

## Balbalasang

At the beginning of time, this is a story from the ancestors which... of those from Vanaw which they bequeathed to our parents, which [they] gave..., they bequeathed to us also.

One day, the place where the people in Vanaw lived, was located at the mouth of Ma-atup, and across from here in Gallang. And it was always... But they planted that village with bamboos for they served as an enclosure for the community for they only had one way, only one entrance for them. At night, they would barricade it, they would close it for they were afraid of the enemies, for head-taking was still prevalent then. And every morning during summer, there were people who would sweep their backyards, and build fires to keep themselves warm.

One morning, there was a man who woke up early to go check on their work. So he was sweeping in the yard. As he looked at a tree, there was a beautiful girl, a young lady who was clinging to a branch of the tree. And he was astonished. "I wonder who that young lady is? This is the only time I've seen her. What a beauty she is!" he said. When he got near her, the girl vanished, the young lady was gone. As the people woke up, he told them the story, he narrated it.

Then this story became a tale. It became a tale that was passed from generation to generation. But one day, there were those who were doing a census who were Spaniards. And when they came here in the village, they asked them, "*Como se llama a la lugar?*" But it so happened that that man who saw the young woman was the one they asked. As understood by that man, (they thought), he thought they were asking him about what he saw. And now that man also, even though they did not understand one another, "Babbalasang! Babbalasang!" he said.

And those who went to get the names of places thus wrote "Balbalasang." For he could not correctly pronounce the word "babbalasang." For [the term] *babbalasang* [means] a beautiful woman but those who took the census wrote "Balbalasang." That tree which a beautiful woman clung to, that is what they named as "*balasang* tree." And that *balasang* tree, it's like the leaves are oily on the sides. For it is there today. Should someone wish to confirm it, to go see that tree, they are still there. And they have multiplied. And the sides [of the leaves] are like oiled.

And that is where Vyalvyałasang got its name. The old Vyalvyałasang was at the mouth of Ma-atup. But because of a powerful storm one day, this Saltan River became big,

the Ma-atup creek also became big, and it kept on, it nearly flooded the headwaters. Just like the Ma-atup creek. So the people were afraid that should there be a landslide, they would be covered by the trees. That is why they moved here in Paswaḷ. But this Paswaḷ, they still carried the name Vyaḷvyaḷasang [for it]. Which is why its name now is “*Barangay Balbalasang*.”

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