

THERE'S A
RIOT
in my mother's
sewing box



Story by Jenny Orillos
Illustrations by Ryan Arengo



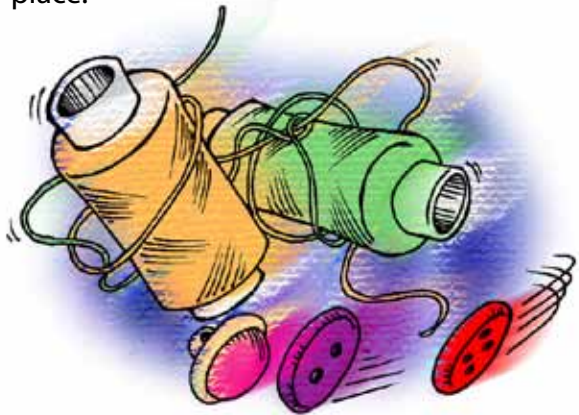
My mother is a seamstress. She sews, cuts, mends and folds all day, to make blouses, dresses, skirts, shorts and pants.

Those who wear them become beautiful and well dressed. She draws, shortens, measures and embroiders, my mother only has a bit of rest. But the houses become colorful with her pillowcases, curtains, tablecloths, and sofa covers



One day, the inside of the sewing box seemed like a marketplace. The scissors and cloth shouted at each other.

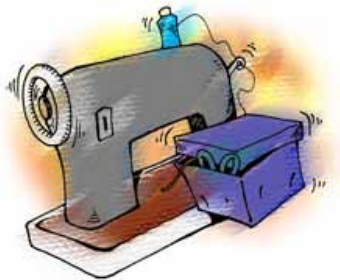
The threads were in knots and tangles.
Buttons wheeled here and there.
The sequins and thimbles were all over the
place.





The zipper and ribbons swept like crazy. In one corner the needle sulked.

Near the sewing box, the sewing machine acted like it was king. All of them wanted to do their own thing. They thought of themselves as if they were prettier and better than the others.



So mother shook the box and held a meeting. She pacified the scissors and fabrics, arranged the thread and buttons, gathered the sequins and the thimble, and asked the needle and sewing machine as well as the zipper and ribbons to calm down. She told them that they had a mission today, a surprise that they need to work on together.





Everybody listened to the plan. The pattern was made, the fabric cut. Mother chose the most colorful ribbons and buttons and the needle, sewing machine, and thread stitched them together. When it was done, everyone was awed at their little surprise-- it was my older brother's birthday polo shirt and my Darna costume!

It rained yellow and green squares in kuya's polo shirt. While the brave yellows and reds played in my famous costume. At this sight, everyone was overjoyed and cried buckets of tears. From then on, there were no more quarrels and mess inside my mother's sewing box. They learned that when they work together, they could create a beautiful masterpiece.

