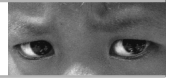


# A Good Boy – The Story



## „A GOOD BOY“ by Monica Ray

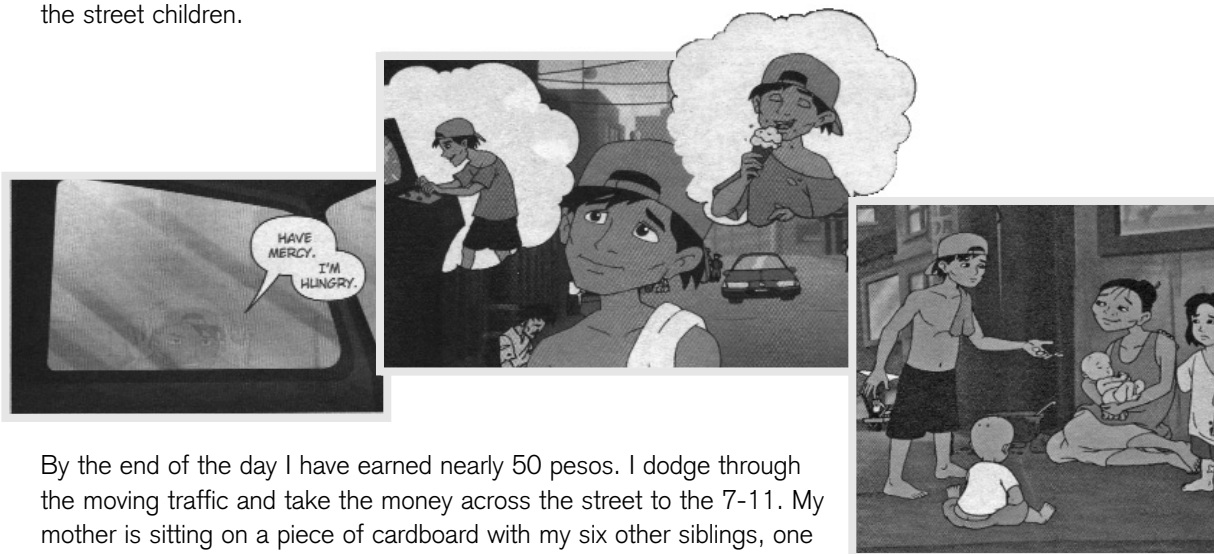
### 1.Scene

The traffic is heavy. Not moving. The air is still, hot and dirty from the exhaust of the endless lanes of cars, trucks, buses and jeepneys. My friends and I are used to it. We stop playing „poks“ and run into congested traffic with our T-shirts flung carelessly over our shoulder or wrapped tightly around the wrists. Weaving and out between the idling vehicles, we put on our saddest and hungriest looks and tap at the car windows with the backs of our scarred knuckles. Most of the drivers ignore us, but some take pity and slip a few pesos out through cracked window. It is harder to beg now, since the major put up these huge billboards everywhere telling people not to give money to the street children.



work sheet

A GOOD BOY



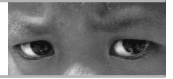
By the end of the day I have earned nearly 50 pesos. I dodge through the moving traffic and take the money across the street to the 7-11. My mother is sitting on a piece of cardboard with my six other siblings, one sucking on her sagging breast.

Dutifully, I hand the money over to her. She tucks it away somewhere on her person and tells me I am a good son. I sit down next to her and watch the legs of people passing by. Occasionally, someone drops a coin or two into the Styrofoam cup sitting in front of us.

Watching the moving traffic, I drift back to the times when we lived at sea, sailing whichever way the wind blew us. We used to make our living from the sea, but over the years the fish became scarce. The big fishing trawlers and the dynamite raped and destroyed the sea. We had no food and no money and the ongoing war with all of the killings forced us to flee. My family decided to go to Manila, where jobs and opportunities were plentiful. At least that is what we believed. We sailed over perilous seas for many days and nights from South Mindanao all the way up to Manila. It was a miracle that we survived. When we arrived in the big city all our hopes were shattered. My parents could not find work. Undereducated, unskilled, unable to speak the language and ignorant to the ways of the city, we were forced to beg for survival. At the age of six, I became the bread winner of the family. Naked and dirty with snot running down my nose, I stood at the corner of the 7-11 store with an outreached hand. Sometimes my mother was with me. Sometimes I was alone. But I always gave her all of my earnings.

When I was seven, I met a kind social worker. She persuaded my parents to put me into a center. They gave me food, clothing, shelter and sent me to school. I was very happy there, but it didn't last very long. After nearly six months in the center, my mother pulled me out. She said I was needed to help make money to support the family. My siblings were still too small to help. So, I was back on the streets begging day and night. Dutifully I gave the money to my mother.

## A Good Boy – The Story



### 2.Scene

When I wasn't begging, I played games with my friends, like sipa and poks. I wasn't so good at sipa, but poks, now that was my game.

One day while playing, a tall man in nice clothes walked up to my friends and I.

„Hey, Joe,“ we called. „What's your name?“

„Hi, I'm Bob,“ he said. „What are your names?“

The other kids didn't answer and kept joking, calling him „Joe“, „Kano“ and „puti“. They could not really talk to him because their English was not very good. I had already learned a lot from the many foreigners hanging around the clubs and bars in Mabini.

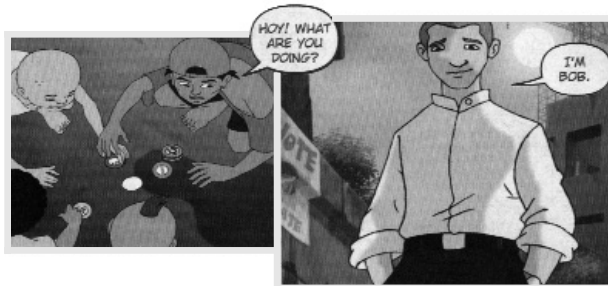
„Hey, that looks like fun?“ said Bob „Can I try?“

„Sure,“ I said. „Here take my poks.“

He was a really lousy player and lost all of them. My friends got a good laugh and all of my poks. Bob shrugged his shoulder and said this game was not for him. Then he pulled out a bundle of notes and handed me 100 pesos.

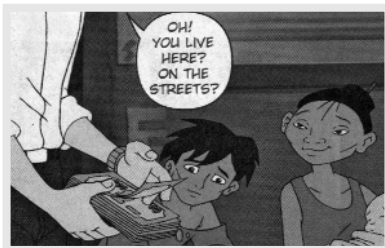
„You are a good kid“, he said. „Here take this and buy yourself some more poks.“

I was elated and thanked him.



work sheet

A Good Boy



„Now who's the loser“, I boasted to my friends.

I ran over to my mother and dutifully gave her the money. She tucked it away somewhere on her person and asked who was the man playing with us.

„His name is Bob. He is rich and he is nice,“ I said watching him walking down the street.

Two days later, as I was playing with my siblings, Bob walked by our cardboard playground. He didn't seem to notice us. I jumped

up and ran over to him calling his name.

„Bob, Bob,“ I shouted.

He didn't recognize me until I asked him if he wanted another game of poks. He laughed, and I invited him to come meet my mother.

„I don't have the time now. I'm in a big hurry,“ he said looking at his gold watch.

„It won't take long,“ I said, eagerly pulling him over to the 7-11 store, where my mother was sitting on a piece of torn cardboard with some of my little brothers.

„This is the man who gave me the hundred pesos the other day“, I explained to my mother, and laughed and joked about the poks game. Bob said that he could not believe that we actually lived on the streets. „Here take this,“ he said handing me another 100 pesos. „You go and buy some food for your family. Look at the time. I really must head off now.“ He said good-bye to us and left.

„Bob's a really nice guy.“ I said to my mother, who nodded agreeably.

About a week later, Bob came to visit us.



## A Good Boy – The Story



„I am going to Pagsanjan on business for a few days, and I would like to invite you to come along for the company”, he said. „Tell your mother I promise to take good care of you and I won't let you get into any kind of trouble.“

As I begged my mother to allow me to go, Bob reached into his pocket and handed her 500 pesos.

„To cover the loss while he is away,“ Bob said smiling. She nodded in consent. I was so happy.

„Meet me at 9:00 sharp at the hotel Paradise. We don't want to be late for the bus.“ he said.

My mother and I beamed as he left. Displaying a toothless smile, she folded the 500 pesos and tucked it away somewhere on her person.

### 3.Scene

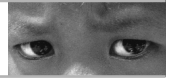
The next morning, I went to the hotel early. It was very beautiful and had air-con. The receptionist wouldn't allow me in, but Bob arrived just in time to meet me. He said I was with him. He put his arm around my shoulder and led me onto the elevator, where we rode all the way up to the fourteenth floor. The elevator was carpeted and there were mirrors on the walls. My reflection showed me how dirty I was and suddenly I felt a little ashamed. The elevator stopped and we got off. On the walls were golden lamps and every door had golden numbers on it. Wow! Bob must be really rich, I thought. Then we came to his room 1407. We entered. There was a great view of the Manila Bay, a huge bed with four, big pillows on it and a really big colour TV. I learned quickly how to use the remote, and I flipped through the channels until I found the cartoons. I could have stayed there all day, but Bob reminded me that we had to get going and suggested that I take a bath before leaving.

The bathroom was also very big and very beautiful with many mirrors. I looked around and smelled the soaps and perfumes, while Bob ran hot water into the bathtub. He put in some green shampoo and lots of bubbles grew.



„Wow! I've never had a bath before. I said excited. Quickly, I jumped out of my rags and into the frothing tub. It felt great being totally immersed in a bath full of bubbles. While I bathed Bob picked up the dirty clothes and closed the door behind him. When I finished, I wrapped myself in one of the thick white towels he had laid out for me. It was so big that it dragged to the floor. I walked out of the bathroom stumbling as I went.

## A Good Boy – The Story



work sheet

A Good Boy

„Look at you.“ Bob laughed. „You still have soap bubbles sitting on the top of your head. Come here,“ he said, as he reached for the towel and unwrapped it from around me. Embarrassed, I quickly covered myself with my hands.

Bob looked at me and said: „We are both men, right? So it is o.k.“ Then I relaxed a little and let him dry me off with the towel. Afterwards, he asked me to close my eyes.

„What’s going on?“ I asked curiously.

„Just keep them closed until I tell you to open them,“ he said. When he was ready, I opened my eyes and saw a stack of beautiful wrapped presents lying on the bed.

„They’re for you“ Bob said.

Forgetting my shyness, I dashed naked onto the bed and began to rip open the packages.

„If you’re a good boy on our trip, then I would have a really big surprise for you when we get back to Manila,“ said Bob.



„I promised to be really good,“ I said to him trying on the Chicago bulls baseball cap. I got some shirts, shorts underwear, socks, a cool pair of Nike sneakers, a Swatch watch, and a Hello Kitty backpack.

„Thanks Bob!“ I said gleaming.

He looked at me and smiled. „Get dressed. We’ll be late for the bus.“

We headed southeast out of Manila to Pagsanjan. It was a wonderful and scenic bus ride. We arrived there around noon time, had lunch, then

checked into our hotel room. Bob changed into his swimming trunks, I didn’t have any. He said that children here didn’t need to wear anything.

I felt very shy when we went out of the poolside, but I remembered my promise. There were many „puti“ men and young boys. Like me, none of the boys wore any clothes. They were all naked. They were playing and swimming and didn’t seem to be shy. Some of the boys sat on the laps of the men drinking Sprite or Coke.

Bob told me to run around and play, but my nakedness still made me feel shy. Finally, I mustered up my courage and did a cannon ball into the pool. Bob took a seat at the bar and started talking to some of the men. It was almost night when he called me out of the water. I was shivering and cold. Bob took the big white towel that was next to him and dried me off with it. Then he flipped me up over his shoulders and on to his back. We galloped all the way back to the hotel room. In the room, he dropped me playfully on the big bed, we had a pillow fight and fell down laughing together. He kissed my cheek and stroked my face with the back of his hand. Then he asked me if I remembered the surprise he promised me, if I were a really good boy?

I was a really good boy and waiting for me in Bob’s hotel room when we got back to Manila was a beautiful shiny red bicycle. Bob took me and the bike back to my mother. He gave her 2000 pesos. She took the money, smiled her toothless smile and tucked it away somewhere on her person. Then Bob told my mother we wouldn’t have to live on the street anymore. He said that he and his friends would send me and my siblings to school, if I continued to be a good boy. Bob left and we waved good-bye to him. What I did with Bob in Pagsanjan and the many friends who came after him was never spoken of. My siblings and I all attend school and we have our own little house with a TV and a karaoke. I am a good boy and dutiful son.



From: A good boy. A Story of Pedophilia. Ed. By Ralph Rodschat. Stairway Foundation 2005.  
[www.anivavocacy.org](http://www.anivavocacy.org).

## A Good Boy – The Story



work sheet

A Good Boy

Zu der Kurzgeschichte von Monica Ray produzierte ihr Mann Lars Jørgensen einen gleichnamigen Film: „A good Boy“ (erhältlich auf DVD bei der Kindernothilfe Österreich). Das Ehepaar gründete 1988 die Stairway Foundation auf den Philippinen, ein Rehabilitationsprogramm für Straßenkinder. Auf der Insel Mindoro, rund 120 Kilometer südlich von Manila, betreuen sie Straßenkinder, die Opfer von häuslicher Gewalt und sexuellem Missbrauch (auch durch Sextourismus) wurden. Die Stairway Foundation ist eine Partnerorganisation der Kindernothilfe.

Lars Jørgensen schreibt uns dazu:

„Für unser Ziel, gefährdete Kinder zu schützen, müssen wir das Thema mit effektiven und innovativen Mitteln ansprechen. Der Zeichentrickfilm „A good Boy“ ist ein wirksames Instrument um Kinder und Jugendliche zu befähigen, sich gegen Pädophilie zur Wehr zu setzen. Der Film überwindet sprachliche und kulturelle Grenzen und spricht die jungen Menschen direkt an, ohne zu bedrohen oder zu verletzen. Wir hoffen, dass der Film Hilfe für Betroffene sein kann, aber auch Inspiration für alle, die sich weltweit gemeinsam gegen die kommerzielle sexuelle Ausbeutung von Kindern einsetzen.“