

the twine for her. He had heard from the missionary that Jesus is pleased when we share with others. The lady was so thankful. She was a widow—just like his mother—and didn't even have a son who could fish for her.

Naro was almost home now. He had it all planned. He would give his last fish to his mother, explain what had happened to the other four, then collapse on his woven mat until supper was ready. "Little boy, may we have your fish?" Naro's heart sank! He quickly turned to see an old couple hobbling over to him. "We're too old to fish and our sons are gone. Please have mercy on us and give us your fish." What should Naro do? His last fish! What would his mother say? His family needed to eat too!

Naro felt so sorry for the old couple. He remembered the missionary telling him that God would take care of him if only he trusted Him. So Naro hesitantly handed over his last fish—twine and all.

Naro ran for home. Many thoughts were going through his head.

When he arrived at his familiar hut, he glanced at his mother who was squatting near the open fire. Something smelled so good!

The rice was steaming and was already cooked! "Oh, thank you Jesus," he thought. But what was in the other pot? Naro peered inside and saw fish cooking! Someone in the village had given Naro's mother enough fish to feed her

family! "Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you, Jesus," he thought again.

Naro squatted down to eat. When they were finished, he got his little coconut guitar and started singing. Soon others gathered around and everyone had a great time singing around the fire!

It was getting late and Naro was getting sleepy. He put away his guitar and unrolled his mat for the night. He peered up at the grass ceiling thinking over the events of the day. He had a good feeling about sharing his fish. And He was also thankful that God provided enough fish for his family. He then remembered the verse the missionary taught him, "*Give and it will be given unto you...for the way you give, it will be given back to you*" (Luke 6:38). That's exactly what happened! God is so good!

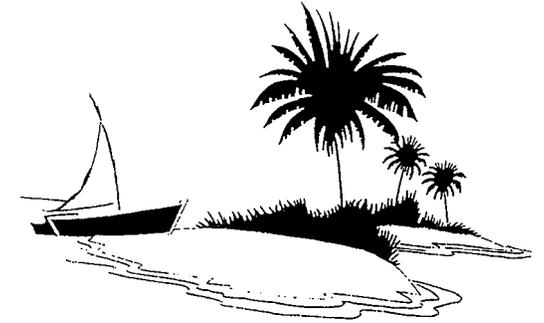
As the sun set on the secluded ocean cove, Naro found a comfortable spot between the bamboo slats for his weary body and closed his tired eyes. He hoped that the next day would be sunny and calm just like today. Naro was anxious to go fishing again!!!

Ya ra ilem tia! (The End!)

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Naro's Five Fishes

Tara Island is located far away in the South China Sea. It's a very small island, about 4 miles long and 1 mile wide. Coconut trees line the shores of the white sandy beaches.

The people who live there in bamboo huts are called Tagbanwas. Most of their food comes from the sea. They are very skilled fishermen!

They make their own boats called *barutus*. They make their sails by stitching rice sacks together. The men and boys go fishing every day, except when there is a typhoon. Then they have to wait till the rains stop and the winds die down. The ocean is just too rough to go out on it!

Naro's hut was situated in the middle of the village. Small for his age, Naro knew it would be a good day for fishing. While the rest of his family still slept, Naro got up from his woven reed mat without waking anyone.

Naro quietly rolled up his mat, gathered his fishing reel and took a little basket he had filled with rice the night before. Since he always slept in his clothes, he didn't need to get dressed. He never

thought of eating before he left. He never even heard of breakfast! Naro quietly slipped through the doorway of his little hut.

Sleepily he trudged along the cluttered village path to the beach. The tall coconut trees overhead swayed relentlessly, making a soft rustling sound. The morning sun shone brightly on the clear blue ocean as the waves slapped the sandy beach.

Naro soon reached his hand-carved dugout canoe. His father made it especially for him. He was so glad it was right where he left it the day before. Naro bent over and picked up a long piece of twine he spotted on the sand and tossed it into his canoe. He would need it later for stringing his fish. He hoped he would get a good catch because he wanted to bring some home for supper and surprise his mother. (The women in his village never fished and had to depend only on the men and boys to do all the fishing.)

Naro got behind his canoe, wedged his bare feet deep into the sand, and gave the canoe a big shove. Push! Scrape! Push! Scrape! The shallow water soon lifted his little canoe above the sandy ocean floor. Naro climbed in and squatted in the middle to keep the canoe balanced.

Carefully observing the wind, the ocean currents and the tide, Naro decided to paddle far out near the big rock ledge. With only one oar, paddling first on one side and then the other, he soon reached the big rock ledge. This

was a perfect day, and a perfect place to catch fish. He felt so good! Now to get started. First he needed bait. Peering over the side of his canoe, he watched for a school of tiny fish. Here they come! He had watched his father many times, so with his hooked plastic line in his hand, he tossed it over the side, quickly snapping back the line. He hoped to snag a minnow. After a few tries, he caught several—enough to use for bait. Now he was ready for the big ones!

Throwing the line out as far as a little boy could, it wasn't long before he felt a strange tug. Quickly with his bare hands he pulled the line toward the canoe. A beautiful red snapper was still fighting for its life. Naro grabbed the fish, bit it behind the head to kill it (just like his dad did), then strung it on the piece of twine he found on the beach. Then he caught another one.

The sun was especially hot that day, so he took time to eat his lunch from his basket. He ate with his fingers, of course. He felt refreshed. Time to catch another one!

By supertime Naro was very hungry, hot and tired. But he was proud of his super catch. Five beautiful fish of many different colors. His mother would be so happy and proud of him. Since Naro's father died, he had the responsibility of fishing for the whole family!

Naro slowly paddled back to the village. When he reached the shore, he was so tired and hungry that it took all

his strength to pull the canoe back upon the sandy bank. He fell to his knees, but struggled up again. He didn't even bother to brush off the sand. He was much too tired.

With five colorful fish strung on the sturdy twine, he started for home. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a young mother approach him. Straddling one child on her hip and with two more tugging at her native wraparound skirt, she pleaded, "Little boy, may I have some fish to feed my family? My husband went diving for shells and will be gone for another week. We have no food." Naro looked at the three hungry children and pulled off two fishes. He felt good that he was helping someone in need.

Naro's thoughts immediately went back to his exhaustion and hunger. He could hardly wait to sink his teeth into one of those fish! He smacked his lips just thinking about it. "Little boy," he heard a low voice this time. Naro turned to see the village captain coming toward him. "I've been busy making a canoe all day and I didn't have time to fish. How about you and me splitting your catch—two for you and one for my family." Naro's heart sank, but he remembered his lesson on sharing. He pulled one of his fish and handed it to the village captain.

Just then he saw an elderly lady coming toward him. "Little boy, may I please have just one of your fish? Naro gave her a surprised look, but decided to pull off a brightly colored fish from