

STORY BY  
GENARO R. GOJO CRUZ

NIPAPASYAL  
NAMIN  
SI LOLO

WE'RE TAKING GRANDPA ON A TRIP

ART BY  
ARVI FETALVERO



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WE'RE TAKING GRANDPA ON A TRIP

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ART BY  
ARVI FETALVERO

ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY  
JOVI MIROY



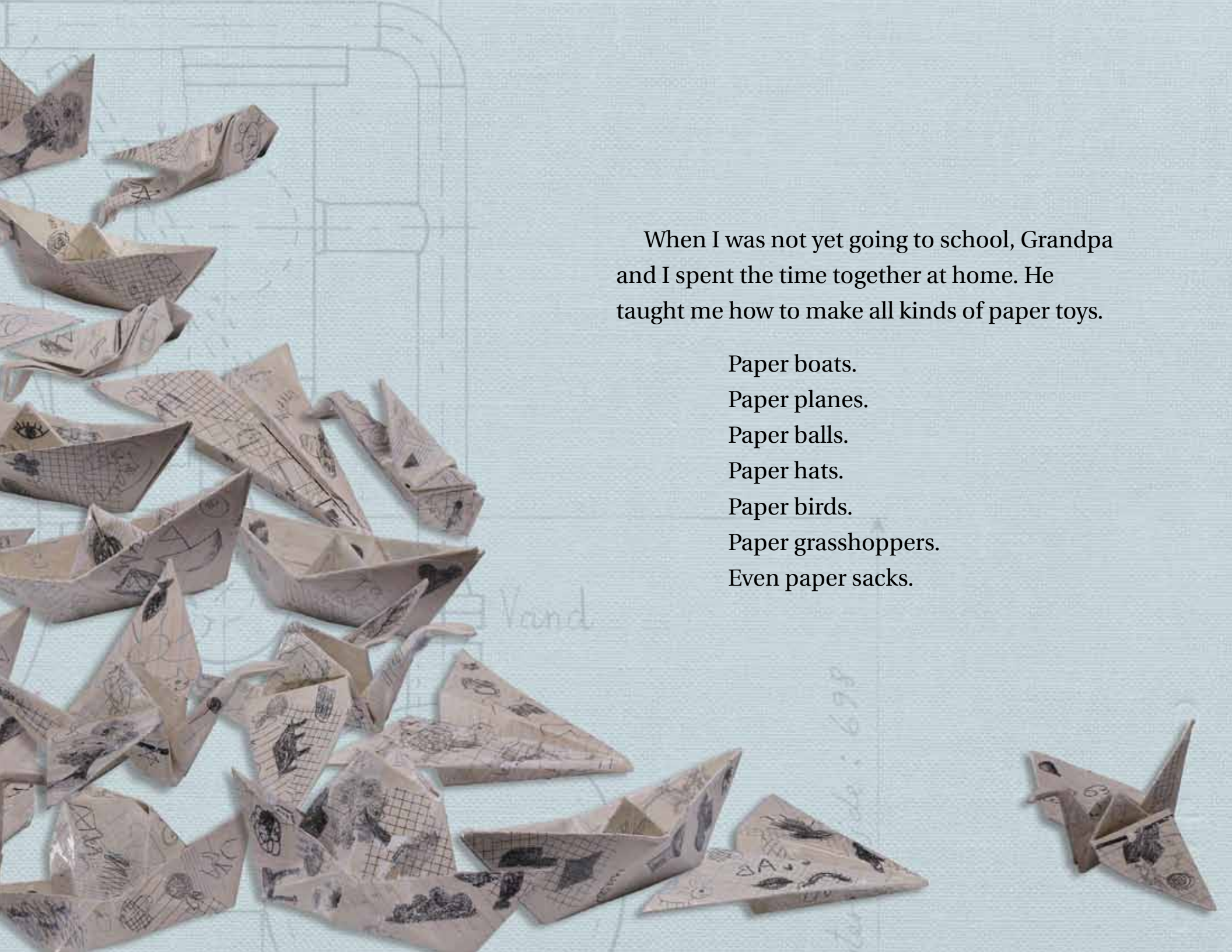


**T**oday we are taking Grandpa on a road trip. This is the first time we are taking him on a trip. It's only now that Father is not too busy.

It has been many years since Grandpa has lived in our house, since I was born until now that I am already in Grade 4.



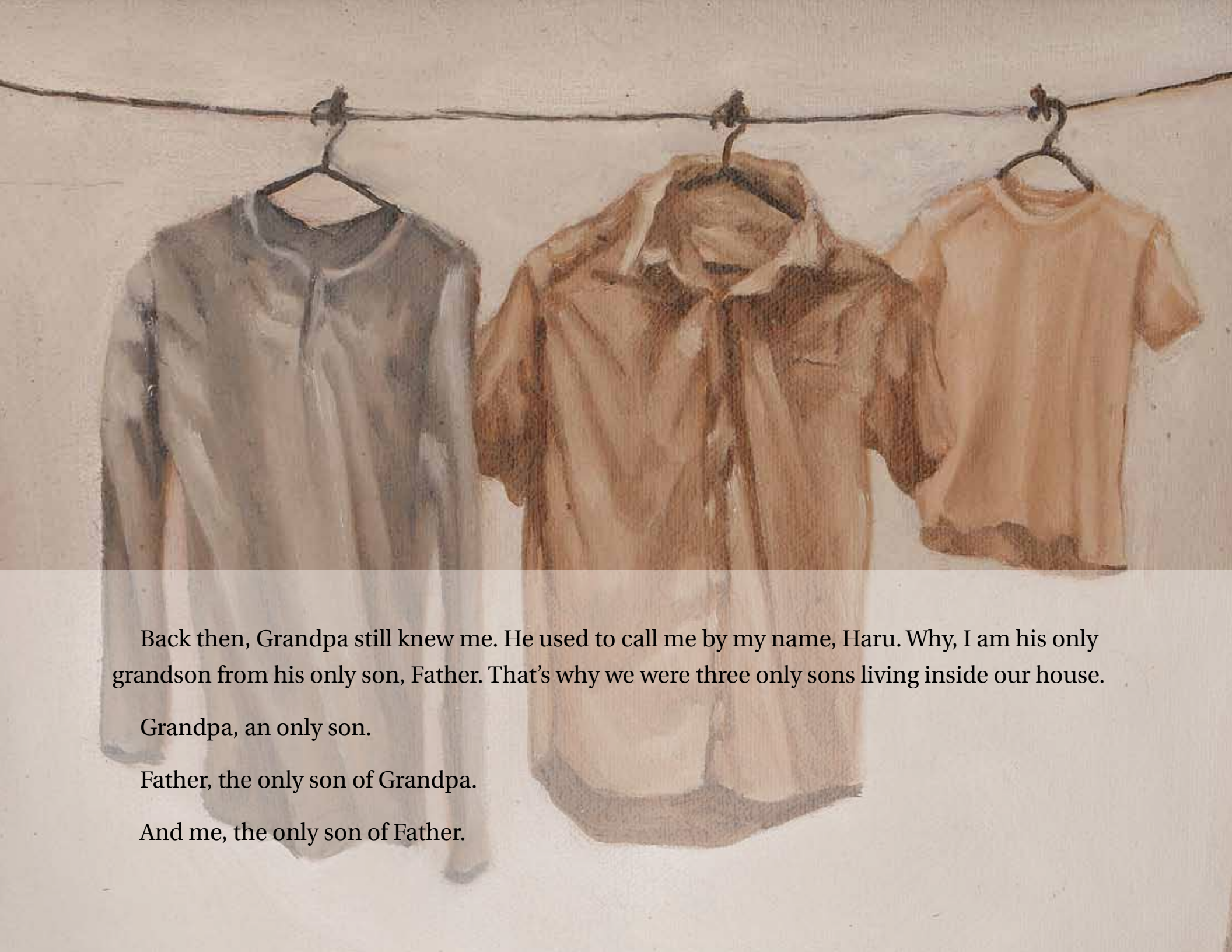




When I was not yet going to school, Grandpa and I spent the time together at home. He taught me how to make all kinds of paper toys.

- Paper boats.
- Paper planes.
- Paper balls.
- Paper hats.
- Paper birds.
- Paper grasshoppers.
- Even paper sacks.





Back then, Grandpa still knew me. He used to call me by my name, Haru. Why, I am his only grandson from his only son, Father. That's why we were three only sons living inside our house.

Grandpa, an only son.

Father, the only son of Grandpa.

And me, the only son of Father.



“Haru, are you sure you didn’t forget anything?” Father asked.

“The trip will be long. Bring some water for the three of us,” he added.

Father placed a lot of bags into the trunk of our blue car.

“Father, where are we taking Grandpa for a ride?” I asked him.

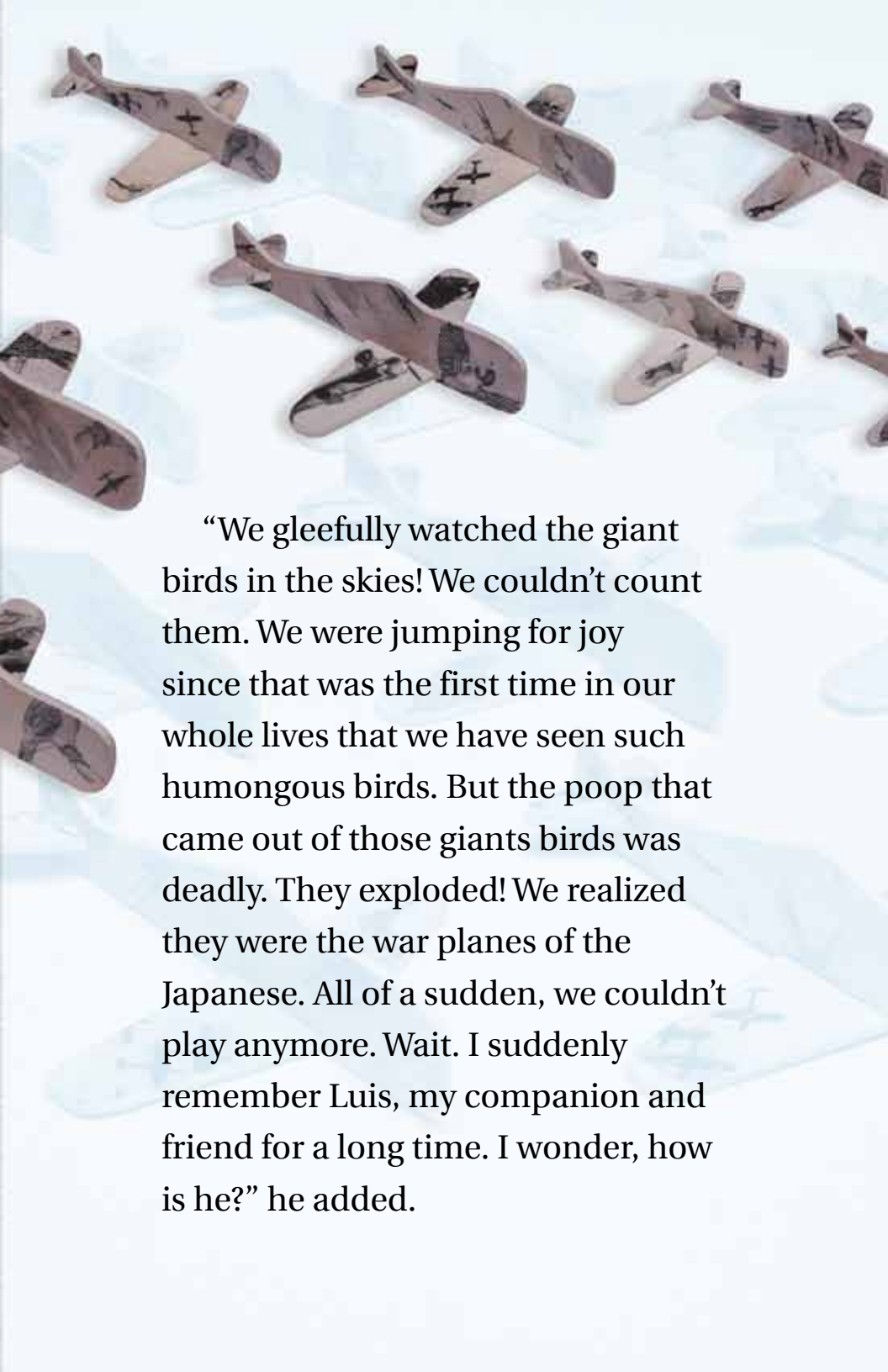
“You’ll find out soon enough,” he replied.



As soon as the car started to roll, Lolo began to tell his rather long stories. He sat next to Father, while I sat at the back. He always begins his stories with, “Back during the war...”

“Back during the war, our lives as children were changed. There were so many things that we couldn’t easily do,” Grandpa started.





“We gleefully watched the giant birds in the skies! We couldn’t count them. We were jumping for joy since that was the first time in our whole lives that we have seen such humongous birds. But the poop that came out of those giants birds was deadly. They exploded! We realized they were the war planes of the Japanese. All of a sudden, we couldn’t play anymore. Wait. I suddenly remember Luis, my companion and friend for a long time. I wonder, how is he?” he added.





“With each poop that the birds drop, something explodes and is engulfed in flames. A poop fell on our school in our Gabaldon. My beloved library burned! Suddenly, we couldn’t go to school anymore. For three years we couldn’t go to school,” Grandpa narrated as his eyes wandered on to the road we were passing.

“This is our Gabaldon!” as he pointed to an old school building we passed.

“Dad, San Rafael is still a long way off,” my father interjected.

“San Rafael? I often here that in Grandpa’s stories. So it’s to San Rafael where we are bringing Lolo on a trip,” I thought.



We passed by an old bridge.

“This was the old bridge of San Rafael. It was blown up by the Japanese. Suddenly there were no more taking baths in the brook, and our paper boats sank by the wayside. There were no more grasshopper-hunting expeditions in the forests,” Grandpa continued.



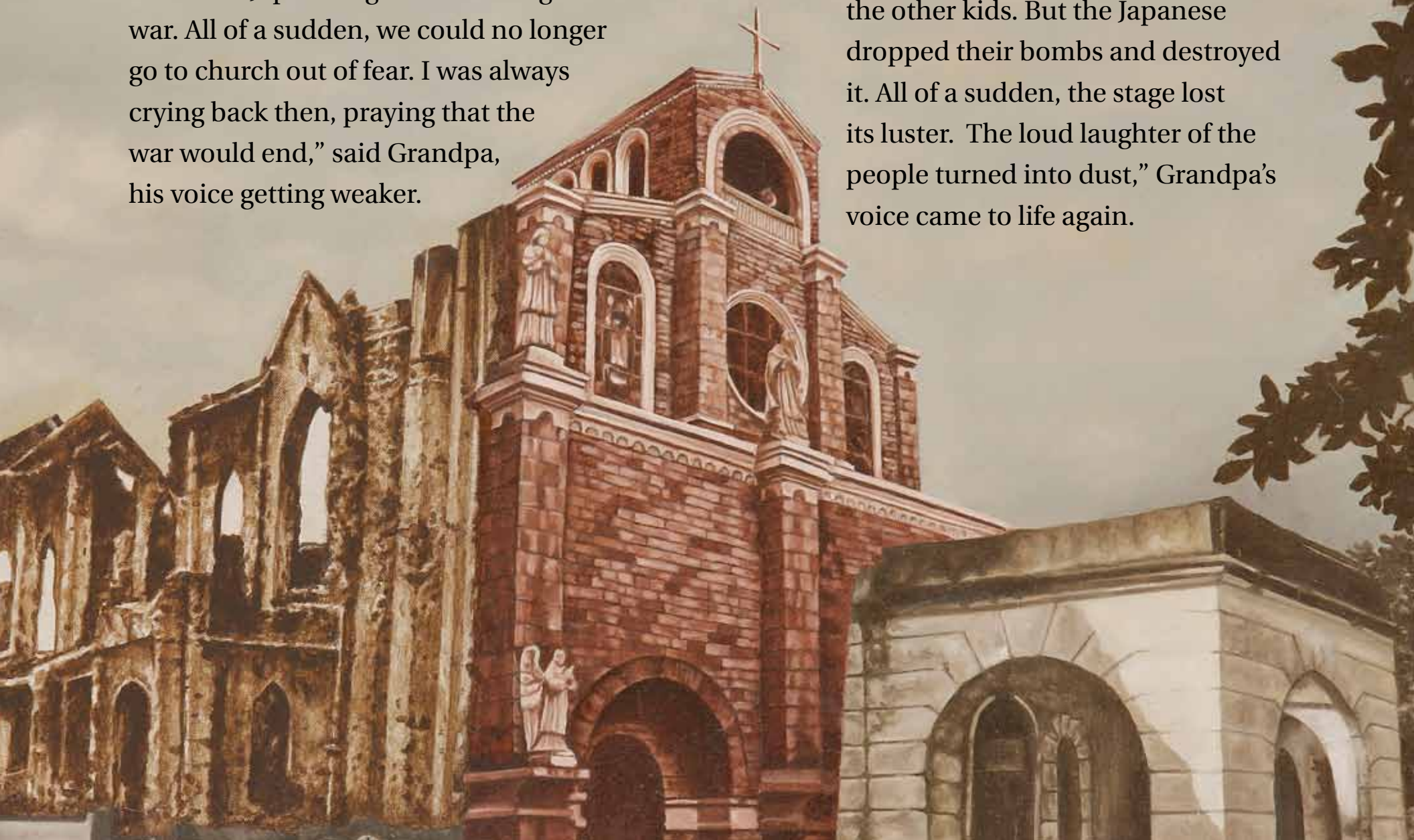


We passed by an old church.

“I was baptized in that old church. It became a Japanese garrison during the war. All of a sudden, we could no longer go to church out of fear. I was always crying back then, praying that the war would end,” said Grandpa, his voice getting weaker.

We also passed by an old plaza.

“It was here that Luis and I watched vaudeville shows together with the other kids. But the Japanese dropped their bombs and destroyed it. All of a sudden, the stage lost its luster. The loud laughter of the people turned into dust,” Grandpa’s voice came to life again.





“But I got to know a nice Japanese soldier in San Rafael, he was Daisuke. He fell in love with a beautiful Filipina girl. I was the bridge in their secret love affair. In gratitude, he gave me a soldier’s hat. He named me Fumiko or young friend. Now where can that hat be?” Grandpa asked.







“When the war ended, many rejoiced when the Japanese left.

But I was sad because my Japanese buddy also left. But who would have thought that the child he left with the Filipina girl would be my future wife? My greatest grief was when my Izumi died early,” Grandpa’s voice became soft again.

Izumi was my grandma, Father’s mom. I never met Grandma Izumi.”



“Son, we are close,” Father reminded me.

I noticed the old houses we were passing. This for sure is San Rafael, where Grandpa and Father grew up. I felt like I was going back to Grandpa’s childhood.







As we approached a large rusty gate, Father blew the car horn. A while later, a man who looked like a grandfather himself opened the gate and I saw a large garden.

“Here is where I taught my Ichiro how to make paper boats, Ichiro, my only son. We have to mow the grass and plant new seedlings in this garden,” Grandpa said as he grew excited. Ichiro is how Grandpa calls Father.

“Luis, is that you?” Lolo asked the man who approached him. They hugged and patted each other’s back. Finally I met Luis, Grandpa’s oldest living friend and constant companion in his stories. I think Grandpa grew even stronger.





We entered the old house.

Father came up to me.

“Haru, we will leave Grandpa here for a while in this old house. Someone needs to watch and take care of him. It is has become dangerous to leave him in our house. I have work and you have school. He forgets so many things, he doesn’t even recognize us at all, not even our names,” Father said.

“We are going to leave Grandpa in this house?”

“Yes, son. You know your Grandpa. He likes to be always doing something, he likes to make sure this old house is in good order, he likes seeing the old things here, he likes puttering about in the garden, he likes talking to his childhood buddies. We cannot give him these things he like in our small house in Manila,” explained Father.







Grandpa suddenly spoke.

“Here is a painting. The child holding the red balloon is Izumi together with her mom. Come here! She is Izumi the daughter of my Japanese friend Daisuke. She became my wife. We had an Ichiro.”

We both looked towards Grandpa’s direction. He was already wearing the Japanese hat given to him during the war.

“We are going to leave Grandpa here for a while. When he is fully recovered, we will bring him back to Manila. Uncle Luis will take care of your Grandpa for now,” Father added.



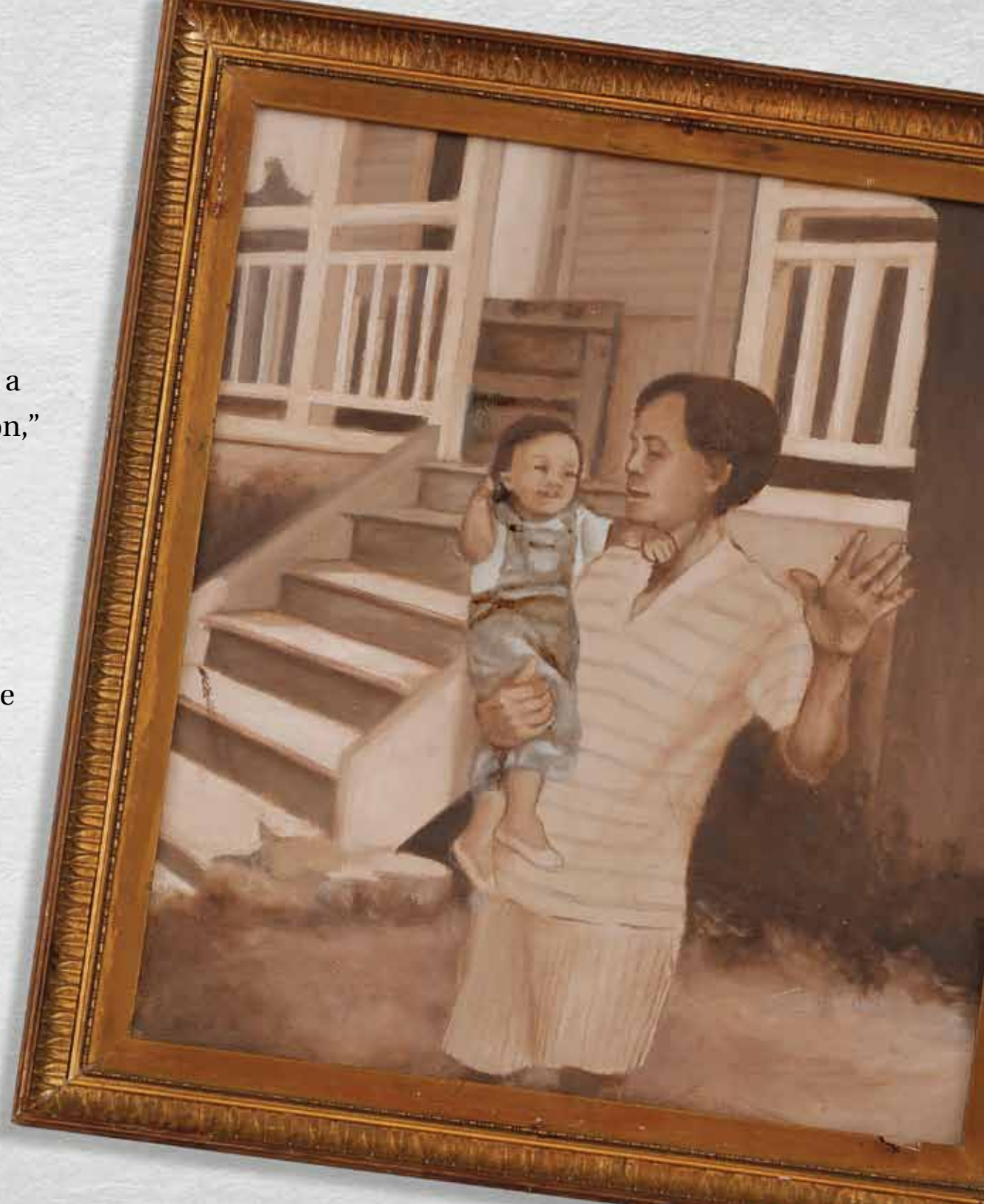
I approached Grandpa to say  
goodbye.

“Grandpa, we will go away for a  
while, but we will come back soon,”  
I told him.

“Aren’t you Haru, my one and  
only grandson?”

“Yes, Grandpa, I am Haru. We  
shall return when Father has time  
off from work,” I answered.

I gave him a really tight hug.  
He knew my name once again.







I didn't know just how far San Rafael was! I didn't feel this on the way there. Grandpa's stories sure made the ride whiz by.

"Haru we are going back here in San Rafael every Saturday to visit your Grandpa," Father said.

"And on Sundays, I promise that we will roam around the whole of San Rafael. Why, I also have a lot of stories from my childhood that I'm sure will delight you!" promised Father.

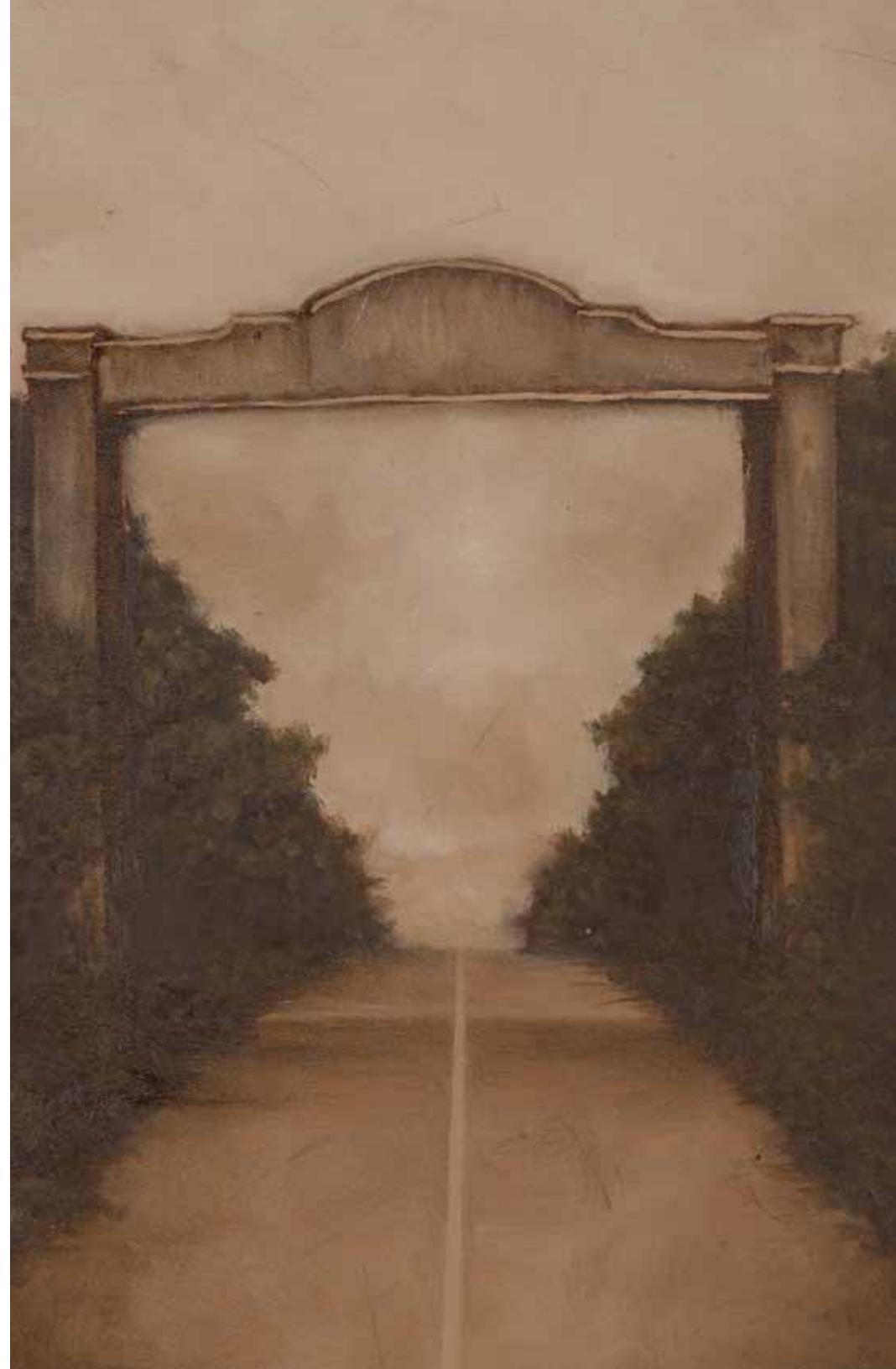


I wish it were Saturday and  
Sunday already!

I would like to know Father when  
he was a kid.

I would like to know the story of  
San Rafael!

And most of all, I want to go back  
and visit my dearest Grandpa, my  
Grandpa Juanito!





**GENARO R. GOJO CRUZ** was born in Balut, Tondo, Manila but grew up in Pastol, Muzon, San Jose del Monte City, Bulacan. *Ipapasyal Namin si Lolo* is his second book for children that has been published by the Center for Art, New Ventures & Sustainable Development (CANVAS). He is the author of over 70 children's books. He currently teaches art, literature and creative writing at the Literature Department of De La Salle University-Manila. He can be reached through his email [bayanghikahos@gmail.com](mailto:bayanghikahos@gmail.com).

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**ARVI FETALVERO** is a graduate of Asia Pacific College School of Multimedia Arts. She is a visual artist whose body of works range from oil and acrylic paintings to sculptural resin on textiles and installation pieces. Her works are reflections on her personal experiences, and how they relate to the concept of space, dualities and phases.





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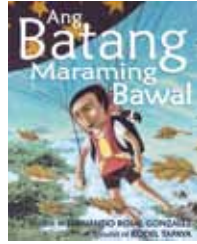
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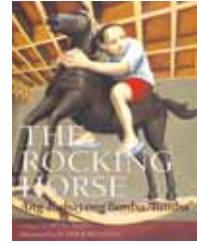
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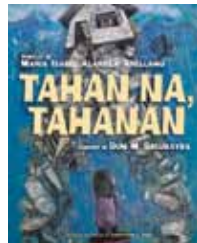
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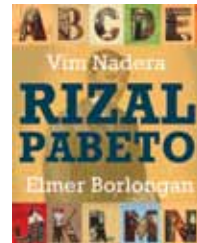
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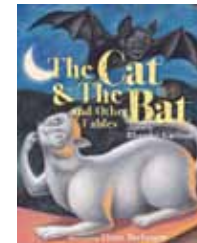
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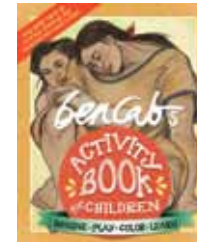
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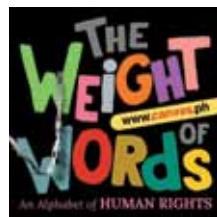
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Text by Nicolas Gabriel Garcia



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