**The Origin of Rice (Bohol Version)**

There was a time, many, many years ago, when rice was not known to our people. At that time our ancestors lived on fruits, vegetables, birds, and wild animals which they caught while hunting in the mountains or the forests. Tilling the soil was still unknown. And poultry and hog was not yet a part of their way of living.

Because our people depended on the food which nature provided and not what they themselves grew or raised, their stay in one place was only temporary. When there was nothing more to be hunted or gathered in a certain place, they would go to another region where there was plenty of food. Thus, they traveled from one place to another.

But our ancestors were proud, thankful and happy. They were proud of the things they had- their brown skin, the race to which they belonged, and the customs and traditions which they practiced. They were thankful to Bathala, their god. And they were happy in the manner of living which they led.

On a typical day, the men could be seen going to the mountains or forests to hunt, while the women and small children could be seen busily engaged in such useful tasks as fishing and gathering of fruits and vegetables. After a day’s work, all wild animals that had been killed in the hunt and all fruits and vegetables that had been gathered, would be divided equally among all the group of families which made up the balangay .

One day, a group of hunters went out to hunt deer. In their desire to have a good catch, they traveled far and wide until they reached the Cordillera Mountains. Having traveled so far, and feeling dead tired, they decided to take a rest under a big tree. It was nearing noon and all of them were hungry.

While resting in the shade of the tree, they saw, not far from where they were, a group of men and women whose features were quite different from those of ordinary mortals.

The hunters realized that they were gods and goddesses who lived in that part of the mountain. All at once the hunters stood up and gave the deities due respect. The gods were glad of this gesture. In return, they invited the hunters to join them in their banquet. The hunters helped in the preparation of the food. They butchered the deer and wild boar and then placed them one after another over the live coals.

In a short while, a servant of the gods got some bamboos and placed them over the fire. The bamboos contained small, white kernels shaped like beads. Soon after, the cooked kernels were placed in saucer-shaped banana leaves. The table laden with roasted meat, cooked vegetables, and fresh fruits. Other bamboos were brought in and these contained what looked like pure water. The hunters soon learned that the crystal-like substance was not water but rather, the wine of the gods.

At first, the hunters were reluctant in joining the feasts – after seeing the small, white kernels.

“We do not eat worms,” the chief hunter said.

 The gods smiled. “These white bead-shaped kernels are not worms,” replied one of the gods.“ They are cooked rice. They come from a certain kind of plant which we ourselves grow. Come and feast with us. After we have eaten, kill us if you find anything wrong from eating rice.”

After hearing the god’s words, the hunters did not argue anymore. They feasted with the gods.

They were satisfied and happy, not because they were fed but because of the energy they felt after eating cooked rice. Their weak bodies became strong. After the feast, the hunters thanked the gods. Before leaving, every hunter received a sack of palay from the gods.

“This is palay,” explained another of the gods. “Pound the palay, winnow and clean it very well. Wash the rice with water and place the washed rice between the internodes of the bamboo with enough water to be absorbed by the rice. Then place the bamboo over the fire until it is cooked. The sick will become strong and all of you will be satisfied after eating. Preserve some of the palay for your seedbed. Start planting during the rainy season. During the dry season, you can harvest the palay. Go now. Introduce the palay in your village and teach the people how to till the soil. You will progress and this will stop you from wandering from place to place.”

 After thanking the gods, the hunters left for their village. They followed the advice of the gods. They introduced the eating of cooked rice in their village. They taught their own people how to till the soil and plant it with palay.

After many years, the practice of planting rice became widespread. Other balangays soon adopted the practice of planting rice. Since then rice became known to our people. And along with that tilling of the soil, our people also learned to raise animals and to construct permanent dwelling places.

**The Legend of Rice (Ibaloi Version)**

A long, long time ago, our ancestors did not know about rice. They lived on fruits and vegetables, which they gathered in the forest, and on birds and wild animals, which they caught while hunting in the mountain. Tilling the soil was still unheard of. In addition, domestication of animals was not yet practiced.

Since our people depended on the food which nature provided and not on what they themselves grew raised, their stay in one particular place was only temporary. When there was nothing more to be hunted, or gathered in a certain area, they would go to another region where there was plenty of food provided by nature. Moreover, the cycle would continue.

Despite the conditions under which they lived, our ancestors were proud, thankful, and happy just the same. They took pride in the things they had: their brown skin, the race to which they belonged, the customs and traditions, which they practiced. They were thankful to Bathala, their god, for all the blessings he had given them. They were happy in the simple and uncomplicated manner of living, which they led.

On a typical day, the men could be seen going to the mountain or forest to hunt, while the women and children could be seen busily engaged in fishing, gathering fruits and vegetables, and other useful tasks. After a day’s work, all wild animals that had been killed in the hunt, and all fruits and vegetables that had been gathered, would be divided equally among all the groups of families which made up the barangay. Such was the mode living of our ancestors in those days.

One day a group of hunters went out to hunt deer. In their desire to have a good catch, they traveled everywhere until they reached the Cordillera Mountains.

Having traveled so far, and feeling dead tired, they decided to take a rest under a big tree. It was nearing noontime, and all of them were hungry. While resting in the shade of the tree, they saw, not...

**The Origin of Rice (Tagalog Version)**

Long ago, people did not plant crops or raise animals for food. They relied only on nature and their surroundings. They would live in places where they could find food. Some stayed in caves and lived on fruits and animal meat. Some stayed by river banks and the sea, so they could fish for their food. They would stay in a place until food got scarce and then move to another place where food was bountiful. The couple Banag and Danas belonged to a group who used to live near the sea. They were looking for a new place. A fierce storm had destroyed their houses near the sea. They feared the coming of another storm. "Why do we always move our home?" Banag asked Danas. "I am tired of this kind of life. We cannot even have children because we keep moving." Banag wanted to seperate from the rest of the group and stay behind in a pleasant place. "I want to bear our child there." Danas gave in to his wife's request. They chose a nice place in the mountains and built a simple house there. Their new home was tranquil and food was bountiful. Nearby was a clear stream where Danas caught many fish. But then came a drought. For a long time, no rain fell, and the earth dried up. Plants and trees died,and birds and animals and disappeared. Fish perished in the dried stream. Danas traveled far to look for food. But the drought was merciless. He traveled until he reached the next mountain. Still, he could not find food. Exhaustion caught up with Danas in the middle of a vast field. He lay among the grasses and fell asleep. Suddenly, the wind blew, and the grasses danced and sang. Danas woke up surprised. Danas listened to the song of the grasses. "We are the hope of the people, Danas. Gather our grains. Our grains are good food." Danas noticed the head of the grains of the grasses. Each head was full of golden grains. He picked a grain and bit it. "Pound our grains to remove their golden covers, " sang the grasses. "Cook the white kernels inside the grains to soften them. It is good food.”

Danas gathered the grains until his bag was full and then hurriedly went home to Banag. “Now we have food,” he happily told Banag. He removed the golden covers of the grains, as the grasses had instructed him, cooked the grains, and then ate them.

The next morning, Danas returned to the field, “plant our grains,” sang the grasses. “Plant them on land softened by rain. They will grow, and you will take care of them. When you harvest, save some grains to plant again. Learn to plant and take care of plants. Planting will become your source of livelihood.”

Danas suddenly felt raindrops. He looked up to see the heavens darken with rain. “Call your crop palay (rice).” sang the grasses which danced vigorously as the rained poured. “Tell other about this. Teach them how to plant palay.

Danas followed the advice of the grasses. He planted a rice field around his house and studied farming. He taught the others what he had learned. Farms got bigger and bigger and people no longer had to move search for food.

**The First Monkey (Iloko Version)**

Long ago in a thick forest, a young girl lived under the care of the goddess of weaving.  Here she lived happily and without care, for everything that she wanted to eat was provided for her by her patroness.

One day the goddess said to the girl,  “Take this cotton, clean it, and make out a dress for yourself out of it.”  Now, the girl knew nothing about making cloth and weaving it, so she said to the goddess, “When the cotton is cleaned, is it ready for use?”

“No,” answered the guardian, “after it is cleaned, it must be beaten.”

“Well, after it is beaten, is it ready for use?”  said the lazy girl.  The goddess said that before it could be used, it would have to be spun.  “Well, after it is spun, ” persisted the saucy maiden, “is it ready for use?”

“No, it must next be woven into cloth, cut, and sewn,” answered the patient goddess.

“Oh!” said, the girl, “it will take a long time and much hard work to make clothes that way. This leather hide which you have given me to beat the cotton on, will make me better clothing, because it will wear longer.”  So she covered herself with the leather.  The goddess was so angry at the girl for her laziness that she decided that the leather should not only be her dress but also her very skin.  Then the goddess took the stick for beating the cotton and thrusting it between the maiden’s buttocks said to her, “This stick will become part of your body, and you will use it for climbing purposes.  As a penalty for laziness, henceforth you shall live in tress in the forest, and there you will find your fruit.”

Thus, originated the first monkey with a coat of leather and a tail.

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Once there lived an old woman and her grandson in a hut. The old woman worked hard to feed her grandson and herself but her grandson was a lazy boy. He did not help her in her work and took her money and spent it all on his friends.

One day, he came home hungry. "Where is my food?" he demanded. Alas! The food was not ready. He became angry and finding coconuts lying on the ground, threw them at his grandmother. "Food! Food! Food!" he chanted stamping his foot.

The good behavior fairy was passing by. "I'll teach this boy manner!" she thought. She waved her magic wand and whoosh . . . the boy turned into a furry animal with a long tail. When his friends saw him they threw stones at him. Lo! They too turned into animals. The people drove them out of the town.

The boy and his friends then began living on trees and came to be known as monkeys.

**The First Monkey (Tagalog Version)**

There was a boy named Juan who was very lazy. He found it difficult to do even the simplest things, and he especially hated getting up in the morning. His mother did not know what to do with such an insensitive child. She knew she was spoiling him, but she did not know what else to do with him, as he was her beloved only child.

Juan’s mother did not know the limits of her own tolerance. One day, Juan was playing outside the house, and she called him in for a very simple task. "Juan!" she called out. "Come in here and find the ladle for me!"

"I’m coming, Mother!" Juan cried, but he did not bestir himself to even walk two paces toward the house.

After a while Juan’s mother grew suspicious, and when she saw that the boy was not obeying her, she dragged him into the house. "You find that ladle! I want you to hand it over to me by the time I get back from the marketplace!" Then she stormed off, leaving the lazy little boy to make or break his fate.

Juan did not try to find the ladle. He found instead a large wooden spoon that was too shallow for anyone to use as a good ladle. He said to himself, "This will have to do." He played again until his mother came home, and then he gave her the spoon, saying "I can’t find the ladle, Mother. I’m too lazy. This spoon will have to do!"

"Ooh, you tardy brat!" his mother cried, and she proceeded to beat Juan with his "makeshift ladle". Juan became so frightened that he ran out of the house. Ah, but Juan’s mother would not let him go scot-free! She threw the spoon at him, and it stuck to the base of his spine like a tail, to his mother’s surprise. Then, instead of running any further, Juan swiftly climbed a tree to escape his mother’s fury. Juan’s mother strode to the tree and cried out to her naughty child:

"Come down from there! I still have to punish you!"

But Juan did not make any more complaints, or excuses. Only harsh chirping sounds came from his throat. Hair had grown all over his little body and he could no longer speak a word. Juan had become the very first monkey! Apparently, Juan’s mother did not have to punish him. He had already brought the greatest punishment upon himself.

**The First Monkey (Maranao Version)**

Long ago in a thick forest, a young girl lived under the care of the goddess of weaving. Here she lived happily and without care, for everything that she wanted to eat was provided for her by her patroness.

One day the goddess said to the girl, "Take this cotton, clean it, and make out a dress for yourself out of it." Now, the girl knew nothing about making cloth and weaving it, so she said to the goddess, "When the cotton is cleaned, is it ready for use?" "No," answered the guardian, "after it is cleaned, it must be beaten."

"Well, after it is beaten, is it ready for use?" said the lazy girl. The goddess said that before it could be used, it would have to be spun. "Well, after it is spun, " persisted the saucy maiden, "is it ready for use?"

"No, it must next be woven into cloth, cut, and sewn," answered the patient goddess.

"Oh!" said, the girl, "it will take a long time and much hard work to make clothes that way. This leather hide which you have given me to beat the cotton on, will make me better clothing, because it will wear longer." So she covered herself with the leather. The goddess was so angry at the girl for her laziness that she decided that the leather should not only be her dress but also her very skin. Then the goddess took the stick for beating the cotton and thrusting it between the maiden's buttocks said to her, "This stick will become part of your body, and you will use it for climbing purposes. As a penalty for laziness, henceforth you shall live in trees in the forest, and there you will find your fruit."

Thus, that's how originated the first monkey with a coat of leather and a tail.