

(Little Stories for Little People)

Sitong, the Little Hero

By Mrs. Juliana C. Pineda

SITONG was very quiet at the table that evening. He did not tell any story about his playmates. He did not talk about the games he played during the day.

His father looked up at him. His mother said,

"Sitong, are you sick? Why don't you tell us some stories?"

"No, Mother, I am not sick. I want to go to bed," Sitong answered.

Sitong's aunt came.

"Do you know, Maria," she said, "that Sitong had a fight this afternoon?"

"What?" Sitong's mother cried. "Is that true? With whom?"

"With Andres, Mang Manuel's boy. Andres went home with a bleeding nose."

"Sitong, you naughty boy, come here this minute. Didn't I always tell you never to fight?"

"Yes, Mother," Sitong mumbled.

"Were you hurt?" his mother asked.

"No, Mother."

"Yes, you were. Look at your forehead. It is bruised. Get the mentholatum jar."

Sitong's mother spread some mentholatum over the blue part.

"Now, tell me why you fought," the Mother demanded.

"Nothing, Mother," Sitong answered with hanging head.

"Tell me," his mother ordered, "or, I will spank you."

Sitong said nothing. As his mother stood, he ran to his father. His father took him in his arms.

"Never mind, Maria," he told his wife with a wink. "Sitong will tell you about it by and by."

Father and son went into the bedroom.

"My son," the father spoke gently, "you do not have to tell your story now. You may tell Father about it when you want to. Perhaps tomorrow."

"I shall tell you about it now, Father."

The father sat on a chair by the window. He held Sitong on his lap.

"We were playing 'hole in' Father." Sitong began. "He liked my marble. It was the one I polished with your shoe polish. He offered to give me two marbles for it. I did not want to exchange my beautiful shining marble. He took it from me. Then, he offered three marbles for it. I said 'No.' He became angry. He threw it on the ground and shouted:

"'There is your marble shining like the bald spot on your father's head.'

"Then I gave him a hard blow on the nose."

The father pressed the child to his breast. Kissing the boy on the head, he said,

"That's my brave boy. Yes, sometimes you have to fight. And when you fight, fight hard."

A BOY'S WISH

by ANATOLIO LITONJUA

I wish the wind would carry me
To far-off lands across the sea.

I'll visit boys as young as I
Who fly big kites up in the sky.

I'll hunt big tigers, lions, deer
With bows and arrows, knife and spear.

These, all these I'll do the day
I sail for countries far away.