

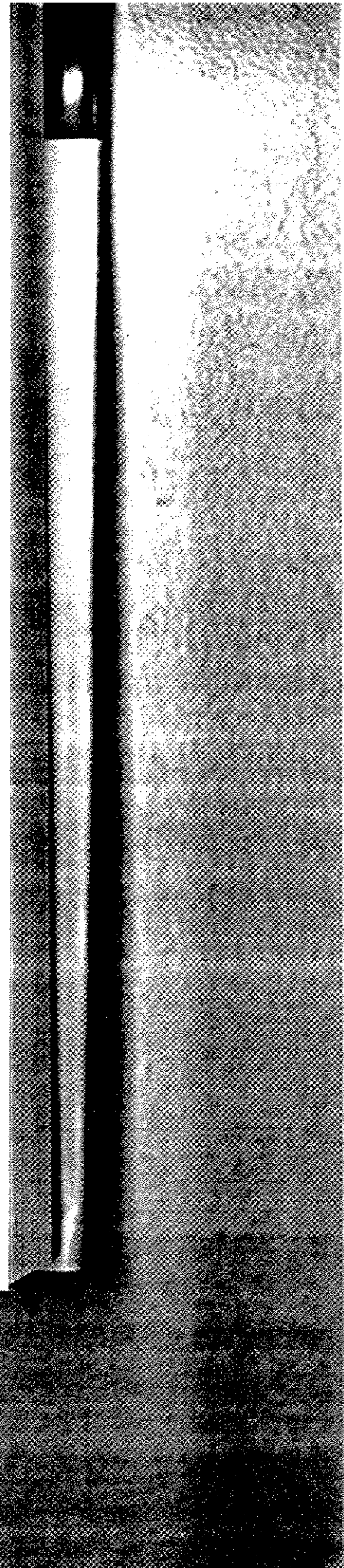
KOREAN STUDIES SERIES No. 31

Oral Literature of Korea

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Jimoondang



“And therefore, no one can know if it will swallow the sun again?” The triplets cast glances at their mother and were speechless, unable to offer an answer. The mother heaved a heavy sigh and said, “Children, don’t worry about your mother. I’ll be able to live as long as I can with the villagers. But from today on, you must go up into the sky and protect the sun forevermore.” The triplets answered together, “Yes!” The three teachers and all the villagers without exception nodded in agreement when they saw this. They praised the mother as an honorable mother and the boys as the most magnificent sons in the world.

The sun set slowly over the western mountains, and the triplets, who intended to guard it forever and ever, prepared to fly up to the sky. The mother straightened her hair that had been mussed by the evening wind and, smiling, bade them farewell: “Oh, skillful and praiseworthy children! Night is falling! Please go up to the sky!”

The triplets took leave of their mother, their three teachers, and the villagers and once again flew up into the night sky. If you look from the earth up to the triplets, they look like three twinkling stars all in a row in the middle of the heavens. People say every night that these are the triplets who listened to their mother’s words and protect the night sky, and they are called the Triple Star.

Bear Ferry

This story, an origin legend, is from Ughjin, modern Kongju. A man up gathering firewood in the mountains is captured by a she-bear and forced to live with her as if they were husband and wife. One day he escapes back to the human world, and the bear, discovering this too late, kills herself. The human world is vested with greater worth than the natural world, but from the perspective of the she-bear, the tale can be seen as a story of sad parting.

A long time ago, a man went to the mountains to gather firewood. As he was gathering wood, a bear—a big she-bear—appeared and

captured the man, carrying him on her back deep into her cave. Every morning and every evening she went out and gathered food for the man. Every time she left, she put a giant crock in front of the door opening because she was afraid he might escape.

And so they spent several years like that together, and the man got plenty of good food to eat. And the she-bear lay on her back like a human and she and the man slept together, and they slept and did something together, that’s what probably happened, and so, after a while, they had two cubs. First they had one and then they had the other, and they lived like that for several more years. So after a while the bear became more trusting, and one day, as she was going out to gather food, she thought, “I can trust him now. His children are here, so I don’t think he’ll leave.” And she just left the door open when she went out. So now, the man thought resolutely about escaping. The next time the door was left open, he escaped at will.

At the foot of the mountain there was a ferry landing—they called it Bear Ferry then and now—and he ran down there as if he were on fire, got on a boat, and crossed over to the other side. He got off the boat on the sandy bank, and by then the bear had returned. She returned and looked about and saw that the man was already crossing the river.

The bear called out to him repeatedly, but he didn’t even turn around. So she grabbed the older of their two cubs and, holding him, yelled out that she’d kill him if the man didn’t return. And even though she said this, he didn’t look back. So she drowned him and then she grabbed the little one and she drowned him too. And then, after those two died, they say that she drowned herself.

After she died . . . oh, now sometime before that, the boats used to carry things there on the river, and after that the boat, as it sailed along, capsized. All the other boats were all right except for the boat transporting the grain tax. It went all the way to Seoul and elsewhere with this grain. But as it sailed there, it capsized. It capsized. And this didn’t happen for just a couple of years, but time after time, and this was after the bear had died. Because of this, a shrine was built there.

And so, when the provincial governor was here, on the first and the fifteenth of the month, he would go to that place to make an offering

and, from that time on, the boats didn't capsize. And according to everyone, whenever a new governor was appointed, he would go to the shrine first. And after the bear shrine was built, a house for the shrine's caretaker was built there too. But during the Japanese occupation, it was completely destroyed and the house collapsed as well, and now there isn't anything there.

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Emille Bell

This local legend refers to a famous bell, that of Pongdök Monastery, as evidence of its veracity. The legend is connected primarily with King Söngdök's sacred bell. As presented here, the story concerns a pure young child who is sacrificed in order to make a perfect sacred bell. It also explains the "*emille*" sound the bell makes when it rings, and this addition is a special characteristic of the story.

A long time ago in a village, a woman raised a child she had had late in life. When the late-born child was five years old, they were poor, so the father left in order to find work. One day while the mother was weaving hemp cloth, the child woke up crying. So she sat the child down and calmed him by rubbing his belly. Then an enlightened Buddhist monk arrived outside and begged from the wife. She replied, "Oh my, we have nothing in our house to offer. What should I give? We have nothing to give. Should I give my young child?" Indeed, this is what she said. So he asked if it was her child, and then he said, "I accept it." Then he left, but he took this child's pure spirit with him. And he begged alms from charitable people, since the monks intended to make a large curfew bell. They planned to make it in two sections and then join them, but the joining didn't work. That night, in a dream, the heavenly Buddhist monk descended and said, "Oh, you tried to make this large curfew bell, but were unsuccessful in joining it. Now if you can get Baby Pongdök, the joining will succeed." When the monk woke up, he recalled the dream. Oh, boy, now they were in

trouble. This Baby Pongdök had to be brought if the monks wanted to join the curfew bell, so they went to get this baby.

Since the joining had not succeeded, by order of the Kwangu magistrate it was agreed to bring Baby Pongdök to put in the smelting bell metal. The monk went to find the mother and tell her about the joining of the curfew bell, and he told her he'd give her a fortune for life and asked for Baby Pongdök. And the woman listened to this, and she wondered when this baby would grow up and be able to earn a living and support her. And since the monk said that if she gave up the child she wouldn't have to worry for the rest of her life, she felt she had no other choice. So they took the child and placed him in the smelting metal and immediately the sections of the bell stuck together. Then they intended to hang it. But because it was so heavy, they couldn't. And that was no good.

Now there was a child named Yügüm riding on her grandmother's back. "Oh my, Grandma, even the strongest person couldn't hang that bell. The root has to be boiled under the bell and then you have to dig exactly three fathoms and then you can lift the bell. But if you just try to lift it, you won't be able to, Grandma." That's what she said. So they listened to this child's words and they dug three fathoms down and lifted the bell and they lifted it easily. So they hung the bell with a rope but when they hit it with the clapper, it made no sound.

That night in a dream the monk came down to the people and said the bell would only sound when the blood of Yügüm, the child who told them to dig under the bell, was smeared onto it. And so they went and bought Yügüm, and they grabbed her ankle and slammed her against the side of the bell. She fell and her blood splattered onto the bell, and when they struck it, it made the sound "*öng, emille, emille*." Even now that bell makes the sound "*emille, emille*," and then it says "*Yügüm*" at the end.

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The Propitious Grave Site Under the Sea

This story is a local legend told about Emperor's Peak (Ch'ŏnjabong) in Ungch'ŏn, Haman district, South Kyŏngsang province. A child is born to a paternal line of fur seals and, because of a chance occurrence in the propitious grave site under the water, he becomes the king of China. The excessively ambitious founder Yi Sŏnggye, by contrast, can do nothing other than become the founder and ruler of Chosŏn. The story offers an appraisal of Yi Sŏnggye who, after returning from a planned attack on the Ming, seized political power in Korea. It also affords a glimpse of the spirit of a people longing for a ruler able to govern a great empire.

So this is what happened. A long time ago our founder, the king of the five-hundred-year Chosŏn dynasty, was a terribly avaricious person. And in order to become the king of a large country, he performed the mountain god ritual for one hundred days. He carried his staff on his back and, in order to find the propitious grave site, he looked at the shape of the mountains. He looked into every wrinkle and could not find Emperor's Peak, so he went to Ungch'ŏn stream and looked down there, and he saw then that that was where the auspicious mountain was. So he sat down there in great distress.

Now before that, there was a wealthy family that had experienced a decline, and so the entire family fortune collapsed and only one daughter survived. And she was eighteen years old, she had turned eighteen, and she contracted leprosy. And so she was a leper. Now, in this province the lepers were prevented from drinking from any of the wells. So she couldn't drink the water but, because when the family was wealthy they had built a nice house, she still had this nice house, right?

Now, because she couldn't drink the water, she built a hut in a field near a little stone hill by the seashore and put up a tent and lived there. She made do with regard to food, and even if she had tried to die, she wouldn't have been able to, so she continued to live. Since that was her fate, she decided there was nothing she could do about it. One

evening, as she was falling asleep, an animal she had never seen before appeared. And this animal was a fur seal. So the fur seal arrived, and he took her. She thought quietly that since her life was already ruined, what was the big deal if she had intercourse with an animal? And so she had intercourse with the fur seal. She had this close relationship with the fur seal, because she couldn't avoid her destiny. About one month later, her skin peeled off and one by one the lesions fell off, and she was cured.

So she was really cured. And nobody in the entire world knew how. She went back to her house, and nobody knew what she'd done to get cured. And she wouldn't tell anyone. So she was back at her house and the fur seal, he had come to look for her there. He came a few times, and one night he slept late. At dawn, the people found him leaving the house, and so they caught him and beat him. While they were beating him, they shouted, "We caught a fur seal!" When the daughter heard this, she was surprised, because it was the fur seal who had cured her. So she went down to take a look, and it was without a doubt the same fur seal that had slept with her. But it had been killed. So what should she do with the fur seal?

"I'll give you a price, so sell it to me." That's what she said. She paid a heavy price and bought it. She paid a lot, but that wasn't something you'd buy, right? But the fur seal was her savior. And so she bought this fur seal, and did something to it, and then she collected the bones and put them into a woven bag and sealed it all up. She sealed the bag, and unexpectedly her stomach began to swell so that it could be nothing other than a child. After five or six months, she felt something moving around. After ten months, she gave birth. And she had a child, a son.

And its name? It was the son of the fur seal, and his name was Chu Kōrang (Zhu Yuanzhang), that's what they called him. This was the founder of China. They called him Chu Kōrang. And so this woman gave birth to this baby, and he grew incredibly quickly. The body was so big you couldn't even imagine, and he was really well built, and when he was fully grown he resembled the fur seal, and he could swim really well, incredibly well. You couldn't even express how well

he swam.

And so he became a grown young man and swam down there, down below Emperor's Peak, and our founder looked straight down and saw that a celebrated mountain had fallen. So he was distressed and had a smoke. While he was sitting there smoking, out of the water came this fellow and breathed deeply, "Hu!" And our founder thought that this was odd and called out to him. And the young man had no idea what was going on. So the founder called over to him, "Hey, young man, come up here."

So he went over there to find out what he wanted, and our founder said, "Look, young man. Isn't the Maitreya down there?"

"Oh, yeah, sure, the Maitreya is down there," he said.

"Oh, really? That's great. Hey, young man! If you do what I ask, then we'll both live."

And the young man, he had no idea what was going on.

"Well, all right. What can I do?"

"All right. If your father's corpse is there, go and open your father's grave and get his bones. And if you do this, hang your father's bones on one ear of the Maitreya and then on the other ear hang my father's bones, and if we do this we'll both be better off." So he said this. And so he was saying that they'd both be better off.

"All right. Let's do that."

And so he asked his mother: "Where is my father's grave?"

The mother pondered this quietly, knowing that the fur seal's bones were his father's bones. Where was it? There was no grave site.

"Your father has no grave."

"So what happened to my father?" he asked.

"Your father is these bones."

She said that, and then she gave him the woven bag. So he went away with that. Wasn't it right that the father's bones were in the woven bag?

And so our founder gave him a package and told him, "Listen here, hold these bones in both your hands and go down there. Go in front of the Buddha and hang the bones on each of the ears and then come back."

And so Chu Kōrung held the bags in his hands. Now the bones in the right hand were to be hung on the left ear as he walked toward the Buddha from the front, and if he did that, he'd become a great person. So our founder told him to go and hang them from the front. In the right hand he was to hold our father's bones and in the left hand he was to hold his father the fur seal's bones. He did this, he held the things in both his hands, and he went down there. He went swimming deep down there.

Now, when he'd gone down there before, the Maitreya had just stood there. But now as he approached the Maitreya to hang the bones, he suddenly saw that the Maitreya's eyes were as big as bowls. And the young man became frightened, and the Buddha turned around. And the young man was so scared he just hung the bones from the back of the Maitreya. Now because he was in back, he hung them on the wrong ears, isn't that right?

So he hung them and then he returned to the surface. And our founder asked, "Look, young man, were you able to hang them properly, from the front? Did you hang them properly?"

"*Aigu!* Sir, before the Maitreya had never done this, but when I went in, his eyes got as big as bowls, and he turned around and I got frightened. So I just went up behind him and hung the bones."

You see. And our founder thought about this and thought, well, that's fate, and there's nothing you can do about it. Now, he was very greedy and he wanted to become the emperor of China, and so with Chu Kōrung he went to China. On the way, there was a very old grandmother selling liquor. She poured a glass of liquor into a gold tumbler, and our founder asked about this tumbler, this gold tumbler of liquor, this one poured cup; he asked, "How much is it?"

She said that it cost one thousand *yang*. And when she said that it was one thousand *yang*, our founder said that he couldn't drink this liquor. But Chu Kōrung, even though he had no money, gulped it down. And our founder was incredibly avaricious, and the grandmother said that he had three beard strands. And he was so greedy that he had three beard strands, and the grandmother pulled them out.

"You are so greedy that you can't become anything." That's what she said.

So she pulled out two of his beard strands, so he only had one left.

"From this point on, you should leave and go live and rule in Korea." She looked at Chu Kōrung, and said that if he went to China, he would become the emperor. "You, our founder, can't become an emperor. If you have three beards, you can't do anything." And so he returned, and his kingdom, the Chosŏn dynasty, lasted for five hundred years, right? The Chosŏn dynasty lasted for five hundred years, and then Chu Kōrung went off to China and became the emperor.

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Auspicious Place for the Emperor

The evidence for this legend is Hant'ŏ near Mount Kari in Mullŏ village, Puk-san township, Ch'unsŏng county, Kangwŏn province. Told in the area of Ch'unsŏng county, this is the story of a child of lowly parents who, by overhearing the conversation of some geomantic monks, learns of the location of the auspicious place for the future emperor and uses it as the grave site for his father. The young man then travels to China, where he is declared emperor. One emphasis of the story is the mythological belief that the ruler's qualifications will be confirmed by the gods—in this case, by a sound produced by beating on a straw drum.

Here by that darn, when the water filled it up they called the place Naep'yŏng village. There is a place called Hant'ŏ in Naep'yŏng village. In Hant'ŏ, there was a man by the name of Han who lived as a servant. There was a place called Kusaeji, and now it's called Hant'ŏ. So he lived as a farmhand at Kusaeji. In the morning when he went out, he'd boil fodder for the cows. Then one evening as the sun set over the western mountains, when the master was settling down, three monks arrived and eagerly wanted to sleep there. That's what

happened. So Han said, "Well, it isn't my house, and I'm a servant, so how can I allow this?"

"Well, the bell has sounded. Please, for mercy's sake, young man! We'll only stay here with you for one night and then go."

He finally agreed, and they came in and unpacked their bags and untied their shoes.

"Young man! Young man!" they shouted.

"What do you want?"

"Please bring three eggs."

But he didn't know where his master kept the eggs. And so he wandered about and like a thief, he stole three eggs, and one of them had been boiled in the pot where he boiled the fiddler. And he brought the three eggs and gave them to the monks, and they examined them into their bags. And they ate the dinner provided by his master, and the three monks casually lay down and began snoring.

Now I think the young man was very intelligent, because he just snored and didn't fall asleep, and he kept an eye on them. Then it was about nine or ten and the monks stealthily got up and left their bags and just took the eggs with them, the three monks. He thought, "What are those guys up to?" And he followed behind them. The moonlight was bright and he was able to see them from afar.

So he followed after them and they went through Muffio village and entered Mount Kari. They went up to Mount Kari, that place name is always mentioned in the legends. And they climbed up to the summit and planted one and then the other and then the third egg, they buried them, and then down at the bottom they hid by a grove of trees, the three monks.

And since he didn't want them to catch sight of him, he hid himself in a grove of trees too. And the things they had gone up and planted hatched, and one could hear from the summit the first cock, which got up on a perch and crowed, because it was twelve. The middle one too took the perch and crowed. But the last egg planted didn't hatch or crow. The chicken didn't come out. Ah, those monks kept sighing and said, "Well, this is the right place. Why isn't it working?" But about an hour later, it got up on the perch and crowed. "Of course, how could it

not work?" they asked. So finally they came down. Before them, the young man had come down.

When he was going up he had overheard, "The one who can make a golden casket will assume the post of emperor of China." A golden casket. . . . How could a mere servant do such a thing?

Then next day he mused over this, "How can I make a golden casket?" So he was thinking like that, and he went out and saw the oat straw for they had planted a lot of oats at that time. He stripped the outer layer of the oat straw, and its color was gold and it was very good.

"Hey, I should use this to bury my father!" That's right. So he did this and buried his father. Han Chung did this.

And so he sold to his master that he wanted to become the emperor of China, and that he had to leave. It didn't matter that he was a servant. He packed up his knapsack and went to China and became emperor.

And when he went he wasn't emperor yet, he went and begged food in the fields, and went to one place filled with people standing around. He went there and looked over the people's shoulders, and there was a large straw drum. You know, a drum you beat. They'd made a large drum out of straw, and all these dozens of people were taking turns beating it. And he asked, "What's that?"

"All of those people standing there are generals and ministers. Now, if you are the person who can beat the drum and a metal sound comes out, you'll become the country's emperor. All of the generals and ministers have now beaten the drum, and they've told the citizens to beat it now. So we've come to try and beat the drum, but what sound can this make?" That's what they said.

The young man wanted a bit and asked, "Would it be all right if I tried beating on it once?"

"Sure, anybody can beat on it."

So he went up there, and when he went in to beat the drum, the generals and ministers were standing there. "I am so and so from such and such village. I too will try hitting it once."

"Certainly. Anyone can beat it!"

And when he beat it, the metal sound came out. "Oh my! This person is the emperor!" Then they ushered him in as emperor. That nobleman was Hant'o, Emperor Han, and even now, Hant'o is the name of that village.

11

The Child General

This legend, told in every district of the country, is popularly referred to as the "Agi Changsu" legend. As evidence for the story, either a rock in the shape of a swift's footprint or the pond from which the steed sprang is mentioned. The child general exhibits remarkable talents, but his parents kill him out of fear that he might become a traitor, and he is thus unable to fulfill his potential—the tragedy of the story. Although one finds here the frustrated, revolutionary consciousness of the masses, one also finds the expectation that a general will appear who will change society.

After the Chang clan settled, the Pak clan settled next. After they settled, our Pak family were the first to settle in this village. They called it Kumongdong. If you look at a map here, you see Kumongdong. When the parents of the Pak family died, their offspring were unable to find a burial place, so they were buried temporarily. One day a monk came and wanted to stay overnight. When he saw that the host looked like he was in mourning, he asked, "Oh, master, aren't you in mourning?"

"Yes, I'm in mourning."

"Did you find a burial place for your father?"

"Because we were poor, I wasn't able to find a burial place, so I just buried him anywhere."

And because he said that, the monk replied, "Well, I have seen a place in the mountains, so tomorrow let us go up there, you mourners."

They woke up early and packed up their food and left. And if you

ask where they went, now that eastern village is Ponguet'o. They called that eastern village "Tokprache" then. And so they went to the spot and the geomancer said, "Use the site over here." And when they looked there, right in front were three rocks, the three general rocks. And so the chief mourner said, "All right." That's what he said.

So when they came back, after the monk left, they buried the body there. And so they used the site. The next day the daughter-in-law of the Pak family started showing signs of pregnancy. One night, at midnight, the story goes, this child's mother looked at the child and saw that sweat was pouring off the child, and this was strange. For three days, sweat poured off like this. Then this rosy-colored baby quietly got up and opened the door and went outside—the newborn baby. In front of him there was a large walnut tree, and he quickly climbed up and down, showing off his talents. He climbed down skillfully, and when he came down, he immediately went to his mother's bosom, and when she looked at him, the sweat poured from the child. So she told this to her father-in-law.

"We're in big trouble!" he responded.

"What is it?"

"What should we do with a one-month-old child waking up and doing all these tricks in the night?"

"We must kill him," he said.

If the child didn't turn out well, he would become a traitor, but if he turned out well, he would be a loyal subject. This uncertainty wouldn't do. So they took a bag of red beans and pressed it down on the baby, and he squirmed, and they killed the boy.

Now, not three days later, the monk came by. He said, "There was a baby born at this house. Bring the child out."

And they said, "Oh no, it wasn't born. Oh, there's no baby."

"Quickly, bring the baby out!" That's what he said. "If I take the baby with me, bring hurt to me."

They said it hadn't happened, and the monk said the baby had absolutely been born and demanded that they bring it out.

And so, finally, they bluntly told him the story. "He might not have turned out well, we didn't know if he'd become a traitor, and he

seemed as if he'd kill our Pak family. So we pushed this down on him quite hard and killed him."

When the monk heard this, he pounded on his chest, because he was exasperated.

"I have to take the baby and raise him myself, so what should I do now? You'll have another two soon, so keep them and give them to me." This is what the monk said and he left.

The next day, with a loud "Wang!" sound, a swift dragon steed arrived in the courtyard, bent all four knees, and sprang up. And so it quickly jumped across the courtyard, and it lay down and died, and a little later a pear tree grew there. So even today that place is called "Horse [or Dragon] Pear Tree Village." It was predicted that two more generals would be born. In order to prevent that from happening, the Pak family dug up the graves of a young maiden and young man, removed their corpses, and reburied them in front and back of the pear tree. And so you can't budge it. Although it is our ancestor, we now eat the pears. And every year we talk about whether we should go and dig out the corpses. This tree has branched out. There aren't that many people here in our village, but even so, we can't all agree on doing it.

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Arang's Grievous Spirit

This legend of Arang at Yŏngnam Tower in Miryang is probably the best known legend of its type. Arang, who was raped and murdered, appears as a resentful spirit and appeals to the courageous magistrate to avenge her death. The story reveals a folk belief that if a person meets an undeserved death, the ghost will become a roaming spirit who must be appeased by avenging the person's death.

A long time ago, in the town of Miryang, the magistrate's daughter, named Arang, was known for her beauty and virtue. A public servant working for the magistrate's office fell in love with her, but that lowborn servant was suffering from unrequited love. He knew he

"I'll do as you wish," replied the magistrate.

"I've met a wise magistrate and my wish will be fulfilled. I am eternally grateful."

The following morning, thinking that the magistrate must be dead, officials and servants came with a coffin and hemp cloth for his funeral. Instead they found the magistrate in full dress with his eyes glittering. After he ordered everyone to be present, a yellow butterfly came from the direction of the South River and perched on the cap of the guilty servant. The magistrate summoned and interrogated him: "You rascal! Don't you know your crime?"

Realizing that the magistrate had found him out, the murderer could only say, "Please, do as you wish, sir!"

"Well, what did you do with Arang's body?"

"I stabbed her throat and threw her body into the South River."

So they went to the river and found her body, which had remained unchanged after several years. The magistrate gave her a decent burial. Then Arang appeared, saying, "I have met a wise magistrate and my wish is fulfilled. So I'd have no regret if I were to die again."

Thereafter, Arang Shrine in Yŏngnam Tower was built for her spirit in Miryang. That's why the song "Miryang Arirang" begins with the lines, "South River flows and curves around Yŏngnam Tower, / The moon in the sky shines on Arang Shrine."

PL

Spinning Wheel General Ku

This legend, mainly transmitted in the southwest of the peninsula, is similar in type to Type 519 (The Strong Woman as Bride), in which the competitive advantage of the strong bride is overcome through a servant's help. In this tale a remarkably powerful sister competes against her younger brother but, because of their mother's interference, she loses and is killed. At the root of the contest of power between a woman and a man, one can see the position of women after the transition from a matriarchal society to a patriarchal one. In this printed

version, the competition involves hanging a bronze gate between two cliffs and clearing the water of a river.

Spinning Wheel General Ku was of the Ku clan living on the mountaintop, and he was a really strong man. At this place, Pongsang, there was a mountain where General Ku would shoot his arrows and gallop on his horse; there was a legend that his horse would wait and catch the arrow before it dropped and bring it to him. That's what this legend is about.

Now, that horse was a fine horse that came down out of the heavens, and General Ku beheaded it. But they say that a spirit held a grudge against him, it was a vengeful ghost, and the ghost did it. And so you see there really was a person called General Ku. So at this Mount Kaya and in this territory it is . . . I think it is a story that couldn't possibly have happened but it's been passed down.

Now General Ku was a twin. There was a girl and there was General Ku, the Spinning Wheel General. A long time ago, they said that if you had twins, two boys, or two girls were all right. But if you had a boy and a girl, you had to get rid of one of them; otherwise the house would go to ruin.

So since General Ku and his sister were twins, according to this superstition, one of them had to be killed. General Ku was courageous and he really excelled in the military arts, but, regrettably, his sister was no less remarkably skilled. And her courage too was admirable.

So their mother decided to hold a contest: "My daughter and General Ku must compete. And the person who loses will die."

At Mount Kaya there is a place called Kaemun bridge, over in Mundarŏm. Even now if you look at the peak of Mount Kaya you can see rocks standing like a big gate; there are very sharply formed precipices on either side, and there's the gate. The story says in the contest the girl was supposed to put a bronze gate there, and General Ku was to clear the river Yŏng that flows down from there to Osŏm, using a wooden bucket.

The person who finished their task last would lose and the person who did it first would win. When the contest started, the girl

immediately ascended Mount Kaya and began making the bronze gate and polishing it. And General Ku began to clear out the water. When their mother looked, she saw that her daughter had immediately hung the gate and was prepared to throw the bolt. Then it would be all done, that gate. And General Ku was still not close to being done. He was losing. And so the mother thought quietly that her son had to live no matter what; if her daughter lived, that wouldn't do. So she devised a stratagem. As the girl was hanging the gate and intending to throw the bolt, her mother came with a snack she had prepared.

"Hey, he's still far from finishing. Why don't we have some food together, since it's hard work?"

And so she gave her the snack. While the daughter ate it, General Ku cleared the water. So the girl lost. Because of the agreement, General Ku killed his own sister. And that made her furious, because her true ability and her true strength were better than his, but she still lost. Because of this, the girl became a vengeful ghost.

One day, General Ku went up into the mountain to shoot his bow and arrow and make his horse gallop and fetch. Before, the horse would return with the arrow in his mouth. But this time, the horse came back without it. Nothing was in his mouth. And so General Ku beheaded the horse. Yes, that horse didn't follow orders, so he had to kill it, and he cut its throat. Then the arrow dropped from the sky. The horse had traveled even faster than the arrow! From the sky a voice was heard, and it said, "I am your sister. I was killed unfairly. I know you need a fine horse, so I got rid of it."

The river that General Ku cleared was called Yōngnae. But because of this, now they call it Yōngch'ōn stream. And because the hanging of the big gate was never completed, the only thing that now remains on Mount Kaya is the Mundarūm, the gate opening. The big gate isn't closed, that's what the story says.

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The Rock Where Rice Came Out

This story, the rice hole legend, is attributed to nearly every provincial temple and has been told throughout the country. In this story, a greedy person wants to get more rice from a hole in a rock that pours out rice a little at a time. He makes the hole larger and, in the end, no rice at all comes out. Failing to abide by good sense and carrying greed to its extremes ultimately brings ruin. As evidence of this story, the hole from which the rice came still remains.

This is an involved story about Tanam Monastery, about twelve tricents east of downtown Chōnju. If you go straight out on this road for twenty tricents, through Chinan and Changsu, you'll get to the big road that goes to Taegu, and it's by the side of that road. But it isn't exactly next to it. Next to the road there is a big river, which comes down from the mountains—it's called Soyang stream—and you cross the river and go up to the top of the mountains, and that's where the monastery called Tanam is. There isn't much left of except for a small hermitage. But before, they say that it was fairly big temple and that at the monastery lived a Buddhist monk who had attained enlightenment. His name isn't known precisely.

Well, the outline, so to speak, of this story is not so much about offering Buddhist invocations and meditation. The biggest problem at Tanam was the difficulty of getting provisions, mainly rice. The monks would go down to town and collect grain, and eat as well, and the townspeople would also bring them provisions. But this enlightened monk, so he wouldn't become dependent on others, bored an opening into the side of a rock. And I don't know if he used magic, but from this hole rice would pour out.

Now, at this monastery back then, there was someone called the *sangjwa*, a novice. He was below the monk and ran errands and learned from him. He was a pupil, so to speak. And the monk would have him prepare the food. When he needed rice, he'd go to this rock opening, set a bowl down, and rice would pour into it. It was always exactly the right amount, too. No more rice than exactly what was

needed would come out. Since there were two family members, so to speak, only two bowls of rice would come out; if a guest came, one more bowl of rice would come out.

But the novice was greedy. He thought it would be great if a lot of rice came out, because then he could eat his fill—things like roasted rice and rice cakes. But still only as much rice as they needed would come out. So he decided to try to widen the hole by digging it out with a poker.

He bored into the hole, and hored it bigger, and he expected even more rice to come out. But quite the opposite happened. No rice whatsoever came out. Finally, some milky white water trickled out, but no rice.

When the monk found out about this, he became very angry. The monk looked at the novice and said that because he didn't have a pure spirit, the rice would not come out. The monk reprimanded him and tried to stop him from doing at the hole anymore. But from then on, no rice came out, so they had no choice but to try to raise their provisions in other places. Even now, if you go up to the monastery, the rock opening is still there. It is at the bottom of a cliff, and even now the milky white water still pours out of it.

TT

Brother and Sister Stupas

This legend comes from Kyeryong village, Kongju county, South Ch'ungch'ŏng province. The story is of a monk who saves a tiger and, to repay this kindness, the tiger brings the monk a young girl from the outside world. Accepting their meeting as fate, the monk and the young girl agree to live as brother and sister, observing the path of Buddhism, and spend their life together like this. To commemorate this, people later built two pagodas and named them "Brother and Sister Stupas." Even now in South Ch'ungch'ŏng province, halfway up the small peak of Mount Kyeryong, there are two stupas standing side by side.

This legend has been passed down here, at the place called Kapsa; from here it is about ten tricents away. Mount Kyeryong there, that's where Kapsa is. If you go up the path behind Kapsa Monastery, you'll find the brother and sister pagoda. They call them Brother and Sister Stupas. There are two stupas standing there at the boundary of uninhabited land. They've built a monastery there now.

There was a monk living alone there meditating, and he lived like that; he was a male monk. One day before dinner, a tiger came down and made a loud noise. It made a sound as if it were dying. This monk wasn't afraid of the tiger, since he was a monk who believed in the Buddha's teachings, and he wondered why the tiger was making this noise. So he went and looked outside and this tiger was opening its mouth wide and writhing in pain, as though he were about to die. So the monk asked, "What's going on?"

The tiger's mouth was wide open and tears were streaming down its face. So the monk looked to see why the tiger's mouth was open like that, and he saw that something was caught in there. Now, a person whom the tiger had caught and eaten had injured him. The person's hairpin had got caught right there in the tiger's throat. So the monk removed it quickly. And when he removed it, the tiger shook himself, stood up, and nodded his head and just left.

So there, in the hut, the monk meditated again. Then one night he unexpectedly heard a sound, the sound of the tiger. And so he went outside and the tiger had come back again, the tiger from whose throat he had removed the hairpin. When the monk looked at him coming, he saw that the tiger was carrying a young girl on his back. The girl had fainted. So the monk could do nothing but bring the young girl into the hut. He carried her inside and he massaged her whole body and he gave her water, and after a little while, she recovered.

"How did it happen that a tiger carried you here on its back?" the monk asked.

The young girl said that she was at home at night and, when she got up to go to the toilet, she was suddenly lifted up and brought there. The monk asked where her home was, and she said that it was in Ch'ŏlla province. In one day and one night she had been carried for

several hundred tricents.

"Somewhere in Cholla province, somewhere," she said.

"But you must return to your home after you recover," the monk said. "I'll take you home.

"I'm not going," she replied. "Since the tiger brought me here like this, it must be fate. So I too want to follow the path of Buddha here and become a nun." And so she wouldn't leave.

"You can't become a nun just like that. Men and women are different, so how can we live together and meditate and become renunciates?" he said. "Young girl, you should return to the world, get married, and live a happy life." And even though he exhorted her frequently, she wouldn't go; she said she'd live there. The monk could do nothing else and didn't know how else to advise her, so they became like brother and sister for the sake of Buddhist practice. They didn't become husband and wife but lived there like brother and sister for the rest of their lives. They observed Buddhism and they meditated, and they only served the Buddha.

Later, the monks found out that there was a monastery on Mount Kyeryong and built two stupas there. Brother and Sister Stupas. They carved the names of the monk and nun into it. There, if you go down through a little entrance, you find the monastery called Tonghak in the middle. You have to go through Tonghak Monastery to get to the stupas.

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