



Tanjay, Or. Negro
March 22, 1935

Dear Aunt Alma:

I cannot write yet but I told my mother to write this for me. I told her what to write.

I am a boy. I am four years old. I like to hear stories. Sometimes my father gets angry when I make him tell me stories for hours. Now I make him tell me the stories in *The Young Citizen* as I point to the pictures. I like all the stories there but I like best "The Dog That Jose Did Not Like" because there is a policeman in that story. Oh, I like policemen very much!

I am sending you my picture with two of my cousins. I am the boy at the right of the picture. The picture was taken last year. I am also sending you the song which my mother used to sing to me when I was small yet. Please publish both.

Thank you.

Your young friend,
Jaime Muñoz.

I held the penholder when my mother signed my name.

THE SPOILED CHILD

"Lola, Lola," was the shout coming from the sala. It was Totoy crying. He said, "Lola, Lola, Brother does not like to give me that magazine." Then his "lola" came and dried his tears with her "tapis," got the magazine from Jose, and gave it to Totoy.

Totoy stopped crying; but afterward he saw Jose playing with a marble. So he cried aloud for he wanted to get the marble too. His grandmother heard him and gave one of the

marbles to Totoy.

When it was lunch time, Totoy did not eat. He only asked for some money. When he was given a centavo he ran and searched for the cigarette can, where his grandmother kept her money. When he found it he got the handkerchief in which the money was tied and ran away. His lola saw him and asked for the money. Totoy threw the handkerchief. It hit his "lola" on the face. He laughed only and ran to his playmate.



The other boy was holding a whistle. Totoy liked it very much so he asked for it.

He said, "Lend me your whistle and then we will go to the seashore."

When it was given to him he went home and hid under the bed.

The boy ran after him and told his lola that Totoy had the whistle. His lola told him to

return it but he cried and cried. So his lola bought him one.

He was so spoiled that he wanted everything he saw. When his "lola" could not afford to give him what he wanted, he began to steal. His parents became very unhappy.

By Preciosa Irma Pineda
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SCENES IN THE MORNING AND SCENES IN THE AFTERNOON

It was early in the morning when I was awakened by the crowing of the roosters. I went hurriedly to our bathroom to take a bath. After bathing I went to our garden. The sun was beginning its daily work and saluting the new day. The flowers were in bloom and there was a great difference between yesterday and today.

It was also that afternoon when I put down my books and hurriedly went to the Luneta. I sat on a big rock. The sun was setting and finishing its work. The sun was throwing its rays to be the pathway of the angels to the gate of heaven.

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FATE

As I have learned, in the days of old,

Great men prosper, while others fall,

While rich men rejoice, the poor ones toil,

Sinners repent to clean their soul.

Poor was the rich man as time went on

His riches perished, his power was gone,

He no longer could laugh at mischance of the poor,

Great are the things that fate has done.

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