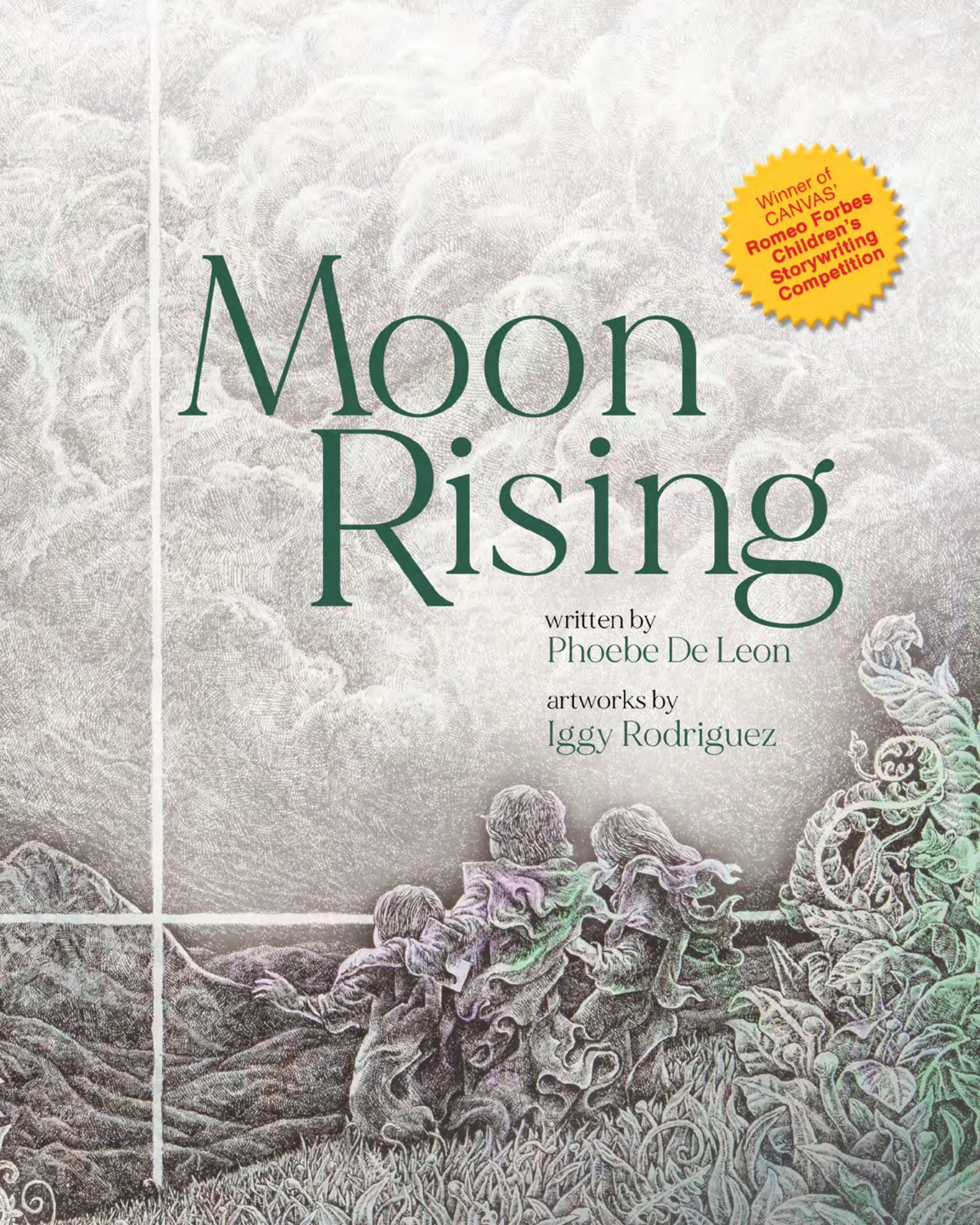


Winner of
CANVAS'
Romeo Forbes
Children's
Storywriting
Competition

Moon Rising

written by
Phoebe De Leon

artworks by
Iggy Rodriguez



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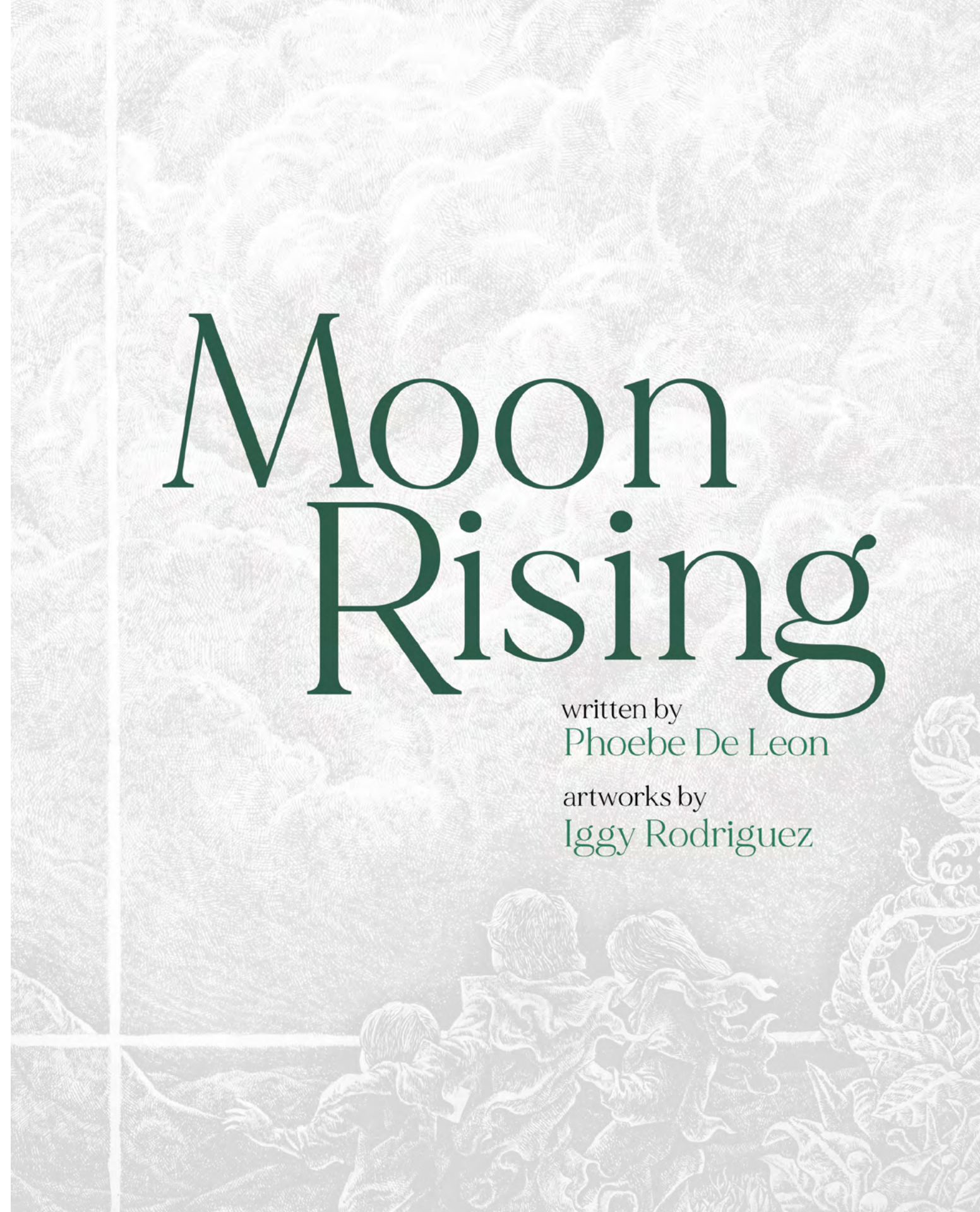
All artworks featured in this book are by Iggy Rodriguez

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.

Moon Rising

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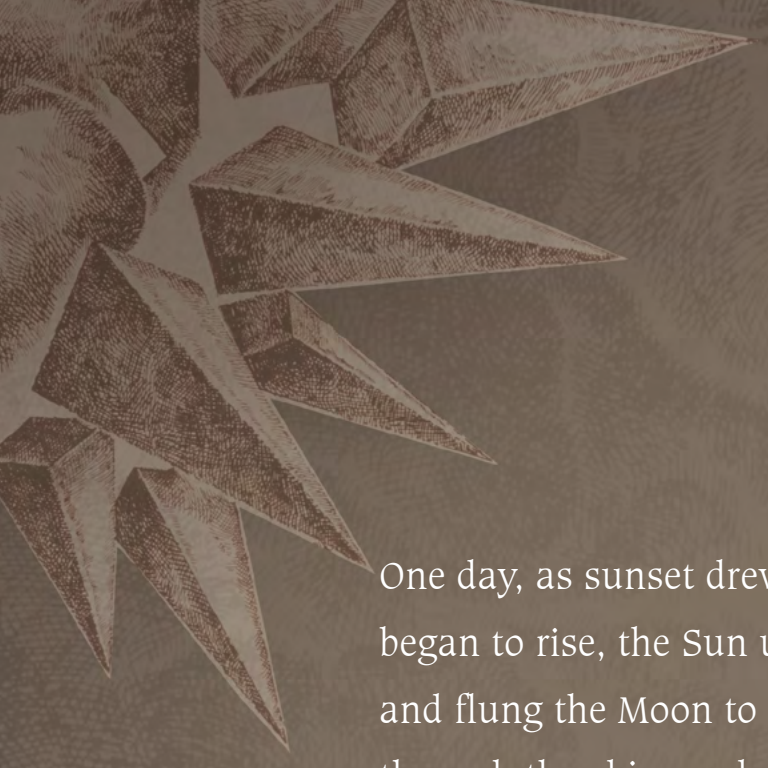
artworks by
Iggy Rodriguez





Long ago, a people built their homes on the land where the mountains met. They were called the moon-worshippers, and they greatly angered the Sun, for they would come out only at night to gaze at the shining Moon.

Noong unang panahon, may mga taong namumuhay sa lupaing tagpuan ng kabundukan. Mga tagasamba ng Buwan ang tawag sa kanila. Ginagalit nila ang Araw dahil tuwing gabi lang sila lumalabas para pagmasdan ang kinang ng Buwan.



One day, as sunset drew near and the Moon began to rise, the Sun unleashed mighty winds and flung the Moon to the Earth. The Moon tore through the skies and crashed with a deafening roar. The Sun rejoiced, but its celebration was short-lived.

Isang dapithapon, simula ng pagsikat ng Buwan, nagpakawala ang Araw ng humahagupit na hangin at inihagis ang buwan sa Mundo. Sa pagbagsak nito, napunit ang langit at dumagundong ang lupa. Anong tuwa ng Araw sa pagkahulog ng Buwan! Pero ang hindi niya alam, panandalian lang siyang sasaya.






Without the Moon, an evil darkness blanketed the heavens, frightening the stars and even the glorious Sun. In this darkness, monsters awoke from their slumber and wreaked havoc upon the once peaceful Earth.

The darkness conquered everything in its reach, and the shamed Sun fled, never to cross the skies again.

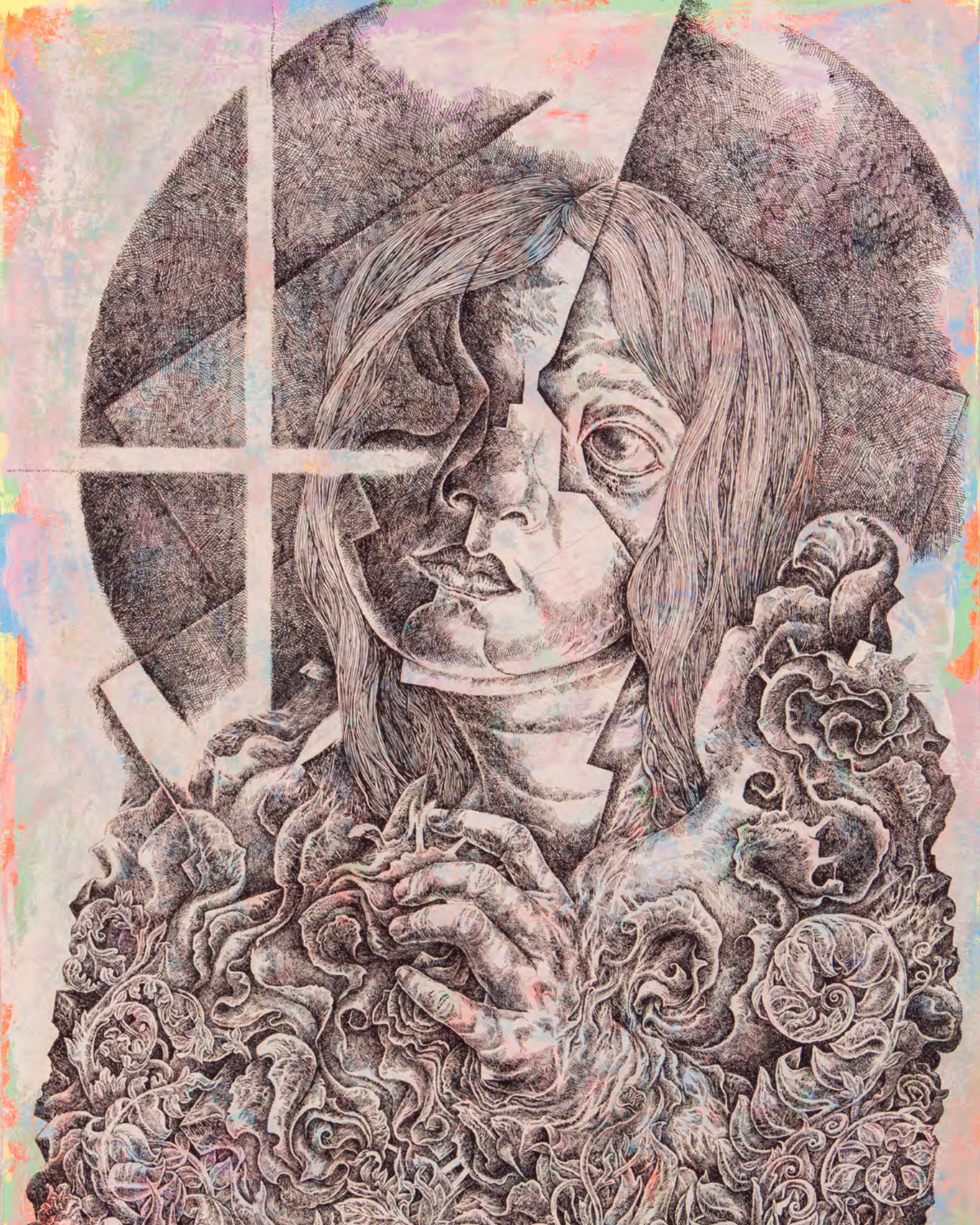
Sa pagkawala ng Buwan, binalot ang langit ng kadilimang kinatakutan kahit ng Araw at ng mga bituin. Ginising ng dilim na ito ang mga halimaw na naghasik ng lagim sa minsang payapang Mundo.

Sinakop ng dilim ang lahat ng sulok na kaya nitong marating, at sa kahihyan, tumakas ang Araw at hindi na nagpakita pang muli.



At first, the people were terrified by the eternal night,
but they soon learned to use fire and create light.
With lamps and bonfires and pyres, they held the
monsters back and were left alone. Still, how they
missed the Moon and its gentle light!

*Noong una, takot na takot ang mga tao sa walang
hanggang gabi. Pero natutuhan rin nilang lumikha
ng apoy at liwanag. Gamit ang mga lampara, siga,
at sulo, itinaboy nila ang mga halimaw. Ngunit
hinahanap-hanap pa rin nila ang banayad na
liwanag na handog ng Buwan.*



Hundreds of years passed, and except for the elders and their dwindling followers, the moon-worshippers' belief in the Moon slipped, first into myth and then only into stories that mothers would tell their children to get them to sleep.

One day, as the elders were lighting their evening pyre, a speck of silver light caught the eye of a child. Curious, the child went to her grandmother.

Sa paglipas ng mga siglo, wala nang naniniwala sa Buwan, bukod sa mga nakatatanda at ang iilang tagasunod nila. Naglaho ang mga tagasamba ng Buwan. Naging alamat na lang ito, at nang tumagal, ay naging kuwentong pampatulog ng mga ina sa mga anak nila.

Isang araw, habang nagsisiga ang mga nakatatanda, isang kisap ng kulay pilak na liwanag ang nasulyapan ng isang bata. Nagtaka siya at dali-daling pumunta sa lola niya.

“Grandmother, I saw light!”

Grandmother smiled. “It must be the pyre, dear.”

“But grandmother! It gleamed like silver!”

The grandmother smiled at the child’s imagination.

“My! How the eye plays tricks. Let us go to bed, my child.”

“Lola, nakakita ako ng liwanag!”

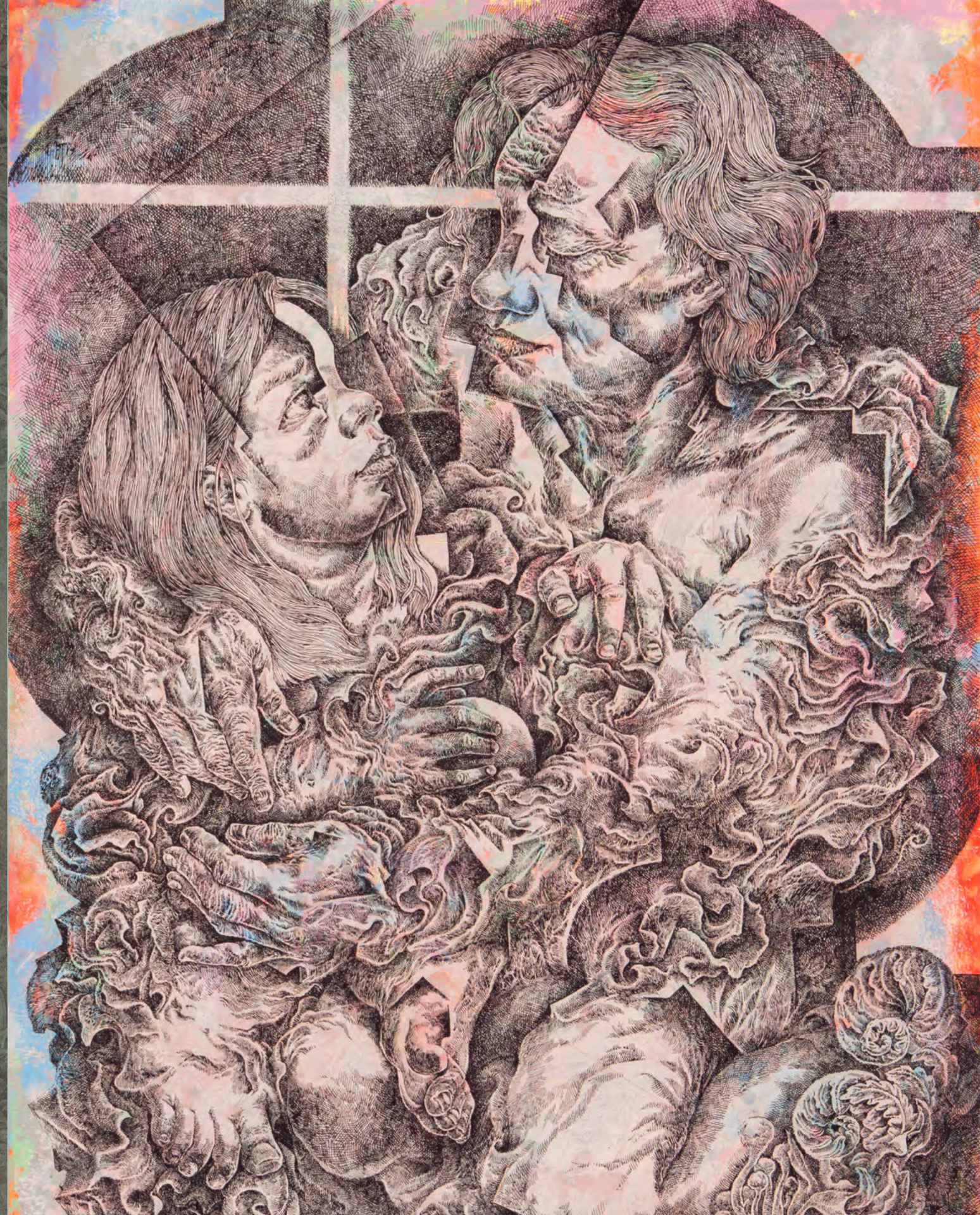
Ngumiti ang matanda. “Ang siga ’yon, apo.”

“Pero Lola! Parang pilak ang kisap nito!”

Napangiti muli ang matanda sa imahinasyon ng bata.

“Minsan, pinaglalaruan tayo ng mga mata natin, apo.

Tara at matulog na tayo.”





The child allowed herself to be tucked into her bed, but still she did not sleep. She fixed her eyes upon the towering mountains, watching the pinprick of silver until it vanished into the night.

The child saw the speck almost every day. Alone in her room, she would watch it travel up the silhouette of the mountain before it stopped and disappeared. Each night, the child would beg her grandmother to come and see, until at last, her grandmother obliged.

Pumanhik ang bata sa kama pero hindi siya natulog. Pinagmasdan niya ang matatayog na bundok at ang hibla ng liwanag hanggang maglaho ito sa gabi.

Halos araw-araw niyang nakikita ang kisap. Kapag mag-isa sa silid, pinapanood niya ang pag-akyat at paglaho nito sa mga anino ng kabundukan. Gabi-gabi, nakikiusap siya sa lola niya na pagmasdan rin ang kisap, hanggang isang araw ay pumayag ito.

The child and her grandmother huddled on the cot, their eyes gazing out the window that framed the mountain. Hours passed. The grandmother finally could not wait any longer and prepared to leave. She began to prop herself up and then, just as her feet touched the floor, the silver pinprick appeared.

Nagsiksikan sa higaan ang bata at lola habang tinatanaw ang kabundukan mula sa kanilang bintana. Lumipas ang mga oras. Nainip ang lola sa paghihintay, pero nang papaalis na siya ay biglang lumitaw ang kisap.





Grandmother's face lit up with indescribable joy, wishing she had believed the child earlier.

“Go and call the Wise Elder!”

*Hindi maipaliwanag ng lola ang tuwa niya.
Sana pala ay dati pa siyang naniwala.*

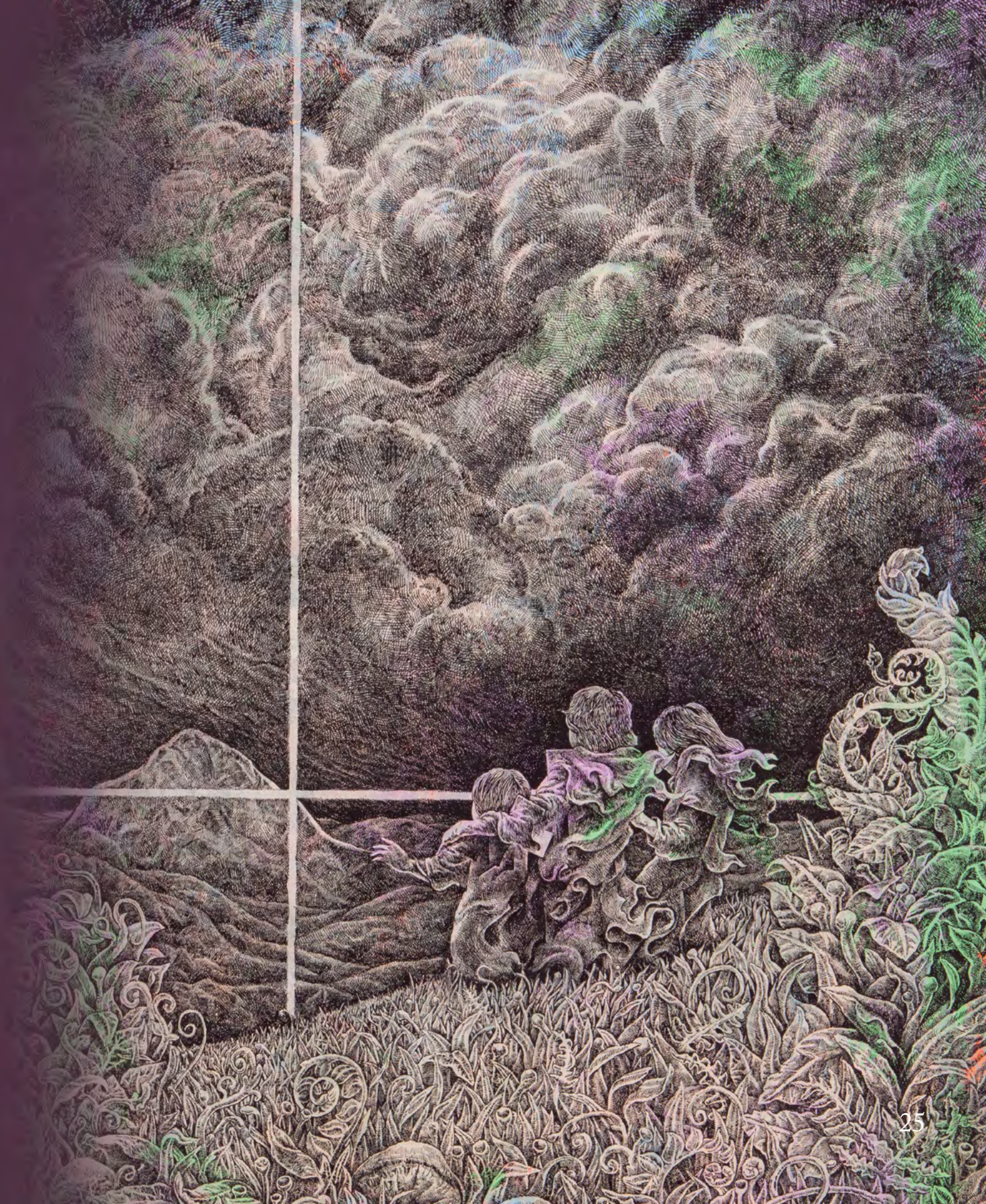
“Dali at tawagin mo ang Dakilang Nakatatanda!”

The child sped across town and quickly returned with The Wise Elder. As the Wise Elder entered the grandmother's home, she exclaimed, "Sister, how is this possible? The moon has been gone for centuries!"

"Perhaps the gods are at work," the grandmother replied. "Perhaps they have found the fallen Moon."

Kumaripas ang bata para sunduin ang Dakilang Nakatatanda. Nang papasok na ito sa bahay ng lola, napabulalas siya, "Kapatid, paano ito nangyari? Ilang siglo nang nawawala ang Buwan!"

"Marahil ay kagagawan ito ng mga diyos," ang sagot ng lola. "Siguro ay nahanap na nila ang nahulog na Buwan."





Word spread, and each day, the whole town would watch the pinprick of light travel up the mountain. The old bedtime stories were suddenly retold, again and again, with renewed detail. The stories became prayers and soon enough, they caught the attention of the gods.

Kumalat ang balita. Araw-araw, pinanonood ng buong bayan ang paglabbay ng kisap paitaas ng bundok. Muling nabuhay ang mga kuwento tungkol sa Buwan. Nagpasalin-salin ang mga ito, at sa bawat kuwento, may bagong detalye ang naibabalik. Naging panalangin ang mga kuwento, at hindi nagtagal, napansin ito ng mga diyos.

And so the gods looked and saw that in the land where the mountains meet, the people would come out from their homes each night to watch a speck of light.

The gods then were filled with the same hope. Could it be possible? Was the Moon alive?

But, a speck of silver light was all they could see. To find out the truth, they had to rid the world of the prevailing darkness.

Nakita ng mga diyos na sa lupaing tagpuan ng kabundukan, lumalabas ang mga tao sa kanilang tahanan tuwing gabi para pagmasdan ang isang kisap ng liwanag.

Maging ang mga diyos ay napuno ng pag-asa. Posible kayang buhay pa ang Buwan?

Pero, isang gabutil na liwanag lang ang nakikita nila. Kailangan nilang itaboy ang kadiliman para malaman ang katotohanan.





The gods flew to the farthest reaches of the heavens until they reached the Sun's palace. They pleaded for the Sun to come back, drive the darkness back, and reclaim its place in the heavens.

"The people are no longer angry with you," the gods told the Sun. "This is your chance at redemption."

Lumipad ang mga diyos sa kasuluk-sulukan ng langit hanggang marating ang palasyo ng Araw. Nakiusap silang bumalik ito sa langit para itaboy ang kadiliman.

"Hindi na galit ang mga tao sa iyo," ang sabi ng mga diyos sa Araw. "Pagkakataon mo nang bumawi."

And so it was that when the time came, the Sun unleashed its light. And this time, the outcome was different. For although the darkness had won before, the Sun was now armed with new hope. The darkness was driven back, and the people and the gods finally saw where the pinprick of light was coming from.

*At gayon nga, nang dumating ang pagkakataon,
pinakawalan ng Araw ang liwanag niya. Bitbit ang bagong
pag-asa, itinaboy niya ang dating naghaharing kadiliman.
Sa wakas, natuklasan na ng mga tao at diyos ang
pinagmumulan ng mumunting kisap.*





It was a rock giant trudging up the mountain, bearing the immense weight of the Moon on its shoulders, slowed by the steep terrain and the howling winds.

The rock giant had been doing this every night, for hundreds of years, ever since it found the fallen and broken Moon. And each night, the rock giant would fail, because not even the highest mountain could reach the heights needed to keep the Moon aloft. So the giant would climb back down, still carrying the moon, and it would try again the following day, hoping against hope that it could find a way to set the Moon high once more in its rightful place.

Isang batong higante ang dahan-dahang umaakyat ng bundok, pasan ang bigat ng Buwan sa kaniyang balikat, pinababagal ng matatarik na daan at umaalulong na hangin.

Sa loob ng daan-daang taon, gabi-gabi itong ginagawa ng higante mula nang matagpuan niya ang bumagsak at nasirang Buwan. Pero tuwing gabi, mabibigo rin siya dahil hindi abot—maging ng pinakamatayog na bundok—ang taas na kailangan ng Buwan para marating ang kalangitan. Kaya paulit-ulit na susubok ang higante, pasan-pasan ang Buwan, umaasang isang araw ay maibabalik niya rin ito sa dati nitong kinalalagyan.

The gods moved quickly. The wind gods commanded the howling winds to make the giant's load lighter; the earth goddess called upon elephants to level a path to the peak; and the sky god used her magic to make a throne of clouds for the approaching Moon.

Mabilis na kumilos ang mga diyos. Inutusan nila ang umaalulong na hangin na pagaanin ang pasan ng higante; tinawag ng diyosa ng lupa ang mga elepante para patagin ang matatarik na daan; at gamit ang mahika, naghanda ang diyos ng langit ng isang trono ng ulap para sa pagbabalik ng Buwan.





When the giant reached the peak and the Moon was back in its place, the giant succumbed and crumpled to the ground.

Nang marating ng higante ang tuktok at naibalik ang Buwan sa dating kinalalagyan, naubos ang lakas niya at gumuho sa lupa.

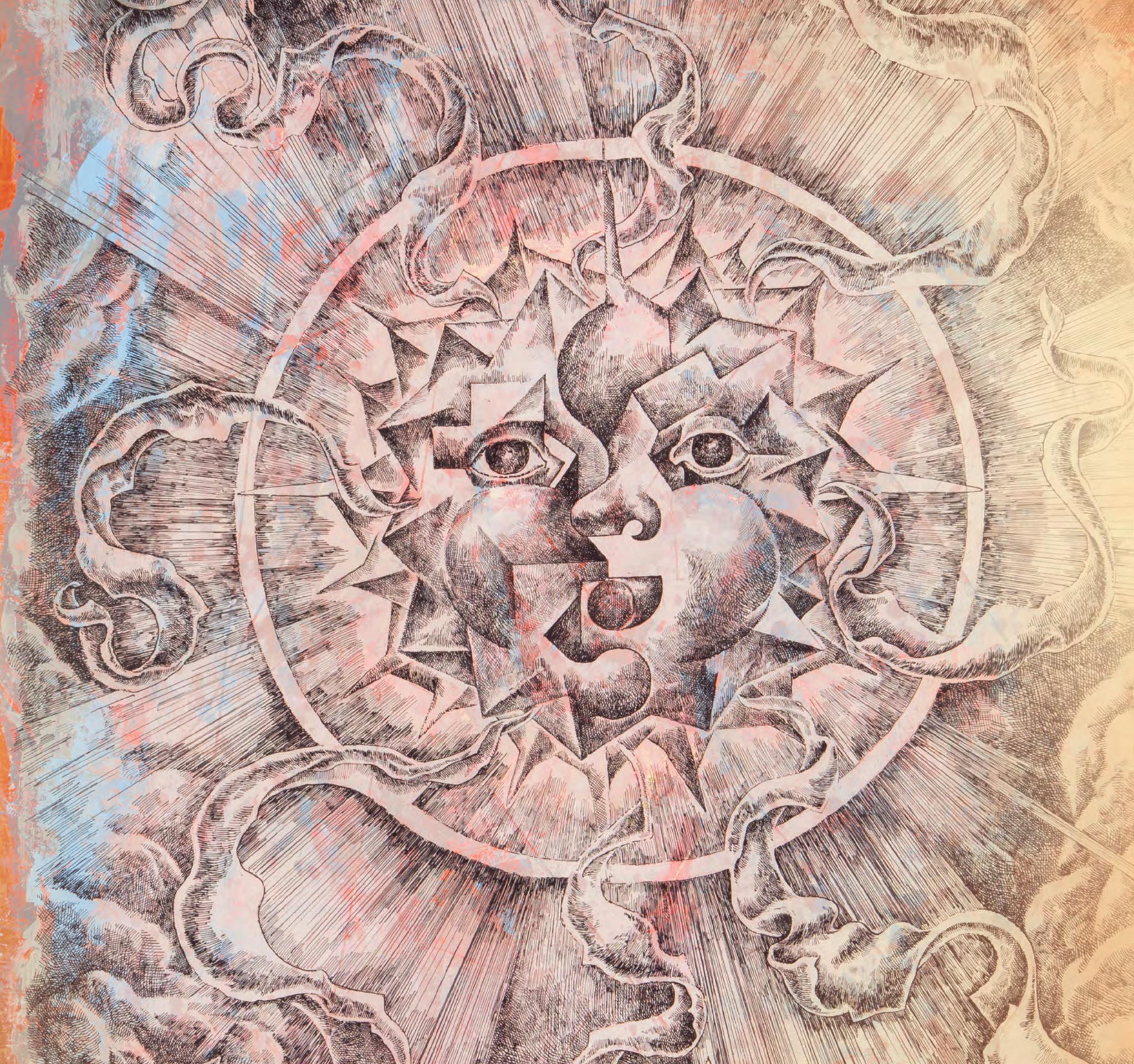


Humbled by the heroic sacrifice, the Sun and the gods carried the rock giant and gently laid it upon the crescent Moon.

*Dahil sa ipinakitang kagitingan ng higante,
hinimlay ng Araw at ng mga diyos ang labi nito sa
kalawit ng Buwan.*



R o d r i g o 2022



The Sun's light blazed once more,
brighter and brighter, until even the
gods had to turn their eyes.

*Muling lumiyab ang Araw, palakas
nang palakas ang liyab, hanggang
maging ang mga diyos ay umiwas
sa liwanag nito.*

When the light finally subsided, the rock giant and the Moon had been woven together, shining in the heavens for all eternity.

You can still see them together today, at night when the moon is full—the rock giant lying softly, as if asleep, on a gently gleaming orb.

Nang humupa ang liwanag, ang higante at ang Buwan ay iisa na, nagniningning sa kalangitan sa buong kawalang-hanggan.

Sa mga gabing bilog ang buwan, makikita mo pa rin silang magkasama ngayon—nakahimlay ang higante, tila mahimbing na umiidlip, sa isang kumikinang na hiyas sa langit.



About the Author

Phoebe De Leon is a full-time Political Science major at the Ateneo de Manila University and part-time power nap enthusiast. When not used to fish for A's on analytical essays and think pieces, Phoebe's writing has landed her recognition in CANVAS PH's Romeo Forbes Storywriting Competition in 2018 and the AAG x KLFI's Essay Writing Prize in 2020, and publication in the Museum of Contemporary Arts and Design Manila's Do It exhibition, among other things.

Moon Rising is Phoebe's first book—a fitting homage to her ancient Greek, moon Titaness namesake.

About the Artist

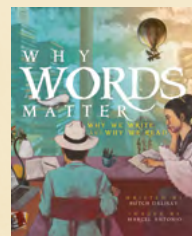
Raoul Ignacio (Iggy) M. Rodriguez was born in Zamboanga City in 1974. He is the youngest of nine children. He took up Fine Arts in University of Santo Tomas in Manila. He often uses pen and ink when creating art but he enjoys exploring different mediums from time to time. He has exhibited his work in several galleries and venues both locally and abroad. In his art, he likes to present society and how man relates to his environment, to others, and to himself. Iggy is currently a full-time visual artist living with his wonderful wife and daughter in Silang, Cavite.

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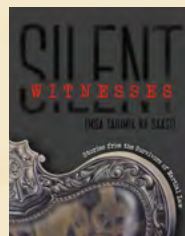
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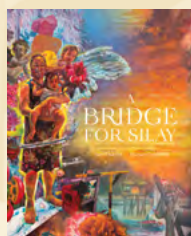


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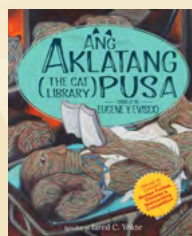


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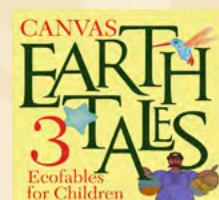


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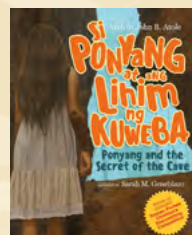
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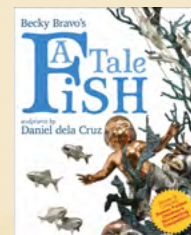
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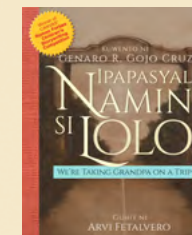
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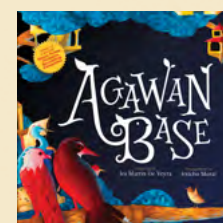


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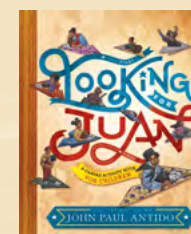
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The moon has not been seen for hundreds of years. And except for the elders and their dwindling followers, the moon-worshippers' belief in the Moon slipped, first into myth and then only into stories that mothers would tell their children to get them to sleep.

One day, as the elders were lighting their evening pyre, a speck of silver light caught the eye of a child. Could it be possible? Where was the pinprick of light coming from?

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