

How Lety Made Mother Happy

LETY had no money. She could not buy anything for Mother on Mothers' Day. Her classmates gave their mothers flowers and handkerchiefs.

Lety got up very early on Mothers' Day. She put away her bedding and walked to the kitchen quietly. She made the chocolate and cooked the left-over rice. She got the dried milkfish and broiled it. When her father and mother awoke, they found breakfast ready for them. Mother kissed Lety. "You have made me very happy this morning, my child."

The Boy Who Would Not Go To School

"I do not want to go to school," Mario cried.

"I am taking you to school now," Father said. "You are seven years old and very big. Soon you will be a man."

"I do not want to be a man."

Father pointed to a monument on the plaza.

"Do you see that man carrying a book? When he was a boy, he liked to study very much. He learned from books how he could be a good and useful man." Father explained.

"Who is he, Father?" Mario asked.

"He is Jose Rizal. Every Filipino loves him."

"Tell me about him, Father, please!" begged Mario.

"His life was very interesting," Father said.

"Do tell me his story, Father."

"At school they have a little book written by Rizal. He tells the story of his own life in that book."

"Let us walk faster, Father. I want to see that book. I want to go to school now."

READING TIME FOR

Happy Poinsettias

IN May all the plants of the garden bore flowers. Fragrant rosas, sweet sampaguita, lovely roses, and proud dahlias made the garden a real fairyland. There was only one plant without flowers to boast of. It was the poinsettia. There were dozens of poinsettias growing in clumps on both sides of the gate. There were rows of poinsettias along the fence. They held up a few green leaves. The brown branches were bare and ugly.

The sampaguita pitied the poinsettias. The roses did not even look at them. The dahlias held up their heads and glanced with contempt upon the poinsettias.



The poinsettias nodded their old heads knowingly but said nothing.

Months passed. December came. The cold wind brought tales of the coming Christmas.

One morning when the flowers of the garden woke up, they rubbed their eyes. They saw something that was not there the night before.

"Are we dreaming? Or, are we seeing things?" they asked.

There on both sides of the gate and along the fence, the old poinsettias displayed dozens and dozens of big bright-red flowers that smiled broadly at everybody and at all their companions in the garden.

They seemed to say, "Christmas is coming. We are ready to greet Christmas, are you?"