

YOUNG WRITERS

THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

It was the night before the first day of school. Everybody in the house was asleep except Anita and Dolores. Anita was the youngest of the family and she was going to be in the fourth grade. Dolores was the second girl of the family. She was in the fourth year.

"Anita," said Dolores, "have you finished 'covering your books?'"

"Yes, Loleng. I am through," answered Anita.

"Well, better go to bed. It's quite late for a girl of your age to be up now." And with that Dolores kissed her sister and went to bed. Anita followed her, said her prayers and then got into bed.

"Loleng," she said just as the lamp had been put out, "I wish school were not opening tomorrow. I wish there were no schools at all. Just think of the work we have coming. Oh, oh!"

But Loleng did not answer her for she was fast asleep.

When Anita woke up the first thing she thought of was school. She took a bath, dressed hurriedly and went downstairs to eat her breakfast.

"How does the little pupil feel today?" asked her father.

"Oh, quite well, thank you," she answered.

After eating breakfast she ran upstairs to get her books and what do you think she saw? On her books was a package. She opened it and saw a set of blotters. On a

PEN and PENCIL CIRCLE

600 F. B. Harrison
Pasay, Rizal
June 4, 1937

Dear Aunt Alma,

I heard my sister saying that she did not like school to begin yet and it gave me an idea. So I sat down and wrote a story which I named, "The First Day of School." I am sending it to you and I hope you will publish it.

I am studying in the Philippine Women's College and I am in the seventh grade. I have been reading or rather subscribing for *The Young Citizen* for

piece of paper was written, "To my little sister, Anita, from Loleng."

"Oh, thank you so much," she told Dolores, who came into the room. "That," said Dolores, "is to keep you from coming home with ink-stained handkerchief."

For many times had Anita come home with her hankies stained with ink because she had been wiping her pen with them.

Then Anita ran to the bathroom to brush her teeth and wash her hands. On the washstand she saw a box which was labeled "One Dozen Erasers." On a piece of paper were written the words, "To the little imp, from Jose." Jose was her big brother. She wanted to thank him but he had gone to school already. So she ran downstairs to kiss her mother and father good-bye.

"Why don't you put your

nearly a year. Each time the magazine comes I feel so excited about reading it that I have to be reminded to eat my luncheon.

With best wishes to *The Young Citizen*, I am,

Yours truly,

Erlinda T. Alcantara

Dear Erlinda,

You have written an interesting story. It will come out in "*The Young Citizen*" with your letter. We shall be glad to publish more of your stories.

Aunt Alma

books in your basket?" asked her mother.

"Oh, Mother, the basket has lost one handle and it is dirty," she answered.

"Never mind," said Mother. "We shall get you a new one. Go and get it from the library table."

Anita went to the library to get it but on the table instead of the basket was a leather bag. On the cover her name was engraved. She laughed and ran to her mother to kiss her. After she had kissed her she ran to her father and said, "Father, please give me ten centavos. I want to buy a pad and a pencil.

"Run along and get your umbrella," said father.

She went to the umbrella stand. Just as she had reached it she gave a cry of delight for on the umbrella stand were two packages. She opened one and

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saw that it was a pencil box. It was from father. Then she opened the other package. It was a supply of pads enough to last the whole year. The gift came from Rosa, her sister who was married.

Just then her father came into the room. He said, "Well, how do you like my present?"

"Oh, father, I know now why you did not want to give me the money to buy a pencil and a pad," Anita said.

She kissed her father and ran to the window to call for the car. Just before she stepped into the car she said, "Father, I think the first day of school is not so bad as I thought it would be."

Erlinda Alcantara
Age 10
