



## A GIFT FROM THE JUNGLE

By L. V. R.

LITA, Ben, Lucia and Babing could not go out to play. In clean clothes they sat near the front window, trying to entertain themselves with the antics of the dogs on the street. Their mother, Mrs. Andrade, had left for the market.

"Your father is coming," she had said, "and I want you to be here when he arrives. I, myself, will hurry with my marketing. He wants to see us all here when he comes home from the sea."

So Lita, Babing, Ben, and Lucia remained inside the house. Their father was coming, and they could not leave the house. They loved and feared their father too much to miss seeing him at the instant of his arrival.

"I wonder what he will bring us now," Lita said. All of them looked at the parrot which their father had brought the last time.

"I want a big ship which I can ride when it rains and the streets are flooded with water," said four-year old Ben.

"I want a captain's cap," said Babing.

"I know what he will bring us," Lita said, "Colored fishes for our aquarium."

"There are no colored fish where he is coming from," Lucia said.

"Yes, there are," said Lita.

"There is none, there is none," Ben sang out.

"There is none, there is none," Babing echoed.

Lita faced the other three. She was getting angry when a car stopped near their gate.

"It's Tatay!" all the children cried, and they rushed to the stairs. A sun-burned man in a uniform came rushing up the stairs and tried to embrace all four children at once. The children asked so many questions that the happy father did not know which one to answer first.

Suddenly, a sound of "Curacra!" floated above the excited voices. The chil-



dren were surprised. Above the window sill, clinging to the small bannister which parted the wide window, was a small monkey. His eyes were the brightest that the children had ever seen. His wide mouth was drawn in a grin which revealed rows of flashing teeth. A tuft of white on the tip of his small nose gave him a naughty look.

The children gathered around their father while he approached the window and took the monkey.

"This is Unggoy," he introduced, "Unggoy, say how do you do."

Unggoy extended a hairy paw and put it on the head of Babing. Babing laughed delightedly. "Give him to me, Tatay," he cried.

"No, give him to me," said Ben, coming out of his trance. The girls drew away when their father gave the monkey to Ben. Unggoy put his claws to Ben's head and started parting his hair.

Pretty soon, Mrs. Andrade arrived and the children left their father to welcome her. They ran down the stairs and showed Unggoy off to their friends. The little boys and girls of the neighborhood gathered around the little visitor from the jungle. Unggoy gravely pulled the hair of the girls by way of saying welcome.

"Are there many monkeys where you came from?" asked a curious boy.

"Curacura," replied Unggoy.

"That means 'yes'," interpreted Ben.

"What do you eat?" asked another.

Unggoy waved his paw in a wide gesture, meaning, "Everything."

When dinner time came, Unggoy had made a number of friends. He had pulled everybody's hair and imitated the funny motions of Ben. He lunched on rice and bananas. He was careless about his manners, licking his coconut bowl dry and spilling his water, but the children enjoyed watching him, and he enjoyed the laughter of the children.

That evening, when the children went to bed, Unggoy perched on the top of a bamboo cupboard and went to sleep. Before long, he felt a movement behind him. He



turned quickly. A large robber cat was staring at him with eyes that glowed in the darkness.

"Who are you?" growled the cat.

"I am Unggoy," replied the monkey. "Do you live here?"

The cat just growled, then he sprang upon Unggoy. Unggoy, though small, was very quick, and he sprang aside. Then he jumped on the cat's head and pulled the cat's long whiskers. The cat gave a howl of rage and pain and rushed away into the outside darkness. Unggoy blew cat's fur off his paws, then he went back to sleep.

Early next morning, after the cock's crow, Unggoy woke up. He looked around him. He was surprised to see house walls about him. They looked strange in the dark gray of the morning. They looked neither like the tall trees of the jungle nor the bare walls of the captain's cabin in the ship. He felt a great homesickness. With one bound, he leaped down the cupboard top and out of the window. He clung tight to a small tree that grew directly outside. The feel of the slim branch reminded him of his jungle home and he swung and swung for a while. After some time, he noticed trees around him. "Can this be another jungle?" he thought. Tall trees, small trees, slender trees, big trees grew inside a tall wall. He leaped from tree to tree with joy, screeching softly and working his funny face in a comical manner.

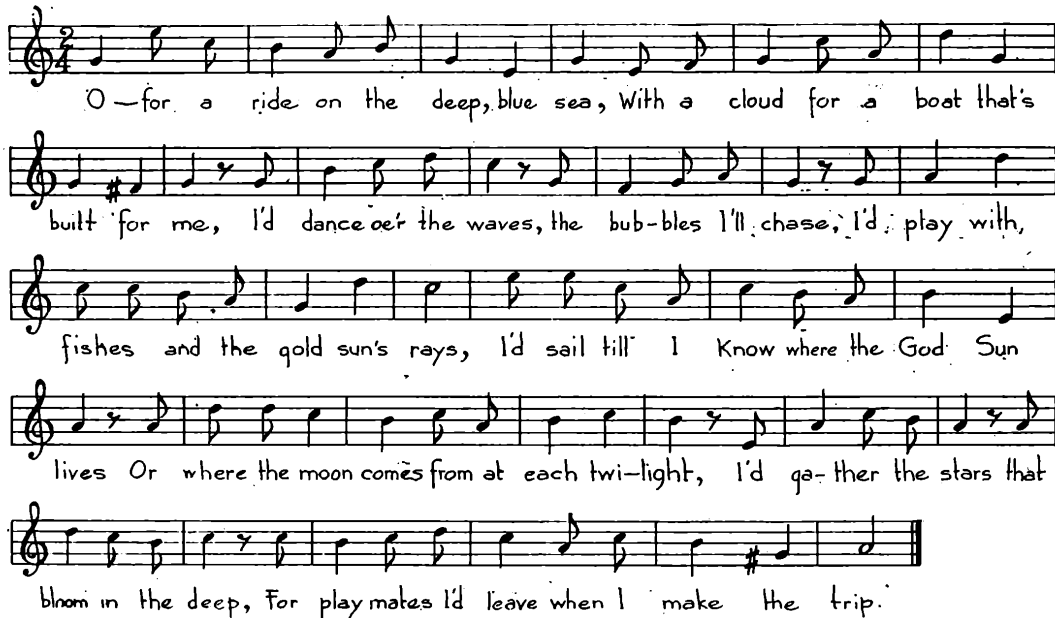
Suddenly, a thought came to him. Why

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## A RIDE ON THE SEA

Words by  
LUISA DE LA PAZ

Music by  
ANTONIO C. MUNOZ



O-for a ride on the deep, blue sea, With a cloud for a boat that's  
built for me, I'd dance o'er the waves, the bub-bles I'll chase, I'd play with,  
fishes and the gold sun's rays, I'd sail till I know where the God Sun  
lives Or where the moon comes from at each twi-light, I'd ga-ther the stars that  
bloom in the deep, For play mates I'd leave when I make the trip.

## A GIFT FROM THE JUNGLE fight.

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doesn't he run away? He wanted to go back to the jungle where bigger trees and more luscious fruits could be found. He thought that if he traveled through this forest in which he found himself, he would end by getting to the jungle where he had come from.

Unggoy swung from tree to tree until he reached the edge of the garden. There he stopped by the wall, uncertain what to do. Suddenly, he heard a low growl. Unggoy shivered with fear.

"That's a lion!" he thought. "I must be very near."

Very carefully, he crawled upon the wall. The growl was nearer and more fierce than before. Unggoy chattered with fear. He carefully clambered down the wall, then he stopped. A huge animal was waiting for him at the foot of the wall.

"A tiger!" he thought, seeing that the big animal had no heavy mane. He quickly climbed up the wall, his teeth chattering with fear. Below, the growling had turned into a sharp bark, as the neighbor's dog cried after the strange little monkey to come down and

Unggoy ran as fast as he could. He did not know that the huge animal was only a dog. Unggoy swung from tree to tree till he got to the low santol tree which he had discovered that morning. There he paused, tired and frightened. He heard the rustle of broad leaves, a sound that was familiar to him. Looking to where the sound came from he gave a shout of joy, for there, before him, was his old friend, the banana tree.

"I'm so glad to see you here," he cried.

The banana said not a word, but it ruffled its leaves with pleasure. Unggoy swiftly ran up the smooth trunk and embraced the big bunch of ripening fruit which hung down the trunk. He seized the first fruit that shone gold in the sun. He started to eat.

The children woke up. They ran to the dining room and looked at the top of the cupboard. It was empty!

"He is gone!" Ben cried, and got ready to cry. The others searched all about the room for Unggoy. Babing looked out of the window. "There he is!" he cried pointing to the banana tree that stood in the orchard.

The others put their heads out of the window and, sure enough, there was Unggoy, grinning and eating to his heart's content. A mound of banana leaves had formed on the ground, and the children wondered at the number of bananas he could eat.

"He is going to eat all the bananas!" cried Babing.

"Come down!" shouted Ben. "COME DOWN!" the others shouted.

Unggoy slowly went down the banana tree. He patted his fat stomach and grinned at the children. Then, on all fours, he returned to the house.

"I don't suppose you need any breakfast," said Mother.

"Curacura," replied Unggoy. But he accepted the piece of bread that Ben handed to him. He ate this as fast as he could, then he put out his hand for more. The children watched him with fear while he ate. What if his stomach should burst! But Unggoy merely patted his big stomach and went on eating whatever was given him. He drank a cup of milk, then grinning and screeching, he jumped up and down.

"Life is good," he thought. "this is a fine home."