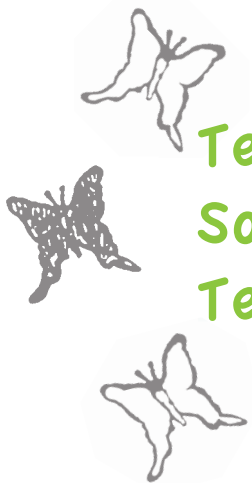


SEAMEO - APCEIU

Telling Tales from Southeast Asia and Korea:



Teachers' Guide



Telling Tales from Southeast Asia and Korea: Teachers' Guide

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Preface

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This book, perhaps the first of its kind, carries 27 folktales from the 11 Southeast Asian countries and Korea and is an outcome of the collaboration of APCEIU, SEAMEO Secretariat, SEAMEO SPAFA, and SEAMEO INNOTECH. This Teachers Guide is part of our organizations' common goal to widen and deepen understanding among children of different cultural backgrounds.

This book of folktales is a celebration of one of the most fundamental elements of society and enduring legacies of our culture. With a wealth of folktales in Southeast Asia and Korea, these traditional narratives need to have a more prominent role in classrooms. We hope that these folktales would be transmitted to the next generation and will be continued to be retold by them.

We recognize the power of folktales in educating children. Story-telling is no doubt one of the most effective ways to teach young people about the world. Is it not true that we might have forgotten many of our lessons in school but we can still recall the stories our parents and teachers told us?

We remember stories because they speak not only to our head, but most importantly they touch our soul and heart. Stories can delight and mesmerize; they inspire children to think creatively and discover themselves and the rest of humanity. Through use in classrooms, stories also support the development of children's literacy as well as create the spark for their love for literature.

Moreover, folktales embody the age-old values of our society, such as love, compassion, and justice, which children should learn early on in the classroom. After all, one of the recognized pillars of education is "learning to live together."



These folktales are envisioned to promote better awareness among schoolchildren of the similarities, differences, and inter-dependence of the Asian community. Through this collection of folktales from Brunei Darussalam, Cambodia, Indonesia, Korea, Laos, Malaysia, Myanmar, the Philippines, Singapore, Thailand, Timor Leste, and Vietnam, it is hoped the book would open the minds of children to the diversity of the people in the region.

Mr LEE Seunghwan

Director, Asia-Pacific Centre of Education
for International Understanding (APCEIU)

Dato' Dr Ahamad bin Sipon

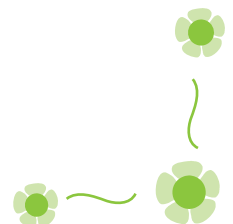
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The Role of Folktales Today

by Dr Hae-ri Kim¹

Folktales have been shared in every society to entertain, educate, and preserve culture. As emphasized in UNESCO's Convention for the Safeguarding of Intangible Cultural Heritage (2003), folktales play an invaluable role, along with other cultural traditions, in bringing people closer together and "ensuring exchange and understanding among them." As globalization and social transformation demand renewed dialogue among communities, educators and artists are more motivated to protect and promote oral traditions and related cultural heritage.

Telling Tales from Southeast Asia and Korea presents some of the narratives long held by the people in this region, and reflects their culture, values, and beliefs. The book is envisioned to revive stories and ways of telling them not only in schools but also in everyday life as a tool for communication, learning, and entertainment in a rapidly changing world.

Today's children may think of folktales as old-fashioned or even irrelevant. However, the influence of folktales is alive and well even today. Despite the advent of contemporary literature, folktales are unique and different from other types of literary fiction in many ways, some of which are enumerated below.

¹ Dr Hae-Ri Kim teaches at the Seoul National University of Education in Korea. She received her doctoral degree from Arizona State University. Her research interests include children's literature in language education, language teaching methodology, curriculum and materials development, and literacy. She is currently working with teachers to implement a literature-based program in EFL schools across Korea.



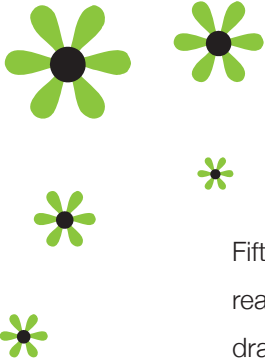
First, folktales transcend the generations of people who passed on these stories. The original tales were transmitted orally from storyteller to storyteller and were eventually written down. Folktales continue to evolve, and are shaped according to the conditions of the times. Therefore, folktales never cease to be relevant even today and will remain so in the future. Moreover, the indigenous knowledge and wisdom found in the folktales keep us connected to our traditions and indeed help shape our culture.

Second, folktales take place long ago in a faraway place. Talking animals, giants and fairies, prince and princesses, as well as peasants and ordinary folks are featured characters that give life to stories. Through folktales, children are given a glimpse into a world where fantasy and reality meet.

Third, folktales have obvious and recurrent themes. Goodness is always rewarded, heroes and heroines live happily ever after, while villains are suitably punished. Throughout the generations, the story may change, but its core message remains the same. We, teachers and parents, do not need to try to teach values explicitly. Instead, we just tell tales, thus maintaining folktales as a tool to educate children on how to live with integrity and peacefully with others.

Fourth, folktales reflect society's attempt to give form and shape to its hopes and fears, and answers to its questions. Folktales provide order to seemingly random experiences, as well as express the culture's belief system. Today, many of these old tales are regarded as flights of fancy, but they live on because they capture our sense of wonder and aspirations. Moreover, we recognize their visions which are often more powerful than the explanations science provides.





Fifth, folktales allow children to experience adventures they cannot attain in real life. For example, when heroes from folktales are facing monsters, giants, dragons, and other evil forces, the stories impart courage and wisdom in overcoming problems. Folktales may sometimes frighten children, but at the same time the stories excite and then comfort them.

Finally, the language of folktales is an important part of children's literary heritage. Because of the oral tradition, the language in a folktale is musical, rhythmic and melodic. In addition, the characters' direct dialogue punctuated with quick action excites readers' and listeners' interest. By listening to and reading these tales, children acquire language. Moreover, folktales provide them with writing models.

Recognizing many contributions of folktales in education, we collected 27 folktales for children from the 11 countries in Southeast Asia and Korea. This collection of folktales includes fairy tales, tall tales, trickster tales, myths, and legends. Some of these tales will make you think, some of them will make you laugh, some will make you wonder, and some will open the readers to new discoveries.

Despite these stories' age, they still carry important messages to learners today. Frequently emphasized values for global citizenship, such as respect for diversity, human rights, and sustainable development, which stories touch on, still remain to be discovered and translated into daily life. Folktales also embody the popular attitudes, beliefs, customs, traditions, and values of the society where the stories originated, thus, enriching children's consciousness and appreciation of the cultures of other people. It is our hope that teachers can help children in developing such awareness and competency through these folktales from Southeast Asia and Korea.

How to Tell Stories in Classrooms

by Dr Wajuppa Tossa¹

Long before folktales were written down, they had been orally transmitted from generation to generation. The first and most important function of folktales is to entertain. While being entertained, listeners will certainly absorb valuable lessons inherent in the tales that also serve as the “repository of history, language, culture and values, and their spiritual functions.”²

The folktales from 12 Asian countries in this collection are meant for teachers to use for children’s entertainment. The “entertainment value” of these folktales serves as the door that opens the children’s minds to understanding the cultures of their neighbouring countries. It is important then for the teachers to “tell” the tales to entertain children foremost. That way, the teachers captivate children’s attention. However, it is important to note that “storytelling is relating a tale to one or more listeners through voice and gesture. It is not the same as reading a story aloud or reciting a piece from memory or acting out a drama—though it shares common characteristics with these arts.”³

¹ Dr Wajuppa Tossa is an Associate Professor of English and American Literature at Mahasarakham University, Thailand. She is also a storyteller, touring and giving storytelling performances in and outside of Thailand. She shares her love of folktales and the art of storytelling in her presentations, and is particularly keen on their use in her career as a teacher and facilitator.

² Dorji Penjore, “Folktales and Education: Role of Bhutanese Folktales in Value Transmission” *Journal of Bhutan Studies*, 2005 : 12 Summer, p. 47-73.

³ From the National Council of Teachers of English, 1111 W. Kenyon Road, Urbana, IL 61801-1096. Tel: 800-369-6283 (Toll Free). Full text at <http://www.ncte.org/positions/story.html>.



Some teachers may feel intimidated because they may think they are neither traditional nor professional storytellers. Actually, storytelling is simple because it is merely a form of communication from the heart of the storyteller to the heart of the listener. As long as the stories come from the heart of the teacher, the children will receive them with their hearts. Thus, the teachers should be confident and begin telling the stories to children as soon as they have read and understood them. As Dr. Margaret Read MacDonald often states, “there is no right or wrong way of telling stories; your way is the best way.” For variety, some advice and suggestions on ways of telling the stories are also included here.

The first tip of telling these tales is to read the entire collection of the tales which have been neatly categorized in simple groupings of “Animals, Food, Nature, People, and Places,” followed by a reference to the countries of origin of the folktales. Some of these tales were written to be told (“tellable⁴”) and some were written to be read (“readable⁵”). The language used in “tellable” stories is polished, precise, and poetic. Oftentimes, simple poems, songs, and memorable phrases are added for the audience to echo or recite along with the teller when telling the tales. Included in this group are the introductory and closing stories, A Drop of Honey and Human Age, respectively, and the tales from Brunei Darussalam, Nokhoda Manis and The Mighty Babau. These tales are made ready to be told. If teachers read the stories a few times, they could retell the stories to the children right away as long as they keep the gist and structure of the stories. In telling this group of tales, the teachers introduce the pure art of storytelling to children; that is, the art of using voice and gesture in

⁴ Dr. Margaret Read MacDonald coined the term to refer to tales that have been written in a ready to tell manner.

⁵ I call this group “readable” tales to correspond to Dr. MacDonald’s term in storytelling.



telling the tales. It is also useful to teach the children to tell stories using this technique.

In teaching the children to tell the stories, the teachers need to emphasize that the children deliver the stories from their hearts and tell the stories directly to the hearts of others who listen to them. Children should be encouraged to take a role of a caretaker when they tell stories. They should be reminded that storytellers are not actors or stars on stage. They must instead try as much as they can to encourage the participation of the audience in the storytelling. When they do that, their storytelling is complete as the National Storytelling Network in the United States of America says.⁶

Storytelling is the interactive art of using words and actions to reveal the elements and images of a story while encouraging the listener's imagination.

Another tip of storytelling techniques that teachers could introduce to children is the use of pause before telling a story to indicate to the audience that “something extraordinary is about to begin.”⁷ Then, begin telling the story with “special care” in the opening phrase. Be confident and deliberate when telling the story, particularly at the very beginning. The ending is equally important. The last phrase must be memorable, “careful, deliberate, and perfect.” After telling the story, another pause is important; “stand quietly for a moment to allow your audience to return to reality.”⁸

⁶ National Storytelling Network, USA. www.storynet.org/resources/knowledgebank/whatisstorytelling.html.

⁷ Wajuppa Tossa and Margaret Read MacDonald, *Folktales and Storytelling*, Ma hasarakham: Self Publication, 2008. pp, 2 and 5.

⁸ Loc.cit.

All other tales in the collection belong to the second group of tales. For this group of tales, teachers can still retell the tales orally. They may need to add songs, rhymes, and memorable phrases, along with gestures, in the delivery of the tales. After that, teachers could combine various techniques in presenting the stories to the children such as reading aloud, role-play, reader's theatre, drama, music, dance, puppetry, illustrations, short movie productions, and so on.

The techniques of reading aloud, role-play, music, and drama may be familiar to most teachers. Thus, I would like to introduce reader's theatre and others. Reader's theatre allows many children in the class to participate in the telling of the stories. Teachers need to write the chosen tale in reader's theatre script⁹. They may also teach the older children to write their own reader's theatre scripts or play scripts from the tales in this collection. After the teachers' revisions, the children could perform their own scripts.

Besides storytelling in the classroom, other activities could be incorporated into the use of these tales. For some stories from Indonesia, Brunei, and Malaysia for example, the teachers may use shadow puppetry in retelling the stories. They could bring the children to watch shadow puppet shows. In some cases, video-tapes of traditional puppet performances could be shown to the children. Afterward, the children will create their own puppets from hard paper for use in a performance.

⁹ For reference in writing reader's theater script the teacher may use Aaron Shepard's examples (www.aaronsherp.com/rt/RTE.html) as well as those from other websites: www.teachingheart.net/readerstheater.htm, www.literacyconnections.com/Reader'sTheater.php, <http://bms.westport.k12.ct.us/mccormick/rt/RTHOME.htm>, to name a few.

Some of the stories could also be retold using the techniques of other traditional performances. The teachers could invite traditional performers to tell some of the tales in schools. In Thailand, there are various kinds of puppet performances from which the children could learn to recreate their own performances. In Vietnam, particularly in Hanoi, water puppet performances could be shown to the children and have the children recreate their own water puppet show. The teacher could videotape the children's performances and show these videos to other classes.

The last suggestion for the use of this folktale collection is to draw illustrations from the tales. Teachers could identify children with artistic talents in drawing or painting who could be assigned to interpret scenes from some stories. Afterward, the pictures could be used in retelling the stories in Kamishibai Theater¹⁰, which uses illustrated paper scrolls and cards propped on a small "stage" to tell stories. Apart from Kamishibai, teachers could teach children to make picture-books. All of these forms of arts could be incorporated in the use of this folktale collection.

In conclusion, the tales in the collection could be told as pure storytelling using just voice and gestures and as materials for other activities such as reading aloud, role-play, reader's theatre, drama, music, dance, puppetry, illustrations, short movie productions, and others. Teachers could begin by telling stories to children and then they could find ways to encourage the children to take part as the storytellers, actors, actresses, or producers of the artistic activities. After the children have taken part in the telling, listening, and acting out the plays, we can be sure that they have enjoyed and understood their own stories as well as stories of children from their neighbouring countries.

¹⁰ There are many websites on the use and the production of Kamishibai Theater such as www.kamishibai.com/PDF/kamishibaistage.pdf, www.kamishibai.com/history.html, and so on.

OPENING STORY



A Drop of Honey

(Thailand)

A City Ruler, sitting with his Advisor, was eating honey on puffed rice. A drop of honey fell from the City Ruler's hand onto the windowsill.

"Oh, your majesty!" said his Advisor, "A drop of honey has fallen onto the windowsill!"

"Never mind," said the City Ruler. "It is not our problem."

The drop of honey dripped from the windowsill all the way to the ground. A fly landed on the drop of honey and began to eat it. But a gecko jumped on the fly and began to eat it.

"Your Excellency, a fly was eating the honey that fell from your hand. And now a gecko is eating the fly that was eating the honey."

"Never mind," said the City Ruler. "It is not our problem."

A cat pounced on the gecko and began to eat it. And a dog ran out from the palace and attacked the cat. The dog and the cat were fighting by the palace.

"Your Excellency, now a cat is eating the gecko and a dog has attacked the cat. They are fighting by the palace." "Well," said the City Ruler. "It is not our problem."



The owner of the cat saw the dog attack her cat. So she ran out with a broom and began to beat the dog. But when the owner of the dog saw the woman beating his dog, he ran out and began to beat her.

"Your Excellency ... that drop of honey that fell from your hand...well a fly tried to eat it and a gecko ate the fly and a cat ate the gecko and a dog attacked the cat and now the owner of the cat has attacked the dog and the owner of the dog has attacked the woman...and the two are now fighting by the palace. I should send someone to stop the fight."

"Never mind," sighed the City Ruler. "It is not our problem."

Soon the friends of the woman saw what was going on. They hurried to defend her.

But the friends of the man also saw what was going on. They rushed to defend him.

Soon a large fist fight had broken out under the palace.

"Your Excellency," pleaded the Advisor. "Now the woman's friends have attacked the man and his friends have attacked her friends. There is a great fight going on right by the palace. We should do something to stop this."

"Never mind," insisted the City Ruler. "It is not our problem."

The soldiers were passing through town just then. When they saw the fight they rushed to break it up.

But when they heard the situation, some sided with the man and some sided with the woman. The soldiers began to fight among themselves. A civil war broke out!

In the fighting the palace was burned to the ground. The City Ruler and his Advisor stood in the ashes.

"You know..." said the City Ruler. "I think the drop of honey was our problem."



Folktales about animals



The Mighty Babau

(Brunei Darussalam)

The villagers of Kampong Serai were scared and they had good reason to be! Nearly every night a tiger roamed their village. Nobody felt safe anymore and they decided something had to be done. They had to catch this tiger but how could they do this?

At the start of a working day in the fields, Babau, a buffalo, was being readied to plough all day long in the searing heat. The villagers mocked him by singing:

Babau, Babau
Foolish Babau,
Babau, Babau
Fat Babau,
Babau, Babau
Lazy Babau,
Babau, Babau
You are a fool, Babau,
What are you going to do?

When they had finished singing the villagers realized that Babau could be used as the bait to catch the tiger. Babau was big and so appetizing to a fierce hungry tiger! Babau understood the plan and was saddened to hear that he was to be sacrificed but he was helpless. Indeed, what was he going to do?



The plan was set for the following day but for now work had to be done. At the end of the day, as usual, the villagers sang to the exhausted Babau:

Babau, Babau
Foolish Babau,
Babau, Babau
Fat Babau,
Babau, Babau
Lazy Babau,
Babau Babau
You are a fool, Babau,
What are you going to do?

That evening Babau was brought to the middle of the jungle and was tied to a tree. The villagers hid in a hut on a tree top. The tiger appeared but Babau pretended he was already dead instinctively knowing that the tiger preferred fresh meat. The tiger, believing Babau to be dead, turned his back and started to leave. Babau saw his chance to strike the tiger's stomach with his horns inflicting injury enough to scare the tiger away. He never came back.

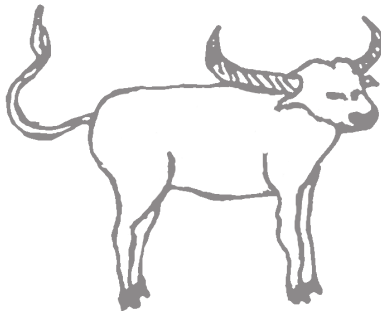
The villagers were surprised by the intelligence, cunning, bravery, and swiftness of Babau. Was this the same Babau they called foolish, fat, and lazy every day?

The next morning the villagers were not sure how to treat Babau. But Babau held no grudges and in fact he was ready to be put to work as usual. Embarrassed by their treatment of Babau the villagers came up with a different version of their song:

*Babau Babau
Cunning Babau,
Babau Babau
Strong Babau,
Babau, Babau,
Brave and mighty Babau,
Babau, Babau
Smart Babau,
What are you going to do
Now that we respect you?*

Supplementary information

- The term **kampong** (in Kampong Serai) means village in the Malay language. Kampong is also found in Nakhoda Manis, another story from Brunei Darussalam.
- For the terms of **buffalo** in the languages of Southeast Asia, refer to page 142.





The Clever Mouse Deer

(Malaysia)

One day, a buffalo was eating grass by the riverbank when he heard the voice of someone crying in pain.

“Help! Help! Please let me free,” heard the buffalo. He ran to the river where the voice came from. There he found a crocodile with a big log on his back. “Help me, Mr Buffalo! This log fell on my back. I cannot move and I’m in pain,” cried the crocodile.

Feeling sorry for the crocodile, the buffalo used his strong horn to lift the log off the crocodile. The log was very heavy. The buffalo tried with all his might until the crocodile was free.

“Thank you, Mr Buffalo! You are very kind to help me,” said the crocodile.

“You are welcome,” replied the buffalo. “I’m happy to be of help to you.”

As the buffalo was leaving, the crocodile suddenly bit one of the buffalo’s legs. The buffalo screamed in pain. The crocodile said, “I’m very hungry, Mr Buffalo. I cannot help wanting to eat your leg.”

The buffalo was disappointed at the crocodile, whose life the buffalo saved. The buffalo could not believe that the crocodile would return his kindness that way.

The mouse deer was passing by and saw the buffalo’s leg in the mouth of the crocodile. He asked the buffalo what happened.



"I saved the crocodile's life by removing the log off his back. But now he wants to have me for dinner!" the buffalo cried, having been let down by the crocodile. The mouse deer thought for a moment. "Hmmm... I could not believe that the buffalo has the strength to lift such a big and heavy log off the crocodile," the mouse deer exclaimed.

"It's the truth. I lifted the log by myself," replied the buffalo proudly.

"He is telling the truth, Mr Mouse Deer," added the crocodile.

The mouse deer replied, "I will only believe in your strength, Mr Buffalo, if I see you lift the log." The mouse deer then asked the crocodile to free the buffalo's leg. The crocodile was curious what the mouse deer was up to so he released the buffalo.

"Now that you're free, Mr Buffalo, put the log back on the crocodile's back. Prove to me you are strong enough to lift the log," said the mouse deer.

The buffalo was challenged to prove his strength to the mouse deer. He gathered all his might to lift the heavy log until it was again on the crocodile's back. The crocodile screamed in pain as the log landed on his body. "Oh no! Please take this log off me, Mr Buffalo," pleaded the crocodile.

"Aha, I got you! You fell into my trick," exclaimed the mouse deer. "Now that you are in pain, Mr Crocodile, you know how the buffalo felt when you bit his leg."

The buffalo wanted to relieve the crocodile of his pain. "But if I free him this time, he might want to bite me again," thought the buffalo.

The crocodile replied, "I realize I have been ungrateful to the buffalo. I'm sorry for what I did, Mr Buffalo. I promise not to harm you again. Only you have the strength to help me."

The mouse deer and the buffalo felt the sincerity of the crocodile. The buffalo again used all his strength to lift the log off the crocodile's back.

"Thank you, Mr Buffalo. You are very compassionate," said the crocodile.

"Thank you, Mouse Deer, for teaching me to be kind to those who help me."

The mouse deer was happy to hear that the crocodile learned his lesson. He was also glad that the buffalo was safe. Once again, the mouse deer used his cleverness to help other animals.

Supplementary information

- The **mouse deer** is an animal the size of a typical cat. Its thin legs and tail resemble that of a deer, and it has the face and the body of a mouse; but it is neither a mouse nor a deer. It can be found on some parts of Borneo Island (Malaysia and Indonesia) and Palawan Island (Philippines).
- Because of its size, the mouse deer must be quick and smart. It has therefore gained prominence as a trickster in many folktales of Malaysia and Indonesia, where it is known as *cancil* or *kancil* (pronounced as "kan-chil"). Trickster characters, like the mouse deer, are funny and intelligent; they play tricks and games, often to raise the awareness of the other characters in the folktales.



The Dog and the Hunter

(Timor Leste)

In the old days, dogs spoke like human beings. They were able to exchange their opinions when they discussed things with their masters.

One day, a hunter went into the woods. He brought along his dog to hunt. When they found a deer, the dog ran as fast as it could to pursue the big deer. The hunter followed the dog's tracks deep into the forest and he kept on shouting instructions to the dog.

"Chase the deer! Don't let it run away from us!" yelled the dog's master.

Following what its master said, the dog ran faster after the deer. It almost lost the deer in the thick forest but it was determined to please its master. Chasing the deer for some time, the dog finally hunted it down. The big deer resisted, knocking the dog a few times with its strong horn.

"Help me, master! Help me fight the deer!" pleaded the dog.

The master, however, stood from a distance and just watched the dog struggle with the deer. Getting no help from its master, the dog fought back as hard as it could. It fought despite the bruises and cuts it received from the big deer. After much effort, the dog finally seized the deer.

Seeing that the deer did not move anymore, only then did the master go near it. He worked fast to build a fire and cooked the deer. Meanwhile, the injured dog lay exhausted but the master did not pay it any attention.



The dog said to its master, "I asked you to help me overcome the big deer but you did not listen to me at all. You just watched as it kept on knocking me down. You left me on my own to seize the deer. Now you are eating the food that I worked very hard for."

The hunter did not listen to the dog. He kept on eating while the dog watched. After finishing his meal, the hunter laid down the bones and the hide of deer for the dog.

"I do not want to hear from you again!" shouted the master.

The dog replied with much disappointment, "You only think of yourself. You ate without thinking of me. You are giving me only the bones and the hide."

The master realized how bad he treated the dog. "I'm sorry for keeping the good things to myself. I am not proud of what I did, after all you have been very loyal to me," said the master. "Please accept these pieces of meat as a reward for your hard work."

The dog ate what its master gave it. Being satisfied, the dog never spoke to people again, but it just always followed what its master told it to do.





Heaven's Uncle Toad

(Vietnam)

Once upon a time, there was a long devastating drought on Earth. Plants yellowed and withered away. Animals suffered and died.

In a dry pond lived an ugly toad. He could foresee the danger of the drought. So he decided to make a long journey to meet the King of Heaven. On the way he met the crab, bear, tiger, bees and fox. All of them asked to follow the toad to the heaven.

Arriving at the heavenly gates, the toad only saw a large drum. Then he told his friends, "Crab, get inside this water jar! Bees, stay behind the gates! Fox, Bear and Tiger hide at the two sides!"

After arranging everything, the toad stepped forward and took the drumstick to beat the three loud rolls. The King of Heaven was very angry to see the tiny and ugly toad who dared to make the heaven noisy.

He ordered the rooster to kill the toad. When the rooster approached the toad, the toad called the fox to kill the rooster.

Then the king ordered the dog to punish the fox. However, when reaching to the gates, the bear appeared and killed the dog right away.

The King was so angry that he asked the Thunder God to kill the bear. Immediately, the Thunder God was stung by the bees hiding behind the gates. Crying in pain, the Thunder God jumped into the water jar.



Inside the water jar, the crab immediately pinched the Thunder God with his big and strong claws. The Thunder God jumped out of the jar but the tiger appeared to fight with him.

“Stop! Stop!” begged the King. “Uncle Toad, tell your friends and the tiger to please spare the Thunder God.” The tiger did not harm the Thunder God.

Knowing that the toad and his friends could not be defeated, the King finally agreed to let the toad in heaven.

“Your Majesty! There had been no rain on earth so long,” said the toad. “If the drought continues, all living things on earth will die! Rain is needed at once to save them all.”

The King was afraid that living things on earth would rebel if he does not grant them rain. So, he said gently to the toad, “Uncle Toad, go back home. There will be rain on earth right away.”

Before the toad and his friends left, the King said, “Uncle Toad, next time, when you need rain, you do not have to come here to heaven. Just croak and I know I need to send rain to earth.”

When the toad arrived on earth, there was rain everywhere. Since then, when the toad croaks, rain will soon follow.

Supplementary information

- In Vietnam, when you wish to show respect to a male person who is older or of a higher status, you call him “**uncle**”. This expression of respect is common in many Asian cultures.
- The **toad** is the symbol of rain in Vietnam. As expressed in this story, the toad is closely associated with rain, which is similar to its portrayal in the story Phya Kankhaak, the Toad King.



Folktales about food



The Goddess of Rice

(Indonesia)

A long, long time ago, on the island of Java there were no rice plants. The people of the earth had only grown cassava for their daily food. Rice was only permitted to be grown in heaven. At that time rice was the food of the gods.

At that time man was permitted to visit heaven by walking on the clouds. The gods and goddesses often came down to earth to chat with man.

One day a youth went to heaven. He happened to see the gods dining on food that he had not seen on earth. The youth did not know that the food he saw was rice.

The fragrant smell of the rice made the youth's mouth water. How he wished to taste the delicious rice!

He sought a way to get his wish. He went to see Dewi Sri, the Goddess of Rice. He found the courage to beg Dewi Sri to be permitted to stay in heaven and to learn to grow rice.

He said, "Dewi Sri, Goddess of Rice. I beg to be permitted to stay for a while in heaven. Please allow me to help plant, harvest, and pound your rice. Even if I get only a handful of rice, I want to help. I want to taste this rice, even if only a little."

Dewi Sri, who was wise and kind-hearted, agreed. "Did you know that rice comes from this plant?" She showed him a rice plant. "You may work here and learn to be a farmer and cultivate rice."



How joyful was the youth to get permission to stay in heaven. Dewi Sri taught the youth how to plant rice. First she taught him how to plough the rice field with a kind of tool to turn over the soil. It was called waluku.

Then she taught him how to soften the soil with a harrow called a garu.

After the soil was softened, the youth learned how to irrigate, raise seedlings, plant, and harvest. When the rice plant ripened, the goddess showed him how to cut the stalk using a small palm-held reaping knife called an ani-ani.

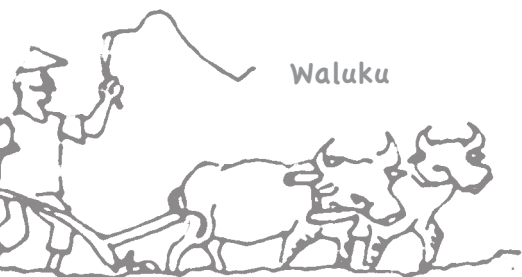


**Cutting rice
using ani-ani**

Dewi Sri also taught the youth how to pound the rice in a rice mortar called lesung. When all of this work was done, the youth was at last allowed to taste a small handful of the rice. It was delicious! Just as he had imagined it would be.

The youth stayed on in heaven and learned rice farming well. He also enjoyed delicious rice many times.

But after several years of hard work as a farmer in heaven, the youth decided to go back home to earth. He longed for his family, relatives, and neighbours.



Waluku

“How happy they would be if the people on Java Island could enjoy this delicious rice,” he thought. “By eating rice, the people could become as healthy and strong as the gods.”

The youth approached Dewi Sri and asked permission to go down to earth to visit his family and friends, whom he had not seen in such a long time. Dewi Sri agreed. But very early in the morning, without the gods' knowledge, the youth took several ripe rice stalks. He carried them with him to earth.

Arriving on earth, the youth planted the rice grains just the way he had learned in heaven. The rice grew rapidly. He worked hard and his plants developed well.

As soon as he had a harvest, he gave rice seeds to all of his neighbours and showed them how to plant and care for the rice.

Eventually all places on Java Island were covered with rice plants. When the rice was ripening for harvest, a golden yellow colour covered the entire land of Java Island.

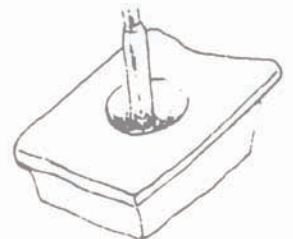
One day the gods came to visit earth. How startled they were to see golden rice plants stretching in all directions. They hurried back to heaven and reported to Dewi Sri. The gods were furious. Rice was permitted only in heaven.

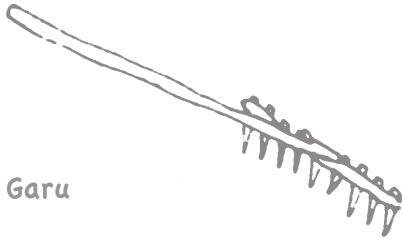
Dewi Sri descended to earth. She knew this must be because of the youth who had helped grow rice in heaven. He must have stolen the rice seeds when he left heaven.

She soon met that youth.

At first Dewi Sri was angry, "Young man, why did you betray my trust? You should not have stolen rice. This is the food of the gods."

Lesung



**Garu**

"Forgive me, Dewi Sri," said the youth.

"I did take rice seeds back from heaven without asking permission first. I did not do this for my own interest, Dewi Sri.

I brought this rice back for the benefit of all the people on Java Island. These

people had only cassavas to eat. I took pity on my fellow men and shared with them the rice seeds so that they also could taste delicious rice. I know I have angered you, Dewi Sri. I am willing to accept punishment for what I have done."

Dewi Sri's anger subsided. The kind-hearted youth had intended to do something sincere and noble because he thought of other people.

"I forgive you," replied Dewi Sri. "But you should always ask permission first and not take things by stealing. As punishment for this, I will never allow another human to come to heaven, the place where the gods live."

"However," she continued, "You will be allowed to cultivate this rice. But take notice that this rice plant is like my child. Take good care of it just as I have taught you."

Dewi Sri gave clear instructions. "Irrigate the rice field regularly. Weed the wild plants around the rice plants. Fertilize the soil. Harvest carefully with the ani-ani knife, so that you do not waste any grains or damage them. Let the birds also enjoy a bit of the delicious rice. Don't kill them, because the birds are the beloved animals of the gods. If you don't pay attention to my orders, I will send natural calamities to destroy your work." That was Dewi Sri's advice.

Before Dewi Sri flew back to heaven, she spoke once more. “In order to make the rice plants grow best, follow nature’s rules. Plant the rice at the right time. I will give a sign from heaven by dropping jasmine flowers from my hair bun. These flowers will become waluku stars (Orion). This is the sign that the season for planting has come.”

Supplementary information

- **Cassava** is a widely-cultivated tropical crop for its roots, which are staple food for about 500 million people worldwide. Highly nutritious, the cassava root is used as vegetables in dishes, grated to make cakes, or ground into tapioca flour. It is also called singkong (Indonesia), ubi kayu (Malaysia), kamoteng kahoy (Philippines), man sampalang (Thailand), and cu san or khoai mì (Vietnam).
- **Dewi Sri** is the goddess associated with rice, abundance, and fertility among the Balinese, Javanese, and Sundanese of Indonesia.
- **Orion** is a formation of stars (or constellation) easily visible in the sky through the alignment of three bright stars making up Orion’s belt. The name Orion is derived from a hunter in Greek mythology.
- For the terms of **rice** in the languages of Southeast Asia and Korea, refer to page 143.



The Rice Flower

(Malaysia)

A long time ago, a woman named Mak Kantan and her daughter, Melur, were known to make the most delicious kuih in the village. One day, while preparing kuih, they heard a crying sound. They discovered that the voice came from the rice scattered on the ground that their neighbours had thrown towards the backyard of Mak Kantan and Melur.

“Why are you crying, Rice?” asked Mak Kantan.

“I am sad that humans do not appreciate me,” replied the rice. “I’m their food. But they throw me away instead.”

Mak Kantan and Melur felt the disappointment of the rice. So they picked up each grain of rice from the ground. Having gathered a bowl of rice, they formed it into the shape of flowers. The rice flowers gave out a sweet, lingering fragrance.

They sold the rice flowers along with the kuih. Because of the sweet smell of the rice flowers, they were popular among the villagers. From then on, Mak Kantan and Melur would save all the left-over rice from their neighbours to make rice flowers that they sold at the market.

One day, Mak Kantan wanted to present the rice flower to the king, Raja Amirul Alam. However, the guards stopped them at the palace gates.

“Those rice flowers are not beautiful enough for the king,” said the guards as they closed the gates.



While Mak Kantan and Melur were at the palace gates, the princess, Puteri Puspa Sari, was walking around the garden.

"What sweet smell in the air!" Puteri Puspa Sari said with delight. She followed the smell but she could not find where it came from. "I want that sweet smell," she said to herself. But a moment later the smell had disappeared. Her longing for the sweet smell led to a strange illness.

Raja Amirul Alam was very worried for his beloved daughter. "My dear child, I will search for that scent for you so you will get well instantly," the king promised.

A month passed but Raja Amirul Alam did not find the smell anywhere in his kingdom. Meanwhile, Puteri Puspa Sari was still ill. Her beauty was fast fading and the king was worried more than ever.

One day, Raja Amirul Alam passed by Mak Kantan's house. He was curious at the girl collecting left-over rice that people had thrown away. He saw how the girl made the rice into the shape of flowers.

"What sweet smell in the air!" the king said as he was standing outside Mak Kantan's house. He noticed that the sweet smell came from the rice flowers.

"My child, tell me about the story of the rice flowers and the sweet smell they give," the king asked. Melur told him the story of how they made rice flowers from left-over rice. This impressed the king very much.

"I will invite you and your mother to the palace. Bring with you the rice flowers. I believe their sweet smell is what my daughter had been longing

for,” Raja Amirul Alam said.

So mother and daughter headed to the palace where they presented the rice flowers to Puteri Puspa Sari. “This is indeed the sweet smell I wanted!” exclaimed the princess. She quickly recovered from her strange illness upon smelling the rice flowers.

“Mak Kantan and Melur, you brought back the health of my daughter because of the sweet smell of the rice flowers you made. I am inviting you to live in the palace as a reward,” the king declared.

From then on, Mak Kantan and Melur lived in the palace where they made rice flowers to keep the princess happy.

Supplementary information

- **Kuih** are a variety of Malaysian bite-sized snacks or desserts made of flour from rice, taro, tapioca, corn, and wheat. Kuih may include cakes, cookies, dumplings, pudding, or biscuits.
- **Puteri** is the Malay word for princess.
- **Raja** is a term with roots in Sanskrit that refers to a king, monarch, or ruler. Raja also appears in the story The Attack of the Swordfish.

Folktales about nature



The Sun and the Moon

(Korea)

Once upon a time, there lived a poor woman with her son and daughter. She did chores for other families for a living. One day, she went to work for a rich man's party and got some rice cakes there.

"My children must be hungry," said the woman hurrying home.

On the way home, she met a big tiger. "Give me a piece of rice cake. Then I will not eat you," said the tiger. The woman gave a piece of rice cake to the tiger. But the tiger kept following the woman.

"Give me a piece of rice cake. Then I will not eat you," repeated the tiger. The woman gave another piece of rice cake to the tiger. The tiger kept asking her for more rice cakes. She gave away all the rice cakes to the tiger. Now she had no more rice cake. So the tiger ate her.

Now the tiger put on her clothes and went to her house. He pretended to be the children's mom. "Open the door, dear," said the tiger.

"You are not my mom. Your voice is too hoarse. Her voice is soft," said the brother.

"Oh, is it? Hmm, I have a cold."

"Then, show me your hands," said the sister.



The tiger showed his hands to them.

"Your hands are too hairy and dark. Her hands are white," said the brother.

The tiger covered his hands with flour. And he showed his white hands to the children. Then the children opened the door. The tiger entered the house saying "I will make dinner. Wait here."

Then, the brother saw the tiger's tail.

"It's not Mom. It's a tiger," said the brother.

"What should we do?" said the sister.

"We have to run away from here," said the brother.

The children ran out of the house and climbed up a tree near the well. The tiger looked for them here and there. Then, he saw the children's face reflected on the water inside the well.

"Oh, you are in the well. I will scoop you up with this bowl," said the tiger.

The sister in the tree laughed at the tiger. "Oh, you are in the tree."

The tiger tried to climb up the tree. But he could not do it.

"How did you climb up the tree?" said the tiger.

"We used oil," lied the brother.

The tiger rubbed some oil on his hands. And he tried to climb up the tree. But he only slid down. Laughing at the tiger, the sister told the secret of how to climb up.

"You could use an ax," said the sister. Then the tiger made small cuts on the tree with an ax. Then, he could climb up the tree.

The children were frightened so they prayed to God. "If you want us to live, please hand down a rope," pleaded the children as they looked up towards God.

Then a rope came down from the sky. The children held onto it and went up to the sky.

The tiger could not catch the children. The tiger prayed to God, too.

"If you want me to catch them, please hand down a rope."

Then another rope came down from the sky. The tiger held onto it and went up to the sky. But the rope was rotten. The tiger fell down.

The children went up to the sky. The brother became the sun. And the sister became the moon.

"I am scared of the night," said the sister.

"I will be the moon for you instead," said the brother.

So the brother became the moon. And the sister became the sun.



Mariang Makiling, the Fairy of the Mountain

(Philippines)

Mariang Makiling is said to be the mysterious fairy guarding Mount Makiling. No one knows how old she is. It is believed she is as old as the mountain itself. The very few people who have seen her wandering around the thick forest of Makiling say she is tall and graceful, with brown skin, deep black eyes, and hair almost touching the ground. Deer hunters have seen her standing on the edge of a cliff on moonlit nights, with her long hair floating in the air and her singing echoing throughout the deep valleys.

Mariang Makiling likes to appear after a storm. She strolls around the woods to straighten broken trunks, replace nests on the branches of trees, mend the wings of butterflies, and clear the streams of fallen twigs and logs. As she walks around, all signs of the storm disappear; roses and orchids bloom, birds chirp with glee, and deer run around once again.

Mariang Makiling is also known to have a good heart. She would appear as a young girl to help old women gather firewood. She would then slip gold nuggets, coins, and jewels into their bundles of wood. She would also invite tired hunters to her home where she will serve them a warm meal and cold drinks. She often gives them a small parting gift of ginger, which hunters discover to have turned into gold when they arrive home.



Many of those who were granted Mariang Makiling's generosity knows well how to repay her kindness. They thus leave on the grounds of Mount Makiling a hen that is less than one year old and with feathers as white as milk. White hens are her favourite treats.

Mariang Makiling has often appeared as an old woman begging for food from hunters. She does this to test their kindness to those in need. People who refuse to help her are chased away from the forest with the sound of howling monsters hiding in the shadows of the woods.

As time went by people saw less of Mariang Makiling. She no longer appears to people to bring them gifts of gold and jewels. Hunters have no one to turn to when they are hungry and thirsty.

Many blame Mariang Makiling's disappearance from the forest on the people who do not return her generosity. Others say that the cutting of trees and excessive hunting of wild animals have greatly disappointed Mariang Makiling that she refuses to come out anymore. But the tale of the mysterious fairy of Mount Makiling lives on.



Supplementary information

- **Mariang Makiling** is a contraction of Maria ng Makiling (Maria of Makiling). Maria is a common name for Filipino women.
- **Mount Makiling** is a mountain of rugged peaks located between the provinces of Laguna and Batangas on the island of Luzon, Northern Philippines.



Why the Sea is Salty

(Philippines)

Long ago, the sea was not salty. People got their salt from the mountain of salt across the sea. One day, the people in the village ran out of salt. But they could not set out to sea because the waves were high and the wind was strong. Their small boats would not withstand the strong wind. Needing salt very badly, the villagers remembered Ang-ngalo.

Ang-ngalo was a huge giant who lived in a mountain close to the village. When Ang-ngalo went fishing, the water was only up to his knees. When he walked around the mountains, the highest mountain stood no higher than his ankles.

"Why don't we ask the giant Ang-ngalo to stretch his legs across the sea? Then we don't have to ride our small boats!" exclaimed an old man.

"Yes, indeed," agreed the others. "Let's go and ask Ang-ngalo to help us."

So the people went to see the giant. They begged him, "Ang-ngalo, we are running out of salt. The mountain of salt is across the sea but we could not use our small boats because of the strong winds. Please allow us to use your legs as bridge to cross the sea."

Ang-ngalo was a kind giant. He was willing to help the people. So he went to the other side of the sea and sat by its shore. He extended his legs which reached the island where the people waited. The men and women with their empty sacks and pails climbed on his legs and walked toward the mountain



of salt. "Please be careful not to move your leg while we are crossing," they reminded Ang-ngalo.

Unknown to Ang-ngalo, his heel landed on a hill of red ants. Before long, the ants were crawling all over his legs. Ang-ngalo was afraid of ants. He trembled with fear at the sight of the ants. He closed his eyes and waited until the last villager reached the other side of the shore. Then he quickly bent his knee and washed the red ants with seawater. Ang-ngalo was relieved.

Soon the villagers came back with their sacks and pails full of salt. "Put back your leg now, Ang-ngalo. We are ready to go home," the men shouted.

But Ang-ngalo was overcome with his fear of the bites of red ants, so, he refused to stretch his leg.

"Please, Ang-ngalo," pleaded the women. "We need salt to dry fish and meat. Without salt all our food will get spoiled."

Ang-ngalo pitied the men and women. Because of his kindness, he stretched again his leg across the sea. "Hurry!" he told the men. "The red ants might crawl on my leg again."

"Yes," answered the villagers. But they laughed and talked as they walked slowly on the giant's leg.

"Hurry! Hurry! The ants are crawling on my leg now," he trembled with fear.

“Such a big man who’s afraid of ants,” laughed the men. They walked slowly as before.

“Hurry! Hurry!” shouted Ang-ngalo again. “The ants are biting me now!” But the villagers did not listen to him. They walked slowly and told Ang-ngalo not to mind the ants.

Ang-ngalo’s leg was full of ants now. They started biting him and his leg was burning with itchiness. At last the giant could not help lifting his leg. He dipped his itchy leg in the water to get rid of the biting ants.

The men were caught off guard. They fell into the sea with their bags and pails of salt. Ang-ngalo saved the life of each villager. But the salt the villagers dropped all dissolved in the water, which is why, to this day, the sea is salty.

Folktales about people



A story of an ungrateful child

(I) **Nakhoda Manis**

(Brunei Darussalam)

Once upon a time there was a widow, Dang Ambon, who lived with her only son in Kampong Ayer. They lived a comfortable life but were certainly not rich. She loved her son Manis so very much. As a boy she used to sing this lullaby to him:

*Manis, Manis,
My sweet natured boy!
Manis, Manis,
Devoted and kind,
Manis, Manis,
Truly a mother's pride!*

When he was older Manis wanted to travel. He wanted to become rich. As a loving mother Dang Ambon knew she would miss him terribly. But because her love was so strong she allowed him to go. She wanted him to be the happiest he could possibly be.

For a long time there was no news from Manis. To console herself in her loneliness Dang Ambon sang her song everyday:

*Manis, Manis,
My sweet natured boy!
Manis, Manis,
Devoted and kind,
Manis, Manis,
Truly a mother's pride!*



Many years passed and there was still no news from Manis. Dang Ambon kept herself busy by helping the poor. She gave whatever she could until the day she herself became poor. Despite her now sad situation she still sang everyday:

*Manis, Manis,
My sweet natured boy!
Manis, Manis,
Devoted and kind,
Manis, Manis,
Truly a mother's pride!*

One day a large trading ship docked at Kampong Ayer. There was a rumour that the owner of the ship was Manis! He was already called Nakhoda Manis for being the rich captain of the ship. Excitedly Dang Ambon paddled her small boat in the direction of the big ship. She was to be reunited with her beloved Manis! In anticipation she sang:

*Manis, Manis,
My sweet natured boy!
Manis, Manis,
Devoted and kind,
Manis, Manis,
Truly a mother's pride!*

Nakhoda Manis was proud and he was indeed rich. When he saw his mother he was ashamed of her and turned away claiming not to know this poor old woman. Dang Ambon was heartbroken. In her despair she cursed the ship full of riches – riches that had taken her son's love away from her.

She would never sing her song again...

Suddenly, lighting flashed and there was a heavy storm. Rain, thunder and lightning!!!

When the storm cleared, her son's ship was gone and in its place was a huge rock in the sea.

Today this rock is known as Jong Batu.

Supplementary information

- **Nakhoda** means captain; therefore, the title translates to Captain Manis.
- **Jong Batu** is a rock resembling a sinking ship found in the Brunei River.
- Used in Brunei Darussalam, Indonesia, and Malaysia, **kampong** (or kampung) is the term for village in the Malay language. The term kampong also appears in the story The Mighty Babau.
- **Kampong Ayer**, or Water Village, is a village on stilts above the Brunei River. The buildings of the village, including homes, schools, mosques, restaurants, and shops, are connected by 32 kilometres of foot-bridges and the villagers use boats for transport.



A story of an ungrateful child

(II) **Malin Kundang**

(Indonesia)

Near the mouth of the Batang Arau River there once was a large fishing village. Its harbour was crowded with large ships and sailing vessels from all corners of the world.

Among the many fishing families, there lived a poor fisherman and his wife and son. Their only child was so spoiled that he was called Malin Kundang. Malin was the boy's name but Kundang meant spoiled.

Malin Kundang was a naughty child. One day when he was playing too roughly, he fell and wounded his forehead. It left a scar that clearly marked the boy. Even when he was grown into a young man, the scar could plainly be seen.

When Malin Kundang was a young man, he was so well-built and strong that his father was able to secure a place for him with a sea captain. "Dear sir, if you need a crewman, please take my son with you. You may bring him up and consider him as your own son. I hope he can learn much from you, sir, and perhaps one day he can become a captain like yourself."

The ship's captain was willing to take Malin Kundang aboard, and Malin Kundang was excited by the opportunity to see other countries.

It was hard for Malin Kundang's parents to see him off at the port. They watched until the ship disappeared from sight. Then they returned to their little hut, only hoping that one day they would see their beloved son again.



Day after day, week after week, year after year passed, Malin Kundang worked diligently and learned a great deal. He made a fortune for himself.

He became a rich sea captain, with a large ship of his own. He married the daughter of a wealthy merchant. He completely forgot his own village and his loving parents who still waited for his return.

Years passed and his parents grew older and older. His father died, but his old mother still waited. She hoped to see her son once more.

Eventually Malin Kundang did begin to think of his old village and so he decided to visit it. He had never told his wife of his village for fear she would not like a man of such poor birth.

When his large ship arrived in the harbour of Batang Arau the villagers all rushed to see the wonderful sight. "Who could be the owner of the rich ship?" they asked each other.

Then one old man in the crowd saw the scar on the forehead of the ship's captain. "It could only be Malin Kundang," he thought. He hurried to tell Malin Kundang's mother that her son had arrived as a rich merchant. How happy she was to hear the news of her son's homecoming after all these years.

Before long the news had spread throughout the entire village. But keeping her longing to herself for a while more, Malin Kundang's mother quickly prepared Malin Kundang's favourite food. Then she and her neighbour hurried to the port to greet her son.

There was the marvellous ship, and on its deck a most handsome man in such expensive clothing. Malin Kundang's mother was so proud to see her rich son.

Arriving near the ship, she called out, "Malin Kundang! My dear son! At last you have come home! Malin Kundang, my son! I have been longing and waiting for you all these years. Here is your mother, dear son!" She was full of happiness, for she had seen the scar on the rich merchant's forehead and knew that this really was her own son.

But when Malin Kundang saw this old woman in poor clothing calling to him, he was too ashamed to answer. Turning away, he ordered his crewmen to remove her from the shore.

"But Malin Kundang," called his mother. "Just look at me. You must recognize your own mother. I am bringing your favourite food. Remember when you were a child?" She held up the food.

But Malin Kundang still turned away. He would not admit before his wife and crewmen that this poor old woman was his own mother.

Still his mother called out to him, "Malin Kundang, how can you forget me? I am your own mother! Look at me carefully, Malin Kundang! You must have missed me."

Malin Kundang was too ashamed of her. With no compassion whatsoever, he told her, "Shameless old woman. I do not have a dirty and poor mother like this. My mother is dead. Don't ever claim yourself as my mother." And his men dragged her off.



His mother could only call after him, “Malin Kundang, you are a wicked child! You won’t accept your own mother. You are an ungrateful child, ashamed to admit your own mother who brought you up.” She went home in sorrow, with a broken heart.

The following day, Malin Kundang ordered his crew to leave and set sail from his old village. But once they reached the middle of the sea, the wind came up and began to throw Malin Kundang’s ship left and right. Lightning and thunder took over the sky. The clouds were pitch dark. The sounds were deafening.

Malin Kundang realized his offense toward his mother. He knew that God and nature were punishing him for his bad deed. He began to pray and cry for forgiveness. But it was too late. The waves became more and more fierce. At last his ship was swallowed by a wave and it sank from sight.





Shim Cheong, the Devoted Daughter

(Korea)

Once upon a time, there was a girl, Shim Cheong. Her mother died when she was born. Her father did not have a job because he was blind. So from her childhood, Shim Cheong had to work to make money.

One day, Shim Cheong was late coming home from work. So her father went out for her.

While he was crossing the bridge, he fell into the river. "Help me, I'm drowning," he shouted in panic.

A monk passing by saw him and jumped into the river to save him. "Are you okay?" asked the monk. He was surprised that he was blind.

The monk advised him, "If you offer Buddha three hundred seoks of rice, you will regain your eyesight."

Shim Cheong's father was very glad to hear the news, so he promised to give Buddha three hundred seoks of rice. Soon he realized that he could not afford to buy all the rice.

When Shim Cheong came home, she saw her father looking very sad. "What's wrong, father?" she asked.

He told her everything that happened and what the monk had said.



"Don't worry, father," Shim Cheong reassured him, "I'll try to get all the rice."

One day, a woman said to Shim Cheong, "Did you hear the news? Some sailors want to buy a girl for an offering to the Sea-God. They will pay as much as she wants." When Shim Cheong heard that, she knew where she could get the money to buy 300 seoks of rice.

Shim Cheong went to see the sailors who wanted to buy a girl and asked them to buy her. "I need 300 seoks of rice for my father to regain his eyesight," Shim Cheong explained.

The sailors bought Shim Cheong and were amazed at her and said, "She is the most filial daughter in the world."

Finally the day came when she had to leave. "Father, today I'm going to be the Kang family's step-daughter," she lied to her father. "To adopt me, they will give three hundred seoks of rice to the temple. Then, you will be able to see again."

"That's great! I won't be a blind man anymore!" her father said happily.

Now, Shim Cheong was on the boat with the sailors. After sailing for several days, the ship reached a deep part of the sea. Suddenly, a strong wind rose

and the sea roared. So the sailors wanted Shim Cheong to jump into the roaring sea to be the sacrifice.

When she woke up under the sea, she heard beautiful music. She had no idea where she was. "Am I dead or alive?" Shim Cheong said to herself.

At that moment, she heard a voice saying, "Wake up, now. This is the sea palace. The Sea King was touched by your story. He sent me to save you."

Shim Cheong stayed at the Sea King's palace for a few days. One day, a maid came to Shim Cheong. "The Sea King has ordered that you return to land," she said. Shim Cheong was put into a big lotus blossom. Finally, the lotus blossom floated to the surface.

The sailors who bought Shim Cheong found the lotus blossom. It was spotted at the same place where Shim Cheong had jumped into the sea. The sailors were surprised and lifted it out of the sea to bring it to their king. When the king touched the blossom, suddenly it opened and a beautiful girl walked out. The king loved her very much and made her his queen.

As the king's wife, Shim Cheong's life was very happy, but she could not forget her father. One day, the king found Shim Cheong looking very sad.

"Why are you so sad?" he asked. "Please tell me."

Shim Cheong told him the whole story. After the king heard her story, he wanted to help her to find her father. So he threw a party for all blind people in the country.

Meanwhile, Shim Cheong's father was still blind despite the offering of 300 seoks of rice. He heard from other people in the village what Shim Cheong



did for him to regain his eyesight. He regretted the loss of his daughter.

One day, a neighbor informed Shim Cheong's father that the king prepared a party for blind people.

When the party began, Shim Cheong was looking for her father. But she could not find him. On the last day of the party, Shim Cheong was just about to give up hope. Then, she saw a tired and shabby old man enter the palace. She was overjoyed when she found her father. She ran to him.

"Father, I'm Shim Cheong, your daughter!" she cried.

"My daughter?" said the surprised old man.

"Is it a dream? Let me look at your face!" At that moment a miracle happened. The old man opened his eyes!

The king was so pleased to see his wife and her father reunited. He ordered the party to be continued for another week. And all the people cheered.

Shim Cheong and her father lived happily ever after.



Supplementary information

- Used in the old days, **seok** is a Korean unit of measurement for rice. 300 seoks is around 48,000 kilograms or 1,763 bushels of rice.
- The term **filial** refers to a child's unconditional loyalty and respect for his or her parents.



The Great Gourd from Heaven

(Laos)

Long, long ago the earth was covered with dense forest, except for one enormous vine growing out of the forest and stretching right up to the sky. It had only one gourd hanging from it, and this gourd was very, very big. The gods in heaven had a meeting and decided that the earth should be inhabited, so one of the gods was sent down with his followers. His name was Khoun Bulom, and he had two wives, Yommala and Akkai.

There were no men or animals on earth at this time, just gods and some spirits. The earth was very dark because of the huge gourd that blocked out the light from the sun.

Khoun Bulom sent a messenger to the Great God of heaven asking for help. The Great God, Phya In, ordered some gods to come down to the earth to cut away the vine and to make holes on the gourd, too.

As soon as they cut away the huge vine, sunlight shone all over the earth, and it became a very bright and pleasant place indeed. But making the holes on the gourd was a difficult task. At first the gods used a pointed iron bar heated in fire. As soon as they made the holes on the gourd, many human beings started to crawl out from inside the gourd.

Because these people have to push their way out through the tiny, dark, sooty hole that the iron had burnt on the side of the gourd, they had dark complexions.



The gods saw this, so they made another hole, this time with an axe. The axe made a big clean hole on the side of the gourd. It was not difficult for the humans to get out. The second batch of humans had lighter complexions than those who came out first because the hole was not brunt.

But all humans came from the same place. Those who came first were the big brothers and sisters, and those who came later were the younger brothers and sisters. They were very closely related. The colours of their skin were not a problem for them at all.

These first human beings were the ancestors of all humanity. From that place they spread out all over the world. They adapted themselves to the various climates and natural environments in different places. But the important thing is that they came out from the same place and were the same human beings. They truly loved one another as brothers and sisters.

When all human beings had come out, the gods pierced yet another hole on the gourd and many animals came out – elephants, horses, cows, and so on. The human beings then started to make jewels of all kinds from silver and gold to give more beauty to life on earth.

Supplementary information

- The story shows how the Lao people believe that every tribe is as worthy of honour and as significant as all the others because they are all brothers and sisters who came from the same place.
- The **gourd** is a type of vegetable that is closely related to the squash. The dried and hollow shell of some varieties of gourds can be used as bowls, bottles, and even musical instruments.



The Old Wise Man

(Myanmar)

One day, while an old man was planting small saplings of mango plants along the fence of his house, a prince happened by. The old man offered mango fruits to the prince.

“Your Highness, may I present a ripe mango to you?” asked the old man.

“Thank you, Grand Pa,” said the prince. “This is delicious; thank you so much.”

“May I ask you a question, Grand Pa?” asked the prince. “How old are you?”

“I am eighty years old,” replied the old man.

“I saw you planting the sapling of mango plants when I got here. But I thought you will never get to enjoy the fruit of those mango trees you are planting today. Why are you bothering to do all the work?” asked the prince.

The old man paused for a moment and then recited his reply.

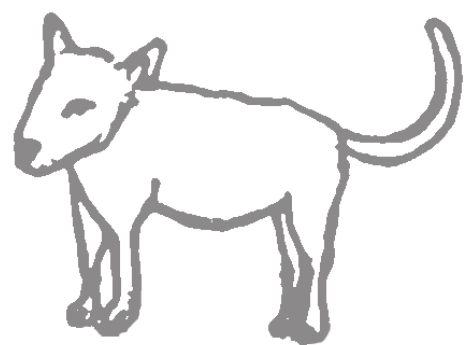
“Those delicious mangoes that you have eaten came from the trees that my grandfather planted for my father and for me. Now I am planting the sapling of the mango plants, the fruits of which will be enjoyed by my son and grandsons long after I’m gone.”



After the prince heard the answer, he thanked the old man and gave him a ruby ring in return for his invaluable lesson.

“Thank you very much, Grand Pa, for the wisdom I learned from you today. I clearly understand what you are doing,” said the prince.

From that day on, the prince always cared for other people, especially his subjects. He did everything in his power to make others happy and he was well-loved by his people until the end of his days.





The Giving Farmer

(Myanmar)

One night a large rock fell down from a small hill into the middle of a track. The next day, while a villager was driving his bull-cart he saw the large rock blocking the middle of the track.

“Why does not any one move this rock from the track? People are so lazy around here,” said the villager.

He drove his bull-cart past the rock, but the track was so narrow, the bull was scratched and hurt.

The next day, a group of travellers came driving their bull-carts and horses to that track. When they saw the large rock in the middle of their path, they complained, “Why does not any one move this rock from the track? People are so lazy around here.”

The group of travellers drove past the rock, but the track was so narrow, one of their bull-carts was overturned.

One month later, a farmer from a nearby village was driving his bull-cart. He saw the large rock in the middle of the track.

“Oh, look at this large rock in the middle of the track. It must have caused a lot of damage to travellers,” thought the farmer.

He jumped out of the bull-cart and tried to remove the rock. It was hard to



remove the rock as it had been there for a long time. He pushed and he pushed. Finally, he was successful. When the rock was removed, he found a wooden box in its place.

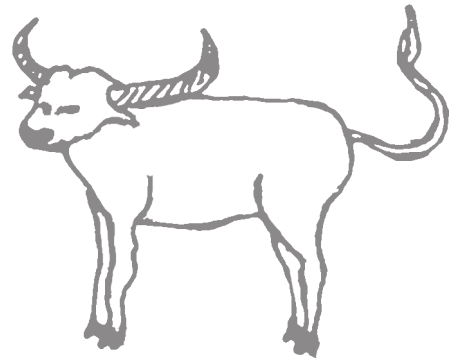
“Oh, what is this box doing here?” wondered the farmer. He opened it and found it full of jewels. “This box is so valuable and precious. It must have belonged to someone. I must report this to the king,” thought the farmer.

Once he was in front of the king, he presented the box. “Your Majesty, I found this precious box under a huge rock in the middle of the track. So I present it to you here.”

The king looked at the farmer and smiled. “Finally, I have found you, the person with a caring spirit,” said the king. “I put the box there under the rock as a reward for someone like you.”

“You deserve the reward because you care for others and you are honest. The box is yours,” said the king.

Since then, the farmer was known and respected in the kingdom for his caring spirit towards other people.





Phya Khankhaak, the Toad King

(Thailand)

Once long ago, there was a prosperous kingdom ruled by King Ekthita and Queen Sida. After a long time, the queen conceived. The court astrologer predicted that the prince would be most meritorious and powerful. Everyone was waiting to behold this infant with high hopes. Ten lunar months went by and the queen was in labour.

The royal midwife looked at the royal infant and was shocked. She silenced the servants, "Don't say a word about the fact that this royal infant looks like a toad."

And so no one uttered a word. But when the royal infant was presented to the king, he cried with joy. "Oh, my royal meritorious son, you do look like a toad. But I love you. Look at your complexion, it is golden."

"I proclaim the name of my royal son to be "Khankhaak Kuman" or "The Toad Prince, Khankhaak." And that is the name of our hero. Everyone loved the toad prince. He was such a delightful fellow.

When he grew up to be a young prince, he went to his royal father. "Father, I am old enough to get married. I wish to have a castle of ten thousand pillars and one thousand rooms decorated with gems and jewels. And I wish to have the most beautiful maiden as my wife."

"Son, I could have the castle built for you, but to ask for a hand of any



beautiful woman to be your wife might not be possible. You look like a toad, my dear son,” said his father.

The toad prince was full of disappointment and returned to his palace, thinking of what to do. Then, he thought of Indra, the highest god in heaven. He put his hands together and prayed to Indra.

“Oh, dear Indra, please help to fulfil my wish, for my father could not do so for me.”

After making that wish he went to sleep. He slept so soundly that he hardly knew what happened that night. Indra came to bless him and bestowed everything that he had wished for. When he woke up, he was in the most splendid castle of ten thousand pillars and one thousand rooms decorated with gems and jewels. He peeled off his toad-like form and was turned into the most handsome prince. When he looked beside him, there was a heavenly maid.

“Oh, are you a human or a heavenly being?” asked the toad prince.

“I am a human princess from the northern hemisphere. Indra brought me here to be your wife, my lord. My name is Nang Kaew-udon,” replied the mysterious lady.

And so they talked and got to know each other. They became husband and wife that very night.

The next day, the entire court was greatly startled with the appearance of the new castle. They informed the king and queen about this. So, the king went

to the toad prince's palace. With amazement and awe, he saw a handsome prince and a beautiful maiden in this splendid castle. Once he learned that it was his own toad prince son, he relinquished the throne to his son and his daughter-in-law.

The toad prince now was entitled, "Phya Khankhaak, the Toad King." He ruled the city with compassion and generosity. The kind and generous queen Nang Kaew-udon contributed to his fame as the most meritorious king by setting up food pavilions for the poor.

Not long after that, the fame of this king and queen spread throughout the earth and the universe. Human kings, heavenly beings, demi-heavenly creatures endowed with magical powers like the naga, garuda, demons, animals, and insects came to pay respects and homage to him. They came with tributes and emissaries to present to the king and queen.

But not one single creature remembered to hold a ceremony to pay tributes to the rain god, Phya Thaen. He became so humiliated that he did not permit the naga to play in the heavenly lakes to make rain for the earthlings. Horrible fires broke out in every forest. All this happened outside the palace walls so the king and queen had no knowledge of this catastrophe.

After seven years, seven months, and seven days, the subjects of Phya Khankhaak came to ask for help. Phya Khankhaak went to visit the Naga King to find out the cause of this disastrous drought. Like most Thai-Lao people, Phya Khankhaak believed that the naga's bathing, playing, and tail lashing in the rain god's, Phya Thaen's, lake in heaven is the origin of rain on earth.



Once he learned that Phya Thaen refused to let the naga play in the heavenly lake, he organized a great army of all humans, animals, insects, demons, and heavenly beings to go to heaven to fight Phya Thaen. Once the bridge between heaven and earth was created with the help of all creatures, they marched up to heaven, singing their marching song:

<i>Oh, oh, what a woe!</i>	<i>Thaen has been our foe,</i>
<i>For he refused</i>	<i>to bestow rain on earth.</i>
<i>Come one come all;</i>	<i>let us go to fight Thaen.</i>
<i>From that crowd come</i>	<i>wasps, hornets, and bees.</i>
<i>Those beautiful creature</i>	<i>are deer with bright eyes.</i>
<i>Those with golden bodies</i>	<i>are beautiful heavenly beings or thewada.</i>
<i>This crowd of beings</i>	<i>are frogs and toads of all kinds.</i>
<i>Those dignified animals</i>	<i>are garuda, naga, and lions.</i>
<i>Oh, oh, what a woe!</i>	<i>Thaen has been our foe,</i>
<i>For he refused</i>	<i>to bestow rain on earth.</i>
<i>Come one come all;</i>	<i>let us go to fight Thaen.</i>
<i>Those approaching are</i>	<i>wood mites, termites, dogs, and bears.</i>
<i>And these are</i>	<i>eagles, porcupines, civet cats, and tigers.</i>
<i>Those splendid creatures</i>	<i>are pheasants and swans.</i>
<i>Those cheerful creatures are</i>	<i>apes, monkeys, elephants, and horses.</i>
<i>Those in the front row</i>	<i>are flying lemurs and cuckoo birds.</i>
<i>Oh, oh, what a woe!</i>	<i>Thaen has been our foe,</i>
<i>For he refused</i>	<i>to bestow rain on earth.</i>
<i>Come one come all;</i>	<i>let us go to fight Thaen.</i>

And so the battle began. After a long, perilous, and miraculous battle, Phya Khankhaak won. He then taught Phya Thaen to be just and to bestow rain to the universe seasonally.

“You must promise to send rain to earth when the rice planting season comes,” ordered Phya Khankhaak, the Toad King.

“Yes, I promise. However, if I forget, I would like the humans to send up rockets to remind me of the appropriate time to send rains. Then, I will call the naga to come play in the heavenly lake to make rains for the earthlings.”

“So, let that become our customary rite for fertility. We will have the rocket festival when there is no sign of rain in the rice planting season,” said Phya Khankhaak, the Toad King.

After enjoying Phya Thaen’s heaven for a few months, Phya Khankhaak came back to rule the fertile earth happily. Every once in a while, Phya Khankhaak would recount the story of how he led a great army to fight Phya Thaen and how he enjoyed spending some time in heaven after his victory.



Supplementary information

- The story of Phya Khankaak that appears in this publication is an abridged version of a long, epic poem that has roots in Isan (the north-eastern region of Thailand).
- In this story the queen was pregnant for ten months (instead of just the normal nine months) to signify that the baby will be born meritorious.
- **Meritorious** is an adjective derived from the word “merit.” In Buddhist belief, for persons to be reborn as a human being, they must accumulate merit through good deeds from their many previous lives. If they have accumulated enough merit they would have “high birth” and will be respected by others. In general (if not in Buddhistic belief), this term could be equivalent to the word “charisma” and its adjective, “charismatic.”
- It is believed that the Buddha was a toad, as Phya Khankaak, in one of his past lives. Folktales in general often portray the toad as an animal that brings rain, as also seen in Heaven’s Uncle Toad.
- The **naga** in Buddhist myths are large serpent-like or dragon-like creatures. The naga also appears in the story The Mon Prince and the Naga Princess.
- The **garuda** is another being that is half-bird and half-human. Like the naga, it is also prominent in Buddhist mythology.

Xiang Miang, a Trickster of Southeast Asia

(Thailand)

Like most countries in Asia, Thai people hold high respect and great consideration for elders, Buddhist monks, high ranking people, and royalty. They would not be allowed to speak back, disobey, or revolt against them in any way. All this is true in reality, but in the imaginary world of the folktales, all subordinates could outwit or defeat higher authorities if the authorities are not just, or if they do not behave properly. Most trickster stories provide checks for society to re-examine the roles of elders, Buddhist monks, high ranking people, and royalty.

In many parts of north-east Thailand and Laos, the representative of subordinates is a notorious trickster named Xiang Miang (pronounced “syang myang”). In some areas, he is called Khattapa. In central Thailand, he is called Srithanonchai. In Cambodia, he is called Ah Thonchuy Prach. In Myanmar, he is called Saga Dausa.

Xiang Miang stories come in many episodes beginning from the trickster's birth and how he got his name, Xiang Miang and ending with his death at the end of the entire story. Two episodes are related here.



Xiang Miang Sees the King's Face

There was a rule in old times that no one would be able to look at the king's face. If anyone was so curious as to take a glimpse of the king's face, the punishment would be that person's head.

Xiang Miang was also very curious to know what the king looked like and why the king set up such a silly rule. He thought about it very hard and waited for a chance of seeing the king's face.

One day the king was out in Xiang Miang's village to visit the people. He wanted to find out how his people were doing and if they had any troubles. The king was curious also to find out what people ate for their meals. People came with the dish that they liked the most to show the king. Nothing was so interesting to the king. He looked at the food and disregarded them.

Then Xiang Miang came to have an audience with the king. He prepared Chinese watercress vines boiled in brine. He took the longest vines and coiled them in a bowl. They looked pretty interesting to the king.

"Boy, what is that in your bowl," asked the king.

"Oh, it's the most nutritious dish, Your Majesty," said Xiang Miang with his face turned to the ground. "It's called boiled Chinese watercress vines," continued Xiang Miang.

"How do you eat that," asked the king. "Show me how you eat it; I want to



see,” ordered the king.

“Before I eat this, Your Majesty must promise not to punish me if I break any rule,” requested Xiang Miang. “Otherwise, I will not be able to show Your Majesty how to eat it.”

“Come on, now, show me. I promise that you won’t be punished in any way,” confirmed the king.

So, Xiang Miang picked up the vine and lifted up his face to drop the end of the vine in his mouth. As he was doing so, he could not help but see the king’s face. He quickly chewed the Chinese watercress vine and then he brought his face down.

“Now, I don’t wonder why the king does not allow anyone to look at his face,” thought Xiang Miang. “He looks just like a horse.”





Xiang Miang and the Snail

Once when Xiang Miang was walking by a swamp near his village, he saw a snail moving slowly along the edge of the pond.

“Aha, ha, ha, ha, Snail, you walk so slowly. Where are you going?” asked Xiang Miang.

“I am going to the other end of the swamp,” answered the snail.

“Ha, ha, ha . . . I figure it must take you one month to reach that end of the swamp,” said Xiang Miang.

With that Xiang Miang laughed at the snail.

The snail looked up, feeling quite insulted.

“Well, if you think you walk so fast, do you want a race?”

The snail's proposal tickled Xiang Miang so much that he laughed even louder.

“Of course. When do you want to have a race? Now?” Xiang Miang challenged the snail.

The snail became quite nervous, but maintained his cool. “Oh, no, not now. I want you to have time to get in shape for the race,” said the snail.



"What?" exclaimed Xiang Miang, annoyed.

"Why don't we have a race tomorrow, this time, here?" said the snail.

"Sure," said Xiang Miang.

The snail became a little worried about the race. So, he went to his snail relatives for help. Other snails were more than happy to help because they would like to see the day that Xiang Miang was outwitted.

The next day came. The snail was waiting at the edge of the swamp for Xiang Miang. When Xiang Miang arrived, the snail said, "Xiang Miang, since I am so small, it might be difficult for you to see where I am in the race. Why don't you call my name after you have run for awhile and I will answer your call? You can call, 'Snail!' And I can answer, 'Kuuk!'"

"Kuuk" is a sound used in north-eastern Thailand and Laos, which means "I am here."

"All right, let's rehearse," agreed Xiang Miang. "Snail!"

"Kuuk!" answered the snail.

Then, the race began. The snail moved slowly and Xiang Miang ran off as fast as he could. Then, he looked back and could not see the snail. So, he called, "Snail!"

"Kuuk!" came the snail's answer from way ahead of Xiang Miang.

"How can that snail go so fast? He is ahead of me. I have to run faster. I am

sure I can catch up with him easily,” said Xiang Miang confidently to himself. He ran and ran and ran as fast as he could. After awhile, he looked back and could not see the snail. So, he called, “Snail!”

“Kuuk!” came the snail’s answer from way ahead of Xiang Miang.

Xiang Miang began to feel a little concerned. “Oh, no! He is ahead of me again. I have to run faster. I think I can still catch up with him,” said Xiang Miang with some confidence.

So, he ran and ran and ran as fast as he could. Then, he called, “Snail!”

“Kuuk!” came the snail’s answer from way ahead of Xiang Miang.

Xiang Miang became so exhausted and worried. “Oh, no! Not again! He is ahead. I have to run even faster now,” said Xiang Miang.

So, he ran and ran and ran until his legs could no longer carry him. As he was about to lose consciousness, he called weakly, “Snail!” And he heard faintly, “Kuuk!” ahead of him. As he passed out, he still wondered how the slow moving snail could defeat him in that race.

The clever snail had made a plan with the other snails in the pond. Snails had placed themselves at intervals all around the edge of the pond. They were waiting for Xiang Miang’s call. And all snails look and sound just alike. So from the starting line to the finish line, there was always a snail ready to answer Xiang Miang’s “Snail?” with a loud “Kuuk!”

This is the first time that the trickster Xiang Miang was outwitted. And it was only a tiny snail that did it!

Folktales about places



The Mon Prince and the Naga Princess

(Cambodia)

Once the Bhodhisattva arrived at a big tree called Thlok on Kok Thlok island. As he approached, he suddenly sighted a monitor lizard called Trokout going into a hole under the tree. He exclaimed to himself, “This land is going to be the great kingdom of Kok Thlok and this Trokout is going to be reborn as the son of a king.”

The Bhodhisattva’s prophecy was true. The Trokout died and was reborn as Preah Thaong, son of the Mon king.

One day, Preah Thaong and his servants came to visit the nearby islands. He so enjoyed the islands that he did not realize that the tide was getting high, so high that he could not return to the mainland. He had to spend the night at the sandbar. As he was in deep slumber, a naga princess named Neang Tavottei, the daughter of the naga King, Phuv Chung Neak, and her servants transformed into human forms and came from the underworld to play on the beach.

Just as these maids were playing on the beach, Preah Thaong woke up and saw Neang Tavottei. Their eyes locked and they fell in love with each other. They agreed to be married and lived on the island of Kok Thlok, which was turned into their new kingdom where they ruled together.

However, the naga princess Neang Tavottei explained to Phreah Thaong about her origin. “Dear Preah Thaong, I am not an ordinary human being as



you understand. I am a naga princess,” she said. “According to the rites of my custom, we have to have a wedding ceremony in the underworld as well.”

“I am only an ordinary human being. How can I go to the underworld for this wedding, my dear?” asked Preah Thaong.

“You can hold on to my garments when we travel so you can enter the underworld. You will also receive a wedding garment with a print of a naga symbol for our wedding ceremony.”

And so Preah Thaong went to pay respects to Neang Tavottei's father the naga king, who was more than happy to grant the royal wedding ceremony. The naga king was so delighted to have Preah Thaong for his son-in-law.

Before they left the underworld to return to their kingdom of Kok Thlok, the naga king proclaimed:

“Now my daughter and son-in-law, I will bless you with a great land to rule on earth. From this time on, there will be no more water to separate the island and the mainland. My daughter, from now on you will be known as Tavoththidar, and my son-in-law, you will now be known as Atticcavongsa. You may rule this great land called Krung Kampuchea Thipadej.”

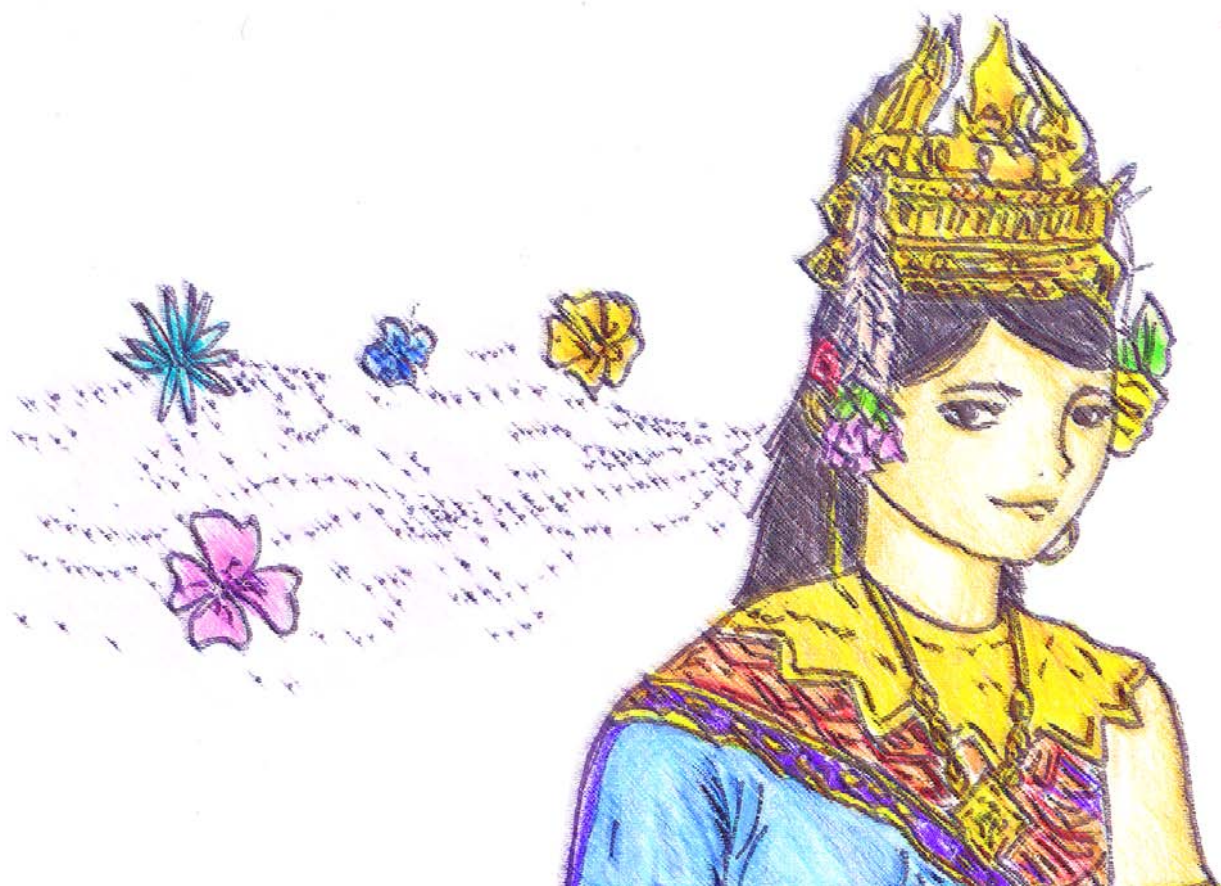
And that is how Cambodia became a country.

Naga



Supplementary information

- In Theravada Buddhism, the term **Bhodhisattva** refers to the many previous lives of the Buddha before he achieved nirvana (freedom from suffering and cycle of birth, death, and rebirth).
- The **Mon** is a group of people living in and around the southeastern part of present-day Myanmar. They are believed to be one of the earliest inhabitants of continental Southeast Asia, and introduced Theravada Buddhism and writing to Myanmar.
- In Buddhist legends and myths, the **naga** is a demi-divine being resembling a large serpent or dragon that dwells underwater. They are believed to have magical powers to transform themselves into human beings. The Cambodians (or Khmers) believe they are descendants of Preah Thaong and Neang Tavottei, and many still say they are “born from the naga.” The naga is also mentioned in the story Phya Khankaak, the Toad King
- The story of Preah Thaong and Neang Tavottei is also the origin of one rite in the Khmer wedding ceremony. In the current practice, the groom holds on to a piece of cloth from the bride’s gown to symbolize that the wedding ceremony has been completed. With the groom clinging to the bride’s clothes, it also indicates that women lead the family and society in Khmer custom.



The Fragrant-haired Princess*

(Cambodia)

Once long time ago, a beautiful daughter was born to a powerful and feared giant king. The princess's beauty captivated everyone from far and near. Her hair exuded a certain fragrance that attracted many suitors to the palace. Before retiring in the evening, the princess had a habit of brushing her hair by her window and many people would crowd around it just to enjoy her scent.

The giant king named her Neang Sork Kro Oub or the Fragrant-haired Princess. He often said to her, "My beautiful Neang Sork Kro Oub, you will be married to a heavenly suitor for your beauty and fragrance are so divine."

One day, as a handsome young man arrived in the city of the giant king, he was caught by the fragrance in the breeze.

"Oh, what a wonderful heavenly fragrance this is. I wish to know where it comes from. I won't be able to live without it," thought the young man. "I will follow the fragrance until I find the source of it," the determined young man proclaimed.

The fragrance led him to the giant king's palace where he met Neang Sork Kro Oub. Fortunately, that day the giant king was away from his palace. Once the man and the princess met, they instantly fell in love with each other.

* *The Fragnant-Haired Princess* is widely known in Cambodia with the the title *Preah Thaong and Neang Neak*.



"Oh, my love, will you marry me and be my wife," asked the young man.

"I love you, but I fear my father would not allow us to be married. My father wishes me to marry a heavenly suitor, but you are an ordinary man," replied the princess.

"What shall we do then?" asked the young man.

They thought and thought but could not find a solution to their love.

"We have to escape from your father into the thick forest," said the young man. The princess agreed and they secretly fled.

When the giant king came back and found out that his daughter had fled the palace with a man, he was so angry. He ordered his giant soldiers to surround the forest and uproot the trees to search for his beloved daughter. Yet, the giant soldiers could not find the lovers.

Then, the giant king thought the man and the princess must have gone underground. "Now dig this entire forest to find my daughter and the thief who stole my daughter," ordered the giant king.

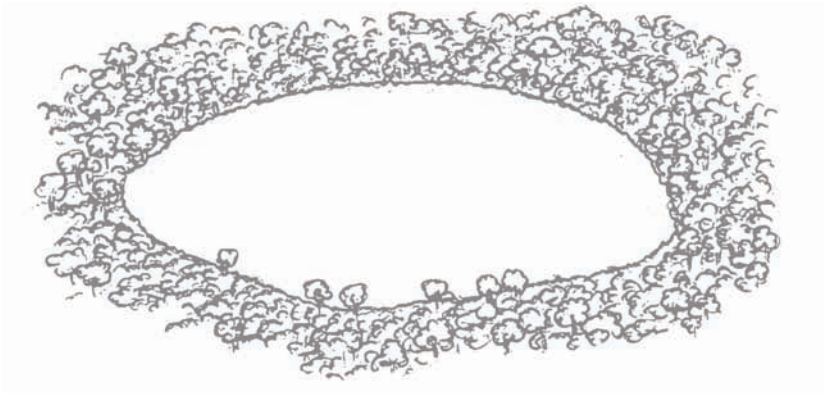
So, the giant soldiers dug and dug the ground, but in vain. They gave up and returned to their city without a trace of the giant king's daughter.

After they retreated, rain fell and filled the hole in the ground with water. The place became a great lake, which the people called Yeakh Laom Lake since then.



Supplementary information

- In the Khmer language, **yeakh** (rhymes with “back”) means giant and **laom** (rhymes with “comb”) means surround; therefore, the lake's name means “surrounded by giants”.
- The actual **Yeakh Laom Lake** is located in the province of Ratanak Kiri, north-eastern Cambodia. Formed by a volcanic eruption around 700,000 years ago, its shape looks like a perfectly-formed circle in the middle of a dense forest. The lake, along with the big rocks, streams, and jungle surrounding it, is sacred to the indigenous people who live around it.





Monkey-ear Mushrooms

(Laos)

Once, Queen Sida wanted to have a meal of tiger-ear mushrooms. But in the Northern Lao language this mushroom is called monkey-ear mushrooms. Queen Sida asked the Monkey King, Hanuman, to go search for the mushrooms for her from the mountain of Oudomxay.

“Could you please go and get the mushrooms from Oudomxay Mountain for me?” said Queen Sida.

“Yes, my Lady,” answered Hanuman.

So Hanuman flew to Oudomxay Mountain and gathered some mushrooms for Queen Sida. He returned with a basket full of mushrooms for her.

But Queen Sida looked at the mushrooms and said, “Oh no, this is not the kind of mushroom I would like to have. Please go and bring some others.” She did not want to say that she really wanted monkey-ear mushrooms for she thought that it would offend Hanuman, who is, after all, a monkey.

“Yes, my Lady,” said Hanuman.

He soared to the sky to pick up more mushrooms in Oudomxay Mountain. After awhile he returned with another basket full of mushrooms for Queen Sida. She again examined the mushrooms.

“Oh no, this is still not the kind of mushrooms I would like to have. Please go bring some other kinds.”



"Yes, my Lady," said Hanuman.

He soared to the sky to pick more mushrooms in Oudomxay Mountain. After awhile he returned with another basket- full of mushrooms for Queen Sida. She again examined the mushrooms.

"Oh no, this is still not the kind of mushrooms I would like to have. How can I tell you what kind of mushroom I would like?"

Hanuman was puzzled. He did not know exactly what kind of mushrooms he should get for Queen Sida. Queen Sida herself could have told Hanuman what kind of mushrooms she would like if they were not monkey-ear mushrooms. Then Hanuman had an idea. "Don't worry your majesty. I will bring you what you want."

Hanuman flew off, and soon he was back again. With a great plop... he deposited the entire top of Oudomxay Mountain right in front of the palace.

"There you are, Your Majesty! What you want must be here somewhere. Just pick whatever you like!"

So, Queen Sida sent her servants to pick the mushrooms from the top of the mountain Hanuman had brought. That evening, the queen had the best monkey-ear mushrooms for dinner. She was grateful to Hanuman, for his wit and intelligence and for the most delicious meal in her life.

Even after that, a great mountain has stood right at the door of the royal palace in Luang Phabang. The mountain is called "Phu Sida" for Queen Sida. But sometimes it is just called "Phu Si" for short. It is also said that the top of Oudomxay Mountain is missing... it is flat on the top, for the top is in Luang Phabang.

Supplementary information

- **Hanuman** is the Hindu monkey king who is prominent in the Indian epic Ramayana (Kakawin Ramayana in Indonesia, Hikayat Seri Rama in Malaysia, Pha Lak Pha Lam in Laos, Reamker in Cambodia, and Ramakien in Thailand). Hanuman portrays the role of the loyal aid to the hero Rama.
- In the story, Queen Sida does not want to mention “monkey-ear” to Hanuman because she does not want to offend him. This reflects the character of the Lao people who value politeness and non-confrontation when dealing with others.
- **Luang Phabang** (or Luang Prabang) is a city in north-central Laos. It was formerly the capital of a kingdom of the same name; and the capital of the Kingdom of Laos until 1975. Luang Phabang was listed as a UNESCO World Heritage Site in 1995.
- **Oudomxay** is another province in northern Laos, to the north-west of Luang Phabang.



Singapura, the Lion City

(Singapore)

It is said that long, long ago, a prince in Palembang called Sang Nila Utama was bored. He decided to go hunting with his men. In the woods they saw a deer, but as he tried to shoot, it moved swiftly. The prince and his men followed, trying to catch it. The deer disappeared, but from the hill where it had led them, the prince had a good view of the surrounding islands.

Looking out into the distance, Sang Nila Utama saw an island that he had not seen before. It had sands that shimmered white on the beach. "What is that island?" he asked his men. "Temasek," they answered. "Let us go there!" said the prince.

As they sailed towards Temasek however, a storm arose. The wind blew hard and the waves rose higher and higher. The boat was battered and in danger of capsizing. To lighten the load and help keep it afloat, Sang Nila Utama's men began throwing overboard the cargo they carried. But still the storm grew fiercer. They tried throwing everything that they could possibly manage without. They knew their lives were more important. However, the boat continued to sink.

One of his trusted advisors said to Sang Nila Utama, "Throw your crown overboard! It is the heaviest thing left on board." Perhaps the advisor had remembered an old story that said that Sang Nila Utama was one of the descendants of the Sea King's daughter. When the prince threw his crown overboard, the storm abated and the seas were calm once again. So, they continued their journey.



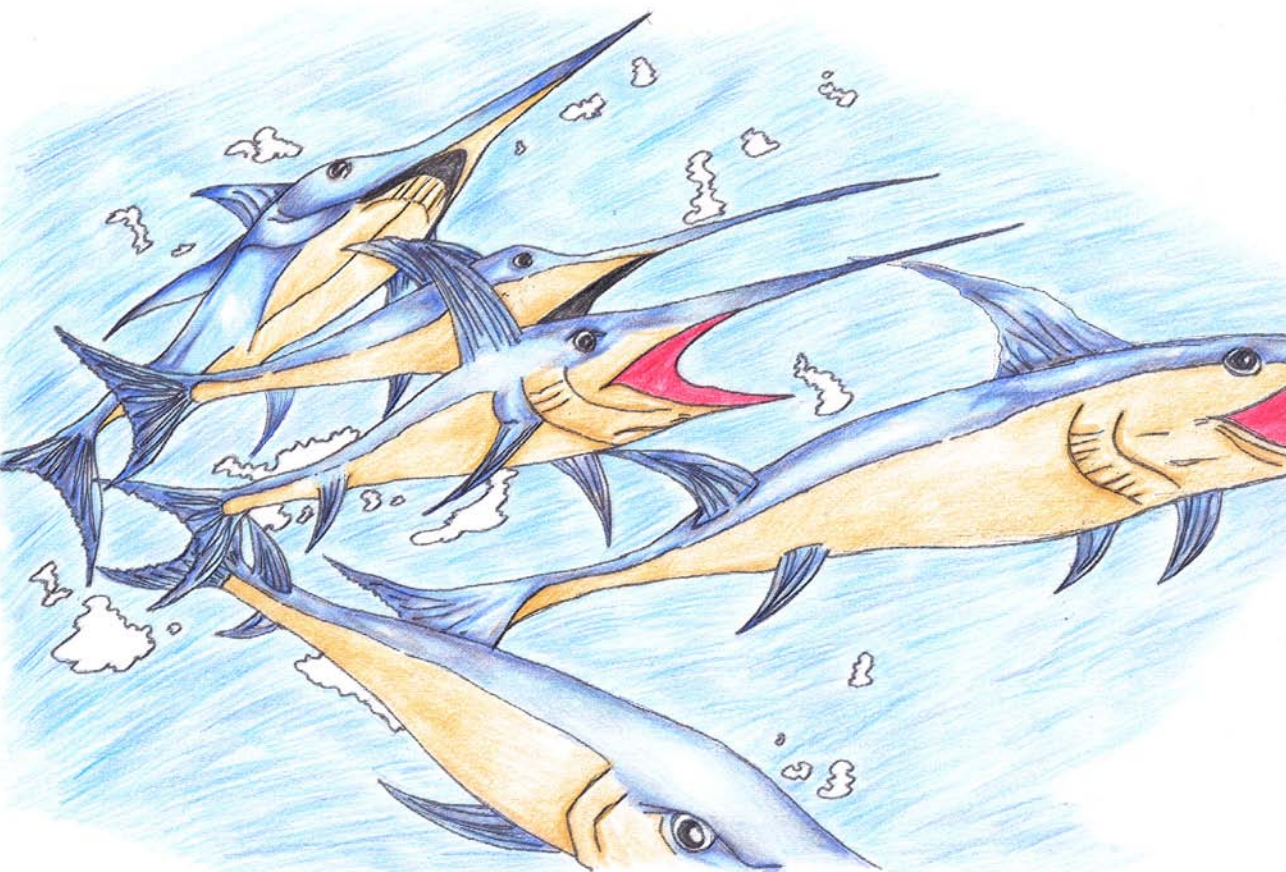
When Sang Nila Utama and his men landed on the shores of Temasek, he caught sight of another animal, one that he had never seen before. It was magnificent with a black head, a white neck, and a red body. It looked deep into the prince's eyes. Then it disappeared from view.

"What is that animal?" he asked his men. No one really knew, but one of the ministers said, "I have heard that there is an animal that looks magnificent and regal like that. They call it singa or lion."

Sang Nila Utama liked what he saw of the island. It was time he had his own place to rule and he thought the sighting of the singa was an auspicious sign. "This is where I shall live," he said. "We shall call this place 'Singapura' or 'Lion City.' And that, they say, is how Singapore got its name!"

Supplementary information

- **Sang Nila Utama** was a real-life prince from Palembang, a city in the ancient empire of Srivijaya, based on Sumatra Island in present-day Indonesia. As the story above suggests, Sang Nila Utama is celebrated for the founding of Singapura.
- **Temasek** was the name of an early city from which the state of Singapore originated.
- The term **singa** (lion) has roots in Sanskrit; while pura is derived from the original Sanskrit term puram for city.



The Attack of the Swordfish

(Singapore)

Long ago, it is said, swordfish began to attack Singapura (or present-day Singapore). When sailors went out to sea, swordfish sprang out of the sea and attacked them in the head, chest, and abdomen. The people were very afraid, for even people on the seashore were attacked by the swordfish that leapt out of the waves and everyone who was attacked died.

The Raja of Singapura, Paduka Sri Maharajah, went down to see for himself the tragedy of the attacking swordfish. He saw the dead covered in blood and their relatives rocking and wailing with grief.

The Raja ordered that soldiers stand side by side to form a barrier with their shields. But they were all attacked and died as well. No one seemed to know what to do!

A little boy watching could not bear to see more men die. He thought hard and soon had an idea.

“Why don’t we form a barrier with banana stems instead? When the swordfish attack, their snouts will be trapped in the stems and we will be saved.”

Everyone, including the king, was impressed and astonished to see that the idea came from such a young boy, an orphan who lived with his grandmother. The king ordered his men to build a fence of banana stems along the seashore, just as the boy had suggested. Once again the swordfish attacked,



while the people waited to see what would happen.

“Look at the swordfish getting stuck to the stems! We are saved!” the people rejoiced. They had a big feast to celebrate the wisdom of their little hero!

However, soon the king began to worry that such a clever boy could grow up into a very clever man and become a threat. Evil plans began to brew in his mind.

One night, the Raja's men sneaked up to the boy's home, up on a hill. But the boy's grandma heard them coming. She was old and wise and knew just what to do.

She faced the men bravely. “This will remind you of your treacherous intentions!” she said while she waved her hands. The boy disappeared and to the men's surprise what seemed like blood flowed out of the spot where the boy's hut stood. The hill was turned red.

To this day, no one has seen that little boy again; but from that day on the soil in the area has been stained red, which earned it the name Bukit Merah, or Red Hill.

Supplementary information

- **Raja** is a word with roots in Sanskrit that refers to a king, monarch, or ruler. The term raja is also used in the story The Rice Flower.



Crocodile Island

(Timor Leste)

Once upon a time in Makassar, there lived a very old crocodile, so old that it could not manage anymore to catch fish in the river. One day it was hoping to catch a stray pig on the riverbank. The crocodile hunted the whole day under the heat of the sun, but it did not find any pig.

The old crocodile was exhausted and said, "Oh my, I'm so tired and hungry; I do not have any strength to go back in the water."

A boy heard the crocodile. "Don't worry, old crocodile, I am here to help you. I am strong enough to bring you back to the river." So the boy gently pushed the crocodile towards the water.

"Thank you, dear boy. You have been very kind to me. I would have perished without you," said the crocodile. "Now hop on my back and I will take you anywhere you want to go." The boy was very happy to ride on the crocodile. From that day on they would frequently travel together. The boy always enjoyed being carried around on the crocodile's back as they explored the river.

In spite of their close friendship, the crocodile was often tempted to eat the boy whenever it was hungry. The crocodile asked his friend the eagle for advice one day. "Eagle, I sometimes feel like eating the boy who saved my life," the crocodile confessed. "What do you think should I do?"

"What? You plan to eat the one who saved you? What terrible ingratitude!"



the eagle exclaimed in disgust and flew away, never to return again.

The crocodile then asked his friend the boar the same question. The boar replied, "What? You plan to eat the one who saved you? How ungrateful!" He then left never to return again.

The crocodile then asked his friend the kingfisher the same question. The kingfisher replied, "What? You plan to eat the one who saved you? You cannot be trusted! How disloyal you are!" He then flew away, never to return again.

Finally, the crocodile asked his oldest friend the turtle the same question. The wise turtle replied, "What? You plan to eat the one who saved you? You owe your life to the boy and he is a trusted companion. Without the boy you would not be alive today and if you eat him now, believe me, you will not be alive tomorrow as your spirit will have died." The wise turtle did not abandon the crocodile but waited patiently to see if his advice was to be heeded.

Ashamed and feeling guilty of his thoughts, the crocodile travelled far away to begin a new life in a place where no one knew him. However, he soon got very lonely without the boy, who really was his only true friend.

One day he visited the boy. "Come with me to search for the golden plate



floating on the waves,” the crocodile invited the boy. “We can find it near the place where the sun was born and there we will be happy forever.”

“I will go with you, my friend,” said the boy. “We shall travel far and wide to find that place!”

Once again, the boy and the old crocodile travelled together on the sea. They were heading towards the east. They searched for that magical land but the sea seemed to have no end. After a long time of swimming, the old crocodile could not swim any farther. “I do not have any strength so I must stop to rest,” said the crocodile.

The moment he stopped swimming the old crocodile’s body was transformed into a beautiful island. The boy also instantly turned into a grown man. He was delighted to see that hanging from his chest was the golden plate that he and the crocodile had dreamt about.

The man walked the beaches and climbed the hills and mountains that were full of animals and trees. He realized that he was on the magical island he and the crocodile were searching for. He settled on the island with the shape of a swimming crocodile and called it Timor, meaning east.

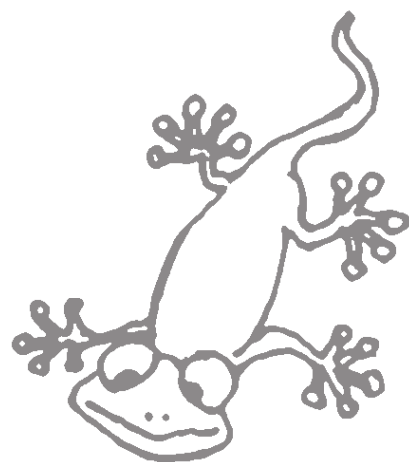


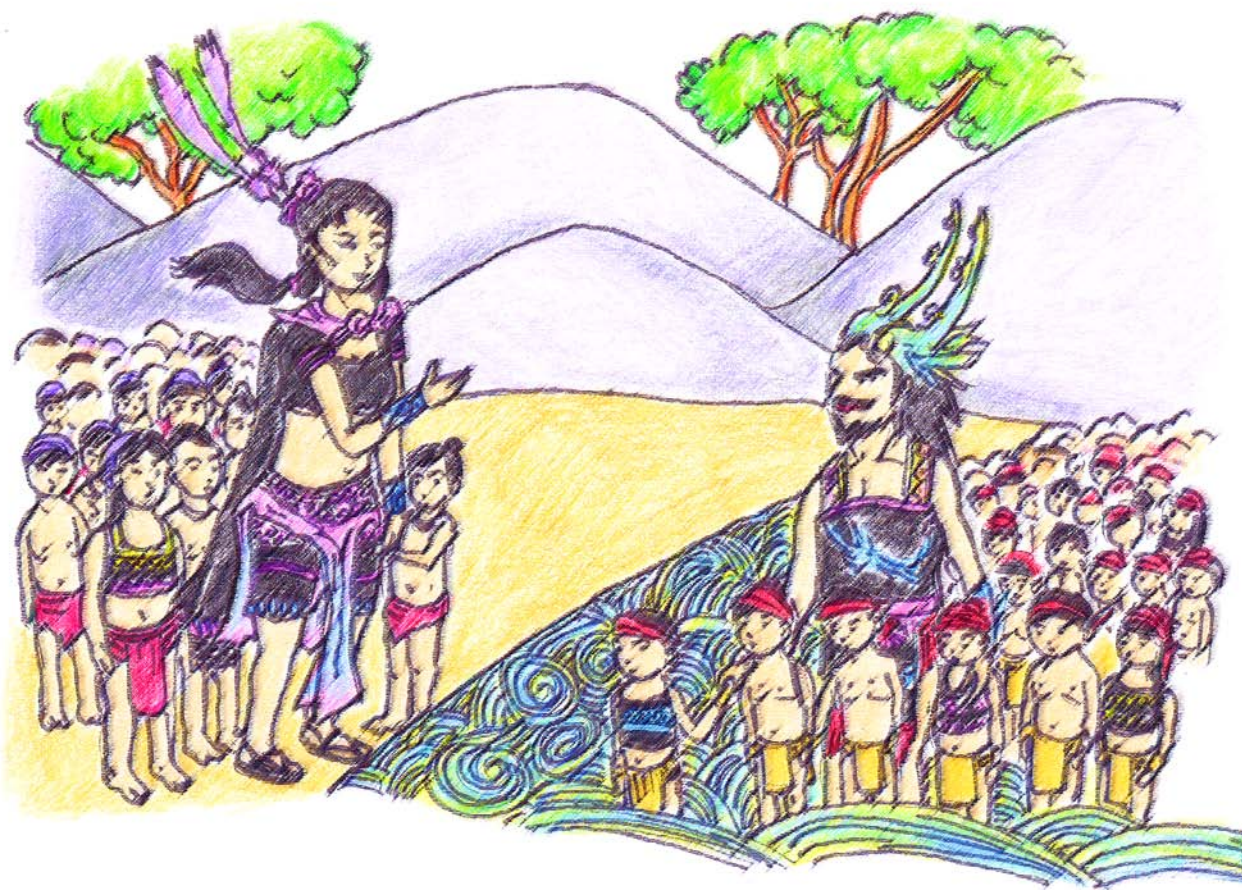


Supplementary information

- **Timor Leste** (or East Timor) is the newest country in Southeast Asia on 20 May 2002. With a population of just over 1 million people, its official languages are Tetum and Portuguese.
- Present-day **Makassar** is the capital of the province of South Sulawesi, located on the eastern part of the Indonesian archipelago. It has a long history as a vibrant trading port even way before the arrival of the Dutch.







The Dragon and the Fairy

(Vietnam)

A very long time ago, in the country of Lac Viet there was a god named Lac Long Quan. According to the legend, Lac Long Quan was the son of Kinh Duong Vuong - a mountain god and ruler of the kingdom of Xich Quỳ. Because Lac Long Quan's mother was a water dragon, he had most of his mother's features. He had the body of a dragon and he possessed magical powers and good health.

One day, a beautiful fairy named Au Co, who was living in the mountain, visited the country of Lac Viet to see the legendary beauty of the place. Lac Long Quan and Au Co met, fell in love, and got married. On the day of giving birth, Au Co laid a sac of one hundred eggs, from which hatched one hundred humans. These children grew up quickly and became normal healthy adults.

After some time living with Au Co, Lac Long Quan told his wife one day: "I am by nature like a dragon in the water, while you are like a fairy in the mountain. Our habits and customs are different. We must live apart from each other. Now of our children, half will go with me to the underwater palace, and the other half will stay on land with you. If either group encounters misfortune, then the other group must help each other".

The hundred children of Lac Long Quan and Au Co understood their father's wish and divided themselves into two groups. Fifty followed their mother to the mountains, and fifty followed their father into the ocean. They became the ancestors of the Vietnamese people. Because of this legend, the Vietnamese

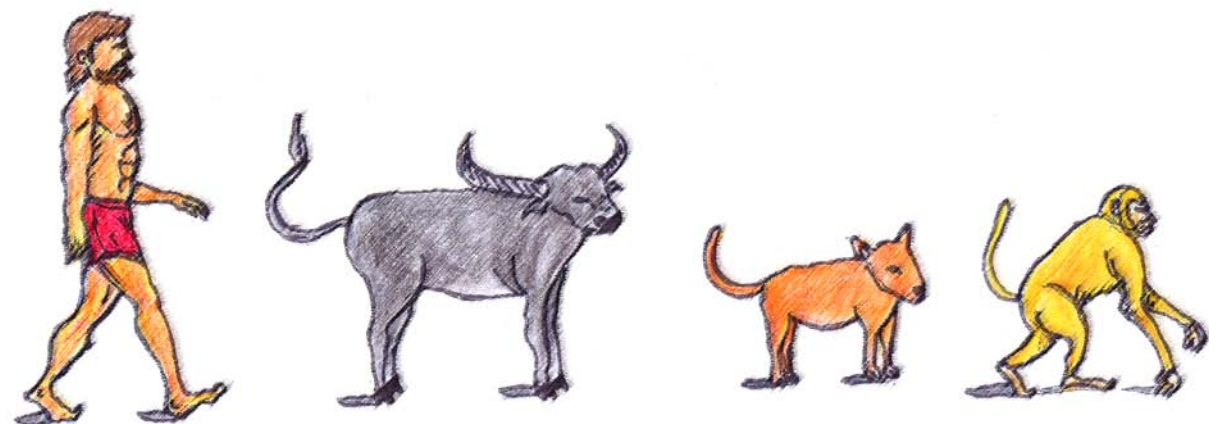


people refer themselves as the Dragon and Fairy's descendants who come from the same family a long time ago.

Pronunciation guide:

- Lac Viet /laah viet/
- Lac Long Quan /laah lung wu-an/
- Kinh Duong Vuong /kin dung vung/
- Xich Quy /sit wuuy/
- Au Co /au ka/

Closing Story



Human Age

(Laos and Thailand)

Once, long ago, when the world was newly created, Phya Thaen, the highest god and creator, sent all creatures to earth. As he was sending them down, he would tell each of them how many years they could live on earth. When all creatures had left, he realized that he forgot to tell four creatures how many years they could live on earth. So, he called them back.

"Human, Buffalo, Dog, and Monkey, come here," said Phya Thaen.

"Yes, My Lord," said the four creatures.

"I have sent you down to earth without telling you how many years you could live on it. I am going to tell you now," said Phya Thaen.

"Yes, My Lord," said the four creatures in unison.

Phya Thaen turned to the human and said, "Human, you may live on earth for thirty years."

"Yes, My Lord," said the human.

Phya Thaen turned to Buffalo and said, "Buffalo, I created you to help the human work in the field. You have to work hard all day long. I give the same amount of time as I had given to the human, thirty years."

"Thirty years of hard work? That's too much," thought the buffalo.



So he said to Phya Thaen, "My Lord, may I have just ten years?" asked the buffalo.

"Are you sure you want only ten years?" asked Phya Thaen.

"Yes, My Lord; ten years is enough for me," confirmed the buffalo.

"Then, ten years you may have," said Phya Thaen.

The human saw the chance of living on earth longer. So he said to Phya Thaen.

"My Lord, may I have the twenty years that the buffalo does not want?" asked the human.

"Are you sure you want the buffalo's age?" asked Phya Thaen.

"Yes, I am sure, My Lord," said the human.

"Then, twenty more years on earth you may have," announced Phya Thaen.

"Thank you, My Lord," said the human.

Phya Thaen then turned to Dog and said, "Dog, I created you to help the human work at night. You have to work hard all night long, guarding the human's property while he rests at night after his hard work. I give the same amount of time as I had given to the human at first, thirty years."

"Thirty years of sleepless nights? That's too much," thought the dog.

So he said to Phya Thaen, "My Lord, may I have just ten years, like the buffalo?" asked the dog.

"Are you sure you want only ten years?" asked Phya Thaen.

"Yes, My Lord; ten years is enough for me," confirmed the dog.

"Then, ten years you may have," said Phya Thaen.

The human again saw the chance of living on earth longer. So he said to Phya Thaen.

"My Lord, may I have the twenty years that the dog does not want?" asked the human.

"Are you sure you want the dog's age?" asked Phya Thaen.

"Yes, I am sure, My Lord," said the human.

"Then, twenty more years on earth you may have," announced Phya Thaen.

"Thank you, My Lord," said the human.

Phya Thaen then turned to the last creature, Monkey, and said, "Monkey, you are a funny creature, I created you to help entertain the human after his work. You have to make him laugh and relax. I give the same amount of time as I had given to the human at first, thirty years."

"Thirty years of being funny? That's too much," thought the monkey.



So he said to Phya Thaen, "My Lord, may I have just ten years, like the dog and the buffalo?" asked the monkey.

"Are you sure you want only ten years?" asked Phya Thaen.

"Yes, My Lord; ten years is enough for me," confirmed the monkey.

"Then, ten years you may have," said Phya Thaen.

The human again saw the chance of living on earth longer. So he said to Phya Thaen.

"My Lord, may I have the twenty years that the monkey does not want?" asked the human.

"Are you sure you want the monkey's age?" asked Phya Thaen.

"Yes, I am sure, My Lord," said the human.

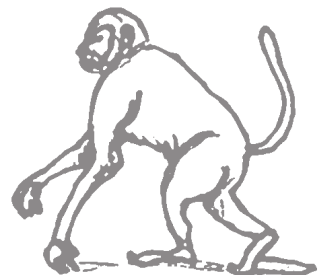
"Then, twenty more years on earth you may have," announced Phya Thaen.

"Thank you, My Lord," said the human.

And the four creatures returned to earth. Since then, the human could have ninety years on earth while the buffalo, the dog, and the monkey could have ten years each.

In Thai and Lao traditions, it is believed that people behave like human beings only in the first thirty year of their lives. From the age of 31 to 50,

human beings are hard-working like the buffalo. From the age of 51 to 70, human beings behave like the dog. They become sleepless at night because of their worries about so many things in their lives. From the age of 71 to 90, human beings could be funny to the young in two ways. First, they become forgetful. Their forgetfulness may look funny to the young. Second, as they have lived so long, they have collected a lot of experiences and stories. They could tell stories to entertain the young.





Learn new words from Southeast Asia and Korea

The **buffalo** is an important animal for Southeast Asian societies. It is also often called water buffalo, the most common breed found in the region. Buffaloes are used as farm animals, especially in cultivating rice, carrying heavy loads, and transporting people sometimes; hence, it has earned the name “the living tractor of Asia”. The animal is also used for grinding, pumping water, and much other heavy work.

The buffalo is the chief work animal, often the most valuable possession of poor farmers. Without the buffalo, farmers could not work in the rice fields. The buffalo, therefore, symbolizes hard work and resilience in the hardships of rural life.

Learn the ways to call the buffalo across Southeast Asia from the list below.

Brunei Darussalam, Indonesia, Malaysia, and Singapore (in the Malay language)	kerbau
Cambodia	krabey
Laos and Thailand	khwai
Myanmar	kywe
Philippines	kalabaw
Singapore	Mandarin: shui niu Tamil: erumai madu
Timor Leste	Tetum: karau Portuguese: bufalo
Vietnam	trau

Rice has shaped the lives of people for many millennia. In the agrarian societies of Asia, rice continues to drive the region's economy and livelihood. More than just a staple food for billions of people living in Asia, rice also has an important place in folk traditions, arts, and rituals.

It is known that growing rice takes a lot of work. Many societies in Asia say that “one grain of rice is worth one bead of sweat” of those who grow rice, thus, it is important that one does not waste rice.

Rice is such a basic element in the lives of the peoples in Asia that there are various ways to call it, depending on what stage in the production or consumption process it is in. From the table below, learn the diverse terms for rice in the languages of Southeast Asia and Korea.



	Rice plants in the rice field	Rice grains with-out husk	Cooked rice
Brunei Darus-salam, Indonesia, Malaysia, and Singapore (in the Malay language)	padi	beras	nasi
Cambodia		angkoh (srow for rice with husk)	bai
Korea	mo	ssal (byeon for rice with husk)	bab
Laos	kok khao	med khao	khao hung
Myanmar	sapar	san	thamin
Philippines	palay	bigas	kanin
Singapore	Mandarin: dao	Mandarin: mi Tamil: arisi	Mandarin: fan Tamil: chooru
Thailand	ton khao	maled khao	khao suay
Timor Leste	Tetum: hare	Tetum: fos Portuguese: nele	Tetum: etu Portuguese: arroz
Vietnam		gao	com

Credits

As oral traditions, folktales do not have authors in the real sense of the word. If any, the authors of the stories are the lay people (as such, folks) who continue to retell these stories in their own words and in their own way.

This publication continues that tradition of retelling folktales. While keeping true to the spirit and essence of the narratives, creative liberties were exercised to give life to the events and characters in the stories.

Some versions of the folktales in this book have been published previously, and the editors express their deepest gratitude to the authors, editors, researchers, and publishers who gave permission to re-print their works, as indicated below. Meanwhile, some folktales were retold specifically for this publication.

Opening Story

1. *A Drop of Honey* originally appeared as *Not Our Problem* in ***Peace Tales: World Folktales to Talk About***. Ed. Margaret Read MacDonald. Atlanta, GA : August House Publishers, 1992, p. 18-20.

Tales about animals

2. *The Mighty Babau*, retold by Kevin C Kettle
3. *The Clever Mouse Deer*, retold by Girard Philip E Bonotan
4. *The Dog and the Hunter*, retold by Girard Philip E Bonotan based on a folktale in Portuguese collected by Nuno da Silva Gomes and translated by Katriina Simila.



5. *Heaven's Uncle Toad*, translated from Vietnamese by Lieu Nguyen Thi Bich from a folktale collected by Nguyen Dong Chi and published in *Vietnamese Textbook Grade 3, Book 1*, 6th ed. Ministry of Education and Training. Hanoi: MOET, 2010, p. 122-123

Tales about food

6. *The Goddess of Rice*, an amended version by Murti Bunanta based on her text of *The Origin of Rice on Java Island* in *Indonesian Folktales*. Ed. Margaret Read MacDonald. Westport, CT: Libraries Unlimited, 2003, p. 71-74.

7. *The Rice Flower*, retold by Girard Philip E Bonotan

Tales about nature

8. *The Sun and the Moon*, retold by Jeon Eun Jeong
9. *Mariang Makiling, the Fairy of the Mountain*, retold by Girard Philip E Bonotan
10. *Why the Sea is Salty*, retold by Girard Philip E Bonotan

Tales about people

11. Stories of Ungrateful Children
- a. *Nakhoda Manis*, retold by Kevin C Kettle
 - b. *Malin Kundang*, an amended version by Murti Bunanta based

on her text of *The Legend of Malin Kundang* in *Indonesian Folktales*. Ed. Margaret Read MacDonald. Westport, CT: Libraries Unlimited, 2003, p. 54-56.

12. *Shim Cheong, the Devoted Daughter*, retold by Jeon Eun Jeong
13. *The Great Gourd from Heaven*, re-printed from the version of Wajuppa Tossa and Kongdeuane Nettavong in *Lao Folktales*. Ed. Margaret Read MacDonald, Westport, CT: Libraries Unlimited, 2008, p. 131-132.
14. *The Old Wise Man*, retold by Wajuppa Tossa
15. *The Giving Farmer*, retold by Wajuppa Tossa
16. *Phya Khankhaak, The Toad King*, retold by Wajuppa Tossa (based on the version of Phra Ariyanuwat). Published in Wajuppa Tossa and Kongdeuane Nettavong in *Lao Folktales*. Ed. Margaret Read MacDonald, Westport, CT: Libraries Unlimited, 2008, p. 147-149.
17. Xiang Miang, a Trickster of Southeast Asia
 - a. *Xiang Miang Sees the King's Face*, retold by Phuwanai Boonmapila and re-printed from the version of Wajuppa Tossa and Kongdeuane Nettavong in *Lao Folktales*. Ed. Margaret Read MacDonald, Westport, CT: Libraries Unlimited, 2008, p. 30-31.
 - b. *Xiang Miang and the Snail*, retold by Kunthari Saichua and re-printed from the version of Wajuppa Tossa and Kongdeuane Nettavong in *Lao Folktales*. Ed. Margaret Read MacDonald, Westport, CT: Libraries Unlimited, 2008, p. 28-29.



Tales about places

18. *The Mon Prince and the Naga Princess*, retold by Wajuppa Tossa
 19. *The Fragrant-haired Princess*, retold by Wajuppa Tossa
 20. *Monkey-ear Mushrooms*, re-printed from the version *The Legend of Phu Si* by Wajuppa Tossa and Kongdeuane Nettavong in *Lao Folktales*. Ed. Margaret Read MacDonald, Westport, CT: Libraries Unlimited, 2008, p. 118-119.
 21. *Singapura, the Lion City*, retold by Rosemarie Somaiah
 22. *The Attack of the Swordfish*, retold by Rosemarie Somaiah
- The reference for the illustration is by Alicia Tan Yen Ping for her work in *Attack of the of the Swordfish*, text by Charlotte Lim. Singapore: National Heritage Board, 2005.
23. *Crocodile Island*, retold by Girard Philip E Bonotan and Kevin C Kettle based on a folktale in Portuguese collected by Nuno da Silva Gomes and translated by Katriina Simila.
 24. *The Dragon and the Fairy*, translated from Vietnamese by Lieu Nguyen Thi Bich from a folktale collected by Nguyen Dong Chi and published in *Vietnamese Textbook Grade 5, Book 1*, 4th ed. Ministry of Education and Training. Hanoi: MOET, 2010, p. 27-28.

Closing Story

25. *Human Age*, retold by Wajuppa Tossa (based on the version of Pha Sounantha Theerapanyo) and re-printed from Wajuppa Tossa and Kongdeuane Nettavong in *Lao Folktales*. Ed. Margaret Read MacDonald, Westport, CT: Libraries Unlimited, 2008, p. 70-71.



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