

Squirrel

The story about the civet cat. Now this story is one that our elders used to narrate, which they also learned from their elders who had passed away. It just so happened that we have not forgotten it. It is what we also relate today so that the younger ones will not forget it.

There was one day a child of a civet cat that went to the village, who went to ask for milk because, well, his parents were no more. For its mother was caught in a snare. Its father was caught in a pit with stakes.

And it went to the village and said, “*Tit, tit*, please breastfeed me a bit. Mother was caught in a snare, father got caught with a stake,” said the one who was begging.

Now the house it came to said: “*Iy na...!* How dare this civet cat ask for breastmilk?! Go away! I’d kick you out if I could!” she said. So the civet cat went to another house.

When it got there, the manner by which it asked for breastmilk was the same and it said: “*Tit, tit*, please breastfeed me a bit. Mother was caught in a snare, father got caught with a stake,” said the one who was begging.

The house owner there also said: “*Iy na...!* What has gotten into this? Go, get down! Go look for someone else to breastfeed from!” she said.

This continued until it got to the end of the houses, to a poor person who had just given birth.

And the civet cat again said, ““*Tit, tit*, please breastfeed me a bit. Mother was caught in a snare, father got caught with a stake,” said the one who was begging.

And the woman who just gave birth [said]: “*Iy... what a pity this civet cat is,*” she said, and took it and breastfed it, because it was already evening, just getting dark. After the civet cat had its fill, it fell asleep. She also laid it near her bed, and covered it as well.

When she woke up in the morning, the civet cat was gone. “*Ase*, where has the civet cat gone?” she said. When she looked at where it had lain, she saw plenty of old... The civet cat’s droppings... it had excreted jewels which were all beads. And there were also other solid gold nuggets which it excreted. And they were gathered by the house owner.

And so, the owner of that house was where the antique jewels and gold were. Maybe because God took pity on her, because she took pity on the civet cat. They knew that the civet cat was pleading as it went asking for breastmilk, but the others had no pity. So the owner of that house who had just given birth who was poor like we are, she took pity on the civet cat and she breastfed it. That is why the civet cat excreted antique jewels which were all beads, which were precious old beads of the ancestors. And there was gold mixed in, which it excreted.

And that house now had plenty of resources with which to obtain whatever they want to support their family because they had beads, and beads were precious before. One piece of bead was valued at one pig if they sold it. Or two pieces of beads, two carabaos.

So they were able to get many pigs and animals because the jewels or antique beads were with them.

So from then on, their animals multiplied. Their carabaos multiplied because, well, maybe because they were compassionate, God gave them blessings. He took pity on them, that is why it happened that instead of them being poor like we are, it became reversed, that their household now became prosperous, because they had pigs, they had carabaos, they had cows and other animals which they bought with the beads which were ancient.

So then they became one of the rich ones in that place. And maybe it’s so perplexing, others may not believe it. But because of her mercy, their mercy, they were merciful towards the... they took pity on the civet cat, God also took pity on them because they were compassionate. And God blessed their household because their deeds were good and their thoughts were good because they took pity on those who begged for help.

That is the story of the civet cat.

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