The young child were only a 1-shirt. 17 um fourtain adjacent to the total munds deptering the biston of the Philippine people on the wells along the biston of the people on the wells along the people who line in the park: Pizyl Park faces are spread out under the trees and a minito built for community of homeless families and single people in formed alongrap the vendors who washing done in plastic bowls before and here today or only available line, banch or past. Children curt up to steep restled against each other, sometimen on cardboard sheets on the perements of the city. on the parements men play to board games take draughts using the crinitles coke bottle tops as counters or peoples. Coffee in brewed in the morning an the little spirit stores on the parent. And evenuale there are Japanese towns. often in some sort of uniform to identify their arous often in large family droups, they seem to solow you even when - with me exception. They so soon seem to nide in Japprey's Not that I can blane them. A Japprey ride in a challenge in survival. The yearder are often as donarrows as the deriver and if they don't get you than the pollution surely will. People ride in Japprey and white chings to their rosses with an authorized the other. An expensive the Jupanese bowing seem to mis out of their

Rizal Park

The young child wore only a tee-shirt. Mum was doing the washing in the pool surrounding the fountain adjacent to the murals depicting the history of the Philippine people on the walls along Roxas Boulevard. She was just one of many of the people who live in the park. Rizal Park takes on a new life as darkness falls. Plastic sheets are spread out under the trees and a mini-community of homeless families and single people is formed alongside the vendors who trade 24 hours / day. Meals are cooked on spirit stoves, washing done in plastic bowls and hung to dry on any available line, branch or post.

Children curl up to sleep nestled against each other, sometimes on cardboard sheets on the pavements of the city. On the pavements, men play board games like draughts using the crinkled cock bottle tops as counters or pieces. Coffee is brewed in the morning on the little spirit stoves on the pavement.

Everywhere there are Japanese tourists, often in some sort of uniform to identify their groups, often in large family groups, they seem to follow you everywhere – with one exception – They do not seem to ride in jeepneys. Not that I can blame them! A jeepney ride is a challenge in survival. The vehicles are often as dangerous as the driver and if they don't get you, then the pollution surely will. People ride in jeepneys clutching handkerchiefs to their noses with one hand whilst clinging on with the other. An experience the Japanese tourists seem to miss out of their itinerary.