

## LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

By Aunt Julia

### Why Nene Was Thankful

#### *A Thanksgiving Story*

“**N**ENE! Nene! I am here. Come and let us play.”

Nene stood up and turned toward the street. She had been picking up dry sticks for fuel.

“Is that you, Charing?” and Nene ran as fast as she could across the yard and out of the bamboo gate.

“Charing, how beautiful you are! I am glad you are home.” Nene exclaimed as she looked her friend over with admiring eyes.

“I have come to spend Thanksgiving Day with Father and Mother.”

“Oh Yes, I know. We, too, shall have a special dinner. I am gathering fuel for Mother's special recipes.” Nene's voice was merry.

“At home, there is nothing special,” Charing said. “It must be the old, old menu, stuffed turkey, chicken stew, vegetable salad, and fruit and cakes.”

“O Charing, how could you talk that way! Is that not something very, very special?”

“Of course not. Just the same, I am glad I am out of school. It is hateful to be shut up in a convent all your life. Come, Nene, let us play. Tell me about your goats and your chickens and your other playmates.”

“When you left we had only two goats. Now we have five! Could you believe it? Nanny Goat had three kids at one time! It is fun to watch the kids jump around and tease one another. But I have to keep them out of my little garden. They will

chew up all the leaves before you can shout ‘Hooooo!’”

Nene took Charing to the grassy lot where the goats were browsing. Charing admired the frisky kids and imitated their “Mee! Mee!”

Charing peeped into Nene's little garden:



where chichiricas and yellow bells were constantly in bloom.

“I cannot understand why my mother wants roses and orchids. They have to be taken care of all the time. Your plants need nothing but water.”

“But Charing,” cried Nene, “you cannot compare my flowers with your mother's beautiful roses and costly orchids. These plants do not cost money at all.”

After showing her little downy chicks to Charing, Nene said, “I shall have to carry in the fuel I have gathered. Mother will

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## WHY NENE WAS THANKFUL.

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need it for her special Thanksgiving dishes."

"What will you have for dinner?" Charing asked.

"We shall have fried camotes, stuffed baños, and *lumpia*. Mother got big camotes from her plot. I shall pare and slice them and my mother will fry the slices.

"That must be delicious!" exclaimed Charing.

"We cannot stuff anything else but baños," Nene continued. "But I like its stuffing of onions and tomatoes."

"It would be like a picnic," Charing remarked.

"You remember the big coconut palm we had near the gate? That was blown down last week. Mother got the bud and she will make it into *lumpia*. They say it is very good." Nene's eyes brightened as she spoke.

"Yes, Nene, even my mother says so," Charing agreed. "I see you will have a real holiday dinner." Charing's voice was mourn-

ful.

"Charing! But you will have stuffed turkey and chicken stew and salad and fruits! That must be a wonderful dinner, although I do not know how the dishes taste."

"Wonderful? I wish I could eat dinner with you." Charing's tone was wistful.

"Why not, do stay, Charing," and Nene held her friend by the arm.

"I can't. I was brought home to eat that old turkey with the rest of the family. I have to be going." Charing kissed Nene lightly on the cheek and turned sadly homeward.

Nene watched her friend walk slowly away.

"So rich people's food does not taste good, after all," Nene murmured. "I know I must be thankful for nothing is so good as fried camotes and stuffed baños and *lumpia*. *Lumpia!* Nene's mouth watered at the thought of her favorite dish, which she could have only once in many, many months.

## KEEPING THE SCHOOL

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grade boys ran to the players.

Candido shouted, "stop playing."

"Don't you see what you have done?," asked Aniceto, pointing to the dirty wall.

Nemesio did his part by grabbing the ball from Mariano. Mariano was about to serve.

The boys who played in the rain were reported and shortly afterward they were seen scrubbing the wall themselves.

Felix said, "We should have finished that game had it not been for those four boys."

Celestino answered, "As for me, not playing at all is better than scrubbing this wall. We really made it very ugly to look at."

They realized after all, that the school should be kept clean. By keeping the school clean, they were doing an important civic duty.

"Poor Charing!" she thought as she stooped to gather the fuel.

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