Maybe use a leaf/floral pattern for this area.
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This book is a product of the Romeo Forbes Children’s Story Writing Competition. CANVAS holds the competition at least twice a year, open to Filipinos worldwide. The first and only of its kind, it invites writers to pen a children’s story inspired by a painting or sculpture by a local Filipino artist.

Every bird and every insect was waiting for this chance. It would finally be decided. Who would rule the whole hill? It was a tie between the two teams. The last game would settle it all.
“Agawan Base!”
mungkahi ni Kulisap, ang lider ng mga insekto.

Sumang-ayon ang mga ibon.
Pumili sila ng tig-isang puno para maging base ng bawat grupo. Ang unang makahawak sa base ng kalaban ang mananalo.

“Tiyak na ang panalo namin,” pag-aangas ni Bagwis, ang agilang pinuno ng mga ibon.
“Ano’ng magagawa n’yo?”

“Makikita mo,” sagot ni Kulisap.

“Steal-the-Base!” suggested Kulisap, the leader of the insects.
The birds agreed.
They each chose a tree to serve as the base of either team.
The team that touches the base of its rival wins.

“We’re definitely winning this one,” Bagwis said boastfully. He was an eagle and leader of the birds.
“How would you ever beat us?”
“You’ll see,” Kulisap said.
Tahimik na nanonood si Pogo. Manghang-mangha siya sa liksi ng mga manlalaro. Iniiisip ninyang sana ay kasali rin siya. Pero wala siyang panama sa iba, gaya ni Uwak na parang sirkero sa galing umikot at kumurba sa ere, o kay Lawin na bukod sa bilis ay malalapad ang pakpak at matatalas ang kuko.

Pogo watched quietly. He was amazed at the speed of the players. He wished he were playing, too. But he didn’t really have anything to offer, unlike Uwak who could be a circus performer with the way he swooped and swerved in the air, or Lawin who was not just fast but also had a wide wingspread and really sharp claws.
Pinanood na lamang ni Pogo ang laban ng mga ibon at insekto. Sa una, dahil sa kanilang bilis, nakakalapit ang mga ibon sa piniling puno ng mga insekto.

Pogo just watched the fight between the birds and the insects. At first, because of their speed, the birds were able to get closer to the insects’ tree.
But they kept getting blocked because of the sheer number of their opponents. The insects would swarm the birds and stop them from flying. Meanwhile, the birds who were guarding the base could not even take a breath because the insects who were trying to get past them were just too tiny and too many.

Bagwis noticed what was happening, “Time out!”

Pero lagi silang napipigil ng mga kalaban dahil sa kanilang dami. Dinudumog ng mga insekto ang mga ibon hanggang di na makalipad. Hindi naman mapahinga ang mga ibong nagtatanggol sa base dahil sa liit at dami ng mga insektong pilit na pumupuslit para maabot ang puno ng mga ibon.

Napansin ni Bagwis ang nangyayari, “Time out!”
The birds huddled to come up with a strategy. Pogo was at the back, just listening. He didn’t have the courage to come any closer because his fellow birds would just laugh at him.

“There are too many insects. We are faster, but we are outnumbered. They are able to gang up on us in a flash,” Uwak said worriedly.

“I c-can h-help.” Pogo bravely interrupted from the back.
Natahimik ang lahat.
Pati si Bagwis, napatawa. “Bakit? Malakas ka ba?”
“Mabilis ka ba?”
Umiling ulit si Pogo. “H-hindi po.”
“Malaki ka ba?”
Sa pangatlong beses, umiling ulit siya. “H-hindi po.”

Everyone fell quiet.
Even Bagwis found himself laughing. “Why? Are you strong?”
Pogo shook his head, “No, sir.”
“Are you fast?”
Pogo shook his head again. “N-no, sir.”
“Are you big?”
For the third time, he shook his head. “N-no, sir.”
“You are tiny and your wings are worthless!” the insects heard the loud shout of Bagwis.

The birds’ rivals laughed and watched the commotion.

“I h-have a p-plan!” the tiny Pogo said.
Lumapit ang makisig na Bagwis kay Pogo at naawa kahit ang mga insekto sa maliliit na ibon nang sinabi sa kanya, “Bakit kami magtitwala sa ‘yo? Umalis ka na.”

Makikita ang pamumuo ng luha sa mga mata ni Pogo. Tumalikod ito at nagsimulang maglakad papalayo.

Nang wala na ang kawawang ibon, hinarap muli ni Bagwis ang mga insekto. “Tuloy ang laban!”

Sa isang iglap, nagsilipad sa iba’t ibang direksyon ang mga ibon. Agad namang nakasunod ang mga insektong humabol sa kanila.

“Puntirahin si Bagwis!” utos ni Kulisap na hindi nagpapatinag. Nagkumpulan ang napakaraming kulisap at sinimulang habulin si Bagwis.

Brave Bagwis approached him and even the insects took pity on the little bird when he was told, “Why would we trust you? Just leave.”

Everyone could see the tears in Pogo’s eyes. The bird turned around and started walking away.

When the poor bird was finally gone, Bagwis turned back to the insects. “The game is back on!”

In a split second, the birds flew in different directions. But the insects were soon on their trails.

“Focus on Bagwis!” Kulisap ordered, fighting back.

A big swarm of insects gathered and started chasing Bagwis.
Bagwis was the fastest bird in the forest, but it was easy to see that he was starting to get tired. The insects were gaining on him, little by little, until they caught up to him. He plummeted to the ground, crushed by the insects.

“You’ve lost, Bagwis. Insects might be weak when we’re alone, but we are mighty when we’re together!” Kulisap boasted.

“Take the base!” he commanded.
Huli na nang maapansin ng mga insekto ang ngiti ni Bagwis.
“Nalinlang namin kayo,” sabi ni Bagwis, sabay lingon sa base ng mga insekto. Sinundan ng lahat ang tingin niya.
Saka lang nila napansin ang maliit na ibong tumatakbo sa malayo!

It was too late by the time the insects noticed Bagwis smiling.
“We tricked you,” Bagwis said, turning to look at the base of the insects. Everyone followed his gaze.
That’s when they noticed the little bird running in the distance!
Si Pogo!
Kumakaripas ng takbo, walang lingon-lingon,
at tinatawid ang paanan ng burof. Dahil na kay
Bagwis ang atensyon ng mga kalaban, walang
nakapansin sa kanya.
Mas bumilis ang takbo ni Pogo. Malabo nang
makahabol ang mga insekto. Sariwa sa isip niya ang
usapan nila ni Bagwis kani-kanina lang.

It was Pogo!
Running as fast as he could, facing straight ahead,
and crossing the foot of the hill. Because Bagwis
had everyone’s attention, no one noticed him.
Pogo ran even faster. The insects
didn’t stand a chance. His earlier
conversation with Bagwis was
still fresh in his mind.
“Are you big?” Bagwis asked him.

For the third time, he shook his head. “N-no, sir. But I can cross the foot of the hill without being seen! I can do it because I’m small!”

A few moments passed and Bagwis winked at him to agree.

“...Just leave.”
Hindi napigilang umiyak ni Pogo dahil sa tiwalang ibinigay ng ibong akala niyang nangmamaliit sa kanya. Natutunan niyang bago maniwala sa kanya ang iba, kailangan niya munang maniwala sa sarili niya.

_Pogo wasn’t able to hold back his tears. He thought he would be belittled, but they trusted him. He learned that before others could believe in him, he first had to believe in himself._
And Pogo reached the tree! They won!
The birds won the game Steal-the-Base.
Pogo proved himself to his friends.

At nakarating na si Pogo sa puno! Panalo sila!
Nanalo ang mga ibon sa larong Agawan Base.
Napatunayan ni Pogo ang sarili sa mga kasama.
Pero higit sa lahat, napatunayan ni Pogo sa sarili niya na kaya niyang tumulong. Kahit iba siya. Dahil iba siya.

But most of all, Pogo proved to himself that he could help. Even though he was different. Because he was different.
At heto na ngayon ang unang libro niya!

Ipinanganak at lumaki si Jericho Moral sa tahimik na bahagi ng lungsod ng Marikina. Noong nasa elementarya siya, isa sa mga nakahiligan niyang laro ang agawan base. Dito siya bumubuo ng stratehiya at taktika para manalo sila ng mga kalaro niya.
Ipinaalala sa kanya ng librong ito ang kanyang pagkabata.
The Center for Art, New Ventures & Sustainable Development, 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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“Time out!”

Natatalo ang mga ibon.  
Kailangan nila mag-isip ng paraan.

Gusto ni Pogo tumulong para manalo sila.  
Pero wala siyang malawak na pakpak  
o matatalas na kuko, hindi siya mabilis,  
at higit sa lahat, napakaliit niya.

Ano ang magagawa niya?

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Real Life Told Beautifully.

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