

WHEN he was a baby, he was very fat and round. So his parents nicknamed him Bachoy. Later it was shortened to Choy. Now he was four years old, a sturdy, grave-eyed youngster, but he was still Choy to everybody who knew him. His father was very proud of him because he was bright, neat, and obedient. But Choy was not a perfect boy. He was afraid, terribly afraid of the dark. Now that he was four, his father thought he should not have such a childish fear. It was so shameful, and he a boy! Choy was often whipped for this cowardice.

Choy's mother said nothing but she often cried by herself when she saw her boy torn between two fears—of the father, and of the dark. When there was no one around to hear, she would take Choy aside and ask him, "Why are you afraid of the dark, honeycomb?" Choy knew that when his mother called him honeycomb she loved him dearly. He told her that he saw a man in the dark staring at him as if he wanted to snatch Choy.

"But that is not true, my Choy," protested his mother. "You do not see anyone there. See, everything is the same as in daylight. Only instead of sunshine and light we have darkness because the sun has sunk into the ocean to rest until morning. When it is dark,

try to remember that everything is the same and that there is no strange man, will you, Choy?"

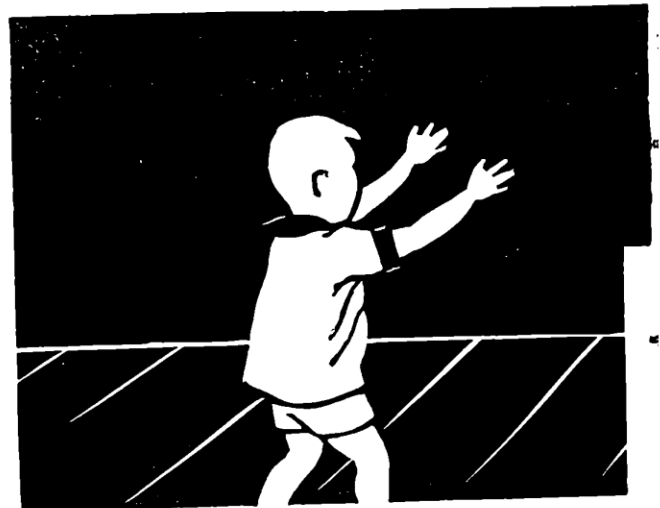
Choy promised. He tried very hard but he could not be brave at once. Then his mother went away for two weeks leaving Choy with his aunt.

When she came back, she had a baby sister for Choy. "Call her Nani," in-

CHARACTER EDU

How Choy

By LORETO



troduced his mother who was still pale and weak, "and love her always." Choy nodded in sheer delight. What a soft, delicious, pink baby! He wanted her to grow up at once so he could give her playthings, fruits, and biscuits.

CATION SECTION

Became Brave

PARAS-SULIT

One evening when they were waiting for Father to come home, the lights suddenly went out. Choy was in a corner playing with his marbles. Choy gave a startled cry and called his mother.



"Hush, dear," answered his mother from her bed. "You will wake up sister. There is nothing to be afraid of. We shall soon have light. Mother cannot go to you. It is bad for her to walk. So you have to come here."

Choy continued to cry in little frightened sobs. "Choy, Choy, come here," came the calm voice of his mother. It calmed Choy too. It seemed almost that she was taking him by the hand. His eyes had become accustomed now to the dark and he could make out his

mother's bed. He crept slowly towards it but stumbled against sister's cradle. That woke her up and she began to cry.

His mother near the edge of her bed drew Choy to her breast. She kissed him softly. "Is this not fun?" she asked him. "Rock Nani, honeycomb." Choy found himself obeying his mother and losing his fears. "Let us play a game, dear," suggested Mother. "Let us see if we can locate the things in this room. Where is the sewing-machine?"

"There," pointed Choy in the direction of the machine.

"The phonograph?" And then father's table, the typewriter, Choy's small chair, books, bottles, playthings. It was fun locating things in the dark. Then Mother asked if he could locate a candle and a match.

"Yes, Mother. In one of the drawers of Father's table."

"Get them, dear, if you can find them."

"Of course I can, Mother."

And Choy strode across the room to Father's table and with an unerring hand found the candle and the match and brought them to Mother.

Choy was very sorry when Mother lighted the candle.

"Mother," he said, "I hope tomorrow the lights will go out again."

His mother smiled her love.