

CHARACTER EDUCATION SECTION

A Good Bad Dream

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"MOTHER, please give me fifteen centavos. I'll go to the show. The showing at Cine Star is very entertaining," pleaded Jose.

"I'm sorry, Sonny; but we have no money," answered Aling Ana as she paused from her ironing and looked pitifully at her boy.

"No money? Why, I saw a five-peso bill in your purse, mother," grumbled Jose.

"Yes, I have five pesos, but don't you know that there is one more week to go before pay day? In fact, I am very much worried as to how I can make that amount suffice for our food and other

necessities for one whole week," answered the mother.

"But, mother, I'm not asking much. Just fifteen centavos. My two classmates, Jaime and Cesar, and I have decided to go together. It is now two o'clock mother. They may be here any minute, so I'll dress now, may I?" begged Jose.

"How I wish I could give you the money, my son, but I must refuse. Be a good boy, Jose, and don't insist on going. I promise that next Sunday, you can go to the show," replied the mother.

"Next Sunday, mother? Too late! That film will no longer be showing there. Besides, those boys will ridicule me if they know that I can't afford to spend fifteen centavos for the show," sulkily said Jose.

He sat on the floor and buried his face between his knees in an effort to hide the tears of disappointment that rolled down his cheeks.

"Surely," he bitterly thought to himself. "I'm the most miserable boy in this world. Mother is a perfect tightwad. She doesn't love me at all. Any mother would have readily given his son fifteen centavos."

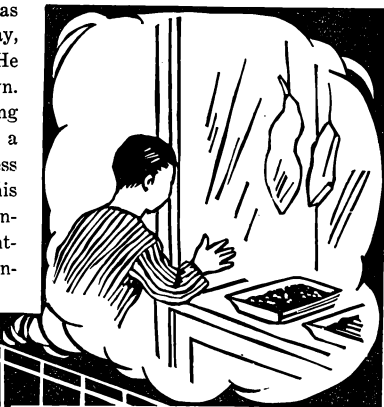
Jose was so much embittered by his own ugly thoughts that he had to go to the bedroom in order to give full vent to his tears. Alone in the room he planned to run away from home. Yes, he would leave mother and make her regret her stinginess.

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And he did run away. He ran as fast as his legs could carry him away, away from mother and home. He found himself in a very strange town. Breathless with fatigue, and dripping with perspiration he stopped under a tree to regain his breath. Darkness had enveloped him. Fear gripped his heart and terror was all the more intensified by the blinding flashes of lightning and nerve-shattering peals of thun-



der, followed by a very heavy downpour. Shivering with cold and fear, Jose ran and ran until he arrived at a store where he took shelter. The sight of the tempting dishes awakened his hunger. He realized how hungry he was. Never in his life did rice and fish look so appetizing, but he did not have even a penny to buy a mouthful. Then and there he understood the value of money. How he wished he were at home cozy and warm and eating the simple yet delicious food prepared by his mother. How he repented having left home and



his darling mother who after all, was right in not giving way to his foolish request.

So great was his remorse that he cried, "Mother, mother!"

Jose felt two loving hands gently shaking him. "What is it, Sonny? You must have been dreaming," were the words he heard.

Jose opened his eyes and looked around to be sure he was really at home. "Mother, oh mother," he cried with joy, "I had a dream."

"It must have been a terrible dream," said the mother.

"A very bad and yet a very good dream," laughingly said Jose. "Mother, my dream has made me realize the value of money and you and home. Never again will I pout or grumble when you don't give me money for the show."