

Chapter 1 : Wedding Dance by Amador Daguio by james martin tolentino on Prezi

Here's a short story written by Amador Daguio, a writer who grew up in Lubuagan, Kalinga (he was born in Laoag, Ilocos Norte) before World War II.

You can read more about the writer here. The story is about a young couple whoâ€¦. It is a good read although it can be quite long for internet readers anyway , so you might want to get a cup of coffee before you settle down to read. Wedding Dance By Amador Daguio Awiyao reached for the upper horizontal log which served as the edge of the headhigh threshold. Clinging to the log, he lifted himself with one bound that carried him across to the narrow door. He slid back the cover, stepped inside, then pushed the cover back in place. After some moments during which he seemed to wait, he talked to the listening darkness. I am really sorry. But neither of us can help it. The woman who had moved with a start when the sliding door opened had been hearing the gangsas for she did not know how long. There was a sudden rush of fire in her. She gave no sign that she heard Awiyao, but continued to sit unmoving in the darkness. But Awiyao knew that she heard him and his heart pitied her. He crawled on all fours to the middle of the room; he knew exactly where the stove was. With bare fingers he stirred the covered smoldering embers, and blew into the stove. When the coals began to glow, Awiyao put pieces of pine on them, then full round logs as his arms. The stove fire played with strange moving shadows and lights upon her face. She was partly sullen, but her sullenness was not because of anger or hate. One of the men will see you dance well; he will like your dancing, he will marry you. Who knows but that, with him, you will be luckier than you were with me. She seemed about to cry. You have been a good wife. I have nothing to say against you. Seven harvests is just too long to wait. Yes, we have waited too long. We should have another chance before it is too late for both of us. She wound the blanket more snugly around herself. I have sacrificed many chickens in my prayers. I did it to appease Kabunyan, because, like you, I wanted to have a child. But what could I do? He stirred the fire. The spark rose through the crackles of the flames. The smoke and soot went up the ceiling. Lumnay looked down and unconsciously started to pull at the rattan that kept the split bamboo flooring in place. She tugged at the rattan flooring. Each time she did this the split bamboo went up and came down with a slight rattle. The gong of the dancers clamorously called in her care through the walls. Awiyao went to the corner where Lumnay sat, paused before her, looked at her bronzed and sturdy face, then turned to where the jars of water stood piled one over the other. Awiyao took a coconut cup and dipped it in the top jar and drank. Lumnay had filled the jars from the mountain creek early that evening. I came to tell you that Madulimay, although I am marrying her, can never become as good as you are. She is not as strong in planting beans, not as fast in cleaning water jars, not as good keeping a house clean. You are one of the best wives in the whole village. She looked at him lovingly. She almost seemed to smile. He put the coconut cup aside on the floor and came closer to her. He held her face between his hands and looked longingly at her beauty. But her eyes looked away. Never again would he hold her face. The next day she would not be his any more. She would go back to her parents. He let go of her face, and she bent to the floor again and looked at her fingers as they tugged softly at the split bamboo floor. Make it your own, live in it as long as you wish. I will build another house for Madulimay. My parents are old. They will need help in the planting of the beans, in the pounding of the rice. You helped me to make it for the two of us. He looked at her, then turned away, and became silent. They were silent for a time. They will wonder where you are, and Madulimay will not feel good. Go back to the dance. The gangsas are playing. You know that life is not worth living without a child. The man have mocked me behind my back. She thought of the seven harvests that had passed, the high hopes they had in the beginning of their new life, the day he took her away from her parents across the roaring river, on the other side of the mountain, the trip up the trail which they had to climb, the steep canyon which they had to cross. The waters boiled in her mind in forms of white and jade and roaring silver; the waters tolled and growled, resounded in thunderous echoes through the walls of the stiff cliffs; they were far away now from somewhere on the tops of the other ranges, and they had looked carefully at the buttresses of rocks they had to step onâ€”a slip would have meant death. They both drank of the water then rested on the other bank before they made the final climb to the other side of the mountain. She looked at his

face with the fire playing upon his featuresâ€”hard and strong, and kind. He had a sense of lightness in his way of saying things which often made her and the village people laugh. How proud she had been of his humor. The muscles were taut and firm, bronze and compact in their hold upon his skullâ€”how frank his bright eyes were. She looked at his body that carved out of the mountains five fields for her; his wide and supple torso heaved as if a slab of shining lumber were heaving; his arms and legs flowed down in fluent musclesâ€”he was strong and for that she had lost him. She flung herself upon his knees and clung to them. Then it was full of promise. It could dance; it could work fast in the fields; it could climb the mountains fast. Even now it is firm, full. But, Awiyao, I am useless. Her whole warm naked breast quivered against his own; she clung now to his neck, and her hand lay upon his right shoulder; her hair flowed down in cascades of gleaming darkness. You do not want me to have a child. You do not want my name to live on in our tribe. Nobody will get the fields I have carved out of the mountains; nobody will come after me. The voice was a shudder. Then both of us will die together. Both of us will vanish from the life of our tribe. They come from far-off times. My grandmother said they come from up North, from the slant-eyed people across the sea. You keep them, Lumnay. They are worth twenty fields. I love you and have nothing to give. They are looking for you at the dance! You had better go. He went to the door. In pain he turned to her. Her face was in agony. It pained him to leave. She had been wonderful to him. What was it that made a man wish for a child? What was it in life, in the work in the field, in the planting and harvest, in the silence of the night, in the communing with husband and wife, in the whole life of the tribe itself that made man wish for the laughter and speech of a child? Suppose he changed his mind?

Chapter 2 : A Time to Dance (TV Movie) - IMDb

The Wedding Dance by Amador Daguio is a story of husband and wife, Awiyao and Lumnay, who were married for seven years. Awiyao, the husband, has to go and marry another woman because Lumnay could not get pregnant. After his second marriage Awiyao went to check on Lumnay because he did not see her at.

A reflective reaction on an highlighted phrase on a story authored by Amador Daguio. YouTube "Go out--go out and dance. One of the men will see you dance well; he will like your dancing, he will marry you. Who knows but that, with him, you will be luckier than you were with me. And I made chose the line very carefully. First, I scan the whole paper in search of striking conversational lines. Second, after choosing the line, I must think what it can do for real life. And finally, what lessons can be taken out of these lines. I chose this line because it shows that Awiyao was giving the freedom to his wife in such a way that she must dance for other man to lure unto her. It was written in a language that is in command form. It also depicts that Awiyao is not a good husband unto her wife. It was appealing in a way that a man like Awiyao, although married, is giving a privilege to marry another man by dancing. Also, such act is rare among modern society, considering there are many men who will never do such an act to their wives. It gives us an insight that a man like Awiyao is actually giving freedom to the woman she loved to find a better husband than him. In this case, as a person, I encountered several friends of mine that has the same thing. Like giving their girlfriends a chance to find another man far more better then themselves. For me, such a move will benefit both sides, inasmuch as the pain that a certain couple have when they are still in a relationship. Doing so will bring relief to the both sides, and there are lesser chances of conflict between the two parties. The summary of this reflection paper is that it only gives a simple, yet striking message to those who are in the relationship. If they are broken up, accepting it is the best thing. Considering that a girl is happy with another person, a man must accept the fact, appreciate the happiness to the girl that he loves, and also, to the benefit to all of those who are involved in a relationship. The video that you watch is a short film of the story "Wedding Dance" by Amador Daguio. It was uploaded by user Patrica Isabel Tayag.

Wedding Dance. By Amador Daguio. Awiyao reached for the upper horizontal log which served as the edge of the headhigh threshold. Clinging to the log, he lifted himself with one bound that carried him across to the narrow door.

The Wedding Dance by Amador T. Daguio 1Awiyao reached for the upper horizontal log which served as the edge of the head high threshold. Clinging to the log, he lifted himself with one bound that carried him across to the narrow door. He slid back the cover, stepped inside, then pushed the cover back in place. After some moments during which he seemed to wait, he talked to the listening darkness. I am really sorry. But neither of us can help it. The woman who had moved with a start when the sliding doors opened had been hearing the gangsas for she did not know how long. The sudden rush of rich sounds when the door opened was like a sharp gush of fire in her. She gave no sign that she heard Awiyao, but continued to sit unmoving in the darkness. He crawled on all fours to the middle of the room; he knew exactly where the stove was. With his fingers he stirred the covered smouldering embers, and blew into them. When the coals began to glow, Awiyao put pieces of pine wood on them, then full round logs as big as his arms. The stove fire played with strange moving shadows and light upon her face. She was partly sullen, but her sullenness was not because of anger or hate. One of the men will see you dance well; he will like your dancing; he will marry you. Who knows but that, with him, you will be luckier than you are with me? You cannot blame me; I have been a good husband to you. She seemed about to cry. You have been a good wife. I have nothing to say against you. Seven harvests are just too long to wait. Yes, we have waited long. We should have another chance before it is too late for both of us. She wound the blanket more snugly around herself. I have sacrificed many chickens in my prayers. I did it to appease Kabunayan, because like you, I wanted so much to have a child. But what could I do? He stirred the fire. The sparks rose through the crackles of the flames. The smoke soot went up to the ceiling. She tugged at the rattan flooring. Each time she did this the split bamboo went up and came down with a sligh rattle. The gongs of the dancers clamorously called in her ears through the walls. Awiyao took a coconut cup and dipped it in the top jar and drank. Lumnay had filled the jars from the mountain creek early that evening. I came to tell you that Madulimay, although I am marrying her, can never become as good as you are. She is not strong in planting beans, not as fast in cleaning water jars, not as good in keeping a house clean. You are one of the best wives in the whole village. She looked at him lovingly. She almost seemed to smile. He held her face between his hands, and looked longingly at her beauty. But her eyes looked away. Never again would he hold her face. The next day she would go back to her parents. He let go of her face, and she bent to the floor again and looked at her fingers as they tugged softly at the split bamboo floor. Make it your own; live in it as long as you wish. I will build another house for Madulimay. My parents are old. They will need help in planting of the beans, in pounding of the rice. You helped me to make it for the two of us. They were silent for a long time. They will wonder where you are, and Madulimay will not feel good. Go back to the dance. You know that life is not worth living without a child. They have mocked me behind my back. He had a sense of lightness in his way of saying things, which often made her and the village people laugh. How proud she had been of his humor! The muscles were taut and firm, bronze and compact in their hold upon his skull â€” how frank his bright eyes were. She looked at this body that carved out of the mountains five fields for her; his wide and supple torso heaved as if a slab of shining lumber were heaving; his arms and legs flowed down in fluent muscles â€” he was strong and for that she had lost him. She took away the blanket that covered her. Then it was full of promise. It could dance; it could work fast in the field; it could climb the mountains fast. Even now it is firm, full. But Awiyao, Kabunayan never blessed me. Awiyao, Kabunayan is cruel to me. Awiyao, I am useless, I must die. Her whole arm naked breasts quivered against his own; she clung now to his neck, and her head lay upon his right shoulder, her hair flowed down in cascades of gleaming darkness. You do not want me to have a child. Nobody will get the fields I have carved out of the mountains; nobody will come after me. Then her voice was a shudder. Then both of us will die together. Both of us will vanish from life of our tribe. They came from far-off times. My grandmother said they came from way up North, from the slant-eyed people from across the sea. You keep them, Lumnay. They are worth twenty fields.

I love you and have nothing to give. They are looking for you at the dance! You had better go. In pain he turned to her. Her face was in agony. It pained him to leave. She had been wonderful to him. What was it that made a man wish for a child? What was it in life, in works in the fields, in planting and harvesting, in the silence of the tribe itself that made man wish for the laughter and speech of a child? Suppose he changed his mind? Why did the unwritten law demand, anyway, that a man, to be a man, must have a child to come after him? And if he was fruitless — but he loved Lumnay. It was like taking away half of his life to leave her like this. He dug out from the darkness the beads which had been given to him by his grandmother to give to Lumnay on the day of his marriage. He went to her, lifted her head, put the beads on, and tied them in place. The white, jade and deep orange obsidians shone in the firelight. She suddenly clung to him, clung to his neck, as if she would never let him go. Awiyao, it is hard! Then she went to the door and opened it. The moonlight struck her face; the moonlight spilled itself upon the whole village. She knew that all houses were empty; that the whole tribe was at the dance. Only she was absent.

Chapter 4 : Philippine Literature: The Wedding Dance by Amador T. Daguio

Wedding Dance. By Amador Daguio Awiyao reached for the upper horizontal log which served as the edge of the headhigh threshold. Clinging to the log, he lifted himself with one bound that carried him across to the narrow door.

Tuesday, August 11, A Review on Wedding Dance Amador Daguio To bear children is very important element in creating a family and establishing better relationship between husband and wife; but it is something which Awiyao and Lumnay will never achieve. It is a story between two people belonging in one of the ethnic groups in the Philippines, the Ifugao. In order for us to better understand the story, we must understand their law. It states "A couple who wish to divorce due to infertility of either one of the partners is allowed by the law. A husband who divorces a wife without any valid reason will have to leave all properties to the children and the wife, this is another law. In the case of Awiyao, though he feels that no one can replace Lumnay as the best wife, he still feels the need to divorce her just for him to have children who will follow him in the fields in the future. Why should they separate if there really is nothing wrong in their personal relationship? I nearly burst into tears while I was reading the story. Daguio had shown the readers the great love Awiyao and Lumnay have for each other by heartbreaking lines they exchange while saying goodbye. Daguio had written a great love story with a great sense of ethnicity. He really showed people how rich culture Filipinos have. In the story mentioned about Gangsas gongs , which many ethnic groups in the Philippines play at a time of celebration. Women together with other men should dance around the fire at the sound of gongs while children sit and watch. To her, hearing the gangsas is just like eating a poisoned apple, softly killing her, and taking away her soul. However in the end, the gangsas made Lumnay want to go to the wedding dance and question their law. She wanted to ask them why is it wrong to not bear children if you are married. Could they not stay the same way? They love each other anyway. I like how Daguio constructed the story. It is very local, very nationalistic, no stain of western culture at all. The story is very cultural from the way Awiyao opened the door and lit their fireplace up to the end where Lumnay ran into the woods and sit with their crops. It also mentioned about beads, and farm tools: Filipino life before was so simple yet so beautiful. If you would think about it, people in the ethnic group have a very different but astonishing way of living their lives. In the story, the simple necklace made from beads is the symbol of their promise. See how simple they live in simplicity? I needed to reread the last part because I was not able to understand it that much; but as I was reading it for the second time, I realized what the growing bean pods mean. At the last paragraph of the story states: It means that though her heart is broken today, still her life goes on and there will be a new morning to face. Though there is a huge gap between ethnic filipino groups from modernized Filipinos, surely the readers of the story could still relate a lot.

Chapter 5 : Welcome to My Blog: Short Story Analysis: "Wedding Dance" by Amador Daguio

Wedding Dance by Amador calendrierdelascience.com "The Wedding Dance" is a power house of raw emotion contained in such a short story. As the reader is drawn into the story of love versus cultural reality with Awiyao leaving Lumnay for another woman to "give him a child", it jars with our contemporary view of the world.

Wedding Dance By Amador Daguio Awiyao reached for the upper horizontal log which served as the edge of the headhigh threshold. Clinging to the log, he lifted himself with one bound that carried him across to the narrow door. He slid back the cover, stepped inside, then pushed the cover back in place. After some moments during which he seemed to wait, he talked to the listening darkness. I am really sorry. But neither of us can help it. The woman who had moved with a start when the sliding door opened had been hearing the gangsas for she did not know how long. There was a sudden rush of fire in her. She gave no sign that she heard Awiyao, but continued to sit unmoving in the darkness. But Awiyao knew that she heard him and his heart pitied her. He crawled on all fours to the middle of the room; he knew exactly where the stove was. With bare fingers he stirred the covered smoldering embers, and blew into the stove. When the coals began to glow, Awiyao put pieces of pine on them, then full round logs as his arms. The stove fire played with strange moving shadows and lights upon her face. She was partly sullen, but her sullenness was not because of anger or hate. One of the men will see you dance well; he will like your dancing, he will marry you. Who knows but that, with him, you will be luckier than you were with me. She seemed about to cry. You have been a good wife. I have nothing to say against you. Seven harvests is just too long to wait. Yes, we have waited too long. We should have another chance before it is too late for both of us. She wound the blanket more snugly around herself. I have sacrificed many chickens in my prayers. I did it to appease Kabunyan, because, like you, I wanted to have a child. But what could I do? He stirred the fire. The spark rose through the crackles of the flames. The smoke and soot went up the ceiling. Lumnay looked down and unconsciously started to pull at the rattan that kept the split bamboo flooring in place. She tugged at the rattan flooring. Each time she did this the split bamboo went up and came down with a slight rattle. The gong of the dancers clamorously called in her care through the walls. Awiyao went to the corner where Lumnay sat, paused before her, looked at her bronzed and sturdy face, then turned to where the jars of water stood piled one over the other. Awiyao took a coconut cup and dipped it in the top jar and drank. Lumnay had filled the jars from the mountain creek early that evening. I came to tell you that Madulimay, although I am marrying her, can never become as good as you are. She is not as strong in planting beans, not as fast in cleaning water jars, not as good keeping a house clean. You are one of the best wives in the whole village. She looked at him lovingly. She almost seemed to smile. He put the coconut cup aside on the floor and came closer to her. He held her face between his hands and looked longingly at her beauty. But her eyes looked away. Never again would he hold her face. The next day she would not be his any more. She would go back to her parents. He let go of her face, and she bent to the floor again and looked at her fingers as they tugged softly at the split bamboo floor. Make it your own, live in it as long as you wish. I will build another house for Madulimay. My parents are old. They will need help in the planting of the beans, in the pounding of the rice. You helped me to make it for the two of us. He looked at her, then turned away, and became silent. They were silent for a time. They will wonder where you are, and Madulimay will not feel good. Go back to the dance. The gangsas are playing. You know that life is not worth living without a child. The man have mocked me behind my back. She thought of the seven harvests that had passed, the high hopes they had in the beginning of their new life, the day he took her away from her parents across the roaring river, on the other side of the mountain, the trip up the trail which they had to climb, the steep canyon which they had to cross. The waters boiled in her mind in forms of white and jade and roaring silver; the waters tolled and growled, resounded in thunderous echoes through the walls of the stiff cliffs; they were far away now from somewhere on the tops of the other ranges, and they had looked carefully at the buttresses of rocks they had to step on a slip would have meant death. They both drank of the water then rested on the other bank before they made the final climb to the other side of the mountain. She looked at his face with the fire playing upon his features hard and strong, and kind. He had a sense of lightness in his way of

saying things which often made her and the village people laugh. How proud she had been of his humor. The muscles were taut and firm, bronze and compact in their hold upon his skull how frank his bright eyes were. She looked at his body the carved out of the mountains five fields for her; his wide and supple torso heaved as if a slab of shining lumber were heaving; his arms and legs flowed down in fluent muscles--he was strong and for that she had lost him. She flung herself upon his knees and clung to them. Then it was full of promise. It could dance; it could work fast in the fields; it could climb the mountains fast. Even now it is firm, full. But, Awiyo, I am useless. Her whole warm naked breast quivered against his own; she clung now to his neck, and her hand lay upon his right shoulder; her hair flowed down in cascades of gleaming darkness. You do not want me to have a child. You do not want my name to live on in our tribe. Nobody will get the fields I have carved out of the mountains; nobody will come after me. The voice was a shudder. Then both of us will die together. Both of us will vanish from the life of our tribe. They come from far-off times. My grandmother said they come from up North, from the slant-eyed people across the sea. You keep them, Lumnay. They are worth twenty fields. I love you and have nothing to give. They are looking for you at the dance! You had better go. He went to the door. In pain he turned to her. Her face was in agony. It pained him to leave. She had been wonderful to him. What was it that made a man wish for a child? What was it in life, in the work in the field, in the planting and harvest, in the silence of the night, in the communing with husband and wife, in the whole life of the tribe itself that made man wish for the laughter and speech of a child? Suppose he changed his mind? Why did the unwritten law demand, anyway, that a man, to be a man, must have a child to come after him? And if he was fruitless--but he loved Lumnay. It was like taking away of his life to leave her like this.

Chapter 6 : The Wedding Dance - Wikipedia

"The Wedding Dance," a piece of short fiction by the Filipino writer Amador Daguio, follows the story of Awiyao and Lumnay, a married couple of 7 years who are split by Lumnay's inability to grant her husband a son.

Daguio Awiyao reached for the upper horizontal log which served as the edge of the head " high threshold. Clinging to the log, he lifted himself with one bound that carried him across to the narrow door. He slid back the cover, stepped inside, then pushed the cover back in place. After some moments during which he seemed to wait, he talked to the listening darkness. I am really sorry. But neither of us can help it. The woman who had moved with a start when the sliding door opened had been hearing the gangsas for she did not know how long. The sudden rush of the rich sounds when the door was opened was like a gush of fire in her. She gave no sign that she heard Awiyao, but continued to sit unmoving in the darkness. But Awiyao knew that she had heard him and his heart pitied her. He crawled on all fours to the middle of the room; he knew exactly where the stove was. With his fingers he stirred the covered smouldering embers, and blew into them. When the coals began to glow, Awiyao put pieces of pine wood on them, then full round logs as big as his arms. The stove fire played with strange moving shadows and lights upon her face. She was partly sullen, but her sullenness was not because of anger or hate. One of the men will see you dance well; he will like your dancing, he will marry you. Who knows but that, with him, you will be luckier than you were with me. She seemed about to cry. You have been a good wife. I have nothing to say against you. Seven harvests is just too long to wait. Yes, we have waited long. We should have another chance, before it is too late for both of us. She wound the blanket more snugly around herself. I have sacrificed many chickens in my prayers. I did it to appease Kabunyan, because like you, I wanted to have a child. But what could I do? He stirred the fire. The spark rose through the crackles of the flames. The smoke and soot went up to the ceiling. Lumnay looked down and unconsciously started to pull at the rattan that kept the split bamboo flooring in place. She tugged at the rattan flooring. Each time she did this, the split bamboo went up and came down with a slight rattle. The gongs of the dancers clamorously called in her ears through the walls. Awiyao went to the corner where Lumnay sat, paused before her, looked at her bronzed and sturdy face, then turned to where the jars of water stood piled one over the other. Awiyao took a coconut cup and dipped it in the top jar and drank. Lumnay had filled the jars from the mountain creek early that evening. I came to tell you that Madulimay, although I am marrying her, can never become as good as you are. She is not as strong in planting beans, not as fast in cleaning jars, not as good in keeping a house clean. You are one of the best wives in the whole village. She looked at him lovingly. She almost seemed to smile. He put the coconut cup aside on the floor and came closer to her. He held her face between his hands, and looked longingly at her beauty. But her eyes looked away. Never again would he hold her face. The next day she would not be his any more. She would go back to her parents. He let go of her face, and she bent to the floor again and looked at her fingers as they tugged softly at the split bamboo floor. Make it your own, live in it as long as you wish. I will build another house for Madulimay. My parents are old. They will need help in the planting of the beans, in the pounding of the rice. You helped me to make it for the two of us. He looked at her, then turned away, and became silent. They were silent for a long time. They will wonder where you are, and Madulimay will not feel good. Go back to the dance. The gangsas are playing. You know that life is not worth living without a child. They have mocked me behind my back. She thought of the seven harvests that had passed, the high hopes they had in the beginning of their new life, the day he took her away from her parents across the roaring river, on the other side of the mountain, the trip up the trail which they had to climb, the steep canyon which they had to cross " the waters boiled in her mind in foams of white and jade and roaring silver; the waters rolled and growled, resounded in thunderous echoes through the walls of the steep cliffs; they were far away now but loud still and receding; The waters violently smashed down from somewhere on the tops of the other ranges and they had looked carefully at the buttresses of rocks they had to step on " a slip would have meant death. They both drank of the water, then rested on the other bank before they made the final climb to the other side of the mountain. She looked at his face with the fire playing upon his features " hard and strong, and kind. He had

a sense of lightness in his way of saying things, which often made her and the village people laugh. How proud she had been of his humour. The muscles were taut and firm, bronze and compact in their hold upon his skull – how frank his bright eyes were. She looked at this body that carved out of the mountain five fields for her; his wide and supple torso heaved as if a slab of shining lumber were heaving; his arms and legs flowed down in fluent muscles – he was strong and for that she had lost him. She flung herself upon his knees and clung to them. She took the blanket that covered her. Then it was full of promise. It could dance; it could work fast in the fields; it could climb the mountains fast. Even now it is firm, full. But, Awiyao, Kabunyan never blessed me. Awiyao, Kabunyan is cruel to me. Awiyao, I am useless. Her whole warm naked breast quivered against his own; she clung now to his neck, and her hand lay upon his right shoulder; her hair flowed down in cascades of gleaming darkness. You do not want me to have a child. You do not want my name to live on in our tribe. Nobody will get the fields I have carved out of the mountains; nobody will come after me. Then her voice was a shudder. Then both of us will die together. Both of us will vanish from the life of our tribe. They came from far – off times. My grandmother said they came from way up North, from the slant – eyed people across the sea. You keep them, Lumnay. They are worth twenty fields. I love you and have nothing to give. They are looking for you at the dance! You had better go. He went to the door. In pain he turned to her. Her face was agony. It pained him to leave. She had been wonderful to him. What was it in life, in the work in the field, in the planting and harvest, in the silence of night, in the communing of husband and speech of a child? Suppose he changed his mind? Why did the unwritten law demand, anyway, that a man, to be a man, must have a child to come after him? And if he was fruitless – but he loved Lumnay.

Chapter 7 : Wedding Dance Poem by MELVIN BANGGOLLAY - Poem Hunter

*The Wedding Dance Summary - The Wedding Dance by Amador Daguio EXPOSITION CONFLICT RISING ACTION
The story begins at night in a mountain village in the.*

Chapter 8 : Philippine Literature: The Wedding Dance (Amador T. Daguio)

Wedding Dance by Amador Daguio LUMNAY AWIYAO MADULIMAY SUMMARY Awiyao and Lumnay were husband and wife for seven years, but the husband has to marry another woman, Madulimay, because Lumnay was not able to give him a child. Awiyao went back home to see Lumnay because he didn't find her among the.

Chapter 9 : The Wedding Dance by Amador Daguio is a story of husband and wife | Analie Bobier - calend

Short Story. The Wedding Dance by Amador Daguio Here's a short story written by Amador Daguio, a writer who grew up in Lubuagan, Kalinga (he was born in Laoag, Ilocos Norte) before World War II.