

## Anita and the Cricket

“I don’t want to live on the farm,” Anita said. I want to go back to Manila.”

“Don’t you want to be an A-1 child?” asked her mother.

“Yes, Mother, I do, but I cannot stay here. This is a dull place.”

“You will soon like it. You will have plenty of milk and eggs here.”

“Yes, but we have no radio. We have no music at all,” and Anita walked away pouting.

She went to the guava tree. She



looked up but there was no fruit.

“What a dull place,” she thought.

“What is that?” she asked herself.

“Somebody is playing a flute. Perhaps it is a bamboo flute.”

Anita looked around but saw nobody. The music went on. It seemed to be close by. She looked closely. She saw only a few insects that looked like big moths.

“O Mother,” she cried when she saw her mother coming toward her, “the butterflies are singing!”

“They are not butterflies. They are crickets or *kuliglig*,” Anita’s mother explained.

