

YOUNG WRITERS



THE LITTLE FISH

I am a little fish
That lives at the bottom of the
sea
And I would not care to live
like thee.
My color is brown, with some
stripes of red
And there's a touch of gold
right on my head.
I like to live in the sea so blue
And I do not want to be caught
by you.
For I surely would die in the
land of the sky.

Ann Miller
San Carlos Milling Co.
Occidental Negros

THE SUN

I wish I were a sun
Shining down upon the land.
Shining on banks of rivers
Where happy children play.
I dry the clothes of people
I give light to all.
Oh, how I wish I were a sun
Doing lots of fun.

By Flerida R. Pineda

PEN and PENCIL CIRCLE

April 12, 1937

Miss Francisca San Jose
Through *The Young*
Citizen

Dear Fanny.

I shall relate to you an enjoyable day during our stay in Bustos. We woke up with the thought of going to the field to spend the day. I dressed up and started on our journey. We were all barefooted. It was a long walk but at last we reached the grass shack. First we went to the Baliwag market. When we arrived there we saw good things to eat. We bought cloths and refreshing drinks. At noon we had crabs and shrimps for dinner. What fun we had! We spread a mat on the ground and lay down. We sang songs that we knew. At last it was time to go home. We went home tired but happy. Please tell me

where and how you spent your vacation.

Yours truly,
Nora Cruz

April 12, 1937

Miss Nena San Jose
Through *The Young*
Citizen

Dear Nena.

I am spending my vacation in Bustos. We often go to the river. This morning, we went to the river to take a bath. We can wade across the river because some parts are shallow. The water is clear. The bottom is covered with sand and gravel. The banks are sandy and flat. Watermelons, melons, camote and others grew on the bank because the soil is fertile. How I enjoy my vacation! Tell me about your vacation.

Yours sincerely,
Flerida Pineda

THE MOON

The moon is like a ship a-sailing,
Sailing through the sky at night.
Oh, how gently, softly, smoothly,
Giving children rest and light.
See him sailing through the meadows,
Where the starry daisies lie.

Twinkling, twinkling, winking,
blinking,
Giving joy to children's sight.
Oh, how I wish that I were there,
Up in the moon cool and serene,
Upon the sky so calm and fair.
Oh, how I wish that I were there.

Nora Cruz
VI-A¹
Rizal Elem. School
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