CHAPTER-III

MISING FOLKTALES, FOLKSONGS AND THEIR MORAL VALUES

3.0. Meaning of Folktale

Folktale is an important genre of oral narrative. The term Folktale is very inclusive and no attempt has ever been made to define it exactly, but it has been left as a general word to refer all kinds of traditional narratives. Thompson defines it as “--the story, which has been handed down from generation to generation either in writing or by word of mouth” (Thompson, 1977). So, the characteristic features of folktale are it is traditional, it is handed down from one person to another by words of mouth or sometimes by written words, and there is no virtue in originality.

Folktales are popular and anonymous like folksongs. Moreover, the content of folktales is more mysterious than that of the folksongs. Max Luthi defines folktale as one-dimensionality, depthlessness, and abstraction, and their application to the categories of time and space, society and reality, emotion and thought-are manifested in the narrative style of the genre (Luthi, 1909).

Folktale is a universal phenomenon. Although according to some research into folktale narrators, the need for folktale is particularly felt in communities, where life was harder and burdened with numerous restrictions, mental and physical pressures. Folktale telling has not always been accompanied only with the harsher side of the life. Its chief attractions—the chance it provides of breaking free from the everyday reality and certain universal problems in a positive way, has drawn all groups of people, and not only the lowest strata of the society as its listeners. Folktale is also able to bridge the boundaries between social classes and eras as it strives as a form of entertainment among the children of different classes (Apo, 1995).
3.1. Mising Folktales and their moral values

Tale No. 1: The tale of Origin of Porpoise

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Yakasi. Yakasi, being a Mising girl did not know husking paddy, spinning and weaving. She even did not know sowing and harvesting. Above all, she was an unskilled girl. For this reason, no one was ready to marry her. Her parents also insulted for her ill-fated nature. One day, she decided to suicide in the arms of the Subansiri River. She tied the ural stick on to her neck, tied the ural or “Ke:par” on the gut and jumped into the river and turned into a porpoise (sishu). The long ural stick turned into a long mouth and the ural gave a potted belly shape to the porpoise.

Tale No. 2: Porpoise and crocodile:

There is another version of the tale titled as porpoise and crocodile. It goes as follow- Human transformed into "Sishu". As a human she was a beautiful adolescent girl. Her name was Tamang. Her marriage date was fast approaching. But as the marriage date came closer by each day she became more and more worried. The groom was chosen by her parents but she had no wish to marry him. Her heart was set on another young man. She became sad and went into miserable. On one hand it was impossible for her to marry a person she did not wish to and on the other hand it was difficult to say no to her parents. She decided to gives up and dies in the arms of the Subansiri River. Then again even if she will jump into the river she will float. This is because she knew how to swim. She then deeply thought for a while and tied the Ural stick on to her neck. The Khubuli was tied on the gut and she jumped into the river. She could not die though. The weight of the Khubuli dragged her to the bottom of the river but as soon as she was into the water she turned into a Sishu fish. The long Ural stick turned into a long mouth and the Khubuli gave a potted belly shape to the Sishu. The groom who was chosen for Tamang by her parents came near the river just after she jumped into it. He shouted for Tamang many a times
but she did not turn up. After a while the Sishu came up to the surface of the water and took a somersault showing her back portion on descend. Even today we observe the same act about Sishu in water. They show their back to humans. Tamang's lover after getting the news about her demise went to the river bank. He saw that Tamang is no more a human. Out of sorrow he tied a stone around his neck and he too jumped into the river. As the Sishu had turned their back to humans, he could not get transformed into another Sishu. Rather, he transformed into a Gharial. With him, the stone turned into the lump we see on Gharial’s neck that we see even today.

The respondent, Mrs. Hema prova doley, a school teacher in Mising language, Gogamukh, Dhemaji, said that through this folk-tale, the living status of the Mising women reflects. In the first version of the tale Yakasi was good for nothing. The tale also possess a moral in it. The moral of the tale is that being laziness and ignorance is always harmful to oneself and others. We should not too lazy to do our daily activities. From this tale, children can learn the consequences of being laziness. But in the second version of the tale, honesty and loyalty of a girl reflects towards her lover. Mr. Dipak Doley, Jorhat, said that the Mising folk-tales reflect the beliefs and traditions of the society apart from entertaining and imparting values to children.

**Tale No. 3: How did Misings lose their script**

The Mising god of knowledge is Do:ying ba:bu. According to the Misings, it was Do:ying ba:bu who gave different scripts to different peoples. At the beginning, Do:ying ba:bu gave voice to all human beings. To convert this voice into written words, he called representatives from different peoples to his abode. Everyone went and chose the scripts they liked. The Misings were expert in hunting. Every day they killed many deer’s and wild boars. The Mising person who went to Do:ying ba:bu took a deer hide with him. He wrote down the scripts that Do:ying ba:bu gave on the deer hide. Everyone went home once they
got their scripts. The Mising person went to his home and put the deer-hide on the dhuwa-sang as it would stay dry there.

Many a day’s went and the Mising person forgot all about the deer hide. One day, he couldn’t catch anything while hunting. So, he lay back in his sang-ghar and was thinking of what he could eat when he saw the deer-hide on the dhuwa-sang. He totally forgot about the script that he had written on that hide. All he could think was that the hide would still be quite juicy, so he should have his meal with that hide. So, he immediately took down the hide from the dhuwa-sang and roasted it in the fire and ate it. Later on he remembered that he had written the script on the deer-hide but he could not recall all that he had written. From then onwards, Misings don’t have a script of their own and use the English script instead.

According to the respondent Mr. Muhiram pegu, a high school teacher, Gogamukh, Dhemaji, said that this kind of folk tales are told to the small children for entertainment and giving amusement. Mr. Pegu said this story bears moral. The moral of this particular tale is that Greed leads to misfortune. Greediness can lead anybody whether man or animal to adversity. We should have self-control and fortitude in ourselves. We should able to control our emotion, desires, greediness etc. In this particular tale, the man of the Mising tribe had consumed the script which was written on the hide deer. The valuable script which was given by Do:ying Ba:bu was eaten by the man out of greed. If he could control his tongue for the sake of greater Mising society, today the people of the Mising would not face such a scarcity of written script. He added that, therefore, we should control our desires for the sake of others as greediness is always harmful. Greediness can destroy our honesty and nobleness.

**Tale No. 4: The story of pigs and dogs**

Mising people rear pigs; consume pork and offer pork to forefathers in religious rituals. They also keep dogs but they don’t eat dog meat. In the night, dogs can sleep on the Sang while pigs have to sleep below the sang-ghar. In the very
ancient days, dogs and pigs were the sons of a human being. One day, the father told both the dog and the pig – whoever can plough one bigha of land within the noon next day, he will keep only that one the house. Hearing that, the pig woke up early next morning and started ploughing the fields. He soon finished ploughing one bigha of land and came back home. But the dog didn’t have the ability to plough land, so he made a plan. He quietly and quickly dashed to the field and left his hoof prints all over the land which the pig had ploughed. After that, he came back home and told the father that he has plough his share of land. The pig complained that it was he who ploughed that piece of land early in the morning. The dog said there is no proof that the pig had ploughed the land, it was his hoof prints all over the ploughed land and that was proof enough that the dog had ploughed the land. So, the father thought that it was the dog that had ploughed the land.

Returning from the field, the father let the dog get on the sang while kept the pig below the sang-ghar. But later on when he came to know the truth, he was very sad. As he had given his word, he couldn’t ask the dog to get down from the sang. But, the father later said that since the dog had lied, dogs will have to guard the house and their meat wouldn’t be offered to forefathers in religious rituals. Even if pigs live below the sang-ghar, they will be well fed by people and their meat will be eaten by people and offered in religious rituals.

According to Mr. Suren Doley, a retired school teacher, a tradition bearer, told that the tale contains moral value. The moral of the tale is truthfulness and trustworthy. The moral pertains by this folk tale is that truth always wins. In this folk tale, as the pig had really ploughed the land and the dog had lied that he had ploughed the land leaving his hoof-prints. But, few days later the father comes to know the truth. Mr. Doley said that from this tale we can learn a lesson that we should never lie. Because truth and oil are always above.
Tale No. 5: Abu Tunturung

Abu Tunturung is a famous tale amongst the Misings. Once upon a time, in a village lived two boys with their father and stepmother. The stepmother disliked the boys and always thought getting rid of them. One day, the father decided to perform their mother’s urom apin. He asked them both to join him to the forest the next day for collecting plantain leaves. The wicked stepmother grinned at their idea of going to the forest and advised a plan to get rid of the boys forever. She knew that an ogre inhabited the deepest part of the forest.

The next morning she also joined them in collecting vegetable leaves from the forest. Together they ventured in to the forest. After walking for a while, they reached a spot. The two boys halted to collect leaves but the father told them that their mother often used to spit there while going for collecting firewood. Therefore, leaves were not clean for the ritual. All of them kept walking until they reached another similar spot. The father again stopped them from collecting leaves. This time he told them that their mother once defecated there. Hence, the leaves were not clean and asked them to keep moving on.

In the afternoon, they reached a place with abundant vegetable leaves. The stepmother stopped and asked her husband to help her in collecting them. She also told the boys that she knew a place where they would get the best plantain leaves. On being asked, she showed the direction towards the deepest part of the forest. The two boys without realizing the danger ahead followed her direction and thus entered the domain of the ogre.

They collected leaves to their requirement and wrapped them into two big bundles. However, when the boys thought of leaving, to their dejection, they no idea where they were. Both of them, immediately, realized that they were lost in the jungle. On the other side, the father grew anxious for his sons. His wife consoled him by saying that there were many ways to come out of the forest and his sons may have taken one of them. She persuaded him to leave the forest before dark. The father left the place expecting to see his sons at home.
The boys trod on a path without knowing where it led. As the sun was about to set, they started calling aloud ‘Babo!’ (Father). Every time they called their father, somebody would answer ‘Abu Tunturung’! The boys were chilled at the unfamiliar voice. After some time, Abu Tunturung appeared. He was tall, had big ears, pointed nose and sharp teeth. He asked the boys not to be frightened of him because he was there to help them. He invited the boys to spend the night in his house where Abu Tunturung’s wife fed them with a nice dinner. After the meal, they were given a place to sleep.

In the dead of the night, the boys, who were actually pretending to fast asleep, Abu Tunturung and his wife planning to roast and eat them. They were heating iron rods in the fireplace. Seeing this, the boys quietly escaped but not before putting the two bundles of leaves they had collected in their place under the blanked. Abu Tunturung pierced the blanked with two red-hot irons rods, assuming the boys to be underneath it. The burning sound of the leaves and its smell watered his mouth. He thought that the boys had lost of fate. However, when he removed the blanket he was enraged at the discovery of their escape. His desire to feast on their bodies was unappeased.

The boys, stranded in the deepest part of the forest, struggled throughout the night. At dawn, they saw Abu Tunturung following them at a tremendous pace with an axe in this hand. Immediately, they climbed up tall tree. Reaching beneath the tree, he asked the boys how they managed to climb up. They told him to prop up the sharp edge of this axe against the trunk of the tree and climb. Abu Tunturung did as he was told. His feet were cut but he licked his blood up a continued climbing. Seeing no hope of survival, the boys prayed to the god of wind. A fierce storm started swinging the branches of the trees closer. They jumped from one branch to anther the finally, reached the edge of the forest. They climbed down from a tree and crossed a wooden bridge over a dried-up stream. Then they requested an ana-randang or woodpecker, which was perching on a nearby tree, to peck the bridge and make it weak. It did so but
Abu-tunturung was unaware of it. When he reached the middle of the bridge, it collapsed and Abu-Tunturung fell to his death.

The boys reached home safely and narrated the whole account to their father. On learning the evil motive of his wife, he chased her away. The boys along with their father lived happily ever after. Meanwhile, on the edge of the forest, Abu-Tunturung’s bereaved wife cut his body into small pieces. She asked pieces to turn into mosquitoes, leeches and other pests to realize his unfulfilled desire of feasting on the boys by sucking human blood. This is how mosquitoes, leeches and other blood-sucking creatures came into existence according to the Mising belief.

According to Mr. Khagen pegu, the moral of the story is courage and togetherness at the time of distress. He said that many a time courageousness and togetherness of a persons wins over a stronger enemy. In this tale, Abu Tunturung was as horrible as devil. But the two boys cleverly handled the situation and got rid from it.

**Tale No. 6: The old couple and the pack of foxes**

An amusing and popular folk tale among the Misings is about an old couple and the deception of a pack of foxes. Long ago, an old couple lived on the outskirts of a village near a forest. This forest was inhabited by a pack of foxes.

One day, the old couple went to their field on the edge of the forest to plant some yams. They dug holes and started planting them. On seeing this, the foxes approached them advised that if they wanted their yams to grow faster they should first boil the yams and then wrap them nicely in plantain leaves before planting them. Ignorant of their intentions, the credulous couple boiled the yams and wrapped them carefully in plantain leaves as advised and planted them in the holes.
On the same night, the foxes gathered in the field, unearthed the boiled yams and relished them to their hearts to content. After the feast was over, the foxes wrapped their own droppings and planted that again in the same holes.

Every day the old couple would go to their field but the yams never sprouted. When many days had passed by in this manner, they grew suspicious. They dug up the holes and found nothing except the droppings of fox in all the holes. Immediately, they realized that they had been tricked. The old couple was in utter dismay. They decided to teach the foxes a lesson and chalked out a plan.

Accordingly as planned, the old women sat by the doorway the next day facing the forest and started bewailing loudly. When the foxes heard the cry of the old women, they came to inquire the cause of her mourning. She pretended to be grief-stricken. When asked, she told them that the old man had passed away leaving her behind all alone in the world. She also told them that the old man was lying dead inside the house and there was nobody to help her to perform his last rites. The foxes consoled the bereaved old woman and offered to help. In their hearts though, they were delighted at the prospect of feasting upon the old man’s corpse.

The foxes entered the house one after the other. As they went in, the old women counted their numbers in a wailing tone. She counted, ‘one has gone in old man, two have gone in old man, three have gone in old man’ and so forth. When the last fox entered the house, she locked the door from the outside. The old man who was pretending to be dead inside the house got up suddenly with a big stick he had kept with him and started swinging at the foxes. The foxes run in confusion and panic for their lives and finally, somehow managed to escape from a hole in the bamboo house. After this incident, the foxes never showed up and the old couple live happily ever after.

According to Mr. Upeswar Doley, Ratanpur, Jonai, this kind of animal tales are generally told to entertain children. Apart from entertainment and amusement, this folktale also bears moralistic and educational purpose. The moral of this tale
is trustworthyness. If someone betrays or cheats, the trustworthiness can fades away. In this tale, the foxes have cheated the old couple; as a result the couple lose their trust in them and cheated them in return.

**Tale No. 7: Lightning and Thunder**

On a stormy day with the sky filled with dark rain laden clouds, there is lightening. And after a moment on, there will be a thunder as if the thunder is in pursuit of the lightening forever. So why the flash of lightening proceeds, why the cloud thunders and of course how they were born –on this we have an old anecdote.

Quite some time ago a man had a son called Panbor and a daughter named Panoi. On one occasion, there was a marriage ceremony at their uncles’ house. They were sent to their uncles’ place a couple of days before the day of the ceremony so that they could help in any work there. On the way they had to cross a rivulet. In the rainy seasons the water in the rivulet runs deep. They just could not make out how deep the water was in the river. Panoi, the younger sister was wading through the water right ahead of his elder brother Panbor. When Panoi in order to cross the river folder up her “mekhela” to her knees, Panbor felt something about. He forgot that she is his younger sister. Panbor without saying a word came back halfway from there to his house and stayed inside the granary for the next few days. Panoi went to her uncles’ place all alone.

Two days later Panoi returned from her uncles' place but could not find Panbor there. They started looking for him. Finally his mother found him out in the granary. They asked him if anything was wrong. Panbor still adamant expressed his wish to marry Panoi. He said that if they would not arrange for the marriage with Panoi he would die fasting. His parents tried their best to make Panbor understand that it cannot happen but they were all in vain. Panoi, after knowing about the matter became very sad and walked up to the river that flow by her village. She deeply prayed to God, turned into a bird and flew away. Panbor
soon came to know about it and went to river bank. He started calling the bird on a tree next to the river. But the bird flew off the tree and flew higher. Sensing that Panoi is running away from her, Panbor also quickly turned himself into a bird and started chasing. “Hooow hooow” Panbor made sound as in pursuit of Panoi. But Panoi hid herself into the clouds and became the lightening. On the other hand Panbor became the thunder and began to search for Panoi in the clouds. But till today dishonourable Panbor have not been able to meet Panoi. Lightening Panoi always dances around in the clouds and disreputable Panbor will soon thunder in angst. This is how the lightning and thunder were born.

According to Mrs. Basanti Doley, an old tradition bearer from Gali, Jonai, Dhemaji, said that there are certain taboos regarding this kind of tales. This tale is usually not told to children as this particular tale is an immoral one. On the other hand, a tradition bearer named Mr. Robi Kanta Doley said that the moral of the story is righteous conduct and conscience. In this tale if Panbor knew the righteous conduct towards his cousin, all the miseries wouldn’t happen. If panbor was guided by his conscience, he could judge right from wrong and he would never wish to marry his cousin sister.

**Tale No. 8: Tani and Taro**

Tani and his elder brother, Taro along with their respective families lived on the hills as neighbours. Though they were brothers, they always tried to outsmart each other in every respect. Unlike Taro, Tani was very intelligent.

One day, Tani noticed that his children had grown lean and thin. So, he thought of feeding them with fats of pig but his pigs were also thin and weak. However, Taro had healthy pigs with him but Tani knew that Taro would never give any of them to him. Therefore Tani decided to play a trick to rob a healthy pig from Taro. That night, Taro heard a continuously echoing sound, ‘Taro mein surye! The strange sound frightened Taro. So, the next day he went up to his brother Tani to discuss the matter. Tani warned Taro by saying that such strange sounds are not good signs. Further, he told him that it was a prelude to an impending
danger to his life. Tani advised Taro to roast the healthiest pig and roll it down the hill when he hears the sound it the direction from where the sound comes.

That very night, Taro did as he was advised. Tani who was making the sound from the foothills collected the roasted pig and had a good feast along with his children. Eventually, Taro learnt about the trick. He was so angry with Tani that then he decided to take revenge of him. After a few days, Taro went to the foothills near Tani’s house at night and made a similar sound as ‘Tani mein surye’. The clever Tani immediately understood the trick. However, he pretended to be frightened and went up to Taro for getting his advice. Taro without showing his happiness, told Tani to do the same as he did. At night, Tani heated a big stone until it became red hot and rolled in down the hill. Taro, who was making the sound at the foothills, grabbed the red hot stone thinking it to be a roasted pig with his wind arms and his whole body was burnt. This infuriated Taro and he killed Tani’s pregnant wife while she was resting under a banana plant when Tani was away for hunting. After his incident, an incessant war began between the two brothers. Seeing this, the Creator Donyi-Polo appeared on earth with a solution for avoiding the strife between them. The Creator asked to veil them, so that they could not see each other. Tani and his children veiled themselves with opaque plantain leaves while Taro and his children veiled themselves with transparent sieves. Hence, it is believed that after that day, Tani and his children (i.e. humans) cannot see Taro and his family members while Taro and his children (i.e. spirits) can see them. It is also believed that pregnant woman should not stay under banana plants and should always be made to go ahead of their husband; otherwise Taro may kill them from behind.

**Tale No. 9: A tale of two brothers**

There is another version of this same tale. In the ancient days there were two brothers-Tani and Taro. Tani was the older one and Taro, the younger. They had houses close to each other and had families. One day, Tani decided to play a prank on his younger brother. Taro was clearing the forests when Tani hid in the
bushes and scared Taro. Tani ran home unseen. Taro thought that he had seen a ghost, so he quit clearing the jungles and came home to tell Tani the story. After hearing Taro’s story, Tani told him that he is out of favor with the spirits and therefore needs to make an offering to the spirits. Taro would have to kill a wild boar, roast it and throw it down the gora of the river that was close by.

The gullible Taro did as his brother said and the very next day he killed a wild boar, roasted it and carried it to the bank of the river. Tani knew what was happening, so he ran and hid down at the gora. When Taro threw down the roasted boar from top of the gora, Tani readily caught it and took it home and had a big feast with his family.

After a few days, Taro realized the prank his brother played on him and decided to play the same prank on Tani. One day, Tani was clearing the jungles. Taro hid in the bushes and scared Tani. Tani got scared and came home running and told Taro what had happened. Taro suggested that Tani should offer a wild boar to appease the spirits. So, Tani should roast a wild boar and throw it down the gora. Tani agreed and said he would do the same the very next day.

So, Taro went and hid at the gora the next day. But Tani knew that his brother was trying to take revenge on him. So, instead of a wild boar he heated up a huge boulder and rolled it down the gora. Taro couldn’t see what was coming and so caught whatever came down the gora. He caught the hot boulder and it scalded his skin and took off skin of his arms and chest. Taro got very hurt at the misdeeds of his brother and decided to move his family away from Tani’s family. So, off he went with his family far down to the plains and settled there.

Mrs. Miladoi Medok explained the moral of the tales as the same trick does not fool anybody again and again. In this folk tale, Tani, the elder brother decided to play a prank on his younger brother, Taro, and scared him at the jungle when he was cutting trees at the forest. When Taro, the younger brother, realized the prank his brother played to him, he also decided to plan the same prank. There,
Taro had made the mistake. If he wanted to teach Tani a lesson, he should cleverly play another prank.

According to Mr. Haren Doley, the tale also bears another moral. He said that there should be love, affection, understanding, compassion, co-operation and brotherhood among the family members. Otherwise, it takes only few minutes to break down the relationships. He added that the small children learn to behave in a socially approved way from their parents. The children judge everything in terms of their consequences. Therefore, folk tales plays an important role in modification of behaviour and development of morality among children. In this folk tale, the relationship between the two brothers Tani and Taro was not so strong, sound and friendly. That’s why, ultimately, separated from each other. From this folk tale, the children could learn that there should be understanding, love and mutual co-operation among the brothers and sisters or any other relationships.

Tale No. 10: The legends of Tusik and kobang

In the remote past, our forefathers in the hills (Abor hills in specific) had to keep themselves in fighting for supremacy among the clans and villages. Most of the times there were clashes among villages even for a trifle matter and hence sometimes raids.

In such an affair of events, the forefathers of the Doley’s and Pegu’s had to leave Karko, their original abode dissatisfied in frugal matters and in search of fertile lands in the plains. The place, where the pegu forefathers were settled had a big pond which means Pegu Lake. The Doley ancestors were settled just few kilometers down to the pegu Siyeng. Of course, most, of the waters of pegu siyeng have been drained out and preset except a small part of the lake which is now converted to a small fish pond for raising different varieties of carps and pond cultured fishes. The rest of the dried part is being cultivated WRC (Wet Rich cultivation). The village organizations were very rigid and the Heads were highly respected in the village within. So, a headman becomes rich and
powerful. And the rich powerful men were known the people for other villages
and clans also. They were highly talked by though some with jealousy. There
were rich and poor majority and minorities in clans. There were suppression and
oppressions of the stronger groups to the poor weaker section of the community.

In the midst of such a state, a leader of Minyong group of Adis roused to a rich
and powerful one. He was very proud of his position and could not tolerate the
equities of others and hence a jealousy. His name was Simat, son of Kepsi, for
which he was known as Kepsi Simat of Sitang village. The village is situating in
a high hilltop at the right bank of river Siang. Riga, the other Minyong village
situated in the upper side of the Siang River is about 10/11 km from Sitang is
the biggest village of the Minyongs with powerful heads of the community.
Unfortunately, Kepsi Simat was thin and small in structure though a powerful
one. Simultaneously there is a Padams village called Damro in the left bank of
the river Siang. Yamne Korong, a tributary of Siang flows just at the foot of
Damro and joined Siang near Bodak village, another small village of the
Padams.

Contemporary to Simat of Sitang village, a rich and powerful head of the
Padams rose to a prominent and strong leader at Damro village. He was a
reputed and respected leader of the community. His name was Bapir, a brave
son of the Mebangs of Perme clan. So, he was mostly known a Mebang Bapir.

One day, Kepsi Simat with a few helpers came to visit Mebang Bapir in Damro.
As soon as he reached the courtyard of Bapir and introduced himself as the
Simat of Sitang village, Bapir was very happy and exclaimed utterly in jovial
mood, ‘Kapsi Simatme’, tadla bottaru: ne’koya e’mla me’:tone’m sike’ngo
ki’sane’ komai” means being heard in people saying I thought Kepsi simat is a
strong and stout person, but I found him know that he is as small as a squirrel in
structure. Seeing it he joyfully received him and took him into his house and
entertained. Bapir threw a grand feast in honour of his guest with Ponung
dances and Apong drinks. He was really happy to receive such a guest of honour
with high reputation and powerful leadership. But to his utter dismay Kepsi Simat was not at all happy inwardly. The personality of Bapir, the richness of belongings, the respect bestowed by the people certainly embarrassed him. So he was jealous of Bapir over and above, the greeting word exclaimed by Bapir dismayed him to a miserable condition. He was certainly going to have a revenge on Bapir. Anyway he spent the night in Bapir’s house externally showing merry but a serpent with a fire ball inside.

Next day, before his departure, Kepsi Simat invited Bapir to visit him as an honourable guest at his house in Sitang. Kepsi Simat already nurtured a plan to eliminate Bapir and so asked him not to worry for servants or helpers as he (Simat) will receive him at the top point of Bapi Adi with food and drinks etc. Unaware of the treacherous plan Bapir agreed to go to Sitang and so fixed a day for his going on reception etc. with Simat.

So far, Simats plan was partially done and he left Damro with contempt. He reached his home and start planning to receive Bapir at Bapi Adi. In times as scheduled Bapir started for Sitang. He crossed the Yame River and ascended the hill and reached to the top of the hill. As arranged, Simat was already at the top with food on drinks. The day was hot and Bapir was almost exhausted in thirst and appetite. The heads met cheerfully and Bapir was offered with drinks of Apong and food. Gleefully he drank Apongs to quench his thirst and just started to take the packed of rich. Kepsi Simat suddenly drew his Yoksa (sword) and cut off the head of Bapir. Poor Bapir did not know what misfortune struck him and he was dead. Leaving his dead body there Simat ran away to his home at Sitang. After re-crossing the hanging bridge over the river Siang he cut the bridge down so that the men of Bapir would not persue him.

Next the Padam people of Darmo found the headless dead body of Bapir and persued the traitors to the bridge point. But they found the bridge cut down, came back to Domro and inform the matter of the villagers. Immediately they ware war against Kepsi Simat. The Padams could not cross the Siang River or
construct a suspension bridge over it. They finally decided to get help from their kinds plains, the Doleys and Pegus who at that time already became expert in navigating rives. So, the Padams begged for their help in crossing the river Siang by making a boat of log wood in the point off crossing. Agreed to the request Doley Lengkong Kobang and Pegu Gutung Tusik went to Damro and then to the crossing point near Geku just opposite to the village of Simat Sitang.

The two experts with the help of the Paadam warriors made a boat out of the big log wood. The work took them about a week. During the entire time of making the boat of Minyong people of Sitang could hear the chopping sounds of wood and thought the Panggi people of Geku are cutting hollow woods for Taur (a small type of honey bee that breed in the hollows of woods) After completion of chopping out the boat they arranged crossing of the river in such a way that the people above the river bank could not see most of the warriors that crossing in the boat. Only some very few heads were visible from above. So, the Minyongs thought that a very small number of people are crossing and hence they could do no harm to a village like Sitang. While Kobang and Tusik crossed all the Padams warriors in several trip and assembled them in a hidden place not visible from the top above. Suddenly, the entire warriors emerged in a large group and rushed towards the Sitang village. Only then the Sitang people realized that they would not be able to fight with such a huge group of warriors. They start avoiding the warriors by diverting them to the bigger and stronger village Riga saying we are not responsible for the killing of Bapir but it was Simat of Riga village. Whereas the Riga people were not at all aware of the fact and ran away to the jungle instead of resistance begging not to be burn off the “Agsa Selek” and doing no harm to the “Ere Lingkit”. Agsa Selek was a most valuable garden of Tase, a kind of edible fern which were used as staple food when there is a shortage of food grains in the village. Add the Ere Lingkit was a piece of stone with a shape of Figure “8”. The Minyongs worshipped it as a living deity. The padam warriors not getting any resistance of the Riga people simply burnt down the Agsang selek and the Ere’ lingkit had bee taken out of
the alter and thrown into the River Siang. The padams then came back to the crossing site with valour and pride. While boarding in the boat for crossing a group, suddenly a big snake emerged in the boat. Believing in to a bad Omen, Kobang asked the group of Padams to get out of the boat, so that, the snake could escape. But they did not care to obey the prediction of Kobang and killed the snake in spite of his advice. As a result, a trip of warriors had been completely washed off while crossing the river as the boat cap sided in mid water, since none of the padams were expert swimmers to the turbulent siang water. As the two boat man, kobang and tusik were expert swimmers: they could come across the river with the boat. Likewise they returned back to Damro with the rest warriors. The padams at Damro received them with pomp and glory. At the same time there were tears and laments for the dead too.

While halting in Damro, the Padams packed a tie with Tusik and Kobang to remain as brothers forever. They promised to remain together in time of woes and worries, share happiness in time of festive as one brother does to the other. And since then the perme groups of padams became closest breather of the Doley’s and Megu group to pegu’s. The tie still closely and tidely maintained by the elders.

It was very unfortunate and a matter of great sorrow that our hero Tusik slipped off from a solid rock on their way back home near padu village. The place is still known as “Tusik Monying”.

Mr. Purna Chintey, Gogamukh, Dhemaji, gave his opinion regarding the moral of the tale that our ancestor’s, forefather’s heroic deeds of co-operation and helpfulness in time of trouble brought the two communities in so close that the brotherly feeling is still shining like stainless steel. He added that it is the duties of their descendents to keep the relation intake and warm brotherly feeling. Children can learn lessons of courage, co-operation and helpfulness from this tale.
Tale No. 11: Tato Ampolung

The legend of Tato (grandfather) Ampolung is very popular among the Misings. It is said that Ampolung was a great hunter and he used to spend most of his times roaming about in the deep forests. One fine day, Ampolung killed a rare species of bird. Seeing the beauty of the bird, two non-human beings, a male and a female jog (Water-spirits) stopped Ampolung on his way and asked for it. When Ampolung refused to give his hunt, they started troubling him. But he was brave and intelligent. He knew that the power of jog lay in their bag without which neither can they live nor can they get it back by force if it is taken away from them. Ampolung somehow, managed to seize the bag from the male jog and made it his captive. Immediately, the jog assumed the form of a human being and begged Ampolung to return its bag as he started walking. On seeing the plight of the male jog, the female also joined it in imploring. But Ampolung did not turn his ear to their pleadings and kept moving on.

At last, however, he took pity on them and was ready to return the bag only on one condition. Both of them agreed to do anything for Ampolung but he just wanted a promise. He asked them not to trouble his race as well as him again. They promised him and left the place with the bag happily saying “Ampolung, your name will always be remembered by us”. Since then, Mising people started uttering Ampolung’s name as Tato Ampolung to keep themselves away from jogs or spirits.

Mr. Haren Doley, Jorhat, viewed that this is a tale where courage and bravery of a Mising man reflect. We should be courageousness to confront fear, pain, danger, intimidation etc. In this tale Tato Ampolung was courageous enough to teach the Jog a lesson so that it could never disturb the human being again.

Tale No. 12: Batum and Bali

A Legend prevalent amongst the Misings tells us that Kutum and Kuli clans were in company of the Pegu in the Siyang valley. According to the legend,
Batum and Bali were brothers born of one Gumin-Bomi. Once they approached a Pegu chief for the hand of his marriageable daughters. The Pegu chief however, suggested a way to win the hands of his daughters. It was proposed that if Batum and Bali could accumulate enough ‘dogne’ and ‘tadog’-(two rare beads) to make a necklace as long as the breadth of Siyang River, they may win the brides. It was traditional way to test the sincerity and perseverance of eligible bachelors.

The ‘Dogne’ and ‘Tadog’ are two kinds of rare coloured beads much valued by the Misings and the Adis and was difficult to obtain. It was the proud possession of the powerful and well-to-do families only. However, the enterprising brothers collected sufficient numbers of the beads in time and displayed their possession of ‘dogne’ and ‘tadog’ sufficient to make a necklace long enough to cover the breadth of the Siyang River in a given point. Pleased with their possession and perseverance, the Pegu chief readily agreed to offer his daughters in marriage with them. Since that day, the Kutum and the Kuli clans are taken within the fold of marriageable clans of the Pegu. This in essence implies that Kutum and Kuli had same habitat in the hills and accompanied the pegu’s during their migration.

Mr. Ananda Mili, a school teacher, said that the moral of the story is sincerity and perseverance. In this tale Batum and Bali, the two brothers completed their job allotted to collect ‘Dogne’ and ‘Tadog’ by Pegu chief very sincerely. The perseverance of the two brothers is also reflecting through the tale. Because, collecting such a huge amount of rare beads to make a necklace as long as the breadth of Siyang River is requires perseverance on the part of two brothers.

**Tale No. 13: Clever Jackel**

Once upon a time, a man used to hunt wild chicken and other animals with a wooden trap that he built. He used to set his trap in the nearby jungle. One day when he went to check the trap he did not find wild chicken or Doric as usual but a big tiger. The door of the cage got shut after the tiger entered into it and
thus was trapped inside. The tiger asked the man on reaching near the cage, “man brother-man brother, let me out of this cage and you will have goodwill”. The man said, “hey tiger, you are a man eater. What is the assurance that you will not eat me if I let you out?” Tiger quickly replied, “I will not eat.” Still when the man did not believe him, the tiger swore in the name of God. Then the man opened the door of the cage and freed the tiger. The tiger was hungry after being caged for so long. On being free and now hungry, the tiger had forgotten about earlier that he swore to the man. He said, “Man brother, when will I eat you. Should a man ever have believed what a tiger says? Today you are going to lose your life because of your own fault.” The man realized his folly. He said, “Brother Tiger, I took your promise of not eating me and I made a mistake. Now I am going to die because of my own stupidity. But the wise man said- “must always consult three people before you make a decision.” The man continued, “as the wise man has always asked us to seek advice from three people before you do any work, let’s go ahead and ask whoever we come across on our way. We will move this way. If all three of them want you to eat me, then you go ahead.”

The tiger agreed upon it and they started walking on the road. Soon they reach a maize field and in the middle of it saw a half broken Scarecrow. The scarecrow was made out of water-guard by drying for very long hours under the sun. The shell becomes hard and it is made hollow by flushing out the decayed substance inside. The field owner tied the scarecrow on an upright stick and was meant to keep away birds from eating maize in the field. The tiger asked the broken water-guard shell, “Hi scarecrow, I freed this tiger from the cage he was trapped in and saved his life. If I did not open the cage he will have died inside it. I showed a great act of kindness to him but he wants to eat me now. So do you think it is right for him to eat me?” The scarecrow replied, “If anyone has done a favour to you, you should not ungrateful to him. But human are very unwise. Just tell me, they used me to filter apong, used me for storing things. Alas!!! They have abandoned me the moment my shell is broken. Is it right? Therefore,
you should eat humans.” The tiger was very happy to hear that. He looked at the man and said, “Heard it? You heard it man brother?” The man, “Alright, let’s move now. We have two more to ask from.” So they start their journey again and like earlier, they come across a skull of a dead cow. It was hung on a stick again with a tether in a chilli cultivation field. It too was used as a scarecrow.

The man asked the cow skull, “Hey Cow skull, let me ask you a question. I freed this tiger from the cage. If I did not unlock him he would have died inside the cage. Now that he is free, he wants to eat me. Do you think it is justified? The cow skull replied instantaneously, “one should not ever harm someone who has done you a favour, but then look at me. People use me for ploughing in the farm so that they will live. Now that I am dead they have forsaken me and put me as a scarecrow. Therefore it is reasonable to eat the man since they are very self-centered.” This time the tiger became doubly happy and said to the man, “you heard that? Right brother! Cow-skull is also telling me to eat you.” The man now became a little gloomy and said, “Let’s just move on and if the next meeting concludes on the same lines then you eat me.” On the way this final time they saw a fox from a distance. The man called out loud to the fox, “hi fox brother, hi fox brother; wait up a while please. I have to ask you a question.” We know that fox are usually very wily; thus the reply goes from the fox, “brother I cannot come near you because you will kill, ask me from there itself.” The man had no option but to assure the fox that he will not kill him. He said, “I am truthful that I will not kill you. I will just ask you a question.” The fox somehow convinced said pointing at the tiger, “even if you will not kill me the one who is with you will kill me and eat me for sure. Therefore I still go near you.” On hearing this, the tiger swore that he will not harm the fox. The fox reluctantly walks towards the man and the tiger to answer their question. He asked, “Tell me what the matter is?” The man narrated the entire story that happened earlier. This set the fox thinking and replied carefully, “…um!!! I cannot give the answer to this question now. Unless I see exactly how Tiger brother had fallen
into the trap under which condition, I cannot decide whether it is justified or not.”

On his words the man and the tiger took the fox to the cage. Pointing at it, the man told the fox, “Here in this cage I found the tiger locked inside.” The fox said, “I simply cannot believe it. Our tiger brother is such a terrifying big animal and the cage door is so small, leave them alone the tiger, even a lean and small animal like me will not fit through it. Therefore if I don’t get any proofs regarding the incident I cannot give my verdict on the same.” The tiger, out restlessness wanted to give a proof and finish the matter. So he said, “Fox! You find my words to be a lie. Alright I will show you if I can fit through that door or not.” The tiger entered into the cage again and as he entered the fox latched the door from outside. Then the fox said, “Dear Tiger, you were true about what you said earlier. At the moment, we are just asking for a farewell.” The tiger looked on bemused. “Man brother, you find your way home in now” he told the man.

After putting the tiger back in the cage the fox strode away towards the jungle and the man walked back home. Since the fox has had done the favour of savings a man from death, they are not afraid of humans much like other animals. They are wild animal but they are often seen in the backyard of human habitation. Indeed they often steel from human when they find an opportunity.

Mr. Puspadhar Doley, Gogamukh, Dhemaji, said that the moral of the folk tale is that feeling of gratitude, thankfulness, gratefulness should be always there if anybody helps us. In this tale both the scarecrow and the cow skull helped the human being. But, they never treated as same in return. They are neglected after using it in their own purpose. We should always grateful or thankful to them who helped us a lot. Further, helpfulness of the clever fox reflected through the tale. In this tale the fox helped and saved the life of the man brother with its cleverness.
**Tale No. 14: Why do Monkeys live in jungles?**

Physical features of monkeys and human beings are almost the same. Men live in villages while monkeys live in jungles. Men are civilized while monkeys are not. There is a reason why monkeys are not civilized. Here is what happened. In ancient days, human beings and monkeys used to live together. Monkeys even married girls from humans. Holou monkeys are direct descendants of these girls; that’s why they don’t have tails. They can walk upright on their hind-legs just like human beings. Their head is slightly bald which is said to be a sign of wearing turbans on their heads. They have white lines on their necks indicating that they used to wear necklaces.

Monkeys were more intelligent than human beings. Occasionally, monkeys and humans fought each other for some reason. Monkeys used poison on the tip of their arrows. Humans didn’t know how to use poison, so they used kesumota instead. Therefore, they almost always got defeated by monkeys. Humans were very sad because of this.

After defeating human beings in one such battle, monkeys were very joyful and to celebrate their victory, they went to catch fish in a pond. They were very happy catching fish and forgot all about their houses. Meanwhile, human beings stole bows-arrows and poison from the monkeys’ houses.

Just like monkeys, ancient people also didn’t know how to wear clothes. To protect their bare bodies from monkeys, they wrapped tree barks around themselves. So, armed with bows and arrows and with the barks on their bodies, they reached the pond. There, human beings told the monkeys, “Monkey brothers, why don’t you give us a share of the fish?”

Monkeys liked the way humans were wearing tree barks and wanted to wear them too. So they replied, “We’ll give you a share of the fish. But, you’ll have to teach us how to wear tree barks.” The people said, “No problem at all. Just
get out of the pond and climb those tall trees. There, you’ll be able to wear tree barks like us.”

Hearing this, all the monkeys climbed up the tall trees. By this time, human beings gathered dry leaves and wood and set huge fires at the roots of these trees. Many monkeys burned and died in the fire while some of them escaped and ran to their houses to fetch their weapons. Reaching there, they found out that their weapons had been stolen while fully armed human beings were chasing them. Monkeys ran from their houses and hid in the jungles. From that time on, monkeys started living separately from human beings and made the jungles their new abode. Since they learned to climb trees on that day, they still use this skill till today.

According to Mrs. Hemaprova pegu doley, Gogamukh, the moral of this folktale is that the feeling of brotherhood and love should always be there. In the absence of love, compassion and brotherhood, no one can live together.

**Tale No. 15: Why people can’t see spirits**

In ancient days, people could see and live with spirits and they could even talk to these spirits. But nowadays, human beings can’t see spirits. Dogs are said to be able to see spirits even today. When dogs bark in the night in villages, the elderly say that spirits are roaming the village.

This is a story from when people and spirits could live together. One Budhadangoria and a man lived together. The man used to beat up the Budhadangoria’s son every day. As the Budhadangoria was very old, he couldn’t take revenge on the man. So he went and complained to the creator and told the creator that if this keeps happening, men and spirits would not be able to live together.

Hearing this, the creator became angry on human beings and said, “I gave divine sight to human beings and now they are trying to become stronger than the spirits. I’ll take care of this,” Saying this, he covered man’s eyes with koupat.
From then on, human beings lost their divine sight and they could no longer see the spirits.

Since then, spirits moved away from human beings. Every time they got even a little chance, they possessed people’s bodies for revenge. Till today, the spirits are angry on human beings. To appease the spirits, people arrange pooja for jaldangoria and many other spirits. On the other hand, people prayed to the creator and the creator was somewhat appeased. So, the creator covered dogs’ eyes with a saloni so that dogs could see the spirits. That’s why dogs can see in the night and when they keep barking for long, people in the village know that spirits are roaming outside. With this forewarning, they do not venture outside.

Mrs. Gunawati Doley, Gogamukh, Dhemaji, said that the story has moral value in it. People should have feeling of equality, compassion and politeness to live together in society inspite of its difference in gender, age, religion etc. In this tale the old Budhadangoria’s son was beaten up by man. As a result, the creator punished the man and covered their eyes so that they could not see the spirits.

**Tale No. 16: Birth of wild boars and Gui**

This is from the time when Misings were coming down from the hills to the plains. They cleared the jungles along a meandering river and trekked towards the plains. When they got tired, they would sit in the shade of a tree, open their bags which had boiled sweet potatoes, bananas and other fruits and ate their fill. Evenings they would rest in a safe place away from nocturnal animals and when dawn came they would continue their journey along the river.

One day they reached a thickly wooded forest. They tried to clear their way and advance but there was an evil spirit in the forest which stopped them every time they tried. Misings with different surnames were in the group and all of them tried to get through turn by turn but no one could. So, they had to stop in that forest for several days.
The Misings introduce themselves as the descendants of the sun and the moon. In Misings, there are people whose surname is Kardong. They call themselves "Takar Kardong" or descendants of the stars. So, a person named Kardong also joined the group after a few days. He started thinking of a way to make way through the forest.

The Misings know how to prepare rice beer, which they call Apong. Apart from daily consumption, Apong is used as an offering to the gods in religious rituals. Kardong made two bottles (made of bamboo) of apong, placed them in a koupat and started praying to the evil spirit.

Kardong had kept his sharpened sword at arm’s reach. Since he didn’t have to clear the jungles as he came later, his sword was still very sharp. So, when the evil spirit finally came to take the Apong, Kardong struck it with his sword and cut it into two. The head rolled around in the forest and a wild boar came out of it and ran away. From the lower part of the body, a gui was born and hid itself near a molehill.

Wild boars are still plenty in many parts of Assam. Hill people hunt and eat them. Even the meat of gui is eaten by many different people. They lay eggs which are said to be very delicious. After Kardong killed the evil spirit, rest of the people started clearing the forests again and made their way to the plains.

The tale possesses some moral values in it. According to Mr. Jiban ch. Doley, School teacher, Majuli, Jorhat said that the values that can develop through this folktale are leadership quality, co-operation, helpfulness and bravery. In this tale, the Misings were migrated down from the hills to the plains in group, they cleared the jungles together and they solved all their problems whatever they faced in their journey to the plains.

**Tale No. 17: Birth of Guala Bird**

In the ancient days, there were two very close friends. One day, they decided that they should travel abroad and see the world. Abroad those days meant a few
villages away as there was no means of transportation and people had to travel on their foot. So they began their journey on foot. In those days, villages were few and far between. In the name of roads, all they had was small clearings through the forest.

They travelled the whole day and in the evening, when they reached a village, they took rest and started again next morning. This went on for a few days, but one day, evening came, dusk settled but still there was no village in sight. They were stricken with fear as they had no place to stay for the night and exposed themselves to all kinds of perils. They started looking for a somewhat safe place to stay the night and then they saw – to their left was an abandoned house and to their right was a graveyard. It was a choice between the devil and the deep blue sea. Abandoned houses were said to house ghosts who protect any precious property still left in the house and graveyards of course are graveyards.

The first friend said, "Let’s spend the night in the abandoned house", but the second friend said, "No my dear friend. It's not safe in an abandoned house. Even a graveyard is better". But the first friend did not agree. Ghastly images of specters floated before his eyes and he decided to stay on the abandoned house. But the second friend didn’t agree on staying in the house, so he went to sleep in the graveyard.

Midnight, both friends are deep in sleep. The ghost of the abandoned house comes out and looks who is there – a young man with ounces of fresh blood. The ghost strangles the first friend, rips the head off his torso and drinks his warm, fresh blood. A moment before his death, he had realized his folly and knew that his friend was right, but then it was too late.

His head rolled and rolled till it reached the graveyard and to the grave where his friend slept in peace. The head tried to warn his friend of the impending danger. "My friend, are you awake?" he called. No reply. He called thrice, still no reply. On the fourth time, the second friend finally replied, and said, "Yes my friend, what is the matter?" The second friend didn’t reply three times because
ghosts often come in guises and call people but they don’t call more than three times.

According to Mr. Dipok Doley, Jorhat, the moral of the folktale is that we should be always together in the time of our misery and alert for danger that may come. In this folktale the friends were careless; they were deep in sleep in such an unknown place. Above all they were not together. One friend slept at the abandoned house without thinking anything and the other one at the graveyard. When the ghost rips the head off his torso and drinks the blood, then only the first friend realised his folly. Therefore, from this folktale we can understand that we should be always together in joys and sorrows.

Tale No. 18: The Mitir Bhanga story

In Misings, among other sub-groups there are groups called Payun and Kardong. Earlier these two groups were Mitir (Mitur), which means that Payun boys could marry Kardong girls and Kardong boys could marry payun girls. They called each other Mitir (Mitur). But nowadays, marriage among these groups isn’t allowed and there is a story why.

The Kardongs were five brothers. But there was only one Payun. Payun had married a Kardong girl and the Kardongs also had one payun girl in their house. The Kardongs were an arrogant lot which in those days came from the big size of their families. They were jealous of Payun and decided that they will end this payun lineage forever.

One day, Payun's Kardong wife went to her parents' home and saw her brothers sharpening their swords. When she asked them, why they were sharpening their swords they told her that they had to clear jungles. But she came to know of the truth from the Payun girl in the Kardong household that the Kardong brothers were planning to kill Payun.

She ran back home and told her husband everything and begged him to run away. But Payun took out his sword called 'Yoksa', prayed to his ancestors and
threw it out of the house. The yoksa turned red with fresh blood. Payun told his wife that even all the five Kardong brothers cannot slay him and it is he who will slay the Kardong brothers. Hearing this, his wife still begged him to run away as he could not see the bloodbath between his husband and his brothers. So, she packed him some food and told him to run away.

Payun finally agreed to his wife and started running away. But the arrogant Kardongs followed Payun even in his flight. Payun turned back and cut down one of the Kardong brothers. The other four brothers got scared and ran away. Payun then went to live with the Mishimi’s.

Payun was well accepted and came to be loved by the Mishimis. Then one day, the Mishimis gave their word to protect Payun and sent him back to the Mishings. The Kardongs were fearful of the Mishimis and so they stayed away from Payun. But from those days onwards, they broke their Mitir which means intermarriage among Kardongs and Payuns were no longer possible.

When one Mishing person cuts blood out of another, the gods become angry. To appease them, the guilty has to perform a religious ritual called 'do:de', which Payun didn’t do and so marriage among Kardongs and Payuns still doesn’t happen.

Mrs. Paneswari Doley, Ratanpur, Jonai, Dhemaji, said that this tale is about jealousy, cruelty and wickedness of Kardongs upon Payun. The kardongs were arrogant lot because of their big size of their families. This tale teaches a lesson that husband and wife ought to be faithful to one another. Because of the honesty of the payun’s wife towards her husband, he saves his life. The small children can know about the qualities like honesty, faithfulness, truthfulness, virtue by listening such types of folktales and they learn such norms of social behaviour of every group or family. Through these types of folktales, the small children learn moral code of conduct without which human society would perish. It is the moral code which controls those, whether he is small children or grown up, so that they do what the group believes he should.
Tale No. 19: How did Frogs’ back become rough?

A bat was quietly eating fruits of a tree one day. It was mid afternoon. There was no sight of any movement or other animals. Then suddenly breaking the silence came the croaking of a frog. It startled the bat so much that it flapped its wings and flew away. A squirrel eating a walnut nearby was scared by the flapping of wings and dropped its walnut – onto the back of a deer. The deer in turn got scared and ran away to the jungle and broke a thin bamboo. The broken bamboo fell down on the leg of a crab and broke it into two. Maddened by pain, the crab bit the tail of a snake. The snake to relieve its pain ate all the eggs of a tuni bird.

The Tuni bird was so dejected that it flew around aimlessly for a while and then started gathering a crowd to punish the guilty. A huge gathered and they decided to try the case. The snake was called. The snake gave its defence, "I am not guilty. It's only because the crab bit my tail that I ate the eggs." The crab was called. It said, "It's because the bamboo broke my leg that I bit the snake in pain." So, the bamboo was called and it said, "It's only because the deer broke me that I fell down on the crab's leg." The deer said, "The walnut fell out of the blue on my back. I got scared and so I ran in fear and accidentally I broke the bamboo." The walnut was called and it said, "The squirrel dropped me from the tree and the deer was directly underneath me." The squirrel was called and it said, "I dropped the walnut because the bat flapped its wings and I got scared." and so the bat was called. The bat said, "I am not guilty at all. I was eating my fruit quietly and suddenly this frog croaks his hideous croak, utters guttural sounds and I got scared and so flew away as fast as possible." So the crowd came to know – the real culprit in the story, the cause for all the effects was the frog.

The frog was brought in front of the crowd; its four legs tied to a log. The frog was announced guilty in the case. The punishment was to pour hot charcoals on the back of the frog. And so it was, red hot charcoals burnt half the smooth back
of the frog and it ran away and jumped into the water. From then onwards, frogs' backs are rough.

This is a cumulative tale as it has a chained story and one incident is inter-related to one another. The moral of the tale, according to Mrs. Paneswari doley, ratanpur, Jonai, Dhemaji, is that we should be self-disciplined and always be careful about our deeds. We should be careful whatever we do because our works or actions can harm others unconsciously.

**Tale No. 20: Ukoh and owl**

In the ancient days, the creator made ukoh the king of birds. Ukoh is a very strong bird. It can catch borali fish with its sharp claws. But the creator wanted to test its ability to be a king. So the creator told the ukoh bird to not eat fish for two days. On the other hand, at the same time, the creator increased the supply of fish in the rivers and ponds.

Ukoh likes fish very much and on top of it he saw all those extra fish in the ponds and rivers. He couldn’t control his gluttony and ate all the fish he wanted. The creator came to know of this and told the ukoh bird that it's not fit to be the king of birds. He cursed the Ukoh that it has to fast for twelve days before it can eat a single fish. The Ukoh got very scared and started begging the creator. He said, "If someone took my fish after twelve days, then I'll have to die of hunger." So, the creator granted, "If anyone takes away your fish, his son will die." And so, still today, when an Ukoh bird catches fish, no one tries to take the fish away.

Since the Ukoh was not fit to be king, the creator devised another test to look for the new king of birds. He heated oil and put it in a pan and said, "Whoever can put his head in this hot oil will be the new king of birds." On hearing this, the owl came forward, put its head inside the hot oil pan and proved its ability to be the king. The owl was made the new king of birds. Despite its small size, it can
scare away bigger birds like crows because it’s the king. They can even take away food from other birds' beaks.

According to Mrs. Podoi Doley, Jengrai Chapori, Majuli, Jorhat, this story can develop the moral values like self-control, courage and bravery. The Ukoh, inspite of being strongness, could not control its gluttony and cursed by the creator and prove as unfit for King of birds. Further, the courage and bravery of the owl reflects through the tale. The owl was brave enough and showed its courage to put its head inside the hot oil pan and proved its ability to be the king.

**Tale No. 21: Red Bird**

"Dol Pusok" is a small beautiful bird with bright red feathers. They are usually seen sucking into the nectar of flowers. In yester years, indeed they had lived with humans. Then they had pristine white feathers. One day the head of the family with whom Dol Pusok was living with, hunted down a big wild boar. The wild boar was very large with overgrown fangs. He had never got such a huge hunt ever before. Therefore he decided to put the blood of the wild boar into a cylinder cut out of Kak-bamboo and offers it to the Sun God. Dol Pusok was assigned the task. It is believed that Sun God is mother of all human beings. She drinks nothing but animal blood. That is the reason why the Sun is red in colour. The man could not hold his emotions of appeasing Sun God by offering the blood of such a big wild animal. Dol Pusok was assigned the task and was sent off immediately.

The bird started the journey along with the cylinder full of blood. The sun was very far away. He started to feel tired out of flying for so long. He decided to rest for a while on the branch of a tall tree. Accidentally the cylinder he was holding hit a branch. It fell upside down with all the blood pouring over him. The pristine white bird was rather smeared bright red from then on. Out of shame from not being able to deliver the blood to Sun God and being smeared
red, the bird did not return to live with human beings anymore. Eventually Dol Pusok became a wild bird and lived in jungle.

Mr. Sibaram Pegu, Laimekuri, Jonai, Dhemaji, said that the story has a moral in it. The moral of the story is that we should not be too foolish to accept everything whatever others say. We should have the sense to judge which is right and wrong.

**Tale No. 22: Why “Mising” People Do not cut Down “Sera” Tree**

The Mising Tribe in Assam has a practice called “rigbo” during sowing and harvesting season alike. When there is more work in the field, it is not unusual for a family to seek help from the other village folks. Even people from other villages come to help.

In one such incident a long time ago, a family solicited help from their own and the neighbouring village folks. In response, a family from the neighbouring village decided to send their servant for the same. But the servant was reluctant to go. So the head-lady of the family thought of an idea to please the girl. She let her wear jewellery made of precious beads. The girl was overwhelmed and happily wore it to the next village to help the family.

To the field came a young man from another village for the Rigbo. The girl looked very beautiful with the ornaments that glittered on her neck and the young man noticed her. He thought that the girl is from a rich family, so he wanted to marry her. Later the boy goes back to his family and tells his parents about his wish to marry the girl. The following week their families meet and the marriage was arranged.

In no time the marriage was over ceremoniously. However, the young person comes to term with reality and finds out that the girl she married was not rich. In-fact, she was a servant. That apart, he also heard all kinds of ill comments about his wife from others. Thus, he secretly plans to give her up.
There is a custom where the newly wedded couple has to visit the bride’s parents immediately after marriage. On the way was a dense jungle through which they have to pass. When they reached the middle of the jungle the boy said to the girl that he feels like urinating. He asks the girl to sit there and disappears into the jungle. The girl believed her husband. So she sat down and waited. Seconds pass by, minutes roll by, hours fly by and finally days turn into months but there was no sign of him coming back to her. Nevertheless, she waited and waited for him believing that he will come back one day.

With the girl sitting in the same place for months together, something miraculous happens. Root started to grow from under her and gripped the earth firmly. Her whole body started to grow and branch out. Eventually, she turned into a full-grown tree. The same tree is known to be “Sera” tree today. The glittering beautiful gems that dangled down from her neck are the fruits that crowd up the entire branches of the tree.

A particular gem called “Dogne:” is considered very precious among Mising people. Among Dogne: the richest in colour is “Noro” and is most valuable. The girl was wearing a lot of those Noro. Indeed, from the word Noro, she was identified to be from Noro community. Even today, we find Noro community among Mising population. This fact that Sera tree is an innocent girl transformed into such abundant fruit bearing tree is why Mising people do not cut it down.

Mr. Jitendra Medok, Bijoypur, Jonai, Dhemaji, has viewed the moral of the tale as we should not judge others by their appearance. Blind believe or trust may lead to misfortune. Further he added that the boy had no feeling about his newly married wife. It proves that for a successful family life there should be love, compassion, understanding and co-operation between the married couple. If these qualities are lacking in a relationship, then it can never be a successful one.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SL.NO.</th>
<th>NAME OF THE FOLK-TALES</th>
<th>MORALS OF THE FOLK-TALES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>The tale of origin of porpoise</td>
<td>Honesty and loyalty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Porpoise and crocodile</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>How did Misings lose their script?</td>
<td>Self-control and fortitude</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>The story of pigs and dogs</td>
<td>Truthfulness and trustworthy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>Abu tunturung</td>
<td>Courage and togetherness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>The old couple and the pack of foxes</td>
<td>Trustworthy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>Lightning and thunder</td>
<td>Righteous conduct and Conscience</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>Tani and taro A tale of two brothers</td>
<td>Love, affection, understanding, compassion, co-operation and brotherhood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>❖  The legend of Tusik and Kobang</td>
<td>Courage, co-operation and helpfulness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---</td>
<td>---------------------------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>❖  Tato Ampolung</td>
<td>Courage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>❖  Batum and Bali</td>
<td>Sincerity and Perseverance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>❖  Clever jackal</td>
<td>Feeling of gratitude, thankfulness, gratefulness and helpfulness.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>❖  Why do monkeys live in jungles?</td>
<td>Love, compassion and brotherhood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>❖  Why people can’t see spirits?</td>
<td>Feeling of Equality, compassion, politeness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>❖  Birth of wild boars and gui</td>
<td>Leadership quality, co-operation, helpfulness, bravery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>❖  Birth of Guala bird</td>
<td>Togetherness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>❖  The mitir bhanga story</td>
<td>Honesty, faithfulness, truthfulness, love, compassion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---</td>
<td>---</td>
<td>---</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>✤ How did frog’s back become rough</td>
<td>Self-discipline</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>✤ Ukoh and owl</td>
<td>Self-control, courage, bravery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>✤ Red bird</td>
<td>Consistency</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>✤ Why ‘Mising’ people do not cut down Sera tree?</td>
<td>Love, compassion, understanding and co-operation</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### 3.2. Introduction of Mising Folksong

The Misings have a rich heritage of oral tradition. Like the storehouse of folktales, the Misings are also rich in their folksongs. Since the Misings had no script of their own and had no tradition of writing system, their folktales and folksongs were transmitted by word of mouth from generation to generation. Folksongs form the main ingredient of oral literature. They are a vital element of any living creature. ‘Folk songs form the bulk of folk literature, and like poetry in written literature, occupy a place of pride in oral literature’ (Punia, 1993). Folk-song possibly is the earliest form of literary genre as far as the oral tradition is concerned. It is a song of the people of a culture or region that reflects their philosophy of life. Usually, its composer is not known, but its appeal engulfs and embraces every one’s heart. Despite being handed down from generation to generation orally, it never loses its grandeur and luster. The simplicity of its language, narration of experiences of ordinary life, depiction of nature and man’s relationship with her and melody are of timeless beauty. They are the spontaneous outburst of a folk community inspired by the beauty and charm of their natural surroundings. They are the medium through which
illiterate and innocent villagers express their experiences. The folk songs are lyrical, simple, possibly artistic, but nevertheless rhythmic (Doley, 2009).

3.2.1. Mising folk-songs and their moral values

**Song No. 1: Mibu A:bang**

English rendering: O Originator of the mystery of creation, O originator of history, we salute you. You have taken the whole responsibility of giving birth on your shoulders and in your womb and you are like the mother of all families-we salute you. This young Miri (priest) with inspiration from you is trying to sing what mother history has bestowed while Mother Pedong undertook the creation, and the things created flourished. Miris like Po-sun-Togung and Lengni-Ta:bo, do not block the path for the singing of songs to Se:di. Mothers Keru: and Binpu:, you guide the skilful Miris. Even in the absence of skilful Miris like Ta:be and Lani, we have been trying to sing the songs of Se:di as long as the sun shines.

According to Mr. Suren Doley, Bahir Jonai, Jonai, Dhemaji, in this folksong, the Mibu expresses his gratefulness to the creator and thankful for taking all the responsibility of creating everything. The moral values which reflect in this folksong are the feeling of gratefulness and thankfulness.

**Song No. 2: The Mibu or the Miri A:bang**

English rendering: The ancestor of ancestors, be with me in saving the life of a child. My friends with knowledge of divine powers acquired from the same ancestors, I beseech your help. I have been called upon to perform a task which cannot be fulfilled without your blessing, so Tabedaigome and Sikodaigome, be with me. I humbly admit that I cannot see spirits. Therefore, I beseech you all to have compassion and bestow your powers on me. I don’t know how far the shadow of the child has gone and whether I shall be able to bring it back to him. I have now entered into the land of spirits where are blooming amidst the stumps of trees. I have reached the land of butterflies that are enjoying the nectars of
flowers in the garden. Then I asked the spirits Tasig to find out the shadow of the child but it failed. Then I asked a crane in the word of spirits to find out the child’s shadow from the lakes but it also failed. Now the shadow has come back to its body and so the child is well once again.

According to Mr. Lumding Doley, Gali, Jonai, Dhemaji, the moral value that can develop through the folksong is the devotion to the creator God. Miri, the priest is entrusted with the task of saving the life of a child. He prayed the God to help and be compassionate in saving the life of the child.

**Song No. 3: Mibu A:bang**

English rendering: *Sirki Na:ne’*, oh, my mother, oh ‘Re’gi’ and ‘Re’gam’ manifesting the love of mother and father, you gave first birth to ‘Abo-tani’; then the resolute of religious path for righteous occasion was bestowed on Mising being incarnated by your spirit under a ‘ke’ne’ tree. When Mising was in darkness, a voice spoken from the above was descending on Earth as light through your sublime command.

Dr. J.J.Kuli, Dibrugarh, viewed that the Mibu A:bangs occupy a unique position in the life stream of the Mising community. It reflects the true philosophical concept of the community. It narrates not only the pray songs of the supernatural but also the different modes and ways of life of the Mising people. It is the true religious guide to the community. Mr. Suren Doley, Bahir jonai, Jonai, Dhemaji, viewed the moral values that can be developed through the folksong are devotion and thankfulness to the creator.

**Song No. 4: Kumdung Do:yi-po:lo Nom**

English rendering: we pray Thee O Sun, O Moon you being the life giver, both of you have enlightened us with the knowledge of life. You are the provider of the five elements: earth, air, water, fire and ether to us and you please, be mercy enough to continue to provide them.
The Mising people worship Sun and Moon (Donyi:-Po:lo) as the creator of all the universe. This folksong is a prayer song. The moral that can be developed through this folksong is devotion, with the help of which one can link to God, i.e. Donyi:-Po:lo. According to Mr. Lakhynath Payeng, a priest of Donyi:-po:loism, Jonai, Assam, said that the feeling of devotion can inculcate certain attitudes like faithfulness to the creator, wholeheartedness, loving and caring nature to all living and non-living beings among the children.

**Song No. 5: Tattola tattola ru:tum ngokké́ kabnamsim**

English rendering: O my Master, hear my crying, I am sincerely calling you deeming as my protector, I am suffering because of the lack of your enlightenment, and your mercy. Please heal up my suffering by your light and kindness, as you are the Mother Sun and Father Moon and there is none greater than you to mercy me. Whether evil spirit has marked me and envy me, I do not know how to be alert, please hear me.

This is an another prayer song of the Misings and the Adis which is sung to appease Donyi:-po:lo. Mrs. Krishna Pegu, a school teacher and a great follower of Donyi:-Po: loism, Jonai, said that this type of meditation and prayer songs are composed in order to strengthen the faith on Donyi:-po:lo. Regular practice of this prayer and meditation helps to achieve spiritual aspiration for self-satisfaction and self-confidence. She added that it also helps to remove the suspicious and superstitious minds which cause moral weakness, blessing of Donyi:-po:lo are sought through prayer to regain strength of mind.

**Song No. 6: Yaka mire´mke´ do:ying**

Yaka mire´mke´ do:ying is a story songs or ballad about a courageous Mising damsel of Kherokota who fell into the Burmese invader’s hand at the age of 9 years as a part of the ransack and looting meted out by the Burmese attack in 1817. By the treaty of Yandaboo, the captives were given a free choice to come back to their native place. Accordingly, after passing few years of bitter life as
maid servant, she dared to come back to their native place on foot walking all along about 1150 k.m. from Pakokku village of Burma to Dibrugarh in a month’s time through Arakan Hill track. Later on she got married with a man from Belong of Dhemaji and shifted to Jonai Gali area and acquired huge movable and immovable properties. The story also vividly tells what unimaginable and dangerous obstruction she faced all along the way especially in those days.

Mrs. Padmawati Pegu, Lakhimi gaon, Majuli, Jorhat, the moral values that can be developed through this folksong are courage, bravery and perseverance. In this folksong, Yaka mire’m was courageous and brave enough to confront fear, pain, danger, uncertainty and the ability to stand up for what is right in difficult situations.

**Song No. 7: Lupo kaban**

English rendering: Sweetheart, let us try to walk together on the path of wild elephants. You are the one I long to see. Sweetheart, I am not a girl who walks on the path of wild elephants. I cannot come to you. You are the one whom I long to see. Sweetheart, let us try to walk together on the path of wild Buffaloes. You are the one who charms me. Sweetheart, I am not a girl who walks on the path of wild buffaloes. I cannot come to you. You are the one who charms me. Sweetheart, let us try to walk together on wild creepers. I cannot come to you. You are the one whom I love. Sweetheart, let us try to walk together on the leaves of wild reeds. You are the one who is in my heart. Sweetheart, I am not a girl who walks on the leaves of wild reeds. I cannot come to you. You are the one who is in my heart. Sweetheart, let us try to fly together to the top of a tree. You are the one whom I find beautiful. Sweetheart, I am not a girl who can fly to the top of a tree. I cannot come to you. You are the one whom I find handsome. Sweetheart, let us try to sing together the songs of monkeys. You are the one who is close to my heart. Sweetheart, I am not a girl who can sing the songs of Monkeys. I cannot come to you. You are the one who is close to my heart. Sweetheart, let us try to be playful like squirrels. You are the one whom I love.
Sweetheart, I am not a girl who can be playful like squirrels. I cannot come to you. You are the one whom I love. At this juncture, the members of the community, goaded by rage, seize the uncle and kill him. Seeing the dead body of her uncle, the girl mourns in grief and expresses her willingness to die with him and she bewails in pain: You taught me many things while playing together as small children. Uncle, you were the one whom I longed to see. You taught me to see dreams of future. Uncle, you were the one whom I found handsome. You behaved like a wild elephant and suddenly, you disappeared. Uncle, you were the one whom I found handsome. You behaved like a wild buffalo and suddenly, you disappeared. Uncle, you were the one whom I found handsome. You came so close to me but suddenly, you disappeared. Uncle, you were the one whom I longed to see. Kill me the way he has been killed. I want to be with him. Uncle, you were the one whom I longed to see.

This kaban (lamentation) is frequently sung by the Mising known as Tebo-Tekang or Dobo Dongkung. This kaban laments the illicit love affair between a girl and her uncle. Earlier this kaban was known as Sibio Dongkung which means the affair of the monkeys. The recitation of this kaban was earlier governed by restrictions as the affair was considered immoral and against the social norms of the community. The Misings being conservative by nature could not stand the affair and subsequently tortured the uncle and killed him. The Misings re-enact their courtship on stage through the singing of this kaban.

Mrs. Muhiram Pegu, Pomua, Gogamukh, Dhemaji, said that the moral value that can be developed through this folksong is righteous conduct. In this song the uncle was in love with his niece that was unfair and anti-social. As a result, the relatives tortured and killed the Uncle. Above all their love affair was unsuccessful. The Uncle should have the ability to judge right from wrong,
differentiate between fair and unfair, socially acceptable behaviour and rejection etc.

**Song No. 8: Lullaby: Ko-ninam**

English rendering: My child is the apple of my eye. He must be hungry, so he is crying. His stomach is rumbling because of hunger. Feed him your milk, O, mother of my child.

Mr. Dimbeswar Doley, Kumarbari gaon, Jengraimukh, Majuli, Jorhat, the lullaby occupies an important place in the lives of Mising folk as there is otherwise very little to amuse children with. Lullabies are sung to lull the children to sleep. The lullabies are also the medium, through which the parents or the baby sitters express their love, caring and affection for a child in general. The little children can realise or feel the love and affection of parents or baby sitters towards them.

**Song No. 9: Lullaby: Kouawa kappoyao pe’kkau de’manda**

English rendering: Don’t cry my boy; it is not proper to cry at this hour. Birds like dove are still in their nests. You may cry when they fly away from the nests. What made you cry? Why are you crying? Get me a Niseg (baby sling) to carry my little one on my back. A boy was killed by a fox in Sirung village. Despite being asked not to cry, he cried. The dogs are barking; may be a tiger is moving about in the village looking for those boys who cry. I give you a hot bath every day. Don’t cry and go to sleep. I am afraid. The elephant come hearing your cry, my boy. Your grandmother’s pesug (cold rice) will be kept for you. You can have it in the morning. The best rice beer for your grandfather’s share will be kept for you. You can drink it in the morning. Don’t cry my boy; it is not proper to cry at this hour. Birds like dove are still in their nests.

Lullabies give comfort and sleep to stubborn babies. It helps to subdue stubborn child who keeps crying even after all efforts at consolation. Hearing the soft, rhythmic songs brings a sense of calmness and security to the sensitive infant. In the above lullaby, when the mother fails to lull the child, she quietens him by
saying that a boy was killed in the neighbouring village. This immediately silences the cry of the child and he goes to sleep. Mrs. Tunoi Pegu, Borpomua, Jengraimukh, Majuli, Jorhat, viewed that in this lullaby, the mother expresses her love and compassion to her child.

**Song No. 10: Doying kaban of Binod-Pipoli (Narrative song)**

English rendering: The taste of sugar and jiggery becomes meaningless when one listens to the story of Binud Bora and Pipoli because their story is as sweet as honey. There was a Sawmill at Murkongselek. Nijom was its owner and he had appointed Binud Bora as its supervisor. His duty was to supervise the works of the Sawmill. Near Borola, there was such a camp where timber work was going on. He came there to stay and supervise the ongoing work. Bongki Panging was the contractor of the camp. There was a maiden by the name of Pipoli at Borola village. She was Bonki Panging’s cousin. Binud and Pipoli came to know each other and started admiring each other. Now Binud Bora used to spend hours together in contemplation whether to marry Pipoli. He was afraid of their different castes and religions, and he would cry in apprehension of fearful events. One day, Binud Bora read an astrology book’s in Pipoli’s presence. Pipoli had no idea what he was reading. She could not read, being an illiterate, so she kept smiling throughout. Binud addressed Pipoli as his sweetheart and beloved, and told her that their fortune was good; destiny wanted them to be together. He did not bother whether the fortune was good or bad. But he told Pipoli that it was good because he wanted to marry her. At last he succeeded in winning Pipoli’s consent to his proposal of marriage. Pipoli proposed that they should elope on the *Ali-ai Li’gang* night when others would be busy in merry making. They were both delighted at the idea of elopement. The young men and women of Borola village gathered on the Li’gang evening, a Wednesday. No friends of her in the village could exactly tell about their affair. Bongki Panging’s contract work was known to everyone. Some knew about his cousin’s friendship with Binud. But no young man of the village ever spoke of this relationship as he might beat them
Some were dancing; some were drinking among. Everybody was busy in merry making in the evening. Pipoli disappeared while others were dancing in the Gam’s place. Pipoli was not there among them and nobody knew where she was. Though people were talking about her absence, nobody looked for her as they were all drunk. Some had gone to sleep, some were still awake, enjoying their drinks and oblivious of what was happening around. Nobody could tell whether Pipoli was at her home or among the merrymakers. Well night, the crowing of the cocks, Pipoli’s parents started searching for her. They looked for her in and around their house. Suddenly, people heard the sound of bullet fired at Bongki Panging’s camp. Someone said that Binud must have killed a wild boar on which they would feast the next day. A while later, there was again another gun-shot at the camp where Binud was staying. Hearing the sounds of bullet shot twice, the villagers took it as confirmation of the killing of a wild boar. At dawn, Pipoli’s parents started looking for her everywhere. At that moment, a horrified person came running towards the village. That grim reaper announced everywhere in the village that something bad had happened. On being asked what had happened, this bearer of misfortune could not say anything clearly. Everyone run towards the camp while many stumbled. Near the camp, they saw the motionless bodies of Binud and Pipoli lying still on the ground beside each other. Sadness cast its shadow over the people. Nobody said a word for their tears. Some of them ran to the village without a backward glance. They ran back saying that they would report to the police. Bongki Panging was at Sadhiya when he was informed of the tragedy. The police arrived to investigate the dead bodies of Binud and pipoli. Binud shot Pipoli in the middle of her chest. When Binud’s body was turned back, it was found that he had shot himself just below his chin. The police prepared coffins into which the bodies were put, to take them to Sadhiya. In Sadhiya, the doctors cut their bodies from chest to stomach for the autopsy. When the post-mortem was done, the doctor declared that they died of bullets fired with the gun. Some blamed Bongki Panging, some cursed him. Binud and Pipoli went to their rewards in heaven, and Bongki Panging to jail.
People said that Bongki, the contractor deserved twelve years of imprisonment for giving his gun and bullets to Binud. A Ke’bang of officials was held to decide Bongki’s fate. Bongki tried to bribe the Ke’bang but he was pronounced guilty of giving his gun and there was no escape for him. Bongki pleaded with the government officials to excuse him, saying that he was poor, but all his pleadings fell on deaf ears. On the contrary, the officials told Bongki that he had to spend his youth in prison. He was also told Binud and Pipoli did not kill themselves but that he had killed them because he provided the gun. Everybody witnessed the progress of the Kebang and heard its verdict. The government officials cremated Binud and Pipoli in the soil of Sadhiya. Pipoli’s aunts, uncles and other villagers along with her parents visited the spot where she had lain dead after being killed. They dug a grave there in memory of her. The mother decorated the grave with a new Riya (a women’s garment). Her brothers, uncles, and the villagers bewailed in mourning and cursed Binud Bora for killing their beloved sister.

Mr. Muhiram Pegu, Gogamukh, Dhemaji, viewed that Binod Bora, an Assamese guy and Pipoli, a Mising lady sacrificed their life for their love. If their problems could have discussed with their elders it could have been solved and such trauma could not happen. Though elope marriage is mostly prevalent in the Mising society, it is still given equal status just like arrange marriage. In this ballad, both the couple sacrificed their life in the terror of their inter-caste marriage. It could have been accepted in our society inspite of their inter-caste marriage. So, one should respect each other’s culture and community. Each individual should be given equal status in our society.

So, we should be the children of Sun and Moon. We should not hide anything from our parents. We should not be afraid to discuss our problems with our elders and ask for further suggestions with a free mind. As little problem can create a big problem, we should not act without our parents concern. On the other hand, Dr. J.J.Kuli, Dibrugarh, Assam, gave his opinion that this Do:ying Kaban
has only a little importance and less educative value in it, as the little children are not able to understand the feelings of Binod and Pipoli due to their tender age.

**Song No. 11: Lendo Adodok Moman (Song of early migration)**

English rendering:

Oh brothers, which is the way to go?

Oh sisters, follow us this way.

Oh brothers, cut the *panange* (a path-obstructing plant) carefully.

Oh sisters, they are cut carefully.

Oh brothers, clean the way for us.

Oh sisters, the way is clean.

Oh brothers, the way are covered with *Tudug* leaves.

Oh sisters, the *tudug* leaves are removed.

Oh brothers, don’t let anything obstruct our way.

Oh sisters, there is not obstruction on your way.

Oh brothers, don’t leaves *gappem* (red cloth markers) on way.

Oh sisters, we haven’t hung any.

Oh brothers, don’t make the fence now.

Oh sisters, we’ll make it later.

Oh brothers, don’t close the way.

Oh sisters, the way is open and there is no restriction in going yet.

Listen to us, we want a groom who is hand-some.

Listen to us, we want a bride who is beautiful.

Listen to us, he should know how to make a boat.

Listen to us, she should be good in pounding grain.
Listen to us, he should be good in agricultural work.

Listen to us, she should know how to catch fish.

Listen to us, he should possess the skill to construct a house.

Listen to us, she should know how to weave ribi-gaseng (woman’s traditional attire).

Young man and young women (together): We have been together since childhood and traversed the rough terrains. Now, we have attained marriageable age. So, let us start of family.

This is a song of early migration from the hills to the plains of Assam. The early migrants sang the song as a source of recreation without the accompaniment of any musical instrument. The young men led the weary journey followed by the young woman. This song is in the form of interaction between a young man and a young woman. Out of courtesy, they addressed each other as brother and sister but actually, they were not. Indeed, it was a migration of a section of people comprising of parents, children, brothers, sisters, friends and other relatives. The presence of young woman behind those young men encouraged them to make their way vigorously. Mrs. Peloi Pegu, Lakhimi Gaon, Jengraimukh, Majuli, Jorhat, it creates a collective consciousness of young man and young women which is universal in any given society. The journey through dense forest in difficult terrain and cutting track side by side was a big challenge but people continued to march forward in search of fertile valleys. That was an important epoch in the history of the Mising people.

**Song No. 12: Nursery Rhyme: Aine’ Ommang**

English rendering: We are good children, we always obey our parents, we are good children, we wear cloths neat and clean, we always tell truth, we never lies and always share our food with each other.

Mrs. Nabajita Doley, Mising Subject Teacher, Kumarbari, Jengraimukh, Majuli, Jorhat, viewed that the nursery rhymes have a special place in educating the child
in general. The rhymes can help the children to express their feelings and helps to remove hesitation on the part of the children. By the repeated recitation of the rhymes, the children can increase their self confidence in speaking in public and becomes comfortable in his environment. Through this particular nursery rhyme, children can develop the moral values like obeying elders and truthfulness.

**Song No. 13: Nursery Rhyme: Asin Onam**

English rendering: Mother and Father loves us, teaches us the ways of living. Grand-mother and Grand-father loves us and tells us tales. Uncle and aunty also love us and feed us. Mother loves us a lot.

Mrs. Meena Mili, Mising Subject Teacher, Maharicamp, Gogamukh, viewed that the rhyme has a moral in it. The moral values like love and caring could be developed through this kind of simple nursery rhymes.

**Song No. 14: Nursery Rhyme: Ta:to Talom**

English rendering: Grand father Talom was a rich man having seven granaries, dishful of gold but he was very miser, his mind was not free. Being misery, he did not eat stomachful rice, no cloths, no friends and always kept mum so that nobody could ask for something. Ta:to Talom died, worms eaten up him.

Mrs. Nabajita Doley, Kumarbari, Jengraimukh, Majuli, Jorhat, viewed that human beings are social animals; he or she cannot live alone. He or she needs to communicate with each other for different, different needs. As human beings are superior among all other living beings, we should cultivate certain qualities to bring a better society. We should grow by sharing and helping others in their needs. We should not be selfish and greedy. We should help the poor and needy people. We should not live only for one; but for others also.

**Song No. 15: Nursery Rhyme: Mipag ao Malbug**

An Assamese guy, Malbug taking a new gun went to hunt a male tiger. He saw a fox, started trembling with fear and died instantly by standing.

Mr. Maheswar Doley, Jengrai Chaporoi, Jengraimukh, Majuli, Jorhat said that no one should be over confident in one’s capability. We should be brave enough to tackle any problem in the times of emergency. We should build strong confident
among oneself and should not get discouraged before facing any problem as problem comes before solution. We should think and act accordingly as the situation demands. In this rhyme, Malbug, an Assamese guy who went for killing a tiger died on the way on meeting a fox. This proves that Malbug, who was overconfident in his capability, could not tackle the difficult situation and lose his confidence on meeting a fox while he went to kill a tiger. Malbug was actually a coward who pretends to be hero.

Table: III.2. Showing the Type of Folk-song, Name of the song and Their moral Values

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SL. NO.</th>
<th>TYPE OF THE FOLK-SONG</th>
<th>NAME OF THE FOLK-SONG</th>
<th>MORALS OF THE FOLK-SONG</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Mibu A:bang (Songs of religious and ritualistic association)</td>
<td>Umlayé Rumna</td>
<td>Devotion, Gratitude</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Mibu A:bang (Songs of religious and ritualistic association)</td>
<td>Dongko Lebi´nge</td>
<td>Devotion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Mibu A:bang (Songs of religious and ritualistic association)</td>
<td>Sirki na:na rumna dulua</td>
<td>Devotion and thankfulness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Prayer song (Songs of religious and ritualistic association)</td>
<td>Kumdung Donyi-Polonom</td>
<td>Devotion, faithfulness, wholeheartedness, loving, caring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Song Type</td>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Lyrics</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----</td>
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<td>--------------------------------</td>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Prayer song (Songs of religious and ritualistic association)</td>
<td>Tattola tattola ru:tum ngokke’ kabnamsim</td>
<td>Self-satisfaction and self-confidence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Kaban (Ballad)</td>
<td>Yaka Mire’mke’ doying</td>
<td>Courage, bravery and perseverance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Lupo Kaban (Ballad)</td>
<td>Tebo-tekang</td>
<td>Righteous conduct</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Ko-ninam (Lullaby)</td>
<td>E ngokke ajio kalingo nesina</td>
<td>Love, Caring and affection</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Ko-ninam (Lullaby)</td>
<td>Sekobi lutone ngluk oyaume’</td>
<td>Love and compassion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Doying Ni:tom (Narrative song)</td>
<td>Binod-Pipoli</td>
<td>Free mind and open hearted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Lendo Adodok Moman (Migration song)</td>
<td>Sase sasa selloya</td>
<td>Collectiveness and togetherness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Moman Ni:tom (Rhymes)</td>
<td>Aine’ Ommang</td>
<td>Obeying elders and truthfulness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Moman Ni:tom (Rhymes)</td>
<td>Asin Onam</td>
<td>Love and Caring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Moman Ni:tom (Rhymes)</td>
<td>Ta:to Talom</td>
<td>Helpfulness, loving, caring, sharing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Moman Ni:tom (Rhymes)</td>
<td>Mipag ao Malbug</td>
<td>Self-confidence</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
3.3. Conclusion:
Folk-tales and folk-songs are an integral part of the lives of the Mising society. They are the most important aspect of oral literature of a community. From the above discussion and both the tables, it has been clear that the Mising folktales and folksongs have moral values in it. These folktales can develop truthfulness, sincerity, integrity, honesty, goodness, love, non-violence, compassion, perseverance, righteousness, courage, friendliness, generosity, selflessness, tolerance, confidence, self-esteem, honour, being responsible, democratic way of living and acting, secularism, socialism, equality, co-operation, pride in own heritage and culture, peace living etc. Above all, the Mising folktales and folk-songs have importance to get rid of the stresses and tensions of children in the present context of the so called modern education system.

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Tale No. 2: Tarun Ch. Pamegam Rasanwalli, Part-i, Assam Sahitya Sabha.

Tale No. 3: Mr. Muhiram Pegu, Gogamukh, Dhemaji, Assam, Age-48

Tale No. 4: Mr. Suren Doley, Bahir Jonai, Jonai, Dhemaji, Assam, Age-75

Tale No. 5: Mr. Khagen Pegu, Mingmang, Gogamukh, Assam, Age-69

Tale No. 6: Mr. Upeswar Doley, Ratanpur, Jonai, Assam. Age-56

Tale No. 7: Mrs. Miladoi Medok, Jonai, Dhemaji, Assam, Age-70

Tale No. 8: Tarun Ch. Pamegam Rasanawalli, Part-i, Assam Sahitya Sabha

Tale No. 9: Mrs. Miladoi Medok, Jonai, Dhemaji, Assam, Age-65


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Tale No. 18: Ibid


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Tale No. 21: Ibid


Sources of the collected Songs of the Misings:-

Song No. 1: Mr. Suren Doley, Bahir Jonai, Jonai, Dhemaji, Age-80

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