

## WHY THE CATS AND THE RATS ARE ENEMIES

By GUILLERMO C. CLEMEN \*

LONG, long ago the cat and the rat lived together in the mountain and were very good friends. What one had was shared by the other. Every night the cat hunted for birds while the rat stole camotes. They ate together, slept together, and played together.

"Meow, meow, meow," the cat said one morning after their breakfast, "let us play hide-and-seek."

"Crititictic, crititictic," replied the rat, "That is a good idea."

"Who will be the first *it*?" asked the cat.

"Let me be the one," answered the rat.

And so the cat hid himself while the rat began to look for him. Shortly afterward, the rat found him.

Then the rat hid himself in the darkest part of their dwelling. Many hours passed by, but the cat could not locate him. At last the cat felt so tired that he called the rat for dinner. There was camote and bird meat for food.

"Crititictic, crititictic," said the rat, mischief playing in his eyes. "You finally had to give up your search."

The cat became angry. "Meow, meow, let's have a wager if you want."

"That suits me," laughingly replied the rat. "If you could find me, you may kill me at once, but if you couldn't, I will eat all your food."

The cat thought the conditions very satisfactory; in fact, he considered them favorable to him. "Now is my chance to punish you for your mockery," he said to himself. "I'll have a good hearty meal out of your fat little body."

After their dinner, they started the game again. The rat hid himself in a



bamboo tube whose passage was just barely enough for his body.

The cat could not find the rat, and after a long, long search, he felt tired and fell asleep.

When the rat peeped out of his hiding place and found the cat sleeping, he came out and ate all the food. The cat was in great rage in waking up and finding all the food gone. He swore aloud, promising himself again to kill the rat if he could only find him. Hearing this the rat became fearful, and at the first opportunity, when the cat was not around, ran away.

Left alone the cat felt lonesome, and when he could not endure the loneliness any longer, he went to a nearby town. He went up into one of the houses and begged the owner to take him in. "I promise to rid your house of rats which eat your food and gnaw your clothes," he pleaded.

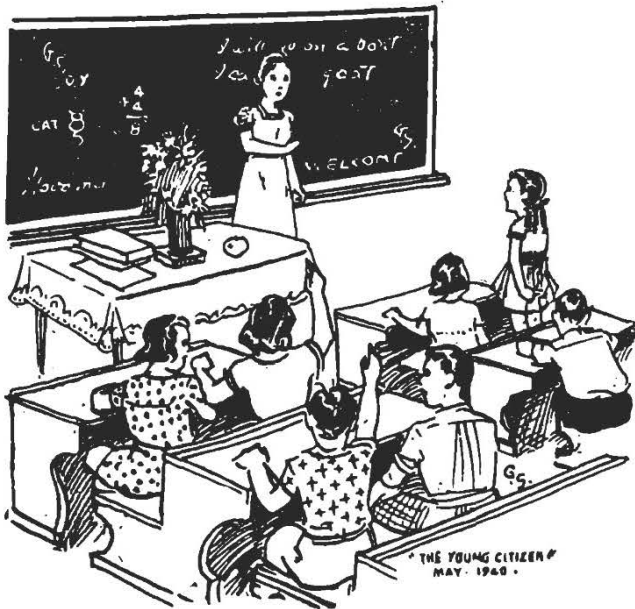
The kind old man took the cat in.

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## I'LL SELL CHEESE, MRS. TORRES

By AMPARO L. KILATES \*



"THIS is the last day of school," Mrs. Torres said to the Grade Four class. "Tomorrow will be the first day of vacation. What are your plans for this summer?"

Many raised hands eagerly.

"Yes, Nita," Mrs. Torres called on a ten-year old girl.

"I'm going to Baguio with Aunt Carmen. Mother says I may," Nita told the class.

"That is good. Baguio is cool and beautiful and is a good place to spend the summer season in. And you, Jose?"

Jose stood up promptly and said, "Oh, I will visit Mt. Mayon and Consocep Falls," he declared.

"Hmmm," Pedro, the naughty boy, cleared his throat in an exaggerated way. Everybody smiled, for it was common knowledge that the two boys had an old-time rivalry for class leadership.

"Well, Pedro," Mrs. Torres said, "what are your plans?"

"I—er—I shall go hunting with my grandfather," Pedro said, and almost every one laughed because the class knew that Pedro's grandfather, already a tottering old man, couldn't even go out without his cane, and couldn't recognize a boy from a girl unless he had his spectacles on.

"How about you, Lino?" This time Mrs. Torres picked out the most polite and serious boy in the class.

Before Lino could answer, and before the teacher could stop it, half of the class chorused in taunting unison: "*Queso, queso! Bagong bago! Tolo veinte cinco!*" (Cheese! cheese! Very new! Three for twenty-five centavos!)

Poor Lino blushed, turned pale, then grew red again. Finally he managed to say in a calm voice, "I will sell cheese, Mrs. Torres, because my mother is sick, and we are very poor."

The tittering of the class subsided into a long silence. Then Mrs. Torres remarked quietly, "Lino, you have the best plan."

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### WHY THE CATS . . .

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From that time on, the house was rid of rats.

But the rats have never been exterminated. It is because they are clever. They know how to escape and elude their enemies. They are not always hiding. When the cats are away, the rats do play.

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