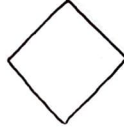


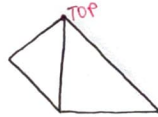
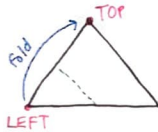
# OX BOOKMARK!

- ① Cut out the square below.  
Color it RED!

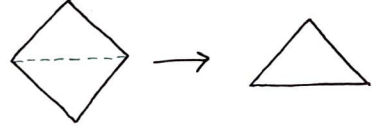
- ② LAY the paper in a diamond position



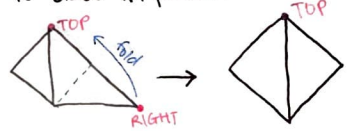
- ④ FOLD the left corner to the top of the triangle.  
GLUE in place



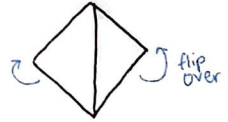
- ③ FOLD in half to make a triangle



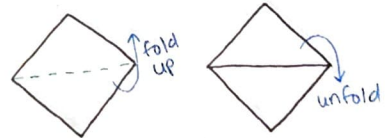
- ⑤ REPEAT with the right corner. Don't forget to GLUE in place!



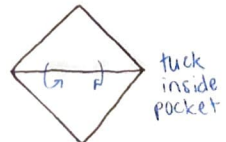
- ⑥ FLIP the diamond over.



- ⑦ Take the top layer of the paper and FOLD it to the top point. Then UNFOLD



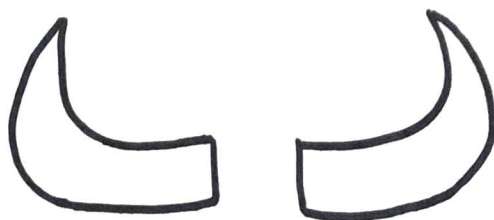
- ⑧ FOLD and TUCK IN the same point into the pocket.



# DECORATE your bookmark to make it look like an ox!

① CUT along the lines

② GLUE or TAPE the pieces to your bookmark



horns

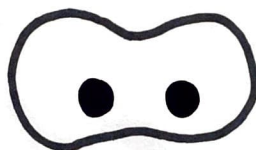


ears

(you can color these RED!)



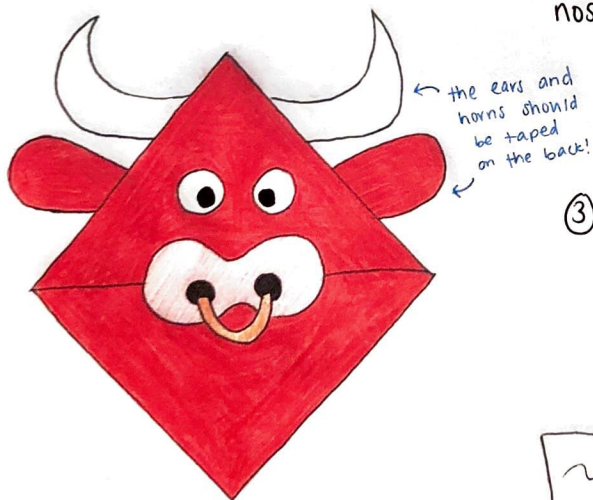
eyes



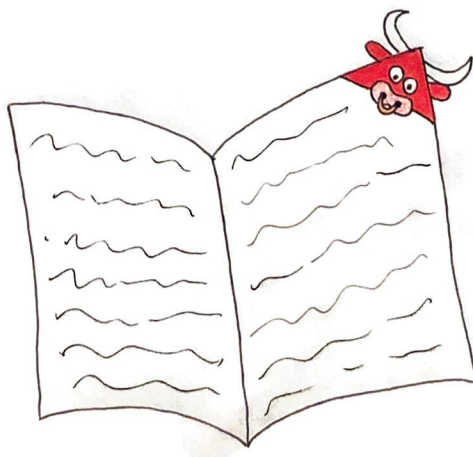
nose



nose ring  
(you can color this YELLOW!)



③ Now you can use your new, handmade ox bookmark!







AMERICA IS IN THE H

It was only when I was nearing our village my brother Leon. He had come back from a he had never spoken, and then had gone away wife to start a new life. I was not coming from was my first homecoming—home to the village a hut, home to years of hard labor and bitter memories. And grass was taller than usual, the water in the ditch was sweeter, the mango trees by the footpath were greener and the meadow larks more melodious. There was a sweet feeling of homecoming in me.

Then I saw my mother's familiar back. She was following the plow, her skirt tucked between her legs. Suddenly I knew what Leon had felt the day he came home, running suddenly to take the plow from my father. I started running across the fields and leaping over ditches, shouting and calling frantically:

"Mother! Mother! Mother!"

My mother stopped the *carabao* and looked toward me. The sun was falling directly upon her face, and she raised her hand to protect her eyes from the strong morning light. When she recognized me, she tied the rope to the handle of the plow, as my father used to do, and waited for me.

"Have you come home, son?" she said. And that was all she could say. Her mouth began to tremble with joy and sorrow, because to her joy and sorrow were always one and the same. Suddenly she grabbed me affectionately and wept, murmuring: "We are poor people, son. We are very poor people, son."

I brushed back the tears from my eyes. I tried to laugh in order not to cry. Gently I pushed my mother out of the way and took the rope from her.

"Go home, Mother," I said. "I will finish this piece for you."

"Don't work the animal too hard," she said.

"I won't," I said. I watched her go away, a little peasant woman who carried the world on her shoulders. Then I flipped the rope gently across the *carabao's* back, and the animal moved obediently and

