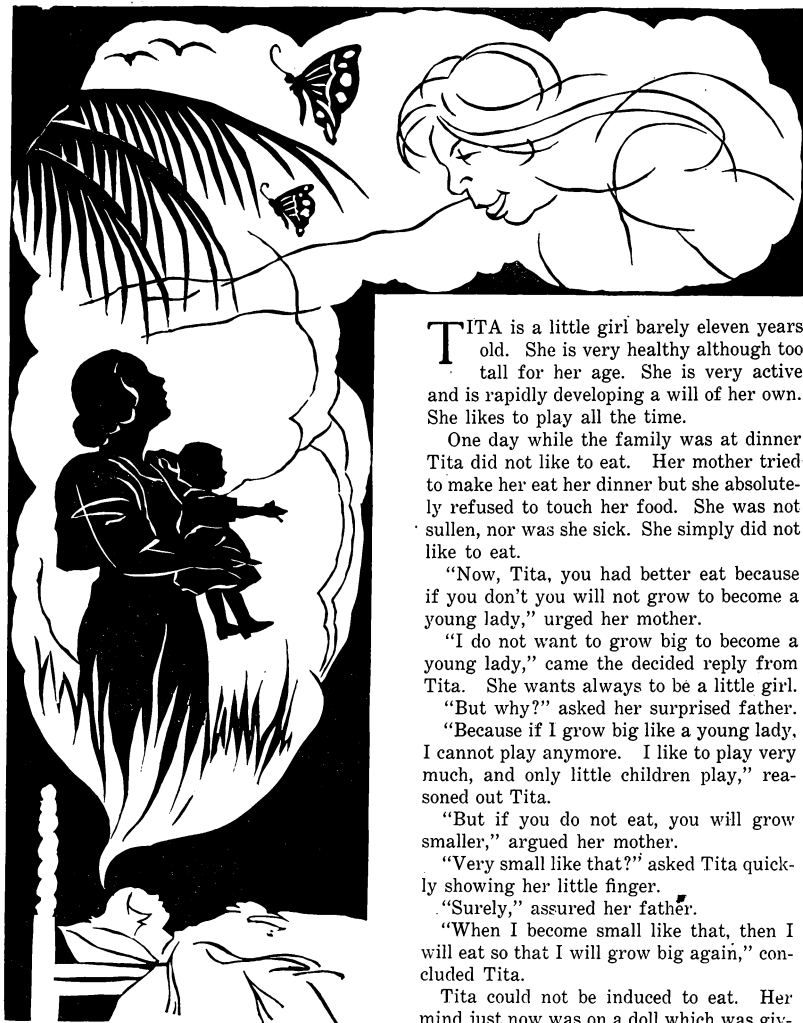


## TITA'S DREAM

By I. Panlasigui



**T**ITA is a little girl barely eleven years old. She is very healthy although too tall for her age. She is very active and is rapidly developing a will of her own. She likes to play all the time.

One day while the family was at dinner Tita did not like to eat. Her mother tried to make her eat her dinner but she absolutely refused to touch her food. She was not sullen, nor was she sick. She simply did not like to eat.

"Now, Tita, you had better eat because if you don't you will not grow to become a young lady," urged her mother.

"I do not want to grow big to become a young lady," came the decided reply from Tita. She wants always to be a little girl.

"But why?" asked her surprised father.

"Because if I grow big like a young lady, I cannot play anymore. I like to play very much, and only little children play," reasoned out Tita.

"But if you do not eat, you will grow smaller," argued her mother.

"Very small like that?" asked Tita quickly showing her little finger.

"Surely," assured her father.

"When I become small like that, then I will eat so that I will grow big again," concluded Tita.

Tita could not be induced to eat. Her mind just now was on a doll which was giv-

en to her by her father the day before. Of course, mother knew very well that to keep peace in the mind of her little daughter and among the members of the family while the dinner was going on, it was better to let Tita her own way. So she was let alone that day.

Tita is the only child of the family.

She is a bright girl and full of imagination. Being the only child she often imagines other children as her playmates. Sometimes in her plays she talks aloud to herself, imitating imaginary playmates.

That afternoon she played with her doll after she arrived from school. It was already about nine o'clock in the evening when her mother told her that it was already time for her to go to bed.

"Mother can I play some more? You see my doll will be very lonesome to be left alone if I go to bed now. Dolly likes to play with me," said Tita.

"Take Dolly with you and sleep with her," suggested her mother.

"You know, mother," she answered, "I like to play very much. I like the day because I can play. I do not like the night because I cannot play. You always make me go to bed at night. Why can't we have day all the time and no night at all?"

"You are too young yet to understand why we have day and night. But it is important just now that you should go to bed. Take Dolly with you and sleep with her. Then you can play together in your dream," suggested again her mother.

Tita obeyed reluctantly. She took her doll with her. And after kissing her mother good night and said her little prayer she climbed up to her bed. Dolly was with her in bed. Before long Tita was playing with her doll in her dream.

She dreamed that she was almost as big as a young lady. But still she liked to play with her doll. They were playing in a very strange place where there were many beautiful plants and flowers of many colors. Among the flowers were many butterflies fluttering and dancing from flowers to flowers. Tita was very much pleased with the butterflies that she wanted to have one of



them in her hand. She tried to catch one of them. She ran here and there after a yellow and blue butterfly. But the butterfly flew faster than she could run. Soon she became tired. She could not run anymore so she sat down on a large round stone. While she was resting she heard a voice but she did not know where it came from. It was like an echo, but it sounded louder and clearer. The voice said,

"Tita, why are you here?"

Tita looked around to find where the voice came from. She was a little bit afraid and did not answer.

"Do not be afraid, Tita. I am your friend," again came the voice.

Tita took courage when she heard the word 'friend.' She asked the unseen speaker,

(Please turn to page 353)

## A GOOD SON

*(Continued from page 337)*

just gathered a big bundle of fuel for my mother," answered Rico.

"Why is your back bleeding?" the lady asked him.

"My father whipped me because I broke his cane when I used it to kill a snake," Rico told her.

"Your father is cruel and you should do something to stop his cruelty," said the lady.

"No, my father is not cruel. He is hot-tempered. That is his weakness. Although he whips me sometimes, I don't think he is cruel for I know that he does not mean it and he always feels sorry afterwards," explained Rico.

"But you must do something to correct your father's temper. If you don't, some day he may kill you," argued the lady.

"What do you want me to do then?" asked Rico.

"Tonight," said the lady, "while your father is sleeping, get a big stone and give him a heavy blow on the forehead with it. That will cure his temper. Then lie down and go to sleep or pretend to be sleeping. In the morning your father will be cured of his bad temper."

"I cannot do it," Rico told her. "I love my father although he loses his temper sometimes and whips me. No, I cannot do it and I'll never do it."

"Listen, my boy," persisted the lady. "I hate your father because he is cruel to you. I like you and I don't want your father to abuse you."

"My father is taking care of mother and me," said Rico. "If he dies or becomes sick, we shall have a hard time. Nobody will support the family for I am too young to cut trees and mother cannot do hard work."

The lady smiled and said, "I can give you all that you need because I am rich. Come with me to the trunk of the baleté tree and I'll show you my wealth."

Inside the hole in the huge baleté tree, Rico saw piles of gold pieces. There were precious stones and jew-

## TITA'S DREAM

"Who are you?"

"Don't you know me? I am your friend. You play with me all the time."

"But I do not know you. I cannot see you. Where are you?" asked Tita looking around in the hope of seeing the unseen visitor.

"Listen!" said the voice. "And soon you will see me and know

els. They were very attractive and would tempt an ordinary person but Rico loved his father and was blind to all those riches.

"I love my father," he said finally, "and all the riches in the world cannot make me hate him or do him any harm. Please leave me or let me go now."

"Enough," the woman said. I am convinced now that you are a good and loyal son. I was just trying you. Now you deserve a reward. Take as much treasure as you can carry. You will find also that your father is cured of his bad temper."

Rico filled a small sack with gold coins and precious stones. After thanking the kind lady, he ran homeward as fast as his legs could carry him. When he reached home, he laid the sack in a corner at the foot of the stairs. He went up to his father with fear in his heart. He was surprised when he was greeted by his father in a very pleasant tone.

"Come to me, my son, and kiss your old father." And he pressed Rico against his breast. "Forgive me my child for having been so cruel to you at times."

"Oh, Father, let us forget the past. It was not your fault. I have a wonderful story to tell."

Rico ran downstairs for the sack. Placing it carefully before his parents, he related the story of the beautiful lady of the baleté tree. His parents were very happy over their good fortune, but they did not forget their poor neighbors. They shared their riches with the poor people. Everybody was made happy and prosperous because of a son's loyalty to his father.

who I am."

"I play with you all the time," continued the voice. "I cover the earth with bright sunshine. The birds sing, the butterflies flutter, and the flowers smile at the sky when I come to earth.

"When I come to wake you up from your sleep the air is still cold, the sky is soft and blue. The sun rises behind the mountains and smiles over the tops of the trees, the stars close their twinkling eyes to sleep, and the cock crows 'good morning' to the world."

"I paint the distant mountains with blue, the trees with green, and the flowers with all the colors of the rainbow.

"When I am about to go away the sun goes down behind the mountains against the western sky. And the sun makes the clouds into flowers of many colors—gold, yellow, red, blue and soft hazy purple. The heavens and the earth start to go to sleep.

"I make the people of all nations work, and I play with the children of all races."

Tita listened with amazement and wonder to the recital of the voice. When the voice ceased to speak, she recognized the speaker and understood the message.

"Yes, I know, now, who you are," she said with glad excitement. "You are Day." And as she spoke, the place where she was sitting began to get dark and chilly.

"It is getting dark! Wait for a while, come back, talk some more, and play with me," cried the little girl.

"I cannot tarry any longer, I must go away for the night is coming," answered the voice as it receded away into the limitless distance.

Tita hardly heard the last word of the voice. It was already dark, and for an instant the flowers and the butterflies that she saw on the ground when it was yet bright seemed to have been transferred to the sky for the stars were already sparkling over head.

*(Please turn to page 360)*

## TITA'S DREAM

*(Continued from page 352)*

"The night is coming," repeated Tita to herself as she felt a chill creeping on her. She walked around to look for her doll, because in her eagerness to catch a butterfly and in her confused excitement when she was listening to the voice, she forgot all about her doll.

"Where are you Dolly? Come, let us go home for it is now very dark and I do not like to stay here at night," called out Tita. But she received no answer. Once more she called and immediately she heard a voice answering her call.

"I am here already."

"But who are you? Your voice is not the voice of my doll, nor the voice of Day who had just spoken to me a while ago. Who are you?" she inquired with puzzled excitement and she was now more afraid than when she heard the first voice.

"No I am not your doll. I am not Day either, for Day and I cannot stay together in one place," answered the new voice.

"Then please tell me who you are. Please, let me go home for I am now afraid," she answered and started to go away.

"Do not be afraid, Tita. You will soon know who I am and I hope that you will also learn to like me as you like Day."

"Do tell me then who you are that I might not be afraid anymore," she pleaded with the second unseen visitor.

"I will. Now, listen," said the voice.

"I come when the day goes away. When I arrive I close the dark blue curtain over the western sky to hide the golden rays of the sun, because the moon and the stars, like a timid maiden, do not like to come face to face with the sun.

"I bring with me the pale moon whose silvery rays dance and glide gracefully over the surface of the rivers winding around the moun-

tains and gliding over the valleys to the great oceans of the earth.

"I scatter all over the vast heavens millions of twinkling and smiling stars which like flowers, are now one by one opening their petals to breathe in the evening air.

"I send the wild animals of the forest to their caves and dens. I make the birds go home to their nests and give warmth to their young ones. I make the flowers close their eyes, and send their prayers to heaven."

"I make the whole earth as quiet and still as the moon beams that walk among the flowers in order that the maiden can hear the throbs of her lover's heart.

"In the quietness of the night I make all living creatures rest from their plays and toils. With the soft and cool air of the evening, with the wordless melody of the heavenly starry choir, I lull them to their restful slumber."

"Perhaps I know who you are now," interrupted Tita. "You are Night are you not?"

"Yes, I am Night. I am glad that you recognized me, although I am sorry to know that you do not like me. Some day when you understand the speechless language of the moon, when you can hear the chordless music of the evening air, and when your heart becomes sensitive to the noiseless throbbings or another heart then, I am sure, Tita, you would like me better than Day. Then you would want me to stay with you all the time so that I may let the moon and the stars watch over you while you tarry to play, to dance, to sing, and to whisper in the beautiful garden of love."

"Even now I like you, Night," said Tita. "Please, do not go away yet. Make the moon and the stars watch over me for I am now tired and very sleepy."

The sound of her voice was still in her ears when she became aware of another voice, which at this time was familiar to her.

"Tita, wake up, it is time for you to get ready for school." It

## YOUNG WRITERS' PAGE

*(Continued from page 352)*

"Fine!" cried all the rest. "We all see that you are clever."

That evening, Kiko was very busy over his costume and their "Noche Buena." Ah! he thought of a plan. He would get his mother's false hair for his beard, his mother's "patadyong" for his dress, and his father's fighting cock for their "Noche Buena." The next morning he did all his plans secretly and went to his companions and lo! what a fine Christmas they had.

No sooner had they finished than his parents came with their sticks in their hands. You could imagine the sound beating Kiko received for what he had done. But in spite of that he was very much pleased because he celebrated his Christmas day as city people do.

LEON DAQUIS, VII-A

was the voice of her mother that she heard.

She woke up. She was happy, breathlessly happy but she did not know why.

She remembered she had a wonderful dream, but she could not describe it now to any one, even to herself. She only felt its wonder and its promise.

"Mother, I had a wonderful dream!" she told her.

"Do tell me, all about it," answered her mother.

"Mother, I am sorry I cannot tell you. I only know it was wonderful. It seemed to be about me when I grow big like a lady. Oh, it is wonderful, but I cannot remember it at all."

"Can't you remember anything about it?" asked her mother urging her to recall, for she became curious to know about her daughter's dream.

"Yes, I remember one thing now!" she said with excitement that her mother looked at her with focused attention.

"I lost my doll!" she continued.