



By Antonio Muñoz

ONCE upon a time there was a boy named Pastor. Although his parents addressed him by that name, he was known in the neighborhood as Pastolay. The house in which he lived was near a cornfield which belonged to his father. When his father died, Pastolay took care of this little farm.

Pastolay did not have any school training, but he was industrious. He took good care of his little farm. When he was sixteen years old, he had saved a little for the rainy day.

One morning when he visited his cornfield, he found some stalks without ears on them. This puzzled him. He had no idea as to what had happened to the missing ears of corn. Soon something struck his mind. He closely examined the ground. It did not take him long to discover the tracks of an animal. When he left the farm, he was sure that a monkey did the mischief.

When he reached home, he got the lower part of a banana plant and out of it he made the figure of a boy. He did all he could to make it look like himself. At noon his work was finished, and there sat in front of him, the life-size statue of a boy as big as himself. He covered the face and the abdomen with a thick layer of sticky gum which he got from the breadfruit tree. Then he took it to the cornfield. There he made the finishing touches. That night people passing by thought that Pastolay himself was watching his cornfield. But the

real Pastolay was hiding behind a tree eagerly waiting for what was to happen.

Soon a monkey came. Pastolay in his hiding place held his breath.

"Good evening, Pastolay," said the monkey to the statue. "I am very hungry. Will you give me some corn to eat?"

There was no answer.

"Pastolay," shouted the monkey, "are you deaf? I am hungry. Give me some corn or I'll slap your face."

Still there was no answer.

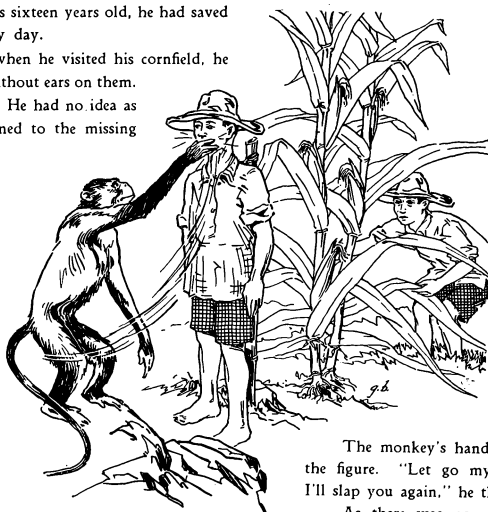
The monkey stepped nearer and gave what he believed to be Pastolay a blow in the face with his right hand. "Take that," he shouted. "It's the best medicine for crazy dumb people like you."

The monkey's hand stuck to the face of the figure. "Let go my hand, Pastolay, or I'll slap you again," he thundered.

As there was no response, the monkey struck the figure again with his left hand. It, too, struck where it landed.

Now the monkey was so angry that he kicked the figure in the abdomen, first, with his right foot and, then, with the left. Both stuck so fast that all efforts of the monkey to get free were vain.

"Aha!" laughed Pastolay as he jumped from his hiding place. "So you are the thief who has been stealing my corn. Now you shall pay for what you have done. I shall skin you alive."



"Have mercy, Pastolay," begged the monkey. "I shall never do it again. I was very hungry and you were not here, so I got some of your corn without permission. Spare my life and I'll be your servant as long as you live."

"If I spare your life, will you keep your word? What shall I do if you break your promise?" asked Pastolay.

"Kill me if I don't keep my word," replied the monkey.

Thereupon, Pastolay got a bottle of coconut oil and poured it on the hands and feet of the monkey. In a few minutes the monkey was free. He went with Pastolay to the latter's home. There he became a true and devoted servant.

The monkey did all he could to make his master happy. One day while Pastolay was away, he found a small purse with five gold coins in it. "It want to make good use of these coins," he said to himself. "If I give them to Pastolay, he may be happy but that will only be as long as he still has them in his possession. What can I do so that his happiness will be more lasting?"

He buried his face in his hands and tried to think hard.

After a few minutes, he jumped up and exclaimed, "I have it! I have it! Now my master will be a happy man as long as he lives."

In that same town lived a rich old miser whose sole joy was to gaze at his bags of gold coins. He had a daughter named Maria. She was beautiful. The young men of the town were crazy over her. The miser, however, would not allow any suitors.

One day Pastolay's monkey went to the miser's home. "Good morning, Sir," he greeted the old man. "My master, Pastolay, has sent me to borrow your box for measuring gold coins. He said he'll return it this afternoon."

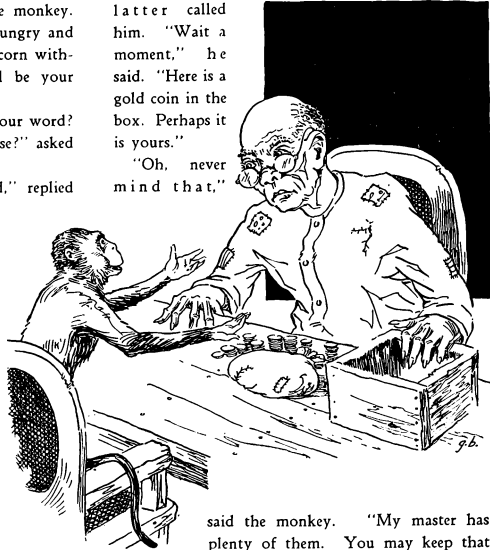
"I think you are making a mistake, my dear monkey," replied the miser. "Perhaps your master wants to measure the gravel in his little farm. Just take this box which I use for measuring sand, but be sure to return it this afternoon."

In the afternoon the monkey got one of the gold coins and inserted it in a slit at the bottom of the box. Then he returned it to the miser.

As he started to leave the miser's house, the

latter called him. "Wait a moment," he said. "Here is a gold coin in the box. Perhaps it is yours."

"Oh, never mind that,"



said the monkey. "My master has plenty of them. You may keep that but please lend us the box again tomorrow. You see we could not measure all the gold coins today."

For five days, the monkey kept on borrowing the box. Each time he returned the box, he always inserted a gold coin at the bottom.

On the fifth day the miser said, "Tell your master that I shall be pleased if he honors me with a visit. My daughter, too, will be very glad to meet him."

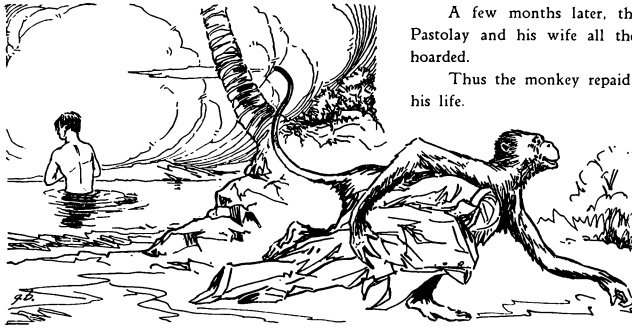
Pastolay who knew nothing of the monkey's activities was mad when he learned that he was expected by the miser's daughter the next day.

"How can I go there?" he yelled. "I don't have decent clothes."

"Don't worry, master, for before eight o'clock tomorrow you will have your clothes ready. Now go to bed and plan how you will win that beautiful daughter of the miser," replied the monkey.

Early in the morning the monkey was at the river. Soon a man came. He took off his clothes and jumped into the water. The monkey saw his chance. He got the clothes and ran as fast as he could to his master's home.

"Here they are," he said, "but don't ask questions. Put them on. A beautiful girl is waiting for you. Win her, dear master, win her."



Pastolay had to go. At first he was bashful, but at last he won the love of the miser's daughter. The old man thinking Pastolay rich readily consented to their marriage.

A few months later, the miser died leaving Pastolay and his wife all the riches that he had hoarded.

Thus the monkey repaid Pastolay for sparing his life.

### Bayani and Princess Lawin . . . . (Continued from page 6)

foot of Tanaw's staircase and bowing low, he said: "Hearken, Tanaw. I come with one mission: to get your consent on Lawin's marriage with me."

But the proud Tanaw did not answer. He only smiled, pulled out the half-buried spear, and returned it to Bayani, meaning that he could not consent to Lawin's marriage to him. She was engaged to Magat, the mighty prince of Borneo.

Bayani walked away with a heavy heart. Lawin saw him leaving, his broad shoulders and his sturdy legs beaming like a young god's in the afternoon sun. Pity touched her young heart.

But the Luzon king was not discouraged. He knew that Lawin looked at him with favor. He knew that she loved him despite Tanaw and Prince Magat. One night he crept into the *silid* of Tanaw's palace and carried off Lawin.

The next morning the entire palace awoke in great confusion. Lawin had disappeared and so had Bayani. Thereupon Tanaw dispatched his twenty thousand lancers for a war expedition to the northern island. Tanaw decreed that the whole people of Luzon should be punished.

As the invaders sailed across the sea, a storm suddenly came. The waves rose

high and swallowed Tanaw's men. The earth quaked and moved mountains and plains. The land shook so suddenly that even Tanaw in his palace did not notice for a long time that his kingdom was pushed by the earthquake farther to the south.

The kingdom of Mindanao was troubled for many harvest seasons. Desperate over his losses, Tanaw climbed Mount Apo and madly hurled big rocks across the sea, intending to destroy Bayani's kingdom. All the stones fell into the sea except the last which struck the southern shore of Luzon.

Angered, Bayani seized the summit of Taal Volcano and threw it with all his strength at Tanaw. It struck the Mindanao king and sent him down Mount Apo.

Many seasons came and went since then. Bayani died, but the children of Lawin lived on. And the memory of the tribal strife between Mindanao and Luzon lingered with the years.

The big rock that fell on the southern shore of Luzon sank deep into the ground and left behind it a body of water called *Labugna* which we now know as Laguna Bay. The boulders from Taal Volcano that fell on Mindanao and killed Tanaw

(Please turn to page 18)