

INTERESTING PLACES

A CAVE

By JOSE FELICIANO *



IN the mountain fastness of Sibul, a well-known health resort of Bulacan, there is a cave which has ever attracted sight-seers from far and near. "Renacimiento" the people call it. Some day you may chance to find yourself at Sibul, and like many of those who have been there, you too may want to see this cave.

I shall try to picture this cave to you. Once more I see it in my mind's eye. Standing before it, with several companions, I see nothing particularly strik-

ing on the outside. Before us is a huge rock overgrown with plants, mostly vines. At the bottom of this rock is a narrow opening, which, we are told, is the mouth of the cave. Hanging over this opening are small projections of rock, which look very decorative. At the mouth of the cave we find heaps of ashes, evidently the remains of fires built by those who have entered the cave before us. Those fires have lighted their way into the darkness.

In order to get inside the cave, one has to bend low, nay, almost crawl. My companions and I need not build a fire, for we have a powerful flashlight. Slowly and carefully we make our way into the cave. Inside, we see but a faint light, which comes from the entrance. Suddenly we hear the flutter of many wings! What is the meaning of this? We have intruded upon the sleeping inhabitants of this gloomy hollow of the earth. They are the bats.

Aided by our flashlight, we now begin to explore the place. How fearfully fantastic it looks! We move about slowly, for the ground we walk on is cut up with sharp-edged stones, and the top of the cave is most irregular. Near the entrance, the air is damp and cool; but as we descend into the bottom the air becomes drier and warmer. We dare not venture to reach the very bottom, for we know not what awaits us there. Fear begins to fill our hearts. So we hurry back to the sunlight and the open air.

I know it will be long before the picture of this cave fades away from my memory.

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MELINDA

(Continuation)

A Story

By Antonio Muñoz

On the third day she went to visit the place. On the mound stood a beautiful tree. The fruits were of different shapes, sizes, and colors. As the branches swayed to and fro, sweet melodies passed through the leaves.

Melinda was happy, very happy. She picked a fruit and opened it. It contained a pretty dress. She opened another. There was a pair of shoes inside. Every fruit contained something very pretty and very useful. There were a coach, a pair of white horses, and many other useful things. The objects were small while they were inside but when she drew them out, they became large. When she had seen them all she carefully put each one back into its place.

Just before she left the place, she leaped to a stone in the brook. As she looked down to see if

the fish was there, something struck her forehead. She looked at her reflection in the water. A bright star shone on her forehead. Hastily she went home for she was afraid.

Her step-mother looked at her and gazed at the beautiful star on her forehead. She tried to remove it. She even went as far as scraping it with a knife. At last she thrust the pointed end of the knife into the skin and tried to dig the star out. It was vain for it did not move. When she found out that she could not remove it, she got more soot from the stove and smeared Melinda's forehead until the star was completely hidden from view. Not until then was she relieved.

"How did you happen to get that star?" she asked. Melinda told her the truth.

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