This is the story of the first saqwa. A long time ago, there lived a man and a woman. The woman was gone and her husband couldn’t find her. He looked for her everywhere. The demon had taken her away. When the man learned this, he followed after them. He followed and searched for a long time. He met one with crooked legs. “Did my wife pass through here?” But he said she had not. He met one who had crusted eyes. “Did my wife pass through here?” But he said she had not. He followed and searched, followed and searched. He came to a huge rice container. “Did my wife pass through here?” But it said she had not. He asked everyone he met whether his wife had passed through, but they all said she had not. And he followed and searched, followed and searched.

His wife meanwhile was living with the demon; he had made her his wife. He came finally to that place, and found her. Right away she told him her plan for escaping the demon. “Go away from here, and sharpen your knife. Whet it for five days, and then come back.” The husband went off, and spent five days whetting his knife. Then he came back. His wife bade him to lie down behind her back, and she hid him. And while he was hiding, the demon came home. “Ha! I smell a human being!” “No, you are mistaken. There is no one here but me.” she said. It was time to eat, she said. The demon had to go hunting first, and after that, she prepared the food, and they sat down to eat. Just as the demon was sitting down, the husband rose up and stabbed him with his knife (which he had sharpened for five days). The demon was dead, and the husband led his wife away.
On the road home, he burned down the rice container, and killed the one with the crusted eyes and the one with the crooked legs, with his knife.\(^3\) And the husband and wife went home together.

But the demon returned, although they were certain they had killed him. The man and his wife had gone to the pezyang tree to pick the fruits. The demon followed them there, and asked for something to eat. The wife whispered to her husband: “While I am picking fruit for him and me, go home, heat these three spears, and come back with them.” So he went away, and heated up the three spears for killing the bloody demon.

The man came back, and gave the spears to his wife, who was up in the tree. She called down to the demon, “Look, I will put the fruits on this spear, and lower them down to you. Close your eyes, and open your mouth wide!” All the while she was pricking the fruits on the spear. “Don’t look on the sly!” she cried. When the three spears were full of fruit, she lowered them toward the gaping mouth of the demon, and then – with a mighty thrust she plunged them deep into the throat of the demon. The demon was dead and the wife and her husband went home.

This was the beginning of the saqwa. Later, others came.

(Speaking as a witch doctor,) where can one send them to…, where can one send them to…? (And what kind of words should one use?) “Go back to your father Syangdyeng and your mother Bungkyeng. Your father is Syangdyeng and your mother is Bungkyeng. Go back to them!” and: “Enter the nine stone doors!”, we say to them. We say all these kinds of things. We use the nine stone doors, we open one and lock one; “Go inside!” we say. We open one door and we close it, and trap them when they enter. And after going inside and having trapped them, the witch doctor comes out again by the three suns and the three moons. That’s how it is, the saqwa.

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\(^3\) And so the first saqwa came into being. The saqwa are the restless spirits of people died in accidents or by violence.