AN OVERVIEW OF SAMAREÑO LITERATURE 9
Charo Nalbong-Cabardo

PAGDUAW HA BAGONCON 18
Pet Labrador

JOURNEY TO BAGONCON 19
Translated by Pet Labrador

KAHUMAN HAN TAPOS 40
Connie H. Sison

AFTER ALL MY LOST SAINTS 40
Translated by Estrella Maqueda

SALAMAGAN 60
Santiago Figueroa

SALAMAGAN 61
Translated by Estrella Maqueda

"PINTADOS" ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF SAMAR 74
Charo Nalbong-Cabardo and Deng Coy Miel

PAPA PABLO 84
Fra Paolo Ma. Diocesano

MGA LUWA NGA AMORAL 112

AMORAL VERSES 113
Translated by A.O. Llaneta

SURAT NGADTO HA ATON 120
Estrella Maqueda
AN OVERVIEW OF SAMAREÑO LITERATURE

Waray or Waray-Waray refers both to the people of Samar and Leyte and to its language. It is the language spoken in the three provinces of Samar including the islands of Zambuela and Homonhon. It is also spoken by nearly half of Leyte, while the other half in the western area speaks Cebuano or what is colloquially known as “Kana.”

In Samar, the Waray language has at least three variations: Northern/Samar Waray spoken around Cataraman; Eastern Samareño focused in Borongan and the Western Waray centered in Catbalogan. Northern Samar is affected to some degree by Bicol, the language spoken in Southern Luzon just across the San Bernardino Strait. The differences are the intonation patterns, the pronunciation of vowels and the use of certain words already considered archaic in other areas.

In the islet of Capul, off the northern coast, the natives speak a peculiar dialect which is neither Waray nor Cebuano but a potpourri of several dialects. Even to the Warays in general, the dialect is distinct and unique and has prompted several studies on the language.

In ancient times the island of Capul was known as Abak. The linguist scholar Lorenzo Hervas y Panduro made an interesting record of the seemingly unusual language spoken by the Capuleños which he said is a Malay language and is identical with that of Borneo with some slight differences in words.¹ In the Abaknon, as the dialect is known, there are three languages or dialects: Inagta, Inabaknon and Waray-Waray. A study by Marc and Suzanne Jacobson of the Summer Institute of Linguistics traced the Capul language to the Austronesian family of languages. Their language is a member of the Sama Bajaw group which stretches from Indonesia through Sabah to the Sulu Archipelago. The Abaknon is the only Samareño language which has not come under the influence of Arabic though heavy influence from the Spanish continues up to today. The Samareño Abaknon is noteworthy among Philippine

¹Koak, Cantis, Footnotes to the translation of Alcris's Histoire de los Islas de Indias de Ballesta.
languages because of its phonological interaction with Spanish, resulting in two distinct phonemic subsystems.

Traditionally, the Waray language has been called Binisaya, Bisaya, Samareno, Samarino, Leyteño or Leyte-Samareño. The people were called Bisaya, Samareño or Leyteño. The usage of the word Waray, to refer to the people and language, is a recent phenomenon. The chronicles of early historians as Fr. Francisco Alcina, Fr. Pedro Chirino or even the Baser Codex used the word Samareño and not Waray. In the letters of the revolutionary groups in Samar, in the war against the Americans, although written mostly in the local dialect and some in Spanish, did not use the word Waray but referred to the people as Samareños or Filipinos. As late as 1908, in the writings of the premier Bisayan scholar and writer Norberto Ramañdez, who also founded the Songhigian Han Binisaya Na Samar ug Leyte, there was still no mention of the Waray and referred to the language as Bisaya.

By recent, I mean the post-war period when the people began to call themselves the Waray-Warays or Warays. In the local dialect, Waray means "nothing" and the compound Waray means "double nothing." Certainly, not music to the ears," laments Bisayan linguist Eduardo Makabenta. But to the people, "Waray-Waray" was just the apt word to describe their perennial state of impoverishment and underdevelopment. The unmitigated poverty and lack of opportunities back home drove Samareños in steady migration to the city of Manila. The shipping lines did brisk business ferrying Samareños to poor families along with their pigs, chickens and hogs to the city of their dreams. They set up their regional enclaves in the communities of Tondo, Paranaque, and Quezon City. In introducing themselves to the Tagalogos and other urbanites, they referred to themselves as the Waray-Warays, the "have nots."

The appellation stuck and was etched permanently in the national consciousness. When in 1984, the Warays captured the hearts of aickle public through the Nida Blanca-Nestor de Villa musical "Waray-Waray," which also made its theme song, a lively ditty by Juan Silos, a sort of a national anthem.

Waray Literature

Several years ago, in a conference on regional literature of the Panbansang Unyon ng Manunulat (PANULAT), the speaker on Waray literature failed to show up. In her stead, a young Waray writer was asked to share some insights on the Waray literature. He brought the house down when he said Waray means nothing in the local dialect, so Waray literature means "we have no literature. And whatever literature "we have comes out only during drinking sprees."

Other Waray writers in the conference were piqued at the statements but in a sense there was truth in what he was saying. For until today, the Samareños have no published collection or anthology of their literature. For the simple reason that, except for the city of Calbayog and some time in Catbalogan, the rest of the island have no tradition of publishing.

Our literature becomes alive during celebrations and yes, during drinking sprees when the inebriated merrymaker casts away all his inhibitions and breaks out into a hina, a siday or a lively and naughty aus. No Waray pamg-isaun is worth his paluwahan if he does not know one hina or aus. We may be Waray-Waray, but historically, we have a rich tradition of oral literature as recorded by the Jesuit historian Francisco Ignacio Alcina. Fr. Alcina who has worked in the Bisayan region, mostly in Samar and Leyte, for some 36 years in the 17th century, wrote the Historia de las Islas e Indios de Bisayas, 1668. He mentioned that the early Bisayans had a poetic expression called canud or cawardum which meant a poem or a song which related histories. The singer of this canud was called a penawadu.

Alcina relates that in some regions in Samar, the daring exploits of one of their semi-goddesses called Dilawg was recounted by one of the elderly men who were still tattooed and related it with elegance and grace. "It lasted more than six hours; sometimes it was necessary to stop and continue it on the following day. Some also needed to pause and moisten their throat so as to continue. As they related or sang these, they grew weary; although when the musical interlude is fine — they have various kinds — it becomes less tiring."

There were epics he found in the coast of Ibabao, the eastern coast of Samar, one he narrated of two celebrated lovers, Cabunsao and a woman called Bulabua Gineesa. Another song recounted the exploits of a Bisayan hero called Panbat, a legendary figure renowned for his speed and agility in moving from one place to another. In songs they celebrated the exploits of the Dapagangan who are "men of great strength, valour and unusual courage." In some scenes they related how they caught boars with their bare hands or killed crocodiles single-handedly. There was a story of one datu so full of courage that he was able to snatch his little son from the jaws of a crocodile.

Aside from the canud, there was also the ambuhun, the balis, siday, aus, camogon, itigon, susumon, and the sante. However, only the siday, the aus, itigon and susumon have survived.

Chapter 16, Alcina, Francisco. Historia de la Islas e Indios de Bisayas. Translation by Genius J. Kabag, O.P.M.
Another Jesuit historian, Fr. Pedro Chirino added that the Bisayans had verses about the creation of the world, paradise, the deluge and other invisible things. They sang in practically all their activities: sailing, tilling the fields, feasting and even mourning the dead.

Among the early Bisayans, the most spontaneous of the poetic forms was the ambahân, which was sung during festivities. From the Waray word ambahân, which means multitude, it was a song sung by the community. The ambahân consists of two lines of blank verse, each line being made up of seven syllables. Each line must be able to communicate a complete idea and can be interchanged without altering the message of the poem. A poet usually sings his verses solo and then lead the community to interchange the lines of his verses over and over again. Unfortunately, this is already a forgotten form but the ambahân of the Mangyans still persists up to this day.

The balâk, while similar to the ambahân in themetrical structure requires two persons to exchange verses in strictmetrical time. It is a satirical joust where the man usually says critical things of the woman and vice versa. It is a display of wit and humor.

The tûka on the other hand, was more metaphorical. It was to declaim in a ganyen fashion which means flowery, bombastic, grandiloquent and verbose. It was performed by a man and a woman and usually dealt with the affairs of love. The poets chant or sing their love verses to the accompaniment of stringed musical instruments. In ancient times the man played the coláspe and the woman, the collî̄ng. When words do not suffice, the performers allow these musical instruments to take over. So for stretches of times, even without uttering a single word, the communication continued. It was a folksy and beautiful act of courtship.

The sidây was the poetic form in extolling the beauty of a woman or the bravery of a man, and was usually reserved for the more skilled of the folk poets. The most popular form, however, was the awit following themetrical structure of the ambahân. The awit allows the last word of a line to be broken down into syllables, the last syllable begins the next line. And depending on what he is doing at the time, the intonation of the poem can either be slowed down or speeded up. The awit was oftentimes used in coordinating certain activities like rowing a boat, weaving or walking home from the fields.

For other occasions, the early Bisayans had gamans form mourning the dead; fitiogon or riddles for games and the serâta or susmasiun for their daily gatherings. The serâta was a narrative poem that recounted the acts of bravery and the moments of weaknesses of their gods and heroes. The susmasiun or stories remains the stuff of gatherings until today.

The ilusâ is the more formal type with regular structure and rhyme. In the oral traditions of the Warays, a ilusâ is best recited.

Spanish colonization not only eroded but erased the rich traditions of the early Warays. Just as they washed away other native traditions such as tattooing with the baptismal waters of Christianity, many of these poetic forms were dismissed as pagan culture and slowly disappeared from the collective consciousness of the colonized people.

The Spaniards introduced the comedias and zarzuelas. Up to the 1930s they were popular and were performed during fiestas. Written in Waray by local playwrights they were performed by amateur actors. In Cebuano, many still remember the tandem of Jesus and Polen. Jesus was a cook who would take out from his kitchen choices to make the lead part in a comedias. There was also the sining which dramatized the Micro Raids of the coast of the Philippines in the 18th century. and how the Spanish priests and Warays repulsed these raids. The raids not only captured the male Samarinos for sale as slaves in the Borneo market but also the women especially the binocot who were known for their beauty and fairness of skin. One can still catch a glimpse of the sining today, performed for a fee by some island barrios in the western area of Samar.

The popularity of the comedias and zarzuelas were taken over by the operators introduced by the Americans. Towards the 1960s, they were mostly confined to school performances.

The hardy survivors of several centuries of colonization are the sidây, susmasiun and the fitiogon. The sidây has also survived as the ismaiyl ng after going through many transformations. In Spanish times, it became known as the amoral from the Spanish word amor and during the American period, it was known as the ismaiyl ng from the English word smiling. How it became ismaiyl ng we don't exactly know.

Today it is performed as a joust or as a courtship dance especially in the hinterlands of Samar in dances held after the harvest season. The coláspe and the collî̄ng, now extinct, has now been replaced by the guitar and bandolina. It is sometimes sang by couples before they retire for the night. As a joust the ismaiylng is a lively, witty and humorous exchange of verses between a young man and a young woman, the man expressing his love to the woman and the woman, in turn tries to spurn him.

---

1 Source of information is also Alana, cited in "Ganyen, the Land and the People of Samar and Leyte."
A classic pleading from the young man:

"Lastima daw Inday, kon buyo ka daw la
Distinado ako nga pag pasalana
Di ka gad Inday tatanum bu tana
Tatanum ka gad la han akon hina-huna."

(Indeed, Inday, were you only a buyo leaf
I intend to plant you
No, Inday, you shall not be planted in the earth
But shall be planted in my mind.)

to which the young maiden satirically replies:

"Diri mahitao ino pag salahan
Kay indi nga buyo kulang pa hin dahan
A-ada hin dahan pero alangirang
Kan Nanay, kan Tatay pa ima-awilan."

(No, I won't do for you to plant me
Because this "buoy" plant lacks foliage
There's a leaf, but still tender
That Mother and Father still want it in their care.)

The remote barrios of Samar, largely untouched by civilizing influence, has become the repositories of what remained of our oral literature. In the late 70's, a group went around Samar and collected the oral literature of our people. The collection included sinday, hitigum, awit and iswaying. Here, the damage in the ancient sinday has been supplanted by our national and local folk heroes like Rizal, Lukban, and Otoy, the popular Pulahan leader in Samar.

"Akon igasaysay tiempo rebolusyon
probinsiya han Samar tana katugaringan
An mga bantugan kepang kamaisogogonon
Hi Otoy, hi Lukban an depensor."

(I will relate the time of revolution
In our own land, the province of Samar
The known and brave leaders
Were Otoy and Lukban, the defenders.)

A blending of historical narratives, catholic and millenarian beliefs;

"Paghata, paghata kita Pilipino
Diri na manha miu day male sitenta singko
Maabor sa aton dako nga delubyo
Pagkakamuyan kadam-an nga tawo"

Andres Bonifacio ikaw inosayyo
Upaya pagmangno aiton paraiso
Frente sa Samur an ko ron o siyto
Nga ginnamangnon Rizal nga Mercado

Ikaw Pablo Bulan nga nga kaapi
Sahid pasabeta Ramon Idang Sales
Nga tataran papamia kay bani pagkaptan
An aton bandera Marcelo del Pilar

Ha aton an gahum ni Hesukrisio
Nga ipanumuto han Espiritu Santo
Pagjakata la waro ug sa libaw pa
Nga pinangulohan ni Andrya Blanka

Espada nga barabad
Bandera nga nagkalupad
Dugo na linawan
Utong nga nagkalutaw.

(Wake up, wake up Filipinos
It is not long before 1975
When the coming of a great deluge
Will bring death to many)

Andres Bonifacio, you the innocent
Take good care of our paradise
The Front in Samar is where the Crown will be
Under the care of Rizal Mercado

You, Pablo Bulan and followers
Announce to all and Ramon Idang Sales
To all families, that we shall hold
Our flag, Marcelo del Pilar

Pablo Bulan was the revered Pope of the Pulahuns in Samar and is the subject of a play, "Papa Pablo" by Fr. Pablo de la Riva.\footnote{Pablo Bulan was the revered Pope of the Pulahuns in Samar and is the subject of a play, "Papa Pablo" by Fra Pablo de la Riva.}
With us is the power of Jesus Christ
That was taught by the Holy Spirit
To walk under and above the waters
Under the leadership of Andriya Blanka

Swords swinging
Flags flying
Blood split
Heads will roll.

Another group, the Northern Samar Theater Arts Service Center (NSTASC) based in Catmon went around the island collecting every bit of written literary gems, songs and dances. While most of the poems and songs were expressions of love, there were also many patriotic poems. We are including here several pieces from this collection.

A generation of writers, very few, mostly schooled in the seminaries cropped up in the pre-war period. They were the transition writers, versed not only in Spanish but also in American and Waray. These included the cousins Jose Gomez and Tomas Gomez, Filomeno Quimbo Singzon, Vicente Din, and Vicente Panzo, the poet laureate of Calbayog City.

As more Warays gained access to education, many have begun to express themselves in the written form, treating their way so slowly in their language now being systematically effaced from usage by the school system. In place of Bisaya, students were directed to speak English or Filipino, penalizing violators with fines. Waray was never encouraged.

For the very few who persisted writing in Waray, there was nothing to sustain their writing. But they plodded on, and today we are rewarded by a rare collection of written Waray literature.

Only in the seventies was there a conscious effort to preserve and promote our literary traditions. The Church in Samar played an important role in this period. Through its conscientization program, it encouraged the writing of progressive local plays staged to interested crowds. It also promoted competitions among local songwriters and poets. From this period was produced a crop of young songwriters, poets and playwrights whose works are among the batch we are publishing in this issue.

For the Samarans, this edition of Ani is the first of its kind. Until now, there is yet no published anthology of Samarano literature. This was our primary reason to focus only on Samarano literature, for previously published Waray literature were mostly Leyteño literature.

As it is, our picture of the Samarano literature is still incomplete; what we offer here is only a glimpse of what we had and what we can be. Writing about

Samareño literature was like solving a puzzle where we don't have all the pieces yet. More research has to be undertaken.

Hopefully, this anthology will only be the beginning and not the end of our long search for ourselves as Warays and as Samareños. Our rich history and cultural traditions should inspire our young Waray writers to plod on, for who else will keep the faith, who else will sing our hopes and write our stories, but us.

Charo Nabong-Cardoso
JOURNEY TO BAGONGON

"A fart has no nose."

— Bertolt Brecht
Scene VI, The Caucasian Chalk Circle

The afternoon was different. After the cold wind blew, it started to rain. Massive drops pouring like seashells turned into fiery bullets as the rain intensified and pierced their dilapidated nipa roof. Kaya was woken from his slumber. In his half-waking thoughts echoed the shrill of an infant drowning in a calm sea, the cry pulling his mind apart. Nightmares rarely disturbed his rest. He wiped the profuse sweat that collected on his forehead and breast, and looked around the house. Heavy drippings from the roof drenched their bamboo floor. He hurriedly took out several plastic sheets and positioned them under the nipa shingles to prevent further drippings.

"Kaya! Kaya!"
Kaya recognized Jimmy's voice and quickly opened the door.

"Is Apoy Agri in?"

"No, he's mending nets at Tinonso's. Why?"

Jimmy came up, placed his plastic bag and took off his wet shirt.
Kaya intently watched his best friend, who remained afraid of Apoy Agri despite the past years, undress. Jimmy was eleven when the old man allowed him stealing chicks under their house. As a punishment, he was placed inside a sack and hanged for a hour under a rainmio tree. The old man only allowed him to return home when Manno Umbay came to fetch him. Kaya later learned that Jimmy was severely punished by his father. Ten years had passed, yet as Kaya observed, Jimmy still shivers when he sees Apoy Agri.

"I have had some extra money. We sailed to Cebu and Palawan early this morning because Manno Ablos needed supplies. I bought some lecheen and a bottle of gin."

He took them out of his plastic bag. Kaya brought out glasses and a pitcher of water, and the two sat at the kitchen table.
“Nakaremedyo ako. Tinabok kami kanina han nga ha Catbalogan kay may ginpatihi Manoy Ablos. May dara ako nga lisun ngan ginebra.”

Igisingaw siya ha bag an nga dara. Kumuhla hi Kaya hin nga baso ug usa ka pabil nga tubig nga naglilingkod hira ha pangailma.


“Ambot la.”

“May nga bag-o kuro nga maestra. Bagin ta may makilala, masumo ha iton balo.”

“Lurong!” Gindagpasen Kaya hi Jimmy.

“Baga gud Lugaring, ano pa nga hit bibiling mo koan Elvie, mahamot na nga, may tinidan na pa. Haia, inom.”

Ginkapisnihi Kaya an baso. Dili ha Elvie an iya kakila, may-ea pa nga iya nga gintiniinyo, pero ha ra nagatan nga Elvie an naglarang hin pakigumpo ha iya. May usa nga anahat nga Elvie ug mayapay an iya kanah han Buntay. Kun mag-unugodungod iya, waray nga ged hiya bibiling.

“Makiri it ak kaksay yana, pacif. Narambah an exfer ni Mato Siki. Bagin nga duha o tulo pa kasema nga usga kami makapaganiya. Tsk.”

“Takaido ha Catbalogan.”

“Kiniado ako hadton usa kasemana. Nagkaysikel kami nga an han Arnold.” Ginuranus ni Kaya an tagay nga unumon nga tubig. “Aphas la nga iko nga maka-boundary. Guitay ha lwat kami hinubo ha nga adisadis...”

Gin-isipan ni Jimmy an waray na stil nga baso.

“Ug kabayuan ha imelda Park.”

Nagkatawaa bira. Ha gawas, dinunang pagkusoan nga uran. Ha nagpakayata nga lagay han kalsada, nagrarasyah an nga hubo nga katabaan, nagpasabisibuy, nanandolag. May nagpadakulabo pero kadaugan lan nga natokaw ug nadungan han katawaa han kadaman. Maltipayon bira ha ilanom han b unusually han uran.

Gin-abrihan ni Jimmy an iya tuyo kana Kaya ha inakaum nga lagay. “Sangkay, magsuok gud kile nga natam ayo nga nga may ambisyon ka. Kun din la himuto it et imadon, bengin la kita nga nagpursing ha iyo nga dagat nga iyong. Deko ita hit bigayon kay batan-on pa kita.”

Bisog kun hudog-hudog, masaram han Kaya kun seryose hi Jimmy hit iya nga gabiyanan. Gin-inom niya an nakasulat nga ginebra ha baso nga manati kan Jimmy. Maiba an iya istorya nga nahabatan han kan kabos han nga aya nga astaban, han pagbuhaw han uran ug pagdulom han kakurupon. Natapos la ini dida han pag-ulmi ni Apoy Agri han tipasistrom. Unuma ha iya bang, makuri duwos han kepina ni Kaya. Ha panalaga nahabatian niya an kuykoy ni Apoy Agri pero an iya hunauna

“There’ll be a public dance tomorrow night at Tumibigan. Rene’s group will attend. Would you like to come along?” Jimmy poured some liquor into a glass.

“I’m not sure.”

“The new teachers will be around. We might as well get to know some of them, widows can be boring at times.”

“You’re nuts!” Kaya shoved Jimmy.

“Really! On the other hand, what more can you ask from Elvie. Aside from being beautiful, she also owns a store. Come on, drink.”

Kaya held the glass in his hand. He had other girlfriends but only Elvie was willing to live with him. She has a child and a thriving business in Buntay. Should he decide, he could comfortably settle down with her.

“I’m having difficulties these days, pa. Mato Siki’s sister is under repair. We’ll be grounded for at least two or three weeks.”

“Why don’t you go to Catbalogan?”

“I’ve been there last week. Arnold and I tried being tricycle drivers,” Kaya drank his share and a small amount of water to chase the gin down his throat. “We could hardly gross enough for the boundary. We even nearly got into trouble with some drug addicts.”

Jimmy filled the empty glass.

“...and Sonie fags at Imelda Park.”

They both laughed. Outside, it rained even harder. On the muddy street children cheered gaily, chased each other, and ran freely. Some tumbled down but immediately rose in time to join the group’s laughter. They were all happy under the heavy rain.

On their sixth round, Jimmy presented his proposition.

“We’ve been friends since childhood and I know pretty well you have ambitions. But, were it not for our limited education, we’d be sweating it out in big places. We should have better opportunities, we’re young.”

Despite the grin, Jimmy appeared earnest. Kaya poured the remaining liquor into his glass, and listened to his friend. They talked until they had drunk all the gin, and the rain finally stopped, and the sun began to set. Until Apoy Agri arrived at twilight.

That evening lying restless on his mat, Kaya could not sleep. At times he could hear Apoy Agri’s fits of coughing but his mind was preoccupied with Jimmy’s proposition. He would be twenty-five. In time things will change and he would need to provide for his future. A new world awaited him outside but opportunities came rare in his life. How does one decide? After some time, he decided to see Jimmy the next morning to discuss
...some possibilities. He might even dance with the ladies from Tunibigan. Kaya eventually slept dreaming of the promise of the soft breasts of the new teachers.

More than a hundred kilometers away from the drowning barrio, under wild lights and amid loud music, breasts danced. Pedring swallowed, and glanced at his wedding ring. After three successive children he started to miss Rosita's firm breasts. Her smooth and shapely legs became rough and dry, and he saw change in her eyes. He himself had changed. His steel-hard torso had turned flabby and bloated with excessive drinking. His dream of a good life faded with the lack of opportunity and his efforts towards a better future for his children appeared futile.

The dancers started to descend from the makeshift stage. In the darkly lit beerhouse they were alluring muses inspiring endless pleasure. Emma, wiping her neck and breast, approached their table. She kissed Martin and sat in between them. Thirsty, she sipped her coke. Envy momentarily gripped Pedring but quickly faded as he thought of the opportunity Martin promised him. He drank his beer and poured anew in his glass. Martin ordered additional bottles of beer.

"I've been waiting for you since yesterday, bayaw," Martin took a swift glance at Emma as he placed his left hand over the bare thigh of the dancer.

"We took Kerwin out of the hospital yesterday. Rosita did not want me to leave, I had a hard time persuading her. I told her Berto wants some bahalina delivered in Cabalogan and that I still have to get it from Palo. Fortunately, Marlet consented to stay and help Rosita in the house. She'll have lesser things to worry about."

"How's the boat you usted?"

"We hid it at Baclayan, Mamay. Ablos is looking after it. They have already scraped off the paint. We won't have trouble navigating it. Jimmy has found a man to do the job."

"Can he be trusted?"

"He's a godson of his father. Besides, Ablos gave his assurance, Pedring gulped some beer and glanced toward the narrow stage where a middle-aged woman tried to sing desperately.

"Honey, please visit gui Edgar at the quarry tomorrow," Martin told Emma. "Tell Him I will leave the day after tomorrow and that I need his delivery tomorrow night."

The woman nodded. Martin slid his left hand up her thigh and immediately felt a sudden pinch on his side. They had been living together since he arrived in Tacloban five months ago. He liked Emma's ways of seeing things. At times the woman turned to him for help (like when her
“Cintaga la may namon ha Baclayan, Mamoy. Hi Ablas an nanging-nanono. Gimbabakan na nira Jimmy hin pintar. Waray na liwat kita problema han makinta key may nahiugan na hi Jimmy.”

“Katalapanan ba?”

“Ira ugo. Nagpatipod man liwat ti Ablas,” ling-o ok Pedring hin irinon uq lumaging nagado han haagt nga establo. Kun din nagpimpit pag-kakaranata an usa nga tinggarang nga ka baby.”

“Tinirima hin kaldereta hi Martin.”

“Buways, idlay, kadua ha padi Edgar ha Quarry. Sidha nga kasang-buwas na it akon paglakat nga kinahanglan nga mahigawas buwas hit gabi. It an akon nga garamiton.”

“Tinade no an iya sapit nga baby.” Cipakamarang ni Martin tita iglaw an iya wala nga kamot ug kadasganan nga imabot hiya hin kubot ha tagiliran. Maglilima na birra kabulan nga nagtitimpano, tikang han pag-abot niya ha Tacloban, nga naniyagan nga an bataan ni Emna. May nga tagayon nga nangingahanglan ni Emna han tambulig niya (sugad han pakabana han iya manganlod) ug diri ini nga ginpapabay-an. May nga panginahanglanon man liwat niya ha ni Emna la an nakakabat, un nga ha nga ira pagtambay ug an nagpapabay-kang han ira pagkasa. Maariram niya bumulug ug maaram ni Emna mahayad han utang nga buot. Ha buring hini nga hunahuna nahanumonum ni Martin an iya nag-tauso nga huguo. Gin-ispan niya hin beer an baso no Pedring.

“Maute na namon ni Rosita?”


“Makurit ti panahtong yana.”


“Hi Pakul nga ino nakunan ka niya hadto. Tahingatawa hi Martin. Ha butinga hin kaivaray, nag-iiba an bulagway han tawa. May nga wati nga naggit saha, nga taguto nga naggit buaya. Pira na nga saha ugu buaya an iya nakasa? Han parangalayo ni Bejo, usa niya han nga guni paraparuan nga manalipod. Lina hira kaadlaw nga nagbinubalhin hin bayay. Kausa niya ha cargo truck han KKK in line nga ugu andalo han PSC ug uto nga dogo nga nga kahon. An huring-huring, minilumilum kuno an aulted han nga kahon, salit ha kada nira dangan nga-brother stabbed someone) and he readily obliged. He also had wants only Emna could satisfy. This reciprocity strengthened the bond between them. Emna knew how to repay his generosity. Suddenly, he remembered his sister. He filled Pedring's glass.

“How’s Rosita?”

Pedring was surprised. He did not expect Martin to ask about his wife. With God’s grace she’s fine. Mamoy. She keeps herself busy with the children and our little store. You have not visited us for almost three years now since your AWOL from the PSC. Rosita misses you.”

“It’s unsafe at the moment.”

“Yes, especially in our place. Those who are greedy for power, including idiots and burns, are too busy enlisting as CAGUs or NPA just so they could own a gun. Do you remember Pakul who could barely utter a word? He’s now a tough guy in Pasigay.”

He remembered that he used to knock Pakul's head. Martin smiled. Hard times transform men. Worms change to pythons, lizards become crocodiles. How many of them had he met? He was one of the trusted guards of Bejo during his flight. For days they moved ceaselessly from house to house. With him in the KKK cargo truck were five guards from the PSC and six heavy crates. There were rumors that the crates contained millions, reason enough for throngs of supporters to welcome them in every destination acting like slaves waiting for money to pour. He received fifty thousand pesos but the amount was a paltry sum compared to the big chunks swallowed by the pythons and crocodiles. His money were all spent when he went into hiding after the revolution. No one among the politicians who pledged their patronage to his master offered him sanctuary. Where were those kibitzers now? There, ensconced in high positions of the new administration, pythons and crocodiles who continuously change their repellant kinds, unverifiable, shameless politicians who would readily fall without the support of fearless men like him! Blood surged to his head and he felt his ears heat up, but he realized that beer makes one drunk. He laughed aloud. Hard times really change men.

“A farm hand, even if given spoon and fork, will still use his hands in eating. I doubt if Pakul can really distinguish a friend from a foe.”

Martin believed. They each had eight bottles of beer and he sensed sourness in his breath. He pulled a fifty peso bill from his pocket and asked Emna to buy him a pack of cigarettes. Alone with Pedring he gave his instructions.

“Baye, when you return home tomorrow inform Ablas and Jimmy that we’ll meet at pandi Oscar’s farm in Kalawan an two days from now to discuss our plan. Tell them also to bring along their man.”
bubunuyuboy an mga alipores sagad-sagad han mga utonon nga nagbhuh-
lat intakak an kuwarta ha langit. May naiibaha ha iya nga singkawenta
mi pero siwao la adto kun itatanding han mga ginakuman han mga
magkutumot nga mga buaya ug sawa. Naabi la an iya salapi dida han
pagbinagbag niya kahumot han rebolasyon. Waray nga man talingha ha iya
bisan uso han mga politiko nga mgaasid ha atbanggan han iya argon nga
mabulig ha iya kun magkasawat na hi Bej han nasud. Nahiingin nga namun
ini nga mga ameinyo? Aadt, naunbihidsak ha higaas nga posisyon han
bag-o nga administrasyon, mga buaya ug sawa, nga nagpapadayon pagbi-
nunguho han iya nga panit. Mga hambog nga politiko nga waray bukog,
nga nagapalibahan han kadagatan kun waray mga mag-unog nga tawo
sagad ha iya. Inalas an iya dugo ha ulo, ug nameko an iya talinga, pero
nahinunduman niya nga nagahugub nga nagpalibahan ngaan an beer.
Nahingalawa hi Martin. Ungod nga ha bula nga han kawaray, nag-sib a
hulagway.

"An lag-a-huron, bisa mo dulhan ini khubertos, magpupurot la gihap-
pen. Anbutugang kun mmaaraan ha Pakul kun hin-o itina nga kakemtura."

Tinug-as ha Martin. Nagtig-waloo nga iya kabelon nga nigan hi Pedring ug
naabat ngaakamaat han iya gangha. Kinuot hiya ha bulsa nga singkawenta nga nga
posos nga nga isigubha kan Emma para portulin han usa ka
kahana nga sigariyo. Han magkuhaan naa iya iha, naogit na nga Pedring.

"Bayaw, pag-ul sa buwas pahina nga iha. Atlos mga magkikiling nga
kiya ha Kalaw-an kasanibuwais, ha uma ni padi Oscar. Igpayod nga
Jimmy an makirista nga natahan pagkauriistoryahan han manpay an aton
pagduso.

"Oo, Mamoy."

Nagitangap nga digaw-an nga tutukaran. Tinamod nga Pedring pag-
naro han oras nga iya relo. Alas one kuwarena-isikko. Taudiao nga
magkalabangan nga na kuwata nga magbhash nga mga kaabayan-an, matalingan
na digaw ahiya han kawag hamis han iro nga biglis ug kaunuran; han iro nga
dughan. Ginikidan ahiya kay waray hini didto ha Daram.

Lima iya nga sakay han motor, mga kalalak-in nga may iya-lya
inop han maupay nga kinabuh. Ha dulong han gab-i, magmurulay ha iya
mga hurahuna an sad han pagdarag-an. Ungod nga ha kadam-an nga
higayon nahumay aha han hura nga tungod han kawaray aram,
kawaray komeksyon, ug kawaray salapi pero may-edo nga kusog nga
diri matutapangan nga mga mag-arang, poderoso, ug salapihan. Nigan gab-i
an magmarantad nga nga kusog.

Gingurot han iro saraay an lain nga daga. Kun matsunun nga
ginkasaratihan, sadang an usa ka-oras para matapos niya an trabaho.
“Mga tunog na la katas ngan, maebot na kita,” pasabot han ira makinista. Usa han tunog na hira ka-uras nga nagensinekay. Malinaw an dagat, ug labi kay kawera, magranggatan nga bituon nga natamod han ira. Mapawa an lawod tungod han kadam-an nga ira nga mangirsta. An mahagot nga hangin nga naharapipah han ira nga baylon labi nga nagdugugang han katugaw nga inabot niha han ira nga daghan. Pero kada usa han ira waray magpabot hin nga nga kalkula. Maaram hira nga an kinahanglanon yana nga takra amo an kalaksi, kaklare han panhunahun, ug kabug-os han pagtapod han kalugaringon.

“Katapos dani, nga dala o tulo kita kaadlaw ha uma ni padi Oscar. Didto na kita magbuburunglag,” nagprubir han Martin pagbueng han karrangaw han kaktug-ultan, “ug bangui nga ngan liwot maaruha uga kita otro nga maqkingita.”

May idudonggan pa unta hiya pero baga hin waray may namamani ha iya. Unlayop hi Martin ngan sumiplat ha gutiay nga isla han San Julian nga ira ginesajon. Nag-usasan ini nga imwed na buhina han lawod — gutiay, waray may naukoy, waray may naturok kundi an higit nga nga kugon. Inabot hiya han karrangaw uga waray han buot nga kimahuran niya an mahagotker nga M-16 ha iya saip.

Ginhap ni Jimmy an tulo nga ignristos niya han buring ha ilug nga lumber han Kaya ha may timon, “Biwas, riko ka na.”

“Ambot la.”

Iganduhol niya nga mahisalin nga sigarilya han makinista. Maaram hiya nga kinukulba ki Kaya pero waray in niya pangrangana. Hadon nagtitkang pala hiya pag-inupodupod kanda Ablos uratia an iya kataranlado. Dany nga hiya ig-ihihi han kahadlok pero mahisabatan niya nga asada la ngay-an ito han hunauna. Mahisabatan liwat ini ni Kaya.

“Pag-abot naton dico, bantay la an motor. Ayaw na pag-upod ha amon. Ayaw kabataka kay madali la iyon trabaho.”

“Oo,” hataon ni Kaya. Sumiplat hiya ha olin nga ha pawa han nga bitumon linupto an nga bukid han Bagongen.

An istorya ni Pedro Bucatcat dii ginkakasurhun angani han nga mangirsida ha Bagongen labana gud an nga manungsawan nga pakabuhis ha paragat sugad kanda Esperidion Teves.

Ginsadhan ni Epe an notebook han gasto ug gana han ira paragat ug manmagtit han ilug. Mga duha o hulo pa kaesmana nga mehuhiwa na an ira tinago para makapagpatimo han pag-o nga pahulbot. Han naglabay

“Yah,” Kaya answered dryly. He looked beyond the boat's end. Under the stars the slopes of Bagongen began to form.

The story of Pedro Bucatcat always excited the fishermen of Bagongen and those whose lives he helped alleviate, like one Esperidion Teves.

Epe closed his business ledger and stretched to relieve the stiffness he felt on his neck. In two or three weeks, enough money would have been saved which may enable them to construct a new fishing boat. The past year with less losses and abundant catch, was more than kind, Epe smiled, Pedro Bucatcat never failed Teves.

He stood up and looked outside. At eight-thirty in the evening, the narrow streets were already deserted, the houses were closed, and most of his neighbors were asleep. He closed the door and windows, lighted a small lantern, extinguished their two petronas lamps, and with the lantern went up to rest. Inside the bedroom, Meling and their two children were asleep. Lying beside his wife was their fourteen-year-old youngest daughter Isa and snoring on the mat on the floor was the eldest, Julian. Epe opened the small window to allow the evening breeze cool the room before lying beside Julian. Just as he was about to sleep he heard soft knocks on the door.

“Mano Epe,” came the soft call.

At first he did not move but when the voice called for the second time he felt obliged to answer since it was not uncommon for the workers of his fishing vessel to pay nocturnal visits on occasions of dire need. No sooner had he unlocked the door when it was forcibly pushed aside. Epe was stunned. He felt the hardness of the .45-caliber pistol pressing against his temple. Dully, the man twisted his right arm and pushed him further inside. Three more masked men entered the house and ascended. In the still of the night he heard from upstairs noise and muffled cries.

“No unpleasant incident will happen if you follow our instruction.”

Cold sweat began to drip from his forehead. His heart started to pound harder and his mind was instantly filled with morbid visions these men appeared capable of doing. He never dreamt that this thing could happen in their part of the sea. The gun was pressed harder against him. One of the masked men descended and urged them to go up.

There was fear in Meling's eyes as she tightly held her daughter against her breast. Jimmy had ordered Julian to kneel down keeping his gun on the boy's head as he watched Ablos search the closet. He looked for money and valuables but never found more than five hundred pesos. With disappointment, he handed the money to Martin.

“We believe you keep a considerable amount of money around,” Martin spoke to Epe who was being prevented by Pedring to approach his
... nga tuig, maupay an delagan han ira pekalubhi, gani an ruba ha pahulbot ug agosob duradamo an dakop. Turnuskaw hiya ngan nananginahe ha gawas han biniana. Alas oso-bredya pala pero manuming na an dalan, sarado an nga tablay, ug nanangaturog nga an ira mga higrip. Lumundag hiya nga gipatungan an ira puerta ug nga biniana, magdagot hin lanterna nga pinagmalan ug ginpangangan duha nga petrom, ngan suma ka para punahinway. Ha ira suluod, nahuna na para nga hulabot hin Meling ug an duha nga kabataan. Dirigi Meling ha katre an ira magkalakalor pace anyo nga puto nga hi isa, ngan he salug naman, maupay na an kabagong han ira suhay nga hi Julian. Gin-abrihan hi Epe an biniana han sulo para humayog tipasulod an mahagot nga haring ug dumiring kan Julian. Nahi-ngangaturog pala hiya han pulakwom hiya hin mahiya nga nga hinktok ha ira potahan.

“Mano Epe,” paburong nga pagtawag han bosos.

Waray anay hiya magkdwasi pero dida han pag-ikadu ha nga pagtawag lumahat na hiya kay daray muy nga tawo hiya han pahulbot nga nangri-nangahingan hin tambulug bisan kun katutunga na. Waray pa ngadi nga kahulusha an pushong han ira porta han may ngadla nga dumsog han sada ugsumnidad. Kinasta han Epe nga hubat nga an katig-a han kuwananatangko ha iya sentido. Kinkaptan han nakamaskara an iya nga butkon nga ngintikwengu nga tipasulod. Tulo pa nga nakamaskara nga nga kalakalan-an an sumunod ug kadagatan nga suma ka ha ikaduha nga anandana han ira balay. Nahabitian nga in nga karadol ug tungin hin pagtawong ug pinunggan nga pagtuuk.

“Waray maraot nga mahinaraato kun matrodo ka hit amon suga.”

Nagpikang pagtawag an maghagot nga balahs ha iya aqang. Magkusog nga matalik hin kakulha an inabat nga ha dughan ug nakigrumbu an iya hunahuna han nga magsakahardlo nga sadang buhaton hini nga nga tawo. Waray hiya maghunahuna nga an iya nga mahinaraato mahinaraato dinki nga gahin han dagat. Labi nga iginhado ha iya an pusol. Dulaan an use nga nakamaskara ug nanseryas pasasakua ha ira.

Haigbaw, may pangtuug nga ginkupulan han Meling an iya daragita. Gimpalohod namit nga Jimpy han Julian ug ginatukan hin pusel ha iyo sumtong nga-sakayka ha Ablos han aparador pamilling hin kuwarta ug nga alahas. Gawas han may kinyentos nga iya na nahikit-an, waray nga durudako nga suloan an aparador. Namilinghilong hiya nga iginhado han Martin an kuwarta.

“Maatam kami nga may igintalago ka nga dako nga kantidaw,” pu-long nga Martin han Epe nga ginipagpadrak nga Padring pag-ikaharani kande Meling, “ngan kun dini namon ton makulua, ibabilin namon ha imo an nga lawas han iya pamiliya.”

wife and Isa, “and unless we can have it, we will be constrained to leave behind dead bodies of your family.”

He motioned to Jimmy who grabbed a pillow and placed it on Julian’s head. Jimmy then pressed his gun against the pillow and waited for Martin’s order. Meling was horrified.

“Now I have mercy, please spare us!” pleaded Epe’s wife.

Wryly, Epe realized that these were desperate men. Murder formed part of their system. He began to sweat profusely. He took separate glances at his sobbing wife and terrified son, and sensed that he did not have much choice. Slowly he knelt down and with care peeled one of the wood floorings. Underneath was a small box. He opened it and felt the money they had earnestly saved from past undertakings. A hard object brushed his fingertips and he remembered his politik. He wanted to withdraw his hand but Ablos saw the gun as he greedily grabbed the bills out of the box.

“Martin, he’s armed!”

Ablos panicked, and without thinking fired his .45-caliber pistol on Epe’s head. The man’s body convulsed forward, lost strength, and sprawled lifeless on the floor. A single shot caused his sudden death, followed by the wailings of the two woman that ripped the nocturnal silence and awakened their neighbors. Jimmy was momentarily stunned giving Julian the chance to jump out of the open window. As he scrambled away he called for help from his kins.

“Mano Edill! Bandits! We’ve been held up by thieves!”

Martin rushed to the window. His M-16 spewed fiercely. Bullets pierced Julian’s legs sending him rolling on the ground and writhing in pain. Shriil screams from the women echoed in darkness. Martin slapped the old woman in an attempt to silence her. Blood oozed from her lips, and their screams turned into controlled sobs. As he peered out again, Martin spotted some armed men dragging the wincing Julian to safety. He fired at them, the men fired back at him. Martin and Fedring continued their defense. Jimmy watched over the frightened women ensconced at the foot of the bed.

“Martin,” Fedring was worried, “our bullets won’t last. We need to get out of here as soon as we can. They might discover our boat, and the coast guard...”

A bullet cut him short. His pupils began to dilate and blood surged out of his mouth. He uttered the name of Rosita and died.

“Ayaw gadi Kaloy, gadi kami niyo, ayaw gadi kami pamatala!” nangutuq nga hanggoy an asawari Epe.

Inabat ni Epe nga dili nag-inimni an iya nga kaabhang. Higara ini nga mbuga nga pinamatay, Labi naa nga igihalinat. Sumipat naa ka Meling nga padayon nga nagmayungyungoy, og kan Julian nga nanggunuguro hin kahadlok. Waray naa nhimo kunee an lumarad ug lakinlon hin hinaynakay an usa nga manisip nga tabla han na salog. Hita iyang, may gutiay nga kabon nga sundulan han kuwarta nga ita naititok han mga nagjayay nga paragat. Gin-abrihan naa yi an kabon ug ginahakop an mga-de-ayen. Inabat niya hin matag nga butang han ilamod ug kadagmiyao nga naa nasenop nga ha sag-o dali matipik. Bubuhian unta niya an salapi pero unti ra kay natapik na an Ablos an iya kamot ug naahiling an pinulutan.

“Martin, may amans!”

Nataranta ha: Ablos ngaan waray ha himahuna nga iginhaputo ha ulo ni Epe an iya kawarenia-isipgo. Kadagmiyao nga rinakuk ug lumumay han salog an bana ni Mehir. Tigda an kamayi ni Epe ha usa nga budo han pinulutan. Usa nga buto nga ginhunad han panangis ni Meling ug Isla, nga aninga nga ha kamingaw han gab-i namatuk han ita higrip. Narabah naa Jimmy nga ginhingbotan nga Julian nga kadagmiyao han umayog ha aberto nga bitana. Dara han kaabulan han babay ug kamatakug han mga kusog, nakabexi dayon ni Julian, dumaiigan pahinay ug gumulit han tamblug ha ita nga kapatalan.

“Mano Edil! Mga tikasan! Ginasa kami hin tikasan!”

Timbang ni Martin. Bumuga an iya dara nga 16-16, Bagagaya han ulutan nga gianutan han mga bala an hitis ni Julian nga kadagmiyao nga pamulukit ha kalsada nga hita mag-tang sona. Labi nga nanukrini an daa nga kaablayan-an. Dinugang an kataranta ni Ablos. Giniplang ni Martin an tiguran nga babay. Tumalbo an dugo ha ini-im ni Meling, sadang nga nagpahuyo ha ita. Hita ika-dha nga pagtangbo ni Martin, may narratan ha naa nga nangcadalaglan nga kadalakin-an, mga posiblaug ginlambiker ha Julian. Nagpahuto ha iya. Bikaron iway han bato na nga kadalakin-an, nga sumunod an may kun pira kasagundo nga rapido han mga puso.

“An kuwarta!” guliay ni Martin kan Ablos nga naahapla hirani han mahuludo nga hino nga lawas ni Epe. Ginkamang ni Ablos an nagsa- sarang nga salapi nga ingusul ha iya dara nga sako. Padayon an pabuto nira Martin ug Pedring. Padayon an panangis ug pengurog han

Martin often saw dying and dead men but with the death of Pedring nausea overwhelmed him. He tightened his grip on his M-16 and looked around for Ablos. The hills were gathered. Martin approached the women and snatched Isla away from her mother. Meling instinctively clung to her daughter but Martin kicked her aside. The brigade clutching a terrified Isla stood near the window and warned, “Should you continue fighting, everybody dies!”

Meling was horrified and called out to his cousin, “Edil! Don’t shoot Isla, she might get hurt!”

The shooting stopped. Bagongon was again silent.

A few meters away, on some rocky shore at the edge of the island, Kaya anxiously waited for signals instructing him to approach the wharf. After his companions took off at a nearby beach, he hid the boat behind some boulders which had fallen off from the unsteady cliff above. Gripped with fear when the shooting started, Kaya’s first impulse was to flee but their agreement took hold of him. Under such circumstance, he was to wait for half an hour before taking flight. The ominous silence that followed the outbreaks of fire filled Kaya with dreadful thoughts of death and capture. He waited.

Shortly, flashes of light came from the wharf. One, two, three. It stopped and flashed on again. Three flashes instructed him to approach the quay. As Kaya maneuvered towards the weather-beaten wharf, as he neared he became aware of people at the other end. He hurriedly covered his face with his shirt and picked the neatly piled rope.

“Patel Here!” Jimmy called and grabbed the rope hurled by Kaya. Ablos grabbed aboard. Martin came in next with the girl. Kaya missed Pedring as Jimmy embarked last.

“Don’t follow us if you want the girl safe!” Martin warned the people gathered at the wharf.

With a long bamboo pole, Jimmy pushed the boat away. At some distance, Kaya started the engine and turned the vessel towards the open sea. Darkness soon covered them and they were gone. Stricken with grief, Isla whimpered and fainted.

“Where do we release the girl?” Jimmy asked Martin who was sitting at the helm.

“We’ll bring her with us.”

Jimmy was perplexed. Ablos countered, “The girl will be a problem if we bring her with us. It’ll be hard to explain her presence if ever we encounter some coastguards on our way.”

“The devil!” Martin was confused. His thoughts were on Rosita and
her children and the things that might happen once they learn of Pedring's death. He glanced at Isa, "We'll throw her to the sea. She can swim ashore."

"Let's drop her at Daragutan," said Kaya. "They'll easily find her there. Besides, we'll pass by on our way out."

After a while, Martin consented. They were silent as they sailed to Daragutan.

Daragutan, an islet comfortably nestled at Bagongon's outer reaches, provided havens to excursionists and supplicants. At its western tip lay a solitary grave of a man who was once seen floating by a nearby sea. Most fishermen believe that the dead man brought fortune to those who asked for it. In the past years, successful fishermen who once sought his assistance began improvement on the grave and soon, many more had shown their gratitude. Every fisherman in Sierramar knew Pedro Boscato.

Their vessel slowed down. About ten meters away, the islet of Daragutan silently loomed. Kaya made the sign of the cross and signaled to Martin. Martin instructed the girl to dive, but no sooner had she stood up when from the other side of the islet a bigger vessel appeared. The men were surprised.

Martin grabbed the girl and commanded Kaya to speed away. Kaya started the engine which caught the attention of the approaching men. A strong light fell on the fleeing boat.

"Coast guards!"

Jimmy opened fire. The guards chased them and an exchange of shots ensued. Isa shrieked as she clung to the bottom of the boat. The thieves were wounded. They took off their masks. Martin shuttered the searchlight and hit one guard. Kaya shook. His knees began to tremble. He desperately looked beyond to get a glimpse of San Julian. Once they reached the islet, they could hide among the clusters of tiny islands and elude the chasing coast guards.

Martin and Jimmy were hit at the same time. A bullet pierced through the thin wood shielding Jimmy and penetrated his breast. Martin fell overboard and disappeared in the dark waters when a bullet struck his head. Isa screamed for help and jumped into the waters. Kaya was confused and as he tried to go after the girl, a bullet grazed his forehead causing him to lose balance and fall overboard. Jimmy was stunned. Ablos immediately grabbed the helm and increased their speed.

"Mamoy, turn the boat!"

Jimmy's brother did not answer. He was thinking of the money. He was thinking of San Julian.

Numbness crept into Kaya's body. His thoughts drifted. He tried to stay aloft. The weather was dark and in his failing mind, he was an infant...
drowning in the calm sea while dark clouds hovered above him. He blinked for a glimmer of even a single star. But only felt the misery of chilling defeat and the hum of an approaching vessel.

Jimmy spat the mass of blood in his throat and looked up the sky. There were countless stars. He glanced at the horizon and hundreds of flickering lights dotted his sight. They were so far away. Oblivious, he looked back and searched for Kaya. He only saw yellow waves gurgling under the sparkling stars.


"Mamoy, balik an motor!"

Waray bunutan hi Abos. Nakada han kuwara an iya hunahuna.

Namanhod an kan Kaya kalawasan, nagukang kahialusod an iya hunahuna. Ginhiril niya mangsaaykapay para lumutaw ha tubig. Maitom an dagat ug ha iya negudyolom nga balati-an baha niya hin minimus-an nga naluwinod ha linaw han lawed ug natamod ha iya an masiron nga kalangitan. Finukrat niya, namimiling hin bisan ka usa nga bitun nga marangga hini nga iya kahimtang. An iya la naabat amo an tahagkot han kabiduan ug mahinay nga hagurong han tidarab nga motor han coast guard.

Igitupra ni Jimmy an dugo ha iya butol nga humangad ha langgi. Darno an mga bitun. Ngan ha iya pageplat ha kanaypan, yinukotyukot nga lamrag han mga suga an nagpipiripid. Maaram niya nga nakapangalayo ha bala pero bisa kun hitayo, galing niya hi Kay. Waray, niya namat-an kondi an mga rayhak han bahud ha ilarom han nagranggat nga mga bitun.
KAHUMAN HAN TAPOS

Si yete amos an edad ni Clara han kamatay ni iya Lolo Berto, an amay ni iya Nanay. Ha ya paghinumdion amo adto an diyahan nga suok niya nga namatay. Nahinumdion liwat hiya nga nakadto hadto ni Ti Unay, namamat bat han pangadl, kada gab-ib han paghayad han minatay, kada adlaw han nobena, ngada han paglapos. Bag-a waray man pagbag-o i to hiya, ni Ti Unay, ikang hadto ngada yana.

Sugad yana, waray man i to hiya hadto kumasa han tapos, kundi may putos nga bitibit han paglakat niya; hiya ngahaw napputures tikang ha alimpatahan ngada ha lukonlukon hin itom nga mantilya nga pin iniom nga besida, hamubo nga babayi, lipundok an Iwas, lipurok an ulo, lintuban an nawong nga baga hin kanan lanong nga nga puya, tadong la an pangita han ginlahakan, baglipot an nga pitad kundi mantinun an lakas, haras dinahay isipan diha han hitay-hitay nga usa ha katabla pagtabok han sepanangadi na han balay niya ha Ravis.

"Nakita to hiya hin masirom," kunsuhin usa nga ka-klahe ni Clara han hayeskul dita hin titirok nira nga magkaralesnu.

"A, man, bali ito aswang," sumiring na man in usa liwat.

"Ungod, sumati na gud man ni Tatay. Nakadto hita nga han barkada niya ha yungad rina Mama Choleng kay ha kanta karasaan, daraga pa man ihiya hadto."　

"Daraga pa mat yana," sumuring in usa pa liwat.

"Rakdag na, pero hin karahaysay kuno ihiya hadto."

"Ama na man an hiton han Ti Unay? Tapos gud anay."

"Amo adto, nakadto hita tatay han may kanda Mama Choleng. Di ha hirani ito hiton hitay-hitay tikadto ha Ravis. Naloron na adto nga gab-ib, masirom uraura kay dolo. Manunusamo, rauset hina nga nagyiyimgynog an hitay. Lispatan, sus, ha Ti Unay, baga hin dudyong nga nakadad la tipatabok, tikang siguro hin patay."

"Lugar han ultawa pa la hi im tatay hi Ti Unay amo na hini yana?"

"Ama gadi aha."　

AFTER ALL MY SAINTS

Clara was seven years old when her maternal grandfather died. It was the first death in her immediate family. She remembered Ti Unay led the nightly prayers for the dead. Ti Unay hadn’t changed one bit, thought Clara.

Like she was wont to do Ti Unay did not partake of the food prepared for the people who attended the wake but she had some wrapped which she brought home. Over her black dress she wrapped herself in a black veil that covered her from head to knees. She was a short woman with a plump body, a round head and a face that resembled a child that is much too old for her age. When she walked, she looked straight ahead like she had blinders on. Though her steps were short her pace was fast. She would cross the one-plank bridge over a small stream to her place in Rawis like the devil itself was right behind her.

"She can see in the dark," said a high school classmate of Clara when the gang met one day.

"You don’t say! She must be an aswang," said another.

"That’s true. My father says so. He and his friends were on their way to serenade Mama Choleng who was still single then when..."

"She’s still single," commented still another member of the gang.

"She’s an old maid now but she used to be very beautiful, I’m told."

"Come on. What about Ti Unay? Let’s finish her story first."

"Father and his friends were nearing Mama Choleng’s place. You all know of course that her house is near the bridge. It was rather late and the night was quite dark. Suddenly they felt the bridge shaking. A flash of light was trained on the bridge. Tatay and his friends saw Ti Unay hurrying across the bridge. She must have come from a wake."

"You mean Ti Unay was already around when your father was still a bachelor?"

"I guess so."

"But your father looks older."
"Magarang pagani hi im latay pagkaton."

"Mesibahan man hi Ti Unay, kapitag la uging hito niya, kay bangin an iya apoy nahtangka hi in katusa nga diuwende."

"Dih, umastra in usa nga nagpipinarati la anay. "An iya iroy kuno adto, prayle an nakaburod."

"Dik metuc ha im. Panahon pa daw at ni Rizal."

"Di la, kay waray pa ngani kuno titinduga lito nga singbahan."

"Ta, halé, bitib na ako, han kamata ni Kristo nakat na hiya, nagpipina-

matahat, paragsabat an Tulay nga Maria."

Narigumok hitu hin katawa an pandok nira. Nakadto hin ha libong
han bulay hin usa nga jakiasi nira, ma-garangase. Naplaces dina han ho-
larum na nga kagatbayan an la kinarukayan, baradyangan, hinahara.

"Hoy," ginseway hira ni Clara. "Kadagko hit iyo lingog. Iyo ginini-

storaya aadlay."

Nakadto matuc ha Ti Unay, namamatbat han pangadi ha sakob han
balay. "Hinalayad an klasmat nira nga nalumos dina han ina paggarap-
yon ha Puro. Nagkikiniryag pa man adto kan Clara; waray iya asiba.
Nahlir la nga ananlog kan Clara dina han paglamay nira.

"Kun ako edon disperdora," kunzi han usa, "ak ta gud ikaw pagin-
ulpulan."

"Kahadiok ko man," bumatok hi clara. "Papaghetti sta la ikaw
ka Ti Unay. Di daw nagtill nga im kalag humuyo nga bihalik nga ha
impye." 

Nakadto na hi Clara pagasarna ha Manila, katapasan na niya nga tuag
han permasya, han kamatay ni iya nanay. Umuhl hiya ha paghubong:
Hiya an nagdahol kan Ti Unay hin panhiminday. Nag-alang anay pagkar-
wat an para-pamatahat. Nagtalang, "Waray pa nga iyang pagtalapos."

"Sig-nga na la nga advance ina." 

"Nga bata gud man ini, hin kamapritpirit." Samtag nga isinusukok
ni Ti Unay an sobre ha sakob han iya bado, siga an paurokuro nga
paginta kan Clara, siga an paginikan. "Maaram ka, liday, anu ka na gut
yana hat im Lola Mayang. Diri la hin kamahatagon. Kamusay hat niya,
kunsi baite pa namamay, sigod la ha im nga pangdaruan. Kadamno pa gud
han manggingunsulwe, kay daraga pa man adto."

"Amo adto hiya an sumumod kan Lolo Berto, di ba?"

"Hi im Lola Maying it nga im sinsiing. Magarang pa at kan Mayang,
gimagurang hi ina."

"Lugar pareho kani sulag."

"Tutulo la kamo. Katorse at iura nga ginpermatbatan ko han kawar.
Hira im nanay na man, unon, at ta liwatngatanan."
"Kadamo na man daw han nag-agha ha imu, Ti Unay, ha amon pa la ngan acto. Mapira ka na man hito yana."

" Ay na la, iday. Pag-edad ko han sugad ha imo yana, inukoy na ako hin pag-imog."

"Kadako gud man hiton nga ihap mo. Ayaw la kasina, Ti Unay, kundi ungad ba iton mabahian ko nga nasiring piton ha an asawa mo nga ginubong?"

"Di daw la."

"Puweera intrinis, Ti Unay."

"Diri balitaw intrinis. Di ka matud nga waray ka pa ngan it nga im katiguran nga han kabolo ko han styanan."

"Hi Ti Unay gud man, gitiitawan la ako. Bal na man la kita iton nasiring ha inglis nga born yesterday."

"Pastilan, iday, bisan ka pa daw ratawo harin una nga siglo, para ha akon yesterday ka la gihap."

Nahingatawa hito ha Clara. Nagyiya, "Ame gud nga basaran ka pangitron, Ti Unay, baybi face pa gud, kay hin kantahatawan mo man."

Mahiyunhiyom hi Ti Unay, baga hin negaswit, pagsiring, "Taw, liaw, libang, lubong; kinatuhin kinabuhin na lat nakon."

"Lugar amo na la it happiness mo. I mean, kanuyag ko signon, pagpahmanatt, nakaalit sa gipahan filon nga pag-usahay."

"Nga bata imi, hin kamatigo. Balitaw it ak gud hito baga pagbulig kunta ha iyo nga namaytan nga hit iyo patay."


Pagdaap ni Clara hin paghuring, an iya nga im-im na tidapatin hin disgaysa nga kaharok kan Ti Unay. Mahagkot nga panit, mapilibilit: an barahibo ni Clara namarat.

Nag-isbaralik hiya dayon ngadto ha Manila, waray na hulat han pagtapos, kay mayada pa niya eksamen ha eskuela, finals na. Marau an panahon, may tiabot nga bagyo: gininawaran hiya. Sumakay giphon. Nganyia kan iya tayay, "Bis mat diin may kataragman. Siring sa dida han ginipahumam mo ha akon nga libre na kius, hin pa? Kasasaksad ada adto, 'To live is to be in danger.'" Bis ka daw naghibisane la dida. Ngan di gud mat ada hrong it kapiran nga pagikron it bapor kun dilikado."

Hinalpan ni Clara hin kabarak dida la ha gindadaradaga na an bapor hin nga balod nga nagbutukidukid. Pagultispawhin balod, baga natukoy an iya kasingkasang dungan han kadaday liwat nga pagtukoy han kanan bapor makina: pagutpaubos nga bago han natiskol tipukado ha he selad, nahiya kiya, natuok. Muasumoo ha sakob han wakes. On your mother's side there were six and all of them, too, are gone."

"You've already prayed for a lot of people, Ti Unay. For my family alone you've already prayed for so many souls. How old are you now?"

"Don't ask me about it. I stopped counting the years when I reached your age."

"You've skipped a lot of years in your court. I hope you don't get mad at me, but is it true that you've been married seven times already?"

"Not just seven times..."

"You're not joking, Ti Unay, are you?"

"It isn't a joke. If I must tell you I wasn't your age yet when I lost my first husband."

"You're making fun of me, Ti Unay. I wasn't born yesterday."

"My good girl, even if you were born a century ago to me, you were still born yesterday."

Clara laughed.

"So that's why you look so young, baby-faced in fact, because you tell a lot of jokes."

Ti Unay smiled and in a singsong manner declared: " Jest, fun, work, death; It's my life."

"So that's what makes you happy. I mean praying for the dead takes away the loneliness of your solitary life."

"You're a wise girl. That's my way of helping the dead and the loved ones they leave behind."

"Thank you, Ti Unay. What I have given you isn't much but take it just the same. If anybody else gives you some amount, take it. You deserve it."

Clara hurried back to Manila without waiting for the feast to be over. Her final exams were scheduled that week. She couldn't even be dissuaded from making the trip even as a storm brewed. She assured her father by saying, "Danger lurks everywhere. Wasn't it Kaseptikas who said, 'To live is to be in danger?' Thus even if you're merely reading a book, danger can't be any further. Besides, a ship captain in his right senses will not leave port if he sees danger for his vessel."

But when the big waves began to batter the boat Clara was alarmed. Her heart seemed to stop each time a wave smashed into the side of the boat, stopping the engines momentarily. She would hold her breath each time the prow plunged into a trough. And each time the boat righted itself immediately after a wave undulated itself away, Clara's senses returned to normal.

Unable to bear the heat in the passengers' deck Clara decided to leave
When Clara left for Manila she left behind in their house in the province her father, a sister who graduated right after high school, and another who was still in school. Later, Clara's youngest sister left for Manila to continue her studies and didn't go home even once for a vacation. After becoming a nurse, this sister left for America to work.

Clara's two children followed their aunt to America right after finishing their studies. All these years, Clara stayed in Manila. After graduating from college, she found work, got married, had children and raised them until they were already on their own. When that time came, when only she and her husband were left in their house, Clara asked her father to join them in Manila. Her other sister had many children who now had families of their own. Clara thought their house in the province was getting crowded for her father, so she asked him to live with them in Manila.

"It's better that you stay with us here in Manila," she explained to her father, "because there are many hospitals here we can run to in case of an emergency."

"What do I need a hospital for?" Clara's father shot back. "And should I die in Manila, pily Ti Unay who would be losing one customer."

They all laughed but in the end the old man agreed to go to Manila. "Just for a visit," he said, "and I don't know when."
Then the old man went back to his reading. He read a lot of novels — mystery, romance, thriller, any novel that had a beginning and an end. The books were second-hand paperbacks that Clara bought by the dozen on the sidewalks of Recto Avenue and which she sent to her father in Samar. The old man had nothing much else to do after he retired as a rural doctor. His room in the house had become a waiting room and seldom left it except to attend the early morning mass, for walks in the afternoon to soothe his tired muscles, and for visits to a sick friend or relative, or to attend a wake.

Clara’s visits to the province became fewer through the years. It was only when a close relative died that she would go to Samar for the burial. Or when it was the town’s fiesta.

That year, Clara went home to attend the town fiesta celebration. But the real reason for her visit was to see Ti Unay’s collection of religious antiques. She was now in the business of collecting and selling antiques and when she was told that Ti Unay had some very old icons in her house Clara thought she could offer Ti Unay a tempting business deal.

Two high school classmates accompanied Clara to Ti Unay’s place.

“You might not find her place if you go alone,” said Clara’s companions. They themselves had to ask for directions.

Clara was taken aback by the condition of the place.

“This looks like a squatters’ haven,” Clara remembered that Ti Unay lived alone. Her house was just across the street. At the back of the house were clumps of bamboo. There were other plants all over the place. There were chickens in the yard and under the house. The house could have crumbled long ago but for a few hardy posts that propped it up.

The wide open spaces and the vantage point from which the sea could be easily viewed were no longer there. All over the area now were shanties of bamboo, nipa, pieces of assorted lumber, rusty tin cans, burnt tin sheets. How they were the houses, some just the size of a concrete tomb, although there were a few that stood out because they were bigger and were of better materials. Like the one house that was pointed out to them which had hollowed-out blocks for walls, new galvanized iron roofing and plywood room partitions. It was the house of Ti Unay. But nobody was around.

“She might be avoiding visitors,” said one of Clara’s companions.

“No,” said the other. “I haven’t you heard that she hadn’t been seen around for some time now. She could be in Manila.”

“Does she go there now?” asked Clara.

“Oh, yes, she does. She has many relatives there.”
Ha siyahan guad adto nga pagliko han dalan pakatabok mo han tulay nga toha pero Wawis.

Ta, yana, waray na ngani hina hurnabok hin tulay: tirambakan na man an sapa. An kalaragahan han balikid nga an Katigasan han dagat waray nga ngani kikuta, pupo na la an kaablahon nga an katalon han nga payag nga haros magdutko-dutko, hin kadamu, hinino hin ka-
wayan, pfood, retaso nga kayhoy, baya nga latag, suruk nga yero, kogudhi, an iha masagad na la hin pantyon an kasulhanan, matuod mi pipirya nga danadakuyay, sugad han itinudlok han iya ginapangahan, usa la kaan-
dana kundi hala haan an bungtong, bag-o nga yero an atop, pwoodan an tunag. Amo kuno an kan Ti Unay. Waray didto an taglay.

"Baging naiskip hin mararaton," kuresi han usna nga upod na Clara.


"Naabotmat hiyangadof" pakana ni Clara.

"Aida. Danut kaputuran hit niya didto."

"Digshot na gud hi Ti Unay. Naabot na ngani ha Amerika."

"Ngayan?"

"May rat niya kaapuhan didto, magupay kuno ita kakulok, kay ragpakabawa hin Amerikanu."

"Nga panligrayo man daw ni Ti Unay, pagpinamatba: la hin may patay."

"A, di gud la. Tambalon liwat ito niya. May hit niya nga hulong: lana, dahon, lico, uget, damo la, ikadang hit magkadilain nga mga tanom. Antigot hiya magimlup."

"Lugar lupig ako, kay pamantyotka na hiya, doktor pa."

"Tak pa gud. Kay may pag-osyoyn."

"Tagibidoko ko pa la hilo. Ano man tiri nga nga tawo dinhi, unupod liwat niya, kay bago hit diin nay la niya kaunupdar."

"Ilo, nga nga taga umat hiran tawon, namagbakwit ha duran pan arayag dit ha huron. Bagay hit dinhi ninaymumutag ha limbo: impierno kun hibalik ha huron, langit kun hingat ha Manila. Kadam'an hit hayra ha Manila nalat dupot."

"Amo daw," kunst ni Clara. "Pikure na la punot beper nga tikang dinhi."

"Nagisakay dayon ni Clara kaheuman han patron, kay hina na an iya kaadlawan, kinahangan nga saeto nga hiya na Manila hilo. Ipo han gud man. Nag-long distance an talaki niya nga arak hin paghiha ha iya han maupay nga kaadlawan."

"How old na, mommy?"

"Forty-seven, bakit?"

"Ti Unay is now a big shot. She has even gone to America."

"Is that so?"

"She has grandchildren there who are better off now than they have married Americans."

"Ti Unay’s prayers for the dead have brought her to places."

"Not only that. She’s now also a doctor, you know. She has concocted a lot of medicines out of coconut oil, leaves, seeds, roots of various plants. She has become an expert in its preparation."

"That means she’s better than I am for she’s both a doctor and phar-

"And a priest, too, because she prays for everybody, dead or alive."

"I didn’t know that. How about these people here. Are they her relatives, too?"

"They’re farmers, evacuees from the war zones in the hinterlands of Samar. They seem to be in limbo. It’s hell once again if they’re able to return to their farms. But it’s heaven to them if they succeed in fleeing to Manila. Almost all of them dream of going to the city."

"So that’s why the ships from here are always full.

After the town fiesta, Clara hurried back to Manila. She had to be home on her birthday. Her arrival was just in time for her son’s long-
distance call from America.

"How old na, Mommy?"

"Forty-seven, why?"

"Nothing. I just want to feed the info to the computer. It tells fortunes, too, you know. Wait, where’s Daddy?"

"You know it. As usual, I don’t know."

"Here it is, Mommy. Listen — Welcome the dusty years. Fear death in deep waters. This machine can tell a lot. It’s because a Chinese expert designed the program. So, it’s a fortune cookie fortune. Rather unclear. But here’s something certain. Me, Alie, and Auntie will be going there for a vacation. Your birthday should now be much happier."

At first she couldn’t understand what transpired. Unable to respond immediately, all she could say was, "Ambo."

"What?"

"Great. I can hardly wait."

"We’re set to go, Mommy."

The three arrived on the first week of December. They stayed in Manila for more than a week, then proceeded to Samar. It was understood that they would bring the old man to Manila and any other relative who might want to come along so all of them would be together for Christmas in Manila.
"Walang tinenda ko lang sa computer. Fortune teller din 'long impaktong 'to. Sercelang lang. Si daddy?"

"Alam mo naman yun. As usual, di ko alam."

"Ito na, to na, mommy. Listen. 'Welcome the dusty years. Fear death in deep waters.'


Baga hin kumahad ang panahon ni Clara. Waray ito huya makabaton dayon. Pagkawan, nakaluwasa pa gud hin "Ambot."

"What?"

"Great, I can hardly wait."

"We're set to go na, mommy."


"Nag-shopping. Maaram ko sa man nga tapagarasa."


"Ta, lubos na yana it pagusahan mo," kunsi ni Clara ha iya la ngahal. Kundi eyaw ko la, say lugod nagpabog-os han iya nga kusog. Labot han kakusog ha kabarotan, ha kaalag, ha kasingkasing, may pa iya inahbot nga din kinikita, nga magasinawan nga nga tambong han kulon nga kaagi niya, naninginlala ha iya, magbigad, tapuran. Makhuyhiyon hinya nga nagpatahi hini oron nga bestida dida hin kosterina nga manahalan nga alagad ha modo.

There wasn't an announcement yet about a boat that sank but Clara already knew about it from her father. The old man was at the study room. When he saw Clara came in, he closed the book he was reading.

"Where have you been?" asked the old man.

"I went shopping. You know it will be Christmas soon."

"Don't bother about it. We'll be with your mother by then."

Something funny must have crossed the old man's mind. He smiled and the dimples on his cheeks deepened. "Ti Unay will have her hands full."

Then he was gone but his smile lingered on Clara's memory.

Clara decided to leave for Samar immediately. Her husband hesitated.

"No bodies have been found yet. Even their names aren't in the manifest. How could you know? she sounded matter-of-factly.

"Father told me," Clara replied. She would have told him nothing more but she worried he might think she had gone out of her mind. She added, "Don't trouble yourself about us anymore. Stay on the other side. It doesn't matter anymore. You, too, are dead to me already."

"Now I am all alone in the world," Clara told herself. Yet she felt more strong. She could feel her spirit strengthened, she could feel the shadows from the past, shadows who knew her and who were also strong and could be depended upon. She had a black dressed done by an expensive dressmaker who knew the latest trends in fashion.

When she arrived in Samar there was nobody home but a young girl, a niece, about seven years old, who was being cared for by a maid. Some fifteen members of her clan had died in that one sea mishap. She had a mass said for them at the church and had asked Ti Unay to lead the prayers for the dead. At the feast for the dead, she laid down the ham, cheese, bread, chestnuts, apples, and grapes she bought for Christmas.

As usual Ti Unay didn't eat anything. But this time she felt for home without wrapping anything for herself. "Could she have disliked imported items." Clara thought. "Or was she just in a hurry to disperse her services to other families who lost relatives in that tragedy, too?"

For thousands perished in the Cofia Paz disaster.

Clara wrapped some food and went to Ti Unay's place. It was dusk when she arrived. A smiling girl opened the door and told her to wait while she looked for her grandmother. The girl raced outside, happy to have been freed from her sentiments duties.

While waiting for Ti Unay she heard the taps coming from the soldiers' barracks, the ringing of the angelus bells and the sound of smaller bells that signalled the start of the movies in the town plaza sponsored by a maker of medicinal tablets which could cure headache and other maladies. The only light in the house came from a small lamp in the farthest
Paghihihi ni Clara he Samas an nakadto na la han ira balay nga pinika-
nan amo in usa nga babayihay, umangkon niya, may pito katung bangin
an pantol, may suruguan la nga nagtitimangno. Kapin napuio kaglima
han ira banay an nanhunong han usa la nga hita hito pagkabuod.
Nagapunlaa niya han padi ko singihan, nagpakitik kan Ti Unay nin
pangad sa hinga. Han paggiros say niya iginima an iya igarandam
kunta han pasco: hamon, keso de bola, tinapay, kastanyes, mansanas,
ubas. Maupay na aan la, kay waray na man maglutum hin sugad hiton
kurukdi, pulo, rogedo, panit, kaldereta releyo, estofado, biko, torta,
ngan iba pa nga kabalasunan nira nga andam ha ira balay. Sugad
han kabalasunan niya, waray kumaon ha Ti Unay. Kundi lumakat nga waray
bitbit nga putas. Antot kan hindiran an impord. Kasabot ni Clara diri,
nagdali la ngadto hin iba pa nga tapos, kay hito nga panahon damo
didto ha ira bungio in kababayan nga nagkamamatyan, di la nagatos,
upod kan sumakot nga sapa nga nagkalamusos han kalumud han bapor nga
Dona Paz.

Nagpunos ni Clara ngan ginidara ito niya ngadto kanda Ti Unay.
Tipagsisirem na pag-abot niya. Birukas an puweria hin babayihay nga
matatalawa nga nikaagkagir, nagising kan Clara nga hita la is,
bitbingo niya hi iya Apoy, ngan dekos dumulagan tipagwas, hin taksi
nga, dara siguyn hin kadiyap han pakalays. Pag-abot ni Clara nga natihini
hiya nga nag-uusahan, lugar kasalang nga bantay, surruring. “Nga bata hin
ka wise.”

Nadunggan niya an taps didto han kampi hin nga sundalo, an
baguing han angelus ka kompanaryo hin singihan, an pagkagit han
libre nga pasine ha plata hin paragghimo hin tablets nga tambal kuno hin
sakit ha uo nga dam la nga iba. Masiron na. An lawag sa sakob han
balyong kalukang ha in usa nga tinghoy didto han hirayo nga pilow.

Tungod han kasiron, mahinay an pagdaap niya, bago hiya hin tid-
ua: an suga nakadto ngayn hin pinakaal. Nakadto an sinising nga
nga santos ni Ti Unay. Hinklangan dayon niya in San Roque nga nava-
waan an iyaar, Santa Rosa de Lima nga bago hin bored nga madre, San
Bartolome nga nakakabitik han sipol nga ignamit ha iya. Santiago nga
sakay han kadiyay nga itimiglaw in waray nga kikin gitabas nga talibong:
barugbuhay pa. May iba, waray niya kikila’a kun hira hino nga nga
santos, deen na kaupay, magrat an kahimo, halubgo an nga likir,
bukakoy angad hiton nga diyos-ciyoos han nga diwatare. Ha atubang
hado may nga pinutos nga pagkain: an dara ni Ti Unay tikang hiton nga
tapos. Tiniaspo ni Clara an iya putas.

Tihkes na kunta hiya, iya na la italak-an an sada han ganghaan,
kundi binud hiya hin karaskis. “Su, su, su,” ngan niya nga pagtabog han
corner of the room.

She walked slowly towards the small lamp on a makeshift altar. She
saw Ti Unay’s antique icons. Immediately she recognized San Roque who
had now lost a dog. Santa Rosa de Lima who looked like a pregnant nun,
San Bartolome who was holding a ‘knife that was used on him. Santiago
who was riding a horse and hacking the air with a non-existent bolo. There
were other figures on the makeshift altar. They were indeed old and
disfigured but she could still identify them. All of them looked like the tiny
gods of the superstitious and the ignorant. Just in front of the figures were
small packets of food brought home by Ti Unay from all the feasts for the
death that she had attended. Clara placed the packet she had brought with
her on the altar, more offering to the saints.

She was about to leave when she heard something. “Su, su, su,” she
said as she drove away a rat that was about to climb the altar. Rat, mouse,
hat, dog, cockpit, fly, ant. Su, she thought, so many of them to shoo
away. She searched the room, found a candle, lighted it, looked for a chair,
found one, and sat right in front of the makeshift altar.

Clara thought it would have been better had she brought with her one
of her father’s books to read because the light from the altar and the candle
were bright enough for reading. Near the altar, she saw novelty pamphlets
and prayer books. After a few minutes of reading, she fell asleep.

She could not have fallen asleep she thought because she could still
see herself reading though she saw another self up in the air looking down
on the interior of Ti Unay’s house. In her second self she had wings and she
was diving into an enclosed space, a cave where shadowy shapes moved
and ghostly sounds could be heard. When she woke up she had goose
pimples all over her body. A soft wind was playing with her hair and her
skirt.

“Welcome long way, lay.”

“Ti Unay! How long have you been here?” Clara stood up. “I was
reading this prayer book because there was nothing else to do while I was
waiting for you. I guess I fell asleep. I brought you some food. The girl who
left to look for you hadn’t returned. I was worried the rats might eat the
food so I stayed and waited for you.”

“She’s a naughty girl. She just left to see the movie. She must be at
the plaza.”

“It’s alright Ti Unay. I’m thankful I was able to give rest to these
aching knees. I was able to stand vigil before your altar, too.”

“I remember now. I’m told you’re interested in my saints. I’m not
selling them.”

“So you’re just giving them to me for free? The truth, however, is I’m

Naisip ni Clara nga kaupay kunta kun dara niya in usa han kan iya tabay mga libro, kay baga hin kapawa man, bisan kun tinghiny la ngan hin kandelia an nagapalamang. Didla ha ligid han altar nakakita hiya hin barasahan nga nobela, pangadyon para han mga patay. Waray man iba, iya tinikangan in usa. Waray pipira, naghihilangturog na iya pagpinamat han tinaguktok han kabugawan ha luyo han balay, han hinagushis han nga dahon han kaligiran, han ngubon han balod han dagat nga pagisiplatniya ha gawas han bintana nagranaranagtha ubos hin mananggot nga bulan. Baga waray man livet hiya hingaturog kay hinkit' an niya nga sige la an pagbinasa niya didla han iya limilingkuran samtang nga nakadlo livet hiya ha habitas'an, nasulatamani niya an sakod han balay ni Ti Unay, en pensid niya napupuro hin bangin nga nahagwis, sugad hin nodalusong hiya ha walog, bisan kun ito nga walog halgit, ripot hin kababilan, masirmon nga lungh, dinadampaugan hin tagutipunan nga katingon, kinakanuogan hin kalagon nga panahay. Kundi naalinamawahan hiya nga namnamat an iya barahibo, kinukaruggusan niya hin kataghom na la nga hararey, kinakaranukan an iya batok, limataws an iya salay makalukan nga hangin.

"Huta panahaytay taman daw, iday."


"It nga bata gud man, hin kasutil, hin kasutil. Tipagkirta la adto han sine. At til yana ha plass."

"PaBay-i na la ito, Ti Unay. Maupay man ngani kay nakadeskasuo an nga tuhid hin pagamingkod. Nakag vigi livet ako didat im altar."


"Lugar thahatag mo na la, Ti Unay. Balitaw, waray ko na gana hito nga pagkinekiliyog."

"Humarami hi Ti Unay kan Clara ang na him humurung na la pagsiring. "Kun kaniyag mo hin pagtuaw, kahi na la, bisan waray ako."

"Kamagpakaharadok man hino," kunsi ni Clara. "Kuan na la lugod, Ti Unay, min-tambal hitak tuhid, namamagsinakit."

no longer collecting these things."

"If you wish you could come anytime to look at them. Come even if I'm not home."

"They look fearsome. I'd rather that you give me balm for my aching knees instead."

Clara was given a small bottle of coconut oil.

That night there was no dream. In the middle of the night, she woke up, suddenly remembering her classmate who had drowned in the sea. The next day, she joined Ti Unay and her assistants in praying for all the lost souls.

Translated by Estrella Masquida
Tinago ni Clara hin botolya nga may lana, idirihog. Hadi to nga gabi wae nyang hi Clara magirinop. Matsuod nahirangno hiya dilda han ka-tu-nga; umutwal ha iya hurahuna an mala na niya nga hinkalimtan nga ngaran han leasmil niya han hayeskul nga nulumes. Kinabuwasan, dana hin ka-nyam han magkulop nga pagbinasa, tumampo hiya han mga parag-sobat ni B3 Umay.

"Ambi anay kan imo latay," kunl nii inay.

"Umambi," nganyi, "diri na ita uso."


"Nga berat han iya inay, hin bug-a't na man himi nga salamagan. Ano ngani an ginhinakoon mo himi, ha? Hitaas na pa gud ada ha akon. Abet?"

"Nakipagtalikuyay hin pasukol; tagatalinga ako ha iya.


Birthingan hin matinay nga saktok an braso ko nga umatubang hiya ha akon, sye an paglimuoblub an pagdiyenadliyak, nakipagbutisingay. Ta, kay mulay man la ini, innugay ko. Ginugot ko an akon musilipuil.

"Bang."

Nagpakitikutikwadel hiya tipaas nga tagi han buntong, nahakap-tan an subaing nga kunta tinmaon, natilingay an navong. Nagtirining- hakon. Nganyiha, "Entoy, anes ako gulan paghinkaginhawa, may ko

It was almost noon but my friends and I were still shooting each other with our toy guns. The battle was so fierce! I barely noticed the shadow of a man pass by the fence where I was hiding and preparing for the next assault. He had a bag dun over a shoulder. Some ten steps away he turned, took aim at me with a finger and fired: "Bang, bang, you're dead!" Our eyes met but neither of us recognized each other. Then he continued walking. I watched him until he turned towards the path that led to our house. When I went up to eat my lunch he was already sitting at the head of the dining table.

"Kiss your father's hand," Naniy admonished me.

"Forget it," he snapped. "It's old-fashioned."

When I approached him he stood up and tried to lift me. He wanted to throw me into the air and catch me on my way down. When he couldn't do it he pretended to catch his breath. He was shamed by his failure but tried to make light of it.

"Nga berat hin iya inay, this salamagan is quite heavy now. What have you been feeding him with, huh? And he seems to be taller than me. Let me see."

He turned his back on mine; I measured up to his ears.

"You will need to eat some more, Entoy." He ruffled my hair. "But, you could do some things now, I guess."

He threw a light punch on my arm, coaxing me to box with him. Since he was just being playful I accepted the challenge and took out my toy gun.

"Bang."

He pretended to have been hit, clasping the shoulder that got the bullet and writhing in pain said: "Entoy, before I die I'd like to tell you something. When you shoot a man make sure that you get him with the first bullet. Otherwise, he might be able to get back at you and you might lose the fight. Hit him like they say right between the eyes. Bang, Deval.
"You shouldn't be teaching your son to fight," Nanay said. "He has already become a troublemaker, you know. I'm thankful that it's vacation time and classes are over. Or else, his teacher would be coming over every day to tell me about your misbehaving son."

"They've been teasing me," I said.

"Who are they?" Tatay asked.

"My classmates, especially Luis Bagis." "Who is he?"

"You're asking him questions like a policewoman," interrupted Nanay. "What do you know?"

"Aw, really? Okay. He's the son of... you know him. His older brother is reportedly a good esgrimador."

"They're scheming to get back at us."

"I don't think so. And don't you worry."

"I won't mind him. Anyway, he's still a novice at it while I'm supposed to be a seasoned esgrimador. What I do mind, however, is their spoiling for a fight."

"Who's spoiling for a fight? They're just teasing your son."

"What kind of joke is it, Entoy?"

I said nothing. Nanay said, "It's about you. Do you suppose it could be something else?"

"What about me?"

"Well, it's about the past."

"How about you, Entoy? Are you ashamed of me?"

"He will be ashamed of my soul, but not you," interrupted Nanay. "Of course, you're his idol. And he takes after you in his boldness. Once he brought a bolo to school and ran after everyone he fancied as his enemy. The whole barrio was agog."

Tatay smiled as if he had just recalled a favorite joke. He asked, "What grade are you in now?"

"Five," I said.

"Five, huh? Well, what's three hundred sixty-five times sixty?"

I tried solving the problem by making some imaginary calculations on the floor using my toe as pencil but I failed.

Nanay bellowed. "See, you can't solve it. It's because you always run away from a book. You must have gotten that attitude from somebody somewhere."

Tatay fixed Nanay with his gaze. For some moments the whole house was so silent that only the persistent chirping of the chicks on the ground under the house could be heard.

When Tatay finally spoke he was looking in my direction.
Just because she went to high school, and I reached only the elementary grades, she thinks I am dull. It does not matter if I did not graduate, but I have common sense. How does she think I was able to get out of prison early? We all have our stories. I believe she was being received, what she spent for the repairs of this house? And how about my ability to come home every now and then? Her happiness even got her pregnant.

"Jesus" exclaimed Nana. "What’s got into you?"

"What’s got into me? Come now! You mean you’re still regretting you’ve been unable to finish your studies? Why, you agreed with it, didn’t you?"

"Alright, yes. Now, let’s eat the soup will get cold. Wait, you two, go ahead and eat. Kadyo is now awake. I’ll join you later."

Nana hurried to the bedroom just in time to rush my baby sister who had begun to make a nuisance of herself. She was coaxing my baby sister back to sleep with a lullaby when she suddenly stopped singing and in a voice loud enough for Tatay and me to hear she said: "The cockerel you’re feasting on now was being groomed by Tatay as a fighting cock."

"Ah," said my grandfather who came into the dining room to join Tatay and me while Nana was in the bedroom. "No problem. No problem. This is an occasion. I even have here laballina wine. It isn’t the side vierves yet but I hope you like it."

"Oh, thank you," said Tatay to Grandfather. Actually, your daughter is good to me, it is just that she does not seem to believe in me. Baw, even if I only finished grade six, this is a wise guy. As they say in Manila, madawon. Three hundred sixty-five times sixty? Easy. Two thousand one hundred ninety days. I’ve mastered it because it is what I got a comma can divide when I bid Samar goodbye."

Commented Grandfather: "Fine," as he continued eating. "This is finely cooked."

"Tay," I began as I was about to ask him something. But no other words came out of my mouth. I was still hesitant to say anything to him. I didn’t quite know my father yet. The first time he came home he stayed only a few days. I saw him only at night though. Just like a ghost, my grandfather would say. And much earlier he also came home but that was a long time ago when I hadn’t learned much yet about his imprisonment. I soon learned why my father was sent to prison. In fact, everybody in the barrio, including the other children, knew the story of my father’s incarceration. The story has it that my father challenged the most skillful esgrimador in our barrio who himself had just returned from prison after killing a man. It is said that the man who was standing by the window of his house, heard my father, acknowledged the challenge and said:
“May-ada na masalihan ha imo paghidga didto, kay hubuliron ka man dinhi ha lubiganan.”

“Malha pa daw adto ukaron.”

“Ta, an darad-on ko gintima na.”

Nagpinlagala adto nga tawo nga baga hin guo na hin yakar.

“Hulat.”

“Huhulaton.”

Umurudo pa la adto, nanira na an kabablayan. Nga dida han pagmingaw nga ginnupod han baryo, kalaroy nga kinindungangan an hinaranting han nagraparuparo nga mga binahag, higlala, an sinining nga Goodbye Samar, kay gamiton mo nga hiansat ang kudong nga kumay nga mu Hali. Nga man gihap mga ingkaran nga Muntindupa nga ingkaran nga labuhan nga pigdoll nga taga nga nakamataay nga higap nga tawo.

“Panthimtos ko la adto,” ngalatong, “han nakamatay niya han akon amay hin sugad gihapon nga hitabo.”

Adto nga hitabo kun intimidin ko sugad sugad han sining-golay nga pinasing dida hiton nga tindya nga sinib nga danay ko hitakun nga gin

umood ako ni Nanay ha bungto. Tigkadto niya pagballgigha ni manok, tabo, duma, utanoton ko kun ano la nga gikan ha uma nga asa nga nagbabuhi ha amon hadton una; hanin urhi, tigkadto hita niya pagkuha di ha postisip nga padara nga alawus kuro, ambot kun tikan diin, kay priso pa man la Tatay. Ni Tatay man latw naalinungan ha mga sugad han bidulit hiton sinising ko nga siya: ladawan ha kahirangdon, sikil an alawus, manungo an gios, inihap an pulong, antigo ha eskrima, waray paglimboq, waray pagkali, waray iniisasan, kundu an karrisog nga matukadrolik ha ka kaway nga nagagagag, kinagamit la tan para

bang hiton babayin-an, kakataan, kalamang, kasabasan, isinismo nga gintatalumpas, labot la ha paggamit na sinelpa dependa.

Ginduduritan nga adto nga ladawan ni Tatay ha akon hunahunha, kadagmit ko mahangrat. Soglit ni man ginduduroy ako hin sunlog nga ano pa kun di away an hinggangaduhan. May nasir nga nakatanglang la ha Tatay hadton paglang niya han away nga iya ikinaipris. May nasir nga waray na an pagkakatipon niya ha pageskrisma, labi na kay hin kathina ha niya ha prishon, waray purapapkis. May nasir nga gawas-sulod la niya nga priso, sumuhilan ni panatahan ga gawas. Matuod may ginkinamata

ni Nanay, naatpan ni yero nga nagtangungan nga kahoy an amon balay, nga nakaasista ha Tatay ha amon hin tago. Amo nga karuyak ko marginsayod ha iya.

Waray na ako pakagpakiana kay nagkaobot na man in kapoturan,
kasangkayan, kapadilhan, manhindara hin sumusumang nag-iiranon, 
dugang pa han kan Apoy behelina. Nagbabuo ngina nga naginirigam 
dida han hallot namon nga pangaraonan, ni Tatay nagbibinda han iya 
nga kaagi, nahimunutna ha ira, baga hin bess han nga kontrolida. 
Karingasa hodto nga pagkayp. May pagginananta, may paghinan 
ha. An karukyakan nadoonot la dido han waray hunong nga pagi 
nay tagayp. 

"Kun ayaton ka yana, padi," pakiana han uso, "maano ka man." 

"A," kun si Tatay, "musuring gud ako nga pase." 
Nagpakabati na liwat an iba ha baryo ha kan Tatay pag abot. May 
nagmi ngani ha ababang, nahinay an paglak, nagmilinlingi ngadhi ha 
balyot. Paghurahudidmay la, nakadi na gud man an bagatan nga nga 
suhat hadtican ginpatay ni Tatay, may taklos nga binalbag, may nga 
tambong nga nasanod. Natapak pa la iya ka amon libong, nahangaw na 
hi Tatay ngan say pa gud nag-anu hin pagyakan. 

"Dili na la," ngalacng, "kay diri ko boot punataay ha imo. Di ta ikaw 
mungyang him eskrimahay. Gradwit na ako hito. Tarna na ito nga pamap 
tayay cinhi ha aton, waray hito hinggang adto." 

"Kanan kandidato man adto ipep,'" kun si hun nagabat. "Kurap ka na 
gud man ada, napataay ka la la kun sinusuholan, pakati. Siring la la kun 
hadlok ka hin atubangay." 
Nagmilinlingi adton akon amay nga baga hin gool na hin yakan. 

"Shulat." 

"Huwalatoon." 
Malasas hin Tatay, waray man taklo nga salsalan, may-aday hugod 
sinukok ha hawk. Makasa la iya magpabato, bang. Dedbol. 

Damo in nagpagsod kan Tatay hin pagkalagyo nga. Nasiring man la 
nga diri iya tidalan kay an basaed nakadi hin iya daplin. Huhalaton la 
iya an padal, bigagawa man iya dayon. May pinamungakan hija nga 
nga bigayta ha pamanunan nga damo lio masusuyo nga abogado pa 
gatawan han iya kaipungan; waray adto nga kaso. Kundi ginmilinulti 
adto iya: an paggubata ha iya hadton namataay nga asRDgho an iya 
higong, an paghurahudidmay hadto han hanlatuskos nga binalbag, an 
kahepin iya pagpulisi hadto han iya reboler, armasa nga puligamari ha 
iya han mga otoridad kay asit man iya hin pagtiklit hiton nga kriminal. 

Kahuman han hitabo nagbunghas nga an irigom. An pipira nga nang 
hublin nagtignasus aidi. Paghay na hitapo ha iya Nomay, hi 
Ijay, hi Apoy nga ako an kan Tatay ghsindumatan. Nagsiro, gini 
dihan ko an petromax. Nalhungaturog hi Apoy. Nagatungahan na la hi 
Tatay nga natangka didto han ginirigom, an iya pusil nakada ha ababang 
iya han lamesa nga puno pa han gamut nga nga bago nga hin 
hibalud was just some fluke. Some other people said that my father had lost his 
touch in eskrima because of lack of practice brought about by his long stay 
in prison. Still other detractors say that my father could enter and leave 
his prison cell anytime because he was nothing but a hired killer. 

It's true that Nanay received a regular allowance. It's also true that 
with the money our house had been repaired. And it's also true that Tatay 
was able to visit us, even if secretly. That was why I wanted to ask him 
about these things. 

But just now I could not do so because many people had begun to 
arrive in the house. Cousins and other relatives and friends had come 
bringing with them food and liquor to add to the balatik wine of my 
grandfather. The central figure in that merry gathering was of course my 
father who regaled everybody with stories of his escapades. There were 
endless singing, a variety of jokes and countless tall tales. 

Then the talk began to focus on my father. 

"What do you do if somebody challenges you to an eskrima right 
now?" asked a padl of Tatay. 

"Oh," replied Tatay, "I would say pas." 

Everybody in the barrio got word of Tatay's arrival. People who 
passed by our house walked slowly and looked furtively in our direction 
as if trying to catch sight of my father. Moments later the eldest son of 
the man killed by Tatay came, followed by some supporters. He had a 
binalbag with him. He had just set foot on our yard when Tatay emerged at 
the window facing the yard. 

"Go home, young man," Tatay advised him. "I don't want to kill you. 
And neither do I want to engage you in an eskrima. I have already gradu 
ated from it. Let's stop this bloodshed in our place. It isn't going to bring us 
anything worthwhile." 

"Those were a candidate's speech," said the challenger. "You've be 
come so corrupt indeed that you would kill a man only for a fee, and 
tracheously at that. Why don't you just tell me that you've become much 
of a coward, too, that you can't face an enemy anymore." 

My father shook his head as if he had become bored with the idle 
words. 

"Stay put and wait for me." 

"Oh, yes, I'll be here." 

It wasn't his usual weapon that Tatay brought with him when he went 
down the house. It was something that he tucked in his waist. He fired 
only once, bang. He was dead right there. 

Many advised Tatay to escape. He wasn't going anywhere, he said,
nga sumanu. Huboghubog na gad, sige pa an pagtiragay. Gintara-
gayan ako, ginasaway ni Nanay.

"Son o pa man ako nga bata pagtilkang pag-aram?"

"Dirito asa an angry niya pag-adman."

"Lugar naa'tul ka nga naanom ako."

"Waray sapayan ha ino, legas ka na, it imo kinabuhi waray na."

"Sarabutan mo hit akong kinabuhi."

"Maupay na la nga diri ako nasabot."

"Pero maamarn ka na yana nga sikit aydient ako, may license to kill."

"Ambot, waray ko labot."

"Kay maramut, karayag mo signon. Kasing mo liwat nga diri ako maamarn hito, nga mangbak na gud ako, diri iniaplan hin kainoy o pag-
basal. Patay gad la it waray hito. Ambot pa mo man ngani."

"Kay ano man nga sige ka la ghapon hito nga kinabuhi?"

"Kasing mo kum waray hito may-ada ka ako? Kaiso niyo kun waray ako."

"Hino in nasiring ha imo? Nabuhu man hito kami hin waray ka."

"Aw, ngay-an. Ta, hala, makadi na ako. Upaya na la nga pagtimangno hiton ka kataban. Entry, kadi harok hiton akon akomak." Naihingga
hito ha Nanay. Nganiya, "Nag-enakturnon ka na liwat, kabuhog mo na gud man. Hi leday, di mo pahahadakon?"

"Sige, hi leday anay."

Ilitgahaw ni Tatay an iya kamot ngaclito han bata nga idinuko ni Nanay hin pagpaharok.

"Kadi ka na, Entoy."

Cinduso ako ni Nanay. "Tuna ngani, pakinyagi na la anay basi hing-
turong nga mahawawawan."

tsinasugad la. Maararn ka na? Sige daw."

Matiaiwat nga nga mata an ingintukok ni Tatay ha akon. Waray ko
na hikit'han pagbuto. An siyahon kan nga hikit' an, hi iday nga nakupok
kan Nanay, nagkikimurahab, kundu waray ko bidudinghi han akon pani-
munong. Hi Tapay, baga hin nahirasok an pagkasandig niya ha iya
lingkuran. Naigo iya dida ha ighaw han mu nga mata.

"Come here, Entoy."
Nanay pushed me. "Go and humor him so he will come out of his drunkeness."

When I kissed his hand, Tatay said, "You, salaman, you come right away when you're called. Be good. Heed your mother's words always and you won't get into trouble. I'm leaving because your Nanay is saying that there's nothing worthwhile that I can do for all of you anymore. I wasn't even able to teach you to become an esgrimador like my own father did to me. But no matter. Anyway, you'll need to study it hard and long. Here's something that you can learn fast. This isn't from Danaw. This is genuine, smuggled. Here's how to handle it. Hold it with your two hands. And here's how to fire it. Do you know now? Now show it to me."

I didn't see Tatay's jesting eyes when the gun exploded. It was my baby sister that I saw instead. She was being tightly embraced by Nanay but I couldn't hear her cry for I had become deaf from the explosion. Tatay was slumped in his seat. The bullet pierced his skull just above the right eye.

"It was an accident," grandfather averred, "an accident," and everybody agreed with him. It was what they thought.

Translated by Estrella Maqueda
Land HO! monhon

ACCORDING TO PIGAFETTA - OFFICIAL CHRONICLER OF THE MAGELLAN EXPEDITION - THE FIRST MEETING BETWEEN THE SPANIARDS AND THE FILIPINOS WAS ON MARCH 17, 1521 - IN THE ISLET OF HOMONHON IN SAMAR. THE WARAYS RECEIVED THEM CORDIALLY.
The TATTOO, then, was a form of ornament to enhance the beauty of a man or woman but it had another function, namely to exhibit a man's war record, the more tattoos a man had, the more he was looked up to in society, for his numerous tattoos, were, in a manner of speaking, his WAR MEDALS.

***

HADEO (then)

YANAO (now)

*AGONCILLO - History of the Filipinos, Chapter III - Early Customs and Practices pp. 32-33
The Spanish missionaries divided the archipelago into four territorial divisions: the Augustinians occupied the Tagalog provinces, Pampanga, Ilocos and some parts of the Bisayas; the Franciscans got the Bicol area; the Dominicans, Cagayan; and the Jesuits, Samar, Leyte and the island of Mindanao.

The Jesuits arrived in Samar in October 1596 and settled in Tinago (now Tarangkao). This Cabecera, however, was plundered and burned down by Moro pirates, that in 1610, the Jesuits moved their residence to Catbalogan.
As early as 1621, there were already stirrings of rebellion in the Bohol area. The people of Bohol revolted in 1621, followed by the people of Sogor (Siargao), Baybay, the islands of Panay in Samar, in Limasawa, the islands of Panay in Samar. In Limasawa, the revolt was led by its chief, Manca, who was the son of Mangaris, the first to welcome and entertain the Spaniards. Their rebellion was severely dealt with a force from the garrison in Cebu. Crushed, their leaders met cruel death. Manca and 16 others were beheaded and quartered. Manloog, a former sacristan from the island of Panay was brought to Cebu and burned at stake.

AHHH... THE PERFECT SLAVE!

SAYYY... THIS IS BETTER THAN BEESWAX... AND IT BURNS BRIGHTER, TOO!!!

The missionaries usually doubled up as the administrator of tribute (referring to both people and money). In addition to the tribute (8 to 14 reales a year) an individual pays, he has a quota of beeswax to meet. Beeswax and abaca were two of the principal Philippine exports to Mexico, Peru & Spain. Beeswax from Samar lighted the upperclass homes of the Mexicans, Peruvians and Spaniards.

Kept unaware of the high value of the products in international trade, Samareños docilely complied with Spanish demand for beeswax, other than that, he has to pay another half a real for the "Caja de comunidad" which is used for community projects, and render polvo (compulsory labor) in logging, shipbuilding, churchbuilding as well as cultivation of the community ricefields of the missionaries.
The latter half of the 19th Century was marked by stirrings of rebellions against the Spanish regime combined by religious fanaticism and superstition. This was to be the precursor of the Pulahan movement. The movements of people were, however, small that they were quickly controlled by the Spaniards.

When the Philippine Republic was proclaimed in 1898, General Aguinaldo sent several officers to the Visayas to consolidate the Republic and organize local resistance in case the American extended their occupation of the Islands. He sent General Vicente Lukban, who arrived in Catbalogan in December 31, 1898.

His first proclamation upon his arrival was to solicit support of the Samareños:

"...NOW THAT POWERFUL AGGRESSIONS MAY OCCUR AND SLAVERY BE EXTENDED TO KEEP YOU IN YOUR DOWNTRODDEN STATE, I DECLARE THAT YOU HAVE NOT MISLED YOUR FATE. IT IS NOT FOR YOU TO BE IGNORANT AND TO TOLERATE THE ABUSES OF POWER IMPOSED UPON US BY THE AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

NO! LUKBAN"

NEXT CHAPTER: "THE HOWLING WILDERNESS"
PAPA PABLO

Papa Pablo is the second play in the trilogy on the Pulahan uprisings in Samar. The play covers the period 1902 to 1906. Written in 1986, this play won the 1986 CCP Literary Grant for Drama in Filipino.

The first of this Pulahan Trilogy by the same author is Ranggitiya which was written in 1978 and the third is Ti Bunang written in 1990.

Theme Music/Song Overture
Suggested Melodic Themes...

The stage is bare except for two panels of white cloth which serve as the screen for slide projection.

A farmer enters and blows on the incyong. From the wings come the other actors dressed in costumes suggestive of the different periods of Samar’s history, from pre-Hispanic to the present.

They will perform the prologue – an invitation to refer to history and scrutinize its events and to learn from its lessons.

The screen shows contemporary scenes – human rights violations, hamletting, refugee camps, squatters, logging concessions, etc.

Cast:
1. Papa Pablo
2. Papa Segundo
3. Papa sa Leyte
4. Pedro de la Cruz
5. Isidro Pompac “Ti Otay”
6. Enrique Dagohob
7. Cipriano Arriaga
8. Woman Poet-Warrior
9. Ti Paula

Prolog

Kory

Samar

Mabaysay nga iroy
Dike sa kasingkasing may tahum
Nga nablikon an imin
Nahunis an imo ngaran...

Samar
Dew kapail nga an lamrag
San imo paghitigma
Matam-is nga hiyum salipan
San champug san kakurian

Samar
Sino ang nagpapahisap sa ‘yo ina?
Sino ang pumaslang sa bunsu mo?

Imo manggaranan san pipira la pagpulsan
Mga minayoc pagtamaatamakan
Imo balay pini nga bungkagon
Ngatunan bihagon...

Pamati, mga pinalangga ni ibabao (Samar)
May panangis nga natikang sa sunok surok san tuna
Pamati, Sarinon (Tanladong)
An puro naruruyag pagsayey
Ug sa hangin, an patagbokan sa mga linupigan
Nanbaw
Banbaw tikang san waray kaatusan nga pag-inop
Banbaw, pamati san kaniatuoran

Samar (ibabao)
Samar (ibabao)

Balik ngadi sa amon
Balik ngan igpadayon

Lupiga an nga tikasan
Lupigin ang nga mansanaakaw
Sibua an nga lumalangyaw
Itagboy ang nga banyagang mapang-api
Itindog an balay
Ang nga walang utang
Bungalos nga nga anak
na loob na nga anak,
Mga anak nga sa ino
Nagpakaffle
Ayaw paggrabali
Hawani
Banahawa
An mga nag-isog
Igawsay an lara san pagkamatad
Banahawa an mga ginikanan
Nga nagasiro nga di ko
Agud la mahi-undong an
Inop san kabubuwasan
Balik ngadi sa amon (Pamati, Samarhon)
Pamati Samarhon (Balik ngan ipadayon)
Ipadayon, Pamati (Samarhon)
Balik ngadi sa amon
Balik
Ngan ipadayon.

Igapos sa kanilang
Pagkasululit, itaboy

Theme Music/Song Overture.

Suggested Melodic Themes ("An Itoy nga Tura," "Inday Nakain ka San
Pagsunog san Calibga")

(This introduction may be read before the play proper.)

Samar. The Balangiga Massacre was brought about by the ruthlessness
and apparent lack of reason of the entire American force stationed in
Balangiga. The mayor of the town, Pedro Abayan, aided by his officers
was directly involved in the ensuing slaughter of the Americans and the
liberation of the prisoners (consisting of the male population and some
women community leaders). After the massacre, the whole population
retreated to the mountains to continue fighting against the Americans.
When the American rescue force landed in Balangiga, the whole town was
set on fire.

In 1902, the investigating American officer invited them to a peace
conference in Cebuoligan, the capital of Samar. Upon learning of the
atrocities committed by the American forces prior to the massacre and
thereafter, the investigating council declared peace on February 2, 1902
and the crimes of Balangiga were totally forgiven.

After the surrender of the main fighting unit of the forces of Balangiga
and subsequent treaty of peace, some Pulahan loyalists who figured
prominently in the fight against the invading army of the U.S.A. broke away
from the surrenderees. They proceeded to Gandam, a Pulahan stronghold,
to confer with the Pulahan spiritual leader, Pablo Bulan. He was known to
his followers as "Papa Pablo." An agreement was reached. Papa Pablo
Bulan would remain as the titular head of the Pulahan movement and the
rest of the Pulahan domain would be divided into sectors, each controlled
by an overlord. At that time, the Pulahan movement extended its control
and influence to the islands of Leyte and Bohol.

SCENE I

Feast of St. Michael the Archangel, one of the principal
patrons of the Dios-Dios movement (Pulahan). A large
icon of the Angel is on SR. Women of the Pulahan currently
dancing the simolog in fulfillment of the promises they

Sources: Richard Areia, SVD, Fr. Cantius Koback, OFM, Leyte-Samar Studies X:2 Samar
Notes/Research by C. Basuyo
made to the saint for certain favors they had received through his intercessions. The dance vacillate from subdued to the more frenzied. While they dance, they touch different parts of their bodies; some carry children with them, and rub on their ailing parts... Some kneel, others sprawl. The atmosphere is hypnotic. Others break into chanting:

**Chorus:**
Patron San Miguel
Patron S-a-n-M-i-g-u-e-l
Patron San Miguel
Piyerothon no an mga yawa
Suqad san pagpiyerende no san mga Castila
Lupigon no an mga ugis
Amon kabinabuhig latubuhan
San ngaran san amon Amay,
San amay nga macthong
amay san mga gugbi
kaaway san mga hitong
San Anak san kabinahinga
kabinabuhig nga mahal
San Banan nga Kalag, Espiritu san Dios
Dios aton,
Birhen, birhen san kalayaan
Paharaui, irayramon
Kugusa kami nino sa dughan
Dughan san Katawasan
Sa ngaran, sangaran, san
Bathala san kalubutan
Patron San Miguel
Patron San Miguel
Itindog an bandera san kadosagan-an
Patron lupiga an nga demonyo
nga sa amon bungto kaumanhi pag-ato
San ngaran san Makagarahum, Amay,
Anak ug Espiritu Santo.

When all say amen, the men will approach the icon in their Pulahan garb, brandishing their crescent-shaped weapons. The others will give way for the warriors to perform the sinulog.

**Warrior:** Armas Banderao!

**All:** Armas Banderao!

**Warriors:** Sa ngaran san mga gusti
Sa ngalan nga pinagkaitan
Sa ngalan ng Inang Samar
Sa ngalan ng Patronong Anghel Mandirigma nga kalangian
Pulkaan ang puting salot
Sa ngalan ng Ina, Birheng Maria
Sa kataas-taasang ngalan nga
Dios Ama, Anak at Espiritu Santo.
ARMAS BANDERAO!

**All:** ARMAS BANDERAO!

The entire community, weapons on-hand, join the now frenzied dancing. Some take their amulets and place between their lips. Some invoke the names of other saints.

A horn is blown, followed by a louder one. The sinulog is stopped. The community falls into line, in anticipation of Papa Pablo’s entrance. The main party is announced by Papa Pablo’s standard bearers. These flags are white with large crosses in red printed on the center of each flag. Waray syllables are also shown on these flags. Two high priests carried on hammocks follow them. The main party arrives: Enrique Degohob, Isidro Pomare (Ti Ottoy), Cipriano Amango, Pedro de la Cruz, younger commanders, and the Papa, dressed in his ceremonial vestments.

Upon the entrance of Papa Pablo, the people bow in supplication—the women and children kneel, the men lower their heads.

**Papa Pablo:** *(In his Waray accent)* Bendisyonan kayo han Makagarahum. Bigyan kayo ng biyaya sa langit at lalo ng rito sa lupa... *(mormione clariet)* Ipahiyon mo kami ha amon nga kaaway...

**With Chorus:** In nomine Patris et Filii et Dei Spiritii Sancti...
AMEN!

The sinulog resumes. Papa Pablo takes his seat, flanked by the minor popes and his chief of staff, Pedro de la Cruz.Slowly the scene transforms from a fiesta to the conference of the Pulahan leaders.

SCENE II

War Council. Same day.

Papa Pablo: Excelencia Papa sa Leyte. Ano ang sitwasyon sa konse-

Papa sa Leyte: Mahigpit na ipinagbabawal ng mga kapantid mating

With Chorus: Nagpuulong ang konseho, humingi ng permiso upang

Papa Pablo: Distansia! Mga katoliko pa rin tayo! Bigyan lang ng

Papa Segundo: Maliban sa gaba. Maliban sa kastigong ipapataw sa atin

With Chorus: Dahil kay Sumuroy ang sumpa ng pagkamatay ng

Papa sa Leyte: Maliban din kung sila ang humawak ng ilak upang

Papa Pablo: Ang mga walang-hiyang Amerikano ay naglilikom ng

Papa sa Leyte: Ang mga sumunod na panahon ay ipagwalang babala at gamitin ito upang tayo ay pulisian?

Papa Segundo: Basta ya!

Papa Pablo: Excelencias! Ang kataas-taasang konseho ng bawat huk-

Papa sa Leyte: Ang puso ng mga Dios-Dios nasa kaibuturan ng Inang

Papa Pablo: Naniniwala rin ako na ang mga pari at relihiyoso ay

With Chorus: Ngunit kung magkataon man na ang mga pari mismo

Papa Pablo: Siguro nanay ay may pwang sa puso ng segundo

Papa Segundo: Es verdad, Excelencia! NananiCook ako sa hustisya ng

Papa Pablo: Ano ang dalang balita ng Excelencia?

Papa Pablo: Ano ang dalang balita ng Excelencia?

With Chorus: Artokratikong iisbak sa kaipawa, o maging sanhi ng kamatayan ng

(At this point the vice-pope of Semar, slightly effem-

(stands indignantly.)

ang mga magsasaka sa mga kaaway at dito rin, marinul

ang mga magsasaka, o kaya'y maging perdecyon ng huwag

may kapitalan, may karapatang konseho na magbibigay ng

malalaman. Makatang pagulan ng mga katoliko sa ilang kapatawan.

(At this point the vice-pope of Semar, slightly effem-

Triunfo at dalaan sa ilang daang laon. Excelencias. Kamatayan ang isunumang pagulan ng

ang mga may kapang magiglo. We are not concerned with the

Copyright © 2018 J. de la Cruz

13

Ari 13

Pr. Paño Ma. Dosedado

91

13

Ari 13

Pr. Paño Ma. Dosedado
Papa Pablo: (with chorus) Mga Muslim ang ipinakalaban sa mga Waray noong ang mga kastila pa ang nagbabahala sa ating kapuluhan. Hindi nakapagatakan magbabang-buntot ang mga puring bagong selos sa isang Samar ...

Papa Pablo: At itung heneral na ito, sino raw kaya ang Herodes na ito? Wala bang ball-balitang galing sa kaptoloyo? Ti Otoy, hindi ka ba dumaan ng Catbalogan?

Isidro Pompa: Dumaoon po, pero hindi po ako nagtagal... ang ginugol na oras nami'y hindi sapat para makakuhang kompetensya hinggil sa Amerikang heneral.

Papa Pablo: Alam n'yo ba ang pangalay?

Isidro Pompa: Tila Allen daw po, Excelsia! Nagahanda po yata sila ng sampung kompanyas!


With Chorus: Que Esparoles, Amerikanos o Kapwa Bisaya... ang ipinaglaban natin ay ang ating pinunlawala na ang mejores ng lupang Waray ay ipinagkaloob ng Panginong Diyos, sambahin ang kanyang Ngalan, para sa ating lehat... Ila na tayong mga hamak na anak.

Papa Pablo: Ay ayusong magwal... nuhulabang sermon... ang estado ng digmaan, 'yan... 'yan ang dapat pagkabalehan. Ako, kathad din ni San Francisco, ay walang sib... kaya naminibihan sa Poon na kathad din ni San Francisco. Malusaw, kung malusaw! Pero, mga kapatid, sa palayag ko name'y marami tayong mairasama sa hukay... maraming baryaga, eh? (murmurs, cries of approval)


Papa Segundo: Mag-penisensiya!

Pedro de la Cruz: Excelsia, ang pag-alay ng sariling buhay para sa kalayaan ang pinakaligtas sa sakripisyo. At ang nawa-lay sa mga malal sa buhay ay sapet nang penitensiya.

Papa Segundo: Callate! Buhay man ang ilay mo sa Dios ay kulong pa... amor propio lang 'yan - yang paniniwalang maluhusan ang mga kasalanan mo ng konglomer pagpe-penisensiya.

Pedro de la Cruz: Excelsia, tile yata nag-aseel prayle kayo.

Papa Pablo: Komandante!

Papa Segundo: Excelsia, hindi ko mapapalagpasito.

Papa Pablo: Komandante de la Cruz!

Pedro de la Cruz: (to Papa Pablo) Patay nad po kabanalan. (to Papa Segundo) Perona me Señor Excelsia, ang paged kong dita ay saglit nambabag na waya. (before Papa Segundo could launch his tirade against Pedro, the supreme padre stands) All rise.

Papa Pablo: Tinalanggap namin ang pagpapakumbaba ng aming anak... respeto sa mga sagradong bagay, señores... mas matulad na yata ay estakadas na Papa Segundo ang mga kaaniib para sa bituin na pagasa sa kilusan at pag-alay sa Ama.

Papa Segundo: Ah, oonga pala. Matitipuno ang mga baguhan... malubseg na mga kalabaw... mapinta ang tuklaw Señor Papa...

Crowd: (tearing) Natatiyak ko.

(Papa Segundo turns towards the voice indignantly and hisses, surveys the crowd...)

Papa Segundo: Sin respecto! Pag kayo'y tinamaan ng punglo o kayo'y malasas ng espada, lubhod kayo sa harapan ko at
Pedro de la Cruz: Matagal na akong namitinhan sa Papa. Kilala ko na siya... hindi siya papayag na magbigay ng kaganapan ng mga Amerikano... ang Samar ay para sa kanhang mga sulping, para sa mga Samarnon, para sa Filipino...

Enrique: Hindi tayo nagdedebate sa puntong 'yan. Ang pagsockatuparan ng mga adhihohan ng kilusan ang batayan ng kahit anumang diskusyon. Ang kaahalangan tulad na ang korespondensiya upang maganap ng mga patuloy ay laban kontra Amerikano...

Pedro de la Cruz: Hindi ito kinakabahayan? Papa Pablo ang kanyang responsibilidad!

Enrique: Dadalhin niya ang kanyang responsibilidad ng bato... se malayo, sa Mindoro, sa Panay, o Negros... dahil na se Mindanaw.

Pedro de la Cruz: Hindihinduhan niya ang mga toto...

Isidro Ponce: Hayaan na ang isang sumabat ako... tama si Komandante Enrique - kailangan na natin ang seguridad. Ang kapalit-rang in't'y nagsimula at pinagtitibay hanggang ngayon, sa mga gawaing maka-Diyos... bunga na rin ang paniniwala natin sa kapatagan ng Poong Maykapal. Iyan ang puso ng kilusan. Kailangan ng mapapatuloy... Sa kabila dako raman, papayag kaya ang Papa na humisam? Siya ang magsasabi sa kanya?... Ti Enrique, kanyo ang nakakabasa sa lahat ng mga 'capitanes' ng puwersang puletan...

Pedro de la Cruz: Ang Papa ay maramatay din. Kung nasaan ang pagka-
kaat at pagkapaharap sa kapwa, natutoon ang Dios—
uwag na ng Dios. Nona pagbalik na rin ako sa tagliban
dahil sa katipunan ng sentido ng Papa.—Punaginta ba
nangan sa magkaibang haraay ng kapwa na nauhol na
magkaaway... ewan ko kung anong nangyari, marahil
natulog ang mga Kasta, marahil biglang dureting
ang puwersa galing kay Lukban... nang mahimo-
masan ako'y nakatangka sa isang nilalagyan ng lara
ang aking sugat... sumantalang dugo ang buong
mukha nya... nasa niya sa akin, pagkalipas ng ilang
awr, nang maugot ulit ang sagasaang iyon... 
“Anak, tulong din natin ang mamatay, ang mukar
ang mga kaparali ng pang a'yon tayo ramatay.” (A
song is heard. First, humming, then strains, then finally the
words.)

Solo: Hain an dumpug, masirum ako
Masuod ako ha ino
Hain an lara, kakachtoo ko
Maupod ako bisan sa Kalbaryo
Mapintas nga sumpa
Nga sa aton umatuhang
Se katinggit san bagyo
Sim nga kalibutan

Chorus: Hain en dumpug, lara, pinta, sumpa, kalbaryo
Hain, hain,
Aatubangen ko.

Isidro: Hadi, Birhen nga maloloy-on, narito tayo, sumusuong
na tayak na kapahaman... tayak na kamatayan... 
kamatayan! Hindi, mga kapadid, Buhay Magpak
kawalang-handang!

With Chorus: Yan ang paninwala natin... yan ang pananalig. Si
Rizal ay pataloy na nabubuhay... si Bonifacio... ang
Katipunan... manggapatuloy ang Dios-Dios, kung saan
papatak ang dugo ng mga anak na tinabes ng kalupitan
ng mga banyaga, dito'y bubuklak ng pananalig... 
marahil kasama nating hilombling ang kilssan, ngunit
maglipasing din ito... papakawin ito ng Panginoon.
Ang Panginoon ng mga Api, ang Ama ng mga Dios-
Dios... hunci tayo ramatataay! Kakampi natin si
Bathala.
(Trance-like, he enjoins into a prayer. The prayer is
almost chanted.)

Isidro: Vitam salubresam tribue
nostum calarem refuge,
teatram noctis caligirem
tue collusre; daritas.

Chorus: Praesel, Paler omnipotens,
per lesam Christum Dominum,
qu totam in perpetuam
regnat cum Sancto spiritu.

All: Amen. (Isidro brings together Pedro and Enrique in a
ritual of pact renewal. The pulahanes who have been
following the discussion all form trios behind the
leaders.)

Isidro: Baraan en Ginoos na gugui
Amaoy na mga gintaalumpigos.

All: Baraan ang Ginoos na ngatana
Amaoy na mga Dios-Dios.

Isidro: Bubasaan ang Panginoong Diyos,
Katangi-tanging Bathala ng Israel.

All: (Sung) Dinalaw niya ang kanyang lahi
Upeng pogpolaan ng biyaya
Illigitas niya ang kanyang bersa
At pumatid na ang mga kaaway
At kung pagkaitan tayo ng kaligayaan
Nang masasamang barsaan di dapat naisilang
Dadahin tayo ng Diyos sa Paraiso
Sa dibilan ng kanyang kaarian
Magtatamasa ng buhay magpakawalang-handang.

Chorus: Huwag matakot sa pananib! Huwag pagipi sa kabal! Huwag umirong sa tachanal! Kakampinin si Bethala!

**SCENE III**

Same Day.

(The Pulahan Pope is seated on a high throne. The women are finishing reciting the rosary. Papa Segundo is moving around with an incense-bearing sacrificial. Blindfolded young men are led on stage by a cabo... some women carrying amulets and bottles of oil follow them. A woman takes the incense from the sacristian and performs a dance-ritual.)

Chorus: Amahan sa Kalig. Ang kanyang kabunyan, ang mga kalalakihan ito'y nagpipugay sa kanila, at naninikluho na sana'y ituring na karapat-dapat silang magalay sa panginoon ay lang lang basahay.

Papa Pablo: (with chorus) Kayo ba'y naniniwala at nanalig sa kapangyahan ng Panginoong Dyos sa langit maging dito man sa lupa?


Papa Pablo: Ang mga ehiersisyong pagtulungan ng kaluluwa ba'y sinunod rin? Ang pagtutubad sa pagpapometensiya?


Papa Pablo: Simulan ang ritual na pagtanggap. (The young candidates strip themselves naked. The other members help put oil on the bodies of the neophytes. Somebody.

Next: Viva el Arzobispo.

Papa Pablo: Viva la Virgen!

All: Viva la Virgen! (Continue chanting Viva la Virgen.)

(The pope descends to approach the neophytes. The chanting and the beating of the talawang becomes nervous and urgent. The pope brings his amulet to his mouth. Makes the sign of the cross with the bolo to strike the neophytes. All sounds stop. Collective gasps is heard as he strikes the neophytes. They fall.)

Papa Pablo: Tayo ay maging katibayan ng walang hanggang pagmamahal ng Dyos Maykapal. (They hastily rise, they take off their blindfolds, and stare in almost disbelief at the parts of their bodies where the bolo passed.)

Neophytes: Viva el Dios de los Pulahanes.

All: Viva! Viva! (The sound resones. More festive.)

Papa Segundo: Basbasa po ng mga Excelencia ang mga reliquias at mga oracionales na ipamimigay sa mga kapanalig. Sa ngalan ng Ama, ng Anak at ng Dios Espiritu Santo.

Papa Pablo: (He blesses when the amulets are placed before him.) Tandaan ang mga reliquias na ito'y may sulating mga banal na kalagitang nagnula pa sa ibig mismo ng Panginoong Hesakristo at ng mga santo na banal na Iglesia Katolika. Ang mga oracionales ay palatandaan ng pananalig natin sa katarungan ng Maykapal.

With Chorus: Maligtas ang simurang naniniwala... ngunit kung dumating man ang oras ng kamatayan, ipaubaya sa

Papa Segundo: Santisima Trinidad. Ti Pablo, hindi ko kayo maaaring iwanan.

Papa Pablo: Iniulat ulat ko ang kaligtasan ng kapatid na Papa sa kanay ng Papa sa Leyte. Humayo kayo... Tunawid kayo sa Leyte... Mula noon ay magpakukulay kayo sa isang pagpapalakay hanggang makarating kayo sa poon na mapapataguan. Kumusta kayo ng mga bagong kasapi.

Papa Segundo: 'Ting ko his knees' Papa Pablo, matugroup ako ng akong karuwagon. Senor, (crying) natalakot ako kung wala ako sa inyong tabi...

Papa Pablo: Susway din ba ang Papa sa Leyte sa pirag-unos ng Likuman sa kapandanig?

Papa sa Leyte: Susunod po, Papa Pablo. Ang pulo ng Leyte ay lilibin po, gaano man kamahal ito sa puso ng Papa sa Leyte. Kami po ng Papa Segundo ay nakatali sa bata Pula-han...

With Chorus: Kamatayan ng kaluluwa at katawan ang kapatahan sa pagpapayag sa kagustuhan ng katawan tanan, lalo na kung ang ito ay para sa kabutihan ng kakaninon.

Papa Pablo: Segundo, ang obligaciones ng puwesto ang depat maitasalang-galang para sa. Pumapangalawa lang ang paraan ling interes. Ikaw ang napili ng Espiritu... matuto kahang tunayo, at tatayo ka upong ibangon ang kadakilanan ng sanahan. Tatalima ka ba? (a horn blows in the distant)... (Pedro leaves the scene with two warriors.)

Chorus: Tatalima ka ha sa kabilingan ng kilusan? (another horn, nearer.)

Papa Segundo: Opo, kagaling-galing.

Papa Pablo: (sensing danger) Humayo kayo ng Papa sa Leyte. Ora mismo. Isama ninyo ang hepeng Cipriano... Cipriano, sa pangkat na iniulatin ko ang mga Leyteño...

Cipriano Amargo: Opo, Excelencia. Ngayon din po'y lalakad kami nina Ti Otoy... hindii po kami tinigil hanggang hindi namin nailatatid sa Leyte ang Papa Segundo. (Third horn. The people are now visibly alarmed.)

Papa Pablo: Ilabas ang mga arma... tumabilis ang mga matandang bata. Bills! Komandante Enrique siyasatin ang babala. Mandirigma ng Panginoon, maghanda. (Enrique Doga-nibas eeks followed by his men.)

Papa Segundo: Ti Pablo! (He approaches him, kisses his hand. Papa sa Leyte does the same. The departing Leyteños all gather around the Pope for one last embrace.) Ti Pablo, hindii na tayo magkikita. (cries... waits...)

With Chorus: Kailan na'y hindi tayo nagkakataon ng matagal. Mga bata na tayo'y magkakita na tayong matulak... Ang kaunang ito'y katumbas ng sarili kon lobing. Ti Pablo!

Papa Pablo: (tremulously) Tanaplasan! Magkikita pa rin tayo... hindii tayo magkakahalataya... isa lang ang patutunguhan nating lohat... Segundo, eindin mo ang ipinagagawa sa 'yo nglangit.

With Chorus: Basbasan kayo... (All departing Pulahanes kneel.) ng Makapangyarihang Dios. Amerika, Anák, at Espiritu Santo.
Amen.

Papa sa Leyte: *(with group)*
Basbasan kayo kagaling-galing
Papa rpg mga Fulahan
Huwag kayong pagkaitan ng kasaysayan
O kalbi sa limot kainanman

Papa Segundo: *(with group)* Basbasan mo kami pangknoon
Sa aming paglabakbay

Group: Atinong Birhen ng arming sakit
Ilyong pag-arago'y madama
Hesakinto sa kalbanyo'y nagbawis ka ng dugo
Mapasaamin ang ilong Espiritu
Santissima Trinidad
Diyos na Totoo.

All: Basbasan mo kami!
Sa kasaway iligas...
Kung kami ma'y sa kamay ng tampalasan mamatay...
Dadalhin mo kami sa sinapupunan mo
O Panginoong Bathala
Diyos na Totoo
O Panginoong Bathala
Diyos na Totoo.

*(They break into goodbyes and embraces. They begin to leave.)*

Chorus: Basbasan mo kami
Sa kaaway iligas
Kung kami ma'y sa kamay ng tampalasan mamatay
Dadalhin mo kami sa sinapupunan mo. *(Fade out.)*

*(A palahan scout enters and blows his horn.)*

*(Enrique's group enters. Pedro's group follows.)*

Enrique: Hukbong Amerikano. Marani na... may mga kanyon... Señor Papa, hindi kayang puwersa natin ipaglalingong kuta.

Papa Pablo: Ti Otoy... Ti Otoy... ilayo mo sa mga Amerikano ang mga Leyteño...

Ti Otoy: Opo, Papa Pablo. *(to everybody)* Paalam mga kapayd. Magkikita-kitang pa tayo. *(He embraces the men as he exits.)*

Papa Pablo: *(with chorus)* (By this time all are gathered.) Ang kompanya ng mga bata, babae't matandang ilisan patuingdong sentro ng Samar. Malakas ang kuta ng Bulan. Iwan na ang lutang iito...

Papa Pablo: Pero nagbabayad sila... daños de perjuicio... takipnilim na... pagkatao ng diliin, simulan ang atake.

Pedro dela Cruz: Mga kasama, iba'yng ang puri ng hangganan... Lipulin ang mga dayahan... Bigyan ng leksyon ang mga Amerikano. Armas Banderao!

All: Armas Banderao! *(They prepare themselves by putting on their amulets... strips of red cloths... their flags.)*

Papa Pablo: Sumpain ang mga rangaalipin.
Dumanak kung daderakan ang dugo.
Sundin ang kagustuhan ni Bathala. Armas Banderao.

All: Armas Banderao.
Tadad. Tadad. Tadad. Tadad. Tadad! TADAD! *(Slowly they surge towards the audience.)*
Armas Banderao.
Tagpasin ang kasumpa-sumpang katawan ng mga salot... Tadad... tadad... TADAD! *(They rush towards the audience in a simulated attack.)*

SCENE IV

Transition scene. Background projection of battle scenes... sound tracks including cavalry charges, explosions, etc... the main movement of the theme music should be played here.
Woman Poet-
Warrior: 
Nagpangita ang magkabilang puwersa
Nagsasupan sa pusod ng isla ng Samar
Dakilang mga anak pulahin natawag
sa hanay, ummukok ang mga bangkay
Matutulungan ng heneral Arfagar naglay
sa Papa ng kanyang payak na bulay...
Ng aalabang pule sa ngiting ni gali
ng pilit bihain ang bersang malupit
Diwa'y nagpupumiglas, lumalaban
nang magbaisik ang banyaga ng panilinlang...
Si Enrique Dapongob, supremo ng armadong upon
binigay'y linustay, katulad din ni Arfagar
Teducluc, Aguilar, Picaodel, labat sila'y namatay...
Ngunit nang sa Magaon ay nagpanagpog
Puwersang Amerikano laban sa Pulahanes
Mga balat ng bali at kanyon laban sa tabak,
para, sibat, at torasyon.
Di ilang sandaling Amerikano, pati na ang kanilang
opisyal
Ang halabas ng rumaragasak lasas ng mga haral
Hindi maiilimutan ng mga manlupitip ang takot
Sindak na bumula sa katauhan ng mga kalahan
Bumangon ang Samar at naghiganti kahit man lang
mirasan...

Choir:  
(SONG)
Samar, Samar, Samar
Lupain ng mga malaya
Binhi ng mga dakilang anak
Sasambal sa kasaysayan
At muting usabong, magtasangka
Muling babangon, dadaluyong
Lihimod, wawasak sa mga lepasanjan
Ikaw, inay ay babawiin sa kaniy
ng mga butot at walang-pitagan
Muling mag-aapoy ang buong kapuhasan
At hangga't ikaw inay ay mapaghudusan ng Kalayaan.

Poet:
Ang Samar ay para sa Samarmon
Lahing matapang, lahing malaya

Ang Samar ay para sa mga anak ng diyos
Marangal, karapat-dapat na tagapagman
Ng kaharian ng sinumang si Jesus
Ang Samar ay para sa Samarmon
Walang ibang magpamahay-ari, walang maghabar.

Woman Poet &
Choir: 
Ang Samar ay para sa mga maalili
Ang Samar ay para sa Samarmon
Ang Samar ay para sa laking Pilipinas...

SCENE V
Death of Papa Pablo. Distant gunshots are heard. 
Explosions... then silence. It is evening... the pulahon
force is regrouping. A pulahon soldier with a torch
enters the stage... he initiates the cry of a bird... one by
one, and then in small groups, the soldiers converge.
The wounded and the dying are attended to by women
soldiers. The leadership arrives. Those who are able,
knell and suplicate before the spiritual leader. The last
to arrive is the woman commander and her platoon of
young women.

Ti Paula:
Basbasan mo ako, Excelencia. Katulad po natin ay
magsasayos po ng puwersa ang kalahan, Siyentor Papa.
Si Murphy po ay hindi kumikilos kung goby... masaya
pong marani ang karilang dala-dala... marani rin po
silang sugatan. Titigil po ba tayo Siyentor Papa?

Pedro:
Kung gayo'y maari tayo ng magpahinga nito... Kung
may kalubol man... tayo na maasalabita sila ng mga
kaibigan nating mga Agta... hindi madaling iwasan ang
sampil na mga Agta... Siyentor?

Papa Pablo:  (with chorus) Kung walang poligilo Bawasan ang mga
suko... kahit na tatalapan tayo ng gubat, ang mga ulol
na 'yo'y tayo na magsalang ng karilang mga espiya.

Papa Pablo:
Kawalan ko ang 'yon nga tahanan...
dadalhin mo ang labat ng sugatan. Pedro, hatin mo
ang puwersa. Ang kalahati'y unang papantang Birh
upang sumanib sa hukbo ni Ti Otoy... ang kalabat'y titigil dito upang antalaahan ang puwersa ni Kusamander Murphy. Tawagin ang lahat ng mga opisyales. (All ranking pulahan soldiers are summoned. The women prepare a hastily-mad court for the pope.)

Pedro:
Dagdag na ang mga bantay... at luwangan ang pakot ng kung po. Ti Paula, magsuna ka ng suka papuntay Bihid... bigyan ng babala ang liderato noon ngkhol sa nalalapit na paglusob ng mga Amerikano sa kabahagian ni Ti Otoy... Atika mismo. (Pedro gives some more instructions for battle preparations... the leaders gather around the pope.)

Papa Pablo:
Sa ngalan ng Ama, at ng Arak, at ng Espiritu Santo...

All:
Amen.

Together:
Nagsisisi pa kami Amang nakapangyarihan
Sa di maaalisang pananalanta at pagpaslang
Patawarin mo po kami sa asing mga kasalanan
Patawarin na portinya ang sala ng mga kalaban
Inong Birhen, Feong tagasubaybay
Mga anak Mo'y sa putik ng sala'y nararatay
Ipagdaal mo ang kaligasan ng mga mananalig
Maaang Birhen... ino nga dalagad
Amen.

Papa Pablo:
Sa loob ng apat na taon, simula noong mil uve-sientes dos, naipadana natin ang galling mga api laban sa mga dumaro.

With Chorus:
Ang baguh na lapian ay rangkahubaw at naghak ng takot sa mga Amerikano, kasama na rin ang mga Filipinong laksal... nagawa natin ang aang ting asuapsang tungkulin. Buhes na ang pintuan ng Jerusalem para sa amin.

Ti Engracia:
Ang labanan pinanggalingin natin'y invabot na halos ng magdamag... Parang asong ulol ang humabol sa atin... hindi natin maiwasan ito kung hindi tayo magkahati-hati. Kiulanang naipapatuloy ang aing nilalayon. Tumuloy ang agos ng kasaysayan may balagi ang mga Dios-Dios. At sa Samar, ang kasaysayan ay hindi dapat na magpatuloy nang hindi nilalahukan ng mga adlaiyang Pulahan.

Papa Pablo:
(abruptly) Ti Paula, dadalhin mo ang watawat ng Katas-taasan konseho ng Dios-Dios ng Samar. Ipaalawa mo ito sa kanyang Ti Otoy (mourners from the crowd).

Ti Paula:
Apo po ang ibig sabihin ng mahal na Papa?

Papa Pablo:
Ipagdaal na ko ang Estandarte ng Papa rio (protests).

Ti Paula:
Manamatay ako ka lasa ang Pap. Manamatay muna kami bago madugan ang persona ng Pap. Sinumpaan ko 'yan... hindi ako sabis hindi kasaya ang Pap.

Pedro:
Kakambal ako ng hiniling ng Pap... hindi rin ako...

Papa Pablo:
Magsitiig kayo! hindi ko hiniling ang aking karamayan. Obligasyon nating lahat ang mangabot... ngunit ako man ay mabagal na ting kumilos... makakapili lang ako sa madaling pag-uring... makakapili lang ako sa madaling pag-uring... Paula, pinagawa-lang-bisa ko ang sinumpaan mo sa persona ng Pap. Inuntusan kita sa ngalan ng pananampalaya, Ama, Anak, at Espiritu Santo. Kanilayon ng kalulua nga pagsuway.

Ti Paula:
(tearfully) Labag sa kalooan kong susundin ang uito ng benal na kapanaflagan. Hindi ko mapapatakad ang sariili ko hanggang kanilayon kung mayronman man masemong mangyi sa inyo, Excelencia. (She breaks into tears.)

Papa Pablo:
Bueno, ikaw ang mamumuno ng konseho ng Papa habang hindi pa ako dumarating. Sa talampas ng Bihid, himayin mo ang Estandarte ng Papa... kung hindi mo ako makita, dali mo ito sa kuta ng Papa Segundo sa gitnang Kahisyanan. Magpapatupad kayo nga tiang taoon bagao kayo humali dito. Hala, aige, manginggayat at
Pedro: Madaling araw na... masaklikas na...

Paula: Kumandante Pedro...

Pedro: Paula...


Paula: Patuhayan ka ng Archangel. Putang ina, utusan mo sana! (she weeps) Preparen, soldados. Viva el Papa!

Paula’s Soldiers: Viva! (They reluctantly march towards the left wing.)

Soldier: (running from right wing) Señores, kalatas galing sa mga tagapanubok sa agta.

Pedro: Hablas!

Soldier: May naunang puwersa sa may dakong ilog, sa bungad ng kabutanan...

Pedro: Pangalawang Pitu'tong... Ti Engracio, sagupain ang puwersang ito... lahat magshimanda!

Soldiers: ARMAS BANDERA! (Ti Engracio approaches the Pope for blessings. He kisses the hem of the latter's vestment.)

Ti Engracio: Lusod sa ngalan ng panarampalataya. Sa ngalan ng Inang lupa, kamatayan kung walang kalayaan!

All: Kamatayan sa mga kalaban!

Ti Engracio: Lusod! (Ti Engracio exits with his men.)

Papa Pablo: Magtapon kayo mga anak, sa aking paligid. (While Pedro and a few soldiers are busy adding fortifications... the soldiers gather around the weary pope.)

Papa Pablo: Kapatawaran ng pangginoo ay sumasainyo. (All put on their reliquias and oraciones.) Santa Maria, Mater Dei.

All: Ora pro nobis...

Papa Pablo: (The guns' noise commence) Señores (Distractively) Señores (Firmly) Apostoles...

All: Ora pro nobis...

Papa Pablo: Señor Archangel Miguel

All: Ora pro nobis...

Papa Pablo: Señor Santo Papa de la Iglesia Catolica Romana...

All: Ora pro nobis...

Papa Pablo: Mga ninuno ng Aklasanong Diyos-Diyos

All: Ora pro nobis...

Papa Pablo: Señor Don Jose Rizal. (The cacophony of gunfire is becoming closer.)

All: Ora pro nobis...

Papa Pablo: Excelencia Andres Bonifacio...

All: ORA PRO NOBIS.

Papa Pablo: Patawarihin kayo ni Bathala.

All: Amen! (Scuffles offstage.)

Pedro: Posisyon mga kapatid. (Preparations. Some American
soldiers venture towards the stage... amid cries of 
Armas Banderac... the full battle onstage commence. 
The Pope's standard-bearer is hit... the pope rise to 
take the standard... corpses are strewn, all around... a 
soldier's cry is heard as the pope gets hit. Upon seeing 
this the Pulahanes become more fierce and the attack 
becomes frenzied... Pedro runs towards the pope... 
the pope commands him to leave... Pedro shields him 
against a volley of shots, the enemy retreats... Pedro is 
severely wounded, bathed in his own blood... the pope 
lies dying... he holds on to his standard...)

Soldier: 
Nasipag-unong po ang mga kaaway... maranirin po 
ang namatay sa katulad... isipin nilang ang buho ng 
pawera ay raririto... (The survivors gather around 
the Pope.)

Papa Pablo: 
(with chorus) Kyrie... Eleison... (Dying) Christ Eleison... 
Kyrie... Eleison... (Engracio arrives. He runs towards 
the pope to kiss his hand. He looks at Pedro... Pedro 
shakes his head...)

Papa Pablo: 
(with chorus) Huwag pagapi sa pagkamuhli... Manatili 
sa pananampalataya... sa Iglesia... Simbahan... 
Panginoon... (A soldier puts oil on the pope's forehead)

Pedro: 
Tumakas na kayo, Engracio, habang may panahon pa...

Engracio: 
Paano ang Papa, ikaw.

Pedro: 
Hinuktikan na kami sa kabila... kasama ako... 
Engracio... (he reaches for his hand)... ang kasaysayan ng 
papa ay dapat mabatid ng lahat...

Engracio: 
Sunumpa akong pagpatuloy ang laban...

Papa Pablo: 
Liliba me, ginoong Ginoo... 
Mea Culpa... Mea Culpa... 
(The flag slowly falls... a young woman warrior reaches 
it in time... all look towards the pope's flag... freeze...)

Song:

May panahon ang hangin 
Mapait na kamatayan...

Papa Pablo, ang buhay mo'y 
simbolik ng larawan ng inang 
nag-alay ng buong buhay 
sa bunsod ninyo na tugot 
sa anak ninyo na mahal...

Papa Pablo, Papa Pablo 
sa mga pisngi ng lumampi.
MGA LUWA NGA AMORAL

An amoral maagd-agd han pomna han balagtasan, diin en uga nga taliki ug usa nga babaye nagbilibot-an batay hitung nga paghigugna. An gintikangan hini mas tadao pa han balagtasan kay tlang pa ini han mga ninada na tradisyen han mga Bisaya uga inabot an nga Kastila. An gintikangan han amoral amo an balad nga han pasahon han mga Kastila, naging amoral tlang han pulong nga "amor", kay an tema han balad-balad na an payaro o paghigugna. Han pasahon naana han mga Amerikan, gintukang nga ismaying tlang han pulong nga "smiling".

An amoral o ismaying o ismayingay ginilapihan hin tukar ug serayaw ug ginibuhadi labi na han pasahon paghatapos han pag-an. An masunod nga mga luwa nga amoral ginkulha ha usa nga koleksyon han mga tradisyenal nga pomna ha Samar. "Ed.

Lalaki: Karnakafuloy han akon kabutang
Sugad hini natungtong hin anud nga batang
Waray sasabota akon kapalaran
Kun hain nga bungto akon susampilgan.

Man: Mine is an uncertain fate
As if on a piece of driftwood lost.
I don't know what of tomorrow I can expect
And unto what shores I will drift.

Babay: Pasilalan, intoy, aya w pagdirumudum,
Pagsasakitan ka hin mal de corazon.
Maaram ka naman han mal de corazon
Maulol ha tiyan, an ulo malipong.

Woman: Don't think too much about it, intoy,
Or you'll get mal de corazon.
You know pretty well what it is —
Pain in the stomach, a whirling in the head.

Babay: Kun tuko nga man gud an im pangasawa
Tukad ngat' ha bukid pagciakop hin maya.

Woman: If you're deadset on marrying me,
Go catch a maya in the field.
If you can catch even just one
Chop it head off and let it run.

Man: How am I going to do just that
With the head chopped off?

The following amoral verses were taken from a collection of oral traditional forms from Samar.
I wish I were a magician
Who could be headless but could run.

Woman: A man’s love is of two kinds:
One is of the mind, the other of the heart.
The one of the heart is kin to the wind;
That of the mind pulsates with the lies.

Man: What power does love have, Uday,
That you can’t sit or lie down.
It’s like ink
that gets into paper and is never erased.

Woman: Let me have the knife
So I can open you up
And see if your love
Comes indeed from deep within
And isn’t merely a lie.

Man: How fair are your thighs, Uday.
If I could only have them
Then I’d be in such sweet delirium.

Woman: You could be the swift
Or the hawk in the sky.
But you can never catch me
Because my body is swifter.

Man: It’s a pity, Uday,
That your legs are so crooked.
If I could only pince them
You would certainly scream.

Woman: Even if you are a needle, Intoy,
And play pin cushion with this heart.
I can easily get rid of you
For I don’t love you.

Man: Even if you hide behind the clouds
I’ll still run after you.
And if my body fails,
Then, a letter I’ll send you.
Hi ako daw ngan an makapiris
Hi ikaw daw, Uday, hikakatangis.

Babayi: Bisan ka daw, Intoy, magpakadagum-dagom,
Magturok-turok ka hinen dughan nakon
Akon ka daw la pagtabutan
Kay diri la ikaw higitugmaon.

Lalaki: Bisan ka daw, Uday, bumawbaw han arnom
Akon ko daw ikaw pagbabatason.
Kong diri matlob inen lawas nakon
Mabiling hin bolpen surat en nakathon.

Babayi: Paskilan hi Intoy hin pagkabuwaon
Nga nagkasimut nga diri urikon
Baman kun maka ha kalugaringon
Paghayo, pag-alog puro gud la akon.

Lalaki: Lastima daw Uday pagpenima-tima
Hi ako masaka sunud nga semana.
Magtadora ako ma-tulo ka dama,
Paghunugwayan ko an karabaw, baka.

Babayi: Kun tiko ka, Mano, nga mahiligugmaon
Pagbabay hin dako butnga hinen kagom.
Di ka magasalog hin tinagik nga petong,
Ino igasalog tinagik nga dagom.

Lalaki: Kon pagpapiriiran key Inday kaumtang
Pagbabay ako butnga han kalawdan.
An harege la way, balud igrayang,
Sasalgan han hangin, akon purcy-anan.

Babayi: Lastima daw Mano aya ahi aha a
Pagpimamiling nga ran nga aha a
Marpay gud Mano an waray asawa,
Masaka, malasid waray aringasa.

Lalaki: Bisan ka pa, Uday, mego-diri-ando
Kay diridiri ka hit kasosingkasing ko.

Woman: What a liar you are, Intoy,
To say that you won't enslave me.
But when we'll be on our
Alone, I'll pound the rice and fetch water.

Man: Hurry up, Uday, and get ready.
Next week I'll go a-courting.
I'll bring three demijoulas of tuba wire,
A cow and a carabao as my offering.

Woman: If you really love me, Mano,
Build a house in the middle of this cogan field.
Don't use bamboo slats for its flooring
But a spread of netted needles.

Man: If my lady would have her way
Would build a house in the middle of the sea.
My spittles would be the poles, the waves the nails
And the floor of my abode would be of the wind made.

Woman: Give it up, Mano.
Stop looking for a wife.
Alone you will be better off.
You can come and go yet nothing will be asked of you.

Man: No matter what you do, Uday,
This heart remains unmoved.
What my heart doesn't like
Is that you couldn't even grow the upo?

Woman: Who's the man who has arrived —
He who loves women and is red-eyed?
Fool is the girl who falls for him
In utter disregard of his crooked nien.

Man: What kind of tree is the banodinaw
That flourishes in the middle of the lake?
A bird sang a balatay:
"Remember me, forget me not."

Translated by A.O. Llaneta
An dinidiri-an han kasingkasing ko
Diri ka maaram magtanom hin upo.

Babayi: Hin-o nga laaki an sinaka dinhe
Mapula an mata nga makibabayi?
Lorong nga babayi an manuyag hine,
Daan sinasabet an iya kustombre.

Lalaki: Ano nga kaboya ngaran bantolianaw
Timurok, rinabong butnga hin linaw.
May usa nga tamis nagkanta bulitaw:
"Hinumchumi ako, hingalmiti ayaw."

Gikan sa "Antolohiya han nga Tradisyonal nga Porma"
SURAT NGADTO HA ATON

"Hikita guid la an kahime han aton panahon."

—Pahayag han Russian Futurists

LETTER TO THE PROVINCE

"We alone are the face of our time."

—Russian Futurist Manifesto

1

Before the young boy committed suicide
he sent a letter to a newspaper columnist
saying it had to be — there was no other way.

He said it would be good for everybody
and best for a sister

before she too learned it was indeed so.

At the time of his death his father,
praised for his ideas and ideals
and true to his commitment,

was at the public office,
sleepless for several nights now,

trying to figure out how best
to give more of himself to his public duties.

While his mother, seated among friends at a tea party
was explaining about her club’s latest project

to bring education and culture
to the lost souls of Isla Puting Bato.
2

An hi-uncon man kan Loreta.
Aadto na iton yana hiya na-ukoy ha San Lorenzo Village.
Igitudulong hiya ngadto han gi-uopay nga mga tindahe
ha Makati.
nga nasakay hin Mercedes Benz 300SE nga may kolor
han iya batan-on nga mga paru-paron.
An iya dalo nga atak nga gin-aataman ha iya madre
han kumbento han Assumption
mananagko nga dina sugad ha iya ug han iya hinungaran.
An iya asawa nga osa nga negosyan tin iya turo
ano an tesoro han Sosyedad han nga Magambolgon,
sekretaryo han Organisasyon han mga Nagsipinamilling
han Sagrado nga Kopa.

ngan kon panahon hin kakori-an
nahi-tana pagtabang han iya igkasitawo
nga may ipinahahatag nga bogas, bolad, panaptong,
asakar nga cin polbos nga gatais.

Kon kahuiraw hi Loreta nga han iya asawa
nasingadto hin hagrayo nga mga lugar
pagnegyso nga pagli-aw-libang.
Naalwas na hi Loreta.

Tikang didto hiton nga nagtalamokat nga tangwayan
ha Pasay
ngadto hiton nga dapit maaro-anay-ay nga irigceman
ha Olongapo
hanharyo nga baraktason.

Angay gad la nga hi Loreta maghabak na hin grasya.
Yana kay darudamo nga nga mga credit card an iya kinukumkorn
waray na daw hiya pag-tungara-on pa.

3

Patay na hi Berting.
Bunyo hiya didto ha Pantalan Dose
han nakikig-inagaw hiya han karga han osa nga pasahero.
Dido ha Parla extension, Tondo.

2

As for Loreta —
she now lives in San Lorenzo Village.
She is driven to the best shops in Makati
in a Mercedes Benz 300SE the color of her childhood.
Her two children, ministered to by the nuns of Assumption Convent,
will grow up to be
what she was not and would never be.

Her husband, a log tractor, is treasurer
of the Kapустор nga mga Mapagkakawangga,
secretary of the Confraternity of the Holy Grail Seekers
and in time of calamities
is first to the rescue of his fellowmen
with donations of enriched rice, dried fish,
used clothing, brown sugar and powdered milk.

In summer, Loreta and her husband travel abroad
for business and pleasure.
She has indeed arrived.
From that honky-tonk in Pasay
to that cocktail lounge in Olongapo
vorda leng vow.
Loreta deserves her rewards.

With all these credit cards
she will not want for anything anymore.

3

Berting is dead.
Knifed in Pier 12 in a fight for a boat passenger’s luggage.
In Parla extension, Tondo where I went
to console an ailing mother and two sisters.
I saw the few mementoes of his life:
an Indian para, two icepicks, a bronze dagger,
our elementary school graduation picture
and a pair of rubber shoes
I had given him the last time we met.
Han pagkado ko pagduyog
han kabido-an han iya iroy nga masinakdron
ngan han duha nga bugto niya nga bataye
hintan-awan ko an nga hinumduman han iya kinabuhi;
usa nga indyan pana, duha nga aayspik, usa nga punyal nga bronze,
an amin kodak han pakatal was namon ha elementar;
ngan hin usa kapadis nga tenis nga sapatos
ngat ko ha iya hadto nga orhi namon nga pagkita.

4

Mahitungod man ha iba.
Aadto ha US Embassy hi Roberto
ngan nagsusurat-sorat man hir nga artikulo
para ha mga magasin.
Hi Lily man aadto ha Central Bank
ngan naaasawa hin advertising executive.
Hi Jun aadto ha Philippine Center for Advanced Studies
ngan ghinuuman an iya MA ha political science.
Hi Hilarion aadto ha GSIS Tadoban nga hin Minda
aadto nagtutudu ha usa nga eskwelahan ha Bukidnon.
Hira Divina, Nora ug Isabel aadto nga nars hin usa nga hospital ha Chicago.
Hi Remy aadto ha Saudi Arabia nga hin Milwida
nagtutuldo hin biology ha usa nga biiskol ha Ethiopia.
An iba ma-opay man an pag-aragsawa ug en iba man
nemaray hak kay nagpakapoga na hiion nga kurongan.
Iginkiri ko an pira pa ha ire.
didto ha Jai Alai, ha boojangan ha La Loma
ngan ha karerahan ha San Lazaro.
Hi Vertulfo sourat ha akon usa na kuno nga negosyente
didto ha Sulu nga hin Marciano
usa nga parag-empesyo hin nga trabahador.
Hi Carlosaadto kuno ha DARE nga hin Carol
may-ada kuno sugar daddy nga nagpaparam ha iya ha kulhiyo.
An blater han polis, dokit han hongado, rehistro sibil,
inga asy han mediko-legal, inga rekonk ham BIR

5

As for the others.
Roberto is with the US Embassy and writes
magazine articles on the side.
Lily is with the Central Bank
and is married to an advertising executive.
Jun is with the Philippine Center for Advanced Studies
and is working for his MA in political science.
Hilarion is with GSIS Tadoban and Mimi teaches
at a school in Bukidnon.
Divina, Nora and Isabel are working in a Chicago hospital.
Remy is in Saudi Arabia and Milwida is a biology teacher
in an Ethiopian high school.
Some have happy marriages and others are happily out of them.
I have met a few more of them
at the Jai Alai fronton, La Loma cockpit and San Lazaro
hospitals.
Vertulfo am told is a barter merchant in Sulu
and Marciano a labor recruiter.
Carlos is at DARE and Carol has a sugar daddy
who sends her to college.
Police blotters, court dockets, civil registries,
medical-legal reports, BIR records and statutory notices
should be able to inform me
more about still a few others.

Translated by A.O. Llaneta
ngan han mga notesya han mga minatay
makakogutdo ha akon
kon nentinga-in na an iba pa.

5

Napuyo ako nga upod hin mga tawo
nga may numero an nga sulot
ha usa nga balay nga may goti ay nga butana
kon diin hinhatabitan ko
an nga kababayan-an ug kabataan
nga naramagungono yong mahitungod,
han ira nga amay ug kaasaw-an.
Magsurat ka ngani ha akon
ayaw gud hingalinti an akon numero.
Hingalintan mo ngani
hingangad toto nga ino surat
ha surodian hin mga patay na nga mga pulong.
CATBALOGAN

To you my town I offer everything:
my dreams, my days and my nights,
my wishes and my pleas,
the wounds of the mind and the body,
my miseries and my joys,
happiness that I stumble upon and despair that comes,
my struggle to find heaven for you
I love you.

For as a loving mother
you offered everything that a loved one deserved.
From the days of my youth you have given me
your hills where I discovered
the many wonderful things of life:
the songs of birds,
the sweet smells of various flowers,
the fruits of various trees,
the sounds of various animals that live there.
None was sweeter than your pina-ong, tisa, solsonon,
more delicious than your bananas, guavas, berries,
santon, tambis, pil, banana, and manansangas
that were the special joys of my early years.

Who wouldn’t be much thankful
for the clear and swift waters of your rivers and streams
where I learned to swim, catch fish, row a balsa
whenever my early fancies would bring it—
upstream, downstream the heart
was always filled with happiness.
Is there anything more exhilarating
hin kalipay an kasingkasing?
May masama pa ba hinkamakanororoyag an pagbinaktasa
han imo kabukiran? Waray sol-o ha till,
tempotano ka-opay ug yamagon pa an kadalanan,
gumbabatay ko na an pina na kabiesa nga gunitaran
nga nga agu-an tan la hin akon nga till.

Dini ngani manimalabot hin tokoro, balod, paga, talabihaw,
tinggaw, pikoy, abokay ug iba pa nga mga tamis,
mananakag kay marasa an bonay nga tinon
o kon di man mannimkit kay varay na gud masama pa
hin kamakailipay an bitaro nga an imo laang
may-adan nga ngay-an habtay nga ponay o tikling.
Nga na-oli ha balay gool hin duro an lawas.
lagayan an nga till, mahandas an lawas,
kagis an nga botkon ug dapid nagkakanay hindi me-ipap
nga nga alinyon han kagotengan
pero kay an horabona ug an kasingkasing sugad an pagraybak.
Waray na daw masama pa hin kariko han imo kadagatan
nga din haros an nga tanan nga isda aadio.
An pusod hini nga imo kadagatan a wao an Maqueda
nga din kadak-an nga lawo an nabubuh.
Waray daw mas marasa pa han imo hamorok, langbigwaw, agoma,
tinggaw, kabasi, toros, ososo, sarsap, bolimaw, gonggong,
lari, milongblong, tagigive, panil, bale
ug kadak-an pa nga mga isda
nga dicito gudla ha imo kadagatan panbihidakpi.
Labot han imo isda, hino an dini magdasako
tungod han imo magsa nga magkadicilain nga mga pangdi-on
sogad han ponaw, bakawel, saraad, sabelod, binga, bo,
pojpol, sisi, towad, bokay, lagokay, borandyay ug iba pa
nga waray ha iba nga lagar?
Waray haros nga anah an dini mpagpasalamat han dak
apungod han kamagtrabok han imo nga masag ug altamango,
an magkadidoilain nga ubod ug han kamagboga han imo nga doma?

Bolahan ka, akon bongto, iroy han akon nga inop.
Han langbo pa an akon nga pam-iugon
ikaw an waray pagahaway nga nagtimango ha akon,
ngakto tido han nga nisteryo han kalibuan,
naghatag han nga bason han akon kadan-an nga paksi-an,
an ngakto do han angay ko pag-agui-an
basi ko sangpoton an angay ko bingado-an.

than walking in your forests?
Barefooted early in the morning with the paths still dew-covered
I walked with no fixed direction
but where these feet brought me.
If it wasn't to hunt with a slingshot the tokoro, balod, paga,
talabihaw, tinggaw, pikoy, abokay and other birds,
I would go next-hunting because cooked birds' eggs tasted heavenly,
or laying traps for birds because nothing beat the feeling
of success in catching the ponay or the tikling.

Then I would return home very tired,
the feet muddy, the body itching with grass poison,
the arms scratched in many places,
and laden with the various smells of the forest.
And the heart and mind were just too happy.

None is richer than your seas
where almost all fishes are found.
The novel of these seas is Maqueda
where many people make a living.

None is more delicious than your hamorok, langbigwaw, agoma,
tinggaw, kabasi, toros, ososo, sarsap, bolimaw, gonggong,
lari, milongblong, tagigive, panil, bale and many others
that can be caught only in your waters.
Not only your fishes make me proud of you
but also your equally delicious seashells
like ponaw, bakawel, sanad, sabelod, binga, bo,
pojpol, sisi, towad, bokay, lagokay, borandyay
and others that can't be found in other places.

An ungrateful son is he who won't feel blessed
with your fat crustaceans, various palms and farm crops.

Blessed are you, my town, mother of my dreams.
When I was still a young boy
it was you who cared for me tirelessly,
who explained the mysteries of the universe,
who gave the answers to my queries,
who showed me the right path to take
to my destination.
I am sad.
I grieve for your present predicament.
You’ve been neglected by many of your children.
You’ve been forgotten and no one listens now
to your cries and your pleas.
You’ve been betrayed.
Your children are now making fun of you.
They’re not coming back to you.
They don’t care about you anymore for they are now strong
and don’t need your help anymore.
That is why I am crying for you.

Gone are your forests.
Your hardwoods have been felled.
Other trees have been cut into fuelwood.
Your forested areas have been turned into kaingins.
I see nothing now but cogon and talahib.
Much of your soil has eroded away
for gone are the roots that hold it.
Your rivers have become silted
and the shrimps, eels, and 446 don’t live there anymore.
Your streams have gone dry.
The rest of your floral richness is gone
for the land is now bereft of food.
In a little while the fishes in your seas
will be gone because of dynamite
and other deadly ways of catching them,
the destruction of their habitats and the seabeds
and the theft of the other jewels of your waters.
The fishes go crazy because of modern man’s
destructive ways of living.
Thus many of your children are now suffering
as the richness of your forests, rivers, soils and seas
are wantonly destroyed.
And soon you, too, my town, will vanish.
But I will not permit it to happen.
For while I’m still alive,
while you’re still in my mind,
while your blood is still in my veins,
while you’re still the beloved of this heart.
Kay miyentras buhi pa ako,
miyentras zada ka pa ha akon homahora,
miyentras an dugo nimo zada pa ha akon mga ogat,
miyentras ikaw pa gud an minayuyo han akon kasingkasing
akon kokoctracion an hitarabo.
An akon kalag ug lawas akon igtobohan hin waray rohadoha
agod la homalawig pa an amo kinabuhii
kay higuma-on ko ikaw, bongto ko.

Diri pipita pati na liwat, ikaw, bongto ko, mawaware na.
Pero diri ako matogot.
I will oppose tomorrow's bleakness.
I offer my body and my soul without hesiancy
So you will live longer:
For I love you, my town.

Translated by April B. Llaneta.
HAROMAMAY KON HI AKO AN IMO GINHIGUGMA
(Ha Imo Higugma-on nga Sangkay)

Pagtetangbiron an aton nga lawas didto hin guti-ay nga simbahan nga an atop hino hin taratakip nga mga inop nga hin napapabot-pabot nagongorong nga mga tingog nga natang hin mga but-o nga gimamana, nadadunot An iya tungbong igwe waliw an magpakanggihot nga pag-arabahin nga mga minosos-an nga’na mata nanili-at ngan an katalawa hin keskara-an nga’na nga suso nasaghas.

Matunob ka ha saong nga himo hin espaha nga nagkoprag tipakadto hin altar nga an kandila nga halas.
Kapid-an nga nga mata an magtatan-aw han imo gindadanas an imo sul-o nga titang pa hin gin-unlod nga palanas.
Maka-irtpe an sanging ha tudlo mo nagranggat kay didto pa ito paghinon-a ha longig han nga kalag hin diri na ma-ihap lumuten na nga nga saad.

Lilingon mo ako nga nagtititawag nga nagrat.
Kahuman han berdison han padi nga’n karangay kanan karas luhadkian ko ikaw nga’n nga imim imay lara ug kandisa.
Mahangkup ka ha akon nga makakalo pad kita tipogawas kay sisblu-on kita hin kakabayan nga nga lagas.
Matapo ha aton an nagaisoriyaw nga nga amol nga garab nga saasebragan kita hin kinumot nga nga saal.

Kamausay hiton babayi, iton laake may biorat, digwa han magduro aw polbot han aton papag.
Bubudboron ko hin asin ug apog nga ohi han im’lawas basi didto mangudlot, manaringing an’ka nga ogat.
Mahuring ka ha akon, Higugma-on, di na daw makanpagdat an nagbilibid nga kalayo ha akon ka-udman naglalarahab Hala na, hala gad, antes matingka an alugan ug an salad.

JUST IMAGINE HAD YOU LOVED ME
(For you Beloved Friend)

Our bodies will be knotted in a chapel whose roof is made of patches of dreams and woven, trembling voices that come from pus-filled and rotting throats. Its walls will speak loudly of the most dreadful pleas of babies whose eyes are turning wildly and the laughter of young girls whose nipples are crumbling away.

You will walk on a floor made of broken looking-glasses towards an altar whose shadows are snakes. Many eyes will watch you as you drag along your wedding dress which came from a wormed cliff. You will be envied for the ring on your finger that sparkles for it was made in the care of ghosts of numberless, mossy promises.

You will turn your head and find me a laughing nightmare. After being blessed by a priest whose fingers are those of a crab I will kiss you whose lips have venom and poison. You will embrace me and we’ll fly towards the door because old horses will be chasing us. We will be greeted outside with the shouts of dull scythes and on our heads will be scattered mushed horses’ nests.

The woman is beautiful, the man has a fever, say the spectators around our bed. I’ll pour salt and lime on the scars of your body so my roots can grow their shoots and branches on them. You will whisper in my ears: Love, it can no longer wait, this twisting fire that comes from deep inside my flesh. Come now and hurry before the well and the river’s bottom dry up.
Twisting you will crawl and fondle
the meaning of the dreams which come from my coffin.
The more you will cry, wait for the post
and wish that you had found my body which was washed away.
Had I just been waken up, you would say regretfully,
you could have run after and probably caught up with
the wish of my soul before the gloom overtook it and vanished.

Who are you? Who are you? you will be asking as you turn
in your bed to find that the man you had embraced is gone.
Where is he? Where is he? you will be asking blind windows
and immediately many masks will answer you:
He's gone. Your Beloved is gone.
He was forcibly taken away by a snake, an eagle and a monster
and brought to a forest of symbols.

Don't be sad. Beloved, that the memory I am leaving you
is only a trunk full of dead leaves, a dagger, a guitar and a
drinking shell.
Keep them, just the same and wrap with my shadow
and swear on it before a blind spider, knotted bones,
messy entrails and wounds with maggots.
When the time comes for you to open the trunk—
accept my offering: pure words, light, love and eternity.
IN TIME EVERYTHING WILL BE GONE

Everything in this world will end.
Not a thing will be spared.
Fame, power, wealth and joy will have to go.
You can’t stop it no matter what you do.

Power will disintegrate
and the powerful will be gone.
Mash that you are who wants to put out the light
will burn in some pure fire
to put an end to greed and despise.

Thrones will be overthrown and kingdoms destroyed.
Pettiness, blood, tears and bitterness will stop,
including the pitiful cry of a hapless victim.
Power and wealth, like the firefly,
will sooner or later vanish into the night.

Pride like any passing thing
will go as swiftly as the wind.
When acquired at the expense of other men
the more painful will be its passing.

Fame, too, is no eternal thing.
Forever as you soar to great heights
So will be as great the pain
as you fall back to earth.

Honor that is born of deceit
will surely its end meet.
Like the clouds that threaten to become a storm
in no time are gone.

Translated by A.O. Llaneta
PREPARING FOR THE FEAST DAY

When the rice stalks have wilted
And the grass fires are over and only ashes remain;
When the rice husks from the winnowed rice
Have rotted with time;
When the herons pass in droves;
And when the touch-me-not is in bloom;
Think of the feast day just around the corner.

Look up to heaven,
Watch the sky,
The morning may be misty
But the afternoon is a golden haze.
The habagat breezes
Kisses our faces.
The oil-tinted sea
And the moss-covered river.

Find out if the roof
Of your house leaks.
See to it that the door frames and beams
Are of even length.
Make sure that the termite leavings
Don’t fall into the eyes of your guests
And make them squint.

Translated by A.O. Llanca

Anonymous (Palapag, N. Samar)
POPRO SA BISAYAS

Blessed Visayan isles
Which make the mind happy,
I will never forget you
Because it's always you that I long for.

I can't leave you. Beloved isles,
For my love's wishes
Are all meant for you.

Land that I cherish,
Blessed are you with forests,
Towering mountains.
In your bosom grows the lang-lang.

Nature pampers you
With many beautiful maidens
Even while the sweet-smelling sampaguita
Makes the eyes ever more thankful.

Your sea teems with such fishes
As the aguina and buran.
Tamban and bolinau are sold in the market
Fresh or kept in salt.

How often the fishnet yields
Danyo, maning and tarungan,
While damlad, straken and kilawan
And sagisi-on are caught with the hook.

Sabas Abobo

POPRO SA BISAYAS

P(popro sa Bisayes nga labing matehum
Nga nakakali o sinen akon domdon
Diri ko gud bo-ut nga pagpakapad-on
Sa ihapon ikaw an ak biningyap on.

An di ko sa iho pagbaya kay akon hingad-an
Palangga nga ituna
Sa imatirok manta an puti nga hingyap
San akon paghitugma.

Palangga ko ikaw nga lalawigan
Nga may matuhum nga kagurangan
Mga buki nga higaasau
Tinadkan san ilang-lang.

Bungto ko ikaw nga pina-ura
Nga may maguhum nga dagaagita
Nag-aulimyan an nga sampadita
Kali-awan sinun mata.

Dagat no loob sitonimagasa
Isda nga buraw ug aguma-a
Tamban, bolinau binibenta na
Ug gin aasin ut an iba.

Ageus sa pukot dinhi kidakpat
An danyo, maning ug tarungan
Damluc, sauranan ug kilawan
Sagisi-on hingkawitan.

VISAYAN ISLES

Blessed Visayan isles
Which make the mind happy,
I will never forget you
Because it's always you that I long for.

I can't leave you. Beloved isles,
For my love's wishes
Are all meant for you.

Land that I cherish,
Blessed are you with forests,
Towering mountains.
In your bosom grows the lang-lang.

Nature pampers you
With many beautiful maidens
Even while the sweet-smelling sampaguita
Makes the eyes ever more thankful.

Your sea teems with such fishes
As the aguina and buran.
Tamban and bolinau are sold in the market
Fresh or kept in salt.

How often the fishnet yields
Danyo, maning and tarungan,
While damlad, straken and kilawan
And sagisi-on are caught with the hook.

Sabas Abobo
Here, too, are found the *halad* bird, *carnasu*, *punay*, *tala* and *tanunay.
The *talabung*, *tagmorg*, and *kubo* lay their eggs on your shores.

Bananas of different varieties
Such *tindok*, *buagan* and *kanara*,
*Situyan*, *balay* and *tinumbaga*
Here grow abundantly
Including the favorite *corta*.

Your rushing waves fascinate the eyes
Even as we speak of them
As *raked* cotton
And some vision to behold.

*Translated by A.O. Llaneta*
CAN YOUTH, HOPE AND LOVE BE FOUND AGAIN?

Don't look for youth on the surface of things. Rather find it in the heart where the real roots cling.

Love and hope like other feelings return to begin anew. The heart is ever ready and always accepts that which it can never deny.

Love and hope are never parted. Within their realm and by some magic the soul is young again.

Translated by NSTA5C

— Tikang ha thirak nd
Maria Luz C. Vilches
Veronica Abejo-Nabong

ISMAYLINGAY

The form and tune of ismaylingay vary according to the theme or subject. Two people, a man and a woman exchanges impromptu verses, usually critical of each other. They alternately recite or sing a quatrains while a third party, identified as the tagbalay or host, mediates the joust.

It is said that the most successful ismaylingay performer is one who is able to keep up with the pace of the exchange and one who is skillful in the use of the figurative language.

What follows is a type of ismaylingay called amoracion, a courship song.

Host: I ask your forgiveness, my dear visitor, For this house is just fit for wares. There's no mat to sleep on nor water Nor anything to make your stay easier.

Woman: Blissful hour... Good evening. Our host will not be partial to anybody. A good person shows his manners Upon entering someone else's house.

Man: Whose voice was it I heard Which sounded so melodiously? Please repeat what you said. I'm listening. That's exactly what I came here for.

Woman: Your coming would have come to naught Had we who love ismaylingay didn't meet. If you could only come to our barrio You would know how the men and women there love to sing.

An amoracion nga ginkakanta hin paggertbo o tinamog nga anotacion.

Anamoracion

Tagbalay: Despensor ha iy o nga dumaranapig
Inin amon balay kay karukamalig
Waray namon barig waray namon tubig
Sadang ilaw ug sadang ibulig.

Babayi: Maupay nga oras maupay nga gab-
Tagbalay na diri waray pinalabi
Maupay san tawo adon may kastumbre
Pagsaka sa balay maghatag son parte.

Lalaki: Kanay adto tingog nga akon binati
Matipili kaupay kamaigawituli
Hala pa lihat adon may matati
Kaway nga destino igihutoy nga nahi.

Babayi: Makakarugon daw an pagkinahon
Kun diri igikita an mag-ismaylingon
Kun dihto la kamo baryo ha may amon
Babayi lalaki puro magkatabon.
Man: Oh, pretty girl, if of songs you are wanting,  
Come with me and I'll give you five.  
I have a careful of them.  
And a boat filled with tunes just right behind me.

Woman: Who's the loudmouth  
Who speaks of nothing but lies?  
If I didn't hear his curse  
I could pull out his tongue.

Man: Whose child is this pretty lass  
Who has a cute Spanish nose?  
If only her father and mother would permit me  
I'll be her slave till I die.

Woman: Bring your love, young man,  
To some distant place.  
There, you might find yet  
A girl prettier than that.

Man: Love me, pretty girl,  
And we'll farm a wide field.  
I'll sow the dayami rice  
So you will listen to me.

Woman: Walk with your love, young man,  
On a bridge under the calamansi tree  
If you could do that  
Then indeed you could have me.

Man: Don't be stubborn, pretty head.  
The more you deny me the more I love you.  
For like the rope  
My love may snap but will not be unbound.

Woman: Why wouldn't I object?  
Unless you intend to swallow me.  
For even one who's about to be swallowed  
Can still be saved if it isn't his time yet.
Man: No matter if you hide inside a box
Big enough to hide you completely.
I’ll pierce it with a needle
Through which I’ll send my sweetest pleas.

Woman: I couldn’t care less if you become a snake.
And wind yourself around my body.
There’s no way you can convince me
Unless you showed your deep devotion.

Man: No matter if you’re well guarded
By your father, mother and aunt.
I mean to get you
Like a chick that can be snatched.

Woman: However swift you can be
That flies back and forth in the sky.
You will never be able to get me
Unless my father and mother permit you.

Man: Have pity on me, pretty girl.
Let this tree grow.
And when the leaves have sprouted and tree bears fruit.
Come to the window and look at it.

Woman: If you’re really serious, young man,
Go get the moon and stars for me.
If you can do that
Then indeed you can have me.

Man: I’m not crazy yet, pretty girl.
How am I going to get the moon and stars for you?
Even Christ who’s so powerful
Can’t do what you want me to do!

Woman: Don’t talk that way, young man.
Think about what you’re saying.
Had I been a less forgiving girl
I would have felt hurt, insulted.
Lalaki: Despensar ha imo pati mamarat
Hi ako sinagbang harason hin huerte
Bisan la kun pobre kun may-ada suerte
Akon tutumanon grande nga kombete.

Baboyi: Kan Tatay kan Nanay hi ako masumat
Ha im desisyon hi ako dahulat
Bunga la hi ako han puso han ugot
Magpasaylo ngani ha im makarawat.

Man: I ask your forgiveness
And that of our listeners.
I argue merely to explain my side.
Even if I am poor but lucky enough
I promise you a grand wedding.

Woman: I'll inform my father and mother
Their decision, I'll wait
I am merely the fruit of the trunk and its roots.
Thus, I accept your forgiveness.

Translated by A.O. Llaneta
the town is suffused with an air of legend.

If an exile remembers Fogtown, he won't be thinking of fog. His impression will be that of a violent silence. The desperation of the storm-conditioned trees would stand out from the serenity of the church spire especially on moonlit nights when the shadows are plastered against a dark sky. A sharp sensation of childhood would diminish fantasy and foresight for only the dusty grit on the feet would remain. The dust covers everything; one still feels the dust.

The raging skies, the exploding waves, tattered kites caught among the branches of seaside trees—everything becomes a world of violence beneath the spatial quietness of a small town. From this atmosphere of raging silence, there still holds a ring of truth to the town's name. Fogtown is hazy in a languid sort of way. Latte tiles can be seen in the eyes of people one meets trudging along those small town streets. Dogs fall in the yards in a stupor of dust-breeze, their limpid tails barely moving. Typhoons are a part of life, and does not forget its possibility even in the heat of summer. The town pulsates with a mystery propelled by nature, and the people, caught in this fog, are helplessly hemmed in by its name.

NOTES ON WRITERS, TRANSLATORS, AND VISUAL ARTIST

Sabas Abobo hails from Palapag, Northern Samar.

Adz Albert is a Theology student at the Ateneo de Manila University. He is from Borongan, Eastern Samar.

Cresencia Besos is from Pambujan, Northern Samar.

Chano Nabong-Cabarao currently works as a research associate of a private research foundation. A journalism graduate from U.P., she has also worked with various magazines. She is engaged in the research of Samar's history and has organized the Samar Historical Foundation. She is also a member of Samar Alliance, a group of Manila-based Samareños professionals; a member of PANULAT and of Kalayaan, a feminist organization. She is from Catbalogan.

Fray Paolo Ma. Diosdado is the religious name of Diosdado C. Casurao Jr., superior of the Pilgrim Brothers of St. Francis. He was the founding director of the Filipino Arts Council and the Samar Writers' Guild. He was also the active Program Director of the Theater of Canonization of the Diocese of Catbalogan from 1975 to 1978. Out of their cultural work was born the MakaBayog, a theater group based in Catbalogan.

Cesar Erieco is from Laoang, Samar.

Santiago Figueroa was born in Villareal. He went to Samar High in Catbalogan and the University of Santo Tomas in Manila. He wrote Salamangon for Budjang lan Maquena, a publication of young Maquena Bay area writers which never came off the press.
Tomas Gomez, Jr. was born in Calbayog on October 5, 1907. A lawyer and a freelance writer in English, Spanish, Tagalog and Bisaya, he was educated in the Colegio-Seminar de San Vicente de Paul in Calbayog. Since his high school days, he has distinguished himself as an actor and declaimer in both English and Spanish. In U.P., he was president of the Circulo Cervantino and was a master in the Tagalog balagtasan even if he was brought up in Samar. In the days of President Quezon, while studying at the Philippine Law School, he won prizes as an orator and debater against the Hare-Hawes Cutting Law. He has spent much time writing poems and songs in Waray and among his distinguished works are his translations of Dr. Jose Rizal’s “Mi Ultimo Adios” and Luming Simbahan by F. Collantes.

Pet Labro teaches physics and chemistry at the Samar Polytechnic College in Catbalogan. He is currently taking up doctoral studies in science at the University of the Philippines.

A. O. Llaneta is from Catbalogan, Samar.

April Llaneta is a Grade 10 student at the UP Integrated School, Diliinan. While she has to see Samar yet, having grown up in the Diliinan campus, nevertheless she had made a good job of translating her father’s work into Waray.

Estrella Macueda is the nom de plume of A. O. Llaneta.

Deng Coy Miel was born in Catbalogan, Samar. He worked for the Jingle Clan Publications and the Philippines Daily Express before he joined the Philippine Star as its editorial cartoonist. A multi-awarded cartoonist, he is also a member of the Board of Directors of the Samahang Kartunista ng Pilipinas (SKP). In 1989, Deng Coy was selected Most Outstanding Samareño by the provincial government of Samar.

Oskar Muncada Monje is an active advocate of the popularization of Samar culture. A native of Laogang, Northern Samar, MIlde writes poetry, songs and plays. He is presently with the Council for Development (CODEV-Samar).

Timothy Montes, simply Tim, is a young writer from Borongan, Samar. He is finishing his master’s studies in creative writing at Silliman University. His short story “The Doubters” won third prize for fiction in English in the 1989 Carlos Palanca Memorial Literature Awards.

Veronica Abejo-Navong is Audit Manager of the Filinvest Development Corporation. She graduated cum laude in Business Administration from the University of the East and has a Master in B.A. from the University of the Philippines. Veronica is from Catbalogan.

Rubeshano Orteselo is a native of Capul, an islet in Northern Samar.

Vicente Panto is the most popular and proficient of the maneisiday from 1920 to the early 1970’s. He is said to deliver a sidey before writing it down. Hence, sometimes he would leave a blank space for the part forgotten. He was awarded the title “poet laureate” before his death by a citizen’s organization.

Pablo Rebulli, a prolific songwriter, was also a lawyer from Catubig, Northern Samar.

Filomeno Quimbo Singson was from Calbicas, Samar. He took his elementary and secondary education at the Colegio-Seminar de San Vicente de Paul Seminary in Calbayog and his Bachelor of Laws at the University of Santo Tomas. After passing the bar in 1922, he practised law in Samar and Leyte until his appointment at the Register of Deeds of Samar before World War II. He was a prolific writer both in the Spanish and Waray languages until his death in February 1986 at the age of 89.

Connie H. Sison is from Catbalogan and has attended various schools in Manila. She was last heard of, managing a place in San Diego called Lihaklan, whose specialty is the bagnet, a favorite shark meat dish of Catbaloganons.

Luciano Ty is from San Julian, Eastern Samar.