RESTORING THE LOST HINIKTAN

Denver Ejem Torres
den_carlosmd@yahoo.com
Xavier University – Ateneo de Cagayan

About the Author
Denver Ejem Torres has a Bachelor’s degree in English Language & Literature Studies from Xavier University-Ateneo de Cagayan. He has been a Fellow for poetry and literary translation in several writers’ workshops. He has been published here in the Philippines, India, Singapore, and the USA. His essays have appeared in Philippine Star, GMA News Online Lifestyle and SunStar Weekend where he is a regular contributor. He is currently working on two poetry collections and his childhood memoir. He also keeps a regular day job as a Service Manager at QBE, an Australian insurance company.
IT WAS FEW hours before sunset when it happened; one of the hiniktan was
gone. I told myself, *Hala ka, patay! Patay gyud ko ani unya.* I broke out in a cold
sweat thinking of the dreaded hour - the hour of the belt.

After my younger brother told me that one of the hiniktan had been missing I
crossed myself several times. Of course, I ensured no one was looking apart from
my brother. Keke would understand my carrying out the most reflexive of the
sacramentals. As a kid, I was very conscious of what people said about me. I was
worried that if someone saw me crossing myself in the absence of a church or an
altar, or a procession, they would think of me a weirdo.

When I crossed myself, I didn’t necessarily think, of course, that it would save
me from the belt. Neither was I expecting that some angel rescuers would take the
whipping in my behalf. Why, it never happened in the other belt sessions. Despite
my definitively Catholic imagination, I had accepted even then the fact that there
were no miracles. But there was something in the act of doing it that made me feel
as if I could survive whatever difficult things were coming my way.

When we inspected the lansaran together, we found nothing indeed but the
perforated earth. Then, I noticed that we lost his favorite one, the Yellow-Legged
Hatch. Beads of sweat sat on my nose. It was a tell-tale sign that something regretful
was about to take place. I was a superstitious child, you see. And that afternoon, my
heart was pounding endlessly.

The only manifestly good sign in that afternoon was the fact that it only escaped.
We were able to tell because its leash was missing as well. We were certain it wasn’t
stolen by some strangers or by some druggie from the neighboring village called
Manggahan. Besides they wouldn’t dare do it to my father, a known siga of our
place. We thought it would be stupid of that thief to bring along the leash. That
would give him or her away easily. The nail planted in the earth was uprooted.
Obviously I had been careless that morning when I planted the nail with my foot.
It must have been the sound of the TV announcing the start of Hiraya Manawari
or Cedie Ang Munting Prinsipe or Sineskwela or Princess Sarah that distracted me.

We agreed without words, my brother and I, that we had to search for it. This
was although I could tell he was annoyed about the situation because he was in
the middle of a dyolin game (marbles) and had already lost a couple. He helped
nonetheless. And off we started searching for the gallivanting gallinaceous in
separate directions.

I knew that just like the other domesticated animals, these birds remember well
where they live. I told myself if that rebellious bird had no intentions of stowing
away, it would certainly be back in its tangkal and so I checked first the tangkalan. A minute later, I went out of our backyard cursing loudly, Yawa, wala! Patay!

It was forty-five minutes past five and still we had not been able to find it. Nobody could point towards which way it went. There were neither clues nor witnesses. And the fact that it would be dark in a few minutes added to the tension. In the dark, it would be hard to find that precious fowl. Also, there would be no way to recover it if it had already perched on a neighbor’s wok.

I did not want to give up. Keke went back to his game. But I continued the search of that rebel of a bird. On my own, I looked in all nooks and crannies of our backyard again and then in the backyards of the Luminarias and Tolentinos and Variases and Ayads, but all in vain. I inspected the trees too, using the skill of hunting for the last ripe fruit of a tree. I searched for the bird in the bayabasan, in the mansanitas and the lomboy in the backyard of Mando’s compound, in Manang Ferriola’s tambis - nada.

Even in the feared bologta-i tree I searched and combed the bushes that surrounded. Yes, I am proud to claim that more than once I have braved that haunted tree in our village. I feared Papa’s belt more than the White Lady kidnapper who was believed to reside in that tree. Besides, I was told that the dili ingon nato - those who are not like us or the otherworldly, manifest themselves only at midnight. I charged on howbeit reluctantly.

From the corner of my eye, I thought I saw hope when I spotted some colors with semblance to the lost cock. But upon closer inspection and, much to my dismay, it was not the bird but just a bag of garbage. I wondered what the White Lady of the bologta-i thought of that trash in her backyard since the engkantos are famous for their OC-clean palaces.

That mélange of motley trash, that very bag of garbage, taught me pessimism. From then on, it became my method not to get excited with what only meets the eye. I started to view the world differently. I was made aware of a universal truth: that the things of this world are not always as they seem. Nothing is ever true and real to me until I can hold it in my hands. I do not get thrilled and complacent by a mere apparition; I must catch and tame it before I allow myself any celebration. This is how grew to be distrustful, and I find that it is not too bad an attitude for the kind of life I am meant to live.

I did pray, yes, but only in non-specific it was. Had I known then that I should ask for the intercession of Saint Francis of Assisi, maybe that bag of garbage could have turned into a Hatch? Much later when I was introduced to the myriad of Saints
in one of my major subjects in college, Catholic Literature, while my professor was discussing hagiography, I asked myself recalling that afternoon: So, did my prayer get lost somewhere between the feathers of San Pedro's holy rooster? Non-adherence to the bureaucracy, even in religion I guess, would not get one anywhere, I thought.

At around seven in the evening, very tired and sweaty from searching the whole village, I headed home empty-handed.

WHY WAS THAT fowl so precious, like the Firebird in the Russian mythology that sheds golden feathers?

The fowl we lost was indeed very valuable. It was of an expensive breed, and that bloodline, along with the Philippine Lemon (descendant of the Husley which was brought to the country by the Americans) and the Sweater, is popular among cockfighters and gamefowl farm owners because it was proven to be one of the best in cockpit history - or so I heard from my eavesdropping whenever Papa brags to his kumpare the whereabouts of his cocks. In other words, he loved that Yellow-Legged Hatch so much. That bird - all his birds and the entire sabong world were his life. Thus, whenever there were money arguments in our house, I never suspected - contrary to the speculations of the yentas in Manang Paping’s sari-sari store - that he had a mistress and a bastard who usurped his money. I knew that all his money went to the raising of his little gamefarm.

There was one time in first year high school that I thought his cocks were his other family. It appeared to me that he loved them more than us. He would always be at the backyard, feeding them Slasher and pellets which were more expensive, by the way, than rice. As the eldest, I was the errand boy and among my tasks were the trips to Cogon Public Market to buy provisions for both the kitchen and his little gamefowl farm. I knew their price difference very well. Those cocks were on Thunderbird vitamins and other expensive supplements too. In short, they were a high maintenance.

I came up to him once and told him I needed money to buy stuff for my school project. He declined outright and reasoned that he had to buy more vitamins and food for the birds and he was short of cash. You could imagine my frustration. I was so jealous of those birds. They had everything. Like brats, like bastards, they were lavished with luxury, while I was suffering. There was even a time when I wanted to feed them poison, make them drink Zonrox or something so they would all die. But of course, I did not dare. I didn't think they would drink it anyway.
However, those cocks were not at all useless to me. I remember that dinner was an extravagant feast whenever Papa went home the winner, or what they call nakabihag, from the bulangan. In fairness to those fows, they delivered. The expensive stuff they were taking paid off sometimes. Our dinner table would be brimming with food, usually with sabaw of all sorts, tinolang manok, nilat-ang baka, sinigang na baboy and piniritong isda, kinilaw, pinakbet and my favorite of all, ginataang alimango. The image of steam rising from those bowls, the memory of my palate and the conviviality of those rare evenings have kept me warm all these years.

After dinner he would then hand me my balato. He would say, “for your school project.” I’d roll my eyes and turn away, thinking to myself, “yeah, that was three weeks ago. I had already missed the deadline. Never mind.” As if he could read my thoughts he’d throw a follow up and say, “or buy something new for yourself.” My father was the most generous man on earth when he went home the lucky gambler. But his being a sabungero, like most things in this world, had a downside. Nonetheless, this lifestyle of his gifted me with other memorable and rare experiences.

My first trip to the Gold City Coliseum was one of them. As a child, it was a sort of an adventure. First, we rode a trisikad or sikad for short, from our house in Camaman-an, and were transported to the most popular hardware and electrical store in all of Cagayan de Oro, Solomon Hardware and Construction Supply in Osmeña Street, which was situated right across Cogon Public Market. Osmeña Street technically starts further down Barrio Gaisano but in the local imagination, it starts between Julmar Grocery and Solomon (now closed). This local knowledge is important if you want to arrive at your destination fast. There, in my beloved city, people must have found the names of the streets useless. PUV drivers there rely on landmarks a lot. I observed that my Papa called out to the driver “Solomon, Bai?” instead of “Osmeña Street?”

Back then, if we wanted to buy something in the then popular shopping store, we would tell the sikad or rela driver, “Trendline, Manong?” Rarely did any of them find the need to refer to the street. To us, barangay and street names are almost impractical. If you happen to be in my city, board a rela and say “Gaerlan Street.” While all the drivers there will know where the street, you will be met with quizzical looks. This might irritate you, but don’t let it. The driver will likely ask you these questions: “Aha gyud dapita? (Where exactly?)”, “Aha man diay ka padulong? (Where are you headed anyway?)”, “Mag unsa man diay ka didto? (What will you do there?).” Yes, yes, they sound like NBI agents with all these questions, but really they just want to ensure that you’ll get to where you need to be quick. In fact, one of my bosses from my previous company who hails from Manila once remarked with
a hint of concern and annoyance at our jeepneys, “Ano ba ‘tong mga jeep ninyo, parang bullet train.” In our city, it is a mortal sin for a driver to dilly-dally.

My Papa hailed a motorela (yes, the long for rela) on the exact spot where the sikad dropped us off. There is no walking to the next station or loading station. Kagay-anons are like royalty, at least when it comes to commuting. They would be dropped off wherever they wished. This is the antithesis to the traffic and pedestrian situations in big cities in Manila and Cebu. There’s a lot of walking involved before you can ride a PUV.

I remember, it was a Cena rela that stopped before us. People in our side of town fancied the New York Cab-Yellow Cena relas. Cena, by the way, is the family name of the operator or the owner. It is true what you have heard from people about our main means of transportation in the city proper: the names of their owners are emblazoned on both sides of the vehicles’ body. They looked nice and were always clean. By that, I mean they had no rust and were always newly painted.

Not that Papa was a typical Kagay-anon: pili-an (choosy or selective). Kagay-anons don’t ride rusty and old vehicles. It’s a common thing to hear from commuters or passengers: Dili ta musakay ana, kagang-kagang mana oi (We are not taking that, it’s rickety.). We always have time to waste when it comes to waiting for a better-looking vehicle. But that time, it was plainly serendipitous. Papa didn’t have to say anything for the driver to know where we were going. The fowl gave us away.

The whole stretch of the street was filled with two or three-storey buildings on both sides. Almost all of them are hardware, electrical and car supplies stores. It wasn’t a particularly lovely scene at all, but to a child who did not get to see the city all the time, it was a welcome experience. This street is probably the closest to Chinatown that this city can get. In my city, while we have a Chinese cemetery located up the Carmen Hill along, Mastersons Avenue, right across Ateneo de Cagayan’s Manresa farm, we do not have a Binondo. If the noun Chinatown means, a community of Chinese or Filipino Chinese living or making a living in a certain place (they usually do both in the same place), then Osmeña Street is indeed Cagayan de Oro’s Chinatown.

I could not help but notice as a child that the place indeed was filled with Chinese or tsinoys. They lived in the same buildings, usually in the upper floors. Noticing them however, was peculiarly not related to the sabong world. It was only interesting to me as a kid who had a crush at school by the name of Alfred Paul S. Chu. In grade four, and throughout the rest of my grade school, I was nursing a crush on this cute, porcelain-skinned kid. I often wondered then if he lived in one of those buildings in Osmeña.
With us was the Yellow-Legged Hatch, distinctly remember my father caressing the hackle and the head of that cock on the way to our destination. It seemed to me that it was their way of talking, like a parent to a new-born, communicating through the sense of touch. Perhaps, it was also a ritual of sorts between the cock and the cockfighter, a kind of briefing the bet as Coach Roach would to Pacquiao - who, en passant, is a manok to most of us Filipinos. We are the kind of people who proclaim a man a hero for bringing the nation fame and zero crime rate days during his Sunday matches but also reduce the man to no more than a manok. Do we really care if he wins a belt or are we much more worried about our pusta? Are we really any better than the people of ancient Rome inside that Coliseum with their primitive urges towards gambling and stakes?

I looked at the buildings again as we passed them by. In my mind I prayed that we bring home the bacon. Papa poked me lightly on the arms, and gesturing that I hand the fare to the driver. Upon handing him over the Mabini bill, I uttered excitedly, “Dinhi lang mi, Manong.”

The Gold City Coliseum is, or was, a landmark in Cagayan de Oro City - “is”, since the edifice still stands there, located in the fringes of the first and most famous mall in the city, the LimKetKai. This macho structure, albeit abandoned and rotting away now of old age, was the neighbor of the Coca-Cola bottling plant before it was relocated somewhere in the industrial parks of the Municipality of Villanueva, and to the countless hardware stores in Osmeña Street. This street starts in Cogon, then cuts across C M Recto Avenue, more popularly called the Lapasan Highway and ends at an adjoining street called Gaabucayan.

During the heyday of that cockpit, one of its sides, the one facing the LimKetKai property used to be a lea. The first time I tagged along with Papa in one of the derbies he participated in, I climbed up the uppermost circular bench of the Coliseum. Amidst the deafening din of the biya-inilog chants of the kristos and the manaya-ai, I watched some cows feed in that tract of pasture. I saw a rare bird too: an egret. I didn't know, of course, that it was an egret then. In my teenage years, that scene where that free-range bird bends to drink from the little pond it shared with the water buffalo and maybe with the cows too, kept on reappearing from time to time. Naturally, I had to research that fascinating bird.

The scene was so beautiful that it seemed to me I was altogether in another place, a peaceful place like the farms of my grandparents in Claveria. It was an experience of contrasts and worlds seemed as collapsible as one please. The concept of teleportation in the VHS movies I watched in my childhood days with my cousins Pipoy and RR had to have its roots in the world of poetry. It was on one side a
chaotic world, a world of blood and brutes, but on the other hand, also a world of peace and coexistence - a commonplace in poetry.

Sadly, that arable land has since grown buildings for hotels and condominiums. No kid, will ever experience those contrasting, and therefore impressive sights under my feet like I did: the cows and some birds in serene grassland and on the one side, a noisy vortex of gamblers who must have thought that their luck was determined by the decibel of their chants.

ONE AFTERNOON MANY summers ago, I believe it was a Sunday for I could still remember very distinctly the trademark quietness of the world, Papa was at the backyard in the company of his cocks. I saw his hands covered with blood. He had just cut off a tapay with a razor blade called Gillette. I was very much disturbed by the fact that he made the fowl swallow its own coxcomb. Fully baffled and only beginning to grapple with the ambiguities of this world as a young creature, that sight roused my curiosity. I was always curious about severed parts because my Mama had lost a finger. I wondered as a child what happened to her lost limb.

And so I asked him a series of questions. But he bit my head off. He snapped at me, “You are asking too many questions. You better go back inside and sleep.” Those words certainly dampened my inquisitive mood and no sooner was I back inside the house, but of course I didn’t take my nap. I always hated the idea of sleeping in the afternoon. That instance did not kill my interest in the tapay. I started my little research by asking my friends and playmates for the denied information. It must be Totot who compared the crest-ingesting fowl to Darna, the woman who ingests a little white stone and transforms into a fearless, strong, evil-busting superhero. Other friends swore that the tapay to these birds was like spinach to Popeye.

Following their theories, the tapay therefore is a sort of a talisman to provide the cock its fearlessness, strength, power and luck to win in the arena. When I was growing up, I held on to the thought that Mama must have ingested her severed finger too. For how could she have survived Papa’s perennial draconic rage without any preternatural help?

Since that incident, I realized he was not the right person to ask questions to. I asked him not a single question ever again. It was no surprise then when I turned to the world where answers were abound, readily available, or if not, it provided clues, where there was no snapping: the world of books.
While he did not like being asked questions, he’d jump in whenever he’d find out I had a Math homework. He was very good at Math; it was his forte in school as an Engineering student at Cagayan de Oro College - the same school where he, in his late 20’s served as a Karate instructor. I was never a fan of Math. I disliked it, in fact. But Teacher Aida Baclayon spoke to him about my flunked grades. Only if she had the clairvoyant eyes of Cassandra and could see the succeeding nights, I’m sure she would have been content with keeping my grades to herself.

The following homework nights were my saddest moments before a book. Every time I failed to supply the correct answers to multiplication and division exercises, Papa would smack my hands with a wooden or plastic ruler. The frequency developed in me the ability to differentiate the effects of inflicted physical pain - thus I came to conclude at a certain point that I liked the wooden ruler better; the plastic one had a sting. Later, I discovered what the wooden ruler meant. It was for those times I almost got it while the plastic one was for those unthinkable errors such as $9 \times 9 = 18$. Back then, numbers beyond 5 made me nervous.

Eventually, my hard-earned and on-the-receiving-end observations made me see the variations, nuances, and the politics of parental punishment. *Laparo, bingbing, kusi, kusnit* and *kusnot* are generally feminine. *Silhig bikog or lanot* and any kind of brooms are recognized as discipline implements of women (commonly used by mothers and grandmothers) while *bakos* or a belt is used almost exclusively by men especially fathers. *Sumbag, sapak, kuwelyo, sipa, tadyak, and dukol* are identifiably masculine because they have been traditionally used and utilized by men. Each of them have meanings. They tell me the gravity of my infractions, as of course, arbitrarily perceived and classified by Papa.

At the end of the school year, my mauve-colored Mathematics book was the thickest of them all. My tears bloated the book to a funny proportion.

I WANTED TO tarry in the tree of the White Lady. There, at least the danger was not until midnight. At home, the man who owned many belts was already waiting by the door. The wind that evening was cold and I shivered at the thought of the belt dangling in his hand. But I had to go home and face it all. I knew too well he wouldn’t let it pass. He never let anything pass.

My father was a perennially angry man. And his temper was the worst when he went home loser and bankrupt from the Gold City Coliseum. But he was not the type who would beat up his child for a single mistake. Except that among us five, it
was I who was always in his radar. He always had a forensic eye on the things I said or did.

His discipline system was quite odd. He would collect all the faults or the so called sala in an imaginary container and if they overflowed, he'd fire many questions that I'd fail to answer. If the answers or sometimes alibis were not satisfactory, I had to hold on tight because up next would be the Tom and Jerry scene.

I was resolved to take them all, but my skin wouldn't. Hence I'd run outside, away from the madness of it all, away from the whips, away from the belt I wished I could turn into water or ether every time it hit my skin.

As I dashed out of the door and into the dark streets of our village, I recalled Didoy's stories about the entities of the night, and the Pula’g Mata. This cousin of mine, ten years older or so than I was always found delight in scaring the younger kids in the neighborhood. When the full moon was out, the kids of our village would gather around and play different kinds of games, from tago-tago to dakop-dakop to bulan-bulan to patentero. Of the four, it was the tago-tago we fancied more. During these nights, my cousin would narrate stories of his encounters with the Pula’g Mata. The details of his tales would make me want to run back to our house and hide behind Mama's skirt.

I sneaked inside Manong Vicente's front-yard-turned-car-repair-shop slash parking lot and hid in one of his Katas Ng Saudi jeepneys. I settled in one corner, curled up by the inexplicable weight inside my little chest.

Then I broke into sobs.

LIKE THE OTHER times I had committed a lapse that made the imaginary “sin” container overflow, getting me beaten up black and blue as punishment or discipline or love however they are justified - the belt was hung back on the hook behind the door and the world moved on. But the marks the belt left om my impressionable young mind did not leave. All the images from my young years refused to leave and insisted further examination, as if something more was there to be discovered, something important, something exquisite and essential as origin. Perhaps, as indispensable as the origin of what moves me and what makes me feel alive.

These prodding phantasmagorias from my past made me see the verity of the popular Filipino aphorism, “Ang taong hindi marunong lumingon sa pinangalingan ay hindi makakarating sa paroroohan.” This adage couldn't be truer and what apt
an apothegm for my artistic principle. I find it necessary to know the origin of my desire to write. Without such knowledge the writer or artist will be reduced to a machine, producing mechanically without understanding or appreciating the cause or reason, and the source of the force that determines his or her œuvre. It is in my childhood years that I found that origin.

The writing of a poem indeed is like restoring the lost bird back to the tangkal. It must be caged again. Because of its value it is always under the threat of being stolen by the dishonest neighbor or the Bad Being. Images, visions, memories, thoughts or wit and words are as valuable as that bird; they must be caged in the page, lest they face the same threat of being stolen which is synonymous with the culture of amnesia. We have trained ourselves to be experts at forgetting. Why after all, would National Artist for Literature, F. Sionil Jose conclude his lecture entitled, Don Quixote and I with the caveat: But only if we do not forget? Thus, from my viewpoint, this is why poetry (or literature) is more important than ever, as a concrete material to counter our culture of forgetting and forgetfulness.

Robert Bly, in a book he co-authored with Marion Woodman, entitled the The Maiden King, said:

The speed of fire resembles the amazing speed of wit, when synapses in the heated brain flash and spark until the whole conversation is alive with unrepeatable, outrageous, goldlike, untraceable wit (italics mine). (75)

Bly’s account on the nature of the brain productions supports my opinion on the importance of restoring the cock as fast as one can back to the tangkal, because the production of the brain or mind, such as words, visions, memories, and thoughts, the so called Wit - must be tamed and captured or else they will be gone, forever, irrecoverable because they are unrepeatable.

To the poet and the artist, this sense of irrecoverableness is the sadness-generator. There’s a mood that sets in. Poets and artists are very familiar with this: the mood one experiences before Dickinson’s formal feeling comes back again, the mood that is generated when one lost something that couldn’t be restored or recovered. This is what the lost Yellow Legged Hatch taught me: to have great fear, to fear the loss of the Wit, also known as the Beautiful.

Sigmund Freud and Psychoanalysis must be right after all, on the theory of the first encounters, as in one’s childhood experiences - that they determine our future actions and reactions. This first fear and the frustration of discovering one’s
powerlessness and all my experiences in the sabong world were in actuality a form of initiation, a preparation for my future journey into the Frostian dark, and deep but lovely woods of words. For instance, my first trip to the Gold City Coliseum, with those unique and paradoxical scenes, was a moment of discovery and a sort of training for the many passages I had to do in the present and in the future; the passage between contrasts, the passage from the physical to the spiritual realms. I realize that those unforgettable, rough and tough childhood years were very well what attuned me to the realm-shuttling required in the creation of a poem.

The lost and found quality of the experience in the searching for the fowl and depositing it back to the tangkal is indeed one of the best metaphors of the act of writing. Writing, especially in poetry is the act of recovering or restoring what has been lost or seemed to be lost - the attempt to capture or recapture the elusive.

In the end, the act of writing, as in Hemingway’s Old Fisherman, I think, reflects the human spirit, as Father Miguel Bernad put it, his “indomitable spirit” that refuses to be discouraged: one that subscribes to hope, the human spirit that refuses to forget, and in turn refuses to be forgotten and be fully conquered by time and death.

In hindsight, I fully realize now that after all, behind those battered years, something very truthful, generous and loving was in the works. The confluence of good and bad experiences taught me life lessons and most importantly, the basic, irrevocable skill, albeit in unorthodox manner, necessary in writing. Now I can see very clearly, without the film of tears: Papa was my first writing mentor.

Like William Saroyan, writing is my way of surviving. Quite ironic though that all those pains and little deaths I felt as a child, which to this very day still haunt me, were actually necessary for me to live this life of the mind. During those years, Papa in his own way, and perhaps in the only way he knew, was teaching me the most important lesson a parent could teach his or her child: which was how to survive this complex and complicated life of ours.

We never really recovered his favorite fowl; like the rest of the birds we lost, including some hens and his lesser favorite, the Grey Kelso. But one afternoon last year, a few months after he passed away, in one of my rare afternoon naps, I had a dream. In it I was a kid again and I found the Yellow-Legged Hatch, I held it in my hands with such great delight. Then I saw Papa standing under the shade of a star apple tree, looking splendid in that golden afternoon. He looked at peace with the world; there seemed no trace of rage in his face. Papa was wearing an all-white tuxedo, looking exactly like that handsome young man he once was in
their wedding photograph. I saw him smiling back at me. I awoke, shortly after and exclaimed with tears of joy, “Pa, look! I found it!”
Some Cebuano terms used

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>balato</td>
<td>a share of the winnings; a percentage of it, given out of goodwill by the winner to whoever he likes to share his or her winnings with</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bihag</td>
<td>the losing fowl; the symbol of a winner. The winner gets to bring home the losing fowl (dead or alive).</td>
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<tr>
<td>biya-inilog</td>
<td>the chant of the gamblers during a cockfight; it refers to the nature of the pusta or taya. Biya, also dehado; means the lesser bet. Inilog, on the one hand, means the bigger bet, also known as yamado.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bulangan</td>
<td>also tari-an, or sabungan; the cockpit, the arena where the sabong takes place. It may be a formal or an informal setting of a sabong. Informal or illegal sabong is called tigbakay.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hiniktan</td>
<td>refers to anything on a leash; especially applicable to animals. In this essay, it mainly refers to the game cock bound by a leash with a large nail fastened to the earth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>kristo</td>
<td>is the mediator between the agalon and the other gamblers; also known as the masyador. There are two kinds of masyador, the masyador sa ubos (main mediators inside the ring) and masyador sa gawas (mediators outside the ring).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lansaran</td>
<td>is the place or location; usually a patch of land, where the cocks are to take their sun bath (lansad). This is usually done in the first half of the day. They are stored back to the pen before noon. In places where there are shades, the cocks can stay until late afternoon.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>manaya-ai</td>
<td>anyone who bets inside the cockpit; bettors</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nakabihag</td>
<td>the winning fowl; it also refers to the winning gambler</td>
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sabong  
as verb; it refers to the act of cockfighting itself, as a noun; it may refer to an aspect of cockfighting or to the whole enterprise

sabugero  
a person who engages in the cockfighting sport

tangkal  
is the pen or cage; usually made of wood

tangkalan  
refers to the place where the pen or cage or series of cages are located. It is a specific area where the fowls are housed.

tapay  
is the red fleshy crown or crest of a fowl; a coxcomb.
Work Cited