

We jumped from the Jeepney as I'd seen that  
and lumbered to film this lovely scene.

▼ The sun was setting across Manila Bay. Aida & I sat on the harbour wall bathed in the warm orange glow as it dropped towards the sea. ~~At~~ Silhouetted in the path of golden light, a fisherman went about his business, precariously perched on ~~the~~ his double outrigger canoe. The otherships in the bay swung <sup>gently</sup> on their anchors and gradually turned on their deck lights. The little outrigger canoe of the fisherman slowly peddled towards us as it got dark once the sun had disappeared. He tied the painter to a nearby rock ~~under~~ <sup>to</sup> the wall on which we sat. The canoe was <sup>only</sup> about a foot wide and he was perched with one foot on the hip of each of the sides of the little craft. A small wizened man with skinny little legs and a ~~hat~~ dressed in very tattered shorts and tee shirt. He climbed up a few feet of rocks into his home. Home was part to where we sat, a piece of ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> canvas stretched like one wall of a tent away from the top of the harbour wall and was fastened to some rocks a few feet below. It was open at both ends and we were able to peer inside his home, a wooden board on which he ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~sepr~~ <sup>sepr</sup> precariously laid across the rocks which were supporting the harbour wall.

Aida spoke to him and he confirmed that this makeshift semi-tent was his home where he lived alone, shared only with the cockroaches and a half-spurred cat. We gave him the only food we carried and he accepted our small gift with pleasure and a lovely smile, which with the gleam in his eyes brought



## The Man by Manila Bay

We jumped from the Jeepney as I'd seen that the sun was setting across Manila Bay and I wanted to film this lovely scene. Aida and I sat on the harbour wall bathed in the warm orange glow as it dropped towards the sea.

Silhouetted in the path of golden light a fisherman went about his business, precariously perched on his double outrigger canoe. The other ships in the bay swung gently on their anchors and gradually turned on their deck lights. The little outrigger canoe of the fisherman slowly paddled towards us as it got dark as the sun had disappeared. He tied the painter to a nearby rock below the wall on which we sat. The canoe was only about a foot wide and he was perched with one foot on the top of each of the sides of the little craft. A small wizened man with skinny little legs dressed in very tattered shorts and tee shirt.

He climbed up a few feet of rocks into his home. Home was next to where we sat, a piece of old canvas stretched like one wall of a tent away from the top of the harbour wall and was fastened to some rocks a few feet below. It was open at both ends and we were able to peer inside his home, a wooden board on which he slept precariously laid across the rocks which were supporting the harbour wall.

Aida spoke to him and confirmed that this makeshift semi-tent was his home where he lived alone, shared only with the cockroaches and a half-starved cat. We gave him the only food we carried and he accepted our small gift with pleasure and a lovely smile, which, with the gleam in his eyes brought his face alive.