

# reflections, observations, insights (ROI)

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Instructions: Maintain a small notebook to jot down **reflections, observations, insights (ROI)**, regarding your field work. Note down questions you may want to ask your informant (s). This will help you when you write your final output for the term. While field notes need not be submitted, it is wise to keep your field notes in case you need to provide an audit trail for your research. Good luck!

Field Notes - Iligan

June 06

Our Batch Head backed out of the Field School due to a family emergency. I was designated as the temporary Batch Head until elections are held. ~~I don't even want to go. I don't want to be Batch Head, even a temporary one.~~

~~All packed.~~

~~Still don't want to go.~~

~~Had my field work all planned out in the historic Meycauayan market. Got approval, too. Then, last minute, Dept. Chair (DC) pulls out the rule book – all field researchers must be accompanied and supervised by faculty. Permission to do field work in Meycauayan, revoked.~~

~~Air fare, accommodations, pocket money. Everything cost too much.~~

~~Shut up and just show up. Get this over with and graduate. Find work. Travel abroad?~~

~~Field work is required for graduation. Department says, field work must be supervised. No choice, really.~~

~~Iligan, here I come. Googled it: Iligan City is one hour away from Marawi. Does anybody care that we are going to a war zone? Iligan is under Martial Law (ML). Why was this fieldwork approved?~~

~~I hate this.~~

~~Left Terminal 3 on the 9:20 pm flight to CDO First airplane ride. Ascent and descent hurt my ears. Note to self: Buy chewing gum for the plane ride home.~~

~~Arrived Laguindingan Airport, 11:00 pm. Too dark to see anything . Note: Laguindingan Airport services both CDO and Iligan cities and is equidistant from both (about an hour's ride). CDO, capital of Misamis Oriental. Iligan, capital of Misamis Occidental? Googled it: Oroquieta City, capital of Misamis Occidental. What is Iligan? Chartered city? What's the diff?~~

~~God, I hate this.~~

~~Field Director (FD) hired a van to take us to Iligan City. I hate the Field Director. He's always passing on work to me. I'm not getting paid, he is, but I do the work. Get me out of here.~~

~~Field Director comparing prices for the van. We fit in one van. The driver wanted to know if we were going to Marawi. He said he could take us to Marawi – why the hell would we want to go to Marawi in the dead of night? Marawi is a ghost town.~~

~~FD said: "Ha, he probably thought we were tourists."~~

~~Again, would tourists go to Marawi in the dead of night? Best not to tell Mama about this.~~

Passed five military checkpoints. ~~Don't tell Mama this, either.~~

At each checkpoint, the driver turned on all the lights in the van. Rolled down all the windows. Soldiers flashed a light at us. Lucky, only the driver and the FD were male. The police (?) or the military (?) Can't tell the difference. They waved us through.

~~Oh, God. If we were raped by the soldiers or police or whatever they were, the driver would not lift a finger to help us. Oh, God, neither will the FD.~~

~~Get me out of here. Bad feeling about this.~~

Arrived at Inahan sa Kinabuhi Retreat house. No air con, no dinner.

I AM IN ONE PIECE.

Glad I bought food at Terminal 3.

Too dark to see anything. Too tired to care.

I am in one piece.

~~I still hate it, but I am in one piece.~~

Text Mama: Arrived. Safe. In 1 pc. Sleepy. Talk tom. G'night.

June 07

Nuns banged the breakfast gong at 6:00 a.m. or was it for prayers? ~~So much for sleeping in. Scraped myself from my bed.~~ Breakfast is served only until 8:00 a.m.

Food was okay. Portions too small. ~~Hope I lose some weight — one good thing that may happen to me here.~~

FD said we could go back to bed. Orientation at 11:00 am to talk about rules for the Retreat House (curfew is at 10pm). We will go out for lunch everyday (nuns don't serve lunch). Then, we will go to the market to find possible things to research on.

Wanted to go back to bed after breakfast, but everyone was up and about – could not get any more sleep.

Note to self: Buy thumbtacks to put curtains around my bunk for privacy.

Get used to taking showers at night to avoid long lines in the morning.

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Orientation for field work: There is a call for papers. Theme: Food ethnography. Goal: Submit our papers and hope to get chosen for the conference in November.

ALL FIRED UP!

FD's parting words: Wear your batch shirt, not your UP shirt. Leave your UP ID in the dorm.

Why?

~~No one wants to say it.~~

~~Fieldwork in Iligan during ML is a bad idea.~~

~~The area wouldn't be under ML if there was no danger, would it?~~

—

THINK POSITIVE.

—

Mama replied: Wrote to your Dept. Chair. Expressed my concerns about sending students in a Martial Law area.

News headline I don't want Mama to read: ~~UPD students missing, feared dead in market bomb blast. Or, UP students missing, taken by armed men at gunpoint.~~

Couldn't we have gone to some other market closer to home?

Did we need to fly all the way to Mindanao to do this field work?

Doesn't anyone care that it is ML here?

ML was declared because there was an emergency, right?

~~Marawi was leveled. Besieged and leveled.~~

~~Doesn't "war zone" ring alarm bells?~~

~~We shouldn't be here.~~

—

Mama called. Had I settled in? I promised to take pictures of the dorm. I promised to take pictures of birds (there was a reddish brown bird in the tree by the stairs in the back).

~~Come get me, Mama. I don't want to be here.~~

Yes, Mama, of course, I will buy you some batik if I find some in the market.

—

THINK POSITIVE.

—

Had Lechon Iligan – not bad. Lechon place is walking distance from Inahan.

Took a brochure. They deliver (Yehey! Positive thinking worked.).

Took a picture of the Lechon brochure. Sent it to Mama on Messenger.

Semblance of normalcy.

Sent Mama photos of the shitzus at Inahan – they looked like floor mops.

Mama's reply: Aw, cute. Bring one of them home in your suitcase. Hahaha.

Send pictures to Mama so she doesn't worry. If she doesn't worry, she won't call. If she doesn't call, she won't hear the worry in my voice. I won't hear the worry in her voice.

~~Does her worry feed my worry and vice versa?~~

~~Everything seems normal here, even if it is ML.~~

~~Maybe I'm biased. Being from UP, I was taught to be suspicious of the police and the military (P/M, nah, can't tell them apart, they all wear fatigues, here). No to militarization!~~

THINK POSITIVE.

- ~~• ML is only "bad" for communists and rebels. I am not a communist or a rebel. I should be okay.~~
- ~~• RA 1700 has been repealed, right? We cannot be jailed for just believing in communism, right?~~
- ~~• I cannot be arrested or detained simply for being from UP, right?~~
- ~~• Even during ML, I'd have to commit a crime to be stopped, questioned, or detained, right?~~
- ~~• For crying out loud, I was raised Bible Baptist – you don't get more reactionary or right-wing than that. I have lawyers for parents, you don't get more conservative than that, right?~~

CALM DOWN.

Calm down.

June 09

Went to the PMVR (Pala-o Market Vendors' Relocation). Temporary market site, next to the bus terminal. The old market is being renovated/rebuilt. Bus terminal was air conditioned. Market was not. The market is makeshift. Hollow blocks showing – no palitada. Hollow block walls about 3-4 ft in height, cyclone wire fencing on top. Flooring, cement. Individual stalls, cemented. Each stall closed off by wooden planks. Others just put tarpaulin over their merchandise. No difference from other markets in the Philippines. Nothing interesting there. No batik I saw. No souvenirs here. This is a market for locals (not like Baguio Market – ~~loved the field school there last year. Wish I was in Baguio right now. Ube jam.~~)

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~~Police in camouflage fatigues, everywhere. There are more P/M per square meter than there are Muslims in hijab – confirmation bias?~~

~~No bulging tummies on police officers around here. Maybe I can write about the eating habits of police officers during Martial Law.~~

~~Never seen P/M officers smile, ever, except here. Never heard P/M greet me “good morning” before.~~

~~Some don't have long firearms. Some don't have firearms at all. They have radios.~~

~~Just police visibility to prevent crime?~~

~~Is this what ML looks like? What ML could be, should be?~~

~~Even Mama said, Martial Law in '72, at first, was good, streets were safe to walk in, etc.~~

~~I mean, if ML only meant that police officers are doing their job, serving and protecting, that's not such a bad idea, is it?~~

—

FD's Instructions: Observe. Look for something that catches your eye and your curiosity.

Saw an old lady selling brown strips of cloth. Went closer. Not strips of brown cloth. Dried leaves, about the length of my arm. Lady said, tobacco leaves. Asked permission to smell the leaves and touch them. Texture like cloth. Smelled like cigarettes, but lighter, not heavy smell. Found my informant. Found my research topic: tobacco.

Nagging question: Is tobacco "food"? Can I do my food ethnography on tobacco?

June 10

Is tobacco "food"? Ask FD if tobacco is okay. (~~Am I paranoid? Is FD avoiding me?~~) As usual, ~~FD didn't answer me~~: FD posed the question to me: Do you think tobacco is food? Can you justify it as "food"?

What do I know about tobacco?

- Filipinos were forced to plant, grow, and raise tobacco during the Spanish Colonial period.
- Cash crop for the Galleon Trade.
- Filipinos were not allowed to sell tobacco leaves, all tobacco harvest were for sale to the Spanish colonial government.
- Most tobacco farms were in Luzon, not in Mindanao. How did tobacco get here to Mindanao?

Curiosity, caught.

BUT, IS TOBACCO "FOOD"?

—

Sakurab.



What is sakurab? Looks like pickle relish. Burned a hole on my tongue. Maranaos and Tausugs use them with their food the way we use fish sauce or soy sauce. Group 2 already took sakurab as their topic.

Does eating spicy food create a disposition to war? Legitimate question, no?

- All peoples in Southeast Asia except the Philippines, love really spicy food.
- All other peoples in Southeast Asia threw off colonization.
- The Maranaos and Tausugs, love spicy food. They were never colonized, not by the Spaniards, not by the Americans – they really love spicy food. They are trying to secede from the rest of the Philippines. But what about the people in Bicol?
- All other Southeast Asian peoples fought bloody revolutions for their freedom, and won:
  - Take Vietnam: fought the French, fought the Americans. They love spicy food.
  - Take the Indonesians: Didn't they fight the Portuguese and then fought the Dutch? They love spicy food, too.
- Filipinos fought the Spanish, fought the Americans but then, later, assimilated as brown Americans. Answer: Not enough Filipinos love spicy food. Not enough heat in their blood to sustain war.

Bring sakurab as pasalubong for Mama. She's high strung enough, without sakurab. Hahaha. If Mama eats sakurab, will she go ballistic? Hahaha.

June 11

Only 30 days until July 10, last day of class in Diliman. Time cannot fly fast enough.

If I finish my data gathering and first draft, can I go home early? Can't I go home ahead of the others if they haven't finished their drafts? Should I ask FD?

Classes end July 10. Why can't I go home on July 10? Why do I have to stay here until July 26?

~~Bored, actually. We can't go out and explore. FD: This is not an excursion. We always travel in groups and we only EVER go to PMVR. Bored, bored, bored. Of all things I thought ML would be, boring was not one of them. ML is boring.~~

Text from Mama: Wrote to the Dept. Chair. Why will the field school end on July 26 when classes for the mid-year term end on July 10?

~~My sentiments, exactly:~~

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Went grocery shopping for toiletries and supplies at the Robinson's. People here actually cross the street on the pedestrian lanes. So organized, so disciplined.

~~Wish Manila was a little disciplined. They're probably disciplined because of the P/M in full battle gear everywhere. I even cross on designated pedestrian lanes here.~~

~~Two by two, P/M stroll in the mall, browse the shelves. They smile. They nod. They greet me good morning. They window shop. They eat turon. Could this really be ML?~~

Saw one P/M buying turon at the grocery. He paid for his turon.

Why do P/M here in Iligan smile and say "Good morning?"

What did Mama used to say was the motto during Martial Law? "Sa ika-unlad ng bayan, disiplina ang kailangan."

The P/M in Iligan have discipline. Manila P/M could use some discipline.

Discipline is not all that bad.

I need discipline to finish this field work, don't I?

June 12

New plan: FD says, data gathering from 9am-2pm. Be home by 4pm. FD

says: This is work, not play.

~~Yeah, sure. We work. You went home. FD has relatives in Iligan. How convenient. Cable and Netflix, I bet. Grrrr...~~

~~Asked FD, again, if tobacco is "food". Don't want to do my research on tobacco and then for my paper to be excluded because tobacco is not food. I don't need an INC (incomplete) or a 5 (Failing mark) on this field work or I'd have to do field work all over again next June.~~

FD's non-answer: "How can you justify it as food?"

~~Don't think FD likes me much. Not that I care. The feelings are mutual. Could hurt my grade, though. Delay my graduation. Graduation delayed is graduation denied. Mama will have to pay tuition if I am delayed. Won't hurt to get along with FD.~~

—

Informant #1: Nanay Lilia (NL), 62 years old. We spoke with Nanay Lilia first. Not the talkative type. She liked to go around the market with her bilao tied at her waist. Her stall neighbor, Nanay Zeny came late to market. She is always late. She comes at 10 am. Nanay Zeny is more willing, more accommodating. She answered our questions, told us stories.

Informant #2: Nanay Zeny (NZ), 67 years old. Willing to talk to us. Willing for us to hang out near her stall. The group decided on Nanay Zeny as our primary informant. She is petite, but she is strong. Saw her haul tobacco in a sack as big as half a cavan of rice.

NZ sold two tobacco leaves the whole time we were there. How can that be a living? Maybe today is a slow day. Maybe she has better sales on other days. Found something unique: puto maya – like biko, less sweet, no, semi-sweet.

Chewy glutinous rice. Paired with sikwate (tablea). Small joys. If tobacco doesn't pan out, I will do an ethnography on puto maya. Took a pic, posted on Messenger for Mama.

~~See, Mama? It is possible to live and work under ML. Didn't you live and work under ML, too?~~

~~Life is normal, even with ML, as long as there is puto maya and sikwate.~~

June 13

NZ has sold tobacco since she got married. Her husband's family has a tobacco farm. She still sells tobacco but she no longer sources her tobacco from her husband's family's farm because her husband died. The farm belongs to the family, no individual ownership of farm land. NZ went back to her own family's farm. They raise dragon fruit and falcata trees, very little money for everyday expenses, so she sells tobacco in between planting and harvesting. Daughter manages the farm. NZ sells tobacco.

Explore: Gender roles in farming work, women farmers pulling double burden (look for related studies).

Eureka! NZ showed me how to roll tobacco.

1. Flatten the leaf on a surface (the thigh will do if there's no table top).
2. Not too tight or there will not be space for air to flow through and ember will be extinguished.
3. Rolled tobacco leaf cannot be held in the web between the middle and index fingers like a cigarette (too short).
4. Must be held between thumb and forefinger (like a stick of marijuana).

I inhaled but held the smoke in my mouth only (groupmates inhaled all the way to their lungs – coughed like crazy). Tobacco smells good when lit. Sweet, like burning leaves in the backyard.

Nanay Zeny says, “Hindi nakaka-cancer ang tobacco. Sigarilyo, nakaka-cancer.” Probed her health belief. She has suki. They are in their 80s. Still smoking tobacco. She says tobacco leaf, not artificial. No chemicals added. Google this: Do manufacturers add chemicals to cigarettes? (~~Asked Mama, she used to smoke in college, hahaha.~~) Confirmed: They put ammonia to make it more addictive. Well, what do you know? Native folk beliefs have a basis.

Hang on, why am I surprised? Just because people are not educated does not mean they are dumb.

Did she choose to sell tobacco because the opportunity presented itself and the need for money arose? Was it her choice? Personal agency? Or, making the best of a bad situation (she did not finish school).

She also said (hahaha, FD, I got you now) that some Maranaos chewed tobacco instead of smoking it. — — This is how tobacco can be “food”. Ha!

After 3 days of data gathering, my group met and discussed how we will divvy up the work. The paper will be in three parts: material, cultural and social anthro.

Eenie, meenie, minie, moe. I get the social anthro.

Good.

Great.

—

At the market today, a group of tourists bought malong. One complained that they won't see Maria Christina Falls because of a red alert. No one was let in.

Made sense. Maria Christina Falls was not just a tourist attraction, it's also a hydroelectric power plant. It supplied Iligan's electricity. It made sense that rebels would want to destroy the power plant. It made sense for the P/M to protect it. ~~ML makes sense this way:~~

Sucks for the tourists, though.

I hope on our free day (soon) it won't be red alert. I want to see Maria Christina Falls . If not Maria Christina, there are 23 other waterfalls. I'm sure we'll be able to see at least one of them.

~~Why is there a red alert, though? No one ever says why.~~

~~Do they mean "red" as in Communists? Or, "red" as in danger?~~

—

Rode on a jeepney today – just like every day.

We said "*Bayad, nong*" [our fare, sir] just like everybody else when we handed in the fare. But we were noisy in the back, pointing at things out the window. The driver turned and said, "*Taga Manila mo?*" [You're from Manila?]

So we said, "*Opo*" [Yes, sir.]

When everyone else had gotten off except us, he said, "*Dati, maganda ang Iligan. Hindi maraming Muslim, ba. Lahat yata ng umalis sa Marawi dito pumunta. Buti nga, may pulis. Safety, ba? Magulo ang Muslim.*" [Iligan used to be beautiful. Not very many Muslims. Seems that everyone who left Marawi came here. It's good the police are here. They're here for our safety. The Muslims are unruly.]

~~Did he just apologize for having too many Muslims?~~

~~Did he just apologize for having the police around?~~

—

FD says, tomorrow, we will go sightseeing – at last! Getting bored with the routine.

Will text Mama, ask her what I can take – I think I'm coming down with a cold. Why do I have to get sick on the only free day we have? Rotten luck.

June 15

Sniffled all the way, but I finally met Maria Christina. I knew I would “fall” for her. Hahaha.

Took pics, sent them to Mama.

Went to this rooftop place overlooking Iligan Bay. Got rained on. Drenched.

Everybody wants to go to the beach. Maybe tomorrow. Where do they get their energy?

FD says, we go to Tinago Falls tomorrow. I ache all over. Hope I feel better by morning.

Mama replied: Bioflu. Not on an empty stomach. Plenty of fluids.

~~If I get sick, and have to go to a hospital, if I call for help, will P/M bring me to the hospital?~~

~~Must check to see if the landline downstairs at reception works. Just in case.~~

Think positive.

It's just a cold.

June 16

All alone in the dorm. Peace and quiet. 38.6, says the thermometer. I should thank Mama for insisting that I bring a thermometer.

Did not go to Tinago. There are 365 steps to climb before getting to Tinago – hence the name “Tinago”. Feeling worse.

Mama called, worried about my stuffy nose.

~~At least, she wasn't worried about ML. Didn't tell her about the red alert.~~

Mama said she wrote the Dept. Chair.

~~Oh, God, no, not again.~~

She asked why we were going to stay in Iligan until July 26 when the mid-year classes were supposed to end on July 10. Field work should be over when the mid-year is over. A longer stay will mean extra expense for the parents. And the students must arrive in Manila in time for the registration period for the first semester.

~~On second thought, go, Mama! Give the DC hell. I want to go home.~~

June 17

FD says we should pay a courtesy call to the Mayor.

~~Shouldn't we have done this when we first got here?~~

We go this afternoon, after data gathering in the morning.

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Came home after lunch. Courtesy call with Mayor, postponed to tomorrow.

Will meet with City Administrator this afternoon, instead.

~~I'm bored.~~

~~So bored.~~

~~Bored.~~

~~Bored.~~

~~Bored.~~

Municipal Administrator shook hands with all of us. Introduced himself as Atty. Blah-blah.



Don't remember his name. Don't care. Didn't know a law degree was required for the job.

*"Iligan City is a model of racial and religious harmony. Muslims and Christians do not fight in Iligan. Iligan is like the US where Whites and Blacks live in harmony."*

Whaaaaat? What planet do you come from, panero? What law school? Don't you watch CNN?

No one laughed.  
Smart people  
From UP Diliman  
Sat still in the face of  
A history, revised.  
If there is harmony  
Who needs Martial Law?  
Like the others,  
I didn't laugh.  
I kept my peace  
I wanted to  
Walk out in one piece.

Good God, poetry? I must be really bored, or sick. Maybe this is pneumonia.

God, I'm turning into Mama.

June 19

Happy birthday, Pepe Rizal!

Went to see the Mayor today. Former military man. Dirty Harry meets Rambo. Ugh! Yuck!

Honorable Mayor:

- Had a sculpture of a miniature tank made from shell casings on his desk.
- He says the casings were from the operations of their men.

- Had his name engraved on a mortar on his desk. He says mortar was a dud.
- Wore fatigues to the office
- Wore a gun on a holster under his armpit
- Saw communists everywhere. We said we wanted to go to the old market. Don't go there, Communists were sighted near there. We said we wanted to go the other falls. *"Naku, not the other falls. We cannot guarantee your safety. Communists everywhere here, Abu Sayyaf pa and MI. Dito na lang sa city proper. Safe diri."* [Stay in the city proper. It's safe here.]
- Bragged about threatening to kill people. *"I told the vendors, I will demolish this market and build a new one. If you don't move to the relocation site of the market, I will shoot you."* [Who does this remind me of?]

Fascist populist dictatorship spreading like a pandemic? Is the virus water-borne? Airborne? Is it person-to-person transmission? New topic for ethnography: Is Mindanao a nursery for dictators?

June 21

Everybody pitched in to celebrate the birthdays of all researchers born in June.

Happy birthday to me.

Had permission to go out (as a group) until 10 pm.

After 3 weeks, I need a drink.

—

I got my drink. Won fridge magnets in a quiz. At a bar.

Happy birthday to me.

June 25

As per usual, went to PMVR to do participant observation/interview. Arrived at the market at 9 am. Nanay Zeny was not yet around. Went to my favorite stall for puto maya + sikwate. Gathered data until 11:45 am.

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We finished early. We walked to the bus terminal (air conditioned waiting area). We waited for everyone to arrive. Other groups trickled into the terminal. We all sat together on benches that faced each other. Everyone was busy on their phone or their notebooks, recording data, etc.

12:15, only one group had yet to show up. I went to the bathroom. I met two P/M officers, talking on their radio. I thought nothing of it. P/M are everywhere.

—

Got out of the bathroom, four police officers blocked my way. They were in a line. They all faced my friends. Four more police officers stood behind the bench where our group sat. Eight police officers in all surrounded the group. None of them smiled.

One officer approached, "*Taga saan kayo?*" [Where are you from?] Did they ask all tourists this question? Or just us?

Batch Head (me-why did I not resign from this position?): From Manila, sir.

We are students doing research here.

*"Ilang araw na namin kayo nakikita dito. Hindi namin kayo kilala."* [We've been seeing you here the past few days. We don't know you.]

~~Were we loitering? Laughing too loud? I don't see what law or ordinance we had violated.~~

Batch Head : *Ay, sir, nag-courtesy call kami kay Mayor.* We informed him that we are doing research at the PMVR. Food ethnography. [Oh, sir, we made a courtesy call to the Mayor.]

(Batch Head took out her phone to show groupie with Mayor.)

*“Walang sinabi sa amin.”* [No one informed us.]

Batch Head: *Ganun po ba, sir? Pero, sir, nagpaalam po kami kay City Administrator na magre-research kami dito sa palengke.* (Batch Head showed another picture of us with the City Administrator. What the hell was his name? I should pay more attention.) *Pero, pauwi na po kami ngayon sa Inahan. Doon kami nag-stay. Andun po ang Field Director namin ngayon. Gusto po ninyo siyang kausapin?* [Is that right? But sir, we asked permission from the City Administrator. We informed him that we will conduct our research here at the market. But we are on our way back to Inahan, where we are staying. Our Field Director is there if you want to speak with him.]

*“Ang mga Komunista dito, teenager. Pareho ninyo. May nagbomba sa malapit.”* [The communists here are teenagers like you. A bomb went off nearby.]

~~A group of laughing, joking young people, scrolling on their cell phones – Do they seem suspicious? Would communists do this?~~

Batch Head : *Sir, itanong po ninyo sa mga ini-interview namin sa PMVR, nag-re-research lang po kami. Hindi po kami Komunista.”* [Sir, you can ask the people we have been interviewing here at the PMVR, we are only doing research. We are not communists.]

The last group arrived, shopping bags with bananas and oranges in hand, giggling. Then they stopped, they stared at the police, then at us, then back at the police.

Batch Head: *Sige, sir. Uwi na po kami, sir. Andito na lahat ng group namin.* [Sir, we’ll be on our way now. Our whole group is here now, we’re ready to go home, sir.] *Ito po ang name and cell number ng Field Director namin.* (I wrote it down, hand shaking. Gave it to the police officer. Smiled. Like nothing was wrong.) *Bye, sir.* (Flirt a little, to diffuse the situation).

We all filed out of the terminal. No one turned around. No one said a word.

Until Inahan, no one said a word. At dinner, no one said a word.

June 26

Sent Mama a text: We are leaving Iligan for 3 days. On our way now, to CDO. Will do food ethnography at a fiesta there. Then, we will all stay at Inahan to write and finish our papers until July 9. Will rebook my flight for July 10. We'll be coming home early. Great news, huh?

Mama's reply: "Had enough of Martial Law yet?"

Hahaha, I texted back. But I'm not laughing at all.

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