# What Makes a Family

## Celebrating the Filipino Day of the Dead



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Pedrito and Pipay enter the cemetery and walk alongside a wall of tombs. The smell of chicken adobo wafts towards them.

Pipay sniffs. "Mmmm." Her stomach grumbles.

"Some families have lots," Pedrito hums.

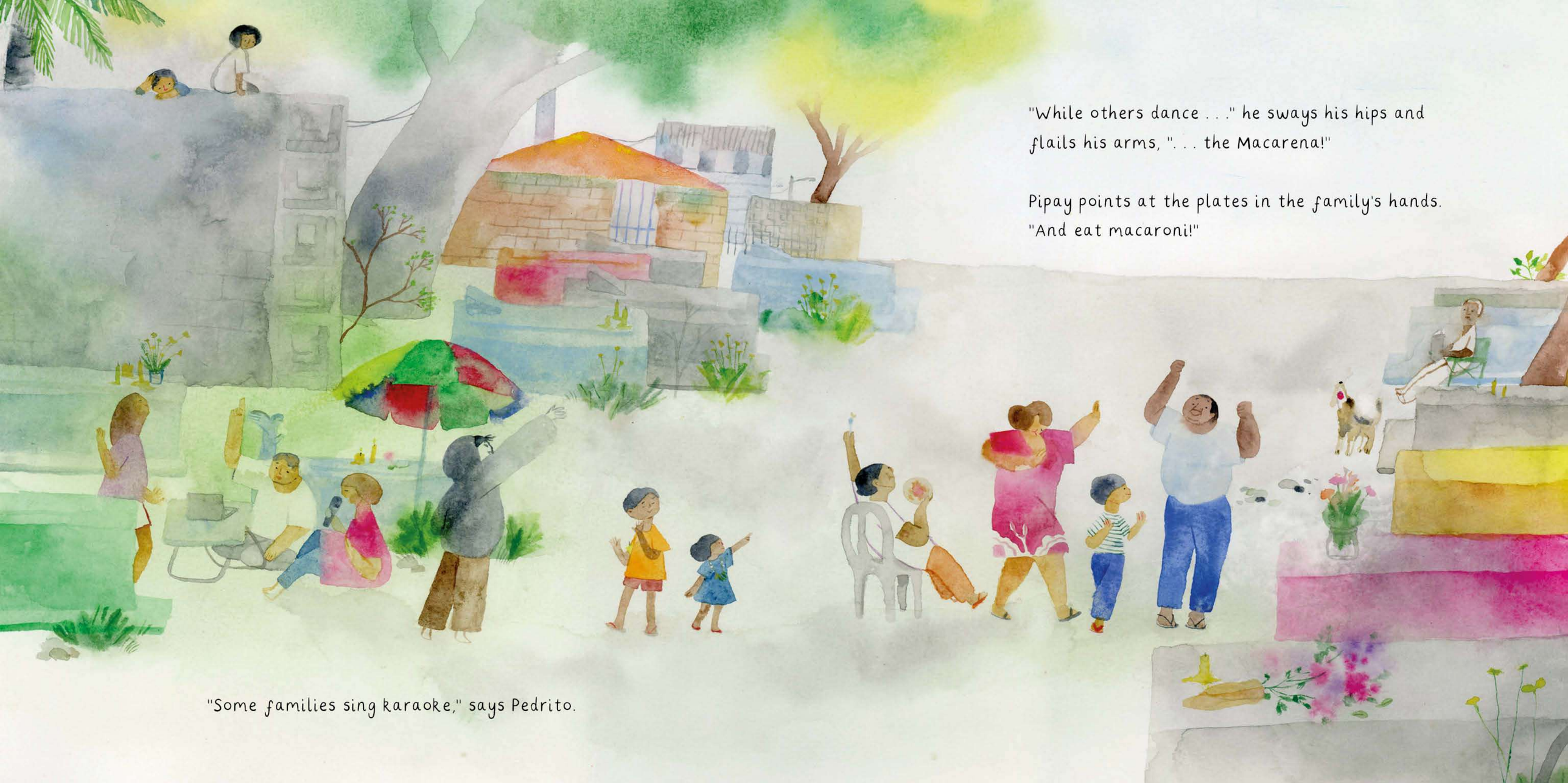
"While some have little."



*ARF! ARF! ARF!*

"Some families have FUUUUUUUURRR!!!" Pedrito yells,
running between the tombs.

"Faster, Pipay, faster!"



"Some families sing karaoke," says Pedrito.

"While others dance . . ." he sways his hips and flails his arms, ". . . the Macarena!"

Pipay points at the plates in the family's hands. "And eat macaroni!"



Hand in hand, Pedrito and Pipay walk until they reach a quiet corner where a giant tree stands, the maya birds sing, and a lonely tomb can be found.

"While some families don't even have one."

Pedrito hangs the sampaguita necklace on their nanay and tatay's gravestone.