but never secreting it, is a specific against the poison of a viper, and this venomous reptile itself cures eruptions, while the lizard is the antidote to the scorpion. Not only do all creatures serve man, and contribute to his comfort, but also God “teacheth us through the beasts of the earth, and maketh us wise through the fowls of heaven.” He endowed many animals with admirable moral qualities as a pattern for man. If the Torah had not been revealed to us, we might have learnt regard for the decencies of life from the cat, who covers her excrement with earth; regard for the property of others from the ants, who never encroach upon one another’s stores; and regard for decorous conduct from the cock, who, when he desires to unite with the hen, promises to buy her a cloak long enough to reach to the ground, and when the hen reminds him of his promise, he shakes his comb and says, “May I be deprived of my comb, if I do not buy it when I have the means.” The grasshopper also has a lesson to teach to man. All the summer through it sings, until its belly bursts, and death claims it. Though it knows the fate that awaits it, yet it sings on. So man should do his duty toward God, no matter what the consequences. The stork should be taken as a model in two respects. He guards the purity of his family life zealously, and toward his fellows he is compassionate and merciful. Even the frog can be the teacher of man. By the side of the water there lives a species of animals which subsist off aquatic creatures alone. When the frog notices that one of them is hungry, he goes to it of his own accord, and offers himself as food, thus fulfilling the injunction, “If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink.”

The whole of creation was called into existence by God unto His glory, and each creature has its own hymn of praise wherewith to extol the Creator. Heaven and earth, Paradise and hell, desert and field, rivers and seas—all have their own way of paying homage to God. The hymn of the earth is, “From the uttermost part of the earth have we heard songs, glory to the Righteous.” The sea exclaims, “Above the voices of many waters, the mighty breakers of the sea, the Lord on high is mighty.”

Also the celestial bodies and the elements proclaim the praise of their Creator—the sun, moon, and stars, the clouds and the winds, lightning and dew. The sun says, “The sun and moon stood still in their habitation, at the light of Thine arrows as they went, at the shining of Thy glittering spear”; and the stars sing, “Thou art the Lord, even Thou alone; Thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all their host, the earth and all things that are thereon, the seas and all that is in them, and Thou preservest them all; and the host of heaven worshipeth Thee.”

Every plant, furthermore, has a song of praise. The fruitful tree sings, “Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy, before the Lord, for He cometh; for He cometh to judge the earth”; and the ears of grain on the field sing, “The pastures are covered with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.”

Great among singers of praise are the birds, and greatest among them is the cock. When God at midnight goes to the pious in Paradise, all the trees therein break out into adoration, and their songs awaken the cock, who begins in turn to praise God. Seven times he crows, each time reciting a verse. The first verse is: “Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in. Who is the King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.” The second verse: “Lift up your heads, O ye gates; yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.” The third: “Arise, ye righteous, and occupy yourselves with the Torah, that your reward may be abundant in the world hereafter.” The fourth: “I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord!” The fifth: “How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?” The sixth: “Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty; open thine eyes, and thou shalt be satisfied with bread.” And the seventh verse sung by the cock runs: “It is time to work for the Lord, for they have made void Thy law.”

The song of the vulture is: “I will hiss for them, and gather them; for I have redeemed them, and they shall increase as they have increased”—the same verse with which the bird will in time to come announce the advent of the Messiah, the only difference being, that when he heralds the Messiah he will sit upon the ground and sing his verse, while at all other times he is seated elsewhere when he sings it.

Nor do the other animals praise God less than the birds. Even the beasts of prey give forth adoration. The lion says, “The Lord shall go forth as a mighty man; He shall stir up jealousy like a man of war; He shall cry, yea, He shall shout aloud; He shall do mightily against his enemies.”

And the fox exhorts unto justice with the words, “Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by injustice; that useth his neighbor’s service without wages, and giveth him not his hire.”

Yea, the dumb fishes know how to proclaim the praise of their Lord. “The voice of the Lord is upon the waters,” they say, “the God of glory thundereth, even the Lord upon many waters”; while the frog exclaims, “Blessed be the name of the glory of His kingdom forever and ever.”

Contemptible though they are, even the reptiles give praise unto their Creator. The mouse extols God with the words, “Howbeit Thou art just in all that is come upon me; for Thou hast dealt truly, but I have done wickedly.” And the cat sings, “Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.”

THE FALL OF MAN AND THE PUNISHMENT OF THE SERPENT

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Ginzberg, Louis. *The Legends of the Jews, Volume I, Bible Times and Characters from the Creation to Jacob*, trans. Herietta Szold. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America, 1909, 71–78.

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The following narrative of human loss of innocence and the punishment of the agents of that fall from grace is drawn from Louis Ginzberg's retelling of tales from the Haggada (see "The Creation of the World," page 184, for a discussion of the Haggada). This **myth** serves to gloss the more familiar narrative from the biblical Book of Genesis while depicting the serpent as the supreme **trickster**.

Among the animals the serpent was notable. Of all of them he had the most excellent qualities, in some of which he resembled man. Like man he stood upright upon two feet, and in height he was equal to the camel. Had it not been for the fall of man, which brought misfortune to them, too, one pair of serpents would have sufficed to perform all the work man has to do, and, besides, they would have supplied him with silver, gold, gems, and pearls. As a matter of fact, it was the very ability of the serpent that led to the ruin of man and his own ruin. His superior mental gifts caused him to become an infidel. It likewise explains his envy of man, especially of his conjugal relations. Envy made him meditate ways and means of bringing about the death of Adam. He was too well acquainted with the character of the man to attempt to exercise tricks of persuasion upon him, and he approached the woman, knowing that women are beguiled easily. The conversation with Eve was cunningly planned, she could not but be caught in a trap. The serpent began, "Is it true that God hath said, Ye shall not eat of every tree in the garden?"

"We may," rejoined Eve, "eat of the fruit of all the trees in the garden, except that which is in the midst of the garden, and that we may not even touch, lest we be stricken with death." She spoke thus, because in his zeal to guard her against the transgressing of the Divine command, Adam had forbidden Eve to touch the tree, though God had mentioned only the eating of the fruit. It remains a truth, what the proverb says, "Better a wall ten hands high that stands, than a wall a hundred ells high that cannot stand." It was Adam's

exaggeration that afforded the serpent the possibility of persuading Eve to taste of the forbidden fruit.

The serpent pushed Eve against the tree, and said, “Thou seest that touching the tree has not caused thy death. As little will it hurt thee to eat the fruit of the tree. Naught but malevolence has prompted the prohibition, for as soon as ye eat thereof, ye shall be as God. As He creates and destroys worlds, so will ye have the power to create and destroy. As He doth slay and revive, so will ye have the power to slay and revive. He Himself ate first of the fruit of the tree, and then He created the world. Therefore doth He forbid you to eat thereof, lest you create other worlds. Everyone knows that ‘artisans of the same guild hate one another.’ Furthermore, have ye not observed that every creature hath dominion over the creature fashioned before itself? The heavens were made on the first day, and they are kept in place by the firmament made on the second day. The firmament, in turn, is ruled by the plants, the creation of the third day, for they take up all the water of the firmament. The sun and the other celestial bodies, which were created on the fourth day, have power over the world of plants. They can ripen their fruits and flourish only through their influence. The creation of the fifth day, the animal world, rules over the celestial spheres. Witness the ziz, which can darken the sun with its pinions. But ye are masters of the whole of creation, because ye were the last to be created. Hasten now and eat of the fruit of the tree in the midst of the garden, and become independent of God, lest He bring forth still other creatures to bear rule over you.”

To give due weight to these words, the serpent began to shake the tree violently and bring down its fruit. He ate thereof, saying, “As I do not die of eating the fruit, so wilt thou not die.”

Now Eve could not but say to herself, “All that my master”—so she called Adam—“commanded me is but lies,” and she determined to follow the advice of the serpent. Yet she could not bring herself to disobey the command of God utterly. She made a compromise with her conscience. First she ate only the outside skin of the fruit, and then, seeing that death did not fell her, she ate the fruit itself. Scarce had she finished, when she saw the Angel of Death before her. Expecting her end to come immediately, she resolved to make Adam eat of the forbidden fruit, too, lest he espouse another wife after her death. It required tears and lamentations on her part to prevail upon Adam to take the baleful step. Not yet satisfied, she gave of the fruit to all other living beings, that they, too, might be subject to death. All ate, and they all are mortal, with the exception of the bird malham, who refused the fruit, with the words, “Is it not enough that ye have sinned against God, and have brought death to others? Must ye still come to me and seek to persuade me into disobeying God’s command, that I may eat and die thereof? I will not do your bidding.”

A heavenly voice was heard then to say to Adam and Eve, “To you was the command given. Ye did not heed it; ye did transgress it, and ye did seek to persuade the bird malham. He was steadfast, and he feared Me, although I gave

him no command. Therefore he shall never taste of death, neither he nor his descendants—they all shall live forever in Paradise.”

Adam spoke to Eve, “Didst thou give me of the tree of which I forbade thee to eat? Thou didst give me thereof, for my eyes are opened, and the teeth in my mouth are set on edge.”

Eve made answer, “As my teeth were set on edge, so may the teeth of all living beings be set on edge.” The first result was that Adam and Eve became naked. Before, their bodies had been overlaid with a horny skin, and enveloped with the cloud of glory. No sooner had they violated the command given them than the cloud of glory and the horny skin dropped from them, and they stood there in their nakedness, and ashamed. Adam tried to gather leaves from the trees to cover part of their bodies, but he heard one tree after the other say, “There is the thief that deceived his Creator. Nay, the foot of pride shall not come against me, nor the hand of the wicked touch me. Hence, and take no leaves from me!” Only the fig tree granted him permission to take of its leaves. That was because the fig was the forbidden fruit itself. Adam had the same experience as that prince who seduced one of the maid-servants in the palace. When the king, his father, chased him out, he vainly sought a refuge with the other maid-servants, but only she who had caused his disgrace would grant him assistance.

The Punishment

As long as Adam stood naked, casting about for means of escape from his embarrassment, God did not appear unto him, for one should not “strive to see a man in the hour of his disgrace.” He waited until Adam and Eve had covered themselves with fig leaves. But even before God spoke to him, Adam knew what was impending. He heard the angels announce, “God betaketh Himself unto those that dwell in Paradise.” He heard more, too. He heard what the angels were saying to one another about his fall, and what they were saying to God. In astonishment the angels exclaimed, “What! He still walks about in Paradise? He is not yet dead?”

Whereupon God, “I said to him, ‘In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die!’ Now, ye know not what manner of day I meant—one of My days of a thousand years, or one of your days. I will give him one of My days. He shall have nine hundred and thirty years to live, and seventy to leave to his descendants.”

When Adam and Eve heard God approaching, they hid among the trees—which would not have been possible before the fall. Before he committed his trespass, Adam’s height was from the heavens to the earth, but afterward it was reduced to one hundred ells. Another consequence of his sin was the fear Adam felt when he heard the voice of God: before his fall it had not disquieted him in the least. Hence it was that when Adam said, “I heard Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid,” God replied, “Aforetime thou wert not afraid, and now thou art afraid?”

God refrained from reproaches at first. Standing at the gate of Paradise, He but asked, "Where art thou, Adam?" Thus did God desire to teach man a rule of polite behavior, never to enter the house of another without announcing himself. It cannot be denied, the words "Where art thou?" were pregnant with meaning. They were intended to bring home to Adam the vast difference between his latter and his former state—between his supernatural size then and his shrunken size now; between the lordship of God over him then and the lordship of the serpent over him now. At the same time, God wanted to give Adam the opportunity of repenting of his sin, and he would have received Divine forgiveness for it. But so far from repenting of it, Adam slandered God, and uttered blasphemies against Him. When God asked him, "Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee thou shouldst not eat?" he did not confess his sin, but excused himself with the words, "O Lord of the world! As long as I was alone, I did not fall into sin, but as soon as this woman came to me, she tempted me."

God replied, "I gave her unto thee as a help, and thou art ungrateful when thou accusest her, saying, 'She gave me of the tree.' Thou shouldst not have obeyed her, for thou art the head, and not she." God, who knows all things, had foreseen exactly this, and He had not created Eve until Adam had asked Him for a helpmate, so that he might not have apparently good reason for reproaching God with having created woman.

As Adam tried to shift the blame for his misdeed from himself, so also Eve. She, like her husband, did not confess her transgression and pray for pardon, which would have been granted to her. Gracious as God is, He did not pronounce the doom upon Adam and Eve until they showed themselves stiff-necked. Not so with the serpent. God inflicted the curse upon the serpent without hearing his defense; for the serpent is a villain, and the wicked are good debaters. If God had questioned him, the serpent would have answered, "Thou didst give them a command, and I did contradict it. Why did they obey me, and not Thee?" Therefore God did not enter into an argument with the serpent, but straightway decreed the following ten punishments: The mouth of the serpent was closed, and his power of speech taken away; his hands and feet were hacked off; the earth was given him as food; he must suffer great pain in sloughing his skin; enmity is to exist between him and man; if he eats the choicest viands, or drinks the sweetest beverages, they all change into dust in his mouth; the pregnancy of the female serpent lasts seven years; men shall seek to kill him as soon as they catch sight of him; even in the future world, where all beings will be blessed, he will not escape the punishment decreed for him; he will vanish from out of the Holy Land if Israel walks in the ways of God.

Furthermore, God spake to the serpent, "I created thee to be king over all animals, cattle and the beasts of the field alike; but thou wast not satisfied. Therefore thou shalt be cursed above all cattle and above every beast of the field. I created thee of upright posture; but thou wast not satisfied. Therefore

thou shalt go upon thy belly. I created thee to eat the same food as man; but thou wast not satisfied. Therefore thou shalt eat dust all the days of thy life. Thou didst seek to cause the death of Adam in order to espouse his wife. Therefore I will put enmity between thee and the woman.” How true it is—he who lusts after what is not his due, not only does he not attain his desire, but he also loses what he has!

As angels had been present when the doom was pronounced upon the serpent—for God had convoked a Sanhedrin of seventy-one angels when He sat in judgment upon him—so the execution of the decree against him was entrusted to angels. They descended from heaven and chopped off his hands and feet. His suffering was so great that his agonized cries could be heard from one end of the world to the other.

KURD

SUTO AND TATO

Tradition Bearer: Mullah Said

Source: Nikitine, B., and Major E. B. Soane. "The Tale of Suto and Tato: Kurdish Text with Translation and Notes." *Bulletin of the School of Oriental Studies, University of London* 3 (1923): 70–84.

Date: ca. 1916

Original Source: Kurdish

National Origin: Iran (Kurdistan)

The Kurds historically inhabited a mountainous area of western Armenia, northern Iraq, northwestern Iran, northeastern Syria, and southeastern Turkey, an area referred to as Kurdistan. Commentary by authors B. Nikitine and E. B. Soane suggest that the following **legend** was collected in the area at which the borders of Turkey and Iran meet. Traditionally Kurds practiced Islam and led a nomadic, pastoral life herding goats and sheep. The nationalism that emerged following World War I impinged on Kurdish tradition and ultimately resulted in attempts to repress their culture in favor of assimilation by the nations through which they ranged. Agha in this context is a civil title, equivalent in many ways to "chief."

Suto is Agha of the Duskani tribe, from the village of Horamar and of the clan of Mala Miri. Tato is Agha of the Rekani tribe, of the village of Razga, and the clan of Mala Mikail Agha. The Rekani, from early times till now, have been continuously under the hands of the Horamar Aghas, and in the time of Suto Agha they fell even more completely under their dominance. Suto, with his sons, his brothers, and the elders of his clan visited many persecutions and impositions upon the Rekani, and rendered them so desperate that the

power of forbearance no longer remained to them. Tato, yet a youth, was a man of much courage, the like of whom had never been seen among the Rekani Aghas, and now his pride could no longer brook the misrule of the Horamari. He said to his brothers, Temo, Hadi, and Resul (all of whom were older than he), "I cannot submit like you, I will not make a Jew of myself in Suto's hands, death is pleasanter than life thus; with God's help I shall terminate Suto's powers whether I die or live."

His brothers and relations replied, "We shall run counter to any plan you may consider advisable; but we shall be annihilated, for we are not strong enough to cope with the Horamari."

Tato replied, "And if we be annihilated, there is no loss. If we prevail, we have profited in name and honor till Judgment Day, and if vanquished we die and are at rest. Whatever comes to pass I am resigned."

So they thus perfected their agreement to a feud with the Horamari.

One day it so happened that Haio, Suto's brother, in accordance with his custom, visited the Rekani villages and commenced harrying and plundering. Tato and Tamo accompanied by ten of their men approached him and said, "Go out from amongst our people! From this day on we do not consent to your coming or going in Rekani."

Haio said, "Nevertheless, we are [here], and we do not regard you as of any importance."

When Haio spoke thus Tato presented his Martini [rifle], discharged a cartridge, and killed him on the spot. Some of Haio's followers were also killed, and others got away to Nerva, Suto's village, the distance between Nerva and Razga being less than two hours. The following day Suto collected all the tribesmen of Duskan and Horamar, and said, "Now will I go at once and annihilate the clan of Mikail Agha Rekani, and will seize all the Rekani land as revenge for Haio." All said, "We are ready, whatever you order, we shall execute. Certainly the revenge of the Agha's brother is a duty upon all of us (literally, on all our heads), and even without your orders it is incumbent upon us day and night to strive for Haio's revenge."

So Suto with his force came upon Razga village and opened the fight. Tato's men were few, and could not fight in the open, so took cover in Tato's fort, and from there engaged Suto's forces. They became surrounded, and Suto's men were pressing the attack. At the portal of the fort Tato was seated at an embrasure over the door and killed four or five at every rush, throwing them back. Suto said, "This will not do, we must approach the fort with a chirpa [a movable fence, shield or blockade]." They cut some trees from Razga village, and dismembered them, constructed a chirpa and advanced towards the fort, and about the fourth or fifth hour of the night they got the chirpa up to it, and from its top a few men got upon the roof of the fort, and Tato's men became hard pressed. But Tato said, "Fear nothing, a man is for such a day as this, to seize, to kill, that is the manly way. Wait, and now will I scatter them."

He soaked four or five quilts in kerosene, spread them on poles, thrust them in the chirpa, and fired them. The eaves of the fort were all stone, and did not catch fire. When the flames of the chirpa rose, all sides of the fort were illuminated. Tato and his men fired several volleys upon Suto's force, and in that time finished off twenty-four people. Once again Suto's men were forced back, the chirpa availed not. He called out to Tato, "I go to prepare destruction for you, this time I will make a chirpa of stone. Then you cannot fire it." Tafo answered him, and called out, "I have debauched thy father! Your wooden chirpa did not avail, and before you can bring a stone one to the fort a long time will pass. Perhaps by then God will find me some means."

They commenced the construction of a stone chirpa, but it was not so easy as the wooden one. During this time information reached the Government of Amadia that for the last twelve days Suto had been besieging Tato's fort, and he with his men was beleaguered.

The Qaim Maqam [deputy or subgovernor] of Amadia then sent a gendarme officer with twenty gendarmes to Razga to remove Suto's force from the attack on Tato by whatever means be possible. The officer and gendarmes reached Razga and saw a great concourse about it. They reasoned that the affair could not be hurried, it would only be possible with stratagem and cunning. Since many men had come to their death; with [but] twenty gendarmes fighting, the affair would not be resolved, and to consent to do so, moreover, would be far from sense.

The officer addressed Suto I have come specially to you to say that I do not desire that your clap should be destroyed, as you are a well-born and respectable Agha. It is now several days since, that you have brought your force against the Rekani, and are fighting. The noise of it has reached the Vilayet [province] of Mosul, and the Wali [provincial governor] has informed to Qaim Maqam of Amadia that he has heard such a rumor, and ordered him to make searching inquiries, and if it is correct to let him know quickly, when he will inform the Wali of Van that he may send royal troops from Van against the tribe of Suto. Also from Mosul two battalions with two guns will come to discipline Suto and protect Tato.

"Since things are thus, the saving of your position is, that in one hour you disband your force, when we shall reply to the Wali of Mosul that nothing of importance has occurred, that some men of Suto and Tato had quarreled behind the village about the matter of some vineyard theft for two or three hours, and had now separated with two or three men wounded. Then you will not be responsible. So, I have told you. Consent, as you like; or dissent, as you like."

When the officer thus spoke, all the people said to Suto, "We will not destroy our homes, conflict with the Government is too much for us. If it is tribal warfare we are all ready to give ourselves to killing for you. But against the Government is not possible for us."

In the end Suto consented, and retired his force.

The officer took much money from him, and also placed a heavy obligation upon him, inasmuch as he had arranged his affairs with ease. He also said to Tato, "To save your position it is [best] that you should transport your household and family and your relatives to the headquarters of the Amadia cannon; inform the Vilayet and the Sublime Porte [Sultan's Court] at Constantinople. Catalogue your grievances and injuries before the necessary departments, and perhaps the Government may give you its protection. Otherwise you will not be able to defend yourselves against the pressure of the Aghas of Horamar. We also will all bear witness for you." In the end he made Tato also acquiescent and grateful, and took all his family and following with him to Amadia. Also he profited by much money from him. For there is a popular proverb amongst the Kurds: "Turks are vultures, their pleasure is in being full of carrion."

When Tato with all his people went to Amadia the lands of Rekani were left without a guardian. Shaikh [Sheik] Muhammad Sadiq was also a great vulture, and the Rekani lands were equally a very fat and pleasing carcass. The avidity of the noble Shaikh became most over-powering, and he took thought to himself how he could easily bring the lands of Rekani under his own hand. He sent a confidential letter, by the hand of two or three respectable and intelligent men, together with some money to the Qaim Maqam of Amadia [saying], "I beg of you to so arrange that Tato should need me, and come here, that I may say to him that I will get his business arranged. You on your side, hinder it somewhat."

When the letter reached the Qaim Maqam it pleased him very much, and he acted in accordance with the Shaikh's aims, saying to Tato, "I have thought of a surer and easier way for you. Although here also your affairs may be arranged, the Mosul Vilayet delays matters, and before a result eventuates one becomes most disgusted. The Van Vilayet puts things in hand more quickly, and in that Vilayet, everything is in the hands of Shaikh Muhammad Sadiq, [who] does as he likes. I say if you and your brothers and some of the notables of the Rekani tribe go to Neri before Shaikh Muhammad Sadiq, your affairs will be sooner arranged. [That] both tribally and officially the Shaikh be partner and protector is better for you, and then Suto's back will break." In fine, he convinced Tato, who was grateful to the Qaim Maqam for showing him such a course. So Tato with his brothers and the notables came to Neri, and the game entered the nets of the Shaikh.

When he came before Shaikh Muhammad Sadiq, the latter showed him much honor and graciousness. He was more soft-tongued than a Pawai, and soothed Tato's heart by all means possible. He said, "Sell me the site of Razga Fort, I will then entirely demolish it and build it again larger and stronger. I will place twenty of my own men with you, and will give your men a hundred Martini and Mauser rifles, and will also procure a special order from Government for your protection. And in exchange for this the elders of the Rekani shall give me one tenth of their harvests each year."

Tato replied, "Whatever the Shaikh order, I consent."

In the end their pact was thus resolved, and Tato deceived. Sura Chaush [*chaush*, sergeant] with twenty chosen men was sent with Tato among the Rekani. They entirely razed Razga fort, and sent masons, who commenced rebuilding it. The lower stories were approaching completion when Suto came to the conclusion that if Razga fort be completed in this style and the Shaikh support the Rekani, Tato's strength would reach such a degree that he could no longer oppose him, and in the end there would be great distress for the Agha of Horamar. Also the caravan road from Horamar towards Mosul, Akra, and Amadia passes through the Rekani.

Suto therefore summoned all the Duskani and Horamari, and said to them, "You all know to what extent Tato Rekani is my enemy."

They replied, "Yes, Agha, we know well."

He said, "You all know how masterful and rapacious is Shaikh Muhammad Sadiq?"

They replied, "Yes, Agha."

He said, "You know that if the Razga fort be finished upon those foundations and the Shaikh combine with Tato, the lands of the Duskani and Horamari will be entrapped, and we shall be forced to submit to Tato, or else not live."

They all said together, "Yes, Agha, we know it is thus, and more."

Suto said to his people, "Good, since you all confirm this, why do you not plan how to prevent them, for now we are placed between death and life, and death is the nearer. Enough, either you make a plan, and I will fall in with your ideas, or I will think it over, and you will act in accordance with what I say."

They replied, "So long as the person of our Agha is present, no one is the possessor of an opinion. Whatever the Agha decide, our duty is obedience."

Suto said, "Since you are so submissive, let it be agreed that I sacrifice myself to your saving. First," he said, "My people! You know that I did humble myself to Shaikh Muhammad Sadiq enough that I give him one of your villages for him to show gratitude and for my honor to be vastly greater than that of Tato."

They all said, "We believe it. It is even as the Agha says."

Suto said, "Good, whatever I do is for your sakes, and not for myself. My idea is this. Let us attack Razga and kill Sura Chaush and the Shaikh's men, and not allow Razga fort to be completed. How do you think that would do?"

They said: "We are steadfast in the Agha's opinion, for whenever the Razga fort be finished we shall be destroyed, so that war is the better course for us, when, if we are to be destroyed, it will be with honor and good fame, not with meanness and dishonor."

So at dawn nine hundred men of the Duski and Horamari attacked Razga. That day Tato and his men had gone to Amadia to fetch their families to Razga, and only Sura Chaush with twenty men was there. The fort was not yet

finished. For an hour they fought, and Suto's force surrounded them on all sides. Sura and his men retired to a house, but it was not suitable for defense. Suto's people came right up to the walls of the house, and though from the lattice Sura killed two or three of Suto's men, it was of no avail. They fired the house at every corner, and Sura with twelve men were faced with burning. They fought to the utmost, and did not surrender their arms, but seven men asked for mercy and emerged. Suto said to those seven, "Give up your arms, and go before the Shaikh himself, and tell him not to think again of the lands of Rekan. So long as a lad of the Mala Miri is left, no one can with impunity trespass upon the clan of the Rekan."

Those seven servants came [to the Shaikh] stripped, without arms, miserable, shamefaced. Everyone remained aghast, and said, "What state is this?" They described their misfortunes in full, and when they had told the tale of their condition to Shaikh Muhammad Sadiq he was enraged to the utmost degree. For two reasons: one was that the wheat and rice of the Rekan had not fallen into his hands, and the other that great loss and dishonor had come to him. The Shaikh fell to thoughts of vengeance for this affair. He collected his chief men and consulted with them, "What course can you see?" he said.

A few replied, "Let us collect a large force from the tribes and attack and annihilate them all." Some said, "The course is that full details of his actions be laid before the Valis of Van and Mosul, and that through Government he come to judgment, and that by the hand of Government he come to chastisement." And others said, "It is well that the Shaikh show favor to Abdurrahim Agha. He is of the Mafi, and between them and the Mala Miri is ever enmity. Then he and Tato would unite, and when enemies thus appeared from outside and inside, he (Suto) would be hard pressed."

Others yet said, "Let us raid their villages and hold up their caravan roads, nor allow them rest till we fully achieve our revenge." In short, each one gave some opinion.

I, the humble Mulla [Islamic teacher] Said, was not at the conference, but at the school teaching the students. A servant came and summoned me to the Shaikh. I went into his presence and he asked me, "What do you think is the best method of revenging Sura Chaush and his men?"

I replied, "I am a mulla and am young; of matters of policy I know nothing. I have not, much, nay, even hardly, mixed in mundane affairs. Here, all present are intelligent, important, and experienced. They necessarily know better than I."

The Shaikh said, "It is as you say, but I desire that you also give your opinion, whether good or bad, for they have all expounded their own ideas."

I asked, "Of all their opinions, which has appeared to your reverence the most acceptable?"

The Shaikh replied, "As yet I am saying nothing till you also say what is your opinion."

I said, "I beg that I may know the opinions of the others, and if they agree with mine I will confirm them, and if not in agreement, then to the degree of my defective wits I also will lay some proposal before you."

The Shaikh repeated the opinions of the conference in detail, and said, "These are they, their ideas, let me see now what you will say."

I replied, "The idea of the tribal force without the knowledge or cooperation of Government is bad, headstrong actions are eventually the cause of damage and remorse. Raiding and caravan-plundering also are but the work of brigands. They are not worthy of the honor and repute of a great one like you, the spiritual head of the humble. Friendliness toward Abdurrahim Agha is indeed good, but in that case, when Suto is disposed of, it is unlikely to profit our cause, and even if it do so will take a long time. Representation of his conduct to the Walis and his being brought to justice by Government is certainly necessary, but the first consideration is that possibly so much alone may not be enough and will not cure our ills. At most, Government will imprison him and after a time will take a deal of money from him and release him, when he will become still stronger and our affairs yet more deranged. I consider best thus: First, representation of his conduct to Government; next, the procuring of an official order and the stationing of ten gendarmes for the repair of Razga fort, and the testimony of Tato that the village and fort of Razga have been sold by him to Shaikh Muhammad Sadiq. Then, that Government give permission to Shaikh Muhammad Sadiq to protect the village and install at Razga his own armed men therefore. Then, whatever incident occurs, no fault is on the Shaikh, it is on Suto. Very good presents should be sent to the Qaim Maqams of Giaver and Amadia to gratify them, so that they will write well of the Shaikh and evil of Suto. Four hundred men, one hundred Shem-dinan, one hundred Girdi, one hundred Herki, one hundred Muzuri, who regard themselves as your adherents, should be sent with Tato to Razga while the fort is being finished and the gendarmes and masons are yet on it. Every night the men should attack one Duskani village. Then our revenge will be both tribal and governmental, and the aim of the Shaikh, which is to possess the Rekani, will be achieved and all four tribes will become enemies of Suto. And then neither he nor his descendants can ever be at rest from those four tribes."

When I outlined this plan, the Shaikh was so pleased, and laughed so much, that a hen with all its feathers might have flown into his mouth.

He said "Bravo! Mulla Said. Your idea pleases my mind better than any other, and I shall work according to your scheme." The members of the conference also agreed that my ideas were more practicable and profitable than any others. The Shaikh continued, "And, since your plan is better than all the others, I should like you to take the trouble to go to Razga and be with my people yourself till the castle be finished. Without your consent, no one shall do anything."

Then I represented that such was not my duty, but the Shaikh became more persistent. In the end four hundred men and ten gendarmes were collected, as I had suggested, and were handed over to me.

I petitioned the Shaikh to allow Shuhab ed Din, his nephew, Mulla Musa, his secretary, and Qatas Agha, his steward, all three, to come as well. The Shaikh asked, "What are they for? They are not necessary when you are there, what need of anyone else?"

I replied, "A heavy beam needs many backs to sustain it, for a single one would break under it; this is a great undertaking, and very exacting, and if one has to cope with all its demands, confusion will result, and the work suffer. Since Shuhab ed Din is your nephew his influence and value are greater; it is necessary that he come as commander of the fighting men. Mulla Musa is necessary for letter writing and advice upon affairs, and Qatas Agha for the men's rations and collection of the harvests. If I have to do all these my reason will become deranged and unable to cope with the real difficulties." Once more all the members of the meeting confirmed what I had said.

The Shaikh also agreed, and again commended me, and sent us.

At night we arrived at Mazra and Begoz, and the following day reached the gorge of Herki. The next night we went to Deri, and that same night sent fifty selected men to the hill above Peramizi, which is at the boundaries of the Rekani, Herki, and Duskani, because if that hill be taken no one could get to the Rekani. We rose with the dawn and pressed forward for one stage, nor rested till we reached Razga, and when we arrived there but half an hour was left to sunset. At once I sent one hundred men, twenty-five from each tribe, on to the hillock before Nerva, Suto's village. I gave them instructions that no one should fire a rifle nor attack till morning, when I would come myself. If that night Suto rose and escaped, good; if not, they should surround the village and not allow anyone to emerge. That night Suto's spies were among the Rekani and warned him that this time such a force had come to Razga, both tribal and government, that he can no longer remain at Nerva.

So that night he arose and went to Horamar. With the dawn those of us who had remained at Razga reached the others who had gone to the hillock before Nerva, and together surrounded and fired a volley on the village, and no sound came from it. By degrees the men sneaked up to it and saw it was deserted and no one in it. We also went to it, and I said to Tato, "This time it is your turn, take your revenge, Tato." His men set fire to the forts of Nerva, and the whole village burned. It being time of ripening grapes the force went into the vineyards and brought loads of grapes to Razga. The masons resumed work on the fort. The day after, we left one hundred men there, and three hundred with Ahmed Beg Barasuri (who was one of Shaikh Muhammad Sadiq's chaushes) we sent against Biri and Chi villages. They plundered them thoroughly, and brought back all the sheep and mules to Razga.

I then sent a letter to the Shaikh that "Thanks to the shadow of the protection of your exalted ancestors, the raiders of the Shaikh (may our souls be his sacrifice) reached Razga with all ease. One after the other successes and victories, with attainment of all desires, had been won from the enemy, and the details are thus and thus."

The Shaikh was most delighted, and congratulated us upon our victories. He wrote, "At present my constant hope is in the perfection of understanding and wisdom and courage of such as you. Than those gratifying victories are yet greater-God be with you. Amen. Sadiq."

Let us resume the tale of Suto's plight. When he went to Horamar he sent Mulla Hasan Shuki, who was his clerk, and Qazi of Duskan and Horamar, to Tahir Agha Giaveri, and when the latter reached Tahir Agha he said, "Suto Agha has sent me to you. You are an Asad Aghai, the head of all the Duskani tribe, and you are in touch with government at Giaver. Friendship is for such a day. Now what are we to think? And what are we to do?"

Tahir Agha, a man of experience, said to Mulla Hasan, "I have to think somewhat. At present for Suto, except to pacify Shaikh Muhammad Sadiq, there is no course left, as his quarrel with Tato and Shaikh Muhammad Sadiq's men, and the killing of Sura Chaush and twelve men, is well known everywhere. The Government is a supporter of the Shaikh. Therefore, now it is necessary to pacify the Shaikh."

Mulla Hasan said, "Yes, it is as you say. I also think the same, but I do not know where lies the way to the pacification of the Shaikh."

Tahir Agha replied, "It is certainly difficult, but, if it be possible for you to go to Razga to Mulla Said, ask him if it can be done; he may tell you some way."

Mulla Hasan left Tahir Agha with the intention of coming to me, and arrived at the village of Hishi in Rekani, a Christian village which is an hour distant from Razga, and remained there the night. In the early morning we saw a Christian man come before me from there who said he wished to see me alone. When he saw me he said, "Suto's clerk is sitting in my house and says he would much like to come before you and give you his news, but does not dare on account of outposts who might kill him."

I then sent ten men with the Christian, and said to them, "Go and bring Mulla Hasan in safety here, if a hair of his head fall, I will make of you all a target for Martinis." So the men went and fetched him, and he remained two nights with us, and we discussed everything. I said to him, "If the Shaikh accept Suto and forgive him for the killing, do you promise that he will go before the Shaikh?"

He said, "Yes, but on condition that Suto be certain of his own life."

I said, "Good, go to Suto and explain all to him and get his promise, and by the time you return I shall have communicated with the Shaikh and obtained his decision." We sent Mulla Hasan back to Suto and I commenced correspondence with the Shaikh. Since I knew the habit of Turkish officials, how their word and deed were never in agreement, and that except for the cooking of the roast of their own ends they have no care, I knew that in a short time they would again bring Suto to distress, and even take large sums of money from the Shaikh, and afterwards, step by step, favor Suto, and in turn take money from

him. They destroy no man for another's sake. I therefore deemed it suitable thus, that the Shaikh accept Suto, for as yet he had not lost his grip of affairs. Finally, I wrote to the Shaikh in this sense and set forth the details of Mulla Hasan's coming and going and our conversations together, and sent the letter. The Shaikh sent me reply, "Whatever be the means of protecting my name and honor in these affairs, you are my agent and attorney. In future you need not refer to me. Such as you think right, so do, beloved, w'as salam."

The day after arrival of that reply, Mulla Hasan returned to Razga and said, "If you are certain of the Shaikh, I am certain of Suto, that he will not disregard my advice."

I said, "Since it is so, and we are both agents, I consider Suto's best course thus, to take Tahir Agha and Ali Effendi Pailam with him and go to Neri to the tomb of Savid Taha, when the Shaikh may forgive him. If Suto do not thus, you know he is culpable before Government and will come to destruction."

Mulla Hasan said, "If you know that it will be well thus, I will do so." I reassured him and he departed, and, having spoke to Suto in this sense, the latter consented and went with Tahir Agha and Ali Effendi to Neri. The Shaikh was most gratified, for his desire was ever to get fine flour from between two hard mill-stones. It was not for grief over Sura Chaush: he wanted money. He said to Suto, "For the sakes of Tahir Agha and Ali Effendi [that is, Lord Ali], and for the sake of the honor of my grandfather's grave, I have forgiven you for killing and seizing and exiling. But the orphans of Sura Chaush are poor, and the dependants of his men are helpless. The blood money of each is one hundred liras. Give one thousand three hundred liras, and depart with well wishing to your own house."

Suto having agreed, two gendarmes and eight men were handed over to him to go among the Duski and Horamari to collect thirteen hundred liras for the Shaikh and bring it. In the end he apportioned more than three thousand among the Duski and Horamari, and collected it. Thirteen hundred was given to the Shaikh, and he took the residue for himself. When Suto thought it over, he realized that if Tato became a Shaikh's man, and the Shaikh's servants be continuously with Tato, his own condition would become uncertain and his profits diminish, so he said to himself that it would be well to make such plans regarding Tato as to destroy him by pretense of friendship.

After a year, when all the lands of the Rekani had fallen into the Shaikh's hands with their harvests (not a donkey's ear reached Tato), Suto knew that there was a chance to humiliate Tato. He sent Mulla Hasan to him, having told him, "What is past is past, may he and I make a compact and from now hence become friends, and, as formerly, do one another no harm. Shaikh Muhammad Sadiq is a dragon, and will eventually devour both of us. It is now a year he (Tato) sees what profit has come to him. To the Shaikh's servants there is no difference between him and a [common] Kurmanj. Now that the Shaikh

destroys us, it is better that we make peace. If he believe not, I will give him my daughter in marriage that he really believe that I wish peace from my heart.” Mulla Hasan accordingly went to Tato and spoke to him after this fashion. It entirely won him, and he consented. Suto gave him his daughter. One day Tato, seizing an opportunity, took all their arms from the Shaikh’s men, and turned them out disarmed. They came to the Shaikh, who was extremely chagrined, but to no good, for Suto and Tato were now entirely reconciled, and together went to the Shaikh of Barzan, who was also an enemy of Shaikh Muhammad Sadiq, and became his adherents. Two years passed thus, and Tato was entirely at peace.

Thereafter Shaikh Muhammad Sadiq died, and the Shaikh of Barzan rebelled against the Turkish Government. By degrees Suto’s plans were maturing. He knew that there remained now no sanctuary for Tato, and he considered, “It is well to make him out guilty before Government, so that when no course be left to him I may destroy him.” He sent to Tato, who each year used to pay certain money to Government on account of sheep tax, a message saying, “What necessity is there for this? All the Duskani tribe pay less than half. This year, at the time of sheep-count, send the Rekam animals to us till the officials go, then take the herds back.” Tato did accordingly. Suto secretly advised the Qaim Magam of Amadia that “Tato acts in this manner, and however much I admonish him he heeds not, I know not what to do; for fear of Government I do not dare punish him, otherwise for me to punish, him is easier than to swallow a draught of water.”

The Qaim Maqam of Amadia sent Suto a most grateful reply to the effect that he was authorized to punish any person who in any iota practiced deception on the Most High Islamic State, and Suto felt secure.

One day he feigned illness, fell into his bed, and sent word to all his friends and relatives that he was near to dying and asking all to come that they be present at his death. Mulla Hasan was seated by his pillow, and with him was reading the Yasin chapter. All his relatives were collected and were weeping for him. Tato, who was his son-in-law, was also sent for to come and bring Suto’s daughter with him, for, “the Agha is at the point of death, in case they should not see one another alive.”

Tato, with his wife and brother Tamo and four or five servants, went to Nerva, Suto’s village. When they arrived they saw everyone weeping for the Agha, and the brothers joined in the lamentations. Tato cried “Agha! Agha! Lift thine eyes a little! May we all be thy sacrifice! Would that once again you might arise from this sickness even be I not left on this earth.”

Suto raised his eyes a little, sighed, and said, “Tato, I am dying. Thank God, my men have seen me once more. Death is God’s ordinance, and it is the way of all of us.” He continued, “Usman, Teli, serve Tato well. So! I die. Tata is your elder brother. Fall not out with him, as formerly.”

All said, “Yes, whatever the Agha orders, we obey with heart and soul.”

That night a separate apartment was given Tato and Tamo. At the time of sleeping Suto called Usman and Teli and now said to them, "I am well, my idea is thus." They departed lightly and took as many men as necessary to the apartment of Tato and Tamo, killed both in their sleep, and disarmed their servants. Suto arose and said "Thank God, I have finished my enemy and taken my revenge in safety."

PALESTINE (ISLAMIC)

THE SURETY

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Hanauer, James Edward. *Folklore of the Holy Land: Moslem, Christian and Jewish*. London: Duckworth and Company, 1907, 171–176.

Date: Unavailable

Original Source: Muslim

National Origin: Palestine

In the early twentieth century when the following six tales were collected, the label “Palestine” was applied to the region extending from Gaza on the Mediterranean Sea south to approximately the middle of contemporary Lebanon. On the west was the Mediterranean, and on the east was the Syrian Desert. Sites sacred to Christians, Jews, and Muslims are encompassed within these boundaries, thus leading to the designation of the area as the Holy Land. Except for a relatively brief period (eleventh to thirteenth centuries) when Christian Crusaders established the Kingdom of Jerusalem, the area was under Muslim control from the seventh century C.E. until the founding of the state of Israel in the mid-twentieth century. The following tales represent this Islamic heritage. Caliph Omar ibn el Khattâb (580–644 C.E.) was one of the companions of Muhammad, and his second successor after the Prophet’s death.

A herd of camels happened to be passing an orchard, the owner of which was seated upon the “sinsileh” or rough stone fence. One of the animals, a very fine male, caught hold of the overhanging bough of a fruit tree and broke it off with his teeth. Hereupon the owner of the orchard snatched up a stone and threw it at the camel. The aim was unexpectedly true,

and the beast fell dead. Its owner, stung to fury by the loss of his property, snatched up the same stone and threw it with as deadly accuracy at the owner of the orchard, who, struck on the temple, was instantly killed.

Horror-struck at his rash act, and realizing what the consequences would be, the frightened camel-herd leapt on to the swiftest of his beasts, and leaving the rest to shift for themselves, fled as fast as he could. He was, however, promptly followed by the sons of the slain man, and forced to return with them to the scene of the tragedy, which happened to be close to the camp of the Caliph Omar ibn el Khattâb.

The sons of the dead orchard-owner demanded the life of the man who had slain their father, and, though the latter explained that he had not done the deed with malice aforethought, but under the impulse of sudden provocation, yet, as he had no witnesses to prove that he was speaking the truth, and as the sons of the dead man would not hear of a pecuniary compensation, the Caliph ordered the man-slayer to be beheaded.

Now, in those times it was customary for the execution of a criminal to take place almost immediately after he had been condemned to die. The mode of procedure was as follows: a skin or hide called "nuta 'a" was spread in the monarch's presence, and the person to be beheaded was made to kneel upon this hide with his hands bound behind him. The "jelâd" or executioner, standing behind him with a drawn sword, then cried aloud, "O Commander of the Faithful, is it indeed your decision that Fulân be caused to forsake this world?" If the Caliph answered, "yes," then the executioner asked the same question the second time, and if it were answered in the affirmative, he asked it once again for the third and last time, and immediately afterwards, unless the potentate instantly revoked the fatal order, he struck off the prisoner's head.

Now, on the occasion of which we are speaking, the condemned, finding that his life was irretrievably forfeited, earnestly besought the Caliph to grant him three days' respite that he might go to his distant tent and arrange his family affairs. He swore that at the expiration of that term he would return and pay the penalty of the law. The Caliph told him that he must find a surety to die in his stead in case he should break his word. The poor man looked around him in despair upon the crowd of utter strangers. The "nuta 'a" was brought and the executioner advanced to bind his hands.

In despair he cried out, "Has the race of the manly perished?"

Receiving no answer, he repeated the question with yet greater emphasis, whereupon the noble Abu Dhûr, who was one of the "Sohaba" or companions of the Prophet, stepped forward and asked the Caliph's permission to become his surety. The monarch granted his request, but warned him that his own life would be sacrificed in case the man did not return within the time stipulated. Abu Dhûr having agreed to this, the condemned was set free. He started off at a run and was soon out of sight.

The three days had passed, and as the man-slayer had not returned and nobody believed that he would do so, the Caliph, yielding to the dead man's relatives, gave orders that Abu Dhûr should pay the forfeit. The hide was brought and Abu Dhûr, his hands tied behind him, knelt upon it amid the lamentations and tears of his numerous friends and relatives. Twice, in a voice that was heard above the noise of the assembly, had the executioner asked the ruler of Islâm if it was indeed his will that the noble man should quit this world. Twice had the monarch grimly answered "yes" when, just as the fatal question was to be put for the third and last time, some one cried out, "For Allah's sake, stop! For here comes some one running!"

At a sign from the Caliph the executioner remained silent, and, to every one's astonishment, the man who three days previously had been condemned to die ran up out of breath and, with the words, "Praise be to Allah" sank exhausted to the ground.

"Fool," said the Caliph to him, "why didst thou return? Hadst thou stayed away, the surety would have died in thy stead and thou wouldst have been free."

"I returned," replied the man, "in order to prove that not only the race of the virtuous has not yet died out but also that of the truthful."

"Then why didst thou go away at all?" asked the monarch.

"In order," said the man, who was now kneeling with bound hands upon the hide from which Abu Dhûr had arisen, "in order to prove that the race of the trustworthy has not yet perished."

"Explain thyself," said the Commander of the Faithful.

"Some time ago," said the man, "a poor widow came to me and entrusted some articles of value to my keeping. Having to leave our camp on business, I took the things into the desert and hid them under a great rock in a spot which no one but myself could find, and there they were when I was condemned to die. Had my life not been spared for a few days, I should have died with a heavy heart, as the knowledge of the hiding-place would have perished with me; the woman would have been irretrievably injured; and my children would have heard her curse my memory without being able to clear it. Now, however, that I have arranged my household affairs and have restored her property to the woman, I can die with a light heart."

On hearing this Omar turned to Abu Dhûr and asked, "Is this man any friend or relative of thine?"

"Wallahi!" replied Abu Dhûr, "I assure thee, O Emîr [commander] el Mûminin, that I never set eyes on him till three days since."

"Then, why wast thou such a fool as to risk thy life in his stead, for had he not returned, I was determined that thou shouldst die in his place."

"I did so in order to prove that the race of the manly and virtuous had not yet died out," replied Abu Dhûr.

On receiving this answer the Caliph was silent for a while; then, turning to the kneeling man, he said, "I pardon thee, thou canst go."

“Why so? O Commander of the Faithful!” asked an aged and privileged sheikh [skeik].

“Because,” answered Omar, “as it has been proved that the races of the manly, the virtuous, the truthful, and the trustworthy have not yet perished; it only remains for me to demonstrate that the races of the clement and the generous are also still alive, and I therefore not only pardon the man, but shall pay the ‘diyeh’ (blood money) out of my own private means.”

BENEVOLENCE

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Hanauer, James Edward. *Folklore of the Holy Land: Moslem, Christian and Jewish*. London: Duckworth and Company, 1907, 164–167.

Date: Unavailable

Original Source: Muslim

National Origin: Palestine

The wazir (usually spelled “vizier”) is a high-ranking minister whose customary role was religious or political advisor. The sheykh el Islâm is an Islamic scholar. Derwishes (dervishes) are Sufis, members of a mystic and often ascetic branch of Islam.

A certain Sultan once had a dispute with his wazîr as to what constitutes true kindness. He said that it might be found among the poorest of the people, while the wazir maintained that it was impossible to show kindness, or to feel it, unless one were well-to-do. When the Sultan thought enough had been said, he summoned the sheykh el Islâm, and ordered a record of the debate and of the arguments on both sides to be made and deposited in the public archives.

Some time afterwards the Sultan, one afternoon sent secretly for the sheykh, and the two disguised themselves as derwishes and went out to settle the question. In the city they found much to interest them, but nothing bearing on the problem which they wished to solve.

By the time they reached the outskirts of the town the sun was setting, and as they advanced into the country it grew dark apace. They were glad to behold a light shining in a field beside the road, and went towards it. It came from a little mud-roofed hut, the abode of a poor goatherd. The man himself was out at work, but his wife and mother bade the strangers welcome in his absence. A few minutes later he came home, bringing with him four goats which were all his substance. The children, running out, told him guests had arrived, and he at

once came in and saluted them. Having assured them that his house was theirs, he asked to be excused for a minute, and going to the owners of the flock he tended, begged two loaves of wheaten bread, as he could not set coarse dhurrah bread (bread made from sorghum) before his guests. The two loaves with some eggs, curds, and olives, made a tempting meal.

“But pardon us,” said the Sultan, “we are under a vow not to eat anything but bread and kidneys for a year and a day.” Without a word, the host went out, killed his four goats, and broiled their kidneys.

But the Sultan, when they were set before him, said, “We have a vow to eat nothing until after midnight. We will take this with us, and eat it when our vow has expired. And now, I grieve to say, we must be going.” The goatherd and his family begged them to stay till morning, but in vain.

When the masqueraders were once more alone on the highway, the Sultan said, “Now let us try the wazir!” They reached his house, from which streamed light and music; he was entertaining.

The humble request of two derwishes for food and lodging was promptly refused; and when they still persisted, the wazir was heard shouting, “Drive away those dogs, and thrash them soundly. That will teach them to plague their betters.” The order was so well obeyed that the twain escaped with their bare lives. Bruised and bleeding they reached the palace about midnight.

When they had put off their disguise, the Sultan sent privately for a dumb physician to tend their wounds. He then called together his council of ministers, and, having described the whereabouts of the goatherd’s dwelling, told them all to go and stand near it, but without disturbing the inmates. “When the lord of that house comes out in the morning,” greet him with the utmost respect, and say that I request the favor of a visit from him. Escort him hither honorably and, between you, bring the bodies of four goats which you will find near his door.”

The goatherd feared for his life, in the morning, when he found his hut the center of a crowd of courtiers and soldiers. Nor was his alarm diminished by the respectfulness of their manner towards him as they invited him to the Sultan’s palace, nor by their inexplicable conduct in picking up the dead goats and carrying them as honored corpses.

When the procession reached the palace, the Sultan made the goatherd sit beside him and ordered the record of his dispute with the wazir to be read aloud for all to hear. The recital ended, the Sultan told the story of his adventures on the previous evening. Then turning to the wazir, he said, “You have betrayed your own cause! No one in this realm is in a better position than you to show kindness to his fellowmen! Yet you show nothing but cruelty! You are no longer my wazir, and your wealth shall be confiscated. But this goatherd who begged better bread than he himself could afford to eat, for the greediest and most ill-mannered guests that ever came to man’s house, and who sacrificed his whole substance rather than disappoint them—he shall be my friend and sit beside me.” Thus was kindness rewarded, and churlishness dishonored.

JUDGMENTS OF KARAKASH

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Hanauer, James Edward. *Folklore of the Holy Land: Moslem, Christian and Jewish*. London: Duckworth and Company, 1907, 120–124.

Date: Unavailable

Original Source: Muslim

National Origin: Palestine

Demonstrating an important way in which folk humor can prove to be a tool for social criticism, the following comic tale (AT 1534A) parodies the pretensions of both the legal system and its representatives.

A weaver, closing his shop for the night, left a long needle sticking in his work on the loom. A thief got in with a false key, and, as he was stumbling about in the dark, the needle put out one of his eyes. He went out again, and locked the door behind him.

Next morning, he told his story to Karakash, the impartial judge, who at once sent for the weaver, and eyeing him sternly, asked, “Did you leave a packing-needle in the cloth on your loom when you shut your shop last night?”

“Yes.”

“Well, this poor thief has lost his eye through your carelessness; he was going to rob your shop; he stumbled, and the needle pierced his eye. Am I not Karakash, the impartial judge? This poor thief has lost an eye through your fault; so you shall lose an eye in like manner.”

“But, my lord,” said the weaver, “he came to rob me; he had no right there.”

“We are not concerned with what this robber came to do, but with what he did. Was your shop-door broken open or damaged this morning; or was anything missing?”

“No.”

“He has done you no harm then, and you do but add insult to injury by throwing up his way of life against him. Justice demands that you lose an eye.”

The weaver offered money to the robber, to the Kadi [judge], but in vain; the impartial judge would not be moved. At last, a bright thought struck him, and he said, “An eye for an eye is justice, O my lord the Kadi; yet in this case it is not quite fair on me. You are the impartial judge, and I submit to you that I, being a married man with children, shall suffer more damage in the loss of an eye than this poor robber, who has no one dependent on him. How could I go on weaving with but one eye? But I have a good neighbor, a gunsmith, who is a single man. Let one of his eyes be put out. What does he want with two eyes, for looking along gun-barrels?”

The impartial judge, struck with the justice of these arguments, sent for the gunsmith, and had his eye put out.

A carpenter was fitting the doors and lattice-work to a house newly built, when a stone over a window fell and broke one of his legs. He complained to Karakash, the impartial judge, who called the lord of the house, and charged him with culpable negligence. "It is not my fault, but the builder's," pleaded the lord of the house; so the builder was sent for.

The builder said that it was not his fault, because at the moment he was laying that particular stone a girl passed by in a dress of so bright a red that he could not see what he was doing.

The impartial judge caused search to be made for that girl. She was found, and brought before him.

"O veiled one," he said, "the red dress which you wore on such a day has cost this carpenter a broken leg, and so you must pay the damages."

"It was not my fault, but the draper's," said the girl. "Because when I went to buy stuff for a dress, he had none but that particular bright red."

The draper was forthwith summoned. He said it was not his fault, because the English manufacturer had sent him only this bright red material, though he had ordered others.

"What! You dog!" cried Karakash, "Do you deal with the heathen?" and he ordered the draper to be hanged from the lintel of his own door. The servants of justice took him and were going to hang him, but he was a tall man and the door of his house was low; so they returned to the Kadi, who inquired, "Is the dog dead?"

They replied, "He is tall, and the door of his house is very low. He will not hang there."

"Then hang the first short man you can find," said Karakash.

A certain rich old miser was subject to fainting fits, which tantalized two nephews who desired his death; for, though constantly falling down lifeless, he always got up again. Unable to bear the strain any longer, they took him in one of his fits and prepared him for burial.

They called in the professional layer-out, who took off the miser's clothes which, by ancient custom, were his perquisite, bound up his jaws, performed the usual ablutions upon the body, stuffed the nostrils, ears and other apertures with cotton wool against the entrance of demons, sprinkled the wool with a mixture of water, pounded camphor, and dried and pounded leaves of the lotus tree, and also with rosewater; bound the feet together by a bandage round the ankles, and disposed the hands upon the breast.

All this took time, and before the operator had quite finished, the miser revived; but he was so frightened at what was going on, that he fainted again; and his nephews were able to get the funeral procession under way.

They had performed half the road to the cemetery when the miser was again brought to life by the jolting of the bier, caused by the constant change of the bearers, who incessantly pressed forward to relieve one another in the meritorious act of carrying a true believer to the grave.

Lifting the loose lid, he sat up, and roared for help. To his relief he saw Karakash, the impartial judge, coming down the path the procession was mounting, and appealed to him by name.

The judge at once stopped the procession, and, confronting the nephews, asked, "Is your uncle dead or alive?"

"Quite dead, my lord."

He turned to the hired mourners. "Is this corpse dead or alive?"

"Quite dead, my lord," came the answer from a hundred throats.

"But you can see for yourself that I am alive!" cried the miser wildly.

Karakash looked him sternly in the eyes. "Allah forbid," said he, "that I should allow the evidence of my poor senses, and your bare word, to weigh against this crowd of witnesses. Am I not the impartial judge? Proceed with the funeral!" At this the old man once more fainted away, and in that state was peacefully buried.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE JINN

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Lang, Andrew. *The Arabian Nights Entertainments*. London: Longmans, Green and Company, 1898, 23–28.

Date: Unavailable

Original Source: Unavailable

National Origin: Palestine

The following tales drawn from the classic anthology of Arab folktales best known as *One Thousand and One Nights* have been derived from a variety of cultural traditions. Following the precedent set by *The Greenwood Encyclopedia of World Folklore and Folklife*, they are presented under the heading of "Palestine" in this collection. The various tales of *The Thousand and One Nights*, however, are linked together by the **framing** device of the Persian ruler Shahryar, who driven homicidal by his wife's infidelity, takes a new wife each night and in the morning has each executed. He then weds Scheherazade, who saves her life by beginning a series of linked tales which extend for 1,001 nights. While the frame plot of Shahryar and Scheherazade utilizes Persian characters, this does not denote a Persian origin for the work. The tales themselves are derived from a variety of cultural source. Their individual origins notwithstanding, they have taken on a distinctly Arabic and Muslim character. The following tale of "The Fisherman and the Jinn" resonates with the frame plot by virtue of the protagonists saving his life by means of a clever trick. For a discussion of the jinn, see "The Jinns" (page 24).

Sire, there was once upon a time a fisherman so old and so poor that he could scarcely manage to support his wife and three children. He went every day to fish very early, and each day he made a rule not to throw his nets more than four times. He started out one morning by moonlight and came to the seashore. He undressed and threw his nets, and as he was drawing them towards the bank he felt a great weight. He thought he had caught a large fish, and he felt very pleased. But a moment afterwards, seeing that instead of a fish he only had in his nets the carcass of an ass, he was much disappointed.

Vexed with having such a bad haul, when he had mended his nets, which the carcass of the ass had broken in several places, he threw them a second time. In drawing them in he again felt a great weight, so that he thought they were full of fish. But he only found a large basket full of rubbish. He was much annoyed.

“O Fortune,” he cried, “do not trifle thus with me, a poor fisherman, who can hardly support his family!”

So saying, he threw away the rubbish, and after having washed his nets clean of the dirt, he threw them for the third time. But he only drew in stones, shells, and mud. He was almost in despair.

Then he threw his nets for the fourth time. When he thought he had a fish he drew them in with a great deal of trouble. There was no fish however, but he found a yellow pot, which by its weight seemed full of something, and he noticed that it was fastened and sealed with lead, with the impression of a seal. He was delighted. “I will sell it to the founder [metal worker],” he said; “with the money I shall get for it I shall buy a measure of wheat.”

He examined the jar on all sides; he shook it to see if it would rattle. But he heard nothing, and so, judging from the impression of the seal and the lid, he thought there must be something precious inside. To find out, he took his knife, and with a little trouble he opened it. He turned it upside down, but nothing came out, which surprised him very much. He set it in front of him, and whilst he was looking at it attentively, such a thick smoke came out that he had to step back a pace or two. This smoke rose up to the clouds, and stretching over the sea and the shore, formed a thick mist, which caused the fisherman much astonishment. When all the smoke was out of the jar it gathered itself together, and became a thick mass in which appeared a genius, twice as large as the largest giant. When he saw such a terrible-looking monster, the fisherman would like to have run away, but he trembled so with fright that he could not move a step.

“Great king of the genii [jinns],” cried the monster, “I will never again disobey you!”

At these words the fisherman took courage. “What is this you are saying, great genius [jinn]? Tell me your history and how you came to be shut up in that vase.”

At this, the genius looked at the fisherman haughtily. “Speak to me more civilly,” he said, “before I kill you.”

“Alas! Why should you kill me?” cried the fisherman. “I have just freed you; have you already forgotten that?”

“No,” answered the genius; “but that will not prevent me from killing you; and I am only going to grant you one favor, and that is to choose the manner of your death.”

“But what have I done to you?” asked the fisherman.

“I cannot treat you in any other way,” said the genius, “and if you would know why, listen to my story.

“I rebelled against the king of the genii. To punish me, he shut me up in this vase of copper, and he put on the leaden cover his seal, which is enchantment enough to prevent my coming out. Then he had the vase thrown into the sea. During the first period of my captivity I vowed that if anyone should free me before a hundred years were passed, I would make him rich even after his death. But that century passed, and no one freed me. In the second century I vowed that I would give all the treasures in the world to my deliverer; but he never came.

“In the third, I promised to make him a king, to be always near him, and to grant him three wishes every day; but that century passed away as the other two had done, and I remained in the same plight. At last I grew angry at being captive for so long, and I vowed that if anyone would release me I would kill him at once, and would only allow him to choose in what manner he should die. So you see, as you have freed me today, choose in what way you will die.”

The fisherman was very unhappy. “What an unlucky man I am to have freed you! I implore you to spare my life.”

“I have told you,” said the genius, “that it is impossible. Choose quickly; you are wasting time.”

The fisherman began to devise a plot.

“Since I must die,” he said, “before I choose the manner of my death, I conjure you on your honor to tell me if you really were in that vase?”

“Yes, I was” answered the genius.

“I really cannot believe it,” said the fisherman. “That vase could not contain one of your feet even, and how could your whole body go in? I cannot believe it unless I see you do the thing.”

Then the genius began to change himself into smoke, which, as before, spread over the sea and the shore, and which, then collecting itself together, began to go back into the vase slowly and evenly till there was nothing left outside. Then a voice came from the vase which said to the fisherman, “Well, unbelieving fisherman, here I am in the vase; do you believe me now?”

The fisherman instead of answering took the lid of lead and shut it down quickly on the vase.

“Now, O genius,” he cried, “ask pardon of me, and choose by what death you will die! But no, it will be better if I throw you into the sea whence I drew you out, and I will build a house on the shore to warn fishermen who come to

cast their nets here, against fishing up such a wicked genius as you are, who vows to kill the man who frees you.”

At these words the genius did all he could to get out, but he could not, because of the enchantment of the lid.

THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Lang, Andrew. *The Arabian Nights Entertainments*. London: Longmans, Green and Company, 1898, 187–195.

Date: Unavailable

Original Source: Unavailable

National Origin: Palestinian

The following narrative (“The Corpse Killed Five Times,” AT 1537) suggests the relationships that prevailed among the various religious factions in the Arabic Middle East. Muslim, Jew, and Christian did not operate in perfect harmony as seen by the fact that non-Muslims are to a certain extent legal second-class citizens and by the characters’ willingness to pass blame for the hunchback’s death along to a series of religious “others.” Ultimately, however, morality prevails after a series of comic misunderstandings. Kashgar is located in what is now the far-western portion of the People’s Republic of China and, as an oasis, has long been an important stop on Asian trade routes.

In the kingdom of Kashgar, which is, as everybody knows, situated on the frontiers of Great Tartary, there lived long ago a tailor and his wife who loved each other very much. One day, when the tailor was hard at work, a little hunchback came and sat at the entrance of the shop, and began to sing and play his tambourine. The tailor was amused with the antics of the fellow and thought he would take him home to divert his wife. The hunchback having agreed to his proposal, the tailor closed his shop and they set off together.

When they reached the house they found the table ready laid for supper, and in a very few minutes all three were sitting before a beautiful fish which the tailor’s wife had cooked with her own hands. But unluckily, the hunchback happened to swallow a large bone, and, in spite of all the tailor and his wife could do to help him, died of suffocation in an instant. Besides being very sorry for the poor man, the tailor and his wife were very much frightened on their own account, for if the police came to hear of it the worthy couple ran the risk of being thrown into prison for willful murder. In order to prevent this dreadful

calamity they both set about inventing some plan which would throw suspicion on someone else, and at last they made up their minds that they could do no better than select a Jewish doctor who lived close by as the author of the crime. So the tailor picked up the hunchback by his head while his wife took his feet and carried him to the doctor's house. Then they knocked at the door, which opened straight on to a steep staircase. A servant soon appeared, feeling her way down the dark staircase and inquired what they wanted.

"Tell your master," said the tailor, "that we have brought a very sick man for him to cure; and," he added, holding out some money, "give him this in advance, so that he may not feel he is wasting his time." The servant remounted the stairs to give the message to the doctor, and the moment she was out of sight the tailor and his wife carried the body swiftly after her, propped it up at the top of the staircase, and ran home as fast as their legs could carry them.

Now the doctor was so delighted at the news of a patient (for he was young, and had not many of them), that he was transported with joy.

"Get a light," he called to the servant, "and follow me as fast as you can!" and rushing out of his room he ran towards the staircase. There he nearly fell over the body of the hunchback, and without knowing what it was gave it such a kick that it rolled right to the bottom, and very nearly dragged the doctor after it. "A light! A light!" he cried again, and when it was brought and he saw what he had done he was almost beside himself with terror.

"Holy Moses!" he exclaimed, "why did I not wait for the light? I have killed the sick man whom they brought me; and if the sacred Ass of Esdras does not come to my aid I am lost! It will not be long before I am led to jail as a murderer."

Agitated though he was, and with reason, the doctor did not forget to shut the house door, lest some passersby might chance to see what had happened. He then took up the corpse and carried it into his wife's room, nearly driving her crazy with fright.

"It is all over with us!" she wailed, "if we cannot find some means of getting the body out of the house. Once let the sun rise and we can hide it no longer! How were you driven to commit such a terrible crime?"

"Never mind that," returned the doctor, "the thing is to find a way out of it."

For a long while the doctor and his wife continued to turn over in their minds a way of escape, but could not find any that seemed good enough. At last the doctor gave it up altogether and resigned himself to bear the penalty of his misfortune.

But his wife, who had twice his brains, suddenly exclaimed, "I have thought of something! Let us carry the body on the roof of the house and lower it down the chimney of our neighbor the Mussulman [Muslim]." Now this Mussulman was employed by the Sultan, and furnished his table with oil and butter. Part of his house was occupied by a great storeroom, where rats and mice held high revel.

The doctor jumped at his wife's plan, and they took up the hunchback, and passing cords under his armpits they let him down into the purveyor's bedroom so gently that he really seemed to be leaning against the wall. When they felt he was touching the ground they drew up the cords and left him.

Scarcely had they got back to their own house when the purveyor entered his room. He had spent the evening at a wedding feast, and had a lantern in his hand. In the dim light it cast he was astonished to see a man standing in his chimney, but being naturally courageous he seized a stick and made straight for the supposed thief. "Ah!" he cried, "so it is you, and not the rats and mice, who steal my butter. I'll take care that you don't want to come back!"

So saying he struck him several hard blows. The corpse fell on the floor, but the man only redoubled his blows, till at length it occurred to him it was odd that the thief should lie so still and make no resistance. Then, finding he was quite dead, a cold fear took possession of him. "Wretch that I am," said he, "I have murdered a man. Ah, my revenge has gone too far. Without the help of Allah I am undone! Cursed be the goods which have led me to my ruin." And already he felt the rope round his neck.

But when he had got over the first shock he began to think of some way out of the difficulty, and seizing the hunchback in his arms he carried him out into the street, and leaning him against the wall of a shop he stole back to his own house, without once looking behind him.

A few minutes before the sun rose, a rich Christian merchant, who supplied the palace with all sorts of necessaries, left his house, after a night of feasting, to go to the bath. Though he was very drunk, he was yet sober enough to know that the dawn was at hand, and that all good Mussulmen would shortly be going to prayer. So he hastened his steps lest he should meet some one on his way to the mosque, who, seeing his condition, would send him to prison as a drunkard. In his haste he jostled against the hunchback, who fell heavily upon him, and the merchant, thinking he was being attacked by a thief, knocked him down with one blow of his fist. He then called loudly for help, beating the fallen man all the while.

The chief policeman of the quarter came running up, and found a Christian ill-treating a Mussulman. "What are you doing?" he asked indignantly.

"He tried to rob me," replied the merchant, "and very nearly choked me."

"Well, you have had your revenge," said the man, catching hold of his arm. "Come, be off with you!"

As he spoke he held out his hand to the hunchback to help him up, but the hunchback never moved. "Oho!" he went on, looking closer, "so this is the way a Christian has the impudence to treat a Mussulman!" and seizing the merchant in a firm grasp he took him to the inspector of police, who threw him into prison till the judge should be out of bed and ready to attend to his case. All this brought the merchant to his senses, but the more he thought of it the less he could understand how the hunchback could have died merely from the blows he had received.

The merchant was still pondering on this subject when he was summoned before the chief of police and questioned about his crime, which he could not deny. As the hunchback was one of the Sultan's private jesters, the chief of police resolved to defer sentence of death until he had consulted his master. He went to the palace to demand an audience, and told his story to the Sultan, who only answered, "There is no pardon for a Christian who kills a Mussulman. Do your duty."

So the chief of police ordered a gallows to be erected, and sent criers to proclaim in every street in the city that a Christian was to be hanged that day for having killed a Mussulman.

When all was ready the merchant was brought from prison and led to the foot of the gallows. The executioner knotted the cord firmly round the unfortunate man's neck and was just about to swing him into the air, when the Sultan's purveyor dashed through the crowd, and cried, panting, to the hangman,

"Stop, stop, don't be in such a hurry. It was not he who did the murder, it was I."

The chief of police, who was present to see that everything was in order, put several questions to the purveyor, who told him the whole story of the death of the hunchback, and how he had carried the body to the place where it had been found by the Christian merchant.

"You are going," he said to the chief of police, "to kill an innocent man, for it is impossible that he should have murdered a creature who was dead already. It is bad enough for me to have slain a Mussulman without having it on my conscience that a Christian who is guiltless should suffer through my fault."

Now the purveyor's speech had been made in a loud voice, and was heard by all the crowd, and even if he had wished it, the chief of police could not have escaped setting the merchant free.

"Loose the cords from the Christian's neck," he commanded, turning to the executioner, "and hang this man in his place, seeing that by his own confession he is the murderer."

The hangman did as he was bid, and was tying the cord firmly, when he was stopped by the voice of the Jewish doctor beseeching him to pause, for he had something very important to say. When he had fought his way through the crowd and reached the chief of police,

"Worshipful sir," he began, "this Mussulman whom you desire to hang is unworthy of death; I alone am guilty. Last night a man and a woman who were strangers to me knocked at my door, bringing with them a patient for me to cure. The servant opened it, but having no light was hardly able to make out their faces, though she readily agreed to wake me and to hand me the fee for my services. While she was telling me her story they seem to have carried the sick man to the top of the staircase and then left him there. I jumped up in a hurry without waiting for a lantern, and in the darkness I fell against something, which tumbled headlong down the stairs and never stopped till it reached the

bottom. When I examined the body I found it was quite dead, and the corpse was that of a hunchback Mussulman. Terrified at what we had done, my wife and I took the body on the roof and let it down the chimney of our neighbor the purveyor, whom you were just about to hang. The purveyor, finding him in his room, naturally thought he was a thief, and struck him such a blow that the man fell down and lay motionless on the floor. Stooping to examine him, and finding him stone dead, the purveyor supposed that the man had died from the blow he had received; but of course this was a mistake, as you will see from my account, and I only am the murderer; and although I am innocent of any wish to commit a crime, I must suffer for it all the same, or else have the blood of two Mussulmen on my conscience. Therefore send away this man, I pray you, and let me take his place, as it is I who am guilty.”

On hearing the declaration of the Jewish doctor, the chief of police commanded that he should be led to the gallows, and the Sultan’s purveyor go free. The cord was placed round the Jew’s neck, and his feet had already ceased to touch the ground when the voice of the tailor was heard beseeching the executioner to pause one moment and to listen to what he had to say.

“Oh, my lord,” he cried, turning to the chief of police, “how nearly have you caused the death of three innocent people! But if you will only have the patience to listen to my tale, you shall know who is the real culprit. If some one has to suffer, it must be me! Yesterday, at dusk, I was working in my shop with a light heart when the little hunchback, who was more than half drunk, came and sat in the doorway. He sang me several songs, and then I invited him to finish the evening at my house. He accepted my invitation, and we went away together. At supper I helped him to a slice of fish, but in eating it a bone stuck in his throat, and in spite of all we could do he died in a few minutes. We felt deeply sorry for his death, but fearing lest we should be held responsible, we carried the corpse to the house of the Jewish doctor. I knocked, and desired the servant to beg her master to come down as fast as possible and see a sick man whom we had brought for him to cure; and in order to hasten his movements I placed a piece of money in her hand as the doctor’s fee. Directly she had disappeared I dragged the body to the top of the stairs, and then hurried away with my wife back to our house. In descending the stairs the doctor accidentally knocked over the corpse, and finding him dead believed that he himself was the murderer. But now you know the truth set him free, and let me die in his stead.”

The chief of police and the crowd of spectators were lost in astonishment at the strange events to which the death of the hunchback had given rise.

“Loosen the Jewish doctor,” said he to the hangman, “and string up the tailor instead, since he has made confession of his crime. Really, one cannot deny that this is a very singular story, and it deserves to be written in letters of gold.”

The executioner speedily untied the knots which confined the doctor, and was passing the cord round the neck of the tailor, when the Sultan of Kashgar,

who had missed his jester, happened to make inquiry of his officers as to what had become of him.

“Sire,” replied they, “the hunchback having drunk more than was good for him, escaped from the palace and was seen wandering about the town, where this morning he was found dead. A man was arrested for having caused his death, and held in custody till a gallows was erected. At the moment that he was about to suffer punishment, first one man arrived, and then another, each accusing themselves of the murder, and this went on for a long time, and at the present instant the chief of police is engaged in questioning a man who declares that he alone is the true assassin.”

The Sultan of Kashgar no sooner heard these words than he ordered an usher to go to the chief of police and to bring all the persons concerned in the hunchback’s death, together with the corpse, that he wished to see once again. The usher hastened on his errand, but was only just in time, for the tailor was positively swinging in the air, when his voice fell upon the silence of the crowd, commanding the hangman to cut down the body. The hangman, recognizing the usher as one of the king’s servants, cut down the tailor, and the usher, seeing the man was safe, sought the chief of police and gave him the Sultan’s message. Accordingly, the chief of police at once set out for the palace, taking with him the tailor, the doctor, the purveyor, and the merchant, who bore the dead hunchback on their shoulders.

When the procession reached the palace the chief of police prostrated himself at the feet of the Sultan, and related all that he knew of the matter. The Sultan was so much struck by the circumstances that he ordered his private historian to write down an exact account of what had passed, so that in the years to come the miraculous escape of the four men who had thought themselves murderers might never be forgotten.

The Sultan asked everybody concerned in the hunchback’s affair to tell him their stories. Among others was a prating barber, whose tale of one of his brothers follows.

THE STORY OF THE VIZIR WHO WAS PUNISHED

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Lang, Andrew. *The Arabian Nights Entertainments*. London: Longmans, Green and Company, 1898, 34–53.

Date: Unavailable

Original Source: Unavailable

National Origin: Palestinian

The following folktale illustrates the linking of multiple tales in the **frame** story of Shahryar and Scheherazade. The following tale is a segment of a much longer series of tales exchanged as the result of an

encounter between a fisherman and a jinn (see “The Fisherman and the Jinn,” page 220) in which various characters relate folktales to gain the advantage.

The vizir [vizier, advisor] began his story.

There was once upon a time a king who had a son who was very fond of hunting. He often allowed him to indulge in this pastime, but he had ordered his grand-vizir [grand-vizier, chief advisor] always to go with him, and never to lose sight of him. One day the huntsman roused a stag, and the prince, thinking that the vizir was behind, gave chase, and rode so hard that he found himself alone. He stopped, and having lost sight of it, he turned to rejoin the vizir, who had not been careful enough to follow him. But he lost his way. Whilst he was trying to find it, he saw on the side of the road a beautiful lady who was crying bitterly. He drew his horse’s rein, and asked her who she was and what she was doing in this place, and if she needed help. “I am the daughter of an Indian king,” she answered, “and whilst riding in the country I fell asleep and tumbled off. My horse has run away, and I do not know what has become of him.”

The young prince had pity on her, and offered to take her behind him, which he did. As they passed by a ruined building the lady dismounted and went in. The prince also dismounted and followed her. To his great surprise, he heard her saying to some one inside, “Rejoice my children; I am bringing you a nice fat youth.”

And other voices replied, “Where is he, mamma, that we may eat him at once, as we are very hungry?”

The prince at once saw the danger he was in. He now knew that the lady who said she was the daughter of an Indian king was an ogress, who lived in desolate places, and who by a thousand wiles surprised and devoured passersby. He was terrified, and threw himself on his horse.

The pretended princess appeared at this moment, and seeing that she had lost her prey, she said to him, “Do not be afraid. What do you want?”

“I am lost,” he answered, “and I am looking for the road.”

“Keep straight on,” said the ogress, “and you will find it.”

The prince could hardly believe his ears and rode off as hard as he could. He found his way and arrived safe and sound at his father’s house, where he told him of the danger he had run because of the grand-vizir’s carelessness. The king was very angry and had him strangled immediately.

“Sire,” went on the vizir to the Greek king, “to return to the physician, Douban. If you do not take care, you will repent of having trusted him [as the king repented trusting his grand-vizir]. Who knows what this remedy, with which he has cured you, may not in time have a bad effect on you?”

The Greek king was naturally very weak, and did not perceive the wicked intention of his vizir, nor was he firm enough to keep to his first resolution.

“Well, vizir,” he said, “you are right. Perhaps he did come to take my life. He might do it by the mere smell of one of his drugs. I must see what can be done.”

“The best means, sire, to put your life in security, is to send for him at once, and to cut off his head directly he comes,” said the vizir.

“I really think,” replied the king, “that will be the best way.”

He then ordered one of his ministers to fetch the physician, who came at once.

“I have had you sent for,” said the king, “in order to free myself from you by taking your life.”

The physician was beyond measure astonished when he heard he was to die. “What crimes have I committed, your majesty?”

“I have learnt,” replied the king, “that you are a spy, and intend to kill me. But I will be first, and kill you. Strike,” he added to an executioner who was by, “and rid me of this assassin.”

At this cruel order the physician threw himself on his knees. “Spare my life,” he cried, “and yours will be spared.”

The fisherman stopped here to say to the genius, “You see what passed between the Greek king and the physician has just passed between us two. The Greek king,” he went on, “had no mercy on him, and the executioner bound his eyes.”

All those present begged for his life, but in vain.

The physician on his knees, and bound, said to the king, “At least let me put my affairs in order, and leave my books to persons who will make good use of them. There is one which I should like to present to your majesty. It is very precious, and ought to be kept carefully in your treasury. It contains many curious things the chief being that when you cut off my head, if your majesty will turn to the sixth leaf, and read the third line of the left-hand page, my head will answer all the questions you like to ask it.”

The king, eager to see such a wonderful thing, put off his execution to the next day, and sent him under a strong guard to his house. There the physician put his affairs in order, and the next day there was a great crowd assembled in the hall to see his death, and the doings after it. The physician went up to the foot of the throne with a large book in his hand. He carried a basin, on which he spread the covering of the book, and presenting it to the king, said, “Sire, take this book, and when my head is cut off, let it be placed in the basin on the covering of this book; as soon as it is there, the blood will cease to flow. Then open the book, and my head will answer your questions. But, sire, I implore your mercy, for I am innocent.”

“Your prayers are useless, and if it were only to hear your head speak when you are dead, you should die.”

So saying, he took the book from the physician's hands, and ordered the executioner to do his duty.

The head was so cleverly cut off that it fell into the basin, and directly the blood ceased to flow. Then, to the great astonishment of the king, the eyes opened, and the head said, "Your majesty, open the book."

The king did so, and finding that the first leaf stuck against the second, he put his finger in his mouth, to turn it more easily. He did the same thing till he reached the sixth page, and not seeing any writing on it, "Physician," he said, "there is no writing."

"Turn over a few more pages," answered the head. The king went on turning, still putting his finger in his mouth, till the poison in which each page was dipped took effect. His sight failed him, and he fell at the foot of his throne.

When the physician's head saw that the poison had taken effect, and that the king had only a few more minutes to live, "Tyrant," it cried, "see how cruelty and injustice are punished."

Scarcely had it uttered these words than the king died, and the head lost also the little life that had remained in it.

That is the end of the story of the Greek king, and now let us return to the fisherman and the genius.

"If the Greek king," said the fisherman, "had spared the physician, he would not have thus died. The same thing applies to you. Now I am going to throw you into the sea."

"My friend," said the genius, "do not do such a cruel thing. Do not treat me as Imma treated Ateca."

"What did Imma do to Ateca?" asked the fisherman.

"Do you think I can tell you while I am shut up in here?" replied the genius. "Let me out, and I will make you rich."

The hope of being no longer poor made the fisherman give way.

"If you will give me your promise to do this, I will open the lid. I do not think you will dare to break your word."

The genius promised, and the fisherman lifted the lid. He came out at once in smoke, and then, having resumed his proper form, the first thing he did was to kick the vase into the sea. This frightened the fisherman, but the genius laughed and said, "Do not be afraid; I only did it to frighten you, and to show you that I intend to keep my word; take your nets and follow me."

He began to walk in front of the fisherman, who followed him with some misgivings. They passed in front of the town, and went up a mountain and then down into a great plain, where there was a large lake lying between four hills.

When they reached the lake the genius said to the fisherman, "Throw your nets and catch fish."

The fisherman did as he was told, hoping for a good catch, as he saw plenty of fish. What was his astonishment at seeing that there were four quite different kinds, some white, some red, some blue, and some yellow. He caught four, one

of each color. As he had never seen any like them he admired them very much, and he was very pleased to think how much money he would get for them.

“Take these fish and carry them to the Sultan, who will give you more money for them than you have ever had in your life. You can come every day to fish in this lake, but be careful not to throw your nets more than once every day, otherwise some harm will happen to you. If you follow my advice carefully you will find it good.”

Saying these words, he struck his foot against the ground, which opened, and when he had disappeared, it closed immediately.

The fisherman resolved to obey the genius exactly, so he did not cast his nets a second time, but walked into the town to sell his fish at the palace.

When the Sultan saw the fish he was much astonished. He looked at them one after the other, and when he had admired them long enough, “Take these fish,” he said to his first vizir, “and given them to the clever cook the Emperor of the Greeks sent me. I think they must be as good as they are beautiful.”

The vizir took them himself to the cook, saying, “Here are four fish that have been brought to the Sultan. He wants you to cook them.”

Then he went back to the Sultan, who told him to give the fisherman four hundred gold pieces. The fisherman, who had never before possessed such a large sum of money at once, could hardly believe his good fortune. He at once relieved the needs of his family, and made good use of it.

But now we must return to the kitchen, which we shall find in great confusion. The cook, when she had cleaned the fish, put them in a pan with some oil to fry them. When she thought them cooked enough on one side she turned them on the other. But scarcely had she done so when the walls of the kitchen opened, and there came out a young and beautiful damsel. She was dressed in an Egyptian dress of flowered satin, and she wore earrings, and a necklace of white pearls, and bracelets of gold set with rubies, and she held a wand of myrtle in her hand.

She went up to the pan, to the great astonishment of the cook, who stood motionless at the sight of her. She struck one of the fish with her rod, “Fish, fish,” said she, “are you doing your duty?” The fish answered nothing, and then she repeated her question, whereupon they all raised their heads together and answered very distinctly, “Yes, yes. If you reckon, we reckon. If you pay your debts, we pay ours. If you fly, we conquer, and we are content.”

When they had spoken the girl upset the pan, and entered the opening in the wall, which at once closed, and appeared the same as before.

When the cook had recovered from her fright she lifted up the fish which had fallen into the ashes, but she found them as black as cinders, and not fit to serve up to the Sultan. She began to cry.

“Alas! What shall I say to the Sultan? He will be so angry with me, and I know he will not believe me!”

Whilst she was crying the grand-vizir came in and asked if the fish were ready. She told him all that had happened, and he was much surprised. He sent

at once for the fisherman, and when he came said to him, "Fisherman, bring me four more fish like you have brought already, for an accident has happened to them so that they cannot be served up to the Sultan."

The fisherman did not say what the genius had told him, but he excused himself from bringing them that day on account of the length of the way, and he promised to bring them next day.

In the night he went to the lake, cast his nets, and on drawing them in found four fish, which were like the others, each of a different color.

He went back at once and carried them to the grand-vizir as he had promised.

He then took them to the kitchen and shut himself up with the cook, who began to cook them as she had done the four others on the previous day. When she was about to turn them on the other side, the wall opened, the damsel appeared, addressed the same words to the fish, received the same answer, and then overturned the pan and disappeared.

The grand-vizir was filled with astonishment. "I shall tell the Sultan all that has happened," said he. And he did so.

The Sultan was very much astounded, and wished to see this marvel for himself. So he sent for the fisherman, and asked him to procure four more fish. The fisherman asked for three days, which were granted, and he then cast his nets in the lake, and again caught four different colored fish. The sultan was delighted to see he had got them, and gave him again four hundred gold pieces.

As soon as the Sultan had the fish he had them carried to his room with all that was needed to cook them.

Then he shut himself up with the grand-vizir, who began to prepare them and cook them. When they were done on one side he turned them over on the other. Then the wall of the room opened, but instead of the maiden a black slave came out. He was enormously tall, and carried a large green stick with which he touched the fish, saying in a terrible voice, "Fish, fish, are you doing your duty?"

To these words the fish lifting up their heads replied, "Yes, yes. If you reckon, we reckon. If you pay your debts, we pay ours. If you fly, we conquer, and are content."

The black slave overturned the pan in the middle of the room, and the fish were turned to cinders. Then he stepped proudly back into the wall, which closed round him.

"After having seen this," said the Sultan, "I cannot rest. These fish signify some mystery I must clear up."

He sent for the fisherman. "Fisherman," he said, "the fish you have brought us have caused me some anxiety. Where did you get them from?"

"Sire," he answered, "I got them from a lake which lies in the middle of four hills beyond yonder mountains."

"Do you know this lake?" asked the Sultan of the grand-vizir.

“No; though I have hunted many times round that mountain, I have never heard of it,” said the vizir.

As the fisherman said it was only three hours’ journey away, the sultan ordered his whole court to mount and ride thither, and the fisherman led them.

They climbed the mountain, and then, on the other side, saw the lake as the fisherman had described. The water was so clear that they could see the four kinds of fish swimming about in it. They looked at them for some time, and then the Sultan ordered them to make a camp by the edge of the water.

When night came the Sultan called his vizir, and said to him, “I have resolved to clear up this mystery. I am going out alone, and do you stay here in my tent, and when my ministers come tomorrow, say I am not well, and cannot see them. Do this each day till I return.”

The grand-vizir tried to persuade the Sultan not to go, but in vain. The Sultan took off his state robe and put on his sword, and when he saw all was quiet in the camp he set forth alone.

He climbed one of the hills, and then crossed the great plain, till, just as the sun rose, he beheld far in front of him a large building. When he came near to it he saw it was a splendid palace of beautiful black polished marble, covered with steel as smooth as a mirror.

He went to the gate, which stood half open, and went in, as nobody came when he knocked. He passed through a magnificent courtyard and still saw no one, though he called aloud several times.

He entered large halls where the carpets were of silk, the lounges and sofas covered with tapestry from Mecca, and the hangings of the most beautiful Indian stuffs of gold and silver. Then he found himself in a splendid room, with a fountain supported by golden lions. The water out of the lions’ mouths turned into diamonds and pearls, and the leaping water almost touched a most beautifully painted dome. The palace was surrounded on three sides by magnificent gardens, little lakes, and woods. Birds sang in the trees, which were netted over to keep them always there.

Still the Sultan saw no one, till he heard a plaintive cry, and a voice which said, “Oh that I could die, for I am too unhappy to wish to live any longer!”

The Sultan looked round to discover who it was who thus bemoaned his fate, and at last saw a handsome young man, richly clothed, who was sitting on a throne raised slightly from the ground. His face was very sad.

The sultan approached him and bowed to him. The young man bent his head very low, but did not rise.

“Sire,” he said to the Sultan, “I cannot rise and do you the reverence that I am sure should be paid to your rank.”

“Sir,” answered the Sultan, “I am sure you have a good reason for not doing so, and having heard your cry of distress, I am come to offer you my help. Whose is this palace, and why is it thus empty?”

Instead of answering the young man lifted up his robe, and showed the Sultan that, from the waist downwards, he was a block of black marble.

The Sultan was horrified, and begged the young man to tell him his story.

“Willingly I will tell you my sad history,” said the young man.

The Story of the Young King of the Black Isles

You must know, sire, that my father was Mahmoud, the king of this country, the Black Isles, so called from the four little mountains which were once islands, while the capital was the place where now the great lake lies. My story will tell you how these changes came about.

My father died when he was sixty-six, and I succeeded him. I married my cousin, whom I loved tenderly, and I thought she loved me too.

But one afternoon, when I was half asleep, and was being fanned by two of her maids, I heard one say to the other, “What a pity it is that our mistress no longer loves our master! I believe she would like to kill him if she could, for she is an enchantress.”

I soon found by watching that they were right, and when I mortally wounded a favorite slave of hers for a great crime, she begged that she might build a palace in the garden, where she wept and bewailed him for two years.

At last I begged her to cease grieving for him, for although he could not speak or move, by her enchantments she just kept him alive. She turned upon me in a rage, and said over me some magic words, and I instantly became as you see me now, half man and half marble.

Then this wicked enchantress changed the capital, which was a very populous and flourishing city, into the lake and desert plain you saw. The fish of four colors which are in it are the different races who lived in the town; the four hills are the four islands which give the name to my kingdom. All this the enchantress told me to add to my troubles. And this is not all. Every day she comes and beats me with a whip of buffalo hide.

When the young king had finished his sad story he burst once more into tears, and the Sultan was much moved.

“Tell me,” he cried, “where is this wicked woman, and where is the miserable object of her affection, whom she just manages to keep alive?”

“Where she lives I do not know,” answered the unhappy prince, “but she goes every day at sunrise to see if the slave can yet speak to her, after she has beaten me.”

“Unfortunate king,” said the Sultan, “I will do what I can to avenge you.”

So he consulted with the young king over the best way to bring this about, and they agreed their plan should be put in effect the next day. The Sultan then rested, and the young king gave himself up to happy hopes of release. The next day the Sultan arose, and then went to the palace in the garden where the black slave was. He drew his sword and destroyed the little life that remained in him, and then threw the body down a well. He then lay down on the couch where the slave had been, and waited for the enchantress.

She went first to the young king, whom she beat with a hundred blows.

Then she came to the room where she thought her wounded slave was, but where the Sultan really lay.

She came near his couch and said, "Are you better today, my dear slave? Speak but one word to me."

"How can I be better," answered the Sultan, imitating the language of the Ethiopians, "when I can never sleep for the cries and groans of your husband?"

"What joy to hear you speak!" answered the queen. "Do you wish him to regain his proper shape?"

"Yes," said the Sultan; "hasten to set him at liberty, so that I may no longer hear his cries."

The queen at once went out and took a cup of water, and said over it some words that made it boil as if it were on the fire. Then she threw it over the prince, who at once regained his own form. He was filled with joy, but the enchantress said, "Hasten away from this place and never come back, lest I kill you."

So he hid himself to see the end of the Sultan's plan.

The enchantress went back to the Palace of Tears and said, "Now I have done what you wished."

"What you have done," said the Sultan, "is not enough to cure me. Every day at midnight all the people whom you have changed into fish lift their heads out of the lake and cry for vengeance. Go quickly, and give them their proper shape."

The enchantress hurried away and said some words over the lake.

The fish then became men, women, and children, and the houses and shops were once more filled. The Sultan's suite, who had encamped by the lake, were not a little astonished to see themselves in the middle of a large and beautiful town.

As soon as she had disenchanted it the queen went back to the palace.

"Are you quite well now?" she said.

"Come near," said the Sultan. "Nearer still."

She obeyed. Then he sprang up, and with one blow of his sword he cut her in two.

Then he went and found the prince.

"Rejoice," he said, "your cruel enemy is dead."

The prince thanked him again and again.

"And now," said the Sultan. "I will go back to my capital, which I am glad to find is so near yours."

"So near mine!" said the King of the Black Isles. "Do you know it is a whole year's journey from here? You came here in a few hours because it was enchanted. But I will accompany you on your journey."

"It will give me much pleasure if you will escort me," said the Sultan, "and as I have no children, I will make you my heir."

The Sultan and the prince set out together, the Sultan laden with rich presents from the King of the Black Isles.

The day after he reached his capital the Sultan assembled his court and told them all that had befallen him, and told them how he intended to adopt the young king as his heir.

Then he gave each man presents in proportion to his rank.

As for the fisherman, as he was the first cause of the deliverance of the young prince, the Sultan gave him much money, and made him and his family happy for the rest of their days.

PALESTINE (JEWISH)

THE RABBI KOLONIMOS

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Hanauer, James Edward. *Folklore of the Holy Land: Moslem, Christian and Jewish*. London: Duckworth and Company, 1907, 99–101.

Date: Unavailable

Source: Jewish

National Origin: Palestine

Jews who trace their immediate historical origins to Southwest Asia or Africa have been variously labeled as the Mizrahim (“Easterners”) or as the Sephardim (see “The Weight before the Door” page 14). The following four narratives represent this Middle Eastern tradition of Judaism. The **legend** of “The Rabbi Kolonimos” is set in the period of domination by the Turkish Ottoman Empire. The central figure in the narrative relies on his knowledge of the Kabbala, a system of Jewish religious philosophy that can be utilized for magical purposes, including the communication with the dead as seen in the following story. The tetragrammaton (letters representing the esoteric name of God) plays a central role in the tale. It is represented by the Hebrew letters YHVH and often rendered as Jehovah. It is not to be uttered for fear of profaning the sacred name of God. The use of the Kabbala for magical purposes (referred to as the practical Kabbala) is forbidden. Therefore, Rabbi Kolonimos voluntarily sacrifices himself for the Jewish community.

In the early part of the eighteenth century the learned Rabbinnical writer Kolonimos was head of the small and greatly oppressed Jewish community at Jerusalem.

One Sabbath day, the Rabbi was at his devotions at the Jews' wailing-place, when the "Shamash" or verger [lay assistant] of the Synagogue came, breathless with haste and fear, to tell him that the town was in an uproar, and that the Mohammedans were threatening to exterminate the Jews, because a Moslem boy had been found slain in the Jewish Quarter. He had not finished his tale when a party of Moslems came up and began to beat the Rabbi, dragging him off towards the serai [palace]. The Pasha [provincial governor], at sight of him, pointed to the body of the murdered lad, which had also been brought before him, and sternly told the Rabbi that unless he could produce the actual murderer, all the Jews would be massacred.

The Rabbi said he could detect the guilty party, if pen and paper, together with a bowl of water were given to him. When this had been done, the Rabbi wrote on the paper the tetra-grammaton, or unpronounceable name of the Most High, together with certain passages from Scripture and from Kabbalistic writings. He then washed the document in the water, repeating certain magic formula all the time. The next thing he did was to apply the wet paper to the dead lad's lips and forehead, the result being that the murdered boy immediately sat up, and, after gazing about him for a moment, sprang to his feet, seized one of the bystanders by the throat, and exclaimed, "This man, and no other, is guilty of my blood." Then he sank to the floor, a corpse as before. The man, thus charged with the crime, a Mohammedan, confessed and was led away to punishment.

The Rabbi was at once released; but remembering how by writing and using magical arts he had not only profaned the Sabbath but also been guilty of a heinous sin, even though compelled thereto for the preservation of his flock, he spent the rest of his days doing penance.

Nor was that enough. On his deathbed, he gave orders that he should not be buried honorably, but that his friends should take his body to the brow of the hill overlooking the Kedron, just opposite the traditional monument of Zechariah the prophet, and throw it down in the same way that the carcasses of horses and asses are to this day cast down the same slope. Where it stopped rolling, there it might be buried; but no monument must be erected over the grave, and, for a century after his death, every Jew passing the spot must cast a stone on it, as was the custom in the case of malefactors.

His friends carried out his instructions till the body was buried, but could not bear to leave his grave without some memorial. They therefore placed a great stone upon it, but the very next morning it was found broken and the same thing happened every time it was replaced. They saw that he would not be disobeyed. It thus became customary, as Kolonimos had desired that it should, for Jewish passers-by to cast a stone upon his grave; and also to repeat prayers there.

HELP FROM ELIJAH

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Hanauer, James Edward. *Folklore of the Holy Land: Moslem, Christian and Jewish*. London: Duckworth and Company, 1907, 57–58.

Date: Unavailable

Source: Jewish

National Origin: Palestine

Elijah appears in religious texts not only as a prophet, but as avenger, miracle worker and harbinger of the messiah. As a result, he has been transposed into folk tradition in roles derived from sacred narratives.

Elijah frequently appears in Jewish legends as the Protector of Israel, always ready to instruct, to comfort, or to heal—sometimes condescending to cure so slight a complaint as a toothache, at others going so far as to bear false witness in order to deliver Rabbis from danger and difficulty.

The modern Jewish inhabitants of Palestine devoutly believe in his intervention in times of difficulty. Thus, among the Spanish Jewish synagogues at Jerusalem, there is shown a little subterranean chamber, called the “Synagogue of Elijah the prophet,” from the following story:

One Sabbath, some four centuries ago, when there were only a very few Jews in the city, there were not men enough to form a “minyan” or legal congregational quorum. It was found impossible to get together more than nine, ten being the minimum number needed. It was therefore announced that the customary service could not be held, and those present were about to depart, when suddenly a reverend-looking old man appeared, donned his “talith” or prayer-shawl, and took his place among them. When the service was over, “the First in Zion,” as the chief Rabbi of the Jewish community at Jerusalem is entitled, on leaving the place of worship, looked for the stranger, intending to ask him to the Sabbath meal, but he could nowhere be found. It was thought this mysterious stranger could have been no other than the famous Tishbite.

THE RABBI EXTRACTS A CONFESSION

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Hanauer, James Edward. *Folklore of the Holy Land: Moslem, Christian and Jewish*. London: Duckworth and Company, 1907, 101–102.

Date: Unavailable

Source: Jewish

National Origin: Palestine

This narrative, passed along by an acquaintance of author James Hanauer, should be classified as a **legend**. The Jewish protagonist uses his wits in a manner closely resembling the **trickster** figure to extract an admission of guilt from a thief. The tale also attests to the fact that in early twentieth-century Palestine social relations between Jews and Muslims were cordial.

A few years ago an acquaintance of my own happened to be at the house of one of the principal Rabbis in Jerusalem, when a Mohammedan of very good repute came to ask the Rabbi for advice and help. He told how a certain Jew, whom he named, had come to his place of business an hour or so previously, when he was alone, for a few minutes. Soon afterwards he had missed a valuable ring that was lying on the desk in front of him when the Jew entered. No one had been in since. He could produce neither proof nor witness against the Jew in question, but felt sure he had taken the ring.

Having questioned the Moslem straightly, the Rabbi saw that he spoke truth, and bade him wait while he sent for the culprit. The Jew came without knowing why he had been sent for. Before he had time to utter a word of salutation, the Rabbi addressed him in Hebrew, in tones of excited pleading, "I beg you, for the sake of all that is Holy, to deny that you know anything about the ring which this Gentile accuses you of having stolen!"

"That," said the rascal, quite thrown off his guard, "that is exactly what I meant to do."

"Very well," said the Rabbi sternly, "as you have virtually confessed before all these witnesses that you have the ring, hand it over to its owner immediately, and be thankful if he takes no steps to have you punished."

The thief gave back the ring and went unpunished.

THE PRINCESS WITH GOLDEN HAIR

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Gaster, M. "Fairy Tales from Inedited Hebrew MSS. of the Ninth and Twelfth Centuries." *Folklore* 7 (1896): 232–240.

Date: ca. 1200

Source: Jewish

National Origin: Palestine

Folklorist M. Gaster maintains that although the following tale was contained in a manuscript copied in the thirteenth century C.E., the narratives in this manuscript are much older, perhaps as old as the fifth century C.E. Best classified as an **ordinary folktale**, this narrative is actually an amalgamation of two distinct plots. As Gaster notes, the tale is reminiscent of both “Cupid and Psyche” (AT 425A) and Emmanuel Cosquin’s “La belle aux cheveux d’or” (Cosquin 1886, No. 73). “The grateful animals and the water of life and death are the prominent incidents in the second half, whilst the first belongs to a totally different cycle of deathbed promises. The father requests his son to do a certain thing and the strict fulfillment of this command brings the reward with it” (Gaster 227). Gaster is convinced, however, that the tale is of Palestinian origin.

There was once a pious old man, who was exceedingly rich. He had but one son, whose name was Jochanan. This Jochanan had a beautiful and pious wife. When his father was about to die he called his son and exhorted him to occupy himself with God’s precepts and to continually perform acts of charity. He bequeathed to him all his wealth, saying, “When the days of thy mourning are over, go into the street and remain there until thou seest a man come to sell his wares in the market. The first man who comes, buy from him his wares and take them home, and take good care of them.” The old man soon died and was duly buried.

After his son had observed thirty days of mourning he remembered his father’s wish, and accordingly went forthwith into the street, where he sat until he saw a man carrying a magnificent cup (or bowl). Jochanan asked him whether he was willing to sell the cup he was carrying. He answered, “Yes.”

“How much do you want for it?”

“One hundred pieces of gold,” said the man.

“Let me have it for sixty pieces,” said Jochanan. The man refused and passed on. Jochanan remembering his pious father’s wish, called after the man and said, “Give me the cup, and here are the hundred pieces of gold which thou hast asked.” The man replied, “If thou wilt give me two hundred pieces of gold I will give thee the cup; but if not I must go on my way.” Jochanan then said, “I will not give thee more than the one hundred pieces which thou askedst.” He went away. Jochanan then thought that he must purchase the article in order to carry out his father’s wish. He thereupon called after him again, and said, “Here, take the two hundred pieces which you asked.” The man replied, “If you are satisfied to give me one thousand pieces in current money, I will give you the cup; but if not I must go.” Jochanan, then seeing that every time the man, when recalled, charged more, bought it perforce in compliance with his father’s last

wish. He took it home, paid the one thousand pieces, and put it aside. He sometimes tried to open it, but was not able. When one Passover Evening they (he and his wife) were about to celebrate the first evening he asked his wife to bring the cup he bought and place it upon the table in honor of the festival. The pious woman did as requested. Jochanan was this time able to open it, and found a smaller cup (box) within the larger.

On opening it he found a small scorpion. They were both amazed at the sight. Jochanan took it out and gave it some food. It crawled round his neck, embracing and kissing him. When it was satisfied it entered the smaller cup, which Jochanan closed and placed in the larger one as it was before. Jochanan then said to his wife, "My father did not request me to do this for nothing. We shall feed this scorpion and bring it up, to know what the end of it will be." They fed it every day, so that it grew and was not able to enter the smaller cup. It was therefore placed in the larger one; but it grew in such immense proportions that a separate place had to be made for it. Jochanan's wealth decreased very much through this; because the scorpion ate whatever they possessed, until it grew to such an immense size as not to be able to enter any house or court yard, and continued to grow until it was like a huge mountain. When Jochanan had nothing more in his possession to give it to eat, he wept and said to his wife, "What shall we do in order to provide it with food; we have nothing left; it has devoured everything we had." His wife suggested that he should sell his robe, and she would do the same tomorrow, to give it food.

They did so. When they had nothing else left Jochanan prostrated himself before it to God and said, "Thou knowest, O Lord, that I have given my all in order to perform the wish of my father, and am left with absolutely nothing. Reveal to me what is the use of this scorpion (dragon) which I have reared, and what will the end be?"

The scorpion thereupon opened its mouth and said, "God has heard thy prayer, and has given me permission to speak to thee. I know that thou hast done whatever thou couldst for me, and hast not refrained from giving me everything in thy possession to enjoy. Now therefore, make any request thou pleasest and I will comply with it."

Jochanan answered and said, "Teach me then all the languages of the world." He did so; and Jochanan was able to understand the language of animals, birds and beasts, and all the languages of the world. The scorpion further said, "Let thy pious wife, who took so much trouble for me, and who was so zealous to serve me, let her ask anything she wishes and I will grant it."

She said, "Oh my Lord, provide me with sufficient to maintain myself, my husband, and my household."

"Follow me," he said, "and bring wagons, horses, and asses, and what animals you can with you, and I will load you with silver and gold, with precious stones and pearls." They followed him until he brought them to a forest, the name of which was Ilai. Into the depth of this forest they penetrated. The

scorpion began to whistle, and there forthwith presented themselves before him all the wild beasts of the world, serpents, scorpions, and etc. Every one of which brought a present of silver and gold, precious stones and pearls, and cast them before him, just as people bring presents to a king.

And the scorpion said to Jochanan and his wife, "Go and fill your sacks and wagons, fill whatever you possess, so that you may have abundance of everything." They did so. Jochanan then said to the scorpion, "Be not angry with me if I ask thee to tell me who thou art and from whence thou hast come."

It replied, "I am the son of Adam. I am getting smaller during a period of one thousand years, and during the next one thousand years I gradually grow. I was not included in the command: 'On the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die'."

Jochanan then said, "Since thou art the son of Adam, do thou bless me."

He said, "May God deliver thee from the evils which will come upon thee."

Jochanan in amazement asked, "What are these evils which are to come upon me?" But he gave no reply, and departed peacefully; and Jochanan returned to his house a very rich and wise man, and there was not a man whose wisdom was as great as his.

The king, having heard of his profound wisdom, sent for him to ask him to solve difficulties on very many subjects, and found him to be exceedingly clever and well versed in everything. The king therefore loved him more than all the other wise men. Now this king had not married. One day his counselors came to him and said, "It cannot be pleasant to thee to live in this state, without any heir to succeed to the throne after thee. For when thou art dead the kingdom will remain without an heir and will fall to a stranger, because thou wilt not have a son to succeed thee. Therefore let a beautiful girl be sought for the king in all the provinces of the kingdom, or thee to take to wife." But the king refused to listen to them. They, however, came a second and a third and a fourth time, until he said, "Well, since you really wish me to marry, give me three days' time, and I will then reply whether it is right to marry or not." They did so. On the second day, while he was sitting in his courtyard in deep meditation, a raven perched upon him and brought between its legs a very beautiful golden hair, which fell upon the king. On the third day he brought this hair to his counselors, and said, "You wish me to marry. Well, if you can bring that woman to whom this hair belongs I shall be pleased to marry her; but if not, I will execute you."

"Give us," they said, "three days' time to know what to do." He gave it to them. They thereupon counseled together and found that there was not any man in existence able to do this, except Jochanan; for he was skilled in all languages, and his equal was not to be found in all the land. On the third day they came to the king, and said, "There is a certain wise man in thy kingdom named Jochanan, who knows all the languages of the world. He is the only man who is able to do what you ask." The king thereupon sent for him. In the meantime it

happened that a certain bird flew over Jochanan's house of learning and, crying, said, "May God deliver thee, Jochanan, from the evils about to come upon thee." When Jochanan heard this, he was much alarmed, for the scorpion had blessed him with the very same words. The servants of the king then came to Jochanan, and said, "Arise, come unto the king; for he has sent for thee." Jochanan trembled very greatly. He rose, went to the king, and prostrated himself before him. The king then said to him, "I have heard that thou art very wise, and of great understanding, knowing all the languages of the world. Now, I wish to take a woman to wife, for the law of the kingdom forbids a king to remain unmarried and without children. Therefore go and bring this very woman to whom this hair, which a raven brought to me, belongs; for I know that this hair belongs to a woman. Her I desire."

Jochanan replied, "There is not a king, prince, governor, or ruler, who has ever made such a request as thou hast made, to seek a woman to whom the hair which thou hast in thy hand belongs."

The king said, "If thou wilt not bring her to me, I will cut off thy head and those of thy people."

"If so," replied Jochanan, "then grant me three years' time to seek her and bring her to thee." He granted it to him. Jochanan immediately went to his house, called his wife and family, and told them the whole matter. Then he, his wife, sons, and daughters wept on account of his sorrow. He, however, with the consent of his wife and family, went in the direction of the forest of Ilai for he said, "I may peradventure meet the scorpion whom I reared and brought up." He took with him three loaves of bread and ten pieces of gold. He penetrated the depth of the forest and met a huge dog, the like of which he had never before seen. The animals of that forest were unlike any others, and of immense stature. This dog, who was crying and howling, said, "God has created me so large and so different from any other dog that I am not able to find sufficient food for my want, for 'a handful will not satisfy the lion.' If I were as small as other dogs I could maintain myself with very little. Hast thou created me to die of hunger?"

Jochanan said, "God has not created thee to die through hunger, for his mercies extend to all his creatures. Take one of these loaves which I have, and eat."

It did so, and said, "May God deliver thee from all manner of troubles which are about to befall thee. May he grant me, that I be able to reward thee as a return for the food which I eat, as a return for this kindness which thou hast done to me." Jochanan went further, and came upon an immense raven, the like of which he had never seen. It cried and said the same thing as the dog. Jochanan gave it another of his loaves. The raven blessed him for it in exactly the same manner as the dog. Jochanan went on his way, and on coming out of the forest saw a river before him. He thereupon went and sat down by the river side and there ate the remaining loaf which he had, and drank some water. Just

opposite him he saw a fisherman, who said to him, "Wouldst thou like to buy the fish I have caught?"

He replied, "Yes."

"Wilt thou give me for them the ten pieces of gold which thou hast in thy bag?"

Jochanan was amazed, and said, "Who told thee that there are ten pieces of gold in my bag?"

"Nobody," replied the fisherman, "except God." Jochanan took them and gave them to him. When he opened the net he found in it but one very beautiful large fish, which was worth one hundred gold pieces. When the fisherman saw that the fish was so immense he was angered to death at the bargain which Jochanan had made, and cast the fish before him (Jochanan). It spread itself before Jochanan, and said to him, "My lord, thou knowest that I am too large for thee to carry, and even if thou wishest to eat me thou wilt have ample with but a little piece of me. Do therefore what is upright and good, and cast me into the river from which I have come, and with the help of God I will pay thee back the sum which thou hast given for me. May God be with thee and deliver thee from the evils which are about to come upon thee, and may he grant me to reward thee for the kindness which thou hast shown to me." At these words Jochanan cast the fish into the river.

The fisherman, seeing it, was very angry and said, "Why didst thou cast the fish back into the river? Thou hast acted foolishly, for it was worth one hundred pieces of gold."

Jochanan replied, "I did this on account of what is written: 'And his mercies are upon all his creatures.'" He rose, and while walking by the river side saw on the other side of the river a large handsome town situated upon the river. Outside the town there stood two women. One was the queen of that place, the prettiest woman in the whole country. The other woman was her handmaid. The queen said to her handmaid, "See this poor man on the other side of the river; he is coming after me and wishes to take me with him to wed me to a king whose wickedness is unparalleled. He has never seen me, nor has he heard from me; but a raven took one of the hairs of my head and brought it to him. He thereupon sent this good man after me. I shall have to go with him if he is able to do three things which I shall ask him. Do thou go and tell the boatman to bring him to me." The boatman did so, and brought him before the queen. Jochanan stood before her, and made obeisance to her. She replied by saying, "Blessed art thou who comest. Whence comest thou, and whither dost thou go?"

He replied, "I have come from a distant land to seek a woman the hair of whose head is like this hair which I carry with me."

"Stay with us one month," she said, "and we shall give thee what thou seekest." He stayed with her.

At the expiration of the month Jochanan came to the queen and said to her, "Tell me whether I shall be able to find what I seek in thy kingdom."

“Yes,” she said, “I who stand before thee am the very woman whom thou seekest, and here is the proof: my hair is the same as the hair which thou carriest. Know, now, that I will go with thee; but first thou must perform three things for me if thou wishest me to go with thee.”

Jochanan then said, “Do not impede me. If I do not bring thee to the king within four months, know that the remainder of my people must perish.”

She thereupon said, “I possess two pitchers; and I wish thee to bring me one full of the water of Hell, and the other full of the water of the Garden of Eden.”

Jochanan thereupon wept and said, “Who is able to do this?”

She said, “If thou art not able to do this, I will not go with thee.”

“If this is so, then bring me the two pitchers and I will do what I can.”

When they were brought to him, he went immediately across the river and traveled until he came to the forest of Ilai. There he sat down, and weeping in bitterness of his soul prayed, and said, “May it please thee, O God, to send the raven to which I gave of my bread, and which promised to repay me in some way or another.”

The raven came and perched upon him, and said, “I am here to do thy bidding.”

He then took the pitchers and hung them upon the raven’s neck, and said, “Bring me one of these (pitchers) full of the water of the Garden of Eden, and the other full of the water of Hell.

“I will do what thou biddest,” said the raven. It departed on its journey. It came and, immersing a pitcher in the river of Hell, filled it with the water of that river; but the water was boiling hot, so that one could not put his finger into it without scalding himself, and had it not been that the mercy of God was upon it the raven would have been burnt. From thence it went to the river which flows in the midst of the Garden of Eden and filled the other pitcher with its water. The raven then dipped itself in the water (of that river) and washed its body, after which its flesh was healed of the wounds and bruises which it had received from the waters of Hell. It then took up the pitchers, went to Jochanan, and said to him, “Behold, my lord, I have done as thou hast commanded me.”

Jochanan then took the pitchers and went to the queen. He said, “Behold, my lady, the pitchers full of the water of the Garden of Eden and Hell, as thou hast bidden.” When the queen took them she looked at the waters and recognized that the water of Hell was very hot and had a very bad odor, while the water of the Garden of Eden was very cold and its smell was that of sweet spices. The queen was thereupon exceedingly rejoiced, and said, “There is yet another request which thou must perform for me. Twenty-five years ago my father died and gave me the ring from his finger. It contained a very precious stone, the like of which is not to be found in the whole world. One day I went out for a walk by the riverside, and the ring fell from my hand into the river. My servants sought for it, placed a dredge in the water, and carried the water to another

place, and yet could not find it. If thou canst bring it to me, I will go with thee without delay.”

Jochanan said, “How can one possibly find a thing which has been lost in this river now twenty-five years ago?”

She replied, “If thou wilt not bring it to me, I will not go with thee.” Jochanan then went by the riverside until he came to the spot where he cast the fish which he once bought. There he sat down and wept. While he was still speaking and praying, the fish appeared, and said, “O my lord, I am ready to fulfill thy wish. I know what thou seekest, and God knows that it is not in my possession; but I know, and am able to recognize that fish which took it and in whose possession it is still, but I must first arraign it (the fish) in judgment before Leviathan, to whom I must relate the whole case.” That fish went to Leviathan, and said, “There is a certain good man by the riverside,” and he related to him the whole story.

Leviathan then said, “Go after that fish and ask it whether it knows where that ring is, and I will intercede on thy behalf to return it to the owner.” It went after that fish and brought it to Leviathan, who said to him, “Thou possessest a certain ring, which thou hast taken and found at such and such a time. Restore it to this fish, and it will carry it to the pious man who is standing at the brink of the river. All his people are bowed down with sorrow on account of this ring.” This fish then handed it to the other one, and so it was brought to Jochanan. But when the fish spat it out from its mouth on the ground, a huge swine snatched it, swallowed it, and departed. Jochanan wept in the bitterness of his soul and, crying, exclaimed, “Woe onto me, woe unto me.”

The fish was also exceedingly angered at it, and said to Jochanan, “I have not the power to do anything more in this matter; but may God grant thee the request of thy heart and bring thee forth from thy trouble to freedom.” The fish then departed and went on its way.

Jochanan then said, “O Lord, may it please thee to bring the dog to me, so that I and it may go out together to seek that swine, if it is possible to find it.” While he was thus speaking the very dog came up barking, and it said, “Beloved, I have already performed thy request and thy desire; for I met the swine that took the ring from thee. I killed it, tore its inwards, and took its entrails out of its body. They are now lying on the ground. Come, and I will lead thee to the place, and thou shalt open the entrails and find it within.” Jochanan went there and found the swine dead. He opened the entrails and found the ring within. He took it out and went on his way greatly rejoicing. The dog also departed. Jochanan came to the queen and gave her the ring. When she saw it she took it and kissed it, and was exceedingly glad. Jochanan then said, “Since God has prospered the way whither he has sent me; let us now go away together to my native place and country; for I have performed whatever thou hast asked of me. Do therefore what is right, and let us not tarry.”

She replied, “Since this thing cometh from God I cannot refuse thee, but will go with thee to whatever place thou wishest to take me.” They then arose,

went together, and came to the palace of the king, who had sent in quest of her. When the king heard of their coming he went out to meet them, he and his horsemen with him, and brought them to his palace. When they arrived at his palace, Jochanan heard that his wife had died, that his sons were taken captive, that they had lost whatever remained to them; for the counselors who envied him had plundered all his property and taken them captive. When Jochanan heard this, he was exceedingly grieved for his wife and his sons, and wept and cried on account of them.

When they (his sons) heard that their father had returned they were exceedingly rejoiced. They came to him and related to him all the trouble which happened to them. He then freed them, and they remained with him. He was beloved and favored by the king because he had brought him a most beautiful woman; one so beautiful was not to be found in the whole kingdom. The king thereupon desired to wed her at once, and to lead her to the wedding canopy; but she answered and said, "It is not customary in my country as soon as one speaks to a woman to marry her immediately. Grant me twelve months' time."

The king replied, "I will fulfill all thy requests and entreaties; do what seemeth good in thine eyes." Now Jochanan was much beloved and favored by the king and queen, so that the king took the ring from his finger and, presenting it to him, appointed him controller of all his household and the ruler of everything which he possessed. On account of this the counselors envied him, and said to each other, "Unless we take counsel together to slay this man, he will now requite us for all the evil which we have done to him and his sons." So one day they lay in wait for him, smote him, and tore him to pieces limb from limb. When the news reached the king's palace that Jochanan was slain, and that his murderers had torn him to pieces, the king and queen were exceedingly grieved. And the queen said, "Take me to the place where his (scattered) limbs are lying." They took her to the place. She then took each limb and joined them together just as they were in the beginning. She then took her ring, and on touching the wounds with the stone the bones and sinews became joined together, by virtue of the power of the stone which the ring contained. After this she took some of the water from the Garden of Eden and washed his flesh, so that it became healed, and had the appearance of the flesh of a young boy. She then lay upon him, and placed her mouth against his mouth, and kissed him. She then prayed to God, and He restored his soul, so that he came to life again, rose up, and walked upon his feet.

When they saw that she was able to restore the dead to life they marveled exceedingly. The king said, "If this is so, let us go and wage war against the neighboring nations, and if I am killed in battle she will be able to restore me to life." The king accordingly set out with his princes and servants against another king's country. They were arrayed in a long line of battle. But the king, his princes, and his servants were killed. The counselors then came to the queen and said to her, "Come and restore to life the king, his princes, and servants, for

they have fallen by the sword.” She went to the place (of the slain) together with Jochanan and did to them first the same that she had done to Jochanan; but she took instead water from Hell and sprinkled it upon them, when they were all immediately burnt to ashes. She then said, “Behold the wonders of God; for mine is not the wisdom nor the knowledge to kill and restore to life; but it is God who slays and revives the dead, who wounds and heals, who humbleth and who exalteth. It was not pleasing to him to restore to life these wicked men as he restored to life this good man. I am not able to do anything more.” They therefore returned to their homes, and the kingdom remained without a king. They then cast their eyes upon Jochanan and accordingly made him king over them; for all those who sought his life were now dead. Moreover they gave him the beautiful woman to wife. They lived together in peace, tranquility, and comfort for many years, and begat both sons and daughters. On account of this it is said, “Cast thy bread upon the water, for in time to come thou wilt find it again” (Ecclesiastes 11:1).

SYRIA

OUTWITTING THE KING

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Wilson, Howard Barrett. "Notes of Syrian Folk-Lore Collected in Boston." *Journal of American Folklore* 16 (1903): 142–144.

Date: 1903

Original Source: Syrian

National Origin: Syria

The following **ordinary folktale** was collected in the Syrian immigrant community of Boston, known during the early twentieth century as "Little Syria." The population at the time the tale was collected was about 1,000 people distributed over a district of approximately half a square mile. This tale is only one of the many oral and customary traditions that were preserved within the community. In such contexts, original tales often are carefully preserved as links to the performer's and audience's ethnic roots. Thus, the tale merits inclusion in this collection. The narrative provides vicarious satisfaction by the manner in which, through clever perseverance, the protagonist prevails over the cruel and arbitrary ruler of the title. The narrative features the well-known Middle Eastern **trickster** Abu'n-Nuwâ's (see the Egyptian version of this character in "Abu-Nowâs," page 9).

In the times of the Califate there lived in Bagdad a great poet, named Abu'n-Nuwâ's. One cold and stormy evening, as a body of friends were sitting about the king discussing matters, the king, desiring to make a little merriment, said, "I will give thousands of pounds to him who will sit naked on the roof of the palace all night."

Abu'n-Nuwâ's said, "I'll do it," and straightway removed his clothes, and because he was poor and in need of the money, went up and sat on the roof all night. He suffered much. The wind the whole night long bit his flesh, but the remembrance of the promised gold encouraged him, so that he endured minute by minute. In the morning he was badly frozen and could not move.

At last the king sent one of his bodyguard to see what had happened to the poet. He brought Abu'n-Nuwâ's down nearly dead, and they worked over him a long time before he opened his eyes. After he had clothed himself he waited impatiently for the reward, but the king, before giving him the gold, asked, "What did you see in the night, Abu'n-Nuwâ's?"

He replied that he had seen nothing all night, and described to the king the bitter cold and the rain. He said, however, that in the early gray of the morning he had seen far, far away a tiny light, but that that was all he had seen.

The king was angered and said, "I shall not give you anything, for you have warmed yourself by that light."

Abu'n-Nuwâ's pleaded, but to no purpose, for the king wished to make fun of the poet. It was hard for Abu'n-Nuwâ's, after suffering such pain, to be deprived of the reward, and he determined that some day he would get revenge, and even perchance the reward too.

A whole year passed, and the king had forgotten all about the affair. One day Abu'n-Nuwâ's came, and invited the king to take dinner with him out in his country garden. The king accepted, for he thought it would be very pleasant to honor the poet, and also he was interested to hear his poetry.

In the early morning of the appointed day the king and the queen, accompanied by their knights and pages, went to the garden of Abu'n-Nuwâ's, expecting to be feasted on the most delicious food and the choicest wine. They sat down under the trees, and Abu'n-Nuwâ's sang and played for them. There was an abundance of poetry and music there, but nothing to eat or drink. Yet no one ventured to mention refreshments, each thinking that the next moment they would be invited to the repast.

Nothing, however, was prepared. Again and again Abu'n-Nuwâ's sang and played, and all his maidens and slaves, also, danced and sang. Of that the king had enough, for it was growing late in the afternoon, and he could endure his hunger no longer. Accordingly he called Abu'n-Nuwâ's to him, and said, "O wicked one that brought us here, and filled us with music and poetry, but wished us to die of hunger!" Abu'n-Nuwâ's bowed humbly, and replied, "Your Majesty, the food is not cooked yet, but is on the fire." After an hour the king asked the same question with more bitterness, and Abu'n-Nuwâ's again replied, "Your Majesty, the food is still on the fire." Then the king, and all his retinue, was very angry, and was about to kill Abu'n-Nuwâ's. But Abu'n-Nuwâ's said, "Come, Most High King, and let me show thee that the pots are on the fire." He then led the way to another part of the garden, and there, indeed, were the pots

hanging from the highest branches of a tree. On the ground beneath them there was a blazing fire, but no heat could reach the pots, only smoke.

Then the king was very angry. “O wicked slave, most ignorant one,” cried he, “do you suppose that the food will be cooked when the fire is so very far from it?”

“Your Majesty,” replied Abu’n-Nuwâ’s, “if pots cannot be boiled, nor even warmed by such a great fire as this, how could I, naked, on such a very cold night, be warmed by seeing a tiny light miles and miles away?”

The king laughed, and laughed, and laughed. Then Abu’n-Nuwâ’s immediately ordered tables to be made ready, and a fine feast was spread, for everything had been prepared beforehand, and hidden away. They all ate and drank in merriment, and the king gave the thousands of pounds he had formerly promised to the poet, and made no more fun of him, for Abu’n-Nuwâ’s was too clever for the king.

THE SONG OF THE COFFEE POT

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Wilson, Howard Barrett. “Notes of Syrian Folk-Lore Collected in Boston.” *Journal of American Folklore* 16 (1903): 144–147.

Date: 1903

Original Source: Syrian

National Origin: Syria

Like the **ordinary folktale** “Outwitting the King” the following folktale comes from the “Little Syria” section of Boston. Folklorist Howard Barrett Wilson distinguishes between narratives such as “Outwitting the King” and “Song of the Coffee Pot.” He writes, “The second class comprises stories of quite a different type, which are, I think, although not quite identical with, nevertheless closely akin to what we term ‘allegory.’ That is to say, A makes a remark which seems preposterous to B, for, as A intended, B does not understand the figurative or allegorical use of A’s words.” The tale celebrates the social power of wit and underscores the fact that intelligence knows no class distinctions.

One day while the king and his premier were discussing matters, the king asked him what it was that the coffee pot said as it simmers on the fire. This was the first time the premier had ever heard such a question as that, and he was unable to give an answer. It irritated him, for he had never thought that any one could answer such a question. But the king was

determined to know and insisted on his discovering what the real words which the simmering coffee pot says are. But the premier was unable to find out what they are.

Then the king grew angry, and threatened to kill the premier if, at the expiration of three days, he could not tell him the words of the simmering coffee pot. The poor premier did his best to find out, and asked every one, but all was in vain, for no one could enlighten him. What was worse, some of those he asked laughed at him, and thought that he was crazy.

It was the afternoon of the second day, and still he had been unable to solve the mystery. In despair he gave up all hope of finding any one in the world who knew what the simmering coffee pot says, and, to seek relief and change for his troubled mind, departed from the city he knew not whither.

As he was walking along in the country he met a peasant who was returning home from the city, and he asked him where he was going. The peasant told him that he was from a village which was located about an hour's walk from the city. So the premier thought that he would accompany him to that village, not knowing in his perplexity what else to do.

After they had walked together for a few minutes, the premier asked the peasant if he did not think that it would be a good plan for them to take turns, each letting the other ride on his shoulders for a short distance in order that they might neither become very tired on the way.

The old peasant was amazed to hear such a question, and said, "My son, how do you expect me to let you ride on my shoulders while I am so feeble and advanced in years?" Of course the premier did not mean by his suggestion what the peasant understood, and consequently, discovering that the peasant did not understand what he meant, they walked on together in silence for nearly half the distance.

The premier really meant by his suggestion that they should take turns telling stories and that thus the way would not seem so long and tiresome as it would if they walked in silence.

After a short time they came across a cornfield, and again the premier initiated the conversation by asking if the owner of the field had already eaten the corn or not.

The peasant was again amazed at the question of his companion, for it was evident to any one that the cornfield was at its best, and merely replied, "My son, I do not understand what you mean by a question like that, for it is not difficult for any one to see that this cornfield has not been harvested yet. Why, then, do you ask me if it has been eaten or not?"

The premier did not allow himself to become angry at this reply, for he had perceived from the first that the peasant was not one of those who could understand his allegorical language. The premier meant by his question whether the owner of the cornfield had borrowed the money for the seed, in which case, soon after the harvest was over, after paying off the debt he had contracted for

the seed in the spring, he would have nothing left to eat; or whether he owned the crop without debt.

They walked on, and when very near the village a funeral passed them. Again the premier asked his companion whether the man was really dead.

At this question the peasant was nearly beside himself he was so angry, and said, "How in the world can you doubt of the death of this man, for you see they are taking his body to the cemetery to bury, and therefore it is foolish to ask such a question as that."

The meaning of the premier was again mistaken. He meant that if the dead man had any sons, he was not really dead, for they would still keep his name alive.

By this time they had entered the village, where they were obliged to separate. The custom in those days was that a stranger who had no place to which he could go should go to the mosque, and spend his time there. But as the place was entirely unknown to the premier, he asked the peasant if he would not kindly show him the way thither. He accordingly went with the premier and showed him the way.

Then he departed, and when he had reached his home he was so astounded, and his mind was so full of the incidents that had happened, that he told his family about the queer man he had met, and how strangely he had talked. In his family, however, there was a daughter and, fortunately for the premier, she could understand the true meaning of his words. So after her father had related what he had heard, she told him that it would be very kind of him if he would take some supper to the stranger. She took seven loaves of bread, and a large bowl of soup and gave them to her father, telling him to give them to the stranger with her respects, and to say to him, "Our moon is full, and our week has seven days."

But the old man, being very hungry on account of his journey to the city, could not resist taking a few sips of the broth, and one of the loaves of bread, thinking that it would never be discovered that he had done so. When he handed the food to the stranger, he gave him his daughter's message as she had directed.

But the stranger, immediately detecting the theft, said, "No. Give your daughter my respects and tell her that your moon is not quite full, and that your week has but six, instead of seven, days."

The peasant took back the message of the stranger to his daughter, and she, at once understanding what had been done, was somewhat provoked at her father for having done so. He, in turn, was greatly amazed when she told him what he had done, and could not possibly conceive how she had found out that he had taken some of the stranger's supper, for he was quite certain that no one had seen him eat it.

The next morning the girl desired very much to see the stranger who had so aroused her curiosity by her father's report of him. So baking their bread on a

large, somewhat rounded shield-like slab of iron, beneath which is the fire, she sent her father to invite him home.

On the previous evening the premier had perceived that this peasant girl was such a person as he wanted to find, and so he was very glad to accept her invitation, and went home with the old man. It was the custom in those times for such people (that is, those who spoke in allegories) when they met, to use allegorical language, making their remarks as difficult of comprehension as possible. Accordingly the stranger and the girl competed with one another, each asking the other the most difficult questions imaginable. The premier could see, to his great surprise, that this peasant girl was one of the cleverest persons he had ever met.

After they had both enjoyed themselves in competition the premier was discovered to be no common person, but a nobleman disguised as a poor man so as to try to conceal his identity. He, on finding the girl so clever, had hoped for relief from his difficulty, and now that he perceived himself discovered by her, he told her the whole story of the sorry plight he was in on account of the king's anger because he could not tell what the simmering coffee pot says. But she greatly soothed his troubled mind, and encouraged him by telling him that it is the easiest thing in the world to answer. The premier was very much surprised, for in all his life and in all his studying he had never heard of such a thing, and none of his companions had either. As he was so anxious to hear what the coffee pot says as it simmers on the fire the girl told him, and this is what she said:

My stream glides down the sunny glade
Brings life to flower, and grass, and tree.
But thus my kindness is repaid;
They feed the blaze to torture me.

The premier, rejoicing, went back to his city, and told the king that he had found out the words which the coffee pot sings as it simmers on the fire.

TURKEY

FEAR

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Kúnoz, Ignáz. *Forty-four Turkish Fairy Tales*. London: Gordon G. Harrap & Company, 1913, 12–18.

Date: 1913

Original Source: Turkish

National Origin: Turkey

The following **ordinary folktale** is a **variant** of the internationally distributed “The Youth Who Wanted to Learn What Fear Is” (AT 326). The tale is found not only in the Middle East, Africa, and Europe, but in African American and Native American traditions as well.

Once a very long time ago there was a woman who had a son. Sitting both together one evening, the mother said to her son, “Go, my child, and shut the door, for I have fear.”

“What is fear?” the boy asked his mother.

“When one is afraid,” was the answer.

“What then can this thing fear be?” pondered the son, “I will go and find it.” So he set out, and came to a mountain where he saw forty robbers who lighted a fire and then seated them selves around it. The youth went up and greeted them, whereon one of the robbers addressed him, “No bird dares to fly here, no caravan passes this place: how then dost thou dare to venture?”

“I am seeking fear; show it to me.”

“Fear is here, where we are,” said the robber.

“Where?” inquired the youth.

Then the robber commanded, "Take this kettle, this flour, fat, and sugar; go into that cemetery yonder and make helwa (Turkish version of a common Middle Eastern confection also known as halvah) therewith."

"It is well," replied the youth, and went.

In the cemetery he lit a fire and began to make the helwa. As he was doing so a hand reached out of the grave, and a voice said, "Do I get nothing?"

Striking the hand with the spoon, he answered mockingly, "Naturally I should feed the dead before the living." The hand vanished, and having finished cooking the helwa the youth went back to the robbers.

"Hast found it?" they asked him.

"No," replied he. "All I saw was a hand which appeared and demanded helwa; but I struck it with the spoon and saw no more of it."

The robbers were astonished. Then another of them remarked, "Not far from here is a lonely building; there you can, no doubt, find fear."

He went to the house, and entering, saw on a raised platform a swing in which was a child weeping; in the room a girl was running hither and thither. The maiden approached him and said, "Let me get upon your shoulders; the child is crying and I must quiet it." He consented, and the girl mounted. While thus occupied with the child, she began gradually to press the youth's neck with her feet until he was in danger of strangulation. Presently, with a jerk that threw him down, the girl jumped from his shoulders and disappeared. As she went a bracelet fell from her arm to the floor.

Picking it up, the youth left the house. As he passed along the road, a Jew, seeing the bracelet, accosted him. "That is mine," he said.

"No, it is mine," was the rejoinder.

"Oh, no, it is my property," retorted the Jew.

"Then let us go to the Cadi," said the youth. "If he awards it to thee, it shall be thine; if, however, he awards it to me, it remains in my possession."

So accordingly they went, and the Cadi said, "The bracelet shall be his who proves his case." Neither, however, was able to do this, and finally the judge ordered that the bracelet should be impounded till one of the claimants should produce its fellow, when it would be given up to him. The Jew and the youth then parted.

On reaching the coast, the boy saw a ship tossing to and fro out at sea, and heard fearful cries proceeding from it. He called out from the shore, "Have you found fear?" and was answered with the cry, "Oh, woe, we are sinking!" Quickly divesting him self of his clothes, he sprang into the water and swam toward the vessel. Those on board said, "Someone is casting our ship to and fro, we are afraid." The youth, binding a rope round his body, dived to the bottom of the sea. There he discovered that the Daughter of the Sea (Deniz Kyzy; that is, a mermaid) was shaking the vessel. He fell upon her, flogged her soundly, and drove her away. Then, appearing at the surface, he asked, "Is this fear?" Without awaiting an answer he swam back to the shore, dressed himself, and went his way.

Now as he walked along he saw a garden, in front of which was a fountain. He resolved to enter the garden and rest a little. Three pigeons disported themselves around the fountain. They dived down into the water, and as they came up again and shook themselves each was transformed into a maiden. They then laid a table, with drinking glasses. When the first carried a glass to her lips the others inquired, "To whose health drinkest thou?"

She answered, "To that of the youth who, in making helwa, was not dismayed when a hand was stretched out to him from a grave."

As the second maiden drank, the others again asked, "To whose health drinkest thou?"

And the answer was, "To the youth on whose shoulders I stood, and who showed no fear though I nearly strangled him."

Hereupon the third took up her glass. "Of whom art thou thinking?" questioned the others.

"In the sea, as I tossed a ship to and fro," the maiden replied, "a youth came and flogged me so soundly that I nearly died. I drink his health."

Hardly had the speaker finished when the youth himself appeared and said, "I am that youth." All three maidens hastened to embrace him, and he proceeded, "At the Cadi's I have a bracelet that fell from the arm of one of you. A Jew would have deprived me of it but I refused to give it up. I am now seeking its fellow."

The maidens took him to a cave where a number of stately halls that opened before him overwhelmed him with astonishment. Each was filled with gold and costly objects. The maidens here gave him the second bracelet, with which he went directly to the Cadi and received the first, returning without loss of time to the cave. "You part from us no more," said the maidens.

"That would be very nice," replied the youth, "but until I have found fear I can have no rest." Saying this he tore himself away, though they begged him earnestly to remain.

Presently he arrived at a spot where there was an immense crowd of people. "What is the matter?" the youth inquired, and was informed that the Shah of the country was no more. A pigeon was to be set free, and he on whose head the bird should alight would be declared heir to the throne. The youth stood among the curious sightseers. The pigeon was loosed, wheeled about in the air, and eventually descended on the youth's head. He was at once hailed as Shah; but as he was unwilling to accept the dignity a second pigeon was sent up. This also rested on the youth's head. The same thing happened a third time. "Thou art our Shah!" shouted the people.

"But I am seeking fear; I will not be your Shah," replied he, resisting the efforts of the crowd to carry him off to the palace. His words were repeated to the widow of the late ruler, who said, "Let him accept the dignity for tonight at least; tomorrow I will show him fear." The youth consented, though he received the not very comforting intelligence that whoever was Shah one day was on the following morning a corpse. Passing through the palace, he came to a room

in which he observed that his coffin was being made and water heated. Nevertheless, he lay down calmly to sleep in this chamber; but when the slaves departed he arose, took up the coffin, set it against the wall, lit a fire round it and reduced it to ashes. This done, he lay down again and slept soundly.

When morning broke, slaves entered to carry away the new Shah's corpse; but they rejoiced at beholding him in perfect health, and hurried to the Sultana with the glad tidings. She thereupon called the cook and commanded, "When you lay the supper tonight, put a live sparrow in the soupdish."

Evening came. The young Shah and the Sultana sat down to supper, and as the dish was brought in the Sultana said, "Lift the lid of the dish."

"No," answered the youth; "I do not wish for soup."

"But please lift it," repeated the Sultana persuasively. Now as the youth stretched out his hand and lifted the lid, a bird flew out. The incident was so unexpected that it gave him a momentary shock of fear. "Seest thou!" cried the Sultana. "That is fear."

"Is it so?" asked the youth.

"Thou wast indeed afraid," replied the Sultana.

Then the marriage feast was ordered, and it lasted forty days and forty nights. The young Shah had his mother brought to his palace and they lived happily ever after.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Kúnoz, Ignáz. *Forty-four Turkish Fairy Tales*. London: Gordon G. Harrap & Company, 1913, 3–11.

Date: 1913

Original Source: Turkish

National Origin: Turkey

"The Brother and Sister" is a **variant** of "Little Brother and Little Sister" (AT 450). The initial episode of siblings forced from their homes because of their own extravagance is substituted for the more common **motif** of expulsion by a cruel stepmother. Casting an Arab woman as the villainous substituted bride (Motif K2212.1) in this **ordinary folktale** suggests the enduring tensions between Turks and Arabs.

Once upon a time, there was an old Padishah who had a son and a daughter. In due time he died and his son reigned in his stead, and it was not long before the young man dissipated the whole fortune bequeathed by his father.

One day he said to his sister, "My dear, we have spent all our fortune. If it should become known that we have no money we should have to leave this neighborhood, as we could never look anyone in the face. We had better go away quietly now, before it is too late." So they gathered their belongings together, and left the palace secretly in the night. They journeyed they knew not whither until they reached a great plain of apparently limitless dimensions. Almost overcome by the heat of the day and ready to succumb to fatigue they presently espied a pool. "Sister," said the brother to the maid, "I can make no further step without a drink of water."

"But brother," she answered, "who knows whether it is water or not? As we have endured so long, surely we can hold out a little longer, when perhaps we shall find water."

But the brother objected. "No, I go no further; I must drink if I am to live." There upon the sister fetched a draught, which the young man drank greedily; and scarcely had he done so than he was transformed into a stag.

The maid lamented bitterly. What should she do now? What was done was done, and they resumed their journey. They wandered on over the great plain until they came to a large spring by a tall tree; here they decided to rest. "Sister," said the stag, "climb the tree; I will go and endeavor to find food." The maid accordingly climbed the tree, and the stag went foraging in the vicinity. Soon he caught a hare, which the sister prepared for their meal. In this way the two lived from day to day until several weeks had passed by.

Now it chanced that the Padishah's horses were accustomed to be watered from the spring by the tree. In the evening slaves brought them, and while they were quenching their thirst in a trough, the animals saw the reflection of the maid on the clear surface of the water, and timidly drew back. The slaves thinking that the water was perhaps not clean, emptied the trough and refilled it. Still the horses shrank back and refused to drink, and at length the slaves related this unaccountable incident to the Padishah.

"Perhaps the water is muddy," suggested the potentate.

"Oh no," answered the slaves, "for we have emptied the trough and refilled it with fresh water."

"Go back," said the Padishah, "and look around; probably there is something in the neighborhood that frightens them." So they went again, and drawing near they caught sight of the maid in the top of the tree. Immediately they went back to their master with the news of their discovery. The Padishah, deeply interested, hurried to the spot, and, looking up into the tree, saw a maiden beautiful as the full moon, whom to see was to desire. "Are you a spirit or a fairy?" called out the Padishah to her.

"Neither spirit nor fairy, but a child born of man," answered the maid.

In vain the Padishah besought her to come down; she had not sufficient courage to do so and the Padishah, aroused to anger, gave orders to fell the tree. The slaves took hatchets and hacked and split the tree on every side, and it was

almost ready to fall when night came down upon them and they were compelled to postpone their task. They had hardly disappeared when the stag came out of the forest, and seeing the state of the tree, he questioned his sister as to what had transpired.

“You did well,” said the stag when he had heard the story. “Do not come down under any circumstances.” Then going to the tree, the stag licked it, and lo! The trunk became thicker than it was before.

Next morning the stag went into the forest again, and when the Padishah’s people came, great was their surprise to see that not only was the tree whole but that it was even thicker than before. Nevertheless they resumed their work, and had about half completed their task when night once more suspended the operations. To be brief, when the slaves had gone home the stag came again and licked the tree, with the same result as before, only that the trunk was thicker than ever. Scarcely had the stag gone away next morning than the Padishah came again with his woodcutters, and seeing that the tree was whole and sound he decided to seek other means to accomplish his purpose. He went therefore to an old woman who followed the calling of a witch and related the story, promising her much treasure if she would entice the maiden down from the tree.

The witch willingly undertook the task, and carrying to the spring an iron tripod, a kettle, and other things, she placed the tripod on the ground with the kettle on the top of it, but bottom upward. Then drawing water from the spring, pretending to be blind, she poured the water not in the vessel but outside it. The maiden seeing this and believing the woman to be really blind, called to her from the tree, “Mother, you have set the kettle upside down and the water is falling on the ground.”

“Oh my dear,” began the old creature, “where are you? I cannot see you. I have brought dirty clothes to wash. For the love of Allah, come and place the kettle aright, so that I can get on with my washing.” But fortunately the maiden remembered the stag’s warning and remained where she was.

Next day the witch came again, stumbled under the tree, lit a fire, and brought forth meal. Instead of the meal, however, she began to place ashes in the sieve. “Poor blind woman!” called the maiden from the tree, “You are not putting meal but ashes into your sieve.”

“I am blind, my dear,” said the witch fretfully, “I cannot see; come down and help me.” Once again, however, her ruse was unsuccessful and the maiden could not be induced to disregard her brother’s warning.

On the third day the witch came once more to the tree, this time bringing a lamb to slaughter. But as she took up the knife she attempted to press the handle instead of the blade into the animal’s throat. The maiden, unable to endure the torture of the poor creature, forgot everything else and came down to put it out of its misery. She soon repented of her rashness, for hardly had she set foot upon the ground than the Padishah, who was hidden behind the tree, pounced upon her and carried her off to his palace.

The maiden found such favor in the eyes of the Padishah that he desired ardently to marry her at once, but she refused to consent until her brother, the stag, was brought to her. Slaves were therefore dispatched to find the stag and they soon brought him to the palace. This done, the twain never left each other's side; they slept together and arose together. When the marriage was celebrated, the stag still would not quit his sister, and when at night they retired, he struck her lightly with his forefeet saying, "This is the brother-in-law's bone; this is the sister's bone."

Time comes and goes, storytime more quickly, and with lovers the most quickly of all. Ours would have lived altogether happily but for a black slave-woman in the palace who was overcome with jealousy because the Padishah had chosen the maiden from the tree instead of herself. This woman awaited an opportunity for revenge which was not long in coming. In the vicinity of the palace was a beautiful garden, in the midst of which was a large pond. Here the Sultan's wife was accustomed to come for pastime; in her hand a golden drinking-cup, on her feet silver shoes. One day as she stood by the pond the slave darted from her hiding-place and plunged her mistress head first into the water, to be swallowed by a large fish which swam in the pond.

The black woman returned to the palace as though nothing had happened, and donning her mistress's robes she put herself in her place. When night came the Padishah inquired of his supposed wife what had happened that her face was so changed. "I have been walking in the garden and have become sunburnt," she answered. The Padishah, nothing doubting, drew her to his side and spoke words of consolation; but the stag came in, and recognizing the deception, stroked the pair gently with his forefeet saying, "This is the brother-in-law's bone; this is the sister's bone."

The slave was now fearful lest she might be exposed by the stag, so she set herself to contrive a means to get rid of him.

Next day she feigned illness, and by money and fine words persuaded the physicians to tell the Padishah that his consort was dangerously ill and only by eating a stag's heart could she hope for recovery. The Padishah went to his supposed wife and asked her whether it would not grieve her if her brother, the stag, were slaughtered. "What am I to do?" sighed she; "if I die evil will befall him. It is better he should be killed; then I shall not die, and he will be delivered from his animal form." The Padishah thereupon gave orders to sharpen the knife and heat water in the boiler.

The poor stag perceived the hurrying to and fro, and understood full well its dire significance. He fled to the pond in the garden and called three times to his sister:

The knife is being sharpened,
The water in the boiler is heated;
My sister, hasten and help!

Thrice he was answered from the interior of the fish:

Here am I in the fish's stomach,
In my hand a golden drinking-cup,
On my feet silver shoes,
In my lap a little Padishah!

For a son had been born to the Sultan's wife even while she lay in the fish's stomach.

The Padishah, with some followers intent on the capture of the stag, came up in time to overhear the conversation at the pond. To draw out the water was the work of a few minutes; the fish was seized, its belly slit, and behold! There lay the Sultan's true consort, a golden drinking-cup in her hand, silver shoes on her feet, and her little son in her arms. Transported with joy the monarch returned to the palace and related the occurrence to his suite.

Meanwhile the stag, by chance licking up some of the blood of the fish, was changed again into human form. He rejoined his sister, and judge of the additional happiness which she felt at seeing her beloved brother again in his natural shape.

The Padishah now commanded the Arabian slave-woman to be brought before him, and demanded of her whether she preferred forty swords or forty horses. She answered, "Swords to cut the throats of my enemies; for myself forty horses, that I may ride." Thereupon was the vile woman bound to the tails of forty horses, which setting off at a gallop tore her to pieces.

Then the Padishah and his consort celebrated their marriage a second time. The Stag-Prince also found a wife among the ladies of the court; and for forty days and forty nights there were rare festivities in honor of the double wedding. As they ate, drank, and accomplished their object; let us also eat, drink, and accomplish that which we have set out to do.

THE FISH PERI

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Kúnoz, Ignáz. *Forty-four Turkish Fairy Tales*. London: Gordon G. Harrap & Company, 1913, 64–69.

Date: 1913

Original Source: Turkish

National Origin: Turkey

In Persian and Turkish sources, peris are fallen angels. They are often beautiful, but originally this attractive surface disguised an evil nature. As seen in this tale, later folklore made them benevolent rather than

malevolent. The following tale conforms to “The Man Persecuted Because of His Beautiful Wife” (AT 465). Unlike most cases of the wife who assumes the guise of an animal by donning its skin, the shape-shifter here is portrayed as admirable instead of deceitful.

There was once a fisherman of the name of Mahomet, who made a living by catching fish and selling them. One day, being seriously ill and having no hope of recovery, he requested that, after his death, his wife should never reveal to their son that their livelihood had been derived from the sale of fish.

The fisherman died; and time passed away until the son reached an age when he should begin to think about an occupation. He tried many things, but in none did he succeed. Soon afterwards his mother also died, and the boy found himself alone in the world and destitute, without food or money. One day he ascended to the lumber-room of the house, hoping to find there something he might be able to sell.

During his search he discovered his father’s old fishing net. The sight of it convinced the youth that his father had been a fisherman; so he took the net and went to the sea. A modest success attended his efforts, for he caught two fish, one of which he sold, purchasing bread and coal with the money. The remaining fish he cooked over the coal he had bought, and having eaten it, he resolved that he would follow the occupation of a fisherman.

It happened one day that he caught a fish so fine that it grieved him either to sell it or to eat it. So he took it home, dug a well, and put the fish therein. He went supperless to bed, and being hungry he got up early next morning to catch more fish.

When he came home in the evening we may imagine his astonishment at finding that his house had been swept and put in order during his absence. Thinking, however, that he owed it to his neighbors’ kindness, he prayed for them and called down Allah’s blessing upon them.

Next morning he rose as usual, cheered himself with a sight of the fish in the well, and went to his daily work. On returning in the evening he found that again everything in the house had been made beautifully clean and tidy. After amusing himself for some time by watching the fish, he went to a coffeehouse where he tried to think who it could be that had put his house in order. His reflective mood was noticed by one of his companions, who asked what he was thinking about. When the youth had told the story his companion inquired where the key was kept, and who remained at home during the fisherman’s absence. The youth informed him that he carried the key with him, and that there was no living creature about except the fish. The companion then advised him to remain at home next day and watch in secret.

The youth accordingly went home, and next morning instead of going out, merely made a pretence of doing so. He opened the door and closed it again,

then hid himself in the house. All at once he saw the fish jump out of the well and shake itself, when behold! It became a beautiful maiden. The youth quickly seized the fish's skin, which it had shed, and cast it into the fire. "You should not have done that," said the maiden reprovingly, "but as it cannot now be helped, it does not matter."

Being thus set free, the maiden consented to become the youth's wife, and preparations were made for the wedding. All who saw the maiden were bewildered by her beauty and said she was worthy to become the bride of a Padishah. This news reaching the ears of the Padishah, he ordered her to be brought before him. When he saw her he fell in love with her instantly, and determined to marry her.

Therefore he sent for the youth, and said to him, "If in forty days you can build me a palace of gold and diamonds in the middle of the sea, I will not deprive you of the girl; but if you fail, I shall take her away." The youth went home very sadly and wept.

"Why do you weep?" asked the maiden. He told her what the Padishah had commanded, but she said cheerfully, "Do not weep; we shall manage it. Go to the spot where you caught me as a fish and cast in a stone. An Arab will appear and utter the words 'your command?' Tell him the lady sends her compliments and requests a cushion. He will give you one take it, and cast it into the sea where the Padishah wishes his palace built. Then return home."

The youth followed all these instructions, and next day, when they looked toward the place where the cushion had been thrown into the sea, they saw a palace even more beautiful than that the Padishah had described. Rejoicing, they hastened to tell the monarch that his palace was an accomplished fact.

Now the Padishah demanded a bridge of crystal. Again the youth went as a third test, the Padishah now demanded that the youth should prepare such a feast that every one in the land might eat thereof and yet something should remain over. The young fisherman went home, and while he was absorbed in thought the maiden inquired what was the matter. On hearing of the new command she advised, "Go to the Arab and ask him for the coffeemill, but take care not to turn it on the way." The youth obtained the coffeemill from the Arab without any difficulty. In bringing it home he began quite unconsciously to turn it, and seven or eight plates of food fell out. Picking them up, he proceeded homewards.

On the appointed day every one in the land, in accordance with the Padishah's invitation, repaired to the fisherman's house to take part in the feast. Each guest ate as much as he wanted, and yet in the end a considerable portion of food remained over.

Still obdurate, the Padishah ordered the youth to produce a mule from an egg. The youth described to the maiden his latest task, and she told him to fetch three eggs from the Arab and bring them home without breaking them. He obtained the eggs, but on his way back dropped one and broke it. Out of the egg

sprang a great mule, which after running to and fro finally plunged into the sea and was seen no more.

The youth arrived home safely with the two remaining eggs. "Where is the third?" asked the maiden. "It is broken," replied the youth.

"You ought to have been more careful," said the maiden, "but as it is done it can't be helped." The youth carried the eggs to the Padishah, and asked permission to mount upon a bench. This being granted, he stood on the bench and threw up the egg. Instantly a mule sprang forth and fell upon the Padishah, who sought in vain to flee. The youth rescued the monarch from his danger, and the mule then ran away and plunged into the sea.

In despair at his inability to find an impossible task for the youth, the Padishah now demanded an infant not more than a day old, who could both speak and walk. Still undaunted, the maiden counseled the youth to go to the Arab with her compliments, and inform him that she wished to see his baby nephew. The youth accordingly summoned the Arab, and delivered the message. The Arab answered, "He is but an hour old: his mother may not wish to spare him. However, wait a bit, and I will do my best."

To be brief, the Arab went away and soon reappeared with a newly born infant. No sooner did it see the fisherman than it ran up to him and exclaimed, "We are going to Auntie's, are we not?" The youth took the child home, and immediately it saw the maiden, with the word "Auntie!" it embraced her. On this the youth took the child to the Padishah.

When the child was brought into the presence of the monarch, it stepped up to him, struck him on the face, and thus addressed him, "How is it possible to build a palace of gold and diamonds in forty days? To rear a crystal bridge also in the same time? For one man to feed all the people in the land? For a mule to be produced from an egg?" At every sentence the child struck him a fresh blow, until finally the Padishah cried to the youth that he might keep the maiden himself if only he would deliver him from the terrible infant. The youth then carried the child home. He wedded the maiden, and the rejoicings lasted forty days and forty nights.

Three apples fell from the sky: one belongs to me, another to Husni, the third to the storyteller. Which belongs to me?

THE BLACK DRAGON AND THE RED DRAGON

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Kúnoz, Ignáz. *Forty-four Turkish Fairy Tales*. London: Gordon G. Harrap & Company, 1913, 116–126.

Date: 1913

Original Source: Turkish

National Origin: Turkey

The following very elaborate narrative elaborates on the workings of supernatural beings ranging from dragons to jinn (called here peris, dews, and even Arabs). In keeping with many Asian traditions, the dragons of this tale are benign, providing helpful advice and magical objects to the Padishah (emperor). The jinns, however, are the source of misfortune to both humans and the superhuman characters that populate this tale. Contrast this to the nature of the jinn in “The Fish Peri” (page 264).

There was once a Padishah who had the misfortune to have all his children stolen as soon as they reached their seventh year. Grief at this terrible affliction caused him almost to lose his reason, “Forty children have been born to me,” said he, “each seeming more beautiful than the one which preceded it, so that I never tired of regarding them. O that one at least had been spared to me! Better that I should have had none than that each should have caused me so much grief.”

He brooded continually over the loss of his children, and at length, unable to endure it longer, he left his palace at night and wandered no one knew whither. When morning broke he was already a good distance from his capital. Presently he reached a spring, and was about to take an abdest [Islamic Purification by washing the hands before prayer] to say the prayer namaz, when he observed what appeared like a black cloud in the sky, moving towards him.

When it came quite near he saw that it was a flight of forty birds, which, twittering and cooing, alighted at the spring. Alarmed, the Padishah hid himself. As they drank at the spring one of the birds said, “Mother’s milk was never our kismet [destiny]. We must perforce drink mountain water. Neither father nor mother care for us.”

Then said another, “Even if they think about us, they cannot know where we are.” At these words they flew away.

The Padishah murmured to himself, “Poor things! Even such small creatures, it seems, grieve over the absence of their parents.”

When he had taken his abdest and said his prayers the day had fully dawned and the nightingales filled the air with their delightful songs. Having traveled all night, he could not keep his eyes open longer from fatigue, and he fell into a slumber while his mind was still occupied with thoughts of his lost children. In a dream he saw a dervish approaching him. The Padishah offered him a place at his side and made the newcomer the confidante of his sorrow.

Now the dervish knew what had befallen the Padishah’s children, and said, “My Shah, grieve not; though thou seest not thy children, thy children see thee. The birds that came to the spring while thou wast praying were thy children. They were stolen by the peris, and their abode is at a year’s distance from here. They can, if they will, fly not only here but even into thy palace, but they fear

the peris. When thou departest from here, drink like the doves from the spring, and Allah will restore to thee thy children.”

The Padishah woke up from his sleep and, reflecting a little, he remembered the words of the dervish in his dream, and he decided to bend his steps towards the spring. What a sight his eyes beheld there! Blood was flowing from the spring. Alarmed, he wondered whether he were sleeping or waking. Presently the sun appeared above the horizon and he was convinced it was no dream. Closing his eyes and repressing his aversion, he drank from the bloody spring as though it were pure water; then, turning to the right, he hastened on his way.

All at once he saw in the distance what seemed like a great army drawn up in battle array. Not knowing whether they were enemies or friends, he hesitated about proceeding, but at length resolved to go forward and take his chance. On approaching the army he was surprised to find it was composed of dragons of all sizes, the smallest, however, being as large as a camel. “Woe is me!” he groaned; “who knows but what I thought a dream was sorcery! What shall I do now? If I go forward I shall certainly be cut to pieces, and I cannot go back without being seen.” He prayed to Allah for deliverance from this danger which threatened him.

It happened, however, that these were only newly born dragons, the oldest being but a few days old. None of them had their eyes open, Thus they were wandering about blindly, unable to find their home, though keeping together by instinct.

This discovery was very reassuring for the Padishah, who gave the dragons a wide berth and so continued his way without molestation

Night came on, and as he wended his way among the mountains the sound of a terrible howling smote his ears. It was the dragon-mother calling her lost children. The Padishah was seized with fear as the dragon, seeing him, exclaimed, “At last I have thee; my young ones have fared ill at thy hands; thou shalt not escape—thou who hast slain a thousand of my offspring.” The Padishah answered tremblingly that he had indeed seen the young dragons, but had done them no harm; not being a hunter, he had no thought of harming anyone. “If thou speakest the truth,” returned the dragon-mother, “tell me in what direction my children have gone.” The Padishah accordingly explained where he had seen them, whereupon the old dragon changed him into a tobacco-box, which she stuck in her girdle. Thus she carried him with her on her search for the missing young ones, and after a while she found them quite safe and sound.

The dragon-mother drove her children home before her, the Padishah still as a tobacco-box in her girdle. By and by they came across the four walls of a fortress standing in the midst of the desert. Taking a whip from her girdle the dragon struck the walls a mighty blow, on which they fell down and a larger dragon came forth from the ruins. The walls now destroyed had enclosed a fine serai, which they entered. The female dragon, having changed the Padishah again to his original form, took him into one of the apartments of the palace

and thus addressed him, "Child of men, why camest thou hither? I see thou hadst no evil intention."

When the Padishah had related his story, the dragon observed, "The matter can easily be rectified. All thy children are in the Hyacinth Kiosk. The place is a good distance away, and if thou goest alone thou wilt hardly succeed in reaching it. After crossing the mountain thou wilt come to a desert where my brother lives; his children are bigger than mine and know the place well. Go to him, present my compliments, and ask him to escort thee to the Hyacinth Kiosk." The dragon now took leave of the Padishah, who set off on his journey.

It was a long time ere he had crossed the mountain and come in sight of the desert. After traversing the latter for some time he saw a serai much larger than the one he had left. At the gate stood a dragon twice as large as the other, at a thousand paces distant its eyes seemed to be closed, but from the narrow opening between the upper and lower lids came a ray of flame sufficient to scorch any human being that might come within reach of it. When the Padishah saw this he thought to himself, "My last hour is surely come." At the top of his voice he shouted to the dragon his sister's greeting. Hearing the words the great beast opened his eyes and as he did so, it seemed as though the whole region was enveloped in flames. The Padishah, unable to endure the sight, ran back. To the dragon he seemed no larger than a flea, and consequently not worth troubling about.

The Padishah returned to the dragon-mother and related his terrifying experience. Said she, "I forgot to tell you that I am called the Black Dragon, my brother, the Red Dragon. Go back and say that the Black Dragon sends greeting. As my name is known to no one, my brother will recognize that I have sent you. Then he will turn his back towards you, and you can approach him without danger; but beware of getting in front of him, or you will become a victim of the fiery glances of his eyes."

Now the Padishah set out to return to the Red Dragon, and when he had reached the spot he cried with a loud voice, "Thy sister, the Black Dragon, sends thee greeting!" On this the beast turned his back towards him. Approaching the dragon, the Padishah made known his wish to go to the Hyacinth Kiosk. The dragon took a whip from his girdle and smote the earth with it so mightily that the mountain seemed rent in twain. In a little while the Padishah saw approaching a rather large dragon, and as he came near he felt the heat that glowed from his great eyes. This dragon also turned his back toward the Padishah. "My son, if thou wouldst enter the Hyacinth Kiosk," said the Red Dragon, "cry before thou enterest, 'The Red Dragon has sent me!'" On this an Arab will appear: this is the very peri that has robbed thee of thy children. When he asks what thou wilt, tell him that the great dragon demands possession of the largest of the stolen children. If he refuses, ask for the smallest. If again he refuses, tell him the Red Dragon demands himself. Say no more, but return here in peace."

The Padishah now mounted the back of the dragon which the Red Dragon had summoned and set off. Seeing the Hyacinth Kiosk in the distance the Padishah shouted, "Greeting from the Red Dragon!" So mighty was the shout that earth and sky seemed to be shaken. Immediately a swarthy Arab with fan shaped lips appeared, grasping an enormous club in his hand. Stepping out into the open air, he inquired what was the matter.

"The Red Dragon," said the Padishah, "demands the largest of the stolen children."

"The largest is ill," answered the peri.

"Then send the smallest to him," rejoined the Padishah.

"He has gone to fetch water," replied the Arab.

"If that is so," continued the Padishah, "the Red Dragon demands thyself."

"I am going into the kiosk," said the Arab, and disappeared. The Padishah returned to the Red Dragon, to whom he related how he had fulfilled his mission.

Meanwhile the Arab came forth, in each hand a great club, wooden shoes three yards long on his feet, and on his head a cap as high as a minaret.

Seeing him, the Red Dragon said, "So-ho! My dear Hyacinther; thou hast the children of this Padishah; be good enough to deliver them up."

"I have a request to make," replied the Arab, "and if the Padishah will grant it I will gladly give him his children back again. Ten years ago I stole the son of a certain Padishah, and when he was twelve years old he was stolen away from me by a Dew-woman named Porsuk. Every day she sends the boy to the spring for water, gives him an ashcake to eat, and compels him to drink a glass of human blood. If I can but regain possession of this youth, I desire nothing more, for never in the whole world have I seen such a handsome lad. This Porsuk has a son who loves me, and evil has been done me because I will not adopt him in place of the stolen boy. I am aware that the children of this Padishah are brave and handsome, and I stole them to mitigate my sufferings. Let him but fulfill my wish, and I will fulfill thine."

Having uttered this speech the Arab went away.

The Red Dragon reflected a little, then spoke as follows, "My son, fear not. This Porsuk is not particularly valiant, though skilled in sorcery. She cannot be vanquished by magic; but it is her custom on one day in the year to work no magic, therefore on that day she may be overcome. One month must thou wait, during which I will discover the exact day and inform thee thereof,"

The Padishah agreeing to this, the Red Dragon dispatched his sons to discover the precise day on which the Dew worked no magic. As soon as they returned with the desired information it was duly imparted to the Padishah, with the additional fact that on that day the Dew always slept. "When thou arrivest," the Red Dragon counseled the Padishah, "the youth she retains will come to fetch water from the spring. Take his cap off his head and set it on thine own: thus he will be unable to stir from the spot, and thou canst do what thou wilt with him."

The Red Dragon then sent for his sons, instructing them to escort the Padishah to the Porsuk-Dew's spring, wait there until he had accomplished his object, and then accompany both back in safety. Arrived at the spring, all hid themselves until the youth came for water. While he was filling his bottle the Padishah sprang forth suddenly, whisked off the youth's cap, set it on his own head, and instantly disappeared into his hiding-place. The youth looked around, and seeing no one, could not think what had happened. Then the young dragons swooped down upon him, captured him, and with the Padishah led him a prisoner to the Red Dragon.

Striking the earth with his whip, the Red Dragon brought the Hyacinth Arab on the scene, and as soon as he caught sight of the boy he sprang towards him, embraced and kissed him, expressing his deep gratitude to the friends who had restored him.

Now he in his turn clapped his hands and stamped his feet on the ground and immediately forty birds flew up twittering merrily. Taking a flask from his girdle, the Arab sprinkled them with the liquid it contained, and lo! The birds were transformed into forty lovely maidens and handsome youths, who drew up in line and stood at attention. "Now, my Shah," said the Arab, "behold thy children! Take them and be happy, and pardon me the suffering I have caused thee."

Had anyone begged the Padishah's costliest treasure at that moment it would have been given him, so overwhelmed with joy was the monarch at recovering his children. He freely pardoned the Hyacinth Arab and would even have rewarded him had there been anything he desired.

The Padishah now bade good-bye to the Red Dragon. At the moment of parting the Red Dragon pulled out a hair from behind his ear and, giving it to the Padishah, said:

"Take this, and when in trouble of any sort break it in two and I will hasten to thy aid."

Thus the Padishah and his children set out, and in due course arrived at the abode of the Black Dragon. She also took a hair from behind her ear and presented it to the Padishah with the following advice, "Marry thy children at once, and if on their wedding day thou wilt fumigate them with this hair, they will be for ever delivered from the power of the Porsuk-Dew."

The Padishah expressed his thanks, bade the Black Dragon a hearty good-bye, and all proceeded on their way.

During the journey the Padishah entertained his children by relating his adventures, and then he listened to those of his sons and daughters. Suddenly a fearful storm arose. None of the party knew what their fate would be, yet all waited in trembling expectancy. At length one of the maidens exclaimed, "Dear father and Shah, I have heard the Arab say that whenever the Porsuk-Dew passes she is accompanied by a storm such as this. I believe it is she who is now

passing, and no other.” Collecting his courage, the Padishah drew forth the hair of the Red Dragon and broke it in two. The Porsuk Dew at once fell down from the sky with a crash, and at the same moment the Red Dragon came up swinging and cracking his whip. The Dew was found to have broken her arms and smashed her nose, so that she was quite incapable of inflicting further mischief.

The Padishah was exceedingly afraid lest he should lose one of his children again, but the Red Dragon reassured him. “Fear not, my Shah,” said he; “take this whip.” The Padishah accepted it, and as he cracked it he felt the sensation of being lifted into the air.

Descending to earth again, he found himself just outside the gates of his own capital city. “Now thou art quite safe,” said the Red Dragon as he disappeared. At sight of the domes and minarets and familiar walls of their birthplace they all cast themselves on their knees and wept for joy. Since the Padishah had left his palace continual lamentation and gloom had reigned supreme, and now all the pashas and beys came out joyfully to meet their returning master and his children. The Sultana went down the whole line embracing and kissing her beautiful sons and daughters, and the delighted Padishah ordered seven days and seven nights of merrymaking in honor of the glad event.

These festivities were scarcely over when wives for the Padishah’s sons and husbands for his daughters were sought and found, and then commenced forty days and forty nights of revelry in celebration of the grand wedding.

Unfortunately, on the wedding day the Padishah forgot to fumigate them all with the Black Dragon’s hair, with the result that as soon as the ceremony was over rain began to fall in a deluging torrent, and the wind blew so fiercely that nothing could withstand it. At first the Padishah thought it was merely a great storm, but later he remembered the Porsuk-Dew, and cried out in his fear. Hearing the clamor, the inmates of the serai, including the newly wedded princes and princesses, came in to see what was the matter. The frightened Padishah gave the Black Dragon’s hair to the Vezir and commanded him to burn it immediately. No one understood the order, and all thought the Padishah must have lost his wits; nevertheless his wish was obeyed and the hair burnt. Immediately a fearful howling was heard in the garden outside, and the Porsuk-Dew cried with a loud voice, “Thou hast burnt me, O Padishah! Henceforth in thy garden shall no blade of grass grow.” Next morning it was seen that every tree and flower in the garden was scorched, as though a conflagration had raged over the scene.

The Padishah, however, did not allow this loss to trouble him; he had his children again with him, and that joy eclipsed any ordinary misfortunes that might befall him. He explained everything to his suite, who could hardly believe what they heard, it was all so astonishing. No further danger was to be feared, and thus the Padishah and his family, with their husbands and wives, lived happily together until their lives’ end.

THE STORM FIEND

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Kúnoz, Ignáz. *Forty-four Turkish Fairy Tales*. London: Gordon G. Harrap & Company, 1913, 102–116.

Date: 1913

Original Source: Turkish

National Origin: Turkey

The opening two sentences of this tale constitute a **formulaic** opening similar to the “Once upon a time ...” of English language tradition. This **ordinary folktale** is multiepisodic as are the other Turkish folktales in this collection, and it incorporates widely distributed **tale types** (for example, “Three Animals as Brothers-in-Law,” AT 552A) and **motifs** (for example, “Quest for Lost Sister,” H1385.6).

Two cats made a spring, the frog flew with wings, aunt flea fell down, and the rocks fell on her. The cock was an imam, the cow a barber, the goslings danced; all this happened at the time when a Padishah was old.

This old Padishah had three sons and three daughters. One day he was taken ill, and in spite of all the hodjas (scholar) and physicians that surrounded him his condition failed to improve. He sent for all his sons and spoke thus to them, “When I am dead that one of you shall be Padishah who keeps watch by my grave for three nights. As for my daughters, give them in marriage to the first who ask for them.” He died and was buried with all the pomp and ceremony suitable to his high station.

In order that the kingdom might not remain long without a Padishah, the eldest son went to his father’s grave, spread his carpet and prayed thereon till midnight, and then patiently waited for the dawn. But suddenly a fearful noise broke upon the darkness; the youth, appalled, took to his heels and ran home without stopping.

The next night the second son went to the tomb, and sat there till midnight; but as before a fearful noise arose, and he ran back home as fast as his legs could carry him.

Now came the turn of the youngest. He took up his handschar (scimitar), put it in his girdle, and went to the cemetery. About midnight arose such a tremendous noise that the heavens and the earth appeared to be shaken thereby. The youth proceeded in the direction of the sound, and came into the presence of an immense dragon. Drawing his handschar he plunged it into the dragon with all his might.

The monster had hardly sufficient strength left to cry out, “If thou art the right man stab me once more.”

“Not I,” answered the Prince. The dragon accordingly expired. The Prince wished to cut off his ears and his nose, but he could not see in the darkness, and as he was groping about he noticed a light in the distance. He walked in the direction of the light, and as he approached it he saw an old man in a corner. This man had two balls of twine in his hand, a black one and a white one. The black he was winding up, and the white he allowed to roll on the ground.

“What art thou doing, father?” asked the Prince.

“It is my occupation, my son; I wind up the night and set the day rolling.”

The Prince rejoined, “My occupation is more difficult than thine, father.” Saying this he bound the old man so that he could no longer let loose the day, and went on to seek a light. Presently he arrived at a castle under whose walls he found forty men holding a council.

“What are you about?” asked the Prince.

“We want to get into the castle to rob it,” was the answer, “but we know not how to accomplish it.”

“I will help you,” said the Prince, “if you will give me a light” The robbers promised quite willingly. He took nails, knocked them in the wall from the ground up to the roof, climbed up thereby, and called down that each man should come up singly. As they ascended one by one the youth at the top struck off their heads and threw their bodies into the courtyard until he had destroyed all the forty thieves. This done he entered the castle, in the courtyard whereof was a magnificent palace. Opening the door he saw a snake coiled round a column by the side of the staircase. He thrust it through with his sword, but quite forgot to draw the weapon, so that it was left sticking in the creature’s body. Mounting the stairs he entered a chamber, where he found a beautiful maiden asleep. Closing the door, he looked into another chamber and found another maiden more beautiful than the first. Closing this door also, he went to a third chamber, which was completely covered with metals; here a beautiful maiden was sleeping: one so charming that he fell a thousand times in love with her.

He now closed this door also, climbed the castle wall and descended the other side by means of the nails. Then he went straight to the old greybeard whom he had bound.

“My son,” cried the elderly man before the youth came up to him, “why have you been so long away? My ribs are aching from my long bondage.” The youth set him free and the old man now let the white ball roll farther. The youth returned to the dragon, cut off his ears and nose and put them in his pocket. He now returned home to the palace, where in the meantime his eldest brother had been made Padishah. Of his adventure he said nothing, but let things take their course. Some time afterwards a lion came to the palace and appeared before the Padishah, who asked him what he wanted. “To marry your eldest sister,” answered the lion, “I cannot give her to a beast,” said the Padishah, and the lion would have been sent away if the youngest Prince had not observed, “Our father laid it upon us that she was to be given to him who should first ask for her.”

On this he took the maiden by the hand and delivered her to the lion, who went away with her.

Next day came a tiger and demanded the Padishah's second sister. The two elder brothers were unwilling to give her to him, but the youngest challenged them to fulfill their father's wish, and the maiden was accordingly given to the tiger.

On the third day a bird flew into the palace and requested the youngest Princess. The Padishah and his brother again would not consent, but the youngest insisted, and in the end the bird flew off with the maiden. The bird was the Padishah of the Peris, the emerald anka (giant mythical bird said to be large enough to carry off an elephant).

We will now return to the castle.

Here also dwelt a Padishah who had three daughters. Going out early in the morning he perceived that some one had been in the palace. He passed into the courtyard, and near the staircase espied the huge snake, cut in two by the sword. Proceeding farther he saw the forty corpses. "No enemy can have done this, but a friend," he mused; "he has delivered us from the robbers and the snake. This sword belongs to our good friend, but where is he?" He took counsel on the matter with his advisor.

"We can only find out," said the Vizir, "if we prepare a great feast and invite everybody to partake of it. We must watch all our guests very closely, and whoever carries the sheath belonging to the sword is our friend." So the Padishah gave orders for the feast to be prepared and everybody invited thereto.

The feasting lasted forty days and forty nights, and one day the advisor said, "Everybody has come to the feast except the three Princes." Accordingly they were sent for, and when they came it was noticed that the youngest had the sheath belonging to the sword. Immediately the Padishah sent for him, and said, "You have rendered me a valuable service; what may I give you in recompense?"

"Nothing less," answered the Prince, "than your youngest daughter."

"Woe is me! My son, would you had not asked for her!" sighed the Padishah; "my crown, my kingdom are yours, but ask not for this maiden!"

"If you will give me the maiden I will accept her," answered the Prince "otherwise I want nothing."

"My son," implored the Padishah, in great sorrow, "I will give you my eldest daughter, I will give my second daughter, but I dare not part from my youngest daughter. The Storm Fiend demanded her in marriage, and as I would not give her to him I have been compelled to secure her in a metal chamber, so that this Dew cannot get near her. This Storm Fiend is so powerful that no cannon can injure him; no eye can perceive him; like the wind he appears, and like the wind he disappears."

In vain the Padishah urged the youth to dismiss the youngest Princess from his mind, and thereby keep himself out of danger; the Prince would not listen. Seeing that his reasoning was useless and at length growing weary of the matter,

the Padishah withdrew his objections and the marriage took place. The two brothers married the two other maidens and went back to their own country, while the youngest remained, in order to protect his wife from the evil machinations of the Dew.

Thus the Prince lived happily with his beautiful wife for some time. One day he said to her, "My dear one, it is long since I went from your side; I would like to go hunting for one brief hour."

"Oh woe! My king," answered she, "I know only too well that if once you leave me you will never see me again."

But at length she yielded. He took his weapons and went into the forest. The Storm Fiend now had the opportunity he had long awaited. He was afraid of the brave Prince and dared not take the Princess from his side; but no sooner had the Prince left the palace than the Storm Fiend entered and carried off the girl.

Shortly afterwards the Prince returned home and missed his wife. He hastened to the Padishah, but the Dew had stolen his wife and she was nowhere to be found. He wept and lamented bitterly, casting himself to the earth. Then he arose, mounted his steed, and went forth resolved to rescue his wife or die in the attempt.

He wandered without resting for days and weeks, his sore affliction spurring him ever onwards. At length he descried a palace, but so faintly that he could scarcely be said to see it. This was the palace of his eldest sister. The Princess was looking out of the window and wondering at the sight of a human being in her locality, where no bird ever flew or caravan came. She recognized her brother, and when they met so great was their joy that they could not speak for kissing and embracing.

In the evening the Princess said to the Prince, "Soon my husband the lion will be here; although he treats me well, he is after all a beast and may do you harm." So she hid her brother.

When the lion came home the Princess and he sat together and conversed, and she asked the lion what he would do if one of her brothers should come there. "If the eldest came," answered her husband, "I would kill him at a blow; if the second came, him also would I kill; but if the youngest came, I would take him in my arms and lull him to sleep."

"That one has arrived," answered his wife.

"Then bring him here quickly, that I may see him," cried the lion; and when the Prince stood before them, the lion knew not what to do for very joy. He inquired whence he came and whither he went. The youth now related what had happened to him and said he was going to find the Storm Fiend.

"I know him only by name," said the lion, "but I counsel you to have nothing to do with him, for you can do no good." But the Prince was restless; he would remain only one night, and on the following morning he mounted his horse and set out. The lion accompanied him a short distance to put him on the right road, then they both went different ways.

The Prince traveled onward, until he came to another palace, which belonged to his second sister. She espied a man coming along the road, and no sooner recognized her brother than she ran out to meet him and led him into the palace. The hours sped happily until towards evening the Princess observed, "My tiger-husband will soon be here; I will hide you so that no harm befall you." So she hid her brother.

In the evening the tiger came home and his wife asked him what he would do if by chance one of her brothers should come to see them.

"The two eldest I would kill," said the tiger, "but if the youngest came I would rock him to sleep on my knees." So the Princess fetched the Prince her brother, and the tiger manifested great joy at seeing him.

The youth related the story of his bereavement and asked the tiger if he knew the Storm Fiend.

"By name only," answered the tiger; and he also besought the youth to renounce so dangerous a quest. But at daybreak the Prince set forth again. The tiger put him on the right road, and they parted company.

Crossing a desert, he saw something looming dark in the distance. Wondering what it might be, he proceeded ahead and by and by perceived that it was a palace, the home of his youngest sister. The Princess glanced through the window, and uttered a joyful cry, "Oh, my brother!" His arrival gave great happiness; he rejoiced to have seen all three of his sisters, but he thought of his wife and his heart was heavy with grief.

Towards evening the Princess said to her brother, "My bird-husband will be here soon; I will hide you until I have ascertained how he is disposed to receive you." So she hid her brother.

With loud-flapping wings the anka flew in, and he had hardly rested before his wife asked him what he would do if one of her brothers should visit them.

"The two eldest," said the bird, "I should take in my beak, fly with them up to the sky and drop them to the earth; but the youngest I would take on my wings and let him go to sleep."

At this the Princess called in her brother.

"My dear child," exclaimed the bird, "how come you here? Had you no fear on the road?"

The youth told his grief and requested the anka to take him to the Storm Fiend.

"That is not so easily done," answered the bird; "but if you should encounter him, you would gain so little thereby that it were better to remain with us and relinquish your purpose."

"No," said the resolute Prince, "either I deliver my wife or I perish in the attempt."

Seeing he could not be turned from his purpose, the anka described the way to the palace of the Storm Fiend, "Just now he sleeps and you can take away

your wife," he said; "but if he awakes and sees you, all is over. You cannot see him, for no eye can behold him, no sword can harm him, so beware."

Next day the youth set out and soon came in sight of an immense palace which had neither doors nor chimneys. This was the home of the Storm Fiend. His wife was sitting by the window, and on seeing him she sprang down crying, "Woe, my Sultan!" The Prince embraced her, and of his joy and her tears there was no end until the Princess remembered the cruel Dew. "He fell asleep three days ago," said she. "Let us hasten away from here before his forty days' sleep is ended." She also mounted a horse and they sped quickly away. They had not traveled far, however, before the fortieth day expired and the Storm Fiend awoke. He went to the Princess's chamber and called to her to open the door, that he might see her face for an instant. Receiving no answer he suspected evil, and forcing open the door found the Princess was not there.

"So, Prince Mahomet, you have been here and carried off the Sultan's daughter! But wait a while, I'll soon catch you both!"

Saying these words he calmly sat down, drank coffee and smoked his pipe, then he got up and hurried after them.

Without stopping to rest the Prince and Princess galloped onward, but presently the latter felt the wind raised by the Dew and said, "Oh, my king, woe is me, the Storm Fiend is here!"

The invisible monster fell upon them, seized the youth, broke his arms and legs, and smashed his head and his bones, leaving not a single member whole.

"As you have killed him, allow me at least to collect his bones and put them in a sack," the Princess tearfully implored the fiend. "I may perhaps find some one to bury them." The Dew offering no objection, the Princess put the Prince's bones in a sack. Then she kissed his horse on the eyes, bound the sack on his back, and whispered in his ear, "My horse, take these bones to the right place."

The Dew carried the Princess back to his palace, but the power of her beauty was so great that the fiend was like a prisoner in her hands. She refused to allow the monster in her presence; he dared show himself only before the door of her chamber.

In the meantime the horse galloped away with the youth's bones and stopped before the palace of the youngest sister, where he neighed so loudly that the Princess came out to see what was the matter. On seeing the sack and her brother's bones she began to weep bitterly and cast herself violently to the earth as though she would break her own bones. She could hardly contain herself until the return of her husband the anka.

With loud flapping of wings the bird-Padishah, the emerald anka, came home, and when he saw the poor Prince's broken bones he called his subjects—all the birds of the world—together and asked, "Which of you was ever in the Garden of Eden?"

"An old owl was there once," was the answer, "but now he is so aged and infirm that he can scarcely move."

The anka dispatched a bird with orders to bring the owl. So the bird flew away and presently returned with the old owl on his back.

“Eh, father, were you ever in the Garden of Eden?” inquired the Padishah.

“Yes, my son,” hooted the ancient one, “but it was a long, long time ago, before I was twelve years old. I have never been there since.”

“As you have been there once,” said the anka, “go there a second time and bring me a small phial of water.”

The owl protested that he could not go, the way was so very long and he had hardly any strength left; but his excuses were in vain. The Padishah set him on the back of a bird, and so they flew to the Garden of Eden, procured the water and returned to the nest. He put the parts of the broken body in their proper places, and sprinkled them with the water of Paradise. The youth began to yawn as though he were just awaking from sleep. He looked around and asked the anka where he was and where his wife was.

“Did I not tell you,” said the anka, “that the Storm Fiend would catch you? He broke your bones, which we found in a sack. Now let him alone, or next time he will not even leave your bones in a sack.”

But the Prince was unwilling to abandon his purpose, and once more set out to find his wife.

“If you must have her at any cost,” advised the anka, “go first and ask your wife to find out what is the Dew’s talisman. If you can discover that, the power of the Storm Fiend can be destroyed.”

So the Prince, mounting his steed once more, hastened to the palace of the fiend, and as he was asleep the Prince was able to speak to his wife. In great joy the Princess promised to discover the Dew’s talisman, saying that she would even use flattery if no other means served. The Prince hid himself in a neighboring mountain to await the result.

When the Storm Fiend awoke from sleep at the end of forty days, he went to the Princess’s apartment, and knocked at the door. “Get out of my sight!” cried the maiden from within, “you sleep for forty days, while I am left alone and wearied of my life.”

The Dew was happy that she had even deigned to speak to him, and asked her joyfully what he could give her to drive away her melancholy. “What can you give me?” retorted the Princess. “You are only wind yourself! Perhaps, however, you have a talisman with which I might amuse myself?”

“Oh, lady,” answered the Dew, “my talisman is in a far-off country, and it is very difficult to reach. If only there were another such man as your Mahomet, he might possibly succeed.”

The Princess was now curious about the talisman, and flattered the Dew so much that at length he divulged his secret. He begged her to sit by his side a little. The maiden granted him this favor, and thereby got possession of the history of the Storm Fiend’s talisman, “On the surface of the seventh sea,” began the Dew, “there is a large island; on this island is an ox grazing; in the ox’s stomach

is a golden cage; in the cage is a white dove. That little white dove is my talisman."

"But how can one get to this island?" asked the Sultan's daughter.

"In this way," said the Dew, "opposite the palace of the emerald anka is a high mountain; on the top of this mountain is a spring. From this spring forty sea-horses drink once a day. If anyone can be found clever enough to kick one of these horses while it is drinking, he can saddle and mount it, and it will take him wherever he wishes to go."

"Of what use is this talisman to me," asked the maiden, "if I cannot once get near it?" She drove the Dew out of her chamber and hastened to her husband with the news. The Prince quickly mounted his steed, went back to the palace of his youngest sister, and related the affair to the anka.

Early next day the anka called five birds. "Take the Prince to the spring on the mountain," he bade them, "and wait there till the magic seahorses appear. While they are drinking catch one of them, strike it, saddle it, and put the Prince upon its back before it has time to take its head out of the water."

The anka's subjects picked up the Prince and carried him to the spring. As soon as the horses arrived the birds did exactly as the anka had ordered them. The Prince found himself on the back of the steed, whose first words were, "What is your command, my dear master?"

"On the surface of the seventh sea there is an island. I wish to go there," said Mahomet.

With "Shut your eyes!" the Prince flew through space; with "Open your eyes!" he found himself on the shore of the island.

Alighting from his horse and putting the bridle in his pocket, he went in search of the ox. Strolling about the island he met a Jew, who asked him how he had got there.

I have been shipwrecked," answered the Prince; "the ship went down, and it was only with great difficulty that I managed to swim here."

"As for me," said the Jew, "I am in the service of the Storm Fiend, who has an ox here, which I guard day and night. Would you like to be my servant? All you have to do is to fill this trough with water every day."

The Prince availed himself of the opportunity and was eager to get a glimpse of the ox. The Jew took him to the stall, and as soon as Mahomet was alone with the animal, he slit its stomach, took out the golden cage, and went with all speed to the shore. Pulling the bridle out of his pocket, he struck the waves therewith and his horse immediately appeared and carried him to the Storm Fiend's palace.

The Prince lifted his wife up beside him and ordered, "To the emerald anka."

They arrived at the anka's palace just as the Dew awoke from his sleep. Seeing that the Princess was gone, he hastened after them. The Sultan's daughter felt the wind of the Dew, and knew that he had nearly overtaken them. At this

crisis the magic horse cried out to them to cut off the head of the dove which was in the cage. They had just enough time to do it; a moment more and it would have been too late! The wind suddenly ceased, for the fiend was now destroyed.

Full of joy they entered the palace of the anka, released the magic horse and left it to rest. Next day they went to the second sister, and on the third day to the third sister. The Prince now made the pleasing discovery that his lion brother-in-law was king of the lions and his tiger brother-in-law king of the tigers.

Finally they came to the Princess's own home. Their wedding was celebrated afresh for forty days and forty nights, after which they went to the Prince's kingdom. There he showed the dragon's ears and nose, and as he had fulfilled his father's wish he was elected Padishah. Afterwards Mahomet and his wife lived and reigned together in happiness until the end of their days.

THE DRAGON PRINCE AND THE STEPMOTHER

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Kúnoz, Ignáz. *Forty-four Turkish Fairy Tales*. London: Gordon G. Harrap & Company, 1913, 188–197.

Date: 1913

Original Source: Turkish

National Origin: Turkey

The persecuted stepdaughter, the handsome prince in the guise of a monster, and the quest for a lost love are among the familiar folktale themes found in the following narrative. The peris appear again as agents of evil.

There was once a Padishah who had no children. When out walking one day he saw a dragon accompanied by five or six young ones.

“Oh, my Allah!” he complained, “Thou hast blessed this creature with so much offspring. Would that this dragon had one less, and that Thou hadst given me one child!” He continued his walk until it began to get dark, and then returned to the serai. Time passed, until one night the Sultan's wife was taken seriously ill. In all haste messengers were dispatched here and there in search of skilled nurses.

There was no difficulty about securing one, but the woman, as soon as she arrived at the sickbed, fell down dead. Immediately another nurse was sent for,

who also died as soon as she arrived, In short, all those who approached were instantly seized with a mysterious malady which had a fatal termination.

In the royal palace was a servant who had a stepdaughter whom she hated. This event, the woman thought, presented a good opportunity to get the stepdaughter out of the way. Hearing that all the nurses were dead, she went immediately to the Padishah and said, "My Lord and Shah, I have a daughter who is skilled in nursing. If thou wilt permit her to come, the Sultana may perchance be cured."

Accordingly the Padishah ordered a carriage to be sent to fetch the stepdaughter. But the girl was quite ignorant of nursing, and asked her father whatever she should do. Her father answered, "Fear not, my daughter. On thy way to the palace, stop awhile at thy mother's grave and offer up a prayer, for Allah always helps those that are in need. Afterwards go in confidence to the serai."

The maiden entered the carriage, drove to her mother's grave, and shed scalding tears in her grief and despair. While calling on the Creator to aid her, a voice was heard proceeding from the grave, "As soon as thou arrivest before the Padishah, ask for a kettle of milk; then canst thou reach the Sultana."

The maiden now reentered the carriage, arrived at the palace, and asked for a kettle of milk, with which she entered the chamber of the Sultana. She returned shortly with the news that a Prince had been born, whose form, however, was that of a dragon. The monarch was not particularly pleased, but contented himself with the knowledge that he now had an heir. To celebrate the auspicious occasion lambs were sacrificed and slaves given their freedom.

The time soon arrived when the young dragon must commence his instruction. Hodjas were summoned, who however, one after another, were killed by the dragon before they had a chance to commence their lesson. In this way there was hardly a hodja left in the land. Hearing this, the stepmother went again to the Padishah and said, "My Lord and Shah, the maiden who assisted at the birth of the dragon can also impart the desired instruction."

The Padishah accordingly ordered the maiden to be fetched. Before coming to the royal palace, however, she visited her mother's grave. While she was praying for divine protection and deliverance, her mother reached out her hand from the grave and offered her a staff, saying, "Take this staff, my daughter, and should the dragon attack thee, thou hast only to show him this staff and he will retreat."

So the maiden took the staff and went to the serai. When she approached the Shahzada to commence the instruction, he attempted to bite her, but at sight of the staff he refrained from his intention. After a time her efforts to instruct the Shahzada showed such satisfactory results that the Padishah rewarded the maiden with a pile of gold, and permitted her to go home.

Years passed away, and the Dragon Prince was now old enough to get married. The Padishah pondered the matter, grieved considerably, and finally came to the conclusion that there was nothing for it but to seek a wife for his heir. A bride was eventually found and the marriage took place, but on the wedding-night the

dragon devoured his bride. The same fate overtook a second bride; in short, every maiden that was given him to wife was forthwith killed and eaten.

Now the stepmother went to the Padishah and said, "My King and Shah, the maiden that assisted at the birth of the Prince, and who has since instructed him, can also make him a good wife." The Padishah rejoiced at the suggestion, and immediately sent for the maiden. Before obeying the royal summons the maiden once more poured out her sorrow at her mother's grave.

The voice of the dead was heard from the tomb, "My daughter, take the skin of a hedgehog and make a mask thereof. When thou goest to the dragon he will seek to harm thee and the prickles will wound him. He will then say, 'Take off the mask,' answer, 'I will take off the mask if thou wilt take off thy clothing.' When he has taken off his clothes, seize them and cast them in the fire. On that he will lose his dragon form and appear as a human being."

In due course the maiden arrived at the palace and was ushered into the private apartment of the Dragon Prince, where the marriage ceremony took place. As soon as they were alone the Dragon essayed to attack his bride, but the prickly mask prevented him. "Take off thy mask," he snapped.

"I will only take off the mask if thou wilt take off thy clothes," she answered with as much courage as she could command. Without hesitation the Dragon undressed; as the last article of attire was discarded, the maiden threw them all in the fire and lo! Instead of a horrid Dragon a handsome youth stood before her. They fell into each other's arms and embraced and kissed unceasingly.

When the slaves entered the apartment next morning they found the newly wedded pair in the best health and joy. They hastened to carry the joyful news to the Padishah, who ordered a grand feast in honor of the occasion. The maiden who had happily delivered the Prince from the magic spell was received by every one in the palace with the highest honor and respect.

Some time after these events, war was declared between our Padishah and the Padishah of a neighboring country. The King himself desired to take part in the campaign, but the Shahzada begged his father to allow him to go instead. As he persisted in his request, in spite of discouragement, the Padishah finally yielded and the Prince went to the war.

While he was absent in camp the cruel stepmother considered what steps she should take to destroy the Shahzada's wife. She wrote a letter in the Prince's name to the Padishah in which he requested his father to put his wife away.

When the Padishah received the letter the Prince's wife was present, and as soon as she was acquainted with the purport of the missive she said, "Knowing that the Shahzada no longer loves me, there is nothing for me to do but to leave this palace."

The Padishah endeavored to calm her, assuring her that in his belief the letter was the work of some secret enemy; but it was of no avail, she could not be turned from her purpose. "I will go," she said, "for my husband has certainly found some one more beautiful than I, or he would not have written such a letter."

With these words she quitted the palace in tears. Wandering through wood and field, up hill and down dale, across land and sea, she came one day to a spring where she saw a coffin in which a beautiful youth lay dead,

“What can be the meaning of this?” she asked herself, and while absorbed in reflection and trembling with fear the darkness came on. She sought and found a hiding-place in the neighborhood of the spring, and about midnight she saw forty doves flying towards the spot. Watching them, she saw them all alight on the crest of the water and shake themselves, on which they immediately changed into maidens and proceeded to the coffin. One of them took a wand, and touching the dead youth three times with it, he rose up as though from sleep. All night long they played together with him, and when morning dawned the youth lay down again in the coffin, the maiden touched him three times with the wand, and he was dead; then all the maidens went back to the spring, shook themselves, and resuming the form of doves, flew off.

All this the Prince’s wife saw from her hiding-place. As no one was to be seen, she stole to the coffin, picked up the wand which the fairies had left behind, touched the dead youth three times with it, and he woke up immediately.

Seeing the maiden he asked, “Who art thou?”

“Who art thou, and what were the maidens who visited thee during the night?” returned she.

Then said the youth, “They are forty peris who stole me away in my childhood.”

The restored youth and the forlorn maiden swore eternal friendship and resolved to marry one another. He loved her on account of her fidelity, and for some time they lived very happily together. Then the youth began to look pale and anxious, until one day he said, “Hitherto the forty peris have ignored you, but if they should hear of our marriage they will come and kill us. It would be best for you to go away from here to my mother. There you may live in safety, and we shall see what favor Allah will grant us.” So with a heavy heart the maiden set out for the dwelling of the youth’s mother.

Knocking at the door, she begged admittance and shelter in Allah’s name, telling her story, and saying further that she had been driven from home and had not a friend in the world. The youth’s mother, who had lived in continual grief for her son, took pity on the maiden and received her into the house. That same night a son was born to her.

Some days afterwards, the youth appeared in the form of a bird at the window of her chamber, and inquired, “How art thou, and how is the child?”

The woman answered, “We are both well.” The young man’s mother, chancing to overhear the dialogue, asked the woman who the bird really was. The young woman now told her all she knew and what had happened. “Oh, that is my son indeed!” exclaimed the mother, beside herself with joy.

From this moment she loved the young woman and could not do enough for her; she had better clothing made for her, and surrounded her with all

possible care and attention. "My dear daughter," said she one day, "if this bird should come again and ask what the child is doing, tell him it is angry with its father because he does not come to see it. If then he should enter the room ask him in what way he can obtain deliverance from the power of the peris."

Next day the bird appeared again, and when he made the usual inquiries the woman answered, "The child is angry with you."

"Why?" asked the young man. "Because you have never seen it," answered the young woman.

"Very well, open the window and let me come in," said the bird. The window was accordingly opened. The youth put off his bird form and stepped into the room.

While he was fondling the child the old woman said to him, "My son, is there no means of delivering thee from the forty peris?"

"Yes," answered the youth, "there is a means that is easy and yet difficult." He then explained that, to accomplish the desired purpose, his bird-form must be thrown into a hot oven; the peris would know of it, and crying "Our Shah is burning!" would cast themselves into the oven to rescue him; if, on this, the oven door could be shut fast, the peris would all be burnt up and then he would be free from their spell.

The maiden accordingly gave the servants instructions to get the oven ready; and no sooner had she thrown in the youth's bird-form than the forty peris came crying "Our Shah is burning!" and flew straight into the oven. The door was quickly shut and fastened up, and thus the forty peris all perished. The youth was now free, and there was much embracing and kissing and weeping and laughing for joy.

While the young woman and the young man now spent their days in peace, the Prince, the rightful husband of the young woman, came home from the war, and his first words were, "Where is my wife?" The Padishah informed him that she had left home on account of the letter he had sent.

In his despair the Prince resolved to set out at once in search of her.

Carrying a knapsack light in weight but heavy in value, he wandered for six months, up mountains, through valleys, across fields, drinking coffee, smoking his chibouque [a long Turkish pipe], and picking flowers, until one day he arrived at the spring where his wife had stopped. He noticed that all around it was burnt up, as though there had been a recent conflagration.

From thence he wandered into the town where his wife was living. He entered a coffeehouse, and while he was resting the proprietor accosted him, inquiring whence he came and whither he was going. The Prince said he was seeking his wife, who had run away from him. On this the coffeehouse keeper related that there was a young man living in that town who had been delivered from the power of the peris by a very beautiful young woman. "Perhaps that is thy wife," suggested the coffeehouse keeper.

He had scarcely finished speaking when the young man referred to entered the coffeehouse. The Shahzada turned to him and inquired after his wife. The man related all that had happened, which was sufficient to convince the Prince that the woman was indeed his wife. Now said he to the young man, “Go home and tell thy wife that I am here, and ask her also which of us she prefers—thee or me. Thou hast but to mention that I am her first husband, Black-eyed Snake” (that was the Prince’s name when he was in dragon-form).

The young man accordingly went back home and told his wife of the occurrence, and when he put the question, “Whom wilt thou have—me or thy first husband?”

She answered, “By thee I have two roses, but Black-eyed Snake possesses my heart.” So saying she flew as on the wings of the wind to her first husband. They rejoiced at finding each other again, and set off on their return journey.

As soon as they arrived at the palace the Prince inquired who was the cause of all the suffering they had both endured, and it was found to be the work of the stepmother. Called into the presence of the Prince the woman was given her choice of forty mules or forty sticks. “Forty sticks are for my enemies,” answered the woman; “for myself I prefer forty mules.” Accordingly she was tied to the tails of forty mules and torn limb from limb.

The reunited pair now celebrated their wedding anew, and they lived the rest of their lives in unalloyed bliss.

KARA MUSTAPHA THE HERO

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Kúnoz, Ignáz. *Forty-four Turkish Fairy Tales*. London: Gordon G. Harrap & Company, 1913, 50–57.

Date: 1913

Original Source: Turkish

National Origin: Turkey

“Kara Mustapha the Hero” is a Turkish **variant** of the folktale commonly labeled “The Brave Tailor” (AT 1640) in English language tradition. As in the British and Anglo-American versions, the protagonist uses his wit to dominate his monstrous adversaries, and thereby gain fame as a hero. See “The Lion and the Unicorn” (Volume 4, page 232) for an Appalachian version of the tale.

There was once a woman who had a husband who was so timid that he never dared to go out alone. On one occasion the woman was invited to a party, and as she was about to set out her husband implored her to

make haste back, as he would be forced to remain in the house until her return. She promised to do so; and had hardly been with her friends half an hour when she got up to take leave. "Why must you go home so soon?" asked her hosts. She answered that her husband was at home waiting for her. "Why does he wait?" they asked.

"He dare not go out without me," was the reply. "That is strange," observed the women, and prevailed upon her to remain a little longer. They advised her that next time she went out with her husband after dark, she should slip away from him, and leave him alone in the darkness. By that means he would be cured.

The woman followed this advice, and on the first opportunity that offered, she left her husband alone in the darkness. The man cried out in his terror until at last he fell asleep where he waited. At daybreak he awoke, and went angrily into the house.

Among his possessions was a rusty old knife bequeathed him by his father. He took it up and while cleaning it uttered a resolution not to live with his wife any more. He accordingly set out and came to a place where honey had been spilt, on which a swarm of flies were regaling themselves. Drawing his knife across the sticky mass, he found that he had killed sixty of the flies. He drew it across a second time and counted seventy victims. Immediately he went to a cutler and ordered him to engrave on the knife: "At a single stroke Kara Mustafa, the great hero, has killed sixty, and at the second stroke seventy." The inscription finished, the knife was returned to its owner, who went his way.

Presently he came to a wilderness, and when night fell he lay down and slept, sticking his knife into the earth. Now in this locality dwelt forty Dews, one of whom took an early walk every morning. The Dew saw the sleeping man and the knife, and as he read the inscription upon the latter he was seized with terror. Seeing that Mustafa was now waking up, the Dew, with a view to appeasing this redoubtable person, begged him to join his brothers' company. "Who are you?" asked the hero.

"We are Dews to the number of forty, and if you will deign to join us we shall be forty one."

"I am willing," said Mustafa; "go and tell the others."

Hearing this, the Dew hastened to his fellows and said, "My brothers, a hero desires to join us. His immense strength may be gathered from the inscription on his knife: 'At a single stroke Kara Mustafa, the great hero, has killed sixty, and at the second stroke seventy.' Let us put everything in order, for he will be here directly."

But the Dews hastened to meet Mustafa, who when he saw them felt his courage sink. However, he managed to address them. "God greet you, comrades!" he exclaimed. The Dews modestly returned his greeting and offered him a place among them. By and by he inquired, "Is there among you any fellow like me?" The Dews assured him that there was not. Thus satisfied, Mustafa proceeded, "Because, if so, let him step forth and try his strength with me."

“Where shall his equal be found?” exclaimed the Dews, as they walked home.

The Dews were obliged to carry their water from a long distance, and this duty was performed in turn by each of their number. Being of gigantic stature and strength, they were of course able to carry a quantity impossible for a mere mortal. On the following day one of the Dews accosted Mustafa, “It is your turn to fetch the water, and we are sorry to say the well is far away.” Being afraid of the hero, the Dews naturally addressed him somewhat apologetically. Mustafa reflected, and then asked for a rope. It was given him, and he proceeded with it to the well. The Dews, full of curiosity to know what he intended to do with the rope, looked on from a distance, and saw him attach it to the stonework of the well. Astonished, they ran up and shouted to him to know what he was about. “Oh,” he answered, “I am only going to put the well on my back and bring it home, so that none of us need go so far for water again!” They begged him for Allah’s sake to desist, and he promised to do so on the understanding that they would not trouble him again with the duty of water-carrying.

A few days afterwards it was Mustafa’s turn to fetch wood from the forest. Again he asked for the rope, and went. The Dews hid them selves and watched him. On the edge of the forest they saw him drive a peg into the ground and fix the rope, which he then drew round the trees. By chance the wind rose and shook the trees to and fro. “What are you doing, Mustafa?” shouted one of the Dews.

“Oh, I am only going to take home the forest all at once instead of piecemeal, to save trouble.”

“Don’t shake the trees!” cried all the Dews. “You will destroy the whole forest. We would rather fetch the wood ourselves.”

The Dews were now more afraid of Mustafa than ever, and they called a council to deliberate on the best means of getting rid of their formidable associate. It was eventually decided to pour boiling water upon him during the night while he slept, and thus kill him. Fortunately for himself, however, he overheard the conversation, and prepared accordingly. When evening came he went to bed as usual. The Dews heated the water and poured it through the roof of his dwelling. But Mustafa had laid a bolster in the place where he should have been; on the bolster he had placed his fez, and he had drawn up the bedcover. Then he betook himself to a corner of the room, where he lay down and slept soundly out of harm’s way. When morning broke the Dews came in the belief that he was dead, and knocked at the door. “Who’s there?” came a voice from the inside. The astonished and affrighted Dews called to him to get up, as it was already nearly midday. “It was very hot last night,” he observed; “I lay bathed in perspiration.” The astonishment of the Dews that boiling water had no further effect upon him than to make him perspire may be imagined.

The Dews next resolved to drop forty iron balls upon Mustafa while he slept: those would surely kill him. This plan also our hero overheard. When

bedtime came he entered his room and arranged the bolster as before, putting his fez upon it and drawing up the cover, after which he retired to his corner to await developments. The Dews mounted the roof, and lifting some of the tiles, looked down upon what appeared to be their sleeping companion. "Look, there is his chest; there is his head," they whispered, and thud came the balls one after the other.

Next morning the Dews went to Mustafa's house and knocked at the door. This time no answer came, and they began to congratulate them selves that the hero would trouble them no more. But as a measure of precaution they knocked again and also uttered loud shouts. Then they found their rejoicing had been premature, for Mustafa's voice was heard, "I couldn't sleep last night for the mice gamboling over me; let me rest a little longer." The Dews were now nearly crazy. What manner of man was this, who thought heavy iron balls were mice?

Few days afterwards the Dews said to Mustafa, "In the adjoining country we have a Dew-brother: will you fight a duel with him?" Mustafa inquired whether the Dew were a strong fellow. "Very," was the reply. "Then he may come." In saying this, however, our hero was ready to die of fright. When the gigantic Dew appeared on the scene, he proposed to preface the duel by a wrestling bout. This being agreed to, they repaired to the field. The Dew caught Mustafa by the throat and held him in such a mighty grasp that his eyes started from their sockets. "What are you staring at?" demanded the Dew, as he relaxed his grip on Mustafa's neck.

"I was looking to see how high I should have to throw you so that all your limbs would be broken by your fall," answered our hero in well-simulated contempt. Hearing this, all the Dews fell upon their knees before him and begged him to spare their brother. Mustafa accordingly graciously pardoned his adversary; and the Dews further entreated him to accept a large number of gold-pieces and go home. Secretly rejoicing, he accepted the proffered money and expressed his willingness to go. Taking a cordial farewell of them all, he set out in the company of a Dew, who had been deputed to act as his escort.

When he arrived in sight of his home Mustafa saw his wife looking out of the window; and as her gaze rested upon him she cried, "Here comes my coward of a husband with a Dew!" Mustafa made a sign to her, behind the Dew's back, to say nothing, and then began to run toward the house. "Where are you going in such a hurry?" demanded the Dew.

"Into the house to get a bow and arrow to shoot you," was the answer of the flying hero. On hearing this, the Dew made off back again to rejoin his brothers.

Mustafa had hardly had time to rest in his home when news was brought of a fierce bear that was playing havoc in the district.

The inhabitants went to the vali [governor] and begged him to order the hero to slay the depredator. "He has already encountered forty Dews," they said. "It is a pity that the bear should kill so many poor people."

The vali sent for Mustafa and informed him that it was unseemly that the people should be terrorized by a bear while the province held such a valorous

man as himself. Then spake Mustafa, “Show me the place where the bear is, and let forty horsemen go with me.” His request was granted. Mustafa went into the stable took a handful of small pebbles, and flung them among the horses. The creatures all with the exception of one began to rear. This Mustafa himself took. When the horsemen saw what he did, they remarked to the vali that the man was mad and they were not disposed to help him to hunt the bear. The vali advised them, “As soon as you hear the bear, go away and leave him to it, to do what he will.” So the cavalcade set out, and when presently they came to the bear’s hiding-place the mounted escort left our hero in the lurch and rode back. Mustafa spurred his steed, but the animal would not move, and the bear came at him with ungainly strides. Seeing a tree close at hand, our hero sprang on to the back of his horse, clutched at the overhanging branches, and pulled himself up. The bear came underneath the tree and was preparing to ascend when Mustafa, letting go his hold, alighted on its back, and boxed bruin’s ears so severely that he set off in the direction the horsemen had taken. Catching sight of them, he yelled, “Kara Mustafa, the hero, is coming!” Whereon they all wheeled round, and, understanding the situation, dispatched the bear with their lances.

After this the fame of Kara Mustafa spread far and wide. The vali conferred upon him various marks of honor, and he enjoyed the respect of his neighbors to his long life’s end.

THE WICKED SPARROW

Tradition Bearer: W. Shanavonian

Source: Shanavonian, W., and Mary Mason Poynter. “A Folk-Tale from Asia Minor.” *Folklore* 27 (1916): 311–313.

Date: 1916

Original Source: Turkish

National Origin: Turkey

In the following **animal tale**, a sparrow is cast in the role of and exploitive **trickster**. Using guile and abusive language the bird, in spite of its diminutive size, intimidates humans into giving him his way. At last his gloating brings him to a bad end. The nonsense phrase, “There was or there was not a sparrow ...” and the **formulaic** Middle Eastern closing serve as markers to identify the tale as comic fiction.

There was or there was not a sparrow that went out for a walk. After he had gone up hill and down dale a thorn ran into his foot. Then he returned to town and went to the baker and begged him to take out the thorn. The baker graciously did so, and threw the thorn into his oven.

But the sparrow after a time returned to the baker and said, "Baker, I want my thorn back."

The baker replied, "But I have thrown it into the oven!"

"Yes," said the sparrow, "but nevertheless I want it back, or let me have a loaf of bread instead; my thorn or a loaf!"

And the sparrow used such language as children should never hear, and grown people should never repeat. The baker, in order to avoid any further trouble with the impudent sparrow, gave him the bread, with which he disappeared.

He went up hill and down dale until he came to a place where there was a flock of sheep and a number of shepherds who were just going to have their breakfast. But as the poor fellows had no bread they were throwing a quantity of earth into their milk. The sparrow asked them, "Brother shepherds, why are you throwing earth into your milk?"

And they said, "Because we have no bread."

Then the sparrow said, "Here, take my bread, and may it be sweet unto you!"

The shepherds thanked him, took the bread, brought fresh milk and enjoyed their breakfast. Then the sparrow went away, up hill and down dale, but soon he returned to the shepherds and said, "Brother shepherds, I want my bread back!"

"But," they said, "you gave us your bread and said, 'may it be sweet unto you,' and we thanked you for it and have enjoyed it with our breakfast. We have eaten it, how can we give it back to you?"

Then the sparrow used such language as children should never hear, and grown people should never repeat. And he said, "I want my bread or I'll take a lamb; my bread or a lamb!"

Then the shepherds in order to be rid of the troublesome sparrow gave him the lamb which he demanded. On he went, up hill and down dale, until he came to a village which he saw was in a great state of animation. The villagers were wearing their best dress as if it were a day in Bairam, or an Easter Sunday. When he heard the music and saw young people dancing and waving their handkerchiefs he understood that there was a wedding. As he approached he saw that near the bridegroom's house some butchers were on the point of slaying a huge shepherd dog.

The sparrow asked them, "Brother butchers, why do you slay that dog?" and they told him, "As there are no sheep or cattle in this neighborhood we had to slay this dog for the wedding feast."

And he said to them, "Take this lamb for the wedding feast, and may it be sweet unto you!"

While the sparrow went his way up hill and down dale, the lamb was nicely roasted and the guests enjoyed the feast. The wedding dinner was, however, hardly over when the sparrow came back and said, "I want my lamb!"

"But," he was told, "kind sparrow, your lamb was roasted and enjoyed by the guests, so nothing of it remains. Wait for a few days and we will give you a better lamb. Now go away and leave us in peace."

The sparrow answered, "I will not go away, I will not leave you in peace, I want my own lamb and no other; and if you cannot give me back my lamb I shall take the bride instead; my lamb or the bride!"

The bride and bridegroom wept most bitterly, but their tears could not move the heart of the wicked sparrow. He insisted on having his lamb or the bride. Then the sparrow threatened them and used such language as children should never hear, and grown people never repeat, until the bridegroom's family decided, in order to avoid any further difficulty with the sparrow, to give him the bride. And they did so.

The sparrow took the bride and went away, up hill and down dale, until one day he met a man riding on a donkey and singing gaily to the accompaniment of his tambourine. The sparrow stopped the man and said, "Friend, may you have prosperity! I want your tambourine!" And the man answered, "My tambourine is too precious to be given away like that!" So the sparrow said, "Take this beautiful bride and give me the tambourine instead," and the man took the bride in exchange for the tambourine. Then the sparrow, with his newly acquired tambourine, went up hill and down dale until he came to the banks of a river where there were willow trees. And he flew to the topmost branch of a willow tree and playing his tambourine began to sing:

Oh! What a clever bird am I!
 I gave away the thorn and I took the bread,
 I gave away the bread and I took the lamb,
 I gave away the lamb and I took the bride,
 I gave away the bride and I took this beautiful tambourine—
 Oh, what a clever bird am I!

And all of a sudden this wicked sparrow lost his balance, fell into the river and was seen no more.

Three apples fell from heaven; one for the storyteller; one for him to whom you have just listened; and one for him who has just spent his breath.

AUSTRALIA AND OCEANIA

Australia

AUSTRALIA

THE GREAT FIRE BIRD

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Dunlop, W., and T. V. Holmes. "Australian Folklore Stories" *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* 28 (1899): 25–27.

Date: ca. 1850

Original Source: Aboriginal Australian

National Origin: Australia

Australia, the smallest continent, lies in the Indian and Pacific Oceans. Considerable cultural consistency prevails across the Aboriginal groups (the first indigenous human population), but each of the indigenous societies was compelled to adapt to the specific environments in which they settled and to avail themselves of the particular resources provided by the various ecological niches. In general, however, the Aboriginal population of Australia developed a hunting and gathering subsistence base. Some groups relied more heavily on gathering plant foods. Others claimed territory that provided greater opportunities for hunting, and those who lived in coastal environments turned to fishing as well. As is the case with hunters and gatherers in general, these communities were nomadic, following food resources during the seasonal subsistence cycles that defined their year. The "Great Fire Bird" is a **myth** explaining how humans first obtained fire. Through the act of acquiring fire for humans, the Mina (or, mynah) bird plays the role of **culture hero**.

Long, long before my father was born, there was a bird in a high hill. The hill was very high up, almost in the sky, and the bird lived there very comfortably. In the coldest day he was happy, for he had a large

fire; when he was hungry he roasted his meat at the fire, and when he had eaten plenty he lay down and slept beside the fire. But this great strong bird was very ill-natured, he would not give any fire to the poor blacks who lived near him and who never had had any fire. They were shivering with cold; the rain wet them and they could not dry themselves, and the hail fell amongst their children and did not melt; the poor little creatures were so cold. They saw the bright fire shining upon the top of the high hill, and they said that the great bird had stretched upward and taken a bit of the sun to warm himself. So they gathered the whole people together and went to the foot of the hill and begged for a little bit of the beautiful sun, that they might warm themselves as the great bird did. But he laughed at them and mocked them, and told them to get the sun from the sky. Then he threw down a large piece of kangaroo nicely roasted, and told them to eat that and learn what his little sun did for him.

They had always eaten their meat raw before, and at first they did not like the roasted meat, but in a little time they agreed that it had much more taste, and that it was much easier to tear in pieces, and did not hurt their teeth so much; besides, it was the way in which the great and wonderful bird liked his meat, so it must be the best. What then were they to do to get their meat made like this new delicacy? Even the pain of the cold and the complainings of the lubras [aboriginal women] and children were almost forgotten in their anxiety to have this newly awakened desire gratified. With eager voices they renewed their petition for a bit of the sun; a little bit, only the smallest scrap. The great bird laughed, and tauntingly asked them if they wished to have themselves roasted like the kangaroo. They only called the lubras to join in beseeching for sun to warm them and to make the bloody meat brown and good. The clamor became so great at last that all the birds and beasts were alarmed and gathered at the foot of the hill to see what was the cause of it. The great bird looked down upon them, mocking their ignorance, but still refused to give them any part of his fire. At last the Mina bird, the most cunning of all the earthly birds, whispered to the old men to go away and say no more about it and she would find a way of getting fire for them. So the crowd willingly separated to wait for the fulfillment of her promise. At that time blacks did not live in nice earthen my-mys [also, miamia, a shelter usually consisting of a frame of tree limbs covered with bark, leaves, or grass] they had not learned how to make them. They lay down under a thick tree in winter, and beside a sunny bank in summer, and only gathered grass or soft branches to lie upon. Thus, at the time I speak of, the whole tribe sullenly betook themselves to their sheltered retreats, and strove to gain heat by creeping close together, covering their naked bodies with leaves and grass. Though great and powerful, the bird of the high hill was as much obliged to have food as the lowest and most ignorant blackman, so, after throwing all the meat he had to the petitioners, he began to remember

that he would require some more for his own eating; and having watched the retiring multitude hide themselves in the bush, he wondered for a few minutes what could have so suddenly stilled their entreaties and quieted their anxiety. Then, stretching his large wings, which were like two black clouds, he soared away that he might look for some emu or kangaroo, kill it and carry its flesh home to his rock. This is what the Mina bird expected, and no sooner was the rock left vacant, than he and all his tribe flew to it, each with a small piece of the bark of the gum tree in his bill. They gazed at the unknown ornaments and conveniences with which the Fire Bird's marvelous abode was filled, but did not dare to delay long enough to enable them to describe what they had seen, though often in after years requested to do so. To steal a portion of the fire was their object, and for this purpose they had brought the pieces of bark. In these each placed a bit of live cinder and away they flew with their prizes to the place where their friends the blacks lay. But how can I tell you what followed? At first the black men looked with wonder at what they still believed to be pieces of the sun. Then some of the boldest lifted a piece in their hands. When they felt themselves burned they threw the fire from them in terror; this falling among the dried grass and branches which composed their beds, kindled a flame which was soon communicated to the bush around them. Fear and confusion took hold of the miserable beings, they knew not what they had to dread or how to escape. Some fled one way some another, but the fire followed them and seemed a living creature running along in a mysterious manner to punish them for meddling with the property of the great bird. At first, horror prevented them from observing anything, presently they saw that whatever the fire touched died away, became black, and was, as they supposed, eaten up by this new beast which had neither feet nor mouth, yet walked and ate. The flames rose higher and then the great bird appeared hovering over them and laughing loudly at their dismay. "Men," cried he, "now you will know how you like to be roasted, and I shall get plenty roasted kangaroo without the trouble of catching them." The fire spread far and wide, many of the black people were burned to death, principally children. Some of the strong men and women, running from the fire, came to a river and swam across it; the fire could not follow them so they escaped. These watched the burning and then the extinction of the flame. Presently there remained nothing but a red cinder here and there, looking bright in the darkness, for night had come to add to the horrors of their situation. Next morning they dared not venture to go near their mysterious enemy, but some days after, seeing all quiet, they re-crossed the river, and by degrees approached nearer and nearer until at last they found some fire under a burned tree. After many trials and much fright they managed to make themselves aware of the properties and use of fire so as to warm their cold bodies and roast their prey.

And this is how the blacks first got fire.

KUYIMOKUNA

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Howitt, Mary E. B., and Otto Siebert. "Some Native Legends from Central Australia." *Folklore* 13 (1902): 405–406.

Date: ca. 1902

Original Source: Aboriginal Australian

National Origin: Australia

In the traditions of the Dieri of the South Australian Desert, the Mura-mura, one of whom is featured in the following **myth**, are anthropomorphic beings who act as creators and **culture heroes**. They are said to have given human beings their present shape, named the animals, and instituted ceremonies. In the narrative below, a Mura-mura establishes the form of a supernatural attack (labeled pointing) in which a bone is pointed at a victim to cause death. Finally, the Mura-mura's premonition is explained by the fact that, according to Dieri concepts of physical and psychological correspondences, the liver is the seat of the emotions. This may be compared to the European concept of the heart.

A Mura-mura was once out by himself hunting in time of great drought, but could find no food. There was no game to be found, and as he sought for it in vain the Mura-mura. Kuyimokuna, a clever boy, came to him and asked what he was looking for.

"Kapiri and Woma," was the reply.

"Follow me," said the boy, walking forward; and all at once he said "Dig there." The man dug deep into the earth and found a woma (carpet-snake), and in like manner the boy showed him other places where woma were hidden. Thus he helped the elder Mura-mura on several days, till the others of his people envied him when they saw him return laden with game each night; so they asked him where he had got it. He told them to come with him, and his boy would show them where to find woma and kapiri (iguana). This they did, and the boy led them hither and thither to dig.

While they were doing this the boy became thirsty and drank out of their water-bag, forgetting to shut it up again, so that the water ran out. The people were all very angry at this and agreed to kill the boy, and did so when his friend and guardian was not there.

Now this man felt in his liver that something was wrong with the boy. He could not sleep all night, and in the morning he set about following their tracks, till he came to where his friend lay dead. He wept bitterly for his boy. Then he separated the flesh from the bones, divided these from

each other, and with them separately he killed all the people who had killed his friend.

This is how the Dieri got the custom of killing by “pointing the bone.”

MANDRA-MANKANA, ALSO CALLED BAKUTA-TERKANA-TARANA OR KANTAYULKANA

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Howitt, A. W., and Otto Siebert. “Legends of the Dieri and Kindred Tribes of Central Australia.” *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* 34 (1904): 103–105.

Date: ca. 1900

Original Source: Aboriginal Australian

National Origin: Australia

The name of the Mura-mura in the following **myth** means roughly “behind in front of the belly.” He acts in the role of creator of plant foods to create an opportunity to satisfy his need for revenge. Mandra-mankana as **culture hero** creates the totemic clans named for various animal and plant species. These clans give order and structure to Dieri economic and social life.

Mandra-mankana once came to the neighborhood of Pando. Two girls who saw him jeered at him, because his back was just the same as his front. He told their mother, who was his *noa* (that is, they were from a kin group with which marriage would be culturally acceptable) to send her two daughters to his camp the following night.

When she told them of his demand, they ridiculed him, but yet they went there, and lay down one on each side of the sleeping old man. Then they heaped up a ridge of sand on either side of him, so that he thought his girls were there. But these had meanwhile crept away out of the sand and lay down to sleep in the camp of their mother.

When the Elder woke in the night he rose upright, and saw that he was quite alone, and that the girls had cheated him. Hence his name of Bakuta-terkana-tarana (He who rises up to no avail). He went forth thinking of revenge.

Through his songs he caused plants to grow, some with bitter and some with pleasant tasting fruit. The two girls found these plants and ate first of the bitter and then of the good fruit. Delighted with the latter they sprang from one bush to the other. Thus after a time they came to a tanyu bush laden with its red and yellow fruit, where lurked Mandra-mankana in concealment, to

destroy them. As they came near to him he threw his boomerang at one and broke her ankle, and then rushing up he killed her by a blow on her head. The other sister ran away to save herself, but he followed her and killed her also. He then cut off the breasts of the dead girls and carried them with him as he went further.

Coming to a camp where some young boys were amusing themselves in a plain by throwing boomerangs, he hid himself behind some bushes, and watched them at their play. Then one of the boys threw his boomerang so far that it fell near the old man. The boy sought for it and was about to take it when the *pinnaru* [clan elder] seized him by the hand. He was frightened, but Mandramankana calmed him by giving him a lizard [to eat], and he soon became friendly with him, and promised at his request to make a new song, and called to all the people to come and hear it. They assembled, even the sick and the women with child.

The boy began to sing and the *pinnaru* came out of the bushes, painted and decked with feathers, and carrying the breasts of the girls hanging on his chest. He danced to the onlookers, in the front ranks of whom two young men, the *noas* of the girls, were sitting. These immediately recognized the breasts of their *noas*, and when the *pinnaru* retired dancing, they stuck their *kandris* [boomerang with a sharpened ends] in the ground before them. When he again danced near to them, each seized his *kandri* and struck him so that both his legs were broken. Then they split his head open, and at the same time all the people fell upon him and even the children struck him. Then they buried him and laying his bag at the head of the grave they went elsewhere.

One day a crow perched itself on the grave of Mandramankana. Three times it knocked with its beak on the wood which was lying on the grave, and cried "Ka! Ka! Ka!"

Then the dead man woke up and came out of the grave, and looked round, but no one was to be seen. Then he looked for footprints and found that the people had all gone in the same direction, but by three different ways. While the strong and hale ones had gone, some to the right and some to the left, hunting as they went alone, the old and the sick had gone straight on between the two other tracks. These he followed till he came to the neighborhood of their new camp, and he concealed himself in the bushes near where they were busy in the creek, driving the fish together to catch them.

They had pulled up bushes and grass and were driving the fish before them with these in heaps. Mandramankana kept himself concealed in the water, and opening his mouth, he sucked in and swallowed the water, fish, grass and men. Some few who were at a distance, observing that their comrades and nearly all those who were fishing, had disappeared, and looking round to see where they had gone to, saw with alarm that the monster in the water had surrounded them with his arms. Only a few of them escaped by jumping over them. The Mura-mura Zanta-yul-kana ("Grass-swallower Mura-mura"), looking

after them, gave to each, as he ran, his *murdu* name [that is, the name of its clan totem].

Those who ran to the north were the kanangara, seed of the manyura; karabana, bat; maiaru, marsupial rat; palyara, small marsupial rat; katatara, budjerigar [parakeet]; ntalura, cormorant; karawora, eaglehawk; warukati, emu; kaulka, crow; padi, a grub called by the whites witchety; karku, red ochre; woma, carpet snake; pitcheri, *Duboisia Hopwoodii*.

Those who ran to the southeast were the Chukuro, kangaroo; kintala, dingo; kani, jew lizard; kaperi, lace lizard, commonly called iguana; kolcnla, marsupial rat; punta, small marsupial mouse; learabana, marsupial mouse; puralku, pelican; kuraura, rain; malbarit, a crane; tundu-bulyeru, water rat; piramoku, native cat; kaladiri, a frog; tidnamara, a frog; wilyaru, curlew; watari, kangaroo rat.

Those who ran to the southward were the markara, native perch; kirhabara, eel; yikaura, dasyurus; nyarumba, box eucalyptus (*E. microtheca?*); kanunga, bush wallaby; kapita, rabbit bandicoot.

The Mura-mura now came out of the water, and vomited so that he threw out all his teeth, which are to be seen at Manatandrani. Having done this he went a little further and sat down and died.

This place is pointed out by the Dieri on the Cooper north of Pando, and the body of the Mura-mura is to be seen there also, turned into stone in the form of a great rock.

THE WALLAROO AND THE WILLY-WAGTAIL

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Mathews, R. H. "The Wallaroo and the Willy-Wagtail: A Queensland Folk-Tale." *Folklore* 20 (1909): 214–216.

Date: ca. 1909

Original Source: Aboriginal Australia

National Origin: Australia

In the following tale the characteristics of **animal tale** and **myth** are combined. The wallaroo plays the **trickster** role in order to feed upon his fellow creatures by exploiting their kindness. His ploy of feigning illness to achieve his own ends is typical of **trickster**. The narrative further explains the origin of physical characteristics of species and social practices of humans in a mythic fashion. A wallaroo is a large mountain kangaroo, and a padamelon, or paddy-melon, is a small bush marsupial. The willy-wagtail is a small, extremely aggressive Australian bird about the size of a finch. The Dyerwine and Bunda are two of the four subclasses into which the local tribes are divided.

An old wallaroo, who was too infirm to hunt, used to have his camp at the butt of a big tree growing on a rocky ridge. He had a habit of sitting and lashing the ground with his great tail.

One day a padamelon, who belonged to the Dyerwine section, was passing near the place, and, hearing this beating upon the ground, shouted out "Ha-a!" and the wallaroo answered in the same way, but in a very plaintive tone, as if he were very sick. The padamelon came up to him, and inquired what was the matter, and the wallaroo replied that he was too ill to do any hunting himself, but that his mates had gone down to the river to catch some fish for him, as he was very hungry.

The padamelon said, "I'll go and find your friends, and try to bring you some food," and started off.

When he got about twenty yards away, the wallaroo called after him, "You had better take my boomerang with you in case you may see some game as you go along."

The padamelon said, "All right, throw it here," and stood where he was. This was the opportunity the wallaroo was watching for, so he threw the boomerang with all his force, and with good aim, and killed the padamelon. He then made a hole in the ground in which he roasted his game, and had a great feast, greasing himself from head to foot with the padamelon's kidney fat.

As the padamelon did not return to the camp of his own people in a day or two's time, one of his nephews, an iguana, said, "I must go and see if I can find my uncle; something must have happened to him." So away he went, following his uncle's tracks, till by and by he heard heavy thumping on the ground, and on getting within speaking distance he called out the same as his uncle had done, and the wallaroo answered him in the same doleful accents that he had used to his first victim, and kept on beating his tail on the ground as if he were in great distress.

The iguana, being a kind-hearted fellow, came up and asked him the cause of his grief, and the wallaroo repeated the same story that he had told his uncle, with the same result. When the iguana had gone a little distance, the wallaroo repeated the offer of the boomerang, and the iguana, on standing still to catch it, was killed and eaten in the same way that his uncle had been disposed of.

Several different animals went in search of the padamelon at various times, but none of them ever returned to their own camp, and their friends held a council to determine what should be done.

The willy-wagtail, who was a medicine-man and a very clever fellow, volunteered to go out and endeavor to ascertain the fate of his comrades. He belonged to the section Bunda, and was one of the nephews of the padamelon, and resolved to avenge his death, and that of his fellows.

At daylight next morning he started off, and about the middle of the day his attention was arrested by the heavy thuds of the wallaroo's tail upon the ground. He approached the spot warily, because his suspicions had been aroused

by the strange disappearance of the other members of his tribe, and inquired of the wallaroo what was the matter with him, and was answered in the usual sorrowful tone, and the same delusive story was reiterated.

The willy-wagtail volunteered to go and find the fishermen, and, when he got the usual distance away, the wallaroo proffered the use of his boomerang. The willy-wagtail, suspecting foul play, said, "Throw it to me, and I'll catch it," but kept a vigilant eye upon the thrower. Being very quick and active, he leapt to one side, and the boomerang went past him. The wallaroo threw some nulla nullas [type of throwing stick] and two or three spears, but the willy-wagtail jumped out of the way of every one.

When the wallaroo had exhausted his stock of weapons, the willy-wagtail picked up the boomerang from where it had fallen, and threw it with all his force, striking the wallaroo a mortal blow, and splitting his chest open, which accounts for the streak of white fur on the breasts of all wallaroos ever since. He then roasted his enemy in the same hole which had been used in cooking his victims. While he was being cooked, the willy-wagtail kept beating two sticks together and singing, "You are the fellow who killed and ate my people! You will not do it any more!"

After he had dined heartily on the choicest parts of the wallaroo, and anointed his body with the fat, he proceeded to the river, where he saw the people whom the wallaroo had said were fishing there, and inquired if they had seen anything of the padamelon and other friends who were missing.

They replied, "No! That old rogue the wallaroo must have killed and eaten them. He is no friend of ours." The willy-wagtail told them how he had killed and roasted their common enemy, and they were pleased to hear it. After that he returned to his own people, who were all very glad to learn that he had avenged the death of their friends, and he became a chief man in the tribe, and had four young wives.

All the old men assembled in council, and decided that in future no man should go alone, either hunting game, or to search for missing friends, or on a hostile expedition, but that two or more should always proceed together, a custom which has been followed to the present time.

DINEWAN THE EMU, AND GOOMBLEGUBBON THE BUSTARD

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Parker, K. Langloh. *Australian Legendary Tales*. London: David Nutt, 1897, 1–5.

Date: ca. 1895

Original Source: Australian

National Origin: Australia

As in the previous narrative, “The Wallaroo and the Willy-Wagtail” (page 303), the following tale combines explanations of origins with a moral. This combination is typical of **animal tales**.

Dinewan the emu, being the largest bird, was acknowledged as king by the other birds. The Gooblebubbons, the bustards, were jealous of the Dinewans. Particularly was Gooblebubbon, the mother, jealous of the Dinewan mother. She would watch with envy the high flight of the Dinewans, and their swift running. And she always fancied that the Dinewan mother flaunted her superiority in her face, for whenever Dinewan alighted near Gooblebubbon, after a long, high flight, she would flap her big wings and begin booing in her pride, not the loud booing of the male bird, but a little, triumphant, satisfied booing noise of her own, which never failed to irritate Gooblebubbon when she heard it.

Gooblebubbon used to wonder how she could put an end to Dinewan’s supremacy. She decided that she would only be able to do so by injuring her wings and checking her power of flight. But the question that troubled her was how to effect this end. She knew she would gain nothing by having a quarrel with Dinewan and fighting her, for no Gooblebubbon would stand any chance against a Dinewan. There was evidently nothing to be gained by an open fight. She would have to effect her end by cunning.

One day, when Gooblebubbon saw in the distance Dinewan coming towards her, she squatted down and doubled in her wings in such a way as to look as if she had none. After Dinewan had been talking to her for some time, Gooblebubbon said, “Why do you not imitate me and do without wings? Every bird flies. The Dinewans, to be the king of birds, should do without wings. When all the birds see that I can do without wings, they will think I am the cleverest bird and they will make a Gooblebubbon king.”

“But you have wings,” said Dinewan.

“No, I have no wings.” And indeed she looked as if her words were true, so well were her wings hidden, as she squatted in the grass. Dinewan went away after awhile, and thought much of what she had heard. She talked it all over with her mate, who was as disturbed as she was. They made up their minds that it would never do to let the Gooblebubbons reign in their stead, even if they had to lose their wings to save their kingship.

At length they decided on the sacrifice of their wings. The Dinewan mother showed the example by persuading her mate to cut off hers with a combo or stone tomahawk, and then she did the same to his. As soon as the operations were over, the Dinewan mother lost no time in letting Gooblebubbon know what they had done. She ran swiftly down to the plain on which she had left Gooblebubbon, and, finding her still squatting there, she said, “See, I have followed your example. I have now no wings. They are cut off.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed Goomblegubbon, jumping up and dancing round with joy at the success of her plot. As she danced round, she spread out her wings, flapped them, and said, “I have taken you in, old stumpy wings. I have my wings yet. You are fine birds, you Dinewans, to be chosen kings, when you are so easily taken in. Ha! ha! ha!” And, laughing derisively, Goomblegubbon flapped her wings right in front of Dinewan, who rushed towards her to chastise her treachery. But Goomblegubbon flew away, and, alas! the now wingless Dinewan could not follow her.

Brooding over her wrongs, Dinewan walked away, vowing she would be revenged. But how? That was the question which she and her mate failed to answer for some time. At length the Dinewan mother thought of a plan and prepared at once to execute it. She hid all her young Dinewans but two, under a big salt bush. Then she walked off to Goomblegubbons’ plain with the two young ones following her. As she walked off the ridge, where her home was, on to the plain, she saw Goomblegubbon out feeding with her twelve young ones.

After exchanging a few remarks in a friendly manner with Goomblegubbon, she said to her, “Why do you not imitate me and only have two children? Twelve are too many to feed. If you keep so many they will never grow big birds like the Dinewans. The food that would make big birds of two would only starve twelve.”

Goomblegubbon said nothing, but she thought it might be so. It was impossible to deny that the young Dinewans were much bigger than the young Goomblegubbons, and, discontentedly, Goomblegubbon walked away, wondering whether the smallness of her young ones was owing to the number of them being so much greater than that of the Dinewans. It would be grand, she thought, to grow as big as the Dinewans. But she remembered the trick she had played on Dinewan, and she thought that perhaps she was being fooled in her turn. She looked back to where the Dinewans fed, and as she saw how much bigger the two young ones were than any of hers, once more mad envy of Dinewan possessed her. She determined she would not be outdone. Rather would she kill all her young ones but two.

She said, “The Dinewans shall not be the king birds of the plains. The Goomblegubbons shall replace them. They shall grow as big as the Dinewans, and shall keep their wings and fly, which now the Dinewans cannot do.” And straightway Goomblegubbon killed all her young ones but two. Then back she came to where the Dinewans were still feeding.

When Dinewan saw her coming and noticed she had only two young ones with her, she called out, “Where are all your young ones?”

Goomblegubbon answered, “I have killed them, and have only two left. Those will have plenty to eat now, and will soon grow as big as your young ones.”

“You cruel mother to kill your children. You greedy mother. Why, I have twelve children and I find food for them all. I would not kill one for anything,

not even if by so doing I could get back my wings. There is plenty for all. Look at the emu bush how it covers itself with berries to feed my big family. See how the grasshoppers come hopping round, so that we can catch them and fatten on them.”

“But you have only two children.”

“I have twelve. I will go and bring them to show you.” Dinewan ran off to her salt bush where she had hidden her ten young ones. Soon she was to be seen coming back. Running with her neck stretched forward, her head thrown back with pride, and the feathers of her boobootella [the large bunch of tail feathers on an emu] swinging as she ran, booming out the while her queer throat noise, the Dinewan song of joy, the pretty, soft-looking little ones with their zebra-striped skins, running beside her whistling their baby Dinewan note.

When Dinewan reached the place where Goomblegubbon was, she stopped her booing and said in a solemn tone, “Now you see my words are true, I have twelve young ones, as I said. You can gaze at my loved ones and think of your poor murdered children. And while you do so I will tell you the fate of your descendants for ever. By trickery and deceit you lost the Dinewans their wings, and now for evermore, as long as a Dinewan has no wings, so long shall a Goomblegubbon lay only two eggs and have only two young ones. We are quits now. You have your wings and I my children.”

And ever since that time a Dinewan, or emu, has had no wings, and a Goomblegubbon, or bustard of the plains, has laid only two eggs in a season.

THE MURA-MURA DARANA

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Howitt, A. W., and Otto Siebert. “Legends of the Dieri and Kindred Tribes of Central Australia.” *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* 34 (1904): 125–126.

Date: ca. 1900

Original Source: Aboriginal Australian

National Origin: Australia

The following narrative explains the origin of a churinga (sacred object) that is smeared with fat to bring rain. The heaviest rains in the region in which the tale is told come from the north.

This is one of those [Dieri narratives] which relate to the production of rain, and the Muramura Darana is one of the most highly considered of the Mura-muras at Pando (Lake Hope).

When no rain had fallen for a long time, and the land was desert and waste, Darana produced rain by singing continually, while looking towards the north. The rain fell and the water rose steadily till it was up to his knees, then to his hips, and finally to his neck. He waded through the waters to the sources of the river, where he fixed his *kandri* (boomerang with pointed ends) in the ground, and the rain ceased.

Then vegetation grew luxuriantly, and the *muluru* (witchety grubs) settled themselves in it in enormous numbers. The Mura-mura drove them together by his songs, dried them and packed them in bags, and hung these on the trees. Being invited by a friendly Mura-mura to visit him and eat *paua* (mollusks) he went with all his following, among whom were a number of cripples, who traveled along on their knees, elbows and ankles.

Two youths, however, the Dara-ulu (desert dwellers) remained behind, and seeing the bundles hanging on trees, threw their boomerangs at them. He who stood on the right hand hit his mark, and the dust from the dried muluru flew far and wide and obscured the sun, while the bags shone brightly to a great distance.

The Murainuras seeing this as they traveled, turned back in haste, those with feet running on the surface, while those without traveled underground. Arriving at their home they strangled the Dara-ulu, who were at once restored to life by the old Mura-mura Darana, to be again strangled by the unanimous decision of the people. Their bodies were then rolled up, and it was decided that the first child born should be the guardian of the Dara.

The Dieri show two heart-shaped stones, which are carefully wrapped up in feathers and fat, as the Dara-ulu, to scratch which would, they say, cause the whole people to suffer perpetual hunger, and never to be satisfied however much they might eat. If these stones were broken, the sky would redden, the dust which formerly rose up from the dried muluru would spread itself from the westward, and men, when they saw it cover the whole earth, would die of terror.

The Dara-ulu are believed to be the senders of rain, and in the rain-making ceremonies these stones, which represent them, are smeared with fat, and the Dara song is sung.

THE BUNYIP

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Dunlop, W., and T. V. Holmes. "Australian Folklore Stories." *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* 28 (1899): 22–25.

Date: ca. 1850

Original Source: Australian

National Origin: Australia

The Bunyip is a creature described in Australian Aboriginal tradition as a malevolent creature that inhabits stagnant bodies of water, especially billabongs (pools attached to creeks). Although the descriptions of Bunyips vary, their most common features are tusks, flippers, and a tail that resembles a horse's. In the following supernatural **legend**, the creature displays magical powers of transformation as well as physical strength.

On a bright sunny day, after all the rain had passed, a party of young men went out from the camp to look for food to supply the *lubras* (women) and children. They had their spears in their hands and amused themselves as they went through the honeysuckles and green flats by throwing their spears. The air rang with the loud young voices and cheerful mellow laugh unchecked by any fear. The country was all their own, or there were too many of them to dread an attack. There was not supposed to be any dangerous animal near; they talked of their skill in the chase, of throwing the spear or boomerang, and of how far they must walk before they might expect to see the game they sought.

Presently they reached the banks of a sort of water-course, at that time a succession of dark looking pools, each surrounded by a broad fringe of high, green plants. Next to the open water grew the bulrush, the roots of which are good as food, and of these roots they proposed to gather a basket full. So a large basket woven of rushes was produced, and they were preparing to collect the soft white roots, when one of the party said he had his fishing tackle with him, and that they might leave gathering roots to the *lubras* and catch eels and black fish, and not make themselves a laughing stock to the old men by doing the women's work. All the party agreed with him, and some of them directly began to search for bait, whilst the rest seated themselves, and arranged their fishing lines, made from the inner bark of the Wattle or Mimosa tree, with hooks formed from bones of the Kangaroo. Bait was soon procured and they strung the poor worms on the hooks. One of them, however, had put a piece of raw meat into his basket, and without speaking of it to his companions, he cut a bit of it off with his stone tomahawk, and with that he baited his hook.

For some time the fish seemed all gone from the pool, or too wary to be caught. Each looked anxiously at his untouched line, or glanced at the already descending sun, until it seemed that night would find them without the expected supply of food.

The youth who had made use of the raw flesh at last saw his line disappear. He grasped it more tightly, and to his surprise felt it almost dragged from him, by a force much greater than he could at all account for. He called to the others, and with much labor and hearts palpitating with dread, they succeeded

in drawing to the land a creature somewhat between a calf and a seal, but with a long and broad tail. It struggled and made a sort of complaining cry, at which its mother rose from her den in the high bank on the opposite side of the pool, and to their horror they saw that they had caught the young one of a dreaded and dreadful Bunyip. She looked at them with rage and seemed to hesitate in what manner to release her child.

Most of the young men in stifled voices begged the successful fisher to release his captive. But he was the same who had mocked at the thought of gathering roots; he was of a bold, fearless disposition, and he had promised that he would carry home to his betrothed maiden enough to make her father's camp merry for three clays. He held the Bunyip calf tightly, declaring that the children of the camp should have it to play with, and that he would be the first to bring home a Bunyip calf to his lubra. He dragged the strange looking creature on to land, and when he heard a yell or roar of distress and anger from the mother, he raised his spear and brandished it at her, while he continued to drag the young one after him.

The mother seemed indifferent to his threats, but made beseeching signs for the release of her child. These the youth made light of, and he by degrees infused part of his own courage into the breasts of his companions, so that they joined him in striving to convey his prey to their common home. It was lifted by them on to his shoulders, and he carried it off in triumph. But his triumph was short.

He heard a low rushing sound, and on looking back he saw the pool he had left slowly rising above its banks, flooding the place on which he had stood, and following the steps of the young men. The sun still shone brightly upon Mount Shadwell, the sweet-toned magpie sang merrily all around, forbidding the idea of rain. Indeed, not a drop had fallen for many days, and Mustons Creek was not subject to sudden rises, yet there were its waters already covering grass usually high above the highest flood.

"Run, run," called every voice, and run the unfortunate youths did. The boldest held the young Bunyip firmly on his shoulders and fled swiftly towards his home, nor looked back until he reached a high ridge far above the valley he had left. Then, what a sight met his view! All was a sea of dark water, the low honeysuckles were covered, the light woods with their thick foliage only for a moment ruffled the surface of the rising waves, and the gum trees that were on that bank seemed like low rushes.

But flight might yet save them, and on they went, their active limbs almost sinking beneath them. They approached the place where they had first seen the light, a low cell as it were, formed of earth, the old home of their fathers.

The old men of the tribe stood at the entrance, the children played around, the old lubras sat in groups on the dry grass listening to and telling their simple gossip. The young women stole a glance at the flying youths, who, as they drew near, showed the agony of terror and exhaustion. All hurried to meet them, old

and young crowded to learn what had happened, what danger threatened them. The young men sank to the ground unable to utter a word. Fear stopped the questions from the other party, but when the young Bunyip fell, and the elders saw their dreaded, mysterious, never-named enemy before their door, all the stories of the great power and awful malevolence attributed to his kind rose before them, and they knew without a word spoken that they were lost.

Then a cry arose, "the water, the water!" and the slowly creeping flood appeared. On, on, on, it came. Those that were dearest to each other rushed together in the vain hope of yielding mutual assistance. Mothers clasped their children, husbands their wives, and the young betrothed ones, who a few hours before would not even have touched each others' hands, frantically clung together in the hope that they might swim through the water, and save themselves for the happiness they had looked forward to from their earliest years.

The unfortunate procurer of all this danger was one of the first to brave it. He clasped his betrothed to his breast, and stood calmly waiting the coming of the destroyer. His eye roamed over the neighboring country. There was no hill which he could hope to reach, but he whispered, "My love, no one can climb like me, come, we shall soon be on that high tree and no water can reach us there."

While he spoke the water had reached his feet; he looked down, and they were no longer feet. Claws had taken the place of the finely formed toes, and he beheld a bird's foot instead of his own. He glanced to see if the one he loved had marked the change, and he saw a large black bird standing by his side.

In despair he looked round; all his people were gone, great awkward black birds had taken their place. He tried to cover his face with his hands, but they were become the ends of long black wings: he wished to complain of the dark dream that was upon him, but his voice died away in a sound between a moan and a croak. The water had become deep, and he found himself raised upon it, swimming upon its surface, with a long neck rising from what he believed to be his broad shoulders, but a glance into the still smooth water showed him a large black swan, he was man no longer. He, his beloved, their whole tribe, were now only a flock of black swans, and never again did they regain their human form.

We suppose that they are still different from other birds, for at night when they fly over our heads we hear them talk to each other, and if we walk when it is almost dark near the lakes where they live we hear plainly the sound of women talking and laughing. They do not speak our language, so we cannot tell if they talk of their early misfortunes, but several persons have been drowned by walking into the lakes in search of people they thought they heard.

The mother Bunyip took back her child, and has been seen by many at the same bank, for the water soon receded to its own channel. She is sure to eat any one to whom she once shows herself, and few like to walk near the place where she lives. Her house is under the pool below its deepest waters and is supposed to be very large and beautiful, but no human being has ever seen it.

THE BORAH OF BYAMEE

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Parker, K. Langloh. *Australian Legendary Tales*. London: David Nutt, 1897, 94–105.

Date: ca. 1895

Original Source: Aboriginal Australian

National Origin: Australia

The ceremony of the boy's initiation into manhood is called by some Australian Aboriginal groups the borah. The following supernatural **legend** describing the extraordinary circumstances surrounding one of these events and the role of the legendary holy man Byamee in the proceedings provide additional important information concerning the life-ways of these hunter-gatherer societies. For example, the betrothal to much older men of young women, girls, or even unborn daughters was not unusual in Australian Aboriginal cultures. Women were often the most important foragers for the band and, as such, were a valuable commodity to be bartered among the wealthy elder men for political influence. The "circular piece of wood at the end of a string" alluded to in the narrative is a bullroarer, a traditional Australian noisemaker; this device was commonly used to simulate the supernaturals in initiation ceremonies.

Word had been passed from tribe to tribe, telling, how that the season was good, there must be a great gathering of the tribes. And the place fixed for the gathering was Googoorewon. The old men whispered that it should be the occasion for a borah, but this the women must not know. Old Byamee, who was a great Wirreenun [holy man], said he would take his two sons, Ghindahindahmoe and Boomahoomahnowee, to the gathering of the tribes, for the time had come when they should be made young men, that they might be free to marry wives, eat emu flesh, and learn to be warriors.

As tribe after tribe arrived at Googoorewon, each took up a position at one of the various points of the ridges, surrounding the clear open space where the corroborees [dances] were to be. The Wähn, crows, had one point; the Dummerh, pigeons, another; the Mahthi, dogs, another, and so on; Byamee and his tribe, Byahmul the black swans tribe, Oooboon, the blue tongued lizard, and many other chiefs and their tribes, each had their camp on a different point. When all had arrived there were hundreds and hundreds assembled, and many and varied were the nightly corroborees, each tribe trying to excel the other in the fancifulness of their painted get-up, and the novelty of their newest song

and dance. By day there was much hunting and feasting, by night much dancing and singing; pledges of friendship exchanged, a dillibag for a boomerang, and so on; young daughters given to old warriors, old women given to young men, unborn girls promised to old men, babies in arms promised to grown men; many and diverse were the compacts entered into, and always were the Wirreenun, or doctors of the tribes consulted.

After some days the Wirreenun told the men of the tribes that they were going to hold a borah. But on no account must the women know. Day by day they must all go forth as if to hunt and then prepare in secret the borah ground. Out went the man each day. They cleared a very large circle quite clear, then they built an earthen dam round this circle, and cleared a pathway leading into the thick bush from the circle, and built a dam on either side of this pathway.

When all these preparations were finished, they had, as usual, a corroboree at night. After this had been going on for some time, one of the old Wirreenun walked right away from the crowd as if he were sulky. He went to his camp, to where he was followed by another Wirreenun, and presently the two old fellows began fighting. Suddenly, when the attention of the blacks was fixed on this fight, there came a strange, whizzing, whirring noise from the scrub round. The women and children shrank together, for the sudden, uncanny noise frightened them. And they knew that it was made by the spirits who were coming to assist at the initiation of the boys into young manhood. The noise really sounded, if you had not the dread of spirits in your mind, just as if someone had a circular piece of wood at the end of a string and were whirling it round and round.

As the noise went on, the women said, in an awestricken tone, "Gurraymy," that is "borah devil," and clutched their children tighter to them.

The boys said "Gayandy," and their eyes extended with fear. "Gayandy" meant borah devil too, but the women must not even use the same word as the boys and men to express the borah spirit, for all concerning the mysteries of borah are sacred from the ears, eyes, or tongues of women.

The next day a shift was made of the camps. They were moved to inside the big ring that the black fellows had made. This move was attended with a certain amount of ceremony. In the afternoon, before the move had taken place, all the black fellows left their camps and went away into the scrub. Then just about sundown they were all to be seen walking in single file out of the scrub, along the path which they had previously banked on each side. Every man had a fire stick in one hand and a green switch in the other. When these men reached the middle of the enclosed ring was the time for the young people and women to leave the old camps, and move into the borah ring.

Inside this ring they made their camps, had their suppers and corroboreed, as on previous evenings, up to a certain stage. Before, on this occasion, that stage arrived, Byamee, who was greatest of the Wirreenun present, had shown his power in a remarkable way. For some days the Mahthi had been behaving with a great want of respect for the wise men of the tribes. Instead of treating

their sayings and doings with the silent awe the Wirreenun expect, they had kept up an incessant chatter and laughter amongst themselves, playing and shouting as if the tribes were not contemplating the solemnization of their most sacred rites. Frequently the Wirreenun sternly bade them be silent. But admonitions were useless, gaily chattered and laughed the Mahthi.

At length Byamee, mightiest and most famous of the Wirreenun, rose, strode over to the camp of Mahthi, and said fiercely to them, "I, Byamee, whom all the tribes hold in honor, have thrice bade you Mahthi cease your chatter and laughter. But you heeded me not. To my voice were added the voices of the Wirreenun of other tribes. But you heeded not. Think you the Wirreenun will make any of your tribe young men when you heed not their words? No, I tell you. From this day forth no Mahthi shall speak again as men speak. You wish to make noise, to be a noisy tribe and a disturber of men; a tribe who cannot keep quiet when strangers are in the camp; a tribe who understand not sacred things. So be it. You shall, and your descendants, for ever make a noise, but it shall not be the noise of speech, or the noise of laughter. It shall be the noise of barking and the noise of howling. And from this day if ever a Mahthi speaks, woe to those who hear him, for even as they hear shall they be turned to stone."

And as the Mahthi opened their mouths, and tried to laugh and speak derisive words, they found, even as Byamee said, so were they. They could but bark and howl; the powers of speech and laughter had they lost. And as they realized their loss, into their eyes came a look of yearning and dumb entreaty which will be seen in the eyes of their descendants forever. A feeling of wonder and awe fell on the various camps as they watched Byamee march back to his tribe.

When Byamee was seated again in his camp, he asked the women why they were not grinding doonburr.

And the women said, "Gone are our dayoorls [stone for grinding grass seed], and we know not where."

"You lie," said Byamee.

"You have lent them to the Dummerh, who came so often to borrow, though I bade you not lend."

"No, Byamee, we lent them not."

"Go to the camp of the Dummerh, and ask for your dayoorl."

The women, with the fear of the fate of the Mahthi did they disobey, went, though well they knew they had not lent the dayoorl. As they went they asked at each camp if the tribe there would lend them a dayoorl, but at each camp they were given the same answer, namely, that the dayoorls were gone and none knew where. The Dummerh had asked to borrow them, and in each instance been refused, yet had the stones gone.

As the women went on they heard a strange noise, as of the cry of spirits, a sound like a smothered "Oom, oom, oom, oom." The cry sounded high in the air through the tops of trees, then low on the ground through the grasses, until it seemed as if the spirits were everywhere.

The women clutched tighter their fire sticks, and said, "Let us go back. The Wondah [ghosts, spirits] are about." And swiftly they sped towards their camp, hearing ever in the air the "Oom, oom, oom" of the spirits.

They told Byamee that all the tribes had lost their dayoorls, and that the spirits were about, and even as they spoke came the sound of "Oom, oom, oom, oom," at the back of their own camp.

The women crouched together, but Byamee flashed a fire stick whence came the sound, and as the light flashed on the place he saw no one, but stranger than all, he saw two dayoorls moving along, and yet could see no one moving them, and as the dayoorls moved swiftly away, louder and louder rose the sound of "Oom, oom, oom, oom," until the air seemed full of invisible spirits. Then Byamee knew that indeed the Wondah were about, and he too clutched his fire stick and went back into his camp.

In the morning it was seen that not only were all the dayoorls gone, but the camp of the Dummerh was empty and they too had gone. When no one would lend the Dummerh dayoorls, they had said, "Then we can grind no doonburr [grass seed] unless the Wondah bring us stones."

And scarcely were the words said before they saw a dayoorl moving towards them. At first they thought it was their own skill which enabled them only to express a wish to have it realized. But as dayoorl after dayoorl glided into their camp, and, passing through there, moved on, and as they moved was the sound of "Oom, oom, oom, oom," to be heard everywhere they knew it was the Wondah at work. And it was borne in upon them that where the dayoorl went they must go, or they would anger the spirits who had brought them through their camp.

They gathered up their belongings and followed in the track of the dayoorls, which had cut a pathway from Googoorewon to Girrahween, down which in high floods is now a water-course. From Girrahween, on the dayoorls went to Dirangibirrah, and after them the Dummerh. Dirangibirrah is between Brewarrina and Widda Murtee, and there the dayoorls piled themselves up into a mountain, and there for the future had the blacks to go when they wanted good dayoorls. And the Dummerh were changed into pigeons, with a cry like the spirits of "Oom, oom, oom."

Another strange thing happened at this big borah. A tribe, called Ooboan, were camped at some distance from the other tribes. When any stranger went to their camp, it was noticed that the chief of the Ooboan would come out and flash a light on him, which killed him instantly. And no one knew what this light was, that carried death in its gleam. At last, Wähn the crow, said, "I will take my biggest booreen [boomerang] and go and see what this means. You others, do not follow me too closely, for though I have planned how to save myself from the deadly gleam, I might not be able to save you."

Wähn walked into the camp of the Ooboan, and as their chief turned to flash the light on him, he put up his booreen and completely shaded himself

from it, and called aloud in a deep voice, "Wäh, wäh, wäh, wäh" which so startled Ooboan that he dropped his light, and said, "What is the matter? You startled me. I did not know who you were and might have hurt you, though I had no wish to, for the Wähn are my friends."

"I cannot stop now," said the Wähn, "I must go back to my camp. I have forgotten something I wanted to show you. I'll be back soon." And so saying, swiftly ran Wähn back to where he had left his boondee [war club], then back he came almost before Ooboan realized that he had gone. Back he came, and stealing up behind Ooboan dealt him a blow with his boondee that avenged amply the victims of the deadly light, by stretching the chief of the Ooboan a corpse on the ground at his feet. Then crying triumphantly, "Wäh, wäh, wäh," back to his camp went Wähn and told what he had done.

This night, when the Borah corroboree began, all the women relations of the boys to be made young men, corroboreed all night. Towards the end of the night all the young women were ordered into bough humpies, which had been previously made all round the edge of the embankment surrounding the ring. The old women stayed on.

The men who were to have charge of the boys to be made young men, were told now to be ready to seize hold each of his special charge, to carry him off down the beaten track to the scrub. When every man had, at a signal, taken his charge on his shoulder, they all started dancing round the ring. Then the old women were told to come and say good-bye to the boys, after which they were ordered to join the young women in the humpies [temporary shelters, usually made of branches]. About five men watched them into the humpies, then pulled the boughs down on the top of them that they might see nothing further.

When the women were safely imprisoned beneath the boughs, the men carrying the boys swiftly disappeared down the track into the scrub. When they were out of sight the five black fellows came and pulled the boughs away and released the women, who went now to their camps. But however curious these women were as to what rites attended the boys' initiation into manhood, they knew no questions would elicit any information. In some months' time they might see their boys return minus, perhaps, a front tooth, and with some extra scarifications on their bodies, but beyond that, and a knowledge of the fact that they had not been allowed to look on the face of woman since their disappearance into the scrub, they were never enlightened.

The next day the tribes made ready to travel to the place of the little borah, which would be held in about four days' time, at about ten or twelve miles distance from the scene of the big borah.

At the place of the little borah a ring of grass is made instead of one of earth. The tribes all travel together there, camp, and have a corroboree. The young women are sent to bed early, and the old women stay until the time when the boys bade farewell to them at the big borah, at which hour the boys are brought into the little borah and allowed to say a last good-bye to the old

women. Then they are taken away by the men who have charge of them together. They stay together for a short time, then probably separate, each man with his one boy going in a different direction. The man keeps strict charge of the boy for at least six months, during which time he may not even look at his own mother. At the end of about six months he may come back to his tribe, but the effect of his isolation is that he is too wild and frightened to speak even to his mother, from whom he runs away if she approaches him, until by degrees the strangeness wears off.

But at this borah of Byamee the tribes were not destined to meet the boys at the little borah. Just as they were gathering up their goods for a start, into the camp staggered Millindooloonubbah, the widow, crying, "You all left me, widow that I was, with my large family of children, to travel alone. How could the little feet of my children keep up to you? Can my back bear more than one goolay [carrier]? Have I more than two arms and one back? Then how could I come swiftly with so many children? Yet none of you stayed to help me. And as you went from each water hole you drank all the water. When, tired and thirsty, I reached a water hole and my children cried for a drink, what did I find to give them? Mud, only mud. Then thirsty and worn, my children crying and their mother helpless to comfort them; on we came to the next hole. What did we see, as we strained our eyes to find water? Mud, only mud. As we reached hole after hole and found only mud, one by one my children laid down and died; died for want of a drink, which Millindooloonubbah their mother could not give them."

As she spoke, swiftly went a woman to her with a wirree [small curved piece of bark used as a dipper] of water. "Too late, too late," she said. "Why should a mother live when her children are dead?" And she lay back with a groan. But as she felt the water cool her parched lips and soften her swollen tongue, she made a final effort, rose to her feet, and waving her hands round the camps of the tribes, cried aloud, "You were in such haste to get here. You shall stay here. Googoolguyyah. Googoolguyyah. Turn into trees. Turn into trees."

Then back she fell, dead. And as she fell, the tribes that were standing round the edge of the ring, preparatory to gathering their goods and going, and that her hand pointed to as it waved round, turned into trees. There they now stand. The tribes in the background were changed each according to the name they were known by, into that bird or beast of the same name. The barking Mahthi into dogs; the Byahmul into black swans: the Wähns into crows, and so on. And there at the place of the big borah, you can see the trees standing tall and gaunt, sad-looking in their somber hues, waving with a sad wailing their branches towards the lake which covers now the place where the borah was held. And it bears the name of Googoorewon, the place of trees, and round the edge of it is still to be seen the remains of the borah ring of earth. And it is known as a great place of meeting for the birds that bear the names of the tribes of old. The Byahmuls sail proudly about; the pelicans, their water rivals in point

of size and beauty; the ducks, and many others too numerous to mention. The Ooboön, or blue-tongued lizards, glide in and out through the grass. Now and then is heard the “Oom, oom, oom,” of the dummerh, and occasionally a cry from the bird Millindooloonubbah of “Googoolguyyah, googoolguyyah.” And in answer comes the wailing of the gloomy-looking balah trees, and then a rustling shirr through the bibbil branches, until at last every tree gives forth its voice and makes sad the margin of the lake with echoes of the past.

But the men and boys who were at the place of the little borah escaped the metamorphosis. They waited long for the arrival of the tribes who never came.

At last Byamee said, “Surely mighty enemies have slain our friends, and not one escapes to tell us of their fate. Even now these enemies may be upon our track; let us go into a far country.”

And swiftly they went to Noondoo. Hurrying along with them, a dog of Byamee’s, which would fain have lain by the roadside rather than have traveled so swiftly, but Byamee would not leave her and hurried her on. When they reached the springs of Noondoo, the dog sneaked away into a thick scrub, and there were born her litter of pups. But such pups as surely man never looked at before. The bodies of dogs, and the heads of pigs, and the fierceness and strength of devils. And gone is the life of a man who meets in a scrub of Noondoo an earmoonän, for surely will it slay him. Not even did Byamee ever dare to go near the breed of his old dog. And Byamee, the mighty Wirreenun, lives for ever. But no man must look upon his face, lest surely will he die. So alone in a thick scrub, on one of the Noondoo ridges, lives this old man, Byamee, the mightiest of Wirreenun.

KADIWONKURU: A LEGEND OF THE YAUROKYA

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Howitt, Mary E. B., and Otto Siebert. “Some Native Legends from Central Australia.” *Folklore* 13 (1902): 409–411.

Date: ca. 1902

Original Source: Australia

National Origin: Australia

The Mura-mura’s name Kadiwonkuru comes from kadiwaru (lizard). He was later given the name Makatakaba (fire) after he burned up the Wonkanguru and Ngarabana in their camps. Paua is food made from the seed of various plants. Nardoo is an aquatic fern of inland Australia. The wolkadra is an amulet (most commonly identified as a churinga) that may be concealed in the armpit to hide it from the uninitiated. Both the Kutchi and the Worana are malevolent beings from Central Australian folklore.

The wife of an almost blind Mura-mura named Makatakaba, who lived at Wityigurawimpa, went with her two daughters to collect nardoo for food. The two girls played about while their mother worked busily; and when she had gathered a quantity she dug a hole in the ground, poured the seeds in, and stirring them up let the wind blow the husks away. To prevent the good seed from being blown away she built up a breakwind of boughs.

Next morning the three went out again for seed. The mother was busy as before collecting it, and the children played about, when they suddenly saw a great fire, of which they told their father when they returned to camp. When he heard of it he stood up, and lifting a child to each of his shoulders, asked them to point out the direction in which they had seen the fire. He said to the elder, "Can you see the fire?" and she answered, "Yes, father, I can see it quite plainly."

Then the old Mura-mura opened his eyes, and he who had been quite blind until then could see the smoke of the fire lying on the horizon like a great rain cloud. His wife made him some paua from the nardoo, which he ate, and then lay down to sleep.

In the early morning he took a fire-stick, threw his bag over his shoulder, got ready to start, and said to his children, "I have a long journey before me, but you must not trouble about that"; and to his wife he said, "Take care of the children, so that no one may do them any harm." Then he stood up with his bag over his shoulder, a fire-stick on one arm and a small boomerang in his hand. With his first step he began to sing his wapaia and to travel singing into distant parts.

His wapaia song [song of travel] commenced thus, "Dama-inda ngurpa, dama-inda ngurpalina," which means "leaving those belonging to me, I am going forth into the far-away"; and as he traveled along he put all that he saw—birds, snakes, kangaroo tracks, trees, bushes, and whatever else he came across—into his song.

After traveling for a month he came to a great sandhill, from the top of which he saw a vast water. He went down the hill and waded into the water, seeing his own image reflected in it. He came back to land by a narrow passage which was being covered by the waters driven by a fierce wind. Then he climbed the highest hill near, and saw from it a great fire surrounding him. He sought to find out who had lighted the fire, but could see no traces of men, and thought it must have sprung up of itself. Even now, men say, this fire is always in that part, which is called the Wiluma country, and the people in it are the Yerowiraye, or "fire-people." Having gathered some hot coals from the fire, the Mura-mura went on his wanderings to the south, making his song, which is sung by the Urabunna.

While he was traveling thus, his wife and daughters were out one day gathering nardoo, and the mother was mending the *katu* or breakwind, to make it stronger before winnowing the seed, when one of her children came to her, and

said, “See, mother, the great whirlwind coming up. Quick! Make the katu strong, so that the wind cannot blow it away.” So the mother used all her strength to make the katu fast, and when the whirlwind struck it they all three covered behind it for shelter. But the wind blew stronger and stronger till at last it carried off the youngest girl. Then the other child was carried off, and finally the mother was lifted up by the furious blast.

Each night as the whirlwind swept along, carrying the woman and her two children, it rested, and wherever it did so a water hole was formed, not in a channel or hollow, but on the open dry tableland. Each morning it carried them further and further till it buried them at last in the distant northern sands.

The Mura-mura Makatakaba traveled all the time towards the south carrying the hot coals which he had got in the Wiluma country and in time reached the Macumba country, where he came to a camp of people who were rubbing up and eating puaa from the seeds of one of the gum trees. He was hungry and asked for some of the food, but they took no notice and laughed at him because he was nearly bald, with a long lock of hair hanging down behind, and had a small pointed beard. They also ordered him roughly away, and took no notice of his threats, when he said, “Do you think I have no *wolkadra* in my armpits?”

But they only shouted at him, “Yidni kutchi, yidni worana.” Which means, “Are you a Kutchi? Are you a Worana?” And they took up spears to throw at him.

The Mura-mura went sadly away with his finger on his lip, thinking of revenge. He did not go far away, but took a couple of coals out of his bag and set fire to the grass, saying to the flames, “Spread with great quickness.” He put out the fire with his hands and went near to the camp again. There he took out more coals and again set the grass on fire, and in a moment he was standing in the midst of the flames. The people in the camp tried to escape, but the quickly spreading fire burnt them all up.

The old Mura-mura went on from camp to camp, but the people were all unfriendly to him and made fun of his bald head, so he avenged himself by burning them up.

THE YURI-ULU

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Howitt, A. W., and Otto Siebert. “Legends of the Dieri and Kindred Tribes of Central Australia.” *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* 34 (1904): 110–112.

Date: ca. 1900

Original Source: Aboriginal Australian

National Origin: Australia

The following **legend** focuses on the boy's initiation ceremony among the Dieri. Beyond the supernatural restoration of sight that opens the narrative, an unusual feature of this legend is that the fathers-in-law are bound to each other in a kinship relationship labeled *kami-mara*. Normally among the Dieri, from whom the tale was collected, it is the mothers-in-law who must be *kami-mara* for the proper obligations to be fulfilled. The *pirha* (bowl) in this context is used not as a container, but as a drum for the initiation ceremony.

An old blind widower lived at Mararu, with his two sons the Yuri-ulu who from their early youth had to provide him with food. As they became older they went further afield hunting, and delighted to kill young birds with the boomerang, and when they returned at evening to their camp, to cook them for their father.

One evening on returning, they observed that an old man had come to the camp, and had seated himself close to them. They informed their father and he told them to call the stranger. They did so, but received no answer, and even when they went to him and invited him to come to their father, he still remained silent. Not troubling themselves more about him, they ate their food, and darkness having come on, they lay down and slept. In the early morning the boys went out hunting. Then the stranger, after having warmed his hands at the fire to strengthen himself, seized the blind man, wrestled with him, struggled with him, struck him on the face, and scratched his face till the blood came. Then with a piece of wood he scraped the blood off. By the struggling and the scratching the dimness of the old man's eyes had been removed, so that he could see better than before. As the stranger had done to him, so he now did to the stranger, struck him and scratched him until the blood came, which he wiped off and then recognized the stranger as his *kami* [cousin through his mother's lineage].

After they had recognized each other as *kami-mara* [that is, maternal relatives] they sat down together, and the stranger told him that he had come to consult with him as to the circumcision of his sons. The two, having decided that the boys should be circumcised, commenced their preparations. Stone axes were sharpened, *kandri* melted, *ngulyi* [eucalyptus gum] collected, and the axes fastened afresh to their hafts with them. The boys were sent out early next morning to hunt, and to be out of the way, while the old men were at work, so as not to see what they were doing. These went to a place where there was a great *pirha*, that is, a great tree [that was suitable for making a *pirha*, a bowl], which they cut down, separated a piece of the stem, and having removed the bark, hollowed it out to make a great *pirha*. Then they placed it in hot moist earth to soften, and kept its sides apart by pieces of wood till it became cool.

The following morning they ornamented it with longitudinal markings and laying it on its back, the stranger struck it with his open hand. Listening, but hearing no reply, he struck it again but harder, and there was an echo, which they thought was a reply by the women at a distance.

Early on the following morning while the boys were still asleep, the stranger started homewards to Minka-kadi, to call together the people for the ceremony, at which the boys were to be circumcised. After a time he returned with them, bringing with him his two daughters, who, as he and his kami had agreed, should be the wives of the two boys.

Then while the boys were out hunting, there was held a meeting of the old men, at which they consulted as to the manner of conducting the ceremony. Towards evening, as the boys returned, a number of men were lying in wait for them, and two who were uncles to them, sprang forward and laid their hands on the boy's mouths, as a sign that they should not henceforth speak to any but themselves. Then they took them apart to a place where they built a breakwind (katu), and taught them the pirha song. Early the next day the women and children and the two boys were sent to a distance to hunt, so that the men might hold a council undisturbed. They collected the tulas [small stone chisel used for circumcision] and selected the good from the bad. Then they decided what presents the boys should give to the woningaperi [men who perform circumcision].

In the evening, when everyone had collected on the ceremonial ground, the Yuri-ulu returned. As they approached, a few of the men joined them, then more, until by the time they had reached the ground, they were surrounded by a great crowd, not counting the women and the children. The Yuri-ulu were then taken behind their katu to be decorated with emu and cockatoo feathers. When this was done the boys were openly led to the ground, across which they marched, and each one standing on a pirha which rested on two spears, grasped the kalti [spear-like pole used in the circumcision ceremony] as high up as possible, being supported by his kami. Thus they remained for some time. The ngandri (mothers) were sitting in a row which extended from their katu to the kalti, having on each side the katus of one-half of the ngaperi (fathers). One after the other the mothers, who were seated, rose and went to each of the boys and with her open hands stroked him about the navel. When the last one had returned to her place, each boy was carried to his katu, on the back of one of his kami, where his ornaments were taken from him and carried to his father, to be given to those who performed the rite of circumcision on him. Then the muffled sound of the pirha being struck was heard, and shortly after the sisters of the Yuri-ulu came forward, and commenced their dance in parties of four each, one of the elder and one of the younger. At the end of this the men carried each other about on their backs.

About midnight the women were driven away from the ground to their main camp, the ngandri only remaining behind, at a little distance, forming a

connection between the men at the ground and the women at the camp, but also keeping the latter quiet, and seeing that none of them watched the ceremony with impertinent curiosity. In order to keep the women, and especially the ngandri, informed as to the beginning of the ceremony, the great pirha was struck several times, and replied to by the ngandri striking on their stomachs with the open hand.

The boys were now taken to the camp of the ngaperi and there carefully watched by their uncles, so that they should not sleep, being shaken up into wakefulness when they dozed off. Then the woningaperi and the taru [father-in-law] came up to them decked with feathers, and three neyi [lineage “brothers”] of each boy placed themselves together so that the boys could be laid on their backs and there circumcised by his taru. This being done their woningaperi, the uncles and especially the taru, were placed before them, and the latter gave to each a bundle of the hair of one of his daughters, as a sign that she should be his promised wife. Then the boys were taken back to their katu.

A CANNIBAL STORY

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Dunlop, W., and T. V. Holmes. “Australian Folklore Stories” *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* 28 (1899): 29–32.

Date: ca. 1850

Original Source: Aboriginal Australian

National Origin: Australia

The two brothers of the following narrative assume one of the common roles of **culture hero**, that of cleansing the environment of monsters to make the world safe for humans. The cleansing of the world by a pair of brothers is a widely distributed **motif**. See, for example, “Origin of Acoma” (Volume 4, page 3) and “The Two Boys Who Slew the Monsters and Became Stars” (Volume 4, page 148). The fact that the snake is given its present form by the brothers demonstrates that the events are set in a time preceding the current order of the universe. This marks the tale as a **myth**.

“**F**ather, you must allow my brothers and myself to go and look after these people, there is another gone, we have not one left. No sooner do any of them go out to look for meat for the camp than we lose them, none of them return. This is the last, and the women declare that they do not know where they are gone. Indeed it cannot be that they are wearied of

serving you, my dear father, and have willingly left you, for if that were the case their *lubras* [women] would have gone with them. I fear there is something wrong. Let us go, and in three months we shall come back to my mother and you. I am very sorry to leave you, but you are strong and can catch plenty of opossums and flying squirrels and the bandicoots that my mother is so fond of. My sisters also will do all they can for you, so I am not afraid of your wanting." Thus spoke the son of Burrburram, a great and powerful old man in his camp.

He was ready to hunt or fish or to form spears from the straight trunk of the blue gum, which for this purpose they cut with patient care with their stone hatchets, and then split into thin strips, which are hardened by the help of fire and polished. He was ready to prepare the soft-furred skins of the opossum for rugs, or to smooth the hard flint into heads for these finely polished spears. He was ready to build the earthen hut, or *my-my*, to form cups and pails from the excrescences which grow on the red gum in which to carry water and from which to drink the simple mixtures of gum and the sweet honey from the honeysuckle tree. These and many other services had been performed by Burrburram's attendants with pleased zeal. But now they were all gone and the camp that used to be the scene of mirth was now silent, or only lamentation was heard for those who were so strangely absent.

For some time the father would not consent to the proposal of his son; he feared that he also and his brother would go, to return no more. The affectionate old man, trusting that his beloved sons would be able to overcome all who might attempt to injure them, at last reluctantly consented that they should leave him to search for his servants, each one of whom he felt for as a friend as well as a dependant.

Burrburram gave the young men much advice and many directions, and after two days spent in preparing a large bunch of spears, a stone tomahawk, an opossum rug each, and other supplies, they set out on their mysterious search. They walked across the mountain now called Mount William. About the second day they saw a wide plain stretching below them. To this they descended and continued their journey over it until they thought there must be no end to it. Day after day they walked on, now through thick bush, now over stony places, on which were hollows round and basin-like, from which had at some former period been thrown the stones that now covered the plain. These hollows were generally filled with pure water and afforded drink to the wanderers.

At last, near one of the largest and deepest of these pools, they saw what appeared to be a *my-my* [hut], but it was so large they thought it must be a natural mound. Towards it, however, they directed their course, and after a little time saw a man walking towards them. He seemed very old but was big and strong looking, with a strangely wicked fierce countenance. He carried a large log on his back, and as soon as he came near he threw this on the ground and called to the young men to come and help him. He had got a fine bandicoot in

the log, and his hand was so large he could not put it into the hole he showed them, to pull out the animal.

“Make haste, and pull it out,” said he, again, in his most persuasive manner, “and we will go to my camp there and have it roasted; make haste, I am very hungry, and I know it is a fine fat one” and he eyed the young men with a strange, eager, malignant glance.

They gazed at him intensely, and then the elder said to him, “I know that you are a murderer, put your own hand in.”

He replied, “I cannot, it will not go in, or I would not have waited for you. Oh, put your hand in and let me get my supper, I have not had a roast for a week and I am very hungry.” But his wicked expression growing every moment fiercer convinced the brothers that he had some plan of injuring them.

They answered, “It is you who have killed our dear friends, you old wretch, and you shall put in your own hand; put it in instantly or this spear shall save you from all future murder.”

“I cannot, I cannot,” he rejoined.

“Well, if you cannot,” said they, “put in this stick, and drive out the Bandicoot.”

“I will do so,” he answered, “since you are determined,” and the old man put in the little piece of stick and out came a snake. Unlike our snakes now, at each end it had a head, and with each mouth it hissed.

But one of the young men, strong and good, fixed his eyes upon it and said, “You wretched assistant of this wicked murderer, you shall never have so much power again. You shall have only one head, and one little stroke shall be enough to kill you.”

One of its heads instantly changed, and the snake appeared as we now see them, but it seemed to feel shame at its altered form, and harmlessly glided away into the long grass. The old man lost all courage when he saw what a powerful foe he had provoked, yet he tried all his cunning. “I have two beautiful young girls in the my-my, come with me and be my friends, I will treat you well and make you happy.”

But they spurned his deceitful offer and put an end to his wicked life. They then went to the large hut they had seen, where they found young and beautiful girls, who eagerly thanked them for killing their persecutor, and led them into a room larger than any one they had ever seen or heard of, and there they saw heaps of human bones piled up at the sides and corners as if thrown there after being picked bare, and many heads of the poor people who had been roasted and eaten by the old man.

They strove to find out from the girls whether any of their father’s missing servants had been brought to the my-my, but the girls said they did not know, they were too frightened to look at them, they could not tell.

Therefore, the young men left the girls to go back to the parents from whom they had been taken, and again set out on their weary way. At last they rejoiced

to see the sun shining upon a large lake surrounded by tall trees and bushes. But on one side they saw a high thick tree, under its shade they longed to rest and to slake their thirst from the bright water. Towards it they went, and when they came near it they heard a soft and inviting voice telling them to come up into the tree, that it was cool and pleasant, and that there was a soft bed of rushes to rest upon after their walk.

They looked, and saw a woman lying on the tree, handsome and pleasing, though rather too fat. They looked on the water of the lake, which was deep up to the foot of the tree, and felt almost stifled by the dreadful smell of decayed animal remains. There they beheld many bodies of men who had been drowned in the lake. For a moment they stood in horror, then the youngest brother prepared to mount the tree. The elder one besought him to allow him to go up, or else to leave this female murderer and come away home; but all their missing servants lay amongst the drowned, and revenge must be taken for their murder.

So he climbed the tree, his young face hardening with rage, and his rich black curls looking so beautiful that even the wicked woman wished she could think of saving him. When he got up, just as he was placing his foot on the highest branch, the woman, who till now had lain looking as kind and still as she could, raised one foot, and with a rapid motion attempted to throw him down. But he had carefully watched her, and leant so as to let her foot pass over his body without touching him, at the same time seizing her before she was aware of his intention, he threw her into the lake, where she perished among the festering bodies of those she had slain.

He then descended, and they sadly turned their steps homewards, so depressed and overcome by the scenes they had witnessed, and by the death of their beloved friends (some young like themselves, and the play-fellows of their boyhood, and some old men who had assisted their father in teaching them all they knew), that they walked on the whole of the rest of that day and stretched themselves.

At night they lay below a tree, without remembering that they had neither eaten nor tasted water since the morning of the day before. Next morning they pursued their way; they caught a flying squirrel but they could not find any water.

At the end of the third day, they came to the foot of a hill, and there they saw a beautiful spring gushing out of the rock. Of this they drank eagerly, and then looking up they gladly saw their own beloved Mount William. Strengthened by the hope of soon reaching home, they climbed the hill, but how should they make known the dreadful tale they had to tell? It must be done, and as they gained sight of the smoke from their father's camp, they hastened to get over the fearful task. But how can any one tell the grief or describe the heart-rending cries that followed? For many days and nights the whole camp was filled with the howlings of despair, and all faces were covered over with white clay, to show the depth of their sorrow.

Melanesia

SOLOMON ISLANDS

LATA AND SINOTA

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: O'Ferrall, W. "Native Stories from Santa Cruz and Reef Islands." *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* 34 (1904): 227–228.

Date: ca. 1904

Original Source: Santa Cruz and Reef Islands

National Origin: Solomon Islands

The Reef Islands are a cluster of small western Pacific islands in the Solomon Island archipelago east of Papua New Guinea in the nation of Melanesia. The exploits of Lata are not limited to the Solomons, however, but are widely spread throughout Oceania. In Hawai'i, for example, he is known as the hero Laka. In the following narrative, he is elevated to the status of god and creator; he also manifests characteristics of a **trickster** to accompany his supernatural power. The following tale seems to have been related by a Christian convert, hence the reference to "heathens" praying to Lata.

This Lata was he who created this world and the things in it. He was very wise. The heathen pray to him, and offer to him pigs, and pray also to him for every fruit-bearing tree that it may bear fruit.

Now Lata and Sinota had a dispute about a canoe. Sinota went into the bush to chop a canoe, but he could not find a good tree for it, and when he had sought in vain, he took an axe and chopped Lata's canoe, and in the morning Lata's canoe lay on the ground and was chopped in pieces.

When Lata saw it he thought, "What has done this?" Then he sat down and sang a song; and he looked again and saw that his canoe was chopped with an axe, and that someone had chopped it, and when he had finished his song, the canoe came together again as if no one had chopped it.

Then Sinota took his axe again, and went to seek Lata's canoe, that he might destroy it utterly, but when he came to the place it was standing upright again as though no one had chopped it. Then he began to chop it again, and as he was chopping a chip sprang up and fell into his bag, and when he went back to the village the chip still remained in his bag.

In the morning Lata arose and went again to the place, and he saw that the canoe was chopped again, and he sat down and sang a song again, and as he sang the canoe desired to come together again but could not because the chip was not there, but in Sinota's bag.

And while he sang Sinota heard the chip in his bag jumping about; then he arose quickly and took his bag and axe and ran to Lata, and Lata said to him, "It was you who chopped the canoe."

He replied, "Yes, it was I; why do you question me thus? It was not your canoe." And Sinota said, "Yes, it was mine."

And they two began to quarrel about it, and Lata said to him, "Very well, you say it was yours, speak as I do." And Sinota tried, but was not able. Then Lata took his axe and chopped another canoe in the bush, and they brought food, a great quantity, to feed the people, that they might draw it down to the sea.

And on the day appointed, the food for the people was ready, and they assembled together in the place where the canoe was, and they said that he had made the canoe heavy, for they fastened two ropes to it, very strong ones, to draw it down to the sea, but they were not able. Then Lata said to them, "It is all one, don't bother; it shall stay here, and you go back to the village."

Then Lata sat down and began to sing a song, and the canoe began to move of its own accord down to the village. But Sinota did not do this; he made ready food for the people, and they came and tied his canoe to two great ropes, and they drew his canoe into the village, and the people said he had no *malete* [supernatural power].

Then they two made ready their canoes, and took them down to the sea, for Lata had deceived Sinota about the tying it together.

Lata showed him the plant which we use for mats and said to him, "You use this," and Sinota thought Lata spoke the truth. And Lata tied his canoe with coconut fiber, but over it he put the other fiber, so Sinota thought that Lata had tied his canoe with mat fiber; he did not know of the coconut fiber beneath. Then when Lata reached the island, his food was finished in the canoe, all but one chestnut and it brought forth fruit. Then Lata threw out a rope, and a mouse followed the rope and brought a bag, and he drew in the bag, and water sprang out from the bag. So he reached the island.

WARUNGARCE

Tradition Bearer: Bo

Source: Fox, C. E., and F. H. Drew. “Beliefs and Tales of San Cristoval (Solomon Islands).” *The Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* 45 (1915): 180–182.

Date: ca. 1915

Original Source: San Cristoval

National Origin: Solomon Islands

San Cristoval is located in the Solomons near the more famous island of Guadalcanal. The malignant spirit of the following narrative is locally called an ataro hasimou. Having straight hair and a lighter complexion, these spirits are said to be physically different from the Melanesians of the Solomon Islands. Their appearances are often associated with rain-storms, rainbows, or sunshowers (as in the following tale). Ancestral ghosts, on the other hand, are benevolent and can be called on to combat the ataros. “Warungarce” pits a shape-shifting ataro against such a ghost or family guardian spirit who has assumed the guise of a turtle.

Two people were married; the name of the man was Bworouharimamu and the name of his wife was Saumamaruitaaru. They lived in their village by the shore. When Saumamaruitaaru was about to bear a child, they went for a walk along the sand, and they saw a large fruit of the *uri* (*Spondias dulcis*), which the current had carried out from the neighboring river and the sea had washed up on the beach; and they took it and asked one another whence it could have come. So they carried down their canoe, launched it through the surf, and paddled along the coast till they came to the mouth of the river, which they turned.

Bworouharimamu told his wife Saumamaruitaaru to cover up carefully her body and said to her, “When we land we will go to this side of the *uri*, the side nearest us, and don’t you go in to the farther side; and when there is a sunshower we must hurry into our canoe.” So they went along gathering the fruit, but the woman wandered away to the farther side of the tree under an overhanging branch. Then the woodland spirit became changed again and came down from the tree, and then there was a sunshower [rain falls while the sun is shining], and the spirit took the form of the woman. The name of the spirit (ataro) was Warungarae.

Then the spirit said to the man, “Come, jump quickly into the canoe with me or Warungarae will see us and devour us.” So they embarked, Warungarae first and then Bworouharimamu, who took the steering paddle, and they paddled

away down the river. And now Saumamaruitaaru came back from the farther side of the tree and saw her husband and the spirit paddling away and already some distance off.

She began shouting and calling out to her husband, "Here am I, here am I, it's I myself, but that is the evil spirit you are carrying off with you in your canoe."

But the spirit said to him, "Ah! What a clever deceiver, that is the evil spirit himself all the time; paddle hard or he will devour us both." It was all in vain that his wife shouted herself hoarse on the bank, for neither of them paid any further attention to her, but paddled on along the edge of the harbor till they were lost to sight.

So she climbed up a tall *daro* tree, whose branches bent down over the water, and made her way along them. Then she untied the necklace of fish teeth which she wore round her neck and unstrung it. She took off one of the teeth and threw it down into the water, and all the fish of the sea rose up and came to her. "No," she said, "I can't go with any of you, for soon, perhaps, you will be pursuing your prey and will throw me off, without troubling about me; you will never think of me, you will be sure to lose me."

So then she threw down into the water another tooth from her necklace, and all the sharks rose up and came to her.

But she said to them, "No, I dare not trust myself to you, for presently, perhaps, you will be chasing some canoe, and you will throw me away, without troubling what becomes of me." And so with the next tooth, she spoke the same words as before. At length there was only one tooth left, the very last tooth of all, but she threw it down into the water and up rose the turtles, for it was a turtle's tooth.

Then she said, "Good, now I can jump down safely," for she called the turtle her ancestor. So she sprang down from the overhanging branch of the *daro* tree on to the back of the turtle, whose name was Hasihonueero, and there she crouched. The turtle dived down with her and took her right out to the open sea. Then she (the turtle) dived again, down and down, till the woman on her back felt as though she must die for lack of breath, but they came up safely again to the surface of the sea.

Then the turtle took a long breath, and leaving the woman at the surface, went down and down to the bottom and brought stones to make a place for the woman to walk about on. When she had brought four or five and saw that they nearly reached to the surface of the sea, she brought the woman there, but the water still reached to her throat. Then the turtle brought some more and piled them up on the island and they very nearly reached to the surface, the water now came to her armpits. She brought four or five more and the water came to her breast; four or five more and the water only came to her waist. So she stood there while the turtle went for a few more, till the water came to her knees and then only to her ankles. And at last, when the turtle had brought some more stones the place was dry, above the waves: it was an island.

The woman walked about on it, but as yet there were no trees on it, and said to herself, “Yes, it has indeed become an island, this work of my ancestor, but still there are no trees on it.” And then at the sound of her speaking, trees sprouted from the ground, and the grass and fruits good to eat—breadfruit and almonds, Barringtonia nuts and coconuts, food of all kinds, yams, both smooth and prickly, and taro.

Then the woman said to herself, “Yes, now indeed there are all sorts of food for me to eat, but still there is no fire,” whereupon the turtle who had befriended her, came to the shore of the island and said to her, “Choose out a flat piece of shell from my back and make with it a house for yourself, and as for that other thing you desire, rub on the shell till a spark comes.” And so she did, and there she lived.

At length she bore the child, whom she was expecting when she and her husband set out in their canoe, and she took him joyfully in her arms and brought him to the turtle to nurse, and said to her, “Grandmother, you must nurse my child for awhile.” So the turtle came and set him firmly on her back, and carried him off far out to sea.

WALUTAHANGA

Tradition Bearer: Walakalia

Source: Fox, C. E., and F. H. Drew. “Beliefs and Tales of San Cristoval (Solomon Islands).” *The Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* 45 (1915): 148–151.

Date: ca. 1915

Original Source: San Cristoval

National Origin: Solomon Islands

According to the supernatural traditions of San Cristoval, figona are spirits, some of which incarnate in the form of a serpent. The members of this particular class of figonas are the objects of veneration and sacrifice. The following **myth** details the origin of one of them, Walutahanga.

Her [Walutahanga] mother was a woman named Huapiaoru and her father’s name was Porokalihidani. Her father and mother lived at a place called Sikora near Langalanga on the west coast of Mwala. One day Huapiaoru conceived, and in due time her daughter was born, but it was a snake, and her mother was startled and afraid as she had only expected an ordinary child.

There was no one else present, however, and the snake said, “Don’t be afraid of me, mother, but take care of me and I shall do you nothing but good.”

So her mother took her and hid her under a pile of firewood by the wall. When the husband came home he said, "Well, wife, where is the child?"

"It is dead," she said. After a time she conceived again and bore a daughter. All this time her husband knew nothing about the snake which lay hid in the house. When he and his wife went to work in their garden she made him go first and she would remain and call out her snake daughter to take care of her little girl, the snake's sister. The snake coiled round her and made a cradle for her. Then the woman followed her husband to the garden and when he asked her, "What have you done, wife, with our little daughter?"

She would reply, "I left her with her grandmother." So when they went home again after their day's work she would go first, and when she got near the door she would rap loudly on the flat roots of a large tree, and the snake daughter would slip away and hide. But after a time her husband noticed that she always went out, last and came home first, and he felt sure she was concealing something, so when he went off down the path one day he did not go far, but slipped back through the bush and hid near the door. Presently, his wife came out, shut the door, and went off to the garden. The husband stood listening, and presently in the house he heard the sound of singing, and it was the snake singing to her sister the following, sleeping song:

Ro ruru ro, is ruro, osa ngaraugara,
No kaa too a aeku ni ura hai inio,
No kaa too nimanimaku huni akololoio;
Ro ruru ro, is ruro.

That is to say:

Ro ruru ro, is ruro, don't cry,
I have no feet to stand with you,
I have no arms to embrace you,
Ro ruru ro, is ruro.

The baby was just sinking into a soft sleep when the man came in and saw the coils of a snake round his daughter. "You are making my child cry," he called out, and chopped up the snake into eight pieces with his axe, and threw the pieces outside. Presently, Huapiaoru came home to see what had become of her husband, and there before the doorway lay scattered the eight pieces of her snake daughter. Her mother sat down and began to cry, but the severed head said to her, "Don't cry, mother, I must go away, for my father doesn't like me, and wishes to kill me; go and get me eight leaves of giant caladium" (a sacred leaf). Her mother went for the caladium leaves and the snake called to the sky that rain should rain upon the earth, and a great rain rained for eight days. On the eighth day, the severed pieces of the snake reunited, and she lay by the stream which the rain had brought down, ready to depart on her travels, but as yet she had no canoe.

After a time a banyan came floating down upon the waters, and Walutahanga climbed on to it, but it was too short. "This is not my canoe," said she. Presently another tree, an atare, came floating by, and the snake climbed upon it, but it was too short. "This, is not my canoe," said she. At last a third tree came down, a mute, and this was the right length. "This is my canoe," said she, and she floated away down the river and out to sea. First she went to Marapa, the ghost land (Macau Sound), and landed at Qaeralo. But when she had landed she looked back and saw her home. "I am still in sight of home," said she, "I must go farther." Where she landed there is a pirupiru, a sacred grove, to mark the spot. She went off again on the matte and this time she came to Boromoli close to Siota in Florida. Since that time there has been a pirupiru there, where she landed at Lumu. But she looked across the sea and saw her home. "I am still in sight of home," said she, "I must travel farther." So she set off again in her canoe and came to the farther side of Florida, where now there is a great cave up which a canoe may be paddled, but there was no cave there then. Here she encountered an octopus. "Where are you going, evil long body and crooked tooth?" said the octopus; "don't come near my canoe-house." She made no answer. "If you come any nearer," said the octopus, "I shall kill you."

"But I don't want to harm you or drive you away," said the snake. "I am a wanderer. I have no home." The octopus called out wicked words to her, and she became angry and rushed upon him. He backed suddenly in fear and broke a large rock behind him. She rushed at him again and he backed away from her, right into the cliff, breaking a passage into the solid rock, and that is why there is a cave there now. The snake followed him, till at last he squeezed into a cranny where she could not see him, and she passed him, and went on, up into the island. She went into the bush and found a cave in which to live, and here she stayed. No one knew of her arrival, till one day a party went fishing on the reef and one of them felt hungry. The cave where Walutahanga was living was in his garden. He said to the others, "Wait here for me and I will go and get some bananas." Now the bananas grew just at the mouth of the cave. So he went, and one bunch was ripe, just at the cave's mouth, but as he put out his hand to pluck it, the snake seized him, pulled him into the cave and devoured him. His companions waited some time, but as he did not return they supposed he had gone back to the village, so another of them went to the garden to get the bananas, and he too was devoured in the same manner, and so was the third. Then the people said to one another, "Something must be the matter. Let two go together." So two of them went; one stood a little way off and the other went to pluck the bananas. Out came the snake, seized him and pulled him into the cave. His friend who saw all that happened returned to the others and all of them hurried up to the village, where they and all the people armed themselves and set out for the cave, to kill the intruder. But though they went out valiantly very few came home again, for the snake pulled them down one by one and devoured them in the cave. So they began to look about for a charm, and one of

them remembered two famous man-eating dogs living at Langalanga in Mwala. Two of them took a canoe and paddled over to Langalanga. The owner of the dogs lived up in the bush, so they went to him, and there he sat at the door of his house with his two famous dogs, who barked with joy at the sight of men to eat, but were restrained by their owner. "What do you want?" said he. "We have come here," they replied, "to hire these dogs to destroy a terrible man-eating snake which has come to live in our country." So he said, "Very well, you shall have the dogs, but go first into the garden to get some taro, and I will send the dogs to show you the way, and tomorrow you can go home."

"All very fine," said they, "but the dogs will eat us."

"No," said he, "I will tell them not to." So the dogs ran before and they followed them and dug taro in the garden and came back again and slept there one night. Next day they set off for home again, taking the two dogs, who had been told what was wanted of them, and were howling with delight at the thought of fighting the snake. When they got near the shore, the dogs smelt the snake and nothing could hold them back. They jumped out of the canoe into the sea, swam ashore, and rushed off into the bush, straight to the cave. The younger said to the elder, "Do you go to the mouth of the cave and draw the snake out with your barking, and I will climb up above and jump down upon it when it comes out to seize you."

So they did. And when the snake heard the dog barking she came out, one fathom of her. But the dog called to his brother above, "Not yet, let her come out farther." So the snake came out farther, and when she had come out three fathoms, the dog above leapt down on her and bit her neck, and the other dog rushed in and helped, and the people who were all standing round with spears and axes rushed in also, and Walutahanga was cut to pieces, and stabbed in a hundred places till she was dead, eight pieces lying on the ground.

Then they divided the portions and gave one to a woman and child, and this was the head of the snake. Each man made a fire, and cooked his portion and ate it, and the woman and child made a fire to cook the head. But the smoke blew into their faces, and they began to sniff, and the tears stood in their eyes with the smoke. "Ah," said the head to the woman, "you two pity me, you two alone out of all these people; you shall not regret it; you may cook me, but don't eat me." So the woman and child cooked the head but did not eat it. Then the rest said, "Each of us must bring the bones of the portion he has eaten, and when all have been collected on a day we will take them far out to sea, and throw them into the water." So they did, but the head bones were absent. They asked the woman and child where they were, and they replied that they had cooked the head but had not eaten it; so the people took it from them and ate it. Then they chose a day, and all launched their canoes and carried the bones far out to sea and threw them overboard into the sea, where they sank to the bottom out of sight, and all the people cheered lustily. But they might not have done so had they seen the bones reuniting bone to bone at the bottom of

the sea. Then came eight showers of rain, and at the eighth the snake was whole again, and stretched herself at the bottom of the sea with a noise like thunder. “What is that strange noise?” said the people, and paddled home as fast as they could go. But still faster went the snake under the water, and as she went she made eight great waves, and the eighth overturned their canoes and drowned the people in them, and rolled over their village, destroying everything in it. Then Walutahanga bethought her of the woman and child, and went to seek them. She found them in the branches of a banyan, safe and sound. “Come down, friends,” said she, and made to grow for them coconuts, yams and taro, and made a stream to flow, and gave them pigs. “Now,” said she, “I have prepared all this for you, but I myself must go away, for I see clearly that the people of this land do not want me, and only wish to kill me.”

So she set off again and came back to Langalanga, but not to Sikora, her home. On that day a man was fishing with a net, and saw her coming in from the sea, a snake of terrible size. “Don’t be afraid of me,” said Walutahanga; “I, like you, am born of woman, receive me kindly and all will be well.”

“But,” said the man, “I am afraid of you, long evil body and crooked tooth.”

“If you will receive me,” said the snake, “your garden shall be fruitful, and you shall be successful in war.”

“But,” objected the man, “my canoe is much too small to hold you.”

“Let me but rest my head in it,” replied the snake, “and paddle ashore with me.” So he did. When they got ashore people began to come together, and the snake said to the man, “Go and build me a house to dwell in.”

“How am I to do that?” said he; “I shall take years to make one big enough.” However, she told him that all he had to do was to get eight leaves of cane and eight leaves of giant caladium, and with these he made her a house. So the snake lived there and helped him in all his undertakings, and has been worshipped ever since by the people.

KARAMUNAGAU

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Fox, C. E., and F. H. Drew. “Beliefs and Tales of San Cristoval (Solomon Islands).” *The Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* 45 (1915): 142–143.

Date: ca. 1915

Original Source: San Cristoval

National Origin: Solomon Islands

“Karamunagau,” like the **myth** that precedes it, explains the origin of one of the serpent *figonas* as well as the reasons for and the nature of

her sacrifices. The figona Karamunagau, however, proves to be considerably less benign than the serpent figona Walutahanga.

The serpent Karamunagau came at first from an island in the open sea to a village called Fafara, near Rumahui, on the north-west end of San Cristoval. Her head reached the shore and told them to make for her a house, tall and long. When the people had made the house the serpent landed and coiled herself within it. She told them to go and mark out a garden, but when they had done so she was not satisfied, as the garden was too small. They therefore marked, out another. This time she was pleased, and told them to cut down the trees. When the trees had been cut down and the fallen timber burnt, the garden was spaced out with lines of logs, and then a charm was uttered over the stakes up, which the yam vines would run, and another for the stone axes with which they were cut. Then the garden was planted with yams, which in due course sprouted, were staked up, grew to maturity and were dug. A small yam was first dug and put in the house sacred to the serpent.

After this she told them to go and look for opossums; only the male ones were to be eaten. Soon the people of the village were plagued with sickness, which was inflicted on them by the serpent because it desired to eat the flesh of a pig and no pig had been offered. They sacrificed a pig and all recovered. At another time a number of them fell sick because no shell money had been offered. Those who refused to sacrifice any died. About this time the people got tired of the serpent and told her to leave them. She went south-east to Mwanigatoga. When she reached this place she said to the people, "I come here to dwell among you, but I bring with me no sacrifices." Until this time the people of Mwanigatoga had not made any sacrifices for the fruits of the ground, but the serpent told them that henceforth they must do so before any of them ate their yams or taro. "Don't take your yams and taro without giving thanks," said the serpent; "but do as I tell you and sacrifice to me." The people, however, had no wish to make sacrifices of first-fruits to the serpent, and told her she might go to some other place. "I go," replied the serpent, "but remember I have begun among you this practice of sacrificing the first-fruits of your gardens." She then swam out to sea, swimming with her head and tail out of the water. On that day there was only one man in the village of Haununu; the rest had gone up into the bush to work in their gardens. This man looked out to sea, and saw the head and tail of the serpent standing up out of the water like an enormous tree. Those in the bush hurried down, but meanwhile the serpent had landed at the point called Mararo and the solitary man in the village advanced trembling to meet her. "Fear not," said the serpent, "but go and look for a place where I may dwell." He showed her Wainaou and she told him to build her a house there. The rest of the people were afraid and wished her to go away, but she said to them, "Fear not, my children, I am your mother." While she lived here she gave

birth to two young serpents, the first a female named Kafinuagigisi and the second a male named Finuagigisi. The people of Bofarito, an inland village, now claimed the serpent, as the man who had welcomed her to Haununu was really a bushman, a native of Bofarito. So there she went and there she remained, but of the people who sacrificed to her there, only two remain, and the rest are all dead.

TARAEMATAWA

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Fox, C. E., and F. H. Drew. "Beliefs and Tales of San Cristoval (Solomon Islands)." *The Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* 45 (1915): 171–172.

Date: ca. 1915

Original Source: Bauro Island

National Origin: Solomon Islands

Supernatural belief among the villages of the Solomon Islands holds that death may be magically overcome; the dead may be brought back to life. Ataros possess this ability to revive corpses, and the same is true for certain priests as illustrated in the following tale.

Taraematawa was going through maraufu seclusion [period of seclusion and fasting prescribed for those planning to go bonito fishing] in the canoe-house by the shore at the time of bonito fishing. They were secluded there for three months, ten of them, living apart from all women. One day they went fishing for waiiau (bonito), and Taraematawa went off by himself. A sudden great storm came up on the sea; the canoe was swamped and Taraematawa was drowned, and his body washed up on a sandy shore far from his home, where it was soon buried from sight by the sand. There was nothing to show where he lay except the string of shell money he had worn round his neck, which lay above, half hidden in the sand.

But now there came down to the shore two beautiful girls. They walked along by the edge of the waves, and one of them saw the shell money. They dug and found his body, and laid it on the sand, bewailing the death of such a fine young man. After a time they went back to their village and told the priest.

The old man gave them two dracaena leaves, on which he breathed, saying a charm. "One of these," said he, "will restore to life and one will kill." The two girls returned with the dracaena leaves to the corpse on the sand, and first tried the leaf which killed. This had no effect on the dead man. They then

touched him with the other leaf. He opened one eye. They struck him with it. He lifted an arm. They did so again. He lifted a leg. They did so once more, and he stood up on his feet, a living man.

The girls had their dog with them, so they said to the stranger, "See if you can race the dog to that tree." He tried to, but there was no strength in his limbs, and the dog won. They struck him again with the dracaena leaf, and this time he got first to the tree. Then the girls gave him a green coconut to drink from, but he was sick. They used the dracaena leaf again, and he drank. So it was with the eating of yams and taro. At first he could not eat without being sick, but with the help of the charmed dracaena leaf he became sound and whole. Then they took him up to their garden and sat talking, loath to leave him.

At last he said, "Have you no house work to do?"

"Yes," they replied, "we must go back to the village, but we will meet you again here." They went home, and he took his way to the canoe-house, where the men of the place were secluded for bonito fishing, but there was no one there but one lame boy, all the rest being away fishing.

So Taraematawa said to the lame boy, "Let us take this canoe and go after bonito."

But the lame boy replied, "That canoe is forbidden."

However, he persuaded him, and they went. When they had put to sea, Taraematawa asked for a hook, but the lame boy had none, so Taraematawa took out a dog's tooth and pretended to fish with that, to the amusement of his companion. Fishing with two rods, one in each hand, Taraematawa caught two fine bonito, and they returned to the canoe-house. He told the lame boy to climb for coconuts, and gave him a piece of soft wood to husk them with, so as to keep him employed for some time, and then he went off to see his friends in their garden.

When the fishers came back empty-handed they stared in surprise at the two bonito, but the lame boy took all the credit for catching them. "There were plenty close in to the shore," said he; "you went too far out." They looked doubtful, but after a time went out again in their canoes.

Taraematawa appeared again when they had gone, and he and the lame boy went out as before, this time taking the chief's canoe, and Taraematawa caught four bonito, which they put in the canoe-house. The same thing happened as before, but this time the fishers could not believe the lame boy, and, unknown to him, they left a watcher on shore when they went, and the watcher saw Taraematawa go out with the lame boy and catch five fine bonito. Taraematawa, on his return from the garden, disclosed himself to them, and next day was the great feast in the village to mark the conclusion of the maraufea, fine mats being laid all along the path from the canoe-house to the village, since none of the secluded men must set foot to the ground.

While they were all feasting Taraematawa suddenly heard the sound of the winding of a conch far off. "The sound," said he, "is like that of my own conch

at Koine in my big canoe,” and cries with grief, but the people have heard nothing. It came nearer, only three or four miles away, and they all heard it.

Nearer and nearer came the sound, and they saw the canoes, and the people in them called out, “Have you seen Taraematawa?” for they were his people.

“If ere he is,” answered the people on the shore. The two girls began to weep at the thought of the departure of their guest, but their father said, “You shall go with him too.”

So they dried their eyes, and their father loaded Taraematawa’s canoe with shell money, hanging it on the bow of the canoe till the bow sank and the stern rose up in the air. Then Taraematawa and his two beautiful wives embarked and set out for his home, where they lived together.

WAIPUAMAREMARE

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Fox, C. E., and F. H. Drew. “Beliefs and Tales of San Cristoval (Solomon Islands).” *The Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* 45 (1915): 173–174.

Date: ca. 1915

Original Source: Bauro Island

National Origin: Solomon Islands

The following tale is similar to the one immediately preceding by virtue of their shared themes of transcending death. Waipumaremare, in fact, was not only dead but had been living in the land of the dead before his revival. The areca nut that he is hunting when he climbs into the land of the dead is also known as the widely used and addictive betel nut.

He was the elder of two brothers. His younger brother went one day to a stream near the village, and found a bunch of pua (areca nuts) floating down with the water. He took it and carried it into the house, and leaving it in his bag he went out again. Presently Waipua came in and asked for some pua, but no one had any to give him. However, someone said, “There are some nuts in your brother’s bag over there, which he has just brought back from the stream.” So he took it and began to tamu (chew areca nut, leaves and lime) and used it all up. Presently his brother came in again and asked where his areca nuts were, and when he learnt that they were all eaten he began to cry. Nothing would console him. Waipua put strings of shell money round his neck and gave him presents, but he only cried the more for his areca nut, so at last Waipua said, “Well, don’t cry, I will follow the stream till I come to the tree itself from

which your nuts came.” So he took his spear and club and bow and arrows and set out to look for the tree. After a time he came to an areca nut tree standing by the brink of the stream, but the nuts were not quite the same, so he went on. Presently he came to another areca nut tree, but again the nuts were not quite like those his brother had found, so he went on again. Night came on and he slept by the stream and went on again next day, but it was well on into the afternoon before he reached the tree he was seeking. He saw some fine branches, so he climbed up, but just as he stretched out his hand to pluck them, the tree lengthened and they were high above his head once more. This happened again and again till he was almost crying with vexation, but he was determined not to give in. At last he noticed the branch of a banyan which almost reached him, and he thought if he stood on the branch he would then be able to grasp the bunch of areca nuts, so he stepped on to the branch; but as he did so the areca nut tree sank down away from him, and sank lower and lower out of sight, and there he was perched upon the bough of a large banyan in another country, the country of the sky. He sat there wondering what he should do, and presently he saw two very beautiful girls come down to the stream to draw water, but instead of a bamboo they carried the skull of a dead man. Suddenly they saw his shadow in the water and started, thinking it was a man, but he moved and they did not look up. Then he dropped some leaves he was chewing, and the two girls saw the leaves floating by and wondered how they came there. Then he dropped a piece of areca nut and finally some of the red juice from his mouth.

“It must be a bird,” said they, and looked up and saw Waipua sitting on the bough of the banyan.

“You are a ghost,” said they.

“No,” said he, “but you are certainly ghosts; no one else would use a skull, we don’t do such a thing in my country.”

However, he came down, and they took him home to their village, but left him outside in an enclosure, and went and told their father and mother to go out to the enclosure and see the thing they had found. So their father and mother went to look and found Waipua all decked out in his bravest ornaments, shell necklaces, and shell armllets, and a flower in his hair, and they were delighted with him and brought him in and scolded their daughters for leaving this fine fellow outside.

After a time the father and mother went away, but before going they said to their daughters, “Be very careful not to lift the stone so that he looks down and sees his home and desires to return to it”; but Waipua heard their words, and when they were gone he asked the girls what their parents had said to them.

“Oh,” said they, “they only told us to stay at home and cook”; but he shook his head and said, “No, that was not what they said.”

“Well,” said the girls, “if you must know, they told us to go to the garden and get coconuts.”

“No,” said he, “they said something else.” So at last they told him, and he persuaded them to lift the stone, and when the three had lifted it, he looked clown and saw his own country down below him, and a great longing seized him to return to his home. So for four long days the three of them collected strong lengths of rattan and made a small platform, and sat on it, and let it down by the four corners, through the hole. They let themselves down and down, but it was a long way and night came on, so they tied up for the night and slept. Next morning they went on again and reached the ground. But there was no longer a house where the village had been, for after his death the people had scattered far and wide, and the trees had grown up in the village, and the houses had rotted away. So they made a new one, and when the new village was finished they made a great feast, and there were great rejoicings. And there Waipua lived happily with his two wives.

AN EXILE'S REVENGE

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: O’Ferrall, W. “Native Stories from Santa Cruz and Reef Islands.” *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* 34 (1904): 230–232.

Date: ca. 1904

Original Source: Santa Cruz and Reef Islands

National Origin: Solomon Islands

The men of Santa Cruz have a reputation as sailors, and at night they navigate by the stars which figure so prominently in the following narrative. The action of the following narrative is set in motion by the competition between the protagonist and his maternal uncle that is common in Melanesia and other cultures that trace descent through the maternal line. Under such kinship rules, the maternal uncle, rather than the biological father, acts as disciplinarian and “father figure.” The protagonist’s residence in the clubhouse is appropriate. Only married people and children inhabit individual huts, the unmarried men and boys occupy the clubhouse, which usually stands apart from the family dwellings.

There was a certain woman who was enceinte [pregnant] and her kinsfolk made a great feast, for her nearest kinsman also said that he would make a great feast, and he came to the big island to Pevo, and he went to the place where she had not yet brought forth the child, and he stayed there for a long while; and this man had married one hundred wives.

And when the child was grown up and a young man, he was very handsome and he lived altogether in the club house. In the night he went to work, but in

the daytime he went back again into the club house and dwelt there. And so it was every night he worked in the garden of his kinsman's wives, but he did not work in the last one's garden. And when the wind was favorable the kinsman returned and they told him that his kinsman had arrived. And he went down and took a mat and put it on his shoulder and went with it, and when his kinsman saw him, he said softly to himself, "Whence is this great man," and he began to be jealous of him and hate him, and he questioned the people, "Who is this man?" and they say to him, "This is your kinsman."

But when he heard this, he was very angry, and he said to his wives, "You go and work," and he went with them, and began to question them, and he began with the first until he had questioned them all.

And the son began to inquire, "Who is that working in the garden with my mother?"

But they did not tell him, but they said, "It is your kinsman." And he made as though he would sail to another island, but he pretended only, and they prepared food for his voyage; and when he came near the place he turned round and went northwards, and he did not eat any food at all nor did he drink, and his body weakened, and dizziness came over him and no one relieved him at the steer oar. He only held it until he was near the island, then he tacked and reached Nole.

And he was very weak and lay on the beach and cried bitterly; and as he cried a tree said to him, "Don't cry," and he looked up but saw nothing, and so laid down again and cried again, and the tree spoke again, and he looked up but saw no one; but the tree said to him, "It was I who spoke to you, I this tree that you see"; and he went and sat down at its bole [trunk], and it said, "Break off one root," and he did so. And he perceived a fire burning and he cooked food and ate. Then he slept all night in the track of the stars as they looked down upon him.

And the stars came clown and spoke to the tree, "Do you smell a man?" and it replied, "You smell a man because you go to and fro always, but there is no man here." Every night they came down to catch fish. One night the tree instructed him, "Today at midnight when they come down you follow them," and he did so and followed them, and as they caught fish he took the fish, and when they came back they kept seeking for the fish, saying, "Where is the fish?" But he had gone back already to the tree; and he did so every night.

And one night the tree said to the stars, "My son is here, go and fish and take great care of him."

But they said to it, "You are a fool, this is a man, and you have not told us," and they took him and went, and when they came back they gave him fish, and when he had eaten he slept. And one night he besought them to fly away with him into the sky; and they took him up into the sky and he dwelt there. And he saw when the wives (of his kinsman) were enceinte; and, when they were near the birth, he cut open their wombs and took out the babes and took them away, and taught them to gather together money for him.

And he lived a long time there, and presently the stars said to him, “Do you wish to return to your country?”

And he replied, “I wish it, but how can it be?” So they made a great raft, and put his property upon it, and let him down to his home; and the people rejoiced greatly. And he sat and waited for his kinsman who had driven him away, and when he saw him coming he shot him, and when he was shot he died.

THE CANNIBAL AND THE PIG WHO ATE HUMAN FLESH

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: O’Ferrall, W. “Native Stories from Santa Cruz and Reef Islands.” *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* 34 (1904): 232–233.

Date: ca. 1904

Original Source: Duff Island

National Origin: Solomon Islands

As previously noted (“A Cannibal Story,” page 324), the **motif** of twins who serve as **culture heroes** is common in the world’s traditional narratives. While the pig may seem an unlikely threat to human beings, three facts should be taken into account. First, the pig is the most powerful and highly destructive animal in the lives of the traditional Melanesian people; gardens must be carefully guarded from its ravages. Second, it is of crucial cultural significance in the lives of the indigenous population of the Solomon Islands, because it is used for a variety of utilitarian, legal, and religious purposes. Finally, the hog appears as a rampaging deity elsewhere in Oceania (see “Kampuaa Legends: Legends of the Hog God,” page 380).

They two ate human flesh and dwelt on the other side of the island, and that man was called Tepkakhola, and that pig was called Ulaka. And they two ate men, until there was scarcely anyone left, only ten brothers and one woman still remained. Then they met together and said, “Let us build a canoe and flee away from here,” and they worked till the canoe was finished. Then they made ready the food.

After that, in the evening, they began their journey, but their sister had a very big foot; and alas for her, when she lifted up one foot the canoe turned over; then she tried with her first brother, but when she lifted up her foot the canoe sank, and so she tried with all her ten brothers, but it was so with them all.

Then she said to them, "Very well, it is all one, let those two devour me," and they were very sorry for her, and they said to her, "We will make a cave for you"; and they dug out a very big cave, and carried much food into it, and very many coconuts into it, and placed slats of wood at its mouth, and when they had covered them over with earth, they sailed away and reached Metema and dwelt there.

But the woman lived altogether in the cave which her brothers had made for her. And the slats at the mouth of the cave rotted.

One day as she was sitting, two lizards came into the cave, one was chasing the other, and they two jumped down her throat, and she thought to herself, "Why have these two lizards entered into me?" And so it was that in about a month's time she perceived that she was pregnant, and presently she bore twins, and she nourished her two children till they were grown up and were very strong. And while they were still children they asked their mother, "Why is it that we three live together in this cave?" And when they had become young men, one shot and pierced through the door, and they saw light for the first time.

Then they spake together, "What is this thing?" and their mother told them.

Then they said to their mother, "Make ready coconut leaves for a torch," and their mother did as they told her; she took some and dried them in the sun; and when it was evening, she made them into a torch for fishing, and they two directed her to go to the place where the water springs forth from the rock, and that water is called "Tutu."

And she went, and while she was seeking it, Tepkakhola saw the fire afar off, and he said, "Who is this? I have sought in vain for a man, and who is this?" And he ran, and when he saw her coming, he drew near and met her near the shore, and said, "Is it you, my friend?"

And she said, "It is I," and he said, "Where do you live; I have not seen you?"

And she said, "I live here."

And he said, "Give me some fish," and she gave him one bag full, and he came rather nearer and followed her, and when he had finished one bag, he said, "Give me more, and if not, I will eat your sons," and she gave him another bag; and he came near the place where her two sons were; and they had made a cross-stick, and she had taken the midrib of the sago palm leaf, and made it like a fish bone, and had put it into the net, in the place where the water flows forth from the rock. As the woman drew near the place she drew forth the rib, and he said, "Give me that fish," and she said, "It is my sons' food" and he said, "Give it to me," and she said, "There is only one fish, and I want it very much for my two sons," and he said, "Give it to me," and she said, "I will put it into your mouth," and when he opened his mouth wide, she thrust the "midrib" down his throat, and sang a song, and it stuck in his throat, and so it was that he cried

out, "My sister, I am dying," and her two sons came upon him suddenly, and shot him, and he died. And they three dwelt in peace.

And the two sons used to go shooting fish, and their mother said to them, "When you are fishing, don't go far away, lest that evil thing see you." And they went and climbed a tree, and shouted out, "Ulaka! Ulaka!" And he heard afar off and ran, and as he ran, his tail struck the trees, and it broke them off short; and they two kept quiet, and when they saw him they were afraid, and he went away; then they climbed down. And one day they made many spears, and climbed into another tree and called out again, "Ulaka! Ulaka!" And he ran, and they kept quiet, and he came and found some coconuts, and he ate them, and his countenance was very terrible, and when he had eaten he lay down; and when they saw that he was gorged, they came down and speared him. And they had put spears ready in the path, and as he fled, one on the one side of the road, and the other on the other side stood ready, and he turned to one to gore him, and the other speared him, then he turned again to that one, and the other speared him, and they kept on doing this till they reached the beach, and he died there.

Micronesia

KIRIBATI

THE DARKNESS AND THE CLEAVING-TOGETHER

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Grimble, Arthur. "Myths from the Gilbert Islands." *Folklore* 33 (1922): 92–98.

Date: ca. 1922

Original Source: Kiribati

National Origin: Kiribati

Kiribati refers to the group of islands located north of Fiji in the central Pacific Ocean and formerly known as the Gilbert Islands. In following narrative, a **myth** of origin of the physical and biological universe the "Darkness and the Cleaving-together" signifies a state of primal chaos. The creation myth that develops from an initial state in which heaven and earth are joined and must forcibly be separated is common in Oceanic traditional cosmologies. Despite the name "Sir Spider," the fact that Na Arean "felt with his hands" signifies that he is anthropomorphic. In many narratives he is portrayed as a **trickster** who assumes other shapes as well, particularly lizard and eel. Na Arean the Younger is the common combination of trickster and **culture hero**. He makes the earth habitable for life, gives animals their current shapes, and initiates ceremonial life. The original source chose to edit the lengthy family trees contained in the original version of this narrative. As noted elsewhere in this volume, however (see "The Descendants of Fanga," page 417, and "The Bride from the Underworld," page 372), genealogies often play a major role in the mythology of the Pacific Islands.

In the beginning there was nothing in the Darkness and the Cleaving-together save one person. We know not how he grew; whence came he? We know not his father or his mother, for there was only he. His name was Na

Arean to Moa-ni-bai (Sir Spider the First-of-things). As for him, he walked over the face of heaven, which was like hard rock that stuck to the earth. And heaven and earth were called the Darkness and the Cleaving-together.

So Na Arean walked over heaven alone: he trod it underfoot; he felt it with his hands; he went north, he went south, he went east, he went west, he fetched a compass about it; he tapped it with the end of his staff; he sat upon it and knocked upon it with his fingers. Lo, it sounded hollow as he knocked, for it was not sticking there to the earth below. It stood forth as the floor of a sleeping house stands over the ground. And none lived below in the hollow place, nay, not a soul, for there was only Na Arean. So he entered beneath the rock that was heaven and stood below.

And now is Na Arean about to make men grow beneath that rock; he is about to command the Sand to lie with the Water, saying, "Be ye fertile."

They heard; they brought forth children, and these were their names: Na Atibu and Nei Teakea.

Then Na Arean commanded Na Atibu to lie with his sister Teakea. They heard; they brought forth children, and these were their names: Te Ikawai (The Eldest), Nei Marena (The Woman Between), Te Nao (The Wave), Na Kika (Sir Octopus), and Riiki the Eel, and a multitude of others. And the youngest child was Na Arean the Younger, namesake of Na Arean the Moa-ni-bai. And Na Arean the Younger was also called Te Kikinto (The Mischief-maker), for he made mischief among men.

So when these works were done, Na Arean the Moa-ni-bai said in his heart, "It is enough. I go, never to return." So he spoke to Na Atibu, saying, "Na Atibu, here is thy dwelling-place; thy task is to make a world of men; and as for me, I go, never to return. Finish my work."

And Na Atibu called his son Na Arean the Younger; he told him the words of Na Arean the Moa-ni-bai.

Na Arean answered, "Sir, what shall be done in this matter?"

His father said, "Do that thou wilt do."

Na Arean the Younger began his work; he looked upon the multitude of the children of Sand and Water. They lay, moving not, in their birthplaces. It was as if they were dead. He called aloud to them, "Sirs, what think ye?" Only his voice came back again, "Sirs, what think ye?" So he said in his heart, "These be mad folk," and he named them Baba ma Bono (Fools and Deaf-mutes).

Then he stretched out his hand over the multitude. He stroked their bodies, they stirred; he bent their legs, they were supple; he loosed their tongues, they spoke; he touched their eyes, they saw; he opened their ears, they heard; he called them by name, they answered; and he said, "They are no longer fools, nor deaf, nor dumb; they are all in their right minds."

He went back to his father Na Atibu and said, "Sir, they are all in their right minds. What shall be done in this thing?"

Na Atibu answered, "Do that thou wilt do."

So Na Aream said to the children of Sand and Water, "Arise." They would have arisen, but behold, the heavens were not yet on high; their foreheads smote the heavens.

They fell back, crying, "Sir, how may we arise?"

Then Na Aream called to him Riiki that great Eel and said, "Sir, thou art long, and taut: thou shalt lift the heavens on thy snout."

Riiki answered, "It is well." So he coiled himself in the midst beneath the heavens. He raised his snout and heaved from below.

Lo the heavens moved, and as they moved Na Aream called aloud, saying, "Lift, lift."

But Riiki answered, "I can no more, for heaven cleaves to the Underworld."

Then said Na Aream to Na Kika (Sir Octopus), "Strike forth with thine arms. Heaven cleaves to the Underworld."

Na Kika answered, "I strike, I strike."

He said again to Baka-naaneku and Te-auanei (two Sting-rays), "Slide sideways and cut. Heaven cleaves to the Underworld."

They answered, "We cut, we cut."

He said again to Tabakea (the Turtle), "Heave with thy back."

He answered, "I heave, I heave."

He said again to the Wave his brother, "Surge from beneath."

He answered, "I surge, I surge."

And he said again to the children of Sand and Water, "Push, thou," "Blow, thou," "Roll, thou," "Let go, thou." And all obeyed his word. So Riiki the Eel raised the heavens aloft and the earth sank under the sea. And as Riiki lifted, Na Aream called to him, "Tabekia riki, tabekia ri-iki (Lift it more, lift it more)." Therefore his name is Riiki to this day, in memory of Na Aream's word.

Then Na Aream said to Riiki, "Let be, it is enough."

He answered, "How may I let be? If I stand from beneath, the heavens will fall again." So Na Aream called four women and said to them, "These be your names: Make-north, Make-south, Make-east, Make-west. Go hold the four corners of heaven, for you are its supports." They went, and their feet became roots, as it were the roots of mighty trees, so that they might not again be moved.

So the heavens stood on high, and Na Aream said to Riiki, "Thy work is done."

Riiki answered, "It is done."

And Na Aream took hold upon his body and struck off his legs, which were many. He said to him, "Go, lie in thy place." So Riiki lay across the heavens, and to this day his belly is seen to shine across heaven, even Naiabu (the Milky Way). As for his legs, they fell into the sea and became the great and the small eels that live therein.

But behold, the heavens and the sea were dark, for there was no light. And Na Aream said in his heart, "It is as though my work were of no avail, for it

cannot be seen.” He went back to his father Na Atibu and said, “Sir, what shall be done in this matter?”

He answered, “Do that thou wilt do.”

So Na Arean said, “Na Atibu, thou shalt die. I shall get from thee a light for the world.”

He answered, “Do that thou wilt do.” So he slew his father. Then also with Na Atibu died Teakea, his sister and wife.

When that thing was done, Na Arean called his brothers the Wave and the Octopus; he said, “Let us mourn the dead.”

They answered, “We cannot, but do thou mourn him.”

He said to them, “Ye also shall mourn with me.”

They said, “Begin.”

So he began:

How still, how still thou liest,
My father Na Atibu, with Teakea thy wife.
And his brother lifted up the song in answer
There is no ghost in him.
He shall speed under the heavens to northward;
There, I ween, be no spirits, no men, no things.
He shall speed under the heavens to southward;
There, I ween, be no spirits, no men, no things.

And Na Arean answered again:

[Yea, for] there shall lie with me a woman, the woman Aro-maiaki.
My seed shall spring from her, the breed of southern spirits; let them dwell in the south;
The breed of northern spirits; let them dwell in the north;
The breed of eastern spirits; let them dwell in the east;
The breed of western spirits; let them dwell in the west;
The breed of spirits of heaven and the Underworld; let them dwell on earth.

And when Na Arean had done, he took the right eye of Na Atibu and flung it to the Eastern sky. Behold, the sun! He took the left eye and flung it to the Western sky. Behold, the moon! He took the brain and crumbled it between his palms; he scattered it over the heavens. Behold the stars. He took the flesh and broke it in bits; he sowed it over the waters. Behold the rocks and stones. He took the bones and planted them on the first land, even the land of Samoa; and from the bones of Na Atibu grew the Tree of Samoa, the Ancestor.

This was the manner of the making of the land of Samoa. Na Arean said in his heart, “The heavens stand on high and the earth is under the water.” So he

called his brothers, the Wave and Na Kika, saying, “See how the children of Water and Sand are swimming in the sea.” He said again, “Go, Octopus, drag together the sand and stones.” He said again, “Go, Wave, wash the sand and stones; stick them together.” They heard. So at last the sand and stones rose above the sea, a great land. It was called Samoa. Thereon Na Arean planted the bones of Na Atibu, and they grew into the Tree called Kai-ntiku-aba, the Tree of Samoa. On the branches of Kai-ntiku-aba grew many Ancestors, and at its roots also grew many others.

When Samoa was finished, Na Arean went north and made the land of Tarawa with its people. The first man on Tarawa was called Tabuki-n-Tarawa (Eminence-of-Tarawa), and his wife was Nei Baia.

When Tarawa was finished, he made the land of Beru with its people. Tabu-ariki was the first man of Beru, and his wife was Nei Teiti. Then Na Arean lay with that woman of the south, Nei Aro-maiaki; he begot children on her: the breed of spirits of the south, a multitude of Ancestors. And the eldest ancestor was Te I-Matang....

[Here, in the native text, follows a genealogy, interpolated with historic comments, which traces the line of Te I-Matang down to those descendants who migrated to the Gilbert Islands from Samoa, and gives an excellent, though short, account of their arrival in Micronesia.]

Now the Tree of Samoa was a marvelous tree. It was an ancestor, for people grew upon it, and they were called the breed of Samoa. This was the manner of that Tree: it sprang from the spine of Na Atibu, the father of Na Arean, when he died.... The spine was buried in Samoa. Behold, it became that Tree Kai-ntiku-aba, whose right side was the northern solstice, and whose left side was the southern solstice.

[Here again follow genealogical details. The names of the ancestors who grew from the various parts of the Tree are given, and their lines, intermarriages are traced down to those personages who led the migration from Samoa to the Gilbert Islands.]

When Na Arean had lain with Nei Aro-maiaki, he went north and begot children on Nei Aro-meang, the woman of the north; his children were the breed of the spirits of the north. But set aside their story, for they were slaves. Now is Na Arean about to beget men, the breed of the men of the north—even Taburimai and Riiki. Taburimai was the man of Na Arean’s begetting with Nei Aro-meang.

[Here with a wealth of detail the text relates how Taburimai founded a family in the north and shows how this family (1) migrated southward from the Gilberts to Samoa, and (2) after many generations returned from Samoa to the Gilberts.]

Polynesia

HAWAI'I

PELE'S LONG SLEEP

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Westerveldt, W. D. *Hawaiian Legends of Volcanoes*. Boston: G.H. Ellis Press, 1916, 72–86.

Date: 1916

Original Source: Hawai'ian

National Origin: Hawai'i

Hawai'i, the group of islands that (as of 1959) comprises the southernmost state of the United States, was formed by volcanoes arising from the sea floor. This geographic feature and the ecology associated with it has had a profound effect on the narrative tradition and on the pantheon of traditional gods and goddesses as seen in the following group of narratives. The Pele of Hawai'ian **myth** is associated with the volcano, and with unusual geological features of the environment produced by volcanic activity. These formations are attributed to divine conflicts pitting Pele against other mythic figures. In contemporary **belief tale**, **legend**, and **personal experience narrative**, Pele is credited with taking vengeance on tourists who take away bits of lava rock as souvenirs. Pele's younger sister, Hiiaka (Hi'iaka) goddess of the dance, in spite of conflict caused by Pele's jealousy, remained a favorite of the volcano goddess.

Pele and her family dwelt in the beauty of Puna. On a certain day there was a fine, clear atmosphere and Pele saw the splendid surf with its white crests and proposed to her sisters to go down for bathing and surf-riding.

Pele, as the high chieftess of the family, first entered the water and swam far out, then returned, standing on the brink of the curling wave, for the very crest was her surfboard which she rode with great skill. Sometimes her brother, Kamo-hoalii, the great shark-god, in the form of a shark would be her surfboard. Again and again she went out to the deep pit of the waves, her sisters causing the country inland to resound with their acclamation, for she rode as one born of the sea.

At last she came to the beach and, telling the sisters that the tabu on swimming was lifted, and they could enter upon their sport, went inland with her youngest sister, Hiiaka, to watch while she slept. They went to a house thatched with ti leaves, a house built for the goddess.

There Pele lay down, saying to her sister Hiiaka, "I will sleep, giving up to the shadows of the falling evening—dropping into the very depths of slumber. Very hard will be this sleep. I am jealous of it. Therefore it is tabu. This is my command to you, O my little one. Wait you without arousing me nine days and eight nights. Then call me and chant the 'Hulihia'" (a chant supposed to bring life back and revive the body).

Then Pele added, "Perhaps this sleep will be my journey to meet a man—our husband. If I shall meet my lover in my dreams the sleep will be of great value. I will sleep."

Hiiaka moved softly about the head of her sister Pele, swaying a kahili fringed and beautiful. The perfume of the hala, the fragrance of Keaau, clung to the walls of the house. From that time Puna has been famous as the land fragrant with perfume of the leaves and flowers of the hala tree.

Whenever Pele slept she lost the appearance which she usually assumed, of a beautiful and glorious young woman, surpassing all the other women in the islands. Sleep brought out the aged hag that she really was. Always when any worshipper saw the group of sisters and Pele asleep in their midst they saw a weary old woman lying in the fire-bed in the great crater.

While Pele was sleeping her spirit heard the sound of a hula-drum skillfully played, accompanied by a chant sung by a wonderful voice. The spirit of Pele arose from her body and listened to that voice. She thought it was the hula of Laka, who was the goddess of the dance. Then she clearly heard male voices, strong and tender, and a great joy awoke within her, and she listened toward the east, but the hula was not there. Then westward, and there were the rich tones of the beaten drum and the chant. Pele's spirit cried, "The voice of love comes on the wind. I will go and meet it."

Pele then forsook Keaau and went to Hilo, but the drum was not there. She passed from place to place, led by the call of the drum and dance, following it along the palis (precipices) and over the deep ravines, through forest shadows and along rocky beaches until she came to the upper end of Hawaii. There she heard the call coming across the sea from the island Maui. Her spirit crossed the channel and listened again. The voices of the dance were louder and clearer and more beautiful.

She passed on from island to island until she came to Kauai, and there the drum-beat and the song of the dance (did not die away or change), so she knew she had found the lover desired in her dream.

Pele's spirit now put on the body of strong healthful youth. Nor was there any blemish in her beauty and symmetry from head to foot. She was anointed with all the fragrant oils of Puna. Her dress was the splendid garland of the red lehua flower and maile leaf and the fern from the dwelling-places of the gods. The tender vines of the deep woods veiled this queen of the crater. In glorious young womanhood she went to the halau. The dark body of a great mist enveloped her.

The drum and the voice had led her to Haena, Kauai, to the house of Lohiau, the high-born chief of that island. The house for dancing was long and was beautifully draped with mats of all kinds. It was full of chiefs engaged in the sports of that time. The common people were gathered outside the house of the chief.

The multitude saw a glorious young woman step out of the mist. Then they raised a great shout, praising her with strong voices. It seemed as if the queen of sunrise had summoned the beauty of the morning to rest upon her. The countenance of Pele was like the clearest and gentlest moonlight. The people made a vacant space for the passage of this wonderful strange woman, casting themselves on the ground before her.

An ancient chant says,

O the passing of that beautiful woman.
 Silent are the voices on the plain,
 No medley of the birds is in the forest;
 There is quiet, resting in peace.

Pele entered the long house, passed by the place of the drums, and seated herself on a resting place of soft royal mats.

The chiefs were astonished, and after a long time asked her if she came from the far-off sunrise of foreign lands.

Pele replied, smiling, "Ka! I belong to Kauai."

Lohiau, the high chief, said, "O stranger, child of a journey, you speak in riddles. I know Kauai from harbor to clustered hills, and my eyes have never seen any woman like you."

"Ka!" said Pele, "the place where you did not stop, there I was."

But Lohiau refused her thought, and asked her to tell truly whence she had come. At last Pele acknowledged that she had come from Puna, Hawaii, "the place beloved by the sunrise at Haehae."

The chiefs urged her to join them in a feast, but she refused, saying she had recently eaten and was satisfied, but she "was hungry for the hula—the voices and the drum."

Then Lohiau told her that her welcome was all that he could give. “For me is the island, inland, seaward, and all around Kauai. This is your place. The home you have in Puna you will think you see again in Kauai. The name of my house for you is Ha-laau-ola [Tree of Life].”

Pele replied, “The name of your house is beautiful. My home in Puna is Maui-ola [Long Life]. I will accept this house of yours.”

Lohiau watched her while he partook of the feast with his chiefs, and she was resting on the couch of mats. He was thinking of her marvelous, restful beauty, as given in the ancient chant known as “Lei Mauna Loa.”

Lei of Mauna Loa, beautiful to look upon.
The mountain honored by the winds.
Known by the peaceful motion.
Calm becomes the whirlwind.
Beautiful is the sun upon the plain.
Dark-leaved the trees in the midst of the hot sun
Heat rising from the face of the moist lava.
The sunrise mist lying on the grass,
Free from the care of the strong wind.
The bird returns to rest at Palaaau.
He who owns the right to sleep is at Palaaau.
I am alive for your love—
For you indeed.

Then Lohiau proposed to his chiefs that he should take this beautiful chiefess from Kauai as his queen, and his thought seemed good to all. Turning to Pele, he offered himself as her husband and was accepted.

Then Lohiau arose and ordered the sports to cease while they all slept. Pele and Lohiau were married and dwelt together several days, according to the custom of the ancient time.

After this time had passed Lohiau planned another great feast and a day for the hula-dance and the many sports of the people. When they came together, beautiful were the dances and sweet the voices of Lohiau and his aikane (closest friend).

Three of the women of Kauai who were known as “the guardians of Haena” had come into the halau and taken their places near Lohiau. The people greeted their coming with great applause, for they were very beautiful and were also possessed of supernatural power. Their beauty was like that of Pele save for the paleness of their skins, which had come from their power to appear in different forms, according to their pleasure. They were female mo-o, or dragons. Their human beauty was enhanced by their garments of ferns and leaves and flowers.

Pele had told Lohiau of their coming and had charged him in these words, “Remember, you have been set apart for me. Remember, and know our

companionship. Therefore I place upon you my law, 'Ke kai okia' [Cut off by the sea] are you—separated from all for me."

Lohiau looked on these beautiful women. The chief of the women, Kilinoe, was the most interesting. She refused to eat while others partook of a feast before the dancing should begin, and sat watching carefully with large, bright, shining eyes the face of Lohiau, using magic power to make him pay attention to her charms. Pele did not wish these women to know her, so placed a shadow between them and her so that they looked upon her as through a mist.

There the chiefs took their hula-drums and sat down preparing to play for the dancers. Then up rose Kilinoe, and, taking ferns and flowers from her skirts, made fragrant wreaths wherewith to crown Lohiau and his fellow hula-drummers, expecting the chief to see her beauty and take her for his companion. But the law of Pele was upon him and he called to her for a chant before the dance should commence.

Pele threw aside her shadow garments and came out clothed in her beautiful pa-u (skirt) and fragrant with the perfumes of Puna. She said, "It is not for me to give an olioli mele [a chant] for your native dance, but I will call the guardian winds of your islands Niihau and Kauai, O Lohiau! And they will answer my call."

Then she called for the gods who came to Hawaii; the gods of her old home now known through all Polynesia; the great gods Lono and his brothers, coming in the winds of heaven. Then she called on all the noted winds of the island Niihau, stating the directions from which they came, the points of land struck when they touched the island and their gentleness or wrath, their weakness or power, and their helpfulness or destructiveness.

For a long time she chanted, calling wind after wind, and while she sang, soft breezes blew around and through the house; then came stronger winds whistling through the trees outside. As the voice of the singer rose or fell so also danced the winds in strict harmony. While she sang, the people outside the house cried out, "The sea grows rough and white, the waves are tossed by strong winds and clouds are flying, the winds are gathering the clouds and twisting the heavens."

But one of the dragon-women sitting near Lohiau said, "The noise you think is from the sea or rustling through the leaves of the trees is only the sound of the people talking outside the great building. Their murmur is like the voice of the wind."

Then Pele chanted for the return of the winds to Niihau and its small islands and the day was at peace as the voice of the singer softened toward the end of the chant. Hushed were the people and wondering were the eyes turned upon Pele by the chiefs who were seated in the great halau. Pele leaned on her couch of soft mats and rested.

Very angry was Kilinoe, the dragon-woman. Full of fire were her eyes and dark was her face with hot blood, but she only said, "You have seen Niihau.

Perhaps also you know the winds of Kauai.” By giving this challenge she thought she would overthrow the power of Pele over Lohiau. She did not know who Pele was, but supposed she was one of the women of high rank native to Kauai.

Pele again chanted, calling for the guardian winds of the island Kauai:

O Kauai, great island of the Lehua,
Island moving in the ocean,
Island moving from Tahiti,
Let the winds rattle the branches to Hawaii.
Let them point to the eye of the son.
There is the wind of Kane at sunset—
The hard night-wind for Kauai.

Then she called for kite-flying winds when the birds sport in the heavens and the surf lies quiet on incoming waves, and then she sang of the winds kolonahe, softly blowing; and the winds hunahuna, breaking into fragments; and the winds which carry the mist, the sprinkling shower, the falling rain and the severe storm; the winds which touch the mountain-tops, and those which creep along the edge of the precipices, holding on by their fingers, and those which dash over the plains and along the sea-beach, blowing the waves into mist.

Then she chanted how the caves in the seacoast were opened and the guardians of the winds lifted their calabashes and let loose evil winds, angry and destructive, to sweep over the homes of the people and tear in pieces their fruit trees and houses. Then Pele’s voice rang out while she made known the character of the beautiful dragon-women, the guardians of the caves of Haena, calling them the mocking winds of Haena.

The people did not understand, but the dragon-women knew that Pele only needed to point them out as they sat near Lohiau, to have all the chiefs cry out against them in scorn. Out of the house they rushed, fleeing back to their home in the caves.

When Pele ceased chanting, winds without number began to come near, scraping over the land. The surf on the reef was roaring. The white sand of the beach rose up. Thunder followed the rolling, rumbling tongue of branching lightning. Mist crept over the precipices. Running water poured down the face of the cliffs. Red water and white water fled seaward, and the stormy heart of the ocean rose in tumbled heaps. The people rushed to their homes. The chiefs hastened from the house of pleasure. The feast and the day of dancing were broken up. Lohiau said to Pele, “How great indeed have been your true words telling the evil of this day. Here have come the winds and destructive storms of Haena. Truly this land has had evil today.”

When Pele had laid herself down on the soft mats of Puna for her long sleep she had charged her little sister, who had been carried in her bosom, to wake her if she had not returned to life before nine days were past.

The days were almost through to the last moment when Lohiau lamented the evil which his land had felt. Then as the winds died away and the last strong gust journeyed out toward the sea Pele heard Hiiaka's voice calling from the island Hawaii in the magic chant Pele had told her to use to call her back to life.

Hearing this arousing call, she bowed her head and wept. After a time she said to Lohiau, "It is not for me to remain here in pleasure with you. I must return because of the call of my sister. Your care is to obey my law, which is upon you. Calm will take the place of the storm, the winds will be quiet, the sea will ebb peacefully, cascades will murmur on the mountain sides, and sweet flowers will be among the leaves. I will send my little sister, then come quickly to my home in Puna."

Hiiaka knew that the time had come when she must arouse her goddess sister from that deep sleep. So she commenced the incantation which Pele told her to use. It would call the wandering spirit back to its home, no matter where it might have gone. This incantation was known as "Hulihia ke au" ("The current is turning"). This was a call carried by the spirit-power of the one who uttered it into far-away places to the very person for whom it was intended. The closing lines of the incantation were a personal appeal to Pele to awake.

E Pele e! The milky way (the i'a) turns.
 E Pele e! The night changes.
 E Pele e! The red glow is on the island.
 E Pele e! The red dawn breaks.
 E Pele e! Shadows are cast by the sunlight.
 E Pele e! The sound of roaring is in your crater.
 E Pele e! The uhi-uha is in your crater [this means the sound of wash of lava is in the crater].
 E Pele e! Awake, arise, return.

The spirit of Pele heard the wind, Naue, passing down to the sea and soon came the call of Hiiaka over the waters. Then she bowed down her head and wept.

When Lohiau saw the tears pouring down the face of his wife he asked why in this time of gladness she wept.

For a long time she did not reply. Then she spoke of the winds with which she had danced that night—the guardians of Niihau and Kauai, a people listening to her call, under the ruler of all the winds, the great Lono, dwelling on the waters.

Then she said, "You are my husband and I am your wife, but the call has come and I cannot remain with you. I will return to my land—to the fragrant blossoms of the hala, but I will send one of my younger sisters to come after

you. Before I forsook my land for Kauai I put a charge upon my young sister to call me before nine days and nights had passed. Now I hear this call and I must not abide by the great longing of your thought.”

Then the queen of fire ceased speaking and began to be lost to Lohiau, who was marveling greatly at the fading away of his loved one, As Pele disappeared peace came to him and all the land of Kauai was filled with calm and rest.

Pele’s spirit passed at once to the body lying in the house thatched with ti leaves in Puna.

Soon she arose and told Hiiaka to call the sisters from the sea and they would go inland.

Then they gathered around the house in which Pele had slept. Pele told them they must dance the hula of the lifted tabu, and asked them, one after the other, to dance, but they all refused until she came to Hiiaka, who had guarded her during her long sleep. Hiiaka desired to go down to the beach and bathe with a friend, Hopoe, while the others went inland.

Pele said, “You cannot go unless you first dance for the lifted tabu.”

Hiiaka arose and danced gloriously before the hula god and chanted while she danced—

Puna dances in the wind.
The forest of Keaau is shaken.
Haena moves quietly.
There is motion on the beach of Nanahuki.
The hula-lea danced by the wife,
Dancing with the sea of Nanahuki.
Perhaps this is a dance of love,
For the friend loved in the sleep.

Pele rejoiced over the skill of her younger sister and was surprised by the chanted reference to the experiences at Haena. She granted permission to Hiiaka to remain by the sea with her friend Hopoe, bathing and surf-riding until a messenger should be sent to call her home to Kilauea. Then Pele and the other sisters went inland.

LEGEND OF THE BREADFRUIT TREE

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Westervelt, W. D. *Hawaiian Legends of Old Honolulu*. Boston: G.H. Ellis Press, 1915, 29–37.

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Original Source: Hawai’ian

National Origin: Hawai’i

Hawai'ians venerated nature gods; the term for these deities was "akua." Potentially, any natural phenomenon may be a god. Moreover, so may an image made from a natural object (such as the breadfruit tree of the following narrative) become a god if it is worshipped as such. Papa and Wakea, the central couple of this **myth** are significant not only in Hawai'ian tradition, but elsewhere in the Pacific as well. Papa is the mother of the gods and associated with the earth and the underworld, while Wakea is a god of the heavens and associated with light. The term "tabu" as used below is commonly spelled taboo in contemporary English usage. The concept refers to those things that are so sacred as to be dangerous to all but the most supernaturally powerful individuals. Therefore, when chips or sap from the tabooed tree struck ordinary humans they fell dead on the spot as punishment for their profane touch.

The wonderful breadfruit tree was a great tree growing on the eastern bank of the rippling brook Puehuehu. It was a *tabu* tree, set apart for the high chief from Kou and the chiefs from Honolulu to rest under while on their way to bathe in the celebrated diving-pool Wai-kaha-lulu. That tree became a god, and this is the story of its transformation:

Papa and Wakea were the ancestors of the great scattered sea-going and sea-loving people living in all the islands now known as Polynesia. They had their home in every group of islands where their descendants could find room to multiply.

They came to the island of Oahu, and, according to almost all the legends, were the first residents. The story of the magic breadfruit tree, however, says that Papa sailed from Kahiki (a far-off land) with her husband Wakea, landing on Oahu and finding a home in the mountain upland near the precipice Kilohana.

Papa was a kupua—a woman having many wonderful and miraculous powers. She had also several names. Sometimes she was called Haumea, but at last she left her power and a new name, Ka-meha-i-kana, in the magic breadfruit tree.

Papa was a beautiful woman, whose skin shone like polished dark ivory through the flowers and vines and leaves which were the only clothes she knew. Where she and her husband had settled down they found a fruitful country—with bananas and sugarcane and taro. They built a house on the mountain ridge and feasted on the abundance of food around them. Here they rested well protected when rains were falling or the hot sun was shining.

Papa day by day looked over the seacoast which stretches away in miles of marvelous beauty below the precipices of the northern mountain range of the island Oahu. Clear, deep pools, well filled with most delicate fish, lay restfully

among moss-covered projections of the bordering coral reef. The restless murmur of surf waves beating in and out through the broken lines of the reef called to her, so, catching up some long leaves of the hala-tree, she made a light basket and hurried down to the sea. In a little while she had gathered sea-moss and caught all the crabs she wished to take home.

She turned toward the mountain range and carried her burden to Hoakola, where there was a spring of beautiful clear, cold, fresh water. She laid down her moss and crabs to wash them clean.

She looked up, and on the mountain-side discerned there something strange. She saw her husband in the hands of men who had captured and bound him and were compelling him to walk down the opposite side of the range. Her heart leaped with fear and anguish. She forgot her crabs and moss and ran up the steep way to her home. The moss rooted itself by the spring, but the crabs escaped to the sea.

On the Honolulu side of the mountains were many chiefs and their people, living among whom was Lele-hoo-mao, the ruler, whose fields were often despoiled by Papa and her husband. It was his servants who while searching the country around these fields, had found and captured Wakea. They were forcing him to the temple Pakaka to be there offered in sacrifice. They were shouting, "We have found the mischief-maker and have tied him."

Papa threw around her some of the vines which she had fashioned into a skirt, and ran over the hills to the edge of Nuuanu Valley. Peering down the valley she saw her husband and his captors, and cautiously she descended.

She found a man by the side of the stream Puehuehu, who said to her, "A man has been carried by who is to be baked in an oven this day. The fire is; burning in the valley below."

Papa said, "Give me water to drink."

The man said, "I have none."

Then Papa took a stone and smashed it against the ground. It broke through into a pool of water. She drank and hastened on to the breadfruit tree at Nini, where she overtook her husband and the men who guarded him. He was alive, his hands bound behind him and his leaf clothing torn from his body. Wailing and crying that she must kiss him, she rushed to him and began pushing and pulling him, whirling him around and around.

Suddenly the great breadfruit tree opened and she leaped with him through the doorway into the heart of the tree. The opening closed in a moment.

Papa, by her miraculous power, opened the tree on the other side. They passed through and went rapidly up the mountain-side to their home, which was near the head of Kalihi Valley. As they ran Papa threw off her vine pa-u, or skirt. The vine became the beautiful morning-glory, delicate in blossom and powerful in medicinal qualities. The astonished men had lost their captive. According to the ancient Hawaiian proverb, "Their fence was around the field of nothingness." They pushed against the tree, but the opening was tightly

closed. They ran around under the heavy-leaved branches and found nothing. They believed that the great tree held their captive in its magic power.

Quickly ran the messenger to their high chief, Lele-hoo-mao, to tell him about the trouble at the tabu breadfruit tree at Nini and that the sacrifice for which the oven was being heated was lost.

The chiefs consulted together and decided to cut down that tree and take the captive out of his hiding-place. They sent tree-cutters with their stone axes. The leader of the tree-cutters struck the tree with his stone axe. A chip leaped from the tree, struck him, and he fell dead. Another caught the axe. Again chips flew and the workman fell dead.

Then all the cutters struck and gashed the tree.

Whenever a chip hit any one he died, and the sap of the tree flowed out and was spattered under the blows of the stone axes. Whenever a drop touched a workman or a bystander he fell dead.

The people were filled with fear and cried to their priest for help. Wohi, the priest, came to the tree, bowed before it, and remained in silent thought a long time. Then he raised his head and said, "It was not a woman who went into that tree. It was Papa from Kahiki. She is a goddess and has a multitude of bodies. If we treat her well we shall not be destroyed."

Wohi commanded the people to offer sacrifices at the foot of the tree. This was done with prayers and incantations. A black pig, black awa and red fish were offered to Papa. Then Wohi commanded the wood-cutters to rub themselves bountifully with coconut oil and go fearlessly to their work. Chips struck them and the sap of the tree was spattered over them, but they toiled on unhurt until the great tree fell.

Out of this magic breadfruit tree a great goddess was made. Papa gave to it one of her names, Ka-meha-i-kana, and endowed it with power so that it was noted from Kauai to Hawaii. It became one of the great gods of Oahu, but was taken to Maui, where Kamehameha, secured it as his god to aid in establishing his rule over all the islands.

The peculiar divine gift supposed to reside in this image made from the wonderful breadfruit tree was the ability to aid worshippers in winning land and power from other people and wisely employing the best means of firmly establishing their own government, thus protecting and preserving the kingdom.

Papa dwelt above the Kalihi Valley and looked down over the plains of Honolulu and Ewa covered with well-watered growing plants which gave food or shade to the multiplying people.

It is said that after a time she had a daughter, Kapo, who also had kupua, or magic power. Kapo had many names, such as Kapo-ula-kinau and Laka. She was a high tabu goddess of the ancient Hawaiian hulas, or dances. She had also the power of assuming many bodies at will and could appear in any form from the mo-o, or lizard, to a human being.

Kapo was born from the eyes of Haumea, or Papa.

Papa looked away from Kapo and there was born from her head a sharp pali, or precipice, often mist-covered; this was Ka-moho-alii. Then Pele was born. She was the one who had mighty battles with Kamapuaa, the pig-man, who almost destroyed the volcano Kilauea. It was Ka-moho-alii who rubbed sticks and rekindled the volcanic fires for his sister Pele, thus driving Kamapuaa down the sides of Kilauea into the ocean.

These three, according to the Honolulu legends, were the highest-born children of Papa and Wakea.

Down the Kalihi stream below Papa's home were two stones to which the Hawaiians gave eepa, or gnomelike, power. If any traveler passes these stones on his way up to Papa's resting-place, that wayfarer stops by these stones, gathers leaves and makes leis, or garlands, and places them on these stones, that there may be no trouble in all that day's wanderings.

Sometimes mischievous people dip branches from lehua-trees in water and sprinkle the eepa rocks; then woe to the traveler, for piercing rains are supposed to fall. From this comes the proverb belonging to the residents of Kalihi Valley, "Here is the sharp-headed rain Kalihi" ("Ka ua poo lipilipi o Kalihi").

THE BRIDE FROM THE UNDERWORLD

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Westervelt, W. D. *Hawaiian Legends of Ghosts and Ghost-Gods*. Boston: G.H. Ellis Press, 1916, 225–241.

Date: 1916

Original Source: Hawai'ian

National Origin: Hawai'i

In traditional Hawai'ian culture, a lineage traceable to the earliest mythic beginnings of the islands were necessary for a family to claim the right of rulership. The following **myth** of a young hero who traveled to the land of the dead. The underworld journey was the last of the tests Hiku passed to demonstrate his right to rule by virtue of his descent from the divine Ku. Earlier tests were his ability to survive the tabooed waters and to ride a surfboard with no prior knowledge of or training in its use.

Ku, one of the most widely known gods of the Pacific Ocean, was thought by the Hawaiians to have dwelt as a mortal for some time on the western side of the island Hawaii. Here he chose a queen by the name of Hina as his wife, and to them were born two children. When he withdrew from his residence among men he left a son on the uplands of the district of North Kona,

and a daughter on the seashore of the same district. The son, Hiku-i-kana-hele (Hiku of the forest), lived with his mother. The daughter, Kewalu, dwelt under the care of guardian chiefs and priests by a temple, the ruined walls of which are standing even to the present day. Here she was carefully protected and perfected in all arts pertaining to the very high chiefs.

Hiku-of-the-Forest was not accustomed to go to the sea. His life was developed among the forests along the western slopes of the great mountains of Hawaii. Here he learned the wisdom of his mother and of the chiefs and priests under whose care he was placed. To him were given many of the supernatural powers of his father. His mother guarded him from the knowledge that he had a sister and kept him from going to the temple by the side of which she had her home.

Hiku was proficient in all the feats of manly strength and skill upon which chiefs of the highest rank prided themselves. None of the chiefs of the inland districts could compare with him in symmetry of form, beauty of countenance, and skill in manly sports.

The young chief noted the sounds of the forest and the rushing winds along the sides of the mountains. Sometimes, like storm voices, he heard from far off the beat of the surf along the coral reef. One day he heard a noise like the flapping of the wings of many birds. He looked toward the mountain, but no multitude of his feathered friends could be found. Again the same sound awakened his curiosity. He now learned that it came from the distant seashore far below his home on the mountain-side.

Hiku-of-the-Forest called his mother and together they listened as again the strange sound from the beach rose along the mountain gulches and was echoed among the cliffs.

“Hiku,” said the mother, “that is the clapping of the hands of a large number of men and women. The people who live by the sea are very much pleased and are expressing their great delight in some wonderful deed of a great chief.”

Day after day the rejoicing of the people was heard by the young chief. At last he sent a trusty retainer to learn the cause of the tumult. The messenger reported that he had found certain tabu surf waters of the Kona beach and had seen a very high queen who alone played with her surfboard on the incoming waves. Her beauty surpassed that of any other among all the, people, and her skill in riding the surf was wonderful, exceeding that of any one whom the people had ever seen, therefore the multitude gathered from near and far to watch the marvelous deeds of the beautiful woman. Their pleasure was so great that when they clapped their hands the sound was like the voices of many thunderstorms.

The young chief said he must go down and see this beautiful maiden. The mother knew that this young woman of such great beauty must be Kewalu, the sister of Hiku. She feared that trouble would come to Kewalu if her more powerful brother should find her and take her in marriage, as was the custom among

the people. The omens which had been watched concerning the children in their infancy had predicted many serious troubles. But the young man could not be restrained. He was determined to see the wonderful woman.

He sent his people to gather the nuts of the kukui, or candlenut tree, and crush out the oil and prepare it for anointing his body. He had never used a surfboard, but he commanded his servants to prepare the best one that could be made. Down to the seashore Hiku went with his retainers, down to the tabu place of the beautiful Kewalu.

He anointed his body with the kukui oil until it glistened like the polished leaves of trees; then taking his surfboard he went boldly to the tabu surf waters of his sister. The people stood in amazed silence, expecting to see speedy punishment meted out to the daring stranger. But the gods of the sea favored Hiku. Hiku had never been to the seaside and had never learned the arts of those who were skilful in the waters. Nevertheless as he entered the water he carried the surfboard more royally than any chief the people had ever known. The sunlight shone in splendor upon his polished body when he stood on the board and rode to the shore on the crests of the highest surf waves, performing wonderful feats by his magic power. The joy of the multitude was unbounded, and a mighty storm of noise was made by the clapping of their hands. Kewalu and her maidens had left the beach before the coming of Hiku and were resting in their grass houses in a grove of coconut trees near the heiau. When the great noise made by the people aroused her she sent one of her friends to learn the cause of such rejoicing. When she learned that an exceedingly handsome chief of the highest rank was sporting among her tabu waters she determined to see him.

So, calling her maidens, she went down to the seashore and first saw Hiku on the highest crest of the rolling surf. She decided at once that she had never seen a man so comely, and Hiku, surf-riding to the shore, felt that he had never dreamed of such grace and beauty as marked the maiden who was coming to welcome him.

When Kewalu came near she took the wreath of rare and fragrant flowers which she wore and coming close to him threw it around his shoulders as a token to all the people that she had taken him to be her husband.

Then the joy of the people surpassed all the pleasure of all the days before, for they looked upon the two most beautiful beings they had ever seen and believed that these two would make glad each other's lives.

Thus Hiku married his sister, Kewalu, according to the custom of that time, because she was the only one of all the people equal to him in rank and beauty, and he alone was fitted to stand in her presence.

For a long time they lived together, sometimes sporting among the highest white crests of storm-tossed surf waves, sometimes enjoying the guessing and gambling games in which the Hawaiians of all times have been very expert, sometimes chanting mele and genealogies and telling marvelous stories of sea

and forest, and sometimes feasting and resting under the trees surrounding their grass houses.

Hiku at last grew weary of the life by the sea. He wanted the forest on the mountain and the cold, stimulating air of the uplands. But he did not wish to take his sister-wife with him. Perhaps the omens of their childhood had revealed danger to Kewalu if she left her home by the sea. Whenever he tried to steal away from her she would rush to him and cling to him, persuading him to wait for new sports and joys.

One night Hiku rose up very quietly and passed out into the darkness. As he began to climb toward the uplands the leaves of the trees rustled loudly in welcome. The night birds circled around him and hastened him on his way, but Kewalu was awakened. She called for Hiku. Again and again she called, but Hiku had gone. She heard his footsteps as his eager tread shook the ground. She heard the branches breaking as he forced his way through the forests. Then she hastened after him and her plaintive cry was louder and clearer than the voices of the night birds.

E Hiku, return! E Hiku, return!
 O my love, wait for Kewalu!
 Hiku goes up the hills;
 Very hard is this hill,
 O Hiku! O Hiku, my beloved!

But Hiku by his magic power sent thick fogs and mists around her. She was blinded and chilled, but she heard the crashing of the branches and ferns as Hiku forced his way through them, and she pressed on, still calling, "E Hiku, beloved, return to Kewalu."

Then the young chief threw the long flexible vines of the ieie down into the path. They twined around her feet and made her stumble as she tried to follow him. The rain was falling all around her, and the way was very rough and hard. She slipped and fell again and again.

The ancient chant connected with the legend says:

Hiku, is climbing up the hill.
 Branches and vines are in the way,
 And Kewalu is begging him to stop.
 Rain-drops are walking on the leaves.
 The flowers are beaten to the ground.
 Hopeless the quest, but Kewalu is calling:
 "E Hiku, beloved! Let us go back together."

Her tears, mingled with the rain, streamed down her cheeks. The storm wet and destroyed the kapa mantle which she had thrown around her as she hurried

from her home after Hiku. In rags she tried to force her way through the tangled undergrowth of the uplands, but as she crept forward step by step she stumbled and fell again into the cold wet mass of ferns and grasses. Then the vines crept up around her legs and her arms and held her, but she tore them loose and forced her way upward, still calling. She was bleeding where the rough limbs of the trees had torn her delicate flesh. She was so bruised and sore from the blows of the bending branches that she could scarcely creep along.

At last she could no longer hear the retreating footsteps of Hiku. Then, chilled and desolate and deserted, she gave up in despair and crept back to the village. There she crawled into the grass house where she had been so happy with her brother Hiku, intending to put an end to her life.

The ieie vines held her arms and legs, but she partially disentangled herself and wound them around her head and neck. Soon the tendrils grew tight and slowly but surely choked the beautiful queen to death. This was the first suicide in the records of Hawaiian mythology. As the body gradually became lifeless the spirit crept upward to the lua-uhane, the door by which it passed out of the body into the spirit world. This "spirit-door" is the little hole in the corner of the eye. Out of it the spirit is thought to creep slowly as the body becomes cold in death. The spirit left the cold body a prisoner to the tangled vines, and slowly and sadly journeyed to Milu, the Underworld home of the ghosts of the departed.

The lust of the forest had taken possession of Hiku. He felt the freedom of the swift birds who had been his companions in many an excursion into the heavily shaded depths of the forest jungles. He plunged with abandon into the whirl and rush of the storm winds which he had called to his aid to check Kewalu. He was drunken with the atmosphere which he had breathed throughout his childhood and young manhood. When he thought of Kewalu he was sure that he had driven her back to her home by the temple, where he could find her when once more he should seek the seashore.

He had only purposed to stay a while on the uplands, and then return to his sister-wife. His father, the god Ku, had been watching him and had also seen the suicide of the beautiful Kewalu. He saw the spirit pass down to the kingdom of Milu, the home of the ghosts. Then he called Hiku and told him how heedless and thoughtless he had been in his treatment of Kewalu, and how in despair she had taken her life, the spirit going to the Underworld.

Hiku, the child of the forest, was overcome with grief. He was ready to do anything to atone for the suffering he had caused Kewalu, and repair the injury.

Ku told him that only by the most daring effort could he hope to regain his loved bride. He could go to the Underworld, meet the ghosts and bring his sister back, but this could only be done at very great risk to himself, for if the ghosts discovered and captured him they would punish him with severest torments and destroy all hope of returning to the Upperworld.

Hiku was determined to search the land of Milu and find his bride and bring her back to his Kona home by the sea. Ku agreed to aid him with the mighty

power which he had as a god, nevertheless it was absolutely necessary that Hiku should descend alone and by his own wit and skill secure the ghost of Kewalu.

Hiku prepared a coconut shell full of oil made from decayed kukui nuts. This was very vile and foul smelling. Then he made a long stout rope of ieie vines.

Ku knew where the door to the Underworld was, through which human beings could go down. This was a hole near the seashore in the valley of Waipio on the eastern coast of the island.

Ku and Hiku went to Waipio, descended the precipitous walls of the valley and found the door to the pit of Milu. Milu was the ruler of the Underworld. Hiku rubbed his body all over with the rancid kukui oil and then gave the ieie vine into the keeping of his father to hold fast while he made his descent into the world of the spirits of the dead. Slowly Ku let the vine down until at last Hiku stood in the strange land of Milu.

No one noticed his coming and so for a little while he watched the ghosts, studying his best method of finding Kewalu. Some of the ghosts were sleeping; some were gambling and playing the same games they had loved so well while living in the Upperworld; others were feasting and visiting around the poi bowl as they had formerly been accustomed to do.

Hiku knew that the strong odor of the rotten oil would be his best protection, for none of the spirits would want to touch him and so would not discover that he was flesh and blood. Therefore he rubbed his body once more thoroughly with the oil and disfigured himself with dirt. As he passed from place to place searching for Kewalu, the ghosts said, "What a bad-smelling spirit!" So they turned away from him as if he was one of the most unworthy ghosts dwelling in Milu. In the realm of Milu he saw the people in the game of rolling coconut shells to hit a post. Kulioe, one of the spirits, had been playing the kilu and had lost all his property to the daughter of Milu and one of her friends. He saw Hiku and said, "If you are a skilful man perhaps you should play with these two girls."

Hiku said, "I have nothing. I have only come this day and am alone." Kulioe bet his bones against some of the property he had lost. The first girl threw her cup at the kilu post. Hiku chanted:

Are you known by Papa and Wakea,
O eyelashes or rays of the sun?
Mine is the cup of kilu.

Her cup did not touch the kilu post before Hiku. She threw again, but did not touch, while Hiku chanted the same words. They took a new cup, but failed.

Hiku commenced swinging the cup and threw. It glided and twisted around on the floor and struck the post. This counted five and won the first bet. Then

he threw the cup numbered twenty, won all the property and gave it back to Kulioe.

At last he found Kewalu, but she was by the side of the high chief, Milu, who had seen the beautiful princess as she came into the Underworld. More glorious was Kewalu than any other of all those of noble blood who had ever descended to Milu. The ghosts had welcomed the spirit of the princess with great rejoicing, and the king had called her at once to the highest place in his court.

She had not been long with the chiefs of Milu before they asked her to sing or chant her mele. The mele was the family song by which any chief made known his rank and the family with which he was connected, whenever he visited chiefs far away from his own home.

Hiku heard the chant and mingled with the multitude of ghosts gathered around the place where the high chiefs were welcoming the spirit of Kewalu. While Hiku and Kewalu had been living together one of their pleasures was composing and learning to intone a chant which no other among either mortals or spirits should know besides themselves. While Kewalu was singing she introduced her part of this chant. Suddenly from among the throng of ghosts arose the sound of a clear voice chanting the response which was known by no other person but Hiku.

Kewalu was overcome by the thought that perhaps Hiku was dead and was now among the ghosts, but did not dare to incur the hatred of King Milu by making himself known; or perhaps Hiku had endured many dangers of the lower world by coming even in human form to find her and therefore must remain concealed. The people around the king, seeing her grief, were not surprised when she threw a mantle around herself and left them to go away alone into the shadows.

She wandered from place to place among the groups of ghosts, looking for Hiku. Sometimes she softly chanted her part of the mele. At last she was again answered and was sure that Hiku was near, but the only one very close was a foul-smelling, dirt-covered ghost from whom she was turning away in despair.

Hiku in a low tone warned her to be very careful and not recognize him, but assured her that he had come in person to rescue her and take her back to her old home where her body was then lying. He told her to wander around and yet to follow him until they came to the ieie vine which he had left hanging from the hole which opened to the Upperworld.

When Hiku came to the place where the vine was hanging he took hold to see if Ku, his father, was still carefully guarding the other end to pull him up when the right signal should be given. Having made himself sure of the aid of the god, he tied the end of the vine into a strong loop and seated himself in it. Then he began to swing back and forth, back and forth, sometimes rising high and sometimes checking himself and resting with his feet on the ground.

Kewalu came near and begged to be allowed to swing, but Hiku would only consent on the condition that she would sit in his lap. The ghosts thought that this would be an excellent arrangement and shouted their approval of the new sport. Then Hiku took the spirit of Kewalu in his strong arms and began to swing slowly back and forth, then more and more rapidly, higher and higher until the people marveled at the wonderful skill. Meanwhile he gave the signal to Ku to pull them up. Almost imperceptibly the swing receded from the spirit world.

All this time Hiku had been gently and lovingly rubbing the spirit of Kewalu and softly uttering charm after charm so that while they were swaying in the air she was growing smaller and smaller. Even the chiefs of Milu had been attracted to this unusual sport, and had drawn near to watch the wonderful skill of the strange foul-smelling ghost.

Suddenly it dawned upon some of the beholders that the vine was being drawn up to the Upperworld. Then the cry arose, "He is stealing the woman!" "He is stealing the woman!"

The Underworld was in a great uproar of noise. Some of the ghosts were leaping as high as they could, others were calling for Hiku to return, and others were uttering charms to cause his downfall. No one could leap high enough to touch Hiku, and the power of all the charms was defeated by the god Ku, who rapidly drew the vine upward.

Hiku succeeded in charming the ghost of Kewalu into the coconut shell which he still carried. Then stopping the opening tight with his fingers so that the spirit could not escape he brought Kewalu back to the land of mortals.

With the aid of Ku the steep precipices surrounding Waipio Valley were quickly scaled and the journey made to the temple by the tabu surf waters of Kona. Here the body of Kewalu had been lying in state. Here the *auwe*, or mourning chant, of the retinue of the dead princess could be heard from afar.

Hiku passed through the throngs of mourners, carefully guarding his precious coconut until he came to the feet, cold and stiff in death. Kneeling down he placed the small hole in the end of the shell against the tender spot in the bottom of one of the cold feet.

The spirits of the dead must find their way back little by little through the body from the feet to the eyes, from which they must depart when they bid final farewell to the world. To try to send the spirit back into the body by placing it in the *lua-uhane*, or "door of the soul," would be to have it where it had to depart from the body rather than enter it.

Hiku removed his finger from the hole in the coconut and uttered the incantations which would allure the ghost into the body. Little by little the soul of Kewalu came back, and the body grew warm from the feet upward, until at last the eyes opened and the soul looked out upon the blessed life restored to it by the skill and bravery of Hiku.

No more troubles arose to darken the lives of the children of Ku. Whether in the forest or by the sea they made the days pleasant for each other until at

the appointed time together they entered the shades of Milu as chief and chiefess who could not be separated. It is said that the generations of their children gave many rulers to the Hawaiians, and that the present royal family, the “House of Kalakaua,” is the last of the descendants.

KAMPUAA LEGENDS: LEGENDS OF THE HOG GOD

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Westervelt, W. D. *Hawaiian Legends of Old Honolulu*. Boston: G.H. Ellis Press, 1915, 247–278.

Date: 1915

Original Source: Hawai’ian

National Origin: Hawai’i

Abraham Fornander, an early collector and compiler of Hawai’ian oral tradition writes, “The Kamapuaa stories ... seem to have no counterpart in any mythology beyond the borders of the Hawaiian Islands” (Westervelt 1915, 259). Although Westervelt does not emphasize this connection, Hina is identified as a god and Kamapuaa is explicitly named as a demi-god by folklorist Martha Beckwith (Beckwith 1940, 201):. His nature bears all the marks of a “kupua” (the offspring of a god born into a human family): he is a shape-shifter with extraordinary strength; he is extraordinarily ugly and can control nature. The following cycle of tales of Kamapuaa has been collated and rewritten with interjections by W. D. Westervelt. In spite of this, however, the content remains true to tradition.

Some of the most unique legends of the nations have centered around imagined monsters. Centaurs, half man and half horse, thronged the dreams of Rome. The Hawaiians knew nothing about any animals save the fish of the seas, the birds of the forests, and the chickens, the dogs and the pigs around their homes. From the devouring shark the Hawaiian imagination conceived the idea of the shark-man who indulged in cannibalistic tendencies.

From the devastations of the hogs they built up the experiences of a rude vicious chief whom they called Kamapuaa, who was the principal figure of many rough exploits throughout the islands. Sometimes he had a hog’s body with a human head and limbs, sometimes a hog’s head rested on a human form, and sometimes he assumed the shape of a hog—quickly reassuming the form of a man. Kalakaua’s legends say that he was a hairy man and cultivated the stiff hair by cutting it short so that it stood out like bristles, and that he had his body

tattooed so that it would have the appearance of a hog. In place of the ordinary feather cloak worn by chiefs he wore a pigskin with its bristles on the outside and a pigskin girdle around his waist.

The legends say that he was born at Kaluanui, a part of the district of Hauula or Koolau coast of the island Oahu. His reputed father was Olopana, the high chief of that part of the island, and his mother was Hina, the daughter of a chief who had come from a foreign land. Other legends say that his father was Kahikiula (The Red Tahiti), a brother of Olopana. These brothers had come to Oahu from foreign lands some time before. Fornander always speaks of Olopana as Kamapuaa's uncle, although he had taken Hina as his wife.

The Koolauloa coast of Oahu lies as a luxuriant belt of ever-living foliage a mile or so in width between an ocean of many colors and dark beetling precipices of mountain walls rising some thousands of feet among the clouds. From these precipices which mark the landward side of a mighty extinct crater come many mountain streams leaping in cascades of spray down into the quiet green valleys which quickly broaden into the coral-reef-bordered seacoast. From any place by the sea the outline of several beautiful little valleys can be easily traced.

One morning while the sunlight of May looked into the hidden recesses and crevices of these valleys, bringing into sharp relief of shadow and light the out-cropping ledges, a little band of Hawaiians and their white friends lay in the shade of a great kamani tree and talked about the legends which were told of the rugged rock masses of each valley, and the quiet pools of each rivulet. Where the little party lay was one of the sporting-places of Kamapuaa the "hog-child treated in the legends as a demigod." Not faraway one of the mountain streams had broadened into a quiet bush-shaded lakelet with deep fringes of grass around its borders. Here the legendary hog-man with marvelous powers had bathed from time to time. A narrow gorge deep shadowed by the morning sun was the place which Kamapuaa had miraculously bridged for his followers when an enemy was closely pursuing them. Several large stones on the edges of the valleys were pointed out as the monuments of various adventures. An exquisitely formed little valley ran deep into the mountain almost in front of the legend-tellers. Far away in the upper end where the dark-green foliage blended with still darker shadows the sides of the valley narrowed until they were only from sixty to seventy feet apart, and unscalable precipices bent toward each other, leaving only a narrow strip of sky above. On the right of this valley is a branch-gorge down which fierce storms have hurled torrents of waters and mist. The upper end has been hollowed and polished in the shape of a finely rounded canoe of immense proportions. It was from this that the valley took its name Ka-liu-waa, possibly having the meaning, "the leaky canoe." Some of the legends say that this was Kamapuaa's canoe leaning against the precipice and always leaking out the waters which fell in it.

Lying toward the west was a very fertile and open tract of land, Kaluanui, where Kamapuaa was said to have been born of Hina. After his birth he was

thrown away by Kahiki-houna-kele, an older brother, and left to die. After a time Hina, the mother, went to a stream of clear, sweet water near her home to bathe. After bathing she went to the place where she had left her pa-u, or tapa skirt, and found a fine little hog lying on it. She picked it up and found that it was a baby. She was greatly alarmed, and gave the hog-child to another son, Kekelaiaika, that he might care for it, but the older brother stole the hog-child and carried it away to a cave in which Hina's mother lived. Her name was Kamaunuaniho.

The grandmother knew the hog-child at once as her grandson endowed with marvelous powers, and since the gods had given him the form of a hog he should be called kama (child), puua (hog). Then she gave to the older brother kapa quilts in which to place Kamapuaa. These were made in layers, six sheets of kapa cloth formed the under quilt for a bed and six sheets the upper quilt for a cover. In these Kamapuaa slept while his brother prepared taro and breadfruit for his food. Thus the wonderful hog ate and slept usually in the form of a hog until size and strength came to him.

Then he became mischievous and began to commit depredations at night. He would root up the taro in the fields of his neighbors, and especially in the field of the high chief Olopana. Then he would carry the taro home, root up ferns and grass until he had good land and then plant the stolen taro. Thus his grandmother and her retainers were provided with growing taro, the source of which they did not understand.

His elder brother prepared an oven in which to cook chickens. Kamapuaa rooted up the oven and stole the chickens. This brother Kahiki-houna-kele caught the hog-child and administered a sound whipping, advising him to go away from home if he wanted to steal, and especially to take what he wanted from Olopana.

Adopting this advice, Kamapuaa extended his raids to the home of the high chief. Here he found many chickens. Kamapuaa quickly killed some, took them in his mouth and threw many more on his back and ran home. The morning came before he had gone far and the people along the way saw the strange sight and pursued him. By the use of charms taught him by his sorceress-grandmother he made himself run faster and faster until he had outstripped his pursuer. Then he carried his load to his grandmother's cave and gave the chickens to the family for a great luau (feast).

Another time he stole the sacred rooster belonging to Olopana, as well as many other fowls. The chief sent a large number of warriors after him. They chased the man who had been seen carrying the chickens. He fled by his grandmother's cave and threw the chickens inside, then fled back up the hillside, revealing himself to his pursuers. They watched him, but he disappeared. He dropped down by the side of a large stone. On this he seated himself and watched the people as they ran through the valley calling to each other. The high grass was around the stone so that for a long time he was concealed.

For this reason this stone still bears the name Pohaku-pee-o-Kamapuaa (Kamapuaa's-hiding-stone).

After a time a man who had climbed to the opposite ridge cried out, "E, E, there he is sitting on the great stone!" This man was turned into a stone by the magic of Kamapuaa. The pursuers hastened up the hillside and surrounded the stone, but no man was there. There was a fine black hog, which they recognized as the wonderful one belonging to Kamaunuanoho. So they decided that this was the thief, and seized it and carried it down the bill to give to the high chief Olopana. After getting him down into the valley they tried to drive him, but he would not go. Then they sent into the forest for ohia poles and made a large litter. It required many men to carry this enormous hog, who made himself very heavy.

Suddenly Kamapuaa heard his grandmother calling, "Break the cords! Break the poles! Break the strong men! Escape!" Making a sudden turn on the litter, he broke it in pieces and fell with it to the ground. Then he burst the cords which bound him and attacked the band of men whom he had permitted to capture him. Some legends say that he killed and ate many of them. Others say that he killed and tore the people.

The wild life lived by Kamapuaa induced a large band of rough lawless men to leave the service of the various high chiefs and follow Kamapuaa in his marauding expeditions. They made themselves the terror of the whole Koolau region.

Olopana determined to destroy them, and sent an army of four hundred warriors to uproot Kamapuaa and his robbers. It was necessary for them to hasten to their hiding-places, but they were chased up into the hills until a deep gorge faced them. No way of escape seemed possible, but Kamapuaa, falling on the ground, became a long hog—stretching out he increased his length until he could reach from side to side of the deep ravine—thus he formed a bridge over which his followers escaped.

Kamapuaa, however, was not able to make himself small quickly enough to escape from his enemies. He tried to hide himself in a hole and pull dead branches and leaves over himself; but they soon found him, bound him securely, and tied him to a great stone which with "the stone of hiding" and "the watcher" are monuments of the legends to this day.

The people succeeded in leading the hog-man to Olopana's home, where they fastened him, keeping him for a great feast, which they hoped to have in a few days, but Kamapuaa, Samson-like, broke all his bonds, destroyed many of his captors—wantonly destroyed coconut trees and taro patches, and then went back to his home.

He knew that Olopana would use every endeavor to compass his destruction. So he called his followers together and led them up Kaliuwaa Valley, stopping to get his grandmother on the way. When he came to the end of the valley, and the steep cliffs up which his people could not possibly climb,

he took his grandmother on his neck and leaned back against the great precipice. Stretching himself more and more, and rubbing against the black rocks, at last he lifted his grandmother to the top of the cliffs so that she could step off on the uplands which sloped down to the Pearl Harbor side of the island. Then the servants and followers climbed up the sides of the great hog by clinging to his bristles and escaped. The hollow worn in the rocks looked like a hewn-out canoe, and was given the name Ka-waa-o-Kamapuaa (The canoe of Kamapuaa). Kamapuaa then dammed up the water of the beautiful stream by throwing his body across it, and awaited the coming of Olopana and his warriors.

An immense force had been sent out to destroy him. In addition to the warriors who came by land, a great fleet of canoes was sent along the seashore to capture any boats in which Kamapuaa and his people might try to escape.

The canoes gathered in and around the mouth of the stream which flowed from Kaliuwaa Valley. The warriors began to march along the stream up toward the deep gorge. Suddenly Kamapuaa broke the dam by leaping away from the waters, and a great flood drowned the warriors, and dashed the canoes together, destroying many and driving the rest far out to sea. Uhakohi is said to be the place where this flood occurred.

Then Kamapuaa permitted the people to capture him. They went up the valley after the waters had subsided and found nothing left of Kamapuaa or his people except a small black hog. They searched the valley thoroughly. They found the canoe, turned to stone, leaning against the precipice at the end of the gorge. They said among themselves, "Escaped is Kamapuaa with all his people, and ended are our troubles."

They caught the hog and bound it to carry to Olopana. As they journeyed along the seashore their burden became marvelously heavy until at last an immense litter was required resting on the shoulders of many men. It was said that he sometimes tossed himself over to one side, breaking it down and killing some of the men who carried him. Then again he rolled to the other side, bringing a like destruction. Thus he brought trouble and death and a long, weary journey to his captors, who soon learned that their captive was the hog-man Kamapuaa. They brought him to their king Olopana and placed him in the temple enclosure where sacrifices to the gods were confined. This heiau was in Kaneohe and was known as the heiau of Kawaewae. It was in the care of a priest known as Lonoaohi.

Long, long before this capture Olopana had discovered Kamapuaa and would not acknowledge him as his son. The destruction of his coconut trees and taro patches had been the cause of the first violent rupture between the two. Kamapuaa had wantonly broken the walls of Olopana's great fish-pond and set the fish free, and then after three times raiding the fowls around the grass houses had seized, killed and eaten the sacred rooster which Olopana considered his household fetish.

When Olopana knew that Kamapuaa had been captured and was lying bound in the temple enclosure he sent orders that great care should be taken lest he escape, and later he should be placed on the altar of sacrifice before the great gods.

Hina, it was said, could not bear the thought that this child of hers, brutal and injurious as he was, should suffer as a sacrifice. She was a very high chiefess, and, like the Hinas throughout Polynesia, was credited with divine powers. She had great influence with the high priest Lonoaohi and persuaded him to give Kamapuaa an opportunity to escape. This was done by killing a black hog and smearing Kamapuaa's body with the blood. Thus bearing the appearance of death, he was laid unbound on the altar. It was certain that unless detected he could easily climb the temple wall and escape.

Olopana, the king, came to offer the chants and prayers which belonged to such a sacrifice. He as well as the high priest had temple duties, and the privilege of serving at sacrifices of great importance. As was his custom he came from the altar repeating chants and prayers while Kamapuaa lay before the images of the gods. While he was performing the sacrificial rites, Kamapuaa became angry, leaped from the altar, changed himself into his own form, seized the bone daggers used in dismembering the sacrifices, and attacked Olopana, striking him again and again, until he dropped on the floor of the temple dead. The horrified priests had been powerless to prevent the deed, nor did they think of striking Kamapuaa down at once. In the confusion he rushed from the temple, fled along the coast to his well-known valleys, climbed the steep precipices and rejoined his grandmother and his followers.

Leading his band of rough robbers down through the sandalwood forests of the Wahiawa region, he crossed over the plains to the Waianae Mountains. Here they settled for a time, living in caves. Other lawless spirits joined them, and they passed along the Ewa side of the island, ravaging the land like a herd of swine. A part of the island they conquered, making the inhabitants their serfs.

Here on a spur of the Waianae Mountains they built a residence for Kamaunu-aniho, and established her as their priestess, or kahuna. They levied on the neighboring farmers for whatever taro, sweet-potatoes and bananas they needed. They compelled the fishermen to bring tribute from the sea. They surrounded their homes with pigs and chickens, and in mere wantonness terrorized that part of Oahu.

Kamapuaa on Oahu and Kauai

While he lived on the Koolau coast he was simply a devastating, brutal monster, with certain powers belonging to a demi-god, which he used as maliciously as possible. After being driven out to the Honolulu side of the mountains, for a time he led his band of robbers in their various expeditions, but after a time his miraculous powers increased and he went forth terrorizing the island

from one end to the other. He had the power of changing himself into any in of a fish. As a shark and as a hog he was represented as sometimes eating those whom he conquered in battle. He ravaged the fields and chicken preserves of the different chiefs, but it is said never stole or ate pigs or fish.

He wandered along the low lands from the taro patches of Ewa to the coconut groves of Waikiki, rooting up and destroying the food of the people.

At Kamoiliili he saw two beautiful women coming from the stream which flows from Manoa Valley. He called to them, but when they saw his tattooed body and rough clothing made from pigskins they recognized him and fled. He pursued them, but they were counted as goddesses, having come from divine foreign families as well as Kamapuaa. They possessed miraculous powers and vanished when he was ready to place his hands upon them. They sank down into the earth. Kamapuaa changed himself into the form of a great hog and began to root up the stones and soil and break his way through the thick layer of petrified coral through which they had disappeared. He first followed the descent of the woman who had been nearest to him. Down he went through soil and stone after her, but suddenly a great flood of water burst upward through the coral almost drowning him. The goddess had stopped his pursuit by turning an underground stream into the entrance which he had made.

After this narrow escape Kamapuaa rushed toward Manoa Valley to the place where he had seen the other beautiful woman disappear. Here also he rooted deep through earth and coral, and here again a new spring of living water was uncovered. He could do nothing against the flood, which threatened his life. The goddesses escaped and the two wells have supplied the people of Kamoiliili for many generations, bearing the name, "The wells, or fountains, of Kamapuaa."

The chief of Waikiki had a fine tract well supplied with bananas and coconuts and taro. Night after night a great black bog rushed through Waikiki destroying all the ripening fruit and even going to the very doors of the grass houses searching out the calabashes filled with poi waiting for fermentation. These calabashes he dashed to the ground, defiling their contents and breaking and unfitting them for further use. A crowd of warriors rushed out to kill this devastating monster. They struck him with clubs and hurled their spears against his bristling sides. The stiff bristles deadened the force of the blows of the clubs and turned the spear-points aside so that he received but little injury. Meanwhile his fierce tusks were destroying the warriors and his cruel jaws were tearing their flesh and breaking their bones. In a short time the few who were able to escape fled from him. The chiefs gathered their warriors again and again, and after many battles drove Kamapuaa from cave to cave and from district to district. Finally he leaped into the sea, changed himself into the form of a fish and passed over the channel to Kauai.

He swam westward along the coast, selecting a convenient place for landing, and when night came, sending the people to their sleep, he went ashore.

He had marked the location of taro and sugarcane patches and could easily find them in the night. Changing himself into a black hog he devoured and trampled the sugarcane, rooted up taro and upset calabashes, eating the poi and breaking the wooden bowls. Then he fled to a rough piece of land which he had decided upon as his hiding-place.

The people were astonished at the devastation when they came from their houses next morning. Only gods who were angry could have wrought such havoc so unexpectedly, therefore they sent sacrifices to the heiaus, that the gods of their homes might protect them. But the next night other fields were made desolate as if a herd of swine had been wantonly at work all through the night. After a time watchmen were set around the fields and the mighty hog was seen. The people were called. They surrounded Kamapuaa, caught him and tied him with strongest cords of olona fiber and pulled him to one side, that on the new day so soon to dawn they might build their oven and roast him for a great feast.

When they thought all was finished the hog suddenly burst his bonds, became invisible and leaped upon them, tore them and killed them as he had done on Oahu, then rushed away in the darkness.

Again some watchers found him lying at the foot of a steep precipice, sleeping in the daytime. On the edge of the precipice were great boulders, which they rolled down upon him, but he was said to have allowed the stones to strike him and fall shattered in pieces while he sustained very little injury.

Then he assumed the form of a man and made his home by a ledge of rock called Kipukai. Here there was a spring of very sweet water, which lay in the form of a placid pool of clear depths, reflecting wonderfully whatever shadows fell upon its surface. To this two beautiful sisters were in the habit of coming with their water-calabashes. While they stooped over the water Kamapuaa came near and cast the shadow as a man before them on the clear waters. They both wanted the man as their husband who could cast such a shadow. He revealed himself to them and took them both to be his wives. They lived with him at Kipukai and made fine sleeping mats for him, cultivated food and prepared it for him to eat. They pounded kapa that he might be well clothed.

At that time there were factions on the island of Kauai warring against each other. Fierce hand-to-hand battles were waged and rich spoils carried away.

With the coming of Kamapuaa to Kauai a new and strange appearance wrought terror in the hearts of the warriors whenever a battle occurred. While the conflict was going on and blows were freely given by both club and spear, suddenly a massive war-club would be seen whistling through the air, striking down the chiefs of both parties. Mighty blows were struck by this mysterious club. No hand could be seen holding it, no strong arm swinging it, and no chief near it save those stricken by it. Dead and dying warriors covered the ground in its path. Sometimes when Kamapuaa had been caught in his marauding expedition, he would escape from the ropes tying him, change into a man, seize a club, become invisible and destroy his captors. He took from the fallen their rich

feather war cloaks, carried them to his dwelling-place and concealed them under his mats.

The people of Kauai were terrified by the marvelous and powerful being who dwelt in their midst. They believed in the ability of kahunas, or priests, to work all manner of evil in strange ways and therefore were sure that some priest was working with evil spirits to compass their destruction. They sought the strongest and most sacred of their own kahunas, but were unable to conquer the evil.

Meanwhile Kamapuaa, tired of the two wives, began to make life miserable for them, trying to make them angry, that he might have good excuse for killing them. They knew something of his marvelous powers as a demi-god, and watched him when he brought bundles to his house and put them away. The chief's house then as in later years was separated from the houses of the women and was tabu to them, but they waited until they had seen him go far away. Then they searched his house and found the war cloaks of their friends under his mats. They hastened and told their friends, who plotted to take vengeance on their enemy.

The women decided to try to drive the demi-god away, so destroyed the spring of water from which they had daily brought water for his need. They also carefully concealed all evidences of other springs. Kamapuaa returned from his adventures and was angry when he found no water waiting for him. He called for the women, but they had hidden themselves. He was very thirsty. He rushed to the place of the spring, but could not find it. He looked for water here and there, but the sisters had woven mighty spells over all the water-holes and he could not see them. In his rage he rushed about like a blind and crazy man. Then the sisters appeared and ridiculed him. They taunted him with his failure to overcome their wives. They laughed at his suffering. Then in his great anger he leaped upon them, caught them and threw them over a precipice. As they fell upon the ground he uttered his powerful incantations and changed them into two stones, which for many generations have been guardians of that precipice. Then he assumed the form of a hog and rooted deep in the rocky soil. Soon he uncovered a fountain of water from which he drank deeply, but which he later made bitter and left as a mineral-spring to the present day.

The people of Kauai now knew the secret of the wonderful swinging war club. They knew that a hand held it and an invisible man walked beside it, so they fought against a power which they could not see. They felt their clubs strike some solid body even when they struck at the air. Courage came back to them, and at Hanalei the people forced him into a corner, and, carrying stones, tried to fence him in, but he broke the walls down, tore his way through the people and fled. The high chief of Hanalei threw his magic spear at him as he rushed past, but missed him. The spear struck the mountain-side near the summit and passed through, leaving a great hole through which the sky on the other side of the mountain can still be seen. Kamapuaa decided that he was tired of

Kauai, therefore he ran to the seashore, leaped into the water and, becoming a fish, swam away to Hawaii.

Pele and Kamapuaa

The three great mountains of Hawaii had been built many centuries before Pele found an abiding home in the pit of Kilauea. Kilauea itself appears rather as a shelter to which she fled than as a house of her own building. The sea waters quenched the fires built by her at lower levels, forcing her up higher and higher toward the mountains until she took refuge in the maelstrom of eternal fire known for centuries among the Hawaiians as *Ka lua o Pele* (The pit of Pele), the boiling center of the active pit of fire. Some legends say that Kamapuaa drove Pele from place to place by pouring in water.

The Kalakaua legends probably give the correct idea of the growths of Pele-worship as the goddess of volcanic fires when they say that the Pele family of brave and venturesome high chiefs with their followers settled under the shadows of the smoke-clouds from Kilauea and were finally destroyed by some overwhelming eruption. And yet the destruction was so spectacular, or at least so mysterious, that the idea took firm root that Pele and her brothers and sisters, instead of passing out of existence, entered into the volcano to dwell there as living spirits having the fires of the Underworld as their continual heritage. From this home of fire Pele and her sisters could come forth assuming the forms in which they had been seen as human beings. This power has been the cause of many legends about Pele and her adventures with various chiefs whom she at last overwhelmed with boiling floods of lava tossed out of her angry heart. In this way she appeared in different parts of the island of Hawaii apparently no longer having any fear of danger to her home from incoming seas.

The last great battle between sea and fire was connected with Pele as a fire-goddess and Kamapuaa, the demi-god, part hog and part man. It is a curious legend in which human and divine elements mingle like the changing scenes of a dream. This naturally follows the statement in some of the legends that Ku, one of the highest gods among the Polynesians as well as among the Hawaiians, was an ancestor of Kamapuaa, protecting him and giving him the traits of a demi-god. Kamapuaa had passed through many adventures on the islands of Oahu and Kauai, and had lived for a time on Maui. He had, according to some of the legends, developed his mysterious powers so that he could become a fish whenever he wished, so sometimes he was represented as leaping into the sea, diving down to great depth, and swimming until he felt the approach of rising land, then he would come to the surface, call out the name of the island and go ashore for a visit with the inhabitants or dive again and pass on to another island. Thus he is represented as passing to Hawaii after his adventures on the islands of Kauai and Oahu.

On Hawaii he entered into the sports of the chiefs, gambling, boxing, surf-riding, rolling the round ulu maika stone and riding the holua (sled). Here he

learned about the wonderful princess from the islands of the southern seas who had made her home in the fountains of fire.

Some of the legends say that he returned to Oahu, gathered a company of adherents and then visited the Pele family as a chief of high rank, winning her as his bride and living with her some time, then separating and dividing the island of Hawaii between them, Pele taking the southern part of the island as the scene for her terrific eruptions, and Kamapuaa ruling over the north, watering the land with gentle showers or with melting snow, or sometimes with fierce storms, until for many centuries fertile fields have rewarded the toil of man.

The better legends send Kamapuaa alone to the contest with the fire-goddess, winning her for a time and then entering into a struggle in which both lives were at stake.

It is said that one morning when the tops of the mountains were painted by the sunlight from the sea, and the shadows in the valley were creeping under the leaves of the trees of the forests, that Pele and her sisters went down toward the hills of Puna. These sisters were known as the Hiiakas, defined by Ellis, who gives the first account of them, as "The cloud-holders." Each one had a descriptive title, thus Hiiaka-noho-lani was "The heaven-dwelling cloud-holder," Hiiaka-i-ka-poli-o-Pele was "The cloud-holder in the bosom of Pele." There were at least six Hiiakas, and some legends give many more.

That morning they heard the sound of a drum in the distance. It was the tum-tum-tum of a hula. Filled with curiosity they turned aside to see what strangers had invaded their territory. One of the sisters, looking over the plain to a hill not far away, called out, "What a handsome man!" and asked her sisters to mark the finely formed athletic stranger who was dancing gloriously outlined in the splendor of the morning light.

Pele scornfully looked and said she saw nothing but a great hog-man, whom she would quickly drive from her dominions. Then began the usual war of words with which rival chiefs attacked each other. Pele taunted Kamapuaa, calling him a hog and ascribing to him the characteristics belonging to swine. Kamapuaa became angry and called Pele "the woman with red burning eyes, and an angry heart unfit to be called a chiefess." Then Pele in her wrath stamped on the ground until earthquakes shook the land around Kamapuaa and a boiling stream of lava rolled down from the mountains above. The stranger, throwing around him the finest tapa, stood unmoved until the flood of fire began to roll up the hill on which he stood. Then raising his hands and uttering the strongest incantations he called for heavy rains to fall. Soon the lava became powerless in the presence of the stranger. Then Pele tried her magical powers to see if she could subdue this stranger, but his invocations seemed to be stronger than those falling from her lips, and she gave up the attempt to destroy him. Pele was always a cruel, revengeful goddess, sweeping away those against whom her wrath might be kindled, even if they were close friends of her household.

The sisters finally prevailed upon her to send across to the hill inviting the stranger, who was evidently a high chief, to come and visit them. As the messenger started to bring the young man to the sisters he stepped into the shadows, and the messenger found nothing but a small hog rooting among the ferns. This happened day after day until Pele determined to know this stranger chief who always succeeded in thoroughly hiding himself, no matter how carefully the messengers might search. At last the chant of the hula and the dance of the sisters on the smooth pahoehoe of a great extinct lava bed led the young man to approach. Pele revealed herself in her rare and tempting beauty, calling with a sweet voice for the stranger to come and rest by her side while her sisters danced. Soon Pele was overcome by the winning strength of this great chief, and she decided to marry him. So they dwelt together in great happiness for a time, sometimes making their home in one part of Puna and sometimes in another. The places where they dwelt are pointed out even at this day by the natives who know the traditions of Puna.

But Kamapuaa had too many of the habits and instincts of a hog to please Pele, besides she was too quickly angry to suit the overbearing Kamapuaa. Pele was never patient even with her sisters, so with Kamapuaa she would burst into fiery rage, while taunts and bitter words were freely hurled back and forth. Then Pele stamped on the ground, the earth shook, cracks opened in the surface and sometimes clouds of smoke and steam arose around Kamapuaa. He was unterrified and matched his divine powers against hers. It was demi-god against demi-goddess. It was the goddess of fire of Hawaii against the hog-god of Oahu. Pele's home life was given up. The bitterness of strife swept over the black sands of the seashore. When the earth seemed ready to open its doors and pour out mighty streams of flowing lava in the defense of Pele, Kamapuaa called for the waters of the ocean to rise. Then flood met fire and quenched it. Pele was driven inland. Her former lover, hastening after her and striving to overcome her, followed her upward until at last amid clouds of poisonous gases she went back into her spirit home in the pit of Kilauea.

Then Kamapuaa as a god of the sea gathered the waters together in great masses and hurled them into the firepit. Violent explosions followed the inrush of waters. The sides of the great crater were torn to pieces by fierce earthquakes. Masses of fire expanded the water into steam, and Pele gathered the forces of the Underworld to aid in driving back Kamapuaa. The lavas rose in many lakes and fountains. Rapidly the surface was cooled and the fountains checked, but just as rapidly were new openings made and new streams of fire hurled at the demi-god of Oahu. It was a mighty battle of the elements. The legends say that the hog-man, Kamapuaa, poured water into the crater until its fires were driven back to their lowest depths and Pele was almost drowned by the floods. The clouds of the skies had dropped their burden of rain. All the waters of the sea that Kamapuaa could collect had been poured into the crater. Fornander gives a part of the prayer of Kamapuaa against Pele. His appeal was directly to the gods

of water for assistance. He cried for “The great storm clouds of skies,” while Pele prayed for “The bright gods of the Underworld, The gods thick-clustered for Pele.”

It was the duty of the Pele family to stir up volcanic action, create explosions, hurl lava into the air, make earthquakes, blow out clouds of flames and smoke and sulfurous-burdened fumes against all enemies of Pele. Into the conflict against Kamapuaa rushed the gods of Po, the Underworld, armed with spears of flashing fire, and hurling sling-stones of lava. The storms of bursting gases and falling lavas were more than Kamapuaa could endure. Gasping for breath and overwhelmed with heat, he found himself driven back. The legends say that Pele and her sisters drank the waters, so that after a time there was no check against the uprising lava. The pit was filled and the streams of fire flowed down upon Kamapuaa. He changed his body into a kind of grass now known as Ku-kae-puaa, and tried to stop the flow of the lava. Apparently the grass represented the bristles covering his body when he changed himself into a hog.

Kamapuaa has sometimes been called the Samson of Hawaiian traditions, and it is possible that a Biblical idea has crept into the modern versions of the story. Delilah cut Samson’s hair and he became weak. The Hawaiian traditions say that, if Kamapuaa’s bristles could be burned off, he would, lose his power to cope with Pele’s forces of fire. When the grass lay in the pathway of the fire, the lava was turned aside for a time, but Pele, inspired by the beginning of victory, called anew upon the gods of the Underworld for strong reinforcements.

Out from the pits of Kilauea came vast masses of lava piling up against the field of grass in its pathway and soon the grass began to bum; then Kamapuaa assumed again the shape of a man, the hair or bristles on his body were singed and the smart of many bums began to cause agony. Down he rushed to the sea, but the lava spread out on either side, cutting off retreat along the beach. Pele followed close behind, striving to overtake him before he could reach the water. The side streams had reached the sea, and the water was rapidly heated into tossing, boiling waves. Pele threw great masses of lava at Kamapuaa, striking and churning the sea into which he leaped midst the swirling heated mass. Kamapuaa gave up the battle, and, thoroughly defeated, changed himself into a fish. To that fish he gave the tough pigskin which he assumed when roaming over the islands as the hog-man. It was thick enough to stand the boiling waves through which he swam out into the deep sea. The Hawaiians say that this fish has always been able to make a noise like the grunting of a small pig. To this fish was given the name “humu-humu-nuku-nuku-a-puaa.”

It was said that Kamapuaa fled to foreign lands, where he married a high chiefess and lived with his family many years. At last the longing for his homeland came over him irresistibly and he returned appearing as a humu-humu in his divine place among the Hawaiian fishes, but never again taking to himself the form of a man.

Since this conflict with Kamapuaa, Pele has never feared the powers of the sea. Again and again has she sent her lava streams over the territory surrounding her firepit in the volcano Kilauea, and has swept the seashore, even pouring her lavas into the deep sea, but the ocean has never retaliated by entering into another conflict to destroy Pele and her servants. Kamapuaa was the last who poured the sea into the deep pit. The friends of Lohiau, a prince from the island of Kauai, waged warfare with Pele, tearing to pieces a part of the crater in which she dwelt; but it was a conflict of land forces, and in its entirety is one of the very interesting tales handed down by Hawaiian tradition.

Kamapuaa figured to the last days of Pele-worship in the sacrifices offered to the fire-goddess. The most acceptable sacrifice to Pele was supposed to be puaa (a hog). If a hog could not be secured when an offering was necessary, the priest would take the fish humu-humu-nuku-nuku-a-puaa and throw it into the pit of fire. If the hog and the fish both failed, the priest would offer any of the things into which, it was said in their traditions, Kamapuaa could turn himself.

A GIANT'S ROCK-THROWING

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Westervelt, W. D. *Hawaiian Legends of Ghosts and Ghost-Gods*. Boston: G.H. Ellis Press, 1916, 21–25.

Date: 1916

Original Source: Hawai'ian

National Origin: Hawai'i

Both **myth** and **legend** have been used to explain features of the environment. This legend of a Hawai'ian Hercules explains the origin of a geological feature the Rock of Kauai, while offering a **cautionary tale** about the discrete use of one's natural gifts.

A long time ago there lived on Kauai a man of wonderful power, Hau-pu. When he was born, the signs of a demi-god were over the house of his birth. Lightning flashed through the skies, and thunder reverberated—a rare event in the Hawaiian Islands, and supposed to be connected with the birth or death or some very unusual occurrence in the life of a chief.

Mighty floods of rain fell and poured in torrents down the mountain-sides, carrying the red iron soil into the valleys in such quantities that the rapids and the waterfalls became the color of blood, and the natives called this a blood-rain.

During the storm, and even after sunshine filled the valley, a beautiful rainbow rested over the house in which the young chief was born. This rainbow was

thought to come from the miraculous powers of the newborn child shining out from him instead of from the sunlight around him. Many chiefs throughout the centuries of Hawaiian legends were said to have had this rainbow around them all their lives.

Hau-pu while a child was very powerful, and after he grew up was widely known as a great warrior. He would attack and defeat armies of his enemies without aid from any person. His spear was like a mighty weapon, sometimes piercing a host of enemies, and sometimes putting aside all opposition when he thrust it into the ranks of his opponents.

If he had thrown his spear and if fighting with his bare hands did not vanquish his foes, he would leap to the hillside, tear up a great tree, and with it sweep away all before him as if he were wielding a huge broom. He was known and feared throughout all the Hawaiian Islands. He became angry quickly and used his great powers very rashly.

One night he lay sleeping in his royal rest-house on the side of a mountain which faced the neighboring island of Oahu. Between the two islands lay a broad channel about thirty miles wide. When clouds were on the face of the sea, these islands were hidden from each other; but when they lifted, the rugged valleys of the mountains on one island could be clearly seen from the other. Even by moonlight the shadowy lines would appear.

This night the strong man stirred in his sleep. Indistinct noises seemed to surround his house. He turned over and dropped off into slumber again.

Soon he was aroused a second time, and he was awake enough to hear shouts of men far, far away. Louder rose the noise mixed with the roar of the great surf waves, so he realized that it came from the sea, and he then forced himself to rise and stumble to the door.

He looked out toward Oahu. A multitude of lights were flashing on the sea before his sleepy eyes. A low murmur of many voices came from the place where the dancing lights seemed to be. His confused thoughts made it appear to him that a great fleet of warriors was coming from Oahu to attack his people.

He blindly rushed out to the edge of a high precipice which overlooked the channel. Evidently many boats and many people were out in the sea below.

He laughed, and stooped down and tore a huge rock from its place. This he swung back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, until he gave it great impetus which added to his own miraculous power sent it far out over the sea. Like a great cloud it rose in the heavens and, as if blown by swift winds, sped on its way.

Over on the shores of Oahu a chief whose name was Kaena had called his people out for a night's fishing. Canoes large and small came from all along the coast. Torches without number had been made and placed in the canoes. The largest fishnets had been brought.

There was no need of silence. Nets had been set in the best places. Fish of all kinds were to be aroused and frightened into the nets. Flashing lights, splashing paddles, and clamor from hundreds of voices resounded all around the nets.

Gradually the canoes came nearer and nearer the center. The shouting increased. Great joy ruled the tumult which drowned the roar of the waves.

Across the channel and up the mountain-sides of Kauai swept the shouts of the fishing party. Into the ears of drowsy Hau-pu the noise forced itself. Little dreamed the excited fishermen of the effect of this on far-away Kauai.

Suddenly something like a bird as large as a mountain seemed to be above, and then with a mighty sound like the roar of winds it descended upon them. Smashed and submerged were the canoes when the huge boulder thrown by Hau-pu hurled itself upon them. The chief Kaena and his canoe were in the centre of this terrible mass of wreckage, and he and many of his people lost their lives.

The waves swept sand upon the shore until in time a long point of land was formed. The remaining followers of the dead chief named this cape "Kaena."

The rock thrown by Hau-pu embedded itself in the depths of the ocean, but its head rose far above the water, even when raging storms dashed turbulent waves against it. To this death-dealing rock the natives gave the name "Rock of Kauai."

Thus for generations has the deed of the man of giant force been remembered on Oahu, and so have a cape and a rock received their names.

NEW ZEALAND

CREATION OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Wohlers, J. F. H. "New Zealand Heaven and Earth Myth. *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* 6 (1877): 343–344.

Date: ca. 1877

Original: Source: New Zealand Maori

National Origin: New Zealand

Consisting of two large islands and several smaller ones, New Zealand is located to the southeast of Australia in the southwestern Pacific Ocean. The indigenous Maori probably settled in New Zealand after migrating from other Polynesian islands in the east. The following cosmological **myth** gives one Maori version of the creation of the universe and the introduction of death. Therefore, in dealing with basic, enduring concerns of humanity, the narrative is typical of the **genre**. As is the case with many Maori creation myths, "Creation of Heaven and Earth" begins not at the inception of the universe, but at a later date when gods and deified elements (for example, heaven) had already come into existence.

The name of the oldest god was Tangaroa. He was the uncle of Heaven (Rangi) and the first husband of the Earth, whose personal name as a woman was Papatuanuku. Once, when Tangaroa was absent, Heaven took his wife, the Earth. When Tangaroa came back Heaven Rangi had to meet him in a duel for the offence, and was by him wounded and lamed for ever. Tangaroa, having had satisfaction, left the Earth, and she was thenceforth

Heaven's wife. The latter being lamed, could not stand upright. Heaven was then laying flat on the earth, and it was close and dark on the same; no wind could blow, no light could shine. Still Heaven and Earth brought forth many children; most of them were cripples, but a few had sound limbs. Among the latter was Tane, the most conspicuous.

The children found the close darkness inconvenient, and had a consultation what to do to gain light and liberty. Some proposed to kill their father, Heaven, and to be content with one parent, their mother, Earth. Others advised to lift Heaven up high above, and there let him remain a stranger to them. This was agreed to. After much exertion, Heaven was lifted and carried up by his children, and fastened by Tane. When Tane came down again he looked up to his father, but the old man looked dark and sad. So Tane went and fetched ornaments, with which he gave Heaven a bright polish. Then, when he came down again, and looked up, he thought his father was not yet ornamented as he ought to be; so he got more ornaments, of which he drew the Milky Way and set the constellations. Then he came down and looked at what he had made, and it was good.

Now Tane looked at his mother, the Earth, who was still void of ornaments. So he raised some of her crippled children, the trees. First he put their legs (branches) to the ground and their heads (stumps and roots) up. Then he went aside and looked at them; but the trees did not please him in that position. So he took them up again, and put the heads to the ground, and the legs (branches) up. Then he went aside and looked at what he had made, and it was good.

Though Heaven and Earth have been parted, yet their love to each other continues. Her sighs may be seen ascending from her bosom, the wooded hills, in vapory mist toward Heaven, and Heaven weeps down his tears upon her, the dew drops.

Tane—the name signifies man, or male—had now leisure to think of himself. He wandered about by the springs of water, in the woods, among birds, and sought a wife meet for him, but found none. At last he turned to his mother, the Earth, and she advised him to take Hinehaone (maid formed out of ground). With her he had one daughter, named Hineatauirā (maid of the bright morning sky). When the daughter was grown up she became Tane's wife, but did not know that he was her father. They had some children [whose names seem to indicate decay and death].

Once, when Tane was absent on a visit, to his elder brother Rehua, who lived in the tenth stratum of the heavens, Hineatauirā asked her mother-in-law, the Earth, "Where is my husband?"

The mother-in-law answered, "What! Thy husband! He is thy father." When she had learned this she was so overcome with shame, that she took leave of her mother-in-law and went down into the nether world.

When Tane came back and asked for his wife, his mother told him, that she was gone to the lower world, but had left word that Tane was to stay and to

bring up their children. Tane now went himself to that world of darkness to bring up again his wife. He came to a house and asked toward the gable of that house, but received no answer. Ashamed and dejected, he went round the house, and then a voice inside the house said, "Tane, where art thou going? I follow our sister," he answered. Then the voice said,

Go back, Tane, to the world of light,
To educate our fruit.
Leave me in the world of night,
To draw down our fruit.

THE LEGEND OF MAUI

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Grey, Sir George. *Polynesian Mythology and Ancient Traditional History of the New Zealanders*. 2nd edition. Auckland: H. Brett, 1885, 10–35.

Date: Unavailable

Original Source: Maori

National Origin: New Zealand

The child of the human woman Taranga and the god of the underworld Makeatutara, Maui is the foremost Polynesian **culture hero**. He is especially important in Maori mythology. In the following **cycle of myths**, he manifests those characteristics that are typical of culture heroes. He contrives to acquire fire for humanity by his trickery, he creates utilitarian implements and alters the environment for the benefit of his people. Also, typical of such mythic characters is the coupling of culture hero with the **trickster**. As trickster he is an impulsive, willful shape-shifter who accomplishes his goals via sorcery and physical self-transformation. Along the way he creates the dog and is the vehicle for bringing the inevitability of death into the world. The story of Rangi-nui and of Papa-tu-a-nuku alluded to in this myth is found in its entirety in "Creation of Heaven and Earth" (page 396).

One day Maui asked his brothers to tell him the place where their father and mother dwelt; he begged earnestly that they would make this known to him in order that he might go and visit the place where the two old people dwelt; and they replied to him, "We don't know; how can we tell whether they dwell up above the earth, or down under the earth, or at a distance from up?"

Then he answered them, "Never mind, I think I'll find them out"; and his brothers replied, "Nonsense, how can you tell where they are—you, the last

born of all of us, when we your elders have no knowledge where they are concealed from us; after you first appeared to us, and made yourself known to us and to our mother as our brother, you know that our mother used to come and sleep with us every night, and as soon as the day broke she was gone, and, lo, there was nobody but ourselves sleeping in the house, and this took place night after night, and how can we tell then where she went or where she lives?"

But he answered, "Very well, you stop here and listen; by and by you will hear news of me."

For he had found something out after he was discovered by his mother, by his relations, and by his brothers. They discovered him one night whilst they were all dancing in the great House of Assembly. Whilst his relations were all dancing there, they found out who he was in this manner. For little Maui, the infant, crept into the house, and went and sat behind one of his brothers, and hid himself, so when their mother counted her children that they might stand up ready for the dance, she said, "One, that's Maui-taha; two, that's Maui-roto; three, that's Maui-pae, four, that's Maui-waho"; and then she saw another, and cried out, "Hallo, where did this fifth come from?"

Then little Maui, the infant, answered, "Ah, I'm your child too."

Then the old woman counted them all over again, and said, "Oh, no, there ought to be only four of you; now for the first time I've seen you." Then little Maui and his mother stood for a long time disputing about this in the very middle of the ranks of all the dancers.

At last she got angry, and cried out, "Come, you be off now, out of the house at once; you are no child of mine, you belong to someone else."

Then little Maui spoke out quite boldly, and said, "Very well, I'd better be off then, for I suppose, as you say it, I must be the child of some other person; but indeed I did think I was your child when I said so, because I knew I was born at the side of the sea, and was thrown by you into the foam of the surf, after you had wrapped me up in a tuft of your hair, which you cut off for the purpose; then the seaweed formed and fashioned me, as caught in its long tangles the ever-heaving surges of the sea rolled me, folded as I was in them, from side to side; at length the breezes and squalls which blew from the ocean drifted me on shore again, and the soft jellyfish of the long sandy beaches rolled themselves round me to protect me; then again myriads of flies alighted on me to buzz about me and lay their eggs, that maggots might eat me, and flocks of birds collected round me to peck me to pieces, but at that moment appeared there also my great ancestor, Tama-nui-ki-te-Rangi, and he saw the flies and the birds collected in clusters and flocks above the jellyfish, and the old man ran, as fast as he could, and stripped off the encircling jellyfish, and behold within there lay a human being; then he caught me up and carried me to his house, and he hung me up in the roof that I might feel the warm smoke and the heat of the fire, so I was saved alive by the kindness of that old man. At last I grew, and then I heard of the fame of the dancing of this great House of Assembly. It was that

which brought me here. But from the time I was in your womb, I have heard the names of these your first born children, as you have been calling them over until this very night, when I again heard you repeating them in proof of this I will now recite your names to you, my brothers. You are Maui-taha, and you are Maui-roto, and you are Maui-pae, and you are Maui-waho, and as for me, I'm little Maui-the-baby, and here I am sitting before you."

When his Mother, Taranga, heard all this, she cried out, "You dear little child, you are indeed my last-born, the son of my old age, therefore I now tell you your name shall be Maui-tikitiki-a-Taranga, or Maui-formed-in-the-top-knot-of-Taranga," and he was called by that name.

After the disputing which took place on that occasion, his mother, Taranga, called to her last-born, "Come here, my child, and sleep with the mother who bore you, that I may kiss you, and that you may kiss me," and he ran to sleep with his mother.

Then his elder brothers were jealous, and began to murmur about this to each other. "Well, indeed, our mother never asks us to go and sleep with her; yet we are the children she saw actually born, and about whose birth there is no doubt. When we were little things she nursed us, laying us down gently on the large soft mats she had spread out for us—then why does she not ask us now to sleep with her? When we were little things she was fond enough of us, but now we are grown older she never caresses us, or treats us kindly. But as for this little abortion, who can really tell whether he was nursed by the sea-tangles or by whom, or whether he is not some other person's child, and here he is now sleeping with our mother. Who would ever have believed that a little abortion, thrown into the ocean, would have come back to the world again a living human being!—and now this little rogue has the impudence to call himself a relation of ours."

Then the two elder brothers said to the two younger ones, "Never mind, let him be our dear brother; in the days of peace remember the proverb—when you are on friendly terms, settle your disputes in a friendly way—when you are at war, you must redress your injuries by violence. It is better for us, oh, brothers, to be kind to other people; these are the ways by which men gain influence in the world—by laboring for abundance of food to feed others—by collecting property to give to others, and by similar means by which you promote the good of others, so that peace spreads through the world. Let us take care that we are not like the children of Rangi-nui and of Papa-tu-a-nuku, who turned over in their minds thoughts for slaying: their parents; four of them consented, but Tawhiri-ma-tea had little desire for this, for he loved his parents; but the rest of his brothers agreed to slay them; afterwards when Tawhiri, saw that the husband was separated far from his wife, then he thought what it was his duty to do, and he fought against his brothers. Thence sprang the cause which led Tumatauenga to wage war against his brethren and his parents, and now at last this contest is carried on even between his own kindred, so that man fights against

man. Therefore let us be careful not to foster divisions amongst ourselves, lest such wicked thoughts should finally turn us each against the other, and thus we should be like the children of Rangi-nui and of Papa-tu-a-nuku.”

Two younger brothers, when they heard this, answered, “Yes, yes, oh, eldest brothers of ours, you are quite right; let our murmuring end here.”

It was now night; but early in the morning Taranga rose up, and suddenly, in a moment of time, she was gone from the house where her children were. As soon as they woke up they looked all about to no purpose, as they could not see her; the elder brothers knew she had left them, and were accustomed to it; but the little child was exceedingly vexed; yet he thought, “I cannot see her, ‘tis true, but perhaps she has only gone to prepare some food for us. No—no—she was off, far, far away.”

Now at nightfall when their mother came back to them, her children were dancing and singing as usual. As soon as they had finished, she called to her last born, “Come here, my child, let us sleep together,” so they slept together; but as soon as day dawned, she disappeared; the little fellow now felt quite suspicious at such strange proceedings on the part of his mother every morning. But at last, upon another night, as he slept again with his mother, the rest of his brothers that night also sleeping with them, the little fellow crept out in the night and stole his mother’s apron, her belt, and clothes, and hid them; then he went and stopped up every crevice in the wooden window, and in the doorway, so that the light of the dawn might not shine into the house, and make his mother hurry to get up. But after he had done this, his little heart still felt very anxious and uneasy lest his mother should, in her impatience, rise in the darkness and defeat his plans. But the night dragged its slow length along without his mother moving; at last there came the faint light of early mom, so that at one end of a long house you could see the legs of the people sleeping at the other end of it, but his mother still slept on; then the sun rose up, and mounted far up above the horizon; now at last his mother moved, and began to think to herself, “What kind of night can this be, to last so long?” and having thought thus, she dropped asleep again. Again she woke, and began to think to herself, but could not tell that it was broad daylight outside, as the window and every chink in the house were stopped closely up.

At last up she jumped; and finding herself quite naked, began to look for her clothes, and apron, but could find neither; then she ran and pulled out the things with which the chinks in the windows and doors were stopped up, and whilst doing so, Oh, dear! Oh, dear! There she saw the sun high up in the heavens; then she snatched up, as she ran off, the old clout of a flax cloak, with which the door of the house had been stopped up, and carried it off as her only covering; getting, at last, outside the house, she hurried away, and ran crying at the thought of having been so badly treated by her own children.

As soon as his mother got outside the house, little Maui jumped up, and kneeling upon his hands and knees peeped after her through the doorway into

the bright light. Whilst he was watching her, the old woman reached down to a tuft of rushes, and snatching it up from the ground, dropped into a hole underneath it, and clapping the tuft of rushes in the hole again, as if it were its covering, so disappeared. Then little Maui jumped on his feet, and, as hard as he could go, ran out of the house, pulled up the tuft of rushes, and peeping down, discovered a beautiful open cave running quite deep into the earth.

He covered up the hole again and returned to the house, and waking up his brothers who were still sleeping, said, "Come, come, my brothers, rouse up, you have slept long enough; come, get up; here we are again cajoled by our mother." Then his brothers made haste and got up. Alas! Alas! The sun was quite high up in the heavens.

The little Maui now asked his brothers again, "Where do you think the place is where our father and mother dwell?"

And they answered, "How should we know, we have never seen it; although we are Maui-taha, and Maui-roto, and Maui-pae, and Maui-waho, we have never seen the place; and do you think you can find that place which you are so anxious to see? What does it signify to you? Cannot you stop quietly with us? What do we care about our father, or about our mother? Did she feed us with food till we grew up to be men? Not a bit of it. Why, without doubt, Rangi, or the heaven, is our father, who kindly sent his offspring down to us; Hau-whenua, or gentle breezes, to cool the earth and young plants; and Hau-ma-ringiringi, or mists, to moisten them; and Hau-ma-roto-roto, or fine weather, to make them grow; and Touarangi, or rain, to water them; and Tomairangi, or dews, to nourish them: he gave these his offspring to cause our food to grow, and then Papatu-a-nuku, or the earth, made her seeds to spring, and grow forth, and provide sustenance for her children in this long-continuing world."

Little Maui then answered, "What you say is truly quite correct; but such thoughts and sayings would better become me than you, for in the foaming bubbles of the sea I was nursed and fed: it would please me better if you would think over and remember the time when you were nursed at your mother's breast; it could not have been until after you had ceased to be nourished by her milk that you could have eaten the kinds of food you have mentioned; as for me, oh! my brothers, I have never partaken either of her milk or of her food; yet I love her, for this single reason alone—that I lay in her womb; and because I love her, I wish to know where is the place where she and my father dwell."

His brothers felt quite surprised and pleased with their little brother when they heard him talk in this way, and when after a little time they had recovered from their amazement, they told him to try and find their father and mother. So he said he would go. It was a long time ago that he had finished his first labor, for when he first appeared to his relatives in their house of singing and dancing, he had on that occasion transformed himself into the likeness of all manner of birds, of every bird in the world, and yet no single form that he then assumed had pleased his brothers; but now when he showed himself to them, transformed

into the semblance of a pigeon, his brothers said, "Ah! now indeed, oh, brother, you do look very well indeed, very beautiful, very beautiful, much more beautiful than you looked in any of the other forms which you assumed, and then changed from, when you first discovered yourself to us."

What made him now look so well in the shape he had assumed was the belt of his mother, and her apron, which he had stolen from her while she was asleep in the house; for the very thing which looked so white upon the breast of the pigeon was his mother's broad belt, and he also had on her little apron of burnished hair from the tail of a dog, and the fastening of her belt was what formed the beautiful black feathers on his throat.

He had once changed himself into this form a long time ago, and now that he was going to look for his father and mother, and had quitted his brothers to transform himself into the likeness of a pigeon, he assumed exactly the same form as on the previous occasion, and when his brothers saw him thus again, they said, "Oh, brother, oh, brother! You do really look well indeed," and when he sat upon the bough of a tree, oh, dear! he never moved, or jumped about from spray to spray, but sat quite still, cooing to himself, so that no one who had seen him could have helped thinking of the proverb: "A stupid pigeon sits on one bough, and jumps not from spray to spray."

Early the next morning, he said to his brothers, as was first stated, "Now do you remain here, and you will hear something of me after I am gone; it is my great love for my parents that leads me to search for them; now listen to me, and then say whether or not my recent feats were not remarkable. For the feat of transforming oneself into birds can only be accomplished by a man who is skilled in magic, and yet here I, the youngest of you all, have assumed the form of all birds, and now, perhaps, after all, I shall quite lose my art and become old and weakened in the long journey to the place where I am going."

His brothers answered him thus, "That might be indeed, if you were going upon a warlike expedition, but, in truth, you are only going to look for those parents whom we all so long to see, and if they are found by you, we shall ever after all dwell happily, our present sorrow will be ended, and we shall continually pass backwards and forwards between our dwelling-place and theirs, paying them happy visits."

He answered them, "It is certainly a very good cause which leads me to undertake this journey, and if, when reaching the place I am going to, I find everything agreeable and nice, then I shall, perhaps, be pleased with it, but if I find it a bad, disagreeable place, I shall be disgusted with it."

They replied to him, "What you say is exceedingly true, depart then upon your journey, with your great knowledge and skill in magic." Then their brother went into the wood, and came back to them again, looking just as if he were a real pigeon. His brothers were quite delighted, and they had no power left to do anything but admire him.

Then off he flew, until he came to the cave which his mother had run down into, and he lifted up the tuft of rushes; then down he went and disappeared in the cave, and shut up its mouth again so as to hide the entrance; away he flew very fast indeed, and twice he dipped his wing, because the cave was narrow; soon he reached nearly to the bottom of the cave, and flew along it; and again, because the cave was so narrow, he dips first one wing and then the other, but the cave now widened, and he dashed straight on.

At last he saw a party of people coming alone under a grove of trees, they were manapau trees, and flying on, he perched upon the top of one of these trees, under which the people had seated themselves; and when he saw his mother lying down on the grass by the side of her husband, he guessed at once who they were, and he thought, "Ah! There sit my father and mother right under me"; and he soon heard their names, as they were called to by their friends who were sitting with them; then the pigeon hopped down, and perched on another spray a little lower, and it pecked off one of the berries of the tree and dropped it gently down, and bit the father with it on the forehead; and some of the party said, "Was it a bird which threw that down?" But the father said, "Oh no, it was only a berry that fell by chance."

Then the pigeon again pecked off some of the berries from the tree, and threw them down with all its force, and struck both father and mother, so that he really hurt them; then they cried out, and the whole party jumped up and looked into the tree, and as the pigeon began to coo, they soon found out from the noise, where it was sitting amongst the leaves and branches, and the whole of them, the chiefs and common people alike, caught up stones to pelt the pigeon with, but they threw for a very long time, without hitting it; at last the father tried to throw up at it; ah, he struck it, but Maui had himself contrived that he should be struck by the stone which his father threw; for, but by his own choice, no one could have hit him; he was struck exactly upon his left leg, and down he fell, and as he lay fluttering and struggling upon the ground, they all ran to catch him, but lo, the pigeon had turned into a man.

Then all those who saw him were frightened at his fierce glaring eyes, which were red as if painted with red ochre, and they said, "Oh, it is now no wonder that he so long sat still up in the tree; had he been a bird he would have flown off long before, but he is a man," and some of them said, "No, indeed, rather a god—just look at his form and appearance, the like has never been seen before, since Rangi and Papa-tu-a-nuku were torn apart."

Then Taranga said, "I used to see one who looked like this person every night when I went to visit my children, but what I saw then excelled what I see now; just listen to me. Once as I was wandering upon the seashore, I prematurely gave birth to one of my children, and I cut off the long tresses of my hair, and bound him up in them, and threw him into the foam of the sea, and after that he was found by his ancestor Tama-nui-ki-te-Rangi"; and then she told his history nearly in the same words that Maui-the-infant had told it to herself and

his brothers in their house, and having finished his history, Taranga ended her discourse to her husband and his friends.

Then his mother asked Maui, who was sitting near her, "Where do you come from? from the westward?" and he answered, "No."

"From the north-east then?"

"No."

"From the south-east then?"

"No."

"From the south then?"

"No."

"Was it the wind which blows upon me, which brought you here to me then?" when she asked this, he opened his mouth and answered, "Yes."

And she cried out, "Oh, this then is indeed my child"; and she said, "Are you Maui-taha?" he answered, "No."

Then said she, "Are you Maui-tikitiki-o-Taranga?" and he answered, "Yes."

And she cried aloud, "This is, indeed, my child. By the winds and storms and wave-uplifting gales he was fashioned and became a human being; welcome, oh my child, welcome; you shall climb the threshold of the house of your great ancestor Hine-nui-te-po, and death shall thenceforth have no power over man."

Then the lad was taken by his father to the water, to be baptized, and after the ceremony prayers were offered to make him sacred, and clean from all impurities; but when it was completed, his father Makea-tu-tara felt greatly alarmed, because he remembered that he had, from mistake, hurriedly skipped over part of the prayers of the baptismal service, and of the services to purify Maui; he knew that the gods would be certain to punish this fault, by causing Maui to die, and his alarm and anxiety were therefore extreme. At nightfall they all went into his house.

Maui, after these things, returned to his brothers to tell them that he had found his parents, and to explain to them where they dwelt.

Shortly after Maui had thus returned to his brothers, he slew and carried off his first victim, who was the daughter of Maru-te-whare-aitu; afterwards, by enchantments, he destroyed the crops of Maru-te-whare-aitu, so that they all withered.

He then again paid a visit to his parents, and remained for some time with them, and whilst he was there he remarked that some of their people daily carried away a present of food for some person; at length, surprised at this, he one day asked them, "Who is that you are taking that present of food to?" And the people who were going with it answered him, "It is for your ancestress, for Muri-ranga-whenua."

He asked again, "Where does she dwell?"

They answered, "Yonder."

Thereupon he says, "That will do; leave here the present of food, I will carry it to her myself."

From that time the daily presents of food for his ancestress were carried by Maui himself; but he never took and gave them to her that she might eat them, but he quietly laid them by on one side, and this he did for many days. At last, Muri-ranga-whenua suspected that something wrong was going on, and the next time he came along the path carrying the present of food, the old chieftainess sniffed and sniffed until she thought she smelt something coming, and she was very much exasperated, and her stomach began to distend itself, that she might be ready to devour Maui as soon as he came there.

Then she turned to the southward, and smelt and sniffed, but not a scent of anything reached her; then she turned round from the south to the north, by the east, with her nose up in the air sniffing and smelling to every point as she turned slowly round, but she could not detect the slightest scent of a human being, and almost thought that she must have been mistaken; but she made one more trial, and sniffed the breeze towards the westward. Ah! Then the scent of a man came plainly to her, so she called aloud, "I know from the smell wafted here to me by the breeze that somebody is close to me," and Maui murmured assent. Thus the old woman knew that he was a descendant of hers, and her stomach, which was quite large and distended immediately began to shrink, and contract itself again. If the smell of Maui had not been carried to her by the western breeze, undoubtedly she would have eaten him up.

When the stomach of Muri-ranga-whenua had quietly sunk down to its usual size, her voice was again heard saying, "Art thou Maui?" and he answered, "Even so."

Then she asked him, "Wherefore has thou served thine old ancestress in this deceitful way?" and Maui answered, "I was anxious that thy jaw-bone, by which the great enchantments can be wrought, should be given to me."

She answered, "Take it, it has been reserved for thee." And Maui took it, and having done so returned to the place where he and his brothers dwelt.

The young hero, Maui, had not been long at home with his brothers when he began to think, that it was too soon after the rising of the sun that it became night again, and that the sun again sank down below the horizon, every day, every day; in the same manner the days appeared too short to him. So at last, one day he said to his brothers, "Let us now catch the sun in a noose, so that we may compel him to move more slowly, in order that mankind may have long days to labor in to procure subsistence for themselves."

They answered him, "Why, no man could approach it on account of its warmth, and the fierceness of its heat"; but the young hero said to them, "Have you not seen the multitude of things I have already achieved? Did not you see me change myself into the likeness of every bird of the forest; you and I equally had the aspect and appearance of men, yet I by my enchantments changed suddenly from the appearance of a man and became a bird, and then, continuing to change my form, I resembled this bird or that bird, one after the other, until I had by degrees transformed myself into every bird in the world, small or great;

and did I not after all this again assume the form of a man? Therefore, as for that feat, oh, my brothers, the changing myself into birds, I accomplished it by enchantments, and I will by the same means accomplish also this other thing which I have in my mind.”

When his brothers heard this, they consented on his persuasions to aid him in the conquest of the sun. Then they began to spin and twist ropes to form a noose to catch the sun in, and in doing this they discovered the mode of plaiting flax into stout square shaped ropes, (tuamaka); and the manner of plaiting flat ropes, (paharahara); and of spinning round ropes; at last, they finished making all the ropes which they required. Then Maui took up his enchanted weapon [the jawbone of Muri-ranga-whenua], and he took his brothers with him, and they carried their provisions, ropes, and other things with them, in their hands. They traveled all night, and as soon as day broke, they halted in the desert, and hid themselves that they might not be seen by the sun; and at night they renewed their journey, and before dawn they halted, and hid themselves again; at length they got very far, very far, to the eastward, and came to the very edge of the place out of which the sun rises.

Then they set to work and built on each side of this place a long high wall of clay, with huts of boughs of trees at each end to hide themselves in; when these were finished, they made the loops of the noose, and the brothers of Maui then lay in wait on one side of the place out of which the sun rises, and Maui himself lay in wait upon the other side.

The young hero held in his hand his enchanted weapon, the jaw-bone of his ancestress—of Muri-ranga-whenua, and said to his brothers, “Mind now, keep yourselves hid, and do not go showing yourselves foolishly to the sun; if you do, you will frighten him; but wait patiently until his head and forelegs have got well into the snare, then I will shout out; haul away as hard as you can on the ropes on both sides, and then I’ll rush out and attack him, but do you keep your ropes tight for a good long time (while I attack him), until he is nearly dead, when we will let him go; but mind, now, my brothers, do not let him move you to pity with his shrieks and screams.”

At last the sun came rising up out of his place, like a fire spreading far and wide over the mountains and forests; he rises up, his head passes through the noose, and it takes in more and more of his body, until his fore-paws pass through; then were pulled tight the ropes, and the monster began to struggle and roll himself about, whilst the snare jerked backwards and forwards as he struggled. Ah, was not he held fast in the ropes of his enemies!

Then forth rushed that bold hero, Maui-tikitiki-o-Taranga, with his enchanted weapon. Alas! The sun screams aloud; he roars; Maui strikes him fiercely with many blows; they hold him for a long time, at last they let him go, and then weak from wounds the sun crept along its course. Then was learnt by men the second name of the sun, for in its agony the sun screamed out, “Why am I thus smitten by you! Oh, man! Do you know what you are doing? Why

should you wish to kill Tama-nui-te-Ra?" Thus was learnt his second name. At last they let him go. Oh, then, Tama-nui-te-Ra went very slowly and feebly on his course.

Maui-taha and his brothers after this feat returned again to their own house, and dwelt there, and dwelt there, and dwelt there; and after a long time his brothers went out fishing, whilst Maui-tikitiki-o-Taranga stopped idly at home doing nothing, although indeed he had to listen to the sulky grumblings of his wives and children, at his laziness in not catching fish for them.

Then he called out to the women, "Never mind, oh, mothers, yourselves and your children need not fear. Have not I accomplished all things, and as for this little feat, this trifling work of getting food for you, do you think I cannot do that? certainly; if I go and get a fish for you, it will be one so large that when I bring it to land you will not be able to eat it all, and the sun will shine on it and make it putrid before it is consumed." Then Maui snooded [attached to a net or line] his enchanted fish-hook, which was pointed with part of the jaw-bone of Muri-ranga-whenua, and when he had finished this, he twisted a stout fishingline to his hook.

His brothers in the meantime had arranged amongst themselves to make fast the lashings of the top side of their canoe, in order to go out for a good day's fishing. When all was made ready they launched their canoe, and as soon as it was afloat Maui jumped into it, and his brothers, who were afraid of his enchantments, cried out, "Come, get out again, we will not let you go with us; your magical arts will get us into some difficulty." So he was compelled to remain ashore whilst his brothers paddled off, and when they reached the fishing ground they lay upon their paddles and fished, and after a good day's sport returned ashore.

As soon as it was dark night Maui went down to the shore, got into his brothers' canoe, and hid himself under the bottom boards of it. The next forenoon his brothers came down to the shore to go fishing again, and they had their canoe launched, and paddled out to sea without ever seeing Maui, who lay hid in the hollow of the canoe under the bottom boards. When they got well out to sea Maui crept out of his hiding-place; as soon as his brothers saw him, they said, "We had better get back to the shore again as fast as we can, since this fellow is on board"; but Maui, by his enchantments, stretched out the sea so that the shore instantly became very distant from them, and by the time they could turn themselves round to look for it, it was out of view.

Maui now said to them, "You had better let me go on with you, I shall at least be useful to bail the water out of our canoe." To this they consented, and they paddled on again and speedily arrived at the fishing ground where they used to fish upon former occasions. As soon as they got there his brothers said, "Let us drop the anchor and fish here"; and he answered, "Oh no, don't; we had much better paddle a long distance farther out." Upon this they paddled on, and paddled as far as the farthest fishing ground, a long way out to sea, and then his brothers at last say, "Come now, we must drop anchor and fish here."

And he replied again, "Oh, the fish here are very fine I suppose, but we had much better pull right out to sea, and drop anchor there. If we go out to the place where I wish the anchor to be let go, before you can get a hook to the bottom, a fish will come following it back to the top of the water. You won't have to stop there a longer time than you can wink your eye in, and our canoe will come back to shore full of fish." As soon as they heard this they paddled away—they paddled away until they reach a very long distance off, and his brothers then said, "We are now far enough."

And he replied, "No, no, let us go out of sight of land, and when we have quite lost sight of it, then let the anchor be dropped, but let it be very far off, quite out in the open sea."

At last they reach the open sea, and his brothers begin to fish. Lo, lo, they had hardly let their hooks down to the bottom, when they each pulled up a fish into the canoe. Twice only they let down their lines, when behold the canoe was filled up with the number of fish they had caught.

Then his brothers said, "Oh, brother, let us all return now."

And he answered them, "Stay a little; let me also throw my hook into the sea."

And his brothers replied, "Where did you get a hook?"

And he answered, "Oh, never mind, I have a hook of my own."

And his brothers replied again, "Make haste and throw it then." And as he pulled it out from under his garments, the light flashed from the beautiful mother-of-pearl shell in the hollow of the hook, and his brothers saw that the hook was carved and ornamented with tufts of hair pulled from the tail of a dog, and it looked exceedingly beautiful. Maui then asked his brothers to give him a little bait to bait his hook with; but they replied, "We will not give you any of our bait." So he doubled his fist and struck his nose violently, and the blood gushed out, and he smeared his hook with his own blood for bait, and then he cast it into the sea, and it sank down, and sank down, till it reached to the small carved figure on the roof of a house at the bottom of the sea, then passing by the figure, it descended along the outside carved rafters of the roof, and fell in at the doorway of the house, and the hook of Maui-tikitiki-o-Taranga caught first in the sill of the doorway.

Then, feeling something on his hook, he began to haul in his line. Ah, ah!—there ascended on his hook the house of that old fellow Tonga-nui. It came up, up; and as it rose high, oh, dear! how his hook was strained with its great weight; and then there came gurgling up foam and bubbles from the earth, as of an island emerging from the water, and his brothers opened their mouths and cried aloud.

Maui all this time continued to chant forth his incantations amidst the murmurings and wailings of his brothers, who were weeping and lamenting, and saying, "See now, how he has brought us out into the open sea, that we may be upset in it, and devoured by the fish."

Then he raised aloud his voice, and repeated the incantation called Hiki which makes heavy weights light, in order that the fish he had caught might come up easily, and he chanted an incantation beginning thus:

Wherefore, then, oh! Tonga-nui,
Dost thou hold fast so obstinately below there?

When he had finished his incantation, there floated up, hanging to his line, the fish of Maui, a portion of the earth, of Papa-tu-a-Nuku. Alas! alas! their canoe lay aground.

Maui then left his brothers with their canoe, and returned to the village; but before he went he said to them, "After I am gone, be courageous and patient; do not eat food until I return, and do not let our fish be cut up, but rather leave it until I have carried an offering to the gods from this great haul of fish, and until I have found a priest, that fitting prayers and sacrifices may be offered to the god, and the necessary rites be completed in order. We shall thus all be purified. I will then return, and we can cut up this fish in safety, and it shall be fairly portioned out to this one, and to that one, and to that other; and on my arrival you shall each have your due share of it, and return to your homes joyfully; and what we leave behind us will keep good, and that which we take away with us, returning, will be good too."

Maui had hardly gone, after saying all this to them, than his brothers trampled under their feet the words they had heard him speak. They began at once to eat food, and to cut up the fish. When they did this, Maui had not yet arrived at the sacred place, in the presence of the god; had he previously reached the sacred place, the heart of the deity would have been appeased with the offering of a portion of the fish which had been caught by his disciples, and all the male and female deities would have partaken of their portions of the sacrifice. Alas! Alas! those foolish, thoughtless brothers of his cut up the fish, and behold the gods turned with wrath upon them, on account of the fish which they had thus cut up without having made a fitting sacrifice. Then indeed, the fish began to toss about his head from side to side, and to lash his tail, and the fins upon his back, and his lower jaw. Ah! Ah! Well done Tangaroa, it springs about on shore as briskly as if it was in the water.

That is the reason that this island is now so rough and uneven—that here stands a mountain—and there lies a plain—that here descends a valley—that there rises a cliff. If the brothers of Maui had not acted so deceitfully, the huge fish would have lain flat and smooth, and would have remained as a model for the rest of the earth, for the present generation of men. This, which has just been recounted, is the second evil which took place after the separation of Heaven from Earth.

Thus was dry land fished up by Maui after it had been hidden under the ocean by Rangi and Tawhiri-ma-tea. It was with an enchanted fish-hook that

he drew it up, which was pointed with a bit of the jaw-bone of his ancestress Muri-ranga-whenua; and in the district of Heretaunga they still show the fish-hook of Maui, which became a cape stretching far out into the sea, and now forms the southern extremity of Hawke's Bay.

The hero now thought that he would extinguish and destroy the fires of his ancestress of Mahu-ika. So he got up in the night, and put out the fires left in the cooking-houses of each family in the village; then, quite early in the morning, he called aloud to the servants, "I hunger, I hunger; quick, cook some food for me." One of the servants thereupon ran as fast as he could to make up the fire to cook some food, but the fire was out; and as he ran round from house to house in the village to get a light, he found every fire quite out-he could nowhere get a light.

When Maui's mother heard this, she called out to the servants, and said, "Some of you repair to my great ancestress Mahu-ika; tell her that fire has been lost upon earth, and ask her to give some to the world again." But the slaves were alarmed, and refused to obey the commands which their masters, the sacred old people gave them; and they persisted in refusing to go, notwithstanding the old people repeatedly ordered them to do so.

At last, Maui said to his mother, "Well, then I will fetch down fire for the world; but which is the path by which I must go?"

And his parents, who knew the country well, said to him, "If you will go, follow that broad path that lies just before you there; and you will at last reach the dwelling of an ancestress of yours; and if she asks you who you are, you had better call out your name to her, then she will know you are a descendant of hers; but be cautious, and do not play any tricks with her, because we have heard that your deeds are greater than the deeds of men, and that you are fond of deceiving and injuring others, and perhaps you even now intend in many ways, to deceive this old ancestress of yours, but pray be cautious not to do so."

But Maui said, "No, I only want to bring fire away for men, that is all, and I'll return again as soon as I can do that." Then he went, and reached the abode of the goddess of fire; and he was so filled with wonder at what he saw, that for a long time he could say nothing. At last he said, "Oh, lady, would you rise up? Where is your fire kept? I have come to beg some from you."

Then the aged lady rose right up, and said, "Au-e! Who can this mortal be?"

And he answered, "It's I."

"Where do you come from?" said she; and he answered, "I belong to this country."

"You are not from this country," said she; "your appearance is not like that of the inhabitants of this country. Do you come from the north-east?"

He replied, "No."

"Do you come from the south-east?"

He replied, "No."

“Are you from the south?”

He replied, “No.”

“Are you from the westward?”

He answered, “No.”

“Come you, then, from the direction of the wind which blows right upon me?”

And he said, “I do.”

“Oh, then,” cried she, “you are my grandchild; what do you want here?”

He answered, “I am come to beg fire from you.”

She replied, “Welcome, welcome; here then is fire for you.”

Then the aged woman pulled out her nail; and as she pulled it out fire flowed from it, and she gave it to him. And when Maui saw she had drawn out her nail to produce fire for him, he thought it a most wonderful thing! Then he went a short distance off, and when not very far from her, he put the fire out, quite out; and returning to her again, said, “The light you gave me has gone out, give me another.” Then she caught hold of another nail, and pulled it out as a light for him; and he left her, and went a little on one side, and put that light out also; then he went back to her again, and said, “Oh, lady, give me, I pray you, another light for the last one has also gone out.” And thus he went on and on, until she had pulled out all the nails of the fingers of one of her hands; and then she began with the other hand, until she had pulled all the fingernails out of that hand, too; and then she commenced upon the nails of her feet, and pulled them also out in the same manner, except the nail of one of her big toes. Then the aged woman said to herself at last, “This fellow is surely playing tricks with me.”

Then out she pulled the one toenail that she had left, and it, too, became fire, and as she dashed it down on the ground the whole place caught fire. And she cried out to Maui, “There, you have it all now!” And Maui ran off, and made a rush to escape, but the fire followed hard after him, close behind him; so he changed himself into a fleet-winged eagle, and flew with rapid flight, but the fire pursued, and almost caught him as he flew. Then the eagle dashed down into a pool of water; but when he got into the water he found that almost boiling too: the forests just then also caught fire, so that it could not alight anywhere, and the earth and the sea both caught fire too, and Maui was very near perishing in the flames.

Then he called on his ancestors Tawhiri-ma-tea and Whatitiri-matakataka, to send down an abundant supply of water, and he cried aloud, “Oh, let water be given to me to quench this fire which pursues after me”; and lo, then appeared squalls and gales, and Tawhiri-ma-tea sent heavy lasting rain, and the fire was quenched; and before Mahu-ika could reach her place of shelter, she almost perished in the rain, and her shrieks and screams became as loud as those of Maui had been, when he was scorched by the pursuing fire; thus Maui ended this proceeding. In this manner was extinguished the fire of Mahu-ika, the goddess of fire; but before it was all lost, she saved a few sparks which she threw, to

protect them, into the Kaiko-mako, and a few other trees, where they are still cherished; hence, men yet use portions of the wood of these trees for fire when they require a light.

Then he returned to the village, and his mother and father said to him, "You heard when we warned you before you went, nevertheless you played tricks with your ancestress; it served you right that you got into such trouble"; and the young fellow answered his parents, "Oh, what do I care for that; do you think that my perverse proceedings are put a stop to by this? certainly not; I intend to go on in the same way for ever, ever, ever."

And his father answered him, "Yes, then, you may just please yourself about living or dying; if you will only attend to me you will save your life; if you do not attend to what I say, it will be worse for you, that is all." As soon as this conversation was ended, off the young fellow went to find some more companions for his other scrapes.

Maui had a young sister named Hinauri, who was exceedingly beautiful; she married Irawaru. One day Maui and his brother-in-law went down to the sea to fish: Maui caught not a single fish with his hook, which had no barb to it, but as long as they went on fishing Maui observed that Irawaru continued catching plenty of fish; so he thought to himself, "Well, how is this? How does that fellow catch so many whilst I cannot catch one?" Just as he thought this, Irawaru had another bite, and up he pulled his line in haste, but it had got entangled with that of Maui, and Maui thinking he felt a fish pulling at his own line, drew it in quite delighted; but when he had hauled up a good deal of it, there were himself and his brother-in-law pulling in their lines in different directions, one drawing the line towards the bow of the canoe, the other towards the stem.

Maui, who was already provoked at his own ill-luck, and the good luck of his brother-in-law, now called out quite angrily, "Come, let go my line, the fish is on my hook."

But Irawaru answered, "No, it is not, it is on mine."

Maui again called out very angrily, "Come, let go, I tell you it is on mine."

Irawaru then slacked out his line, and let Maui pull in the fish; and as soon as he had hauled it into the canoe, Maui found that Irawaru was right, and that the fish was on his hook; when Irawaru saw this too, he called out, "Come now, let go my line and hook."

Maui answered him, "Cannot you wait a minute, until I take the hook out of the fish."

As soon as he got the hook out of the fish's mouth, he looked at it, and saw that it was barbed; Maui, who was already exceedingly wrath with his brother-in-law, on observing this, thought he had no chance with his barbless hook of catching as many fish as his brother-in-law, so he said, "Don't you think we had better go on shore now?"

Irawaru answered, "Very well, let us return to the land again."

So they paddled back towards the land, and when they reached it, and were going to haul the canoe up on to the beach, Maui said to his brother-in-law, "Do you get under the outrigger of the canoe, and lift it up with your back"; so he got under it, and as soon as he had done so, Maui jumped on it, and pressed the whole weight of the canoe down upon him, and almost killed Irawaru.

When he was on the point of death, Maui trampled on his body, and lengthened his backbone, and by his enchantments drew it out into the form of a tall, and he transformed Irawaru into a dog, and fed him with dung.

As soon as he had done this, Maui went back to his place of abode, just as if nothing unusual had taken place, and his young sister, who was watching for the return of her husband, as soon as she saw Maui coming, ran to him and asked him, saying, "Maui, where is your brother-in-law?"

Maui answered, "I left him at the canoe."

But his young sister said, "Why did not you both come home together," and Maui answered, "He desired me to tell you that he wanted you to go down to the beach to help him carry up the fish; you had better go therefore, and if you do not see him, just call out, and if he does not answer you, why then call out to him in this way, 'Mo-i, mo-i, mo-i'."

Upon learning this, Hinauri hurried down to the beach as fast as she could, and not seeing her husband she went about calling out his name, but no answer was made to her; she then called out as Maui had told her, "Mo-i, mo-i, mo-i"; then Irawaru, who was running about in the bushes near there, in the form of a dog, at once recognized the voice of Hinauri, and answered, "Ao! Ao! Ao! Ao-ao-o!" Howling like a dog, and he followed her back to the village, frisking along and wagging his tail with pleasure at seeing her; and from him sprang all dogs, so that he is regarded as their progenitor, and all Maoris still call their dogs to them by the words, "Mo-i, mo-i, mo-i."

Hinauri, when she saw that her husband had been changed into a dog, was quite distracted with grief, and wept bitterly the whole way as she went back to the village, and as soon as ever she got into her house, she caught up an enchanted girdle which she had, and ran back to the sea with it, determined to destroy herself, by throwing herself into the ocean, so that the dragons and monsters of the deep might devour her; when she reached the seashore, she sat down upon the rocks at the ocean's very edge, and as she sat there she first lamented aloud her cruel fate, and repeated an incantation, and then threw herself into the sea, and the tide swept her off from the shore.

Maui now felt it necessary to leave the village where Irawaru had lived, so he returned to his parents, and when he had been with them for some time, his father said to him one day, "Oh, my son, I have heard from your mother and others that you are very valiant, and that you have succeeded in all feats that you have undertaken in your own country, whether they were small or great; but now that you have arrived in your father's country, you will, perhaps, at last be overcome."

Then Maui asked him, “What do you mean, what things are there that I can be vanquished by?”

And his father answered him, “By your great ancestress, by Hine-nui-te-po, who, if you look, you may see flashing, and as it were, opening and shutting there, where the horizon meets the sky.”

And Maui replied, “Lay aside such idle thoughts, and let us both fearlessly seek whether men are to die or live for ever.”

And his father said, “My child, there has been an ill omen for us; when I was baptizing you, I omitted a portion of the fitting prayers, and that I know will be the cause of your perishing.”

Then Maui asked his father, “What is my ancestress Hine-nui-te-po like?” and he answered, “What you see yonder shining so brightly red are her eyes, and her teeth are as sharp and hard as pieces of volcanic glass; her body is like that of a man, and as for the pupils of her eyes, they are jasper; and her hair is like tangles of long seaweed, and her mouth is like that of a barracouta.”

Then his son answered him, “Do you think her strength is as great as that of Tama-nui-te-Ra, who consumes man, and the earth, and the very waters, by the fierceness of his heat?—was not the world formerly saved alive by the speed with which he traveled?—if he had then, in the days of his full strength and power, gone as slowly as he does now, not a remnant of mankind would have been left living upon the earth, nor, indeed, would anything else have survived. But I laid hold of Tama-nui-te-Ra, and now he goes slowly for I smote him again and again, so that he is now feeble, and long in traveling his course, and he now gives but very little heat, having been weakened by the blows of my enchanted weapon; I then, too, split him open in many places, and from the wounds so made, many rays now issue forth, and spread in all directions. So, also I found the sea much larger than the earth, but by the power of the last born of your children, part of the earth was drawn up again, and dry land came forth.”

And his father answered him, “That is all very true, O, my last born, and the strength of my old age; well, then, be bold, go and visit your great ancestress who flashes so fiercely there, where the edge of the horizon meets the sky.”

Hardly was this conversation concluded with his father, when the young hero went forth to look for companions to accompany him upon this enterprise: and so there came to him for companions, the small robin, and the large robin, and the thrush, and the yellow-hammer, and every kind of little bird, and the fantail, and these all assembled together, and they all started with Maui in the evening, and arrived at the dwelling of Hine-nui-te-po, and found her fast asleep.

Then Maui addressed them all, and said, “My little friends, now if you see me creep into this old chieftainess, do not laugh at what you see. Nay, nay, do not I pray you, but when I have got altogether inside her, and just as I am coming out of her mouth, then you may shout with laughter if you please.”

And his little friends, who were frightened at what they saw, replied, “Oh, sir, you will certainly be killed.”

And he answered them, "If you burst out laughing at me as soon as I get inside her, you will wake her up, and she will certainly kill me at once, but if you do not laugh until I am quite inside her, and am on the point of coming out of her mouth, I shall live, and Hine-nui-te-po will die."

And his little friends answered, "Go on then, brave Sir, but pray take good care of yourself."

Then the young hero started off, and twisted the strings of his weapon tight round his wrist, and went into the house, and stripped off his clothes, and the skin on his hips looked mottled and beautiful as that of a mackerel, from the tattoo marks, cut on it with the chisel of Uetonga, and he entered the old chieftainess.

The little birds now screwed up their tiny cheeks, trying to suppress their laughter; at last, the little Tiwakawaka could no longer keep it in, and laughed out loud, with its merry cheerful note; this woke the old woman up, she opened her eyes, started up, and killed Maui.

Thus died this Maui we have spoken of, but before he died he had children, and sons were born to him; some of his descendants yet live in Hawaiki [legendary land of the ancestors], some in Aotearoa (or in these islands); the greater part of his descendants remained in Hawaiki, but a few of them came here to Aotearoa. According to the traditions of the Maori, this was the cause of the introduction of death into the world (Hine-nui-te-po being the goddess of death: if Maui had passed safely through her, then no more human beings would have died, but death itself would have been destroyed), and we express it by saying, "The water-wagtail laughing at Maui-tikitiki-o-Taranga made Hine-nui-te-po squeeze him to death." And we have this proverb, "Men make heirs, but death carries them off."

Thus end the deeds of the son of Makea-tu-tara, and of Taranga, and the deeds of the sons of Rangi-nui, and of Papa-tu-a-Nuku; this is the narrative about the generations of the ancestors of the Maori, and therefore, we the people of that country, preserve closely these traditions of old times, as a thing to be taught to the generations that come after us, so we repeat them in our prayers, and whenever we relate the deeds of the ancestors from whom each family is descended.

SAMOA

THE DESCENDANTS OF FANGA

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Abercromby, John. "Samoa Tales I." *Folklore* 3 (1891): 455–459.

Date: ca. 1891

Original Source: Samoan

National Origin: Samoa

The Samoan Islands are located in the South Pacific about midway between Hawai'i and New Zealand. As noted with Hawai'ian **myth**, Polynesian mythology pays particular attention to the details of lineage, links between human and divine families, and attachments to territory. The following myth demonstrates such concerns, as well.

There was a woman called Fanga. She brought forth a daughter, whose name was Papa (flat). She had no vagina; her body was all in one. She was exceedingly beautiful, and many men desired to obtain Papa, but her husbands deserted her [when they discovered her abnormality].

Then she lived with another chief whose name was Oloynataua. The chief Olomataua felt and he perceived that the woman was as one piece. He did not divorce her, because great was his love for the woman, because she was beautiful.

The chief said one day to Papa, "Let us go to work." They went to work, and when their work was done they rested. Then they bathed, and went to their house and laid down. The woman slept soundly. The chief then felt the woman that he might know.

Then he thought of a plan. He took a shark's tooth, and made an incision into the private parts of his wife, and left the shark's tooth in the part. It was

said the shark's tooth became the private parts of the woman. The chief was rejoiced because he had got his wife. That is the tale of the woman.

They began then to cohabit, and the woman became pregnant and bore a son, Ulufanuasee by name. His father belonged to the conquered party. Aea-sisifo was the chief's name. Aeasasae was conqueror. Aea-sisifo was trodden down, and Ulufanuasee ran away because his father the chief Aea-sisifo was conquered. Ulufanuasee ran away and came to Falelata and dwelt in the mountain.

Ulufanuasee was always gliding on the waves at Mauu; that was his occupation. He saw the waves breaking at Fangaiofu; then he went down there to glide on the waves. He left his girdle of leaves and his hairband on the beach while he was gliding.

A certain lady, Sinalalofutu by name, with her attendant girls, went down there. The lady saw Ulufanuasee, and she fell in love with him. Then she took his leaf-girdle and his hair-band and hid them.

Ulufanuasee could not find his things, and he said, "Lady, be not angry; have any of you seen my things?"

The lady said, "Chief, where did you leave your things? We do not know." Lo! the woman continued to hide them.

The chief again asked, "Lady, have you seen my things? Be quick, for I am going."

Then she showed him his leaf-girdle and his hair-band. And the lady said, "Chief, what think you? Let us drink inland." Then they went and talked. Long did Sinalalofutu talk to Ulufanuasee, saying, "What do you think? Let us dwell together and I will be your wife." The chief then married her, and put away the other woman.

Sinalalofutu became pregnant and brought forth two girls—twins. They were not separated but were joined together in their backs. Their names were: the one Ulu, the other Na. These were their names; Ulumaona was called from the water which sprang from the ulu; it subsided (maona) and ran away towards the sea. That was what their names arose from. They lived many months; the years were not known [till] the girls were grown up.

One day the girls said thus to their family, "Friends, when our family return from work let them first give us warning by crying out tulou, and then throw down the log of firewood, lest we should be startled, for we are going to sleep." Then they slept. The family came down, did not give warning, but threw down their firewood. The girls were startled in their sleep, and ran outside, each by her own opening. Their bodies were separated by the intervening post, and they were parted from the other. Each one ran away. They left that country. The father cried out, "I am of the conquered party."

This is the story of the departure of Ulu and Ona, who left their land and swam by sea and arrived at Tutuila. They dwelt at Tutuila. On a certain night there came a chief, Moamoanua by name, who lived in the bush. He came to the ladies. He did not come in the light. The women said to the chief, "Come into the light."

The chief answered, "I cannot enter; my eyes are dazzled by the light, for they are sore." They were not sore. It was his lie, that he might conceal his shame from the women; for he had a large nose like a cockscomb. That is the reason why he lived in the bush, that he might not be seen.

They spread their mats and lay down, and the chief slept between them; he faced the women. He turned to one woman and afterwards turned to the other. Then the chief Moamoanua said to the women, "Women, do you keep awake, and when the cocks crow quickly awake me. I go off very early, lest my weak eyes should be dazzled by the sun."

The cocks crew and the women awoke the chief, saying, "Chief, awake!" The chief was startled, and went away into the bush, where he lived alone. He did thus for many nights, and both the women were with child by the chief. But they had not seen one another, because the chief went away by night.

Then one of them said to the other, "Lady, what do you think? Here we are near our confinements, and we have not seen who the chief is like." The chief came down one night, and the women dallied with him in order that he might sleep soundly. The chief became sleepy, and slept soundly.

When it was morning the women went and pulled up the house blinds, and each stood at one end of the house. The house was light, for the sun shone into it. Then they woke up the chief, saying, "Moamoanua, awake, it is morning." The chief was startled. The women saw his nose, and he ran off into the bush.

The women laughed aloud, saying, "A god, a god!" They ran away and left that country. They swam out to sea because they knew he was a god. They swam between Tutuila and Manua, brought forth in the water, deserted their children, and were carried by the current to Aleipata. It is said they were changed into gods. The women swam on, and they saw light excrement floating by.

One of the women [said], "Lady, that shall be my name."

The other said, "What?"

[She answered], "Taema."

Again they reached a sprit of a sail floating about. They swam on, and the sprit turned round and round.

The other woman said, "What name?"

The other answered, "Tilafainga" (sportive sprit of a sail).

These are their two names to each of them, Ulu and Ona their first names; Taema and Tilafainga their names afterwards. They continued to swim, and reached land.

FANGONO

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Abercromby, John. "Samoan Tales II." *Folklore* 3 (1892): 158–165.

Date: ca. 1892

Original Source: Samoan

National Origin: Samoa

The following narrative shares many themes with the category of folktale that Stith Thompson labeled the *novella*. For example, there is the abduction of a young woman by a supernatural would-be bridegroom, the quest for the woman by her true love and the supernatural assistance the hero obtains in his quest. The verse passages that punctuate the adventure are typically Polynesian, however.

Tafitofou and Ongafau had a daughter Sina, who remained single. She was very beautiful, and the handsome young men built houses near Sina. Although there were so many handsome men Sina preferred Tingilau.

A visiting party of Talingamaivalu came, but they did not go to the house of Sina. He went to the house of Tafitofau and Ongafau, lest Sina should see that his body was full of pimples. His present of food was pigs and sharks. The parents of Sina favored his suit because they were afraid lest they should be killed [because he was a god].

When Sina knew that her parents favored Talingamaivalu she at once married Tingilau. Then the woman was taken away. She was not taken to the east or to the west, she was taken to Fiji.

Talingamaivalu came and looked into Sina's house; she was not there. He suspected that she had married. Then he rushed at once after Tafitofau and Ongafau to kill them. He asked, "Where is Sina?"

They answered, "My lord, she is married."

Talingamaivalu went off and sought in the western islands, and he reached the eastern islands and then got to Fiji. He then tried to imitate the voice of her brother, but did not succeed. Then he tried to imitate the voice of her mother, and he succeeded. Then he awoke her, saying, "Sina! Alas for this ungrateful girl! What about the chief. By-and-by we two shall be killed. Lift up the houseblinds that I may give you the fine mats of your dowry."

Then Sina drew near, and Talingamaivalu took hold of her and threw her across his shoulder. Tingilau felt about, and Sina was not there.

Then he rushed away westward; she was not there. Again he rushed away eastward. He then went and launched his canoe, and sought her in the Samoan group. Then Tingilau sang mournfully:

Do you nininini the sea of Nini, The sea of Savaii leaped up,
The rain fell, the wind blew.
Report it to a god who has enemies.

He stands outside in the cold,
 He urged to lift up the screens.
 Seize him and cook him for chiefs,
 That all Savaii may have a portion.
 Had but your praises been shouted,
 O Sina, in the inland village.

Then sang mournfully the woman Puanatalai:

Tingilau, come inland here.
 Do not make a noise, but listen
 To the canoe at anchor in the lagoon.
 There is the clotted blood.
 It was the guess of Tingilaumaoto.
 Draw near, let us sit together.
 Tingilau, consider in your heart,
 Shall I go or shall I remain?
 I grieve, for I married in vain,
 The heart of Tingilau cannot rest.

Then mournfully sang Tingilau:

Woman Puanatalai,
 It is said you are a princess.
 Causelessly do you act,
 Yield until you show respect,
 Until your party come to sit with you,
 Till I steer standing in my canoe
 As if I had come on a begging journey.
 It was the pursuit of Sinaitauanga.
 If she had had her praises shouted
 You would have been quiet in the quiet sea.
 The sea of the new moon rushes in
 Shooting by its means the man
 Talingamaivalu by name.
 Catch him and cook him and tie him up,
 Whether will all Samoa get a portion.

Then mournfully sang Sinaleuuna (she is in love with Tingilau):

Man, there is a canoe anchored in the lagoon,
 It is the canoe of Tingilaumaolo.
 Come near, that we may eat cold food.

Then Tingilau sang mournfully:

Have I come on a begging journey?
It is the pursuit of Sinaitauanga.

Then answered Sinaleuuna:

Do you go, for she has passed on.
You will nananana in the sea of Nana,
The sea of Aleipata rushes in.
Make an apology to those ashore,
To Puupu and the Laulala,
Fangapu and the Papaitufanga.
Had your praises but have been shouted,
O Sina, in the inland villages.

Then mournfully sang Sangaialemalama:

Do you depart hence,
A little more and you would have found her.

Then Tingilau went near to Tutuila and mournfully sang:

You will ninanina the sea of Nina,
The sea of Tutuila rushed in.
Make apologies to those ashore,
That is the country of Taema,
And the country of Sinataevaeva,
Shouting praises of my wife
Who was taken off by Talingafaua.

Then sang Taemala mournfully:

Do you depart hence,
A little sooner and you would have found her.

Then Tingilau sang mournfully:

O woman, thou Taema,
When I sang, you sang, I did not follow up
Your refusal to hear.
Our names are proper,
Sinatauanga and Tingilau.

Then he came off Manua; the King of Manua was seated there.

He said, "Friend Tingilau, do you return? This is the end of inhabited countries. If you go to the country of gods, then you will die."

He replied, "Asking your presence, King of Manua; with due respect to your speech, O King of Manua, permit me to travel over the sea of flying fish. Tingilau will perish in following his desire."

"Go, then, now that intercession and advice have been offered." Then Tingilau went out into the great ocean, and he arrived at the Puangangana. Then Tingilau sang mournfully:

Begging pardon, begging pardon,
Make apologies ashore to the Puangangana.
By this time were shouted praises
Of Sina in the inland villages.

Then answered the Puangangana, "Tingilau, you are present; Tingilau, you have come." Then the man sat still, [being] afraid. Tingilau sang mournfully:

The body of the pua, leaves of the pua,
The trunk of the pua, the top of the pua,
Be not angry, but let me ask
Whether is Sina's praise shouted in the inland villages?

The pua answered, "Come here. What a chief this is to run into danger! How do you know that there are trees which talk? You have passed beyond the country of men, you have come to the country of gods."

The pua then said, "You go, when I pass out of sight, then at once do you jump down into the bottom of your canoe and leave it with me whether you get to the country of Sinasengi, where you will find your enemy."

Tingilau then went, and, when the pua was out of sight, he at once leaped down into the bottom of his canoe. He then prepared a fine mat, and was about to make the land vanish. Then he went to look; there was no one but [something] like the body of a canoe and outrigger. "I will go," said he, "for my fine mat. There it is in the rubbish carried by the current." Then he sat with the fine mat. The canoe of Tingilau was then beached, and he jumped ashore, and clung to a cocoa-nut. Then he fell down and slept. The birds fluttered about.

Then said Sinasengi, "Bother it! What is the matter with the birds? There are two kinds of birds in my country, the tarn and the heron." The woman went down to visit the birds. She looked; the man was not [as he should look]; he was burnt continually by the action of the sun at sea, there was no body to the man, he was [like] the skin of a paonga [a tree from which house mats are made] fruit. Then the woman Sinasengi fainted as if dead. She revived again, and she [said],

“Stop a bit till I startle him. If he is not startled he is a god; if he is startled he is a man. “Catch you!”

The man was startled, and said, “O lady, I was startled.”

Sinasengi said, “O chief, you debase yourself on the beach, and leave good mats and good houses and good cloth, and you debase yourself on this bad place.”

Tingilau said, “Excuse me, floating about I came and drew up my canoe in this place.”

They went up into the house. The woman went and cooked an oven of food. She baked taro unscraped, and scraped taro; she roasted a fowl unplucked, and a plucked fowl; she baked a pig unsinged and a pig singed. She opened the oven, and she laid out the fowl that was broiled with its feathers, and the taro that was baked with the skin.

Tingilau called out and said, “Lady, things are not done like this to visitors in our country.”

Sinasengi then called aloud, “I abominate the people who have brought the wrong things to the chief.” She went and took down the singed pig and the scraped taro. The man ate.

The man married the woman and she had a child. After some days he walked around and mourned because he thought of his wife Sina. Sinasengi thought about Tingilau wandering about, and she went to her Punga-avalo. Punga-avalo asked, “Why have you come?”

She said, “I have come because the conduct of my husband has changed was brought away by Talingamaivalu.” The woman came to Tingilau and said, “I know why you wander about; it is for your wife. Had I known, you should have gone. But now go with some of my Pungavavalo, by which you will catch your enemy.” Then his crew embarked; there were three with Tingilau.

The Punga-avalo said, “When we two say ‘Dive!’ then do you jump down. It is a difficult land in which Talingamaivalu lives in Papatealalo.” Punga-avalo said, “Tingilau, jump!” Tingilau jumped and dived down, and reached the land. Punga-avalo said, “Do you ask of a lame man watching a grindstone the road to the country of Talingamaivalu. If he directs you wrongly, do you kill him; then lift up the grindstone and you will see Talingamaivalu sunning himself.”

The Punga-avalo went to Sina and said, “We are come with Tungilau. When he comes, receive him with surprise, and say, [‘This is] my brother Pinono from Savaii.’”

The men came, and Sina welcomed them with surprise, [exclaiming], “O Talingamaivalu, listen with your eight ears, while I explain to you this is my brother Pinono from Savaii.” Talingamaivalu said, “My love to you.” Then he went and made an oven of food, and sang:

If he eats the big taro
Her male friend is her husband.

If he eats the small taro
Her male friend is her brother.

He brought the food, and laid out the big taro. Tingilau refused it. Talingamaivalu called out, “It is her brother.”

Sina said, “Talingamaivalu, this chief desires to eat of my plantation. It takes three months to reach it.”

Talingamaivalu replied, “Well, what about it?”

The woman said, “This chief has many gods. When you go, do not walk, but slide along. When you pull up taro, do not pull it up with your hands, but pull it up with your toes. If you hunt a pig, hunt a wild shy pig. When you draw salt water, bale it up with a net. When you rub a light, rub it on a banana. When you climb a cocoa-nut, go up with your feet upwards.”

Talingamaivalu said, “Well, what about it? The prohibitions of the gods of No.”

Then he prepared the oven of food. He chased a pig and did not catch it; he chased a fowl and did not catch it. Then Talingamaivalu grew angry. He prepared his oven of food. Sina and Tingilau ran away. They stretched out the mosquito-screen, and under it they placed the mallet for [preparing] native cloth and the kingfisher of Tutiula. Talingamaivalu went and said, “Woman Sina!” Sina did not answer. Then he went to awake her. She did not answer. He lifted up the screen, and the kingfisher jumped out and struck the eye of Talingamaivalu; it was blinded. Again he lifted it, and again the kingfisher jumped up and struck the other eye and blinded it.

Talingamaivalu cried out, “This woman shall not live.” Talingamaivalu then threw himself down. The woman was not there. Then he bit the mallet and broke his teeth.

The kingfisher cried out, “Tingilau and Sina have run away.”

TATTOO

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Abercromby, John. “Samoa Tales I.” *Folklore* 3 (1891): 459–467.

Date: ca. 1891

Original Source: Samoan

National Origin: Samoa

Samoa shares the art of tattooing with many other Polynesian islands. Predictably, Samoan **myth** offers explanations for the origins and significance of this culturally significant custom. The three narratives that follow provide perspectives on tattooing in traditional Samoan culture.

This is the tale about the land named Pulotu. They say it is the land of gods, [such as] Savea-siuleo. He decrees wars; but it is not known whether it is a true country.

Taema married Savea-siuleo. After some time she was prematurely delivered of Alualutoto (clotted blood); this she wrapped up carefully and hid in the garden. After a day or two it was heard to cry. People ran to the place where it was buried, and they brought [away] the girl.

She was called Nafanua (hid in the earth), because she was placed there when first born. They brought it from the place in which it was placed. It could not be quieted; it cried for many days and nights. The chief Savea-siuleo ordered the toa tree (*Casuarina equisetifolia*) in Ongea to be cut down to quiet the girl with. The toa tree was cut down and given to the girl, but she was not quieted; she still continued to cry. Then the chief commanded to cut down the Toa-ina-loto to quiet the girl with. The chief ordered a bread-fruit tree to be brought first. They brought a tree, and the girl was quieted when they brought the tree to her; she cried no more. The girl grew to maturity, but the number of her years is not known because the tale is only by word of mouth.

Taema remembered the saying of her father, "Remember, I am of the conquered party [during a warfare]." Taema said to her child Nafanua, "I feel sorry for my father being in the conquered party."

Nafanua asked her mother, "Who is your father? Where is he?"

[She answered], "He is in Samoa." The girl was sorry for his being conquered, and she said, "Let us visit him."

Taema and Tilafainga swam away, and took with them the Toa-ina-loto. They swam in the sea and reached a land called Fiji. They heard tattooers going about in the land. Taema said to Tilafainga that they should call in at that land and make trial of the tree. They went ashore. Taema covered her breasts and the two went ashore. The two women fought all the women of Fiji. Taema sprang up with the tree, and Fiji was defeated. Three times was Fiji repulsed. Again they fought and Fiji was defeated, and [its people] were chased to the cave in which they dwelt. They reached the end of the cave when the lady struck her head against the basket of tattooing instruments. She took hold of it to take it down to the sea. They swam here to Samoa with the basket, and thus they sang, "The women are marked and the men left." The clam shell, used as a cup, fell, and they dived for it. When they rose up they had forgotten the song, "Tattoo the women, but leave the men," and they made a mistake, saying, "Tattoo the men, but leave the women." This was the origin of tattooing in Samoa; but for this, they would not have been tattooed.

They reached Falea-lupo (a settlement at the west end of Savaii). Two boys were keeping watch there. The women said to the boys, "Children, where are your parents?" The boys answered, "They have gone to work."

They said to them, "You go to them and say, 'There is a traveling party of ladies by the sea.' Come quickly; and when you come, do not throw down anything, lest we should be startled."

The boys went to fetch their parents. Their father said to them, "What is it?"

They answered, "There is a traveling party of ladies by the sea, who say that you are to come quickly." The man ran down, for he doubted whether visitors had come to the house where the ladies were. He saluted them with, "You are come!"

The ladies said, "Yes; come here. What is the noise [we hear]?"

The man said, "It is caused by the cruelty of the conquering party."

The women asked, "How so?"

The man answered, "The state of the conquered party is very grievous. They kill people, and raise the finger-nails of others." The ladies wept, and told the man that he should go to the place where the conquering parties were defeated and raise themselves from subjection. The man said, "Ladies, pray do not make use of such words, lest the conquering party should hear." The man suspected that they would be ill-used. The women still continued; great was the discussion.

Then all the people of the town collected together to show this thing. The people were distressed, because if they were again defeated they would not live.

The women said, "Do not be distressed, but leave the matter with us two." The people agreed to this. Then they drove away the persecutors belonging to the conquering party, saying, "You go; we are going to revolt." The conquering party heard of it, and called a council. They were angry. The troops for the war collected; all Aeasasae came. Aea-sisifo said to the women, "How about this war?"

The women answered thus, "When you fight, all of you confine yourselves to the inland [side] of the road, and we will confine ourselves to the seaward side of the road. Let none of you pass over to the sea side of the road, and neither of us will cross over to the land side of the road; we will not pass to and fro. You fight first and we will come after." They fought and [the] Aea-sisifo were defeated. The two women saw they were defeated, and that they came along anyhow by the sea side of the road. The women made a rush and struck the man because he had broken the law. Then the women made a stand; the women held the troops in check. Aeasasae was defeated and beaten. Aea-sasae was conquered and Aea-sisifo was victor.

This was why these two had come back from Pulotu: the saying of Nufanua-sese, "I am of the conquered party; remember me."

They brought their two professions, the profession of tattooing and the profession of war.

The profession of war was accomplished; their father was conqueror.

That tale is ended.

Origin of Tattooing

These two left the district of Aea and came to the Itutaoa, and they came to Safotu. The name of its chief was Seve. He was asleep, for it was night. Thus they called to him, "Seve, Seve! Do you wish to engage in our profession?" When these two came the chief was startled, and he told his dream to the family, saying, "Friends, this is my dream. A traveling party of two called out to me, saying, 'Seve, do you wish to engage in our profession?'" When the morning was light, Seve said to his daughter, "Woman, let us go to the east to my friend." They came to Salelavalu to his friend Mafua, the name of the chief. The traveling ladies were with him, and Mafua was preparing food for them. He spread lots of good things before the travelers. Seve and his daughter entered the house of Mafua. The ladies said, "You have come."

Seve answered, "You are sitting there." Then they exchanged salutations. Mafua also saluted Seve, because he was his friend. Then he gave the fine mat of the daughter of Seve to the ladies. The ladies felt kindly towards Seve, and gave him some of the tattooing instruments. Then they went to their own town of Safotu with their profession, because they said, "Whether does Seve desire their profession?" That is one branch of the family of tattooers. Satulauena is its name. That is a very large family.

Mafua

He lived with the women. They said to Mafua, "Mafua, come and tattoo towards the sea. When you tattoo anyone let your kava [plant used to make a calming, euphoria-producing tea] be first; do not reject it in favor of another chief, but drink it yourself, for it is our kava to bring success to your profession." Mafua went to tattoo. The kava was made and was first offered to Mafua. He refused it, and went on with his tattooing. The tattooing was accomplished, and again they made kava. The first cup was offered to Mafua, again he refused, saying, "Let the chief be first, and let my kava be after." He then went to his house, where the women were sitting who had the profession of tattooing.

They said, "You rest from your work."

Mafua answered, "You are wishing success."

The women said, "Come and tell us whether you followed your profession as we directed."

He replied, "I went, and they made kava and served it out, bringing me the first cup. I refused, telling them to take it to the chief. They took it to him first, and I again tattooed. When it was done they again made kava, and brought me the first cup; again I refused [saying], that the chief should be served first. They took it first to the chief, and I came after."

The women said to Mafua, "Mafua, you have broken covenant, you have given away the kava, for we told you that your kava should be first to make your occupation prosperous. You shall no more engage in the occupation because you

have broken covenant.” Then they took away from Mafua the occupation of tattooer; he did not tattoo again because he had broken covenant. Again he became poor, and regretted uselessly because the profitable occupation had passed from him.

Then the ladies again swam to Upolu, and reached the lee end of the island. There was a man fishing; Pule was his name. He said, “My love to the traveling ladies. Come, whence have you journeyed?”

They replied, “You have spoken. We have come from Savaii.”

[He said], “Come here and take the fish I have caught to make a meal of.” He gave all the fish he had caught to the travelers.

The ladies asked, “Where is your home?”

Pule said, “It is some distance inland. Come and partake of some food.” They went to his house and ate. Then he prepared a feast. Great was the love of Pule for the ladies. The ladies said to Pule, “Do you take our occupation of tattooers and make use of it. When you are engaged in it your kava must be first, to bring success to your occupation. Now we are going.”

They went towards the east. They went along the mountain range till they reached the mountain of Olotapu, inland of Safata. There was a man, Atapu by name, who was a skilful workman. He planted every kind of food, bananas, kava, yams, and taro. All looked very well. The traveling women came as Atapu was at work. Atapu looked as the travelers came in sight. Great was the astonishment and compassion of Atapu. He ran and spread good mats in the house. Then he said, “Come into the house and sit down while I pull up some kava.” He brought some kava, and the women said, “The good wind cannot be concealed. It is the road of prosperity which is walked on.”

Atapu ran off to bring cold food, ripe bananas. They ate, and then Atapu said to the ladies, “Do you recline while I go to cook some food, for I am all alone.” He then went off to prepare food. He prepared it nicely with delight. Then he brought it and addressed his word to those in the house, “Tuloutulon awake, and take some food.”

The women said, “Come here, you are wearied; I am sorry for you.” They also said to him, “Atapu, when tomorrow comes we will give you our occupation, that you may engage in it.” On the morrow they explained to him what he must do, “When kava is served out, your kava must be first, to bring success to your occupation.” Then Atapu went to tattoo. The kava was served out, and Atapu asked them to bring a pair of water-bottles to him. They brought the water-bottles. They dealt out the kava, Atapu’s was first. They brought it to him; he did not drink it, but poured it into one of the bottles. They also brought him cold food. Atapu told them to put it into a basket; but he did not eat nor drink until the tattooing was finished, as he intended to take the food to the ladies who had given him orders. When he finished tattooing, they brought more kava; Atapu’s was first. He put it into the other bottle. Then they brought food and native property. Atapu did not eat, for he meant it all for the ladies.

He went inland [and found] the ladies were seated each one by a post in the doorway of the house. They said, "You have rested from work."

He replied, "You are wishing success."

They said, "Come and tell us how you did your work."

He answered, "I went, and they prepared the morning kava. My kava was first, and I poured it into a bottle; and this cold food I did not eat, but kept it to bring to you two. Then I tattooed. When it was done they again prepared kava, and my cup was first; and I poured it into the second bottle; also I did not eat the food until we should all eat together." Great was their affection for him, and they said, "Love to you! It is the road of prosperity which is traveled."

Then they had their meal. When it was done they said to him, "Ataliu, very pleasing is your kind conduct. Now we are going, and we leave these things that you may properly work at your profession. Although Tulauena engaged in it, his work was incomplete; he will be under you."

These are the two great branches of the family: Sa-Tulauena is one great branch, the king of which is Seve; and Pe-o-Sa-sua is the other great branch, the king of which is Atapu.

That is the end.

TAHITI

THE CREATION

Tradition Bearer: Unavailable

Source: Henry, Tuiira. "Tahitian Folklore." *Journal of the Polynesian Society* 10 (1901): 51–52.

Date: ca. 1901

Original Source: Tahiti

National Origin: Tahiti

The creator god of the following Tahitian **myth** appears throughout Polynesia. Below he is named Ta'aroa. In the New Zealand Maori "Creation of Heaven and Earth" (page 396), his name is Tangaroa. In their myths of the creation of their islands, the Samoans call him Tangaloa. In the Tahitian narratives, he is the supreme conjuror, requiring only his magic to create the universe from the void. Despite the harmony of the world he created, discord arose, and through the malice of the man he created from sand, death entered the world.

Ta'aroa (unique) was the great supreme being, who existed alone in a little world, in a shell like an egg, revolving in dark empty space for ages. At length, he burst forth from confinement, and finding himself quite alone he conjured forth the famous god Tu, who became his companion and artisan in the great work of creation. When the universe was completed, gods innumerable were conjured into existence to fill every region, and, last of all creatures, man was made to inhabit the earth, which was prepared for him.

Ta'aroa was known under four titles according to his attributes: Ta'aroa of the heavens, said to be ten in number; Ta'aroa the great foundation, in a rock

in the centre of the earth, from which land grew; Ta'aroa of the surface of the earth; and Ta'aroa of the netherlands, supposed to be down in the earth, the entrance to which was an extinct crater called Te Mehani, in the island of Ra'iatea, near Tahiti.

The first man that was created was Ti'i, clothed in sand, whom Ta'aroa conjured from out of the earth, and then pronounced him perfect. Then was born a wife for Ti'i, Hina, to extricate and mitigate many things, a demi-goddess, whose parents were Te-fatu (the lord) and Fa'ahotu (be fruitful), and she had a face before and behind, and was full of goodness. Ti'i was malicious and had a white heron to bewitch and slay mankind.

After the creation, peace and harmony everywhere existed for a long period. But at last, discontentment arose and there was war among the gods in their different regions, and among them, so Ta'aroa and Tu uttered curses to punish them.

They cursed the stars, which made them blink; and they cursed the moon, which caused it to wane and go out. But Hina, the mitigator of many things, saved their lives, since which the host of stars are ever bright, but keep on twinkling; and the moon always returns after it disappears.

They cursed the sea, which caused low tide; but Hina preserved the sea, which produced high tide; and so these tides have followed each other ever since.

They cursed the rivers, which frightened away the waters, so that they hid beneath the soil; but Hina reproduced the shy waters, which formed springs, and so they continue thus to exist.

They cursed the trees, which caused their leaves to turn yellow and their fruit to go out of season; but Hina saved their lives, which caused new leave, ever to succeed the old and the fruit to return in their seasons. And so it would have been with people, they would have withered under the curse of the gods, while Hina would have saved their lives, had it not been that Ti'i conjured them to death.

Hina said, "Oh, Ti'i! Do not persist in invoking man to death. When he suffers under the curse of the gods, I shall resuscitate him. Behold, my moon and glittering stars, my budding trees and my fruit that come in seasons, are they not more comely than thy dying men?" But her husband was unyielding, and he replied, "My master, Ta'aroa, whose curse is death, loves to slay, and I shall conjure to death all whom I cause my white heron to enter." So, according to the Tahitians, the man and not the woman caused people to lose eternal life, and at length he fell and died beneath his own curse.

Glossary

anecdote: Originally, a short, humorous tale. Now, the term commonly refers to single-episode narratives, regarded as true and commonly concentrating on an individual.

animal tales: Narratives told as conscious fictions in which the characters, though they speak and behave like human beings, are animals. These animal characters are commonly stock types. For example, in many Native American traditions, coyote is regarded as an exploitive, impulsive manipulator. In African American tales, rabbit is type cast in the same role. The tales are most often moralistic (“don’t be greedy”) or etiological (why the frog has no tail) in intent.

belief tales: Legends or personal experience narratives that are told with the purpose of validating a particular folk belief.

cautionary tales: Narratives whose plots embody a message cautioning against the consequences of particular kinds of behavior.

culture hero: Character in myth who finishes the work that brings technology (usually symbolized as fire), laws, religion, and other elements of culture to humans. Culture heroes may take over the business of creating order out of chaos where a Supreme Creator left off. The culture hero serves as a secondary creator or transformer of the universe. He/she transforms the universe by means of his gifts into a universe in which humans can live. In some myths, the culture hero cleanses the universe of things that threaten human existence: monsters, cannibals, or meteorological phenomena.

cumulative tale: A tale that begins with an incident, action, or phrase and adds a succession of elements to create a lengthy chain of events.

cycle: A group of tales that focuses on a central character, plot, or theme.

fable: Fictional narrative ending with a didactic message that is often couched in the form of a “moral” or proverb.

fairy tale: See **ordinary folktale**.

family saga: Chronologically and often thematically linked collection of legends constituting the folk history of a particular family, usually over several generations. The term was coined by folklorist Mody C. Boatright.

folk history: Accounts based on perceptions of historical events rather than on written documentation or similar media.

- formula/formulaic element:** Conventional elements that recur in folk narrative. For example, clichés, structural patterns, stock characters, or situations.
- framing:** The act of setting apart a traditional performance from other types of activity by words, occasions of performance or other distinguishing features.
- genre:** Type, category.
- legend:** Narrative told as truth, set in the historical past, and that does not depart from the present reality of the members of the group.
- local legend:** Legends derived from and closely associated with specific places and events believed to have occurred in those locales.
- märchen:** See **ordinary folktale**.
- motif:** Small element of traditional narrative content, such as an event, object, concept, or pattern.
- myth:** Narratives that explain the will (the intent) and the workings (the orderly principles) of a group's major supernatural figures. Myth is set in a world that predates the present reality.
- natural context:** Setting, in all its elements, in which a performance would ordinarily take place.
- novelle:** Romantic tale.
- numskull:** Character who behaves in an absurdly ignorant fashion, also called "noodle."
- ordinary folktale:** Highly formulaic and structured fictional narrative that is popularly referred to as "fairytale" and designated by folklorists as *märchen* or "wonder tale." Term coined by folklorist Stith Thompson.
- personal experience narrative:** Narrative intended as truth performed in the first person by the individual to whom the described events happened.
- personal legend:** Narrative intended as truth told about a specific (usually well-known) individual.
- resource person:** The bearer of a particular tradition, such as the performer of a folktale.
- stock character:** Recurrent narrative character who invariably plays a stereotyped role such as trickster or fool.
- tale type:** Standard, recurrent folk narrative plot.
- tall tale:** Fictional narrative often told as a firsthand experience, which gradually introduces hyperbole until the audience realizes by the conclusion that the tale is a lie.
- trickster:** Character who defies the limits of propriety and often gender and species. Trickster lives on the margins of his world by his wits and is often regarded as possessing supernatural power. Often a mythic figure such as a coyote or hare will function as both culture hero and trickster.
- validating device:** Any element occurring within a traditional narrative that is intended to convince listeners that the tale is true.
- variant:** Version of a standard tale type.

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About the Editor

THOMAS A. GREEN is Associate Professor of Anthropology at Texas A&M University. His many books include *The Greenwood Library of American Folktales* (Greenwood, 2006), and *Martial Arts in the Modern World* (Praeger, 2003).