

The Parable of the ABER-Filipino “Valentino” - MabuhayRadio

Written by Bobby M. Reyes

Tuesday, 09 February 2010 12:18 - Last Updated Thursday, 13 February 2014 11:46

Part I

It was the week before Valentine’s Day and a young man (who just turned 18) was looking at the display of condoms in a pharmacy in Southern California. One of the store’s pharmacists was returning from a lunch break and he happened to pass by the teenager.

“Can I help you?” the pharmacist asked.

“I am looking at condoms both for men and women,” the youth said.

“Are you of Filipino descent like me?” the pharmacist said.

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“Yes, I am an ABER Filipino,” the teenager said.

“What’s an ABER Filipino?” the pharmacist asked.

“As coined by Bobby Reyes, the most-prolific Filipino writer in America, ABER means ‘American-born, -educated or -raised Filipino’,” the young man said.

Webmaster’s Note: Please pardon the commercial by the writer. LOL. But to read more about the Filipino moniker coined by Bobby Reyes, please click on these links,

[Many ABER Filipinos Don't Trust First-generation Filipino Americans](#)

[Why Many First-generation Filipino Immigrants Are Failing Badly as American Citizens](#)

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[A Dose of Reality: Why Many Filipinos Remain Second-Class Citizens in America](#)

The young ABER Filipino explained that he and his 17-year-old girlfriend were both virgins but they wanted to do it on Valentine’s Day. He even said that he had booked a room at a Disneyland hotel. However, instead of touring the theme park, the couple would just spend the day at the hotel.

And so the pharmacist explained to the Filipino-American youth the kinds of condoms, how to use them and other medical facts, like the information that they do not protect against sexually-transmitted diseases. The kid grabbed two large boxes of both the men’s and women’s condoms, as he explained to the pharmacist that he would need lots of them on Valentine’s Day.

In the morning of Valentine’s Day, a Saturday, the ABER Filipino went to his girlfriend’s house to pick her up for what was billed as a day at Disneyland. The girl said that before they leave, she wanted him to meet her Dad’s brother, who was taking breakfast with her parents.

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When the ABER Filipino went to the breakfast nook of his girlfriend’s residence, he suddenly turned ashen, nay, pasty white, as if he had seen a ghost. The uncle was the Filipino-American pharmacist that advised him on the condom purchase.

The pharmacist said, “Yeah, I know this guy, as he is my good customer at the pharmacy.” Then turning to the ABER Filipino, he said, “Why don’t you join us for breakfast?”

And so, the kid was forced to have breakfast with the girl’s parents, the uncle and his wife.

The pharmacist also said it was a great coincidence that he and his wife had a spur-of-the-moment decision to go likewise to Disneyland that day. The girl’s parents decided also to join the group and off the three couples carpoled to the theme park.

The uncle whispered to the kid, as they were lining up at the Disneyland entrance, “I expect you at the pharmacy Monday to return the items you bought for refund.” The ABER Filipino just nodded.

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{xtypo_quote} **Acknowledgment with Thanks:** This parable was inspired by two separate stories sent to the writer by Mike Kolberg of Los Angeles

,
California

, and Don Azarias (for Part I). Part II was sent by Jesse “Mr. Debonair” Farrales. Both Messrs. Azarias and Farrales are based in Chicago

,
Illinois

. This writer combined the two short narratives sent by his three friends into one interconnected parable. {/xtypo_quote}

Part II

Six more Valentine Days passed and the ABER Filipino was accepted like a member of the girl’s family because their love for each other was really great and true. The young couple decided to get married and was given the blessings by the girl’s parents and even the pharmacist’s family.

The maid of honor was the first cousin of the bride. She was the pharmacist’s daughter. The bridegroom-to-be noticed that—as the wedding preparations got underway—his bride’s cousin was becoming too friendly with him. She was more beautiful and sexier than his bride-to-be. She always wore mini-skirts and sexy blouses.

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Three months before the wedding, the maid of honor phoned the ABER Filipino and asked him to go see her at her bachelorette’s apartment. She said that she and the couple-to-be were to check on the guest list and last-minute wedding invitations that were needed still to be sent.

When the ABER Filipino reached the bachelorette’s apartment, he asked if his bride-to-be was already there. The bachelorette said that she was alone, as her first cousin suddenly felt ill. And so, the two started checking the wedding list.

Then the bachelorette grabbed the hands of the groom-to-be and rested them on her chest. She said that everybody knows that she, her first cousin and the ABER Filipino were all virgins. She said that he was her “Dream Boy.” While she could not break her cousin’s heart and steal him, she wanted him to make love to her. She said that they would never be able to do it after the wedding, as she would not want him to break the marriage vows.

Again, the ABER Filipino was ashen-faced. The maid-of-honor, clad in her usual mini-mini skirt and braless at that, said that she would go up to her room and wait for the groom-to-be to follow.

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The ABER Filipino stood up and pondered for a moment. Then he walked out of the bachelorette’s apartment. He was walking to his car when suddenly the bride-to-be, her parents and uncle (yes, the pharmacist) and other kin appeared from parked vans and cars. They were clapping their hands and rejoicing.

The Filipino-American father of the bride-to-be embraced the ABER Filipino and said, “You passed the test of fidelity that we put you through. You are worthy of being my son-in-law.” Everybody hugged the ABER Filipino. The maid of honor, now more-modestly attired, dashed out of her bachelorette’s apartment and congratulated the groom-to-be for his faithfulness to his fiancée.

The wedding was celebrated the following Valentine’s Day. The matrimonial rite at the church and reception went perfect. And the couple lived happily ever after, to use an oft-quoted cliché.

The moral of this story? The first lesson of this parable is: “Never buy condoms from a Filipino-American pharmacist – if you are also a Filipino.” The second lesson is “Always keep the condoms in your car.” # # #

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