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THE FOLKTALES OF MICRONESIA

By

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INTRODUCTION

Despite Magellan's early landfall at Guam in 1521, Micronesia remains a shadowy island world to most and the reasons would appear a composite of geography, trade, and happenstance. For over three centuries Guam was little more than a way station in the Spanish attempt to tap the wealth of the Indies. Micronesia itself had nothing in the way of spices or other precious commodities to excite the interest or cupidity of the Western world. Nor have there been chance visitors of the stature of Stevenson, Gaugin, Melville, or Michener to envelop the land of the tiny islands with the web of romance spun for the related islands of Polynesia. Even infamy was in large part escaped, for it was Melanesia that was to gain renown for the combined ferocity of its cannibals, headhunters, geography and native diseases. While there was some head-taking, especially in Western Micronesia, overall early contacts with Micronesians were relatively mild and the sporadic conflict was of short duration.

Yet despite their modest impact on the imagination of the Western world, Micronesian societies developed and have maintained complex and satisfying cultures, approaches to living that will be presented in this study from the vantage point of rich and still flourishing complexes of oral traditions.

Micronesia lies in the Western Pacific, east of the Philippines, northeast of Melanesia, with Polynesia far to its east in the northern sector and closely adjoining in the southeast (see Map I). Micronesia, Land of the Little Islands, describes

it well. Total surface area is impressive, stretching more than 2000 miles from the southernmost of the Gilbert Islands north to lonely Farallon de Pajaros in the Mariana chain, and another 2500 miles from the eastern Radak chain in the Marshall Islands to tiny Tobi Island in the west. These many islands assume more humble status when considered in terms of land mass. Guam heads the list with 215 square miles. Babeldaob in the Palau Islands and Ponape Island are next in order with 153 and 129 square miles. But the rest of the major islands are drastically smaller. The several islands of the Truk group add only 38.5 square miles and the Yap Islands total about the same.

One searches in vain for the towering peaks and deep of New Guinea. Yet within a modest topographical range valleys of Hawaii and Tahiti or the vast swamps and deltas there exists great variability, from the low lying Palau Islands and their rugged coral limestone formations and the equally low reddish islands of Yap to the more complex Guam, with its composite of upraised coral limestone plateau and weathered volcanic peaks. Other variations are the basaltic formations of Ponape and Kusaie, or Truk, with its several basaltic islands jutting up from a wide lagoon surrounded by a great coral reef.

Palau, Yap, the Marianas, Truk, Ponape, and Kusaie: these are the high islands of Micronesia, and they constitute the bulk of habitable land, about 836 square miles. The rest of Micronesia consists of low-lying coral atolls, with an occasional uplifted coral island like Fais and Nauru, which lack the enclosing coral reefs of the typical atoll.

The atolls are the islands of romance, with their gleaming beaches of white coral sand, stately palms, and blue lagoons. Yet to be more pragmatic, living conditions are challenging. Coral sand and scanty humus limit severely what can be grown, providing rainfall has been adequate; and these islands are only a few feet above sea level. Since all of Micronesia is subject to severe typhoons and occasional tidal waves, elevation can at times be of the essence. Moreover, population pressure can be severe, since the total land area of these hundreds of small islands is little more than two hundred and forty square miles (Freeman, 1951).

The relative obscurity of these many islands for much of their recorded history is best presented in historical perspective. Magellan's famed voyage was part of Spanish attempts to exploit the wealth of the East Indies by establishing a new sailing route not under the control of the Portuguese. While the islands of Micronesia had flourishing populations and had worked out, especially on the high islands, complex cultural patterns, yet to Europeans seeking gold and spices, these islands had little to offer. Despite the often reiterated Spanish position concerning its Christian duty to proselytize the heathens, it can be seen that such efforts followed expansion of empire. Not until Spain had established its Manila galleon route from the Philippines to Acapulco did the Spanish initiate a limited program of colonization and conversion in Micronesia. These early efforts were centralized on Guam, which was made a port of call for the aforementioned galleons. The rest of Micronesia continued in peaceful obscurity, spared the ravages of newly introduced disease, forced Christianization, and social disorganization that accrued to the Chamorros of Guam and the other inhabited Mariana Islands.

Although the Spanish labored mightily with cross and sword and managed with the aid of famine and pestilence to transform Chamorro culture into a weak imitation of Spanish Catholicism, little of the aboriginal state of things was recorded. Almost nothing remains to tell us of Chamorro oral traditions. Some scattered references in letters from the early missionaries and in biographies of their martyred leader Father San Vitores do indicate that Chamorro religion was a part of a Micronesia-wide ancestor worship (Le Gobien, 1700, pp. 17-21). During this early period a few canoe loads of Carolinians appeared on Guam, which led to an abortive attempt to Christianize the atolls of the Central Carolines, and as a side effect the soon-to-be martyred Father Cantova included in his correspondence to his superiors the first published account of the still well-known Carolinian trickster god, Olofat (Cantova, 1728).

However, the researcher of oral traditions is but sparsely rewarded by the documents of this long period of sporadic contact. Only recently William Lessa surveyed this early literature; and while he found much of broad ethnographic

value, there was little in the line of folktales (Lessa, 1962).

Fortunately for the social sciences, the Spanish claim to sovereignty in Micronesia was not too confining. As Spain's power waned, other Western nations were stirring and the vacuum was filled, albeit in a rather haphazard fashion. French, English, Americans, Russians—all made their public and private expeditions into Oceania and the resultant publications contained random bits of information on Micronesian culture (for example, Dumont d'Urville, 1830–34; Hale, 1846; Kotzebue, 1821; Wilson, 1799).

Of far greater importance than exploratory expeditions and missionizing attempts were developments in the economic field. The exhaustion of whaling grounds in the Atlantic saw the whale oil industry shift its major efforts to the whale-rich Pacific. With the depletion of the Pacific whale herds in the 1850's a new source of oil was sought in the dried meat of the coconut, the copra of Pacific commerce. With this development, islanders had something to sell and Micronesia became a viable area for two-way trade. Gone forever were the days of desultory bartering and brief encounters.

Traders and their associated companies vied for advantage and often backed this or that chief in his attempt through the use of firearms to aggrandize his position. Small ports sprang up in such places as the Marshalls, Ponape, Yap, and Palau. White deserters and drifters threw their lot and weapon know-how with petty despots. Missionary groups, especially the Boston and the London Missionary Societies, hurried into the field, spurred on by reports of the debauchery of natives brought on by the lawless element in ships' crews and assorted adventurers (Crawford, 1967).

Only as the 19th century was drawing to a close did the first indepth ethnographic reports from Micronesia begin to appear. The wealthy Hamburg merchant, Johann Godeffroy, had indulged his taste for natural history by establishing a museum and an associated journal, *Journal des Museum Godeffroy* (Spoehr, 1963). In addition to assigning his captains the added tasks of collecting museum specimens, he also hired a young Polish expatriot, Johann Kubary, as a full time collector and reporter on things Micronesian. Unfortunately,

the House of Godeffroy went bankrupt during the Franco-Prussian War, and the disillusioned Kubary committed suicide on Ponape in 1896 (Mitchell, 1971). Nevertheless, during the course of a quarter century in Micronesia, Kubary traveled widely, learning languages, studying cultures, collecting artifacts and specimens for museums, and writing reports and articles about Micronesia. Here it can be said Micronesian ethnography came into its own, and within this excellent reportage are to be found several important myths presented within their cultural contexts (Kubary, 1873, 1895).

Invaluable firsthand reports though they were, Kubary's works have a limited value for the folklorist, this allied to Kubary's focus. Much of his effort was expended on museum collections, along with descriptions of material culture, and his tale texts were usually secondary to these interests. It was also Kubary's misfortune to be embroiled in the troublesome political climate of the time and the decline in fortune of his primary benefactor. The combination vitiated his life's work, leaving him often without support and no doubt contributing to his untimely death.

Yet the scholarly climate was soon to improve. The Germans speedily took advantage of the demise of Spanish sovereignty following the Spanish-American War, and they bought out Spain's claims in Micronesia, thereby consolidating the foothold they already had in the Marshall Islands. Only the island of Guam was retained by the victorious Americans. German scholars were to continue the work so ably begun by Kubary and here folkloristics came into its own. Under the general leadership of Georg Thilenius and backed by the German government, an expedition was formed, and during the years of 1908-1910 the whole area was surveyed. Large numbers of tales were collected along with other ethnographic materials. Eleven fat volumes were produced, some consisting of several book-long subdivisions. In certain instances, such as Ponape, Palau, and Yap, entire part volumes were devoted to oral traditions (Hambruch, 1936; Krämer, 1929; Müller, 1918). No volume was without at least a portion devoted to oral traditions, and the whole series stands as the base line for an understanding of the Micronesian folktale.

With the advent of German control, new missionaries entered the field, among them some German Capuchins who were a part of the priest-scholar tradition allied with Father Schmidt and the journal *Anthropos*. Two volumes in the Anthropos Bibliothek series were forthcoming, one on the Marshalls, and one on Truk (Erdland, 1914; Bollig, 1927). The Marshallese volume contains an extensive collection of tales, while Bollig contented himself with but a few. Yet these represented an important contribution, for Bollig was concerned with presenting Trukese folklore according to native genre.

Once again international politics were to intervene and prevent these broad studies from reaching fruition. Hardly had the first few volumes achieved print when the debacle of World War I was underway. No more were forthcoming until war's end, and a full twenty-four years elapsed between the first and last volumes in the series (1914-38). Scholarly attrition during these years was irreparable, for in several cases the major researcher had died before his data had been fully published, and some of the volumes represent the work of an editor who lacked the firsthand field experience (e.g., Hambruch & Eilers, 1936).

This meant that the data were collected but in many cases the published results are little more than the fieldnotes and translated texts. Hambruch did use a portion in his contribution to the *Märchen der Weltliteratur* series and these were annotated fully (Hambruch, 1921). He also produced a volume giving valuable insight into erotic humor (1924).

With the passing of Pax Germanica, scholarly activity slowed down as Japan assumed control of Germany's Micronesian colonies under a mandate from the League of Nations. Economically and politically, the Japanese made great strides, but they left no scholarly legacy that could even begin to approximate the result of the Thilenius Expedition.

In addition a language barrier has further reduced the impact of Japanese scholarship. However, the new edition of Huzio Utinomi's *Bibliography of Micronesia* (1952) gives Japanese titles in English translation and provides a vantage point from which to survey Japanese efforts. By far the greater part of the entries show the practical orientations of the busy

Japanese. They had come into the islands by the thousands, far outnumbering the natives, and exploited to the utmost the minerals, agriculture, and fisheries of Micronesia. Thirty-four pages of the bibliography are devoted to cultural material. The other 95 pages are concerned with agriculture, botany, fisheries, tropical disease, geology, and similar matters of colonial concern.

While the Japanese made no concerted effort to collect folktales as did the Germans before them, yet considerable interest was shown in the folktales of the Palau Islands. The Palauans had developed an art of carving myths and legends on gable ends of their men's houses and on the beams within (McKnight, 1967), and the Japanese continued the German interest in this art form. The most devoted folklorist to emerge was Hijikata, who published several articles and one full volume of Palauan myths and legends (1942) and a more recent volume on folktales from Satawal Atoll (1953).

Again the political balance in Micronesia was to be tipped, this time by Japan's ill-fated military expansion in World War II, and by 1945 the Japanese had been replaced by the Americans. This shift was followed by a return to the wide-reaching, government supported researches into Micronesian culture. However, Americans eschewed the encyclopedic German approach. More akin to the Japanese, American studies were grounded in practicality, for first the Department of Navy and then the Department of Interior were faced with the pragmatic task of administering an area about which there was little material available in English. Before World War II ended, the Navy had commissioned a group at Yale to prepare a handbook series from German and Japanese sources, and on the cessation of hostilities the United States Commercial Company Survey was made. This was followed by the Coordinated Investigation of Micronesian Anthropology, then the Scientific Investigation of Micronesia. In addition to funding these projects, the military government kept full time anthropologists on its staff, although this practice has waned since the Department of Interior assumed administrative responsibilities.

While the Commercial Company reports were broad studies calculated to provide insights into Micronesian cultures, the folktale was ignored. Later studies became increasingly more

specialized, and while there are many fine volumes on kinship, language, material culture, politics, even culture and personality, again the folktale was mentioned only in passing.

Indeed, few American anthropologists have had any deep commitments to the study of Micronesian folktales. There have been occasional articles in which the authors have presented selected tales, and a few notable exceptions where full-length studies have been made. The most outstanding is William Lessa's *Tales from Ulithi Atoll* (1961), an Oceania-wide comparative study based on Lessa's Ulithian collection and a far-ranging researching of the extant literature. Unfortunately, Lessa had few recently collected texts to draw on and his own collection was limited to twenty-four tales. This work contains an excellent bibliography on the Micronesian folktale up to the date of publication.

A second exception is the work of John Fischer (1954), whose field notes Lessa drew on extensively for contemporary variants from Truk and Ponape. Although Fischer has utilized few of his collected tales in his writings, his doctoral dissertation (1954), a modified Lee-Whorfian study of correlations in the structures of language, folktale, and culture, contains valuable information on storytellers and their tales in Truk and Ponape.

That part of Micronesia not included in the political entity called the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands—the Gilbert Islands, Ocean Island, and Nauru—have had a less unsettled political history. The Gilbert Islands have since the 19th century been British administrated; Nauru and Ocean Island were transferred to the British at the end of World War I, passing briefly into Japanese hands during World War II. Today Nauru is a republic.

The Germans included Nauru in the *Ergebnisse der Südsee-Expedition*, but for Ocean Island and the Gilberts collection has been limited, with the outstanding contributor being Arthur Grimble, long time colonial administrator of the Gilbert-Ellice Islands Crown Colony (1921, 1922).

This situation has been somewhat rectified since World War II by the results of a research trip to the Gilberts by a German husband-wife team, and the publication by the distaff side of

a book of folktales (Koch, 1966). However, the book's value is severely limited because it is largely text with little effort spent on documentation, comparison, or interweaving the tales into their cultural context.

Indeed, this volume illustrates well a major problem in Micronesian folkloristics. Many anthropologists, if one can judge from chance comments in their writings, have collected some folktales or at least been exposed to them. But such data have always been peripheral to other theoretical interests, and almost without exception publication has been fragmentary. What this leads to can be seen in Katharine Luomala's recent study of the numskull tale (Luomala, 1966). For Micronesia she draws on her own recent work in the Gilberts, Bollig's in Truk (1927), and a questionable sample from Ifaluk Atoll (Spiro, 1951), even though the genre is well known in many parts of Micronesia.

It was this scarcity of contemporary texts, first encountered when researching my Trukese collection (Mitchell, 1967), that took me back to Micronesia in 1970-71 to seek the tales to be presented in this volume. It would be onerous indeed to expect a work devoted largely to tales to labor under the added load of ethnographic sketches of the several societies that constitute Micronesia. Instead, I will preface each tale with the ethnographic information necessary for the reader to be able to see the narrative as a part of the culture within which it functions.

Generally speaking, Micronesia is an area of horticulture allied to fishing, with many variations on these basic themes. For example, the men do the bulk of the gardening on Truk and Ponape, but such labor falls to the women on Palau and Yap. With the exception of the Polynesians of Kapingamarangi and Nukuoro, Micronesians trace their descent through their mothers, yet residence is varied. On Truk most men live with their wives' people; on Yap, Palau, and Ponape the opposite is true. Some islands like Yap, Palau, Ponape, Kusaie, and the Marshalls have complicated status systems. In the Truk Islands and surrounding atolls such systems are poorly developed.

Surprisingly few of either Western or Japanese cultural elements intrude themselves into these Micronesian narratives. Food, transportation, and housing are almost always traditional,

even though most contemporary Micronesians travel by motor boat; many have cars, motorcycles, and pick-up trucks; numerous houses are of sawed lumber, galvanized roofing, and concrete blocks; most clothing is Westernized; and rice is an important staple. Almost no pagans remain in Micronesia and most islanders profess some form of Christianity. Nonetheless, despite this breakdown of aboriginal theology, folktales are rife with traditional supernatural beings. References to Christianity are almost non-existent, even on islands like Kusaie, where the church plays a dominant role.

Everywhere in Micronesia one witnesses the great changes set in motion since World War II, these allied to basic differences in the American administrative approach. The long years of early contact did not result in any great shift of population. True, new diseases reduced population, sometimes drastically, as with the 1854 smallpox epidemic on Ponape; but the survivors continued to till the soil, harvest the sea, and maintain traditional residence. Under the Germans there were some forced resettlements on Ponape, brought about by native uprisings and by typhoon damage to a number of atolls. There was also what amounted to forced labor on the phosphate islands of Nauru and Angaur. The Japanese continued the use of able-bodied males for similar purposes, but more often the approach was to import thousands of Japanese nationals to fuel the needs of their economic empire.

It is the American emphasis on training Micronesians to assume control at all levels that has hastened the rate of cultural change, with important implications for the survival of oral traditions. Universal education, American-style, brings large numbers of students from once isolated islands into centrally located intermediate and secondary schools. College education takes ever growing numbers farther afield, to Ponape, Guam, Hawaii, and mainland United States.

The rapid growth of semi-urban district centers with their associated stores, bars, cinemas, and support services have brought about a modified wage economy and a monied elite. The more leisurely patterns where the young served their apprenticeship under their elders are beginning to fragment and the once traditional men's houses and clubs are becoming things

of the past. This has meant that the exposure to traditional storytelling situations has also decreased, since these gathering places served also as focii for tale-telling.

On the other hand, this same mobility has led in many cases to more generalized tale repertoires. Thus I have collected on Kusaie stories brought there by Mokilese laborers, on Saipan a Kusaiean story from a Trukese administrator, on Guam Trukese tales told by Yapese, and on Saipan again a Guamanian tale related by the descendant of immigrant Carolinians. This means that while locally the young may be exposed to a body of traditional narratives restricted by changing living patterns, yet those stories having broad appeal will gain greater currency when tale bearers move about Micronesia as students, laborers, politicians, and businessmen.

One encounters great regional variation in knowledge of oral traditions, especially among the young. It is to be expected that the Chamorros of Guam and the other Mariana Islands would have a severely limited corpus of Micronesian folktales. Three centuries of Westernization and abrupt population decline in the first century of contact have transformed Chamorro society. Kusaie Island, too, has undergone extreme cultural change, although by no means as severe as in the Marianas. Nevertheless, nearly a century of serving as a major center for the hard-lining Boston Missionary Society has left Kusaie the most Westernized island in Micronesia outside of Guam and Saipan.

However, one is hardly prepared for the general lack of familiarity with oral traditions that is to be found among young Palauans. Here was a society which traditionally decorated its men's houses with carved representations of their many tales, and still today one sees these stories pictured in the few remaining traditional structures. Some Palauan craftsmen carry on a flourishing business of carving these "storyboards" for sale to tourists, and the accompanying narratives have been mimeographed and are available to all. Yet not many young Palauans seem familiar with more than a few of these tales, or for that matter, even the basic legends of their natal villages. No doubt this is tied to the energetic way Palauans have embraced things American, their orientation to education, business,

and politics, and their willingness to leave Palau for any land of economic opportunity.

But even on the more distant atolls and in such determinedly conservative bastions as the Yap Islands, the ferment of the post-World War II period is taking its toll. More time is spent in schools by the young with a corresponding reduction of exposure to traditional pursuits and their associated traditions. Movies, record players, and radio programs also play their part in lessening the role of storytelling. Obviously this concerted onslaught diverts the young, who unlike the old do not have the close ties to the belief-value system that once gave order and meaning to aboriginal Micronesian cultures.

One would be justified in assuming that this Westernized younger generation would also be marked by a lack of belief in and respect for that whole structure that bears witness to a disappearing way of life, and to some extent this is true. Many tales, especially those containing references to the now largely superceded native theologies, are not taken seriously, and knowledge of the deities themselves, along with allied concepts of sky world, underworld, and earthly paradises, are either garbled or not known at all. However, specific accounts of clan origins, of family, clan, and village claims to honor and prerogative, these are very often held to be deserving of respect, even belief, by those informants directly associated with them through kin and locality, even if the respondent cannot or will not relate the tradition in question.

Another aspect of oral tradition that remains vital is that dealing with spirits, especially those believed capable of interference in human affairs. Much native medicine is associated with the supernatural, and few Micronesians, including the relatively sophisticated Guamanians, are willing to court supernaturally caused illness by careless violation of traditional taboos.

Important, too, in respect to oral tradition is an incipient nationalism, a feeling on the part of the old and the more thoughtful young that a way of life is slipping away, that the old customs are being submerged by a rising tide of outside influence. They also feel that the process is being hastened by Micronesians themselves in their eager acceptance of the ma-

terial prosperity that is part of the American way of life and can be had by those fortunate enough to have a job with the administration or with the acumen to establish a prosperous business.

Because of this sense of impending cultural loss, most Micronesians will at least pay lip service to attempts at cultural preservation. But as yet there have been no programs sufficiently well planned and executed that hold promise for filling the vacuum left as storytelling occasions become fewer and fewer and as the population continues to shift from the outlying islands to the urbanized centers.

Beginning with the Navy administration in 1945, efforts have been made to preserve Micronesian folktales. This was the impetus behind the Micronesian Reader Series, which edited Micronesian stories for use in island schools, an effort which expired after two volumes (Grey, 1951). A number of other tales have been printed in ephemeral mimeographed form, some in English, some in the vernacular, and used in the schools. Moreover, in the early days of Navy administration, especially when teaching materials were scarce and teachers not well trained, the schools themselves sponsored storytelling sessions as part of the regular curriculum; and a number of my informants have told of participating in them. But these efforts have largely ceased, and the occasional mimeographed collection put together by some high school class or teacher-training group soon falls victim to the same tropical humidity and poor library facilities that destroyed its predecessors.

For a time some use was made of radio programs through which well-known storytellers presented old tales to an audience that was quickly forgetting them. However, during my recent year's sojourn in Micronesia (1970-71), I found that these too had already come to a faltering halt. Thus far, then, one can say that while the desire to undertake programs aimed at cultural preservation is present, the mechanisms and the sophistication necessary to make them work appear to be lacking.

Some recent developments are too new to assess. One is the policy of encouraging older men to come to the schools to hold sessions on island lore for the benefit of the pupils. Another current development is the Palauan History Project

funded by the Office of Economic Opportunity, where a young Palauan with some training in the social sciences has been working with old chiefs and through the school system. Yet much here depends on the care that will (or will not) be given to the collected tapes and their transcriptions. In a hot and humid climate such material deteriorates rapidly, and when I surveyed the collection it was poorly arranged and badly housed. Even more important was the sketchiness of control data as to informant, locality, collector, and translators. Moreover, the tales were being heavily edited and expanded sometimes in the name of "style" or to get the "right" version.

This concern with the "proper" form of a narrative gives an insight into the still important role of tradition and why informants are sometimes reluctant to record a particular tale. They may know well that the story in question is important, and they have little desire to either offend or be embarrassed by the clumsy rendition of a tradition especially if they think it might appear in print. This emphasis on form is especially apparent in those tales held to be true. Here the concern runs deeper, for the informant may refuse to tell a story because of its implications for his clan or for other people close to him. Sometimes the material is too important to be told by just anybody and in other cases the tale is too sensitive. On the other hand, a different informant may relate the same story and place no particular value on it at all.

However, despite the fluid position of any one tale, one can get the individual informant to categorize his own repertoire, if for no other reason than that in general Micronesian narrative genres are not complex. Stories are usually seen as either true or fictitious, and very often the same word is used for both "story" and "conversation." If one wishes to be more explicit, he adds a suffix. Thus the Marshallese "bwebwenata" (conversation) with the addition of "en eto" (of long ago) becomes "legend;" Trukese "poraus" (talk) with "en nom" (of long ago) and Kusaiean "sramsram" (talk) plus "mata" (old) follow the same pattern.

Nevertheless, the Marshallese, Trukese, and Kusaieans have specific terms for their fictional tales, these being "inon," "tuttunnap," and "pelingfong" respectively. The Palauans

have moved a step further in this process of simplification. To the general term "cheldech duch" (tale, speech, conference) is added "ra irachar" (of ancient times) to include both legend and myth. "Cheldech duch el chelid" (tales of spirits) means generally fictitious stories, although some informants use it loosely to refer to stories in general.

Not all are this simplistic, however. The Trukese identify three major categories, "uruwo" (tell-source), "porausen nom" (talk of long ago), and "tuttunnap" (story), following quite closely the distinctions of myth, legend, and fairy tale. Yet "uruwo" is a broad term, since it includes sacred lore of all kinds, going far beyond the mythological story. A fourth category "umwes" (crazy) is used by some Trukese to refer to the numskull tale (Mitchell, 1968). Interesting enough, although I have collected numskull tales from all districts, I have found as yet no other area where they are seen as a distinct genre.

As one moves west from Truk Atoll some intriguing shifts in named genres occur. On the islands of Pulusuk, Puluwat, and Pulap, sacred narrative is still "uruwo" but "tuttunnap" is replaced by the Central Carolinian term "fiyong" (fairy tale). Farther west on Woleai and Ifaluk Atolls the Trukese "tuttunnap" (fairy tale) reappears as "tittinnap" and now serves to designate the true story or legend, along with talk in general.

The stories presented in this volume have all been collected either by the author or under his supervision. Some were collected in English; others were collected in the vernacular and translated by younger, American-educated Micronesians, many of whom also served me as informants and as interpreters as I traveled about Micronesia. Those collected in English have been edited to the extent that false starts have been excised along with those glaring errors in tense, pronoun usage, and word usage that would have obscured the sense of the story. In the translated stories, the translators followed the text closely. Then enough changes were made in syntax to put the story into a readable style without either making it sound like pidgin English on the one hand or forcing it into American idiom on the other.

Each story will have its major footnote which will contain the names of informant, collector, translator, and other neces-

sary control data, along with comparative references to printed sources and to other tales within my extensive collection which will be deposited at the Folklore Institute Archives, Indiana University. Referred to in the notes as Mitchell Collection, this collection is arranged according to Stith Thompson's *Motif Index* (1955-58). Those motifs marked by asterisks (*) or pluses (+) are new motifs proposed by Bacil Kirtley (1955). The tales in this work constitute Variant 1 under their respective motif numbers in the Mitchell Collection.

Because of informant sensitivity, I have not named the narrators of erotic tales. However, this information will be available at the Folklore Institute Archives.

TALES OF BEGINNINGS

As is true of many societies which still perpetuate many customs through oral traditions, a large number of contemporary Micronesian stories can be used by their tellers to confer a certain legitimacy on patterns of action or statuses claimed by individuals or groups. Yet on the whole, Micronesia lacks the complex mythologies found in Polynesia or elaborate cosmologies. Rather, the concentration is on specific phenomena: the sun, moon, foods, cultural practices, clan origins, and most of all, islands and their individual characteristics.

TALE 1: THE THEFT OF THE MOON

The moon is not usually personified in the Micronesian folktale. It is presented instead as a place where people live (hence the markings) or as in this Central Carolinian story a heavenly light which can be stolen. Yalulep is the Central Carolinian high god, who lives in heaven. The telling of stories to put the guards to sleep is a slice of life, for Micronesians traditionally tell their tales in the evening, and a prime purpose is to lull the listeners to sleep. Quite common too is the wise old person, often a relative, who provides the hero with the necessary information to accomplish his task.

A chief had a daughter, the most beautiful on the island. The chief's daughter would not marry anybody from there, for she was too beautiful to marry any man on the island. One night the chief looked at the moon, and he wished to have the moon as his toy. Therefore one day the chief called everybody to meet at his house. At the meeting he told the people to think of a way to bring the moon down to the earth.

At another meeting two poor boys appeared before the chief and told him they could bring down the moon to earth. The chief informed the people of the island that the one who would bring him the moon could marry his daughter. Then the two poor brothers went to their mother and their mother instructed them how they could get the moon.

The younger brother went to heaven to get the moon. The young man met several people before he reached where the moon was located. The people who visited him gave him two plovers, two roosters, one pandanus fruit, and a hibiscus stick. He went to a big men's house where people were not allowed to enter.

Yalulep was in the men's house and the moon hung up in the house. The moon belonged to Yalulep. The boy came and stayed outside and started to tell stories until the guards went to sleep and then he went into the men's house. When he moved in the house, Yalulep told the guards in the house, "Someone new has come in the house."

When the guards tried to find the new person he pretended that he was one of them. When all of the guards came back in the house the boy started to tell his stories and soon the guards slept. The boy reached up and untied the moon. He took the moon and turned the bright side towards the men's house as he walked away from the house. When he was far away enough from the house, he ran down to earth.

Yalulep woke his men and told them what had happened. The men chose the second fastest runner among them and sent him after the boy. He ran after the boy until he came close to him and the boy threw the two plovers behind him. The birds fought with each other. The runner saw the birds and sat down and watched the birds. As he sat and watched the birds the boy continued on his way back to earth.

Soon the runner realized that the boy had run further than before, so he took the birds and ran after the boy. When he came close to the boy, the boy threw back the two chickens. The roosters fought and the runner stopped and watched the roosters as they fought. The runner then soon forgot the boy and picked up the roosters and went back to the men's house.

When he came to the men's house the other men were mad at him and sent the fastest runner among them. The fastest runner chased the

boy until he came close to him and the boy threw the pandanus fruit back. Then such a great jungle of pandanus came between them that the fastest runner slowed down. The boy came very close to the earth. Soon the fastest runner came out from the forest. He ran after the boy until he got close to him. The boy threw the hibiscus stick back. Another forest came between them and the runner got stuck in them.

The boy came to earth and went to his mother and his mother made him some wonderful food. He ate and took the moon to the chief's house. Before he went his mother instructed him what to tell the chief about the moon in order for the chief to keep the moon. He came to the chief's house and told the chief not to take all the covers off the moon. Then he married the chief's daughter and took her to his home.

One day the chief started to take off the covers from his moon and every time he removed some of the covers from the moon it got brighter. The chief then thought that might be the reason why the boy told him not to take off the covers off his moon, so the chief continued to take off the covers. Soon the chief took off the last cover and the moon flew back in the sky.

The chief was very sad about his moon and called back the boy. He told the boy what had happened to his moon. The boy told him that there was no other way to get it back, but he thought it was good to leave the moon there so everyone could see and know that the moon belonged to the chief. The chief then became happy about it. Meo's canoe reaches the end of its journey.

TALE 2: KING OF THE STARS

One would suppose that stories of celestial phenomena would be plentiful in an area long noted for its sailing canoes and its use of stars for navigational purposes. Yet such myths are few, even in the earliest reports on Micronesia. The Marshallese are justly famous as navigators and this Marshallese myth tells how the constellation Pleiades (Jabro) became foremost among the stars. It records a sound fact, for the Pleiades are one of the most important and best known points of celestial navigation throughout Micronesia. The fierce competitiveness found in this tale is an integral part of Micronesian culture and a fast canoe or outboard motor is much sought after.

Once long ago on the island of Woja, Ailinglaplap, there were some

brothers living together. Each brother wanted to rule over the others. The desire to be the leader got worse. One day these brothers agreed they would have a canoe race. The race was set between Woja in the south and Jeh in the north. On the day of the race, all the brothers lined up their canoes along the shore of a place which is still now called Jabro. They started out on the big race. They agreed that whoever first landed at Jeh would become king.

Sails were not yet invented, and all of the brothers were paddling in the open sea. The oldest brother, Timur, got the lead, and Jabro, the youngest, was the last one in the race. While these brothers were racing toward Jeh, their mother Lontanir was standing on the beach of one small island in Aineu Village. The island is shaped like a sail.

Lontanir was first calling to Timur, the oldest, to pick her up. Timur told her to wait for his next brother because he was in a hurry. When the next brother was approaching the island, his mother called, "Son, come and give me a ride."

"Wait for my younger brother because I'm in a hurry," he said. When the younger brother was approaching the island, she called, "Son, please give me a ride."

"Wait for my younger brother," he said. These boys did not want to pick up their mother because on the beach beside her, there was a big bundle. They thought that anybody who picked her up would lose the race.

Now the other brother, Mejdikdik was approaching the island. His mother again called, "Son, please give me a ride." When he looked, he saw the big bundle and he said, "Wait for my brother. My canoe is not good going against the big waves and the strong wind."

Finally her youngest son Jabro was approaching the island. "Son, please give me a ride," she called. Jabro heard his mother. He pulled over to the shore. She told Jabro to get the bundle that was on the beach. When he untied the ropes he found a big sail and a mast.

Lontanir told Jabro to start fitting things on the canoe. First she told him to put the boom socket in front. Then the guy rope on the left side of the canoe, then the guy ropes from the mast to the hull, the outrigger, and the boom. After everything was completed, they got on and sailed away.

The wind was right, and Jabro and his mother overtook the other brothers in a matter of seconds. Jabro's brothers were really surprised to see such a thing, a sail. Now Jabro was overtaking all of his brothers, except his oldest one, Timur. He was now getting close to Jeh.

Now Jabro and his mother were approaching Romalim and they saw Timur. He was paddling much harder than before. When he

looked back, he saw Jabro's canoe gliding on the water toward him. He asked Jabro to pick him up. Their mother told Jabro to take one of the boom sockets and then let Timur have the canoe.

Timur took Jabro's sailing canoe but Jabro and his mother walked on the reef to Jeh. Timur was about to reach the northern end of Jeh, and he tried to tack, but because of the missing boom socket he got off balance and broke his back.

His canoe was blown to the shore while he lay motionless on his canoe. After several hours he landed at Jeh. He got off and was exploring the beach. The beach was very smooth. There were no foot prints at all. Because of the smooth beach, Timur thought that Jabro was still on his way. He thought that he was the first one to set foot on the island and he began to shout and call people. He said that he was king.

Timur did not know that his brother Jabro was the first one to set foot on Jeh. He was hiding at the ocean side with all the people honoring him. Jabro was king. He won the race.

While Timur was yelling and shouting that he was king, all the people came singing and shouting, honoring Jabro. They said, "Jabro is king. When Jabro reached the north, the seas became calm, and he loves mankind."

Timur saw his brother and the crowd. He turned toward the south. He told Jabro that they will not see each other again. Now of these two stars, the southern star will always set before Jabro rises. When Jabro rises, Timur will set in the south. All Jabro can see is the back of his brother's head.

This story shows that because of Timur's disobedience he was exiled for life. But Jabro's obedience made him king. One proverb says that everytime Jabro appears in the north, the weather will be pleasant. The sea will always be calm. Jabro is a king of peace, and he loves mankind.

TALE 3: THE DISPLACED ISLAND

Legends explaining the position of islands and unusual land formations as due to the activities of giants are commonplace in Micronesia. That this particular giant's name is Yelfath is probably an error on the part of the informant, since Yelfath is the chief of the Yapese pantheon. This Yapese tale emphasizes common themes in Micronesian culture and folklore, the importance of food and the famines brought about by

voracious eaters, very often supernaturals.

Once there was a couple and the woman gave birth to this boy called Yelfath on an island called Ngulu. The names of this couple were Lugur and Lagey. This was a long long time ago, and this boy got so big that he could not stay on the island. His head when he stood up went into the clouds. He was so big that if he stayed on the island there would be no room for him because the island was so small and he was so big. So they let him stay in the ocean in the deep sea.

And there were two men in Toway and these men went fishing everyday. One day when they went fishing they got very afraid of a shadow that came upon them, because they thought it was going to be a squall. They took their pole and started paddling and tried to get to the island because they were very afraid they would get lost on the sea. They were so afraid that they paddled and paddled their canoe but they didn't get very far, so they jumped into the water and started to pull the canoe after them. While they were doing this the giant Yelfath caught up with them and said, "Why are you two running away from me?"

They looked up at him, very scared, and said, "Sorry, but we thought you were a water spout."

Then he said to them, "Don't be afraid; I won't harm you. Will you tell me what you are here for?" Then they said to him, "We are fishing."

And the giant said to them, "What kind of fish do you want?"

They said to the giant, "We want the regular size."

The giant just went down and stuck his hand into the deep ocean and just grabbed a whale and took it out from the ocean. When these two men saw the whale in the giant's hand they cried out, "Please let go of that fish. He will kill us. He's too big for our canoe."

So he put his two hands together and said, "Come and tie my hands together." So the two men came to the giant's hands and tied them with the hair on his fingers. These hairs were so long they were like ropes. So the giant put his hands into the ocean again and he used them like a net. When the giant brought his hands to the top of the water they saw so many fish in them they could not carry them in their canoe. Therefore the men came and just chose the best ones they wanted from the fish and took them. They went back to the island.

While this was happening the people from Toway were building a house. When the men got to the island they would take what they liked from the fish and give the rest to the people who were building the house. They did this to make the people pleased, since they hadn't helped the people in building the house.

The next day they went out again because they promised the giant they would meet in the very same place again. When they came back from fishing they would take some and give the rest to the people because there were so many their canoe was filled up with fish. Then one day the people from the village said they were going to pull in some timbers for the house.

So when they went fishing again they met their giant friend and told him what the people from the village were talking about. And they said to the giant, "When we get back to the island we'll ask the people there if you can come and help us with the timbers." Then the giant said to them, "Yes." Before they left, they said to the giant, "We will not come here tomorrow because tomorrow is the day everybody is supposed to go get timbers." So the giant said, "Yes."

The next day all of the people from the village gathered together and went and pulled the timber. They pulled and pulled and pulled but the timber didn't move an inch. The two men said, "We have a friend who if he was here he could help us all with these timbers." Then the people started to talk among themselves, saying, "Where do they suppose they have a friend who is strong enough who can come and get timber?" So some of them said, "Why don't we tell those two to go and get their friend?" They were making fun. So they told them to go and get their friend to come and help them.

Those two men went and got their canoe and went to meet their friend the giant. They went and asked their friend to come and help them. When the people from the village looked out to the ocean there were the two men with the giant coming, with his head bowed down, because if he stood straight up his head would go way up into the clouds. So the giant bowed down and followed them so he could see where the two men were heading. When they reached the island the people from the island came and told them where all the timbers were.

At this time everybody had already gathered coconuts, copra, and that was for the giant. Then they showed the giant where the timbers were and the giant would just get one of the timbers and throw it and the timber would fly through the air and land at the place where the house was being built. The giant started throwing all of those timbers until they were all gone. After the giant finished all this, the giant took all the coconuts and all the copra and just swallowed them at one time.

This happened to be in the evening when the work was all done. In the morning when the people came to the place, they saw that nothing was left of the coconuts and the copra; not even the stems or the husks were left on the ground. Everything was gone. So the people

said, "These two men, we don't know what we're going to do with them, because this giant is going to eat up everything if he stays on this island."

The next day those two men went outside and called their friend the giant again. That was when they were going to stand up the timbers. When each hole was finished, the giant would just take the pole and stand it up with one hand. The giant kept on doing this until all the timbers were up. After this they gathered some more coconuts and copra for the giant. The next day the people from the village came and put the roof on the house. Four days from the time they started to put the roof on it was finished. At this time the giant stayed with them.

Then the people from the village started to come to the giant and learn all kinds of magic from him. After the house was finished they let the giant stay in it. The head of the giant was in the house and the body was outside. So every day people went and learned more from him.

Then one day they got tired of him, because of all the food, copra and coconuts they gave him the giant would just swallow everything up including the trash. So the people from Taway started to plan how to kill the giant because if the giant stayed on a little longer, he would eat up everything from that village. Therefore one day while the giant was sleeping the people came to him and made some magic which he had taught them, and the magic which they used was called *masur*. After this magic they took the hair of his leg and tied it to some trees, took the hair of the other leg and tied it to other trees; then came to one hand and tied the hair to some trees, came to the other hand and tied the hairs to some trees. Then they came to the head and took his hair and tied it to the timbers in the house. After all this they went outside the house and set it afire.

When the giant woke up from the fire he struggled to get free but he couldn't. Only his legs got free and then he kicked Ngulu Island and then Ngulu was pushed far away from Yap.

TALE 4: THE FISHED-UP ISLAND

In an island world like Micronesia, the legends accounting for the origin and shapes of islands are almost endless. One of the most recurrent of motifs is that of islands being fished up from beneath the sea. This Trukese tale stands as a survival

of the old belief that there was a land beneath the sea where supernaturals dwelt and who sometimes mingled with men. Another element common to Micronesian tales is the didactic theme of the obedient son, often the youngest, who is rewarded with land and position for his filial piety.

Once upon a time there lived a woman who hād five sons. They lived on the island of Kuttu. This lady one time asked her sons to go out and get some firewood for their cooking. When these kids went out, she left the house and went to this pool called Fanpinek, where she counted one, two, three, and then dived into the pool and all the way underneath the island. There she stepped on a very beautiful island which was believed to be under Kuttu. She stayed there for a couple of hours and then when she decided to come back to the island, she went over to another pool on the island and she counted one, two, three and there she came up in the pool on Kuttu. She took a bath and she came back to their house. There her boys were all prepared, with food and something for them to eat.

Then the next day, she did the same thing, asked them to go out and pick some firewood and food and she headed back to the pool again. She did it for a couple of times and the smallest of the boys was curious about it and he planned to see what their mother did when they went out getting food and firewood. So one day they did the same routine.

This smallest boy started to follow his mother when she left the house and he went over to the pool and hid himself there, waiting for the mother to come. When she came, she counted one, two, three, and there she dived into the pool and went on to the island underneath Kuttu.

Now that the boy saw what the mother did, he decided to do the same thing as the mother. So he came to the pool and he counted one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. There he dived and he struck his head at the bottom of this pool; then he went up on the edge and he counted again one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. He dived and struck his head again at the bottom of the pool. He tried for many times until he counted one, two, three, and there he went down, down, down, and he stepped on the island which was believed to be the mother's island.

He wandered around the island and he followed the path that the mother took. When he found the mother, she was not very happy about it, because she knew some rules about the island. So she was not happy about her son seeing her on the island, and she asked him why he came. He told her that he was just curious; he wanted to try what she did

and it ended up that he was on the island.

So his mother told him about the island and she said that because he saw her on the island, she would have to die on the island. And as soon as they finished talking she was dead. In their talking, she told him about a specific location that he would have to bury her body. So as soon as she was dead, this boy took her and buried her in the place that she recommended that he bury her body. Then he came back sadly to the pool, because his mother also told him about the pool that he would take when he wanted to go back to the island. So he went to the pool and he counted one, two, three, and then he came up in the pool on the island of Kuttu.

They stayed on the island of Kuttu for many days waiting for their mother, because the other four boys didn't know that their mother was dead. Then one day they decided to go out fishing in the lagoon. They set out in their paddling canoe and they were fishing in the lagoon.

The four boys didn't like the smallest one because they had the feeling that their mother liked the smallest one best, so they wanted to keep away from him. They didn't want to join him in everything that he wanted to do, so when they went out fishing, they gave him an old fishing line and some rusty fish hooks that he could use.

Then when they were fishing, they couldn't catch any. They just wanted to make fun of the smallest one, and they asked him to put down his fishing line and see if he could catch any fish. So at that time with their permission he put down his fishing line. At that time, too, they were using a stone to make the bait, I would say, go down deep into the water, and sometimes they tied a stone on the string and they would throw it into the water. So as soon as the bait and the stone reached the bottom, this smallest boy felt something heavy on the fishing line, so he started to pull it up. Then he found out that it was some food.

As soon as they brought the food on the surface of the water, these brothers of his grabbed it and they all ate the food up, because the food was already cooked. They ate the food and the smallest one didn't have any, so he tied another stone on the fishing line and put it into the water again.

This time as soon as the bait and the stone reached the bottom, he felt the same feeling again, a heavy thing on the fishing line, so he started to pull, and this time, he got four coconuts. As soon as these four coconuts were on the surface of the water, these brothers of his grabbed them, one for each individual, and that left him nothing.

So he tied another stone on the fishing line and put it into the water. This time he felt a very heavy thing that was on the line and

he started to pull it again. He pulled and pulled and finally there appeared in the water the leaves of coconut trees and breadfruit trees; they started to appear on the surface of the water. Then all the brothers joined him pulling the fishing line and finally they were on an island and every one of them claimed that the island was his.

So an argument started between the five brothers. They each claimed that the island belonged to each one of them, so the smallest boy decided to settle the problem by telling them where to find out who owned the island. He told them that they could go and see their mother and ask her who would be the master of the island or who would be the owner of the island. The four older brothers were really puzzled because they didn't know where the mother was buried. This smallest one took them to the place where he buried their mother.

Then they went to the place and he started to talk to their mother. He said, "Who is the owner of this island?"

And there was a voice from underneath which stated that the youngest one would be the owner of the land, because all of the four got their share; they got the food and they got the coconuts. So since the youngest one didn't have any, he would be the one responsible or the chief of the island. It settled the problem and the smallest one owned the land. That's the end.

TALE 5: THE ISLAND DROPPED FROM A BASKET

Many islands are said to have been moved about, either accidentally or by design; and Micronesians today will point out the unique features of their island that provide the visual proof for their tale. This Marshallese story contains the custom of segregated bathing spots, one for the women and one for the males. It also points up dangers inherent in certain types of fishing. This particular method calls for the fisherman to attach short lines and hooks to coconut floats and swim with them out beyond the reef, thereby becoming vulnerable to sharks.

A long time ago, there was a giant man by the name of Latulon. This man was so big that he could walk from island to island in the deep sea.

One time he took one of his big baskets and went to the island of Lib. There he took a portion of land from the middle of the island. He put the dirt inside his basket and walked toward the north.

On Lib island today there is a round pond shaped like Jabot. This is where Latulon took Jabot from.

When Latulon was carrying his basket toward the north, he came to rest inside Jeh's Lagoon. He set his basket down and took a rest. Then he decided to put Jabot right where he set his basket. He was pleased because when he looked around, he saw all the islands of Jeh Atoll surrounding him.

While Latulon was living on this island, he brought his two daughters who were living on some island waiting for his return. They lived on the island for several months, and one day Latulon got angry with his two daughters. He was taking a bath at the tip of the island in his swimming pool. While he was in the pool taking a bath, his two daughters went peeking at him. When Latulon turned his head, he saw his daughters peeking at him. He got very angry and put the whole island in his basket and walked toward the north again. He went beyond Jeh, but when he was about four miles away from Jeh, his basket broke and Jabot fell down.

Now inside Jeh Lagoon there is a coral head shaped like Jabot. The coral head is located right where Latulon placed his island. The coral head is called Jabot and is one of the best fishing spots inside Jeh's Lagoon.

Jabot fell down when Latulon's basket broke off. There was a hole at the bottom of the basket and pieces of land were falling out on the way from Jeh. Today Jabot is growing instead of getting smaller from being washed out by the sea. It is a belief that all the pieces that were falling off are now drifting back to their original places. This is why Jabot is growing.

Latulon liked his island and he decided to live on it. After the island fell down from his broken basket, he planted it with many kinds of trees. He sent out his two daughters to bring food from the other islands. His daughters are two white birds. These birds are always flying high in the sky and they are always flying together. The girls took lots of food to Jabot and the island became the most beautiful around that area. There are lots of food; many kinds of trees were growing and bearing fruits.

Latulon was very proud of his beautiful island. People on Jeh were very envious of Latulon because of his beautiful island.

On Jeh there was a woman by the name of Lotilan. She had two sons, Jobuk and Joremelim. Today these sons are two large sharks.

One day Lotilan told her sons to wait for her because she was going to Jabot to kill Latulon. She said to her sons, "Wait for me right here and if you see a big smoke on Jabot a few days from now, then you two

can come." She turned herself into a big shark and swam to Jabot. The next day she arrived on Jabot in a place now named after her. Here she turned herself into a beautiful woman. She was sitting inside a pool on the reef right across from Latulon's house. When Latulon came out that morning, he found the beautiful woman sitting on the reef.

Latulon went to the reef and took her to his house and she became his wife. They lived together for a few days until one day she became ill. She was not really ill, but she was planning to kill Latulon. She began not to eat for several days. Later she wanted to eat only certain kinds of fishes. Latulon began to worry about her. Everything she wanted to eat was very difficult to get, but Latulon tried his best to get everything she wanted. Every day she would tell Latulon to get a different kind of fish using a different fishing technique.

One day Latulon asked Lotilan what she wanted to eat, and she said, "I want to eat fish caught by *jabuk* fishing." Then Latulon prepared all his fishing gear and when he was finished, he took two coconut floats and went fishing. Before he left, he told Lotilan not to touch or pound small pandanus leaves because he could not get back home safely.

Latulon was swimming on the ocean side, far beyond the reef. He started from his place toward a bay near the other end of the island. While he was fishing toward the bay Lotilan was standing on the shore waiting for Latulon to reach the bay. When he reached it, Lotilan took the pandanus leaf and pounded it with a rock. As soon as she pounded it sharks took Latulon and tore him into pieces. They ate his whole body except his rectum.

Now Latulon was dead, and Lotilan began to gather all the dry leaves on the island. She put them together along the beach and set them on fire. Her two sons who were waiting on Jeh saw the big smoke and went to assist their mother.

Now Lotilan and her two sons ruled Jabot after Latulon died. There are remains on Jabot connected with this story. First, Latulon's two daughters are two white birds that are always flying together. There is a belief, and when people see these birds flying over some island, they always say that the birds are stealing food for Jabot.

Second, Latulon's rectum can be seen on the reef. It is like a real rectum. It is red and soft and looks real. People have found out that the rectum can cause some big problems. Bad weather, typhoons and other disasters always occur when someone touches or plays with Latulon's rectum.

Third is Latulon's swimming pool. His pool is a shape of a shark's fin or its tail. These are some of the things that are seen on Jabot

Island concerning the story of Latulon and origin of Jabot.

TALE 6: THE LOSS OF FRESH WATER

Scarcity of land is often complicated by lack of water in Micronesia. Few islands are blessed like Ponape with its clear flowing streams and heavy rainfall, and the coral atolls especially suffer from periodic droughts. Rainfall and shallow wells are their mainstays, and this brief Trukese tale gives an apt description of water conditions on the informant's tiny home island. The story also harks back to the day when each island was believed to have at least one guardian spirit and when both man and supernatural alike loved the dances and their associated socializing.

Once upon a time there lived on the island of Onari a ghost who was famous for his cleverness and ideas. One day he decided to have a trip around the world. So he went on his trip and was looking for something that would be worthwhile for the people of Onari.

One of the main problems of Onari Island is fresh water because the island is very small, and their fresh water there is a little brackish and cannot be drunk without boiling or distilling the water.

When the ghost got to Truk, the Truk lagoon, Moen Island, he found a river, and he decided that he would carry along some water for his island, Onari. The way he was going to carry it was to take a mouthful and take it back home in his mouth. So he did.

On the way back he stopped at the Hall Islands and looked around for some more good things, but he couldn't find any. Then from there he went to East Fayu, an isolated island, uninhabited, just near the Hall Islands. This island is famous for the many kinds of birds, turtles, and fish around the island.

When he approached the island, he noticed that on the long and broad beach of that island, there was a great celebration going on there. The ghosts there were celebrating some anniversary of their ancestors or forefathers. So he decided to stop by and join the celebration. He was standing on the shore, watching the dances and eating and whatnot, and one young lady noticed him. So she approached him and invited him to the party. So he joined the party, and the lady noticed that he wouldn't talk or open his mouth.

East Fayu too was formerly in lack of water. It was in the same situation Onari was. Water was scarce there, and even if you found

fresh water, it was brackish, and you couldn't drink it. Besides, the coconuts couldn't grow because birds would just come and tear away the leaves, and there was no chance for coconuts to grow.

So while they were dancing, the young lady got an idea. She realized that there must be something important in the ghost's mouth. So when the ghost from Onari was about to leave, she sneaked up behind him and tickled him in the side, and the ghost opened his mouth to laugh, and all the water poured out. The ghost was very upset, but there was nothing more he could do. From then on, East Fayu was known for its abundance of water, natural water. Although there is no river there, if you just dig a hole near the shore, you will find that the water there is almost pure, because it is traditionally believed that some ghost brought the water there, and this is how it got there.

Whenever the people of the Western Islands go to Fayu, East Fayu, they have no problem with water because you just dig a well some place, and you're sure to have fresh water. And it tastes a little bit differently from the usual water that you will find on the Western Islands. It tastes almost like a stream, although this water that we have in the Western Islands is from wells which are not so fresh as the ones from the stream.

So the ghost went sadly back to Onari, and he knew that he was tricked by that woman. So in revenge, he wooed that woman, and he asked her to be his wife. She became his wife, but they lost their treasure on East Fayu.

TALE 7: THE ORIGIN OF THE COCONUT

The food plants encountered in Micronesia are not extensive. Moreover, culture and geography often place limitations on the attention paid to a specific cultigen. The Ponapeans concentrate their energies on the raising of prize yams and origin legends of this vegetable abound. The Trukese value breadfruit, and the coral atolls are limited largely to hardy varieties of taro and breadfruit. But the coconut is found everywhere, and from it is obtained drink, oil, food, rope, thatch, and timber, to mention a few of its multitudinous uses. This Trukese selection is in harmony with the Oceanic-wide tradition of the coconut's human or supernatural origin. It emphasizes once more the water problem and presents the fact that the green coconut is an excellent source of drinking water.

Long time ago the people of my island did not have very good storage of water. They didn't have containers. They got their water from the well which they dug in the ground about twenty feet. And they have water problems because the water in the well depends on the tide. During the summer time the tide is low about all day, and they could not get enough water to drink.

And one day, I heard this way, that the gods, I would say the immortals, were staying in one certain part of that island, but we just call it heaven. They got together because the head of them saw how the people of my island suffered from this problem: shortage of water. And they got together. The chief of the gods talked to them, the other gods, about the problem, because the chief of the gods really liked the people of my island. They did what he liked and did everything to please him. One day he gathered those gods in a certain place and talked to them about this problem, and there were three of them who volunteered to come down and solve the problem.

The first one was Storm. He volunteered to come down and help the people of my island by giving them enough water. He stood up and said, "I volunteer to come down and help the people of Losap Island by giving them enough water."

Then the head of those gods asked him to explain how he would help them, and he said, "I will come down and make rain."

Then the head of the gods said he didn't think it was a good way to help the people because, as we know, that storm is a destructive thing; and if he came down in the form of storm, instead of helping them, he would destroy their crops.

Another god stood up and said, "I volunteer to come down and help the people."

The god was Typhoon. And the head of the gods didn't like him either. He said he was so destructive he would destroy everything the people had. Then finally Coconut stood up and said, "I volunteer to come down and help the people."

The head of the gods asked him how he would come down and help the people, and he said, "I will come down to Losap and instead of coming down and staying there, I will get into the womb of a woman, a very poor woman at the end of the island, Losap Island."

The poor woman had a husband. They were the ones who did the best things to the head of the gods. And the head of the gods agreed with Coconut, because he believed that if Coconut came straight down to the island, they would either throw him away or destroy him, because at that time they didn't know that coconut is a very important thing.

Then about one week before Coconut came down they made the farewell party, because the head of the gods told Coconut to come and never to go back to the heaven. He should come down to Losap Island and stay forever.

And the Coconut came down to Losap Island and got into the womb of that poor woman. About two days later the woman felt it, and she told her husband that she thought she had gotten pregnant. The husband was very pleased because they really wanted to have a son or daughter.

Then about eight months later the woman, the wife, delivered the baby. And when she delivered the baby, the baby had eyes, had a mouth, but he didn't have legs, arms, didn't look like people. The husband was really mad. He decided to throw it away, but the coconut spoke up and told him not to throw him away. Then the husband asked him, "But what shall I do with you?"

And he said, the coconut said, "Take me and bury me outside of your house. And you will wait about three months later and you will find what will happen."

Then the husband took the coconut out and buried it just close to their house. About three months later they found that a kind of a new tree began to grow up. Then about some years later, the coconut bore fruit, coconut fruit. When he, the coconut, started bearing fruit, he also told the husband or the wife that when he bore fruit, they would take the fruit and drink the juice out of it because it was a very good thing to drink.

When the husband and the wife started to drink the coconuts, they didn't bother anymore to dig a well for their water. They just got their water from the coconut, and they told the other people of my island to take the seed from the main coconut and go plant them around the island. This is how the coconut tree came to my island, Losap Island.

TALE 8: THE ORIGIN OF KAVA DRINKING

One of the unique cultural practices on Ponape Island is the drinking of an extract from the roots of the kava plant, called *sakau* on Ponape. At contact Kusaie Island too practiced the *sakau* ceremony, but it has been successfully eliminated by the efforts of Protestant missionaries. But on Ponape *sakau* is still an important part of Ponapean feasts and ceremonies. Since the drinking of *sakau* is also found in much of Polynesia,

it would seem that the knowledge and use of this root in parts of Eastern Micronesia bespeaks of some past cultural connections between Micronesia and Polynesia. *Sakau* is a mild drug and if over-indulged in can result in a numbing of the lower extremities, leading to difficulty in walking. As used by most Ponapeans it is a pleasant relaxant. *Sakau* parties are very subdued affairs, often with many of the participants appearing half asleep. The root is bitter and has a rather bad smell, as this Ponapean tradition of its being formed from a piece of dead skin would indicate.

Long long time ago there were two men. One had supernatural powers and one didn't. The one who didn't have supernatural powers was envious of the one who did. They were going around Ponape, visiting different areas and walking around. And as they were making their trips around Ponape, the one with supernatural powers would walk in the front. The one without supernatural powers walked in the back. As he was walking behind the supernatural man he was watching every movement, because he was really anxious to see what the supernatural man would do next.

Then one day as they were walking along, they were playing and then they ate. After they ate, the supernatural one reached down and picked a piece of thick skin from under his foot and threw it away. As he threw away the piece of skin from his foot the other man saw it. As he looked at it the piece of skin started growing, and then they left. As they were walking along, he kept thinking about the piece of skin that he had seen and that had started growing, because he had been watching everything his supernatural companion did because he wanted to know about it. He wanted to practice it too.

Then as they were traveling about, one day the man without supernatural power was thinking about the skin, so he decided to go back there and see it. He left his companion and he went to this place. When he got over there he saw a big tree at the place where they had left the skin.

As he was sitting under a tree a rat came by and the rat started chewing at the trunk of the tree. After awhile the rat started walking away, and the man could see that the rat was drunk. He was tumbling over. Therefore he thought if he tried chewing at the trunk of the tree he would get drunk too.

He started chewing at the trunk and he got drunk. Then he went to his other brother, and he told him, "I found a tree that when you

chew at the trunk or any part of it you will get drunk." So his companion said to him, "Why don't you go and bring some parts of it so we can try it?"

The man went back and he got a piece of the root and he took it to the other man. They pounded it up and they chewed it and they got drunk.

The man with the supernatural powers knew that the tree had grown from where he had left a piece of the skin from his foot. So he went to the place and they named the tree *sakau*. That's why if people see rats in this kind of a tree they will say, "Oh, this *sakau* is good." This is the way that people find good *sakau* plants.

And that concludes the story.

TALE 9: THE ORIGIN OF PALAUAN MONEY

As Ponape is famous in anthropological circles for its title system and kava ceremonies, so the Palauans and Yapese are renowned for their native money. The Yapese system, based on stone disks and pearl shells, has not nourished a rich mythology. Palauan traditions more than make up for this lack. Their system revolves about bits of ceramic and beads, probably obtained long ago through trade but today accounted for by a wide variety of supernatural means. This money is still very important in ceremonial exchange, such as at betrothals, births, and funerals. This Palauan story of the money island is often carved on the Palauan storyboard.

This is the story of the Palauan money. One day, a Palauan fisherman and his son went fishing. The man soon got tired so he said to his son, "Let's go to that island over there and anchor, son. I'm so tired and I want to go to sleep for awhile." They started paddling their canoe toward the island.

When they reached the island the man told his son to go and play on the island while he was sleeping. The boy jumped on the beach and ran around the island chasing and throwing rocks at birds such as plovers, blackbirds, and honey eaters. There were plenty of beautiful rocks, so he gathered some and put them in a basket and put them in the canoe.

Then his father woke up and said, "All right, son, let's go home." The boy got on the canoe and they left the island. On their way home,

the boy kept on throwing these rocks at birds, so the man asked him what was he throwing with. The boy said, "I'm throwing these beautiful rocks that I picked up on the island."

The man looked and saw that basket full of Palauan money, money such as Chelebucheb, Keldait, and Bachel. He said, "Stop it! Stop throwing these rocks! These are money. We can use them to buy houses and women. Did you really get them on the island?"

The boy said, "Yes," so they started paddling back to the island, planning to get some more. When they got there, the island was gone, for it really was a fish. It was such a very big fish that grass and coconuts grew on top of it.

On their way home, the man said to his son, "You should have woke me up, son," but since he couldn't do anything about it, he stopped telling his son what he should have done. The money that the boy picked up became the Palauan money.

TALE 10: THE GREAT NAVIGATOR

In an island world drawing the greatest amount of its protein from the sea, the dicotomy of sea and land is ever present. This is especially true on the coral atolls, where the islanders were doubly dependent on their canoes. For in order to satisfy all their wants, they found it necessary to travel to the high islands to trade. In such a society the navigator was a man of great prestige. It is fitting that a tale of navigation should come from the atoll of Pulap, where still today these people build and sail their outrigger canoes, and knowledge of traditional navigation is still a valued art. As told, this Trukese story contains solid information on Central Carolinian navigation. The mention of turmeric and perfume recalls an earlier time, when perfume and body paint played a large part in island ceremonies, especially in the realm of the dance.

We have two main characters in the story, a man from Puluwat, a great navigator who is called Fanur, and the second greatest is from Pulap, and he is called Hagur. Another great character is the wife of Hagur, who is called Inhagur.

Once upon a time this man Fanur from Puluwat planned to go to Pulap. There were some reasons why he wanted to go there but

here is the greatest reason. He wanted to marry Inhagur. That's Hagur's wife. So he picked up some men and set sail for Pulap. There he made friends with Hagur. They planned on what to do, Fanur and Hagur. Some days they went out fishing very, very far from the islands. Some other times they went out on some long trips, to the Mortlocks, to Truk. Especially they started fishing around those reef banks away from the islands and in the middle of the ocean.

But they did not go according to what we say now as modern navigation. They had their own way of navigating. They used stars, the sun, the sea with its waves, and many various objects on the sea. And even the coral and the reefs and even some objects that you might say that they are not used for anything on the water, but they are spotted in some special places and they were recognized by those men during that time.

Now we have told you the real purpose of Fanur's coming to Pulap. He wanted to get a wife. So one day they were back on Pulap again and they planned for another trip. This time everything was ripe for his action. So he took Hagur along on his trip, both of them. They had some men with them. And they sailed from Pulap for Truk. They set sail one day and then during the night Fanur wanted to exchange places with Hagur who was at the steering paddle. So he called in Hagur, "Hey, Hagur, come on in." So Hagur said, "Okay, I don't mind it." So this fellow Fanur went out and Hagur stood up. When he stood up, this man Fanur gave him a little knock and he went right overboard. So he set down at the steering paddle and went straight for Truk.

Now he had everything, the wife, the goods, and even the positions back on the island. So he was really happy. Then he sailed to Truk and arrived at Truk the next morning, and then he started bartering and getting plenty of good native perfumes, turmeric, and many interesting things from Truk. He was planning everything for the woman, Inhagur.

Meanwhile, Hagur was floating on the sea. And he saw a bamboo stick. Just a piece, not a large one, and he made his magic. When he made his magic he was able to go inside and use it floating back to Pulap. So he came right to a beach where their house was, he and his wife, Inhagur.

That same day Inhagur came out to get some salt water, and then while she bent down to get the water she heard a noise. "Hey, my wife! My dear wife." His wife looked around. She heard the familiar noise. Then she was puzzled, because she knew that they had sailed already for Truk. They had set sail already for Truk. Then her husband

knew that she was surprised, and he called her again. "Come around here." She looked around and spotted the bamboo. Then she remembered that her husband was a real magician and a great navigator. So she came around and stood by the bamboo stick and her husband spoke up, "Now you carry me and hide me in our house. Do not tell anybody about me until Fanur comes back from Truk. And when he comes back you do anything he tells you. If he wants you to go and get all the food from our taro patches and breadfruit and anything, give everything to him. Make sure that he doesn't know that I'm around here." But he knew that Fanur wouldn't know that he was back home. All this time Fanur was thinking that Hagur was dead already.

So a few days passed by and Fanur came back. When he arrived he seemed to look sad and happy. He seemed to look happy because he had overcome the great obstacle before he got what he needed. And he was somewhat sad so that the people from the island would think that the man really fell overboard, or really died because of some sort of sickness. As soon as he came ashore he told the story. "I'm very sorry because our great navigator and my best friend has died. We do not know what happened to him, but when we looked around for him on the canoe he had gone."

So all the people believed him, and they were all so happy, because you see this man Fanur was also a great navigator. Some people said that, "Well, he can take his place." But still many others were not happy when they heard the news, but they went on obeying his orders because at that time he was giving orders. He was somewhat like a big boss. Then he told all the people on the island, "You go and gather all the food from the island and bring it. We'll eat and be merry so I can go home and stay with my wife."

That's a custom, you know. It's a navigational ceremony. After making a trip, you have to have this kind of ceremony, offering food to the gods, singing some chants to the gods, worshipping, and then eating. And if you don't do that, if you don't attend to that ceremony, you cannot go home and stay with your family or with your wife. So he really needed the ceremony very, very fast so he could go and stay with his new wife.

So all the people went and gathered plenty of food, coconuts, breadfruit, sweet taros and all. And he ordered this Inhagur to go and get all the food from their taro patches and from their breadfruit, fill up all the big containers with food and so on. So the woman really obeyed everything he said, and she told her brothers to fill up a very, very big food container. They filled it up with sweet taro, the best kind she had. And then during the night her husband called her and she came by and

he told her, "Now you take me and you put me at the very bottom of the food container and put all the food on top of me." He made magic so that he could live right under the pile of pounded sweet taro.

Then the next morning was to be the ceremonial day. In the morning, early in the morning, Fanur brought all the perfumes and turmeric to Inhagur and he even told some of his men to carry everything they had on the canoe. He didn't even give some of his men some of the goods. Everything was for the woman, and the woman used many of the best pieces of turmeric and the best clothes; and Fanur, the next morning when the sun came up, he gathered all the people. Then the wife ordered her brothers to carry this big food container to the big meeting. And it was a custom that the great navigator should pass the food first. So when they put down the food container, he came and set down and then he put his fingers in the bowl. At first he took a handful of the food and threw it in the air. He threw it in the air and he said, "To you, the number one god," who is Lugalang, I think. And then he also offered a handful to the second god of the sea. Third he offered to Hagur, who was his best friend, singing, "Oh my best friend, this is my offer to you and please give me all your knowledge of navigation so I'll be the best navigator in the world." That's what he said, you know, just saying many things. You see he was saying those things but in his mind he was really happy. He was happy that Hagur was dead already.

At the time he put his hand in the food and tried to offer it to Hagur, mentioning Hagur's name, but his hand was still in the food. But right down in the food Hagur's mouth was wide open. It was a very, very secret thing even to mention Hagur. And you see, when he was about to toast up the second toast and say, "Hagur" at the same time in came his hand and right into the wide open mouth.

And then Hagur bit it. Perhaps not all of the fingers but it was with the poisonous thing that he put in his mouth or perhaps some magical spells. Then right then he died. Just fell back and died. So Hagur stood up in the middle of the dish. Everybody was really surprised. And he took that Fanur's place, and he took a toast and offered first to the god above and to the god of the sea and to Fanur and, "Now hear! Give me all your navigation skill so I'll be the best navigator in the world." So that's how Hagur became the best navigator in the world. His other name is Palualap. So he said everything that Fanur was saying also to him.

All the people were really surprised and his wife came by and sat down beside him and started feasting and so on. Then afterwards they went home and had a good time. But they buried this other navigator.

And today we still use their ways of navigating.

TALES OF ANIMALS

This is a lusty subdivision of the Micronesian folktale. While those stories explaining origins and serving as validation for many discontinued practices fall into disuse, the animal tale lives on. Like such narratives the world-over, these tales serve largely as children's stories; and come what may, the old folk and parents still indulge the children in these fantasies, especially at bedtime. And many of these accounts are ended with a moral, for Micronesians often use such stories for didactic purposes.

TALE 11: HOW THE HERMIT CRAB WON A RACE

The issue at stake needs little emphasis. The hermit crab, living in the castoff shell of other sea life and scavenging along the shore line, is an insignificant creature. Yet the teller fails to make an important point. The hermit crab crawled to the finish line during the night and left a double to represent him at the starting point. Implicit in this Yapese tale is the Micronesian dislike of a braggart.

This is a very short story about the great race between the needlefish and the hermit crab. One day this needlefish came to the crab as he was crawling on the beach along the shore, and the needlefish told the crab, "I bet I can beat you if we race."

The crab said, "What makes you so sure about that?"

The needlefish answered, "Well, from just the way I see you crawling along the shore, I am very positive I will beat you in a race if such race exists between us."

And the crab said, "Well, it seems that you have made your point and I'm willing to take this race. If you insist that we should race and see who is the fastest, then I'm willing to run the race with you."

So the needlefish said, "Okay, let's race tomorrow morning."

Then the crab said, "That's very good. Yes, tomorrow I'll be here and then we'll race. We'll determine who is the fastest."

So they went. They separated that day, and the needlefish went home very happy, thinking that he was going to win the race. And I think it seems very realistic, since as you know the hermit crab is just a crawling animal and can't do much running around.

But the crab didn't wait. As soon as the needlefish left, he contacted the closest hermit crab that was beside him and told him that starting tomorrow morning if he heard anybody saying, "Hermit crab, where are you?" the answer to that question would be, "Here I am. I am here right with you." And also this hermit crab, number one hermit crab, told number two hermit crab to pass on the word, the same word, all the way along the shore. So before the next morning all the hermit crabs along the shore knew that the race, this great race between Hermit Crab and Needlefish, was coming on the next morning.

On the next morning every crab, including the little crabs, they all knew that this race was coming and they were all prepared for it. When the sun started rising above the horizon, number one hermit crab was at the starting point and seconds after that the needlefish was right there. So then they decided they wanted to start. Then they counted: "One—two—three. Yotung!" Then they started.

The needlefish jumped. Oh, he went very high into the air, then came down, down back into the water. Then jumped again and he had gone miles. He had put many miles between him and the hermit crab, that was hermit crab number one. So Needlefish started swimming and jumping and really running as fast as he could, and then after some time, he called ashore, "Hermit Crab, where are you?"

Then some crab along the shore there playing said, "Here I am!"

Then the needlefish said, "Hmm. The hermit crab is tied up with me right now." So he ran all the harder, and then swam some more and really made himself run faster than ever. Then after some time he would ask where Hermit Crab was and he would get the same answer, and this needlefish knew that Hermit Crab was just going almost the same with him. So he ran all the more.

This same thing went on for the whole day until the evening, when they were reaching the goal, that is, the tip of the island. When Needlefish finally reached the shore, Hermit Crab was there. When Needlefish was traveling along the shore, very exhausted, then Hermit Crab came around and said, "Oh, you just arrived, hey?"

And the needlefish was very sad and tired and he said, "Oh, yes. Yes, I'm sure I was here before you. You cheated. Somehow you cheated."

The hermit crab said, "No, you asked me, didn't you and you were asking me where I was, and every time you asked, I answered and that,

I think, is enough to tell you that I am as fast as you, or even faster, since I got here first.”

But the needlefish didn't hear him anymore because he was dead. He died from exhaustion.

This little short story is rather funny but I think that at times we should not be very proud and think we are really something when in reality we are not really anything. Just like the needlefish. He thought that he was really fast and could beat the slowest animal on this earth. He won the race, yet he did not live long enough to realize that he had won and that he had been cheated.

TALE 12: THE BATTLE OF WHALE AND OCTOPUS

Like the story of hermit crab and needlefish, this Yapese tale also carries a lesson: one should not ridicule the weak, if for no other reason than they might have greater strength than would appear at first glance. As is the case with many animal tales, this account of a primeval battle provides a ready explanation of the characteristics of many kinds of fish. Some of the traditional phrases in the story were non-translatable, a common occurrence in tales containing songs and short chants.

This is a story about the great battle that took place between Rai [whale] and Octopus. One day when all the fish were playing, the small fish were playing and there was one of them who was called Mungoch. This fish called Mungoch was the grandson of Kai [octopus]. So as the children were playing every now and then the children of Rai will tease Mungoch and tell him that his grandfather, Kai, was a very very weak person. He did not even have any bones in his body and he just crawled around on the rocks and just looked around. He didn't have anything to do except swim a little and then went back into his hole and looked and looked.

So Mungoch came home one day and he was crying. He was very sad. He was very hurt by all the things that the children of Rai had told him when they were playing. Kai asked Mungoch what had happened to him and Mungoch answered Kai, saying that his playmates, the children of Rai, were teasing him and telling him that his grandfather didn't have any bones in his body and he was weak; he was lazy; he just went around looking among stones and corals. That was why he was crying. He was very sad about it.

So Kai told Mungoch, "Don't be sad anymore because I'm going to send you on an errand. I'm going to send you to all the houses you can find in this world and ask every family if there is any strong person in that family who is willing to fight with me."

Mungoch was surprised and asked his grandfather, "Are you really that strong? Do you think you can win a battle against Rai?"

And Kai answered Mungoch saying, "Don't worry. You will see. You will watch. You'll sit and watch and then you will see if I am strong or not, because I think I am the strongest."

So Mungoch was happy at the moment. Then he went around the waters. He went around the families, asking who was the strongest and who was willing to fight with Kai. First he went to Loth's house and asked, "I am Mungoch, the son of Tun'Kai. Says Tun'Kai 'Is there a house here for any strong man?'"

Then Loth answered, "Oh, please go away. We don't have any person here who is strong and willing to fight with Kai. We are afraid of him."

So Mungoch left and went to the next house. He came to Mal's house and asked, "I am Mungoch, the son of Tun'Kai. Says Tun'Kai, 'Is there a house here for any strong man?'" His answer was nobody at the house of Mal was strong and willing to fight with Kai.

Then Mungoch left Mal's house and went to Iyang's house. Then he asked the head of the family whether there was anybody in that family who was willing to fight with Kai. Then he got the same answer that nobody was willing to fight with Kai. They were afraid of him and they didn't have any strong people around to fight with him. So he left.

Mungoch left and went to Wel's house. When he got there then he said, "I am Mungoch, the son of Tun'Kai. Says Tun'Kai, 'Is there a house here for any strong man?'" And then Wel told Mungoch, "Oh, go away. We don't have any strong person here and we are afraid of Kai and nobody is willing to fight with him." So it happened that Mungoch went around the world, looking for someone who was willing to fight with Kai, his grandfather. And he couldn't find anyone.

Finally he came to Rai's house and then he set outside a little bit away from the house. He was rather scared of approaching the house. So he whispered, "I am Mungoch, the son of Tun'Kai. Says Tun'Kai, 'Is there a house here for any strong man?'" And then he got a very hollow answer, a voice. He heard a very hollow voice which said, "This is Rai's house. This is the house of the strongest person in the world who is living in it. Go and tell Kai that on the seventh day I will be with him at Woneday, and then from there we will fight and

determine who is the strongest among the people in this world.”

So finally Mungoch went back to his house. Then he told his grandfather Kai that he had finally found a person who was strong and really thought he could beat Kai. This person was very, very big in size and he had a tail which was very strong, which could cause a great stir in the water. And he told him to tell Kai that he was going to meet him on the seventh day at Woneday, and there they would fight and they would determine who was the strongest in the world.

So Kai told Mungoch not to worry about anything because he would win the fight and he wouldn't be sad anymore. He would sit on a rock until he watched the fight and saw who was the strongest.

So on the morning of the seventh day, Kai went from his house and sat on a coral at the place where he was going to meet Rai. He sat there and then blended his color and changed his color into the color of the stone he was sitting on. It was really hard for anybody to see where he was or even see him around. Early in the morning beyond the horizon there was seen this big and huge wave all glistening under the light of the sun. Then they looked at it. Mungoch and his grandfather looked at it and watched it as it grew bigger, and then they finally saw the forehead of Rai as he was speeding toward them. All his forehead, head, and all his body was covered with foam, white foam glistening in the sun.

It was a very fearful sight for Mungoch who was sitting beside his grandfather watching. So as Rai approached, Mungoch left his grandfather and went far away and sat on a small rock and watched them. He was really scared. At the sight of Rai he thought that was the last time he ever was to see his grandfather Kai.

So Rai came to the place where he was supposed to meet Kai and he looked around and looked under every stone, in every hole, and asked if anybody knew anything about Kai, where he was and what had happened to him. Nobody told him anything. Rai couldn't find where Kai was and yet Kai was there at the bottom of the ocean, watching Rai as he swam around and looked for him. He was laughing at Rai. All the small fish and all the big fish had gathered around Rai and they were looking really happy because they were there to see their grandfather Rai kill Kai. So Rai looked and looked around and he couldn't see him.

Then finally Kai released his ink into the water, right at where Rai was. Rai was blinded at the moment. He didn't even know what had happened to him. He didn't even know why he couldn't see anything, and as he was struggling around to get out of the mess, he couldn't even judge where he was going, kept circling around and snorting around

and wiggling his tail to hit anything he could find. All the little fish pulled back a little as Rai went around angrily, looking for Kai.

Finally Kai held Rai by the tail with one of his tentacles and then he grabbed him firm there and really stopped Rai. Then the second tentacle grabbed Rai by his trunk and he squeezed him there and got a very firm hold. Then the third tentacle grabbed Rai at his head and really held him there. Then some of the remaining tentacles Kai put them into the hole in Rai's back, into his eyes, his nose, his ears, and even his mouth. Then he could hold him firm. Then he held the coral beneath him really strong so he wouldn't even move. Finally he looked around and then said: "Bugbug sin'aw wen'au! I strike him on the reef at Woneday."

Then Kai struck Rai on the coral of Woneday. Then Rai's tail broke. Then he pulled him up again, and then he said: "Bugbug sin'aw wen'au! I strike him on the reef at Cheu." Then he struck Rai on the rock at Cheu. And he picked him up again. Half his bones were all broken by the strike.

And Kai picked up Rai again and he said: "Bugbug sin'aw wen'au! I strike him on the reef at 'Mil." Then he struck Rai on the reef at 'Mil. Then some of the remaining bones in Rai's body broke.

Kai kept on striking Rai on the reefs around the whole island of Yap. And finally the last coral left was at Gabach. And only Rai's neck remained unbroken. Then Kai gathered all his strength, really flipped Rai up into the air and said: "Bugbug sin'aw wen'au! I strike him on the reef at Gabach." Then Rai's neck broke and he died right away.

All the fish that came to see, to watch Rai kill Kai, they all ran away and dispersed into the ocean. Nobody knew where they went. Some of them went and crawled under the rocks, some of them went just speeding around the ocean; they didn't even want to stop lest Kai would be there to kill them. They all ran away.

Mungoch, when he finally saw that Rai was dead, Mungoch jumped up and was laughing. He was really happy, dancing around the corals and somersaulting around and came and grabbed his grandfather by the hand and he was laughing. He was really happy. So Kai took Mungoch, his grandson, and they walked home. They were very happy. Mungoch went around after that, playing with other fish, little fish that were around, and nobody dared to threaten Mungoch lest he would report him to Kai and he would get hurt.

Now let's see the result of this great battle that took place between Rai and Kai a long, long time ago. There is a type of fish which we

call in Yapese *pang*. Now this kind of fish is very, very thin, although it can grow into a long fish. But in width it is very, very thin. Now how this fish came to be so thin is this way. This kind of fish, *pang*, used to be an average size fish, but it happened that during this great battle, he was sitting on a rock. At first when the battle started, he was very happy. As I have said, all the fish were really happy because they thought that Rai would win the battle. Yet at the end when every bone in Rai had been broken and Rai was just hanging between life and death, at the moment when finally Kai struck Rai on the rock at Gabach, this little fish, *pang*, was sitting unfortunately on the rock on which Rai was struck. He was too scared to move. He just stood there opening his mouth and looking when Rai was struck on him, and he was crushed. Although he didn't die, he was crushed and that's why he is very very thin these days. From that time on till now he is very, very thin.

A second thing that happened was there was this kind of fish we call in Yapese *aprimang*. *Aprimang* used to live in deep water, usually at places like where the battle took place. It's deep, and he used to play there, very happily, with other fish. Well, when Rai was finally killed and the fish had all scattered away, they were really scared of Kai at that time. They all ran away.

So this small fish started running. He just ran, just swam in any direction. He didn't even see anything. He just closed his eyes and then swam as hard as possible, as quick as possible. And then he didn't look where he was going. His eyes used to be in the front of his head, his face, but he was traveling at such speed that his eyes were pulled all the way back until when he finally got into the taro patch on land, his eyes were no longer in the front of his face, but rather they were on top of his head. When you see one of these fish, you will see that his eyes are on the back of his head, where they used to be in front of his head.

This is the end of the story.

TALE 13: RAT'S CANOE TRIP

Here we meet one of Oceania's great tales, beloved by children and known by practically all Micronesians. Rat is the great animal trickster of Micronesian folklore, and in this Trukese tale we find him playing the prestigious roles of navigator and food distributor. Rat is an unregenerate rascal who to quote a Yapese informant, "Never does good to any-

body." But as is often the case he meets just retribution in the end. The *um* mentioned is the famed earth oven and we will encounter it in other tales, sometimes spelled *hum* or *uhm*, depending on the language of the informant. To make an *um*, a hole is dug, stones heated, the food put on the stones, covered up with leaves and sometimes dirt, then left to cook from the heat of the stones. *Likeitapar* is a honey eater.

Once upon a time there lived a rat, a heron, a plover, and a crab on an island. Food on this island was very scarce and they had to find food in order to survive. No food on the island, nothing to eat, so one day the rat proposed that they make a trip to another island to find food. The rat asked the two birds, heron and plover, to go with him. The two birds were supposed to be his scouting team; they were going to look for islands if possible.

So one day they decided to make this trip; they prepared everything; and the canoe was also prepared. They put up sails and everything needed for the trip. When they were ready to leave, there was Crab calling to them and begging the rat to let him go. At first, the rat didn't want the crab to go; he told the crab that he didn't have anything to do on the canoe trip. The crab was very disappointed and he kept begging the rat and the birds to accept him on the canoe. He told them that he would do the bailing if they would let him go. The rat was pleased with him when he said that he would do the bailing. So they accepted him. The crab was going on the trip.

For several days they were sailing far away from the island and several times the rat ordered the two birds to look for an island if they could find one; but no luck. They didn't find any island. The rat was supposed to be the leader of this group and he was sitting in the middle of the canoe giving orders; and the two birds, one of them was sitting at one end of the canoe and the other one at the other end. The crab was at the bottom of the canoe doing the bailing. They were sailing for several days and they ran out of food, no more food to eat.

They were very hungry and they became disappointed as days went by with no food to eat. Then one day there was a coconut drifting toward them and the rat ordered them to haul the coconut into the canoe. When the coconut was put on the canoe they had a problem because none of them was willing to husk the coconut. The two birds said their job was only scouting, not to husk coconuts. So here the rat forced the crab to husk the coconut.

When it was done, when the crab husked the coconut, he handed

the coconut to the rat; then Rat asked the plover to make a hole in the face of this coconut. When it was done the rat drank half the juice in the coconut and the two birds shared the other half, and the poor crab was left without any juice to drink.

Again, they had to split the coconut into halves. And none of them could do it, or none of them was willing to split the coconut. The two birds again said that their job was only scouting, not to crack the coconut. Again the rat forced the crab to crack the coconut. So the poor crab cracked the coconut and handed the coconut to the rat. Half of the coconut was given to the birds and half of it was eaten by the rat alone. And the poor crab didn't have anything to eat. So the crab was disappointed, disgusted, and he started to chew the bottom of the canoe. He chewed and chewed until he made a hole in the bottom of the canoe and he sneaked out and swam away.

The water rushed into the canoe and it was sinking very fast. The two birds flew away and the rat was left on the canoe to find a way to save himself. He ran to one end of the canoe. It was full of water and he tried to run to the other end again. The canoe was sinking fast, so he cried for help. He asked the birds to please help him, lift him up from the ocean. The two birds said he should have enough strength because he ate half of the coconut, and he could help himself. The two birds flew away and the rat kept crying for help.

There was a turtle that came along and was willing to help the rat. He told the rat, "Get up on my back. I'll take you to the land." So the rat was on the back of the turtle and they swam to an island nearby. When they were close to the shore of the island, the turtle would ask the rat where to leave him, and the rat would tell him that he would swim in further, closer to the shore. The turtle swam until he reached the shore and the rat kept asking him to go up further on the land, because he had no more power or energy to walk, so he would be pleased if the turtle would take him up on the land. The turtle crawled up on the land and at the same time the rat jumped down and flipped him over.

So the turtle was now turned over upside down. Again the crab was on the island. He reached the island and he came to the rat. The rat was planning to cook the turtle and he also needed help, and he called on the crab to help him carry the turtle to their cooking house. They were going to make an *um*. They made an *um*. They gathered their leaves and they started the fire and everything was ready.

They put the turtle in the *um* and the rat told the crab that they had better wait for about an hour before the turtle was supposed to be cooked. They retired to their places of rest; and when it was night,

the rat came by himself and pulled out all the meat from the turtle and left only the empty shell of the turtle in the *um*. He covered it up again and then he ran away with the meat.

He hid himself in a hole, in a crab hole. When the crab came back to check on the *um*, he was very, very happy and was glad that he was going to eat turtle meat. But when he started to open the *um*, he found out that the *um* was empty, no meat of the turtle; everything was gone.

So the crab had to find the rat. And there was a bird called *likeitapar* on the island who had seen the rat hiding in the hole. He went to the rat and asked him to give him some meat. If Rat wouldn't give him some, he'd let the crab know that he was in the hole.

So the rat had to give him some meat. Whenever the bird had eaten the meat, he would say, "Rat, if you don't give me some more, I'm going to tell the crab that you are in the hole." So the rat would say, "Oh, please don't tell; don't tell him; I'll give you some more meat."

For several times the rat gave meat to the *likeitapar* until the meat was gone and there was no more. So the bird called on the crab and also called on the two birds that were with them on the canoe, plover and heron, to fetch the rat out of the hole. When it was done, they killed the rat and this is the end of the story.

TALE 14: THE STOLEN BLESSINGS

Essential to this Palauan story's development is the Oceanic institution called the men's house, sleeping quarters for the unmarried, those observing sexual taboos, and sundry visiting males. Here storytelling is a favorite pastime, and a repeated motif in Micronesian folklore is to tire one's adversary with long story sessions or, as in this case, cause him to oversleep. Common, too, is the practice of bestowing goods and position on favorite children as parents approach extreme old age. Malek is the rooster and Uek a wild bird that frequents the taro patches.

I'm going to tell the story about Malek and Uek. This story took place in Aimeliik. Malek and Uek, their mother was old and she was very weak. Uek was the favorite son of his mother and Malek was just in between. One day their mother was very ill and she thought she was going to die very soon. She knew that Malek wasn't very good to

her and so one night when they finished their dinner, she told Malek to go ahead and go to the men's house to sleep and, "Uek is okay. He can come to the men's house later on because I'm going to send him to do something for me."

So Malek said, "Okay," and he went out. It was nighttime, so they couldn't see him. He returned and hid himself under the floor of the house so he could listen to what his mother told Uek.

And the mother said to her favorite son, Uek, "Tomorrow morning, very early in the morning, I want you to come as early as possible so I can give you everything, so I can bestow a blessing. I can bless you with all the good things in this world."

And he said to her, "Okay, okay, mother."

So right after what the mother was telling Uek, Malek got out from the basement right away and ran all the way to the men's house and pretended that he was already there before Uek got there. When everybody was gathered in the men's house, he planned something. He wanted to make Uek sleep late so that Malek could get up early and go back to his house so his mother could bless him. So everybody got around together and they had their turn telling stories. And Malek knew that if he would tell his story first, he could go to sleep and while everybody was doing his part, Uek would be the last one to tell his story. And by the time he finished his story it would be almost morning and Malek could wake up and go back to his house as early as possible.

So they told their stories. Everyone told his story and when everybody was finished only Uek was going to tell a story. When Uek told his story and when he finished he was very sleepy already. He was going to go to sleep right after his story ended. So then he said, "Okay, let's go back to sleep."

And then that was the time when Malek woke up. So when Uek was asleep Malek woke up and right away he got up and ran all the way down to his house, stood outside and called to his mother, yelled to her and said, "Mother, wake up. Now it's time for you to give me all the blessings of this world."

Because he got up so early and came when it was very dark, still very dark, she could hardly see anything clearly. So his mother invited him into the house. She treated him with all the colors she could put on Malek to make him as pretty as possible. When she almost finished treating Malek it was almost morning and Uek woke up. He walked and ran back to his house and outside he yelled and yelled and said, "Mother! Here I am, your son. Wake! Now you can bless me."

And while he said that, Malek heard him and so he jumped and flew outside and flapped and flapped his wings and crowed.

His mother was very upset about this. She called her son Uek to come in and said, "Oh, my son, I'm very upset. I feel sorry about you. You have been tricked by your brother, Chicken. He came early and I already have given him all the blessings, but still I have something I can give you." She invited him in and said to him, "Son Uek, I will bless you. Of all the things in this world you will possess, you will be able to stay in the taro patch between the taros and you will eat everything, the best ones, before anyone else can come to eat them."

And then she also turned to Malek and said, "Because of you, I will punish you. And you will be working so hard. Soon as you get up in the morning, you will start finding your food and work hard until your sweat comes out from your forehead and then that will be the time when you can eat your food. And you will be looking for your food until in the evening."

Although Malek came before Uek and got all the blessings, his mother was still able to give him something else.

So his mother invited him into the house and said, "I don't have any more beauty that I can give you except that I can paint your color to be black all over your body and right on the top of your head I will put a small red mark, and this will be yours as a remembrance between you and me."

That's it.

TALES OF ANIMALS AND PEOPLE

These traditions are of special significance to Micronesians. Traditionally Micronesians draw no hard and fast line between the natural and the supernatural or man and animal. Supernaturals are believed to appear in the guise of animals and in many Micronesian tales animals occupy the position assigned to ogres in Western folklore. Even closer associations are to be seen in those stories where animals seek out humans as sexual partners or those clan origin myths in which animal mothers are presented as ancestral to human beings.

TALE 15: THE MAN-EATING LIZARD

There are no *Varanus* lizards or crocodiles in the Eastern Carolines, where this story is said to have taken place. How-

ever, these big lizards are found in the Mariana, Yap, and Palau Islands. In addition, Palau harbors a sea-going crocodile which occasionally snatches away an unwary fisherman. When I was on Ponape Island (Summer, 1971) a stray crocodile was captured, the first known on Ponape in the memory of the inhabitants. Yet legends of giant, man-eating lizards persist throughout Micronesia. The residents of Kusaie Island still point out the cave where this particular flesh-eater dwelt.

This story is about the big lizard who lived in a cave near Okat Harbor. This lizard was a flesh-eater, and this lizard was very big. Also because she was a flesh-eater, she killed the interest of the people on the other side of Kusaie from going there. Besides that, she lived right at the mouth of a passage leading from the land down into this harbor, Okat Harbor. And whenever she saw people coming, she counted the number of people in certain canoes or boats that were coming by. She figured out the number of people there were coming; then she would say, "I'll eat three and leave three go." This was how she was doing this business. And she kept doing this, eating the people, especially those people in Tafunsak, because it was Tafunsak where she was staying.

Finally one day a group of men from all Kusaie Island called a meeting and decided they should kill this big lizard, instead of letting her keep growing and growing, killing the people of Kusaie and cutting the population of the place at that time. So the rest of the people agreed with this meeting and it was agreed that there would be some men to represent all four villages in Kusaie to go kill that big lizard. Then all those who were expert in making boats or canoes got together and decided on the very best type of design for the canoe that could go fast enough in the water that the lizard couldn't get the people in the canoe, those people that would represent the whole Kusaiean people in going to kill the lizard. There would be eight people in the canoe, two men to represent each village to go in this canoe. It was made according to the number of people that would represent the Kusaiean people to go kill this big lizard. And the canoe was made with the best design that the canoe experts knew that could go faster in the water than that lizard would.

When the day came for these people to go kill this lizard, the people were putting on some kind of traditional costumes, some kind of special clothes, different than the ordinary clothes that people wore every day during their daily activities or what. When this canoe shoved off from

the land, there was music; all different kinds of old cultural things, or whatever you might say, were done by the people who remained on the land watching this canoe as it shoved off from the land and started on this trip to go kill the big lizard.

Finally when this monster lizard caught sight of this canoe coming up, she counted the number of people and there were eight people coming. So that monster lizard said, "Okay. I'll take four and leave four free." When those people in the canoe came close to that big cave where the monster lizard was staying, the canoe went faster than when it was first shoved down into the water. The closer it came, the faster it went, because it was getting closer to the place where the monster lizard was living.

When the canoe reached the place where that cave was, they were shouting and trying to do something to attract the lizard to come after them. Then that monster lizard got into the water, started swimming after this canoe. These people kept paddling and paddling until they went over into the ocean. They went beyond the reef. They had already gone out from the harbor. And this lizard kept following them. The canoe went very fast because these people were the expert paddlers among the Kusaicans. They could paddle stronger and faster than anybody else could.

When they were about half way into the ocean, that lizard, monster lizard, went slower and slower, and finally she was drowned. When these people came back, they cut some part of this lizard out and took it back to where the villagers were waiting, Tafunsak, where those people were staying, making a traditional feast, waiting for them to see if they were going to kill it. At the time they took one part of this big monster lizard, the blood of the lizard spread over the place where she was drowned and attracted all the fish in that part where she was thrown. The fish started fighting over her body.

And this story names some of the fish that were called in. We are still using some of those names today for those fish that participated in eating the body of this big lizard. And the people of Kusaie were just more than happy with those eight experts who killed this lizard.

That's it.

TALE 16: THE TRICKY OCTOPUS

This tale emphasizes the importance of using long-burning hardwoods and dense, heat-retaining stones for the preparation of an earth oven. The women having to dine on octopus ink

is particularly disgusting to the Marshallese, for in their version of Rat's Canoe Trip (Tale 13) it was the octopus which gave Rat a ride back to land. Rat defecated on Octopus' head; hence, the black substance in the ink sac is called "rat feces." The practice of divination is wide spread in Micronesia. Most common is the tying of a series of knots in coconut leaflets. The course of action to be followed depends on whether or not the numerical combinations are considered favorable.

Once there were two women who lived on an island. There was not enough food on this island, and the women didn't know how to fish, so they had to live on coconuts. Every morning the two women went to the beach and looked at the low tide. The tide was so low that the reef was almost dry, and the women wanted to go fishing, but they didn't know how.

One morning the women got hungry and went to look for food. They went to the beach and were watching the tide. One of them looked at the reef and said, "It is a low, low tide today."

While she was saying that, an octopus answered, "What about the low tide? I am here. Why don't you come, take me, and cook me and eat me?"

So first the two women decided on what kind of *um* they should make or have to cook the octopus in. They decided to ask the octopus what kind of *um* should be prepared. One of the women asked, "What kind of firewood should we use?"

"*Marjej*," answered the octopus.

"What kind of leaves should we use?"

"*Atat*," the octopus replied.

"What kind of stones should we use?"

"*Tilan*," the octopus replied.

The women agreed with the octopus, so they went to the reef and picked him up. But the octopus was more clever than the women. He knew that the firewood, stones, and leaves he told the women to get wouldn't burn him, but the women didn't realize that they had been tricked by the octopus. They prepared the *um*, and when it got ready, they put the octopus inside and covered him up.

After they covered up the *um*, they prepared some ripe coconuts. They were using a coconut grater called *ranke*. They grated some coconuts, and when they were finished, they went over to the *um* and uncovered it. When they opened it up, the octopus was gone. He discharged his ink fluid, which was like mud, and he ran away. The

women put the black stuff in a bowl and ate it with the grated coconut for supper. Then they went to sleep.

Early the next morning they got up and went to the shore again, looking at the low tide. While they were standing on the shore, one of them said, "It is really a low tide today."

Then the octopus called out, "What about the low tide? Why don't you come get me and cook me for supper?"

The women first asked him the same questions: "What kind of firewood would you like for your *um*?"

"*Marjej*," the octopus answered.

"What about leaves?"

"*Atat*," the octopus said.

"What kind of stones?"

"*Tilan*," the octopus answered.

So the women agreed and went over and picked up the octopus. They started their *um*, using everything the octopus told them to use. When the *um* got ready, they put the octopus in and covered it very carefully. Then they grated some ripe coconut and waited for the octopus to be ready. When they got finished, they went over to check the *um*. When they opened it, the octopus was gone, but he again had discharged his black ink inside the *um* and ran away.

The women were getting very mad. They were very hungry, but the octopus was playing tricks on them. So the women picked up the black mud and ate it with the grated coconut meat. Then they went to sleep, thinking what they should do to the octopus the next morning.

The next day the tide was even lower than the previous days. The two women got up early that morning and went down to the shore. When they said, "Look, the tide is even lower today," the octopus answered, "What about the low tide? I am here. Why don't you come get me and cook me for supper?"

Again they asked the same questions. One of them asked, "What would you like for firewood?"

"*Marjej*," the octopus answered.

Then the second woman said to the other, "Don't listen to him. He is lying. Let's make it *kone*."

Then the first woman asked, "What kind of leaf?"

"*Atat*," he said. The other woman said, "No, let's make it *utlomar*."

The first woman then asked, "What kind of stones?"

"*Tilan*," he replied. But the second woman said, "No, he is lying. Let's make it *dekarol*."

Then they went over to the reef and picked up the octopus. They

prepared the *um*, and this time they changed everything the octopus told them. They used *kone*, a hard wood. This wood can produce a great deal of heat. Secondly, they also used *dekarol*, a very hard stone. This stone when it gets hot it takes a long time to cool off. The octopus didn't realize that he was going to die. The women prepared the *um*, and when it got ready, they put the octopus inside it.

The *um* was very hot, so the octopus was crying. He said, "Take me out; I'll be cooked! Take me out; I'll be cooked!" But the women were saying to each other, "He is lying! Cover him up. Cover him up." They covered up the *um* and again prepared some coconut milk. They brought some ripe coconuts and grated them. Now they were hoping to eat octopus that evening.

While they were grating coconuts, the mother octopus found out that her baby was killed by the two women. The mother octopus, a giant one, was coming from the south toward the island. She was singing a song: "I, the mother, am coming looking for my baby. I know where they are cooking him."

The women were so busy grating coconuts they didn't hear the mother octopus. Now the giant octopus was getting close to the island, and one of the women heard her. She said, "I hear something."

The other got mad and told her, "That's nothing. Get busy."

Finally they both heard the mother octopus. Now they decided to hide. First they divined to see just where to hide. They tried the coconut trees and everything else on the island, but the oracle didn't agree with their proposals. Then finally it agreed that hiding on the second floor of the house was all right. So they took their axe and crawled up to the second floor.

Later on the mother octopus arrived on the island and headed for the house. The octopus got to the house, and she spread out her tentacles, trying to get the women, but the women were cutting them off one by one each time the octopus tried to grab them.

Finally they cut off all the tentacles and the octopus died. Now they had another but bigger octopus to cook. They first ate the small octopus which was already cooked and then cooked the other one in a bigger *um*. The two women had finally killed the silly octopus who had been fooling them.

The end.

TALE 17: THE BIRDS' COURTSHIP

All the birds included in this Ponapean story are attractive, with the exception of Heron. The Micronesian chicken, especially the male, is very handsome. But herons are skillful fishermen, and such a son-in-law will provide his in-laws with plenty of fish. It is the old theme of beauty versus industry. Actually, this tale somewhat mis-represents Micronesian custom, for the young do not often move far away from their close kin, even after marriage. However, on Ponape brides do go to dwell with their husband's people, and all over Micronesia parents and other relatives have much to say in the choosing of a spouse for their children. Rope making is a slow, tedious task. It is made from coconut husk fibers, carefully twisted together and then spun by rolling the fibers on the outer side of the thigh. It is a job most often performed by those older relatives whose advanced age severely limits the contributions they can make to their families' welfare.

Long, long time ago there was a couple that had a little daughter. They named this daughter Likertikitik, and they loved this girl very much. In turn this girl also loved her parents very much. She obeyed them and she did everything that they told her to. In turn again they did everything they could to make her happy. So this girl grew and grew and finally she reached the age where she could be independent of her parents. When she reached that age her parents left her for an island far away. After they left her she was alone, making rope. That was her work. She was making a lot of rope.

As she was making rope one day there was a canoe that came paddling toward her place. The canoe was full of people. They came up close to her house and they called to her. The people on the canoe called out, "Likertikitik-Liker! Where is your father and mother?" She would answer them, "They are staying on Rehwi Rehwa. They are harvesting my *wahn ieuieu*, *wahn karara*." This means the fruits of the *ieuieu* and *karara* trees.

Then the creatures in the canoe asked to marry her, so she said she would have to contact her parents first. Then she started running toward where her parents were. When she got over to where her parents were gathering *wahn ieuieu* and *wahn karara*, her parents said,

"What is happening?"

She replied, "A canoe just came by our house and asked me to marry them."

The parents said, "What kind of animals are they?"

She said, "They are birds with skinny legs and small feathers."

Then the parents said, "Oh, that is *tiht*. Go and tell them to go away."

So then she started running back toward her house. When she got there the canoe was still waiting for her. They asked her, "Well, what is the answer?"

The girl said, "My parents said that you should leave." So the canoe paddled away.

As she waited again another day, another canoe came by. They asked her, "Where are your parents?" And she replied, "They are at Rehwi Rehwa."

Then they asked, "What are they doing at Rehwi Rehwa?" She answered, "They are gathering my *wahn ieuiieu* and *wahn karara*."

Then they said, "We want to see them." So she left the house and started running to where her parents were. When she got there, her parents asked her, "What kind of animals are they?"

And she would say, "Birds that are black all over with red wings."

Then they said, "Oh, that's *pwiliet*. Tell them to go away." So she ran back to the house and told them to go away.

Another day another canoe came by. They said to her, "Likertikitik-Liker. Where are your parents?" She replied, "They are at Rehwi Rehwa."

They asked, "What are they doing?" She replied, "They are harvesting my *wahn ieuiieu* and *wahn karara*."

They said, "Go and ask them. Tell them there is a canoe waiting over here."

So she left the house and started running to where her parents were. When she got to the place where her parents were, she said, "Mother and father, there is a canoe waiting."

They asked, "What kind of birds are they?" She replied, "The bird is black all over."

Her parents answered, "Oh, it's a kind of *siohkk*. Go tell them to go away." Then she went back and told the birds on the canoe to leave.

Another day came and another canoe paddled by. This canoe came up to the house and said the same thing. "Likertikitik-Liker. Where are your parents?" and she replied, "They are on Rehwi Rehwa."

Then they asked, "What are they doing?" She replied, "They are harvesting my *wahn ieuiieu* and my *wahn karara*."

They said, "We want to see them. Go and tell them that a canoe is waiting." She started running back and when she got to where her parents were, they said, "What kind of birds are they?"

She answered, "They are green all over with a spot on the forehead." They said, "Oh, it is a *kinued*. Tell them to go away."

So she went back to the house and told the *kinueds* to go away.

The next day another canoe came by. They said, "Likertikitik-Liker, where are your parents?" She replied, "They are on Rehwi Rehwa."

Then they asked, "What are they doing?"

"They are harvesting my *wahn ieueiu* and *wahn karara*."

The canoe told her, "Go and tell them a canoe is waiting for them." She left her house and she started running. When she got to where her parents were, her parents knew what it was and they said, "What kind of birds are they?" She answered them, "They are red all over with a bent beak."

The parents said, "Oh, that's a *kinued serehd*. Go tell them to go away." She turned around and started running toward her house. When she got there she told the *serehd* to go away and they paddled off.

The very next day another canoe came by and they asked, "Likertikitik-Liker, where are your parents?" and she replied, "They are on Rehwi Rehwa."

They said, "What are they doing?" She answered, "They are harvesting my *wahn ieueiu* and *wahn karara*," and they then said, "Go and tell them a canoe is waiting." Again she started running to where her parents were. When she got there her parents said, "What kind of birds are they?"

"They are gray all over with a spot under the neck."

The parents said, "That is *muroi*. Go tell them to go away." She ran back and when she got to the house she told the canoe to go away.

The very next day another canoe came by and they said the same thing: "Likertikitik-Liker. Where are your parents?" and she answered, "They are on Rehwi Rehwa."

"What are they doing on Rehwi Rehwa?" and she said, "They are harvesting my *wahn ieueiu* and *wahn karara*."

They said, "Go and tell them that a canoe is waiting." Then she started running to where her parents were. By the time she got there they asked her, "What kind of birds are they?"

She said, "They are chickens." Her parents told her, "Go and tell them to go away." But she was sad, because all the time she wanted to go with the beautiful birds, the good-looking birds, but her parents wouldn't let her. She started crying and she ran to the house. She

told the canoe to go away.

The next day another canoe came by and as the canoe came close to the house, they called, "Likertikitik-Liker."

But she didn't answer. So again they called, "Likertikitik-Liker." Yet she didn't answer. They kept on saying, "Likertikitik-Liker. Likertikitik-Liker. Likertikitik-Liker," until she said, "Yes? What do you want?"

They said, "Where are your parents?"

She said, "What is your business with my parents? You have no business with my parents."

But they kept on insisting and then she said, "They are on Rehwi Rehwa." They asked, "What are they doing on Rehwi Rehwa?" She said, "They are harvesting my *wahn ieuieu* and *wahn karara*."

They said, "Go and tell them that a canoe is waiting." So she left and she went to her parents. When she got there the parents said, "What kind of birds are they?"

And she said, "I don't know!" But she knew that the birds were ugly. She said, "I don't know. They just stuck their neck into the house and—" Then the parents knew right away that they were herons, long necked birds with long legs, tall gray birds. So the parents said, "Oh! Go back and go with them."

But she was really sad because she didn't like them. She didn't like that kind of bird but she obeyed her parents. As she was going back to the house she was crying. She was really sad. She got to the house and she put her things together.

Then the birds on the canoe called, "How is it?"

She replied, "My parents said for you to go away."

But they said, "Oh, don't try to fool us. We could hear your parents. They told you to come with us."

Then the girl gave up and put her things together and went with the herons. As they were paddling along, they passed a house. She asked, "Whose house is this?" And they replied, "It belongs to the *tih*."

So they kept on paddling until they reached the second house, and she said, "Whose house is this?"

They replied, "The house of *pwiliet*."

And on they paddled until they came to the next house. She said, "Whose house is this?" They replied, "The house of *siohkk*."

They would keep on paddling until they reached another house and the girl said, "Whose house is this?" And they replied, "It is the house of *kinued*."

As they were going on, they reached another house. She said, "Whose house is this?" and they answered, "The house of *serehd*."

They kept on going until they reached another house and she said, "Whose house is that?" and they replied, "It is the house of *muroi*."

They kept on paddling and paddling until they reached another house. She said, "Whose house is this?" They said, "The house of chicken." When they said, "The house of chicken," she said, "All right. Let's stop here."

But they replied, "No, our house is next." When they reached the house of the herons, they went in. As she went in she found out that she couldn't sit down because the floor, the walls, and the ceiling were all made out of heron manure.

So she got furious and she took her little package and she swung at the birds in the house and they got scared and "Whewww" they flew away. Then she went to the house of the chickens and she stayed with them. She belonged to them. She stayed with them from then on.

That concludes the story.

TALE 18: THE ADOPTED BIRD

Kuttu is the informant's home island in Satawan Atoll, Truk Islands. Micronesians, especially children, often capture young birds and raise them as pets. The brown heron is a common sight around villages and along the shore. It often figures in Micronesian folktales, almost always as a helpful bird which aids humans to escape from cannibal spirits. On the outer islands like Kuttu where the men's houses are still maintained, it is a common and hospitable gesture to call the weary traveler in for food, conversation, and rest.

Once there lived two women on Weito, a small island near Kuttu. One day they decided to go around the island and see what they could find on their island. So they started out and when they came to a place outside the island, they saw a small shark and an egg. One of them took the small shark and the other one took the egg. Then they came back to their house.

They started to raise the shark and at the same time keep the egg warm so they could see what would become of it. So the lady who was raising the shark put the shark in a bowl and it started to grow. When the shark grew to a very big shark she took it out from the bowl and put it into the ocean. In case something happened then the shark could help her or she would go down and ask the shark to come and to provide

the things that she needed or wanted.

Now the other lady who was keeping the egg with her, when the egg hatched she found that it was an egg of a heron. So she started to feed the baby heron, and she didn't know anything about the danger that she would face when the heron grew to be a very big one. She raised the heron and they continued staying in the house.

But when the heron was growing bigger and bigger, she decided to move to another place and build her and the heron another house, because they couldn't stay in the same house with the other lady. So they went. They left the house, went to a place on the same island and they built them a house.

There they were staying, and Heron continued growing until finally it started to threaten the lady. The heron wanted to kill her so he could eat her. Sometimes the lady with the heron would come over to the other lady and talk to her about the heron and the danger that she was in.

Then one day the lady with the heron decided to leave it because she was afraid that heron might kill her. So she went over to the other lady's house and talked to her and they decided to leave the island. So they moved to a different island and they were staying there.

Sometimes the heron would go out and fish; then at night he would come back and stay in the house. Then after a few times of going out and coming in, he realized that the lady was no longer in the house. So he started to search for her. He went to the other house and nobody was there. So he was really mad and he came back and destroyed the house and the other house.

Then the women knew that the heron was very dangerous, so they decided to go to Kuttu, because Heron had gone to the other island and killed the people there, ate them. These women went to Kuttu and they talked with the people of Kuttu, told them about Heron and the danger that the people might face if they didn't do anything about the bird.

So the chief planned on something to take care of the heron but he didn't mention it. He was a wise fellow and he knew what he was going to do in order to get rid of the heron. One day the heron was staying on Weito and he wanted to check on all the small islands near Kuttu and the main island Kuttu itself to see if he could find the lady.

He set out one day and started his search. He went to a small island near his place and then he began to check on the other islands. When the people from Kuttu saw Heron, they were thinking that it was a sailing canoe, because Heron was white and they were thinking that it was like a sail, the sail of a canoe. So they were cheering that there was a canoe coming but the ladies talked to them and told them

that it was not a canoe but it was the heron itself.

That made them very afraid because they had never in their life seen a heron that grew to be that big a one. So they went to the pier and they stayed there. Now Heron came, checked all of the island, small island near Kuttu, but he didn't find anybody there. Then he decided to go to Kuttu and check if he could find the lady there. So he went over to Kuttu and went straight to where the center of Kuttu was, Atiero.

Then when he was about to step on the shore, the chief of Kuttu came down to greet him. Then they had a conversation in which the chief asked the heron to take a rest, sit down in the house, and take some rest.

Heron agreed with the chief and so he walked over to the men's house, Atiero, and he sat there, planning to just take a rest and then start his search again. But while he was there he felt sleepy, and he decided to take a nap in the house. While he was sleeping there, the men from Kuttu, under the order of the chief, were sealing off the house. They went over the island, took down the sides of all the big men's houses and they used them to seal off the sides of the house that Heron was staying in. So when everything was ready and the people felt that Heron couldn't get out from the house, then they set the house on fire.

Heron was trying to escape but he couldn't, so the fire continued and then it killed Heron inside the house. So Heron was killed and they just took his body and threw it out into the ocean. As for the lady she was very pleased. She thanked the chief and she decided to go back to Weito and stay on the island there. After all, that was her island. That was where she came from. That's the end of the story.

TALE 19: THE HELPFUL BIRD

In small Micronesian communities one hears a great deal of talk about jealousy. Many Micronesians feel that good fortune will bring on the lucky one the envy of his peers, and this theme often provides the conflict in many folktales. The friendly bird in this Yapese tale is also common to many a Micronesian tale. The mention of betelnut chewing gives a brief glimpse of a practice which is well-nigh universal in Western Micronesia, from the Mariana to the Palau Islands. On Yap few adults are seen without their betelnut bag, which contains

the green areca nut, betel pepper leaves, and crushed lime that are the ingredients for a good chew. Most Yapese of almost any age show the discolored teeth which are the by-product of the habit. Bal' is a rail.

Long time ago there used to be a man. I can't remember the name of the person but he was building his house and then when he finished building his house, everything had been put together and completed. There was only one thing left to be made and this was to make a finish plank for the house. So he went around the woods, in the forest, looking for the particular tree he wanted to make his plank from.

So as he was going in the forest, one day he finally came upon this tree. This tree is called *riw*. He saw that tree and right away he knew in his mind that he had just found what he wanted to have for his house. So he left that day and went home. The next day, early in the morning after he had eaten his breakfast, he picked up his axe and went into the forest. When he got into the forest, he looked at the tree again and he was very happy about it. Then he started chopping the tree down. It took him all day to chop the tree. By evening just before sunset he finally chopped the tree down, and since it was very late in the evening he could hardly see anything in the dark. Besides he was in the forest. He decided to go home and come back the next morning to cut the tree up and take off its bark and finish it for his house.

So he left that evening and went home. But something had happened. That tree belonged to Bal'. Earlier that morning, before the man had arrived at the place where the tree was, Bal' had woke up early in the morning when the birds were still singing early their morning songs. Bal' got out and went out somewhere. Either he went looking for food or he had some business to do somewhere that made him go out from his tree. So this man came after Bal' had left and chopped his tree down.

Bal' returned to sleep that night, and when he arrived at his place, he almost couldn't believe his eyes at what disaster had taken place while he was away. He was really sad. He looked around and started thinking of who might have done this to him. He thought whether he had done something wrong to somebody that tried to take revenge on him while he was away, and he went looking for reasons in his mind why somebody would do such things to his house.

Anyway he was very sad and he had to sleep, so he had to do something. He finally decided that he was going to sing a short magic song and raise his tree up again. So Bal' sang his magic song and then when he finished, the tree stood up in its original position as if nothing

had happened to it. Then Bal' climbed the tree and slept that night. Early in the morning again Bal' got out and went about his business.

But then the man arrived again with his axe, and just like Bal' the previous evening, he didn't believe his eyes at what had happened to his tree. He went around and sort of went through the process of thinking that Bal' had gone through, trying to see, to remember what wrong he might have done to somebody, that in return this enemy would do such a thing to him again. But he couldn't find out any reason why somebody would do this.

So he decided to chop down the tree again. He started chopping the tree, and the same thing as before. It took him the whole day to finally chop the tree down. By evening, just about the same time he had chopped the tree before, he accomplished chopping the tree down that day. But it was also late in the evening so he had to go home.

After he had gone home Bal' came again and found his tree lying down on the ground. So he repeated the same magic again and the tree stood up and then he went into the tree and slept that night.

Early in the morning when he went out, this man came back again and chopped the tree down again. This time Bal' himself and the man himself were both getting a little bit agitated and mad at some person or at what had happened to them. So that evening when Bal' came again and he saw his tree was cut down, he repeated his magic. Again the tree stood up, and he went into the tree and slept.

Early next morning when he went out, the man came and he found the tree standing up again. So angrily he chopped the tree down and he was determined to catch this man, this person, who was treating him thus. He had brought along with him all his weapons. He had sharpened his spears, his knives, almost anything he could lay his hands on that could be used as weapons. So he had brought these things along with him that morning and he chopped the tree down. When the tree was down and it was late in the evening, he went and hid. He covered himself with coconut palm leaves just the way the Yapese warriors do and painted his eyes. He made himself look like a real warrior. He had his spears and knife with him; so he went and sat and started looking around and waiting.

Suddenly a bal' appeared. It was a bird, going on the ground. When this man saw Bal' he said, "Ah, just a bird," and the man kept on looking for somebody, some person who might appear on the scene to raise up the tree. But then finally he heard whispering and some language he had never heard; and when he looked down Bal' was there, standing there, and reciting this strange song. All of a sudden, the tree stood up.

"Hey!" The man jumped out of his hiding place with his spear all ready to spear Bal'.

Bal' all of a sudden jumped and yelled and said, "What's—what's wrong?" Bal' was really scared.

And this man was so angry that he said, "What are you doing to my tree? Why are you raising this tree? After all the work I've done. You're the one who's been doing this to me."

And Bal' was there, all shaking, and in a very shaking voice he said, "But this is my tree. This is my very home. This is where I live. And you've really done me a great injustice by cutting down my home and—" You know, Bal' was pleading with the man and explaining why he'd been doing such things.

So the man understood Bal' and said, "Well, I'm very, very sorry. I didn't know that this was your home. And besides I needed some wood for my plank for the house and this is about the best tree I could find and just what I'm looking for. So why don't you just let me take you home with me and you stay with me the rest of your life and I'll have this wood?"

Bal' thought about it and said he wanted to do the same thing, and he agreed that the man should have the wood. Then the man started working on the wood and Bal' helped him along with the wood. He had all his magic and he would play his magic and the man's wish would be accomplished. Finally they just set this finishing job. They put the wood in the right place and everything was complete.

So Bal' lived with the man and they lived very happily. At times Bal' would foretell what would happen to the man and what the man should do to avoid the disaster and things like this. The man loved Bal' so much, very very much, and the same with Bal'. And they helped each other. The man protected Bal' as much as he could. They lived for quite awhile and very happily.

Then one day the man decided that he was going on a journey. Bal' tried to persuade the man not to go. He did almost everything he could just to make the man change his mind about making a journey. But the man said, "I think I should go on a journey. There's really nothing, no danger if you stay here. There's nobody who can come and kill you or burn the house or something like that."

But Bal' was real worried. He knew what would happen, and he explained it to the man but the man didn't think it would happen. So the man took the journey. He went on the journey and went away.

But before that, as soon as Bal' came over and stayed with the man, word had spread around that Bal' was a very interesting animal, since he knew a lot of magic and he could help the man. He had

almost always helped the man in his work. People had become jealous of the man and of Bal'. They wanted to kill Bal' for helping the man and thus put the man in a very poor situation.

So when this man was on the journey, they came around and grabbed Bal'. Being a very weak bird and so forth, they killed him. But one of Bal's feathers started flying, went into the air and the wind carried it all the way across the land and finally it landed right on top of the man's betelnut basket. For awhile the feather remained there on the basket, but then this man came over to chew, just to chew one betelnut, but when he came to his basket, he found the feather, right on his basket.

Right away he knew that something very, very bad had happened. So right away he took up his betelnut basket and rushed home. When he got home, Bal' was there dead. He was very, very sad. He took Bal' and buried him in the back yard of his house and he regretted that he had ever made the journey. He lived, very sad, and whether he ever avenged Bal' I just don't know.

TALE 20: THE EEL'S LIFE-RESTORING MEDICINE

The belief in magical medicine is strong in Micronesia, and those stories telling of the acquisition of such knowledge usually attribute it to some supernatural event, as does this Ponapean tale. I have been told by some Trukese informants that there still remain a few people who know this life-restoring eel medicine. On Ponape the eel is a special fish, for several myths present it as ancestress of major clans. As is to be expected, most Ponapeans do not eat eels.

Long long time ago there were some brothers who lived in a place called Potopot. They went out fishing one day and they didn't catch anything except an eel. This kind of eel is called *sinsnawa*. They took this eel home and they cooked it and they hung it up in a nut tree.

Back in the sea the mother and father of the eel came home and they couldn't find their little eel in their place. They started looking for their eel and they kept on looking on and on until they reached Potopot. And as they were going by Potopot they were calling out, "Sinsnawa i, Sinsnawa."

And this little eel which was already cooked and in the nut tree called out, "Here I am, mother. Here I am." The mother eel heard

the reply, so she crawled up toward Potopot and went toward where her little eel was answering from.

The reason that the little eel in the nut tree could answer his mother was that the boys had cooked the eel but his head part was not well cooked. That's why it was alive and could answer the mother's call.

The mother eel struggled up the trunk of the nut tree. That's why the trunk of this tree, called Merepw, is slimy. The littlest brother saw the eel coming and he was really scared. The mother eel looked around and she saw the little boy. She called him and told him not to be scared. Before the mother eel saw the boy she had gone out and gathered some medicine. After awhile she had gathered all the medicine she wanted. Then she came back to where the eel was.

The mother could see that half the little eel was cooked and half was not. So she separated the cooked part of the eel from the uncooked part. First she took the medicine and she spit it on the cooked part, the dead part, and all of a sudden the dead part was alive again. So the whole body of the little eel was alive again.

When the mother eel separated the cooked part from the uncooked part, she left the uncooked part, the head, up in the basket, and when the older boys came they asked the little boy, "What happened to the other part of the eel?"

He said, "The mother eel came and she took it."

They said, "Ah, we are going to kill you."

But the little boy said, "No, don't kill me because now I know the medicine that the mother eel used to bring the dead part alive." So they decided not to kill him, but they were doubtful. Then the little boy said, "All right, lie down."

The older boy lay down on the mat, and the little boy took the knife and he chopped his head off. And when the boy was dead, he connected the head and put the medicine that he had seen the mother eel making on the boy; he spit it on him, and the boy came alive again. Now the older boy wanted the little boy to lie down so he could chop his head off and use that medicine.

But the little boy was the only one who knew the medicine and stupidly the older brother told him to lie down there so they could cut his head off. So the older boy took the knife and he chopped the little boy's head off. That time the little boy was completely dead and that time the older boy couldn't do anything about it. He didn't get the medicine. He didn't know what to do.

Nowadays on Ponape there is no medicine for bringing dead people alive. And that concludes the story.

TALE 21: THE SHARK SONS

This Trukese tale has its setting in the old days when the dwellers of the atolls came regularly to the high islands within Truk Lagoon to trade for materials not present in their restricted coral environment. Such trips were dangerous and males were under sex taboos preparatory to starting. They were also unwilling to take women along, since sailing on the high sea was an intensely male affair and sea spirits are often hostile to the female presence. That a woman should bear fish is not an unusual event in the Micronesian folktale. Many stories record women who bear animals and conversely, animals that give birth to humans. Such are the origins of many Micronesian clans. The story does misrepresent one fact, for trading voyages were undertaken every year, and it is highly improbable that the men of Puluwat would stay away from Truk Lagoon for a period of several years at a time.

Long, long time ago on Puluwat Island, the people usually came to get some turmeric and some other things which they considered important but they didn't have on Puluwat Island. They came to Truk twice a year or three times a year. One day the men from that island, Puluwat, decided to come to Truk to get some turmeric and some other important leaves of some certain plants because they needed them. When they had a feast or dance they needed that sort of thing.

They came to Truk one day, and on one of the canoes there was a woman coming along with the men. And they came to Truk to Tol Island because Tol was known as the rich place for those things. What they brought with them were either fish or rope which they made on Puluwat Island. They brought them to trade for those things they wanted from Tol Island.

As they reached Tol, they started trading. They got some turmeric and some other leaves, until they didn't have anything more to trade with for those things they needed. And then one of the men, the captain of that canoe on which the woman rode, still wanted some more; and he took the woman and sold her to a man who had a lot of those things.

When the men from Puluwat left Tol, going back to Puluwat,

the woman who came with them to Tol stayed behind. She lived on Tol and got married to a man. That man from Tol really liked her because the woman knew how to cook everything.

And as they stayed there quite a long time, the woman got pregnant. But when she delivered that baby, instead of the baby, they were two sharks. She delivered two sharks. From that time, the husband of the woman started to dislike the woman, his wife, because he didn't like to have sharks.

But anyway, they took care of those two sharks. At first they put them in a very big wooden bowl. They filled it with salt water, and then put those two sharks in it. And they fed them while they bigger, they then transferred them. They took them to the beach and made a place for them where they could stay. And as time went by those sharks grew up very fast, and at the time the couple could no longer provide food for those two sharks, then they let them go into the water and let them go into the Truk Lagoon. And they stayed there.

After awhile the woman got pregnant again. That time she delivered a daughter. The daughter was very beautiful; but even that time, the husband decided to send his wife away because many women from Tol criticized him, saying that his wife was not a real human being, because a human could not give birth to a shark.

They stayed on Tol until the daughter grew up to the age at which she was about to get married, and by that time the people from Puluwat came back to Tol again to get something. As they reached Tol, they went straight to the place where the woman who was originally from Puluwat stayed. They went there and did some trading; and then when they were about to go back to Puluwat, the mother, the woman, decided to leave Tol. The mother told her daughter that they should go to the canoes and hide on one of them so that the men couldn't see them. What they were afraid of was that the men who came on that trip to Tol at that time didn't like a woman to go with them. So the men from Puluwat didn't know that those two women were on one of the canoes. Only an old man saw them, but he didn't bother to tell them not to get on the canoe.

On the day the men started from Tol, they checked first what they had on their canoes so that if something happened, they could know what they lost. As they started from Tol, the weather was very good, a very good wind. They just went straight from Tol to Puluwat Island. As they went along, they reached about in the middle, in the middle between Tol and Puluwat, and the weather became worse. There was

a storm came, and the men on those canoes didn't know what to do because the storm was very strong.

They put down their sail. They put down their sails, and they came closer together and tried to decide what would cause that. The one who was responsible for that trip told all the captains of each canoe to check whatever they had. And all of them checked, and they didn't find anything that they brought from Tol which could cause that trouble.

Then the man who was responsible for the trip checked on his canoe, and he found out that two women were on his canoe. And he was really mad, and he told the other men on his canoe to throw the two women away. They took the women and threw them into the water and left them behind. Then they proceeded on their way.

Just at the time they threw the women away, the weather became good again. The wind was good; they went straight to Puluwat. But as the men threw the two women away, the old man took one piece of board and threw it into the water and told the women to ride it when they need it.

As the women stayed in the water, they were really afraid, and finally the mother remembered that she had two sharks. Then she called them. The mother called them, and as soon as she called their name, they immediately came by. They came to those two women, and they asked what happened. The mother explained to them that the men from Puluwat had thrown them away from their canoes. The two sharks asked the mother what they should do, and the mother told them to go after the canoes and destroy them, and they would kill everybody except the old man. They would take him to his island, Puluwat Island.

And when the mother told this to the two sharks, those two sharks started running after the canoe. When they came some miles away, the man who was responsible for that trip told the other men on his canoe that he saw two canoes; maybe they were from Tol Island. They were coming after them. They thought that those two sharks were canoes too, because of their fins which were above the water. When the man said this, the old man told him that they were not canoes; he knew that they were sharks.

And as the sharks came closer to those canoes, they destroyed all of them and killed all of the men, except the old man. They took the old man to Puluwat Island and left him there. Then the two sharks came back to the two women. And then the two sharks took the two women back to Tol Island and left them there.

The name of one shark is Taukeraga, and the people of Tol Island

say that the place where these sharks were staying when they were still alive is called Tiani.

TALE 22: ORIGIN OF THE RAT CLAN

This tradition provides an excellent commentary on the great social change brought to Kusaie Island. The Kusaieans are second only to the Chamorros of the Mariana Islands in their loss of clan structure. Here we are dealing with what was once an important clan origin myth, but now its remaining vitality is to be found in the entertaining beginning which tells of Rat's abysmal stupidity. It did not seem clear in the teller's mind whether the supernatural in this story was an aboriginal god or the god of Christianity.

Long time ago there were no rats on the island of Kusaie. In those days, the rat lived in heaven and then came down to earth. Earlier the rat had enough teeth, just like the other kinds of animals, but now there are only two teeth left on her lower jaw. The rat was living with God in heaven. They stayed together and then made a big sugar cane plantation. The sugar cane was growing very rapidly and it was very big. The rat was very good in taking care of things. It worked with God and helped in the household. Whenever God asked her to do something she never refused his request. She was very fast and alert in doing things. That's why whenever you see the rat, she is very fast in hiding herself or very fast to run away. So God really liked her. They really got along very well.

One day God went out and he asked Rat to take good care of their sugar cane plantation. The rat went to the plantation and lay down in it and never went away from it. While she was lying in the plantation, she heard a noise there. Then she stood up and went around the plantation and looked for the noise, but she couldn't find it. She couldn't find the place where the noise came from either. She came back and lay down in the same place where she used to lie before, and then she heard the noise again. She got up fast and looked for it again. She was anxious to find out what actually made that noise. It was very hard for her to find out, and she walked in between the sugar cane, but she still couldn't see anything.

So she went back to where she was lying down and just stood

there very close to the sugar cane. She heard it again and the noise was getting louder and louder. Then she placed her ear to the sugar cane and went around it. She kept walking around that clump and one side was louder than the other side. When she reached the loudest side she stopped and placed her ear on it again, and the noise was getting still louder. She stopped and she checked the sugar cane again. The rat was stopped and she kept looking at those sugar canes.

Then she bit the place where she heard the noise. When she bit the sugar cane it was sweet, but before she didn't know that it was sweet. As she was chewing the sugar cane the juice was very sweet and she kept chewing it and looking for what made that noise. Finally she found out what it was. It was a small worm.

She was very upset about that because she thought that the worm was going to destroy their whole sugar plantation, so she decided to go look in every sugar cane and kill them. Besides that, the taste of the sugar cane was sweet and she really liked it. So she started chewing the sugar cane, started chewing from the top going down to the bottom. She chewed up all the sugar cane in that plantation and every sugar cane fell down flat to the ground. When she was finished chewing up the whole plantation she had found only one worm. There was only one sugar cane in that plantation that had that kind of worm. The rest had none.

Then she saved the worm and waited for God to come so she could show it to him and tell him that that worm had almost destroyed their plantation. But she had already destroyed it while she looked for that kind of worm. However, she thought she had done a good job and that God would be happy with it. She went back and lay down again and waited for God.

When God came back he noticed that the place where they had had their plantation was very clean. He didn't see any sugar cane at all. When he came close to it he saw that the sugar cane had fallen down, so he hurried and called for Rat and asked her what she was doing to their plantation.

She told God that she had just done a hard job, that their plantation had almost been destroyed. But it was already destroyed. Still she told God that she was really taking care of it. "There was something that made a noise in the sugar cane and I kept looking around in those sugar canes until I found that worm. If I didn't find that worm, it was going to destroy our sugar cane plantation."

But there was no more sugar cane left. The rat had destroyed it. So God was very unhappy with her. He held her and pulled all of her teeth and put two pieces of stick on her lower jaw. This was to

make her so she couldn't destroy anything else later. This is a punishment which God gave to Rat. That is why you will notice on the rat's lower jaw that she has got only two teeth. Then God tied Rat and lowered her down to the earth. She was no longer his friend. That was the end of their friendship. God lowered the rat with a very long string to the earth.

When she reached earth, she reached Kusaie. When she reached Kusaie, she reached Lelu. When she reached Lelu, she reached the place which we call Mutun Nenea. When she reached that place she stayed there. This was a female rat. There was a rock on that hill. It's a big round rock which we call Rat's Rock. Then she stayed there in the rock and got pregnant and delivered a beautiful girl. Her skin color was tan like Kusaieans and she had long hair. When the girl grew up, nobody ever saw her. One day she went down to the sea to swim.

While she was in the water, she didn't know that this was one of the times that the king was going around the island. At that time she didn't want to be seen by the people. She just wanted to hide herself. Sometimes she saw people, but the people didn't see her. She swam until the tide went out; then she went up on the land, but the current took her hair out to sea a number of yards because her hair was very long.

The king was coming from Tafunsak on his way to Lelu. She didn't know that the king and his people were coming with the current and paddling over to Lelu. So the king saw her and he really fell in love with her. He told his people to steer the canoe over to that girl. Then they picked her up and put her in the middle of the canoe. She was going to be the king's wife. So the king was married to that girl.

There was a clan in Kusaie called Rat's clan. This clan was started when the king was married to that rat's daughter. We are told that that girl was the prettiest of all the king's wives, because she had all kinds of qualifications to be considered as a pretty girl. Therefore, in earlier days the Rat's clan was the prettiest one on Kusaie. But today I can't point out the people who are in that clan. Maybe I am one.

TALE 23: THE WORM MOTHER-IN-LAW

The use of the title Nanmwarki for high chief in this Pingelapese story shows the present-day influence of Ponapean

culture on Pingelap Atoll. On Ponape, Nanmwarki could well be translated as "king," for in the old days the Nanmwarki was a man with absolute power over his highly regimented people. As Tale 25 illustrates, there was a time when one ignored the Nanmwarki's prerogatives on the pain of death. Most variants to this tale present the mother-in-law as an eel. While suicide is a common theme in the Micronesian folktale, one rarely hears of it in actual life. As for the murder of one's mother-in-law, it must be noted that Micronesia is almost exclusively a matrilineal society. Thus the position of women is secure and males are deferential to their female in-laws.

Long long time ago there was a big worm which had a daughter and they stayed at a place called Pwopwuhngal. The worm and her daughter stayed at Pwopwuhngal, a place on Pingelap. This worm stayed at a place with water in it. She stayed in water. As the worm was staying in that place, after awhile she got pregnant and she gave birth to a beautiful girl named Lihwahu, meaning "Beautiful Girl."

As the girl was growing up, they were staying in this place and the worm was taking care of the girl. She grew to be big and the worm looked for good food for the girl. She found the very best food for her girl. She would find the best food on the land and she would go out in the sea and she would find the biggest and the best fish, for she wanted her daughter to grow up pretty and well. She would do everything to please her daughter.

And the girl, Lihmwahu, loved her mother very much. This girl grew up to be a very beautiful young lady and one day the Nanmwarki of Pingelap wanted to find a wife. So that Nanmwarki set off to find the prettiest woman on the island. He was searching from the south and up and up and up. Finally he got to the place and he saw this very beautiful girl. He had never seen a more beautiful girl than this one, Lihmwahu. So he wanted to marry her, and he told his servants to bring the girl so he could marry her.

The servants brought the girl and she stayed with Nanmwarki and became his wife. But the girl never revealed to the Nanmwarki that her mother was a worm. Then one day the Nanmwarki asked the girl, "What is the name of your mother? Where is your mother?"

The girl replied, "Oh, I'm sorry to tell you, but my mother is not a human being. She is a worm."

And the Nanmwarki said, "How come your mother is a worm but you're so pretty?"

The girl said, "I don't know, but my mother is a worm and she brought me up." Then the servants set off to bring the mother to the place. They called to the mother, the worm, and she started crawling and crawling and crawling toward the Nanmwarki's place. Finally she got there and they found a place for her to stay. She got in and she found a place. She wrapped herself around the post of the house. Now the Nanmwarki was kind of sad because he had thought that the girl had a human mother. He was also kind of ashamed because he had married a worm's daughter, so he decided to kill the worm.

One day the Nanmwarki planned to kill the worm and he told his wife, the daughter of the worm, to go up to the northern end of the island and swim with the beautiful ladies of the island. So she went with all the beautiful ladies of the island and they went up to the northern part of the island to swim. When they got to the northern end, the Nanmwarki called his men together and they gathered dead coconut fronds and they built a big fire and they threw the worm into the fire. The worm was struggling and struggling. As the fire was blazing up and the worm was in the fire, a cinder from the fire was blown into the wind and went all the way up to where the girl was and fell on her lap.

Therefore the girl knew that something was happening, so she started running and running and running toward the palace. As she was running toward the palace, the Nanmwarki saw her and he told all his servants to hold the girl so she wouldn't jump into the fire. But as the girl was running toward the palace, the men were ready to grab her. But as they were about to grab her they missed her, and she ran and jumped into the fire. So the girl jumped into the fire and died with her mother.

That is why boys and girls nowadays should respect their mothers; regardless of their looks they should respect their mother, because their mother brought them up. And they should love their mothers because they helped them from birth to adulthood.

And that concludes the story.

TALE 24: THE EEL LOVER

In Micronesia tales of snake and eel lovers are not necessarily considered fictional, since many clans are said to have originated from such animals. Another common belief in Micronesia is that the observance of animal behavior will give

one forewarning of future events or reveal otherwise hidden behavior. On Yap the women do the bulk of the gardening. On Yap, too, men's houses are still quite functional and there men spend a good deal of their time. This Yapese animal lover tale is unusual in that the two successfully eliminate the husband.

There was a woman who had a garden on top of a hill. This woman had a husband, and this man went to the men's house and stayed there a couple of days. The woman stayed home and cooked food for her husband. She went and gave it to him and then came back. In the morning she'd go to her garden, prepare food for her husband and then come back. In the evening when she returned from the garden, she'd come to a stream and take a bath. After taking a bath she would go home.

There was an eel that lived in this stream. The eel stayed in the stream and sometimes he'd go to the ocean. This eel had powerful magic. The eel stayed in the stream and watched the woman every day when she took a bath. So one day when the woman had finished in her garden, when she came to this stream and was taking her bath, this eel came to her. The eel came and lay on top of her.

The woman got so scared that she yelled and ran ashore. She picked up her baskets and things and then ran home. When she got home she stayed there until evening and then she went to sleep. And the eel came to her in her dream. It said to her in her dream, "Please wake up because I really love you. I came to you in the stream when you were bathing and you ran away from me, so I came to wake you up because I want to marry you."

This woman had a sister-in-law that was married in another family. This woman said to the eel in her dream, "We cannot get married because I am already married to another man." The eel said to her, "I can kill your husband."

The woman woke up and the eel said to her, "Why don't you build a fire and look at me?"

When the woman built the fire she saw this very handsome man, and this man was much more handsome than her husband. So the woman said in her mind, "I'm really going to marry this handsome man here."

That was when she started to hate her husband and she said to the eel, "Can you find a way to kill my husband? Because if you kill him, we can get married, but if you don't kill him we cannot."

So the eel said to the woman, "All right, I'll think about it."

It happens when a woman's husband is staying in the men's house and the woman is doing something wrong, a rat will come to the husband's food and eat it. This thing didn't happen to the man in the men's house, so the man didn't know that his wife was doing something wrong. So every night this man, the eel, came and stayed with the woman.

One night when the eel came to the woman he said to her, "The day after tomorrow I will kill your husband." Then the woman said, "All right." So they stayed and when it was almost dawn the man returned to his stream.

The day when the eel was going to kill the woman's husband, the men went fishing. While they were fishing, the woman's husband was staying in the middle of the canoe and he was holding a torch. While they were fishing outside the reef the eel came and killed the man.

So the men in the canoe returned the dead man to the island. When they got to the island all the men who were staying in the men's house were going to return to their own homes. So one of the men went to the woman and told her that her husband was already dead.

When they told her this the woman was very happy because now she was going to marry the eel. And that's the end of this story.

TALES OF SOCIAL CONFLICT

Tales of social conflict are most plentiful on the large islands like Ponape, Kusaie, Palau, Truk, and Yap. This is especially true of Ponape, with its complex title system and high chiefs or Nanmwarkis, who enjoyed great power. One still hears tales of the pre-Nanmwarki days when all of Ponape was ruled by the Saudeleur. One common tradition states that if one harvested even a lowly head louse the Saudeleur would demand his share.

TALE 25. THE HIGH CHIEF'S REVENGE

This harsh little Ponapean tale illustrates the great power that could be the Nanmwarki's and that challenges to his authority would not be tolerated even among next of kin. The

slain Nanewahn and Lepenmor who led the avenging warriors are referred to by their titles, titles which are still borne by important Ponapeans today. In the past Micronesians were famous for their skill with the sling. A strictly dramatic device is the sister of a high chief who would bring her children up in ignorance of her brother. Actually the sons would have had a very close relationship with their mother's brother in this matrilineal society.

A long time ago in a municipality of Madolenimhw there was a sister of the Nanmwarki who got married in another place called Long Takai. After awhile she bore many children. Her children grew up, but they never knew that she was the sister of the Nanmwarki. They had no idea where they had been getting such good food that came to them from Madolenimhw. They didn't know the reason why they had been treated so well.

At times the mother would criticize the Nanmwarki, but she would never reveal that she was the sister of the Nanmwarki. Her children would listen to her, and they had a wrong impression about the Nanmwarki. They thought that their mother hated him, but actually that wasn't so. The mother was just criticizing the Nanmwarki in a sisterly way.

One of the sons, the oldest, was a very brave and strong boy. The Nanmwarki was wondering why his sister's children didn't visit him, so he sent two servants over to check why they hadn't been visiting him lately. The two men set off. First they stopped at Lohd, and they had with them a lot of other servants. As they came to Lohd, they were riding in a lot of canoes. Then they passed Lohd and they went on to Long Takai.

As they arrived there, the mother saw them. The mother of the children, she saw these men, the servants from the Nanmwarki. She started crying because she hadn't seen them for a long time. As these men settled down to rest, the lady got the rest of her sons together and they made an *uhm*. As they were cooking, this oldest son wasn't there. He wasn't present, so they left a breadfruit for him, and they hung it up in the ceiling. But after awhile, this representative of the Nanmwarki, his name was Nanewahn Madolenimhw, was given this breadfruit, so he ate it.

When the boy came back, he asked who ate his breadfruit, and his mother and the rest of the children said, "We gave it to Nanewahn Madolenimhw." The boy was really furious about this, so he took a

rock and threw it at Nanewahn Madolenimhw, and it killed him right away. Then the rest of the servants took the man and they took him to where the Nanmwarki was, at Nanwei.

The Nanmwarki was really sad about it. He was in agony for a few days. Then he started digging a big ditch so it would become flooded and the island would sink. The news of Nanewahn's death was spread throughout the district of Madolenimhw, and all the people got together at Nan Madol on a little island parallel to Temwen. They got together and they made a very big feast. As they were feasting, the Nanmwarki was talking with his servants and his ladies. So they agreed to send word to the boy who killed Nanewahn Madolenimhw to come so they could fight. They wanted to fight with the boy because of what he had done.

Nanmwarki assigned Lepenmor to lead his fleet to fight the boy. As they came close to the boy's house, they threw rocks at it, and this invited the boy to fight with rocks, nothing else but rocks. Then after a period of fighting Lepenmor and his men retreated to a place called Lehpweltik. After they had got to Lehpweltik and they had stayed there for awhile, Lepenmor sent his strongest man to call this boy who was in Long Takai, the one who had killed Nanewahn Madolenimhw.

As the boy and the man were coming toward Lehpweltik, they were walking along, and the strong man asked the boy to throw a stone at a branch and see if he could break the branch off the tree. So the boy used his sling. These people used a sling that they whirled around and this kind of sling was very powerful. They used rocks with it. As the boy swung his sling around, the rock went and hit the branch and split it. The man was really surprised at the strength of the boy. They kept on throwing at the branches on their way to Lehpweltik; and when they got closer, the man separated from the boy and he joined Lepenmor's group.

They started fighting and the boy began to run out of rocks. He was using up all the rocks he had brought with him. The fight started to get stronger, and they reached a place called now Nihkawak, which was where the fight got so intense. When they reached Nihkawak, the boy ran out of rocks, and he started running away. As he was running, he would fly over the tall trees. When he ran away, the strongest man, the man who had brought him from his place, started following him; and as the boy jumped over the trees, the man went under them, and they kept on running. Finally the boy was getting weaker and weaker and weaker, until he fell down.

Then the strong man captured him and took him back to his companions. They had won the war. So they had captured the boy

and they wanted to kill him. First they took him to an island close by Lehpweltik and they took out his eyes. They cut off his toes and fingers. Then they built a fire and as the fire was burning down, they hung the boy over the coals, and the boy was really suffering. He was really in pain, because they had taken his eyes out. They had cut his fingers and toes off, and they had also taken out his teeth. He was really suffering.

While he was shouting and crying over the fire, the Nanmwarki would say, "Don't shout, because you have killed my brother, Nanewahn Madolenimhw." Then the boy replied, "I killed him with only one rock, and he was nothing to me."

But the people with the Nanmwarki didn't like the language the boy was using to the Nanmwarki. So they cut the rope that held the boy over the fire, and he fell into it and died. And that concludes the story.

TALE 26: THE MAN WHO EXPOSED HIMSELF

While island societies are marked by a high degree of cooperative effort, yet villages and islands maintain in their oral traditions accounts of small acts that led to bloody retribution. Ulithi Atoll is a complete society of a few hundred people, but it is further divided by the memories of past events which have set one small social unit against another. Why Hangoch chose to perpetrate this particular insult, especially against the dominant island of Mogmog, is lost in time. The willingness to wait long periods for the right opportunity to gain revenge is a common element in Micronesian tales of violence.

Once there was a canoe from Falalop Island in Ulithi Atoll that went to catch flying fish and returned. On its way back to Falalop, the canoe met another canoe from Mogmog Island. The canoe from Mogmog was loaded with men, women, and children. A man by the name of Hangoch in the Falalop canoe called out to the Mogmog one to come and get some fish for them, but the men in the Mogmog canoe told him it was all right, for they would get some fish on their own.

But Hangoch would not allow the Mogmog canoe to pass by without stopping by to get some fish. So the Mogmog canoe stopped

by, and then Hangoch got down inside the canoe and took off his loincloth. Then he came back up and told the Mogmog people on the other canoe to take his penis for their fish. The men from Mogmog thanked Hangoch for what he had done to them, and they went off.

A few years passed after this occasion, and one day the men of Falalop were planning a fishing trip to Pilelei. The men from Mogmog heard about it and prepared to go to the same island. When they saw the canoes from Falalop go, they went after them. When all the canoes from both Mogmog and Falalop arrived at the island it was dark. All the men from Falalop slept in the men's house, while the men from Mogmog slept beside their canoes on the beach. After the men of Falalop fell asleep, the strongest Mogmog men came to the men's house where Hangoch was sleeping, and they speared both of his legs so that he couldn't run. They broke his arms, too. Most of the Falalop men were killed, and then the Mogmog men took this one man with them on their big canoe.

They set the mast of their biggest canoe in the palm of his hand as they sailed back to Mogmog. When they reached Mogmog, they put him outside the foundation of the Mogmog men's house. People spit on him, urinated on him, and stepped on him whenever they wanted to. Now Hangoch's younger brother was married to a Mogmog woman, and he had a son about three years old. This young brother was very unhappy about what they had done to Hangoch.

One evening this brother took a spear and came down from his wife's house to see Hangoch. He told Hangoch he would spear him so he could forget his suffering, and his brother agreed. Therefore they said their last goodbye to each other, and his younger brother speared Hangoch in the chest and made sure he died. Then the brother ran home.

All the men decided to kill him for what he had done. He ran home and tied his son on his back, after he said goodbye to his wife. By then his house was surrounded by Mogmog men ready to kill him. He took another spear in his hand and asked his wife to open the front door. When his wife opened the door, everybody ran to that door, and he ran out from the back door. He ran to the end of Mogmog and across the reef between Mogmog and Sogoloi, for it was low tide at the time. When the men from Sogoloi saw him running and the other men and canoes from Mogmog coming after him, they ran to him and questioned him. He told them that there was a big school of fish stuck on the Mogmog beach. Then all the Sogoloi men ran to Mogmog. They met the Mogmog men, and when the Mogmog men asked them about the runaway man, they asked about the fish.

The Mogmog people got mad.

Then everybody ran after him to Asor. When he came to Asor and the men from the Mogmog-related part of Asor questioned him, he gave them the same answer he gave the Sogoloi men. Then he went on to his home on Falalop.

TALE 27: THE LOW CLASS BOY AND THE CHIEF

On Ponape and Palau rank and authority are associated with titles and in theory at least one can by hard work move up the social scale. On Yap there is a rigid caste system. Even the villages are ranked according to high and low caste. One is born into a particular caste and there he stays. Although the informant errs in calling the hero a slave, yet a low caste youth's position in relation to a chief is a very humble one. It is highly improbable that a boy of low caste would ever become a chief. On Yap most of the people still wear native-style clothing, grass skirts for the women and loincloths for the men. Ulithi Atoll is subordinated in the native political system to Yap, and many Ulithians have lived on or traveled to Yap Island at one time or another.

Once there was a low class Yapese youth who worked for a high class chief and his family as a slave. One day the chief told the young man to repair his house and change the old thatch for new; and on the day the young man started to replace the old roofing, the chief went off for a meeting in another village. When the young man climbed up to the very top of the house to repair the roof, the chief's wife went inside the house and looked up at the young man. There she saw his penis. Then the woman sat in the house and concentrated on the young man as he worked. When the chief came back and was outside the house, he wondered what his wife was watching up in the roof. Then the chief came in and saw the same thing and he became very angry.

One day he told the boy to take a bunch of bananas to a house in another village and he also arranged for the boy to be killed. The boy took the bananas and went off for the village he was told to go to. When he was about to enter the village area some men came over and attacked him, but he was able to defend himself. He then left

the bananas at the house and went back and told the chief what had happened to him.

So the chief again made arrangements for the same thing and then sent the boy to get him some fish from a stone weir on the other side of Yap. When the boy reached the fish trap he saw three canoes anchored near by. Again the boy was attacked by the people from the three canoes. The boy defended himself and got the fish but he almost got killed. Once more he returned and told the chief about what had happened to him.

On another day the chief asked him to take him over to attend an important meeting in another district in their canoe. The boy and the chief started out on the trip, and the boy was paddling at the back of their canoe, while the chief sat in the middle doing nothing until they had gone half the distance. Then the young man pulled out his weapon from his basket. He told the chief about what the chief had done to him in the past. Then he was going to kill his chief.

But the chief promised that if the boy would not kill him, from that time on, the young man would not be a slave anymore. Therefore the youth didn't kill him and when the chief died, he took over the family.

Meo's canoe has reached the end of its journey.

TALE 28: A COMPETITIVE FEAST

The days which saw village or island doing battle with its traditional enemy or the man of power working violence on whom he pleased are in the past. Today violence is an individual thing, usually tied to heavy drinking; and the complex of police, judge, and jail attends to such matters. But the rivalries remain, now seeking outlet in introduced sports or in the more traditional manner of food competition. Even on Guam with its Spanish-style fiesta still is to be found the competitive overtones, with a good fiesta judged by the amount of food and drink offered to the visitors. Elsewhere in Micronesia feasts based on huge quantities of food are very much in vogue. As this Trukese story indicates, the main purpose of a feast is to keep people eating, to give them more than they can eat if possible. In some islands the food is divided and much of it taken home, to be consumed there.

This is a story of two chiefs who were brothers. Likechmuocho was the chief of Losap and Likechfesir was the chief of Pis. One day they came together and had a meeting, and they talked about their future plans. One of their plans was that they would have a big feast for all of the people of Pis and Losap. Likechmuocho told Likechfesir that each island would decide what kind of food they would prepare for this feast they would have. So Likechfesir went back to Pis and talked to his people, and his people agreed that they would join Likechmuocho and his people on that occasion.

They prepared their food, and when the time came they were ready. The kind of food that they had was breadfruit, taro, pandanus, papaya, pineapple, and also fish. So those people of Pis selected the biggest and best food that they had and prepared it for the feast.

But for Likechmuocho and his group, the Losapese, he advised them not to prepare any big food, only the small ones. For breadfruit they prepared *onas*, small with many seeds inside. For fish they got *chifkufan*, which is very small. He also advised them to climb the *atol* coconut and pick them for the feast.

When that day came, the people came up to Losap because that was the gathering place, and they brought with them the best food that they had prepared. The people of Losap had also prepared the food that Likechmuocho had told them to prepare, and they took it down to the meeting place and then they swapped. Likechfesir agreed that the food that the people of Pis had prepared would be given to the people of Losap to eat, and the food that the Losapese had prepared would be given to the people of Pis. So they switched, and the people from Pis were complaining. They said, "How come you prepared this kind of breadfruit and fish and also brought this type of coconut? These are the smallest kinds of food that you've got on this island and also the worst."

But Likechmuocho spoke up and said, "Never mind, but you have to eat it. If we compete to eat up the food we have prepared for today, we will finish up our share, but yours you will be eating for a long time."

So the people of Losap started to eat the good food that the people of Pis had prepared and they were really satisfied with it. The people of Pis were trying to pick the seeds out of their breadfruit, and they were trying to pick off the sharp skin from their fish. When they came to the coconuts, they started to eat the edible part of the husks and then drink the juice and eat the meat. But they were very late in finishing that kind of food because it was too small and very hard to clean off the skin of the fish and the seeds of the breadfruit. Therefore

they were late in finishing. Then Likechmuocho said, "See? The food that the Losapese prepared for you is good, because you are still eating until now. You have eaten our food for a long time, but yours that you prepared for us, we ate in a few minutes and it is all gone."

So this is the story about the feast that was held between the two islands, and the people of Pis were complaining about the food that the Losapese prepared for them. It was not good. They were small and not delicious like the food the people from Pis had prepared. Therefore Likechmuocho and Likechfesir didn't have any more of those feasts from then until today, because of that one feast.

TALES OF MISFITS, TRICKSTERS, AND FOOLS

Of this broad category of traditional heroes, it is the misfit that is most evident in contemporary Micronesian society. Almost without exception the misfit is cast in this role through no fault of his own. Mental retardation, physical disability, disfiguring skin disease, decrepit old age: to suffer one of these infirmities is to become the Micronesian marginal man. At the best one's basic needs are met by relatives. On the average it means being ignored, and at the worst, becoming the butt of jokes and pranks. As for traditional tricksters and fools, these are the stuff of Micronesian folklore and represent traditional dramatic types rather than social types.

TALE 29: THE LIMBLESS GLUTTON

Two hard facts of Micronesian life are made in this Ponopean tale: the never-ending cycle of food production and the difficult position of the disabled. While ideally the old and the crippled are honored and cared for by their relatives, only too often their lots are miserable. The tale does not make it clear how this crippled boy came to be in possession of such powerful magic. In actual life the worker of magic is a person of importance.

Long long time ago there was a couple which had a lot of children

and the youngest one they named Lepinwodopwor. Lepinwodopwor was a crippled child. He had sores all over. His legs and hands were only stumps and he couldn't walk. He was a cripple. The couple always gave the responsibility for looking after the house to Lepinwodopwor.

So one day they set out to look for food, and as they were leaving the mother told Lepinwodopwor, "You look after our house because we are going to harvest some food for us." They would bring the food, build an *uhm* and cook the food. They would eat the food from the middle of the *uhm* and give the food from the outside part of the *uhm* to Lepinwodopwor. Now the food from the outside of the *uhm* is given to people who are nothing. It is a sign of disrespect. And they gave the food from the outside of the *uhm* to Lepinwodopwor because they thought he was nothing, because they said he had not done anything. They said he was lazy and he stayed at the house all the time. Therefore he should eat the bad part of the *uhm*.

So the same thing happened again and again and Lepinwodopwor was really sad, because he couldn't do anything about this because he was crippled. He couldn't walk. He couldn't do anything but just eat. So one day the whole family set out to go fishing and as usual they left Lepinwodopwor behind. They went out and they were fishing and fishing. In the afternoon they came back to the house and they ate their supper of fish. During that night the mother asked her husband, "What should we do with Lepinwodopwor? Because he hasn't accomplished anything. He can't do anything. He is a useless boy. He eats food and that decreases the amount that the rest of us will eat. And we have wasted the food too on him. So what can we do about this?"

The husband said, "Well, there is nothing to do, just to kill him."

But Lepinwodopwor overheard his parents' conversation and he was unhappy. The next morning the family set out to gather food. They were divided into two groups. One group would be fishing and the other group would go into the land to harvest food. When they left, the parents went out with the group that went fishing. After they had left Lepinwodopwor was thinking about what he could do so they wouldn't kill him, what he could do to stay alive. He was thinking.

Then he thought of a bad thing, but tragic. He rolled outside the house and he called, "Fly to me, my hands, fly to me. Fly to me, my legs, fly to me." As he was chanting outside one of his legs flew and connected to his leg. So he began chanting again. "Fly to me, my hand, fly to me." So one of his hands came flying through the air and connected itself to his body. Then by that time one of his

legs was there and one of his hands. He had one leg and one hand.

He thought that wasn't enough yet, so he started chanting, "Fly to me, my hand, fly to me." And his other hand flew up and connected to his body. He chanted again, "Fly to me, my leg, fly to me." Then the other leg flew to him and got connected to his body. Now he was a complete normal man.

Now that he was a complete man he started climbing the coconut tree by their house. He climbed up and he took all the fruits off the tree. Every single fruit, the big ones, the medium ones, the little green ones, he just cleaned off the coconut tree. When he got down he chopped the nuts apart and he drank and he ate. After he finished eating, his hands and his legs flew away from his body and he rolled back into their house into his corner.

After awhile his brothers and sisters and parents returned to the house and saw that all the fruits from their coconut tree were down already on the ground. They said, "Oh, all the fruit is down from our tree. We wonder who did it?" So they asked Lepinwodopwor, "Who did this?" and he said, "As you were going out fishing, as you were just out in the sea, a group came by and they climbed and took off all the nuts on the tree. And I couldn't do anything about it because I couldn't move. I kept shouting and shouting but they didn't care about me. What use was I? I couldn't touch them. I couldn't move. So they stripped the fruits from our tree."

Therefore the parents told him, "Okay. Now tomorrow you watch to see who these people are and if they come, you tell us." At that time they forgot their plan for killing Lepinwodopwor. The next day they all set out again. One group went out fishing and the other group went into the land to pick fruits. When they were gone, Lepinwodopwor again rolled out of the house and he started chanting: "Fly to me, my legs, fly to me." And both of his legs got to his body at the same time. He could walk but he couldn't handle anything. So he started chanting again, "Fly to me, my hands, fly to me." And both of his hands flew to him at the same time. Now he was a complete man.

He climbed up another coconut tree by their house and he chopped down all its fruits, all the young fruits and all the ripe ones. Then he came down again and he ate all the meat and drank all the juice inside. After he had finished eating, his hands and legs were gone again and he rolled into the house and he sat in his corner.

The parents were out on the reef fishing. They were waiting to see when their boys came back from the land and would start the *uhm*. The smoke from the *uhm* would tell them that it was time to go home.

The boys came back from the land, started their *uhm* and put their fruits inside. Then the parents came in from the sea and went to their house. They came in, put up their canoe, prepared their fish, and they saw what had happened to their tree.

So they asked Lepinwodopwor, "What happened today?"

Lepinwodopwor replied, "Just as you had disappeared on the sea, a fleet of canoes came by and the people came in. They climbed our tree and they took off all the fruit. I couldn't do anything because they knew I couldn't do anything."

That night after they all ate, they went to sleep. The parents were waiting for all their children to go to sleep first. After all of them, including Lepinwodopwor, were asleep, the parents were discussing that tomorrow they would hide and see what really had happened, why these people wanted to break their trees and take all their fruit. Why had this started? It had never happened before. So they decided they would hide the next day and see what really happened.

The next day they divided into two groups and one went into the land to harvest fruits and one, including the parents, went out to the sea to fish. They got on their canoe and they paddled a little way out and then the parents returned and they hid near their house. The rest of the boys went out fishing.

As the parents were watching, hiding behind a canoe and watching, there came Lepinwodopwor rolling out of the house. After he rolled out of the house he sat up and he watched and he looked around to see if people were around. But he couldn't see anybody around. Since he couldn't see anybody he started chanting. He said, "Fly to me, both my hands and my legs, fly to me." And at that time both of his hands and his legs got to him at the same time.

Now he was a complete man and he started climbing the rest of the trees. He climbed all the rest of the trees and he stripped off every fruit from the trees, all the fruit from the trees. As he was just about to finish the coconut trees, there came his parents out from their hiding place.

They came out and they said, "Oh! So you, Lepinwodopwor, were the one who was doing this all the time. You had fooled us, saying that a fleet from the sea had come and destroyed our tree. Now we know that you were the one that was doing this." They said, "We should have killed you before! We should have killed you!"

At that time Lepinwodopwor was way up in a coconut tree and suddenly his hands flew away! And then his legs flew away! He fell down, rolled over in the air, fell on the ground, and he died. That is how they got free of this mysterious crippled man.

And that concludes the story.

TALE 30: LETAO THE TRICKSTER

The informant, a young Marshallese schoolteacher, gave no indication that he saw Letao in his traditional role as one of the gods of the ancient Marshallese pantheon. Like many trickster gods, Letao once had his benevolent side and created many things for the eventual benefit of mankind, including such things as fire and the female genitals. But today only the scurrilous portion of his reputation seems much in evidence. The success of Letao's first trick is tied to the Marshallese love of fast canoes and the high status of Marshallese chiefs. Famine is a recurrent theme in Micronesian oral traditions, especially in those small atolls whose meager water resources make drought and famine constant threats.

Long time ago on the island of Majuro there was a man by the name of Letao. This man had some kind of supernatural power. He enjoyed playing tricks on people, and he didn't care how dangerous his tricks were. Most of the people during this time hated Letao for his bad deeds. Even though he knew that the people of Majuro hated him, his desire to play tricks on people got even greater. He began to fool the chief, stealing food, and some other things that many people didn't like him for. Letao was doing all these things because he wanted to show people how powerful he was.

One time there was a race for all the sailing canoes, and Letao decided to fool the chief. The chief had the fastest canoe on Majuro. Letao made himself a canoe, and his canoe was made of *kone* tree. This hard wood won't float, but on the other hand it can shine beautifully. When Letao finished his canoe, he showed it to many people. These people were really surprised to see such a beautiful canoe, because its body was really smooth and shiny.

Some people told the chief about the new canoe that Letao had made, and the chief was envying Letao. He had the idea that Letao's canoe would win the race. One morning Letao went to see the chief because he wanted to trade with the chief. He told the chief that he would like to sail his canoe and that he would give his new canoe to the chief.

So the chief agreed with Letao. He was in favor of exchanging with Letao. But before Letao took the chief's canoe, he took his canoe and set it on a big coral head in the middle of the Majuro Lagoon. The chief went with Letao to try his new canoe. When they got to the coral head, the chief got on his new canoe.

Before Letao took off with the chief's canoe, he said to the chief, "See, this canoe is really fast, and before you sail it, you have to have someone tie you down to keep you from falling off." Then Letao tied the chief so tight that the chief couldn't move. Then when the chief gave the word that he was ready, they pushed his canoe out off the coral. The chief sank to the bottom, but Letao sailed away.

The chief's followers were very mad at Letao. They gathered a fleet of canoes and went after him. When Letao looked back, he found the fleet was getting close. He got off and gathered rocks on the reef. He began to kick the rocks to block the fleet from getting him. Letao was kicking the rocks until a reef was formed so the fleet had to change course. Now on the island of Laura, Majuro Atoll, there is a closed reef way beyond the shore. This is what Letao did. And also in the lagoon there are many coral heads reaching to the water's surface. Letao kept on kicking off rocks so the fleet had to tack very often.

This way the fleet couldn't catch up with Letao because he was now too far away from them. He sailed to one of the small islands and he buried himself in the sand. He extended out his knee and tied his canoe to it. Then he smoothed out the place so it looked like no one was there. Later on the chief's fleet arrived. They tied up the whole fleet behind Letao's canoe and went ashore searching for Letao. After everybody disappeared in the woods, Letao got up and released the whole fleet and got away.

From Majuro he escaped to the Gilbert Islands. When Letao arrived at the Gilbert Islands, he made friends with the Gilbertese chief. Letao was living with the chief and the chief really liked him. During the time that Letao arrived in the Gilberts, there was a great starvation there. The people didn't have any food at all, and many people died of starvation. The chief was really concerned about the decreasing of the population, and he thought that Letao as an outsider might be able to help.

One day Letao told his friend, the chief, to gather all his people and tell them to construct a big *um* for the next day. The chief was really surprised. He asked Letao about the *um*. He said that the island was in a famine and there wasn't any food to put in the *um*, but Letao insisted on the chief having the *um* ready for the next morn-

ing. Therefore the next morning all the people got together to build the *um*.

The people were really puzzled because they didn't see any food and they knew that the island was in a famine. Nevertheless the chief told his people to start the *um* because his friend Letao told him that he would need the *um* ready early that morning. When the oven was ready, Letao jumped inside it and then told the people to cover him up. The *um* was really hot, and people were standing ten feet away from it because they couldn't stand the heat. Anyway they covered up Letao and returned home. By sunset they were ready to open up the *um*.

All the people of the Gilberts gathered around the *um* to see if Letao was cooked or not. When they opened it, Letao was gone. He was sitting under the coconut trees, smiling. The people were really surprised because Letao was still alive, but the *um* was loaded with many kinds of food. It was enough to divide among all the families. Everybody had enough to eat, and the next day they had to eat leftovers. They were really surprised to see such a miracle.

Then the chief asked Letao how he did this. He told the chief that it wasn't hard. Just jump inside the *um* and then tell the people to cover it. By sunset the *um* would be loaded with food. Letao also said to the chief, "I am only a common person, but I know you could do better because you are a chief. You have more powers, so you can produce more food." The chief had a great enthusiasm concerning Letao's power. He said he would like to try to see for himself. So he sent orders throughout the island, telling his people that he would want them to prepare a bigger *um* for the next morning. Early the next morning all the people gathered around the chief's home. Then they were ready to start the *um*, and this *um* was somewhat bigger than Letao's. The chief wanted a bigger *um* because his friend Letao had told him because he had more powers he would need it.

When the *um* was ready, Letao told the chief to jump in. While he was standing by the *um*, he felt the heat coming from it, and he told Letao that the *um* was real hot. But Letao replied that it was nothing. When he got inside, he wouldn't feel anything. Then the chief told Letao to push him into the *um*. When he was inside it, he started quivering and yelling. He cried out for help. Letao told him that it was all right. He said that the pain would be gone in a few minutes. So they covered up the chief and returned home. By sunset Letao and the chief's wives went to open up the *um*. When they opened it up, they found the chief dead.

Then the two wives started screaming and calling all the people.

They came running to see what had happened. When they found out that the chief had died, they decided to kill Letao. But Letao explained to the people that it wasn't his fault. The chief wanted to try but he failed. Maybe he didn't use his powers correctly. If the chief was smart, he shouldn't have died.

While many people still wanted to kill Letao, he told the people not to kill him, so he could help them with food.

So Letao's life was spared, and he was still living with the chief's wives. He wanted to marry them, but they hated him for what he had done to the chief. One night Letao asked the two wives to sleep with him, but they refused. They didn't want to be associated with Letao at all. During the middle of the night Letao went out and hung a palm frond outside the windows. When the wind was blowing on the frond, it made some very strange noises. When the wives heard the noise, they looked outside and they saw the frond moving in the dark, and they thought about ghosts. They had the idea that the chief was appearing to them. They got scared and ran to Letao.

They told him about the ghost outside their windows, and they asked Letao if he could let them sleep with him. Letao was smiling to himself while he was pretending he didn't like the idea. Anyway, he took a woman in each of his arms and they slept through the night, and Letao and the chief's wives made love. Then a few days later he escaped from the Gilbert Islands.

The end.

TALE 31: OLOFAT AND THE STOLEN EYES

Olofat was the trickster god of the Truk Islands and the surrounding atolls. Like Letao and other trickster figures, Olofat was also a culture hero, providing man with necessary techniques or helping him in times of stress. Yet most tales of Olofat stress his sexual peccadilloes, and Olofat was rigorously condemned by the missionaries as the equivalent of Satan. Kuttu Island is in Satawan Atoll in the Truk Islands. Sou Kuttu means Master or Chief of Kuttu. Malevolent spirits like Likechmwocho are believed to be cannibalistic and especially fond of human eyes and livers.

Once there lived Sou Kuttu and his son on Kuttu with the people. Sou Kuttu's son was very different from the people of Kuttu because

he could take out his eyes when he wanted to take a bath; and when he finished taking a bath, he would put them inside. One day he was out there into the water taking a bath and he forgot to hide them. When he was out there into the water, Likechmwocho was staying on her island and she saw something like rays of sunshine from the eyes, and she wondered what that meant. So she flew high into the sky and looked down, and she found that the rays came from the eyes. At that time she decided to take the eyes and have them for her lunch. So she came over to Kuttu and stole the eyes, and she took the eyes with her to her island.

Now when the son of Sou Kuttu came back, he tried to locate the eyes, but he couldn't find them. So he cried and the people came and they helped him look for the eyes. Finally the chief, Sou Kuttu, came and he told the people to look around to see if they could find the eyes, but nobody was able to find them. So they took this son to their house and he was crying, because it hurt. The air, when it blew, hurt his eye sockets. So Sou Kuttu was thinking very hard about where he could find the eyes, because he knew somebody stole them.

He blew the conch shell, and all of the people from Kuttu came, and he talked to them and told them that the eyes were stolen and if somebody could find them, he would give them some reward. But nobody was able to come up with any suggestion or where they could find the eyes. Then he talked to these old and wise people and he found out about this very wise and tricky fellow named Olofat. This man was staying near the taro patch, and sometimes people had a difficult time trying to find him.

So Sou Kuttu tried to bring Olofat into the house and ask him if he could find the stolen eyes. He sent one man to go and ask Olofat to come. When this guy went there, Olofat changed himself into a bird. Then this guy came back and he told Sou Kuttu that there was nobody there but a bird. Sou Kuttu told him to grab him, grab the bird and take him to the house, because that was Olofat.

So when he came back, Olofat had changed himself into a pile of manure. Then this guy came back again, and he told Sou Kuttu about the thing; and he said, "Never mind, just take that thing to my house."

So when he came back again, Olofat had changed himself into a human being, and he was there, staying near the house. So this man came to him and told him what Sou Kuttu wanted him to tell him. He asked Olofat if he could help Sou Kuttu about the stolen eyes, help his son, and Olofat told this fellow that he would try his best. So

that was all settled, because he was ready to start on the mission.

Olofat knew where the stolen eyes were, and he was thinking of some ways to trick the spirit and he would get the eyes. Now Likechmwocho, when she got the eyes, she felt that she would keep them for awhile; because since they were really good, she wanted to store them for awhile, and she would eat them later. She wrapped them in a piece of cloth and hung them around her neck to keep them safe. So that's what made Olofat's plan very complicated, because he knew he could get there; but it would be hard to take the eyes from the spirit, since they were tied to her neck.

But he tried. At night he went out. He walked to this island, and when he was near the island, he changed himself into a very good stick and then the stick floated toward the island. The next day, when Likechmwocho came out from her house, she came to the shore, and she found this stick. It was really good, and she decided to get it and keep it. So she went over and grabbed this stick and she was looking it over, and then something came into her mind that she knew it was this guy Olofat.

So she took this stick and threw it out into the water and laughed at that. She knew it was Olofat. So that day Olofat was not successful. He came back and he stayed there. He stayed on Kuttu and he was trying to make another plan to fool this spirit.

So at night, the next night, he walked to this island of Likechmwocho's. He climbed a coconut tree, and he took five or four of the coconuts, the ripe ones, and threw them out into the water. Likechmwocho heard the noise. She was worrying about the coconuts, because she wanted to have them, since the coconuts were from the coconut tree that she really liked. So Olofat changed himself into one of these ripe coconuts, and he took these coconuts to the shore near the house of Likechmwocho. The next day Likechmwocho woke up and when she was outside the house, she saw that the coconuts were there on the shore. She came down and took the ripe coconuts up. But one thing that she forgot was that she heard the noise of four coconuts falling down, but the coconuts that she had were five. But she was not aware of that.

She took them and put them outside the house. So she went around the island for the day, and when it was dark, she came back and she decided to sleep earlier so she could wake up the next day, because at that time she planned to eat the eyes. So she went to bed and fell asleep.

Then Olofat came out from the coconut, and he made some of his beautiful magic to make Likechmwocho sound asleep. He came

inside the house, trying to find the eyes. Then when he was near Likechmwocho he found this cloth on her neck; so he untied them; and he took them with him. He left the island and he went back to Kuttu. There he gave the eyes to the son of Sou Kuttu and he could see his way again.

Then the next day when Likechmwocho woke up, she was not aware the bundle was there but the eyes were taken away. She went around and then she realized that the bundle under her neck was lighter. So she touched it, and she felt that it was empty. And she went around the house and checked the coconuts and one of them was gone. She followed the footprints of this guy Olofat, because when he left the house he went straight to the water and left the island. So at that time she knew that she wouldn't have the eyes again because Olofat had them.

She cried and cried, because she didn't have the eyes of the son anymore, but Sou Kuttu and the son were happy when Olofat brought the eyes back. So they stayed there, and every time he would go out taking a bath he would hide the eyes in places where nobody could see them. After that they lived happily and that's the end of the story.

TALE 32: THE DISGUISED WARRIOR

Although trickster cycles are not found all over Micronesia, tales of cleverness abound. A favorite theme is that of the unattractive hero who reveals his true worth in times of need. Often the hero is presented as sore-covered and with an offensive odor. This is no doubt tied to the prevalence of yaws throughout the whole area, which when active cover the sufferer with pus-filled, evil-smelling sores, which can cause severe scarring. There are also many serious abscesses of the feet on these islands where many go barefoot over coral and stone. The ease of movement of the main female character in this Palauan tale gives an indication of the relative freedom that is a Palauan woman's. Such is not the case in much of Micronesia, where women move about over extended areas only in the company of their menfolk.

This story tells us why they have a beach in Peleliu which they call Ngiwal. Long ago in Angaur there lived a group of seven men

and people called them Tewid el Ketord. This group of men was very dangerous and sometimes they came to invade the island of Peleliu, because Peleliu and Angaur are very close together.

The people of Peleliu were weakened so that they couldn't fight against the Tewid el Ketord, and many people of Peleliu died because of these men. The people of Peleliu tried to find a way to fight against these men or how to kill them when they came to invade Peleliu. However, that group of men knew many ways of fighting during that time and it wasn't easy for them to get caught or to get hurt. So whenever the people of Peleliu saw them sailing toward their island, they wept, because they knew that some of their people were going to die. The people of Peleliu just couldn't stand to face those men from Angaur.

Then there was a woman from Peleliu whose name was Obirrir who traveled to Babeldaob. She went from the west side of Babeldaob to the east side of the island and the purpose of her trip was to try to find some brave man who could save the island of Peleliu from the group of strong men from Angaur. The last place on Babeldaob she went to visit was Ngiwal Village.

She saw a man on the beach there, and the man was pounding coconut fiber to use for making rope. She went to the man and asked him, "Do you know Ngirngemelas?"

The man replied that he was Ngirngemelas. Then she told him the situation of Peleliu. She mentioned to him the purpose of her trip around Babeldaob. After they had talked together, a marriage was performed between them, and they stayed in Ngiwal for a short time. Then they went to Peleliu.

When they left Ngiwal, Ngirngemelas took two small fish and put them on the inner part of betelnuts. He tied the fish on his feet. When they reached Peleliu, the people of Peleliu looked down on him. They said a lot of dirty words about him. They said these in their heart but not in their mouths. The couple stayed at Obirrir's house until the time came for the Tewid el Ketord of Angaur to attack Peleliu again.

The people gave the message to Ngirngemelas about the coming of the Tewid el Ketord. Then Ngirngemelas prepared himself and went to Teliu. Teliu is a part of Peleliu which is facing Angaur. Ngirngemelas went under a big rock on the beach and he washed in the salt water and got ready to fight against the group of men from Angaur. Ngirngemelas saw them sailing toward Peleliu. Now all the people of Peleliu came to watch the exciting fight between Ngirngemelas and the Tewid el Ketord. The people believed that these men were the

experts in fighting and that it would not be easy for them to be harmed.

When the group reached the reef of Peleliu, they anchored their canoe, and they started to maneuver on the reef. The first man reached the right position and he started to throw his spear. He threw the spear at Ngirngemelas, but Ngirngemelas used a piece of wood to break the spear. Then Ngirngemelas threw his spear and it hit the other man in the chest and the man fell down dead.

The rest of them also began to fight against Ngirngemelas, but fortunately they were all killed. After the fighting was over, Ngirngemelas returned to his house. He stayed in Peleliu for a short time after that. The people of Peleliu were very happy when Ngirngemelas killed the Tewid el Ketord of Angaur. Later Ngirngemelas returned to Ngiwal.

The people of Peleliu named the place where Ngirngemelas fought the men from Angaur Ngiwal. This is why we have a place in Peleliu which we call Ngiwal, because of Ngirngemelas from Ngiwal, who fought to save the lives of the people of Peleliu.

TALE 33: THE MEN WHO TRIED TO FLY

Tales of people who do stupidly outrageous things seem popular everywhere. Some of these accounts, such as this Ngatikese one, have at least some basis in fact, for I found these two adventuresome individuals well known throughout Ponape District. Moreover, the son of one of these bold spirits has been pointed out to me on Ponape Island.

One day Saperna and Seikep decided to go out in the deep water and fish with their fishing lines. They used Seikep's canoe that day. While they were fishing, they saw many birds flying over them. Saperna kept watching them and finally he asked Seikep, "How come birds can fly but people can't?"

Seikep said, "I don't know. Maybe people could fly if they had wings."

As they were watching the birds, Saperna then suggested that they go back to the land and go to their taro patches and select four big taro leaves for them to use as their wings. Seikep agreed to the suggestion. They went back to the land and went straight to their taro patch and each picked two big taro leaves to use as his wings.

They climbed to the top of a breadfruit tree and were ready to

fly. Saperna suggested that he would be flying out first, since he was the one who thought of that idea. Then Seikep said, "Saperna, I will let you go first, but don't go far away. You must come back so that both of us will fly out at the same time."

Saperna was very excited. He held a leaf in each hand and jumped out. Instead of flying around, he dropped straight down into a taro patch. He broke his legs, arms, and even his ribs. He was seriously injured.

Seikep didn't try to fly. He found out that the idea was a bad one. Of course, flying is good, but it's got to be with a parachute, not taro leaves.

This story happened in the latter part of the 19th century. In fact, Seikep just died about six or seven years ago. He lived longer than Saperna. Both boys were pure natives of the island of Ngatik.

TALE 34: THE FOOLISH WOMEN WHO DROWNED THEMSELVES

Common to many Micronesian islands are certain groups of people who have the reputation of being numskulls. One such group lived on Ponape at one time. This tale finds the women engaged in a common occupation, fishing in shallow water with dip nets. This is especially true on large islands like Ponape where the men do the gardening and do not fish as often as do the men of the small atoll islands.

This story is about five women. These women are from the municipality of Madolenihmw, within the Ponape District, especially from the part which they call Wapar. These five ladies went out fishing. And the type of fishing that they wanted to do was net fishing. They went out on their canoe during the night when the moon was full. They went out and found a lot of trash gathered on the sea. There was some seaweed, some wood, and some other kinds of trash that the current had brought together in a deep place on the surface of the water.

When they came up to this with their canoe, they thought they were hitting a reef. And they decided to fish over there. So as they reached there the trash was very extensive and thick, so that the canoe got stuck there. Then one of the ladies said, "Let me go and try first and see if there is a fish in this area." So she jumped out from

the canoe with her fishing net and then finally she went right through because it was only a gathering of some trash, seaweeds, and wood. But it was not a reef. She went through it and down into the deep water and got drowned and never returned.

Finally the other four women got excited, and they said, "Maybe there are lots of fish there and that made her stay longer and never return. Maybe she is enjoying catching fish and we are here, waiting with no fish in our nets. Let's go." So the four of them jumped out at the same time and they were also drowned, because they did not know how to swim.

Those people who were watching them knew the story, so they went back and spread the news that five women had got drowned during that night.

The other canoes which were fishing that area came closer and saw that their canoe was drifting and there wasn't anybody on it. They tried to search for the five women. Finally the next day they found them dead.

The people who had been fishing around that area had heard them saying that the first woman who jumped out might be enjoying catching fish and that was why she did not return; and then the other four women had jumped out at the same time to also go and catch fish, they thought. Instead they got drowned. So this news spread around in Madolenihmw and even all over Ponape. There is a saying on Ponape, "Pweipwei en Lepinsed," which means "those crazy people from Lepinsed."

TALE 35. THE FOOLISH NAVIGATOR

The Ulithians are great sailors and for long trips they get their bearings from specific stars, water currents, and other natural phenomena (see Tale 10). That anyone would be so ridiculous as to try to keep a canoe pointed literally at a star is hilarious to sea-minded atoll dwellers. However, such is to be expected of the people of Asor, for they are the numskulls of Ulithi Atoll. As indicated in this tale, a sailing canoe has its trained navigator who decides the course of action for the crew. The trip from Ulithi to Fais is a common one since it is there that the Ulithians can procure home-grown tobacco.

A long time ago the men of Asor, Ulithi, heard about the canoes

from the other islands in Ulithi Atoll, that they traveled to the island of Fais, which is about fifty miles from Ulithi. One day they went to the other islands and asked the men from the other islands how to sail to Fais Island. The men told them to follow the direction of a certain star.

And so the men from Asor went back home and put a big canoe in the water and they sailed for Fais. When they were about half way between Fais and Ulithi Atoll, it was dark and they saw the star which they were told to follow. Then the oldest man on the canoe, who was considered the master of the canoe, told the crew of his canoe to keep the canoe straight to the star.

But soon the star kept getting higher and higher as it came up above the horizon, and the master of the canoe would tell a man to go to the back of the canoe in order to keep their canoe straight to the star.

The same thing happened every time the star rose a little higher and so their canoe sank from the stern end.

TALE 36: THE SOAP-EATERS

The teller here presents a bit of history, the coming of trading and whaling ships to Ponape and the bartering with the islanders for fresh produce. Whether our heroes ate the soap is a moot point, but the story is one of many humorous accounts of early Micronesian contacts with the strange and the new. *Mar* is preserved breadfruit, yellow in color, odoriferous, and a Ponapean delicacy. One can also get sick from eating too much of it. The *nas* is a community house.

Long long ago a big ship came from America. This ship came to Ponape and entered the Rohnkiti passage. Many Ponapeans gathered different kinds of vegetables like papayas and pineapples and were trading them to the crew members of the ship. Two men had been hearing about these people bartering with the crew members.

One day they finally agreed that they would go to the ship and see if there could be anything they could get for themselves. Before they went to the ship one of them asked the other, "What should we take to the ship?" The other replied, "We will take some pineapples, papayas and coconuts. These are the things that Americans like very much." So they gathered these vegetables and put them in baskets

and went to the ship.

While they were paddling toward the ship many canoes were going back to land. One of them said, "Now it's very good. Not so many people are there and we will be able to barter all our vegetables."

One man's name was Kuroun and the other was Aron. When they arrived on the ship, the crew members welcomed them aboard. They did not know how to speak English. They communicated with the crew members with sign language. They were making signs with their hands because the Americans were smart and they could easily understand what these two were trying to convey. The two men were pointing down to the canoe. The Americans were willing to take the vegetables. One of the men got down in the canoe and brought up the baskets of vegetables that they brought. Then one of the crew members asked how much were those baskets.

The two men couldn't understand, so what they did was just keep on pointing to the baskets. Then finally the crew members brought over a big box. When the crew members brought over the box the two Ponapeans just kept on nodding their heads. This box contained just bars of soap. The two men got on their canoe and paddled back.

While they were paddling Aron called Kuroun and asked him to give him a bit of American *mar*. So Kuroun said to Aron, "Yes. It's a very good idea. Let's taste it and see if it's good. We'll keep it for ourselves. We won't give it to the members of our family."

Kuroun opened up the box, took one bar out and he cut it into two pieces. One of the two pieces was bigger than the other and Aron said, "Let me have the bigger piece."

Kuroun gave him the bigger piece and he started eating. He asked Kuroun to keep on paddling for he was going to eat. He said, "I'll be eating while you're paddling. When I'm through I'll take over the paddling and you come eat."

So he was eating and he got very messy from soap suds and Kuroun asked him whether it was good and he said, "Yes, it's very good." Kuroun then said, "So you better hurry up, because I'm hungry too and I also want to eat."

When he was about to finish the piece that he was eating, he got sick and said to Kuroun not to eat yet. "I got sick and it would be wise if you keep on paddling and when we land you can take your turn and eat." He got a fever and he was really shaking. "I got a fever from the *mar*."

So Kuroun said, "Okay, I'll have mine when we get back home." He was shaking and shaking until they came to shore. He was unable to walk, so Kuroun had to support him and take him to his house.

Kuroun went back to shore and got his share from the box of soap they brought from the ship. Many people gathered at Aron's house and inquired about what had happened. Both men said that Aron got sick from the American *mar*. Kuroun said, "We have a big box of *mar*."

One of the people who gathered there apparently had been to the ship and he knew what those bars were. He told the two men those were not *mar*. They are for washing. Aron was very sick. The ship left and they started using the soap for washing.

One day another ship came. They always prepared before a ship came in. What they did was build fast canoes because the fastest would guide the ship into the passage. The person who would guide the ship in would be paid.

When the ship came the people raced out, but Kuroun and Aron didn't go. They remained on land and when these people came back from the ship they brought in all kinds of food, like biscuits and salted meat. Kuroun and Aron saw these foods and wanted to go out to the ship. So they decided they would go out. They always were the last ones to go out.

They went out to the ship and gave the crew members the vegetables that they gathered and in return they got a mirror. This was a big mirror and it was in a big box. As soon as they got the box they headed back home. They were very eager to open up the box and see what was inside it. While they were paddling Kuroun asked Aron to open up the box and see what kind of food was in it.

Aron immediately opened up the box and he was opening it quite fast and tearing the box up. As soon as he opened up the box he looked in and saw his own image reflected from the mirror. He shouted and said, "Hey, this is a box of spirits!" So Kuroun asked him, "What do you mean by a box of spirits? Examine it well."

Aron said, "Oh, no! I'm not going to look at it again!" So Kuroun took a look at the box. His hair was very long. He had a beard. He looked scary. So as soon as he looked into the mirror he saw his own image and shouted and jumped into the water.

When Kuroun was in the water Aron threw the box into the water and that made Kuroun more scared. He shouted and swam as fast as he could and got on the canoe. Then they started paddling back home. When they were paddling they looked back and saw the box floating away. They asked themselves, "What kind of spirit is that that doesn't want to come after us and get us?"

So they kept on paddling until they came home and told the people that the crew of the ship gave them a box of spirits. The people told

the two men that that wasn't a box of spirits. It was a box of mirrors, something that you can look at and see yourself. Then one of the people paddled out and picked up the floating box. This box was given to the chief of the village and they hung the mirror in the chief's *nas*.

One day a man was baking some food to pay his tribute to the chief. This man was coming to the *nas* with a basket on his shoulder. When he came to the front of the *nas*, he saw himself in the mirror and he immediately got rid of the basket. He fell on the ground. At the same time the image also fell. He got scared and just got up and threw a stone at the mirror and broke it into small pieces.

The chief was angry and told the man that that was his own image in the mirror. The man was sorry and asked pardon from the chief and the chief forgave the man.

That concludes the story.

TALES OF UNUSUAL CHILDBIRTH

In this subdivision and those immediately following, relatives play the leading roles, for the family is the basic social institution in Micronesia, and the average islander seldom strays too far from the touchstones of family and land. This is one of the great problems facing the young, educated Micronesian. If his training and job call for mobility of residence, he must reduce his contacts with his relatives; and as a correlate of this, he will lose the use of, or even claim to, the family land. Tales which stress the value of kin are many, and plentiful too are those instances in which the hero is aided in his time of need by steadfast relatives.

TALE 37: IGNORANCE OF NATURAL CHILDBIRTH

This Ngatikese story would almost seem a numskull story, except that the tradition is Micronesia-wide that long ago birth by Caesarean section was the usual procedure until some outsider, human or supernatural, arrived and brought the knowledge of natural childbirth. The action begins with a folk-

loristic and cultural commonplace, the loss of a canoe at sea and its eventual arrival at some distant island. Nor is the hostile welcome unusual. The stranger with neither kin nor special resources could count on little sympathy in a strange land.

This story starts out with some people from the island of Pis. Pis is located within the Losap Lagoon. These people went on their canoe from Pis to Truk. On their way there was a big wind. So these people, instead of going straight to Truk, drifted away and lost their course, and it happened that these people went as far as Ngatik. Most of them died. Only a few were left, about three men and a woman.

The people of Ngatik spotted the canoe drifting around the island and the king commanded the men to take some canoes and go out to investigate the drifting canoe. As they went out, the three men from Pis who were on that canoe with the lady tried to attack the people of Ngatik.

So suddenly the men from Ngatik got angry and killed the three men, but the king asked them not to kill the lady. The name of that lady was Melewi. This woman stayed on Ngatik under the king's supervision and the king married her. So that king at that time had two wives.

On the island of Ngatik in those days the people of Ngatik did not know how to deliver babies. It was known to the people of Ngatik, whenever someone got pregnant her family would make a big feast, for that would be the final time for their daughter. The daughter, instead of delivering the baby, would die, because they would cut open her stomach, take the baby out, and the mother would eventually die. But they would try to save the baby by feeding it with coconut milk or some other food. So Melewi was there on the island of Ngatik and there was a girl who got pregnant. When it became time for her to deliver the baby, the family was crying, mourning, thinking that the daughter would die. Melewi listened and she was wondering, "What happened?" She thought the daughter who was to give birth to that child was going to die or she was dead already. She asked the king what had happened and then the king explained the situation to her.

Then she asked the king to take her to the family and let them know that she wanted to help them. She wanted to teach them how to deliver a baby. Then that time the king was surprised. He took his wife Melewi to that family and explained what Melewi had told him. So the family was really surprised and they really wanted Melewi to help their daughter.

Then Melewi came in and asked the mother and the elder sister of the pregnant woman to stay with her. Then they were three inside the house, plus the pregnant lady who was about to deliver the baby. Melewi started to ask the girl who was going to deliver the baby questions. She asked her whether her stomach was paining. The girl said, "Yes." So Melewi described the way she must act in order for her to deliver the baby.

Then suddenly it happened. The baby came out and the baby and the mother were saved. Then from that time on the people of Ngatik learned that to deliver a baby is not as hard as they thought, and they began to deliver their babies the way Melewi had told them. Now the people of Ngatik had learned how to deliver a baby from that woman.

One day Melewi got lonely and then she asked her husband to take her back to Pis. Then the king of Ngatik ordered some men to take three canoes and take Melewi, his wife, back to her own island. They went as far as Losap and they landed on the spot where there were no people. The people of Losap stayed on the other side, and the unoccupied place was the place where the Ngatikese and Melewi landed. Melewi told them to wait for her. She would go down to the people of Losap and ask for food in order for the Ngatikese to eat. Melewi went down and she got so excited when she saw some of her friends, her relatives, that she forgot all about the Ngatikese men who took her to Losap.

She then asked some Losapese to take her down to Pis. They took her down to Pis and she was there for some time. Meanwhile, those men from Ngatik were on the other side of Losap. Suddenly a man from Losap saw them and he thought that those people were trying to come and attack them. Therefore he ran back and called some men from Losap to go up and see them. They went up with knives, spears, and some other weapons to use to fight with those people of Ngatik.

When they got there the people of Ngatik realized that those Losapese were going to kill them, so they pulled their canoes down and started out to sail out into the ocean and return back to Ngatik. But from that time on nobody knew where they went because they got lost.

TALE 38: THE MOSQUITO LARVAE PREGNANCY

This Trukese tale is not too fantastic by Micronesian standards. Many clan origin myths are linked to virgin births and animal mothers, and similar accounts of magical pregnancies are common. Again the reader encounters Olofat, this time in his more familiar role of trickster. His brother, Semen Kanor, is the god of Wisdom. There is some confusion in this modern version of an old myth, for usually Semen Kanor is the older brother. Olofat's concern with his feces ties into the practice of sorcery and the belief that one is especially vulnerable if any portion of his bodily wastes should fall into unfriendly hands.

Long long time ago, there lived two brothers on an island and they were known as Olofat and Semen Kanor. They lived on one end of their island and on the other end there was a beautiful young lady. The two brothers lived on the island and they had heard about this young lady, so they came together and agreed that each one of them would try his best to win over the heart of the girl.

They really worked hard and finally Semen Kanor was successful. The young lady liked him so much that she agreed to marry him. Although she knew that Olofat was the brother of her future husband, she did not want to see him around. She criticized him and said a few things bad about Olofat. Despite her bad statements about Olofat, his brother married her.

One afternoon Olofat was alone in the men's house. There he was, trying to make some plans to trick his brother's wife. Now Olofat was a magician, so when he was through thinking, he had arrived at a plan. He decided to drink up the water and the coconuts so that the people would suffer. He left the house and went to the far end of the island. There he started to drink the water in the wells and the water inside the coconuts without opening them. He drank and drank and drank, and finally all the wells and all the coconuts were completely emptied out.

Then he found a small hole in a coconut trunk called *apwang*. Inside this small hole there was water. The water was too much so he drank some of it and left only a small amount. He figured that a person would use only half of a coconut shell if he wanted to have the water; and because of the small amount, a person wouldn't stop

to check whether or not it was safe. When he was through with the water, he changed himself into a mosquito larvae and got into the water. He stayed there for awhile, waiting for someone to find the water in the hole and drink it because he or she was thirsty.

Semen Kanor was in his house with his wife. He did not talk because he was worried about her. Then he decided to go out and look around to see if he could find some water. He went around the island and finally he came to this coconut tree and found this hole with the water inside it. He came back to his house and called his wife. They left their house and headed to the tree in which he had found the hole in its trunk. When they got there, he showed her the water inside the hole. He also asked her to drink that water so that she could live, and as for him he preferred to die in order to save her. He took a half coconut shell and put the water inside it and offered it to his wife. Unfortunately, the larvae was inside the shell with the water. She drank all of the water and the larvae. Then they came back to their house.

They were sleeping in their house that evening and the wife had a different feeling. So she told her husband that the feeling was a feeling of a pregnant woman. She felt then that maybe she was pregnant. Her husband was very delighted to have her pregnant. He even hoped and wished that it would be a boy, because he really wanted to have a son. His wife also hoped for a boy, too.

When it was her month to deliver the baby, she told her husband about it. Then he took her inside the house and prepared everything for her. He served as her doctor or nurse. He sat in the usual position and started to tell her to try hard. However, the whole thing was pretty difficult, because when the baby was about to come out, he held on the inside of the wife. He pulled himself up and after a long and hard fight, he was inside the womb again. The baby did that for many hours so that the husband stayed up with his wife throughout the whole day and night. They did not go to sleep because the baby was still inside.

The wife was getting weaker and weaker as the baby stayed down there. The husband lost hope for her because he could see that she was really weak. And the baby felt the same. He decided then to come out in the next try. When she tried it again for the last attempt, the baby came out. As soon as he touched the mat, he started to cry. He cried, cried, and cried and never stopped crying. He cried all day and all night.

The family had to stay up all the time trying to make him stop crying but they couldn't. They didn't have time to do anything except

sit with the baby. They never had much sleep nor did they eat much. They were losing weight as a result of their staying up all day and night. Besides crying so much, the baby had a lot of wastes. When he cried, he defecated at the same time, but his wastes were as big as those of an adult going into his forties or fifties.

One day when she left the house to throw away some of the waste materials, Olofat asked his brother to tell her not to throw the waste away on the land. Olofat instructed his younger brother to tell her to take the wastes and throw them away into the ocean. Consequently, Semen Kanor knew that the baby was his older brother. Therefore, everything that Olofat told him was done. He told his wife the next time the baby defecated that he did not want anybody to see their baby's wastes. So she would take them far away from the place in order to be sure that nobody could ever see them. The wife never suspected anything. She took the waste material and she would go out into the water and throw them away.

For the duration that Olofat was staying with them, the wife kept on throwing away his wastes. The wife was so tired that for a time she could hardly move her legs. She was losing weight and she was just fed up with the work that she had done and the many more that were coming.

One day the baby was defecating again. That time he was planning to show who he really was. She took the waste materials, and when she came back, she saw that the baby had changed. His face was Olofat's face but the body was small. She knew then that the baby was Olofat. She was very angry, but there wasn't anything she could do. Olofat had come out from inside her.

TALE 39: THE GIRL BORN FROM A BOIL

This is a remnant of an old Marshallese myth which served at one time to account both for the origin of a clan and of the banana. Moreover, it illustrates the plight of a man with neither wife nor children, but leaves unexplained why the old man did not turn to his mother and aunt for aid. Actually with the Micronesian tendency to call one's older female relatives mother, it is a matter of conjecture as to just what the exact relationship is in this tale. Severe boils and abscesses are very common in Micronesia.

A long long time ago there was a man by the name of Jorokwor. He was an old man, and he also didn't have any wife. Jorokwor was alone in his house, and sometimes when he got sick, there wasn't anybody to take care of him.

One day he became sick. There was a boil growing on his right thigh. After a few days he couldn't walk. The boil got bigger and bigger and it was painful. Jorokwor began to worry, because the boil got so big that he couldn't lift his right leg. The boil was the biggest boil that ever existed.

One day the boil erupted and a girl came out. Jorokwor was very surprised to see a nice little girl come from his boil. The girl grew up and became a pretty girl, and she was now old enough to help her father. She was now doing all the work because her father was now an old man. Then her father became sick and his leg was still bothering him. Every day his leg got worse until he was unable to stand or walk, and the daughter was now taking care of her father.

But one day Jorokwor realized that he was getting weaker. He called his daughter and told her that he was going to die. He said to his daughter, "If I die, please make my grave right under your window, and after you have buried me, then go and look for my two mothers at the other end of the island."

When Jorokwor died, his daughter buried him under her window. When she got finished, she started toward the other end of the island where her two grandmothers were living. She saw their house and went in. However, her two grandmothers were witches. They grabbed the girl and locked her in a room. Then they started to feed her all the good food. They wanted to make her fat so they could eat her at the end.

One day the witches went to check to see if the girl was fat enough to eat. The older woman said to the other woman, "She is ready now. Let's eat her tomorrow." They both agreed to have the girl for supper the next day.

So the next morning the witches gathered firewood and made an earth oven. The girl looked out through a big hole and saw the two women preparing the oven to cook her. While the two old women were waiting for the oven to be ready, the girl started to cry and called her father. She was crying like this: "Father, Father Jorokwor, why did you send me to your witch-mothers? Now they are going to have me for supper, Father, Father Jorokwor."

Her grandmother did not hear what she was saying. Then she started again, "Father, Father Jorokwor, why did you send me to your witch-mothers? Now they are going to have me for supper,

Father, Father Jorokwor."

One of the women heard what the girl was saying. She said, "Listen to what the girl is saying." The girl started to sing again, "Father, Father Jorokwor, why did you send me to your witch-mothers? Now they are going to have me for supper, Father, Father Jorokwor."

The two witches heard the girl and said to each other, "That girl is calling our son Jorokwor." So they released the girl and hugged her and kissed her. They asked, "Is Jorokwor your father?"

"Yes," she said. "One time he had a boil and when it erupted, I came out. My father died but he told me to come and look for you." The old women took the girl into their arms and cried. They were very sorry for the way they had treated her.

The next day they returned to Jorokwor's house. They found that a banana was growing on the grave. This was the first banana tree. This story took place on Woja, Ailinglaplap, and on this island there are many banana trees.

TALES OF LOVERS

Oceania, especially Polynesia, has long been for the Westerner the fabled land of romance where the making of love is almost a sacred duty. But by American standards, Micronesians are markedly decorous in their outward manifestations of the noble passion. The hand holding, kissing, and other such shows of public affection are noticeably absent. Rather, love making is a private thing, reserved for secluded places and usually after dark. The casual outside observer will find it hard to ascertain who is courting whom. Yet as this sample of tales will show, the path of true love can be rocky, even in the islands of romance. Wooers are spurned, lovers are separated, the rejected seek death as a relief—all in all, not a very different picture from that of the West. Only the rules of the game are different.

TALE 40: THE SPIRIT LOVER

This Marshallese tale takes its place with the many others that tell of the existence of spirits and their interest in the

affairs of humans. Throughout Micronesia it is agreed that spirits can bring one good luck in fishing; and since fish are a major source of protein in these subsistence economies, such a gift is highly valued. The informant was careful to point out that this was a true story. He had heard it from Job himself, who was his next door neighbor. The *nonieb* are woodland spirits that also steal children and are best avoided if possible.

Many years ago there was a good fisherman on the island of Jabot. His name was Job. Jabot is an island with lots of fish around it. This is a good fishing place.

There were two popular types of fishing during those days. The first one was *latib beu*. This is the kind of fishing that is used to fish tuna. Fishing places are deep and long fishing lines are used in fishing. The second one was *regeb*. This type of fishing is used in fishing for flying fish. Coconut shells are used as floats in this type of fishing.

These were the two most popular kinds of fishing among men during those days. It was like a big competition during fishing times. People made fun of any man who couldn't catch fish enough to load up his canoe during each fishing trip.

Job was a good fisherman. He loved to fish but he wasn't as good as the other men. The people sometimes made fun of him as one of the unlucky fishermen. Job lived alone in his home. He had been living alone for a long time, but one evening a pretty young woman appeared to him. The first night the woman was sitting while Job was sleeping. She was weaving a hat for Job and she told Job that she was a *nonieb*. She also said that she was a queen of Bokmej, a small island at the end of Jeh. The big city for all the *nonieb* is located on Bokmej. The second night the *nonieb* appeared to Job again. She was like a real human. She told Job that she was from Bokmej and she had come to help him because she knew he was the best fisherman on the island.

Every night the *nonieb* was weaving on a hat. She wanted to give the hat to Job. The hat was for him everytime he would go fishing. When the hat was completed Job took it and put all of his hooks in it. The next morning he went fishing and everybody was surprised to see Job first to come home. He couldn't stay any longer

because his canoe was overloaded. Now with the hat, Job became the luckiest fisherman on Jabot. People were really surprised. They asked him what kind of baits he was using, and he told them that he was using the same kind of baits they were. Now everybody on the island was talking about Job's luckiness.

One night the *nonieb* again appeared to Job. She made him promise not to tell anyone about the hat, and also not to mention that he was living with a *nonieb*. She told Job that if he should tell anybody about her and the hat, then he would never see her again. He would also lose the hat. She also told Job that if he would keep it secret, then one day she would become a real human and live with him forever.

Many people began to ask Job why he was so lucky. Every day somebody would come to Job and ask him why he was lucky. They also asked him about his bait. People were really curious about Job, and some began to think that Job had some kind of magical power that made him a lucky fisherman.

One day Job got tired of people asking him many kinds of questions, and he decided to tell them about the hat and his wife. He told the people that he had a *nonieb* wife and she made him a hat, and the hat was making him a good fisherman.

When Job returned home after he told the people, he found out that his hat was gone. He waited for that night, but his wife never appeared to him. Job was no longer a good fisherman. Until today Job is an unlucky fisherman. He will spend a day fishing and if he is lucky he will catch only a few but usually he gets none.

TALE 41: THE BEHEADED LOVER

Somewhat hidden by the low key presentation of this tale is the power of the high chief in aboriginal Palau. Many Palauan love stories revolve on this theme: a young couple in love are forced apart by the girl's being desired by an older man, usually wealthy and a chief. Since the parents have a great deal to say in the picking of their children's spouses and wealth is an important factor in arranging marriages, this theme of separated lovers often found voice in everyday life. Palau was also a place where headhunting was once part of

the cultural scene, and it made little difference whether the head was that of a man or a woman. Any head from an unfriendly village would suffice. This little tragedy is very popular among the younger generation and is spreading among young people wherever Palauans go to school.

The story of Surech, the young and charming lady of Ngiwal Village. She was beautiful and everybody loved her. She used to leave from her house and she used to go up to the jungle and there was a small hill or mountain. They called it Otulaibars. She used to come to this place. And when she came to this place she used to weave her baskets and while she was weaving her baskets she used to sing a song.

She did this in order for her boyfriend to hear that she was already up in the place so he could come up to the place and visit her. Everyday she left her house and came up to this place to weave baskets and at the same time to meet her boyfriend. This went on for awhile. She used to come and visit her boyfriend and they stayed there until evening; then she came down to her house while her boyfriend went to his house. They separated. Her boyfriend was from Ngkeklau Village, a small hamlet of Ngiwal municipality.

This story about Surech was very popular in those places because of her beauty. She was beautiful and everybody was talking about her all over the place. One day Maderengebuked from Ngaraad municipality, he was a chief from Nobukid, a small hamlet of Ngaraad municipality, sent the word to this fellow from Ngkeklau he wanted to see this man from Ngkeklau. He sent the word by one of his messengers to call this fellow.

When he came down, he came to Mad and said, "I heard that you wanted me, so here I am. I'm here now and I'm ready to do whatever you want me to do."

So Mad was very happy to meet this person and he said to him, "I understand that you have a very beautiful girlfriend, who is called Surech from Ngiwal. And I also understand that you used to meet her at Otulaibars. I wonder if I would be able to talk to the girl. Maybe you can bring her over so I can see her, meet her."

But when he was talking to the man, he said, "Yes, I will bring her over as soon as possible." But the young man misunderstood Maderengebuked and he thought that he said he just wanted him to bring the woman's head back.

When he left to Ngkeklau, he was kind of upset, very frustrated

because of his very hard order from Maderengebuked to get the head of his girlfriend. He came and he thought about this for awhile; and when he couldn't think of anything that he could do, he then finally made up his mind to meet his girlfriend again and maybe try to persuade her and take her head.

When he came over to the place, he met with his girlfriend and they talked and then stayed over on Otulaibars for awhile and he was kind of disgusted. So Surech asked him what was wrong with him, and he said, "Nothing, I just couldn't do anything." When Surech was about to sleep, he waited for awhile and out from his basket he brought a big axe which was very sharp. He was going to use it to cut off the head of the woman and bring it to Maderengebuked.

When Surech was really asleep, he took the axe and when he was about to cut the head off, Surech suddenly opened her eyes and said, "What are you trying to do? Are you trying to kill me? If you want something, why don't you tell me straight, instead of trying to kill me or let me go to sleep while you do something." She woke up and said, "You wait, I'll do something."

She first wove a small basket that she thought was big enough for her lover to put her head in. Then he could bring it down to Maderengebuked. When she was finished, she looked at her boyfriend, and she cried for awhile and said, "This is the end of our love affair. Maybe we won't be able to meet each other anymore and I want you to remember me when you go back to your place."

And so after she stopped talking to her boyfriend, she said to him, "I'm ready anytime. If you're ready you can take my head now, because Maderengebuked might be waiting for you."

And so her boyfriend stood up and took his axe and cut the woman's head off and put it in his basket and ran all the way down to Ngaraad, to Nobukid, where Maderengebuked was staying. He sent somebody to Maderengebuked and said, "Surech's head is here already. You want it?"

And Maderengebuked was really troubled because he didn't expect him to get the head but to bring Surech alive. But when he found out that he had killed Surech already, he really got mad at him. Maderengebuked told some of his people to chase him. So they chased him all the way to Ngkeklau and then they killed him.

This is how the story is told.

TALE 42: THE DOUBLE SUICIDE

Tragedy outweighs happiness in my collection, yet not all star-crossed lovers are doomed. In a land where spirits mix with men and powerful magic exists, the dead can return to life and love. The heroine of this tale from Woleai Atoll was justly suspicious of the laughter coming from the men's house. There Micronesian males often gossip in the most explicit of terms of their love affairs and the sexual performance of their partners. Suicide by impaling is a favorite story motif, but I have never heard of it in actual life. For that matter, suicide by any means is rare. According to the informant, the brother-in-law told the lie because he himself was interested in his wife's sister.

Long ago there was a man called Figirang who lived on an island. He had a girlfriend called Iletiyer. A man by the name of Tamitiwei married Iletiyer's older sister. These two women's house was located behind the men's house on the island. Figirang came to see his girlfriend at her house every night. Everyday in the morning the men in the men's house would talk and laugh.

One day Iletiyer looked down from her house and saw her boyfriend among the men. She began to wonder what the men in the men's house were laughing about. When her sister's husband came up from the men's house, she asked him what the men in their house were laughing about. Tamitiwei told her that her boyfriend was telling stories in the men's house about what they did at night. That was the reason why everybody in the house was laughing. Iletiyer was very sad when she heard that her lover told stories in the men's house about their love affair.

The next night when her lover came to her house to see her, she told him about what she heard. Figirang told her the truth and said that he did not say anything about their affair in the men's house. He told her, "Don't listen to anybody, for they might just want to ruin our friendship."

One day the men in the men's house were talking about the funny parts of their fishing trips and other men's work and they were laughing about it. Tamitiwei went home and when the women of the house asked him what the men were laughing about, then he told them that Figirang told the men in the house about what he and Iletiyer did last

night on Iletiyer's mat.

The next day the woman went to her taro patch and got some taro. She came home and cooked them. Then she went and got one copra. She made some coconut milk and put on the taros. She went down and stood behind the men's house and called to her lover. When her lover came to her, she gave him the food she had made for him. She told him that he wouldn't come to her house anymore and that the food she was giving him would be the last food for him from her.

Figirang tried to explain the truth, but Iletiyer wouldn't listen to him and walked away from him. Figirang was very sad and took his last food from Iletiyer. He went back to the men's house and lay on his mat and started to cry there from that morning until late in the evening. Then he went to take a bath and he took with him a sharpened stick he used for coconut husking and went outside the island. He followed a small path to where his girlfriend used to go and take a bath early in the morning in the sea water. He drove the stick in front of the path and set on the sharpened end until his legs touched the ground and the point of the stick almost came up through his skull from the ground and he died.

The next morning his girlfriend came to take a bath and she saw him. She thought he was waiting for her, so she went back. When she came the next time Figirang was still there. Iletiyer got angry and walked toward him, and when she got close to him she saw the blood. She came up to him and found him dead.

She ran home and told her sister what had happened to her lover. They ran to the place and took the man. They went and dug a hole and put the body inside. His girlfriend decided to die with him, so she went down in the hole and her sister buried them. So Iletiyer was buried alive and everyday early in the morning and late in the evening her sister would come to the grave and ask her if she was still alive, and Iletiyer would answer her from the ground. Everyday the voice coming up from the grave got smaller and smaller as her sister came to check her.

One day a spirit looked from Rayor Island, Woleai Atoll, and saw them at the outside of Sileap. The spirit felt very sorry for them, so he went and got his medicine and came to the grave before daybreak. He came and dug them up from the ground. Then he put his medicine on them in their mouths, their ears, noses, and their eyes, and soon both of them came to life again. The spirit asked them what they were doing there and they said they were sleeping. The spirit laughed at them and told them about what happened to them in the past and they thanked the spirit.

The spirit then left and soon the other woman came and saw them. She thought she saw their spirits, but they called to her and explained everything to her. The spirit came back to them and they invited the spirit to their home and gave him some lavas. Then they said good-bye to the spirit and he left them. The two women made a song about this particular happening and the wording of the song was taken from this story. As a result the people of Woleai still sing the song today.

TALE 43: THE SCORNED SUITOR'S REVENGE

Strong in this story from Satawan Atoll is the belief that a woman should never embarrass a man publically, lest he should turn to a magician and gain revenge through magic. Also explicit in this tale is the physical nature of Micronesian affairs. Lovers' rendezvous and sexual relations go hand in hand. Note too that the shame of the son is passed on to the father. There are few individual acts in this land of the tightly knit extended family. Anun Mwaresi, God of the Rainbow, is famed for his stealing of humans to whom he becomes attracted.

Long, long time ago on Satawan there lived the people of Satawan and they enjoyed themselves on the island, because they had enough food and so the people could live a happy life. On Satawan at the time there lived a family with their small boy and they never talked to him about the age of marriage and something like that. So this boy while he was still a small kid wanted to be friends with some of the young or older ladies. So he left his home and he tried to find a lady for him although he was still considered a child. He got to one village on Satawan and there he found a beautiful lady.

She was older than himself but regardless of the age he really liked her and he was thinking of having her as his friend. So all the time he would come to this village and just sit around trying to at least find or see her and then he would go back to the place where he came from. He really liked the woman, so that all day and night he would spend his time staying outside or near the house of the woman. Then the woman got tired of seeing this small boy and she wanted to tell him to go away from her place.

One day this boy was walking around her place and she decided to tell him what she was thinking. So when this kid came near her, she told him that he was a kid like a *kich*, a small fish, and she had

never seen a fish running around at daytime, because all of these small fish, they run around at night. So she called him *kich* and she told him to go to his father and tell him to make him grow fast so if he wanted to have relations with the woman, he would have his size matched up to them; because he was so small or he was just a kid and the lady was a young lady.

What she meant was that she was telling him that she wouldn't have relations with him because he was a kid. He was still small and she was trying to make him feel embarrassed by telling him that he was so small and he was not a match for her.

So this boy left the place without knowing what she really meant because he was still a kid. And he decided to go to his father and ask him about this thing that the woman was telling him about. So when he got there he talked to his father about the fish and his father was really mad because he knew what she meant by calling him the name of the fish. He told the son about the fish, the story behind what she was calling him, and the son was really embarrassed. He cried and cried for days and nights. He couldn't stop crying because he was really embarrassed. He thought that he was a grown-up but he was not, as indicated by the word or fish that the woman referred to him as.

So when he was still crying, the father asked him to stop but he couldn't. The father told him that he had a magic that could make him grow fast. So this stopped his crying and he talked about this magic with his father and they all agreed that the father would use the magic on him and make him grow fast so he could come back and see the woman again. So the father told him to lay down inside the men's house and to stay there for maybe three or four days, and while he would be sleeping the father would apply his magic on him that would make him grow very fast during those four or three days. They stayed there for three days and this father was applying his magic on him and then he started to grow. When he was grown to be the size of a young man, the father asked him whether he was satisfied with the size; and he replied to him and said, "That's not enough."

So the father used again his magic and made him grow again until his legs were outside the men's house, because he was really tall and a well-built man. When the father asked him whether he was really satisfied with the height he was right then, he replied that that was the size that he liked. So they stopped and they stayed in the house. While he was staying there his relatives would prepare some food for him to eat, because they didn't want the woman to see him. So he was just staying there in the men's house, never going out and

visiting the relatives.

One day he decided to go out and find the woman that called him *kich*, the squirrel fish. He asked his father's permission if he could go out and his father agreed with him, because even the father was really mad at the name that the woman called him. So this boy, who was no longer a boy, because he was a grown-up, decided to go out and see the woman. He went to the village that the woman was staying at; and when he got there, he gathered some information that the lady was washing clothes in one of the small wells. So he came straight to that place and there he found this woman washing. He went straight to a breadfruit tree and rested himself on one of the high branches, and he looked down on the woman and he called her name.

Upon hearing her name the woman turned around and tried to see if she could find him, because she heard somebody calling her. She looked around. She couldn't find anybody because she didn't bother to look up into the sky, high on the branches of the breadfruit tree. But she knew there wasn't anybody as tall and big as that. So she looked around and she couldn't find anybody. Then when she tried to continue on her work she heard her name again.

This time she looked up because this man was calling to her and told her to look up into the sky. So she looked up and she saw this man was resting his hands on one of these branches. She asked him who he was; to which this fellow said that he was the kid named Auo, the kid that she called *kich*, and now he came back because he had done what she told him, to go to his father and tell him to make him grow fast so he could come back.

After hearing this the woman was really scared because she didn't know whether this man was a real person or a spirit. But anyway, she couldn't do anything because she realized that what she had been telling this boy was not right. So this Auo grabbed her and put her on one of the branches. After talking to her he made love with her. Then after that he told her to go to her parents and tell them not to call somebody a squirrel fish. So this girl took her clothes and came back to the place where she came from. She was so ashamed that from then on she remained in the house, never came out.

As for the boy Auo, he grew up to be a very handsome guy with long hair. One day he went out swimming in the salt water and he was sitting on a very big rock and showed half of his body. And Anun Mwaresi was looking around and he found this man sitting on this rock and decided to take him because he was mistaken. He thought that this was a girl, a beautiful girl, because Auo was very handsome,

So he came in and just took the spirit of Auo and there Auo was dead.

His body laid in the water and it stayed there until the body disappeared. There were and are still some rocks which the people of Satawan believe to be the body of Auo. These rocks were piled up in a very good pile, not scattered around and they're in a long row. The people of Satawan believe that these rocks are the bones of Auo.

TALE 44: THE SORE-COVERED GIRL

This Palauan story is a medley of popular motifs: the poor old woman raised to eminence by a son of supernatural origin, the heroine afflicted with boils, the chief who could deny his daughter nothing. Again we encounter the Palauan emphasis on wealth and status, the Micronesian love of dancing, and the Western Micronesian fondness for betelnut chewing.

Long ago in the village of Aimeliik there was an old woman who had a daughter. One day this young daughter became pregnant, and she gave birth to a breadfruit. She complained, saying, "People bear real children, and we bear breadfruit." Then she threw the breadfruit outside. But her mother said to her, "Don't throw it away but bring it back to me, so that I can use it for a foot rest." So the daughter brought it back to her mother, who then placed it under her feet.

Now every day this breadfruit was getting bigger and bigger very rapidly. One day the old woman went to her taro patch. However, inside this breadfruit was a young boy who finally broke out. When he got out, he ate and ate, and then he just turned the house they lived in into a huge body of water, and he swam around in it. After a little while, he again turned this huge body of water back to his original home; then he returned to the breadfruit he had come out of.

At the end of the day when the mother returned from her taro patch, she found everything in the house in disorder. She thought it was really amazing, but she just kept quiet. One day she went again to the taro patch. However, something was really puzzling her, so she didn't stay very long. She got ready and returned home right away. On coming close to the house she heard a noise, and she wondered what was going on inside her house. When she came up to the door, she could see the young boy. He had already turned the inside of the house into a bathing place and was swimming in it. But this time there was not time or chance for him to change everything

back to normal and get back in the breadfruit.

He just stood there in the water and stared at the woman. Then the old woman called out to him, "Don't be afraid, because I'm your mother." Actually, this boy looked very handsome, and day after day he grew rapidly. Now the time came when the village chief, Rengulbai, was going to prepare a big feast and invite all the young people in the village to come around for the celebration. The chief was going to choose the most handsome man among the people of this village as his daughter's husband. Therefore the old woman and her son got in their canoe in order to come to the place where the party was actually being held.

The party had been going on for several days in the Old Men's house. Dances were performed by men, and other kinds of entertainment were performed, yet the chief's daughter couldn't find a husband. The chief then announced that the feast would be extended for another week. After the fourth day, the old woman and her son finally arrived at the Old Men's house, and they joined the crowd. While the mother was watching the entertainment, all of a sudden the boy got out of the breadfruit and sat with his mother. When he did this, the chief's daughter saw him, and she tried to come closer. But as soon as she did, the boy disappeared. At this time, about six days had passed, and still the chief hadn't chosen the man who would marry his daughter. Now the chief's daughter couldn't sit still anymore, and she kept coming closer to the old woman, the mother of the breadfruit. The chief's daughter finally sat down beside the old woman and asked for some betelnut.

While she was chewing betelnut, she asked her father to bring some more and also some pepper leaves. When the young men saw all this, they became angry and very envious, because they didn't want the chief's daughter to become acquainted with the old woman.

So these jealous men brought some betelnut already fixed with magic and they gave it to the old woman, urging her to give it in turn to the chief's daughter in order to make her sick. As they did this, they also gave some money to the old woman to please her, and her purse became full. Then the feast was over; people returned to their homes; and suddenly the chief's daughter became ill. She became infected all over her body with incurable boils. Everything seemed hopeless, and the chief then built a small hut in an isolated area and placed his daughter in it. Every once in awhile her family would bring the best food for her, and also the people who cared would bring her good food. But the chief's daughter was getting weaker and weaker every day.

When the old woman, the mother of the breadfruit, heard of this situation, she went into the jungle and picked some kind of leaves for making a medicine. She gave them to her son and sent him to go to visit the chief's daughter. When he came to the place, no one saw him, and he went straight to where the girl's hut was. She was asleep, so he woke her up. When she got up and saw him standing there, she said, "Go away because I'm so ugly now that I'm worth nothing to you." She said, "I hurt and I'm too weak to get up."

But he insisted and at last she got up. He took her hand and tried to walk her down to the water. He asked her to take her skirt off, and he made her sit near to the river bank. Then he brought the medicine and held it above her head and squeezed it hard, so that the juice dripped all the way down to her feet. Then he asked her to go into the water. When she submerged herself, all the sores and scars that were on her body were just healed miraculously; and when she stood up, she looked more beautiful than she used to be before.

As soon as she saw that the sickness had been already washed away from her body, she just got out of the water and walked along with him to his house, and they remained there.

The next day when Rengulbai and his wife came to visit their daughter in her little hut, she was gone. Then they followed her footprints to the river, but at the river they just disappeared. Now Chief Rengulbai's wife became very sad. She couldn't eat well, and she couldn't do any work. So she made an announcement to everyone, and said, "Whoever will find where my missing daughter is, I will give him a reward."

Everyone scattered around the village to search for the girl. Some even went as far as where the boy and his mother lived, and there they found the girl staying with the boy. Then they returned and notified Direngulbai that they had found her daughter.

On hearing this, she sent her messenger to go to the boy's home and invite both the boy and the girl. When they were brought to Direngulbai, she then agreed that they would be married. Direngulbai now ordered her messengers to kill pigs and prepare for the wedding ceremony for the boy and her daughter.

When the ceremony was over, they lived there, and the boy then invited his mother to come and live with them. From this time on, they lived peacefully and became more wealthy than ever before.

And this is the end of the story.

TALES OF SPOUSES

Few Micronesian folktales give more than a glimpse of Micronesian marriage as it is. Supernatural brides, undying love, elevation to high position through marriage, all this records that Micronesians too love tales of high romance. But the actual situation is far more prosaic. One's relatives often have much to say in the choice of a bride, and a successful marriage depends on maintaining the proper relationships with a host of in-laws, all with certain demands on time and possessions. Actually, divorce is quite common, especially in the early years. Plentiful, too, are disagreements, many of which precipitate divorce. Adultery is also prevalent with all the concomitant family strains. The tales which follow will often hint at this marital strife, but few will, like Tale 51, develop a common situation into a domestic drama which has a counterpart in real life.

TALE 45: THE UNDERSEA BRIDE

The extent of Micronesian mobility is to be seen in this Gilbertese tale told by a well-traveled Losapese, now a permanent resident of Ponape, and translated by an American-trained Losapese minister, also a permanent resident and married to a Ngatikese wife. The unwillingness of the underwater people to share their magic power is akin to that of the Micronesian himself who also guards carefully any esoteric knowledge in his possession. That the woman left her husband and son to return to her people is laudable by Micronesian standards. Marriage should not be allowed to separate the individual from his family of origin. Gifts of food from one's in-laws is part of Micronesian life.

A long time ago in the Gilbert Islands there was a boy who was very interested in fishing. One day he was working on his fishing spear and other fishing equipment, and then he decided to go out and fish. The kind of fishing he planned to do was to dive with

his spear. As he went out on the shore, he decided to go out to the reef and fish outside in the breakers. He went out fishing there.

About noon a rain came, and finally he saw a young woman swimming around him, but the woman didn't see him. So he tried to get a look at her and he realized that she was not someone from the Gilbert Islands. She looked strange and he tried to get closer in order to really see her. But the woman was wading straight in to shore, so he decided to follow her. While he was following her, the waves were at their backs, and then the man coughed.

When she looked after her, there was someone coming after her; and so instead of going in to the land she turned and ran, ran out into the ocean. The man tried to run after her but he couldn't because she was very fast. She ran out and the way she swam was amazing. The young man couldn't swim in the waves like her. She swam out and then went down into the water and disappeared. The young man came back to the island. He was almost crazy because he was thinking about her and she was so pretty.

He decided to go back to the ocean later to see if she would be coming again. He tried to remember the date she had appeared on and he memorized the month and the day. Then he went back to his house and he put in his memory that on the same day next year he would go out again to try and see the pretty girl.

When the time came he was ready and went to fish again at the same spot. While he was fishing, the rain came again and then suddenly the girl was also walking in the water. He was hiding among the rocks in the water and the girl was walking toward the land. So he went after her quietly. He went quietly, straight after the girl, and when they almost reached the land, he jumped and he grabbed her and held her. She was screaming and wrestling with the boy but he held her tight. He didn't want to lose her. While he was holding her, he was trying to tell her to calm down in order for them to talk. But the girl was scared and she couldn't do anything except struggle and try to escape from him.

Then when the boy took the girl in close to the grass on the shore, he shouted in order to get somebody to come and help him. Suddenly some people ran out to see what was happening there, and they saw them wrestling. The girl was crying and screaming, but the boy was trying to hold her tight. He told the people to help him hold the girl, because he wanted to calm her down so he could tell her that he loved her and he wanted to get married to her. The people helped him and they tied the girl's hands and legs so she couldn't run away.

During this time the girl was crying and crying. The people were really surprised because they saw somebody who was strange to their island. They didn't know where she was from because she didn't tell them where her home was. So the girl was tied and they placed her in a beautiful Gilbertese house and then the young man told the people that the girl would be his wife. The people realized that this was right because he was the one who caught the girl first, so they let him marry her.

But first the boy asked the girl where she came from. The girl said, "I came from under the water."

She asked the boy to release her but he said, "No, I want you to be my wife. Therefore I won't release you." During the night the girl said, "All right, I'll be your wife, so why don't you untie my hands and legs?"

The boy replied, "Give me some proof that you won't escape;" and she told him, "There is nothing to say, but I will tell you that I'll stay with you and I will not run away from you. Before I have to go, I'll tell you. But at the present I will obey you, and I agree that you and I will be married."

Then the boy was very happy and he untied her. So they stayed together for a long time and after two or three months the girl got pregnant and then bore a baby boy. They took good care of the baby until he grew up to sixteen or seventeen years of age.

By that time the girl got homesick and she really wanted to go back and see her parents and also her sisters and brothers. A lot of her time she spent thinking about her parents under the sea, and she didn't know what to do because she had fallen in love with the man, her husband, and besides that she had borne him a son. But something came up in her feelings. Whenever her husband talked to her, she didn't answer him in a good manner, to comfort him or make him feel that she loved him. But instead she would answer him in a voice that would make him feel that she was angry or mad at him.

Then one day the man asked her, "What has happened? We were fine when we started out in our marriage. What has happened to you? Are you changing your mind or is there somebody else that you are interested in?"

The wife replied, "No. I'm not interested in anybody besides you, you alone. You are my husband and there will be nobody else besides you. But the thing is I'm homesick. I want to go back to my own island."

And the man said, "How can you go without me and our son? If you go, we all have to go."

Then the wife said, "It's all right with me if you two want to come along. I'll take you."

Then the man said, "Well, you have to promise me something before you take me to your island."

She replied, "What is it? What is it you want me to promise you?"

Then her husband said to her, "Promise me that you will love me and never change your mind when we get to your home."

And the wife replied, "I promise you that I will love you forever and I will never change my mind. Nobody will ever break our marriage, except that I am homesick for my parents and my sisters and brothers. I only want to see them."

Then the man decided to take her to her own island and they planned to go and have a visit with her parents. So the girl went around the island and gathered some leaves to use as medicines to place on the bottoms of their feet. When they put the medicine under their feet they started to walk out on the other side of the island along the shore and then out into the water. They went straight out into the ocean and instead of walking on the reef they were walking on the water. They did not sink down, even on the big waves. They jumped on them and walked over the waves.

Then when they reached the deep place outside the reef, the woman had to say something, and the words that she used nobody knows, up to today. Even her husband didn't catch them and learn them. When she finished saying her spell, they sank down and the three of them finally landed on the shore of her island.

Two of her sisters were outside their house, near to the shore, looking out into the ocean. They saw them at a far distance, coming toward the house, and the girls went in and said, "Father, we have visitors."

The man got up and went down to the shore and he saw the girl. He said, "This girl is almost like my daughter."

And they replied, "Yes, maybe this is your daughter. But how come there are two others coming after her?" They were talking and the girl, her husband, and son came closer to the house.

After a minute they reached the house and the people saw that she was one of them. She was the daughter that got lost and they had been looking for and they had thought that she had died some place. The people, especially the parents, were really happy that they had the girl, her husband, and the son with them. They stayed there with the girl's parents under the sea, and while they were staying there, they found out that the people there were many.

Then a time came that they decided to have a feast to honor the

daughter, her husband, and her son for their coming to that island. So the people brought food and made the feast; then the people came and enjoyed eating the food and enjoyed meeting the girl, the husband, and the son. They stayed there for a long time and then the husband got homesick and decided to go back again to his own island in the Gilberts.

So he told his wife that he wanted to go back and if it was all right for her to ask her parents to let them go. The girl told her parents and they said, "Well, it's all right if your husband wants to go back to his own island. We will let you go." Then the father asked all the people on that island to bring food for his daughter and her husband to take with them up to the island in the Gilberts. When they brought the food together, lots of food was piled up. Then the man asked his wife, "What's happened? How can we carry all this food? Why didn't you tell your father not to ask for food? We have lots of food up there. And how can we carry this food without a canoe?" Then the girl went to her father and told him what her husband said.

So the man went down to the shore and took a piece of stick with him and then drew a canoe on the sand. After he drew the canoe, he kicked the sand and it was kicked off the shore into the water. Suddenly a beautiful canoe was there in the water. Then the husband saw it and it was a big and very good canoe. So they placed the food in the canoe, and before they started on their journey, the father told his daughter to take her son and her husband back to their island and let them stay.

But he asked his daughter to come back to her own island, because it wasn't good for those people who live under the water to live with those people who live above the surface. He told her that even her son would not come back down. Only herself. They wanted her to take her husband and son back to their place in the Gilberts. She asked to bring her son back, but her father said, "No, if you bring your son back, he will learn these medicines that we have. The medicines that we don't want him to learn are the ones that enable us to walk around on the sea or to go up to their islands or go around to any place we want to go. This is the medicine we don't want him to know. If he learned to use them he might teach them to those people on those islands and they might come down and stay with us. But we don't want to be associated with them."

So that was the story of what happened to the girl, her son, and her husband. She took them up to the surface of the water and let them stay on their own island. Then she said good-bye, and told them,

"I am leaving because my father and mother want me to return and stay with them. But you cannot come with me because you people and us, we cannot stay together, and we cannot associate with each other. This is against our rules and our customs. It's fine that you have a son by me and please take good care of him."

Then she said good-bye and went straight out in the ocean and sank down in the water and went back to her island. And that ends the story of the girl from under the sea and the boy from the Gilbert Islands.

TALE 46: THE HEAVENLY BRIDE

While this particular Ulithian story is considered fiction, there are a number of clans which trace their ancestry to marriages between celestial beings and humans and attribute knowledge of magic and medicine to these supernatural associations. This tale presents the practice of the sharing of the day's catch and the islander's love of a fresh water bath after a day at sea. Ulithi is an atoll where dancing is still an art, and prestige is his who shows excellence in performance. Dancers deck themselves out with coconut leaves, feathers, and in the past, bracelets made of shells. When a Micronesian says he wishes to "talk" to a woman, it is assumed that he would like to make sexual advances.

Long long ago there was a man called Sibegewo. He had a bag. He lived in the heaven, and he always carried his bag on his back. His bag was full of only beautiful women. Sibegewo had carried the bag on his back for such a long time that the handle was rotten.

One day the rotten handle of Sibegewo's bag broke and slipped from Sibegewo's hands and fell down to earth on an island beside a pool where men from the island came to take their baths. All the young men had gone to fish that day. In the afternoon when the men came from fishing and went to the water to take their baths, they saw the huge bag beside the pool. The men opened the bag and saw the beautiful women in the bag. Each one of them took one of the ladies in the bag for his wife. Then they all took a bath in the pool and went down to their village, and the news spread all over the island.

There was one young man who had not returned yet from fishing.

All the returned fishermen put all the fish they caught in one pile and waited for the other canoe to bring the fish he had caught with the others and then they would distribute them to everyone on the island. When the last canoe arrived, people of the island laughed about the young man for arriving so late that he didn't have a wife from the bag that had fallen from heaven. The boy was ashamed and went to the water by himself. He saw the bag there and he took a stick and stuck it in the bag and felt something moving in it. He cleared out the dirt in the bag and saw a woman lying at the very bottom.

He took her out from the dirty bag and gave her a bath. After they took a bath, they went home. The lady was the most beautiful one among all the women taken out from the bag, and as they walked in the road everybody on the island was surprised at how beautiful the woman was. The chief of the island saw the young man's wife and really loved her.

So about two days later, the chief blew his shell horn and every man came to the men's house for a meeting. At the meeting the chief told them that they would start to practice their dancing. So every man on the island began to work on their dances. They were all there getting ready for the celebration. One day the chief told the young man who had married the most beautiful woman from the bag that every man on the island was doing fine in the dances except him. The chief told him he would have to have as good a dance as the rest of the dancers by the next time they met. The young man went back to his home which was located at the end of the island and he told his wife of what the chief told him.

Then his wife said to him that there must be something behind what the chief told him. So his wife taught him how to dance that night and on the next day he did a much better dance than all the rest of the dancers. The chief now knew he was good in dancing, and he told him that he would be the one to provide all the dancers with young, white coconut leaves which would be dried on the fire.

When he went home and told his wife, the wife warned him about what the chief told him and then she told him what to do. So the young man gathered some coconut shells and built a fire. Then the woman gathered some grass leaves and dried them on the fire. After awhile the grass leaves changed to young, white coconut leaves, enough for all the dancers. The next day he brought them to the chief. Then the chief told him to go and gather by himself enough black feathers of the frigate bird for the decoration of all the dancers.

Again he went home and told his wife about it. Then his wife

said to him that the chief planned to have him leave the island so that he could talk to her. His wife built a fire and tied two green coconut leaves on a pole and put it on the fire and soon black feathers were piled up beside the fire. On the next day the man brought them to the chief. Again the chief ordered him to make by himself enough trochus shell bracelets for all the dancers to wear.

The man went home and told his wife about his new task. His wife then collected some coconut shells and turned them into shiny trochus shell bracelets and took them to the chief. The chief was angry because the husband could provide whatever he ordered him to provide without going away from the island.

Finally he told the man to go get enough white feathers from the egret for the decorations of all the dancers. So the man went home again and told his wife. But this time his wife told him that she couldn't help him to get such feathers. The young man became very sad. He brought enough food for his wife to the house. He told his wife to just stay in the house until he came back, for he would have to go to get some egret feathers from a distant island. Before he left, the chief told him that he could not return to the island without the feathers, so he left. He went to another island and asked the people there how he could get to the island where he could find some feathers of the egret.

One night after the husband had left his island, the chief came to his house. He knocked on the door but the woman wouldn't let him in. The next night the chief came and climbed to the top of the house and came in through the roof. Just before he came in, the woman changed herself into a lizard and hid under the foundation of the house. The chief could not find her, so he came outside and went back and told the dancers to stop the dance.

The woman crawled into a piece of bamboo stick and drifted to the island where her husband was staying. The young man couldn't go to the island where the feathers were because the people warned him of how dangerous the island was. But he was afraid to go back to his own island without the feathers. He was very homesick and he decided not to eat so that he would die. He was staying in the men's house. The piece of bamboo floated near the beach where a woman was taking a bath and she saw the bamboo drifting toward her.

Everytime she pushed the bamboo stick off it would come back to her, so she picked it up and started to throw it at a rock. But the woman inside the bamboo told her not to throw her down. The girl was really surprised as the wife came out from the bamboo. She went and stayed with the woman from the island at her home.

Then the wife heard about the young man who had decided not to eat and she knew that was her husband. So she cooked some food and took it up to him. Then he started to eat and they stayed there on that island.

Meo's canoe has reached the end of its journey.

TALE 47: THE COUNTERFEIT SPOUSE

Spirits are held capable of assuming the appearance of humans, usually with unhappy results; and there are numerous spirit-haunted spots on Micronesian islands that are avoided. Many island tales have their beginning in individuals who go to such dangerous places and indulge in taboo activities, thus putting themselves under the power of spirits. When the false wife indicated she wished to eat her fish raw, she revealed a malevolent spirit's liking for raw flesh. The reciprocal delousing is very much a part of Micronesian behavior. After bathing, Micronesians often rub their bodies down with ripe coconut meat in order to oil their skins. Just where the hero of this Marshallese tale obtained his magic powers is not made plain. As is often the case, the translator could not translate the chant.

Once a long time ago there was a man by the name of Jemediknene. He lived on Imrodj, an island of Jaluit Atoll. Jemediknene had a beautiful wife with him. They lived in Majankul, on Imrodj.

Every day Jemediknene and his men would go fishing near Lijeron all the way up to Pingelap. These men had been fishing in this area for many years. But one morning before the men were going fishing, Jemediknene said to his wife, "Do not wash your hands in the pond that is in the middle of the island. You are to wash your hands in salt water only." The wife heard everything the husband told her, but she did not know for what reason.

After Jemediknene told his wife about what to do and what not to do they launched their canoes and sailed away. They sailed to their fishing place near Lijeron and Pingelap. When they had caught lots of fish, they set sail again and headed home.

When they arrived at Imrodj, the wife came to meet them. She took the fishes and cooked them for supper. When she finished she called the men and everybody ate and then retired for the night.

The next morning Jemediknene and his men launched their canoes, but before they sailed away, Jemediknene reminded his wife about the pond.

The canoes raised their sails and headed to their fishing spot. While they were gone the wife became curious about the pond. She ate some fish and then went to wash her hands in the pond. After she washed her hands, she clapped them, and at that very moment a woman spirit sprang out from the pond and sat beside her. The spirit disguised herself to look exactly like Jemediknene's wife. Then they both went to the shore and waited for Jemediknene and his men to return.

When the men arrived, they saw that two women were sitting on the beach waiting for them. When Jemediknene saw them he was very angry. He said to his wife, one of the women, "I told you not to do it, but now look what has happened to us." Jemediknene and his men couldn't tell which was the spirit and which was the real wife. Then Jemediknene began to ask the two women which one was his wife.

The real wife answered first. She said, "Here I am, your real wife."

Then the spirit said, "She is lying; I am your wife."

"She is lying. I am your wife and she is a spirit," the real wife said. They argued back and forth but Jemediknene couldn't distinguish them apart at all. They looked exactly the same.

Jemediknene decided to get rid of the spirit. He prepared a big log and put his real wife on it and put it in the ocean to drift away. He thought that he had got rid of the spirit, but it was his real wife. So the log drifted away and landed at Kili. The wife was already pregnant and she lived on Kili and gave birth to a son.

The boy grew up on Kili with his mother. When he was old enough, he gathered some men to help him build a canoe. Jemediknene was still on Imrodj. When the canoe on Kili was completed, the boy and his men launched it and sailed away. They sailed to Jemediknene's fishing place, near Lijeron and Pingelap. Later when Jemediknene's canoe came to the place, they saw the other canoe. Then the crew called to the other canoe, "What canoe is that?"

"North by south," the boys in the other canoe answered.

Jemediknene's men said, "Why do you talk nonsense?"

"Why not? We want to," the boys answered.

Then Jemediknene's men said, "You are talking like that. Do you know where Jemediknene is?"

The boys replied, "He is hiding under the mats."

"How do they know?"

"Why shouldn't we know?"

Then Jemediknene's men said, "Let us move closer to see who these men are."

When Jemediknene's canoe moved closer, the boy jumped to the stern of his canoe. He grasped the paddle and sang a chant. He chanted, "Puk-jel-puk-jel puk Li bedelua-Jarom Jebel jako." His canoe disappeared and the other men couldn't see it at all.

Jemediknene and his men began to ask each other about what happened to the other canoe, but none of them could tell what had happened. Then Jemediknene said to his men, "Let us go back home now and come back tomorrow to find out more about the unidentified canoe." They all liked the idea.

When they arrived home, the wife came to meet them. Jemediknene gave her the fish and said, "Cook some for us now!" Then she said, "Why cook? Let us eat." When Jemediknene heard the woman, he thought to himself that he had got rid of his real wife and he was living with the spirit.

The next day the men launched their canoe and sailed to the same place. Jemediknene decided to stay home with his wife because he really wanted to find out if she was the real wife.

Jemediknene stayed home but his men sailed away. When they came to the fishing place, they saw the same canoe. Then they shouted to the unidentified canoe, "What canoe is that?"

The boys replied, "North by south."

"Why are you talking like that. Do you know where Jemediknene is?"

"We say he stayed home."

"How do they know?"

"Why shouldn't we know?"

Then Jemediknene's men said, "Get close to that canoe so we can find out who these men are." When they moved closer the boy jumped to the stern of his canoe and grasped the paddle. Then he sang, "Puk-jel-puk-jel puk Li bedelua-Jarom Jebel jako." The canoe disappeared again and no one knew where it went.

On the island Jemediknene and the woman waited for the fishermen to return. While they were waiting, Jemediknene said to his wife, "Come and remove lice from my hair." She moved closer and began to remove the lice from Jemediknene's head. She deloused Jemediknene for awhile; then she asked him to delouse her, so he did. When he began to delouse her, she said to him, "Please do not get close to the back of my head, because it hurts right there." Jemediknene deloused his wife for awhile and she slept. When she was really asleep, Jemediknene deloused down to the back of her head. When he sepa-

rated the hair, he saw a mouth with some sharp teeth sticking out. He leaped into the air. He was really scared. He gathered all the dry leaves and wood and covered the house. He then lit the fire. The fire burned the house and the spirit died with the fire.

The next day he went fishing with his men. They saw the same canoe again and followed it all the way to Kili.

When they arrived at Kili Jemediknene's son was bathing himself and he was using half of a ripe coconut. Jemediknene went to talk to him. He asked him, "Who is your mother?" and the boy told him. Then he said, "Who is your father?"

"Jemediknene," the boy answered. Then he put his arms around his son and cried. The wife came and found her husband.

Then Jemediknene and his wife and their son lived on the island of Kili after that.

TALE 48: THE WOODEN BRIDE

Beneath the humor in this Yapese tale, one glimpses the stress that can build up in Micronesian marriages. Spouses do not promise to forsake all others. They cleave to their kin and take their part in inter-family quarrels, which often enough lead to separation and divorce. The *marfa* is the black string that Yapese women wear around their necks. Yelfath nii gwa is Big Yelfath, the Yapese high god. Yelfath nii chig is Little Yelfath. Most often the tale of Big and Little Yelfath is concerned with Little Yelfath's hostile reception when he first arrives in heaven.

Namgey was pregnant, so they took her to the women's house. At this time, while she was restricted to the women's house, Yelfath nii gwa had a son whose name was Yelfath nii chig. When this woman was in the women's house the people from her home stopped visiting her, except for bringing her food daily, and usually no one came to be with her during the night. They brought her food, and during the night Yelfath nii chig came and guarded the woman.

One evening they were talking. This woman had yaws and she asked Yelfath nii chig to give her some medicine because she was getting worse. Then he said, "Very early in the morning you will go to the shore, because I will send somebody down there to treat your yaws." When Yelfath came to visit this woman he always left very

early in the morning and went back to heaven.

So the next morning after Yelfath nii chig left for heaven this woman crawled all the way on the ground until she reached the shore. It was high tide so she went and jumped in the water. When she got in the water, some small fish gathered and they took off the scabs from the yaws, cleaning them out. The fish cleaned the yaws, taking off all the scabs, and then she crawled back again to the women's house. She did this daily.

Each evening Yelfath came to see her. Then one day Yelfath told her, "I'm going back to heaven but I'm not coming back. But when you deliver the baby it is going to be a boy. When you deliver the baby, you won't give him any name because when he grows up he will know his name."

After Yelfath went back to heaven the woman delivered the child. She raised the boy until he grew up and when he was asked his name he said, "I am Yelfath."

One thing Yelfath told the woman was that when the boy grew up, if he drank coconuts never to make the hole on the front. Also the boy should never bend his head back to drink from a coconut, so he wouldn't look up. The only way he could drink coconut juice was to pour it in a coconut shell. Then one day he was crying to drink a coconut from a hole in its end, and his mother said, "No, don't drink that coconut. The hole is in the end and if you drink that way you will bend your head back." She said, "I'll get a coconut shell and put it in and you'll drink it."

But he said, "No, I don't want to drink it that way. I want to drink it the way it is now." When he bent his head back to drink the nut he saw his father in heaven, and he called him. Then he started crying and he told his mother that his father in heaven was calling him and he wanted to go and see him.

But Namegey said, "How can you get up there? Don't you know the distance is very far away? I don't know of any way you can go and see your father." He was crying and telling his mother he wanted to go up, and then his mother said, "If you really want to go see your father, you must start gathering coconut shells."

Then the boy started gathering shells. He gathered lots and lots of shells and piled them up. Then he put fire to them. When he lighted the shells and they started to burn, the way he piled them made a lot of smoke. When a lot of smoke was rising, his mother said, "Now if you are brave enough to see your father, you will jump in that fire."

When he jumped in the fire, the smoke went straight up, because

in the old days the smoke never bent, it went straight up. When the smoke was straight up, he jumped in the fire and went with the smoke until he reached heaven where his father was. Then he kicked the smoke back and it bent. That's why when you build a fire the smoke usually bends. Then he stayed in heaven where his father was.

Now Lugeileng had a daughter, and her name was Namgey. She was the Namgey from heaven. Yelfath's mother was the Namgey on earth. When Little Yelfath grew up in heaven he married Lugeileng's daughter Namgey and they stayed in heaven. Namgey's father was a magician in heaven. He was also the builder of canoes and houses and he was also a very brave man. He had seven magic spells that he was known for. Yelfath nii gwa, the father of Yelfath nii chig, was also a magician, and he had twelve magic spells. They became better acquainted when their son and daughter got married. Both Yelfath nii gwa and Lugeileng started to teach their son and their daughter the magic that they knew.

One day Namgey came to Lugeileng, her father, and she was crying. She told her father to think about her and she told him, "Yelfath is doing a lot of things to me that I don't like." Then Lugeileng told his daughter to stay with him. He said to her, "I'm sure that in the evening he will come because he'll be looking for you. You stay here because I don't want you to go back to Yelfath. And you pretend that you are sick. If anybody comes and asks you, just say that you are sick. You will go and sleep in that house, and if Yelfath comes looking for you, we will tell him you are sleeping because you are sick."

So in the evening when Yelfath came home, his wife was not there, so he went looking for her. He went to Lugeileng's house and asked for his wife. Lugeileng said, "You have come looking for your wife but she can't come with you now because she's very sick and is in the house sleeping."

Yelfath said, "Well, maybe I'll go inside and see how she is."

But Lugeileng said, "No, you don't need to go inside and see her. Just go back home and when you come back tomorrow, I'm sure she'll be well and can go back home." Then Yelfath went back home.

The next day Lugeileng went and cut a big tree called *riya* and he brought it back. He started carving a statue. He carved it and when he was finished, the statue looked exactly like Namgey. He took it and put it on the mat where Namgey was sleeping and took Namgey's grass skirt and hung it up over the statue. He took all her belongings and hung them up over the statue.

In the evening Yelfath came and he said, "How is she?"

Lugeileng said, "I think it's about time for you to go in and see her because she's getting worse. She can't even talk." Yelfath went inside and sat beside the statue lying on the mat. He talked to her but no reply came. While Yelfath was talking to this statue lying on Namgey's mat, Namgey was hidden watching him. When he got tired of talking to the statue he came outside and Lugeileng said to him, "Do you know how she is?"

Yelfath said, "Yes, we talked. I'll go back home and tomorrow evening I'll come back." He went back and went to his father, Yelfath nii gwa, and said, "Lugeileng has done this to me." And he told him all about the statue. Yelfath nii chig knew about the statue and he complained to his father; and his father said, "That's all right. Tomorrow night you will go and talk to that statue, if that's what Lugeileng wants, because we can put life in that thing and it can become your wife." So they were talking and his father taught Yelfath nii chig some magic. Before he left that evening to see the statue he took with him a turmeric plant.

Yelfath nii gwa said to his son, "When you go there you take this plant and you strike it on the statue's face and keep on stepping over it." So he came to Lugeileng's house and sat down. He said, "I'm going to see her and see how she is. I want to see her because I want her to go with me back home."

Lugeileng said, "Can she make it? I don't think she can. She doesn't eat. She doesn't talk. But you can go see how she is."

He went inside and did exactly as his father had told him. He took the turmeric plant and struck it on the face of the statue lying on the mat and he stepped over it, back and forth. When he was doing that the statue began to move her hand. Then she started to blink. Then finally she talked. When the statue started to talk Yelfath nii chig said, "Can you wake up?" She said, "I don't know if I can wake up or not."

While all this was happening Namgey was hiding, looking at them. Lugeileng and his wife were outside listening to them talking. When Yelfath asked the statue if she could rise, she said, "I don't think so;" so he took the turmeric plant and hit her again on the face and he stepped over her once again. Then the statue woke up.

Yelfath said, "Can you stand up and we'll go? It's getting late."

The statue said, "Yes, I can wake up and we can go, but I have nothing on. I have no grass skirt."

Yelfath looked up and he saw Namgey's grass skirt. "Isn't that your grass skirt hanging up?"

Then the statue said, "Oh, yes. That's right. That's my grass

skirt." The statue got up and took Namgey's grass skirt and wore it. She took Namgey's basket and her *marfa*. She followed Yelfath and they came out of the house.

While all this was happening Namgey was hiding, watching Yelfath doing all this performing. When the statue followed Yelfath outside it looked exactly like Namgey. When they left Namgey was jealous and she wanted her husband back, but she couldn't do anything. She jumped up and ran after them crying. She was saying, "Lugeileng, my father, what have you done to me? You took my husband and gave him to another woman."

There were the three of them: Yelfath followed by a statue and Namgey behind them doing all the crying and screaming. And Namgey attacked the statue and she said, "You stole my husband."

Then Yelfath turned back to the real Namgey, and he said, "Lady, what are you doing attacking my wife, screaming that she took your husband away? I think this is my wife and I don't know you. Why don't you ask this lady what her name is?"

Then Namgey said, "What is your name, anyway?"

The statue replied, "I am Gowrong."

Then Yelfath said to the real Namgey, "That's her real name that she told you, Gowrong. Why don't you come and join us instead of fighting, and we'll go home."

So they went home and they stayed there. The statue didn't have any children. The real Namgey was the one who bore the children. That was the beginning of the saying if a woman didn't have children she was said to be a Gowrong.

That's all.

TALE 49: THE UNFAITHFUL HUSBAND

Yol is attractive to women because he is both provident and generous. He is unusual in his hanging around the menstrual house since it is considered off-limits to males. The ugly, sore-covered old woman is a spirit, a figure common to tales in Micronesia. Presented again in this Yapese tale is the grooming complex of pimple treatment and louse picking, usual behavior among friends, lovers, and spouses. Such story incidents are often omitted when younger Micronesians tell stories to Americans, since the tellers know many Americans are repulsed by such cultural details. When the mature coconut

sprouts, a spongy heart forms within the nut. This Oceanic delicacy is called *bul* on Yap.

Yol was a man who was very attractive to women. The reason women liked Yol was that he always did what they wanted him to, and he was a good fisherman. Every time Yol went fishing and came back, he always had some fish for all the women who were restricted to the women's house. The women's house is for women only and men don't go around that house. But Yol always went there and sat down and all the women gathered by Yol and picked the pimples on his body.

While Yol was doing this with all the women, Yol also had a wife. This girl came from under the sea. How Yol got his wife was one day they were line fishing and Yol caught this fish on his line and that was the girl from the underworld. Yol was very attractive to women. Everyday he went fishing and came back and spent almost all his time with the women in the women's house. He usually went home in the evening. Sometimes he brought the basket that he kept the fish in. Sometimes he came home with a couple fish in it, sometimes empty because sometimes he gave all his fish to the women of the village restricted to the women's house.

Yol had a son, a little boy. When Yol came home she said, "Didn't you catch anything?" And Yol said, "Sorry, bad luck again today; I didn't catch anything." This happened for many days. Yol came home and maybe he had one fish in his basket. His wife would say, "Yol, didn't you catch any fish?"

And he'd say, "Oh, bad luck again."

His wife said, "Yol, you know you always have bad luck. I think you better go and take up your fish trap. You spend most of your time on it and we never eat any fish from it. Ever since you put your fish trap in the water, from the first time until now, you've never caught anything from it. Sometimes you come home with your basket empty and the most you have brought home has been only one fish."

In reply Yol didn't say anything. He just ignored the lady. So one day he went fishing again and he came back. He always knew how many women were restricted to the women's house. So he came this day and he divided the fish and he went back to the women's house again.

While Yol was doing this and was on his way to the women's house his wife was following him. She followed Yol and saw what Yol was doing, lying down there, talking to the women, and the women scratching the pimples from his body. She came back and took their

son and went to the mangrove trees in the water and gave her son to Tutbuyal. Tutbuyal is a woman who lives in the mangrove trees. She always has sores on her body and in her hair. She's a very ugly person. She told Tutbuyal, "You just hold my son. I'm going to the women's house and see how Yol is doing."

So Tutbuyal took the boy and his mother left and went to the women's house and there was Yol with the women surrounding him, scratching his body and picking his lice. They were all gathering around him. At that time Yol was a little bit excited and he didn't notice his wife was mixed up with the women.

Then his wife said, "Ladies, give me a chance and let me get close to this Yol. I want to scratch some part of his body and some pimples and look for lice in his hair."

But before she had left the mangrove swamp, she told Tutbuyal, "Tutbuyal, take some of the ugliness from your body and put it on mine, some of those sores like yaws." When the women looked at her, they didn't recognize her. They thought it was Tutbuyal who had come. So they said, "Hey, don't get close to our boy Yol."

She said, "No, I just want to get a little bit closer and look for some lice in his hair."

Now Yol's wife had a birthmark on her thigh. She really got close to Yol; and before she left, she parted her grass skirt at her thigh and let Yol see the birthmark. Then she ran away and went to Tutbuyal in the mangrove trees. She got her son and came back to their home. She destroyed her cooking place and took her belongings and her son and she left. She went in the water until she reached the deep channel. She dived down to the underworld. Before she left the house she had cleaned it up and left everything neat.

When Yol got through with the women's house, and when he got home, he looked around at things and he said, "Oh, my wife really did run away." Yol really felt bad. His wife had left and taken the son with her. So Yol became sick. He stayed in his house most of the time. He was not only sick, he stopped eating. Then the men from the village gathered and came to see Yol. They knew that Yol was really sick and he had quit eating because of his wife. The men came, and they said, "Yol, we think you've got sick because you quit eating. If you eat, you'll get well."

Yol said, "If you want me to eat you can go and bring my wife and son back. That's the only way. You bring her and my son back and I'll eat."

The men started gathering ripe coconuts, every coconut in that village, and they grated them, and loaded it into a canoe until they

filled up a canoe with grated coconut. They made a net and put some *gachiyou* leaves inside. Not only *gachiyou* but also some *bul*. Then they left for the channel where the lady had dived with her son. They took the canoe loaded with grated coconut to the channel and they started squeezing it on top of the water, and the coconut oil really made the water smooth. Then they could see the bottom and they saw the woman on the bottom of the channel, cooking, and the boy was playing. So the men lowered the net down to the bottom of the channel where the boy was playing.

The boy looked and he saw the net. He went and he sat inside the net with the *bul* and *gachiyou*. He was sitting in the net because he was eating the *bul* and looking at the *gachiyou* and its flowers. He called to his mother, "Mother, come and eat some of this and look at these plants."

The mother said, "You get away from that thing."

He said, "No, you come here."

The mother was trying to get the boy out but he was crying for his mother to come and sit with him. The woman was angry, so she went after him. She was talking with him in the net and the men on the top of the water were looking down and watching every movement they made. When they were inside the net they pulled the net up. They pulled them up quickly, grabbed them, and put them in the canoe.

The lady was trying to jump back into the water and go back to her home. But the men quickly explained to her the condition of Yol. Then they brought the lady and her son home to Yol and she went to see Yol. Yol quickly got better and he started eating again.

That is the end of the story of Yol.

TALE 50: THE TRAPPED ADULTERER

In this tale from Satawan Atoll, the wife was manipulating certain practices to get her husband out of the way. She knew if her husband were to go fishing, he would have to observe sexual taboos and sleep in the men's house. Since Micronesians sleep under mosquito nets, she could then entertain her lover at home without being observed. The husband was also playing a game of cultural cat and mouse. His wife was supposed to come and get their share of the fish, and he was tormenting

her before he subjected her to the ultimate humiliation, exposing her naked with her lover. Yet it is doubtful if a Micronesian would dare carry his thirst for revenge this far. Not only would he humiliate the guilty pair. He would also expose their extended families to the same ridicule, which would lead to attempts at retaliation, perhaps through sorcery, and thus upset the entire village, since several kin groups would become involved.

Long long time ago there lived the people on Nama and the son of the chief of Nama was named Anoun Lemoreng. When he grew up he was married to a very beautiful young lady and they stayed in their house for many years. Then the lady began to have another affair with another young man. So she would ask him to let her go out and take a walk and there she would see the man and then they would stay together for awhile. Then she came back. Sometimes she would tell the husband that she was going out to the place where the women used to go when they wanted to take a bath or go to the toilet; but actually she would go and see the lover.

This went on for a long time. Then they got tired of staying in the boondocks. So one day when they were out in the boondocks again, the man asked the wife of Anoun Lemoreng to tell the husband to go out fishing so they could stay in the house. When they came back to the house, the husband was there. She came inside and they were staying there and that evening, the wife asked the husband.

She said, "We've been eating fish caught by other men, but what I really want is to eat fish that you have caught." She asked him to go out fishing with the other men so she could eat the fish that he might catch. As soon as she mentioned this, the husband knew that she was thinking of something, because since the time that they got married, she had never asked him to go out fishing. They had been eating fish from other people but she had never complained of eating other men's fish. So as soon as she mentioned this, he knew that she was planning to do something.

But he agreed with her proposal that he would go out fishing with the other men. Before he prepared his fishing equipment and before going to the men's house, as is their custom for men who are ready to go out fishing to be separated from the women, he went inside the house and called the wife. He made some magic on her vagina. He was doing some magic to it so that everything that got into that thing would get stuck. So when he finished he went to the men's house

and they were staying in the house that night.

As soon as he left the house, the other man came and stayed with the wife, stayed there all night and now the husband stayed with the men in the house. When it was early in the morning, about five or six, they left, put down their canoe; and they went outside the reef trolling. As soon as he got out from the reef and he put his fishing line into the water, he got a very big fish. Then he put it inside the canoe and put his fishing line back into the water. And this continued, because he would put the fish that he caught in the canoe, and as soon as he dropped his line into the water there would be another fish on it. So that at that time he knew that there would be something wrong on the island, since he got plenty of fish. In the olden days it was believed that when you got plenty of fish you were likely to expect something wrong for you or your friends or relatives.

So at eight o'clock they came back because they couldn't put anymore fish in the canoe. It was so loaded that if they put in some more they would sink their canoe. They came back. They put all of the fish in the men's house, and then they started to cut out the intestines and hearts, livers of the fish, and cook them. This was when only the crew members or sailors of the canoe were going to eat.

When they all ate, they started to distribute their fish among the crew members and then the members would ask their relatives to come and take their fish. When all of them got their fish, they left the men's house, except for Anoun Lemoreng, because the wife didn't come. He knew it but he didn't make a quick move, just pretended that he didn't know anything. So he sent a small kid to go to the house and ask the wife to come and take their fish.

The kid went to the house and asked the mother-in-law to send the wife to the husband to take the fish. The mother-in-law went to their room and knocked on the door. The wife answered her and she told her that she would come later. Then after many hours she didn't appear. So the mother-in-law went down and took the fish and brought them back to the house. Then she went straight to the room again and she was telling the wife that the husband had come and she wanted her to go and get some water for the husband, like when we want to take a shower we fill the bucket full of water so we can take a shower from it.

But the wife said that she was sick and she wanted the mother to prepare everything. Without checking the wife, the mother prepared everything that was needed. When the husband came he was pretending that he didn't know anything. He came and took a shower and changed himself, and then he went to this mosquito net, because these

two were under the mosquito net. When he lifted it up he saw that these two were underneath. They were naked and they couldn't leave each other because the penis got stuck in the vagina. So he went away from the mosquito net and just dressed up and went to his father.

There he asked his father to call the people from Nama to his house so he could talk to them. The chief blew his conch shell and all of the people from Nama came and assembled outside the son's house.

Before coming to the house, the son went into his land and brought a pandanus fruit with him when he came to the house. He took this fruit and put it beside the mosquito net. He also took with him a digging stick. As soon as people were assembled outside the house and everything was ready, he climbed on top of the house and he started to take down the roof. He took down everything, the posts, except the four posts that supported the mosquito net.

So he stood beside the mosquito net and he started to talk to the people from Nama. Then he said that he was going to show them something and then he reached out and took down the mosquito net. There the two were lying together and they were naked. Now he said that he was going to kill them because of what they did. He grabbed the digging stick, raised it up, and pretended to use it to hit the two; but instead he hit the fruit and the fruit made the sound which is similar to the sound that is made when you hit something.

As soon as the stick hit the fruit it divided it into halves, two parts; and as soon as the fruit was split apart, the two were separated, because that thing came out from the woman's part. When he saw that they were separated, he asked the people from Nama to leave, because they had seen what had happened.

The people from Nama left the place and the man also left. Anoun Lemoreng came to the wife and told her to leave the place, to take all of her stuff and leave the place, because of what she had done to him. So she left the place and she went away to stay in a different place.

That's the end of the story.

TALE 51: THE DISSATISFIED WIFE

This powerful little story touches on a major problem in Palauan marriages. There is a culture-wide orientation toward wealth, and the husband is expected to be a source of income for his wife's family. A poor man living in his wife's village

is indeed in a difficult position, and often the demands of in-laws will fracture the marriage bonds. This couple had married for love but social necessity was pushing them apart. There are several grades of native Palauan money, and Odiurengos revealed his low status by saying he possessed only the cheapest. To say one can pull a tooth or peel a common fruit for money is a sarcastic way of indicating that one cannot get money from thin air.

A story of Odiurengos and his wife Dirakauderael from Aimeliik Municipality. Odiurengos was a fellow from Ngerusar and he fell in love with a woman from Aimeliik; so he went up to Aimeliik to marry this woman. He was not a very wealthy man, and he usually went out and worked all day in the jungle making some canoes or house materials. Every night when he came back, as soon as the supper was over, his wife went to the other friend's house or she went to the community house, and from there she spent most of her time with other friends, usually married women of her age. They spent most of their time sitting together and doing all sorts of things. Sometimes they wove their baskets, or just conversed together, talked about anything that was interesting.

So one night when he came home from a hard day's work his wife had already prepared supper for him, so he ate. He was beginning to wonder why his wife always went out to visit her friends and didn't spend a few hours with her husband. So when the supper was over his wife again asked him if it was all right with him to go to her friend's house for awhile, so he said, "Okay." When she left, he waited for a few minutes, when he thought maybe the wife had already come over to her friend's house. So he walked very slowly and tried not to be seen by anybody, and then he came to the house where his wife was. He went to the place under the house where he could sit and could listen to what the conversation was about. Unluckily, when he was sitting down and listening to what they were talking about, his wife began to mention something about him.

She said to her friend, "Well, I'm kind of disgusted about my husband. He spends most of his time working in the jungle and he comes home at night. I have to be busy preparing something for him to eat and still we don't have as much money as any other people do. I'm kind of tired of him. I wish that he knew what's going on. I couldn't care less. Maybe he could go back to his place. I don't bother about him." And the husband was sitting under the house and

listening to her.

He was kind of suspicious about this, because another thought that had come into his mind was there probably was a boyfriend behind this. Because of this, maybe his wife had a boyfriend or was trying to look for somebody to become her boyfriend. So right then and there he got up and walked slowly, quietly, and came to his house.

Of course, they had a son who was about two years old; and one morning when they woke up, they ate their breakfast and then Odiurengos started to say something to his wife. "Well," he said, "You know, I think maybe we should think of something better, because you see I have come to this place to look for you because I was in love with you. In fact, this place is not my home place, my homeland, and I don't have as many friends as other fellows in this place do. And I don't have any property of my own where I can work hard and at the same time find some money for our family. Maybe I should go back to my own place because I think you will be able to find someone new to be your husband, who has more that can make you satisfied, make your living more enjoyable."

So right after he stopped talking, he took his Palauan-made axe and he took his betelnut bag and then he started to walk, thinking of going back to his place in Ngerusar. He said something to his wife when he was about to leave; something like a song: "These Palauan marriages, you have to work hard and earn a lot, so I'm getting tired and afraid. So if there's a fellow you can find in your village you can take him to you. But we unfortunates who possess the cheapest money, of what use are we? Should we pull our teeth? Should we peel a *wosch*?" And then he went.

The wife, Dirakauderael, picked up her son and then she went herself to follow her husband, Odiurengos. They came up to the hill, almost to the border of Aimeliik and Ngerusar, and then the wife started to sing a chant for her husband in order to make him change his mind or convince him that he should return to where he belongs, and so she said: "I'm walking; so while I stood up at the other side of the hill of Chomaochbai, I stood and then I called and beckoned and said, 'Lover, come back.' But he ignored us and turned away, turned away from us. My heart is beginning to fade like the *kebeyas* vine cut by travelers wilts."

And then she walked after him for awhile; then she started again to sing this song for her husband: "I'm walking; so while I stood up at the other side of the hill of Chomaochbai, I stood and then I called and beckoned and said, 'Lover, come back.' But he ignored us and turned away, turned away from us. And he is going now. So I

beckoned, saying, 'Lover, come back. Everyone has found his lover. You'll become exhausted and tired of your idea of running away from me. You'll be disappointed.' "

Then he was still going, so she waited for awhile, still following him. Then again she went back to singing this song a third time. She said: "I'm walking; so while I stood up at the other side of the hill of Chomaochbai, I stood and then I called and beckoned and said, 'Lover, come back.' But he ignored us and turned away, turned away from us. If it were time for making love I would just say, 'Come,' and they would respond as if they were running."

And when she sang this, finally her husband, Odiurengos, stopped and turned around and looked at her and he said to her, "Well, look at the baby. He is kind of exhausted. Why don't you help him?"

And so the wife stood for awhile. Then they came together and sat and rested for awhile, until at last when they decided to go back to their home in Aimeliik.

This is the end of the story.

TALE 52: THE ABDUCTED WIFE

In this tale appears the villain of many Ponapean folktales, the legendary tyrant Saudeleur. While perfumed coconut oil is still popular in Micronesia, one no longer encounters oil scented with fish, such as was used by the heroine of this story. Dog meat is eaten in many parts of Micronesia, and on Ponape it is both a favorite and a prestigious food. Ordinarily the low class boys would have gone without a taste of this important feast food.

Long time ago in Madolenihmw there was a man whose name was Souetiet. He had a wife and she was very beautiful. Her skin was like that of white people and dark hair. Around her eyes was all red. It was like blood was almost coming out. Then one day she wanted to eat some fish, and Souetiet said, "Yes, we'll go out and fish." He made a big net and told her to wait while he took the net out and set it where they could catch the fish. He put the net in a place in Madolenihmw called Pan Akualap. He then left the net and went back home. They waited for three days and he went back to check on the net.

The name of the wife of Souetiet is Kedinetiet. As he was pre-

paring to go and check on their net his wife wanted to go with him. He told her she should stay behind because if she came along she would delay the trip. But still she insisted on going with him, so he said, "All right, but get ready and we'll go." Then they started on their trip. They left their house. They lived pretty far up from the shore and they kept on walking and walking and walking until they got to the shore. They got into their canoe and they paddled and paddled and paddled until they got to the marker where he left his net.

Then he told his wife to wait while he went down to check on his net. As he was getting off the canoe he strongly advised his wife that when he dived down to his net she should not touch the water. So he dived down and he was down there for quite awhile, working on the net and catching the fish in the net. He took a long time.

His wife got tired of waiting and she decided to go to sleep. So she fell asleep and her hand accidentally fell into the water. Her arm was also floating in the water. As her hand was in the water, floating against the current, the perfume of her hand began to drift with the current and floated to Pahn Kedira. As the husband was down there, he could sense the smell of her arm; and people of Pahn Kedira smelled the perfume from her hand. The leader of Pahn Kedira told his people to go out and find where this perfume was coming from, because this scent was breaking his heart and he was longing to know where it was coming from, because he knew it was from a beautiful lady. His men went out into the sea and they started searching for this. Finally they found the lady. They took her and brought her to Saudeleur.

Souetiet was fishing down there, mending his net, collecting the fish, and then he came up. As he got up to the surface he found that there was nobody in the canoe, and he said to himself, "Saudeleur has taken away my wife. Nobody else could take my wife away but Saudeleur." He got up on his canoe and just sat there. The canoe went adrift. He was floating away on the water for three days, and his people on the land were waiting for him, wondering why Souetiet and his wife were late. Then the people stopped wondering and they got into their canoes and went out to search for Souetiet and his wife. They paddled out into the ocean and they searched for him all over the place. Finally they found him. He was very weak and lying down on his canoe.

They took him and they took him to their village. They gathered and they were taking care of him. He was so very weak that he lay across their legs and as he was lying on his people, *uhms* were going every day. They were making feasts because he was weak. Everytime

they finished cooking they would fill up one or two baskets and hang them up in the house. One day two boys came by. The people had hung up a basket of food and a cooked dog. They hung up this basket and the dog and also two pieces of wood used as tongs for hot rocks were hung up beside the dog. They were feasting and enjoying their food and the two little boys were eating the crumbs from the rocks among the remainder of the *uhm*, because they were low class people.

As the people were feasting, one of the boys told the other, "If those people would give us that dog for ourselves to eat, then we would go and bring Kedinietiet back."

The two pieces of wood that were hanging with the dog and the basket heard them. So the two sticks heard the two boys and they shouted to the people for their attention. They told the people that they heard the boys talking, that if these two boys could have the dog for themselves, they would go and rescue Kedinietiet. But because everybody was having a good time feasting, nobody paid any attention to these sticks.

Then the bigger of the two boys started talking again. He said, "If they would give us the dog, we would go and rescue Kedinietiet." And again the two sticks heard them. They announced to the people, "Attention, please." And some people heard the sticks. They said, "If you give the dog to these two boys, they said they would go and bring Kedinietiet back."

This news spread quickly to Souetiet, saying that these two boys would rescue Kedinietiet if the dog was given to them. So Souetiet told the people to give the dog to these boys because he wanted to see Kedinietiet again before he died. Then the dog was given to the two boys and they started eating.

But the younger boy wasn't eating. He was sad and he was worrying at the same time. He was wondering how they could rescue Kedinietiet. But the older boy ate and ate until he was full. Then they took their dog and went home. Then they went and kept on walking until they got to the forest; and the younger boy said, "All right, now let's see what kind of tree there is that we can build a bird out of." So they decided to find the right tree for a bird. They each went in a different direction. One went to the north and one went to the south and as they came up to a tree they would ask the tree, "Are you light or heavy?" And the tree would answer, "I am heavy." They went on and on and they went to every single tree on Ponape until they couldn't find any more. There was no tree on Ponape that they could find that had light wood. They kept going and going

until they became exhausted, so they rested by a small stream in the section of Kittu called Seiniwar. The name of the stream is Pilen nan snoip. As they were resting by this stream, the stream was flowing beside them.

Then a leaf drifted down and they noticed it, and the younger boy said, "Have we come across this kind of tree yet?" The older boy said, "No." So they started tracing the tree upstream. They kept on walking up until they came to the jungle called Wolin Parwal. Finally they came up to this tree called *parpein*. The older boy went up and chopped at it and he asked, "Are you light or heavy?" And the tree replied, "I am heavy." Then the younger boy went up and chopped at it and he asked, "Are you light or heavy?" And the tree said, "I am light."

Then they sat down, rested, and ate. They were feeling good because they had found their tree. They rested and went to sleep overnight. The next day they got up and started chopping at the tree. They chopped and chopped and chopped until the tree fell down. They started chopping again and they cut the tree into the form of a bird. Finally they completed the structure of a bird.

Then they decided to look for feathers, so they went and climbed every tree and caught every bird they saw. They would take the birds and cook the meat. They ate the birds and put the feathers on the structure. They kept on putting feathers on the thing, kept putting feathers, on and on, until they decided that they could test it to see if it could fly or not. They got in the bird and when they were in the thing, the older boy said, "Fly, my big bird, fly!"

But it couldn't move. Then the younger boy said, "Fly, my small bird, fly!" So the bird started moving and it flew for about a hundred yards and then it fell down. It fell down again and they decided the thing didn't have enough feathers yet because there was still some space left on the body for feathers.

Therefore they went out again and gathered more birds. They gathered more feathers and they filled all the space available for feathers. Then they were ready to fly again, and the older boy said, "Fly, my big bird, fly!" But the bird moved just a little bit. The younger boy said, "Fly, my little bird, fly!" And the bird flew up into the sky and over the land. It flew up and went to where Souetiet was staying. When they reached the place where the sick Souetiet was, the boy told the people to bring Souetiet into the bird. They brought Souetiet into the bird and they also took with them Kedinetiet's oil. This oil smelled very good. It had the smell of fish heads.

So all of them got in and they closed the door to the bird, and

the older boy said, "Fly, my big bird, fly!" The bird moved just a little bit. Then the younger boy said, "Fly, my little bird, fly!" And the bird flew up and away into the sky. They were flying and flying and flying and flying toward Pahn Kedira and they came upon a very big fleet of fishing canoes. These fishermen were led by Kedinetiet, at a place called Pahn Pikalap. The bird started flying lower and circling over the fleet. It flew lower and lower until it landed on the canoe that belonged to Kedinetiet. All the other canoes were surprised at this. They were excited at seeing the bird and they got together. They gathered their fish and they started feeding the bird the fish. They kept on feeding the bird fish and the three men inside, the brothers and Souetiet, kept on eating the fish.

They kept on eating and eating the fish until the fleet stopped feeding the bird fish and they decided to go home. They paddled home and when they got to Pahn Kedira the lady Kedinetiet went to take a bath. She had her bath and came back to the house and she was happy to take care of the bird. She was very happy because it was a rare bird and she was happy to take care of it. Saudeleur came by and asked her, "What has happened? You seem to be stuck with the bird. You never pay any attention to me. You just stay with that bird all the time." She replied that she loved the bird. So Saudeleur said, "All right." Then he told all his men to bring fish and feed the bird. During the evening in Saudeleur's big house all the women were spinning rope and Kedinetiet was also making rope with the other women.

Then the younger boy in the bird stuck out the oil toward Kedinetiet. He poured a little oil on Kedinetiet's lap and she said, "This dirty bird defecated on me!" The oil fell on her knees, and as she looked down it didn't look like feces. She reached down and she touched it and she smelled it. As she smelled it she said, "Oh, this reminds me of my late husband Souetiet, and the oil that Souetiet is keeping."

As she was saying this, the boy stuck his head out and he said, "I have come to take you!" She answered, "Yes, tomorrow I'll be ready."

So the next day all the men were going out fishing again but Saudeleur said that Kedinetiet would stay behind because she loved the bird so. She would stay and all the men would go out fishing. The men were out on the reef fishing at Pahn Pikalap, when all of a sudden there came the bird flying down towards them.

Then Saudeleur said, "Hah! This bird is hungry now." In the bird were four people: the woman Kedinetiet, Souetiet, and the

brothers. As the bird came over the fleet of canoes, Saudeleur called out and told his men to bring the fleet of canoes together so that the bird could get on them. The bird landed on Saudeleur's canoe and they started feeding him fish. They fed the fish into the bird until the bird was full. Then the bird flew up from the canoe.

As it went up and the fleet watched it, suddenly Kedinietiet stuck her head out and shouted down to Saudeleur saying, "Saudeleur! Here I am. I'm leaving now." Then Saudeleur fell down into the water and he started struggling and struggling until he died. The men took Saudeleur to Pahn Kedira and they buried him. Souetiet and his wife went home and they got together again and they lived happily ever after.

That concludes the story.

TALES OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN

While many of the following tales are held to be fiction, they are nevertheless considered by their tellers to be more than idle yarns. Containing within them the value and belief systems of kin-oriented societies, these tales dramatize the rewards gained and punishments meted out according to the hero's cultural deserts. Or conversely, some tales present the unhappy predicaments of parents who fail to rear their children wisely. As such, the accounts are seen by Micronesians as performing important didactic functions.

TALE 53: THE HEEDLESS DAUGHTER

There is a Trukese saying, "Selingen Nemwes" (Ears of Nemwes) that refers to this tale. It means one who does not heed the good advice he has been given. As one informant said, "She was dead because she did not listen to her parents' advice. She did what they told her not to do." The action in this tale from Losap Atoll hinges in part on the Micronesian love of flowers, especially for the making of wreaths for the head. Revealed too is the Yapese reputation for magic. Sou Yap means Master of Yap.

Long time ago there lived a man. This man was from Yap, and they just called him Sou Yap. He was well known through all the islands of Yap and even in Truk District because of his knowledge about magic.

This man had a daughter, and the daughter was also well known. She was popular because she was a very pretty girl, and what this girl liked to do every day was to pick flowers. She went around the islands of Yap, picking all the pretty flowers, and she gathered them and planted them around her house.

As she went around, her father, who knew anything or any part of either Truk District or Yap which was dangerous for young women to go to, and he advised his daughter not to go to some certain places on Yap or in Truk District. And the daughter really obeyed him.

One morning when the daughter woke up, she talked to her father, telling him that she went all around the Yap Islands, and she couldn't find any pretty flowers. Then the father asked her if she would like to go to Truk, because Truk had many pretty flowers that time. Then the father told his daughter that if she wanted to go to Truk, she could go to any island in the Truk District except one island, which is known today as Udot. The father, Sou Yap, told his daughter that if she wanted to go to that particular island, Udot, she should always start from the northern side to the south, not start from north to the west, then south. She should start from north to the east of that island, then to the south. Because the man from Yap knew that on the southern part of Udot there lived three brothers who were well known because of their knowledge in magic, too. That is what he told his daughter not to do.

When the daughter decided to go to Truk one day, she asked her father to find a way that she could go to Truk. Then the father, just before the daughter left Yap, he started making magic and then gave the daughter one package. He told the daughter everything he put in the package so that if she happened to lose that package, she could get more.

Then that day when the daughter started from Yap, she walked from her house to the beach, and then she put that package under her feet and then started to walk. She just walked on the water. She walked from Yap until she came to Tol Island. Then she started picking flowers from the western part of Tol. She went around, and she found out that on Tol there were a lot of pretty flowers which were not found on Yap at that time. After she finished picking flowers, she went back to her home island in Yap District, and she told her father that Truk had such a lot of pretty flowers that she wanted to

go there every day.

Then from that time she came to Tol every day until she picked all the pretty flowers from Tol; and one day when she came back to Tol Island, she couldn't find any. Then she started walking from Tol to Udot; and when she came to Udot, she remembered that her father told her not to start from the north to the west and then to the south. She should start from the north to the east and then to the south of Udot Island. She did what her father told her. She started from the north to the south and then went back to Yap.

One day when she came back to Udot Island, she came to a place on the northern side of Udot, and she decided to start from the north to the west and then to the south. She tried to find out why her father told her not to go that way. Then she started from the north. She went to the western part of Udot and picked flowers and then she started from the west and headed for the south of the island. As she came closer to the southern part of Udot Island, those three brothers saw her coming on the reef, just walking on the water.

When she came toward the southern part, those brothers saw her, and they recognized that Nemwes was around. Those three brothers knew that Nemwes was the daughter of the great magician on Yap Island. Then they called her to come and take a rest in their big house, which we call "men's house" because no woman is allowed to stay in that kind of house.

As that girl, Nemwes, came close to the house, she smelled some strange smell of some strange flowers; and she came toward the house because she wanted to see if there were some flowers around the house. As she came closer, she saw those three brothers. They were making breadfruit, and they called her to come in the house and eat some breadfruit. As Nemwes got into the house, she saw what the three brothers used for their fire. Instead of using wood, they used banana trunks. They were making their oven, and they were using banana trunks. That girl Nemwes was really surprised to see that the fire was really big, and they didn't use anything but banana trunks. And then she stayed there for about an hour, eating breadfruits.

When she decided to go back and go around Udot Island, she went outside the house and walked toward the beach. But as she left the house, those three brothers got out from the house too; and they went to the mountain, and they started making their magic. They tried to make Nemwes not to be able to walk on the water. As Nemwes walked toward the beach, she started making her magic to make her able to walk on the water; but as she started to step out into the water, she could no longer walk on the water. She stepped

out and fell down. Then she tried and tried to make any kind of magic she knew, but finally she knew that she failed to walk on the water.

Then she came back to a place just close to the shore and stayed there, and she cried and cried. She was kicking everything she came to, and along the shore of that particular part of Udot Island there are, I would say, very big rocks on the reef. And the people on that island claim that Nemwes was the one who kicked those rocks out because she was really mad. She could no longer walk on the water, and she stayed there and cried and cried until she finally died.

About one month after she died, her father, who was on Yap, realized that his daughter hadn't come back, and he called all the men from Yap Island to gather together, and they decided to go to Truk and find out what had happened to Nemwes. One day they started from Yap, coming toward Truk Lagoon, because the father knew that the daughter disobeyed what he told her.

They came toward Truk Lagoon, but those three brothers on Udot were anticipating them to come. When they saw their canoes entering the pass of the Truk Lagoon, they made their magic and made the reef of Udot Island to become larger and larger. As those men from Yap came close to Udot, they found out that that reef of Udot was a very big one; and they would have to get down from their canoe and walk to Udot, instead of sailing on their canoe and taking their canoe to the island.

When they started to get down, the three brothers on Udot made some magic to make the rain pouring. Then the men from Yap were really cold, and then that man Sou Yap told one of them to try to get to the island, to Udot, to take fire from that island and bring it to their canoe so they could sit around it. When one man there went to that house where the three brothers were staying, he went there and asked for fire, and they gave him one piece of banana trunk which was really burning. When the man got out from the house and started toward their canoes, when he reached there, the fire was extinguished.

When that man, Sou Yap, saw that piece of wood he brought was not real hard wood but a banana trunk, he was really surprised too. They stayed there and tried to get some fire for themselves, but they couldn't. They went to the house, and as soon as they got out from the house, that fire was gone out. Then they stayed there and stayed there, and finally all of them died from getting cold; because at the time they stayed on the reef, it was really raining, a very heavy rain, because the three brothers were making the weather bad.

TALE 54: THE GIRL WHO COOKED THE BABY

This little tale is considered a true happening on Yap, and some informants dislike to tell it, since it is offensive to the girl's living relatives. The Micronesian mother often leaves an older daughter to care for the younger children. This is especially true on Yap, where the women do the bulk of the gardening and must spend a great deal of time working in their taro patches. While this story has some of the qualities of a numskull tale, it is seen by Micronesians as an awful example of a girl who didn't listen carefully and a mother who over-reacted.

Once there was a woman who had only one daughter and she cared for her until the daughter grew up. Then the mother got pregnant again and this time when the baby was born it was a boy. One morning the mother said to her daughter, "Are you awake?"

She said, "Yes."

Then the mother told her daughter, "I am going to the taro patch and while I'm gone you take care of your little brother. I'm going to look for some food for us, some bananas, papayas, some yams, because we don't have anything to eat today. Only what we have now is not enough. That food we have with us now, while I'm in the garden, you be sure to make your brother hot."

Then the girl said, "Yes, mother. All right. I will." Then the mother went in the garden and her daughter just sat and thought about what her mother had told her. She said, "How can I cook my young brother? He's so very dear to me, yet my mother asked me to make him hot." She said, "This is the first time that my mother has told me this." That girl always obeyed everything her mother told her, and this was not the first time for her to cook the food. Almost every morning when they got up she was the one who went out and cooked their food.

She continued to say to herself, "I don't want to disobey my mother and I don't want to cook my brother. So what shall I do now?" She finally said, "I have to obey my mother."

First she went and got a pot. She put the pot on the fire, put some water in it and then took her brother, put him in the pot and covered the pot with leaves. The food that was still around, she put that on top of the leaves, then started to cook her young brother. Then

she sat down and began to build the fire up around the pot. She waited and she waited until she knew that her brother and the food were really cooked. When her brother and the food were really cooked she just stayed and waited for her mother to come back from the garden.

When she came back from the garden she said to her, "Thank you, my daughter. Is the food cooked yet?"

And the daughter said, "Yes." She also said, "Everything is cooked. My brother and that food."

Her mother said, "What did you say? Say that again."

So she said, "I did what you told me. You told me to heat my brother and so I cooked him because that's how we can get hot. So there he is, inside the pot, and I think if we take him out of the pot now he is already cooked."

So her mother said to her, "You mean to say to me that you cooked my son? Now, today I'm going to kill you."

Then the mother went and got a piece of wood, came back and hit her daughter on the arm and the arm broke. She said to her daughter, "I didn't tell you to cook your brother. I told you to cook the food and give it to him while it was still hot."

Then she got the stick again and hit the other arm which was left and hit and broke it. Then she came to her legs and did the same thing. Then she took her to a stream and threw her in and the girl started to drift along with the current.

When she came near a house, she would start to sing this song, "My mother, my mother, broke my arms and legs and threw me into this stream because I cooked my brother."

The people of the house would say, "Go, drift along, because you're no good. You're a bad girl. Have you ever seen anybody who cooked their brother? You're very crazy." Then they said, "Go! Because none of us will help you, for you are a bad girl." So along she drifted in the stream.

Then when she got to another house she would sing this song again: "My mother, my mother, broke my arms and legs and threw me into this stream because I cooked my brother." When she finished singing the song they would tell her to go, to keep on drifting, because none of them would help her. "Go along," they said. "Nobody will help you. You are a bad girl, because nobody cooks their brother."

She kept on drifting, drifting along the stream, from house to house and singing the same song, but nobody would help her. She drifted and drifted, but she couldn't swim because her legs and arms were broken. So down under the water she went and up and down

again, swallowing water, and she kept on drifting and drifting until she went outside the reef and then drowned and died.

So now you see the girl drowned and died and we don't know which one of them was wrong. We don't know if the mother was wrong or the daughter. The mother's son was dead and the daughter was dead and we don't know if it was the daughter's mistake or the mother's. When her husband came from fishing the mother of those two dead children told her husband about them. She told him everything. They lived very unhappily because they didn't know what caused it. The mother didn't know whether she was the one who was wrong or the daughter. Therefore, if anyone says anything to us, we should pay attention because we might make the same mistake that these people did.

TALE 55: THE MERMAID

This is a legend with a story of cultural contact to tell. It is widely known among the Chamorros of the Mariana Islands and has been worked into a Chamber of Commerce event on Guam, with a Miss Mermaid contest and all. On Saipan there is a large Central Carolinian minority, and in learning the story they have given it a number of non-Chamorro motifs. As presented by Carolinians, this story is closer to the animal relative-magical power complex of aboriginal Micronesia, a complex that has nearly disappeared among the highly acculturated Chamorros (see Tale 21).

Long ago on Saipan Island there lived among the other people a couple. This couple had their home in one of the villages of Saipan called Tanapag, and they had a daughter. When she was still small, she would always ask her parents to let her go swimming in the ocean; and because she was the only child they had, neither her mother nor her father ever refused her. So that went on for many years. All she had to do was ask, but she knew already that the answer would be yes. She didn't have any problems because everything seemed to be smooth or agreeable with her plans.

But her mother was pretty fed up. She was getting tired of the way her daughter conducted herself. She would just go out into the water early in the morning and stay there until it was dark. Then

one day her mother talked to her. She told her daughter that she had been staying in the water and never did her tasks. Their house was a mess because nobody would clean it.

Because she was so angry, the mother told her daughter that she wished she would turn into a fish. She told her daughter that just to discourage her from going out swimming. However, that did not stop the girl from going swimming anyway. She kept on swimming and finally she got what her mother wished her to have.

One day when she was in the water, some fish came and swam around her. Then she dived down and asked them to give her some of their scales. The fish were very cooperative. They took off some of their scales and put them on her. Since only her bottom part was under water, most of the scales were there. Then half of her was turned to the tail of a fish. After that, she didn't want to go back to her father and mother anymore. She just wanted to stay with the fish.

Her parents were worried about their daughter, and they waited and waited for her, but she never showed up. Then her mother went to the place where her daughter usually bathed and saw her there. She was playing with the fish.

The mother called her, but she didn't want to come because she wanted to stay with the fish. She considered them as her friends. So when her mother called her in, she refused. She told her mother that she had become a fish.

Then the mother went and told her husband that their daughter couldn't come home because she had turned into a fish. That really shocked the father. So then he dug a well for their daughter to stay in. However, the daughter couldn't stay in fresh water. She liked to stay in the salt water.

Finally she became sick and asked her parents to take her back out into the ocean. They didn't like the idea, but they had to do it in order to save their daughter's life. So they took her back out into the ocean.

Then they started to cry, but their daughter tried to make them feel good by saying that she would be happy with her friends. She also reminded them that it was her mother's wish for her to become a fish. Then they left her, and she stayed with the fish in the water thereafter.

TALE 56: TRANSFORMATION TO A LIZARD

Explicit in this story from Satawan Atoll is the strength of matrilineal, matrilocal ties. Behind the mother's wish for her only son to remain single was the desire to avoid the problems that can arise among in-laws. Yet the son's affection did not diminish after marriage. This is made evident by his always sending the best part of his catch to his mother. As the informant points out, there are specific islands in Truk where the inhabitants have great reputation for magic. There are two kinds of taro: "swamp" taro, coarse and fibrous, and "sweet" taro, smaller, softer, and a delicacy.

Once upon a time there lived a woman with one son and a daughter. One day this old woman made these two, the sister and brother, promise her not to marry until she died. They did promise her that they wouldn't marry, and so one day this boy was walking around the island and he found a girl that was really beautiful. That time he fell in love with her and he decided to marry her; so without consulting his mother, he went on and married this girl.

Despite that, it was a good relation. The relation was still going all right, because every time he went out fishing, he would take the big fish that he caught and he would ask his wife to take this fish to his mother. After doing this for many days and months, his wife was tired of doing this because she realized that her husband really cared more for his mother than herself.

So one day it happened that this man went fishing and when he came back, he had with him a big fish and he decided to ask her to take this fish to his mother. But without taking this fish to his mother, his wife went out and killed some lizards and she cooked them, wrapped them in breadfruit leaves; and when it was dark, she went over to her mother-in-law and gave her the lizards.

The woman was old; therefore she didn't see what her daughter-in-law gave to her. She went on and tried it. She unwrapped the leaves and began to eat. Then she realized that the meat was not the meat of a fish. It was much too salty. She knew it was not a fish because her daughter, when she came back, told her that they weren't fish, they were lizards. Anyway, she went on and ate them because she knew it was the thing her son and daughter-in-law gave to her. She ate them and then the next day, she asked her daughter

to go out and bring her some sweet taro to make for her son. When the daughter came back, she brought with her some sweet taro. From these sweet taros the old woman made some pounded sweet taro and mixed it with coconut milk, and she made some magic on it. Then she asked her daughter to go and ask the son to come and eat the sweet taro, the pounded sweet taro.

When the son came, he didn't know anything about the lizard and about the magic pounded sweet taro. He came in, made himself comfortable and started to eat. When he first took the first mouthful, he felt something unusual in his toes, because his toes were beginning to turn into a lizard's toes. He knew from then that there was something wrong that his wife had done to his mother. But he went on eating. Every mouthful he ate counted for every change on his body, and they were crying together because at that time both of them realized what they did wrong. The son realized that he broke the promise that he wouldn't get married until she died, and at the same time that old woman couldn't take that magic back; because she had already mentioned his name into the pounded sweet taros, so she couldn't take it back. So they were crying together, because everytime he took up a mouthful and ate it, it turned his body into a lizard until finally the whole body was a lizard.

Then without talking to his mother, he went out and searched for his wife. When he went there, he saw his wife inside the house and he came right in. But she was trying to escape from him because she didn't know that it was her husband. Then this lizard spoke to her and told her that she wouldn't run away because that was what she wanted. She wanted him to be a lizard, because she gave some lizards to his mother. Well, he continued to chase her until finally they went out into the ocean and both of them died.

This story is related to the skills of the people of Satawan in making magic. This story when it is told by our older people, they always refer to these people of Satawan, because the Satawan people are really famous in making magic and they are number two to the people of Pata in making love potions. That's all.

TALE 57: OBEDIENT AND DISOBEDIENT SONS

These are sons famous over a large part of Micronesia. As can be seen from Yeluluwei's unusual birth and later behavior, we are dealing with supernaturals. Indeed, Pelulep

means "Great Navigator" and both he and Yeluluwei are the patrons of seagoers, to whom food offerings are made and to whom certain fish are sacred. This tale from Woleai Atoll is but a portion of an extensive cycle of tales of navigation and the great Pelulep, but it is the part most often known to young Micronesians. Even with the decline of navigation this portion of the cycle dealing with the wages of obedience and disobedience has maintained its vitality.

A very long time ago there were two brothers called Rongchig and Ronglep, and they lived on an island. They were the sons of Pelulep, who was married to a woman on the island. One day Pelulep's wife had her third pregnancy. When she delivered her third son, as soon as he breathed the fresh air, he ran away into the bushes; and he lived there in the bushes until he grew up to a young man. This son's name was Yeluluwei

Ronglep was the oldest of the three brothers, but he learned very little about navigation from Palulep, their father, for he wouldn't spend much time with their father to ask him about navigation. Therefore Rongchig, his younger brother, knew much more about navigation than Ronglep, because he spent most of his time with their father and asked him many questions about navigation. So Pelulep taught Rongchig all he knew about navigation.

One day the oldest brother, Ronglep, decided to take a trip to a far away island. The people of the island helped him carry down and put his canoe in the water. Almost as soon as Ronglep's canoe touched the water, his youngest brother, Yeluluwei, ran down from the bushes and got up on the canoe. He sat on the two poles which held the outrigger, and he had a ripe coconut in his arms. He left with his brother on his canoe, but his brother didn't give him any food during all the time they were sailing away from their island.

After they had spent about three days on the open sea, Yeluluwei jumped into the water and ran away on the surface of the ocean as if the water was solid. He ran until he disappeared from the sight of everybody on the canoe. Ronglep and his crew continued their trip. They sailed on until they saw two fish.

Then Ronglep ordered his crew to kill these fish, which he had been told by his father not to kill. So they killed the fish and cooked them and ate them. Ronglep's father had also told him before he started on his trip that he should always throw out some good food for Yeluluwei every time he ate something. But Ronglep disobeyed

his father and just threw out some bones and coconut husks for Yeluluwei's share, and they ate all the good parts of the food.

Soon Ronglep's canoe reached a spirit island. But Ronglep didn't know anything about it. When they came close to the shore of the island, they saw a piece of spirit coral. However, Ronglep didn't realize that this piece of coral was a spirit, so he told his crew to anchor their canoe to it. After their canoe had been anchored to the false coral, they all went ashore and there they met an old man.

This old man was a spirit also, but Ronglep and his crew didn't know this either. The spirit asked them to come with him and he said he would tell them where they would take a bath in fresh water. So they followed him. The spirit pointed out two ponds to them. One of the ponds was very clear and the other one was very dirty. He told Ronglep and his crew they should take a bath in the clear water. Then the men went in the clear pond and took their baths there. After they had all finished bathing and come up from the water, they all fell to the ground dead.

Their canoe remained anchored where they had left it, and when night came, the false coral disappeared, and the canoe drifted onto the beach and broke up.

Rongchig waited a very long time for his brother Ronglep to return, but Ronglep wouldn't ever return, for he was dead on the spirit island. So one day Rongchig went on his canoe to look for his brother. He also came to the spirit island. When they came close to the island, he told his crew to drive a stake into the sand under the water and anchor their canoe to it. When they got to the island his crew did as they were told by Rongchig. When they went ashore, Rongchig told them to do everything he would do.

The same old man spirit came down and called them up to the two ponds. He told them to take a bath in the clear water, but Rongchig jumped in the dirty one instead. So all his crew followed Rongchig down into the dirty water. They took their baths, and when they finished, they went to the men's house. Then the spirit knew that these people knew about his island, and he decided he would kill them when they were asleep. Before the men went to sleep, Rongchig told them to put a piece of ripe coconut on each of their eyelids and then go to sleep. They did as he told them to do, and every time the spirit came to kill them, he saw the white pieces of coconut meat on their eyelids and went back, because he thought they were still awake.

On the next day Rongchig went around the island and he found the bodies of his brother and his crew. Then he put some medicine

on them and soon they were all alive again. They made themselves a new canoe, and both canoes sailed away from the spirit island.

On their way back to their home island, a very bad storm came on them. They were separated, and they didn't see each other during the whole storm. Rongchig sailed on until he got back home, but Ronglep's canoe broke up during the storm. All his crew was drowned and Ronglep himself drifted away on a floating piece of his canoe.

Soon he came to an island, and this island was very small. It had only one pandanus tree on it. Ronglep walked up to the tree from the beach, and he saw a man sitting under the tree, making his rope. The man looked up and saw Ronglep. He told Ronglep to come and take a rest in the shade of the tree. Ronglep took a rest and soon he asked the man for some food and water. But the man told him that there wasn't any food growing on the island. So then Ronglep sat there for a whole day. He was very, very hungry, and again he asked the man for food. The man pointed to a hole dug in the middle of the sand island and told Ronglep to go there and find something for him to eat. But when Ronglep looked down in the hole he found only a pile of garbage and trash in it. He came back again to the man and told him he couldn't eat that garbage.

Then the man replied that the trash was the food that Ronglep had put aside for his share. Now Ronglep realized that this was the man he had once put away the bad parts of his food for. It was Yeluluwei. Now Yeluluwei instructed him to go and catch a fish for them. Ronglep went along the shore and found a blue-fin tuna. He caught it and brought it back to their place. He took a knife and sliced the fish up. However, when he looked at Yeluluwei, the meat from his side was also gone.

So Ronglep asked him why that happened, and the man replied it happened because Ronglep had cut the fish. Then Ronglep put the fish back in the water.

Soon Ronglep asked for water. Yeluluwei told him to go and see if there was some rain water in the clam shells on the beach and bring back some for both of them. When Ronglep went there, he found about a teaspoon full of water in one of the clam shells and took it back to Yeluluwei. He showed it to him, and Yeluluwei told him to drink some and then give him some. But Ronglep replied that he wouldn't have enough for two, because there wasn't very much water in the shell.

So he drank all the water from the clam shell, and when he looked in the shell, there was still some water there. He kept on drinking from that little amount of water he saw in the shell until

he had enough, and there was still the same amount left in the shell. They stayed there together on the island until Ronglep got strong and healthy, and then they made their own canoe and went back to their father's home.

The story ends; another will follow.

TALE 58: THE MISTREATED STEP-SON

Micronesians hold a child to be in an unfortunate position indeed if his mother is dead, especially if he lives with his father and the second wife. A real-life solution is for the child to take up residence with his matrilineal kin. This Marshallese tale and its variants carry a double burden, both to warn against favoritism and to alert the unwary to the dangers of a second marriage. That the mother's spirit returned as a bird is quite in keeping with common belief about forms assumed by the recently dead. It is one of the tenets of Micronesian folklore that dead mothers continue to evidence strong interest in their children. Indeed, Christianity has not as yet suppressed the general Micronesian conception that spirits of the recently dead tend to linger in the vicinity of their living relatives for some time.

Long long ago there was a couple and their son. The boy's name was Inedel. They lived on Ebon, in the Marshalls. The boy grew up and became old enough to help his father. Some time later the mother died. Inedel and his father took her all the way to the end of the island and buried her. Now Inedel and his father were the only two in the house, and they had to do all the house work. It wasn't easy as it was before when the mother was still alive.

But before long the father married two other women. These two women didn't like the boy very much, and they fed him only fish bones and cores from the breadfruit. One day Inedel and his father were going fishing. When they carried the canoe down to the water, they put the boy in front by himself, and the two mothers and the father were on the other side. After they had launched the canoe, Inedel and his father went fishing. When they came to the fishing place, the father told Inedel to stay on board the canoe to look after it. He dove down with his spear and he filled up the canoe with fish.

While he was still under water, the boy's spirit mother came. When he looked up, he saw a white sea bird. The spirit mother said to him, "Inedel, what kind of fish do you eat?"

He replied, "Only the bones they give me."

Then his mother asked, "What else?"

"I eat the cores of the breadfruit which my parents give me."

So the mother said, "Then come with me."

But he refused. So the mother said, "Then I'll pinch you and fly away."

When the father came to the surface, he was still crying; and his father asked Inedel why he was crying, and the boy replied, "The spines of my fish stung me."

Then his father said, "They're not yours. They belong to those two women on land." Then they argued back and forth. The boy said, "They are mine." The father said, "They belong to those women."

Then the boy finally said, "Oh, they belong to them."

They went ashore and the mothers came and got the fishes and cooked them. When they finished cooking, the father and the two mothers ate first. When they finished eating, they gave Inedel the bones and the breadfruit cores. The next day Inedel and his father went fishing again. His father went under the water, but Inedel stayed on board the canoe like before. Again his spirit mother came and sang to him. She sang, "Inedel, what kind of fish do you eat?"

He replied, "Only the fish bones from my parents."

The mother asked, "And what else?"

He said, "The cores of the breadfruit which I get from my parents."

So the mother said, "Come and fly with me." But the boy refused the mother, so she said, "Then I'll pinch you and fly away."

Now the boy was crying again. His father came up and asked him why he was crying, and he answered, "The spines of my fish stung me."

His father told him, "They are not yours. They belong to your mothers on shore." Like before, they argued back and forth. The boy said, "They are mine." And the father answered, "They belong to your mothers."

Then the boy gave up. He said, "All right. They belong to my mothers on the shore."

They went ashore and the two mothers came and got the fish and cooked them, and as before when they finished cooking, the mothers and the father ate first and when they got through eating, they gave Inedel the bones and the breadfruit cores. The next day when they were carrying the canoe to the water, the father put Inedel with the

two mothers on one side and he was on the other.

When they got to the water, Inedel and his father got on the canoe and started toward the same place. When they arrived at the fishing place, the father went under again, and Inedel stayed on the canoe.

Again his spirit mother, the white bird, came and sang to him. She sang, "Inedel, what kind of fish do you eat?"

He replied, "Only the bones which I get from my parents."

She asked, "And what else?"

And he said, "The cores of the breadfruit which I get from my parents."

So she said, "Then come and fly with me." Inedel didn't answer, so she said, "Then I'll pinch you and fly away."

Inedel cried again, and when his father surfaced, he was still crying. His father asked him, "Why are you crying, Inedel?" And Inedel said, "The spines of my mothers' fish stung me."

Then his father said, "No, they are yours." But Inedel replied, "They are not mine. They belong to my mothers."

Then again they argued back and forth, and finally Inedel said, "Very well. They are mine."

Now Inedel and his father went ashore and the mothers came and got the fish. They cooked them and when they finished, first they gave the boy the biggest breadfruit and the biggest fish. However, in the boy's mind he had decided to go and see his spirit mother; so later in the day he asked his father to make him a kite. His father made the kite and got it finished before dark.

Early the next morning Inedel launched his kite and was following it. While he was following it, he was singing, "My kite glides, rises, soars." Right after his song ended, many people came to see him and they were bringing food. They said, "Inedel, come and take your food;" but he said, "Take it to my parents."

So he sang again, "My kite glides, rises, soars."

More people came with more food, but he took only a little bite and then said, "Take it to my parents."

His father was a chief, and the people who were bringing food said to him, "Chief, what are you doing here? Your boy is almost at the other end of the island."

He got up and ran after the boy. Now the boy was running and singing to his kite. His father ran as fast as he could. When he was about to catch the boy, the boy submerged and disappeared in the ground.

The chief came and started digging. While he was digging, he

heard his son from underground saying, "Father, where are you digging? We are right here."

Then his father moved to the spot where the voice came from and started digging again. Then the boy called from another spot, "Father, where are you digging? We are right here." He moved again.

He kept on switching and finally he got exhausted. Then he died in the last hole he was digging. Inedel disappeared in the ground and that was the end of him.

The other end of Ebon where this story took place, the holes are still there, and the place is really soft.

TALE 59: THE JEALOUS FATHER

This savage tale of father-son conflict bears the marks of times past. While one still sees an occasional tattooed oldster, the practice has disappeared entirely among the young. In the old days upper class males especially were often tattooed over much of their bodies. In older variants of this Marshallese tale, the father kills the son by driving the tattooing needle unusually deep. The son's attempt to eat his mother when he was resuscitated was allied to the fact that he was not human until the soul was recalled.

Once there was a woman who became pregnant. When she gave birth, she bore a son. This son was a giant. He was so tall and big that no one on the island could match his size. After three days, his father became afraid of his powerful son, and he decided to get rid of him. One day the old man decided he would kill him by tattooing him while he was still very young.

On the fourth day the father took the boy from his mother and they went to a place called Jabo. When they got to this place, the father built a small hut for his son. Then he laid his son down on the ground and started to slice him up. The father began to cut the boy from all directions. While the father was cutting his son into small pieces, the mother began to sing this chant to her son: "Drelbo Jabo, try not to move or wiggle under the coconut tree where your father put you."

Then the son answered: "How can I keep still, since they are cutting me into small pieces?"

After the father had finished slicing his son into small pieces, he picked up two of the largest slices and said, "Eat this or eat that." He was imagining that he was cutting a tuna fish.

He sent a large piece to the mother so she could eat it. But instead of eating it, she put it in a basket and hung it on a pandanus tree. When they hung it up, the flesh in the basket began to sing. It sang:

"Liji-wi-a, Loma-o-a, Loko-rok-a.

They killed me and hung me at the ocean side of Jabo, Lijini."

The mother, Lijini, heard the voice and asked everybody in the house to keep listening. Then the flesh sang again:

"Liji-wi-a, Loma-o-a, Loko-rok-a.

They killed me and hung me at the ocean side of Jabo, Lijini."

The mother and the people in the house went and found where the voice came from. When they lowered the basket, the flesh was still moving while singing its song. Then the mother picked up the flesh and asked her grandmother to accompany her. They went to the ocean side, where the body was still hanging. They took the body and put it in a pool on the reef. Then they were sprinkling salt water on the small pieces and they sang a chant. They sang:

I want his soul, his soul. I want his soul, his soul.

When I look at it, his arms grow.

I want his soul.

When I look at it, his legs grow.

I want his soul.

When I look at it, the whole body grows.

Then the boy got up, and his whole body formed again. He tried to eat his mother and the grandmother, but when they sang the chant again, the boy became human once more. Now the boy was very angry because of what they had done to him. He went into the woods and brought back some sticks. He gave them to the women and told them to strike them together to make a drumming sound. The women began to strike the sticks while they were singing their song:

Cut down a coconut trunk and bring it in.

Cut down a pandanus trunk and bring it in,

A weapon for the giant boy to use.

Crack! All the way to the ocean side.

Crack! All the way to the lagoon side.

Crack! Right to the center of the village.

Then the boy pulled out a large coconut tree from the ground and threw it. The tree flew into the village and destroyed many houses. They sang again:

Cut down a coconut trunk and bring it in.
Cut down a pandanus trunk and bring it in,
A weapon for the giant boy to use.
Crack! All the way to the ocean side.
Crack! All the way to the lagoon side.
Crack! Right to the center of the village.

The boy pulled out another coconut tree and threw it to the village. The tree flew into the village and destroyed many more houses. Later on the boy himself reached the village, and he was standing in front of his father. Then he turned to his mother and asked, "Mother, what shall I do to my father?"

The mother replied, "It is up to you, son."

But the father said to his son, "Don't kill me, son. I will be your servant."

Then the boy asked his mother again, "What shall I do to my father?"

And the mother replied, "It's up to you, son."

The father stood up and begged him, "Don't kill me, son. I'll fish for you."

The son turned to his father, saying, "Now I am a man, and all these things you are telling me, I was supposed to do for you, because you are my father." After Drelbo Jabo had talked to his father, he picked up a big tree trunk and dropped it on his father and he died. When the father died, his son became the ruler of the island.

This story is from Arno Atoll. Jabo is in Arno, and today all the trees at the ocean side of Jabo are short trees. There are no tall trees because here is where the boy Drelbo was cutting drum sticks for his mother and the grandmother.

TALES OF SIBLINGS

In societies bonded by kin and by a strong emphasis on blood lines traced in most cases through matrilineal clans, siblings present a solid front to the world. One does not marry, turn his back on his family of origin, and begin anew.

Matrimony brings new kin ties but never at the price, or luxury, of deserting the old. These remain his primary loyalties. For this very important reason, there is a solid corpus of tales which extol the necessity of maintaining sibling solidarity and which portray calamity brought about by careless or intentional alienation of blood kin.

TALE 60: CRAB'S SONS' BATTLE

This crab mother appears in other stories from the Mortlock Islands area, and she is often referred to as the ancestress of the people of Kuttu Island. The strong men with whom the sons fight—Storm, Waterspout, and Typhoon—were once gods of the Trukese pantheon. But most contemporary informants see the tale as the expounder of cultural truths: brothers should not fight; they should obey their mother; and the younger brother should give precedence to his older brother.

Long long ago on an island in the east there was a giant hermit crab. She lived on the island for many years and finally she bore a son. The name of the baby was Ungar. They stayed on the island and when he was grown up his mother moved away from the island. She went to another island in the west.

When she stayed there she bore another son. She gave him his name as Mengar, and they lived there on that island. Time had passed and the sons grew up. They were strong and healthy. The one from the east never felt that anybody could challenge him, he was so big and strong. The younger brother was about the same size and strength as his older brother. Mengar also felt that nobody could challenge him.

The two brothers were also good fishermen. That was what they did most of their time, though they never fished together. Each one fished in his own area.

One day when the younger brother came from one of his fishing trips, his mother gave him some advice. She told him that while fishing he should go as far as the northern part. He should not go beyond that area. Her son did what she told him. When he went out fishing, he never went beyond the northern area. As soon as he got there, he would turn back. Then when he got home with the fish he caught,

they would have a good meal.

However when he grew up to be a young man, he knew that he was stronger than before. Therefore, while planning his fishing trip, he also had a mind to go to the restricted area. At the same time the older brother was also making the same plan. He planned to go to the west. So both of them went out fishing the same day and they both wanted to cross the boundary line. The younger brother fished but he was moving toward the area and the older brother was doing the same thing.

Finally they met each other and they both speared the same fish at the same time. Their spears got stuck in the fish's body. Then each son realized that he had to do something to get rid of his opponent. The older brother said, "Who are you? Who told you to fish in my area?"

But the younger brother asked him the same question. Without answering each other's question, they came together and the fight between them was started. While they were fighting there was a typhoon. The waves were building up as a result of this struggle between the two brothers. The islands near the place where the struggle was taking place were having typhoons, earthquakes, and big waves were going on the land.

The waves that were formed by the struggle traveled far and wide and they reached the island where their mother was living. She knew then that her sons had met and fought. Immediately she left the island. She swam and swam and swam; then she saw them. She went over to the younger son and crawled up one of his legs. She asked him why he put his hands or even laid hands on his older brother. But the younger brother didn't know. So then they both stopped, and when they looked at the crab they knew she was their mother. The older claimed her and at the same time the younger son also claimed her.

Now she told them to stop fighting so that she could explain to them. She told the younger that she bore the older son in the east and gave him the name Ungar. She also told him that he was the younger son and that he was born in the west. She told them that they were brothers.

The two brothers then agreed that they wouldn't fight with each other anymore. However, they would now go out and look around for the islands of the strong men. They wanted to test how strong they were. They left the place and came to an island where all the strong men stayed. This island belonged to Typhoon, Storm, Tornado, and other strong men.

When the two brothers came to the island there wasn't anybody home except an old man covered with yaws. The other men from the island had gone fishing. When they arrived there, the brothers wandered around the island and came to the men's house. The old man was the only person there, so they went in and inquired about everybody in the house. But the old man spoke up. He told them to leave the island because the islanders were about to come back. He was afraid that if they stayed they would kill them. He really urged them to leave.

However, the two brothers ignored his advice. They asked him where the islanders had gone. The old man replied that the islanders had gone fishing and they would be coming back soon. So the brothers said that they would just wait for them because they were hungry. They wanted to eat with them. So they stayed in the house.

After a few hours, Tornado came on his canoe. When he was very close to the island, he put down his sail, tied it up and threw it into the house. He said, "You are on the rafters in the house." The sail flew and settled down on the rafters in the house. The whole island was shaking when the sail landed there because it was so fast. Then the brothers in the house knew that somebody had arrived, and the old man told the brothers that the islanders had come. He begged them to leave, but the younger brother just went over to the rafters and took down the sail. He put a very big rock inside the sail, wrapped it up, and threw it back at the canoe. He said, "You are inside the canoe." The sail flew from the island and broke into the canoe. The canoe broke into small pieces, and Tornado knew that there were people in the house.

Another one of the islanders came rushing on his canoe. He saw the broken canoe and inquired about it. Tornado told him that there was somebody in their house. But Storm just took down his sail, wrapped it, and threw it into the house. When it was settled on the rafters, the younger brother took it down again, put a rock inside it, and threw it back at the canoe. The sail flew back and broke the canoe.

That happened to all the canoes that came, and finally the strongest of all the men, Typhoon, came on his canoe. He was the last to arrive. He took down his sail and threw it into the house. Because it came so fast, the sail almost broke down the house. Then the older brother knew that that was his man, so he stood up to take the sail. He put a very, very big rock inside it and threw it back at the canoe. The sail flew back and broke the canoe to pieces.

So then all of the islanders gathered the fish they had caught. They swam to their island. When they got to the place they took the fish up into the house. Then they started to cook. They finished

them and they were eating.

They did not call the brothers who were sitting inside the house on the other end. When the older brother saw that they would not let them eat, he told his brother to wait for him. He would go and get some food for them. Then he went and grabbed the chief's food. He came back to his brother and they started to eat. But the people were really angry at them because they had taken their chief's food.

When everybody finished eating, the two brothers said that they wanted to drink coconuts. The younger brother came out from the house and he went to the coconut tree and broke it down. The coconuts fell down on the ground. Then he told them to drink them. He also told them to eat because afterward they were going to play. They were going to wrestle.

They all finished drinking; then the younger brother went outside again and stood there. He asked for some of the islanders to challenge him. The man who came first stood up and faced him, and they wrestled. The younger brother just lifted him up and threw him down on the trunk of the coconut tree. Then he called for the others to come.

While they were fighting on the islands there was a typhoon. Then another man would come out and challenge the younger brother. But the younger brother did the same thing to each one of them.

After he had killed many of the people, the older brother came out to take his younger brother's place. He came out just to wrestle with the strongest of them all. But he was able to kill them all just by throwing them down on the tree trunk. It was almost covered with dead bodies.

They grabbed the old man and threw him to the trunk too. Then they left the place and went back to their homes. The older returned to his place and the younger to his.

TALE 61: THE EXILED SISTER

Considering the strength of the brother-sister tie, the closer one marries to home the better. In Truk District, too, husbands most often dwell with their wives' people. If a male is to carry out his many responsibilities to kin he cannot afford to have his wife's relatives and his own living too far apart. In the old days certain plants and fish were set aside for chiefs. The *kiop*, a spider lily, was used in the making of flower leis and

perfume. Besides underscoring the importance of marrying a local girl, this tale also establishes blood connections for a particular clan with Olofat, god, trickster, and culture hero.

This story is about a chief who lived on an island in the Mortlocks. He had a wife and he also had one son and one daughter. And as his children grew up, he called his son and his daughter together when he felt that he could die very soon. He told his son that when he died, the son should marry a woman who really loved his sister, and where he wanted him to get married was just from that particular island, not from another island. When the father, the chief, died, the son really took good care of her, his sister. Whenever he went fishing, when he came back he gave all of what he caught to his sister.

Then after awhile he went to another island, just visiting, and when he came back, he told his sister that he found a woman whom he would like to marry. His sister was a little bit worried about that, because she knew that her father advised the son not to marry a girl from another island. But the son promised his sister that even if he married a girl from outside, he would always be good to her, to his sister. Then his sister permitted him to marry that girl. When he brought that girl with him to their house, the brother told his wife that she should always be good to his sister.

And as the time went on, the wife of the boy noticed that her husband seemed to treat his sister better than herself, and then the wife tried to find a way to make the man dislike his sister. One day the wife told her husband that she was pregnant, and the man was really pleased, because he wanted to have a child. When his wife delivered the baby, the man found out that it was a boy; and he was really pleased.

Then on one day the wife of the man decided to make a plan to make her husband hate his sister. On that day she decided to go to a well to take a bath. Nobody was taking care of her child, and she called the sister of her husband to come and take care of the baby. But before she called the sister of her husband to come and take care of the baby, she went out first beside their house. In front of their house there was a flower, which we call *kiop* in Trukese.

The son of the chief really liked that flower, and he never let animals or human beings come close to it, because that flower had a very good smell; and the son already promised that if he saw anybody try to destroy that flower, he would kill him or kill her. Then that was what his wife was deciding to do. She went outside and broke the *kiop* and brought the flowers in and put them under the mat of

her baby. Then she called the sister of her husband to come and take care of the baby. But for herself, she went to the well and took a bath.

When she came back, the sister of her husband was still there; and she told her to go where she wanted to, because she could take care of the baby. But when the husband came, he saw that part of the flower was not there, and he was really mad. When he came inside and asked his wife who destroyed the flower, the *kiop*, his wife told him that she didn't know. But when the husband tried to fold the mat of their baby, he saw the flower, part of the flower, was under it. He asked his wife whether she was the one who did that. The wife said she didn't do it. The husband asked her who took care of the baby while she was gone. The wife told him that his sister was the one who took care of the baby.

Then the husband, the man, was really mad; and he called his sister to come, and he scolded her and then sent her away. He told her to go where she would be really far away from that island, where he would not hear her anymore. So the sister went away and stayed on another islet, just in the same lagoon, and she stayed there.

While she was there, one young man came to her and stayed with her. That young man was Olofat. He came and stayed with her until the woman got pregnant, and she delivered one son, then another one. They stayed there for some years until the two boys grew up to twenty-some years old. While they were there, that woman, the sister of the chief's son, told her boys about what her brother did with her and why he did that to her.

Then those two sons of the woman decided to come back to that particular island where they were originally from. One of them asked his father, Olofat, to build a canoe for him, and then he started sailing to that island where his mother was really from. The first time he sailed to the island, beside the island there were many women fishing. They were using nets. When he came close to that island, those women saw him, and they really liked him. They chased him, tried to get up on his canoe, but he didn't like them to get up on his canoe.

Then one night he told Olofat, who was his father, and told his mother that he wanted to go to that island to sneak in those girls' houses. So he came to that island and started from the northern side, got into the girls' houses and slept with them.

When those men from that island realized that a stranger always came at night and slept with their wives or their daughters, they were really mad, and they decided to kill him one day. All of the men from that island gathered together one night, and they waited for him. But those two sons of the woman knew that the men from their own

island were deciding to kill them. Then they came, both of them. They came to the island, and instead of going to their girl friends, they went straight to the house, to the chief's house where their uncle was staying. They went there and got into the room of their mother, the former room of their mother, and they stayed there.

When their uncle noticed that those two strangers were in his sister's room, he was really mad; because at that time he still loved his sister, but because he had already promised that he would kill anybody who tried to destroy his flower, that was why he did that to her. He gathered all the men from that island, and they came, and they tried to kill them. They used every weapon they had: spear, knife, and they tried to kill them, but those two brothers were really expert in fighting. They could avoid everything they tried to kill them with.

When those men from that island realized that they couldn't kill those two boys, they sent for two sons of another spirit, Anun Mwarasi, which was really famous on that island. They sent for those two sons to come and kill those two brothers. Those sons of Anun Mwarasi, which means "Rainbow" in English, came with their magic spears. They came and went straight to the chief's house, where those two brothers were staying. While the chief's sister's two sons were staying there, they could tell that those two sons of Rainbow came to kill them. But they knew that those two brothers were their cousins, because Rainbow and Olofat were brothers.

They came out and stood in front of the house. Both of Rainbow's sons speared them, and those two brothers tried to avoid those spears, but they couldn't because those spears were magic, were coated with magic. Those two sons of Rainbow speared them, and one of the spears struck the neck of the older son and one of the spears struck the chest of the younger son.

Just at the time those spears struck those two brothers, Olofat came down immediately and took the spears out. Then he just touched where the spear was in his sons, and we couldn't find the spot. Then he scolded those two sons of Rainbow and told them that those two brothers were the real descendants of the chief's family of that island.

Up to that time Rainbow was supposed to be the god who always helped the people of that island. But because of what his sons did to the real descendants of that chief's family, he ran away from that island, and he never came back, because he was afraid of Olofat, the real father of the two brothers.

TALE 62: THE ABANDONED SISTER

The message that sister should love sister comes through strong in this Ponapean selection, although it would seem that the mother's favoring the younger daughter with the best food would hardly contribute to this worthy end. But to the informant the tale stands as an example of an evil sister who got her just deserts. In actual life, the older sister would occupy a position of authority over her younger sibling.

Long long ago there lived a lady who had two daughters. One of the daughters was ugly, while the other was pretty. The older girl was the ugly one and her name was Nahlmwanger en sei; the pretty younger daughter's name was Lidoreni. The mother really taught them how to love each other, but it was obvious to her that the oldest girl didn't love the younger one. The reason why the older daughter didn't love the younger one was that she was more beautiful, more courteous, and more polite than the older one.

One day the mother went out to look for food as she usually did. She told the older daughter that when it was time for them to eat not to put their plates close together. While the mother was gone Nahlmwanger en sei and Lidoreni were playing outside the house. They kept on playing until noontime. When Nahlmwanger en sei figured out it was already lunch time for them, she told Lidoreni to just remain outside, for she was going inside the house to prepare the food. She told Lidoreni to remain outside until she called her.

When she was preparing the food, she decided to try Lidoreni's meal and she found out that Lidoreni's food tasted better than hers. After finding out that Lidoreni's tasted better than hers she switched the plates and gave hers to Lidoreni and had Lidoreni's for herself. But when Lidoreni found out that the food she had didn't taste good she didn't eat at all.

When the mother came back, she asked Lidoreni whether they had eaten or not and Lidoreni replied, "Yes." After getting this reply from Lidoreni, the mother told the two daughters to wait, for she was going to prepare supper. Now Lidoreni was becoming weak, because she was very hungry because she hadn't eaten her lunch. They were already in bed and she was very hungry. When they got up in the morning they ate and after eating, the mother left again in

search of food. When she was leaving, she again asked Nahlmwanger en sei to take care of Lidoreni and when it was time to eat to feed Lidoreni.

After she left, the two sisters started playing, but Nahlmwanger en sei seemed to be mistreating Lidoreni. She teased her and even beat her. She was like this to her younger sister because she already had found out that their food was not the same. Lidoreni's food was better than Nahlmwanger en sei's. Again before the mother returned Nahlmwanger en sei put down the food and started eating Lidoreni's food. When the mother arrived she suspected that Nahlmwanger en sei had been treating Lidoreni badly, for Lidoreni looked weak and sick. So she asked Lidoreni if Nahlmwanger en sei had been treating her badly but Lidoreni replied, saying, "No."

When nighttime came they went to sleep but Lidoreni was not feeling well, for she was really starving. On the next day the mother was getting ready to go out again to look for food but before she left she told Lidoreni to keep watching how Nahlmwanger en sei treated her, because for two days now she had been looking unhappy and weak. The mother couldn't understand why Lidoreni looked weak and sick.

She left and before noon she started back home. The very same thing happened again. Lidoreni didn't eat because Nahlmwanger en sei ate her food. When the mother arrived, she found Lidoreni lying down. She was so weak she couldn't play that day. But before the mother came back, Nahlmwanger en sei had warned Lidoreni not to tell the mother how she had been treating her. "If you tell mother that I have been mistreating you, I'll beat you to death."

So Lidoreni was so scared that when the mother came back, she didn't tell her how Nahlmwanger en sei used her. When the mother came back, she found Lidoreni lying down, so she asked her what was wrong but she just kept quiet. Lidoreni was sick for awhile, so the mother stopped going out looking for food. She stayed home and took care of Lidoreni until she recovered. One day after Lidoreni recovered, the mother went out again. But before she left she told her two daughters not to play around for the day and not to go down to the shore.

As soon as the mother left, Nahlmwanger en sei forced Lidoreni to go to the shore with her. Lidoreni didn't want to. She told Nahlmwanger en sei that she wouldn't go because the mother told them not to.

Then Nahlmwanger en sei told her that she would beat her if she didn't go with her. So they went down to the shore, but Lidoreni

was very sad for she never had disobeyed their mother before. When they came to the shore, they found a small canoe. Lidoreni was so worried that she told Nahlmwanger en sei they should go back to the house.

Nahlmwanger en sei replied, saying, "No. We are going out just to paddle around in the water." They were paddling around until they came to a small island, an island of spirits. When they came to that island, Nahlmwanger en sei told Lidoreni to go around to the other side and she would go in the other direction until they came to a point where they would meet; then they would go back home before the mother returned home. Lidoreni disagreed. She wanted them to go together, so that if one got into trouble the other could help, but Nahlmwanger en sei insisted that it would be better for them to go in different directions picking flowers until they met. Then that would be the time they would go back home. They were arguing whether they should go together or one should take one way and the other the other way. Lidoreni reluctantly agreed and said to Nahlmwanger en sei that it was all right, but Nahlmwanger en sei should remember that if one of them got into trouble she would be unable to get help from the other.

As soon as they parted from each other, Nahlmwanger en sei went back to where they left the canoe and started back home. Lidoreni was going around the island picking flowers until she came to where they first parted from each other. She found no canoe, no people, or anything. So she sat down and started crying. While she was crying, the spirits of that island returned and found Lidoreni and they ate her. All that was left of her was the nail of her little finger.

Nahlmwanger en sei had reached their home. She went to their bedroom and covered herself up with a sheet and pretended to be crying. When the mother came back, she asked Nahlmwanger en sei why she was crying. She answered, "Because of Lidoreni's being disobedient, she has died."

Nahlmwanger en sei told the mother that as soon as she left the first thing that Lidoreni said they would do was go down to the shore, and when they got to the shore Lidoreni again told Nahlmwanger en sei that they would take down the canoe and go out on the water.

As soon as the mother heard this, she immediately knew that Lidoreni had been eaten up by the spirits of the small island. The mother started crying. When she was crying, she thought that this was what she was bound to face, the loss of her beloved daughter. She was so sad that the next day she didn't go out to look for food. She was just lying down, worrying about the lost daughter. Finally

she called over Nahlmwanger en sei to come and pick her lice.

While Nahlmwanger en sei was delousing the mother, the mother heard the tone of a song echoing to the house. It seemed to be hinting to the mother that Nahlmwanger en sei took Lidoreni to the island of the spirits and left her there. Nahlmwanger en sei also heard the echo, and what she did was to try to distract the mother from hearing it. She said, "Here is one louse! Here is one louse!"

When the mother was distracted from hearing the sound, she tended to forget it, but again and again the sound came back. "She took me to the island of the spirits, island of the spirits, and ran away from me."

When Nahlmwanger en sei started to prevent the mother from hearing the sound the mother told her, "Keep quiet for awhile!" The mother told Nahlmwanger en sei that she had better be quiet so that they could hear the wording of the song. When Nahlmwanger en sei was quiet, the song came back again: "She took me to the island of the spirits, of the spirits, of the spirits, and ran away from me."

As soon as the mother picked out the wording of the song, she immediately got on her feet and headed toward the shore. When she got to the shore, she took down the canoe and started paddling toward the island. When she arrived on the island, she looked around until she found blood, apparently where the ghosts had eaten Lidoreni. So she decided to look around some more to see if she could at least find some part of Lidoreni's body. She looked around and she found a spot where some small black ants were crawling on something. She picked up that thing and examined it. She found out that something was a human fingernail. She said, "This is the fingernail of my daughter."

She picked a taro leaf and placed the fingernail in it and then she started back. She placed the taro she had put the fingernail in in a small basket she had. The basket was at the very rear of the canoe. When she was paddling back home, she felt that somehow the canoe was getting heavier. It was getting heavier and heavier all the time.

When she first turned around she saw the head of Lidoreni, but she kept on paddling. She didn't speak. The canoe got heavier and she turned around for the second time. She saw Lidoreni's breasts. She kept on paddling. She turned for the third time and she saw the whole body in the rear of the canoe. Lidoreni said to the mother, "Mother, give me a paddle." The mother handed Lidoreni the paddle and as soon as Lidoreni started paddling the paddle broke.

So Lidoreni asked for another paddle. The paddle broke again. As soon as the second paddle broke, the mother gathered all the paddles

and put them at the rear. Lidoreni grabbed all the paddles and made a single stroke in the water and there the canoe landed on the shore. As soon as they got on the shore they started walking toward the house.

When they came close to the house, Nahlmwanger en sei looked out and saw the mother and Lidoreni coming. Then she just jumped up, hit the roof, and as soon as she landed again on the floor, she died. So thereafter Lidoreni and the mother lived happily and enjoyed staying together.

This concludes the story.

TALES OF EROTICISM

While these erotic tales could have been dispersed among the several subdivisions in this work, I have held them separate because my informants were very discriminating in their presentations of the sexual. Such tales are not to be told carelessly. Always one must observe the social niceties. Erotic tales are out of place with honored guests and those of high status. Since the action revolves about sexuality, such tales are taboo in the presence of those classified as brothers and sisters, parents and children, or even in many cases, man and wife. One most often collects the erotic tale from young males, and they are a favorite genre at male gatherings, especially in the men's house. The erotic is not easy to record, for many informants are not willing to take the risk of having these risqué yarns appear in print with their names attached. For these several reasons, I have not identified these tales as to informant. Yet I cannot omit the erotic from a book purporting to present a cross-section of tales of an entire culture area, for the genre contains important insights into Micronesian concepts of humor and sexuality.

TALE 63: IGNORANCE OF SEXUAL ORGANS

Iol and his wife Iad are stock figures in many Micronesian tales. Nothing could be more ludicrous to the Micronesian than the appalling ignorance of Iol and his daughter. In a

society where clothing is often scanty and almost always absent among the very young, one can hardly be unaware of sexual differences. Moreover, Micronesians are not prudish nor do they grow up in isolation. The Micronesian home is little more than a bedroom, and there the entire sexual cycle is played out, from courtship to birth. The privacy of the American parental bedroom is virtually unknown. To have Semen Kanor, the God of Wisdom, play the trickster's role is unusual. More often his brother Olofat is cast in the lead when sexual hanky-panky is to occur.

This story which I'm going to tell is about Iol, a man who's old, and his daughter.

Once upon a time there lived that man on Losap Island, and he had a daughter. One day this daughter went outside the house and played around, and she climbed an orange tree which was just close to the house. She climbed that tree, and she was sitting there almost on the top. When that father Iol came under that tree, he looked up. He saw his girl, his daughter, on the tree, and he looked at her carefully, and he saw her sexual organ. And that man was not familiar with that sexual organ which his daughter had.

He shouted to his daughter and told her to come down because he thought that his daughter had a cut, a terrible cut. When his daughter came down from the tree, he looked at her sexual organ; and it was red inside, I would say, and he thought that it was bleeding. He felt very sorry. He thought that his daughter would die very soon. He took her in their house and tried to think of a way he could heal that cut, I would say, because he considered her sexual organ as a cut.

And he finally remembered one old man who was living in the middle of Losap. That man would not live with the other people because he was considered a very sacred man, and people did not usually see him unless they really had something to ask him. And one day he decided to bring his daughter to that old man. Actually he prepared some food to go give the man first before he brought his daughter to him. That is the custom. When we ask someone to give us medicine, we have to prepare some food.

He went to the old man one day and told him that he wanted him to see his daughter. They called that old man Semen Kanor; the word *semen* means "father" and the word *kanor* means "wisdom." We consider that man as the Father of Wisdom. Iol told the old man to look at his daughter, and the old man asked him what was wrong

with her. And he said, "She has a very terrible cut, and I think she will die very soon."

The old man called the daughter inside his house and examined her. He found out that she didn't have a cut; it was her sexual organ; that is, her father considered it as a cut, terrible cut. The old man told Iol, the father, to go to his house, and he would bring his daughter back when he finished giving her medicine.

When the father went back, the old man, the Father of Wisdom, went outside and took some breadfruit sap, and he mixed it with coconut milk, and he put it around the daughter's sexual organ to hide it from the father, I would say, and he sent the daughter back to her father.

When the daughter went to her father and showed him her cut, the father was very pleased, because he thought that her cut was healed. Just before they went to bed, the daughter wanted to urinate, and she went outside and took the breadfruit sap from her cut.

The next day the father saw it again, that she had a cut; and then he took her back to the old man, the Father of Wisdom, and told him that his daughter had the cut again.

And the Father of Wisdom was tired of seeing him many times, and he decided to show the daughter that the cut was not a real cut, but her sexual organ. Then he called her to his house. He had sexual relationships with her, which made the daughter very happy.

When she went back to her father, the next day they decided to go fishing, and he wanted the daughter to go with him. When they started out to the reef, the man, the father, began to fish, and the daughter was staying on the canoe. She was bailing out the water from the canoe, and while she was bailing out the water, she got her waist wet, and the breadfruit sap which the Father of Wisdom put on her sexual organ got loose.

When the father came up from the water, he saw it again and told her that they should go back immediately. Then the daughter told her father the way the Father of Wisdom made her comfortable, I would say.

She told her father, and her father tried once. He really liked it, and he tried again; and about three times, he tried again, without realizing that there was a storm coming. It took their canoe with them on it away from the reef, until the canoe was turned over because it wasn't a sailing canoe.

When the canoe was turned over, there came a fish, a big fish. The fish came and swallowed the both of them, the daughter and the father,

Now we catch that fish, that particular fish, and when we open the intestines we find those two pieces we just consider part of that fish, but you will find them. When we open this fish, which we call in Trukese *ngan*, we find two things laying on each other. They are just like the intestines of a fish. And when we separate them, even if you put them apart one or two feet, they will find each other and lay on each other.

TALE 64: BROTHER-SISTER INCEST

These well-known tales of brother-sister, father-daughter, and mother-son incest stand as the complete negation in erotic humor of the actual cultural situation. Anyone caught breaking this number one taboo would find himself in complete social isolation, and moreover, he could expect some unfortunate thing to happen to him. Central to this Kusaiean tale is the importance of the male to the family well-being. In Kusaie, the breadfruit-taro patch complex that feeds the family is all dependent on an adult male to do the work. It is assumed that when a male becomes sexually mature he will seek out female companionship. Micronesians give short shrift to celibacy for male or female.

The story about the brother named Selupansena and his three sisters.

There was a couple, and the mother delivered a boy and three girls. Then the father died and they buried him. They stayed far away from the village where the majority of the people lived; that was why they buried the father by themselves. The mother really liked her son because he was the only boy in that family, so she asked those three other children to take good care of him too. One day the mother became sick and then died. So they buried her too and then they stayed alone, one boy and three girls. They grew up and started doing the work, preparing food and other kinds of work by themselves.

When that boy grew up he started thinking about going out and looking for girls or going out for dates. However, because they stayed far away from the village he couldn't go there and those three girls wouldn't let him go out. So he just made up his own idea, that he would sleep with his sisters. One day he got sick. He didn't really get sick, but he pretended that he was really sick. However he was not,

When the three girls came up and asked him whether he was sick or not, then he said he was feeling sick. They asked him again what he wanted to eat and he said he wanted to eat fish. Then those three girls remembered what their mother told them, that they should take good care of him, and they hurried and went fishing.

So they went out fishing and that boy covered himself up in his bed and stayed alone in the house until they came back from fishing. Then they called him, "Selupansena." When he answered, he lowered his voice and pretended that he was really sick. His sisters said, "Here are the fish. What are we going to do with them?"

He lowered his voice, "Take them to my mother and ask her what she wants you to do with them. Whatever she decides I will agree with it."

Then they took the fish to their mother's grave. They took the fish and went on their way to the grave and Selupansena jumped up from his bed and took the other way to the grave. He hurried to the grave and lifted up the mat covering the grave. He lifted it up and laid down on top of the grave and covered him with the mat.

When his three sisters came up, they stood beside the grave and called their mother. The boy answered them and said "Yea." They said, "Selupansena is sick. He wanted to eat fish and we brought these fish to him. He told us to come and ask you what do you want us to do with it. Everything you decide he'll agree with it."

So that boy answered them, pretending that he was their mother and he said, "You go back and tell him you will do whatever he wants you to do with it. Take care of him. Ask him what he wants and what he needs. He has grown up, and if he wants to do something to you, just let him do it."

But these three girls didn't like the way their mother talked. They really got sad about what their mother had told them. They murmured and said, "How come, when our mother was still alive, she was a good and a nice mother; and when she is dead, she is a bad mother? How come she can tell us to do this thing with our brother?" Then they came back to the house.

While they were still walking, Selupansena got out from the grave and ran to the house. He got in the house and covered himself up in the same place where he used to lie down before. The three girls reached home and they called again to Selupansena, and he answered them with a very low voice. He asked, "What did my mother say about those fish?"

"She told us to bring them back and tell you whatever you wanted us to do with them, we will do it."

The boy asked again, "What else did my mother say?"

"She told us to take good care of you and if you wanted something we would do whatever you want."

"What else did she say?"

"If you are sick we should take good care of you."

Because he was the one who answered them from their mother's grave, he kept asking them about everything their mother said. So he asked again, "What else did my mother say?"

"She said if you wanted us to play together, it is all up to you."

Then he said, "How come my mother is getting worse? How can she say those things to you? When mother was alive, she was really nice and now she is dead, she is very bad. I'm really sorry about that. But because I loved my mother very much, I have decided to do everything she says. I really hate to; but because I love my mother, whatever she says, I'll do it." He told them to roast the fish, so they roasted them and they ate. When they finished eating, those three girls stayed up, but he went and laid down and got ready. He told the oldest to lie right beside him, and the next older one beside the oldest one, and then the last one next to her. Those three girls were really tired and they fell asleep.

But Selupansena didn't sleep because he wanted to start doing what their mother said to them. He woke up the oldest one. She woke up and he asked her, "What did mother say?" The oldest answered him, "She said if you want to do something to us, just go ahead and do it." So they did, and after they finished, they laid down again.

Then he woke up the next oldest one. He asked again what their mother said to them, and she answered the same as the oldest one did. So he did it again to this one.

When they finished he laid down again for awhile. Then he woke up the youngest one and asked her the same question as the other two. She answered the same way as the other two and he did it with her. Then he said to them, "This is not a good idea, but because I really love my mother, I cannot disobey her orders."

Later on he just used his three sisters because of his trick.

TALE 65: THE BITING VAGINA

At times this tale from Woleai Atoll becomes part of a story complex celebrating the competitive aspects of sex (see

notes, Tale 66). On the other hand, Micronesian tales are full of spirits who use a bewildering variety of methods to lure humans in their clutches (and ovens), and it is believed that both male and female malevolent spirits will use sex to snare the unwary.

Long ago there was a spirit woman on an island. She had a daughter, and the mother liked to eat people. The daughter wouldn't eat people, but she had a clam shell in her vagina. Near to their island there was another island where most of the handsome young men lived. There were four brothers on the island nearby the spirit's island. Their names were Luche, Luyol, Lugarawa, and Lumawo.

Everytime a young man from the island would make a stop on the spirit's island he wouldn't return to his home island. People from the island got very suspicious about the young men not returning from their trips to the spirit's island, but at that time no one knew about the spirit woman and her daughter. One day the four brothers decided to check the spirit island and see what had happened to the young men from their island who had gone there. The four brothers agreed that Lugarawa would be the first one among them to go to the island, so Lugarawa prepared himself and sailed to the spirit island the next day.

When the mother spirit saw the canoe coming very close to their island, she told her daughter to go in their house and lay on her mat under her mosquito net. The daughter went in the house and did as she was told by her mother. The young man reached the island and walked to the houses. As he came near by, the old woman told him to go to the other house because that was where her daughter stayed. Lugarawa went to the other house and saw the beautiful woman lying on the mat under her mosquito net.

Lugarawa got under the mosquito net, because he was welcomed by the woman and he lay down with her. They kissed and got hold of each other. Soon they decided to have intercourse. The young man got in between the woman's legs and she separated them for the young man to get in. The man was so attracted by her red beautiful vagina that he forgot what he was there for. He put all the length of his penis in and pressed himself with all his weight against her. Before he could do anything else, the clam shell inside the woman bit off his penis.

Then Lugarawa died and the woman called her mother to come get her dinner. So the mother came and picked up the body and put in her *wum*, which she had prepared ahead of time. She cooked the

body and ate it and threw the bones into a hole she had dug near her kitchen for this purpose.

The three brothers of Lugarawa waited on the other island but Lugarawa never returned. On the next day, the next man went and the same thing happened to him. The following day another brother went and again the same thing happened.

Of the four brothers now only Luche was left. He was the most handsome man among them. One day he took with him a short stick from an ironwood tree which could be used to pry clam shells off the reef, and he went in his canoe to the island of the spirit and her daughter.

When the mother saw the canoe come by the island, she told her daughter to prepare for the next man. He arrived on the island and went to the houses. When he saw the old woman, he asked her if she had seen his brothers come to the island. The spirit replied that she and her daughter were the only persons living there. And the spirit also told Luche if he wanted to stay with her daughter, then he could go to the bigger house. The young man asked the old woman whether that would be all right with her and she said, "Yes."

So the young man went to the house. When the beautiful woman asked him to come in, Luche went in and lay with her on her mat. Luche had put the ironwood stick in his loincloth. While he kissed and held the lady, he tried to see if there was any equipment for fighting in the house, and he couldn't find any. So the young man knew that the woman must be the one who killed his brothers, but as for how the woman killed them, the boy did not know.

Soon the woman asked him to have intercourse with her. Luche went in between her legs, put his penis against the outer lips of her vagina and put in the stick. The clam shell inside her vagina bit the stick; then he twisted the stick. When he did this, the beautiful woman died.

Then he called for the old woman. The old spirit ran in for she thought her daughter called her to get the man. When she came in, she saw her daughter lying dead on her mat. The young man reached out and pulled her by the hair. He told her to bring his brothers back to life; and if she could not do it, then he would kill her.

So the spirit gathered the bones of every one in the hole. She put her medicine on them and all of the men she ate were alive again and went back home. So she took her daughter and cooked her for dinner that day.

TALE 66: THE SEXUAL CONTEST

The competitive aspects of sexuality are emphasized by the Trukese, especially in those more or less temporary affairs not leading to marriage. If a man reaches orgasm before his female partner, he is accounted the loser; and neither sex wishes to gain the reputation of playing a losing or second-rate game. Like many other Oceanic people, Micronesians are much concerned with the conformation of the vagina, for fullness of development is held of major importance if a woman is to be responsive sexually. This amatory conviction, which leads to attempts to correct genital inadequacies by stretching the clitoris and labia minora, is matched by the corresponding belief that male adequacy is linked to size of penis.

This story is about Olofat, Olofat the Great. I'm calling him this name because on my island it is believed that if any formidable problem arose, nobody could solve it except Olofat. And Olofat also did many tricky schemes, and he's well known in our legends as the hero or the most trickiest fellow. In this particular story, Olofat and the woman are the characters. This is a story of the relation between a man and a woman.

Out in the Mortlock Islands there lived a woman. This woman happened to have eighty sexual organs. And she was going around on the Mortlock Islands and looking for a man who could match her. And she went all over the islands and couldn't find anybody who could match her in having sexual relations with her. So the news of the woman was rapidly spread all over the islands and even came to the Truk Atoll.

And there in the Truk Lagoon Olofat lived. And as the news of this woman reached his island, Olofat said to all the men, he said, "Well, nobody could match her, but I will try. And send to her that I am Olofat who can match her."

So they sent the message to the woman and told her to be ready and Olofat was going to be ready too. They're going to have intercourse. So the woman started from the Mortlock Islands to Truk Atoll. And while she was on her way, Olofat started to extend his penis out. Olofat was just sitting in his house, in the men's house on

his island, and extended his penis out in the direction where the woman came. And out in the pass Olofat's penis was striking out there, really extended out beyond the pass, the northern pass.

And finally the woman met Olofat's penis on her way; and then Olofat shouted to her, and he said, "That's my penis and be ready."

So the competition started. Olofat had relations with that woman, and he inserted his penis in the woman's vagina. The way he had relations with that woman was like a pole; he used his penis like a pole to lift the woman up in the air and down, and up in the air and down. And finally the woman was really played out. She was really played out, and she finally dropped dead.

Olofat dropped her down, and then all the women from the different islands in the Mortlock Islands, they rushed to the woman and tried to get every part of her eighty sex organs.

Now it is believed among the men and also the youngsters on the islands that the women from Losap got the best part of the woman's sexual organs, and that's why the Losap women have big vaginas.

And the women from Oneop have very long clitorises, because it is claimed that they were the ones who got the clitorises of the woman.

And the women from Kuttu Island have very black hair in their eyebrows as well as the hairs on their vaginas and under their arms because they were the ones who first got the hairs of the woman's sexual organs.

Oh, I forgot to mention another thing. When all the women from the different islands came and got every part of the woman's sexual organs, and all was left was only the frame, and the women from Nama Island came, and that's what they took.

And on our islands now it's come to our attention that we make jokes to the boys and girls from this island. And our joke is we borrow the English word for box, and we just tell these boys and girls, "box," and they're really furious. They're disgusted because they know the reason behind this. What makes the women from Nama Island mad is that they only got the box and inside the box, nothing. They have none of the important parts of the sexual organ. And because of this, we say that they don't have the pleasure to enjoy the sexual act.

TALE 67: THE DETACHABLE PENIS

Stories of unusual sexual organs abound in Micronesia. In addition to the usual organs of remarkable size and en-

durance, there are some which function as storage facilities and tools, and others which can speak or move independently. This popular young men's tale from Losap Atoll combines the themes of the insatiability of female sexuality and the reputed power of old men. Nipepenimong is a stock character in Trukese tales. Ancient and infirm, his superior knowledge usually allows him to emerge victorious against supernatural odds. The words spoken by the penis might well be translated as "Flippety flop flop flop," for this is the sound a fish is supposed to make as it flops in a fish basket.

Once upon a time there lived an old man on Losap Island. That man's name was Nipepenimong. They use that word *nipepenimong* to refer to an old man who no longer has the strength to work and do anything except to think. He lived in a men's house on the island of Losap, only himself, because his wife was dead and it was a custom that when the wife was dead, the husband had to come to the men's house and stay there. The men's house belonged to one clan, Soor.

He stayed there, and one day he saw a woman. The woman came beside that men's house and went out to the sea to fish. That woman was very beautiful, and the old man really liked her. He was sitting there in that men's house and watching the woman while she was fishing, and he thought and thought how he could "talk" to her. Then he finally got the idea that he could cut off his sexual organ and throw it out into the sea. The woman was using a pole to fish. Then the old man cut his sexual organ off and threw it out into the sea. And he was sitting there watching the woman.

The woman was fishing, and she caught a lot of fish. Then finally when she threw out her bait, when she pulled it in, the old man's sexual organ was on it, her line. And she took the old man's sexual organ, and she looked at it and was very curious what kind of fish it was. Then because she didn't know, she put it in her basket which she had put around her waist. She put it in it.

About some minutes later the old man's sexual organ spoke up, and he said, "Kiti pop pop pop; kiti pop pop pop. This is not my proper place."

The woman was really surprised. Then she asked him, "Where is your proper place?"

And the sexual organ of the old man couldn't talk except those three words he used: "Kiti pop pop pop, kiti pop pop pop. This is not my proper place."

Then the woman took it out and put it on her head, and then some minutes later the sexual organ of the old man spoke up again, "Kiti pop pop pop, kiti pop pop pop. This is not my proper place."

Then the woman took it and put it under her arm. Then he said it again, "Kiti pop pop pop, kiti pop pop pop. This is not my proper place."

The woman put it on every part of her body. And then when she put it just close to her sexual organ, the old man's sexual organ spoke up and said, "Kiti pop pop pop, kiti pop pop pop. I am now in about the proper place."

Then the woman realized that his proper place was in her sexual organ. Then she took the thing and put it in her sexual organ. And then the fish spoke up and said, "Kiti pop pop pop, kiti pop pop pop. This is my proper place."

Then he stayed there for some minutes. He had sexual relations with the woman, and the old man who was watching the woman, he was the one who felt something when the fish was in the woman's sexual organ.

And then the woman realized that it was not a fish. It was a penis. But she didn't know that the penis was the old man's in the men's house. She took it to her house and put it in a basket where she kept her secret things, and whenever she left her house to go somewhere or to do any work, she told her daughters, because she had two daughters, not to go in her room and take her thing.

Then one day when she went fishing again, the younger daughter was really anxious to find out what their mother had. She went into her mother's room. I just call it "room," but it is called *wiep*. Then she went in and tried to find it. When she found it, the daughter didn't know either that it was a penis.

Then she took it out and looked at it curiously; then she put it on a stone. And she was trying to identify the thing. She could not. Then because she was not able to identify it, she got mad and put the penis on a rock and took another small rock and beat it. And when she started beating it, the old man was shouting because it was his penis. Finally the daughter destroyed the penis and the man was also dead.

TALES OF SPIRITS AND MEN

Few Micronesian tales are without some touch of the supernatural, and many such stories are further reinforced by

continued belief in supernatural beings who often interfere in human affairs. The first stories in this subdivision will tell of relations of spirits and men in the distant past, and as such, have few implications for contemporary Micronesia. But the accounts of ghosts and the malevolent spirits of land and sea are not looked upon as idle speculation. There is little doubt in the minds of most Micronesians that such spiritual entities exist, and it is widely held that no rational man would needlessly expose himself to possible supernatural harm or carelessly provoke supernatural wrath.

TALE 68: THE LIFE-RESTORING MEDICINE

Long ago before the relationships between gods and men were disrupted through acts of stupidity or impiety, the spirit world was not closed to man. In those better days, the blessings of youth, eternal life, and life-restoring medicines made existence in the islands immensely more enjoyable. But like Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, Micronesians too indulged themselves in unthinking behavior and left their descendants prey to sickness, old age, and death. A common theme is presented in this Yapese tale. The gods were lacking in basic knowledge, sometimes of fire, sometimes of food preparation or basic implements; and in return for such plebeian information reward individuals with miraculous medicines and power.

Long long time ago some people from Yap went on a journey to heaven. When they got to heaven they went to a very, very, very big papaya tree and they thought the papaya tree was a tree, so they cut it down for their canoe. When they cut the tree down, Tilap went and followed the tree. It was so big that he went and went and kept on going until he came to the branches of the papaya tree. Then he realized that the tree was not a tree at all. So while he was there, some ghosts came to take a bath. He hid himself under the leaves of the papaya tree and watched the spirits taking a bath.

When those spirits left, he went and took some grated coconut which the spirits left behind and which the spirits used after they finished taking their bath. So he went and took the coconut and ate

it up. The next day those spirits would come and take a bath and after they left, Tilap would go and take the coconut and eat it. So one day the spirits realized that somebody had been taking the copra away.

The next day that they came and took a bath, one of the spirits hid himself, and all the rest went and took a bath. After they left, Tilap went and took the coconut; and the ghost that had been hiding came out of the bushes and caught Tilap. He took Tilap to their chief, and they told their chief that that was the person who had been taking their coconut away. So they just let Tilap stay with them for a very, very, very long time.

It happened that some times the spirits would come down to the earth for fishing. And when they came back from fishing, what they did to the fish was just pound and pound it until the meat came off from the fish. That was how the spirits ate the fish. But Tilap didn't want to eat it that way.

During that time he had a piece of bamboo and a sea shell with him. So he asked the ghosts if he could have some of the fish not pounded. They let him have the fish and they watched Tilap. He took the piece of bamboo and cut the fish into small pieces and went and took a ripe coconut and grated it with the shell. Then he gave some to the ghosts, and when the ghosts ate it, they really liked it that way. So they asked Tilap whether they could have what he had or not and he said, "No."

Then the spirits started planning how they could steal the things from Tilap; and then one day while Tilap was away, the spirits came and stole the piece of bamboo and the sea shell. When he got back home, he went and looked for the piece of bamboo and the shell but he couldn't find them. So he knew that the spirits stole them.

Tilap made up this kite. After he finished with the kite he took some coconut husks and put fire on it and tied it to the kite and let it fly up into the air. When the spirits saw this, they were very very afraid. They thought that another spirit had come to them, because they had never seen that thing before. And the chief of the spirits said to them, "Go and return what you stole from Tilap, because that's the reason why she spirit came to us. Because of that thing we stole from Tilap." So they returned the things back to Tilap and begged Tilap to ask the things to go away.

Tilap stayed with them for many many years, and one day he went to the chief of the spirits and asked him whether he could go with the spirits fishing or not, and the chief said to him he could. So he went with them. The spirits usually went fishing at night.

Almost at dawn the spirits had to go back to heaven. When they started to leave, the ghosts would just yell and then fly to heaven. But Tilap couldn't stop yelling because once the ghosts started to yell, he had to yell too. That was how they got to heaven. Everytime he tried to stay here on earth without going back with the spirits to heaven but he couldn't.

Then one day the chief of the spirits came to Tilap and asked him for a piece of bamboo and the shell, whether he would give them the things or not; and Tilap said, "I can if you only help me in one way."

The spirit said, "I will do anything you ask if you let me have the piece of bamboo and the shell. And I also will give you something much more valuable than anything."

The spirit told Tilap that the next day he would go with the spirits back to earth and then he would stay on earth. Then he gave him a medicine. This medicine could bring anybody who died to life again. So the next day while they were fishing back here on earth, when they got to a place, the spirits would call the name of the place. Then when they got to another they would call the name of that place. Finally they came to Rul and they said, "Now we are in Rul." When they got to Rul it was almost dawn.

But first the chief of the spirits had told Tilap that when the spirits started to yell, he would try not to yell. So that was what he did. When all the spirits yelled, he didn't yell. Instead of that he had taken a shell with him. When the spirits started to yell, he started blowing the shell, and all the spirits flew back and went back to heaven. But two of the spirits were left behind. Then Tilap went ashore and then went and lived in a place called Nimar.

Those two spirits which were left behind were just running around the island day and night, day and night. Then finally some people from Fanif went fishing and caught those two spirits in a net, and they took those two spirits and put them in a cage.

So Tilap went to Nimar and stayed in Nimar and got married and stayed there for many, many years. Then one day he heard about the two ghosts that had been captured. He told his wife they would go and visit those two ghosts. By that time Tilap and his wife were very, very old. They used to have a stick to hold themselves steady because they were very old by that time. When they got to that place, many, many people were gathering around the cage; because when each person went to the spirits and talked to the spirits they didn't understand what the spirits said.

When they saw Tilap and his wife coming along they started to

laugh at them. The people said, "Now that everybody has talked to the spirits and didn't understand their language, these two old persons will be able to understand their language?"

So they started to laugh at them. Then Tilap and his wife went to the cage with some leaves called *lamar*. When they were almost to the cage those two spirits started to get wild and run, run in the cage from corner to corner. When Tilap and his wife went to the cage, he gave them those leaves, and those two ghosts started to eat those leaves, because that was their kind of food. Then he said to them, "Ngu ngu fgathag ta ngu ngu. Ngu ngu fgathag ta ngu ngu."

And then those two spirits said, "Ngu ngu." That's all that he said to the spirits and then they started back. Everybody was puzzled because right then they knew that these two persons could understand what the two spirits were talking about. They went back to their place and stayed there.

During this time, when the people here in Yap went to a war and when somebody got killed they would bring them to Tilap and then Tilap would gather this kind of medicine, put it in a very, very big basket, and put the dead person or the person that had been cut into small pieces into the basket, and put some more of the medicine on top of them. Then in three or four days the person would come to life again.

When Tilap left those two spirits, he said to them, "Mirge mirge sigte. Mirge mirge sigte." When he left, those two spirits got very mad and then they did something and broke the cage and then they flew away. They went back to heaven.

Before Tilap had left heaven, the chief of the spirits asked him, "Suppose if this piece of bamboo becomes not too sharp and the sea shell also, what will we do with them?" Then he said to them, "Just put them into the fire and then after the fire is burned out, there you will have plenty more." So after the fire had burned out, the spirits went to the fire, and there was nothing there. Then they really got mad at Tilap because they knew that Tilap fooled them. So the chief of the spirits sent the spirits and told them to come down to earth and get the medicine back from Tilap. Then they came down to earth without Tilap knowing it. They didn't take the medicine away because they had too many of them.

Tilap planted them and they were growing very very wild here in Yap. So they couldn't gather it all, so they just came and took the tip of all the branches out and then went back to heaven.

And after that a couple of months later, there was a war on again. When they brought the dead to Tilap he went and looked for the

medicine and when he came and put it into the basket, after three days when he went and looked at the dead, the dead was spoiled, because the medicine, or the very important part of the medicine, was taken away by the ghost. And then not very long when Tilap died and then everybody forgot anything about the medicine.

That's all that my mother said.

TALE 69: THE LOST BRACELET

This Yapese tale is heir to a number of highly popular Micronesian story motifs: a journey to the spirit world, being befriended by the mother of demon sons, and being seized by homesickness after peering through a sky-window. It was once a custom to bury valuables with the dead, and ancient shell bracelets and necklaces are still held in high value by the Yapese. The deciding on a course of action by interpreting combinations of knots tied in coconut leaflets is still resorted to in many parts of Micronesia. The rotting of canoe lashings and the growth of barnacles on the canoes indicate the long period of time spent on the sea.

This is a story about Gilwaay, and Gilwaay had a brother. They were born in Guror. One day Gilwaay went on a trip; and while he was still away, his brother died. His brother was called Gasadilmar. He had a shell bracelet we call *lut*. When Gilwaay returned from his trip his mother told him that his brother had died and that they had buried him with their *lut*.

He said to his mother, "All right," but in saying this, he was very sad. Then he went and cut down a tree to make himself a canoe, and he started to work on it. There was this man in Magachgil, and this man's name was Lanman. Gilwaay was working on his canoe and while he was working this man would come and gather the chips for his mother's cooking.

When the canoe was finished, Gilwaay told Lanman he had to go with him on his trip. He told him he had to go because of the chips he had gathered while Gilwaay was working on his canoe. Lanman became very unhappy, but he couldn't do anything about it, because he had already used the chips from Gilwaay's canoe. So Lanman went and told his parents that Gilwaay wanted him to go with him on his trip.

He said to them, "I have to go, because this is what Gilwaay told me. He said that just because of the chips I've got to go with him. I really feel sorry. I don't want to leave you, but I've got to go."

Lanman's parents replied, "We're going to trick Gilwaay. The day that Gilwaay is going to leave, you take some coconuts with you. When you're on your way and are outside the reef, you take the coconuts and start breaking them and eat them." This was what he did when they started on the trip. When they were outside the reef, far away from the island, he started breaking the coconuts and eating them. He ate and ate them until his stomach was very full; then he started to vomit. When he vomited, the color of the coconuts was red; and Gilwaay said, "We better throw him overboard because I think he's sick."

So they threw him overboard, and on they went on their trip. Now Lanman started to swim, and he swam and swam back to the island, while Gilwaay and the others were on their way. So on and on and on the trip went and barnacles began to grow on the bottom of the canoe and all the canoe lashings got rotten. On and on they went until they came to this rock called Malangnuran.

When the canoe got there, all the people on the canoe were dead except Gilwaay and another man. They were the only two that survived. They came to the stone, and one piece went straight up and the other piece went with the horizon. Gilwaay got a coconut leaflet. He started to make an oracle. The other man did the same thing. This man's magic said it was good for them to follow the stone which went with the horizon, but Gilwaay's magic said they should follow the straight one that went to heaven. Then the other man said to Gilwaay, "I will follow this one that follows the horizon."

Away he went and Gilwaay stayed there and waited for him. While he waited he saw blood coming along the rock. Then he knew that the man was dead. A huge crab lived there on the rock that followed the horizon and that crab killed the man. Gilwaay left the canoe behind, and he followed the straight stone.

While he was going up, there was an eagle that stayed at the top of the rock. When he got to the top, it was already dark. This eagle ate fish and Gilwaay began picking up the pieces that had fallen from the eagle's mouth and ate them. He remained there, and one day while he was still there, the eagle came and stayed. Early in the morning the eagle flew away. Gilwaay stayed there and watched the bird and he knew what time the bird came and what time the bird left.

One day when the eagle returned from heaven, Gilwaay climbed on its back. But before he climbed on its back, he gathered some of

the fish that had fallen from its mouth. The eagle stayed there until the next morning and then it flew up to heaven. Gilwaay had already made up his mind to go up to heaven and get the *lut* that his brother had. So on and on and on they flew, until the eagle got to heaven. When they were still flying in heaven, the boy began to throw down the fish. Then the bird followed the fish down.

When the bird was almost to the ground, the boy jumped off his back and landed near Gudubwo's house. The boy went and hid himself in some *lamar* bushes. He stayed there, and this woman named Gudubwo had seven children. Now in heaven they don't cook food. They just put it in the sun until it's dry and then they eat it. Each time Gudubwo went to put their food to dry in the sun, she put out seven pieces for her seven sons. One day Gudubwo came and gathered her food and gave it to her sons. She gave each a piece until she came to the very youngest one, and his piece was missing. Then she said, "I've got to find out who's been stealing my son's food."

The next day when she went to put their food in the sun to dry, she hid herself to watch to see who was going to steal her food. While she was hiding, Gilwaay came crawling in from the *lamar* bushes where he was hiding to steal the food.

Then she said, "So you're the one who's been stealing my son's food." She went to Gilwaay and he begged her not to kill him. He told her about his trip and about his dead brother. He told her why he had come to heaven.

Then the woman said, "I have seen these spirits coming through by my house sometimes. They come here and your brother is the last one in the line."

Then he asked the woman to help him get his *lut* back. She took Gilwaay and she said to him, "I'm going to hide you from my sons." Now this woman had very, very long breasts, so she took Gilwaay and she put him under one of her breasts. Then they returned to her house and stayed there. When it was time to eat she would take a piece of food and say to her sons, "This piece here is for your younger brother." Then she would give the food to Gilwaay under her breast, and her sons would ask her, "Where is our younger brother that you are always telling us about?" This happened for some time, and then one day this woman took Gilwaay out from under her breast.

So they stayed there, and she told him not to go with her sons because they might kill him and eat him up. This woman really liked this boy, and she wanted him to be one of her sons. There was a stone near their house that she told him not to go and lift up.

One day this woman told Gilwaay that in the evening of that day

his brother would come with the *lut* on his arm. Then the woman said to Gilwaay, "Here they come."

The boy said, "But I don't see them."

Then the woman said, "Oh, I didn't know that you couldn't see them. It's true that you're from earth. That's why you can't see them."

The next evening before the spirits came, the woman made some magic on Gilwaay's eyes. When the spirits were almost to the house, Gilwaay saw them. The woman called to Gilwaay's brother and he stopped. Then she said to Gilwaay, "Now go and hold your brother's hand. While you hold his hand, I'll make some magic. But don't let go of his hand. Even if he bites you, don't let go of it. When the *lut* slides on your hand, grab hold of it and don't let go. If the *lut* falls off your hand, it will fly back to your brother's hand."

So Gilwaay went and held his brother's hand and the woman made some magic. Then the *lut* came to Gilwaay's hand. Now Gilwaay's brother and the other spirits were on their way; and when they started out, centipedes and ants started to bite Gilwaay's hand. Before he knew it, he let go of his arm and the *lut* slipped off his arm and flew back to his brother's arm.

Gilwaay started to weep and went back to the woman. The next day when the spirits came, he went and grabbed his brother's hand again. This time the woman told the boy that today he wouldn't let go. No matter how hard the ants or the centipedes bit him, he would not let go of his brother's hand. So this time when the spirits came, Gilwaay went and held his brother's hand, and he got the *lut* off again. This time he really got a tight hold of his hand. He took hold of his hand so hard that when the centipedes and ants began to bite him, it didn't take long before they stopped. Then he returned with the *lut* and he stayed there.

One day the woman went to the taro patch and she told Gilwaay not to lift up the stone. While the woman was still at the taro patch, Gilwaay went and picked up the stone, and there was a hole under the stone. When he looked into the hole, he looked down, and he saw the earth. When he looked down, he saw his father and mother picking lice from their heads. Then he sat down and started to cry.

When Gudubwo came from the taro patch, she saw him crying, and she went to him and asked him, "What are you crying for?"

Then he said to her, "I'm lonely for home."

She asked him, "Have you picked up the stone?"

Gilwaay replied, "Yes."

So she said, "That's why I told you not to pick it up. How can

you get back to earth?" But finally she said to him, "All right. You stay here until tomorrow, and then we'll find out how you can get back to earth."

The next day she took two round stones and some chickens and tied the chickens on his arms, both sides. Then Gudubwo said to him, "I'm going to sleep, and when you know that I am asleep, you tickle my feet."

Then Gudubwo went and lay down to sleep. She wasn't sleeping when Gilwaay went and tickled her feet; and she told him, "I'm still awake." So the boy came and waited until the woman had really gone to sleep.

When Gilwaay went and tickled her feet, the woman kicked Gilwaay and he fell down through the hole. The chickens started to fly, but Gilwaay was heavy and he fell down to earth slowly. He landed in Guror. When the people in Guror heard him hit, they came running to him.

There were two men from Lay. These two men's names were Girbith and Atargnal. They went to this man and asked him his name. When these two men returned they went to Gilwaay's parents. But before they got to his parents, Gilwaay had used magic; and when they got there, they had already forgotten Gilwaay's name.

Then they returned again, and they asked him his name once more. This time they took the chickens with them. When they came back, the chickens flew and went to Rumul. When they got to his parents, they had already forgotten his name again.

Then they returned and asked him his name once more. This time when he told them it, they shouted it. While these two men were coming to Gilwaay's parents, they were shouting the name of their son.

When the parents heard this, they started to weep, because they thought that the people were just shouting the name of their son who was dead a long time ago. While they were still crying, Gilwaay started to walk toward his parents' home. He had some flint with him when he got there. Until today that flint which was brought by Gilwaay still exists in Guror, and the chickens that we have now were the ones Gilwaay brought from heaven.

TALE 70: THE ISLAND OF DOLPHIN WOMEN

As presented, this Losapese tale concerns itself with supernatural beings and a marvelous land beneath the sea. But the

Losapese also recognize it as belonging to the chiefly clan, and a tale which if told under the proper circumstances could be used to validate the clan's claim to special knowledge that was brought back from the island of dolphins by their ancestor. The teller did not distinguish between dolphins and small whales, although in a later discussion, it became apparent that he was referring to dolphins, which at times swim close to canoes and which many Micronesians believe to be related to humans.

This story is about the son of the chief of the Lugenfanu clan. Their place is Farrang, so he was called Anoun Farrang. This boy was very handsome. Once this boy and a group of men were sailing on a journey from Losap to Truk, but on their way something happened. The boy was on the back steering the canoe; and while he was steering, a group of whales came near to him and saw him.

But they were not really whales; they were girls. Then they said to each other, "This boy is really handsome." Then one of them swam straight to the canoe and jumped at the boy and knocked him into the water. But the other men on the canoe didn't notice that the boy was thrown off, and they continued on their journey without realizing that the boy was not on the canoe anymore.

While the boy was swimming, he was wondering what direction he should go in. Then he performed some magic to decide which direction he should take. He tried every direction, but the magic didn't work. It seemed that it didn't favor any of them. Then he performed it again to see if it would be good for him to dive under the water, and that magic turned out to be favorable. That direction was the best. So he went under the water and dived down.

Suddenly he landed on a very beautiful island, and in the middle of that island was a very big pool. It was really deep and wide and very clean. Around it there were trees and grass, so he hid among them to see if somebody would come to wash in the pool. Late in the afternoon the whales came and they jumped all the way from the salt water and into the fresh water in the big pool. He was watching them. One of them jumped from the ocean, landed in the pool, and immediately got out and took off her skin. Then she turned out to be a very beautiful girl. He kept watching them, and all of them came out from the pool and took off their outer skins and all of them were girls. They piled up their skins in order to use them again the next day.

He saw the skin of the prettiest one among them; and when they had left, he went over and grabbed it and went away and hid it. Later the girls came back, put on their skins again, and jumped out into the ocean, until the pretty one came and looked around. She couldn't find her skin. She wondered what could have happened to her outer skin, so she went around the pool and searched in the grass, but still she didn't find it. The boy had hidden it well, because he wanted to talk to her. He even wanted to make her his wife.

After the rest of the whales had gone into the ocean, the girl was alone; because they told her to stay behind since she didn't have a whale skin. Now the boy appeared and the girl was really surprised and said, "Where did you come from?"

Instead of telling her, he asked her a question, "What are you looking for?" The girl replied, "I lost my whale skin, my outer skin."

Then they had a conversation nearby the well. As they were talking, the boy brought out the skin and said, "Is this it?" And the girl said, "How come you hid it?"

Then the boy told her, "Because I saw it, and I knew it belonged to you, and I wanted you to stay back so we could have a talk."

So the girl asked him, "Where are you from? How come you came here? How did you get here?"

Then the boy started to tell the story: "I was with some of my friends and we were on our way from Losap to Truk. Then a group of whales came around, and one of them jumped and knocked me off the canoe. The men did not know that I was thrown off. So I was swimming, wondering where to go; and I decided to dive under the water and see what would happen. When I went underwater, I landed on this island. I came to the middle of this island and saw this pool. So this is the place where I tried to hide myself just to see what would happen. Very shortly after that, you and your friends came in and took off your skins. I saw yours and I hid it because I wanted you and me to have a talk."

So the girl said, "Oh. I'm very sorry. I was the one who knocked you off the canoe. I didn't mean to, but I knew I'd meet you again."

As they were talking, the girl invited him to their house, and they went there. As they were talking in the house, they heard the sound of the whales jumping into the pool. Then the girl told the boy, "Come over here. I'll hide you." The boy was hidden under a pile of mats. Then when the whales got out from their skins and went to their house, the other girl was there. They asked her, "How come it smells like a foreign human being?"

And she said, "Oh, it's my smell because I didn't go out in the

water with you. I've stayed on the land for a long time.

But they answered, "No, it's not your smell. It smells like somebody else."

They were arguing and then the girl said, "Suppose it is somebody else? What will you do to him or her?"

Some of them said, "If a boy, we'll make him our friend." Some said, "Regardless of what he is, whether he is a boy or a girl, we'll hate him or her." And some said, "We'll beat him or beat her."

Then she replied, "No. I will not tell you what it is." They kept asking her. Then she said, "Suppose I have somebody here? What will you do to him?" Some of them said, "We will be friendly to him." Some said, "We will marry him." Nobody said that they would harm him.

So she told them, "All right. You go and take him out from under the mats. I hid him there so you wouldn't be able to see him." Then they went and took him out from under the mats. They found out that he was a really handsome boy.

Some of them said, "Where did you get him from?" Then she told them the story. She said, "This is the boy who was steering the canoe the other day when we were in the middle of the ocean. And you remember when we saw them going on their canoe and saw him, we said he was a very handsome boy. He is the one I knocked off from the canoe. So he finally landed here on our island."

They were all glad because they had seen the boy on his canoe, and now they saw him on their island. They said, "We have a friend." Some said, "We have a very handsome husband."

While they were there in the house, they decided they would take turns staying with the boy in the house. Therefore they made the arrangements. Every day when they went out in the water, one would stay and take care of the boy. Now all over the island there was all kinds of food. It was a very beautiful island with lots of food on it. Lots of bananas, papayas, pineapples, taro, lots of island food.

So the boy used to teach them how to cook the food, because they did not know how. They just got the fruits from the trees and ate them raw. Even the taro. They pulled them up from the taro patch, washed them, and started to eat them without cooking. Now they were taking turns to stay with the boy in the house. Whenever they all went to the water, there must be someone stay with him on the land.

This continued until the real pretty girl had her turn again, and then the boy told her, "I want to go back to my home island." When the other girls came back, she told them, "This young man has decided to go back to his home island."

Everybody was sad. They were crying and they said, "No, we don't want you to go away from us. We want you to stay here with us."

But he said, "I don't have any choice. I have to go back and live with my people. Maybe they are wondering where I am. Maybe they have said I am dead already. So I must go and see them first. If you want me to stay and be one of you, I must go back and see my people first."

Before they brought him to Losap, they made a big farewell feast to honor the boy. Also before he left the island they taught him some of their medicine. One of the important medicines that they taught him was the medicine of the whales. In case one of the whales should be sick or dead or drift near Losap, he would take the medicine and use it on the whale in order for it to come to life again.

Before they left, they made a very big cage and they put lots of food inside. Breadfruits, bananas, taro, papayas, pineapples, watermelon, all the kinds of food that they had on that island. They also made a place for the boy to stay, and then they took the cage into the water and all the whales got under it and carried it. They were swimming and the cage was on their backs. The boy was in the cage with lots of food. So they started out from the island and they took the boy until they got close to Losap.

The people said, "There is a very big canoe coming." But as they came closer to Losap, the people realized that there was a big cage coming on the water and they realized that somebody was in it.

When it got closer, they recognized that it was the boy who was lost, and they were really happy. They shouted and ran to the chief and notified him that his son was alive and he was here. They received the food and the other gifts that they got from the group of girls who could change themselves to whales. Then the girls also informed the boy that the medicine would be used on them in case one of them got sick and drifted to the island and that after he applied the medicine he would put them under a certain rock. That rock is close to Losap in the lagoon, and the people call it Fonrau, which means "Stone of Whales."

So that's the end of the story of the son of the chief of the Lugenfanu clan, who lived in the place called Farran.

TALE 71: THE SWALLOWED SONS

Micronesian waters boast a kind of sea brass which grows large enough to swallow men, and many of my informants aver that this has happened in many parts of Micronesia. Be that as it may, the motif appears in many tales, and Micronesians consider this fish a potential danger. Soft taro is grown on high land instead of in swamps, as is the coarse "swamp" taro. Pounded soft taro (*fafa*) is a Kusaiean delicacy. The use of shells for cutting tools harks back to an earlier time before the introduction of steel knives. As the tale stands it is one of the many traditions which provide the basis for the special relationships which exist between particular villages.

There was once a man named Sorom who was staying in Sansrik. He had two sons and their names were Rereki and Rereka. One day he went down to the shore and was preparing some coconut husks for making rope. His two sons went down with him to the shore and were playing in the water. Then there was a big fish which came up to the shore and swallowed them up.

Sorom jumped up and looked for his sons, but they were gone. He looked and looked for them, but he couldn't find them. He called his people to come help him look for them, but they couldn't find them either. After his two sons had disappeared, Sorom became very sad. He didn't eat and he was getting very skinny.

Meanwhile his two sons stayed inside the fish for three days. Because the fish was very big, it didn't chew them up. It just swallowed them whole. So they were still alive while they stayed inside the fish.

The next day Sorom was walking along the shore toward Malem, and he was looking to see whether there was anybody who could help him find his two sons. He kept walking along the shore toward Malem, and he was looking to see whether there was anybody who could help him find his two sons. He kept walking along the shore until he came to Utwa. He reached the rocks where the great magician from Utwa used to prepare coconut husks for making rope. His name was Kuiyan Taf. Those rocks still exist until now. They are the rocks that are lying along the shore in Inwalul, where they have built the long seawall in Utwa Village.

While Sorom was walking along, he saw Kuiyan Taf, who was sitting down and preparing coconut husks. Kuiyan Taf looked back and saw Sorom, so Kuiyan Taf asked him what he was doing. Sorom sadly said, "My two sons were lost yesterday, and I really can't stop thinking of them. That's why I'm walking along to see whether they might have appeared here. They were playing on the shore, and there was a big fish came up to the shore and swallowed them up and took them away. So I came here to see if there is anybody who could find any way to find them."

Then Kuiyan Taf said directly to him, "You go back from here and wait for me. I'll try to find a way to get your sons back for you."

So Sorom went back home from Utwa. He had even heard what Kuiyan Taf told him, but he didn't calm himself or settle down. He was hungry, but he didn't want to eat because of his two sons. He was thinking too much about them.

So Kuiyan Taf went over to Sansrik and asked the people to pound two pieces of soft taro and wrap them up with three pieces of clam shell and two sticks for him. Then he went over to the Malem side until he reached Yeseng. He went down to the water and started to swim out to the ocean. He was going to swim from there to Lelu Harbor.

While he was in Yeseng, he saw a big fish. He dived down and knocked on the fish's stomach, but the boys weren't in that fish. Then he continued swimming until he reached Malem. Again he saw a big fish there, and he dived down and knocked on that fish's stomach too, but they weren't in that fish. He swam again until he came to Pelyuul. Once more he saw another big fish and he did the same thing. He dived down, knocked on that fish's stomach, but still the boys weren't in it. So he swam over to Tenwak, where he saw a really big fish. He dived down and knocked on that fish's stomach, and they were in it.

But this fish opened her mouth and tried to eat him up. Then he shoved in those two sticks, and they became stuck in her teeth. The fish couldn't close her mouth. Now he stuck his hand inside the fish's mouth and held on her gills. He hung on the fish and put those two pieces of pounded soft taro inside the fish. He told the boys to eat it to make them healthy and strong. He also put the two pieces of shell into her mouth and the fish swallowed them. Then he told those two boys to use the shells and start cutting the inside of the fish and he would start cutting on the outside. So those two boys were inside cutting the fish and he stayed on the outside and was cutting there.

Then the fish got a stomach-ache and came up on the surface of the water in Lelu Harbor, moving back and forth. She kept swimming back and forth from Lelu to Sansrik. While she was moving back and forth, the people in Lelu were very curious about it. Kuiyan Taf kept hanging on that fish's gills until finally the fish landed on the Sansrik shore.

Then Kuiyan Taf stood up on the fish, and Sorom saw him. Sorom climbed up into her jaws, and he called to the boys to come out. He called to Rereki first and then called to Rereka next. The fish's jaws still stayed open because of those two sticks. Sorom was very happy, and he held his sons and took them to the house. Their family was also very happy, and Sorom told his family to make a big feast for Kuiyan Taf.

When the food for the feast was all prepared, Sorom gave Kuiyan Taf a canoe as a present. He promised Kuiyan Taf to get him that canoe for his own. The meaning of that canoe is this. When we want to go to Lelu, we need a canoe to cross the harbor. So Sorom promised him, "From now on, you and your people, all the canoes that are in this area from Sansrik up to Mutunlik, they are all yours. You don't have to ask permission to use them."

Kuiyan Taf was a great magician, and Sorom was very popular on the Sansrik side. He was well known and a big man. After that, Kuiyan Taf's people in Utwa Village, when they went to Lelu, they didn't have to ask to use the canoes that were on the Sansrik side. Even though the owner was there, they just pulled the canoe down to the water and paddled on it to Lelu. They just followed the promise from Sorom to Kuiyan Taf.

TALE 72: OLOFAT'S SON

By means of such tales some clans establish impressive genealogies and lay claim to magic knowledge. In addition to being a trickster and culture hero, Olofat is also famous as a shape-shifter and one of his favorite disguises was as an old man. Resim (Rainbow) is god of navigation. The fish to which Olofat entrusted his son endowed the baby with their characteristics: reddish skin from Sera (squirrel fish), slim waist from Needlefish, and well-formed legs from Tuna. The son got into trouble with the gods because as a young man he

failed to use the respect language to which they were entitled. Semen Kanor, here given as Olofat's father, is the God of Wisdom. Usually the Trukese present Anunap (Great God) as Olofat's father and Semen Kanor as his brother. The tabooing of the property of the recently dead, especially food-producing land, is a common practice in Truk District.

Long long time ago there lived a chief on Losap Island. That chief was very well known to all the people in Truk District. He had one daughter, and the daughter didn't like to eat anything except clams. That's the only thing she liked to eat. And the father, the chief, when his daughter wanted to eat, he picked out some men, either two or three, one day to go and look for clams for his daughter. And he always picked out those strong men or the best fishermen among the men on Losap Island.

And the men who looked for clams for the daughter of the chief, they started to look for clams on the reef of Losap Island, until they couldn't find any clams there. And then they went to Truk Lagoon, and they took some clams from there and brought them to Losap. And about some months later they took all the clams on the reef of Truk Lagoon; and they couldn't find any more on the reef in Truk Lagoon. Then they went to the other islands, the Mortlocks. They went first to Namoluk. They took all the clams from there and brought them to Losap. And when the daughter ate them all up, they went to another island, until they went to all the islands in the Truk District. And they did not find any clams around.

When the time came when the daughter wanted to eat clams, she told her father that she must have clams. And the father called all the men from Losap to his house, and he promised those best fishermen that if they could not find any clams for the daughter, he would kill all of them or punish them.

And then one old man, he had two sons. These two sons were among the best fishermen on Losap Island. And he told them that to save the young men from Losap, they should risk their life by going to a certain place on the western side of Kuttu Island. The place had never been visited by a human being. And he advised them to go and try to look for a very big clam. That clam was owned by Anun Mwaresi, the Rainbow. That clam was not a real clam, because it was owned by a god, and the daughter would not even be able to eat it all. She would eat it and eat it and eat it until we don't know.

Then the two sons of the old man started out from Losap, and

they went straight to Kuttu and then went down about some miles, sixty miles west of Kuttu. And they went there. They saw a shallow place. When they looked down, they found that big clam there. And one of them went down and tied the rope around it, and they pulled it up and put it upon their canoe and came back to Losap. And when they gave that clam to the chief, the chief was very pleased. And he told the men that his daughter had got clams.

Then about a week later, Anun Mwaresi, Resim, was looking around; and when he came to a place where his clam was, he didn't find it. And he was really mad. He looked around the Mortlock Islands. He didn't find the one who took his clam. And then he went to Truk and looked for it, and he couldn't find it either. And he went to the Western Islands and then to the Hall Islands, and he couldn't find it.

Then when on his way back to the place where his clam was, he came to Losap and he smelled it, the smell of his clam. And then he came to Losap, and that time when he reached Losap was nighttime. He came around the chief's house. When he looked inside, he saw the chief's daughter eating the clam. He was really mad, and he decided that as soon as her parents went to sleep, he would take their daughter.

Resim was staying outside the house, the chief's house, waiting, waiting for the parents to go to sleep. And when he saw them go to sleep, he got inside and took the daughter from her bed. He took her bed with her. And he took it and went to the place where his clam used to be. He made a piece of land there, or sand, in that certain place, and he put the daughter on it.

And about before morning the daughter woke up. When she looked around, she couldn't find anything but waste, and she was really afraid. And about six o'clock it was raining, and when the rain stopped, the sand became larger and larger. When she looked around she saw an old man coming toward her. And the old man came to her and asked her if she was a human being. The daughter answered the old man that she was a human being, sleeping in her father's house, but she didn't know how she came to that strange place.

By the time the girl told the old man that, the old man disappeared. And about some minutes later, the girl saw a very handsome young man coming from the end part of the long sand, the piece of land. He came and asked the same question: whether she was just a spirit or a human being. And the daughter, the girl, told him that she was a human being. That young man was Olofat. And Olofat asked her if they could marry, and the girl agreed with him because she didn't

know what to do.

Then Olofat took her to his place, where we call it *Epinang*, which means "heaven." He took her up to that place. And that place was a very special one. Nobody was allowed to go there except Olofat, because it was a gift to him by his father, Semen Kanor. Olofat brought that girl to that place. And they stayed there for about some months, and the girl got pregnant and bore one boy for Olofat. That boy was very handsome.

When the boy was born, Olofat came inside the house and asked the wife to bring him the baby. He liked to see him. And Olofat took the baby out into the ocean, and he threw the baby into the ocean to a kind of fish, which we call *sera*. That fish is red. And those fish came and were playing with the boy; and when they brought him back to Olofat, his skin was a little bit red and white, very handsome.

Then he called back to a certain kind of fish, which we call *enipapa*, or it could be needlefish in English. When that fish came, they played with the boy and made his waist in good shape. And then they brought him back to Olofat.

And then he called tuna. He called tuna to come and play with the boy. And tuna came and played with the boy and made his legs very good. They made the legs in good shape.

When they left, he went back to his wife with the boy. And when the mother saw Olofat come in with another young fellow walking with him, she was really mad. She thought that the young fellow who walked with Olofat was his brother. She didn't know that it was her child. But Olofat made him grow very fast, just that day he was born. When she asked Olofat where her baby was, Olofat told her that he made him grow very fast, and then she was very pleased.

And about some days later Olofat told his son that on another island, another part of heaven, there lived his father, Semen Kanor, and all his brothers and all his sisters and his relatives. He knew that they were going to work on his father's house, and he liked his son to go and help them. And he gave advice to his son. Then he, Olofat himself, went to the center part of his island and gathered some pandanus leaves, because they used that pandanus leaf for a roof. He brought a very big bunch and he gave it to his son to take it along with him.

The son left that place and went to the place where Olofat's relatives and his parents were. When he went up there, he saw that all the men in that place were about to begin to start working on the house. And what they did was working in groups. When they saw

Olofat's son, they didn't know that he was Olofat's son. And they were disliking him because he was very handsome.

The young girls in that place, in heaven, really liked him, without knowing that he was Olofat's son. They began to work on the roof and the men told Olofat's son to work by himself. They didn't like to help him. Olofat's son worked by himself, and he was the first one to finish. And they really got mad. And what made the men get mad was the women, even those who were married, came and sat all around Olofat's son because he was very handsome.

By the time they finished the house, the father, Semen Kanor, decided that somebody should go and call all Olofat's brothers to come and join them eating. And there was no man could go and call Olofat's brothers except old men, because old men were the only persons that knew how to call Olofat's brothers. But because they didn't like Olofat's son, they told him to go and call them.

Olofat's son started from the house toward the place where his father's brothers were. He met first Storm; and instead of using the very special word, he just said, "Storm, we have a meeting. We have a meeting, and you should go down. We are waiting for you."

And Storm was really mad. Because that was the first time that a person could use common language to him. And he just stood up and ran down, destroying everything which was in his way. And the men in Semen Kanor's house were laughing. They thought that Olofat's son was dead.

And later Olofat's son went there and told Typhoon to come down. And Typhoon really got mad, too, because Olofat's son didn't use a special word to him. And he just stood up and ran down and destroying everything, until he reached Semen Kanor's house. The men there were really surprised because no man could go there. Or when Storm got mad at him, he cannot go to Typhoon because Storm would have already killed him. But it didn't happen to Olofat's son.

And he went from Typhoon's house to Lightning, and from Lightning to Thunder, until he reached the last house. When all Olofat's brothers came down to the house, he finally came after them. And he came down and sat just outside the house.

When all the brothers and the men were in the house, the father, Semen Kanor, said that Olofat was not there, and he should come because they wanted to start that meeting. And just by the time the father said that, Olofat was standing among them. He just got inside the house and destroyed everything which was in his way. He was really mad. He told his father that the one who called them was his son, and they didn't know that he was his son. But Semen Kanor

knew that the boy was Olofat's son, but he wanted to test him, whether he knew everything about their island.

When Olofat told this, those young girls who were Olofat's sisters or his cousins were really crying because when the son first came, they decided to get married with him because they really liked him. And because they didn't welcome Olofat's son, the father, Semen Kanor, told them that they would give him advice or tell him everything they knew, tell the son, as a means to calm down Olofat's anger.

Thunder first came and brought that son to his house and he told him everything he knew about fighting, about medicine, and everything. And second, the others came and did the same thing.

When Olofat and his son left that place, they went to Olofat's place. The wife, the mother of Olofat's son, wanted to go back to Losap and they decided to come down.

On Losap when Rainbow stole that daughter, the chief of Losap Island forbade any person to go around his house, or even the part where they got their food was forbidden. No one could go there.

And Olofat sent his son down first to Losap Island. He came down, and he just walked straight to his mother's room, or the coconuts from which she used to take her coconuts. And everything which belonged to the daughter, the son knew because his mother told him first.

When he went there, those men on Losap Island really got mad; and the chief too told them to fight him or to kill him. And when they tried to kill him, they didn't because he knew everything about fighting from Olofat's brothers. They tried every possible way to kill him. They couldn't.

And finally one old man came to the chief and told him that instead of trying to kill him, why not ask him why he knew everything which belonged to his daughter. Then that chief asked him, and he told him about his mother. Then the chief knew that he was his grandchild. And by the time the chief knew that he was his grandchild, Olofat and his wife arrived on Losap Island; and the chief was really happy.

And that place where Olofat landed on the northern part of Losap Island is well known. They use every type of bushes or trees, every part as a men's medicine for love. Even the track of his foot, you can find the mark on that rock. And that's why the people of Losap Island believe that they know medicine or some love magic or they know how to fight because of Olofat's son. He got the knowledge of these things from Olofat's brothers and brought them to Losap Island. If it were not for Olofat marrying the daughter of the chief, they

would not know everything about these things.

TALE 73: THE SPIRIT AND THE FAMINE

Famines were a constant threat in Micronesia. Flood, high winds, droughts, any of these natural disasters could destroy the food supply. This is especially true on the low lying atolls. In Micronesian folklore such calamity is usually attributed to the displeasure of spirits. Implicit in this tale is the importance of kin. The two sisters were left behind because they had no relatives to look after their interests. The deserting of a famine-stricken island for a nearby one where the inhabitants have kin connections and trading relationships was a traditional survival technique. There is a place on Losap where the sand forms small balls in the shallow water. This is said to be where the girls spilled their pounded bread-fruit, which had been molded into small balls.

Long time ago there was a spirit on the island of Losap and that spirit hid all the food from the trees, the coconuts, from the taros. All the food that they had on Losap at that time, the spirit hid it, and the people started to starve. They didn't have anything to eat, and then they started out on a journey from Losap to Truk. There was a day set for all the people to leave the island of Losap.

But there were two sisters, Selingen Ediuouiluk and Inesapelo, who didn't know of the plan. They were in their house, enjoying their place, and they didn't know anything about the plan the chief had for his people. The day came for all the people of Losap to leave, so they set sail for Truk. The two sisters were out on the reef fishing, and when they came in, they did not see anybody. They went around. They still didn't see anybody.

They became frightened and they decided to go over to the island of Leol. They went there to a place where there were many trees and they stayed under the trees. While they were there, they decided to go fishing again. They tried to get some fish, but they couldn't catch any. Then they came back in and decided to return to their island of Losap. So they went straight from the place where they were staying and down to the main taro patch.

They looked in the taro patch, but they didn't see any taro. All

that they saw there was a pile of dung, a very big pile. Then they decided to go and see what was going on in that pile of dung. They walked around the pile and they didn't see anything. They climbed up on it and on the top they found a small hole. When they tried to look into the hole, they found that there was a big house under the ground. The house was made of thatch and when they looked around, they saw somebody in there.

It was an old, old lady, so they asked her if she would allow them to climb down. Now this old lady was the spirit who hid the food from the island of Losap. The spirit looked up and saw them, and she invited them to come down and stay with her in that house. When they climbed down, they found that all the food that they had been looking for was all in the house. Breadfruit, pineapple, papaya, taro, coconuts, all the kinds of food that the people of Losap used to have was all there. Then they asked if they could start eating, but the spirit said, "No, you've got to wait for awhile."

So they were waiting, but they really wanted to eat. The spirit allowed them to stay with her for three days, then she let them go. She gave them something which she wrapped up in a big leaf for them to take with them to their island of Losap. Also, before they started they got some advice from the spirit. Every day at three o'clock they would come back to that place, because the spirit also had a son and her son hated human beings. At three o'clock he was sleeping and he never woke up at that time. If they came back every day at three, it would be safe to have a visit with her. Then she would give them food to take with them to Losap. That was the agreement between the spirit and the two sisters.

Then they started out for Losap and they took with them their package. What was in the leaf package was pounded breadfruit, which was given to them to eat in their house. When they started out they were really eager to open the leaf; and between Losap and Leol they opened it and the pounded breadfruit poured out on the sand and they ate it. Then the two sisters went back to Losap with joy because they'd eaten the pounded breadfruit which poured out. And if you go to Losap you will find that pounded breadfruit still exists there today, but now it's sand.

So they went back to Losap and stayed, and at the agreed time set by the spirit, they went back and visited her. When they were there, the spirit gave them a coconut shell in which she put some water, and also a coconut and a taro to take with them down to Losap. She instructed them to go straight to Losap and start eating their food after they had arrived at their home. She told them not to start eating

on the way.

As they went down to Losap, they went straight to their house and began to eat. They ate their taro and also opened their coconut, ate it with their taro and drank the water, and there were some leftovers. But instead of keeping the leftovers, they threw them out of the house. Then early in the morning when they woke up, all kinds of taro were already growing in the taro patch. The coconut trees were producing nuts and water came back again into the wells. They were very glad that they had got this food and water back.

When they went back to the spirit, she told them, "You better watch out, because my son is almost ready to wake up." Then they asked her what to do, and she told them to come close to her so she could hide them. She put one of them under one breast and the other under the other breast.

When the spirit's son woke up, he looked around and said, "How come? What has happened to some of the food? Where is it?" The mother told him that she ate it because she was waiting for him to wake up in order for them to eat, but he was late. So she ate early. That was why the food was gone.

He also asked, "How come it smells like human beings here?" His mother replied, "I don't know. I've never seen any people yet." Then he went around the house and tried to find out if anyone had come there, but he couldn't find anybody.

Early in the morning he told his mother he was going to Yap, Palau, and other islands that were close to those areas. The purpose of his journey was to find places where there was an abundance of food and hide it, because he wanted the people to die.

After he had left the house and was on his way down to Yap and Palau, the lady took the children out from under her breasts and told them to build an *um*. She also gave them two sharp knives. She said for them to make a big smoke so that her son would come back. The opening of the entrance to the house was not very large, only big enough for one person to get through, and the spirit told the girls to make the *um* give off plenty of smoke so that her son couldn't come in through the hole.

When they built the *um* fire, the spirit saw the smoke and he flew back to Losap and went straight to the pile of dung in which the two girls and his mother were. When he arrived at the top of the pile, it was shaking because he was so powerful. The two girls got their two knives and they were waiting for him to come down. When the spirit stuck his head in the hole in order to climb down, they chopped his head with the knives. So he jumped back because

he couldn't see anybody because of the smoke. Then he got back into the hole again and they cut his neck and finally they killed him.

From that time on, the old woman told them that they would become her daughters and she would be their mother. She also promised that all the food would come back to Losap and Pis. An abundance of food would appear and the people would enjoy eating food again.

When the food all came back, the breadfruit trees bore fruit, the coconuts bore nuts, the pandanus, the pineapple, and the other kinds of food-producing trees, they were already bearing fruit. The taro came back and the water came in the wells. So the news spread around, in the Mortlocks and over to Truk Atoll, that Losap and Pis had regained the food that they had lost. The people came back to Losap and settled again on that island.

They were divided into two groups and one group went down to settle on the island of Pis and the other group stayed on Losap. Therefore these two islands are occupied by people who are related and they are very close together.

So this is the end of the story of Selingen Ediuouiluk and Inesapelo.

TALE 74: THE WOMAN WHO DIED IN CHILDBIRTH

This Ulithian tale incorporates two beliefs relating to women who die in childbirth. First in priority is the firm conviction on the part of many Micronesians that the spirit of such a woman is often malevolent and that the husband stands in special danger, especially if his conduct has been less than that of a faithful spouse. Secondly, it is widely held that the spirit of a mother may come back to look after her children if they are infants or are being abused. In the past, women were often segregated during menstruation and during childbirth. "Hag, fang" is the equivalent of "Windward, leeward." *Mesere* spirits are those of women who die in labor.

Once there was a man married to a woman and they had one son. One day after their son had grown to be a young boy, the woman became pregnant again. Pregnant women were not allowed to deliver their babies on the island; therefore women who were about

to give birth had to be taken to another island to bear their children. One day when this woman was about eight months pregnant, the husband and their son went with her to the other island, where they lived by themselves.

After a few days passed, the man told his wife that he would go back to the island they came from and that he would return to them very soon. But the man went away on his canoe and never came back. Now her son went to fish for them, and the mother would cook their food. One day her son went fishing, and the mother went into labor. She suffered by herself and she died before her son returned home from fishing.

After she died, her spirit covered her body with some woven coconut fronds and went down to the beach where her son was fishing. She sat under a young coconut tree and called out to her son to come back, for they had enough fish to eat. It was a rainy day, so her son told her to wait, for many fish were coming to where he was fishing. Soon the boy caught some fish and half of their meat had disappeared. When the boy told his mother about this, she said, "That is why I told you to come back." Then her son went home with her, and the mother told him to cook their fish because she was sick. She told the boy what to do and he cooked the fish by himself. When all the fish were cooked, he called his mother to come eat with him, but she said for him to eat by himself because she did not feel like eating.

As soon as the boy finished his supper, his mother asked him to come closer to her for she wanted to talk to him. When he came and sat beside her, she told him she was dead, but he should not be afraid of her. Her son then asked why she was dead and still talking to him. The spirit of his mother explained to him the situation and led him to her body lying under the woven coconut leaves in their house. She told him to take a coconut shell and dig a hole to bury her body in. The son followed what the mother told him and took a coconut shell and started digging that night. When the sun was almost up, the boy finished the hole and rolled his mother's body inside and buried her.

Now the husband had gone to the main island and forgotten about his son and his wife. When he came to the island, the people there were having a dance, and he got married to another woman. The next day after the burial of the spirit woman's body, the spirit woman told her son to wait for a canoe which would pick her up. She told the boy to wait at the end of the island on a beach. When the canoe came close to the beach, he would jump out and climb up the last paddle to the rear of the canoe. His mother's spirit told him

she would be staying at the back of the canoe.

So then the boy went out and he waited on the beach. When the canoe came close to the beach, the boy jumped out and climbed up his mother's spirit's paddle. He hid behind her. Then the other spirits said they smelled a human being, but the spirit mother told them no, that was because she had just died.

The spirits paddled their canoe close to the main island, and they were repeating these words as they were paddling their canoe, "Hag, fang; hag, fang."

The man who forgot his wife and son began to think about them when he heard these words, and also he knew that that was the canoe of *mesere* spirits, which had passed by.

So one day he told his new wife he would go for a sail in his canoe and come back; and he went to the island where he had left his wife and son. Meanwhile the spirit woman had taken her son to an island where only the *mesere* spirits went to dance. She led her son into a big house and told him to hide behind her paddle and that he shouldn't leave the place. For they would not wait for him when they finished dancing.

Her son stayed hidden until he saw a beautiful girl in the dance, a bamboo dance. When the girl walked to the other end of the dance line, the boy moved behind the dancers and followed her. Soon the dance was over and he grabbed the woman. All the other women took their paddles and went away on their canoe. The young man held the young lady until morning, and then the beautiful young woman changed to old bones.

On the next night his mother came back and her son was at the same place. His mother asked him what had happened and he told her about what had happened to the lady. So his mother told him to hold the spirit lady fast and that he should neither talk nor look at her until three days had passed. Then the spirit woman would change to a real person. The young man tried the second time, but again he talked to the lady and she turned back once more to old bones.

Now the husband had arrived at the island in the evening. He went straight up to the house, but no one was living there now. He was afraid to sail back to the main island, but he was also afraid to stay on the island by himself. So then he dug a hole in the fireplace in the house big enough for him to sleep inside. Then he got in the hole and buried himself so that only his nose was sticking up, and he covered it with a coconut shell.

After midnight he heard the spirit canoe coming. When the spirits

on the canoe said, "Hag, fang; hag, fang," he got really nervous. When the spirits arrived, they came up to the house, and the spirit wife asked the others if she should destroy the foundation of her house. The spirits answered, "Yes, destroy it all."

So they started from the foundation and broke down the whole house. Then she came to the fireplace and asked if she should destroy that and they replied, "Yes, destroy it all." So then they broke up the whole fireplace. When she picked up the coconut shell, the other spirits repeated the same words and then they destroyed the coconut shell.

Then she saw her husband and she pulled him out from the fireplace and asked, "Will we destroy this man?" And again they replied, "Yes, destroy him all." So they killed him. Meanwhile the son held onto the beautiful spirit lady for three days. He didn't talk to her. He didn't look at her during this time. After the three days had passed, she changed into a real human being and they got married.

TALE 75: THE SPIRIT FISHING COMPANION

The sea holds many threats for the Micronesian. In addition to the natural hazards of wind, storm, and tide, there are the many spirits believed to lurk in channels, reefs, and lagoons; and each island has its unique list of potential supernatural dangers. This is especially true at night. Islanders are most apprehensive when the moon is absent, for it is then that spirits roam. But many kinds of fishing depend on the proper level of tide, and the family fisherman must sally forth despite his fears. That spirits assume the form of humans to lure their victims into a false sense of security is a favorite motif.

This is a story about two brothers. One day those brothers went out fishing. When they came back, they had a lot of fish. On the island of Ngatik there was also a spirit, a very big spirit. He also knew that those people of Ngatik were afraid of him, because they knew that he was there and he was trying to eat the people on the island.

One day those boys were planning to go out fishing again. Then that big spirit changed himself into a very small person just like those small boys, and he went out and asked them to let him go out fishing

with them. The boys said, "All right, if you want to, you can come along."

As they went out and took their canoe and paddled out into the deep water, the spirit made himself a little bit bigger than what he was before. His hair grew longer, very long, just like those hippies, or even longer. Now he lay down in the middle of the canoe and asked the small boys to come and put water on him and massage him and things like that. The boys, when they looked at the spirit, they found out that it was not a human. It was a spirit. But they were doing what the spirit told them to do just to please him, because they were scared.

Finally the spirit fell asleep. Then they paddled closer to their island; and when they got close to the island, they took the spirit's hair and tied it to the canoe, to the outrigger booms. Next they went down quietly from the canoe and swam toward the shallow water. The canoe was drifting away from the shallow place to the deep water. Then they ran. They ran from the reef, all the way from this far place to the island. When they got to the island, it was nighttime already. So they went and tried to find a place for them to hide because they knew that the spirit would come after them.

There was a community house, and they went there and found many young men asleep in the house. They went there and got on a very high bed and went to sleep. While they were sleeping, in the middle of the night the spirit came around the place and tried to find them. But he couldn't recognize them because it was very dark and there was no light. So he went in and tasted the people. He put out his tongue and put it on the sleepers and tried to taste them to see if they tasted salty. Then he would get them, because he knew that those boys were swimming in and maybe they didn't have a chance to bathe in fresh water before they went to sleep. So finally he came to the high bed and he found them there. He tasted them. They tasted salty.

But he didn't wake them up. What he did was he just got under the bed and carried it out from the community house, and those two boys were still sleeping on the bed. So he went from that community house, went straight into the middle of the island of Ngatik. He was thinking of going through to the other side and then walking to those small islands in the Ngatik Lagoon.

As he was walking in the middle of the island, he came under many pandanus trees. One of the pandanus leaves touched the face of one of the boys; and when he opened his eyes, he found out that they were moving. It seemed that somebody was carrying them, and

they were in the middle of the island of Ngatik. So he tried to wake his brother quietly. He woke him up and they grabbed those pandanus branches and hung on over there. While they were there, the spirit thought that they were still on the bed. They were watching the spirit. He continued carrying the bed, but they were hanging down from the pandanus. The spirit went out through to the other end of the island and walked straight out to the reef and onto the island nearest to Ngatik. The name of that small island is Wataluk. There he had a storehouse. It was an underground storehouse and it was made up of stones. When he went there, he came close to the door, and he said, "The door of my storehouse should be open, and it must be open." So the door opened.

Then he threw that bed inside without even looking to see whether the boys were on it. He threw that bed inside the storehouse and closed it up, then went into the middle of that island and took his shell horn. His horn was there and he blew it. Those other spirits who lived on the other islands, like on Waht, Sirop, Pilenkarkar, Pikenkeleng, Paina, and Pikenmetko, flew to Wataluk, and asked him, "How come you're blowing your horn?"

And he said, "Because I have good news for all of us." They were so excited and replied, "What? What is the news?"

Then he told them that, "I got two boys here with me and I cannot eat them by myself; so I have invited you to come and join me to eat them and enjoy them."

So those spirits said, "If you're just lying or if you just made up this story, we will kill you. If it is really true, we will be very glad to help you out and eat them."

The spirit replied, "No, I've got them here on this island." And one of the spirits, the leader, came up and said, "I will make you a chief if you really have two boys here; but if you don't, we will kill you."

Then the spirit went to his storehouse and ordered the door to be open, and the door was open. He went in and grabbed the bed and pulled it out. There wasn't anybody there. He got into the underground storehouse, and he looked all around. Still he couldn't find anybody. Then he came out and said, "They are gone, but this is the bed they were on."

So those other spirits threw stones on him and killed him. They put him into that storehouse of his and buried him there. If you go to Wataluk, you will find that the type of stone that he used to make his storehouse is still there, and the place where the spirit was buried also shows the form of the spirit's body.

TALE 76: THE CANNIBAL BRIDEGROOM

This Losapese tale highlights some perennial Micronesian problems. Since the Micronesian spouse does not forsake all others but continues to cleave to his blood relatives, it is a matter of some importance that he marry someone close to his place of residence. In this manner, both spouses can carry out their broadened family responsibilities. As told, this story emphasizes the wisdom of arranged marriages and the need to defer to the knowledge of the old. There are a number of uninhabited atolls and small islets that are reputed to be the dwelling places of malevolent spirits. The belief is also widely held that spirits sometimes seek sexual relations with humans, which can lead to madness and death.

Once upon a time there lived a chief on Losap Island. That chief was very well known throughout the Truk Islands. He had a son and a daughter. The daughter was very beautiful, very pretty. And they lived there until the daughter was about nineteen, and she wanted to get married. And the chief decided a way that his daughter would choose her husband. Then he called all the people from Losap, every young man, to come every night and dance in their house, so the daughter would choose a husband. And every night the young men on Losap Island came and danced in their house, until all the young men came and danced. The daughter didn't see any that she liked.

And then the people from other islands just in the Losap Lagoon came, tried to make the girl like them. The daughter again didn't like them. Then the people from the Lower Mortlocks came and danced there; and the daughter didn't like any one of them. Then the chief sent for the young men from the Truk Lagoon. They came and the daughter still didn't see any that she liked.

And then one night when the chief told his daughter that that was the last night that the people would come and dance; but if she didn't find any, he would pick out one for her himself. That night one spirit was wandering around, and he came to Losap and heard that story that the chief was looking for a husband for his daughter, but that he couldn't find one because the girl didn't like any of the young men on Losap Island or in the Truk Lagoon.

Then the spirit was deciding to come that night to dance. He went to his island, way down in the Western Islands. They call it now Fayu. He went there and talked to the spirits, because there were many spirits on that island. And that one who came to Losap and heard that story was the son of their chief. He went there and told his father that he would like to come to Losap and get some people for them to eat. And then the father agreed with him.

That spirit came to Losap that night as a very handsome young man. He came there when the people from the Western Islands came to dance. And when he entered the chief of Losap's house, he just entered in it and stayed next to the door. He stayed there and looked at those who were dancing; and when he saw that they were almost done, he stood up and began to dance. And when the chief's daughter saw him, she really liked him because he was very handsome. Then she told her father that he would tell all the others to go back to their place because she found one to be her husband. Then the chief told all the other young men, and she told the spirit to stay.

Then the spirit was staying with the daughter that whole night, and he stayed on Losap about two weeks. From that time he told that chief that he wanted to go back to his home, and he wanted to take his wife, the daughter of the chief. And the chief told him that he could take her to his island.

And before they left Losap, the chief called all the strong men from Losap to go along with his daughter and her husband to his home island. He called all of them together and assigned each one for everything. And they prepared one very big sailing canoe, and they put everything the chief had as a present to that father of the spirit. Because they didn't know that the husband of the daughter was a spirit, not a human being.

And before they left Losap that man Lipepenimong, he was a very old man staying in a very small house. The people didn't care about him. He asked the one who was in charge of that trip if he could go with them. That captain told him that they didn't have a place for him. He asked the chief, and the chief was really mad, told him to go away. He wanted only the strong men and those who could do something if there was trouble happened to them.

And the first time they didn't let him, but he insisted that he would go. Then they asked him what he would do and why he wanted to go. That old man, Lipepenimong, said he just wanted to see the home island of that man, the husband of the chief's daughter. Then finally the leader of that trip told him that he could go if he just stayed on the outrigger. And then he said he could stay on that.

Then they put him on that outrigger and then started out from Losap. They sailed and sailed. About in the afternoon they ate their dinner, about at one o'clock, and they didn't even give food to the old man Lipepenimong. He was very hungry, almost had died of starvation.

They sailed and sailed until they were in among the Western Islands. Then the leader asked the spirit, the husband, where his home island was. And what the spirit answered him was, "The sign of my island is blood. Blood is all over the leaves and the sea around it; the water around it is also blood."

And then from that time the captain was suspicious about the husband. He a little bit realized that the husband was not a human being. And they kept on sailing, sailing, and sailing until the captain didn't know where to go because they'd passed all the islands already. And then he turned again to the husband of the chief's daughter and asked him again, "Where do you think we are going?"

Then he said, "We are just about to reach my home island." And then when they sighted that land, they actually saw blood was on the leaves and the water around was blood too. Then they came close to the island and put their anchor in the pass. And then the husband of the chief's daughter told them to wait. He would go to his house and call his father to come down and meet them. The husband went up to the middle of his island and told his father that he arrived, and the father should tell his servant to go down and take those people.

And then from that time that old man Lipepenimong spoke up from that outrigger and told that captain that did he realize what island this is? And the captain told him, "No."

And he said, "You will wait for what you will find."

And when they sat there about two minutes later after the husband left, one spirit came with a very big head but very short legs and very small body. When he came down, they were very frightened, those young men. And then the old man told the captain he should do something before that spirit was closer, "But otherwise you cannot do anything."

And the captain didn't know what to do. Then about fifty feet from them, the old man started to sing. And he sang like this:

Rokoso, rokoso, rokos—okos citol mawe.

We are traveling, we.

Liaumeng, Liaumenges—upung me lo ko!

Pung pung me lo ko! You die! Pung me lo ko! Die!

Then the spirit fell down. Then the captain told the old man

to come up from that outrigger to where he sat. Then the old man came up and sat with the captain. And then he told them that there were twenty of them, those spirits, and "We should leave this place before the last one comes. We could not do anything with him."

Just before he finished talking to the men, another spirit came. That one had two heads, four arms, and two legs. And when he came down and shouted to them, because they knew that the first one was dead. Then he came down and again the old man started to sing:

Rokoso, rokoso, rokos—okos citol mawe.

We are traveling, we.

Liaumeng, Liaumenges—upung me lo ko!

Pung pung me lo ko! You die! Pung me lo ko! Die!

And then the second spirit fell down again and died. Then when the chief of the spirits heard that, he was really mad, and he decided to send down the last one. But that old man, he knew that they should not wait because that last one would come. When the husband had left them, he took the rope and tied it to the pole of their house, the spirits' house; and they couldn't do anything, just cut the rope. Then the old man told the captain to cut the rope; and when he cut it, he started to sing, sing to their canoe like this:

Running above the waves,

Running above the waves from crest to trough,

Running above the waves from crest to trough.

And just from that time he sang that chant, the canoe started to sail. And when the spirit came down to see them, he couldn't find them because they'd already gone. Then the spirit was really mad. And when he went back to the chief and told him, the chief told him to chase them. And he started to chase them by making his neck run up high, upward very tall. When he looked around, he saw the canoe, as if it was just in front of him. Then he shouted at them, "I am coming. Don't think that you could be able to run away."

Then he ran after them. He chased them and chased them until they passed the Western Islands. The young men were past the Western Islands, and the spirit was almost to reach them. Then the old man started again to sing to their canoe:

Running above the waves,

Running above the waves from crest to trough,

Running above the waves from crest to trough.

Then the canoe started again very fast, until they couldn't see the spirit anymore. And the spirit was really mad, and he started to chase them as fast as he could until they passed the Truk Lagoon. They were heading for Losap Island. And about when they were about to enter the pass, the old man told the captain that "We should not enter the pass before we kill the ghost. If we go to Losap without killing the ghost, he will come and eat all the people of Losap. It's better for him to eat all of us rather than to go to Losap and eat all the people; because if we enter this pass, he will know that we are from Losap."

The captain didn't know what to do. They could not fight with that very big spirit. And then that old man Lipepenimong gave him advice. Whenever they sail, they take along with them a very sharp stick which we call *ukidu*. Whenever they sail, they take that thing along as a means of defense. Then he advised to him to take that *ukidu* and put it at the end of the canoe. And then he put one hat on the end of that stick and put some cloaks on him to make it look like a person. And when the spirit was about to reach them again, the old man didn't sing to their canoe to run. He let the ghost come closer. And then when the ghost told them that he would eat them, the old man told him that "You cannot eat them unless you eat that one who is sitting at the end of the canoe. He is our chief. He is the one who made us run away from you."

And the spirit was really mad at them. He ran very fast toward them and tried to bite at that *ukidu*, which looked like a person. When the spirit swallowed that *ukidu*, it passed through his head and stuck out from the back of his head. And that was the end of that spirit.

When they came to Losap, the captain told the chief what the old man did. If it were not for him, they would have been eaten by the spirit; and from that time the chief took that old man to his house and considered him as his older brother. And he always did what the old man said. And the old man told him that the people of Losap were lucky because the ghost was the most powerful one, and he was killed by the *ukidu*. When one of those who were not really powerful are killed, maybe someone would come and look for him after awhile.

From that time the old man told the chief that the way he picked the husband of his daughter was not a good one. It means that it just caused trouble to the people of Losap. He should pick the husband of his daughter by himself, not let the daughter.

So I think that's why in our custom the parents used to usually pick our husband or wife, instead of the son or the daughter to pick their own wife and husband.

TALE 77: THE EVIL SEA SPIRIT AND
THE SECLUDED GIRL

It would be an unnatural father indeed who would isolate his daughter in the fashion portrayed in this account from Satawan Atoll. Perhaps we are dealing with a faint echo of the old practice of the seclusion of young girls in order to enhance their beauty by bleaching their skins and feeding them to a state of desirable plumpness. It is a common belief that spirits are notoriously hard to kill and that regeneration from scattered pieces is quite possible. Implicit in the story is that the spirit became the girl's lover through force.

Long long ago on Kuttu there lived the people of Kuttu and their chief, Sou Kuttu. Sou Kuttu was married and he had a daughter. His daughter was so very beautiful that he didn't want the men to come around the house to see her and make her their wife. So Sou Kuttu decided to take his daughter away from the island and keep her away from the men from Kuttu Island. And he wanted to build a house for her on a small beach near Kuttu, which is between the small island which is very close to Kuttu, named Orin, and Kuttu. So he went there and built a small house, a very good house on the beach. He took all of her belongings to the house, and she stayed in the house for the rest of her life.

Sou Kuttu didn't want anybody to go there and visit her, only himself, and there was a woman who was working with the daughter. She would come to Kuttu and get some food from Sou Kuttu and take it to the house of the daughter.

Now there was a sea spirit living outside the reef where the island is, and every day he observed the house and the daughter. When he knew that the daughter was grown up, he came one night and knocked on her door. Then the daughter came out and opened it for him. When she saw him, she was really afraid because she knew that he was a sea spirit.

So the sea spirit didn't want to kill her, but rather he asked her two questions, which he expected if her answers were not acceptable to him, he would kill her. The first question he asked was this. He said, "Which is whiter, my teeth or the breakers?"

And the daughter knew that the breakers were whiter than his

teeth; but since she was afraid, she said that his teeth were whiter than the breakers. That pleased the sea spirit.

Then he asked her again, "Which is thicker, my hair or the *chekis*?" which is a thick shrub which grows near the shore. The daughter knew that the *chekis* were thicker than his hair, but she said that his hair was thicker than the *chekis*.

So after hearing these good answers, the spirit decided to be friends with the daughter. He came in and the daughter gave him some food; so he just ate and left the house.

Next day the woman came and brought her some food. Then she left her. The next night the sea spirit came back again and asked the same questions, to which the daughter always answered him in his favor. So this continued for a couple of nights, and the daughter couldn't stand it any longer. She was really scared of the sea spirit, although the sea spirit didn't want to hurt her. She decided to tell her father. She asked for her father to come; and when he came she told him everything about the sea spirit.

Her father was really mad because he didn't want anybody to visit or see the daughter. So he came back, and he took his knife and ground it. The knife was so sharp that when a fly landed on it, it would cut him to pieces. That night he set out for that beach, and he stayed in the house of his daughter, waiting for the sea spirit to come. Then when the sea spirit came, he asked her the same questions.

The first one he asked, he got the reply from her that the breakers were whiter than his teeth. Then he asked the second question, to which she replied that the *chekis* were thicker than his hair.

This made the sea spirit mad. While he was still outside, he called in to her that he would kill her for answering the questions in her favor, not his favor. So he came in; and as soon as he stepped inside the door, Sou Kuttu threw his knife at him and cut him.

The first cut that Sou Kuttu gave him made the blood spurt out, and there was a drop went straight to the ridgepole and got stuck there. Sou Kuttu was able to kill the spirit, and he took all of the pieces and cleaned up the house. Then he decided to go back to Kuttu, assuring the daughter that nothing would happen again to her. But the next night the daughter was sleeping, was on her back, not really sleeping, but staring up; and she saw the drop of blood moving. She didn't bother to do anything because there was only a drop of blood.

But the blood called out for its parts, like it called out for certain parts of the head to come, pieces that the man had cut it into. Like a half inch piece to come. Then he continued to call out to the pieces to come. Then all of the pieces came, and they formed the head.

Then he started to call the pieces of the hand, arms, then the whole body, and everything came together, and they formed the whole body of the sea spirit.

The daughter was really afraid and she didn't know what to do. She just stayed there in the house. When the spirit's body came together, he came down from the ridgepole, and he was inside the house. And now he talked to the girl about what her father did to him. At that time he wanted to kill her. So he went straight to her and took out her eyes and her liver, and he set her up straight facing the back of the house. Then the spirit left the house.

The next day Sou Kuttu came to the house, and he saw that his daughter was sitting up facing the back. He called out her name, but she didn't move because she was dead. He called her name many times, and he was a little bit upset. So he came right into the house and tried to move her.

But when he touched her, the body fell down because she was dead. He took her and went to Kuttu. There he buried his daughter on the island of Kuttu.

That's the end of the story.

TALE 78: THE GIANT'S FISH

One still sees in Micronesia today the remains of stone weirs that once played an important part in aboriginal fishery. Extra fish were often impounded in stone enclosures until needed. Sores such as the giant was suffering from are still all too common in Oceania. That the giant in this Ponapean tale would accept a gift of food as payment for wrongs suffered is quite traditional. Micronesians eat with their fingers, and since the fish was fat, oil from the thief's hands came to the top of the water when he immersed his hands.

Long long ago there was a giant spirit in Kiti. This spirit went looking for fish all over Kiti. He came to places where he found dead fish which couldn't survive because of the heat. They had stayed in shallow places at low tide, and the sun made the water so hot that these fish died. This giant had built stone weirs all around Ponape, but still he found that these trapped fish died because of the sun. Now he was going around Ponape looking for a good place to build his weir.

He came up to Penieu, and he found the fish in Penieu healthy and big, so he set up his stone weir there. All the fish got good water from the rivers flowing down and from the high tide water, and they were very healthy and they were big too.

After awhile this giant got sick. His legs were sore, and sores were all over them. Therefore since he couldn't walk, he was staying in Penieu. While the giant, Koton, was sick in Penieu, Mahn en Dolonne, who was staying in Dolonne, was looking down at the trap; and he was being tempted because he saw a lot of fish in the trap that belonged to Koton.

So one day Mahn en Dolonne decided to go and catch some fish for himself, and he set out. Koton couldn't go out fishing because his sores were allergic to the seawater. Mahn en Dolonne went out and he was fishing. He fished in all the places, but he couldn't catch any fish. Then a thought came into his mind. "Ah, I will go and fish in Koton's fish trap."

Mahn en Dolonne got on his canoe and started paddling toward the weir that belonged to Koton. As he was getting close, he looked all around to see if anybody was around or to see if Koton was around. Since Koton wasn't looking because he was in pain from his rash, Mahn en Dolonne took out the corner stone of the trap, the stone nearest him; and as the fish came close to him, he caught a big *letepwel* fish from the trap.

After this, he took this big fish, put it in his canoe, and he went back to Dolonne. So he took the fish home and he built a big fire and he put the fish in it. The fish was so oily and good and big that the oil from the fish made the fire blaze up. It blazed higher and higher and a scale from the fish flew up into the air and flew all the way and fell on Koton's sores at Penieu.

That really hurt Koton, the hot scale that fell into his sore. He was really suffering. He was in agony. The pain was so great he was holding his leg and he was trembling and shouting; and the pus from his sores ran out of his body. He was really in agony, and he massaged and massaged his legs until the pain began to go away.

Then he looked down at his sore and he saw the fish scale. He took a small twig and he fished the scale out of his sore. He looked at it and he was wondering what kind of scale it was. Then finally he recognized it as a scale from a *letepwel* fish. So he said, "Oh, somebody is robbing my fish trap."

Still in agony and pain he bravely set out to check on his fish trap. When he got to his trap, he counted all the fish. He counted them all and he found that there was a fish that was missing. A

letepwel was missing. Now he knew that somebody had taken his *letepwel*.

He went back to Penieu and he stayed there, and he was wondering, "Who could that be? Who could have taken my fish?" He decided to stand up; and because he was a giant he could look all over Ponape. He was looking all over Ponape and he saw smoke coming from Dolonne. When he saw this smoke coming from Dolonne, he said to himself, "I will go and hide and see who is building the fire. Maybe somebody is cooking my fish on this fire."

Then he left and he set out for Dolonne. He was coming toward Mahn en Dolonne's house; and as he was getting close to it, he crossed a small barren place. Because he couldn't hide behind the bushes there, Mahn en Dolonne looked and he saw Koton in this place. The name of this barren place is Kuhkeilep.

When Mahn en Dolonne saw Koton, he put the remains of the fish under a bowl. As Koton got to the house, Mahn en Dolonne invited him in and said, "Come in. But we don't have food yet. We haven't cooked yet."

The giant said, "Thank you very much, Mahn en Dolonne. I'm not hungry. I'm looking for the person who stole my fish from my fish trap, because I have counted the fish and one is missing."

Mahn en Dolonne said, "Well, look around and see if you can see any sign of the fish, because I didn't do it."

And the giant said, "Just tell me the truth. If you have taken the fish, then tell me truthfully."

But for a long time as they were talking, Mahn en Dolonne was hiding the truth. So the giant said, "All right, if you are not the one who has taken the fish, I want you to take that bowl and fill it up with water." Therefore he took his wooden bowl and he filled it up with water.

Then the giant said, "Put your hand in it." So Mahn en Dolonne put his hand in the bowl; and when he pulled his hand out, there was grease all over his hand. This made the giant really mad.

He said, "Now I know that you are the one who took my fish. Today I will kill you."

Mahn en Dolonne said to the giant, "Will you please forgive me? Because that day when I was fishing, I didn't find any fish. I was so hungry and I wanted to eat fish. I didn't find any fish any other place, so I went to your fish trap and took your fish."

Then Koton said, "Why didn't you come to me in the first place? If you had come to me, I would have given you the fish. But you didn't come to me and get permission, and you took the largest fish

in my trap.”

Mahn en Dolonne was begging forgiveness from the giant, but Koton said, “I will not forgive you.”

Then Mahn en Dolonne told the giant, “Don’t kill me yet. I’ll cook some food, and we’ll eat first; then you can kill me.” Mahn en Dolonne put down a mat and rolled it out, and the giant got on the mat, and he was lying there. Then Mahn en Dolonne started his *uhm*. When the *uhm* was ready, Mahn en Dolonne made a very good loaf of pounded breadfruit, and he gave it to Koton.

Koton ate and ate, and Mahn en Dolonne said, “Do you like it?”

The giant said, “Yes, I like it very much. This is the first time I’ve tasted this.”

Mahn en Dolonne said, “Well, this is my tribute, my sign of asking for forgiveness, and I will make this for you to eat in payment for the fish that I stole from your fish trap.”

So the giant said, “Well, that is good. If you hadn’t asked for forgiveness through this loaf of breadfruit, I would have killed you.”

That is why the place Dolonne is no longer called Dolonne. It is called Dolotomw. “Tomw” means “tribute for forgiveness.” So that is why this place is called Dolotomw nowadays. And that concludes the story.

TALE 79: THE SPIRIT AND THE FALLING FRUIT

As presented by the informant, this is a moral tale from Yap told to illustrate the value of obedience. The threat of spirits is often used in Micronesia to keep children from wandering too far from home or as a menace to those who are too fond of misbehaving. Such tales are quite effective, for these Micronesian bogeymen are believed in, at least in part, by the parents as well as their children. The ending is traditional, and means that it is someone else’s turn to tell a story.

This is the story of Moral and Wu. There used to be a certain Wu who one day got pregnant, and then she delivered in one corner and in another corner and in another corner, and in another corner of her house. She filled her corners with her children, and then she raised them up until they were able to talk and go around and play

and be able to walk around. So one day Wu told her children, "Now when you are playing around and when it's getting close to evening time or even if you hear something in our backyard, behind our house, do not go there. I tell you not to go there because there is a big and really terrible and cannibalistic ghost that lives there, and his name is Moral. So if you go there, he would catch one of you and eat you and you would die."

So the children were very, very scared of going out into their backyard behind their house. But behind their house there was a very, very big *rowal* tree and with many, many delicious *rowal* fruits. So whenever Wu went out to her taro patch to look for food and fix the taro and her garden, then while she was away, this Moral would come around; and when he knew that Wu was not around, he'd take his big club, come out to the *rowal* tree and sit under it, the *rowal* tree; and he sang: "Do you hear, do you hear the sound of Moral? Saying 'Where are you, where are you? Koooom!'" Then he struck the trunk of the *rowal* tree with his big club. The whole tree shook, and then fruits fell down on the ground.

The children, all of a sudden they said, "Hey! Those are *rowal* fruits falling on the ground! Did you hear that?" Some of the kids said, "Yes! Yes! We heard that. Can someone go and get one so we can eat?"

He said, "No, no, because our mother Wu said that we shouldn't go there, and that if we go there, Moral will catch us and eat us."

They said, "Well maybe he is not there. Just somebody will just go. Maybe the oldest should go."

And the oldest said, "Okay, I'll go." Then when he went out, Moral caught him and ate him. Devoured him and swallowed him.

So in the evening when Wu came back from her garden and taro patch, she would come, cook the food; and when the food was cooked, then she took it out and started feeding the children. She said, "Here's your food, here's your food, here's your food, here's your food—Huh! Where is one of you?"

And the children said, "He went to get the *rowal* fruit and he didn't come back."

"See? You disobeyed and now one, your oldest brother, is killed, then devoured by Moral. Now don't go there anymore. You better get this clearly. Don't go there anymore because see what's happened to your older brother."

And the kids said, "Yes, yes, we won't." So the next day when Wu went to her garden, Moral came out again and sang his song again, hit the *rowal* tree, and the fruit fell down. The kids would

wait there.

Finally one of them, the next oldest, would jump out of the house and sneak in to where the *rowal* fruit was. But when he arrived there, Moral would be there waiting for him; and he just grabbed him and swallowed him.

Then in the evening when Wu came again, she cooked food and distributed it, "Here's your food, here's your food, here's your food—Where is one of you?"

Then they said, "Oh, he went out to get *rowal* and he didn't show up."

"Now this is the lesson for your disobeying me. If you disobey, you will get into trouble. So now this time, don't do it again. Just stay here."

The children would say, "Okay, we won't go anywhere. We'll just stay here and work." But it didn't work out.

So as time went on, Moral kept on eating Wu's children. Finally he ate the youngest one and the last of Wu's children. So the next day when Wu came home, her last son wasn't there. She got very, very sad and at the same time very angry. She went out, cut a piece of bamboo and took from the outside of the bamboo a very, very sharp piece of bamboo. She came and looked for Moral.

Then she went to Moral's house. Moral was there sleeping, and he was snoring with a big smile on his face. He had just finished eating the last of Wu's sons, and he was very full. His stomach was bulging with Wu's children. He was sleeping and he was very happy.

All of a sudden Wu jumped on Moral, beat him up, and then cut his stomach and took back her children. Then Moral jumped around bleeding and shouting and crying and begging Wu not to kill him. But Wu wouldn't listen to him. "You've eaten my children, and now I'm going to kill you, punish you."

So Wu took a piece of bamboo and cut Moral's throat and killed him. Finally she took her children home and told them that they shouldn't be afraid anymore because Moral had been killed. However, if she taught them something to do, they should do it. If she told them something not to do, they shouldn't disobey her. If they disobeyed her, something worse might happen to them.

So this is the end of the story, and I throw it at Mr. Mitchell's head.

TALE 80: THE DESERTED WOMAN AND THE GIANT

Again we are presented with the plight of the individual without relatives in a kin-oriented society. The tale also recalls old Kusaie, when there was a rigid social hierarchy. The canoes left by order of rank and the appellations such as Kanka and Siba were once titles. *Kot* is actually a generic term for a kind of supernatural, cannibalistic giant and is an equivalent of the Ponapean *koton* (see Tale 78). At one point in the story, the woman addresses *Kot* by his real name, *Silikiak*.

This is a story about *Newa*. *Newa* was the woman who delivered the boy who killed *Kot* who was killing the people in Kusaie. *Kot* was staying here in Kusaie and eating the people until there were almost no more people left.

The king was really worried, and he told the people to start packing up and to paddle away from Kusaie. So the people started paddling.

Now this woman *Newa* didn't have a canoe. She went down to the shore and sat on a rock. She went down to the rock and stayed there. We still have the rock until today and we call it Rock of *Newa*.

So the first canoe that passed by was the king's. She asked the king, "May I ride with you?" But the king replied, "You can't get in my canoe. It's too loaded. Wait for *Kanka*."

When *Kanka* passed her, she asked the same thing, "May I ride with you?" But *Kanka* also said, "You can't get in my canoe. It's too loaded. You wait for *Siba*."

Again she said the same thing, "*Siba*, may I ride with you?" And *Siba* said, "You can't get in my canoe. It's too loaded. Wait for *Sorku*."

"*Sorku*, may I ride with you?" *Sorku* also said, "You can't get in my canoe. It's too loaded. Wait for *Saku*."

"*Saku*, may I ride with you?" And *Saku* said, "You can't get in my canoe. It's too loaded. Wait for *Semuda*."

She kept asking until the last person passed by and she called him. She got on the canoe and it started sinking. Then that man just left her on that rock and paddled away.

So now *Newa* went up to the land. She went to another rock. This rock is still in *Lelu* now, near *Katem*, and they call that rock

Menstruation Rock. She sat down on the rock until she menstruated. She went up and got a papaya seed and broke it on her forehead and she got pregnant and delivered a baby boy.

When the boy grew up, he was playing alone, and he asked his mother to build a small canoe for him. She built the small outrigger canoe for him, and he started paddling in it, first to Finsral.

When he came back, the mother asked him, "Where did you go?" The boy answered, "I come back from Finsral."

So the next day the boy went over to Langosak, and the mother asked him again, "Where did you go?"

"I'm coming back from Bisin."

Then she told him not to go any father because there was something out there that was dangerous for them. She was concerned about Kot now. But he kept paddling farther and farther away until he reached Finpukal.

Then he left his canoe in Finpukal and he walked over to Tafunsak. When he reached Tafunsak, he saw a small island separated from the main island. The name of the island is Kial. That was where Kot was. So he went over to Kial to Kot's house. He went up inside Kot's house and ate a banana and threw the skin into the water and stole Kot's rooster.

Meanwhile Kot was fishing from some rocks, and the banana skin was drifting until it reached Kot's leg. Kot said, "My land is broken!" And he came back home and found out that his rooster was gone.

When he was on Kial, he looked and he saw the boy way over in Tafunsak. He kept following the boy until the boy reached his canoe, got on it, and paddled over to his house. Still Kot kept following him.

When he reached the house, the mother asked him where he came from; and he told her he had gone to somebody's house, but he didn't know whose house it was. His mother started scolding him, and at that time Kot came to their house. So the mother said, "Silikiak, come in, come in."

Now they started talking until it was getting dark. The mother asked the boy to build a fire, and she asked Kot to bring some firewood. Kot just reached out his hand and got the firewood, broke it up, and put it on the fire. When the fire burned down, Kot started to catch them and eat them up. The boy was sleeping, but the mother wasn't asleep.

When the fire burned down, the mother called Kot, "Kot, Kot, Kot."

In reply Kot said, "Here I am." Then the mother said, "Build

up the fire." So Kot built up the fire again. When the fire burned down, he started to catch them to eat them.

But the mother said, "Kot, Kot, Kot. Build up the fire." He built it up again, and this was repeated until the next day.

Next day Kot and the boy were going to fight. The boy went out and got a rough rock and cut a banana tree. He gave Kot the banana stem and he kept the rough rock for himself. Then they began to fight until Kot picked up the boy, put him on the banana stem and pushed him back and forth. The boy really liked the feeling of it.

The next time the boy picked up Kot and rubbed him back and forth on the rough rock and Kot got a great many cuts. They had agreed to fight until one of them was killed, and finally the boy killed Kot. The boy killed Kot.

When Kot was dead, the mother told the boy to cut his head off and throw it in the water. When he threw the head in the ocean, he called up all the animals to eat the rest of Kot's body. The head was drifting until it reached the place where the Kusaieans had fled to.

The head was banging on their canoes. Then the people said to themselves, "Let's go back. Kot is killed." So the people started paddling back. They were going back to Kusaie. The boy was playing, and then he saw those people coming in the harbor. He went up to his house and told his mother.

She told him to hurry up and climb into a coconut tree and get a small coconut and cut it into half, with half pointing to the north direction and half pointing to the south. When he pointed the young coconut to these directions, there was a big storm occurred. It broke all the canoes except the king's and queen's, because their canoe was the last one in the line. Then the boy went up to the house again and told the mother that the king and queen were coming to the land.

She told the boy to wait for them and tell the king and queen to turn themselves into *kilse* and *srolse* and eat their feces. So the boy waited for them until they landed. He told them what his mother had told him to.

The king and queen turned themselves into fish and ate their feces. This kind of fish is not too popular in Kusaie. People don't like to eat them, and they are the king and the queen. That's all.

TALE 81: THE STORY-TELLING SPIRIT

It seems fitting that a book devoted to Micronesian folktales should end with a story-telling scene. Hair combing, louse picking, story-telling—these are some time-honored ways of inducing sleep or spending an intimate hour or two with trusted friends or acquaintances. These are reciprocal activities, and in story-telling especially everyone should have his turn. Those who narrate first are then free to relax and go to sleep, a cultural factor that our Marshallese hero uses to the spirit's disadvantage. The cat's eye is the whitish operculum of the turbo shell.

Long ago there was a spirit which lived on a beautiful island. His island had an abundance of food. Near the beautiful island there stood a big island with many people on it. These people were starving to death. People were dying from starvation, and the population was decreasing very rapidly. While these people were dying of starvation, the beautiful island was loaded with food. People wanted to go to the small island, but they knew that there was a spirit on it.

One time there were six brothers who wanted to sail to the other island. First the oldest got some men together and they sailed to the small island. When they got near the island, they were deciding on how to arrive on shore. The lagoon was rough. Half of the island was rocky but with small waves. The other half was sandy but with many strong waves. While the men on the canoe were still deciding the place to land, the spirit was standing on the beach, directing the boys. He seemed very friendly. He said to the boys, "Don't come in through the rocky site but come in through the sandy site. It is safer for your canoe."

The boys listened to the spirit. They brought in their canoe to the sandy place, but when they got near the shore, a large wave came and destroyed their canoe. Then they went ashore. The spirit said, "Well, it seems that you will have to spend the night here. Tomorrow morning we'll fix your canoe and load it with food. Then you can go home."

The spirit took the boys to his house. He gave them food and they ate. Now it was getting dark. In the evening the spirit arranged each boy in order from north to south. Then he told them to tell

stories, one after another.

When they were all finished, then it was the spirit's turn. He began to tell stories. He told so many stories that the boys all went to sleep. When he heard them snoring, he stopped. He got up and killed the boys and ate them.

The next day people on the other island were waiting for the boys to come home, but they didn't. The people were waiting from morning until dark, but they didn't see any canoe on the horizon.

The next morning the second brother decided to find out what had happened to his brother and his men. He got some men and he sailed to the small island. When they got to the island, the same thing happened. The spirit was already on the beach directing the boys. He told them the same thing that he told the other boys. He said for them to land at the sandy site, and the boys listened to him. While they were near the shore, a strong wave came and destroyed their canoe. The spirit told the boys to spend the night there and they could return the next morning. He took them and gave them food. Now it was getting dark, and they were getting ready for bed.

During the evening the spirit did the same thing to these boys. They were going to tell stories. The spirit told the first boy to raise the sun, meaning for him to start. The next boy was to raise it further, and the boy in the middle was to make it high noon. The other boys would lower it, and finally the spirit would set it. They began to tell stories one after the other. Finally it was the spirit's turn to tell stories. He began with his long stories, and all of a sudden he heard the boys snoring. So he stopped. He got up and killed them.

When the boys didn't return the third brother wanted to go looking for his brothers. The next day he prepared his canoe and got some men and sailed to the small island. When they got there, again the same thing happened. The spirit was standing on the shore, directing the boys in. They listened to him, and their canoe was also destroyed by a big wave. Now the spirit took them and during the night, he played the same trick. He asked the boys to tell stories, and when they were asleep, he killed them and ate them.

Now the people on the big island began to wonder about what was happening on the other island. Many of them believed that maybe the lagoon was not safe for a canoe; and with this idea in mind, many of the people thought that the boys had lost their canoes and that they were still alive on the other island.

Then the younger brother prepared a better canoe and got some crew and sailed to the small island. The boys sailed away and fell into the same trap. They never did return. The spirit did the same

trick that he had done before to the other boys.

After all the older brothers got lost on the other island, the youngest brother decided to follow them. He prepared the strongest canoe on the island and selected the best crewmen on the island. Then he sailed to the small island. When they were maneuvering into the small channel, the spirit was standing there on the shore, directing the boys. He told them, "Don't come in through the rocks. Come in through the sandy site." But the youngest brother said to his crew members, "Don't listen to that monster."

The boys didn't listen to the spirit, and they landed their canoe on the rocky place. Its keel was strong and the canoe got through safely. After the boys got their canoe in a safe place, the spirit came to welcome them. He took them to his house. He gave them food, but now it was getting dark.

The spirit was making a plot for the boys. So he did the same thing. He asked the boys to line up as he had placed the others. Then he asked them to start telling stories. They began telling stories one after the other in the same order as the sun moving from sunrise to sunset. The other boys were now sleeping, and now it was the spirit's turn to tell stories.

While he was telling stories, the clever youngest brother took out two cat's eyes and placed them on both eyes and went to sleep. The other boys were snoring, but the spirit was now bearing down with his stories. He heard the snores, but when he looked at the youngest brother, he saw the two cat's eyes. Then he thought the boy was still awake. He kept on telling stories, waiting for the boy to go to sleep. Every so often the spirit looked at the boy and saw his eyes were still open. So he kept on telling stories and finally he fell asleep. He slept through until morning.

The clever brother was awakened by the big snores, and he woke up the other boys. Then he asked the spirit if he had seen his brothers. But the ghost lied to him. He said that he had never seen anybody coming to his island.

The boy and the spirit were arguing back and forth, and finally they got into a fight. They grabbed each other and started to fight. They began on the lagoon side of the island and fought toward the ocean side. While they were fighting, their song went like this, "Ire-re liklok, ire-re arlok."

When they got to the big rock, the boy lifted up the spirit and bounced him against the rock. Then the spirit got up again and grabbed the boy. They started to fight again from the rock toward the ocean side and back again. When they got to the rock again, this

time the spirit lifted the boy and bounced him against the rock.

He got up and fought the spirit toward the ocean side. When they arrived at the same rock again, the boy took the spirit and bounced his head against the rock. Then the spirit lay flat on the rock, and he died soon after the boy had struck his head against the sharp edges on the rock.

After the spirit was killed, the boys loaded their canoe with food and sailed back to the big island. From now on canoes were sailing between the two islands, carrying food to the big island. The spirit had died and the people were free to go to the small island. The famine had finally come to an end, and people were living happily as before.

NOTES

TALE 1: Motif A758. "Theft of moon." Narrator: Tony Tawerilmeng. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector/Translator: Peter Palmal.

In a Kusaiean variant, the marks on the moon were caused by the rough handling it received as the thief fled his pursuers (Sarfert, 1920, pp. 439-41). Tales from Truk and Puluwat Atolls also contain moon theft as an assigned task (Krämer, 1932, pp. 357-9) and as a punishment (Damm, Sarfert, 1935, pp. 244-6). See also Mitchell Collection, Motif A751. "Man in the moon. Various explanations are given as to how he came to be there," Variant 1, for a Palauan tale of a crying child carried away to the moon.

TALE 2: Motif *A761.6.2. "Chief among stars." Narrator: Ruben Zackhras. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Ruben Zackhras.

This contemporary tale corresponds quite well with older versions from the Marshall Is. (Erdland, 1914, pp. 210-11; Krämer, Nevermann, 1938, pp. 284-5) and from Ponape (Hambruch, Eilers, 1936, pp. 158-9). Grey also includes this story in her *Legends of Micronesia* (1951, Bk. II, pp. 10-14). A Western Caroline variant replaces the race with a fishing trip and it is the Palauan demi-god Medegeipelau who taught the crew of the last boat the use of the sail (Krämer, 1929, p. 233; Semper, 1873, pp. 170-1). See Emory, 1949, pp. 232-3, for a Kapin-gamarangi variant in which the arrangement of these stars comes about as punishment.

TALE 3: Motif A955.3.2. "Origin of island's position." Narrator: Petra Guchol. Collected: Gilman, Yap Is., 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: John Falmed.

Both an earlier Yapese variant (Müller, 1918, pp. 529-31) and a contemporary one (Mangefel, 1962a, pp. 24-5) include the creation of Ngulu I. from a coconut shell full of sand carried from Yap by the giant's exiled parents. The best known tale of slain giants and the formation of islands is that of the giant Uap whose pieces formed the Palau Is. (Krämer, 1929, pp. 1-2). Similar traditions have been reported from over much of Micronesia (Hambruch, 1936, p. 307; Hambruch, Eilers, 1936, p. 163). See Mitchell Collection, Motif A955. "Origin of islands," Variant 2 for Palauan variant.

TALE 4: Motif A955.8. "Island fished-up by demigod (hero)." Narrator: Isauo James. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collec-

tor: Roger Mitchell.

This tale has been extensively researched by Lessa (1961, pp. 290–321). It is best known from the Truk Is. to Yap, and the island most often mentioned is the little island of Fais (Müller, 1918, pp. 526–7; Lessa, 1961, pp. 35–7; Krämer, 1937, pp. 380–1). Yet the motif of island fishing has wide distribution apart from the tale selected for this work, being found in Palau (Krämer, 1919, pp. 57–8), Ponape (Hambruch, 1936, pp. 368–70), Mokil (Eilers, 1934, p. 381), the Marshall Is. (Krämer, Evermann, 1938, pp. 61–2), and the Gilbert Is. (Newell, 1895, pp. 233–4). The island fishing story has twice appeared in school readers (Mangefel, 1962b, pp. 27–33; Grey, 1951, Bk. II, pp. 97–101). Other modern variants from Truk place the fished up island in the Mortlock Is. See Mitchell Collection, Motif A955., Variants 4 and 5 for contemporary variants from Ulithi and Truk Atolls.

TALE 5: Motif A955.3.2.1. “Primeval hero moves islands into their present position.” Narrator: Ruben Zackhras. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Ruben Zackhras.

Lessa has treated closely associated motifs extensively under Motif A814. “Earth from object thrown on primeval water.” (1961, pp. 275–89). This story is quite faithful in its details to earlier Marshallese variants (Krämer, 1906, p. 433; Knappe, 1888, pp. 65–6; Krämer, Nevermann, 1938, p. 32). Similar tales have been collected in the Gilbert Is. (Frazer, 1924, p. 57) and the Polynesian outlier Nukuoro (Eilers, 1934, pp. 183, 298). Closely related are those stories in which land or islands are stolen and moved (Krämer, 1929, pp. 35–6; Hambruch, Eilers, 1936, pp. 114–5; Sarfert, 1920, p. 408; Thompson, 1932, p. 62; Mitchell, 1967, pp. 343–5, 557–8). See Mitchell Collection, Motif A955. “Origin of islands,” Variant 7 for a Losapese text of a stolen island.

TALE 6: Motif A910. “Origin of water features—general.” Narrator: Asterio Takasy. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1964. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

A Ponapean story has two men carrying water in their mouths; one becomes frightened and spits his out, filling their canoe. The other expels his ashore, making a stream (Hambruch, Eilers, 1936, pp. 52–6). Two Pulo Anna spirits drink all the water, releasing it only when the trickster Olofat tickles their breasts (Eilers, 1935, p. 227). See Mitchell Collection, Motif A910., Variant 2 for a Ponapean tale of a stolen river.

TALE 7: Motif *A2611.0.7. “Woman (goddess) gives birth to plants.” Narrator: Seremea Arnold. Collected: Harmon Field,

Guam, 1963. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

That the first coconut was borne by a woman has been widely collected in Micronesia: Lamotrek (Krämer, 1937, p. 148), Faraulip (Damm, 1938, p. 205), and the Marshalls (Erdland, 1914, pp. 298-9; Krämer, Evermann, 1938, pp. 273-4; Grey, 1951, Bk. I, pp. 82-9). Other variants are closer to Polynesian traditions. On Yap the coconut came from a slain eel child (Müller, 1917, p. 314); on Ponape from a slain eel lover or the corpse of a neglected boy (Hambruch, Eilers, 1936, pp. 124-6, 166-9); and a spurned lover in the Gilbert Is. (Koch, 1966, p. 39). See Mitchell Collection, Motif A2681.5.1., "Origin of coconut tree," Variants 2 and 3 for stories of a neglected boy (Pingelap) and a monster eel (Yap).

TALE 8: Motif A2686.3.1. "Origin of kava plant [*Piper methysticum*]." Narrator: Bernet Stephen. Collected: Kolonia Town, Ponape, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Kohne Ramon.

In an older Ponapean myth the god Luk gave youth to an aged devotee and kava grew from the cast-off skin of his feet, hence its bad odor (Hambruch, 1936, pp. 193-4). More recent variants agree with the present selection (Bascom, 1965, p. 41; Fischer, 1959, pp. 49-50). Legends on both Kusaie and Ponape say kava came to Ponape from Kusaie. Some say it was stolen and that its odor was caused by its being secreted in the thief's vagina. See Mitchell Collection, Motif A2686.3.1., Variants 2 and 3 for Kusaiean and Trukese variants.

TALE 9: Motif A1433. "Acquisition of money." Narrator: Blas Sbal. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Blas Sbal.

Palauan money origin myths usually invoke the supernatural, such as from a lemon from heaven (Krämer, 1929, pp. 34-5), from the swollen fingers of a fish's daughter (Hambruch, 1921, pp. 175-8), or from the eyes stolen from a stone watchman in heaven (Krämer, 1929, pp. 61-7). The legend of the money island has a long lineage (Kubary, 1895, p. 24; Semper, 1873, p. 63; Krämer, 1929, p. 17; Hambruch, 1921, p. 346). See Mitchell Collection, Motif A1433., Variants 2 and 3 for contemporary accounts of the lemon tree.

TALE 10: Motif A1459.2. "Acquisition of seamanship (sailing, etc.)." Narrator: Lambert. Collected: Moen I., Truk Atoll, 1964. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

This is a portion of a major Carolinian tale cycle of the great navigator Palulap, and Lessa has dealt with a major portion of it (1961, pp. 98-105). The tale has been widely collected by earlier ethnographers and its form is remarkably stable (Pulap: Krämer,

1935, pp. 278–9; Woleai: Krämer, 1937, pp. 290–1; Pulap: Damm, Sarfert, 1935, pp. 226–8; and Ifaluk: Burrows, Spiro, 1957, pp. 90–1). The motif sequence of the abandoning of a man by his companion, the castaway's eventual return, and his regaining of his spouse, has been collected on Ponape (Hambruch, 1936, pp. 294–6). See Mitchell Collection, Motif A1459.2., Variant 2 for a contemporary Woleaian tale of acquisition of seamanship by eavesdropping on a great navigator.

TALE 11: Motif K11.1. "Race won by deception: relative helpers." Narrator: John Gisog. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

This tale has been found over much of Micronesia, with little variation in form (Palau: Krämer, 1929, p. 202; Kapingamarangi: Emory, 1965, p. 351; Ponape: Hambruch, 1921, pp. 196–7; Kusaie: Sarfert, 1920, p. 484). Some, like the Trukese variant, add that the needlefish jumped out of the water and stuck his nose in a bitter-tasting tree, and ever since part of the needlefish has tasted bitter. See Mitchell Collection, Motif K11.1., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for contemporary variants from Truk, Marshall Is., and Ngatik Atoll.

TALE 12: Motif *B264.7. "Fight between octopus and whale to determine who is supreme. Octopus blinds whale, then kills it." Narrator: John Gisog. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

There is great variation in tales of animal warfare. Fish fight birds on Ponape (Hambruch, 1921, pp. 197–9); the lobster battles the flounder in Kapingamarangi (Elbert, 1949, p. 245); and on Nauru the lobster is pitted against the hermit crab (Hambruch, 1914, pp. 446–7). The Palauan account stages a struggle between a fish and a taro plant (Krämer, 1929, p. 203). Yet an early reference to the Yapese tale makes it clear that my informant was drawing on a well-known Yapese tradition (Müller, 1918, p. 471). See Mitchell Collection, Motif B260. "Animal warfare," Variants 2 and 3 for Kusaiean and Ngatikese variants (fresh water fish versus salt water, and flounder versus rat).

TALE 13: Motif *B295.2.1. "Animals make voyage in canoe (Usually have shipwreck)." Narrator: Dakio Syne. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

Lessa includes this tale in his broad study (1961, pp. 245–64). The references early and late are rich, with high structural consistency (Kapingamarangi: Emory, 1965, p. 351; Marshalls: Erdland, 1914, p. 246; Davenport, 1963, p. 222; Nauru: Hambruch, 1914, pp. 449–51; Ponape: Hambruch, 1936, pp. 155–6; Truk: Bollig, 1927, pp. 235–6; Yap: Müller, 1918, pp. 478–9). See Mitchell Collection, Motif *B295.2.1., Variants 2, 3, 4, and 5 for contemporary Kusaiean, Palauan,

Ulithian, and Yapese versions.

TALE 14: Motif K1988. "Brother (sister) secures blessings due to another." Narrator: Isaac Renguul. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

This motif has two widely separated points of occurrence, Palau and the Marshall Is. Both have been printed in English as supplemental reading texts (Grey, 1951, Bk. II, pp. 27-31; Dept. of Education, 1962), and are widely known among Micronesian students. The Marshallese version differs in that the blessing and associated body markings were in the mouth of a great eel and a giant helped get them. See Mitchell Collection, Motif K1988., Variant 2 for a contemporary Marshallese version.

TALE 15: Motif *B16.5.1.0.1. "Man-eating lizard monsters." Narrator: Noatillas Talley. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

This tale was reported for both Kusaie and Ponape Is. (Sarfert, 1920, p. 484; Hambruch, 1936, p. 181). In Palau it was a giant eel which was the villain (Krämer, 1929, p. 172). The closest variant is that from Yap. As the dying lizard threshes about, he forms several islands (Müller, 1918, pp. 528-9). See Mitchell Collection, Motif *B16.5.1.0.1., Variant 2 for a contemporary Yapese version.

TALE 16: Motif K1610. "Deceiver falls into own trap." Narrator: Ruben Zackhras. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

This tale seems limited to Eastern Micronesia. This selection is in close agreement with two earlier Marshallese variants (Erdland, 1914, pp. 247-9; Krämer, Evermann, 1938, p. 262). In Ponapean and Kapingamarangi variants the octopus is victorious (Hambruch, 1936, pp. 153-5; Elbert, 1949, pp. 244-5). In the Kusaiean account a small jelly fish cooks her own mother in this fashion (Sarfert, 1920, p. 485).

TALE 17: Motif *B602.11. "Heron weds maiden." Narrator: Bernet Stephen. Collected: Kolonia Town, Ponape, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Kohne Ramon.

This tale agrees well with Hambruch's earlier version (1936, pp. 174-5). A recent Trukese variant emphasizes heron's qualities as a fisherman but the girl leaves him for a more handsome one (Mitchell, 1967, pp. 427-31). In Palau the ugly bat wins the girl (Krämer, 1929, pp. 132-3); while in the Central Carolines a disobedient girl is carried away by a bird as a bride (Krämer, 1935, p. 238). A Yapese girl sought out the frigate bird after being refused by others (Müller, 1918, pp. 474-5). See Mitchell Collection, Motif B602. "Marriage to bird."

Variants 2, 3, 4 for Ulithian, Marshallese, and Yapese variants.

TALE 18: Motif *B33.1.5. "Devastating birds eat everything in district." Narrator: Isauo James. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970, Collector: Roger Mitchell.

In a broad arc from Ponape to the Central Carolines one finds tales of devastating birds, usually plovers: Ponape (Hambruch, Eilers, 1936, pp. 46-7), Pulap (Damm, Sarfert, 1935, p. 235), Truk (Krämer, 1932, pp. 362-3), and Woleai (Krämer, 1937, pp. 286-7). A tale from Losap Atoll is a close variant (Mitchell, 1967, pp. 441-3). A Nauruan variant ends on a happier note. The eggs hatch out a bird and an eel, who reward their masters with plenty of fish (Hambruch, 1914, pp. 444-6).

TALE 19: Motif B335. "Helpful animal killed by hero's enemy." Narrator: John Gisog. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

Müller collected a very similar tale (1918, p. 482). The motif of the friendly animal appears in many tales. See Mitchell Collection, Motif B450. "Helpful Birds," Variant 2 for a Marshallese story of a pet bird which stole food for its master; and Motif B300. "Helpful animal," Variants 1 and 2 for Trukese and Ponapean tales of helpful turtles and sharks.

TALE 20: Motif E30. "Resuscitation by arrangement of members." Narrator: Bernet Stephen. Collected: Kolonia Town, Ponape, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Kohne Ramon.

This story has survived since first collected by Hambruch, with relatively little change (1936, pp. 147-9, 150-2). Other variants are reported but only the second Yapese variant has the magic medicine and none has the fatal imitation: Kusaie (Sarfert, 1920, p. 483), Sonsorol (Eilers, 1935, p. 218), Yap (Müller, 1918, pp. 540-1, 544-5). See Mitchell Collection, Motif E30., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for contemporary Kusaiean, Yapese, and Ulithian accounts.

TALE 21: Motif *T554.0.4. "Woman gives birth to fish." Narrator: Seremea Arnold. Collected: Iates Point, Guam, 1963. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

As collected by Krämer, the mother has stowed away to be with her lover (1932, pp. 368-9). Krämer also records another story of a woman who bore a whale (1932, pp. 356-7). See Mitchell, 1967, pp. 515-20, for a castaway girl rescued by a shark which took her to an earthly paradise.

TALE 22: Motif *B631.13. "Mouse (rat) gives birth to human child (infant girl)." Narrator: Morris Wakuk. Collected:

Utwā, Kusaie, 1970. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Hostino Levaie.

This motif and other closely related ones of animal mothers serve as the starting point for three groupings of Micronesian stories. They can, as does this selection, account for the origin of a specific clan or present a story of heroes of humble beginnings who nevertheless succeed, such as the Marshallese story of Rat's Son (Erdland, 1914, pp. 242-3). An even larger number of variants are to be found under the heading of "Animal Relative Slain," which will be the next selection. See Mitchell Collection, Motif *B631.13., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for Palauan, Ulithian, and Yapese variants.

TALE 23: Motif S110.3.+ "Animal relative slain." Narrator: Ishmael Edward. Collected: Kolonia Town, Ponape, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Kohne Ramon.

Animal mothers are many in Micronesian folklore. For the snake-eel-lizard there are Pulo Anna (Eilers, 1935, pp. 222-3), Kusaie (Sarfert, 1920, pp. 430-1), Ponape (Hambruch, 1936, pp. 90-2), and Truk (Mitchell, 1967, pp. 407-13). The crab mother is reported for Ponape (Hambruch, 1936, pp. 158-9), Pulo Anna (Eilers, 1935, pp. 221-2), and Kapingamarangi (Elbert, 1949, p. 244). The fish mother is similarly widespread: Yap (Müller, 1918, pp. 536-7), Kusaie (Sarfert, 1920, pp. 424-6), and Truk (Mitchell, 1967, pp. 508-14). Some tales end happily, with the behavior of the son-in-law above reproach: Ulithi (Lessa, 1961, p. 268), Truk (Mitchell, 1967, pp. 497-507). See Mitchell Collection, Motif S110.3., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for other variants from Ponape (fish grandfather), Woleai (rat mother), and Satawan (fish mother).

TALE 24: Motif B612.1. "Eel paramour." Narrator: Margarita Fanapin. Collected: Gilman, Yap, 1971. Collector: John Gisog. Translator: John Falmed.

The eel lover is often part of a plant origin myth, as on Ponape (Hambruch, Eilers, 1936, pp. 124-6). A Marshallese tale is very close to the one included here (Davenport, 1953, pp. 225-6). Other variants come from Pulo Anna (Eilers, 1935, pp. 236-7), Palau (Hambruch, 1921, pp. 161-4), Yap (Müller, 1918, pp. 517-8), and Losap (Mitchell, 1967, pp. 476-83). In one Trukese story the eel crawls inside the girl. She swells up and bursts, a punishment for refusing the attentions of the young men of her island. See Mitchell Collection, Motif B612.1., Variants 2 and 3 for Trukese and Marshallese variants.

TALE 25: Motif Q451. "Mutilation as punishment." Narrator: Salomon Hauley. Collected: Kolonia Town, Ponape, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Kohne Ramon.

One cannot point to any particular tale of mayhem that has Micronesia-wide distribution. These tales, historical in nature, vary from island to island. Such violence can spring up because of women (Mitchell, 1967, pp. 372-9), failure to pay tribute (Mitchell Collection, Motif Q411. "Death as punishment," Variant 1), or an obscene act, as in the next story.

TALE 26: Motif Q451. "Mutilation as punishment." Narrator: Peter Palmal. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Peter Palmal.

Another variant states the man wished to show off (Mitchell Collection, Motif Q451., Variant 3). My informant said, "Fal Patangeras" ("Westward of Patangeras Island," where the event took place) is a remark with vulgar connotation. To ask a man if he has been "Fal Patangeras" is a query about sexual activity.

TALE 27: Motif L165. "Lowly boy becomes king [chief]." Narrator: Peter Palmal. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Peter Palmal.

This motif has special meaning in most of Micronesia, since one's position is usually decided by birth. Oldest or youngest child, important or unimportant village or island, high or low clan or class—these are the variables of status. Many of the tales in my collection have the elevation of the hero or heroine to high status as their denouement. See Tales 2, 61, 73, 76.

TALE 28: Motif K81. "Deceptive eating contest." Narrator: Fiti Repein. Collected: Madolenihmw, Ponape, 1970. Collector/Translator: Minoru Louis.

The element of competitive feasting appears in many stories. That such competition is of long standing in Micronesia can be seen in the German ethnographies. See Krämer, 1932, p. 151, for the tale of a feast where canoes were used as food vessels. See Mitchell Collection, Motif K81., Variants 2 and 3 for Kusaiean tales in which one village serves its women to visiting males and another cooks a human.

TALE 29: Motif *D2161.3.7.3. "Person having no arms or legs given these by magic." Narrator: Bernet Stephen. Collected: Kolonia Town, Ponape, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Kohne Ramon.

This tale is in close agreement with that collected by Hambruch (1936, pp. 363-4). Other variants are found on Kusaie (Sarfert, 1920, pp. 457-8), Palau (Krämer, 1929, p. 126), Nauru (Hambruch, 1914, pp. 454-7). See Mitchell Collection, Motif *D2161.3.7.3., Variants 2 and 3 for contemporary Kusaiean and Trukese variants.

TALE 30: Motif J2411.6. "Imitation of jumping into fire with-

out injury: dupe burned up." Narrator: Ruben Zackhras. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Ruben Zackhras.

Micronesia has a large and vital body of trickster tales, with major cycles about the Marshallese Letao and the Trukese Olofat. Letao tales are inclined to be short and episodic, while Olofat tales can be quite long (see Tale 31). The earth oven trick appears limited to Eastern Micronesia: Marshall Is. (Krämer, Evermann, 1938, pp. 241-3), Gilbert Is. (Koch, 1966, pp. 25-6), and Ponape (Hambruch, 1936, pp. 397-8). The canoe episode thus far has been reported only from the Marshalls (Krämer, Evermann, 1938, p. 241). See Mitchell Collection, Motif J2411.5., Variant 2 for another contemporary Marshallese variant.

TALE 31: Motif F541.11. "Removable eyes." Narrator: Isauo James. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

This unusual motif has been little reported from Micronesia. Erdland reports a Marshallese tale where a selfish father used his removable eyes in the magic acquisition of food during a famine and his angry daughters stole them (1914, pp. 284-5). I collected a tale from Namonuito Atoll, in which a spirit removed his eyes to terrify Olofat. See Mitchell Collection, Motif K373+ "Ghost (*alus*) pretends in dark to be man's friend. As man catches fish, ghost holds basket, eats catch," Variant 2.

TALE 32: Motif *L112.12. "Hero (heroine) covered with sores (leprous)." Narrator: Thomas Ngirarekel. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Thomas Ngirarekel.

This sore-covered motif (or other repulsive physical defects) serves many narrative functions. This particular story of the hero Ngirngemelas is well known by literate Palauans, for it has been used as supplementary reading in elementary schools. See Notes, Tale 44, for further treatment of the sore-covered hero. See Mitchell Collection, Motif *L112.12., Variant 2 where much more is made of Ngirngemelas' unpromising appearance.

TALE 33: Motif J2133.3.1. "Coyote attempts to fly from a tree top: falls." Narrator: Merko Louis. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector/Translator: Minoru Louis.

Collectors have not paid much attention to the numskull tale, especially in Micronesia. Luomala includes in her study (1966, pp. 157-94) numskull tales from the Gilbert, Ifaluk and Truk Is. Bollig treated the genre in his Trukese monograph (1927, pp. 238-9).

Hambruch (1932, p. 294) comments briefly that the Poipoi people are the numskulls of Ponape (See Tale 34). However, I have collected tales of villages or islands with numskull populations on Kusaie, Ponape, Truk, Woleai, and Ulithi Is. Other areas have their tales of stupid people but do not seem to localize them. See Mitchell Collection, Motif J1700. "Fools," Variants 6, 7, 8, and 9 for numskull tales from Kusaie, Ulithi, Woleai, and Guam.

TALE 34: Motif J1820. "Inappropriate action from misunderstanding." Narrator: Minoru Louis. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Minoru Louis.

TALE 35: Motif J2460.1. "Disastrous following of misunderstood instructions." Narrator: Peter Palmal. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Peter Palmal.

TALE 36: Motif J1791.7. "Man does not recognize his own reflection in the water [mirror]." Narrator: Bernet Stephen. Collected: Kolonia Town, Ponape, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Ferdinand Frederick.

TALE 37: Motif T584.3. "Cesarean operation upon a woman at childbirth as a custom." Narrator: Merko Louis. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector/Translator: Minoru Louis.

This motif has been fully reported for Micronesia. Sometimes it is spirits or culture heroes who teach natural childbirth (Palau: Krämer, 1929, pp. 26-8; Yap: Müller, 1917, pp. 665-6; Nauru: Wedgwood, 1936, p. 27; Kapingamarangi: Elbert, 1949, p. 244; Puluwat: Damm, Sarfert, 1935, pp. 260-1). Sometimes the knowledge is brought by travelers or castaways (Faraulip: Hambruch, 1924, pp. 25-9). See Mitchell Collection, Motif T584.3., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for Palauan, Trukese, and Yapese variants.

TALE 38: Motif E607.2. "Person transforms self, is swallowed and reborn in new form." Narrator: Niro Lieman. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Collector/Translator: Isauo James.

This tale falls under a broader motif, T540. "Miraculous birth." Two other closely related motifs are T541.1. "Birth from blood" (Truk: Krämer, 1932, pp. 348-50; Ponape: Hambruch, 1936, pp. 383-5; Kusaie: Sarfert, 1920, pp. 468-9; Lamotrek: Krämer, 1937, p. 145) and T541.2. "Birth from wound or abcess" (see Tale 39). The variants to birth from a larvae are many: Namoluk (Girschner, 1912, p. 187), Yap (Müller, 1918, p. 758), Ifaluk (Spiro, 1951, p. 296), Ponape (Hambruch, 1936, pp. 368-70), Palau (Krämer, 1929, pp. 40-1), to mention a few. Some variants present the transformation as a means for a trickster to have intercourse with the mother as she sleeps (Gilbert Is.: Koch, 1966, pp. 27-8; Ifaluk: Spiro, 1951, p.

296). See Mitchell Collection, Motif T540., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for Trukese and Palauan stories of birth from drinking larva, and a Kusaiean tale of birth from blood from a man's finger.

TALE 39: Motif T541.2. "Birth from wound or abcess." Narrator: Ruben Zackhras. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Ruben Zackhras.

A much longer version of this Marshallese tale was published by Krämer and Evermann (1938, pp. 271-3). Tales of births from boils and swellings are reported from Losap (Krämer, 1935, p. 290), Elato (Hambruch, 1921, pp. 184-5), the Gilbert Is. (Grimble, 1922, pp. 106-7), and Nauru (Hambruch, 1914, p. 399).

TALE 40: Motif F301. "Fairy Lover." Narrator: Ruben Zackhras. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Ruben Zackhras.

Similar stories are to be found all over Micronesia. Some are simple accounts of spirits bringing their paramours food (Alkire, 1965, p. 117). In some the hero loses his blessings by revealing his secret (Marshalls: Knappe, 1888, p. 75; Krämer, Evermann, 1938, p. 237). Others are unhappy accounts of rape or seduction followed by madness (Ponape: Hambruch, Eilers, 1936, p. 123; Kapingamarangi: Lieber, 1968, p. 126; Guam: Anonymous, 1919, p. 4). In some instances the son seeks his supernatural father and returns with riches (Yap: Müller, 1918, pp. 502-3). See Mitchell Collection, Motif F301., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for variants from the Marshall Is., Kusaie, and Truk Atoll.

TALE 41: Motif T89.2. "Woman sacrifices herself in order to save beloved." Narrator: Isaac Renguul. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

This tale has changed little since Krämer collected it over sixty years ago (1929, pp. 96-7) and seems assured an important niche in the modern Micronesian folktale. Its subject matter is the stuff of romance; it has been printed for use in the public schools; and it is one of the twenty-odd tales most often carved on storyboards. See Mitchell Collection, Motif T89.2., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for other variants.

TALE 42: Motif T93.3. "Disappointed lover kills self." Narrator: Tony Tawerilmeng. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector/Translator: Peter Palmal.

This tradition is often sung, and as such was collected by Burrows on Ifaluk Atoll (1963, pp. 270-1). The general theme of suicide of thwarted lovers is a common one in Micronesia. See Mitchell Collection, Motif T93.3., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for Marshallese, Woleaian, and Pingelapese tales of lovers and suicide.

TALE 43: Motif T75.1. "Scorn of unloved suitor punished." Narrator: Isauo James. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

One hears many accounts in Micronesia of men who after being rejected work magic and gain the girl they desire. Similar tales have been reported from Yap and Kusaie (Müller, 1918, pp. 487-8; Sarfert, 1920, pp. 469-70); and Lessa researched broadly the Ulithian tale of the scorned lover (1961, pp. 95-7). See Mitchell, 1967, pp. 659-61, for a rejected lover who disposed of his rival by creating a powerful stench which the girl blamed on the rival.

TALE 44: Motif *L112.12. "Hero (heroine) covered with sores (leprous)." Narrator: Ann Marie Joseph. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Collector/Translator: Isaac Renguul.

This popular motif plays a major part in several story complexes and is Micronesia-wide: Palau (Krämer, 1929, pp. 230-1, 256-7), Puluwat (Damm, Sarfert, 1935, pp. 241-3, 247-9), and Yap (Müller, 1918, pp. 509-10). See Mitchell Collection, Motif *L112.12., Variants 4 and 5 for a Trukese tale of a sore-covered chief's son who wins a girl and for a Ponapean boy forced to marry a sore-covered chief's daughter.

TALE 45: Motif T111. "Marriage of mortal and supernatural being." Narrator: Jonas William. Collected: Kolonia Town, Ponape, 1970. Collector/Translator: Minoru Louis.

This tale is very close to one collected recently by Koch (1966, pp. 53-5). An important difference is that the Gilbertese girl's fish relatives wanted to eat the husband. Closely allied are the Marshallese and Ponapean variants (Erdland, 1914, pp. 227-9; Hambruch, 1936, pp. 288-91), while the variant from Pulo Anna has the spirit woman returned to the sea, with no complications (Eilers, 1935, p. 223). See Mitchell Collection, Motif T111., Variant 2, for a Yapese tale which incorporates the girl from beneath the sea with the motif of the slain animal mother.

TALE 46: Motif T111.2. "Woman from sky-world marries mortal man." Narrator: Elizabeth Palmal. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector/Translator: Peter Palmal.

Close variants of this tale have been collected in Truk and Faraulip (Krämer, 1932, pp. 357-8; Hambruch, 1921, pp. 188-94). Ponape has a tradition of women thrown out of heaven but it lacks the quest and is a minor part of an extensive tale (Hambruch, 1936, pp. 198-200). Other Ponapean tales are reported where the chief sends the husband on a quest so he can possess the wife (Hambruch, 1936, pp. 228-30, 416-7).

TALE 47: Motif *D42.3. "Spirit assumes appearance of man's wife." Narrator: Sam Jelbur. Collected: Ebeye, Kwajalein Atoll, 1971. Collector: Tenjen Juda. Translator: Ruben Zackhras.

This tale has been collected widely in Eastern Micronesia: Kusaie (Sarfert, 1920, pp. 319-21), Ponape (Huth, 1909, p. 236; Hambruch, 1936, pp. 252-3, 254-7, 257-60, 261-5), and the Marshalls (Erdland, 1914, pp. 286-8). Other variants have been collected on the Polynesian outlier of Kapingamarangi (Emory, 1965, pp. 348, 349, 350-1) and on Satawal (Hijikata, 1953, pp. 16-20, 76-83). See Mitchell Collection, Motif *D42.3., Variant 2 for a contemporary variant from Kusaie.

TALE 48: Motif K1992+ "Statue carved: man told it is his dead wife." Narrator: Margarita Fanapin. Collected: Gilman, Yap, 1971. Collector: John Gisog. Translator: Wilfred Gorongfel.

While the transformation of inanimate objects to living things is common in Micronesian folktales, this particular story is limited to Yap and those surrounding islands having close contact with the Yapese. The tale was amply reported by the Germans (Faraulip: Hambruch, 1924, pp. 37-41; Yap: Müller, 1918, p. 675; Yap: Walleser, 1913, pp. 613-4).

TALE 49: Motif *D651.5.1. "Transformation to spy on husband." Narrator: Margarita Fanapin. Collected: Gilman, Yap, 1971. Collector: John Gisog. Translator: Wilfred Gorongfel.

Close variants to this tale were collected on Ponape and in the Marshalls (Huth, 1909, p. 238; Hambruch, 1936, pp. 186-7, 187-8, 188-9; Erdland, 1914, pp. 269-71). See Mitchell Collection, Motif *D651.5.1., Variants 2 and 3 for Ulithian and Marshallese variants.

TALE 50: Motif Q241. "Adultery punished." Narrator: Isauo James. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

As with many of my erotic tales, I found no references to this in the literature. Nor did I find other than Trukese variants. There are, however, plenty of stories of adulterers caught and punished. See Mitchell Collection, Motif Q241., Variants 2 and 3 for another Trukese variant of this tale, and a Palauan one in which the cuckold tricks the adulterer into confession and spears him.

TALE 51: Motif T210. "Faithfulness in marriage." Narrator: Isaac Renguul. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

I have found no references to this tale in the literature, yet I have included it as an example of Palauan virtuosity in the romantic tale. Palauans are famed among Micronesians for two conflicting cultural emphases: one, their business acumen, even in marriage; and

two, their romantic tales of love gone awry. See Mitchell Collection, Motif T81. "Death from Love," Variant 1 for a famous Palauan story of the girl married to a rich man, and how both she and her lover died of love.

TALE 52: Motif R169.+ "Man rescues abducted wife in flying wooden bird." Narrator: Bernet Stephen. Collected: Kolonia Town, Ponape, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Kohne Ramon.

This is one of the great tales of the Pacific area with many recorded variants: Ponape (Hambruch, 1921, pp. 208-11), Kapingamarangi (Elbert, 1949, pp. 243-4), Nukuoro (Fischer, 1958, pp. 24, 25), Kusaie (Sarfert, 1920, pp. 473-5), Marshalls (Erdland, 1914, pp. 271-4), Nauru (Hambruch, 1915, pp. 447-8), Ngulu (Müller, 1918, pp. 484-5), Palau (Hambruch, 1921, p. 164-70), Puluwat (Damm, Sarfert, 1935, pp. 240-1), and Pulo Anna (Eilers, 1935, p. 215). The Pulo Anna tale diverges in that the wife is rescued by canoe. See Mitchell Collection, Motif R169.+, Variants 2, 3, and 4 for Kusaiean, Woleaian, and Yapese variants. See also Obak, McKnight, 1964, pp. 15-6, for a contemporary Palauan variant.

TALE 53: Motif Q325. "Disobedience punished." Narrator: Seremea Arnold. Collected: Iates Point, Guam, 1963. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

Tales of willful, disobedient children and ensuing punishment are a Micronesian commonplace. This particular tale is widely known in Truk District but does not seem to have spread any farther. Both Bollig and Krämer collected it (1927, p. 227; 1932, p. 361), and I have picked up several variants. See Mitchell Collection, Motif Q325., Variants 2 and 3 for versions from Truk and Satawan Atolls.

TALE 54: Motif S10. "Cruel parents." Narrator: Gidibma. Collected: Colonia, Yap, 1971. Collector/Translator: John Falmed.

As collected on Yap by Müller, the girl cooked the child in anger (1918, pp. 553-4). In a version from Namonuito, the child-cooking episode is the opening to the story of the girl who married a bird (Krämer, 1935, p. 238). On Ponape, a trickster kills his mother when ordered by his brothers to feed her (Hambruch, 1936, pp. 358-9), while in a Marshallese variant, a woman cooks and eats her baby nephew's fingers (Krämer, Evermann, 1938, pp. 277-8). See Mitchell Collection, Motif S10., Variants 2 and 3 for Trukese and Ulithian variants.

TALE 55: Motif D170. "Transformation: man [girl] to fish." Narrator: Rota Billy. Collected: Chalan Kanoa, Saipan, 1971. Collector/Translator: Isauo James.

This story with its mermaid associations is limited to the highly acculturated islands of Guam, Saipan, and other inhabited islands in the Marianas group. It is also known by many educated Micronesians because of its inclusion in Grey's Micronesian readers (1951, Bk. I, pp. 30-3). The tale has been printed often in Guam newspapers and occasionally in anthropological works (Thompson, 1941, p. 206). An early Palauan variant has the girl cursed for violating food taboos and subsequently turning into a *dugong* (Krämer, 1919, p. 250). See Mitchell Collection, Motif D170., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for Palauan and Guamanian variants.

TALE 56: Motif D197. "Transformation: man to lizard." Narrator: Isauo James. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

This Trukese tale has wide currency among educated Micronesians, again due to Grey's readers (1951, Bk. I, pp. 90-3), but it was not reported in the earlier literature from Truk. Krämer collected a Palauan story in which a blind old woman was given a sea snake to eat, and in her anger she bequeathed her important title to another family (1919, pp. 23-4). See Mitchell Collection, Motif D197., Variants 2 and 3 for Kusaiean and Woleaian versions.

TALE 57: Motif Q325. "Disobedience punished." Narrator: Tony Tawerilmeng. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Collector/Translator: Peter Palmal.

German scholars collected this particular tale fully and in many variants: Ponape (Hambruch, 1936, pp. 317-8), Namonuito and Pulap (Krämer, 1935, pp. 237, 284-6), Yap (Müller, 1918, pp. 744-56, 756-70), and Palau (Krämer, 1929, pp. 19-22). In the post-World War II period, the tale has been encountered in the Marshalls (Davenport, 1953, p. 223), Ulithi (Lessa, 1961, pp. 28-31), Ifaluk (Burrows, 1963, pp. 26-32), and Truk (Mitchell, 1967, pp. 574-83). See Mitchell Collection, Motif Q325., Variants 5 and 6 for Trukese and Mortlockese-Ponapean variants.

TALE 58: Motif E323.2. "Dead mother returns to aid persecuted child." Narrator: Ruben Zackhras. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

This tale is broadly represented in the literature, with variants from the Marshalls to Yap. A Ponapean variant in which the child flies away with birds has become widely disseminated because of its inclusion in Grey (1951, Bk. II, pp. 57-9). Many variants were collected by the Germans: Kusaie (Sarfert, 1920, pp. 459-60, 481-2), Marshalls (Erdland, 1914, pp. 255-7, 280-2), Ponape (Hambruch, 1936, pp. 173-4, 418), Yap (Müller, 1918, pp. 485-6). Three post-

World War II variants are recorded: Ponape (Fischer, 1954, pp. 242-4), Truk (Fischer, 1954, pp. 244-9; Mitchell, 1967, pp. 571-3). See Mitchell Collection, Motif E323.2., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for variants from Woleai, Pingelap, and Palau.

TALE 59: Motif S11.3.3. "Father kills son." Narrator: Sam Jelbur. Collected: Ebeye, Kwajalein Atoll, 1971. Collector: Tenjen Juda. Translator: Ruben Zackhras.

Lessa included many variants of this story in his study of Oedipus-type tales in Oceania (1961, pp. 172-214). Erdland's variant is very close (1914, pp. 258-9). Tales of father-son strife are abundant: Mariana Is. (Thompson, 1932, p. 61), Kusaie (Sarfert, 1920, pp. 438-9, 439-41), Ponape (Hambruch, 1936, pp. 201-4, 321-4, 325-30), Gilbert Is. (Koch, 1966, pp. 48-52), Kapingamarangi (Elbert, 1949, p. 245), Truk (Lessa, 1961, pp. 174-6) and Ulithi (Lessa, 1961, pp. 49-50). See Mitchell Collection, Motif S11.3.3., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for Ponapean, Trukese, and Guamanian variants.

TALE 60: Motif N733.1. "Brothers unwittingly fight each other." Narrator: Niro Lieman. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Collector/Translator: Isauo James.

This tale seems limited to the Central and Western Caroline Is: Losap (Mitchell, 1967, pp. 398-406), Satawal (Hijikata, 1953, pp. 122-38), and Palau (Krämer, 1929, p. 78). See Mitchell Collection, Motif N733.1., Variant 2 for a variant from Namonuito.

TALE 61: Motif L111.1. "Exile returns and succeeds." Narrator: Seremea Arnold. Collected: Iates Point, Guam, 1964. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

This Micronesian motif needs a special number, for over and again a woman is exiled or castaway and through her son returns victorious. Bollig reports this tale with little change (1927, pp. 227-8); and two other variants were collected on Satawal and Namonuito (Hijikata, 1953, pp. 58-72; Krämer, 1935, pp. 242-3). See Mitchell Collection, Motif L111.1., Variants 2 and 3 for a variant from the Carolinian settlement on Saipan and one from Palau.

TALE 62: Motif S301. "Children abandoned (exposed)." Narrator: Bernet Stephen. Collected: Kolonia Town, Ponape, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Ferdinand Frederick.

This theme is worked into several social frameworks: a disobedient daughter is abandoned by her parents and she marries a spirit (Kusaie: Sarfert, 1920, pp. 441-2, 442-4); a daughter is deserted because she eats the best part of the fish (Yap: Müller, 1918, pp. 565-6); or she is deserted by jealous rivals (Yap: Mutnguy, 1960). See Mitchell Collection, Motif S301., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for Yapese and Kusaiean

variants.

TALE 63: Motif *J1745.3. "Boy sees girl climbing coconut tree, mistakes her vagina for wound." Narrator: Anonymous. Collected: Harmon Village, Guam, 1963. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

This selection is a melding of two well-known tales almost always collected separately. Seduction growing out of ignorance of the female sexual organ has been reported from Yap (Müller, 1918, p. 520), Faraulip (Hambruch, 1924, pp. 81-8), Truk (Gladwin, Sarason, 1953, pp. 589-90), Kusaie (Sarfert, 1920, p. 480), and the Marshalls (Erdland, 1914, pp. 195-7). Incest in a canoe and punishment has been reported from the Gilberts (Grimble, 1921, pp. 26-7), the Marshalls (Erdland, 1914, pp. 265-8), Yap (Müller, 1918, pp. 519-20), and Faraulip (Hambruch, 1924, pp. 41-8). See Mitchell Collection, Motif *J1745.3., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for Kusaiean, Woleaian, and Yapese variants.

TALE 64: Motif K1315.1.+ "Brothers seduce sisters by deception: pretend they are so ordered by spirits." Narrator: Anonymous. Collected: Utwa, Kusaie, 1970. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Hostino Levaie.

This story has been collected from the Marshalls (Erdland, 1914, pp. 264-5), Ponape (Fischer, 1954, pp. 277-8), Truk (Fischer, 1956, pp. 58-9; Mitchell, 1967, pp. 651-5), Puluwat-Satawal (Damm, Sarfert, 1935, pp. 256-7), and Ulithi (Lessa, 1961, pp. 52-3). See Mitchell Collection, Motif K1315.1.+, Variants 2 and 3 for Trukese and Ulithian variants.

TALE 65: Motif F547.1.1. "Vagina dentata." Narrator: Anonymous. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector/Translator: Peter Palmal.

This tale assumes two major divisions, the vagina containing a biting clam or a vagina containing an eel. My only printed reference is an eel variant from the Gilbert Is. (Maude, 1963, p. 55), yet I have located the tale from Truk westward to Palau. In the Palauan story the woman is not trying to kill her husband, and his problems are resolved when the eel is coaxed out with bait. This tale is often carved on storyboards. See Mitchell Collection, Motif F547.1.1., Variants 2 and 3 for a Ulithian toothed-vagina variant and a Palauan eel-in-the-vagina variant. See Mitchell Collection, Motif B612.1. "Eel Paramour," Variant 2 for a Trukese tale in which the eel paramour crawls inside the girl and causes her to burst.

TALE 66: Motif H1570. "Miscellaneous tests [sexual contest]." Narrator: Anonymous. Collected: Iates Point, Guam, 1963. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

Contemporary Micronesia is rife with variants on sexual contests, but outside of Hambruch (1924), no one has paid specific attention to erotic humor and printed variants are few. Krämer recorded a Palauan tale in which a lewd talking wife was killed in her affair with a man with a large penis (1929, p. 168). See Mitchell Collection, Motif H1570., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for Kusaiean, Marshallese, and Palauan variants. In the Marshallese version, the woman escapes with her life.

TALE 67: Motif *F547.3.8. "Detachable penis (moves independently)." Narrator: Anonymous. Collected: Iates Point, Guam, 1963. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

This tale has been reported for Faraulip (Hambruch, 1924, pp. 32-6). I found the detachable penis story well known throughout the Central Carolines, in Truk District, and Ponape District. In Kusaie and the Marshalls, it is a detachable vagina. Krämer reported a Palauan story of a thieving vagina which was captured and returned to its owner (1929, p. 74). See Mitchell Collection, Motif *F547.3.8., Variant 2 for a Woleaian variant, and Motif F547.5.1., "Removable vagina," Variants 1 and 2 for Kusaiean and Marshallese variations on this theme.

TALE 68: Motif C937.1. "Immortality lost because of breach of tabu." Narrator: John Falmed. Collected: Colonia, Yap, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

There are several variants dealing with the loss of youth or life-restoring medicine. Man is denied immortality by a jealous bird (Palau: Kubary, 1873, p. 223), a mouse (Merir: Eilers, 1935, p. 358), or the moon (Lamotrek: Krämer, 1937, p. 151). A child refuses to accept her rejuvenated mother (Palau: Krämer, 1929, pp. 130-1), children fail to dig their mother up at the proper time (Yap: Müller, 1918, p. 520); or, as in this tale, the gods are angered (Yap: Müller, 1918, pp. 793-4, 800-1, 801-2; Palau: Krämer, 1929, pp. 154-6). See Mitchell Collection, Motif C937.1., Variants 2 and 3 for Palauan and Marshallese variants.

TALE 69: Motif F10. "Journey to upper world." Narrator: Margarita Fanapin. Collected: Gilman, Yap, 1971. Collector: John Gisog. Translator: John Falmed.

Tales of trips to other worlds are a major element in the Micronesian folktale. Such journeys can be made to a supernatural world for a lost ax (Kapingamarangi: Elbert, 1949, p. 243), beneath the sea for a lost hook (Yap: Müller, 1918, pp. 655-7), to heaven for a love charm (Lukunor-Namoluk: Krämer, 1935, pp. 127-8), or a climb to heaven out of anger (Gilberts: Koch, 1966, pp. 40-1). This particular story of Gilwaay and the bracelet was collected by Müller

on Yap (1918, pp. 771-6, 777-9) and by Burrows on Ifaluk (1963, pp. 48-50). See Mitchell Collection, Motif F0. "Journey to other world," Variants 2, 3, and 4 for a Marshallese tale of the search for a lost hook, a Trukese journey to an earthly paradise, and a Yapese search for a lost ax.

TALE 70: Motif F112. "Journey to Land of Women." Narrator: Wewin Sailas. Collected: Madolenihmw, Ponape, 1970. Collector/Translator: Minoru Louis.

This tale has not been broadly reported. The central theme of an island where only women dwell I found well known, especially in Truk and the surrounding islands, where it often introduces a Swan Maiden tale (Lessa, 1961, pp. 120-67). Two other variants are reported: Faraulip (Hambruch, 1924, pp. 25-9) and Ponape (Hambruch, 1921, pp. 211-4). See Mitchell Collection, Motif F112., Variant 2 for another Losapese version of this tale.

TALE 71: Motif F911.4. "Jonah. Fish (or water monster) swallows a man." Narrator: Morris Wakuk. Collected: Utwa, Kusaie, 1970. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Hostino Levaie.

This is a recurrent motif in Kusaiean folktales, and Sarfert collected three variants (1920, pp. 428, 479-80, 482-3). A similar tale was collected on Ponape (Hambruch, 1936, pp. 160-1; Grey, 1951, Bk. I, pp. 35-9). The motif of being transported in the stomach of a fish has high occurrence (Ponape: Hambruch, 1936, pp. 351-2; Faraulip: Hambruch, 1924, pp. 25-6; Ulithi: Lessa, 1961, pp. 72-3; Yap: Müller, 1918, p. 518). See Mitchell Collection, Motif F911.4., Variant 2 for another Kusaiean variant.

TALE 72: Motif T111.1. "Marriage of a mortal and a god." Narrator: Seremea Arnold. Collected: Iates Point, Guam, 1964. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

This is one of the major myths of the many islands extending from Truk to Yap, excluding Palau. A major incident in heaven, omitted in this variant, is the attempt to kill the son by pushing a house post on him while he is in the hole. This myth and its component motifs have been given exhaustive treatment by Lessa (1961, pp. 15-9, 81-91, 322-5, 356-68, 369-71, 393-402). In addition to its inclusion in the extensive German sources, the myth has been collected by several Americans since World War II (Ifaluk: Burrows, 1963, pp. 33-4; Spiro, 1951, pp. 290-6; Ulithi: Lessa, 1966, pp. 6-11). See Girschner (1912, pp. 188-91) for an early variant. See Mitchell Collection, Motif T111.1., Variants 5, 6, and 7 for variants from Woleai, Yap, and Satawan.

TALE 73: Motif A431.1.3. "Goddess causes famine." Narrator: Fiti Repein. Collected: Kolonia Town, Ponape, 1970. Collector/Translator: Minoru Louis.

A close variant comes from Pulusuk (Damm, Sarfert, 1935, pp. 252-4) and was used by Grey (1951, Bk. I, pp. 64-70). Others were collected on Namoluk (Girschner, 1912, p. 145), and Pulap (Krämer, 1935, pp. 282-3). In a Losapese variant collected in 1963 (Mitchell, 1967, pp. 329-33), it is stated that if the children had not opened the package too soon, Losap would have been favored with much more food. This last motif has also been reported from Palau (Krämer, 1929, p. 92). See Mitchell Collection, Motif A431.1.3., Variant 2 for another variant from Satawan Atoll.

TALE 74: Motif E221. "Dead spouse's malevolent return." Narrator: Peter Palmal. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Peter Palmal.

While this particular variant combines the return of a malevolent spouse with Motif E323. "Dead mother's friendly return," the two tales are more often kept separate, with the former being the most prevalent. In view of the Micronesia-wide fear of the ghosts of women dead in childbirth, surprisingly few variants of this story have been collected, and these in Eastern Micronesia (Kusaie: Sarfert, 1920, pp. 460-1; Marshalls: Erdland, 1914, pp. 282-4; Davenport, 1953, pp. 226-8; Truk: Mitchell, 1967, pp. 471-5, 628-32). Yet I have found it in much of Micronesia, especially in Truk District. See Mitchell Collection, Motif E221., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for variants from the Marshalls, Pingelap, and Yap.

TALE 75: Motif K373+. "Ghost (alus) pretends in dark to be man's friend. As man catches fish, ghost holds basket, eats catch." Narrator: Merko Louis. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector/Translator: Minoru Louis.

Lessa subjected this story to a study but managed to locate only two variants besides his own, all collected since 1947 (Ulithi: Lessa, 1961, pp. 61-2; Ifaluk: Spiro, 1951, p. 299; Ponape: Fischer, in Lessa, 1961, p. 243). I found it known throughout Micronesia and located other printed variants: Ponape (Hambruch, 1936, pp. 244-5, 265-7), Guam (Thompson, 1932, p. 63), and Palau (Krämer, 1929, pp. 136-7). The Ngatikese variant presented here does not emphasize the ghost's pretending to be a close friend, but the ending is very typical. See Mitchell Collection, Motif K373+, Variants 2, 3, and 4 for variants from Namonuito, Palau, and Truk.

TALE 76: Motif F471.2.0.1. "Demon lover." Narrator: Sereamea Arnold. Collected: Iates Point, Guam, 1963. Collector: Roger

Mitchell.

This is another tradition researched by Lessa. But in his concentration on the obstacle flight he appears to have missed the broader motif of the Demon Lover. His variants number only three (Ulithi: Lessa, 1961, pp. 60-1; Truk: Fischer, in Lessa, 1961, pp. 238-9; Yap: Müller, 1918, pp. 528-9). Müller also collected a second variant from Yap (1918, pp. 586-8). Others are reported from Pulo Anna (Eilers, 1935, p. 220), Kusaie (Sarfert, 1920, pp. 462-4), Palau (Krämer, 1929, p. 152), Truk (Bollig, 1927, p. 250), and Ponape (Hambruch, 1924, pp. 49-57). See Mitchell Collection, Motif F471.2.0.1., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for variants from Satawan, Ulithi, and Woleai.

TALE 77: Motif E35. "Resuscitation from fragments of body." Narrator: Isauo James. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1970. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

The sole printed variant thus far uncovered is from Kusaie (Sarfert, 1920, pp. 456-7). The regeneration motif from fragments of a corpse is common enough (see Tales 20, 59, 62). The motif of the isolation of a daughter has been twice reported since World War II (Ifaluk: Spiro, 1951, pp. 292-3; Kapingamarangi: Elbert, 1949, p. 244). See Mitchell Collection, Motif E113. "Resuscitation by blood," Variants 2 and 3 for Pingelapese and Trukese variants.

TALE 78: Motif G610. "Theft from ogre." Narrator: Bernet Stephen. Collected: Kolonia Town, Ponape, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Kohne Ramon.

This motif is encountered in two general forms. The Ponapean tale here presented, theft followed by forgiveness, has changed little since Hambruch first collected it (1936, pp. 344-5). A similar tale was reported from Palau (Krämer, 1929, pp. 105-6). The second and most common has the theft (usually of fish or breadfruit) take place and the spirit is later duped or killed as he seeks revenge (Kusaie: Sarfert, 1920, pp. 454-5; Marshalls: Erdland, 1914, pp. 237-8, 238-40; Ponape: Hambruch, 1936, p. 355; Truk: Bollig, 1927, pp. 236-7; Ulithi: Lessa, 1961, pp. 67-8; Kapingamarangi: Emory, 1949, p. 236; Yap: Müller, 1918, pp. 573-4). See Mitchell Collection, Motif G610., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for variants from the Marshalls, Truk, and Ulithi.

TALE 79: Motif G412. "Children lured into ogre's house." Narrator: John Gisog. Collected: Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell.

Many tales can be arranged under this broad motif. In some the spirit pretends to be a relative (Ponape: Hambruch, 1936, pp. 241-3; 285-7). Or the spirit simply feigns friendship (Gilbert Is.: Koch, 1966, pp. 37-8; Kusaie: Sarfert, 1920, pp. 455-6; Yap: Müller,

1918, p. 568). In another the children are lured with food (Marshalls: Davenport, 1953, pp. 224-5). Müller collected a close variant of the Yapese tale here presented (1918, pp. 581-3). See Mitchell Collection, Motif G412., Variants 2 and 3 for Pingelapese and Ngatikese variants.

TALE 80: Motif G512. "Ogre killed." Narrator: Morris Wakuk. Collected: Utwa, Kusaie, 1971. Collector: Roger Mitchell. Translator: Hostino Levaie.

Lessa has termed this story "The Deserted Woman and Her Ogre-Slaying Son," and his study shows it to be of Oceania-wide occurrence (1961, pp. 220-37). Earlier collectors have encountered this tale in large numbers. The one here presented was also collected by Sarfert (1920, pp. 444-7). Some selected variants include Ponape (Hambruch, 1936, pp. 245-6, 274-5, 300-2), Truk (Mitchell, 1967, pp. 444-9, 632-5), Satawal (Damm, Sarfert, 1935, pp. 243-4), Sonsorol (Eilers, 1935, pp. 51-2), Ulithi (Lessa, 1961, pp. 57-9), and Palau (Krämer, 1929, pp. 72, 146-7). See Mitchell Collection, Motif G512., Variants 2, 3, and 4 for variants from Ponape, the Marshalls, and Palau.

TALE 81: Motif D1962.4.1. "Lulling to sleep by 'sleepy' stories (songs)." Narrator: Ruben Zackhras. Collected: Roger Mitchell, Mangilao, Guam, 1971. Translator: Ruben Zackhras.

Three Marshallese variants to this tale have been reported (Erdland, 1914, pp. 289-91; Krämer, Evermann, 1938, pp. 249-50; Grey, 1951, Bk. II, pp. 35-9). I have also found the storytelling motif used in many other stories in which inducing sleep was crucial to the plot. See Mitchell Collection, Motif D1962.4.1., Variant 2 for another Marshallese variant, and Motif G512. "Ogre killed," Variant 5 for a tale from Pulusuk that incorporates Motif D1962.4.1.

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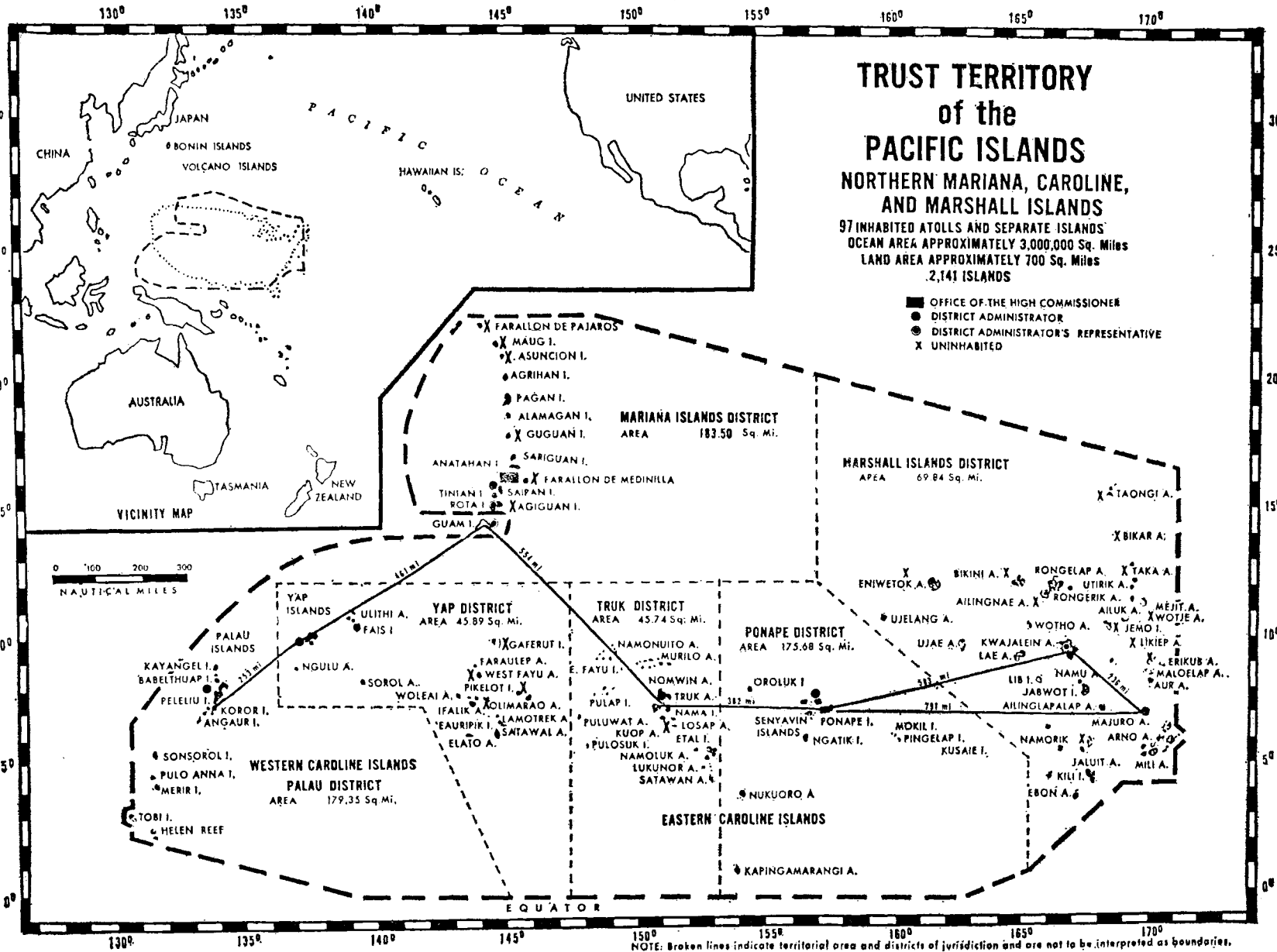
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APPENDIX B INFORMANTS

- Arnold, Seremea. Male, age 23 (1963). Losap Atoll. Now resident Moen I., Truk Atoll. Elementary: Losap and Truk Atolls public schools; secondary: Ponape public schools; college: University of Guam. Lived with me as a student, later went to the U. S. to attend college. Now administrator in Truk District land commission. Languages: Trukese, English. Informant, interpreter.
- Billy, Rota. Male, age 16 (1971). Kuttu I., Satawan Atoll. Elementary: Kuttu public school. Now attending Saipan I. High School. Languages: Trukese, English. Informant.
- Edward, Ishmael. Male, age 28 (1971). Pingelap Atoll. Now resident Sokehs, Ponape I. Elementary: Pingelap and Ponape I. public schools; secondary: Ponape public schools. Other: theological training, Madolenihmw, Ponape I.; 4 years Rarongo Theological College, Rabaul, New Britain. Protestant minister. Languages: Pingelapese, Ponapean, English. Teacher at mission school. Informant, interpreter.
- Falmed, John. Male, age 30 (1971). Rul, Yap Is. Elementary: Yap public schools. Traveled to Ulithi and Palau to visit relatives. Plays in a string band, works part time at radio station. Languages: Yapese, English, some Ulithian and Palauan. Informant, collector, translator, interpreter.
- Fanapin, Margarita. Female, age 72 (1979). Gilman, Yap Is. Aunt to John Gisog. Farmer. Language: Yapese. Well known as storyteller. Informant.
- Gidibma. Male, age 45 (1971). Dalipbinaw, Yap Is. One of the men who told stories over the radio. Language: Yapese. Informant.
- Gisog, John. Male, age 21 (1970). Rul, Yap Is. Elementary: Catholic mission school, Yap; secondary: Catholic Mission school, Truk Atoll; college: attending the University of Guam. Languages: Yapese, English. Informant, collector, interpreter.
- Guchol, Petra. Female, age 64 (1971). Gilman, Yap Is. Aunt to John Gisog. Language: Yapese. Farmer. Informant.
- Hauley, Salomon. Male, age 61 (1971). Madolenihmw, Ponape I. Some education in mission school. Lay minister, farmer. Made one trip to Kapingamarangi. Well versed in Ponapean

- traditions. Languages: Ponapean, Japanese. Informant.
- James, Isauo. Male, age 25 (1970). Kuttu I., Satawan Atoll. Elementary and secondary: Kuttu and Truk Atolls public schools; college: attending University of Guam. Languages: Trukese, English. Informant, collector, translator.
- Jelbur, Sam. Male, age 62 (1971). Lae Atoll, Marshall Is. Now resident Ebeye I., Kwajalein Atoll, Marshall Is. Works in U. S. Army snack bar, Kwajalein I. Well known as storyteller. Language: Marshallese. Informant.
- Joseph, Ann Marie. Female, age 27 (1971). Ngermid, Koror, Palau. Elementary: Koror public schools; secondary: George Washington High School, Guam; college: attending University of Guam. Languages: Palauan, English. Informant.
- Lambert. Male, age 22 (1964). Pulap Atoll. Elementary: Pulap public school; secondary: Truk Atoll public schools, Catholic Mission school, Truk Atoll. Languages: Trukese, English. Informant, interpreter.
- Lieman, Niro. Male, 31 (1971). Satawan I., Satawan Atoll. Elementary: Satawan and Truk Atolls public schools; secondary: Ponape public schools; college: attending University of Guam. Teacher, elementary. Languages: Trukese, English. Informant.
- Louis, Merko. Female, age 29 (1970). Ngatik Atoll. Now resident Madolenihmw, Ponape I. Elementary: Ngatik public schools and Protestant mission schools, Ponape I. Wife of Minoru Louis. Languages: Ngatikese, Ponapean. Trukese, English. Informant.
- Louis, Minoru. Male, age 33 (1970). Losap Atoll. Now resident Madolenihmw, Ponape I. Elementary: Losap, Truk Atoll, Ponape public schools and Protestant mission schools, Ponape I.; secondary: Protestant mission school, Ponape I.; college: Honolulu Christian College, 2 yrs.; University of Guam, B. S. secondary education. Minister, Director Congregational Churches of Ponape. Project Director, Old Age Office, Ponape. Languages: Trukese, Ngatikese, Ponapean, English. Informant, collector, translator, interpreter.
- Ngirarekel, Thomas. Male, age 24 (1971). Angaur I., Palau Is. Elementary: Angaur public schools; secondary: Palau public schools; college: attending University of Guam. Languages: Palauan, English. Informant, translator.
- Palmal, Elizabeth. Female, age 25 (1970). Asor I., Ulithi Atoll. Elementary: Ulithi public schools; secondary: Ulithi public

- schools. Wife of Peter Palmal. Languages: Ulithian, English. Informant.
- Palmal, Peter. Male, age 25 (1970). Asor I., Ulithi Atoll. Elementary: Ulithi Atoll and Yap Is. public schools; secondary: Ulithi public schools; college: attending University of Guam. Public affairs officer, 2 yrs., at Yap District Center. Languages: Ulithian, Yapese, English. Informant, collector, translator.
- Renguul, Isaac. Male, age 26 (1970). Babeldaob I., Palau Is. Elementary: Palau public schools; secondary: Guam public schools; college: attending University of Guam. Languages: Palauan, English. Informant, collector, translator.
- Repein, Fiti. Male, age 55 (1970). Pis I., Losap Atoll. Now resident Madolenihmw, Ponape I. Farmer. Languages: Trukese, Ponapean. Informant.
- Sailas, Weiwen. Male, age 39 (1970). Losap Atoll. Now resident Madolenihmw, Ponape I. Elementary: Losap public school. Farmer. Languages: Trukese, Ponapean. Informant.
- Sbal, Blas. Male, age 22 (1971). Babeldaob I., Palau Is. Elementary, secondary: Catholic mission schools, Palau; college: attending University of Guam. Father a carver of storyboards. Languages: Palauan, English. Informant, translator.
- Stephen, Bernet. Male, age 51 (1971). Kiti, Ponape I. Some education in Protestant mission school. Brother to second highest chief in Kiti. Has had varied contacts with anthropologists and Peace Corps personnel. Well known as a storyteller. Language: Ponapean. Informant.
- Syne, Dakio. Male, age 25 (1970). Sokehs, Ponape I. Elementary and secondary: Ponape public schools; college: attending University of Guam. Parents immigrants from the Mortlock Is., Truk District. Worked as librarian at teacher college on Ponape. Languages: Trukese, Ponapean, English. Informant.
- Takasy, Asterio. Male, age 21 (1964). Ulul I., Namonuito Atoll. Now resident Saipan I., Mariana Is. Elementary: Namonuito public school; secondary: Catholic mission school, Truk Atoll; college: University of Guam. Languages: Trukese, English. Informant.
- Talley, Noatillas. Male, age 21 (1970). Malem, Kusaie I. Elementary, secondary: Kusaie public schools; college: attending University of Guam. Languages: Kusaiean, English. Informant, translator.
- Tawerilmeng, Tony. Male, age 23 (1970). Wolcai Atoll. Elemen-

- tary: Woleai public schools; secondary: Yap I. and Ulithi Atoll public schools; college: attending University of Guam. Peace Corps language program, summer, 1970, Saipan I. Languages: Woleaian, Yapese, English. Informant.
- Wakuk, Morris. Male, age 52 (1970). Utwa, Kusaie I. Some education in Potestant mission school. Important man in extended family. Worked as laborer 7 yrs. for Japanese on Ponape I. Kusaiean representative to district congress on Ponape, 2 yrs. Village representative to Kusaie co-op. Night watchman at high school. Broad experience with Americans. Well-known storyteller. Languages: Kusaiean, Ponapean, Japanese, English. Informant, interpreter.
- William, Jonas. Male, age 71 (1970). Pis I., Losap Atoll. Now resident Madolenihmw, Ponape I. Farmer. Languages: Trukese, Ponapean. Informant.
- Zackhras, Ruben. Male, 24 (1971). Ailinglaplap Atoll, Marshall Is. Elementary: Marshall Is. public schools; secondary: New Town, Penn; college: attending University of Guam. Has taught elementary school, Marshall Is. Languages: Marshall-ese, English. Informant, collector, translator.

VITA

Roger Edward Mitchell was graduated from Indiana University in 1967 with a Ph. D. in Folklore. He has published articles on folklore and anthropology in both American and foreign journals and a monograph on New England folklore, *George Knox: From Man to Legend* (1969). He has done fieldwork in Maine, Canada, Guam, and the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands. He also served with the Marine Corps in World War II in the Pacific area. He taught at the University of Guam and was Scholar in Residence there in 1970-71. He has been supported in his research by a University of Wisconsin/Eau Claire faculty research grant, a Board of Regents/University of Wisconsin research grant, a University of Wisconsin Faculty Improvement assignment, and a National Institute of Mental Health research grant. He is Professor of Sociology/Anthropology, University of Wisconsin/Eau Claire.