

## 23: Khun Phaen is jailed

[II/138]

Khun Phaen<sup>1</sup> stayed happily in Phrameun Si's house for many nights before the day of the incident.<sup>2</sup>

Khun Phaen, Wanthong, and Kaeo Kiriya were sleeping peacefully in the house under a sky lit by moonlight and scattered with stars.

A breeze wafted the soft, refreshing scent of flowers. Khun Phaen woke up thinking of Laothong.

'Oh, my companion-in-hardship, you left your hometown to come south, and then you were forcibly taken away from our room. I now possess Wanthong and Kaeo Kiriya, but I feel concerned for you. It's as if I didn't care.

Losing your husband, you must face difficulties and be miserable in confinement. If the news has got to you in the palace, I expect you're waiting for me come and get you.

I promised to look after you and I'm not going back on that. I could do nothing and let you stay hidden out of consideration for the two wives I love.

But there's an old saying, "Lose money but not morals, lose anything but your word." You haven't done wrong by being unfaithful. The reason we parted was because of Khun Chang.

He made false accusations to the king which got me punished and had you taken away from me. That matter is now closed, yet you are still confined in the palace.

Because the Lord of Life has forgotten, you can't come out, my

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<sup>1</sup> Khun Wichitmatra (Red:267-81) speculates that the author of chapters 21, 22, and 23 was Krommeun Mahasakdi Phonlasep who was a son of King Rama I. He was a cousin and close associate of King Rama II, served as *kalahom*, and became the Prince of the Front Palace in the Second Reign. He composed several *nirat* and outer dramas, one based on *Khun Chang Khun Phaen*. Khun Wichitmatra argues there is internal evidence that the chapter was written in the Second Reign. Damrong had suggested the same on the grounds of similarity between the chess scene and a similar scene in the Second Reign version of the *Ramakian*. Khun Wichitmatra adds that the attention to elephants also suggests the 'elephant craze' period in the Second Reign. There is also a lot of evidence pointing to elite authorship, especially the knowledge of the personnel, procedure, and vocabulary of the royal court. In addition there are some literary allusions, suggesting the author was part of the royal literary salon. Besides, it seems that this whole section of *Khun Chang Khun Phaen* was shared out among members of the salon, with King Rama II composing chapters 17 and 18, the future King Rama III composing chapters 19 and 20, and Sunthon Phu composing chapter 24. This suggests chapters 21, 22, 23 would have been composed by another member of the salon, and Khun Wichitmatra speculates it might be Mahasakdi Phonlasep.

<sup>2</sup> Fulfilling the abbot of Wat Khae's horoscope from chapter 2 (p.106), 'When you reach the critical age of 25, there'll be an unfortunate event. You'll be clapped in irons and locked away. At the age of 40, things will improve.'

heartmate. I'll have to petition the king, but I fear it could turn out badly.

The king has just pardoned me and it might be improper and irritating if I dare to approach him again. If he's not considerate, I could lose what benefit I've gained.

But neglecting a wife makes me feel bad. The thought makes me very concerned.' The matter spun round and round in his head until sunrise when he washed his face, and left his room. [139]

He went straight to find Phrameun Si and said, 'I've got a big problem. The case ended successfully because of your assistance and protection, sir.

But now my only concern is for Laothong who is still confined in the palace. Please help address the king to let her out.'

Phrameun Si promptly replied to Khun Phaen, 'You're a good person and a clever one. Wouldn't it be better to wait for about a year?

A fire not fully extinguished can easily flare up. Hastiness can make things worse in the future. It's not as if she's somewhere else. She's close by here in the palace, confined by gates all the time.

No lover or anybody else can go in and out like elsewhere. Why are you so agitated? Waiting for a bit won't matter.'

Khun Phaen replied to Phrameun Si, 'I've got no doubts about her character. What's making me concerned and upset is that she herself did nothing wrong.

It was me the king was angry about. Laothong was confined because of me. Now I'm free and easy, it's like I'm carried away by the wives at my side and not thinking of her.

That's getting me worked up. Even if lightning may strike, I want to know. Sir, please see what you can do to help. I think the king will have mercy.'

Phrameun Si saw opposition was no use. 'If you don't listen then it's up to your fate.' They spoke together until almost time for audience. He summoned his servants and phrai to go to the palace.

A mass of **secretaries** followed. Khun Phaen walked at the rear, and sat hidden outside, waiting to hear what the king would say.

The mighty king, acme of continents large and small, stayed in his golden palace under the spire of victory, attended by flocks of inner ladies.

He attended to the affairs of the palace until the sun was high in the sky, then walked out to the Jewel Audience Hall which was

opened for those attending to enter. [140]

Everyone prostrated and wai-ed in accordance with their position. Those with government business reported to the king.

Phrameun Si Saowarak-rat pondered matters apprehensively until he had his opportunity to address the king. 'My life is under the royal foot.

At present, Khun Phaen has asked me to address the king. In the past he faced charges, but has been pardoned by royal grace.

He is inestimably happy and requests to do royal service again to make amends until the day of his death without annoying the royal foot.

Laothong has been confined in the palace for a long time. May your majesty graciously release her so that she may be manpower for royal service.'

Hearing Phrameun Si's statement, the king's face turned white with rage. 'This fellow dares to impose on my kindness.

When Khun Phet and Khun Ram went after him and were rashly chopped to dust, I waived the charges and did not execute him. On top, I gave Wanthong back to him.

He still dares to go after Laothong! He forgets he's in trouble up to his neck. He arrogantly speaks his mind with no deference. Because Laothong has to stay in palace

out of his sight, he distrustfully fears I will filch her. This talk is abominable! Were he to set his mind to do royal service

and perform well, then we wouldn't talk about Laothong alone, I'd give him two or three. But my failure to punish him has gone to his head. If I let this go, it'll get worse and worse.

If I agree to his wish to hand over Laothong, he'll become even more arrogant. He'll think he can get away with anything and has no need to fear anybody.

Hey! Take him to jail! Apply the full five irons<sup>3</sup> with no concession. In addition, weld the rivets in his leg-chains, as he

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<sup>3</sup> 'Ordinary prisoners only wear irons at their feet consisting of two great iron rings riveted below the calves and linked with the other by a chain a cubit long which does not prevent him to walk but only to run. Major criminals wear what they call the full five irons, i.e., an iron collar around their neck, handcuffs at their hands, irons on their feet, and a chain around their waist. Moreover, they put on a cangue sometimes consisting of two long pieces of wood arranged around the neck by means of two crossbars. The cangue is more of less heavy according to the seriousness of the crime. Besides the problem of its weight, it also hinders all movement and especially prevents resting.' (Pallegoix: 192-3). The missionary reports from the Thonburi era have a slightly different description of the five irons: 1. chains on the feet; 2. feet in wooden fetters; 3. chain around neck; 4. wooden fetter over the neck chain; 5. iron cuffs and wooden fetters on the hands. (Kukrit: 227-8, from *Prachum Phongsawadan phak thi 39*, reports from foreign missionaries part 6.)

deserves.’<sup>4</sup> The king retired inside to his bedchamber. [141]

Phrameun Si was shocked. He backed out with a crazed look on his face. He told Khun Phaen through tears, ‘I told you but you didn’t listen to me.’

Officers of the Ministry of the Capital took the order and surrounded him front and back. They led Khun Phaen out of the door under guard. Phrameun Si tried to help by calling out to them.

‘Look after him all the time. Put on irons only as required.’ The capital officials took him straight to the main jail.

They brought fetters and chains including a cangue, and put them on his feet and hands as ordered. The governor of jail made a strict inspection. Phrameun Si went home upset.

He called Kao Kiriya and Wanthong and told them the whole truth, in floods of tears. ‘The king ordered your husband locked up tight.

Phlai Kao had me ask the king for Laothong. I tried to stop him but he wouldn’t listen to me. As soon as I’d spoken, it was like the city was on fire. I had no idea how to prevent this happening.’

Wanthong and Kao Kiriya felt their chests were caving in. They seemed utterly helpless and hugely sad. Wanthong said, ‘He should not have been so hasty. He should have done it properly.

We just seemed to be happy and now he’s created more hardship. Probably it’s him that’s fated. Somehow he never makes things go easily. We never seem to be together for long.

We got off to a bad start – a hundred different houses a year, a hundred different villages a month. Even when doing his duty on royal service, he still climbed over the wall.

When will he cut loose from this young Lao girl? I feel stuffed with sorrow and anger.’ She sobbed sadly.

Gradually the two got over their grief, and quickly rushed off. Wanthong’s pregnancy was almost to its time, and she carried herself along awkwardly.

They reached the jail and fiddled their way in. Seeing his face, they fell down at his feet, shaking and writhing around. ‘You never tell us anything. [142]

If you’d consulted me, I’d have stopped you asking the king for Laothong. Bad karma has put you in jail. When we came out of the

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<sup>4</sup> Prisoners could pay to have all irons removed except the leg chains, and could pay to ensure the rivets on the leg chains were hammered so as not to be too tight. As Khun Phaen is not convicted by a court but jailed on royal command, such leniency is impossible. Welding the leg chains implies a life sentence. (Kukrit:226. Red: 284.)

forest hideout,

and were sent down from Phichit under guard, you weren't put in a cangue like this. The court case was a threat, but it turned out in your favor in every way.

You shouldn't have acted hastily, thinking only of another gain. You deliberately created this mess, and now you'll be separated from all your wives, old and new. From now on, we'll all suffer.

You're in irons, and the rivets welded to boot. Do you think you'll ever be happy? Are you going to die in jail, or will you be able to get out of this calamity?

What karma have I made? I can never raise my face on a level with others. Being pregnant makes it worse. There are no servants.

It'll be difficult sending you food every morning and night.<sup>5</sup> There's nobody I can speak to for patronage. Even though I'm pregnant, I can come, except when giving birth to the child

and convalescing by the fire. There's nobody else to bring you food and water every morning and evening except Kaeo Kiriya.

If she can come to stay in the jail, it'll make things easier. She can steam rice and make curry. I feel almost dead of a broken heart.' The two women were in floods of tears.

Khun Phaen was also very sad and tears bathed his face. 'I misjudged things and so ended up in this cangue. A time of bad karma brought this on.

The reason why I asked for Laothong is because I have you two close to me, but she's still suffering hardship. I think abandoning her is unjust.

I didn't think the king would be so angry as to impose such a severe penalty of imprisonment. This time, the punishment is almost unbearable and there's equal chances of life or death.

Even if they doubled these irons, I could still escape, but I'd sacrifice my good name. That's the bind. If I run away, nobody will reckon me a man. [143]

It's like when my father was punished. Even though the king gave no pardon, he didn't run away but bore the consequences even to death. I'm prepared to die if that's the penalty.

Wanthong, you're pregnant and terribly uncomfortable. Stay at home and come just once in a while so I can see your face and know you're well.

Kaeo Kiriya is not in your state. If she can make food here and circulate back and forth, it'll be alright. When you my darling are at home for a long time

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<sup>5</sup> Jail provided no food. Families had to send it, or the prisoner relied on charity.

to give birth, I won't see you, but Kaeo Kiriya can be my companion. She can find firewood and make the evening meal, until you're back on your feet, then you can come.

I'll have to suffer for several days until I know the faces of the guards. Then I can ask them to let me out to visit you. Don't be sad.

If you stayed here now, how could you give birth? It's almost evening, Wanthong, time to go. Please don't cry and get worked up.

Make an effort to put yourself under the patronage of Phrameun Si. He has a wife and children at home. Act modestly and timidly. Don't be aggressive. It'll be a long time before I can get out of this calamity.

Kaeo, take Wanthong back home, and organize things to bring back here – food, clothing, and so on, appropriate to the dire straits we're in.'

Kaeo Kiriya and Wanthong sobbed and sighed, their faces bathed in tears. Reluctantly, they took leave of him and walked off.

Arriving back home, they quickly arranged betelnut, tobacco, clothes, mattress, pillow, and mosquito net, such as they had.

It was too much to carry, so they went to ask Phrameun Si's servants to take it to the jail. The governor of the jail was considerate,

and had some convicts in the jail help build a shelter for Kaeo to live outside the inner gate.<sup>6</sup> At sunset, all the gates were closed and bolted. [144]

Late at night at the time for sleeping, under bright moonlight, Khun Phaen was extremely distressed. They had fastened his body with the cangue

and the full five irons. He was tormented by stiffness. He wanted to shift his body but it was held tight. Over time, the discomfort got worse.

'Oh, all you prisoners here, how can you stand this the whole year? As for me, I'll serve my time, but I don't have to endure this.

Just keeping to my word that I have no thought of escaping will be enough to benefit me. By not having bad intentions towards to the lord that feeds me, the world will accept me as an excellent person.'

With this thought, he chanting an unlocking mantra. While others slept tight, the irons slipped off his hands and feet, and the cangue. Invisibly he left the jail.

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<sup>6</sup> ทั้บหนอ, *hap phei*, literally, 'shut-open', probably the gate between the inner portion of the jail consisting of cells, and the outer portion where the warders stayed. (Kukrit: 230, Red: 285-8)

At the shelter, he found Kaeo Kiriya still awake. She sat sobbing and grieving. He went into the shelter, cradled and consoled her. ‘Why are you sad?’

Crying won’t make you happy. You’re already suffering terribly so why suffer more? Crying will make the suffering heavier and you’ll get sick. I’m concerned about you, my darling.

Listen to what I say, Kaeo. I’m here now so it’d be better to forget your suffering.’ He embraced her and wiped away her tears. ‘Lift your face and give me a little kiss, my love.

Don’t sob and grieve, my beauty. Go to sleep. I’ll sing you a lullaby.’ He hugged her close to his chest with sympathy, and both fell asleep.

The jailors and inner wardens woke up and took the roll-call, shouting each name in sequence.

All responded with a ‘Hoi!’ except Khun Phaen. ‘Is he asleep or what?’ His name was called again but still no response.

The inner wardens lit torches and went to look. ‘There’s only a pile of chains, sir. He’s got free of everything, including the cangue.’ The cry went up to chase and catch him. [145]

‘I woke and saw him just now. Where’s he sneaked off to?’ They all went together to see the prison governor, stumbling along and looking around.

They came to the shelter at the inner gate, but passed it by. In growing panic and confusion, they swarmed around looking behind doors, up on the roof, and in every nook and cranny.

‘How come we can’t find him?’ The governor pondered and had an idea. ‘His wife’s in that shelter, right? Hey, take a torch and go look.’

They found Khun Phaen and Kaeo Kiriya, and called out to one another, ‘He’s here!’ The jailors were angry. ‘Why didn’t he tell us?’ They dragged Khun Phaen out roughly.

Khun Phaen jumped up growling, ‘You bastards are manhandling me – pushing and pulling, dragging and grappling, everything. Do you think I’m trying to escape?’

The governor and jailors came up and all reviled him without any fear. ‘Flog him until his back caves in.’ ‘Why listen to him?’ They surrounded him to take away under guard.

Khun Phaen bellowed the Power-of-Garuda mantra. Hands lost their grip. Heads toppled over and banged against the wall. Those grappling with him were stunned for a long time. Khun Phaen shouted, ‘Leave me alone!’

Are you thinking of placing me under restraint? Do you think you can lock me up? If so, then try it.' They fetched the irons and clad him up to the ears in chains.

Khun Phaen chanted an unlocking mantra, and everything fell off in a tangled heap. He beckoned to them 'Hey, you, come and lock me up.'

The governor and jailors saw he was truly good. They sank down in silence and raised their hands to wai him repeatedly. 'Forgive us for what we did. For your own karma, please be kind.

If you escape, I'll be punished. My boss will reprimand me terribly. We'll all have our backs flogged hard.'

Khun Phaen said, 'I'm fed by the king. I've sworn not to deviate from my word. If I wanted to escape, I'd escape. In the middle of the day I could go easily. [146]

Hey, please watch this for fun.' With these words, he made his body disappear. The governor and jailors were totally nonplussed. 'Sir, we're dead now.

Please come back. Don't feel disheartened. We won't lock you up. Just don't escape.' Khun Phaen relaxed the mantra's power. In relief, the guards got down to salute him.

They sat talking until dawn broke and the sun climbed into the sky. The governor walked out of the jail and went to see Phraya Yom<sup>7</sup>

who asked, 'Why have you come so early?' 'Sir. Your humble servant. Khun Phaen has such expertise like the power of the wind. All the irons slipped off him.

When we reprimanded him, he said he wouldn't escape. But we can't trust his word of mouth alone. As his guard, I fear a disaster. Sir, kindly help.'

Phraya Yom said, 'Bring him here quickly.' The governor took his leave and rushed back to the jail.

He said, 'Phraya Yom has sent for you. Let's go immediately.' He led the accomplished Khun Phaen over. They both sank down and wai-ed.

Phraya Yom said, 'What's this Khun Phaen? You're already in a huge mess. You're being punished under royal authority, but you still dare to break the locks and chains.

Do you believe you're good, and have the powers and the **magic** to escape? Are you trying to create a disaster for us? Do whatever you like,

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<sup>7</sup> Phraya Yommarat, head of the Ministry of the Capital.

but if word gets to the king, he'll punish you with death. What do you have to say? Don't be deferent. Are you going to remain silent with such self-belief?

Khun Phaen replied to Phraya Yom, 'On my honor I won't escape. But I can't stand being placed in irons, including the cangue.

You're an important man. Please help. I won't run away. I'll die to keep my word. I swear I won't put you in the wrong, sir.' [147]

Phraya Yom responded, 'If that's so and you don't make trouble from now on, I'll follow your wishes. Don't forget the king feeds you.

You must take an oath that you won't escape. Do it openly to us now as a promise, then I'll be agreeable to your wishes.'

Khun Phaen prostrated, wai-ed, and spoke the oath. 'If I escape, may I fall into a hell below Oweji.'<sup>8</sup>

Should I die, I'm ready to die in jail, until the king graciously releases me. I will not think evil, treacherous thoughts from now until my dying day.'

Phraya Yommarat listened and ordered all the guards. 'Don't create trouble by putting the irons on Khun Phaen. Let him be comfortable and not irritated.

Khun Phaen, don't go out for fun. Anyone seeing you will report you. Go. Take him away.' The governor prostrated, wai-ed, and left.

From then on, none of the jailors reprimanded Khun Phaen. He lived happily all the time with Kaeo Kiriya in the inner jail.

Wanthong made efforts to visit even though she was very uncomfortable with pregnancy. When the guards were away, Khun Phaen sneaked out to see her from time to time.

He behaved very sedately in fear of punishment and the king's anger. The governor and guards were considerate. Phraya Yommarat was not bothered.

Since the case, the bald devil Khun Chang could not come after Wanthong. He had also had to pay out ruinously. He lay thinking of her.

There were masses of servants in the house but he had no desire to couple with any of them. The servants would not consent anyway.

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<sup>8</sup> Oweji (Avici) is the lowest of all the eight great hells, described in the Three Worlds cosmology as 'the great hell of suffering without respite' (Reynolds and Reynolds, 66).

Every night, he lay face down with an aching belly.

He kept dreaming of Wanthong all the time. He could not eat. He felt miserable. He sat down then felt uncomfortable and stood back up again. As soon as he dozed off, he woke with eyes wide open. [148]

He could not sleep without seeing ghosts all over the place. He started awake like a dancing prawn every time. From cockcrow until late in the day, things got no better.

He hugged his belly and cried fretfully. 'I'm going to die for sure, mother and father. When Wanthong was here, I was not like this. I've never been this bad.

Maybe a little from time to time, but never so terrible as this, day in, day out. How come? If this goes on for a year, I'll die.'

He jumped up, rushed out, and called to Son Phraya, 'Where've you disappeared to? Come up and play chess to get rid of my misery.' Son Phraya walked up with his head in the air.

The chess pieces were set out. Khun Chang, eyes bulging, made a wrong move with a knight, recklessly taking Son Phraya's king. 'Oh sir, I beg your pardon. Please take that back.'

Khun Chang laughed, 'I won't!' Son Phraya begged, 'My lord and master, I can play only tiger-eat-ox.'<sup>9</sup> I'm afraid of chess, sir.

Even the abbot couldn't match you. It's stupendous to take something on the king's rank. My moves are so clumsy. Eh! There's a rumor going round from the inner palace

that Khun Phaen asked the king for Laothong, and the king angrily locked him up in the main jail. Wanthong is on her own and maybe lonesome. We should go for a chat to see how she is.

She didn't leave because she was angry, but because Khun Phaen took her off. Now he's in jail and in big difficulty, she should agree to make up with you calmly.'

Khun Chang listened to Son Phraya. 'Is that true, Son?' He got down on his haunches and began reciting from a play. 'The king went to stay in the forest,

but could not find any white elephants or other special elephants, and so took the army back to the capital.<sup>10</sup> Today I'll get Wanthong.

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<sup>9</sup> A board game with two players. The tiger has four counters, initially placed at the corners. The ox has twelve placed elsewhere. The tiger attempts to 'eat' the oxen by jumping over them (as in draughts). The oxen try to corral the tigers by boxing them on all four sides. (RI:1227)

<sup>10</sup> This is probably a reference to Chaiyachet, a story taken from the jatakas, adapted into a drama during the late Ayutthaya period, and recomposed by King Rama II. Princess Suwincha is banished by her father for raising a crocodile which kills people. She wanders in the forest and is adapted by King Singhon. She is fated to become the wife of Prince Chaiyachet, so Indra conspires to draw them together. He sends a deity down to earth disguised as a deer which lures Chaiyachet to find Suwincha, and take her back to his city where she

Ai-Di and Ai-Thai, go and harness the elephant.’ He went off to change his clothes, then descended from the central hall and mounted the elephant. The servants all went en masse. [149]

He reached the city just as dawn came up, and dismounted beside Wat Thamma Yai. A little later, he sent his servants into Ayutthaya.

‘Seven of you go along. Keep a watch out all around. If you find Wanthong, grab her and bring her back. Don’t be afraid of anyone.’

The servants took Khun Chang’s order and went off together, slipping through the city until they were close to the front of Phrameun Si’s house.

In the sunlight, the beautiful Wanthong came down from the ruean with the intention of going to see her beloved husband.

As she walked along a cross street,<sup>11</sup> Khun Chang’s servants recognized her but deliberately walked past without any greeting. Wanthong hurried along with her head bowed

until she reached the middle of Elephant Bridge quarter,<sup>12</sup> far from the house where she stayed. They suddenly surrounded her. ‘Where are you going? We haven’t run into you recently.

You borrowed five chang from our master, and since then both you and your husband have been hiding. Now we’ve chanced upon you, we’re taking you away.’ Wanthong trembled with fear and cried out,

‘I didn’t borrow any money. No, no! Where are you taking me? Oh, people around here, help me! I beg all of you!’

The people in the neighborhood thought this was all about government money. ‘Why should we get involved.’ ‘Not our business.’ ‘That lot are taking her away for being in arrears.’

They went out of the gate of Wat Suan Luang.<sup>13</sup> Nobody in the crowds of people gave any help. Boatmen were waiting to take them. They boarded, crossed to the other bank,

landed, and dashed up. Khun Chang was so happy his body

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becomes pregnant. His seven other consorts encourage Chaiyachet to go hunting for a white elephant, and then substitute a log for Suwincha’s new-born son. On return, Chaiyachet chases Suwincha out of the palace for giving birth to a log. She finds the son, who had been hidden by the seven consorts, and returns to live with her adoptive father. Seven years later, Chaiyachet meets the son by fate, all is resolved, and Chaiyachet and Suwincha are remarried.

<sup>11</sup> Meaning one of the north-south streets in Ayutthaya’s grid pattern.

<sup>12</sup> Not identified.

<sup>13</sup> According to Phraya Boran’s map, this wat was in the northwest of the Ayutthaya island, right opposite Wat Thamma from where people took the ferry to enter the city. Currently the site is occupied by the ‘chedi Suriyothai’ and offices of the Fine Arts Department. This whole area around the old Rear Palace has no trace of the old buildings, and is now a mix of swamp and modern settlement.

quivered. 'Don't cry. Come along with me. I came to collect you and take you back.'

He called up the elephant and lifted Wanthong up. She showered him with abuse. 'I don't like this.' She pushed and pulled, tugged his hair, and spat at him. [150]

Khun Chang drove the elephant and consoled her. 'Don't cry and make such a fuss. I love you almost to death, and I'll never stop.'

Wanthong raged and sobbed. 'Don't expect me to make up with you. Chop my head off. If you take me by force,

as soon as we reach the house, I'll die. Don't expect me to live for even three days. I don't want to live with you. I'm distraught.' The sound of her crying continued along the way.

Khun Chang was happy to have got her. He hugged her close. 'Oh, you excellent lady! Come to reside in my palace, Theplina.<sup>14</sup>

The property is all given over to your keeping. I am Sophin, lord of the yaksas. As for both those humans, like Khun Phaen who's in jail,

how many years till they come to find you? Come back home and be happy together. Please overcome your sadness.' He hugged, kissed, and climbed all over her.

Wanthong cried with her head lowered. 'Your mother's clan! I'm disgusted.' She abused him through the forest. Nearing dawn, they reached Suphan

and halted the elephant at the stairway. He carried Wanthong up into the room, and put her down on the bed. 'Why are you wriggling and whining?

The first time, when you were a young girl and not pregnant, you couldn't fight me. Now you're pregnant and clumsy, so why wear yourself out struggling for nothing?'

Khun Chang coupled with her, fulfilling his most eager wishes. She was forced to give her body, with tears flowing. At sundown, she fell asleep.

Khun Chang was in ecstasy. He kept on climbing all over her, making love, and blissfully kneading her breasts, as if he had chanced upon a gold mine.

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<sup>14</sup> This is a reference to the story of *Khawi* (คาวี). See note on the story in ch. 17. in which Thao Sophin, lord of the yaksas, kidnaps Nang Theplina, and two humans, Honwichai and Khawi, try to help her. (Red:267.)