

Tribal Folk Tales from Orissa



Academy of Tribal Languages & Culture
Bhubaneswar

Tribal Folktales from Orissa

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Compiler of Oriya Version

Dr. Anand Mahanand

Translator of English Version

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Editor



Academy of Tribal Languages and Culture
Orissa, Bhubaneswar

Tribal Folktales from Orissa

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FOREWORD

Tribals of Orissa have rich oral traditions, which are depicted in their culture. Oral traditions as significant aspect of their culture explains their socio-cultural nexus, beliefs, values and attitudes through folktales, folk songs, myths, proverbs, riddles, legends, ballads, fables, charms, fairs and festivals, religion, customs and traditions. It is the oral tradition, which is transmitted through the process of socialization / enculturation.

The study of various aspects of tribal oral traditions may eventually solve many problems of ethnography. It also can help in understanding acculturation, patterning of the relation between culture and the environment and also the relation between culture and personality.

Folktale is a vital element of the tribal society and is considered to be an unrecorded tradition of the primordial society which maintains an informal social force regulating the presence of the tribal society's social system. Folk tales as one of the important aspects of oral traditions shows man's relation with nature and human behaviour. Folk tales thus not only help in understanding the socio-cultural and religious life of the community, but also human psychology. As a whole, folktale unfolds various socio-cultural complexities of the concerned community.

The Academy of Tribal Languages & Culture has collected a good number of folk tales from our tribal communities of Orissa for wider dissemination, preservation and perpetuation of the same. The present one is the outcome of previous publications in Oriya Language. Considering the popularity and its manifold utility, they have translated the original one in English, which is a good beginning for wider publicity of hidden treasure of the Orissan tribals.

Chitanya Prasad Majhi

(Chitanya Prasad Majhi)

Hon'ble Minister

S.T. & S.C. Development and
Minorities & Backwardclasses Welfare
Bhubaneswar

PREFACE & ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Since time immemorial folklore has been considered as the oral tradition of the people, which were transmitted through generations. The collection of oral traditions started as a result of curiosity of the individual scholars since long and is still continuing. The Academy of Tribal Languages & Culture established by the ST & SC Development Department has also collected a good number of folk traditions especially the folk narrations of tribal communities of Orissa. "Odishar Adivasi Lok Kahani" is one among them. This is a compilation of selected 30 folk tales from 13 tribal communities of Orissa. Dr. Paramananda Patel, Research Assistant of the Academy has compiled the original one in the year 1996. Later on Dr. Anand Mahanand, Lecturer, Centre for Materials Development, Central Institute of English & Foreign Languages, Hyderabad-500 007 was commissioned to translate the Lok Kahani in the year 2007.

I am profoundly indebted to Dr. Ananda Mahanand for his painstaking efforts for translation of the Oriya version into English.

I am profoundly indebted to Professor (Dr.) K.K. Mohanti, Retired Professor and Director, S.C. & S.T. Research and Training Institute, Dr. P.K. Parida, Reader in Oriya (Retd.), BJB College and Dr.M.G. Bage, Reader in Sociology for their untiring help and healthy suggestions for publication of the translated version of the "Odishar Adivasi Lok Kahani."

I am extremely grateful to Shri Chitanya Prasad Majhi, Hon'ble Minister, ST & SC Development and Minorities & Backwardclasses Welfare for his kind support in preparing a foreword for the English version of the original Oriya version.

Lastly, I owe my deep sense of thankfulness to my staff of ATLC for their support for which the book has seen the light of the day.

Prof. (Dr.) A.B. Ota
Member-Secretary
Academy of Tribal Languages & Culture

PROLOGUE

The collection and compilation of Tribal Folklores & from academic point of view are not simple. Considering the current trends in tribal folklore studies, during the year 1989 to 1995, the Academy has undertaken "Tribal Language Study" projects supported by the Ministry of Welfare (TD), Govt. of India. While co-ordinating the projects a good number of folktales and folksongs have been collected from different tribal communities of Orissa.

Selecting some tales with their original versions and considering their importance from social, economic, political, Religious, literary and cultural points of view 30 nos. of folktales from 13 tribal communities of Orissa were published in Oriya version during the year 1996.

I am extremely grateful to Prof. Khageswar Mahapatra, the then Director of ATDC for his encouragement for compilation of the book "Odishar Adivasi Lok Kahani."

During the year 2006 Dr. Ananda Mahanand, Lecturer, Centre for Materials Development, Hyderabad has taken keen interest for translating the Oriya version into English for pedagogical purpose. Dr. A.C. Sahoo Ex-Director of ATDC has gladly accepted the proposal of Dr. Mahanand. I am particularly thankful to Dr. Mahanand for whom the book in English could see the light of day.

Dr. Paramananda Patel
(Compiler of the Oriya Version)
Academy of Tribal Languages and Culture
Bhubaneswar

INTRODUCTION

Folktales are one of the earliest means of communication. The ancient people in their conversations used anecdotes and narrated different events at the end of the day. They also told stories at their leisure times or while working in the fields and forests. Gradually it took the shape of a vibrant oral tradition. Folktales were not only confined to the arena of oral narratives but also acquired other forms, such as paintings, performing art and writings. Folktales have sustained themselves as oral narrative from time immemorial. They were passed from generation to generation. Even with the invention of written scripts and other forms of challenges, they have been surviving as a living tradition.

Orissa, being a state with a substantial proportion of tribal population has a rich tradition of tribal folktales. It is a vast resource as each community has folktales in their dialects /languages. There have been several attempts in the past to collect these tales and document them. The efforts made by Verrier Elwin, Kunja Behari Dash, L.K. Mahapatra, Bijoy K. Tripathy and many others are noteworthy. The Academy of Tribal Languages and Culture, though of a recent origin has collected substantial numbers of folktales from different regions of Orissa. Some of them have been translated into Oriya and published by the Academy. The translator was fortunate to acquire a copy of the collection – *Adivasi Lok Kahani*, edited by Dr. Paramananda Patel of the Academy. It was found to be very interesting and enriching. Thereafter it was translated into English for the non – Oriya readers. When I contacted the Director of the Academy to commission me to translate it into English, he readily agreed and asked me to go ahead. I have now translated the collection of Dr. Patel, who encouraged me throughout this endeavour. I thank him for responding to my queries with patience. I also thank Shri Nilamadhab Mishra of Jeypore for his help in translating two of the tales. I am grateful to my colleagues at the EFL University Professor S. Mohanraj for going through the draft and for his valuable suggestions.

These tales were originally collected by a number of scholars in different tribal languages, namely Oraon, Kui, Kharia, Juanga, Gta,

(Didai), Desia, Remo (Bonda), Bathudi, Mundari, Lanjia Saora, Santhali, and Ho. Each tribe is different in terms of its culture and social structure and these folktales reveal some of them. At the same time they do not remain confined to a particular community but they do travel and get assimilated with other languages. For this reason, some times we have different versions of the same folktale. They reflect the culture milieu of the prevailing communities. Certain cultural practices and social systems are very specific to certain tribes. These make tribal folktales distinct from each other. It is worth discussing some features of the tribal folktales here.

As these tales reveal, their main occupation is agriculture. But they are also engaged in other activities, such as food gathering, working as daily labourers, and collecting forest produce. Usually a tribal village is surrounded by hills, forests, fields and streams. The fields are situated at the foot hills or near the forests. People go to the fields in the early morning and come in the evening. They carry their food with them. They grow rice *Mandia*, Maize, pulses, groundnuts and different kinds of vegetables, such as cucumber, bitter gourd, ridge gourd etc. They gather forest produce such as fruits, roots, flowers, leaves and fire wood. They domesticate animals, such as cows, sheep, goats and dogs. Fowls are also commonly domesticated by these communities. Because of deforestation, wild animals have become rare but certain animals like jackals, fox, rabbits, and snakes do appear now and then. We find references to these animals in many stories. In some stories they are personified as characters.

Story telling is a significant part of tribal life. They tell each other stories while working in the fields, gathering flowers, firewood or leaves. In the evenings, they gather and listen to stories from the story teller. A story teller is an integral part of the tribal society. He is a skilled person who is a good communicator, articulator, and an efficient performer. He / She can sing, dance, imitate or mimic efficiently.

The communities have their own gods and goddesses. They worship trees, objects and animals as well. They sacrifice fowl, and other animals in honor of the deities. They also offer vermilion, rice and flower to the gods and goodess. The priest is from their own communities. These tales reflect these aspects of tribal life. Certain tales carry a moral at the end.

These communities do not have dowry system. Instead the boy has to pay bride price. If he is not able to do so, he has to work in the bride's parents' house. As these tales reveal how women take part in all spheres of tribal life. As we can observe, they don't confine themselves to household work alone but work in the fields and forests. These tales also throw light on the social customs and rituals pertaining their birth, marriage and death.

The tribal communities have made these tales survive inspite of the tremendous challenge of the modern world. Credit goes to the Academy of Tribal languages and Culture which has taken the initiative for collecting these tales and documenting them in Oriya. The English translation of the collection will provide the Non-Oriya readers knowledge about different aspects of tribal culture and society and more importantly their story telling tradition. It will also hint on their social history.

Understanding these tales was not difficult for me as I have also grown up with such tales . But translating them into English language whose structure and culture is different was a difficult task. In spite of these hurdles, I have tried to retain the nuances. This is no way literal translation of the collection. I had to modify a few expressions to suit the English syntax and for purposes of easy readings. In the process, the text might have lost to some extent. Such loss is inevitable particularly when an oral text is transmitted into written form even in the same language. All aspects of it cannot be translated, but what remains is more important. That makes the attempt worthwhile. I hope the attempt will be appreciated by readers. This collection will serve as a social document even for the new generations. The stories present here could be used in the pedagogy as well.

Dr. Anand Mahanand

Editorial...

Folk tale is an oral narration. It is an integral part of the tradition of a society. It is transmitted from generation to generation and also transculturally. It manifests creative talents of some genius persons because of their indigenous wisdom, spontaneous creativity, imaginative skills and narrative talents. The teller or narrator in a folk society may be literate or educated or may not have any education or literacy, in the true sense of the term. A folk tale has its uniqueness through which it reaches its listeners. The oral narrative may depict a particular event or a series of events with chronological sequence. Concisely speaking, a folk tale has spatio-temporal continuum of events. The folk tale is manifested through an humble or sublime nature of narrative. Folk narratives have various forms, such as folk tale, folklore, legend, myth, anecdote, riddle, etc. folklorists, in a broader canvas, also include folkart, folk craft, folk music, folk song, folk dance, folk customs and manners, folk rituals, folk religions, folk magic, folk fairs and festivals, folk medicine, folk personal adornment and costume and many more. The folktale reflects ethos, values, ideology and worldview of the community of its origin or orientation. A folk tale may or may not have a moral to preach.

Folk tale is socio-culturally transmitted and in course of time the folk teller is forgotten or shrouded in mystery and the tale also undergoes transformations through partial deletions, additions and alteration. It may so happen because of different processes of socio cultural change in any simple society. It may be reiterated that society is static, yet dynamic as persistence and change are to cardinal features of any Society. Some changes are incorporated when a folk tale is retold.

When we look at the tribal Orissa, we notice that almost all tribal (folk) communities have a large repository of folk tales. It is necessary to document and delineate them, so that they are preserved and perpetuated instead of languishment.

The endeavour in the compilation of folk tales in Oriya and their English translation and also the roles of contributors are praise – worthy. We may express our gratitude to all authorities of the Academy of Tribal Languages and Culture for their direction and unstinted cooperation in bringing out this volume.

Professor (Dr.) K.K. Mohanti
EDITOR

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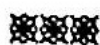
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A DREAM

Once upon a time there was a king. He had no children. He was very unhappy. One day he went to the forest for hunting. There he saw a pond. He sat on the ridge of the pond and rested under a tree. He was tired. So he decided to stretch under the tree for some time. He tied his horse on one side of the ridge, spread a piece of cloth and slept. He fell asleep in no time. The king had a dream while he was asleep. He dreamt that he was guarding crops in his field. While he was guarding his crops he saw a lot of rhinos coming towards him. He wondered whether to kill them or leave them. Then he shot an arrow. It pierced a rhino and the rhino collapsed on the ground. Looking at this, the herd of the rhinos chased the king. He started running. As he was running, he saw a boy standing on the road. The boy asked the king, "Why are you running? These rhinos belong to me. Why did you kill my rhino?" The king replied, "Well, What shall I do? I have already killed your rhino. I can't help it now. Please ask them not to attack me and save my life. I shall give you my kingdom in return." He said so and kept his crown at the boy's feet. Then he woke up. At that time, he saw that a boy was standing a few yards away from him. He took the boy as the boy of his dream and took him along with him to the palace. He told his wife, "I have given the boy my whole kingdom. Today onwards he is the king of our kingdom." He also narrated his dream to the queen. She was surprised and said, "Will 'this boy rule a kingdom?" The boy said, "I am the son of the owner of the pond. Why have you got me here? Take me to the pond and drop me there." The king said, "Today onwards you will be my son. I don't have a child. You will be my son." The boy lived there since then ever after.



THE STORY OF THE PRINCESS

Once upon a time there was a king in a particular kingdom. He had a daughter. As she grew up as a young princess, the king decided to give her in marriage. He looked for a son-in-law. The King's people announced everywhere and searched for a groom but did not find one. They were very unhappy. Once the princess had a dream. She dreamt that her parents got her married to an ascetic. She was very sad since then. When the king saw her in sad mood, he started looking for a groom for her once again. Then the girl told her father, "You have -already got me married. Why are you worried still?" One day the princess went to the forest with her father. As they were going, they met an old .ascetic. She thought it was the same old rishi she had got married to in her dream. She told the old man, "You are my husband. We were married." The old man had gray hair. He had poor eye sight He was also not able to hear. He said, "You look like a princess, why did you choose me as your husband? You could have married a young man. I am sure you would not be happy if you live with me." Then the girl said, "Yes, I am a princess. I have everything. You come with me. I will not cause any harm to you. The ascetic went with the princess to the palace. The princess took the old man to her parents. They asked, "Who is this old man?" The girl said, "He is my husband." Her parents were puzzled and tried to convince her not to accept him as her husband. The girl described her dream and said she would live with him. The old man also got attracted towards her as he heard her speaking about him. He ate some medicines and became a young prince. The parents became happy and they got her married to him. They lived happily ever after.



THE ORPHAN BOY AND THE BOTTLE GOURD

Once there was an orphan boy. He had nobody of his own. No body cared for him. One day he went to play. As he was playing in his backyard, he found a seed of a bottle gourd. He brought it home, dug the soil and sowed it there and watered it everyday. When it became a creeper, he put a support for it. The creeper grew on the support and flowered. Then there was a bottle gourd on the creeper. The bottle gourd ripened and the creeper dried up. Later the bottle gourd also dried up. The bottle gourd told the boy, "Please take me home." Accordingly, the boy took it home. When the bottle gourd was fully pried, he made a hole on it. After a few days the bottle gourd called the boy and said, "You won't get anything by keeping me at home. Go to the market and sell me off." The boy went to the market to sell of the bottle gourd. He called in the market, "Buy the bottle gourd. You can keep *mandia* rice inside. Rats can't get inside. Do buy this." Some one bought the bottle gourd for five seers of *Mandia*. The boy returned home with the *Mandia*.

The man who bought the bottle gourd filled *Mandia* rice in it. One day when every one in the house was asleep, the bottle gourd came back to the boy's house with the rice in it. It asked the boy to open the door. When the boy opened the door, he saw the bottle gourd in front of his door with rice in it. He was very happy and took the bottle gourd in.

After some days the bottle gourd again asked the boy to take it to the market and sell it off. The boy went to another village to sell the

bottle gourd. There he sold the bottle gourd for cereal. He came back home with the cereal. One night, when every one was asleep, the bottle gourd came back to the boy's house and asked him to open the door. He opened the door and the bottle gourd came inside with cereal inside it.

Again one day, the boy took the bottle gourd to a village. He sold it for five seers of rice. He came back home with the rice. The people filled five seers of rice inside it. The next day the gourd was there with five seers of rice inside the boy's house. The boy again opened the door and kept it inside.

One day he went to another village to sell the bottle gourd. He sold the gourd to an old man. He had seven daughters. He told the old man, "Buy this. Your daughters can sleep inside it during winter nights. The old man bought the bottle gourd and his daughters slept inside it. One night the bottle gourd took them in and reached the boy's house. While the boy was taking the gourd inside it fell down and broke into pieces. The girls came out. He married them all.

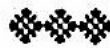


THE STORY OF THE COWHERD BOY

Once upon a time there lived a widow in a village. She had a son. He took the cows to graze in the forest. He spent his time that way staying the whole day in the forest. One day as he was grazing his cattle, he saw a flower of gold floating in the river. He plucked that flower and gave it to his mother. His mother took the flower to the palace to sell it to the king. The youngest queen bought the flower and gave a basketful of coins to her. The next day, the younger queen put on the flower on her head.

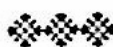
When the elder queen saw the flower on the youngest queen's head, she was jealous and annoyed. She did not speak to the king at all. When the king asked her the reason, she told him everything. Then the king called the younger queen and asked, "From where did you get the flower?" The younger queen said, "I bought it from the cowherd boy." Then the king summoned the cowherd boy and asked him to get another flower like that. The cowherd boy answered, "I can't get one more flower. From where should I get another?" The king got angry and said, "If you don't get one more flower like this, I will have your head chopped off." Then the king thought if the boy won't be able to get the flower it would be a real problem. He would find it difficult to face the queen. So he said, "Boy you fill my court yard with the golden flower. I will suitably reward you. The boy answered, "It is not possible to do that. And left for home. The boy had domesticated a number of pigeons. He told the pigeons to go and get some Alasi flowers. The pigeons fled and got so many Alasi flowers and filled the king's courtyard with flowers. The king said "You didn't obey my order. I shall not accept the flowers brought by the pigeons. You will

be punished for disobeying me.” The king ordered his men to open a pit and put the boy inside. Then they kept dry wood in it, poured kerosene and lit the fire. A mouse had a hole connected to the pit from the cowherd boy’s house. The boy went to his house through that hole and slept there. The next day people saw the boy. They informed the king. The king summoned the boy to his palace and asked “From where did you get away?” The cowherd boy said, “I went and saw our forefathers in the *Jam lok* (abode of the dead), of the dead. It is a wonderful place. It is for our ancestors.” The king was surprised to hear that. He said, “I will also go there to visit my ancestors. Put me inside the pit.” The people put the foolish king in the pit, put dry wood on him and burnt him by pouring kerosene oil. The king died there and the young cowherd boy became the king and ruled over the kingdom with the two queens.



THE STORY OF THE CHILDLESS COUPLE

In a particular village there lived an old man with his wife. They had no children. So they were really worried. One day an old ascetic came to their house and asked them, "How many children do you have? They were sad and replied, "We have no children. We are childless. "Then the ascetic said, "I know a very good medicineman. Go and visit him. He will give you good medicine and you will have children." They obeyed him and started on a Monday morning. As they were going they came across a pond. They put the bundle in which they had kept their food on the ridge of the pond and got into the water to take bath. At that time a jackal came and ate all the rice. As the woman was bathing a baby tortoise got into her womb. The old woman was sad. She wept but the old man brought her home. The old woman became pregnant and her stomach looked swollen. They thought she would give birth to a son or a daughter. Their neighbours laughed at the old couple. The old man took care of her. He went to the medicineman to get medicine. He carried food in a bundle. As he was going he saw a stream. He tied the bundle to a stone and went to the stream to brush up his teeth. A crow came and ate the rice from the bundle. The old man thought he could not cover such a long journey without any food. So he came back. The old woman again prepared food for him and kept in a bundle so that he could take along with him in the early morning. Then she slept near he door. As the old man got up and hurriedly tried to come out of the hut, he stepped on the old woman who was sleeping near the door. Her abdomen got pressed and the tortoise came out of her womb. Then she asked her husband not to call the medicineman. They realized that they won't have any children. So they kept quiet for rest of their life.



THE CLEVER NEPHEW OF A CLEVER UNCLE

Once an old woman had a hen. The hen laid eggs. The eggs were hatched and there came many chicks. The old woman also had planted brinjal in her garden. There was a big brinjal plant in the garden. It grew up and ripened. The hen would wander under the brinjal tree every day. One day, while the hen was busy unearthing something under the brinjal plant a brinjal fell on her and she died then and there. The chicks were very sad. They came back home very sad. One day the jackal saw them. His mouth turned watery; He wanted to eat them. He went to them and asked, "Nephews, where shall you sleep in the night?" The chicks said, "We will sleep in the comer of our master's house." The chicks did not sleep there but slept in another place. The jackal came and checked the comer, but they were not there. Next day, the jackal met them and asked, "Nephews, where shall you sleep?" The chicks said, "We will sleep in the comer of our master's house." But they didn't sleep there. Instead, they slept in some other place. The next day, the jackal came and found that they were not sleeping there. He met them in the evening and asked, "Nephews, where shall you sleep tonight?" The chicks answered, "Today, we will sleep inside the bottle gourd. The jackal was very clever. He went to the old woman's house and caught them when they were sleeping inside the bottle gourd. He said, "Nephews all these days, you had been cheating me. Today, I am very happy. Today, I will take you home and prepare nice curry with your meat."

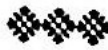
The chicks were in real trouble. They said, "We are quite young. Therefore, you should wait for us to grow. If you eat us now, you won't even have your fill" The jackal without knowing their plan

said, "Yes." He carried the bottle gourd on his head and took towards the forest. As he was going, he came across an uphill which was very dangerous. It was also uneven and slippery. So he asked the chicks which road he should take. The chicks said, "Uncle you can't walk along the uneven road. So take the slippery one." The jackal took the slippery road. As he was walking, suddenly, his feet slipped and he fell down. The bottle gourd broke. The chicks came out and ran away. The jackal could catch one of them. He said, "Nephew, you really cheated me. I shall have breakfast with your meat." The chick was in trouble. It said, "Uncle, whatever had to happen has happened. Now you domesticate me. When I grow up, you can kill me." The jackal was pleased to hear that. He said, "I could wait until you are grown up." The chick grew up into a cock. One day, the jackal called the cock and said, "Dear nephew, I am going to eat you today. I have waited enough. The cock said, "Uncle, you can eat me up. You have made me grow up. If you kill me in your hands, it will be a great sin. So you should do one thing. The jackal agreed to what ever the cock instructed. The cock said, "You make a hearth in the middle of your house. Just above it make a hole on the roof so that I can directly fall on the hearth. "The jackal agreed with all this. He arranged firewood, fire, hearth and a pot. He lit fire in the hearth, put the bowl on it and put oil in it and heated it up. The cock went up to the roof and directly relieved himself in the bowl and fled away. The jackal could not eat the cock but ate its excreta and lived a sad life.



THE MOON AND THE SUN

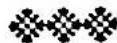
In early days, the sun and moon had many children. One day the moon hid her children and started eating water lily root that she had got from the pond. As she was eating, the sun came there. He asked her, "What are you eating, dear moon?" The moon said, "My children had been always quarrelling among themselves. So I wrung their necks, boiled them and eating them up. If you want to eat, have some. They taste quite good." The sun said, "I shall also wring my children's necks, boil them and eat." Then the sun went to his house, and called his children, killed them, boiled them and ate them but they did not taste good. He got angry with the moon. He said, "You Moon ! You cheated me like that. I shall curse you now. You will die for a fortnight and live for another fortnight. Since that day, the moon appears for a fortnight and disappears for another fortnight.



Eight

THE STORY OF IB, SANKHA AND KOILI

Once a man had three daughters. They were called Ib, Sankha and Koili. They had lost their mother in their early childhood. So their father married once again. The step-mother ill-treated them a great deal. One day three of them went to the field to weed grass. It was the day of *Rakhi Purnima*. As they were weeding grass, they came across three eggs laid by a snake. When they ate them they turned into snakes. It was evening. As they did not come back home, their father came to the field. By that time, all of them had become snake girls. Their father was very sad. The eldest sister Ib said, "Father, we are not going to come back home. Rather we will go and hide in the sea. You go back home. There is a plough of gold kept on the wall, behind the house. After reaching home you can grind corn and our stepmother will help you in grinding the corn." At that time, the snake bit their step mother. After their step-mother's death, they moved towards the forest. The elder sister Ib said, "I will go alone. Both of you can go together." The younger ones looked back at times. So they became bent here and there. Finally they met at Vedvyas as three rivers. Since the elder sister moved straight she flowed alone. Her way was different. That's the reason why people don't take eggs on the day of *Rakhi Purnima*.



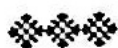
THE STORY OF THE SUN AND THE MOON

In the olden days, the sun and moon were not living in the sky. There were not even days and weeks. There lived a sage and his wife. The God would visit the sage and his wife every day. The God would ask them, "When should I stop visiting to you?" The sage and his wife would avert this question by saying today and tomorrow. The God said, "How can there be today and tomorrow?" The God had a son and a daughter. The son's name was Sun and the daughter's name was Moon. He wanted to get his son married to the sage's daughter. The sun came to the sage's home. His body was burning like fire. The sage's wife got scared. The bride hid herself. The God sent the Moon in the night. The moon got the sun married in the night. One day the sun was happy to see the sage's daughter. He wanted to marry her. But the moon got angry and picked up a quarrel with him. The sun got angry and cut the moon's heads. The moon told the entire event to the sage. The God asked him "When did it happen?" The sage as usual said yesterday and not "today." The God became happy. Then he joined the moon's head. He also separated the sun and the moon and kept them separate as they were engaged in quarrelling. Since then the sun comes in the morning and the moon in the night.



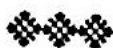
THE STORY OF THE ORIGIN OF THE JUANG

In the olden days, the *Dharam Debata* had created only two people—a *rishi* and his wife. Both of them lived in a hill of a particular region, called Gonasika. The world was full of water. There was no scope for humans to survive. One day, a son was born to them. They wanted to make the water dry and have people. They would have to kill their only son and sprinkle his blood everywhere. The *Dharam Debata* put the condition and asked the *rishi* and his wife. The *rishi* agreed with the proposal. The *rishi*'s wife did not agree with it. The *Dharam Debata* sent a tiger to kill the *Rishi*'s son. But the *Rishi*'s son killed the tiger with an arrow. He was perfect in the skill of archery. The *Dharam Debata* said, "Ask your son not to take bow and arrow with him when he goes take bath. The *rishi*'s son obeyed his father and did not carry his bow and arrow with him. The tiger met him on the way and killed him. They sprinkled his blood all over the region. Then the water dried up. From the boy's legs and hands there were forests and mountains. From his hair grew grass and plants. Then the *rishi* and his wife had twelve sons and twelve daughters. They gave birth to the Juang. Thus, the Juang came into being in this world.



THE STORY OF THE OLD DEMONESS

In a particular kingdom there lived a rishi and his wife. They had twelve sons and thirteen daughters. One day the rishi's wife went to the forest with her youngest daughter. She made her daughter sleep under a tree and started collecting fire wood. At that time an old demoness came and took her away. She took her home and got her mixed up with her own eleven daughters. So all of her twelve daughters lived with her in her home. The demoness went to the forest every day. One day the twelve brothers of the girl reached the demoness house. As they traveled, it was already evening. They asked their youngest brother to go and get some amber from the demoness house. The boy went and asked for amber. The ghost's daughter said that she was not wearing proper clothes so she could not come out. The boy got attracted towards her and spent his time with her. The other brothers also came and saw the girls. They took amber and cooked rice. Then the demoness came there. She could smell that humans were around. Then the demoness daughter convert all the brothers into fly and hid them in a comer. When her mother was asleep, she turned them into men and then left for their house. Then all of them ran and reached their house. The youngest one stayed back. He married the demoness daughter. They had a son. That son of man taught others how to cultivate and irrigate land. Since then people worship the fire and never urinate on it.



THE STORY OF THE BITTER GOURD

Once a boy planted a bitter gourd seed. The seed grew up into a creeper. So he put a support and it grew up further. There were bitter gourds on it. One day an old demoness came that way. She saw that the boy was living alone. He was guarding the bitter gourds. One day the demoness decided to take the boy away and come to him. She asked for a bitter gourd. The boy said that the bitter gourds were not yet mature. So she could come and take them later. Then the demoness said, "Give me the un-matured ones at least." The boy said, "All right then. I shall drop them from here." The demoness said, "No, son, don't do that. They will fall on the dirt. Please hand them over to me. So the boy got down from the supporting branch and as he was handing over, the demoness woman took him and put him in the basket, covered its lid and carried it on her head and moved towards her home.

The old demoness walked some distance then felt thirsty. She put the basket down and went to drink water. The demoness asked the hunters present there, where she could find water. They directed her towards a place. The demoness went towards that direction. In the meantime the boy started weeping from inside. The hunters came near him and opened the basket. They released him and put some stones inside the basket, closed its lid and left. The demoness came back, put the basket on her head and left. She reached home and asked her husband to sharpen his spear. The old man sharpened the spear and got it ready. Then the demoness asked him to pierce his spear into the basket. When the old man did that, it gave a shriek. When they opened it they found that there were stones. The basket was full of stones. The old man said, "Shall we eat you or your stones?" The demoness was ashamed and answered: "Wait, I will go some other day and see the boy who has cheated me."

After many days passed, the demoness again went to ask for the bitter gourd. The boy replied, "I shall not give the bitter gourd any

more." The demoness kept on pestering for a bitter gourd and finally brought the boy home. She kept the basket inside her house and told her daughter, "Keep grinding, but do have an eye on the basket."

Then she went to get some vegetable from outside. She asked her husband to go and sharpen his knife. As the girl was grinding the corn, she started talking to the boy who was inside the basket. Then she opened the basket and the boy came out of it. Then the boy wore her garment and started grinding the corn. At that time the old demoness came back home. The girl was inside the basket. She was quiet as she feared that her mother might shout at her. The boy finished grinding corn and was still in the girls dress. The old woman took out the basket and the man pierced his spear into it. The man came after sharpening his knife. The old woman took out the basket. Then man pierced his spear into it. Then came a voice from the basket, "I am inside. Please don't hurt. " But the old couple had no mercy. They pierced the spear. She cried again, "Please don't pierce me." But they were not ready to listen. They pierced her again and took her out, cut into pieces and made meat. The demoness cooked curry from the meat and all of them sat down to eat. The boy disguised as their daughter also sat to eat. When she started serving curry, the old man said, " give some live piece to the child." The boy did not want to eat human flesh. So he gathered some charcoal from the hearth and kept near him and started shuffling them with his hand which made chucking noise. That gave the old couple the impression that their daughter was chewing bones. The old man said, "You woman, you have given only bones to the child. The boy said, "That's fine father. I can't eat any more." And he gave all the meat to the old man." When they went to sleep, the boy sang a song:

**You chicken eaters, pork eaters
You have eaten the meat of your daughter
Go and drown yourself in pond water**

As they heard this song, they realized that they had eaten their daughter's meat. They came out of their house. Both of them fought. The old man hit a pillar and died there and the old woman hit the wall and died then and there.



THE STORY OF THE IGUANA

There was an old man and his wife. They had no children. The old man was not able to work. His wife would gather something from the forest and they would eat. The old woman would go to the forest to gather firewood every day. One day she went to gather firewood to the forest. While collecting firewood, she saw an Iguana. The old woman brought the Iguana home and looked after it as her son. After a few days, her husband died.

The old woman buried her husband and came back home. Gradually the Iguana grew up. One day the *panchayat* was in session. The Iguana asked the old woman, "Grandma, why are they holding the *Panchayat*?" The old woman said, "They are saying that capable people can plough the land and cultivate in the forest." The Iguana said, "Grandma, please tie an axe to my tail, I will go and clear the forest and cultivate crops." The old woman tied an axe to the Iguana's tail. He went to the forest, recited a mantra and cleared the forest. He could clear half the forest with single blow. Then he came back home and told his grand mother, "Grandma, I have cleared the forest and prepared land for cultivation. The old woman said, "People like you can't do all those job." The boy said, "You go and see if you get some seeds in the garbage ditch. The old woman had got grains like that from threshing grounds of people when she went to work for them. She got some grains and brought home and gave them to the Iguana. The Iguana took them in a bundle and went to the field. He threw a handful of *suan*² grain and he could see that the entire field full of *suan*. Then he threw some *khusei* grain in other field and the entire field was full of *khusei*. Then he came back home. A few days passed. The boy thought the *suan* and *khusei* might have ripen. He told his grand mother. "Let us go and reap the crops and bring them home. The old woman was scared to see so much of *suan* and *khusei* and

said, "Dear son why should we reap some one else's crops? Let us go back home." The boy insisted on reaping the crops. The boy recited a mantra and started reaping the crops. Immediately, the entire crop was reaped. He got the crops home and they had enough to eat. They managed a few days like that.

After a few days the old woman passed away. The Iguana gave her a decent burial and finished her death rituals. He decided to live alone for some time. Then he thought he would get a wife. From there he started searching for a wife from village to village. In spite of moving several villages, he did not get a suitable girl. He thought, "nobody will marry me. So what should I do? Should I stay here or go away? If I stay here people will chase me. If I behave like an Iguana, people will crowd around me." Many days passed. One day when nobody was there, children directed the dogs towards him. The dogs chased him and since that day, the Iguanas have always lived in the forest.



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1. village assembly
 2. a kind of cereal
 3. a kind of crop

THE STORY OF THE WIFE AND HUSBAND

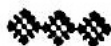
One day the husband said, "I shall go to plough. You carry the manure till the gruel is cooked. When I am back from the field after ploughing, we shall both carry manure." Then he left for the field. The wife cooked rice and curry and went to carry manure. She put the basket and started carrying manure. Her husband ploughed his field, till midday, then released his bullocks and came back home with his plough and yoke. His wife had a wash and served him food. Both of them had their food and rested for some time. Then the husband picked up his baskets and the yoke and went to the manure pit with his wife. Both of them carried manure. He helped her carry the manure and she carried it. They could empty the entire pit and spread the manure through out the field. Then they came back home.

In the afternoon, the man said that he would rest for a while. The woman went to the pond to take bath. She had her bath and came back. She boiled water and put *kodo* rice in the bowl. She told her husband, "You go and get some fire wood from the forest. She threw away the ashes from the hearth and lit fire. She put firewood and put rice inside the pot. Then she started cutting vegetables. As the rice was getting cooked, she stirred it. As the vegetable was boiled she put salt and chili and when it was done she brought it down. Then she boiled water again. When water was boiled she put rice. As it was cooked she poured out the excess water. Then both of them had their meals and went to bed.

When it was morning, the husband went to the field to plough his field. He sowed *mandia* grains. The woman cooked rice and curry. She painted the floor with cow dung water and swept it. She took out

some gruel and poured it in the vessel and carried it to the field. Her husband was ploughing in the field. She drew the door and took the small broom with her and removed weeds. Then the man went to have bath. After he came back, they shared their meal. Then they rested for a while. Thereafter he went to weed grass. He wanted to plough there too. He thought of sowing *suan* grains there as he had less seeds for growing seedlings. They decided to sow the seeds. "We shall plough again tomorrow and the day after again. I am ploughing now. You get gruel for me and come." He said.

He took the plough and went there early morning. He finished ploughing by midday and came back home. He washed his feet and came back home. He had a wash, had his meal and took *suan* grains to sow. The wife drove the cattle away. After sowing *suan* grains, he ploughed the field again. Then he levelled the soil with a wooden plank. He pulled the grass. Then he ploughed another field to sow *mandia* grain. He sowed *mandia* rice. Like that the Desia couple make their home, stay together, eat together and live together.



THE OLD MAN AND HIS FOUR DAUGHTERS

There lived an old man and his wife. They had four daughters. It so happened that all of them grew young women. One day the old man said, "Hey, old woman, the girls have attained youth. Shouldn't they get married? Do you want to keep them like that?" The old woman said, "Of course, they will. I also feel upset about it. But they will get married if they wish. If they don't want, they can stay back. Why are you getting irritated like that?" The old man said, "No old woman, I shall give them away when some one comes seeking their hands." The old man said, "No, old woman, I will kill them or chop them up but won't keep at home any more like this. They must get married and go to their in-laws' place. I don't feel good if they live here."

They lived like that. The people of that village earned their living by collecting food from the forest or by gathering firewood or fruits and flowers. The old man did not want to do any of such things and stayed back home. The old woman said, "People have gone to the forest to prepare and plough the land. Why don't you go and do the same there? If you sit idle, how shall we survive?" The old man said, "No, old woman, I shall not go unless I kill these girls or drive them away. Then I will go and plough the land. I really get upset looking at them." The old woman said, "Don't tell like that old fellow. You wait for some more days." The old man said, "You see, they don't buzz even if you drive them or shout at them. Come let's go to the forest to get some leaves and firewood. You get a spade and sickle. The old woman said, "No old man, I can't go. You can ask the girls to come with you." The old woman cooked rice and curry and served them food. She said, "All of you go and get some leaves while your father will plough the land. All of you must come back as soon as the work is over. They dressed up, carried the basket and left. The old man took his axe, his gruel in the bottle gourd vessel and left.

As they were walking, he stumbled on a stone. He said, "Girls, I stumbled on a stone. I can't go ahead and work. I shall sit down and wait for you here. You go up and get fire wood and leaves."

"All right, father, you stay back here with your axe and bottle gourd. We shall go up and come back. Then we shall go back home

together," the girls said. The old man answered, "All right then." The old man took his axe and his bottle gourd in hand and waited under a tree. The girls went up. They sang, danced and climbed up to the forest. Then they thought, "We have come upto this point without realizing it. We have left our father. Let us give him a call." They called but there was no response. Then they decided to come down and walked down along the way. The old man had put his axe on a tree and slipped his bottle gourd down and left. So the axe sounded "thak" "thak" and the bottlegourd "uunn uunn." This was how he cheated them. The girls also came down. They saw the axe and thought, " Our father has left us like that and went." They looked for their father but did not find him even in the foot hill. Then they saw that the axe was hung and the bottle gourd was placed there. Four of them wondered where their father went and what they should do. They wept:

The sorrow of four sisters

Our father went somewhere

By leaving us

Little girl- "I will say little girl"

I say, "get married with Karla flower"

Or feel shy, I say little girl.

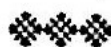
The four sisters again thought how they would show their face to their mother. Their father had insulted them. We shall curse him, "Let him die. Later they got ready to go towards the river. All of them were weeping. They got inside the river but were floating. They saw a boatman. He said, "beautiful girls, where are you from? I shall help you cross the river. Come and sit in the boat." They sat in the boat and crossed the river. He brought them out and removed water from their stomach. Then he took them away singing :

I am drowned in knee deep water

Tell that *Kadamba* flower is my mother the queen.

He held a *Dumka* branch and waved another and took them home. Then he gave them wash and kept them as his wives.

They thought "Our father has insulted us so much. He should not get food to eat. Should not get clothes to wear. Let him die like that." About the old man they said, "you should live with another man." The old woman went away with another boy. The old man did not get food to eat, clothes to wear. He became blind and died later.



THE LAZY SNAKE

In a particular forest there lived a cobra and his wife. His wife was very hardworking and efficient. But the cobra was quite lazy. He would not do any work. His wife would cultivate land, cook and take care of the cattle. She would do all outside work. The lazy cobra roamed around surviving on his wife's labour. One day the cobra's wife told her husband, "Go to that forest, clear it up and sow *mandia* grain. I will cook and bring you food there."

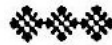
The lazy cobra went with the grains. Instead of working, he slept inside the anthill quietly. His wife cooked food and carried it for her husband. She searched for him every where but did not find him anywhere. The cobra thought, "I am hiding here inside the hole. My wife must be searching for me. She must have been waiting for me with a lot of good food." Then he came out of the anthill. When she saw her lazy husband, she wanted to shout at him. But she wept and said, "If you don't like to work, don't. But where were you till now? You are the head of the family. If you don't work, who will work for us? There is no food for lazy people. I am a woman, still I have done a lot of work alone. If I work day and night like this, I won't survive any longer.

Now onwards you should take care of yourself. The cobra realized his responsibility. He thought, in fact, he had been surviving on his wife's labour. He has no work. His wife has become lean and thin due to hard work. She does not even eat properly. She is underfed. It is due to her wages, they get something to eat but later it would be difficult. The cobra thought life was worthless. He went to his wife and held her hand and said, "Don't weep or get upset. I will start working henceforth. I won't sit idle. Both of us will work together.

We will grow a lot of crops. We will have a lot of children and we will live a happy life." The female cobra replied with a sour face, "Let us see. I have it enough. You say like this all time. But when your belly is full, you forget everything. Again you go to sleep. You have been telling like this since the beginning. How should I believe you?"

The cobra said, "I am telling you again. I won't be lazy. Let the sun god, *dharma debata*, earth, mountains and rivers be witness. I say it truly, that if I don't keep my promise I will be in trouble. Henceforth, I won't be lazy anymore. I will work. It is true and true for ever."

Really, the cobra worked hard. He did not remain idle. They had a lot of crops. They got a lot of wealth and lived happily ever after.



THE STEP-MOTHER

Sukra's mother passed away after her illness. She passed away and never came back. Sukra's father took his son on his lap and consoled him saying, "Don't weep my son. Dead men won't come back. This is the law of the world. It is true that you have no mother, but I am alive. Have patience. I will keep you happy."

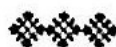
Sukra said, "I can't live without my mother, please get back my mother." Sukra's father said, "All right, I shall get you a new mother." In fact, he got married and got a new wife. She became Sukra's step-mother. She liked Sukra in the beginning. She took him on her lap and pampered him. She sang lullaby and made him sleep. She saved from her share and fed him. Sukra forgot the sorrow of his mother's death. After a few days, the step mother had her own child. She did not bother about Sukra. She did not give food to him to eat and started abusing him for no fault of his. She got angry, shouted at him and beat him up. She made him work throughout day and night. Sukra did not tell anyone but wept alone remembering his mother. He put up with all the trouble given by his step mother.

Sukra grew up in this manner. His father got him married to a girl. Sukra's wife was a good girl. She was not only beautiful but also well behaved. She mingled with every one and was nice to them. She did all her household work. She treated every one well. She took care of her step sister-in-law. They also liked her very much. But the step-mother-in-law did not like her at all. She would shout at her all the time. One day she went to the forest taking Sukra's wife along with her. She started scolding her in the jungle. She said, "You go away to your parents' house. We can't give you food anymore," Sukra's wife had no one. She was an orphan. Where should she go?" She said, "Keep me as your servant but please do not throw me away. I have no one except you." Her

mother-in-law did not listen to her pleading. Instead, she kicked her and pushed her into the river. The river was flooded. Sukra's wife got drowned and carried away very far. She stuck on to a tree near a village. The villagers came to the river to catch fish. One of them saw the girl floating in the river. He had no children. He took her home and gave her to his wife. His wife took care of her like her own daughter.

In the mean time Sukra came back home after a week. He did not find his wife at home. So he asked his mother, "Where is my wife?" The step-mother sobbingly said, "Dear son, your wife went to the forest to gather wood. I don't know why she went to the river there. Her leg slipped and got inside the river and got drowned in it. I don't know what happened then. God knows whether she is alive or dead."

Sukra went out to look for his wife without having food or water. He wandered and checked all the villages on the river bank. Finally he reached the village on the river bank where his wife was staying. By then he had turned weak and feeble. He went to the temple of the village deity. As he was bowing down before the goddess, he became unconscious. He was laying down there. The villagers came to know that a stranger had been lying unconscious in front of the temple. So they ran near him. The old man who took care of Sukra's wife also came. They sprinkled water on his face. After a long time, he gained consciousness. The villagers asked him his name and address. Sukra told the story of his wife weeping. His wife was also present there. She was listening to all that Sukra narrated. Then she came running and embraced her husband. Both of them wept profusely. Even the trees and leaves wept. Everybody abused the step-mother. They appreciated Sukra's wife. Sukra remained as the son-in-law to the old man. He did not go back to his step mother but both of them lived with the old man and took care of him. Now they are very happy. When I went there they fed me well.



Eighteen

THE DOVE QUEEN

In a particular village there lived a mouse king. He had two wives. One was called the Dove queen and the other the Frog queen. They all lived happily. One day the king set out on business for foreign land. The queens were sad. They asked him not to leave them like that to go on business. The king called them under a tree and said, "You take care of the pumpkin creeper. It will have pumpkin. If the pumpkin is in good condition you can be sure that I am doing well. When it starts decaying, you can think that I am in trouble. When it is completely rotten, you will think that I am not alive any more." After hearing this the queens wept again. They said, "Don't go abroad. Be with us."

The Mouse king pampered them. He tried to persuade them, "How can we live without doing our duty? Should we be poor for the entire life?" You take care of the house. I shall come back very soon." The Mouse king bid farewell and went abroad. His wives took care of the creeper.

The creeper grew up and had leaves. It looked quite all right. It had flowers and then a pumpkin grew on it. The Frog queen did not take care of it. She had no worry for the Mouse king at all. But the Dove queen was eagerly waiting for her husband to come.

One day the Dove queen found that the pumpkin was getting rotten. She thought the king was in danger. The Frog on the other hand did not bother at all about it. One day the pumpkin was completely rotten. The Dove queen thought, her husband might be dead. She started mourning for her husband.

The Frog queen did not remember her husband at all. The Dove queen however, wept and wept. She said:

**Oh, my handsome king
Where did you go
Leaving behind me.
You used to love me
There is now no sign
So nice is our own village
Why did you leave
And go abroad
Who took your life? I can't survive
Without you
I will sacrifice my own life**

The Frog queen did not weep at all. She wandered in the forest, played and sang whereas the Dove queen flooded the tears of a river. At that time, the mouse king came back from abroad. He asked the Dove queen why she was weeping. He embraced her. Then she wept even more. Then on his insistence she stopped and narrated the story about the pumpkin. The king became very happy. He said, "Do you really love me so much?" The Dove queen said, "Who else is there besides you? You are my everything. I don't want any money. Be with me always. We have mountains and forests, flower and fruits. If we take care of them, they will offer us to eat. You should not go anywhere leaving me behind." The Mouse king became even happier and said, "No dear. I shall not go anywhere leaving you behind."

Then the king asked, "Where is the Frog queen?" The Dove queen said, "She has gone to the forest to roam around." The king asked, "Didn't she weep when the pumpkin started rotting?" The Dove queen said, "No, not at all." The king asked, "didn't she remember me?" The Dove queen said, "No, not at all." The Mouse king got angry. He thought, "If a wife does not bother about her husband at all, what is the use of that wife?"

When the Frog queen came to know that her husband was back, she came home smiling. She embraced the king and asked,

“What have you got from abroad?” The mouse king didn’t answer. He called both the queens. He said, “Carry rice and chicken with you. We will go to the river bank. We will bathe, cook food and eat there. “The Frog queen said, “when are you going to give me the things you got from abroad?”. The Mouse king said, “I will give you there”.

Three of them went to the river. The king slit the throat of the selfish Frog queen. She died. The king threw her in the river. Then the king and the Dove queen bathed in the river, cooked and ate together and came back home. The Mouse king said, “What is the use of a person who is selfish, greedy and lazy like the Frog queen?” The Dove queen said, “That’s right.” They had children. They ruled over the kingdom. When I visited them they offered me rice and curry. Thus the story ends here.



THE HEN AND THE JACKAL

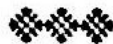
Once there was a hen. She had her chicks. She took them out every day with her to graze in the fields. In the garden there was a brinjal plant. On that plant, there was a brinjal. It was really a big one. It was already ripe. The hen went with her chicks one day, and let her chicks play. She was watching under the tree. The brinjal said, "Oh, hen get away from here. I am going to fall down." The hen said, "Ok, fall oh, brinjal fall. Even if you fall, I won't move from here." The brinjal again warned her. But the hen did not listen. The brinjal fell down. As the brinjal fell down, it hit the hen's head and the hen's head got crushed. She jumped around in pain. The chicks thought that she was sprinkling sand for them to play. They enjoyed the fun. But the hen had already left for heavenly abode. When she fell there standstill, they knew their mother was dead. They wept. The jackal heard them weeping. He came near them and asked, "Nephews, why are you weeping?" They said, "our mother has passed away. Who will give us rice and husk?" The jackal said, "Yes, your mother is dead. Give her dead body. I shall take to the river bank and bury it there. Give rice, oil and some spices." He took all that and ate every thing and came back. He came near them and told the two chicks, "Nieces, please pick up some lice from my head. As they were picking up lice, they saw a bit of brain sticking on his head. They asked, "Uncle, what is this?" "Don't tell me, niece, as I was weeping, I hit my head on the trees in the forest. I broke my head and a piece of brain came out" said the jackal. They thought, "The jackal was telling a lie. He had eaten up their mother. Then they ran away from there. Then he went near them and asked, "Dear nephews and nieces, where are you going to sleep to night?" The chicks said, "We will sleep near the hearth." He came in the night. The chicks were sleeping inside a bottle gourd. He came and searched everywhere but did not find them. The next day he saw them and asked them, "Dear nephews and nieces, where will you sleep tonight?" They said, "Uncle we will sleep on the *sanga*

branch today. Are you sure, you will be sleeping on the *sanga* branch?" He came to the *sanga* branch but did not find them. In the evening, he came again and asked them, "Where will you sleep this night?" They said, "Tonight we will sleep in the same corner." He said, "Sure, you would be sleeping in that corner. Because I don't find you at the right place. I just come to find out, if you would be scared or something. But I don't get to see you. They said, "No, we sleep there only." Then they left. The jackal also left. These chicks got into the bottle gourd and hid there. The jackal came in the night and searched. He looked for the entire night. Then he got the bottle gourd. He decided to take it away at least. I did not get the nephews and nieces.

He carried the bottle gourd and ran away. He went and dropped it on an open ground. As he dropped it, the chicks fluttered, came out of it and away. But the lame one among them could not run. They had stepped on her and made her dirty. Her feathers were soiled with dirt. She could not fly. The jackal said, "I will eat you up." The chick said, "Uncle, do you want to eat me in this condition. See my body is covered with dirt. Give me a bath with oil and turmeric. You should clean and eat me. The jackal agreed with the chick and cleaned it well and brought it and said now I shall eat. The chick said, "No, uncle let me dry a bit. How shall you eat a wet stuff? Then the jackal took her and put her in the sun. After a while the jackal asked, "Niece, are you dried up?" The chick said, "Yes only a wing is dried up." After a while the jackal asked, "Niece, "are you dried enough?" The chick said, "Yes, now another wing is dried up." Then again he asked. The next time when he asked whether she was dry, the chick said, "Yes." The chick added, "But why should you take trouble? You just open your mouth and I will get inside it. The jackal said, "Will you really get inside?" The chick said "Yes. I can't fly now. So I will get inside your mouth" The jackal kept his mouth open. The jackal had cleaned it well and it was dry enough. So it relieved itself in the jackal's mouth and flew away and sat on the Similii tree. As the chick sat on the simili tree, the jackal thought the excreta of the chick is so sweet, how sweet would be her meat?" When she falls down I will certainly eat it up. He sat there looking up towards the chick. His back was bitten by termites. Then he thought he should not wait for such a long time.

Instead, he should go some where and catch crabs and fish. Then he went towards the stream. He got a *serna* fish on the bank of the river. He swallowed it, and the fish came out through his back. As he looked back, he could see one more *serna* fish. He thought he got one more fish. He swallowed it again and again it came out of through its back. Then again he swallowed it. Like that he swallowed thrice but his belly was not full. He thought something was wrong. When he looked his back he found that his back was eaten up by white ants and there was a hole. He said, "My back has a hole., I should go to the cobbler." He went to the cobbler and said, "Cobbler brother, please sew my back. The cobbler said, "Shall I stitch it completely or keep a hole. The jackal said, No, stitch it completely, The cobbler did as he was told.

As his back was closed there was no way out. So his belly was swollen. He could not walk. He thought he should see a blacksmith. He told the blacksmith, "Brother, there is a problem here. Please make a hole. The blacksmith asked him, "Will you eat ripe one or raw. The jackal said, "I will take ripe". The black smith heated the iron rod and pushed it through the jackal's back and the jackal left for heaven.



1. A kind of tree

ALASU AND KHANDIA PANDA

A Sadhaba, businessman had seven sons. Among his sons he was fond of the seventh one. His name was Alasu. He did not do any work. He would only play flute. His brothers were jealous of him. They decided to kill him. They mixed poison in his food. His sister-in-law came to know about it and asked Alasu not to have his food. She said, "Alasu, don't eat gruel today. They have mixed poison in it. You tell them that you have cold and fever. So you don't want to eat." Alasu went and told that he had fever. So he should not have gruel. Instead, he asked for hot rice. So they gave him hot rice. He survived. There was no other way to kill him. The next day they again thought of a plan as to how to kill Alasu. They observed that Alasu usually sat in a usual place and had his food. So they decided to open a pit, put a cover and polish it with earth. When Alasu would sit, they would remove the cover. He would fall in the pit and die. When Alasu came from the forest to have his food, his sister-in-law told him not to sit in that particular place. She said, "They have planned to push you inside and bury you there." Then Alasu came and sat in another place instead of sitting there. He escaped and survived. The brothers said, "even today we could not kill him. What could be done? He is very clever. Can't trick him. When he is asleep, we will slit his neck." When Alasu came back from market, his sister-in-law said, "Alasu, don't sleep there where you usually sleep. Sleep somewhere else. They want to kill you." Alasu said, "What should I do then?" She said, "You keep a pot and a trunk of a banana tree and cover them with clothes. They will take that for a man and kill him. You will be sleeping in some other house. As the night approached the six brothers arrived together. They thought Alasu was sleeping. The eldest brother took the axe and gave a hard blow. It struck the pot and the banana plant. They thought a lot

of bleeding was caused and left it like that and came back home to sleep. Next morning, again Alasu came playing his flute and took his buffalo to graze. They thought, "We had killed him yesterday. How did he come alive today? How is he playing flute? Today, we will kill him by any means. His elder sister-in-law heard that. She said, Alasu, your brothers are going to chase you to kill. Then Alasu sat on his buffalo and went towards the forest. The old buffalo could not run fast. His brothers started chasing him. They came near him. So he pierced an arrow towards them. The arrow became a grove of bamboo tree and stood as an obstruction between Alasu and his brothers. The brothers could not come beyond the grove to reach Alasu. They remained on the other side of the forest. Then they started cutting down the forest

They could see Alasu on the other side of the grove. As they reached near him, he put a stone before them. The stone became a wall and stood between Alasu and his brothers. They tried to climb the wall. Then they reached near Alasu. Alasu was completely tired by that time. Then he dropped a pot of water. The place became a pond. There was a lot of water around them. His brothers swam through the water and reached near Alasu. Then Alasu dropped some fire near him. The entire place burnt in fire. The brothers found it difficult to move ahead. Alasu reached near a pond. He left the buffalo on the ridge of the pond and started playing his flute. A group of girls came to the river to have bath everyday. They met Alasu there and asked him to join them in playing hide and seek in the water. They hid a pot and said, "Alasu, you search for it. If you find it you can marry one of us but if we find it we will take away you and your buffalo." Then they started the game. The girls hid the pot in a particular corner and put mud on it. That time the buffalo went to drink water and saw the pot. He took Alasu there and Alasu found the pot. As he found out, they said, "Now you hide it and we will find it out." He asked his buffalo, "Where shall I hide it?" He said, "You put it inside my mouth when I

will be drinking water. I will swallow it with the water. "When the buffalo came to drink water, Alasu put the pot in his mouth. The girls looked for it but did not find any trace. Then they said that they were defeated. "You could take anyone *of us*" they said. He asked the buffalo whom to choose. The buffalo said, "if you marry the youngest one you will have to respect the other sisters as elders. But if you marry the eldest they will respect you as they will be your *salis* (young sisters-in-law). So he chose the eldest sister and took his buffalo and her with him and went home. He went to his straw house and said, "Let it become a bungalow. Truly it became a bungalow. And inside it there were gold, silver, rice grains and a lot more things. He wanted a pond for the buffalo so that he would take bath. He announced that he would give a basket *of rice* for digging a basket *of soil*. His elder brothers came to work there as they were poor. Alasu recognized them. Alasu called his elder sister-in-law also. Then all of them lived together.



1. Buffalo

THE KHOKO BIRD

An old man and his wife lived in a village. Both of them were childless. But they were very rich. They had a lot of goats and chicken. The old woman was a great miser. She would not allow her husband to sell or kill any of their goats or chicken. But the old man wanted to kill a goat and eat its meat. His wife did not allow him. She said, "Let them be there. It looks so nice. It will fetch a good amount of money. The old man tried to persuade her several times but she did not succumb to his plea. So he thought of a plan. He said, "Listen, old woman, we have so much of wealth. Who will enjoy all this after our death? We don't have anyone. If we keep a pet bird, at least it can flutter around. "The old woman said, "What bird do you want to keep, old fellow?" The old man said, A Khoko bird ! If we keep a khoko bird, it will say "Bhaku, Bhaku."

The next day the old man carried an axe on his shoulder and went to the forest. He located a *Dhangra* tree and came back home. The old woman asked him, "Did you find the bird?" He said, "there are chicks, they have been hatched just today. If we feed them they will grow up soon." The old woman asked, "What do they eat?" The old man said, "They eat meat". His wife said, "All right, if they eat meat, you can kill a hen and then take some meat for them." She killed a hen and prepared meat. Both of them roasted it, had some and left the rest to be taken for the chicks.

After a few days the old man would ask for one more hen. He said, "I would go and feed them. I will also see how big they have grown up. In this manner the old man ate eight hens. Still he did not bring the bird.

The old woman asked, "When are you going to get the bird?. The old man said, "I will certainly bring them. Let them start to fly. I can't bring them alone. You will also come. It is difficult for one person

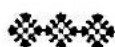
to bring them. I shall climb the tree. You carry a basket on your head and stand there along the tree like a tree without moving. I shall drop those birds in your basket. As you feel the heaviness, you should straight come home without stopping or talking to anyone. Or else, they will flyaway.”

The old man made the noise, “Bhakum, bhakum” and sat on the basket. The old woman felt heaviness on her head. She thought the birds were already put in the basket. So she moved towards home without stopping any where. After reaching home, she put the basket down. Then she saw that the old man was sitting inside the basket. Then she realized that the old man had eaten up all her hen. She got angry and said, “I will go away to my parents’ house.” She left her husband and went to her parents’ house. The old man was in trouble. He had to cook his food.

Then he called the village boys. He told them, “Let us go for a stroll to another village. If we get somebody even a divorced - woman, we will get her for me.” Somebody said, “in that Sadhaba’s family, there was a divorced woman. We can go and ask them.” Then they sent a mediator to the Sadhaba’s house. The Sadhaba said, “of course, we will give her in marriage. Do you think that we will keep her at home for ever. All right the deal is done. So have rice and curry.” All of them were wearing turbans. So the Sadhaba’s people could not recognize them. They dressed up the “girl” and played *Changu* music and sang song:

**The hills have moved
The hills have moved
The same old man and woman
Got married again
*Ghinchan, Ghinchan!***

It was morning. They found that it was the same old man. The old man brought his wife and stayed together. That way the old woman took care of her khoko bird.



THE THREE FRIENDS AND THE PRINCESS

The princess' mother is very adamant. Her only daughter is sulking. If someone gets her one hundred pieces of Puruni flowers from the Kalindi lake, she will give him her daughter in marriage. Is the lake so near that some one can just go and get the flowers so easily? It is very difficult, many people tried but failed. There is one person who can throw an arrow that travels for seven days. There is another person who can see a distance of hundred *kosh*. There is yet another person who can run hundred *kosh* to and fro with in an hour. The three of them became friends.

Three of them went to another land. The person who could pierce arrow, the person who could see long distance and the one who could run a hundred *kosh*- all of them decided to get the flowers by the next day. The person who had a long sight saw that there were flowers. Then he went and plucked the flowers. As he was getting the flowers, on the way, he got tired. He tied them into a bundle, put his head on them and slept there for a while. His friends had been waiting for him. But there was no sign of him. Then they said, "Why is he so late? He can cover a *kosh* in an hour, but no sign of him till now. What is the reason? Why doesn't he come back? Hey, you can see a *kosh*. Why don't you see where he is?" The man saw that he had plucked the flowers but made a bundle and has been sleeping on it. Then the other man said, "Hey, you can throw your arrow and get the bundle of flowers along with the man. Can't you do that much?" Then the man threw his arrow. The arrow went and brought the bundle of flowers along with the man. Then they went to the palace. As they reached there, they started arguing. One said, "I went there running. So I should marry her." The other person said, "I shot the arrow and got the flowers. So I shall marry her." The third person said, "It was possible

only because of me. If I had not seen the flowers from here, you wouldn't have any idea about them. So I will marry her." After hearing their quarrel, the princess said, "Why are you quarrelling so much. I won't marry anyone of you." Then she died there, Then they took her for her funeral. One person said, "I could not marry her in this life, But I shall marry her in my next life, So I shall bum myself along with her in the pyre. The second person said, "I shall take her bone to the Ganges. I shall marry her at least in my next life. The third person sad I will apply the ashes and become a *sanyasi*. I will marry her in my next life."

The *sanyasi* wandered applying ashes on his body. One day he met a *rishi*. He asked, "You look like you come from a decent family. Why are you wandering like a *sanyasi*?" He said, "I thought of marrying the princess. So I went and got the Pumi flower, But she passed away. So I became a *sanyasi* thinking that I would marry her in my next life. "The *rishi* said, Come to the funeral place tomorrow. The next day they went there, The *rishi sprinkled* some water. Then the princess came alive. Along with her the person who had immolated himself also came to life. The person who took her ashes to the Ganges also came there. Again they started arguing to marry the princess. But the princess refused to marry anyone of them. Thus they learned a lesson.



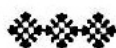
Twenty Three

THE FRUIT OF GREED

There was a village by the seashore. In that village there lived a fisherman family. They had no children. The fisherman caught fish in the river, sold it in the market and they survived from whatever he earned by selling it in the market. The fisherman was a very good man. He would work from morning till evening. In the evening he would sell the fish and come back home happy. He was not jealous of anyone. But his wife was different. She was very greedy and jealous of people. She could not tolerate others. When they had no food, she would eye on others rice grains, and property. She would shout at her husband as he did not have all these. But the fisherman did not bother about all these and was happy with whatever he had. One day he could not catch even a single fish. Towards the evening, he got a golden fish. The fisherman had not seen such a fish. When the fisherman came near the fish, it said, "I am the king of the fish. Let me go. I shall do good to you whenever you need me. The fisherman said, "What can you do for me?" The fish said, "Whatever you order, it will happen." Tell me what do you want?" The fisherman said, "I want a concrete building." Before you reach home, your wish would have been fulfilled. "And whatever you want you come to the hill and ask, you will get it" Then the fish got inside the water. The fisherman came home and found that there was a building in place of his hut. The fisherman's wife was astonished. She asked her husband how did all that happen?" Then the fisherman explained to her everything. The fisherman's wife said, "If we live in the bungalow and catch fish, people will laugh at us. So you should go and tell the fish that it should make you a land lord. The fisherman could not resist his wife's suggestion.

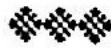
He went to the hill and called the fish. The fish appeared on the call of the fisherman. The fisherman said, "My wife wants to

see me as a landlord. Please make me a landlord." The fish said, "Let it happen." Then it got inside water. When the fisherman came back home, he found that he had become a landlord. His house was full of rice, grains, food and servants. The fisherman was happy to see all this. They lived happily. One day the king sent his people to the landlord to collect revenue. The fisherman's wife got angry looking at the people. She, said, "Are we the king's servants? You go and tell the fish to make you the king?" The fisherman went and requested the fish to make him the king. Then the fish said let your desire be fulfilled. As soon as the land lord came home from the hill, they made him sit on the throne. His wife sat beside him in a small throne. The fisherman after all this felt a bit awkward. Before all this happened he was quite happy. But then he felt quite uneasy. He thought of his early days. How he used to catch fish singing happily. But his wife was happy and led a carefree life. Maid servants served her. She would eat good food. She became fat within a few days. She was not able to get sound sleep. She would sleep in the early morning. But because of the sunlight and the cock crowing she could not sleep. So she told her husband to go and tell that the sun and the moon should move as she desired. The fisherman was taken aback. By listening to this he remained standing there spell bound. Looking at her husband, she got angry and shouted, "If you don't listen to me, I shall eat poison and die." The fisherman went to the hill and told it about his wife's plea. The fish said, "Whatever is there in the fisherwoman's fate should be granted to her." Then the fisherman went inside the water. When the fisherman came back he found that there was his old hut instead of a palace and his wife was weeping there.



THE TWO FRIENDS

There was a village called Madhapur. In that village there lived two friends- Ramu and Sibü. They moved together. Ramu was a lazy fellow. He would not listen to anyone. He would not go to school. He would say that he was going to school but would go to some other place to play and come back home in the evening. But Sibü was a good boy. He would do household work, obey his parents and do well in his studies. For this reason, Ramu would ask Sibü to go for a stroll. Sibü would oblige him. Then Sibü would lose interest. He did not obey anyone at home and went with Ramu. He got scolding at home. So both of them went to the forest. In the forest, they came across a wild bear. Ramu ran fast and climbed up a tree leaving behind Sibü. What should Sibü do alone? He thought of a plan. He lay down like a dead body holding his breath. The bear came to Sibü and smelled him. Sibü did not move. The bear thought he was dead. Then it went away. Then Sibü came back home. He was annoyed with Ramu as he left him at the time of danger. Since then he gave up his company and concentrated on his studies.



WHY DID THE DOG CATCH THE RABBIT?

In a particular forest there was a grove of date palm trees. In that grove there lived a rabbit. One day the rabbit thought it would go to the market. He took a hen and went to the market. As he was going, the sun set and it was already evening. There was a village nearby. He went to a house in the village. In that house only a girl lived. He asked for shelter. The girl gave him shelter. The rabbit asked her “. What curry have you cooked?” The girl said, “I haven’t cooked yet. I have some rice. We can share that. The rabbit said, “I have got a hen. You can cook it and we will have food together.” The girl cooked food and both of them had their meal and slept. In the morning the rabbit said, “You had chicken curry last night. Now give me a goat in return. I will go to the market.” In the market the rabbit saw another girl. He said, “I would like to stay in your house tonight. Because if I go with the goat, there might be problem.” So the girl gave her shelter to spend the night. In the night the girl asked the rabbit to have meal with her. The’ rabbit asked, “What is there for curry? If you haven’t got the curry ready, you can kill and cook its meat. “They had a nice meal. The next morning, the girl said, “You want to sell the goat. Don’t you?” The rabbit said, “Don’t worry. You cook its meat and keep its horns for me. In the morning, he told the girl, “You had good mutton curry last night. You give me the horns.” They looked for the horns but did not find them. So he put a condition. He said, “If I find the horns in some one’s plait, I will take her with me to the market.” As they were searching for them, they got it in the plait of the most beautiful girl of the family. The parents were unhappy to fulfill the condition but they had to concede to it. The girl also wept. But she got ready to go with the rabbit with her bundle of things. The rabbit took the girl and went

away. On the way he felt thirsty. He said, "You take care of the bundle. I will drink some water and come back. But the rabbit took a lot of time to come back. The girl was there. A prince came that way. He saw the bundle and found a beautiful girl there. He kept a dog inside it and took away the girl along with him and married her. The rabbit came, took the bundle, called his friend and opened it in front of them. A dog came out from the bundle. He thought that they would ill-treat him. So he started chasing them. Since that day the dog chases the rabbit.



WHY DOES THE JACKAL TAKE AWAY HENS

There was a kingdom called Avanti. In that kingdom there lived a Sabar king called Kirati. He managed all the Sabar tribes of the kingdom. Sabars used to go to the forest, gather fruits, birds and animals and had their livelihood.

Once a big lion came from outside. He started eating all the animals in the forest. Finally, Sabars did not find any animal for their livelihood. So they got angry. They put the lion in a cage. He suffered there inside the cage. One day a young girl from another country saw the lion inside the cage. She got scared. The lion said, "Don't be scared dear. I am in trouble now. Can you please help me by opening the gate of the cage?" Then the girl opened the gate of the cage. The lion came out and said, "I will eat you now." The girl said, "All right, you call all the birds and animals of the jungle. If they say your claim is justified, you can eat me." The lion called all the birds and animals and said, "You decide upon this matter. I want to kill the girl." The birds and animals of the jungle said, "These sabars are very cruel. They hunt birds and animals and finish all of them. Because the girl also belongs to Sabar tribe; She should be killed." There was a jackal among the assembled birds and animals. The girl called the jackal and said, "You see, old jackal brother. I helped this lion by opening the door of the cage. But he says he would kill me. So you decide and give your judgment." The jackal asked the lion, "You show me how you were inside and how you came out." Then the lion got inside the cage. Then the jackal closed the door. The jackal asked her what reward will you give me?" The girl said, "You can catch all the hens of the jungle henceforth." That's why the jackal catches hens.



THE TIGER AND THE MUSING CHAMELEON

Long long ago a tiger and a chameleon were playing hide and seek. The tiger was big. So it was easy for the chameleon to trace him. He could easily find him out. But when the chameleon hid, it was difficult on the part of the tiger to trace him. He would be searching and searching. He would peep here and there, remove leaves but won't find the chameleon. Once he was removing leaves, that time a goatherd boy saw them playing. Once the chameleon hid under a leaf, the tiger would come and sit on that leaf. The chameleon would come out and move on the tiger's body. The tiger shook himself and the chameleon would come to the leaf again.

The tiger smelled the leaf. That time the chameleon would bit and stick to the tiger's nose. The tiger would jump. It would shake and kick but the chameleon would stick to the tiger. The goatherd boy enjoyed looking at that. At times, he laughed at them. The tiger felt ashamed. The chameleon also won't leave the tiger. The tiger went to the goatherd boy and said, "Listen, boy, don't tell others whatever you have seen or else I shall eat you up." The goat herd boy would say, "yes." In the evening the boy came back home. In the night, he would have his meal with his friends in a row. As he would be taking his meal he would be reminded of the game played by the tiger and the chameleon. He would laugh aloud- ha! ha! Then his friends would ask him, "Why are you laughing?" He would say nothing but they were not satisfied with his answer. So he told them about the game then all of them would laugh. The tiger would be hiding behind the house and listening to all this. He would turn red in anger. The goatherd told his friends, "I would be sleeping in your midst in the middle or

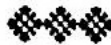
else the tiger will kill me.” That day they had ground com flour with *mohua flower*: They called it *Lathe*. They gave this to the boy before they had their meal in the evening. The boy ate some and kept the rest. He ate that before he slept in the midst of his friends’. Once all were deep asleep, the tiger picked up the boy and took him to the forest. He kept the boy in a bushy forest and carefully guarded him. The boy woke up early in the morning. He stretched his hands for his friends but did not find anyone there. He looked around but found the forest. When he raised his head, he could see the tiger: He said to himself, “Let him kill me. Before that I should eat the *mohul lathe*. Then the sun rose. The cowherd boy tried to take out *lathe* from his pouch. That made *khas khas* sound. The tiger asked him, “Who is making that noise in your pouch?” The goatherd boy thought of a plan and made that sound again. When the tiger asked him again who was making the noise the boy answered, “Who else will make that noise? It is the same Musing chameleon who is making the noise” The tiger shrieked when he heard that it was the chameleon. He asked, “Tell me again, who is making that noise?” The boy said, “Musing chameleon.” Then the tiger got alert and stood up. . He said, “Don’t let the chameleon out. Let me go under a bush first. . Then the tiger ran towards the forest in a hurry without waiting for the boy’s reply. Then the goatherd gave a loud laugh. He got up and returned home eating *lathe* on his way. Presence of mind can save a human being from danger.



Twenty Eight

FORGETFULNESS

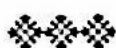
Once an old man went to plough his field. He yoked his bullocks and fixed his plough with the yoke. When he held the handle of the plough he realized that there was no iron plate on the plough. He searched for it throughout the field. But did not find it. He told himself, "I had brought it with me. Where did I misplace it?" Then he thought, "I can't plough the field today. What should I do? When I have work, the plate is missing. He thought of a plan" I have my only daughter. If somebody finds the plate for me. I would make him my *gharjuain*." he announced that in a louder voice to inform the people who were ploughing the surrounding fields. In the surrounding field three brothers were ploughing. They heard what the old man said. They sent the youngest, brother to search the plate for the old man. He went to the old man and asked, "Is it true that you will make me your *ghar juain* if I find the plate for you?" The old man said, Yes, certainly. I will make you my *ghar juain* if you get it for me. I don't lie." The boy said, "All right." Then he pointed his left hand and said, "You have tied up the plate on your waist." He moved his hand on his head and was in deep thought. Then the boy said, "What are you thinking?" The old man replied, "As I had promised, I will make you my *ghar-juain*. Tell me, how do you like the idea?" The young boy smiled and went back to his brothers. Then the old man talked to the boy's brothers and made him his *ghar-juain*.



1. son-in-law who lives in the bride's home even after marriage

DAUGHTER OF SITAM, THE OLD MAN

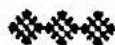
Sitam, the old man lived in Raniganj. He had two children- a son and a daughter. His son's name was Galga and daughter's name was Moti. They loved each other. One day Galga went hunting crossing the seven hills. He got two ripe *Kendu* fruit while coming back home. When Moti saw the fruits, she asked him to take her along when he went hunting to the seven hills. Both of them went to the seven hills to eat *Kendu*. There were a lot of *Kendus* in the seven hills. After eating a lot of *Kendu* they felt thirsty. But they did not know where they could find water. So they threw *Kendus* to all directions. From one side they heard the sound of water. So Galga sent his sister to get water and he stayed back near the *Kendu* tree. There she saw a pond. She got down to get water. But one person refused to give her water. He said that she won't be allowed to take water before the sun set. After the sun set, Galga went to the pond and found that the tiger had killed his sister. Galga came back home weeping. While wandering in that area, an ascetic found the scalp of Moti's head. He decided to prepare a *Kendara*, a string instrument using the skin. As he played the *Kendara*, it sounded like Moti's own voice. Then he went to beg from one village to another village. One day he reached Sitam, the oldman's house in Raniganj. He played his string instrument. As Galga heard the tune of the *Kendara* he realized that it was his sister's voice. He wanted to have that instrument from the ascetic. He asked the ascetic to stay back at their house that night. In the mid night he applied some mud to the ascetic's clothes. The ascetic put on his hand and realized roughness on his clothes. He thought that he had soiled his clothes. So out of shame, he ran away from there in the night itself leaving behind his instrument. Galga kept the instrument safe. He played it every night and it sounded like his sister singing. Thus Moti visited her brother every night. One night when she appeared as human, they sprinkled some turmeric water on her body. From that day she appeared as human again and stayed in that family everafter.



Thirty

BAIDU, THE OLD MAN AND THE JACKAL

There was an old man called Baidu in a particular village. He had a lot of wealth including cattle, goats, sheep, hen, and ducks. The goats were very large, as large as cows, and the hens were also very big. Near Baidu's house there was a *sal* grove. There lived a pack of jackals in that grove. Among them there was a jackal who was their leader. His name was Bunde. One evening they assembled together to plan to go and rob Baidu's house. They thought they should steal those big goats. Baidu came to know about their plan. So he took the hammer and hid it in the corner of the goat-shed. At night, the jackals came and tried to get inside. Then he hit each of them on their heads. They said, "Baidu has a very big he-goat who is hitting everyone." At the end Bunde jackal went and saw that it was Baidu, and not any big he-goat hitting the jackals. When he cried, "Baidu is hitting everyone, all of them ran away. The next day, they decided to steal his hens. Baidu came to know about this too. Next evening, he went to the poultry and hid there with a sickle in his hand. As the jackal tried to get in, he hit it with his sickle on its head. The jackal said, "There is a big cock in the shed." Every one got the beating. Next day, they came to steal his ducks. He came to know about it. So he went and sat in the corner of the duck-shed with a spanner. As soon as a jackal put his head inside, he pressed its ears with the spanner. They said, "Baidu has a big duck. "Then they left that place running. Baidu wanted to have a permanent solution to this problem. He wanted to rid of the jackals. So he cleared up the grove and all the jackals left that place.



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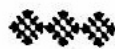
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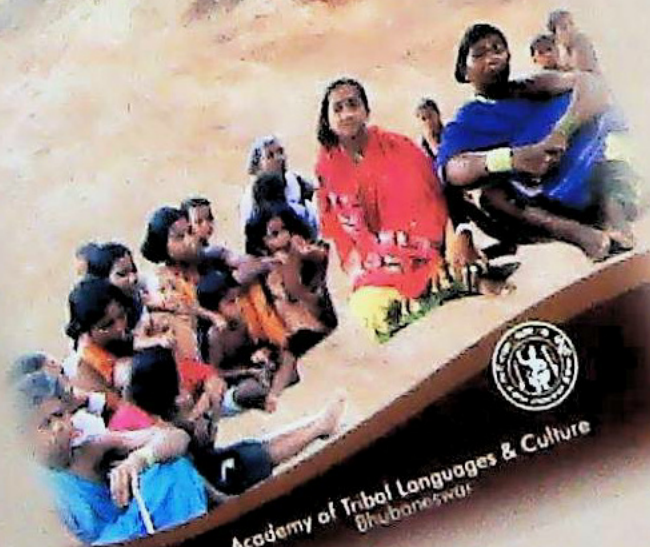
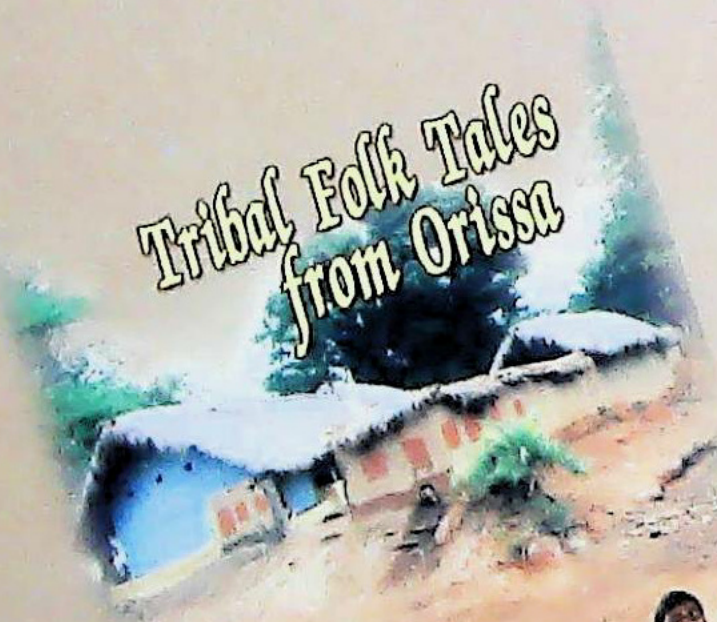
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Tribal Folk Tales from Orissa



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