

The young child were only a T-shirt. Mum was doing the washing in the pool surrounding the fountain adjacent to the ~~historic~~ murals depicting the history of the Philippine people on the walls along Roxas Boulevard. She was just one of many of the people who line 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 is built~~ for community of homeless families and single people is formed alongside the vendors who trade 24 hrs/day. Meats are cooked on spirit stoves, washing done in plastic bowls ~~below~~ and hung today in 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 ~~on~~ board games like draughts using the crinkled coke bottle tops as counters or pieces. Coffee is brewed in the morning on the little spirit stoves on the pavement.

And 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 expensive the Japanese tourists seem to miss out of their itinerary.

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.

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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.