

ANG
PUNLANG
ARATILES

isinulat ni
Eugene Y. Evasco

iginuhit ni
RV Basco

Winner of
CANVAS,
Romeo Forbes
Children's
Storywriting
Competition



ANG LIBRONG ITO AY KAY
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Unang limbag na hardcover, 2022
Unang inilathala sa Filipino na may salin sa Ingles
Inilathala ng CANVAS - The Center for Art, New Ventures and Sustainable Development
Inilimbag sa Republika ng Pilipinas

Isinulat ni Eugene Y. Evasco
Iginuhit ni RV Basco
Disenyo ng libro ni Kevin Candelaria
Salin ni Annette A. Ferrer
Pag-edit ni Ergoe Tinio
Paglitrato ni Kurt Alvarez

Inilathala ang librong ito bilang bahagi ng One Million Books for One Million Filipino Children Campaign. Bilang bahagi ng kampanyang ito, nakikipagtulungan ang CANVAS sa lokal na mga manunulat at artista para makapaglathala ng mga librong pambata. Direktang ipinapamigay ang mga ito sa mga bata sa mga pampublikong aralan at maralitang komunidad sa iba't ibang lugar sa Pilipinas.

ANG PUNLA NG ARATILES

isinulat ni
Eugene Y. Evasco

iginuhit ni
RV Basco



May kuwento si Nanay na hindi namin malilimutan. Noong bata pa daw siya, may punong aratiles sa bakuran nila. Kulang ang maghapon tuwing nagsasaya sila sa lilim nito.

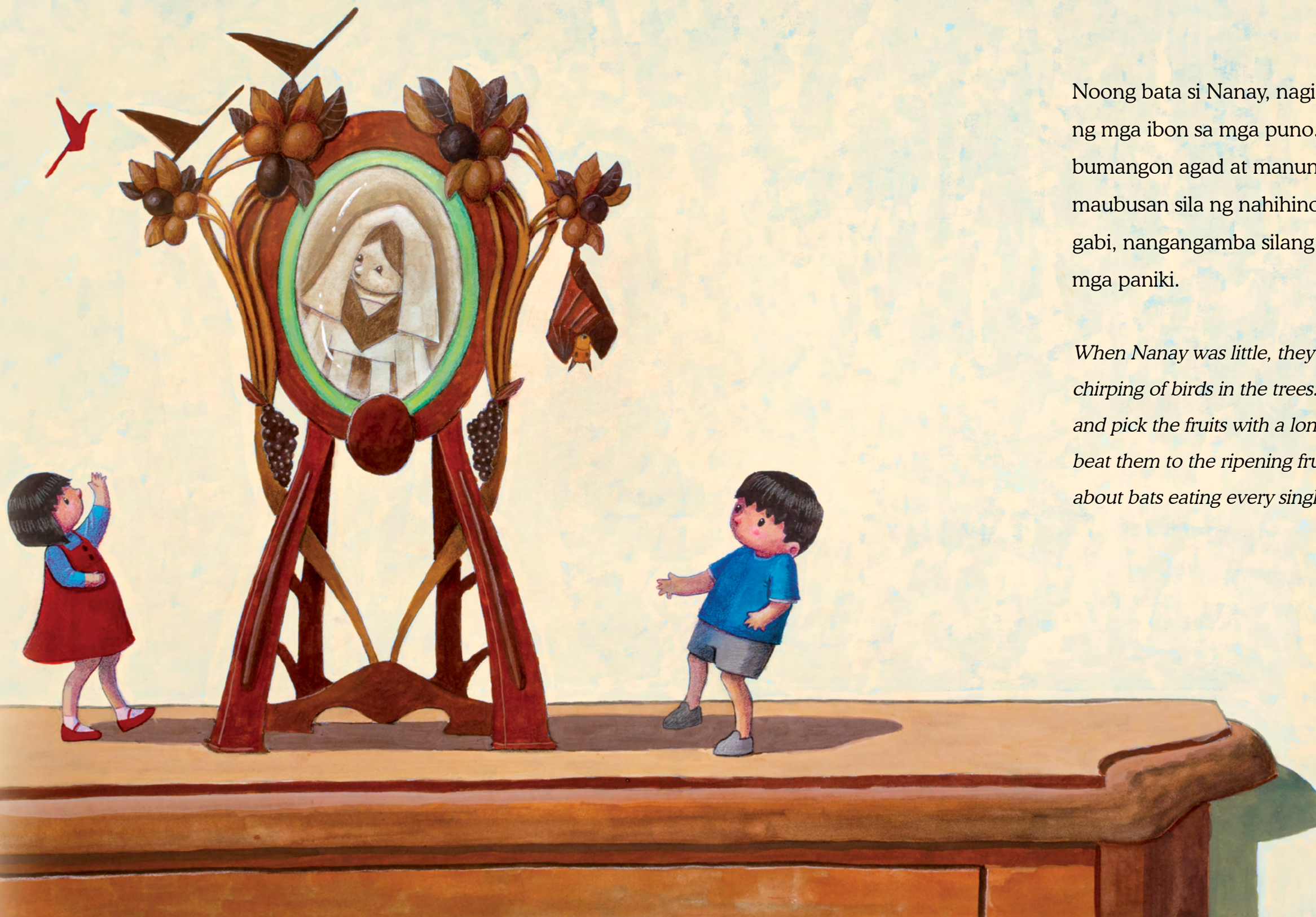
Nanay has one story that stands out in our memory. It was from her childhood, about an aratiles tree in their yard. Even entire days were not enough to enjoy its shade.



Wala na ang punong iyon. Sementado na ang bakuran namin. Garahe na ito at tambakan ng mga sirang kasangkapan. Walang tumutubong damo. Walang bumibisitang mga ibon at paruparo.

That tree is gone. The yard has been paved. It is now a garage and a dumping ground for broken things. No grass grows there. No birds or butterflies visit.






Noong bata si Nanay, nagigising sila sa tiririt ng mga ibon sa mga puno. Kailangan nilang bumangon agad at manungkit dahil baka maubusan sila ng nahihinog na bunga. Sa gabi, nangangamba silang baka papakin ito ng mga paniki.

When Nanay was little, they would wake to the chirping of birds in the trees. They raced to get up and pick the fruits with a long stick, or the birds might beat them to the ripening fruits. At night, they worried about bats eating every single one.





Ano kaya ang lasa ng bunga? Kahit mismong salita,
hindi na karaniwang dumaan sa bibig namin. Hindi
na rin nababása sa mga diksiyonaryo, tula, at aklat.

Ang prutas na nakakain ko, gawa sa mga pabrika.
Iisa ang lasa at kulay. De-lata o nakasupot,
nakababad sa arnibal.

*I wonder how the fruits taste. Even the
words are lost to us now. We do not find
them in dictionaries, poems, or books.*

*The fruit I get to eat are made in
factories. They all taste the same, they
all look the same: canned or wrapped
in plastic, soaked in sugar syrup.*

Sabi ni Nanay, iba ang paborito niyang prutas dahil bola itong asukal kapag mahihinog na. Hindi mabilang ang napakaliit nitong mga buto, parang buhanging matamis kapag maingat na pinaputok sa bibig. At kapag naubos na ang laman nitong parang krema, hihipan nila ang balat nito at magkakaroon sila ng munting lobo.

Inaakyat ni Nanay at ng mga alaga nilang pusa ang punong iyon.

“Kumusta, dahon! Kumusta, ibon! Kumusta, puno!”

Nanay said her favorite fruit was special because it was a ball of sugar when ripe. Its tiny seeds were impossible to count, like sweet sand that burst gently in the mouth. And when they had eaten all its creamy flesh, they would blow into its peel to make tiny balloons.

Nanay would climb that tree, and their pet cats, too.

“How are you, leaves! How are you, birds! How are you, tree!”





“Hanapin natin ang paboritong puno ni Nanay!” yaya ko sa isang pinsan.

Paulit-ulit naming iginuhit ang puno ayon sa mga kuwento ni Nanay. Baka sakaling sumulpot sa natutulog na lupa at magpakita sa amin. Para managinip kami ng matatamis na bunga at maliligayang tiririt, nakinig kami sa mga lumang kantang bumabanggit sa puno.

“Let’s look for Nanay’s favorite tree!” I called out to a cousin.

We made many, many drawings of the tree based on Nanay’s story. Maybe, just maybe, it would sprout out of the sleeping earth and show itself to us. We listened to old tunes that sang of the tree so we could dream of its sweet fruit and the birds’ happy tweets.





Lagi naming napapanaginipan ang mga bunga ng puno.

“Mansanas ka ba ng duwende?” tanong ng tarat.

“Minatamis ka bang luha ng bituin?” pagtataka ng araw.

Nagulat ang hangin sa bunga, “Pulang perlas ka ng puno!”

Our dreams were often filled with the fruits of the tree.

“Are you a dwarf’s apple?” asked the bird.

“Are you a star’s sweetened tears?” wondered the sun.

The wind was surprised by the fruit, “You are the red pearl of the tree!”



Nilibot namin ang buong bayan pero wala na kaming makitang puno. Walang pananim, walang damo, walang talahib. Ni huni ng ibon, wala.

Kailangan pa naming dumayo sa malayo para makahanap ng ilang talahib at ligaw na pansit-pansitan sa bangketa.

We scoured the whole town but we could not find any trees. We didn't see any plants, or grass, or reed. We did not even hear the chirping of birds.

We had to travel far to find a few tall grasses and wild herbs peeping from the pavement.





Sabi ni Nanay, isa-isa raw pinutol ang mga puno habang himbing ang lahat tuwing gabi. Delikado raw ito sa mga kable ng kuryente. Nilatag ang aspalto para lumuwag ang mga kalye. Kailangan daw lumikha ng marami pang pamilihan at subdibisyon.

Nanay said the trees were felled one by one while everyone was fast asleep in the night. The trees were a hazard to the power lines, they said. They poured asphalt to widen the roads. We needed more malls and subdivisions, they said.

Isang umaga, ginulat ako ng pinsan ko.

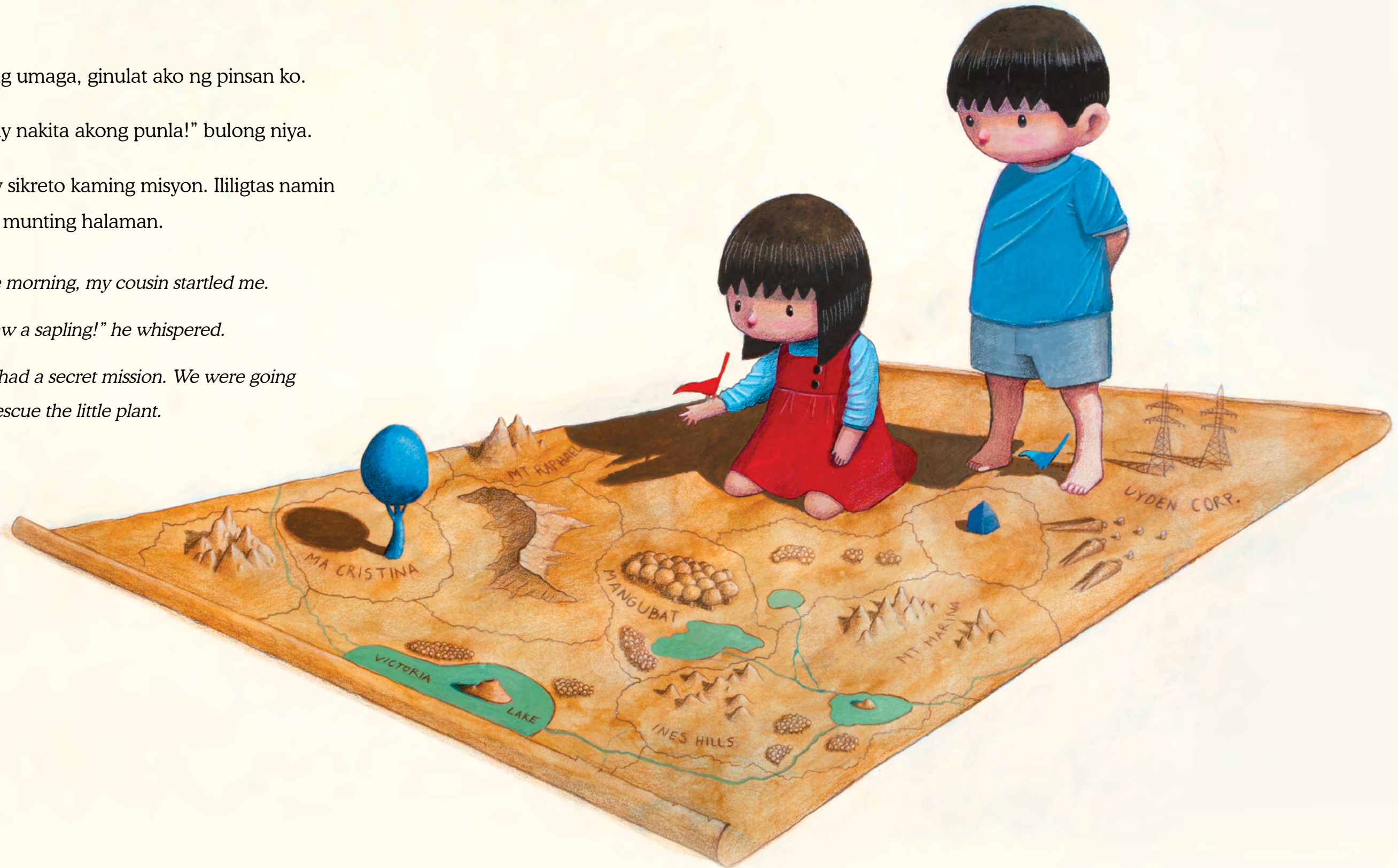
“May nakita akong punla!” bulong niya.


May sikreto kaming misyon. Ililigtas namin
ang munting halaman.

One morning, my cousin startled me.

“I saw a sapling!” he whispered.

*We had a secret mission. We were going
to rescue the little plant.*





Sinundan ko ang pinsan ko. Nanibago
kami sa mga bagong gusaling nakita.
Napakabilis umusbong at lumago.
Balak pa yatang abutin ang mga ulap.

*I followed my cousin. We became
uneasy seeing the new buildings.
How fast they sprouted and grew.
They looked eager to seize the sky.*



Sa bakuran ng madungis na pabrika, naroon ang punla. Nabansot ito ng maitim na usok at nilasong lupain. Pero nagulat kaming may mga bunga na ito. Pinigilan namin ang sarili na pitasin ang mga bunga at tikman ito.

“Kukunin ba natin?” tanong ng pinsan ko. “Baka hulihin tayo. Hindi natin puno iyan.”

“Pero hindi rin sila ang nagtanim,” sagot ko.

Inside the lot of a dingy factory was the sapling. The black smoke and poisoned earth had stunted its growth. But we were surprised that it had fruit. We stopped ourselves from picking them and tasting them.

“Will we take it?” my cousin asked. “They might arrest us. It isn’t our tree.”

“But they didn’t plant it either,” I explained.

Tinitigan namin ang punla. Parang mga kamay
na gustong magpaahon ang mga sanga.
Nakakapit sa putik ang mga ugat nito.

Tiyak na matutuwa si Nanay na makakita muli
nito. Palalaguin namin ito para dito sila muling
magsalu-salo ng mga kababata niya.

*We stared at the sapling. Its
branches were like arms, reaching
out to us. Its roots clung to the mud.*

*Nanay would surely be happy to
see one of these. We will nourish it
so that Nanay and her childhood
friends can feast around it again.*



Malalanta lang ang puno sa bakuran ng pabrika.
Dahil sa usok, may ngumingiyaw nang kuting sa
dibdib namin at naluluha na kami sa hapdi ng
usok sa mata.

Kaya ginawa namin ang mabuti at nararapat.
Maingat na maingat, hinugot namin ang punla.

*The tree would only wilt in the factory lot.
Because of the smog, we began wheezing, as
if kittens were mewling inside our chests. The
smoke burned our eyes to tears.*

*So we did what was good and right. Ever so
carefully, we pulled the sapling free.*





Yakap kong parang sanggol ang punla. Halos hindi lumapat ang talampakan namin sa lupa habang tumatakbo. Hindi kami lumingon sa tunog ng silbato at mga busina ng humahabol na sasakyan.

I held the sapling like a baby. Our feet hardly touched the ground as we ran. We did not look back to the whistles and honks of chasing cars.

Dinala kami ng mga binti namin sa isang ligtas na sulok. Isang parisukat na santuwaryo. At doon, doon namin muling itinanim ang punla.


Our legs took us to a safe corner. A square-shaped sanctuary. And there, there we replanted the sapling.



Lumipas ang mga taon, mas matangkad na sa akin ang iniligtas naming punla. Alam ko na rin ang lasa ng mga bunga nito. Sa lahat ng mga prutas, ito ang paborito ko. Ipinapangako kong matitikman ito ng aking magiging apo.

Years passed, the sapling we rescued was now taller than me. I now also knew the taste of its fruit. Of all fruits, it was my favorite. I swore that my grandchildren would taste it, too.





Paminsan-minsan, parang nakikita ko ang batang
si Nanay, kinakalong ng matitipunong sanga ng
puno, katabi ng mga tarat, pusa, at himbing na
mga paniki. May katas ng bunga ang mga labi.

*Sometimes, I think I see Nanay as a child, sitting in
the hardy branches of the tree, next to the bird, cat,
and sleeping bats. The juice of the fruit on her lips.*

Inalog ko ang puno at nahulog sa lupa
ang naglalagablab nitong tamis.

*I shook the tree and its raging sweetness
fell to the ground.*



Tungkol sa Manunulat

Lumaki si **Eugene Y. Evasco** sa tahananang may katabing puno ng aratiles. Ang hinog nitong mga bunga ay tila matatabang tuldok na nagpapatamis sa bawat hapon. Hitik ang pagkabata niya sa alaala ng mga punong mangga, santol, sampalok, at abokado. Hanggang ngayon, namamangha siya sa mga hiwaga ng kalikasan gaya ng mga kulisap, kabibe, punongkahoy, halaman, at bulaklak. Nangongolekta siya ng mga aklat pambata dahil ang mga ito ay munting museo ng sining at panitikan. Sa pagtatapos ng araw ng pagtuturo, abala siya sa pagpapalago ng mga munting punla ng kuwento, sanaysay, at tula.

Tungkol sa Ilustrador

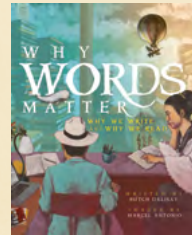
Noong 16 taong gulang pa lang siya, sumali si **RV Basco** sa summer workshops para sa watercolor painting. Nag-aral siya ng Industrial Design sa University of Sto. Tomas. Nagsimula siya ng sariling negosyo pagkatapos ng kolehiyo, pero hindi nawala ang pagmamahal niya sa sining. Tuwing may oras, nag-aaral siyang magpinta gamit ang iba't ibang midyum, tulad ng oil at acrylic. Nagkaroon siya ng unang solo exhibition noong 2016. Sa 2023, ilalabas ang pangsampu niyang solo exhibition. Pag hindi nagpipinta si RV, madalas siyang magbasa ng libro ng kasaysayan, talambuhay, at pilosopiya.

MORE BOOKS FROM CANVAS

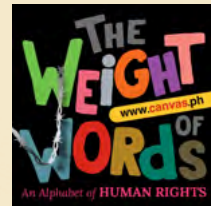
Art and culture



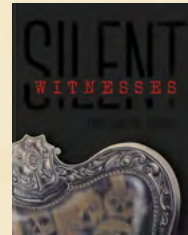
RENATO BARJA'S CHILDREN'S STORIES
poetic reflection and lyrical art
stories from some of Manila's children
Retelling by Daniel Palma Tayona and Gigo Alampay
Art by Renato Barja



WHY WORDS MATTER
poetic reflection and lyrical art
Text by Butch Dalisay
Art by Marcel Antonio

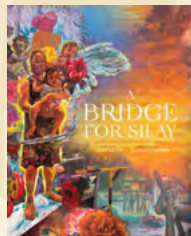


THE WEIGHT OF WORDS: AN ALPHABET OF HUMAN RIGHTS
An Alphabet of HUMAN RIGHTS
Editing by CANVAS
Art by various artists

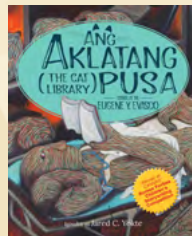


SILENT WITNESSES
anecdotes of Martial Law survivors
Retelling by Gigo A. Alampay
Art by Renz M. Baluyot

Community



A BRIDGE FOR SILAY
the legend of Talim Island's Devil Bridge
Retelling by Agay Llanera
Art by Ronson Culibrina



ANG AKLATANG PUSA
a story about a librarian and her cats
Story by Eugene Y. Evasco
Art by Jared C. Yokte



DAUGHTER AND THE GREAT FISH
a girl's quest to feed her village
Story by Loren Peria
Art by Jeho Bitancor

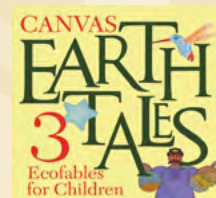


KAKATOK-KATOK SA BAHAY NI BENOK
a community saves itself through unity
Story by Mon Sy
Art by Faye Abantao

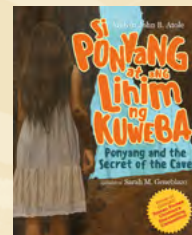
Environment and nature



MESSAGE IN THE SAND
a boy is determined to save the seas
Story by Charmaine Aserappa
Art by Roel Obemio



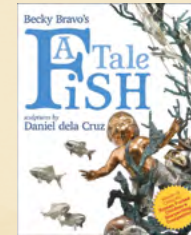
EARTH TALES: 3 ECO-FABLES FOR CHILDREN
three eco-fables for children
Stories by unknown authors
Art by Ivey Olivares-Mellor, Plet Bolipata, Liza Flores



SI PONYANG AT ANG LIHIM NG KUWEBA
two friends discovering nature's wonders
Story by Melvin John B. Atole
Art by Sarah M. Geneblazo

Human rights

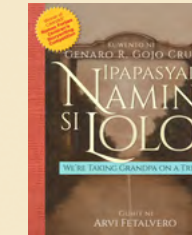
Family



A FISH TALE
a tribute to the family we choose
Story by Becky Bravo
Art by Daniel dela Cruz



MY BIG SISTER CAN SEE DRAGONS
two sisters and their big imaginations
Story by Rocky Sanchez Tirona
Art by Liza Flores

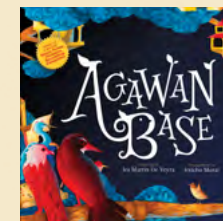


IPAPASYAL NAMIN SI LOLO
a grandfather's trip down memory lane
Story by Renato R. Gojo Cruz
Art by Arvi Fetalvero



ANG ANGHEL NG SANTA ANA
a story about supporting one's sister
Story by Josephine de Dios
Art by Johanna Helmuth

Self-care and self-discovery



AGAWAN BASE
a bird's self-confidence takes flight
Story by Jez Martin De Veyra
Art by Jericho Moral



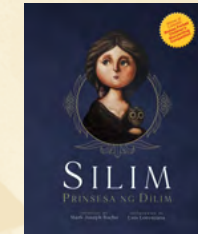
MY SUPER HANDS
part of a campaign on handwashing
Written by Annette A. Ferrer
Artworks by BLIC



MGA MUNTING PATAK NG ULAN
a child decides on a dream
Story by Jessica Luciano Olmedo
Art by Alee Garibay



I LIKE WEARING RAINBOWS
a boy sees himself in many colors
Written by Agay Llanera
Art by Lui Manaig



SILIM, PRINSESA NG DILIM
a diwata finds beauty in darkness
Written by Mark Joseph Bacho
Art by Luis Lorenzana

Activity Books



BENCAB'S ACTIVITY BOOK FOR CHILDREN
Activities written by Karen Joy Desamparado-Foronda
Art by Benedicto Cabrera



I AM THE CHANGE IN CLIMATE CHANGE
an activity book for young environmentalists
Written by Alyssa M. Peleo-Alampay, Ph.D.
Art by Ang I.N.K.



I AM THE STORYTELLER
a storytelling activity book
Educational direction by Ana Maria Margarita Salvador
Art by various artists



KARAPAT DAPAT
an activity book on the rights of the child
Text by May Tobias-Papa
Art by I.N.K.



LOOKING FOR JUAN
an activity book about the Philippines
Activities by Annette A. Ferrer and Gigo A. Alampay
Art by John Paul Antido



MAMITA'S GARDEN: AN ACTIVITY BOOK
an activity book about plant care
Text by Nicolas Gabriel Garcia
Art by Pam Yan-Santos



SAFE SPACE
an activity book on internet safety
Text by Gigo Alampay
Design by Liza Flores, Abi Goy, Fran Alvarez, and Jamie Bauza



#YOUTHINK
a zine to combat fake news
Text by Gigo Alampay
Design by Studio Dialogo

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children's literacy, explore national identity,
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CANVAS' 1 Million Books for One Million Filipino Children Campaign

aims to inspire in children a love for reading
by donating its award-winning books to public schools, hospitals,
and disadvantaged communities throughout the country.

Imagine and believe.

A child with art and stories can change the world.

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CANVAS, a non-profit organization,
works with the creative community to promote children's literacy,
explore national identity, and broaden public awareness
of Philippine art, culture, and the environment.



Tinitigan namin ang punla. Parang mga kamay na gustong magpaahon ang mga sanga. Nakakapit sa putik ang mga ugat nito.

Libutin man namin ang buong bayan, alam naming hindi na ulit kami makakakita nito. Malalanta lang ang puno sa bakuran ng pabrika.

Kukunin ba namin?

CANVAS Stories. **Real Life Told Beautifully.**

CANVAS, a non-profit organization, works with the creative community to promote children's literacy, explore national identity, and broaden public awareness of Philippine art, culture, and the environment.

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