On January 1, 2015, the Hobongan took me out hunting and gathering. The outing had been discussed previously. Rachel had suggested that a walk to visit one of the limestone cliffs would be a useful break from the long days of sitting and translating. The Hobongan agreed, but they thought they could do better. They thought that if we were going to go visit a limestone cliff, we should go visit the bigger, better limestone cliffs that are culturally and historically important because the Hobongan used to live among the cliffs and bury their dead in alcoves in the cliffs. They thought, rightly, that I would be interested in seeing the ancestral homelands. They thought that they would like to take their entire families, that this shouldn't be just an outing for the people who were working on translation. They took all of these ideas home and discussed them with their families, friends, and neighbors.

The building where people used to sit and translate. This building was entirely destroyed in a flood in 2016.

On the day of the excursion, I was waiting by the river with a few other people who needed rides. We had to wait because if we were not by the river when the people with the boats arrived, we would be left. I asked Rachel about this because the whole idea had started with her suggestion, and she thought that maybe they would come to tell us that the boats were ready, but she wasn't sure. In any case, we were ready before the boats arrived. At least one other person was not and was left in the village. We heard all about that later, but that's the known way of doing things, so the person who told us that she had wanted to go with us but wasn't ready when the boats were ready was disappointed but not blaming anyone other than herself.

Not the river, but the river is between the rice field and the mountain. This is one of the better rice fields I saw.

When the boats arrived, I saw that there were a lot more boats, people, and stuff than I had expected based on the discussion that I had witnessed. In the interim, the Hobongan had decided to plan a picnic and bring 40 people and 10 boats and all of the supplies they thought they needed for a picnic, which is not the same as what I would have brought for a picnic. One of my Hobongan friends had told me to eat a big breakfast that morning in case there wasn't much food the rest of the day. In the jungle heat and humidity, I don't usually have much of an appetite during the day, anyway, but I assumed she knew something that I didn't and ate a bit more than I might have otherwise.

The river, on a day I was out for a hike:

For one thing, I didn't know how the Hobongan planned picnics. They brought enormous kettles and rice. They grow the rice in what is probably the equivalent of fields, although until the equivalence was pointed out to me, I didn't recognize them as fields. Hobongan fields are full of charred trees and whatever small plants are growing up after the trees had been cleared by burning (swidden agriculture). As people in the era of environmental sensitivity, we've all been told that this kind of agriculture is an environmental disaster, and it is rather horrifying after becoming even cursorily aware of the complex lives of a virgin jungle. However, the agriculture is currently limited to a single embankment along the river. They have not yet crossed the ridges to grow rice, and as supplies from town become more accessible, I expect that rice cultivation will diminish. In addition, as happens with agriculture in the non-jungle world, the mix of virgin forest/jungle, field, second growth, and margins provide greater biodiversity than does virgin forest/jungle alone. There are monkeys who live in the jungle, but not so many. A lot more monkeys live in the second growth where the Hobongan have left their fruit trees behind: they plant fruit trees after they have abandoned the rice fields. Both they and the monkeys thrive on the fruit.

Second growth, with banana trees:

They also brought big blue tarps, the better to avoid both the equatorial sun and the rains of the rainforest, as appropriate. On the afternoon that we were picnicking, both options were necessary. They found some long, dead branches, whacked them into the gravel of the gravel bar where we were picnicking, and draped the tarps over the sticks. They held the corners of the tarps down with rocks. But I'm wandering ahead of the chronology.

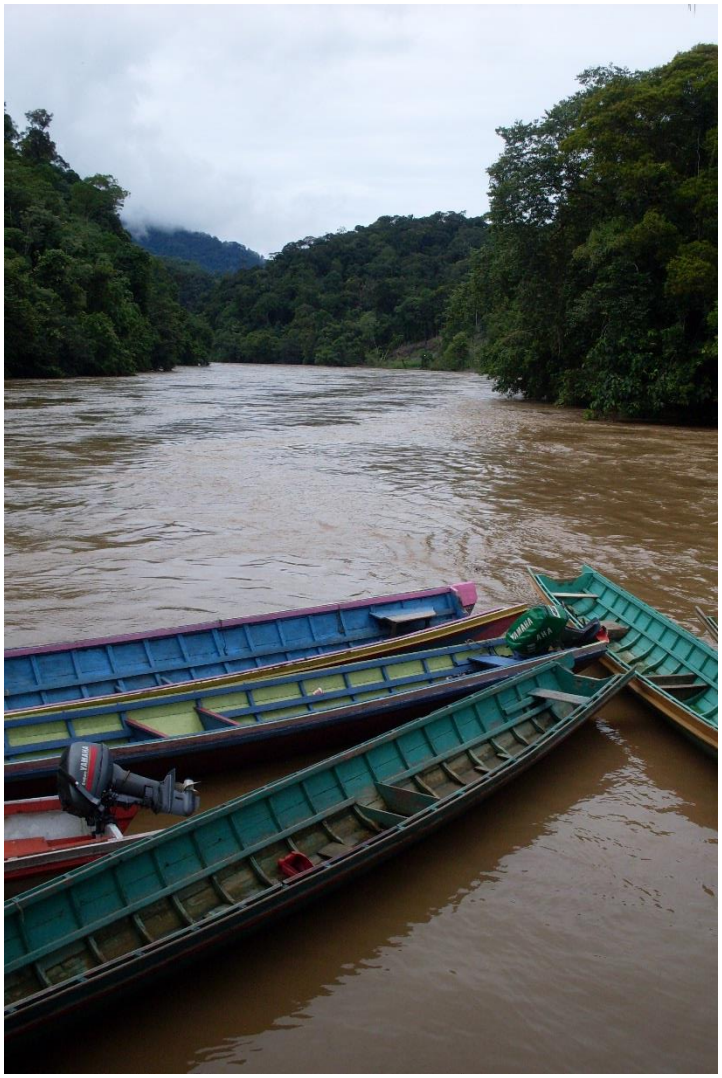
Fun designs on a side of a building:

The Hobongan always put me in the middle of the boats. The boats are long and relatively narrow. The person in the front navigates and does some steering with a pole. The person in the back controls the outboard motor, which controls speed and direction. The middle of a boat is for cargo—useless people, such as babies and people who obviously don't know how to travel on rivers, and stuff for picnics and hunting and fishing.

From my place in the boat:

I was in the boat with the most capable drivers. I don't know if this was intentional—least capable cargo with the most capable drivers—but it was enlightening to watch. The person in the back was a man who is generally recognized as being one of the most, if not the most, intelligent people in all of the Hobongan villages. He knows the river in all dimensions: currents, depths, shallows, rocks, waves, widths, overhanging trees and vines. This knowledge is required, at least in broad outlines, by the language. Cardinal directions are based on the river rather than on the sun, which is often not visible because of clouds. The cardinal directions are up the river, down the river, and perpendicular to the river (toward or away). There are also several terms that are semantically distinguishable only by the depth or shallowness with regard to the surface of the river. The person in the front was a man with whom the man in the back enjoyed working when on the river. He also knew the river, and they had a short-hand communication about where to go and what to do that sent us smoothly through parts of the river where other people in other boats had to get out to lighten the load or to push and carry the boats around or over rocks.

More boats, with fun paint jobs, on the river when flooded:



As we proceeded up the river, the navigation became more difficult. We all stopped for a snack break near a branch in the river. I didn't need snacks yet—big breakfast—so I walked along the embankment to see what I saw. I started collecting small snail shells that were black and 2-3 inches long and spiraling, and one of the women became excited about that. She wanted the shells as part of the preparation for betel-nut chewing. Betel-nut chewing doesn't sound all that interesting: find nut and chew. But it's not as straightforward as the name of the activity might suggest. Snail shells are ground up into a powder and then combined with water to make a paste. The nuts are important, of course. The nuts are ground up and put in a tin When the nuts are prepared, they look like tobacco snuff—just blackish powder. The Hobongan who chew betel nuts also collect a certain kind of leaf. They make baskets to put all of their supplies in, and these baskets travel with those who chew. When they want to chew, they make a blob of betel nut powder, spread the snail-shell paste on a leaf, and wrap the powder in the leaf. The whole preparation is about the size of a walnut, and they hold it in their upper lip between their lip and their canine teeth and suck and chew. Betel-nut chewing has provided an ongoing challenge to linguistic research because it warps people's lips and the relationship between teeth and lips when they're talking, and I sometimes think that I should write two descriptions of the language's sound patterns: the version for speakers chewing betel nuts and the version for speakers not chewing betel nuts. The Hobongan understand both versions. The entire betel nut concoction provides an addictive narcotic, and chewing turns their teeth black. I've also been told that chewing betel nuts might provide some protection from tooth decay, but I'm not convinced of this. If anyone needs a dentist, it's the Hobongan. Leaves and betel nuts are relatively easy to find, but snail shells are the rarest component of the preparation. I made friends with the betel-nut chewers by handing over my collection of shells.

The sort of place where snail shells can be found:

After the break, we proceeded up a branch in the river that became narrower and rockier. At one point, all of the ambulatory cargo—me, elderly women, women-with-infants—were unloaded to walk around a waterfall. The men cantilevered the boats up and over the major rock that was forming the waterfall. This was obviously difficult to do, and it explains part of why the young male Hobongan are so wiry and strong. They were in water, on slippery rocks, maneuvering boats that outweighed them many times over. The only equipment available to help with the task were ropes attached to the front of each boat that are used for pulling boat up and over rocks and for mooring the boats when not in use. The Hobongan take long wooden boats through rapids that even rafting companies would find impassable.

Moving a boat up the rapids:

I looked up the International Whitewater Rapid Classification System recently. There is some subjectivity in the classification of rapids, but as the day progressed, we did all of the classes. Class I is moving water with a few ripples—the water where the village is. Class II is easy rapids with clear channels and small waves. The river has many of these between the village and the branch in the river. Class III is rapids with higher, irregular waves and narrow passages. These rapids are the ones that start being named and were where the teamwork between the man in the back of the boat and the man in the front of the boat could make a difference between getting through in the boat or having to push or lighten the load. Class IV rapids are longer spans of rapids with narrow, twisty passages that require more navigation. During these rapids, I kept my fingers well tucked in so as not to have them crushed between rocks and boat, and the man in the front of the boat often had to use a pole to provide another point about which the boat could turn (ordinarily, the boat pivots around the outboard motor in the back (a skilled motor man can use the combination of the motor and the current to create pivot points between the motor and the center of the boat, as well), but a skilled person in the front with a pole can make the boat pivot about the center of the boat or the front of the boat or anywhere in between). Class V rapids are highly congested with rocks and trees and usually require scouting from shore for routes and are the limit of commercial rafting. The Hobongan never scout from shore because they travel the rivers routinely, but they do navigate highly congested routes, and if they did not have the familiarity with the river that they have, it would be nearly impossible to make the adjustments necessary when new trees fall or rocks shift. Class VI rapids are nearly impassable and are life-threatening and only navigable by teams of experts, such as the Hobongan. Even so, I saw people slip, fall, and be carried a short way down the river in fast currents. The HGs know the river, and no one was injured, but it could happen easily enough.

Maltese megaliths: some of these stones weigh twenty thousand pounds. The Maltese have a legend that says that there were giants who built these structures; the Hobongan have a legend that says that giants made the rivers passable for boats. The Maltese megaliths are still standing after an estimated ten thousand years. The Hobongan are still working hard to get their boats up the rivers. The Maltese giants appear to be more effective than the Hobongan giants.

Life was not yet a picnic for those of us (me) on the shore, either, to walk around the class VI rapids. In the rainforest, it rains, and where there is perpetual moisture, various slime molds can grow. I'm not accustomed to walking on slime. The Hobongan are. I can almost keep up with arthritic elderly women when walking on slime, but I was impressed to see the younger women strap their babies on their backs and stroll to the other end of the river as if they were on a moving sidewalk in the airport—quickly, efficiently, and without stumbling. I was at first concerned for the babies—visions of traumatic brain injuries flashed before me—but I got over that and was only concerned about the possibility of my traumatic brain injury. The babies were perfectly fine when strapped to their sure-footed mothers: too bad they couldn't have come back for me. But I crept along on hands and feet, having learned about three-points-of-contact by reading Winston Churchill's history of World War II: he was a portly middle-aged man who managed to climb rope ladders into and out of ships. I'm told that using three points of contact to move about makes me look like an animal, a tree sloth, specifically, but still an animal with no TBI (yet), and I'm okay with that.

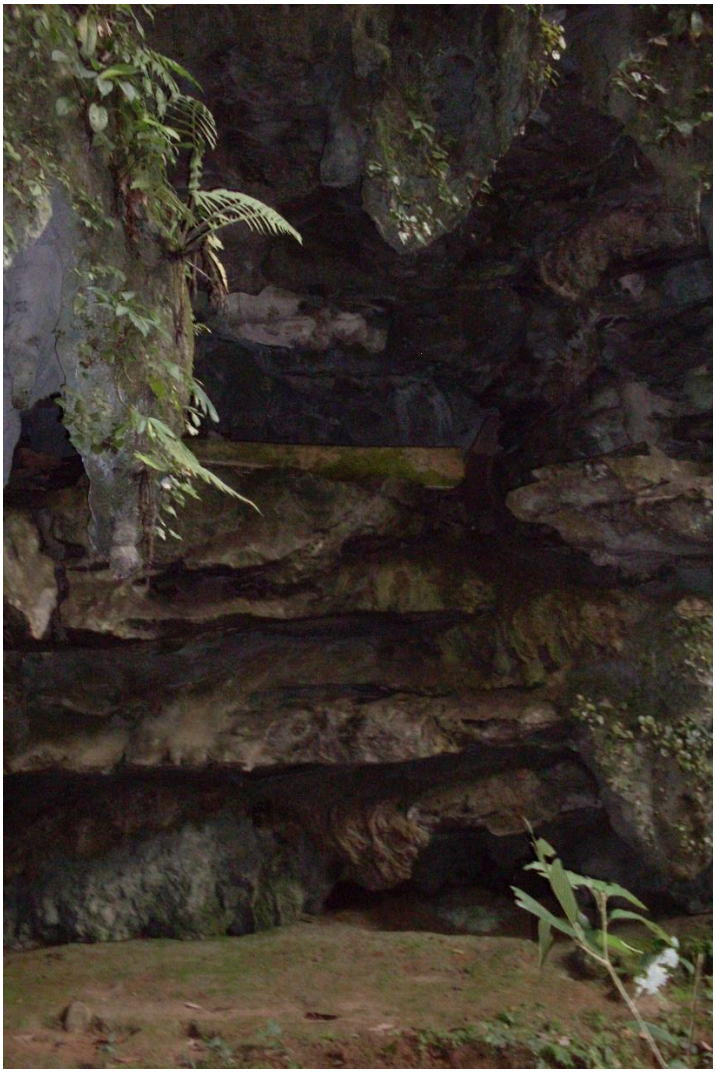
Jungle, with slime:

On a side note—people who are not readers often question those who are. Why read that? That doesn't seem relevant. I'm not a historian. I'm not British. I'm not trying to get an empire across a world war. I'm not a military tactician. I'm not a negotiator. What relevance is Winston Churchill's history of World War II to me? It was a fascinating set of volumes on its own, and a reading experience I am pleased to have had and one I'd like to have again. I didn't know at the time I was reading it, but it turns out that I'm using what I learned from reading Winston Churchill to be able to do linguistic field work. One never knows what information might become useful.

Winston Churchill:

Once under way again, we continued to navigate various classes of rapids until we reached some limestone cliffs. They were difficult to see at first, being the same whitish gray as the clouds on an overcast day, and then they popped out of the sky when I recognized that something was holding trees up in the sky. The other boats went on ahead, and my boat stopped at one of the cliffs. An elderly woman had come with me in the boat, and we all took a short walk into the forest, up to the base of the cliff. There were alcoves in the rock, and the woman pointed out where I could see a small coffin in which a child had been placed (prior to the missionaries' arrival, infant mortality had been 90%; with anti-parasiticals and antibiotics, that has been reduced to less than 10%), a coffin's base-board (the rest had rotted away), and a large clay pot of Chinese provenance that had been smashed. The Hobongan bury people with their household belongings, including, these days, television sets, but in order to travel to the hereafter with a dead person's spirit, the belongings must also be dead—so the pot was smashed, the TVs are smashed, etc. A spirit of a human or a thing cannot travel beyond its body while the body is still usable.

A burial alcove:



I asked so many questions and looked around so much that they took me to another cliff and burial site. This one was more intimidating, and there was a ladder still in place that had been used to carry a coffin-with-body up almost a hundred feet of cliff to be placed in an alcove. The alcove was dryer, and the coffin was still visible. The woman I was with estimated that the coffin was at least a hundred years old because of the way it had been built and placed. The Hobongan no longer bury their dead in the limestone alcoves because the bodies and burial sites are often plundered by outsiders. Even when broken, a gold necklace can have value to a thief.

Another alcove:

We caught up with the group at an ancestral orchard where the durian were ripe. Durian is a greasy, stinky fruit, the highest calorie fruit currently known to exist. I find it disgusting: I don't like greasy fruit, anyway, which is my problem with avocado, and durian is even worse with a smell like a mouse rotting in a gym bag. The Hobongan told me that I would get used to it if I just ate more of it, but it makes me gag to be within a couple of feet of an open fruit. I learned to say that any durian that was handed to me was for someone else—the Hobongan kept trying to give me gifts of durian. In the end, we all figured out that I was willing to carry the durian to anyone else. They just had to tell me who it was for. I helped out again by collecting and carrying durian without contributing to the consumption of the fruit. All the more for the Hobongan, and they enjoyed that. The Hobongan eat durian until they are visibly bloated and can hardly move. The next day, all of the jokes are about the unfortunate effects on their digestive systems and olfactory senses.

Some durian, from three different trees; the one in the middle is considered the best:

The Hobongan have many orchards in many used rice fields (orchard is again a bit of a stretch for me, but they're orchards because there are clusters of fruit trees in an area), but this particular orchard was more highly valued in part because it was older and the trees were more mature and in part because grandparents and great-grandparents had planted it before the Hobongan had moved downriver to their current villages. The orchards provide an idealized, nostalgic connection to the place that the Hobongan consider their point of origin. Durian trees make fruits that are slightly different depending on each tree (like the pine cones of the Ponderosa pines), and in this orchard, each tree had a name, and each fruit was identified as a descendent of its named tree. In addition to having slightly different appearances, each tree's fruit had slightly different taste characteristics, and the Hobongan talked about what this fruit would be good for or what that fruit would be good for. I took their words for everything because I only tried one, and not on this particular outing.

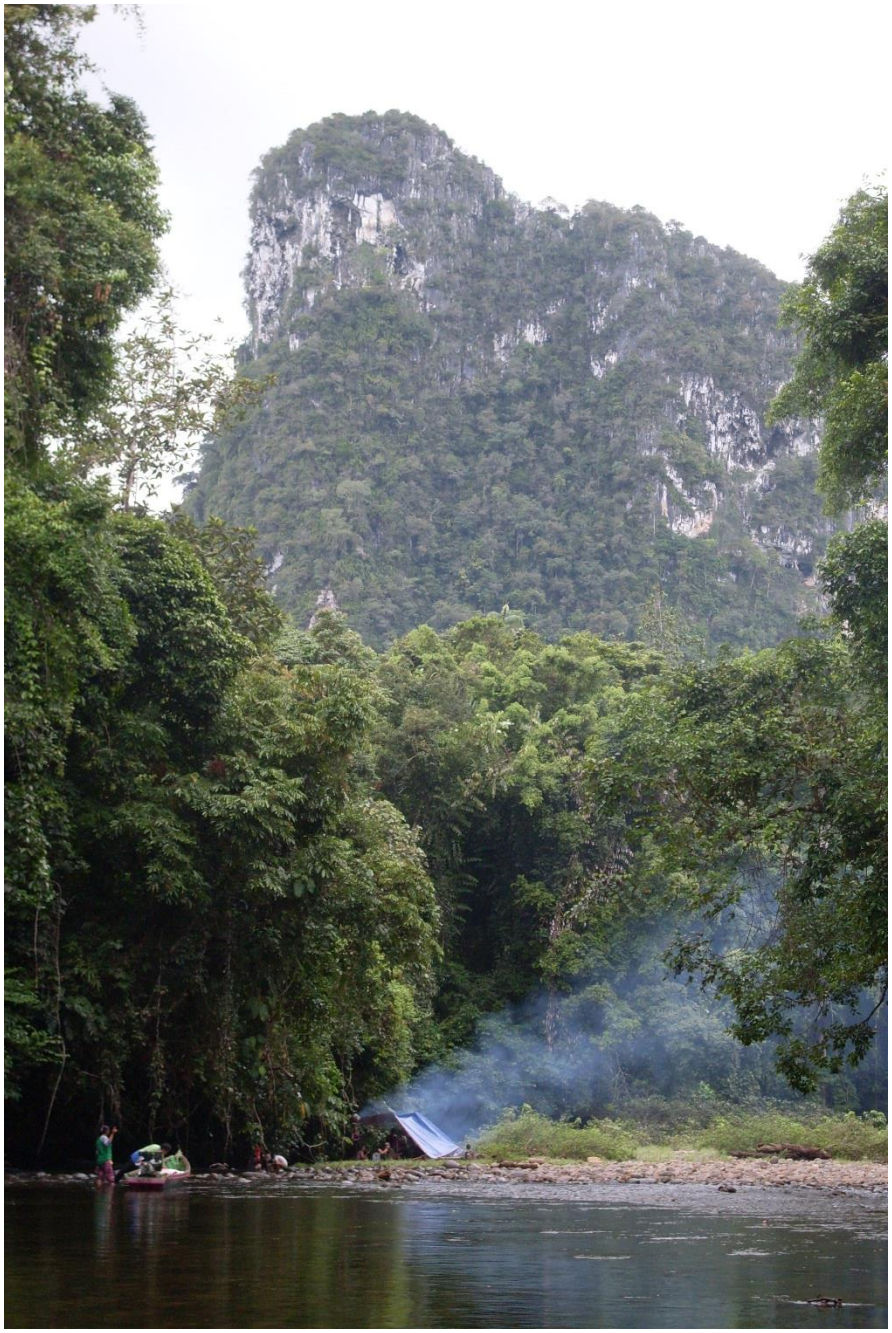
One of the favorite trees and the delicious ferns (see below):

We also collected some huge ferns (see above). When boiled, the ferns were like meaty spinach. They were my favorite vegetable of this trip, and when one of the women with whom I spent a lot of time saw how much I enjoyed them, she continued to collect and cook them and give them to me even after this excursion. The Hobongan are generally observant and generous.

An interesting bug, because I already had a picture of delicious ferns: a lantern fly (*Pyrops candelaria*)

We then proceeded to the gravel bar where the women set up the tarp and started boiling the rice. The men collected their fishing equipment, guns, and spears, and headed off to hunt and catch the protein to go with the rice that had been brought and the fruits and vegetables that had been gathered. They split into three groups. One group brought back a wild boar. One group brought back about twenty fleshy fish, each of which was about fourteen inches long. One group was unsuccessful. Then I knew what the woman at breakfast had been talking about. Protein is not guaranteed.

Cooking rice on the gravel bar, with a blue tarp:

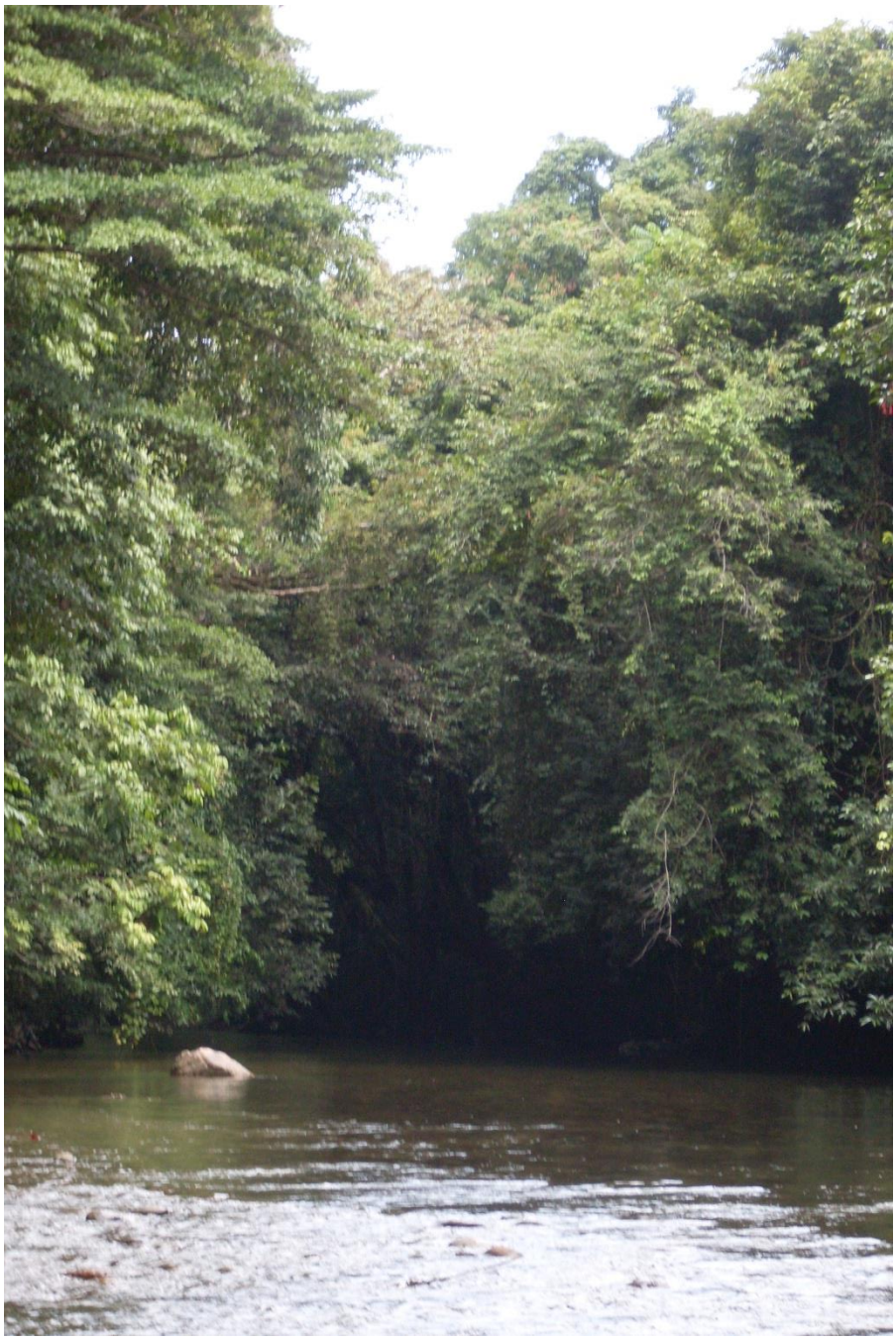


While the men were hunting and the women were boiling rice and vegetables, I stayed with the school-aged children. I was looking under the rocks for whatever animals I might find, but the current was fairly swift, and I wasn't having much luck. The kids showed me to look on the rocks, and there were all kinds of sucker fish and larval arthropods attached to various rocks. They taught me the relevant words, and we took turns whooshing through a narrow slippery channel. When the pig had been butchered, a group of them built a fire (yes, 8-year-old children know how to make and manage fires) and invited me to share in the barbecuing of a chunk of pig skin. This is considered a particular delicacy, but I was already familiar with eating blocks of lard from my days at Hungarian barbecues, and this version was not just the lard but the hair and the skin. I tried a piece, with hair and skin, expressed how thrilled I was, and then said I had to go check in with the women, just so I wouldn't have more pushed in my direction.

Here I am looking under rocks for larval arthropods, or whatever else:

After checking on the women, I went up to a rock in the river that is called "To see the sun." It is the place where the Hobongan used to stand to determine the season for planting the rice. When standing on that rock, if the sun rises in the divot of the visible limestone cliff, it is time to plant the rice. It was not time to plant the rice when I was there.

The rock, Mang Lo (to see the sun); the cliff with a divot in it is in the pictures with the blue tarp:



By then, it was raining, so we all ended up under the tarp, in the smoke of the fire that was boiling the water for the rice. The smoke might have been helpful for driving off parasitic insects, but there was enough of a breeze, and I was in the river enough, on the day of the picnic that the insects were not a problem. It was a huge relief. Apparently, I'm delicious. Mosquitoes will fly around Rachel to get to me. They bite straight through the DEET that I use on my skin when I'm in the jungle. They bite through multiple layers of clothing. If there is a group of people, I'm the bug bait. The parasites come to me instead of bothering anyone else in the area.

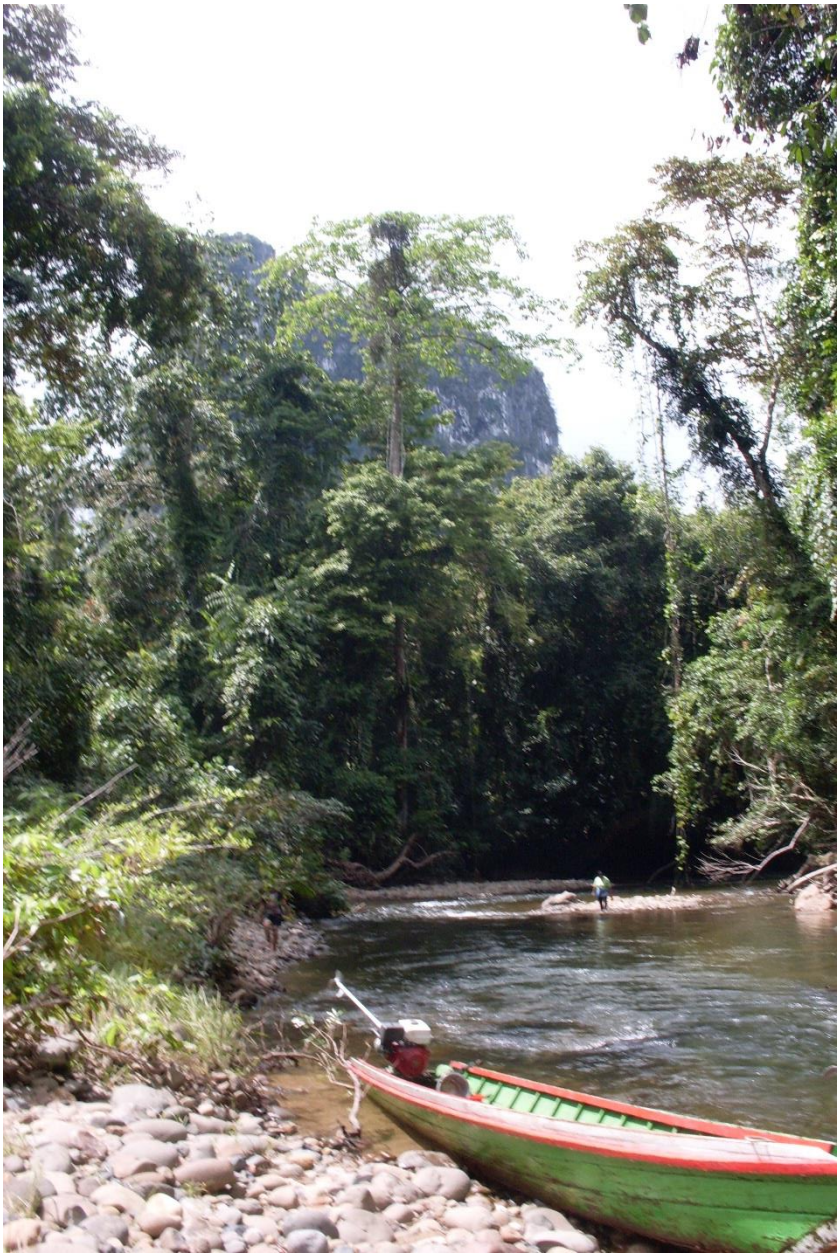
A lizard (a kind of skink) in a tree, obviously not eating enough mosquitoes:

It took some time to have all of the food ready, and by the time it was, the rain had mostly stopped, and we all spread out on the gravel bar with a bowl of food each. It was the first time all day that everyone was quiet simultaneously. There was even more food, and they were quite taken with having found that I was a big fan of ferns and fish, so they loaded me up until I was uncomfortably full. They had been polishing off piles of durian, in addition to the main picnic meal, so they were concerned that I wasn't eating enough, but I'm just not a native there, nor to the jungle born.

Passion flower, which I found when hiking; it's here because it's hard to take pictures of piles of food or of my appetite:

All of this took a couple of hours longer than the Hobongan had initially planned. They watch the sun for time (watches don't hold up well in the jungle humidity, and anyway, they prefered to set their watches to times that looked aesthetically pleasing to them in some way rather than to any externally relevant time, although those who live in town are now working with the times set by the international time-keeping agencies) and wanted to get back before dark. When they decided to stop lounging after the meal and get moving again, they moved quickly. The boats were loaded up and the dishes washed in about ten minutes.

A boat that wasn't loaded yet:



Travel proceeded more quickly downriver, but we were still cutting it close. We traveled through the class VI and class V rapids before dark. Maneuvering around the class VI rapids, on slime, at dusk, was yet another challenge, but we all made it. It's apparently faster to cantilever boats down waterfalls without breaking the boats than it is to cantilever them up without breaking a person. Once we reached some class III rapids, the man in the back of the boat put his 9-year-old son in charge of the front of the boat for some training in river navigation. As it became darker, the original front-boatman went back on duty, and there remained a significant portion of the trip to be made in the dark. The Hobongan don't leave home without head lamps, just in case, an accommodation they make to their own lack of attachment to the measurement of time. With headlamps, the responsibilities of the front and back boatmen increased. The person in the back must shine his light in a sweeping pattern back and forth across the river and along the banks. The front person communicates about anything that shows up in the sweeps that might not be visible to the back person and shines his headlamp directly and consistently at anything that might require course adjustments.

An Indonesian cat, with crooked tail—only a cat can make lying down on a stair look like walking on a floor, here because I haven't been able to take any good pictures at night:

To complicate the excursion, it also rained much of the time while we were traveling in the dark. I'm not accustomed to the jungle heat, so I thought it was a pleasant warm rain and enjoyed the cooler temperature while helping to bail the water out of the boat. The Hobongan were all shivering and unhappy in the rain. They wrapped up in tarp or sarongs or whatever they had to protect themselves from the rain and the breeze, but nothing they could do warmed them up sufficiently.

Rain on its way out of one of the villages, on the day I saw a cobra while I was hiking:

When we had arrived at the village again, I stepped out of the boat and immediately fell in the river. I can't rely on my feet on slime and commented on my clumsiness with a word that they had taught me during the day, nabum. They don't realize what a language is and what it is to learn a language or to learn another language. As far as they can tell, everyone is born speaking their language, and when they saw that I was needing to learn, they expected the process to take a week, or at most two, and they have scolded Rachel for not teaching me the language, when in fact Rachel has been enormously helpful with my language learning. The Hobongan had an enormous laugh at my clumsiness and delight with my use of their language, all of which is good. Needless to say, my camera travels in a plastic zipper bag. The camera survived several dunks in the river during the day thanks to the sealed plastic bag. I wasn't cold, and I find that I get the most wonderful linguistic data and cultural stories from people who are having a good time. Plus, I've never been the life of the party, and if I can provide that level of entertainment just for falling in the river, I'll have fun with that, too. I'm happy to send everyone off to bed laughing.

Sleeping well after a long day, and of course, we did not take the kittens with us on the river:

More pictures of bugs and butterflies because there's no place like Borneo for bugs and butterflies.

This spider is huge and beautiful with the red and yellow spots on a shiny black exoskeleton. Unfortunately, this spider moved on a banana tree that was right along a path, and someone came along and killed it. I wasn't done watching it yet, and why kill such an interesting animal?

A large and photogenic praying mantis. These insects use their binocular vision in ways that remind me of people, sometimes. They are also the only insects that I have seen defending themselves and vocalizing. Not this one, but another one, had found himself surrounded by people at a gathering, and they were sitting around trying to kill him. He was like a little martial artist. After each magazine hit him, he would jump back up onto his hind legs and hiss and growl and wave his wings and forelegs at the people. I was about to rescue him (I hadn't earlier because I thought for sure each blow was the end of him), but they decided to leave him alone, and I then put him outside, because of a kind of parasite that live in mantids and that the Hobongan are afraid of.

I need an arthropod-identification book for Borneo. Such a volume probably cannot be carried.

This is the kind of parasite that saved the life of the fighting praying mantis. This one emerged from a praying mantis that a cat killed and ate. The cat did not eat the parasite. The Hobongan are afraid of these parasites because someone found one, put it in his pocket, and died a couple of days later. If it helps the mantids survive, I'm not going to explain the difference between temporal sequence and causality. Way to go, parasite.

Where the urine is, there are the butterflies, also. I spent some time on a place along the river where many people stop to pee. Dozens of butterflies in all kinds of colors—blues, greens, blacks, purples, reds, oranges, yellows, browns—congregate throughout the day to slurp up bioavailable nitrogen, my theory, and to browse on the pollen of the flowers that are available here and there.

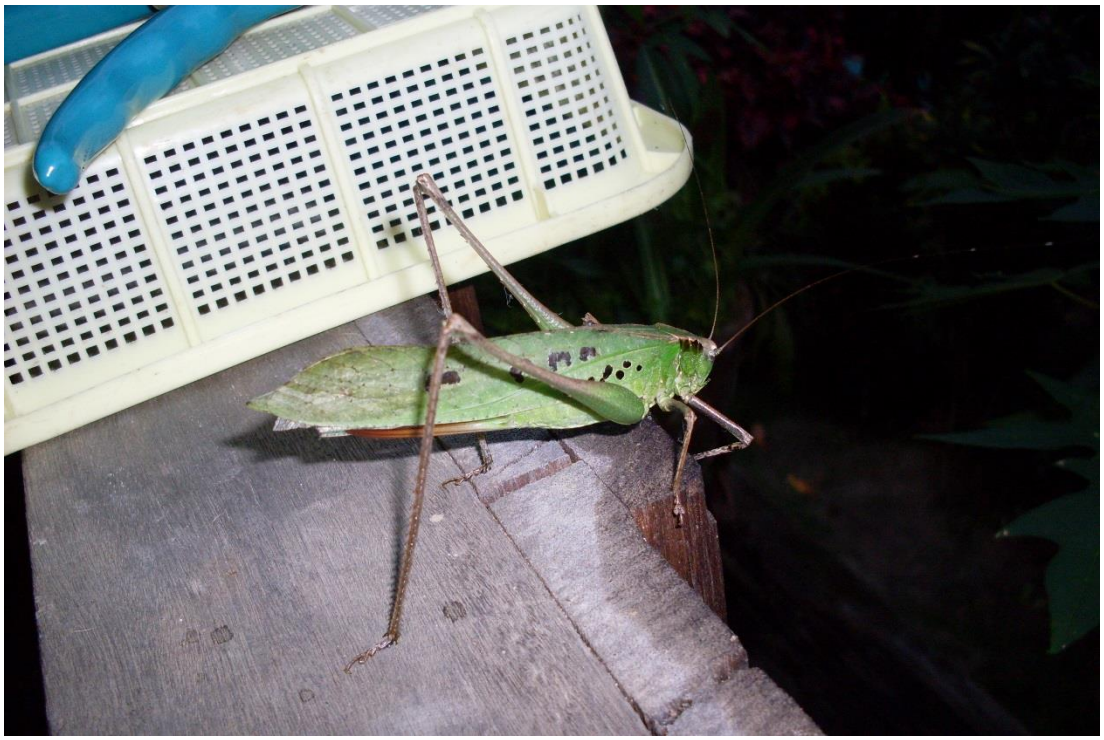
I've been told that I shouldn't get involved with fuzzy insects. But is this one fuzzy or spiky? And I usually have to mess with insects in order to see how they walk. So far, nothing that I have messed with has bitten me. The parasites apparently have some kind of a monopoly in the world of who gets to bite me.

A fabulous butterfly, getting away. But the picture was mostly clear, so here it is. This one was not at the river bathroom but right in the village of Nanga Bungan (village of flowers) in somebody's yard. But in a place that, at the time, didn't have much indoor plumbing, I suspect the butterfly was around for the urine.

I didn't see this walking stick until after it was pointed out to me. And even then. This was one of the insects who was found for me by the Hobongan, after learning that I like invertebrates. I give them snail shells and the entertainment of someone who has a limited but expanding idea of how their world works, and they find me bugs. It's a good exchange.

This walking stick was easier to see, at least until he reached the fern.

An enormous grasshopper on Rachel's porch. Note the handle of the pliers behind for scale. In Borneo, the cats hunt and eat insects perhaps even more than mice, and the insects can be as big or bigger than mice.



Rachel was horrified to find this scorpion strolling through her kitchen. I was not. But she won—it's her house, and she doesn't want scorpions wandering through her kitchen. Also, I've been told that they destroy wooden structures, such as her house, so this one, poor guy, ended up being decapitated. She cut its head off with a machete, on one of the cutting boards that she uses for food. The post in front of the scorpion is about 4 inches (10.16 cm) wide.

I had to mess with this fuzzy insect in order to convince Rachel that it was, in fact, an insect and not part of the white lichen on the rubber tree. Still no bite from anything non-parasitic, and yes, it is an insect and can walk around.

Rachel found this praying mantis on one of her ornamental shrubs. Rather than interact with it, she broke a branch off the shrub.

A butterfly on my sun-shade shirt. I blame the sweat, which is similar to urine chemically and also in its ability to attract butterflies.

A smaller insect, with some fuzz, on an envelope. This one was out for a walk. To where, I don't know. Surely the envelope was not the destination, and the insect flew on after reaching the end of the envelope.

A moth with eyes glowing from the flash of the camera. It is sometimes worthwhile to shine lights into the rainforest at night to see how many animals there are whose eyes glow. I had no idea that moths' eyes could glow until taking a night walk in Peru. Now I make it a point to look around with the flashlight when I'm out at night, in any forest. The rainforest at night is a whole extra world. If only I had a camera that could catch that sort of thing. Oh, wait—here are the glowing eyes, on camera.

Another moth, on laundry. This one has some nearly transparent sections. After reading an interesting article on how difficult it is to make living tissue transparent, I have begun paying attention to where transparent living tissue happens. I even asked about the phenomenon at one of the Insectapalooza days at Cornell University, but the person I asked, being accustomed to transparent insect wings, didn't seem to be aware of the difficulties. I'm wondering if most of the tissue of an insect wing is not, in fact, alive. But I haven't met the right person to ask yet.

This moth was nearly as big as a domestic chicken chick. He's a little dinged up because one of the cats had found him, but he was still alive and functioning and eventually relocated out of the reach of the cats.

A spider in a coppery, metallic-looking exoskeleton:

I have seen insects similar to this one on all three of the continents of the northern hemisphere. This one was just barely in the northern hemisphere, but it still counts. This was also, by far, the largest of these similar-looking insects, and the only one who was overtly carnivorous. I watched this insect attack and kill the grub.

A grasshopper in a neighbor's house. We had been invited for dinner and breadfruit, which is not so strong as durian, and I could eat the breadfruit. The grasshopper was an added bonus.

One last lizard. This one had been collected at the church. I don't know what would have happened to the lizard had I not been there, but while I was around, much of what was even marginally interesting was shown to me. This one was sitting on the results of one of the translations into Hobongan. A tikun is a story, so this must have been one of the texts that is mostly narrative. These lizards seem to be less common because everyone seemed to find this one interesting. Indeed, I have been unable to find a picture of a lizard even similar to this one via the great Google. After pictures, he was released into a tree, where, I hope, he has thrived and eaten lots of mosquitoes.