Before she earned the name Miladeldil, she was Dirrakau, who lived at Ngerchebukl in Ngcheschang of Irrai. One day, seven Tekiimelab (spirits) came by her house and saw her cooking taro. They went up to her and asked if she could cook their fish for them, and they would pick them up when they returned. She agreed to do so and they left. While they were gone, she cut open seven hot steaming taro, put the fish inside, and tied them. The seven Tekiimelab returned and the Dirrakau gave them their food in a basket. Thanking her, they left.

Stopping at one point during their journey, they opened the basket to eat. Only seeing taro, they looked at each other and thought that the lady had forgotten to put the fish in their basket. However, when they untied the strings on the taro, they discovered the fish and were so happy that they decided to do some good deed for Dirrakau. They sent one of them to inform Dirrakau of the flood that was to happen on the next full moon, and to advise her to build a raft and tie a very long rope to it. Full moon came and so did the flood. It swept through the whole village, going higher and higher until the rope to the raft became so tight, causing the raft to tip over. When the flood subsided, Dirrakau was found by the seven Tekiimelab dead with one of her feet stuck to a tree on a mountain of Ngeruach in Ngeremlengui. They tried all possible ways to revive her. Suddenly, an Idedeleb (ghostly spirit) passed by. Immediately, they caught it and transplanted its soul into Dirrakau. She then came back to life and assumed a different name, Miladeldil (woman coming back to life from death).
Born to Latmikaik, Chuab is one of two daughters of her three children. Another girl was named Tellebuu and a brother, Ucherrerak. While Ucherrerak went to live in heaven, Chuab, was blown to Ngebeanged and went to the house of Ngetelkou with Tellebuu, where they lived and were fed.

Soon Chuab grew very tall, and kept growing. As they kept feeding her, she grew so tall that they could not reach her mouth. The people began to build ladders and climbed to feed her until even the ladders could not reach her height any longer. As Chuab reached the clouds, no one could care for her. The people finally deciced to buy soil from Uchelianged (God of heaven) and pile them to reach Chuab. Even this measure proved useless, so they gathered firewood and decided to end this by burning her. As the people went about collecting firewood, Chuab asked what they were for. The people replied that the firewood was for cooking more food. They arranged the firewood around her feet and lit it. As the fire burned Chuab and she fell down. Her body parts formed into Belau. The name Belau comes from the aibebelau (indirect replies) to Chuab about the activity to burn her down.

It was also believed that Chuab died of a sacrifice. As a demi-god, she knew that the people's intentions, yet sacrificed her body for the people.
In the old days, there was an island called Ngibtal, near the village of Ngiwal, and on its shore an old woman lived alone. She had a son named Mangidabrutkoel, but she never knew where he was or what he was doing, for he usually traveled to other villages. The people of Ngibtal used to pass by the home of the old woman each day as they returned from the sea with their fish, but none of them ever offered her any of their catch. Though the old woman was particularly fond of certain fish, she was never able to eat them.

One day, after a particularly long absence Mangidabrutkoel came home to visit his mother, and she took the opportunity to complain to her son that while others had much to eat, she never had a fish for her pot. Mangidabrutkoel listened to his mother’s complaint and, before setting out on his next trip, he went out into the yard of his mother’s house. Coming to a breadfruit tree growing by the water’s edge, he chopped off one of its branches, and where the branch had been, water immediately gushed from the tree and flowed to the rhythm of the waves on the shore. With each surge, a fish leapt out of the tree.

This tree became the envy of all the other villagers and they complained. “While we must go out to sea for our fish, the old woman can get all she wishes by sitting under her tree.” Finally one night, an envious old man stole over to the wonderful fish-bearing tree and chopped it down.

The water that had before flowed forth intermittently now burst out in a torrent and soon the whole island was flooded. To this day, the site of the island, with its stone pathways and platforms can be seen from the water’s surface just off the shore of Ngiwal.
A man of Ngerchemai hamlet went turtle catching. Arriving at a spot where there were turtle caves, he was paddling his canoe around the area when he noticed a signal twig floating over a cave. Without pausing to lower his anchor, he dove into the cave after the turtle that had entered it.

After a great deal of effort, he managed to capture the turtle and came up to the surface with it. By this time, however, his canoe was floating far away. He tried to swim after it with the turtle in his arms, but the canoe only drifted further and further away.

Finally, he abandoned the turtle and swam for the canoe. He had become so exhausted, however, and the canoe was at such a distance that it was no longer retrievable. So this man from Ngerchemai returned home with neither the turtle nor his canoe.
Once there was a youth of Peleliu and a maiden of Arkabesang who fell in love with each other and decided to hold a tryst on Ngemelis Island, which lies somewhere between the two islands. According to their promise, they met on Ngemelis on the night of the new moon. They discussed plans for their future late into the night. When the maiden awoke the next morning, she found that her skirt had disappeared. She searched over the whole island with the aid of her lover, but she could not find the skirt. Alongside the place where she had been sleeping, however, could be seen the marks that the turtle’s flipper made in the sand during the night. The maiden was finally forced into gathering leaves of the coconut palms for another skirt. After remaking the garb, she bid farewell to her lover with the promise of meeting on the island again during the full moon.

On the appointed evening, the youth was on the island to await the arrival of the maiden. She had not forgotten her promise and she came sailing over the lagoon under the light of the full moon. After the first embrace, they were sitting on he beach when they saw a turtle crawling towards them. Taking a closer look, they were surprised to see that one of its fins was dragging a skirt that had become entangled in its flipper. It was the very skirt that the maiden had lost on the night of the new moon.

That was how the people of Palau learned of the egg laying cycle of the turtle.
In the village Ngermid on the island of Koror, stands an ancient stone figure of a woman holding a child in her arms. The story as told through the generations is thus: Long ago, a Bai, or men's meeting hall, stood near this spot. Women were always forbidden to view the men gathered in the Bai. It happened that a young woman passed it each day as she walked to and from her work in the taro patch. Though she had a child, she lived with her mother and sister without a man, so she became obsessed with a desire to secretly watch the men in the Bai.

One night she quietly lifted her child and sneaked away to a place in a thicket near the Bai and watched them. One of the men saw a moving shadow and faint gleam from a lantern. At his alarm, the young woman tried to run, but at that moment, she and her child turned to stone.