

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

When Little Boy Ran Away

By Aunt Julia



"Little Boy, Little Boy, what is the matter?" It was mother.

LITTLE Boy had been playing. He played long. He played with many toys. He played ball. He could hit his ball with his bat. He played "bean bag toss."

Soon Little Boy was very tired. He looked at his bed. His bed said,

"Little Boy, come here."

"No", Little Boy said in a big, big voice. "I will not sleep."

By and by he went to his mother. He said,

"Mother, I want some cake. Please bake a cake for me."

"No, not today," his mother answered.

"May I have some bananas, Mother?"

"No, not now. Run to the store for me. Buy a box of matches."

Little Boy went out. But he did not go to the store.

"I am running away," he said. "Mother will not bake a cake for me. She will not give me some bananas. She wants me to buy things for her."

Little boy walked on and on. He met a blue bird. It had a big bill. It sang,

"I like the blue sky. I like the wind blowing among the trees. I am happy."

Little Boy said,

"The bird is happy. I, too, will be happy."

He walked on. He met a butterfly. The butterfly was on a big blue flower. The flower looked like a bell.

"The butterfly is happy," Little Boy said.

"The butterfly plays among the flowers. The bird and the butterfly are happy. I will be happy, too."

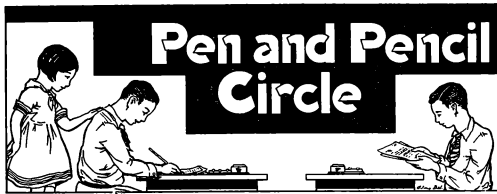
Little Boy walked on and on. He had been walking for a long time. He began to grow tired. He wanted to sit down. There was no bench. He felt very warm. He wanted to take a bath. He was hungry.

"Oh, for a bite of bread!" He said. "Oh, for a bowl of milk, or some bananas!" But there was nothing to eat.

Little Boy could not walk on. He wanted to go back. He could not walk anymore. He thought of Baby at home. Baby must have a bowl of warm milk. He sat on the ground. Soon the sky grew black. A bell was ringing in his ear. The sun was burning his face. A big brown bee came. It said "Buzz, Buzz." The big brown bee stung him on the face.

"Mother!" Little Boy screamed. Nobody came.

(Continued on page 127)



333 Libertad
Pasay, Rizal
March 30th, 1936

Dear Aunt Alma:

In my great desire to be more closely related with the "Young Citizen," here, I am writing to you again.

Well, concerning my letter to the "Young Citizen," if you still remember, and since I began to be a writer of that magazine, I had many pen pals from distant provinces. Maybe you know some of them for they told me that they too, are subscribers of the "Young Citizen," except a girl whose name is Francisca San Jose from Bais, Negros Oriental. She told me that while

reading the "Young Citizen" in their library hall in Negros, she happened to read my letter to you. There were still many others from Tanjay, Oriental Negros, Dumaguete, Oriental Negros, etc. But I am sorry to tell you that I can no longer remember their respective names.

picture should recommend it to the whole family.

"A H WILDERNESS!" a picture made by MGM, is one which the whole family will enjoy. In it are many old favorites: Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Eric Linden, Alaine McMahon and Cecilia Parker.

The story is fine and will make you think of your own family. There is the father who tries to earn as much as he could for the support of his home. Then, there are the brothers, one of them in college, the other just out of high school. There are the loving mother, the aunt and uncle, and the other people who are included in the family life of this simple group. The things that happen in the story are things that even your own family may have met. The simplicity of the story, and the good acting should make this an enjoyable picture for everyone in your own family.

I guess it's already time for me to sign off with the hope that you will be kind enough to extend my best and sincerest regards to the other writers of the "Young Citizen."

Very truly yours,
Josefina Villanueva
St. Theresa's College
1st Year

Dear Josefina,

Your friends of the Pen and Pencil Circle appreciate your thoughtfulness in mentioning them. I believe that if you look over this page, you will come across a name that is familiar to you. Did you find it?

Aunt Alma

WHEN LITTLE BOY RAN
(Continued from page 106)

Bais Sugar Central
Bais, Negros Or.
Feb. 26, 1936

Dearest Aunt Alma,

Because of my great admiration for "The Young Citizen," I am writing you this letter.

Since the very first time that I read "The Young Citizen" in our school library, I liked it very much. To miss reading earlier an issue of it makes me sorry and lonesome. I don't know exactly the reason why. Maybe it is because I am young and am in the sixth grade and so am interested in the stories of young children and the activities of the pupils in the different schools of the Islands.

The same interest is shown by my classmates and other pupils in our school. They love to read this magazine very much. Some said that they are interested in the Pen and Pencil Circle section. The boys like very much to read the stories about Boy Scouts. For these reasons, they love "The Young Citizen." They prefer to read it. Our school subscribe regularly for "The Young Citizen."

"The Young Citizen" is sometimes used as a part of our lessons, especially during miscellaneous oral reading in our class. It is very popular among all school children of our school.

For my conclusion, Aunt Alma, let me say that "The Young Citizen" is my favorite magazine.

Your devoted reader of
"The Young Citizen"

Francisca San Jose
Dear Francisca,

Your admiration for "The Young Citizen" is very encouraging. I am glad that you and your friends read it regularly. I hope that you will continue using its stories and poems as oral reading lessons.

Aunt Alma

WHEN LITTLE BOY RAN
(Continued from page 106)

Little Boy looked back. Behind him was a big brown bear. "B-r-r B-r-r" said the bear in a big voice. Little Boy screamed again as he rolled on his back.

"Little Boy, Little Boy, what is the matter?" It was Mother.

"The bear! The big brown bear! He will bite me." Little Boy cried.

"What bear, Little Boy? There is no bear. Have you been dreaming?" Mother took Little Boy in her arms.

Little Boy looked around with big eyes. There was his ball. There was beside the ball. There was the little bell. It was behind the bean bag. There was his bed, too. There was no bear. There was no bear. It was all a dream.