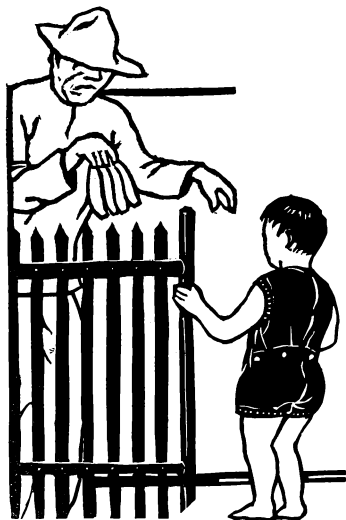


## LITTLE STORIES FOR

By Loreto

## NONOY'S



HAD it not been Monday, Nonoy could not have strayed so far away from home without being noticed at once. But Monday was always a busy day for everyone. Mother had left for her work; Grandfather was out for his morning walk; Daddy was away; and Auntie, ever watchful Auntie, was busy feeding her pigs in the back yard. She thought all the children were safely playing upstairs.

But little, round Nonoy was downstairs near the gate waiting for the familiar cry of "Puto! Puto!" Mother had left him one centavo that morning, asking him to be very good and not bother Auntie while she washed their clothes.

Nonoy was becoming impatient. His

waiting was making him hungry. An eager look leaped up into his eyes as a man passed by in front of their house.

But it was just that ugly-faced man with a bundle under his arm who had been passing and repassing this morning. There was a lonely street and people seldom passed this way. And Nonoy noticed him because he wondered what that bundle contained. Perhaps there was candy, or fruits or *puto* in it. Now to his surprise the man stopped before the gate and beckoned to him, holding aloft a bunch of the ripest, most golden and most tantalizing bananas Nonoy ever saw.

Nonoy as if drawn by magic went outside slowly, opened the gate, and then followed down the road the man who was still holding aloft the luscious bananas. When they were safely hidden from the house by a clump of bamboo, the man gave Nonoy a banana and then led him gently down the road away, away from home. Nonoy pointed at a waiting automobile and said to the man, "Auto! Auto!" and was going to step to one side but the man smiled shortly and said, "No it is not coming this way. Let us go there. Would you like to ride in it?" Nonoy's eyes shone with pure joy at the thought of it. He followed the man most willingly.

Then in front of the automobile, the

## LITTLE PEOPLE

Paras Sulit

### ADVENTURE

man lifted Nonoy and put him inside. He spoke a few words and the driver started the car. Nonoy lay contentedly on the cushions, eating his delicious bananas. Forgotten, forgotten was everything in the experience of this wonderful ride.

Even when they stopped before a small, dark house in a little alley, the wonder was still there. Curiously Nonoy went with the man inside the house. There was a woman there. Nonoy did not like her because she was frowning darkly at him. He turned to the friendly man who had brought him here. But he, too, was frowning at him, staring in a very strange way. Then it was that Nonoy was brought back to himself and to his past.

The people at home, everyone in Nonoy's circle of acquaintances had always a smile for him. Even if they were tired or worried or hungry, they had a smile; even if it were only in the eyes. And so now, looking at these unsmiling people, Nonoy suddenly became afraid and bawled, "Mamma! Mamma!" Then, "*Tiang! Tiang.*" But no answering, loving cry came. Oh, where were they? And his *Lolo*, his *Lolo*? Each moment of silence increased his terror until he was crying out his lungs. The man and the woman stared at the little boy, then at each other. "Now, what



are you going to do about him?" asked the woman. She hated the whole thing.

"What are you afraid of, Tinay?" asked the man. "This evening I will return the boy. I will say I found him somewhere but I could not learn from him at once where his home is. His parents are very rich. They will be so thankful, they will give me money. It may not be much. But I can always come back. They will be forever in my debt."

"What about the police?" asked the practical-minded woman.

"Did I steal him? Didn't I find him crying, lost, about to be run over by an automobile?" answered the man. "*Hoy,*

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## NONOY'S ADVENTURES

(Continued from page 3)

room. Again he bawled with renewed vigor.

The man and woman were still there. "You have to stop him," said the woman, "or people will begin to notice."

The man looked at Nonoy with an angry frown on his ugly face as if he wanted to nail down Nonoy's mouth. He did not know what to do. The boy refused everything that was given him.

Then in the little silence that followed, they heard a loud, singing voice outside, "Puto! Puto!" At that familiar cry, Nonoy visibly brightened. The man saw his happy look.

He assumed again his friendliness for peace and beckoned Nonoy, "Come, we will buy puto. Don't cry anymore."

They went outside and called the vendor. When the latter stopped in front of them, a mutual look of recognition leaped from Nonoy to the man, from the man to Nonoy. The vendor, displaying his wares, was utterly confused and did not know what to think. An hour ago he had passed by this boy's house. He remembered the confusion there, the shouting of the old man, and the cries of the women and children.

Now this boy Nonoy was here with this man whose face was ugly as his heart perhaps was. He heard the man order, "Give me fifteen centavos worth of *cuchinta* and *puto*." Slowly the vendor counted, thinking, wondering. He wrapped up the *puto*, gave it to Nonoy. He clutched it tightly but when the

## THE GOLDEN IMAGE

(Continued from page 17)

beneath it.

They pulled themselves on to the limb and sat there a few minutes to regain their breath. Pablo crossed himself and murmured the names of the Holy Family.

"Well," he said, in a manner-of-fact way, "our gold is gone. But isn't it good to be alive!"

"Yes," said Ulan, "I never could figure out just why you wanted gold so badly. Surely some good *diwata* has just befriended us!"

Then they made their way along the limb and down to the

man took him by the hand to lead him inside, the boy would not go. He shook his head stubbornly and clung to the vendor. The ugly-faced man pulled Nonoy and this decided the mind of the vendor. With all his might, he pushed the man so that he fell on the sidewalk. Then the vendor picked up Nonoy, leaving his wares behind and ran and ran crying, "Police! Police!"

People came running out of their houses. A shrill cry split the air; a policeman, then two immediately appeared. The vendor between gasps of breath told his story.

"You know where his home is?" asked a policeman as he stopped a taxi. The vendor nodded. The three of them got inside. Nonoy sank back on the cushions contentedly and opened his precious package of *puto* and selected the biggest piece of all for his first bite. That run had made him a very hungry boy.

## THE BOY GEORGE . . .

(Continued from page 12)

2. What other stories of George Washington showed that he could be trusted? Tell them to the class.

3. What three scenes in this story can you present in a tableau?

4. George Washington did not wish to receive salary as commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary Army. Suggest an appropriate word to describe this character trait.

ground.

"We had better try to get home now," said Pablo. "We can go back afterwards and get some more gold."

Ulan agreed, and they made their way slowly and laboriously to the top of a crag that rose at one side of the waterfall to see if they could get any idea as to where they were.

"There, there," cried Pablo as they reached the top, "The ocean!" Sure enough, before them, and not far away, was an expanse of smooth, blue water with the mountains of another island rising on the far side. Pablo felt much nearer home at sight of it, and was very happy.

They scrambled down toward the bottom of the falls. Not a trace of the raft or its precious cargo was to be seen. The cloud of spray and mist concealed the base of the falls, and some of it fell like rain on the boys.

Near the falls they found a little path and were able to walk along it quite rapidly. Soon they should reach the coast and a good road.

(To be continued)