



HOW I TAKE CARE OF MY BABY SISTER

I am very fond of Lita, my baby sister. I carry her although she is very heavy. Every morning I take her to the playground. When we go home, I let her go to sleep. When she wakes up we play in the house. Sometimes we go again to the playground. She is only one year and a half and yet she can say many things. She can say her cousins' names such as Baby, Irma, Boy, Mey. It is hard to pronounce my name so I taught her to call me "Ate", which is easier for her to pronounce. When her cousins tease her she would say, "Mamma ito Baby lo ta!" (Mamma, Baby beat Lita.) She always included her name when she says something.

By NORA CRUZ
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A DAY OF PLEASURE

Last May, we went to Antipolo to spend our summer vacation. One Saturday evening we all agreed to go to Mangahan the next day. Mangahan is one of the noted bathing places in Antipolo. We went to bed early that night in order to wake up early the next morning.

The next day, we ate our breakfast and attended the mass. At about eight o'clock in the morning we were all ready for the hike. There was a division of labor among us. My cousins carried the kettle and pots while others carried the chickens. I was assigned to carry the rice. On the way to Mangahan we were singing and laughing. We saw high mountains and ricefields, terraces, and beautiful scenery.

After an hour's hike, we reached our destination. As soon as we

changed our dresses we dressed the chickens and built the fire. When all were ready, we jumped into the water and took a bath. We had such a good time at the place that we almost forgot to eat our lunch. We stayed in the water while eating. After resting in the water our grandmother wanted to return, but all of us opposed. So she waited and we went home at five o'clock in the afternoon bringing our kettle and pots all empty. We went home happy and satisfied. When we reached home we told our companions how much we enjoyed the picnic. They regretted not having gone with us.

By ESTELITA F. CHOKO
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THE REWARD OF BRAVERY

In Baliwag many years ago, there lived a Spaniard. He lived alone. The neighbors believed he was a miser. After his death, the people heard strange noises coming from the house at twilight. Nobody would go near the house.

One day there was a typhoon. Many houses were blown down. The *Presidente* told the people to go to the house of the Spaniard. But nobody would go. At last three men offered to stay in the haunted house. Two of the men were drunk and slept right away on the bed of the Spaniard. At twilight, there was a loud voice. It was the ghost of the owner of the house. It went to the bedroom and found the drunkards on the bed. So the ghost threw them out of the window. One died instantly. The other broke his leg. The ghost went to the kitchen and found the third man cooking. The man pulled his belt and whipped

the spirit. Whenever the ghost was hit, fire came from its body. After an hour, the ghost declared that he was defeated. He asked the man to turn his face away for he had something to say. In a hollow voice that seemed to come from the grave, he said that he had a pot of gold hidden under the stairs. If he had not found a brave man to whom he could tell his secret, he would have been sent to hell in ten days. He gave all his property to the man. So that his relatives would believe the man's story, the dead man left his finger marks on the door.

From that time, no more noises were heard in the haunted house. The brave man and his family lived there in peace and plenty for many years.

By JULIANA ENRIQUEZ
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STORY A BIRD TOLD ME

One day when I was sitting on a bench, two kind-hearted girls came. They requested me to tell them about my life.

I lived in a nest. When I was about a month old I told mother that I would wander about to see the beautiful world. My mother told me that I might lose my way. But I coaxed her to let me go. My mother scolded me and I cried. One day mother went away to look for some food. When mother was away I stole away from home. I went to the forest and looked for some berries. When I wanted to go home, I could not find the way. Then two boys came. They tried to shoot me. So I hid among the big branches of an acacia tree. Mother came to our nest. She was surprised to see me in the tree. I begged her to forgive me and we went home.

By MATILDE BAUTISTA
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MY DREAM

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, when I fell asleep. My cousin Liang went to our house and told me to go fishing in the river.

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