

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.

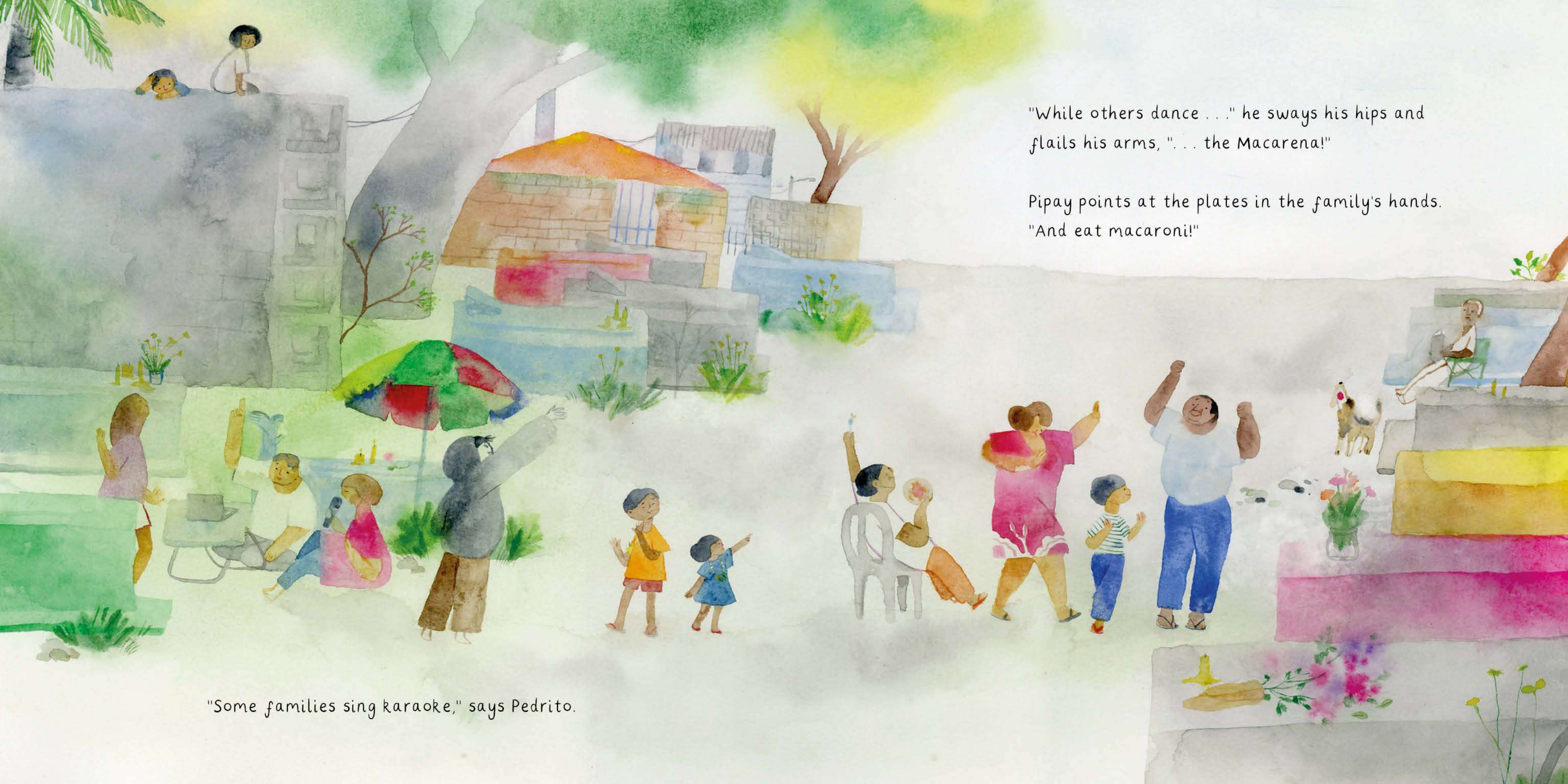
"While some have little."



ARF! ARF! ARF!

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

"Faster, Pipay, faster!"



"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!"

"Some families sing karaoke," says Pedrito.



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.