Once upon a time, Changsŏlryong from the county of Chang and Songsŏlryong from the county of Song were married. Although they accumulated a great deal of wealth, they lived in sadness because they did not have any sons or daughters as they reached their fifties. One day, they heard that the Buddha of Sangju Temple was highly responsive to fertility prayers. So they sent ninety thousand sheets of silk, one thousand bales of high quality white rice, one thousand bales of medium quality white rice and one thousand bales of low quality white rice to the Sangju Temple for the Suryukjae, a
rite for calling the birthing goddess to assist conception. Following this offering for the Surukjae, they finally gave birth to a daughter.

When their daughter was seven years old, her father was called to heaven and her mother was called to the underworld to assume positions in government. Although the couple wanted to bring their daughter with them, they were unable to do so. So, they confined her in a room with forty-eight windows and told the maid Nūjindōkjōng, ‘Provide food and clothes through this hole so that our daughter can stay alive until we return, then we will set you free.’ After these brief instructions, they left for their governing positions.

Maid Nūjindōkjōng provided food and clothes through the hole for six days. However, when she brought dinner on the seventh day, she could not see the daughter through the hole. The maid searched for the daughter all over the place for three days and nights, but no trace of her could be found. Although Maid Nūjindōkjōng seemed doomed by her masters, there was no way to escape. When all hope vanished, she wrote letters to her masters. The letters said that they should hurry home, since their daughter was missing.

After the daughter left through a hole in one of the forty-eight windows, she wandered into a field, and lost her way back home. Frightened, she sat down on the bank of a river and cried out for fourteen days and nights. She was almost dying with starvation when she saw three monks coming from the East, and called out, ‘Monk, please help me.’

But the first monk passed her by without a second glance.
Again she called, ‘Monk, please help me.’

But the second monk passed her by without a second glance.
‘Monk, please help me’, the daughter called.

The third monk approached and asked her, ‘Who are you?’
‘I am a daughter of His Excellency Changǒryong from the county of Chang’, replied the daughter.

‘Ha ha, you are the daughter of the couple who prayed to our temple for offspring’, said the third monk.

The third monk wrapped her tightly with his long-sleeved Buddhist robe and continued his journey to the county of Chang. Meanwhile, the Changǒryong couple was searching for their daughter after resigning their government positions. However, they were unable to find any trace of her. They lived every day in deep sorrow and sighs. The monk hid the daughter under the big stone placed before the front gate 3 at the farthest gate in His Excellency Changǒryong’s residence and entered the house.

‘Excuse me, may I come in? I am a monk’, said the third monk.

‘I don’t care if you are a monk or a monkey. My daughter who we prayed for at your temple, and was born has vanished without a trace. Are you able to read my fortune and predict where my daughter might be?’ asked Changǒryong.

The third monk started to tell his fortune, and said, ‘My lord, your daughter could be in a place where she can hear your voice or may be in a place where she can only hear your voice if you shout loudly. Why don’t you