

RICO DEL SOL

A black wolf-like creature with glowing yellow eyes and a menacing grin stands in the center of a narrow, cobblestone alleyway. The creature is wearing a long, black, form-fitting dress and is holding a knife with a red blade in its right hand. The alleyway is flanked by old, weathered buildings with arched doorways and windows. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows and highlights, creating a dark and atmospheric scene.

*La Leyenda de La
Loba Negra*

THE RECONSTRUCTION

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With apologies to Jose E. Marco

And most especially to Fr. Jose Apolonio Burgos y Garcia

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BY RICO DEL SOL

Fourwords

PLEASE READ THIS CAREFULLY.

- Sanhedrin Editors

Preface

Before this book assumes any countenance (a pre-face) of any value or existence, I would like to offer my apologies to two great persons; a great hoaxer and a great hero for which I am indebted to assume myself a writer, having assumed the same, ever since I learned to write the alphabet and write on the walls of our home.

First, I would like to apologize to Jose E. Marco for using his original material which although already part of the public domain should still be acknowledged. Despite his being denounced first, by bibliographer Mauro Garcia who was supported by William Henry Scott and later by the Jesuit scholars, Miguel Bernad and John Schumacher, for being a hoaxer of the “Code of Kalantiaw” and consequently, La Loba Negra as a novel by the hero and martyr, Jose Burgos, his works somehow deserve a certain respect.

*Yet, we do not advocate deceptions such as hoaxes. What I mean is that when my editors allowed me to publish this book, I just meant that the “Code” was simply a codification of actual superstitious “do’s and don’ts” in the islands. He simply added some unique “laws” to make the collection more indigenous. Moreover, his “**La Loba Negra**” is somehow admirable in its romantic content and dramatic plot which involved both historical and “hysterical” characters. As a matter of fact, Virginia Moreno made it into a play, **The Onyx Wolf**, despite the fact that some onyx stones are pink or pinkish. Thus, the grain of truth that I see there is the feminism of this great writer. National Artist Francisco Feliciano made an opera based on this with the libretto written by no less than the National Artist who sang the poignant arias herself, Fides Cuyugan-Asensio., in 1984. To cap it all, Rene O. Villanueva, my great artist friend and classmate, found his personality as material for “**Kalantiaw: Ang Kagila-gilalas na Kasinungalingan sa Isang Kayumangging Bayan**” for which he won the First Prize at the 1994 Palanca Memorial Awards. As denouement, we find him material again in Floyd Quintos’ **Fake** in 2011. Perhaps, that’s notoriety but for me that is still substantial influence.*

So, just to focus on the said novel, perhaps Marco was strengthening the Mexican link to the Bustamante story by having the wife, Dolores sing a Mexican song. And in this novel, Torralba was introduced as Totanes who was actually Cosio y Campo’s Franciscan blackmailer confessor who refused to give absolutions to Bustamante’s successor if he dared not follow him and the Jesuits. Dolores, the wife, becomes the serial killer, La Loba Negra. I have to change this character because the historical fact is that she and her children left for Nueva Espana. She couldn’t possibly return and leave her

six other children behind just to be the killer. That would make her more of living La Loca Loba. But who would know? says Rampador Alindog 11 since she experienced a great trauma.

Forgive me, Mr. Marco, I have to inject more women characters so that the unusual project of killing men could be accomplished. Therefore, aside from the wife whose name I changed, there had to be a girlfriend, of the son, I mean, But what were you thinking? You are so mean. And yes, in order that I can use **deux ex machina**, a fairy godmother of the girlfriend. Therefore, I have Cielo, the more realistic concept of heaven, Jehan, the false concept of heaven (Janna) and a goddess who ought to be a resident of heaven already but still resides in **Makiling** (old habits never die). I find them my expressions for my appreciation of women, such as those who are celestial, anthropological or simply animal. That is why men should be careful when being offered black fruits by Eves, real or otherwise. What were you thinking? I mean grapes, blackberries, **duhat**, plums, mangosteen, etc. because it may cost you, too much. You are so mean. I'm sorry, Mr. Marco, I have the advantage of the so-called information age which have created more hoaxers than what your time did. But for the dearth of informative facts you have, and still coming up with such great motivational story which could just be your great patriotic spirit, you deserve my compliments.

Then secondly, for you, Fr. Jose Burgos, my apologies, too. for I, too have been taken by the current of those who were inspired to be creative because someone used your name. But please understand us, because something radiates much from your person since Jose Rizal wrote two great picaresques for you (**Picaresques** revolve around one central character such as in Cervantes' **Don Quijote de la Mancha**). You must be a saint! Now I have earned my right to be shot in Luneta, too. That would be digital.

Karam M. Zingh claims that this is a religious book because it speaks about the trinity; Father (Captain General), Son (Lieutenant) and Comforter (Comandante) but I vehemently disclaim that for the simple reason that the mob incited by priests killed them all, in cold blood, without crucifying anyone of the three.

Now, let me warn you about another hoaxer. Rampador Alindog 11 (Which dog?) has just revealed that all the cultural currents coming from the galleon trade which reached us actually belong to us, Filipinos, be it religious or otherwise. Although, we are afraid of people like Prof. Ambeth Ocampo, Rene Villanueva, and the like we have to hear him out too, for human considerations. Yes, in totality, that is. **En Toto**, (ask Rodney Baynosa or Carlito Anonuevo. or even Keivin Dulay) They never belonged to Mexico, the Nueva Espana which was mentioned in this book. And why, because Pampanga is just a province of the Philippines and Mexico is just one of its towns. He makes sense right?

Now, speaking of the greatest hoaxes, the Chinese can now claim Mexico as part of its territory since the Philippines is just a province of China.

And now in closing, let us pray to God that Namayan will not be declared a hoax someday since **Namayani na sa atin ang pagmamahal sa Inang Bayan**. (Really? -asks Karam M. Zingh, a naturalized Filipino. So, who cares if he asks.).

The Author

Undying Love

In the woods between Parian outside the walled city of Intramuros and the now poorly organized place where once Namayan by the *Sapa* stood, Juan Gainza y Cerezo was bound to a great balet tree with its gnarled appendages like the tentacles of a massive ancient greenish and gray octopus. The *binukot* princess from the lost kingdom of Namayan was singing a song of unrequited love, almost like a *kundiman*, although the Tagalog love song was not probably not yet invented at that time, and was therefore, most likely like the *tagulaylay*, a song of mourning. Jehan, still recognized a princess by the loyal true Namayans was wearing an all-white dress and *alampay* today as if she was to be bride of a wedding especially that the pink *cadena de amor* is interwoven with the fragrant white sambac jasmine to decorate her hair. The Arab traders who came to Namayan by the Pasig called the jasmine *sambac* as they imported it for their gardens while lately, the *conquistadores* renamed the *dilngaw* as *cadena de amor* and brought it to the archipelago; the Mexican creeper.

Her countenance was bright and full of cheer and yet in every pace she makes around Gainza makes the captive's heart grow wild as if it would like to protest violently his impending death.

_ Please Princess, spare me my life I have families and in my new family, my children are still young, _ he pleaded as if he was devoid of cruelty and violence himself, _ We didn't know that the young man, Fernando, was your beloved. How are we to know that when he suddenly came and attacked our group from behind? Everything happened so fast, we were not thinking. The mob simply acted as one.

_ Oh, yes, I'm sure, _ said the princess, _ I'm sure that was also your line of reasoning and of course they will believe you. Your inquest here in Maynila was a farce for the priests have paid the tribunal. You were sent to Nueva Espana and they couldn't do anything against you for the tentacles of the giant squid, the galleon trade, were also there. But I thank Bathala for bringing you back and now I will now give you what you deserve.

_ But what about my families, princess. Who will take care of them? Who will defend them? Please, have mercy on us, _ he begged.

_ I'm sure *Burigadang Pada*, your patroness, will help you. Besides she had already enriched your household with the blood money your masters gave you. Why don't you call her now so that I can engage her, _ she challenged him and showed her dagger, as she said, _ This is the *balaraw* which Apolaki, gave me. This is shorter than the *sundang* you used to kill my beloved and his father. But I guarantee you that it will be twice as effective with my hand.

_ I have suffered through the years with a guilt and nightmares. Here and in Nueva Espana I

never knew what fate may befall on me. Are you really the black she-wolf hounding me through persistent nightmares? Besides you're a woman and a noblewoman, too, why do you have to have my dirty blood in your hands?

_ Do I look like a *loba*? At least you, as a gecko have produced little geckos in different trees and rocks. You have killed the man I love when we were still dreaming of building a family. I myself do not know what fate is destined for me but I as a woman who lost her man and being noble, I know what justice is. Don't talk to me anymore about bloodying my hands with this *punyal*, for I have already done it. I have listed you all who hacked and stabbed my beloved and his father just as you were all giddy boasting about it and I tell you, today I feel like a bride as I fulfill my last task for my groom. And your name is last on that list, the geckos whose forefathers were expelled from Namayan for betraying their people.

_So, you were that woman wearing the *inuwak* who passed by when we were drinking. You were that one who was already in mourning! _he exclaimed.

_Oh, yes, but my sense of justice still had me double check on things and from other witnesses, I have singled you out, you thirteen demons. And now that the twelfth is finished, my only remaining task is you, _ she declared, _ And after you, I shall decide if I will go with Diyan Masalanta or Apolaki for I no longer deserve to be a *binukot*.

Her loyal *baganis*, who carries her around and not allowing her to step on the dirty earth started crying when they heard them say this. Gainza distracted by their weeping did not see the dagger coming. The princess plunged the dagger thrice where the heart was beating and then carved it in a curve so as to cut out the heart from his chest and it only took a few involuntary movements from the victim before his life ceased.

Humming and half-singing the *tagulaylay*, she gathered her six warriors and addressed them: Thank you my dear friends and warriors, defenders of my family and nation. I am sending you off now to find your own destinies. If you happen to believe in the God of my beloved Fernando, I shall not blame you. If you continue to have your fate assigned by *Bathala*, so be it. As for me, I have dreamt with my beloved that perhaps we would be together. Even dreaming of the revival of Namayan under the nation that had conquered it. Leave me here. I have given myself to the chance of destiny. *Bahala na si Bathala*. But I promise you, even if become Apolaki's *bai-gani* or Diyan Masalanta's *bailana*, I shall cherish you and protect you just as you have cherished and protected me.

And then she hugged each one as a brother and bid each one farewell. One of her men asked her if they would bury the victim but she said no, he didn't deserve the good earth. She wanted the beasts to feast on him for he was a beast like them. And still one of them asked for her hammock and another her hammock curtain. And pitying the rest for she no longer wanted to wear gold, she simply gave them her bridal flowers as a token. Anyway, she will no longer be a *binukot* princess nor a bride, but a slave and a widow.

But before the assigned hour when the two deities, of war and love, would arrive to fetch her, she looked at the sky and swore: As long as the world is unchanged, and the elements still proclaim nature's glory, she will only have one love and that is Fernando, and whisper his name across the *kahanginan*, as they lift the flame of the *kaapuyan*, lifting, too the white crest of the waves of the karagatan till they kiss the shores of *kalupaan*, her one and only undying love.

The Binukot Princess

_ Look *Bathaluman*, this woman should really be joining me for she had indeed proven that she had a warrior's heart. Imagine, killing the killers of her lover one by one, each one of the thirteen so evil and cruel. Yet, this indomitable woman finished them all almost single-handedly, _ Apolaki, the god of war made his point at once, upon their arrival as dusk spreads its darkness.

_ But she was only able to do it because she was in love. Anyone who is in love can do anything even without our help. As to you, you cheat, you even gave her a *balaraw* to ensure her dire deed, _ Diyan Masalanta said.

_ But you made sure Fernando would see her despite her being a *binukot*. You made her curtain and clothes whiter than the reflection of the sun's rays on the foaming sea. You caused him to be curious with her such that he had to use his telescope, _ Apolaki divulged, _From the ramparts, he came down and on horseback he chased the visage of a beautiful woman being carried on a hammock.

_ Are you sick, *senorita*, that they have to carry you on a hammock? _ Jehanna recalled the very first words, he uttered unto her and he told him in his own tongue, why doesn't he talk to his men, two of which held their *sundangs'* handles just in case he meant to harm her. But she graciously told them to be at peace and at ease. Surprised that she could talk *Castillan*, he asked one of the men and he said no, she isn't sick. It's just that as a *binukot*, the lady is not allowed to walk and must be carried by her men. And so, he asked what a *binukot* was, and he was told she was a princess of the lost kingdom of *Namayan*.

And so, that was how their romance started. The princess would be bringing *abaca* and clay products made by the remaining people of *Namayan*. *Namayan* was a small kingdom. The last *Namayan* great king, her great great grandfather around 1300 AD was a man devoted to peace who shunned war and violence and therefore, had no devotion to *Apolaki*. *Namayan* only grew because other people in the islands wanted to live within his kingdom of peace and they added to the kingdom's population because they emigrated in or in other words, they were indeed *namayan* (they chose to live with those in the *bayan*). Being a kingdom blessed in peace, it was little by little annexed by *conquistadores* who thought it could be an asset for different interests without any great cost. Sad to say, even during those times, the number of natives collaborating with the Spaniards were always much greater and they were used in the greater conquest of the islands. Either the God of the Spaniards or their promised benefits charmed the natives to fight with their own kind. And with more efficient armaments and because the island kingdoms tend to be small and not used to open warfare, other than defending themselves from Moro pirates, vassal kingdoms were easily taken and obliterated to be

engulfed by the growing Spanish colonial system.

But the romance of Fernando and Jehanna proved to be enduring. Fernando at first would be buying from Jehanna's retinue until the time he was already comfortable with her people. They would have a tryst in the woods and the binukot's warriors will simply take care that no one would intrude. A few hundred years back Namayan was at its peak as a kingdom and no one would also intrude into its peaceful sovereignty, for most of the times intrusion could be injuring. Diego de Salazar y Hilberto, slave the senior *oidor*, Don Santiago Lucea for a few *piloncitos* bribed an artillery man under the command of Fernando Bustamante, the Governor General's son a report to the latter concerning his son's excursions into the woods with an Arab woman. The Governor General naturally warned his son against it such that it got harder for the lovers to meet again. However, under peer pressure from the other men, the culprit recanted and instead cooperated later. It was a good thing that the younger Bustamante takes everyone as his brother and this made it easier for him to keep his secret trysts. Before, Namayan's brotherly sovereignty over other vassal kingdoms was challenged, when a large part of Maynilad, that which faced the bay converted to Islam. This time resorting to a *jihadic* stance before the conquerors. Apolaki fired up the Muslims who have forgotten him by making them proud about their own abilities; their *lantakas* against the Spanish cannons and their *vintas* and *balangays* truly more numerous than the galley ships. In the end, Apolaki was laughing madly at Rajah Sulayman's naval flotilla as Maynilad was razed by fire.

_ My brother, please, I beg you to spare this woman of more violence in her life for isn't it obvious that she had already a tragic life? Please allow her to come with me, _ Diyan Masalanta made her bid.

_ And turn her again into a weakling. My sister, I am only as powerful as the sun gives me power, let my sun guide her from victory to victory, as you said she had already lost so much. I shall make her a great woman warrior, _ he declared.

_ Then why don't we just ask her what her will is, _ proposed the goddess and her brother acquiesced.

_ But I have no more will of my own. What has given me the will to live was the need to avenge my beloved. Now that I have done it, I simply have no more motivation to live, _ Jehanna confessed.

_ Look at what your *punyal* has done to her. It has eroded her will to live after having expressed too much hatred every time she would kill, _ Diyan couldn't help but analyze.

_ Excuse me but what a mortal does is her bidding and any deity for that matter, even if he or she is only responding to the mortal's prayer, is not liable for any mischief, _ explained Apolaki.

_ You see, how my brother rationalizes himself, oh Bathala, please help us resolve this matter for the sake of this woman.

As darkness loomed over the woods, a script of light is written in the sky by *Dagling-Kisap* and a thunderous voice boomed through *Dag-undong* publishing Bathala's answer: Have I anything to do with that woman? Who dares involve me in this?

But Diyan was ready for an engagement no matter if she were Masalanta, in spite of herself, _ But you fell in love with a mortal, yourself. Your beautiful daughters; Mayari, Tala and Hanan are all children of a mortal woman! How could you leave mortals to their fate?

The twins did their job again and it was publicized: You impertinent Diwata! Why are you making this too personal? Surely, you have heard of the Sons of God taking the daughters of men for their wives! You

and your brother committed the same mistake, too. That is why too many wars are being lost to this Christian God because the Field Marshall is too busy with Apo Ba-y, a mere mortal, in his lair of what is now known as Sierra Madre. Come now, Apolaki who is this *madre* you're coddling (Apolaki kept quiet). And you, after falling in love with a mere mortal, too, you are starting to be forgotten like lover boy here. As Sitan had cursed you in the Visayas the name of our opponent's mother now precedes your abode, Maria Makiling!

_Then we are all equally guilty of having fallen in love. But just the same what shall we do with this woman? _ asked the relentless Diyan Makiling.

For the last time, the handwriting flashes over the dark sky and the rumbling voice, in translation by Kilat-Kidlat and Kidul-Kulog: *Jehanna*, a local corruption of the heretical heaven, Janna could simply become Gehenna, the fiery pit or hell according to her feminine mood. Then let her be tempered by the coolness of both *Amihan* and *Habagat*. Let her stay during the *Amihan* days with *Apolaki* and during the *Habagat* days with Diyan Masalanta. Let the *Kahanginan* be told immediately and don't disturb me again concerning this trivial thing.

With a clap of her hand, sylvan nymphs, the *dalakitnon* started putting black fruits and other black food before the *binukot*. Makiling invited the princess to take anything she likes and she obliged, too decent to ask for salt or why they were all black.

And that is how *Jehanna*, with her henna-like blood started living as an immortal.

The King's Good Servant

Fernando Manuel de Bustillo Bustamante y Rueda, former Mayor of Mexico Tenotichlan and Field Marshall of the Spanish army in European battles during the Wars of Spanish Succession, especially in Flanders, came to the Philippine Islands to become the 37th Spanish Governor General in 1717. He took over the position from Jose Torralba Rios, a senior auditor (oidor) and licentiate of the Real Audiencia who only took the position when Gov. General Martin de Ursua Almendriz, former mayor of Yucatan and Knight of the *Order of Santiago* died in 1715. By sheer comparison of their personal records both Ursua and Bustamante were seasoned soldiers and politicians in the service of the King while Torralba was just an auditor and senior bookkeeper. Gov. Gen. Bustamante was the father of *Teniente* Fernando who is the eldest among his seven children, all of them young when they came to the Philippines.

Torralba, on the other hand is always involved in controversy. For example, when he was sent to the Marianas to investigate in 1711, he was very unforgiving and cruel finding the Gov. Gen. Juan Antonio Pimentel to be in collaboration with the English when they landed in Umatac, Guam. According to his findings, the Governor even feted the British even if Spain and England were at war at that time. Moreover, one of their ships, *Nuestra Senora de la Encarnacion y Desequeno* was found to be a captured ship commandeered by the British. The governor also did not attend the council of war made by some dedicated Spaniards just in case the Englishmen would torch the island. The cruel and stern Torralba brought Pimentel in chains to stand trial in the Philippines. Earlier in 1709, he was also the one who handled the case of the galleon which sank in the San Bernardino Strait but did not pursue the matter any longer since the treasures were all returned on land. There were those who were not convinced and thought he had kept some. He was also not satisfied with the fiscal report of the former Senior Auditor Jose Antonio Pavon and wanted him jailed for some irregularities. He even found cause against Gregorio de Villa, Luis Antonio de Tagle and Santos Perez Tagle. Pavon sought sanctuary in an Augustinian convent until Torralba was stopped. In 1718, all his acts were nullified and even Governor General Pimentel returned to his post in the Marianas. It was found out that the British which were the cause of the contentions were privateers or pirates and not serving in the war.

Meantime, Governor Bustamante made an embargo on the newly-arrived galleon from Acapulco, the *Santo Cristo de Burgos* and found many inconsistencies concerning the cargoes. Many were named to fictional characters which were then reused with a 50% advantage for those who would be getting them. Many transactions were not authorized by the Crown and would have private families, government officials, the different holy orders and their affiliates and even the *Sangleys in Extramuros* who were Chinese businessmen

taking advantage of the Galleon Trade but not even giving anything from their own sampans. But the worst was those which were perpetrated by members of the *audiencia real*.

Based on the formal investigations ordered by Gov. Gen. Bustamante, Andres Fernandez de Alquiжу and *Maestrecampo* Esteban Hizguinao, the government was able to raise 243, 444 pesos with just this embargo. From the fiscal reforms the good governor was able to make, he was able to contract Don Juan Sicarra, an engineer to build the Fortress named after the *Virgin of Pilar* in Zamboanga. It was mounted with 60 bronze cannons ready for any moro raid attack. Defense structures were also made in Labo and Taytay both in Palawan as well as some watchtowers in other places due to repeated moro pirates' attack. All these in so short a time. About this time, the governor general received a letter warning him that what had happened to former Gov. Gen. Diego de Salcedo could possibly happen to him if he will not change his policies. Not that he and Salcedo were alike in their policies but they were treading on someone else's turf, someone on the side of the church. The context was that Salcedo was replaced because he displeased Fr. Jose de Paternina y Samaniego of the Holy Office of the Inquisition who led a conspiracy against him. He was successfully ousted by them but died before he was tried by the Inquisition. He was officially exonerated.

Quite in hurry for reforms, the governor has unprecedentedly jailed so many suspected offenders. Since only Villa was left among the *oidores*, he was forced to put back Torralba to his post on the condition that he and Hernandez will have the immunity from any suit for as long as they turn in their colleagues. This was the blunder which he committed because Torralba started issuing warrants of arrest left and right. On the other hand, Archbishop Francisco de la Cuesta whose attention was called by the religious community started excommunicating Royal officials left and right in an attempt to protect the religious leaders implicated. Most of those corrupt officials identified as enemies of the state for their participation in the plunder of the treasury sought sanctuary in the Cathedral. Perhaps, in the eyes of the said culprits they didn't violate anything against the state because it was customary for them to receive their apportioned takes from the galleon trade as officials of the islands. In fact, the archbishop saw the same gentlemen in the midst of all church charities and activities.

Therefore, the Archbishop did not allow anymore the violation of the sanctuary. The worst however came when Torralba wanted to have the records of the Audiencia returned and there was a standoff. The governor decided then, that even the Archbishop of Manila be arrested along with the men he was harboring as enemies of the state.

The romance between Fernando and Jehanna blossomed in December of 1717. It was then that because there were many people attending the Misa de Gallo, Fernando would bring Jehanna to the church of San Agustin for her to see the statues and pictures of holy persons. After the mass, he would patiently explain to her the meaning of those pictures and statues and tell her stories about them so that she can little by little understand Christianity. But the rush was also his blunder. Jehanna couldn't understand just yet why people have to eat God's body and even drink His blood. That she said is monstrous for only the *asuwang* and *busaw* can eat people, so why even attempt eating God? She couldn't understand why God needs a church in order to come down before His people and then say nothing at all. She couldn't understand why the white priest is only the one to say so much. But what can the theology of a teen-aged lieutenant do, more so, his catechism to a princess trained to read Sanskrit and Baybayin and who simply goes to a beautiful spot in nature and

communicate freely with her gods by word or by omen? The act of the governor jailing the archbishop was an act truly revolting and confusing to the people of Manila. Why would God's vicar to the Insigne *Siempre y Leal Ciudad* (Distinguished and Ever Loyal City) be jailed by the king's one and only representative? What could he possibly have done?

But for some days already, starting on a Sunday, the pulpits enunciated a certain danger in the city. Some powerful person disguising as a purveyor of Truth had been hounding the priests and even the kind Catholic gentlemen and putting them in jails for having done some good works for the city and its people. And now, even the sanctuary was violated and even the most distinguished and loyal priest, himself, was thrown into a cell. Truly, this must be the work of the anti-Christ.

The act of the young man trying to make her believe his crucified God was really repulsive even if he would tell her that this God was deposed, entombed and came to life again. No one of the gods she knew would allow themselves to suffer that much without avenging themselves, not even from a simple insult, as the pride of a Diwata wouldn't allow that. But for some reason, she would like to believe in him. But this same reason rebels against the said reason for indeed his is a belief of contrast and opposites. He would say it's a religion of peace and yet the stories of how they razed Mohameddan Maynila is still fresh in the collective soul of the people of the city. And it was also by peace that they have subverted the peaceful kingdom of Namayan which never aggressed against their conspiracies of acquiring the *banwas* one by one. Today, only a small portion of its people, both royalty and loyalty live together in a community like one lost family trying each day to make meaningful reunion. Perhaps, *Kalangitan*, the true *Mutya ng Pasig*, would really come back when love is no longer confused with something else. As for Jehanna, there is confusion.

Perhaps, Jehanna should not overthink about her feelings. Just feel it and enjoy it. Perhaps, she should bow her head, put her hands in prayer and feel where her heart is.

But God's First

Although Dona Cielo wasn't sure about it, she was disturbed by the sermon on the pulpit made by a Dominican priest in the church of San Agustin avoiding the much larger crowd at the *arzobispado*. She felt that he was alluding to the Governor general as the new anti-Christ. Perhaps, it was a wrong move for the Governor General to avoid the sanctuary. But having seen Torralba and Hernandez waiting them with other men made her more uncomfortable. What else do these men want to do this time? _she thought and crossed herself gathering her children at the more private study and sending each one to change clothes with a kiss. And then she stood by the door to eavesdrop.

_They are really challenging your administration, your excellency. _ said Torralba Rios, _I think that since they wouldn't want the evidence in our hands, they really wouldn't want to cooperate at arriving at the truth.

_There is no alternative left. Have the men get it from them and after everything has been proven all things will get back to normal, _ the governor said.

_ But if we do that, we will violate the sacredness of the sanctuary, _ said Hernandez.

_The Vatican will understand our move for the King. We are technically not arresting the licentiate who is holding the evidence but we are only getting the evidence. If any man will act as to disallow you from getting said evidence, then you can proceed into arresting him, whoever he shall be, _ he declared.

_What if it is the archbishop himself? _ asked Torralba who was already excommunicated by him.

_I said any man. If he opposes our move of gathering that important proof then he must be arrested, too. That evidence is not church property, it belongs to the state and as such, it must be returned. I declare that it is against the ten commandments to use the Lord's name in vain. In the church today, they vilified me as the new anti-Christ just because I want the Truth to be exposed; so, they are using the lord's name in vain. Moreover, if they give sanctuary to Antonio de Osejo, aren't they using the lord's name in vain as they keep a criminal in the name of the Lord? Go, get the books from him. Just take with you a lawyer as a witness.

_Your excellency, sir, even the lawyers are afraid of excommunication, _said Hernandez.

_An excommunication, sir, made not because of a spiritual reason but based on material gains is using the Lord's name in vain also, and is therefore, had no effect, *nada!* You'll find a lawyer for the right price. _ explained the governor, _Take also with you Teniente Fernando Bustamante. That would mean how serious I am. He may excommunicate father and son!

Dona Cielo couldn't take it anymore and screamed. Fernando had just turned 17. He in turn, yelled, _

Cielo, go to your room with the children!

And you Torralba and Hernandez, don't you make this harder on me this time as it already is. Remember, I'm only providing you government immunity so I can catch more rascals! _ he warned, _ You just tell the good archbishop that the ten commandments also prohibit one from taking one which isn't his. Antonio de Osejo y Vasquez, that *ladron* is keeping the state records of the *real audiencia* which are not his. He should return them immediately or he will be arrested.

Torralba and Hernandez licking their conscience wounds were about to say something when the *Mariscal* turned about without dismissing them. It was still early and for the family with the exception of the younger Fernando had attended the earliest mass service to avoid the crowd.

His wife was sobbing when the governor entered the master's bedroom, _ Cielo, *mi amor*, I am the King's good servant.

_Don't I know that? For how many times have I seen you risk yourself for the King? But we must be God's servants first. _ Cielo said, _ And you are risking excommunication even for your firstborn!

He embraced her lovingly knowing that her feminine instincts were greatly roused, _ He wouldn't take the risk, my love for I am doing this for the Truth and God is the Truth. He wouldn't want God to excommunicate him. His great laughter caused her to smile a bit but the worry did not leave her fair countenance.

Sanctuary

After the *siesta* in the sanctuary of the master bedroom Cielo having awakened Fernando snuggled closely on his hairy chest, as she said in a half-whisper, _ I'm afraid for our son because he is very much like you.

_Don't be afraid. As long as I live, I've everything prepared already for him in a silver platter. With every campaign or hard assignment given him, he shall be promoted because he's the son of the Governor General, _ he said.

_See, you sounded like those men you are hunting. They've gotten accustomed to privileges the social norms give them. They never thought that they were looting from the Treasury. You should have given them more time to redeem themselves. The problem is that you are typically quick to anger and resolution that more people misunderstand you.

_ Look, Cielo you find them stealing and then you say, hey, I caught you. Don't do it again please. The next time around they won't leave any evidence and make a fool of you.

_But Fernando, our Fernando is too young to be hated and exposed to these men.

_You know, I've just formed a unit which I would have our son command rather than stay watching those cannons on *Fuerza Santiago*. The elements will only be 14-years old and will be armed with matchlocks and pikes. They shall be called the *Batallon Leal*. If you noticed their young age, it simply means that I do not want any of the old dogs adulterating them. They shall be pure military men to guard the palacio securely as our sanctuary. They are now under training.

_But today's assignment will be hard for our son.

_After mass, upon our return, I foresaw the situation and I told the *Comandante* who I met at the gate to look after him. He mustn't say anything on my behalf because that wouldn't be decent.

Cielo snuggled more closely at him after he spoke, _Ahh, I really find you my safe recluse, my sanctuary.

But in the cathedral sanctuary late this morning, this is what transpired; Torralba, Hernandez and other agents of the *Real Audiencia* were escorted by *Teniente Bustamante* and twelve other soldiers. The *portero* did not allow them to enter reminding them that there is no mass and that the cathedral is a sanctuary whom they simply ignored. Deacons and *sacristans* also tried to block them but they simply pushed them aside. Then having found the group they were seeking huddled in the sacristy, they read the governor's order that Antonio de Osejo y Vasquez turn over the books immediately or he will be arrested for not returning

government property.

Osejo was at first adamant but when was being arrested he cried like a child especially when the archbishop came, and he said, _ Alright, continue with what you're doing and I will excommunicate each one of you. This a breach of the sacred sanctuary and you deserve the excommunication.

_You can't excommunicate us because your reasons are material. An excommunication can only be done spiritually but you have a lot to gain from this, priest, _ said Torralba, _ And don't you use the Lord's name in vain in excommunicating people and having a sacred place as a hideout for criminals!

_You must be mad, Senor Torralba, _ De la Cuesta said, _ Who taught you these heresies?

_ Who else but the Governor General himself, _ claimed Torralba.

_ Excuse me, but my father will not speak like that... _But that is all Fernando, the lieutenant, can say because the Comandante had covered his mouth.

Then I shall excommunicate him, too. In the name of the Father..._ But Fr. Francisco de la Cuesta did not finish the formula because his hands were bound by the soldiers and his mouth stuffed with a handkerchief. Then Torralba addressed the group, _ We will be putting Antonio de Osejo under torture until he tells us where it is. What kind of an archbishop harbors thieves?

But Don Santiago Luceo being afraid of torture as he already saw his slave, Diego given the whiplash for the rumor about the Arab lady with *Teniente* Fernando Bustamante goofed and exclaimed, _It's not here. He hid it in the San Agustin Church where the others are also hiding!

_Good, _ said Hernandez, _ We have a squealer like us. (And Torralba gave him a double slap on his face.)

The cells of the *cuartel* were suddenly filled up. Vagrants caught during the night in Bagumbayan Field were suddenly sent home to give more rooms for the new occupants. Finally, the Archbishop completed his excommunications including now the father and son and even the families to the great amazement of his cellmates. Then as this was happening, an Augustinian who witnessed the breach of sanctuary in San Agustin spoke to the throng of the folly that was, including especially the arrest of the Archbishop of Manila. Then, on the other educational sites of Intramuros, the Dominican preachers were inciting the people to rise against the tyranny of the Governor General both at the old University of Santo Tomas and San Juan de Letran while the Franciscans did the same on their turf. The Jesuits just did their things in whispers. It was as if they were rallying another crusade to free the holy land from the reign of the new anti-Christ in the person of Captain General Fernando Bustamante, Overlord of the Philippine Islands. Apolaki and surprisingly Sitan both atop the *Ayuntamiento* were enjoying the view.

_The possession of by Torralba y Rios by *Mansilat* is very effective, _ said the *Manunubok*.

_Wait there's more. *Hukloban* and *Hasangan* have also possessed the priests with mortal sins, _ said Apolaki, _Now there's going to be war! *Mansilat* has now possessed another lecherous priest and left Torralba who was surprised at himself at what he did.

The sanctuary of love in the palace is now threatened.

Death in the Palace

Throng of people were quickly gathered against the governor's palace. Suddenly, a priest with a sudden guttural voice, this time that of *Mansilat*, called for the arming of each participant, from students, novices, acolytes, deacons and even the ordinary people of the street. The armory of each school where there is cadetship against the moors were forcibly opened and halberds, pikes and even household *itaks* were drawn out. Surprisingly, too, standards of holy orders and relics from the church were also drawn out for the students thought that they were really on a crusade. But *Hukloban* and *Hasangan* pointed only carefully, at those which were not real sacramentals but amulets worn by former city officials lest they, the devil inciters be harmed. The groups amassed in their frenzy into one snaking death procession headed for the *Palacio del Gobernador*. Instantaneously, the young Fernando saw this from the ramparts and rising his steed gave some orders to his awe-stricken men.

Inside the master's bedroom Cielo and Fernando were still in their half-awakened talk. Cielo was disclosing how she wished that their son, Fernando should have chosen instead to be a priest rather than follow the footsteps of his father. But the governor simply said, _ And be like the ones denouncing me?

Just then a porter in palace livery yelled at Julio de Chavez, the cheerful commandant who was telling the children with actions, a story about the Spanish hero, *El Cid* fighting the moors, _ *Senor Comandante*, we're being attacked! I don't know how long the doors could last! Men, everybody, arm yourselves!

Capitan Julio de Chavez told the palace maid watching his antics too to bring the children to safety. In the ensuing noise he readied himself at the landing of the great stairway. Already aware that something was wrong, the captain general, proper as always rushed wearing his uniform and putting his boots on as Dona Cielo gathered her children from the palace maid, _ Rouse the *majordoma*, something is wrong! Call the cocheros, prepare the coaches.

Outside the palace guards couldn't contain the maddening crowd. And especially when a priest told them, _ Give way, give way! These are holy relics respect them and honor the standards of the holy orders or your souls will go to hell! (For none of the guards would want to go to hell)

Earlier as the throngs assemble into a massive mob, *Hasangan* possessing Diego de Salazar rode to warn the archbishop and the others in jail that they will soon be liberated. It was easy for him to shapeshift as a regular soldier because the cuartel troops were nervously assembling into a preparatory formation. At once, he addressed the archbishop, _ They are assembling to attack the palace, get yourselves ready. And to you Don Santiago, do you need anything?

No, Diego, just remember the whiplash beatings you received. I want you to kill that young man! _De Lucea told his slave. But it was Fray Francisco de la Cuesta, the Archbishop, who had an additional order, and he said, thinking that it was the army which had turned its allegiance to him, _Just tell our gallant soldiers, or whoever is leading them that I just want the anti-Christ dead. But do not torch the *palacio* because I will be transferring there immediately after.

Then, Hasangan left Diego momentarily as he rode and entered the sergeant's body.

_ Let's go men, to *Fuerza Santiago*, we need to inform them all so they can come and help.

_But we must stay! What if the prisoners escape? _ protested the corporal but the sergeant shot him and everyone obeyed scampering towards the fort's bastion. Apolaki said he liked his performance and asked who he was. Sitan said he thinks its *Hasangan*, another *daigon* or reptilian-amphibian god.

The commandant allowed the first intruder to climb up the stairs before he fired. It was a dead shot between the eyes. And he became aware of the presence of the Capitan General just two steps from the landing, _ Save yourself, Sir, they are so many of them! Your family, too, escape now!

_ No, I can't leave a fellow *caballero* in battle. Let's fight until help comes. Cielo knows what to do. They're escaping now...

When Dona Cielo, the children and the *Majordoma* came down the coach stable, the first coach had just left. When they asked the remaining *cochero* who just left, he answered he didn't know because he was busy preparing the last coach. Maybe he said, it was the Capitan General but Dona Cielo exclaimed as she boarded her children, _No, no, no, my Fernando is never a *cobarde*. He must be fighting right now but to escape, *nunca!* But the mob had enclosed them.

Dona Cielo was right, the next day the coach was found in the old community of Namayan in Mandaluyong. The *cochero* had identified him to be Jose Torralba y Rios, the former governor.

Teniente Fernando Bustamante saw the enormous mob trying all at once to enter the palace. Approaching the artillery men on the plaza which were normally for ceremonial purposes only, he ordered them to fire at the main crowd. Seeing the constitution of the mob which include those wearing frocks, they hesitated from hitting them actually. It took twice for them to do this, and having seen the hesitation, the young officer simply took the opportunity of the crowd clearing a space, somehow, and made use of it; to lead his horse closest to the crowded door. There, he was almost overwhelmed but managed to rise up the stairs as he saw how the commandant died with pikes and halberds poked at him, but with several dead before him. Then, he saw his father, and with each one nodding at each other, and parried and fought off the rabble which had encircled them both. The father saw his son die from the vicious hacking of Diego de Salazar from behind, after he had felled some men with his *sable*. Having aged, the Capitan General, couldn't remove his sword from the body of an armed religious at once, and having also lost the use of his pistol, he was hit by the men enraged almost simultaneously, with Juan Gainza giving him the final blow.

With the perceived death of the prime target, the Franciscan leader halted the mob. A certain silence overcame the weary bodies of the raiders. Yet, there were some *Indios*, perhaps finding the only time to express themselves from some oppression, made by the Spaniards pulled down the Spanish flag and the coat of arms of the incumbent and trampled and destroyed them. They only stopped when they realized that everyone was looking at them and they withdrew themselves discreetly.

A harrowing silence made each realize the number of dead bodies strewn on the beautiful staircase of which halfway landing became the resting place of three soldiers who fought it out until their last ounce of vitality gave way. And somehow, though unspoken they asked the haunting question, was all this necessary for just one man. And yet, hauntingly enough, the man was still alive. Had Salazar and Gainza known they should have finished him. But the two have left to fetch the ones in jail to enjoy their glorious moments of victory together and just left the tamer ones to clean up the crime. The commandant and the lieutenant were thrown into the dirty stable along with the young man's dead horse. But the governor, more dead than alive was kept in a solitary dungeon so that the victors will not be horrified any longer. The new governor, assuming the post for himself, when told that he was still alive told the harbingers; to just leave him alone and not to give him any drop of water, as he was excommunicated. And when news came to him at dawn that he had already died, they started to really celebrate.

Thus, they scheduled the assumption of the post by the new Governor General at noontime after an early grand lunch as noontime is the most propitious time as the sun is at its highest place in the sky. Singing the *Te Deum* in the short procession from cathedral to palace, they considered it as a religious victory and the death of tyranny. De la Cuesta, unable to sleep, not only because he was waiting for the real news of Bustamante's death was already preparing a very long letter to his majesty, King Philip V. Not so long time ago, many years after the islands were named after Philip II, Philip III was already thinking of giving them up as a needless expense for the crown of Spain but it was also a priest, one Fray Morales who dropped before the king's feet to beg him to continue the archipelago's evangelization, for as he claimed, many islanders have already received the faith. Thanks to him, now, a priest shall sit on the throne as Overlord of the Islands.

Truly, in these islands with its sacred shores, faith is in the silent agony of the bivalve gastropod living in the twin mother of pearl shells, of the cross and the sword; for it to produce just one great pearl.

After the Storm

Fray Francisco de la Cuesta, perhaps having just a wink or two was so excited. It is uncommon that a friar could also be a ruler of a nation at least under Spain. He should really thank God but he was not in the elements to say mass. Rising constantly in the Order of the Brothers Hospitalliers of St. John of God, he didn't expect to become the highest prelate of the church in the Philippines and now, he also didn't expect to be the ruler of the whole archipelago.

But thanks to the fast determination and decisiveness of Fernando del Bustillo Bustamante y Rueda, the dramatic changes rather came quickly, opening for him the great opportunity. The galleon trade had customarily changed culture and tradition in the islands which are either good or bad. But since it worked so well for members of the *Real Audiencia* and the clerics and businessmen as well, why must an upstart Captain General change it? It would be bad.

He and Bustamante were a good match, *mano a mano*, for after sometime, he had written a long tedious letter explaining to the Viceroy of New Spain why Bustamante must be recalled or be replaced as he had planted so many seeds of discord among the people of the walled city in his investigations and intervention on the coffers recorded by the *Real Audiencia*, and even jailing officials who have shown irregularities. This letter, he dispatched to the galleon about to leave for Acapulco but Bustamante caught wind of it and sent men to the ship demanding for the letter. It was good that the galleon *marinos* overpowered the soldiers in the squabble on the galleon. Thus, Bustamante's men failed and were thrown overboard with the captain of the ship tearing his demand letter after them. Persistent, the Captain General had a galley sent to intercept the ship but the *vendevels* kept the galley off the chase in the high seas as it had lesser sails in both number and size. And yesterday was the continuation of the great match as yells of the men reverberated in the air, "*Muerte el Tirano!*"

And today, although they have to borrow the flag from the bastion, and there was no coat of arms, he now sits impressively at the palace court after the early lunch was extended in time by the glutton participants of at least four holy orders from priests to sacristans; from ordinary folks to students. And to show his great Christian kindness and compassion he asked his predecessor's widow if they had lunch already because he didn't see her and her children at the long tables. It was now probably around two o'clock, an unpropitious descent of the sun.

But she wouldn't answer and so he would use the bait, _ In the consideration of the services rendered by the late Capitan General, I, Francisco de la Cuesta, the new Capitan General, even as I also serve as the *Arzobispo de Manila*, confer this endowment of 1,000 pesos for his widow and children. We are still considering

if we will give some money for the late *teniente*, his son. And he signed the paper and asked if she had anything to say. But rather than speaking, she momentarily sought the ink table of the *escribiente* and was looking for some stationary and so, De la Cuesta obliged and asked the servant that she be given. And so, she wrote and when she finished, she gave it to someone else to read it and since Santiago de Lucea wouldn't read it, he ordered it and he obliged, _ My children are not used to eating with usurpers and thieves. Moreover, we can't accept blood money which is accursed.

De la Cuesta had a hard time, masking his pain from the double insult. But tried his best to be composed. He then said, _Well, I understand the pains you are having right now. And I'm sorry you lost your voice in the trauma but I bid you farewell in your travel to *Nueva Espana*. *Adios Senora y ninos*.

But surprisingly, she wrote again and when Santiago de Lucea read it, he couldn't hide the smirk on his face, _*Adios, tambien. Bienvenido al trono!* I did not lose my voice. I can't talk to you because you excommunicated all of us. _ It was just like the aftermath of the storm when everything was so fresh except that his feet are held back by the mud of the murky floodwaters.

He could have still said something else but the mirth held him back. Besides, he was the first to say, *adios* effectively dismissing her. She left without any word and psychologically clobbering him; that devil of a woman, he thought.

There is not one day as refreshing as the day after the storm. Jehanna after learning what happened to Fernando and his father the day after, tried to pick the spick and spence left of her splintered shattered life. There was not a day she didn't yearn for his presence and now that the reality of his death had sunk in how can she survive?

Donning on an *inuwak*, she secretly bought, and worn only by those in mourning, she walked within the walled city no longer a *binukot* for she had drugged her men so that nothing could be conspicuous. And she was right, she could easily and freely move around getting the information she would like to check and countercheck. She will pass by the tagay sessions of drinking men stopping by the nearby store where she would be on the pretense of buying something or looking up something to buy, which would hardly be there. Even the gatherings of women and elder men who would talk of what transpired in palace after the death procession. Gossips and rumors may contain grains of truth.

Thus, slowly but surely, Jehanna completed the story of how it really happened at the palace by validating things like, _ Oh, is that the graduating student, Wenceslao? /Oh, yes, that big one, is Wenceslao, he was the one who pierced the elder Fernando with the pike. He was sure he was the one who killed him. _and that's how she would ultimately know. Surprisingly, Maria Makiling came and read the list approvingly. She told her to use Apolaki's *balaraw* wisely.

On the day of the galleon's departure a circle of real friends came to say goodbye to Cielo and her children. Maria Makiling was there incognito also in mestiza *inuwak*. And she took note of her farewell address; _ To all of you gathered here for us, thank you for still risking yourself to be seen with us. If only God will allow me to transform into a *Loba Negra*, then I shall come back to eat the hearts of those who pretend to be sheep but were the wolves who murdered my husband, my son and my friend. But I just say that may be, and as a Christian, let them eat their hearts out, as they desire, and let God be my avenger.

She made a deep impression on the *Diwata* and in her heart she made a vow, she will help both Jehanna and Cielo in spite of the fact that *Kalangitan* would not get involved.

Nostalgia

A certain sad feeling that wouldn't go away and absorb you to the utmost in remembrance of someone or something lost may be good or bad depending on how one applies its persistent existence in one's life. If it is productive and causes the person to do good things which others may appreciate or as an effort to find what had been lost then it is good. But if turns out harmful and adversarial causing others to lose, or even as to cause neglect of one's self then, it is bad for the person indulging in it.

One night, when the galleon carrying Dona Cielo and her children was already in the high seas, she had a strange dream. In the dream, the brown woman who was so attractive, and wearing mourning clothes like her appeared and spoke to her, _ I am Maria Makiling. I used to be known by another name but the friars wanted my own people to forget me thus they gave me another name, a name of someone who is only a human but greater than us, goddesses. I bring you news about your secret desire. *La Loba Negra* shall come to life very soon in the islands. She will be the one who will fulfill your desires. Each man who took part in the murder of your husband, son and friend shall suffer three stabs in the heart for each of them you lost. The black she-wolf are like me and you who lost the men they love. She will kill the men who have physically killed them but my work shall be different for I shall haunt those who are more guilty and give them no rest. So, find peace in your heart and take care of your children. If in the future you find time again to return to the islands, come to Makiling for it is the mountain where I reside.

Finding the dream very bizarre and her children peacefully sleeping, she decided to pray the fifteen mysteries of the rosary which her husband didn't like to do as it was very lengthy for a busy man like him. After her prayer, she asked for forgiveness thinking now, she is being tempted for planting too much hatred in her heart.

Around the walled city, *La Loba Negra* started her operations. She first accosted Wenceslao Rama, a student from Letran who was about to finish his A.B. degree despite the fact that he was already thirty and the *Bachiller* is only equivalent to high school. He had to make his way and stay in Manila though he came from the Visayas. He carried an easel and canvass and some oil paints when she approached him, he must be filthy rich. She said, _ If you can't find any great view here in Bagumbayan why don't you try painting me in private. I would love my picture done any way an artist like you wants it.

It was easy to seduce him. He took him right away to his studio in the walled city and after giving her some refreshments asked her to pose for him in the nude. Then after touching her for some time, even shivering, to make her pose more natural, the touches lingered longer until he lost control and then it was easy for her to plunge the dagger into his heart thrice, as the fairy instructed her to make him a real ritual

offering. The late afternoon of that day, upon discovery of the student's body there was a report of the lady in mourning dress who came out of his studio near the *Colegio de San Juan de Letran*. He had not even started to sketch yet but there was already a signature on the empty canvass, *La Loba Negra* and the *leyenda* started. He was an excellent student but he boasted of making the kill and some of the well-wishers of Dona Cielo remembered what she said by the pier. It was definitely her.

The second kill was a strange one. He was a vagrant hobo feared in the streets even in *Extramuros*. The wall guards have arrested him several times but he was a lunatic and they cannot prove a crime against him even if he affirms them. He was possibly just stimulated to join the throng and was given an itak by someone before entry into the palace. After eating with her, he rose, just turn around and urinated making Jehanna exclaim, _ Have you no manners, sir that you'll just turn your back on me and... _and so, he turned and continued urinating but this time in front of her. The hunter couldn't cope up with the affront and plunged the dagger thrice into his heart. Maria Makiling came too late to warn her, _ He is possessed, my princess. Just wait a while and I'll prove it.

Then, a ghastly specter hovered over the corpse for a while and thanking them both left. The fairy explained that it was *Ulilang Kaluluwa*, a disembodied spirit who inhered in the man before he went loco and he became entrapped within the body of the insane man because he couldn't connect and control his witless mind. Just the same, Jehanna cut the word *Loba* on its the body. Some people told the civil guards that they actually saw a woman in black leaving the crime scene in haste.

But Jehanna didn't want to go crazy like the vagrant hobo, and so she dabbled into poetry which she noticed Maria Makiling was fond of. To humor her, as the *Diwata* even gave her an *escribiente*, a secretary, to take her poetry down. She is a princess anyway and she enjoyed her appreciation of her as a poetess and not just some serial killer. And this is what she managed to dictate in her nostalgic moments in the woods.

*Poems Dictated by Princess Jehan of Namagan
As recorded by her Servant. Adapon*

J E H
E N E
H E J

H A N
A N A
N A H

Elementary

The falling leaves
leave the tree falling
and fall on leaves
already fallen.
Tierra, on the ground,
they continually grind
till they become earth's rind

The Tryst

Where we meet
brings memories sweet
and bitter, too
of days forlorn and of rue.
My groom couldn't come
any more but I still wait, please come...
even just a promised whisper

or the nourishing soil.
While others still toil
that they may eat
and live for the day,
others would slay
to take what isn't theirs.
Fuego, they kindle the fire
with the leaves
and leaf by leaf
the incensed smoke lifts
some attraction, a bit of passion
or a giant obsession.
Imperceptible the wind
winding up or down
where lovers lift
or push down,
inhaling the fragrance of dusk
and the vaporizing dew of dawn.
Brisas, the cold sea breeze comes
and the warm land breeze leaves.
Agua, life now becomes fluid
as he melts into liquid
and she floods with the ebb tide
rippling and gripping
the hours unminding
from one twilight
to another.

but no not even a whimper
comes from the dead.
The moment I dread
now approaches
due to our reproaches
that the tryst
will not be made.
I'll remain a bridesmaid
all my life, shall I blame some priest
that I couldn't be wife
for the rest of my life?

No Indication

No Captain General
to marshal or generate a moral.
No Commandant Captain
to attain the command of men.
No Lieutenant
In lieu of a deadly itinerant.
Respect holy orders_ the murders?
or you'll end up as relics
by the devil's antics!
Why change the unchangeable?
Why reform the deformed?
Are you some alchemist
or a magician of the mist?

And when the serial killer mellowed into the mystic poetess, she used the reversible cryptogram to bless her works and became Jehan who used Sanskrit and Urdu as her countersigns having learned the use of the latter in the ways of the Encanto taught to her by Diyan Masalanta, the sage of the ages, in the islands. For instance, the first simply meant Jehan tells her *enemigos*, thank you; which is a satire and the second means: she wants you to be away as she is above you and was never like you.

In the victims that followed, Jehan had started to have more sophistication as her victims included the following: the third, Jorge Villasenor, a *borrachero*, an employee of the *Ayuntamiento* which she invited to drinking bout where she only drank water while he drank *lambanog*; the fourth, Ricardo Rongavilla, an avid equestrian which she motivated by riding a handsome horse in Bagumbayan; fifth, Mariano Gatbonton, an *encomendero* philanderer whom she lured as a *binukot* like herself but with a retinue of black-garbed *encantos* to back her up in Los Banos, La Laguna; sixth, Daniel Paterno Tirona, an *insular* who hated *peninsulares* for

looking down at those who were born only in the islands, and whom she “contracted to kill her Iberian-born husband”, who was only an *encanto* posing as her hated husband, with a promise of an intimacy, on a fancy private boat ride going to Talim island; seventh, Eutiquio Parojinog, an embalmer who desired rich clients, who came to serve a very rich recent dead in the *arabales* of San Miguel-Kiyapo boundary which was only illusory because the cadaver was just a banana stalk. What was quite amusing here was when he incised a wound water flowed from the ant-filled body which even sat up. His companions were treated by herbolarios because they were enchanted but Parojinog had the word, Loba on his neck.

The eight victim was the superstitious Franciscan acolyte Honorato Perez de Tagle who once was told by a fortune-teller that the one who will murder him will have the name Fernando and since he was being investigated also on the galleon trade deal by the fathers and sons Fernando, he opted to attack first rather than becoming their victims. He was goaded into seeing Madam Fernandina, the best fortune-teller in the whole of Asia. The ninth victim was a former master swordsman, who had just been ordained a deacon, Toledo-born, Carlos Liga Moran, who was insulted by the fact that a much older person, Fernando Bustamante, the Capitan General would defeat him in fencing foils. His pride foiled when he failed, he found an opportunity to retaliate. Challenged into a duel by a be-mustached Italian swordsman Genio Cagliostro, he was mortally wounded with three cruel thrusts in the heart with sword not leaving the body. Per agreement, the victor shall cut his name unto the flesh of the defeated. And before the bystanders were able to see what the cuts read, she had already mounted and left on horseback. The signature of the Italian read *Loba*, and it was the only occasion when *Apolaki's punyal* was only used for signing. Now, the authorities know the real identity of *La Loba Negra* and she is not a woman.

The tenth was a lecherous *moro-moro* actor and poet Leandro Cordova who is also a Dominican priest. He became interested in the beautiful poetess he saw performing on a provincial gala presentation in Morong, it was Jehan. One time he was on the confessional hunting for matron victims, he heard her familiar voice, _Father, remember you said my face is like rose when I blush at your jokes and my fragrance like the *rosal*. I must confess I have fallen in love with you...

He stood up recognizing her. And so, she came! _ No, Fr. Cordova don't bother to come out, I'll be coming in to give you what you truly deserve, as you described me, your heaven on earth.

And she did and gave him the ritual and the obvious signature. He was a victim of a deadly *moro-moro*.

The eleventh was an Augustinian scholar who would have wanted to be a soldier except that his mother wanted him to be a priest. His interest in Jehan was doubled because aside from the fact that she understood Hindi, Urdu and Sanskrit, he found her very alluring such that he had forgotten most of the things he would like to ask her about the *Kama Sutra* translation.

_While you're trying to recall what you would like to ask me, can I ask you, a favor, please? Can I you give some time so that I can confess as I haven't done it...

_Right here? _ he asked, because he was not used to giving the sacrament of penance and only rarely did it in the confessional.

_ No, someone might hear, _ she said leading him to her room, and as they sat down in bed, she started, _You know father, I don't just have a beautiful face. I got a beautiful body and it hadn't been touched for a long time. Touch me long...

And *touche*, he rose and for a moment, she thought he will flee, but he started defrocking himself in a mad rush as he tried to reach her face with his lips and when he had already removed his undershirt, she did the ritual. He got translated, of course, and the translator signed, *Loba*.

A sad thing happened also between the 8th and 9th victims. Jose Torralba Rios had already been hiding for a long time and to make things more comfortable for him, he had sent his long-time mistress Conchita Leynes Vasquez out into Parian and even Intramuros wearing *inuwak* so that people in the city would see her, she will tell them how he died. They even had a lot filled up in the city cemetery with a real cadaver which Torralba bought. It was about his size and made to wear his old clothes so that even if the cunning shepherd dog of Manila would have it exhumed, they would think it was really him. Conchita served as his eyes and ears in the city and it was quite convenient for both. In fact, Conchita had been enjoying it too because some lewd gentlemen of the city had been proposing to make her their own as Torralba is now dead. Had the Bustamante purge been completed he could have easily done away with the deficit of 700,000 pesos as the raw deal had been stipulated for serving as government witness. But he had to pay with another price. Conchita Vasquez, in her careless habit of eavesdropping, so much like Jehan in her beginning days as a serial killer, was mistaken by overzealous and over nervous people as the real *La Loba*, and was badly wounded, when men ganged up on her. It was only on the occasion of the Dominican priest's death in the church near the *Lecheria*, that what she was said in her deathbed at the San Juan de Dios Hospital was true. The men treated as heroes for a while had to be hunted for the mistaken murder of Torralba's true love, whom he had chosen over his *de buena* family.

Depression

Ask the *Kahanginans*, before the typhoon develops there is always a depression, an area with low pressure. Such depressions are akin also to the psychological depressions that humans suffer from. They, too, have these low emotional moments where they can't help but pity themselves for whatever happened in their lives. This is especially true with many of the characters in our story. For instance, Torralba even became more depressed when Conchita Vasquez, his beloved mistress died. He had no other one to blame other than himself for he was responsible for sending her out where it was dangerous and even asked her to wear mourning clothes to make the story of his death more convincing. And she kept his secret lair as a slippery skink until she died.

The legend of *La Loba Negra* had blown out of proportions because of the real victims it had having been implicated in the *Romeria de la Muerte* for Bustamante. Now, everyone who participated, even those who did not even enter the *Palacio* are afraid for their lives because it seemed she knew them all. Yet Jehan wouldn't even touch them if they were only participants. She was only interested in those responsible for the death of her beloved Fernando, his father and his friend. In fact, she does not care about those who were in jail at that time for they were obviously innocent of the murderous crime. Jehan is from Namayan and she will give benefit of the doubt for those who are doubtful to benefit.

But it was this series of dreams which cause the more guilty restless sleepless nights. It was this dream of a rabid black she-wolf which comes menacingly even when they attempt to sleep even in the morning or at siesta. This same dream comes to Osejo, Lucea, Torralba, Salazar and most of all, De la Cuesta. If the others have gone ahead, they knew that they will follow. And the one who orchestrated all these was no one else but Diyan Masalanta; Jehan's fairy goddess-mother, Maria Makiling.

Slowly, but in the cruelest manner possible, these men couldn't eat and drink even if they have access to them. Yes, some of them drunk abusively to forget but the nightmares still come with the she-wolf consuming them already. *Hunyangos* Osejo and Lucea died fully emaciated telling their family that it is the curse of the Loba Negra. The families could only despair in disbelief because not even the shadow of the criminal have set foot on their well-guarded homes.

Archbishop Francisco de la Cuesta will not serve long as Capitan General because no matter how lengthy his letters were for his defense the more the Court found loopholes. In his short term, he tried to blur the achievements of Bustamante. One glaring mistake he did was to cause the abandonment of the Labo fort which allowed the moros to ransack the town repeatedly. Finally in 1721, he was replaced by Toribio Jose Cosio y Campo also known to those close to him as Torrecampo, a combination of the first syllable of his first

name and his maternal surname but most especially because he is the Marquis of Torrecampo.

Archbishop Francisco de la Cuesta was sent to become Bishop of Michoacan in Nueva Espana which at that time was said to be a billet for penitents. Even there, he continued to be haunted by *La Loba Negra* and although the assignment was temporary until he had already proven to be repentant of his errors, he died from heart attack after only a month. He couldn't stand the horror of the nightmare sent him by Diyan Masalanta. The *bayawak* choked on the rotten meat it ate even if it was given another lair.

Diego de Salazar and Juan Gainza were sent to Nueva Espana for trial but money connection via the Galleon Trade prevailed. Torrecampo couldn't do anything regarding the Bustamante case because his confessor Fray Totanes threatened not to give him any absolution for his confessions, a rare case of blackmail by absolution. In 1724, the King of Spain himself ordered the re-investigation of the Bustamante case to bring at least Gainza and De Salazar to justice but Toribio Cosio was inutile. After this event, Diyan Masalanta was already sure that Jehan should implement justice to the two, by herself.

Cosio de Torrecampo tried to make a name for himself, too, but he was always frustrated by his Franciscan confessor, Totanes and the Jesuits. He sent Fray Antonio de Roxas to Zamboanga to negotiate with the Sultan Badar of Sulu for trade between Manila and Jolo, the return of Basilan to Spanish sovereignty, the ransom of captives, the cessation of moro raids to Christian towns and the conversion of Muslims by payment to the Sultanate for the following; men =40 pesos, women=30 pesos and children=20 pesos. Right after the signing of the agreement, Busuanga was attacked. One can easily guess the results of these negotiations of which some became official agreements. In 1728, he tried to reform scandalous women, prostitutes and married and unmarried women with illicit relations, under one school but it does not succeed like other institutions. Perhaps, the curse of the *Loba Negra* rubbed on him, too.

Typhoon

Kahanginans know it. Air pressure when at its lowest would certainly suddenly suck the atmospheric energy residing in high pressure areas with a whirling mass at center approximating a vacuum resulting into a typhoon. This is what becomes of a man without or with less virtues residing in himself. He would most likely be challenged by the world, and being weak is overwhelmed by vice, he succumbs to it as his new master and hides his weaknesses by resorting to violence and boasting.

This is what happened to Diego de Salazar, descendant of a Muslim surrenderee from the Kingdom of Sulayman. He thought that with fifty boats he could win against the Spaniards and their followers for as long as they also have the mounted *lantakas* of *Panday Pira*. But Sulayman was wrong. So many *lantakas* would only slow down his boats and besides, its ricochet when fired would definitely move them sideways in the water and they would bump each other. Sulayman has only one god and that is Allah, and one prophet, Mohammed. Who dares say that *lantakas* are wrongly named because they combine the wilting and the escape, *lanta* and *takas*? *Lantakan* in Tagalog is to eat with gusto and he will eat the whole of the Spaniards with a great appetite.

But he was wrong, he should not have listened to the strange men *Apolaki* sent, the war mongers led by *Mansilat*. Spanish cannons were at an advantage, they were up on the decks aimed down at his war boats. They were sitting ducks. In the debacle following, many fell in the water. Even Sulayman, the last king was lost presumed dead, for he was proudly standing on his boat when it had a direct hit. A long search led by *Goiti* will ensue as men by scores surrendered like the great, great, grandfather of Diego. Which is why Diego de Salazar, though already a Christian, is still a slave. Then, a mortally-wounded noble from *Maynila* reached *Borneo* as *Rajah Muda*. He died there closing forever the story of Islamic *Maynila*.

Hounded by dreams of a she-wolf, Diego became very slim. He would frequent the *anting-anting* sellers near the *San Juan Bautista* church or the charms and amulets sellers at the *Parian* but not one of them could calm him. He was one of those who stole a relic to make into *anting-anting* during the *Bustamante* murders and he has since lost it. Now, he couldn't be calmed because all those participated actively in the triple murders have been killed by the *Loba*. And then he was approached by an acquaintance who said that a Muslim woman is selling the best Arab talismans in the world. One of which he said made Sulayman invisible and another which allowed him to walk on water until he reached *Borneo* as *Rajah Muda*. Immediately, he found the woman whose face was covered as Arab men are that jealous. She said, it would cost him much and still showing interest, the woman asked a co-vendor to take care of the merchandise as she will be out for a while. And as they slid into a narrow alley in the *Parian*, some men grabbed Diego and he was drugged. When he awoke, he was already bound to the *Balete* tree. Though bound, he violently tried to free himself, as he

found himself covered by horses' dung.

_Do you understand why you are like this? _ Jehan asked. He only shook his head, _You are wearing horse's dung because you were the one who threw the teniente and the *comandante* into the stable dung heap.

_ So, you are *La Loba Negra*? *Dios mio*, why are you doing this? _he asked.

_ Isn't it still obvious? You killed the man I love, that's why I'm dressed like this. You have made me a very young widow, as you hold on to the ceiling, *Butiki*.

_So, you are the Arab woman?!

_Of course, that's the gossip you made for a few *piloncitos*, you rumor-monger, _ And then she drew the dagger and he screamed and screamed in terror. But the *encantos* held his head so that Jehan could cut his tongue off. Then as tears oozed down his eyes, she made three thrusts into the heart of the twelfth victim. That was the last time she wore black because white is for the winter.

Well, about the morose Jose Torralba y Rios, when Cosio Torrecampo came, he negotiated with some Jesuits for him to come out and be put on trial. There was no more sense being a fugitive when almost all enemies are gone. There was some hope because even if the Bustamante widow came up with a 700,000 peso-deficit bill, which he could question as to authenticity, plus the fact of del Bustillo Bustamante's promise of immunity when he turned government witness, he still will be able to show 294,000 pesos in the coffers, with a net gain of 38, 554 pesos. But the Court of the Indies from both Manila and Madrid increased his liabilities from 20,000 to 100,000 pesos claiming he was accountable for both his reign on an acting capacity as Captain General, and under the helm of Fernando Manuel del Bustillo Bustamante y Rueda. It was a problem he could never solve even if he had already returned what was left to him. Then there was the presence of the continuous nightmares about the black she-wolf which won't go away. Thus, he died heartbroken, a destitute but shiny *bubuli* and a victim of his own typhoon.

Glossary

A

adios- Spanish for goodbye.
alampay- local sash or cloak
Apolaki- Apong lalaki, Tagalog and Kapampangan god of the sun, and of war.
Apo Ba-y- alleged mortal wife of Apolaki, as Bathala gossiped.
Arabales- suburbs, districts close to the city.
Acapulco- port city in Nueva Espana used for the Galleon trade.
Amihan- northeasterly tradewinds, goddess of the northeasterly winds.
anting-anting- talisman or amulet.
Archbishop- Catholic head bishop of a diocese.
arzobispado- seat or cathedra of a diocese where the archbishop resides.
arzobispo- archbishop
asuwang- Tagalog shapeshifter monster.
Audiencia Real- Royal Audience composed of Oidores (Auditors)who assist the
Capitan General in his governance.
Augustinian- member of the Holy Order of St. Augustine.
Ayuntamiento- government house of the city

B

bagani- bayani, a warrior elite, a champion.
Bahala na si Bathala- Bahala shall be in charge; equivalent to “God provides”.
bai-gani- woman bagani.
balangay- big boat, with many passengers.
balaraw- punyal or Tagalog dagger.
banwa- township, place, country
Bathala- supreme being of the Tagalogs
bathaluman- goddess, female deity.
Batallon Leal- elite battalion, palace guards battalion.
bayawak- tagalog common name of the monitor lizard.
baybayin- pre-colonial alphabet system of the islands.
Bienvenido al Trono- Span. For Welcome to the throne.
Binukot- cloistered female nobility, aristocrat not allowed to walk.
Brisas- gentle breeze, the deity controlling land breeze and sea breeze.
borrachero- drunkard.
bubuli- Tagalog common name of the skink.
butiki- tagalog common name of the house lizard.
Burigadang Pada- goddess of ill-gotten wealth, no relation to Brigada Eskwela

e

caballero- knight, soldier on horse.
cadena de amor- mexican creeper, dilngaw vine.
Castillan- Spaniard
cobarde- coward
cochero- rig or coach driver.
Code of Kalantiaw- hoax ancient pre-colonial laws perpetrated by Jose Marco.
Comandante- commandant.
conquistador- Spanish for conqueror
cuartel- precinct, soldier’s barracks, guardia civil jail.

Court of the Indies- court with the jurisdiction to put into trial top men in the East.

D

daigon- amphibian god, reptilian deity

Dagling-Kisap- god of lightning

Dag-undong- god of thunder

De Buena- refers to families of high standing, ilustrado or illustrious family.

Dilngaw- cadena de amor or Mexican creeper vine.

Dios mio- My God

diwata- elemental, fairy, Encanto

Diyan Masalanta- ancient name of Maria Makiling

E

El Cid- Spanish chivalric hero.

encanto- fairy, elemental, nature spirit

encomendero- owner of an encomienda or land grant in the name of the king.

enemigos- enemies

escribiente- scribe, secretary

excommunication- punishment of a catholic by having him separated from the community; even speaking with an excommunicated person is prohibited.

extramuros- outside the walls.

F

Flanders- region of Belgium which is usual battlefield of great wars, means low land, Bustamante fought there.

Fuerza Santiago- Fort of St. James "Matamoros" (moor-slayer)

G

Galleon Trade- commercial shipping link between Acapulco and Manila using galleons or large ships with sails, Pacific trade route from 1565 – 1815.

gehenna- pit of fire, hell.

Guardia Civil- a constable, the colonial soldier-policeman

H

Habagat- Southwesterly tradewinds, God of the southwesterly winds.

halberd- pole weapon which may have axe, spear and hook components.

Hasangan- Tagalog terrible reptilian, horrible amphibian god, war-monger with gills when in water.

henna-like- the color of black ink.

herbolario- medicine men usually using herbs to cure sickness.

Hindi- Hindu language or script.

Hokloban- shapeshifting god who is an agent of Sitan or Apolaki.

hunyango- tagalog common name for the chameleon.

I

incognito- unknown, unrecognized.

Indios- natives of the islands who are brown in complexion.

Insigne Siempre y Leal Ciudad- Most Distinguished and Loyal City; Manila.

insular- Spanish descent but born in the island.

Intramuros- within the walls, old walled city of Intramuros, Manila

Inuwak- crow-like (black), formal dress used for mourning especially by the widow.

itak- ordinary household blade, bolo.

J

Janna- Mohammedan heaven.
Jehanna-name derived from Janna.
Jehan-same as above.
jihadic- jihad-like, akin to a holy war for Muslims.

K

Kaapuyan- kalayo-on, fire spirits
Kahanginan- spirits of the air
Kalangitan- the real “Mutya ng Pasig” (possibly Nicanor Abelardo’s inspiration for his classic opus), Namayan princess of Pasig. Abelardo however allowed his brother Richard to make a film inspired by the kumintang and the reel version was modernized to relate to their time, 1950.
Kalupaan- Lupanon, elementals of the earth
Kama Sutra- Hindu sex manual
Karagatan- Tubignon, water elementals
Kilat- or Kidlat, god of lightning, Dagling Kisap
Kudol- or Kulog, god of thunder, Dag-undong
kundiman- Tagalog song of unrequited, unreciprocated love

L

ladron- thief
lambanog- highly intoxicating coconut liquor
lanta- wilted
lantakan- Tagalog, to eat unsparingly.
lantakas- Tagalog cannon, especially those made by Panday Pira.
La Loba Negra- the black she-wolf, novel attributed to Fr. Jose Burgos but was a hoax by Jose Marco.
lecheria- milk or dairy farm
leyenda- legend

M

madre- mother, or a nun
majordoma- lady who is in charge of the servants
Makiling- mountain abode of the Diwata, Maria Makiling
mano a mano- hand to hand, punch for punch, well-matched fight
Mansilat- agent of sitan, bringer of chaos and discord
Maria Makiling- Diwata of benevolence, formerly known as Diyan Masalanta
Maestrocampo- master of fortification, camp or fort (formal).
marinos- marines, soldiers who are trained to fight on land or water.
marquis- hereditary rank of nobility below the duke and above count or earl.
Maynila- old name for Manila; May nilad or where the nilads are.
mestrecampo- maestro de campo, camp master, in-charge of garrison or fort in slang or informal use.
mi amor- my love
Michoacan- diocese where Archbishop De la Cuesta was sent and where he died.
Misa de Gallo- dawn or midnight mass.
moro-moro- stage presentation of wars between Christians and Muslims
moros- moors
morose- pensive, sad, depressed
“Muerte el Tirano”- “Death to the tyrant” (or traitor).

muros- walls

N

nada- nothing, at no cost at all.

Nueva Espana- New Spain or Mexico

nunca- never

O

Order of the Brothers Hospitaliers of St. John of God- Holy Order to which Archbishop Francisco de la Cuesta belonged.

Oidor- Audiencia "listener", auditor

Oidores- licensed auditors of the Real Audiencia.

Order of Santiago- Order of St. James, a knight decorated for valor in battle.

P

Palacio del Gobernador- official resident of the Capitan General.

Parian- Chinese district outside the walls, residents or business places of the Sangley which are extramuros.

peninsulares-Spaniards actually born in Spain.

pikes- simple pole shafts with metal points akin to lances and spears

pilancitos- small golden pieces used as currency

portero- religious assigned at the church door, trusted doorman

punyal- Tagalog dagger, balaraw

R

Rajah Muda- assumed character of Sulayman after escaping from Maynila and upon arrival in Borneo.

Real Audiencia- Royal Council of the country which helps the Captain General in Governance.

"Romeria de la Muerte"- a procession of death, the poem by Manuel Bernabe Concerning the Death March is titled thus.

rosal- the fragrant gardenia shrub.

S

sacristan-young man who serves in the mass assisting the priest.

sambac- Arabic name for the jasmine, the sampaguita derives its name from it.

sampan- Chinese boat.

San Juan de Dios Hospital- hospital run by the brotherhood and named after the saint.

Sanskrit- one of the oldest Asian languages.

Sierra- mountain range

Sierra Madre- mountain range in Morong (now Rizal).

siesta- afternoon nap.

Sitan- Satan, the Adversary.

sundang- Indio machete, bolo

T

Tagalog- ethnic group of Namayan and surrounding kingdoms like Maynila, taken from taga-ilog or someone who lives by the river.

tagay- passing the glass in drinking.

Tagulaylay- a song for mourning.

takas-someone who escaped, to escape.

tambien- also, likewise.

Te Deum- a hymn praising God, especially for giving thanks.

teniente- lieutenant

U

ulilang kaluluwa- awandering or lost soul.

V

Vendeveles- strong winds of the high seas, the deities controlling them.

vinta- fast thin moro boat with one sail, usually colorful

W

Walled City- Intramuros in this story.

Y

Yucatan- city and diocese in Nueva Espana where Martin de Ursua Almendriz served as a mayor before coming to the Philippines as Captain General

Synopsis:

The alleged Fr. Jose Burgos novel, *La Loba Negra* had been made material for several masterpieces even if they were perpetrated by the hoaxer, Jose Marco. Rico del Sol reconstructs the urban legend and uses both existing folklore and serious historical facts to re-create the story of an early 18th century woman serial killer. Is it the Captain General's widow as the urban legend claims or another Intramuros woman of mystery who takes revenge against the religious and lay men who perpetuated the crime so daring during the heydays of the Manila-Acapulco Galleon trade? We are sure you will also be surprised at the turn of events.