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The Story of Tricia and Matt

1. Adverb _____
2. Noun _____
3. Adjective _____
4. Noun _____

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Long ago when the Spanish _____Adverb_____ ruled the island of Guam, an event happened which brought deep sorrow to a powerful family and reminded the Spaniards, of fierce pride, that one should never fail to listen to the human heart.

In old Agana, there lived a proud family. The _____Noun_____ was a _____Adjective_____ aristocrat and the mother was a Chamorro of noble blood. Although the land they owned and the position they held were reason enough for thier dignity and pride, their finest possession was their only daughter. She had the kind of beauty which is seldom seen. She was more than beautiful, for her modesty was so genuine and her charm so natural that her beauty shone outward to all around her. She was sought after by boys and men, and although she smiled on all, young and old, ugly and handsome, her innocence protected her from misunderstanding and harm.

One day, a self-assured _____Noun_____, three times her age, came to court her. As a captain in the service of the King of Spain, he was well recieved

by the girl's ambitious father, who was flattered that a grandee would pay his daughter so much honor. From the first visit, the opinionated father decided that the captain would be his daughter's husband.

However, the daughter in no way encouraged the suitor, and the vain captain did not seem conscious that she could have no interest in him. Sure of himself, he pressed his courtship, certain that she could not resist him for long.

When the father saw that she continued to hold off the captain with cool courtesy, he made it clear to his daughter that he intended to marry her off to the grandee. Lowering her eyes in respect and humility, she said nothing. But her father's unloving sterness pained her deeply. When he told her that he knew what was best for her future, she wanted to please him and abide by his wishes, but her womanly instinct compelled her to confess, "I feel nothing for the good captain." The father, annoyed, reminded her of her duty to her parents. Meekly she asked, "I already have one good father. Do I need another

in so old a husband?"

The father, angered because she had questioned his judgement, warned her that she should obey or he would send her away from her home forever to learn the meaning of obedience in a convent in distant Spain. Crying, she ran to her mother who told her daughter she must resign herself to her father's will. Felling wretched, the girl wandered along the shore as the sea soothed her with it's silence and peace.

The girl wanted to be a good daughter and was frightened at the thought of being sent away from her beloved island for the rest of her life. She was torn, too, by a yearning to be married to a boy of her own choosing. A man who would make their life together a lovely dream. But she had beheld him only in her heart. Alone and unhappy, she wandered on the high peninsula overlooking Tumon Bay, the vast ocean thrashing below. There, against the setting sun, sat a young man, lost in his own solitary thoughts. His gentle eyes seemed to be studying a lonely star, asking it what life should be. She saw that he, too, was seeking.

She felt as if she had found the boy of her dreams.

When he became aware of her gaze upon him, he turned toward her. He awed by her beauty, and she sensed that he, somehow, felt her sadness and yearning.

He got up and slowly came to her. His hand touched her shoulder to comfort her, and she knew then that he would always understand. Before the last rays of the sun vanished and the night stars fully appeared, they learned the meaning of love.

That evening the girl returned home. She now had a real reason for resisting the captain's unwanted advances. However, that night the officer, dazzled by the new flush in her cheeks, grew more persistent and ardent than even before. His words, so clever and grandiloquent at dinner, became empty and unkind when, in the hallway, she fled his hot embrace. His impatience and anger showed that he did not know what true gentleness was.

Alone

in her room, the bright girl realized that the captain wanted

her as he did the fine horse he rode on festive days. With a sinking

heart, she saw that her father was giving her away like a piece of

land to a vain, powerful man to gain hisfavor at court. While she

reasoned this, the captain downstairs decided to force the issue

before he left. He demanded the girl's hand in marriage and the

father willingly consented. At once he summoned the girl from her

bed to announce his decision. His daughter's crestfallen face went

pale. He patted her, assuring the girl she would be happy and her

future would be secured.

She would have yeilded to tears, but her pride made her dare to tell

the truth in true Castilian style.

"I do not--I do not love the captain. I cannot--I shall never be his

wife."

Emabarrased and furious at his daughter's disobedience, he ordered,

"You CAN--and you SHALL."

She would learn to kiss his hand in respect and reverence. The weeping

girl,

humiliated by her father's command, ran upstairs to her mother and told her what had happened. the mother, a dutiful wife who had learned early to bow to her husband's will, if not to his wisdom, tried to convince her daughter all would be well.

"You will love the captain one day--out of love for your mother and father," her mother said.

Between tears of joy, the girl admitted to her mother that she had fallen in love with the boy she had met that evening on the heights. The mother shook her head at the news while she rocked her child in her arms, but she bowed to her daughters's passion. She would tell her husband that his daughter was in love with a young fisherman who could read the stars.

The mother went at once, but the haughty father forbade her to speak women's nonsense. Besides, how could he go back on his word to the grandee now? He would never permit his daughter, greatest prize of all his possessions, to waste her life on a poor nobody. Hesitantly, the mother went back and told her daughter what the father had said.

the next morning the father announced the date of the marriage feast to his silent child. As she listened to her father's practical reasons for the match, she understood for the first time the Spanish way--the cruelty in it's greatness, the heartlessness in it's empire, and the pride and the resignation it demanded. Before it's great, dark power over her tiny life, she felt small and lost.

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