

A Pretty Dress For Ang-Ang

By L. V. R.

ANG-ANG was a poor girl who lived in the mountains. She was very fond of the creatures of the woods. They came to the door of her hut every day. She loved the butterflies and the bees. She fed the birds with bananas and sweet potatoes that she had raised. When night came, she bade her little friends good night and lay on the warm blanket which her mother had spread inside their little cogan hut.

One night, while Ang-ang was on the blanket and was getting ready to sleep, she heard her mother and her father talking.

"There is a big cañao tomorrow night," she heard her father say.

"Will it be held in the town center?" her mother asked.

"Yes," answered the father, "and we must have our clothes ready to take part in the dances."

"I have finished weaving your clothes and mine," said the mother, "but Ang-ang's are not yet done. I wonder what she will wear to her first big celebration." Both parents sighed and were silent afterwards.

Ang-ang was troubled. She knew that the cañao was a very big celebration. She needed beautiful clothes to enjoy the festival. Everybody would be there in his festive clothes, and poor Ang-ang would look very poor indeed in her ordinary working dress.

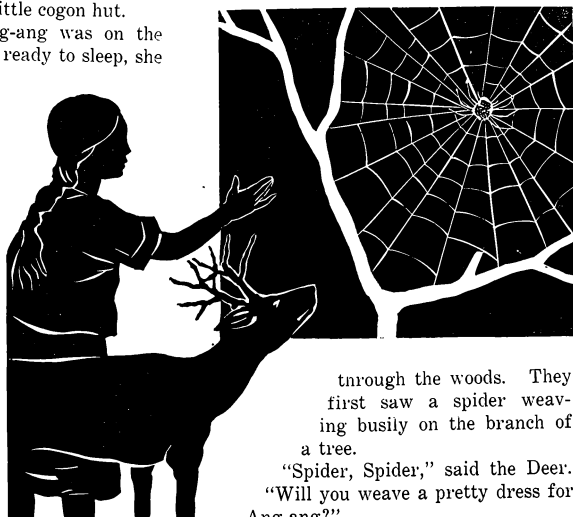
The next morning, Ang-ang was very sad. A small deer which had strayed early near her hut, noticed her sadness.

"Why are you sad, Ang-ang?" the Deer asked.

"I am sad," answered Ang-ang, "because tonight is the night of the grand cañao and I have no pretty dress to wear."

"I shall help you," said the Deer. "Come with me and let us ask all the animals that we can find to help you get a pretty dress."

Ang-ang and the Deer walked slowly



through the woods. They first saw a spider weaving busily on the branch of a tree.

"Spider, Spider," said the Deer.

"Will you weave a pretty dress for Ang-ang?"

The Spider looked kindly down at Ang-ang, then she shook her head.

"I would gladly do so," said the Spider, "but my threads are very fine. They break so easily. A breath of wind can carry them away."

Ang-ang and the Deer thought the spider was right, so they moved away.

They came upon a butterfly idly playing among the flowers.

"Butterfly, Butterfly," said the Deer, "can you help us make a dress for Ang-ang? She is going to the cañao tonight and her

clothes are old."

The Butterfly fluttered softly upon Ang-ang's hand and said sadly: "I would gladly give Ang-ang my wings, but they are so small and delicate that they would be of no use to her."

Ang-ang thanked the generous Butterfly kindly, then she went on with the Deer. They found a Wild Fowl feeding on the seeds that the birds had dropped.



"Oh Wild Fowl," said the Deer, "Will you help us get a pretty dress for Ang-ang?"

The Wild Fowl looked up and eyed Ang-ang.

"Can you use my feathers, Ang-ang?" the Wild Fowl asked, "If you can, here, take as many as you need."

Ang-ang stooped down and plucked a feather. The Wild Fowl bravely stood still, but a tear of pain dropped softly down its round eye.

"No, no," said Ang-ang, "I'd rather go in my old dress than hurt you like this."

"Ang-ang, Ang-ang," a sweet voice called from above. The three friends looked up and saw a Singing Bird perched on the low branch of the tamarind tree.

"Ang-ang," sang the Bird, "you are a good child, and I shall help you get a pretty dress. But you must follow my instructions, or you will find yourself in shame at the grand cañao."

The Girl, the Deer and the Wild Fowl looked happily up at the bird. The bird fluttered down the bough and perched on Ang-ang's shoulder.

"You shall have the most beautiful dress that a girl ever wore. You are a good girl, and we are all eager to help you. Come with me to the honey bee."

The Deer, the Singing Bird and the girl went to the hive of the Honey Bee. They found the Honey Bee busily buzzing about. When the Bee saw them, she stopped and greeted Ang-ang.

"We have come to seek aid," began the Bird. "I have thought of a very nice dress for Ang-ang to wear, and you can help us make it. As soon as the sun goes down," continued the Bird, "I want you to call all your friends together. Then gather all the honey you can get. Smear Ang-ang's body with the honey, and go back to your hives."

Ang-ang wondered what sort of a dress she would get. Surely, she thought, honey is not enough.

At sun down, the bees fluttered around Ang-ang. Very gently, they left honey on her neck, upon her arms and all over her body. Ang-ang smelled as sweet as a bee hive, and she felt very gay.

When the last spot of honey was laid upon her, the Singing Bird came and took her near a large flame tree. The tree was lit by thousands of fireflies which clustered like tiny stars close to the leaves.

"Come, little friends," sang the Bird, "come and help make a pretty dress for Ang-ang."

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COME INTO MY GARDEN

THE TOMATO

COME into my garden. This month, I have a well-known plant to show you. This plant is the tomato—a popular salad crop that can be found enriching every meal in so many homes in the world. Vitamins that make you grow can be found in the tomato. The tomato is also an appetizer. It is something that makes your appetite more keen.

Would you like to have tomato plants in your garden? This is how this vegetable can be grown:

Plant the seeds thinly in seed-flats or seedbeds. When the seedlings are about 8 or 12 centimeters high, transplant them outside at 60 to 80 centimeters apart. They should be shaded for at least four days if they are transplanted during the hot sunny days. If the plants tend to grow tall, the principal growing point may be cut off. This will induce branching. When the fruits are matured and ripe, they may be harvested.

If you intend to raise good seeds, ask for these varieties: Native, Ear-



liana. Bonny Best, Beauty, June Pink, Everlarge, and Ten Ton. These bear beautiful fruits.

BE OUR GUEST GARDENER

Why don't you be our guest gardener? If you have raised some vegetables or flowers which make your school or your home beautiful and attractive, write us about them. Tell us how you did it. Then we can tell the others who might wish to raise the same. We invite all the gardeners of the Philippines into this garden section of "The Young Citizen."

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The fireflies flew down and clung to Ang-ang's honey-smeared body. They clustered like diamonds upon her hair. They were like necklaces upon her neck. They were like bracelets of stars laid upon her arms. They made for her a cloth of brilliance that glowed in the darkness of the night.

Ang-ang was overjoyed beyond

wipe his fountain pen. After the examination, the boy filed me among his other old notebooks in a box. In this place, I grew ragged, dusty and torn. I am still in this place, and I don't know how much longer I shall live.

words. Proudly, she went to the cañao. "But remember," said the bird, "leave before dawn. The fireflies need to rest and they will leave you in shame if you do not hurry."

When Ang-ang arrived at the cañao, the dancing had already begun. Far and near came the mountain tribes to participate in the merry-making. The sound of the gong and the barimbaw echoed in the evening stillness.

Everybody looked at Ang-ang. Every one wondered what beautiful dress it was that she wore. When she moved, light moved with her. When she danced so gracefully, the brilliance of her dress sent off sparks that seemed to reflect the

moon. The young chief of the mountain tribes sat on his broad stone throne and watched Ang-ang eagerly.

"Who is she?" he asked his men. "Why have I not seen her before?" And he watched her sway and dance, the fireflies glinting like diamonds about her. When her dance ended, the young chief went to her side and asked for her name. Ang-ang was very much pleased and surprised. When the young chief asked her to dance with him, her pride knew no bounds. She danced and sang till the moon set. Then, in a hurry, she departed, remembering what the Bird told her. The chief would not let her go and held her hand. But she wriggled out of his grasp, leaving a handful of fireflies and a bit of honey in the hand of the chief.

"Honey and fireflies," said the chief softly, "sweetness and light. They are better than riches. I must find this girl and marry her, for she is good and sweet."

The young chief followed Ang-ang. He saw the fireflies leaving her one by one, until a trail of light floated in the air. When Ang-ang reached her hut, he stole softly away.

The next morning, the young chief went to Ang-ang's hut. He saw the kind girl feeding her friends of the woods. "That is why they are so eager to help her," he thought. "She is sweet and kind. She is just the girl to help me rule my tribe."

The prince then asked Ang-ang to marry him.

At their wedding, the deer, and the wild fowl got plenty to eat. The birds and the bees hummed and sung all day. In the evening, the friendly fireflies lighted the place of merry-making, proud of their share in giving Ang-ang such happiness.