



VISAYAS
STATE UNIVERSITY

ENGLISH 002

21ST CENTURY LITERATURE FROM
THE PHILIPPINES AND THE WORLD

**LEARNING
GUIDE**

TP-IMD-02 v0 No. _____

KAY TEPAIT JUANILLO



COLLEGE OF EDUCATION



**VSU INTEGRATED HIGH
SCHOOL**



**DEPARTMENT OF LIBERAL
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2020

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Learning Guide in

ENGLISH 002: 21ST Century Literature from the Philippines and the World

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Foreword

It is the right of every student to receive an education that will help him/her to achieve productivity not only as an individual but also as a citizen of this country. To continue our pursuit of knowledge and excellence amidst this pandemic, the Visayas State University Integrated High School together with the Department of Liberal Arts and Behavioral Sciences collaboratively developed and reviewed this learning guide that offers valuable insights and learnings in the field of Literature, specifically the 21st Century Literature from where the school is located and of the world.

The author has adopted and developed different learning strategies to provide a wide range of learning and learning activities for the students.

This learner's guide covers lessons from the periods of literary history in the Philippines, the authors and texts from the region, the genres of literature and the different literary elements and techniques.

Hopefully, this learner's guide can help the students develop a shared vision and understanding of the different Literature from the Philippines and the World.

Acknowledgment

The author would like to express her sincerest gratitude to the people who gave her a great learning experience of writing this Learner's Guide.

To the Head of the Department of Liberal Arts and Behavioral Sciences, Dr. Jett C. Quebec, and the Head of the Language Section, Dr. Maria Vanessa Gabunada, for their support, constant updates, and reminders in the process of writing of this learning guide.

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To Dr. Shalom Grace C. Sugano, for giving the author the opportunity to write this learning guide.

To those people who were not mentioned, but contributed in developing this learning module, thank you for your support, patience and understanding.

Lastly, to the students who will be learning from this module, thank you in advance, may you truly appreciate and understand the wonders of Literature.

About the Author



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She is a Part-Time faculty member of the Department of Liberal Arts and Behavioral Sciences. She finished her AB English Language degree at the Visayas State University (*Cum Laude*) and is currently finishing up her Master's degree in Language Teaching at the same university. For the past two years, she has taught Humanities, Literature, and Communication subjects.

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Module 1: Defining Literature and Understanding the Literary History of the Philippines

Module Overview

This module will tackle the nature and importance of Literature as an integral aspect of living. This will also discuss the history and development of Literature in the Philippines, providing literary examples from each era for better understanding and appreciation.

Module Pretest

I. Write the letter of your correct answer on the space provided before the number.

1. It is a body of work, either written, oral, or visual, containing imaginative language that realistically portrays thought, emotions, and experiences of the human condition.
 - a. Pre-colonial Literature
 - b. Philippine Literature
 - c. Literature
 - d. World Literature
2. The period of time before colonization of a region or territory.
 - a. Colonial
 - b. Pre-Colonial
 - c. Pre-history
 - d. Post-Colonial
3. It is the ordinary form of spoken or written language, without metrical structure
 - a. Poetry
 - b. Prose
4. Philippine myths show that ancient Filipinos believed in one supreme god and in a number of lesser gods and goddesses
 - a. True
 - b. False
5. Literatures during pre-colonial period were handed down to us through
 - a. word of mouth
 - b. paper and pen
 - c. multimedia

Lesson 1.1: Nature and Definition of Literature

Learning Outcomes

1. Define Literature from various perspectives.
2. Understand the essence and importance of Literature.

Materials and Equipment Needed

Laptop/Netbook

Module

Notebook (This notebook will serve as your exercise notebook for the whole semester. Please make sure to cover your notebook (Blue for HUMMS, Orange for TVL, Pink for STEM A, Yellow for STEM B, and Green for ABM))

Learning Activities (Activating Prior Knowledge)

Before we start our discussion, kindly get your exercise notebook and answer the following questions (Answers should not be less than three sentences):

1. What was the first literary work you have read/that was read to you?
2. What is your favorite literary book/story? Why do you like it?

Learning Probe (Analysis)

Based on the questions given above, we are taken back to the moment where we first had an encounter with Literature. Although Literature can be in a lot of forms, there is a sense of nostalgia when we get to read or remember a literary work, most especially stories, that are part of our childhood. The literary works that we have read will always leave an impression on us, whether it is because of the theme or because of the characters we grew to love. As you think of the importance of Literature to our lives, what do you is the important quality of any literary work that would make it magical, memorable, and worth reading?

Learning Time (Acquire New Knowledge)

Definition of Literature

Literature is defined as a representation and expression of ideas, thoughts, and human feelings, whose medium is language, either through oral or written form. It came from the Latin term *literatura/litteratura*, which means *written formed with letters*. Although some definitions include spoken or sung texts. More respectively, it is writing that possesses literary merit.

Literature is used by authors to talk about their experiences and communicate what they think and feel to the readers. There are different definitions of Literature based on different viewpoints. For Ellis (1989), Literature is defined as the verbal expression of human imagination and one of the primary ways/medium where culture can transmit itself.

On the other hand, Brother Azurin said that Literature expresses the feelings of people to society, to the government, to his surroundings, to his fellowmen, and to his Divine Creator. According to him, the expression of one's feelings may be through sorrow, happiness, love, pity, hatred, revenge, or contempt.

For Webster, Literature is anything that is printed as long as it is related to the ideas and feelings of the people, whether it is true or just a product of one's imagination.

In Panitikang Pilipino, writers like Ramos, Salazar, Nazal, and Atienza, True Literature is a piece of written work that is undying. It expresses the feelings and emotions of people in response to his/her everyday effort to be happy and to live, after the different struggles encountered, and to reach his/her creator.

Although some would define Literature as everything in print (written), we should not neglect the fact that for many cultures, especially the indigenous people, literature has not been captured in written media but has been passed down in long oral traditions of storytelling, myth, ritual speeches, etc. Literature also can be considered as a body of literary production, not only in written form, but also in oral and visual forms, containing imaginative language that realistically portrays thoughts, emotions, and experiences of the human condition.

Nature of Literature

Literature is a language that provides insights and stimulation to the reader. As he/she explores the different genres and themes of literature, he/she is also able to discover the beauty of language.

The language used in different literary pieces differ from ordinary written or spoken language. Literature uses special structure, words, and characteristics. Primarily the language used in literature differs in three ways: (1) the language used is concentrated and meaningful, which means it evokes imaginative awareness and emotional response through the language chosen and the arrangement of sound and rhythm; (2) its purpose is not simply to argue, to make a point, or to explain but rather it also gives a sense of pleasure in the discovery of new experiences; and (3) it demands an intense concentration from the readers so that they will really understand what the author is trying to say/express, since some words may represent another thing. The language used in literature should also have originality, quality, creativity, and pleasure.

Why do we need to study Literature?

Literature is very open-ended; aside from its function to express ideas and emotions, it also functions as a medium to show how the society works around them; through the literature like news, research articles and journals we are informed and educated to understand certain topics/issues. Literature also helps shape our way of thinking and personality, for example, through the teachings found in the Bible and Qur'an.

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The different Literature that we have also help in preserving the language of the civilization by providing evidence to show that a certain culture/civilization existed through the recordings of the language. Most importantly, Literature is an important medium for us to appreciate and understand our tradition and culture. We can trace the rich heritage of ideas handed down to us from our ancestors through the literature they left behind. With this, we are able to understand ourselves better and take pride in being a Filipino.

Literature is used to portray the different facets of life that we see and those that we would never imagine. Without literature, it will be difficult for us to learn about our life, culture, and tradition that are important components of life.

Lesson 1.2: Literary History of the Philippines

Learning Outcomes

1. Understand Literature from Pre-Colonial to Contemporary Period
2. Recognize the changes in the Philippine Literature as it was influenced by colonization.
3. Make a graphical timeline focusing on how the literature for each literary period proliferated.

Materials and Equipment Needed

Laptop/Netbook
Module
Notebook (This notebook will serve as your exercise notebook.)
A4 Bond Paper (for those who will submit offline)

Learning Activities (Activating Prior Knowledge)

As we move to modern times, the literary works that we have are also affected by the changes that we encounter, whether it is affected by technology, influence of other countries, or by the new mindset that most of us have. However, even if times have changed, there are still a lot of stories, especially those that are passed down from generation to generation, that are still being narrated over and over again; and even if we have heard these stories a lot of times, we still get to enjoy them.

For this activity, I want you to recall and narrate a story that you had heard in your place/family when you were younger that you still talk about until now.

Write this story down in your exercise notebook.

Learning Probe (Analysis)

Stories from the past are never really forgotten, no matter how modern our world has become. These stories are already embedded in us. As you rediscover the pleasure of the story from your childhood, kindly answer the following questions shortly but precisely: Why do you think is this story still alive and enjoyable to hear even until now? What do you think are the qualities of this story that make it entertaining?

Learning Time (Acquire New Knowledge)

Literature and History are closely interrelated. We were able to discover the history of our race, including the customs, aspirations and feelings of our ancestors through the written and oral literature that have been passed down from generation to the other. With this, humanity is able to have a collective sources of memories from the events of the past. The writings from the past allowed us to progress beyond one stage of development and thought, getting ideas and inspirations from what had happen before.

History shapes many form of Literature, from prose to poetry; while we learn about the happenings in the past because of Literature. Thus, history can help shape the way we view and read literature; at the same time, Literature also shape the way we view history.

Here is the literary history/development of the Philippines:

PRE-COLONIAL PERIOD

The Pre-Colonial Literature includes all literature produced before the Spanish colonization. These literature demonstrated rich-lived experiences orally expressed in their folk speeches, songs, narratives, and indigenous rituals and mimetic dances. It was also based heavily on livelihood, customs and traditions of a particular area of the country.

Most of the pre-colonial literature were all passed down from generation to generation by word of mouth, while some of the written literature were written in perishable materials like dried leaves, bamboo cylinder, and the bark of trees. However, during the start of the colonization most of the pre-colonial literature that we have were blot out from the memory of the country, which is why average Filipinos are unfamiliar of our own literature. Fortunately, present-day Filipino artists, writers, and journalists, with the help of some anthropologists and archeologists, are trying to save and revive our ancient literature by recognizing and disseminating them in schools and in the mass media.

The most common literary forms of this period are:

Folklore – which literary means “lore” or knowledge of the “folk” or people. This referred chiefly to oral knowledge preserved among the people who do not have written knowledge. Folklores can further be classified into (1) Folk narratives, this includes legends, epic, myths, and folktale; (2) Folk speeches, and (3) Folk Songs.

FOLK NARRATIVES

▪ **Myth**

Myths are stories that are used by our ancestors to explain how things or events came to be. Many consider these stories as truthful accounts of what happened in the past. Myths are also often associated with the beliefs of gods and goddesses

and rituals. The characters found in these stories are not usually human being, but they are portrayed with human characteristics.

Various motifs (distinct features) are employed in myths that explain the origin of plants and animals and their characteristics. One of them is the transformation motif, where a human being is transformed into animals, usually the transformation is because of the punishment for human misconduct (example is the Alamat ng Pinya). Another motif revolves around the fate of faithful lovers (The Myth on the undying love of Sampa and Guita).

Examples:

The Story of Tungkung Langit and Alunsina (a folklore from Panay)

Once upon a time when the earth was but a shapeless, formless void appeared the god called Tungkung Langit (" Pillar of Heaven") and the virgin goddess of the eastern skies, Alunsina (" The Unmarried One").

The old Visayan folklore states that Tungkung Langit fell in love with Alunsina. After he had courted her for many years, they married and made their home in the highest part of heaven. There the water was always warm and the breeze was forever cool, not a bad weather was in sight, and the couple was happy. In this place in the heavens, order and regularity began.

Tungkung Langit was a loving, hard-working god. He wanted to impose order over the confused world. He decided to arrange the world so that the heavenly bodies would move regularly. On the other hand, Alunsina was a lazy, jealous, selfish goddess. She sat at the window of their home all day doing nothing but brush her long beautiful hair. Sometimes she would leave her home, sit down by a pool near the door, and comb her long, jet-black hair all day long. One day Tungkung Langit told his wife that he would be away for some time. He said he must make time go on smoothly and arrange everything in the world and did not return for a long time. Alunsina thought he was off to see a lover, so she summoned the breeze to spy on Tungkung Langit. Tungkung Langit caught the spying breeze and he became very angry with Alunsina. After he returned home, he told her that it was ungodly of her to be jealous since there were no other gods in the world except the two of them.

Alunsina resented this reproach, and they quarreled all day. In his anger, Tungkung Langit drove his wife away. And with that, Alunsina suddenly disappeared, without a word or a trace to where she went. A few days passed, Tungkung Langit felt very lonely and longed for his wife. He realized that he should not have lost his temper. But it was too late, Alunsina is gone. Their home which was once vibrant with Alunsina's sweet voice, his home became cold and desolate. In the morning when he woke up, he would find himself alone. In the afternoon when he came home, he would feel loneliness creeping deep within him.

For months Tungkung Langit lived in utter desolation. Try as he did he could not find Alunsina. And so in his desperation, he decided to do something to forget his sorrow and win back his wife's favor. So he came down to earth and planted trees and flowers that she may notice it, but she still didn't come home. Then in desperation, he took his wife's jewels and scattered them in the sky. He hoped that when Alunsina should see them she might be induced to return home.

Alunsina's necklace became the stars, her comb the moon, and her crown the sun. But in spite of all his efforts, Alunsina did not return home. Until now, as the story goes,

Tungkung Langit lives alone in his palace in the skies and sometimes, he would cry out for Alunsina and his tears would fall down upon the earth as rain and his loud voice, calling out for his wife, was believed to be the thunder during storms, begging for her to come back to their heavenly palace once more.

Posted by { HYPERLINK

"<https://www.blogger.com/profile/01779154606025090896>" \o "author profile" } at { HYPERLINK "<http://vizayanmyths.blogspot.com/2013/05/creation-myth-variant-1.html>" }

The Myth of The ‘Cuatro Islas De Hindang-Inopacan’

By Jaime G. Dianon

Long, long time ago, when few people lived in Hindang and Ynopacan, the western sea of the town had no island nor islets yet. Moro warrior in Mindanao came in these places to do a marauding attack just to pillage properties, murdered people, ransacked valuable items and food and kidnapped men and women showed durability and usability for a work forced or might said was a saleable in a shortest and strongest term.

In a one instant of the Moro raids in these location, the inhabitants of the town of Ynopacan did to fled in a mountainous Cabulisan to escape from Moro violence. In one evening, they reached the highest peak of the mountain where the big cave was found and located. The cave was so big that all of them can be accommodated.

When they began to prepare their supper at this cave; the people never knew that the cave was a big mouth of a giant eagle. This eagle was said to be in the place few days ago before the so-called raids. This giant eagle was coming from a thick jungle of Northern Asia.

As the people went on building fire inside the mouth, the eagle began to close the mouth making the people inside as its good food. When the fire was burned thoroughly the giant bird felt the staggered thermal condition within the mouth so much it geared to fly away in the sky at the western coast of Hindang-Ynopacan, carrying with the people inside. The people inside became the food of the giant eagle. However, the staggered heat and heavy load of people made the giant eagle looked for means in relieving heaviness.

Upon flying at the air in a western sea of the town of the aforementioned places, it dropped its feces in the air four times. The first was big islet, which is now called Himokilan Island; the second was small yet tall was believed to be Mahaba Island; the third one was dropped in an oblong which is now Apid Island and the last but not the least was the smallest portion of feces, now called Diguio Island. Being relieved from the hefty burden, the big eagle flew away with its good supper

Story taken from: { HYPERLINK

"<https://inopacanprofile.wordpress.com/2016/04/14/legends-of-different-barangays-of-inopacan/>" }

▪ Legend

Legend are extraordinary stories believed to have actually occurred. These stories may tell of an encounter with marvelous and mythical creatures which the old

folks believed in still believe in – like *engkanto* (fairies), *aswang* (witch), spirits, and *sirena* (mermaids). In contrast to Myth, which are symbolic stories but are not based on facts, Legend contains some historical facts and becomes exaggerated to the point that real people or events take on a “larger than life” quality. Some example includes: The Legend of Maria Makiling.

The Legend of Mount Danglay

Long time ago, a young couple Dang and Mulay lived in the swampy shores of Kabatok, their livelihood was catching crabs and shellfish and crossing the Bay to a village in Samar island.

One Day, Dang ventured into the bay and said to himself he gathered a pearl. He took a dive depth into the pacific ocean. He noticed that the ocean floor was moving and he was surprised to find the giant crab as big as hill.

Dang hurriedly back to kabatok and tell his wife Mulay and they planned to catch the giant crabs. They built a crab basket that big as a hill.

That night, they capture the huge crab and they towed the big basket with all their might. They were so triumphant and forgot one thing, a cover for the basket. Suddenly, Dang and Mulay fall to sleep. The big sea crab climbed out.

The Couple awake and Dang attempt to kill it but its shell was too hard. The crab pinned the couple and dashed them against the rocks. In her terror, Mulay shout the word: “TAKLUBAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!”

The next day, the people in the nearby town found out a dead bodies of the couple , Years passed, the site where the bodies buried they grew mound, a hill, then a mountain. The people called the mountain “Danglay” means Dang and mulay .

The swampy sitio where the couple lived was called “Takluban” as the last scream of Mulay and become Tacloban.

Story taken from: { [HYPERLINK "http://nelzme29.blogspot.com/2016/04/legend-myths-and-folktales-in-region-8.html"](http://nelzme29.blogspot.com/2016/04/legend-myths-and-folktales-in-region-8.html) }

▪ **Folktales (Kwentong Bayan)**

Folktales are stories primarily told for amusement and individual entertainment and instructional value, dealing with events set in an indefinite time and space. These stories are classified into animal tales or fables, magic tales, trickster tales, novelistic tales, religious and didactic tales.

- *Fables* or animal tales are stories that emphasizes on moral and principal behavior. The characters of fables are usually inanimate objects or animals that portray like human beings, though they keep their animal traits intact.
 - Example: The Ant and the Grasshopper
- *Trickster Tales* are stories that narrate foolishness of the central character who cheats or plays tricks on other human. Often times, the trickster hero is pictured as a clever character, but acts like a downright fool.
 - Examples are the Story of Juan Pusong of the Visayan, Juan Tamad of the Tagalog, and Pilandok of the Maranao.

- *Religious and Didactic tales* are also called miracle tale. These are stories mainly told to illustrate the rewards of goodness and the punishment of evil. Most times, the story draws lesson of children's love and respect for parents especially in their old age.

Example (Trickster Tale)

Juan Tamad and the Guava Tree

Once, while { HYPERLINK "http://www.juantamad.com/" \t "_blank" } was idly sitting around,

He noticed a nearly ripe guava fruit hanging from a branch.

The rooster immediately urged Juan,

"Reach for the crisp fruit!"

"But my arm feels tired," said Juan.

"I will just open my mouth

And wait for the fruit to fall!"

Several afternoons passed. Juan, open-mouthed,

Waited for his favorite fruit.

Until the guava became fully ripe.

Already full of craving, Juan stood up

And reached for the fruit. To his great surprise,

The guava was already full of holes.

"The Maya birds beat me to it!"

Story from: <https://filipinosaround.files.wordpress.com/>

Example 2(Religious Tale):

The Sun and the Moon (A Filipino Folktale)

Once upon a time the Sun and the Moon were married, and they had many children who were the stars. The Sun was very fond of his children, but whenever he tried to embrace any of them, he was so hot that he burned them up. This made the Moon so angry that finally she forbade him to touch them again, and he was greatly grieved.

One day the Moon went down to the spring to do some washing, and when she left she told the Sun that he must not touch any of their children in her absence. When she returned, however, she found that he had disobeyed her, and several of the children had perished.

She was very angry, and picked up a banana tree to strike him, whereupon he threw sand in her face, and to this day you can see the dark marks on the face of the Moon.

Then the Sun started to chase her, and they have been going ever since. Sometimes he gets so near that he almost catches her, but she escapes, and by and by she is far ahead again.

Example 2:

The Santo Nino of Cebu

One day a poor fisherman went out early to the sea as usual. But the day turned out to be a very unlucky one for him because, every time he cast his net, all he would catch was a piece of firewood. Thrice the fisherman threw the firewood back to the sea; each time he pulled in his net, the same piece of firewood would turn up. Disgusted yet fascinated by what had happened, the fisherman took the driftwood home with him. When he got home, he saw his wife drying palay on a mat out on their yard.

The fisherman threw the firewood on top of the palay and muttered to himself, "If you are indeed a thing of magic, let's see you keep the birds and the chickens away from this drying palay." Astonishingly, no bird or fowl came near the drying palay. When evening came, the fisherman brought the piece of wood inside the house and forgot all about it. But that very night, the fisherman had a strange dream.

He dreamed that the firewood which he "caught" that morning had turned into a statue of a beautiful child. True enough, when he awoke in the morning, he saw a strange transformation happening before his eyes. The firewood had somehow taken on a form that looked like that of a little child. As the days went by, the child's features became clearer and clearer until at last it became the image of the Santo Niño as we would see it today.

Stories taken from: { HYPERLINK

"<https://patriciaaaysabelle.wixsite.com/philippinefolklore/visayan-folk-stories>" }

▪ Epic

These stories are long narrative accounts of heroic exploits or events of a hero under supernatural control. These stories are less humorous, and are often named after the supernatural heroes. These stories are also called as “old time history”, as they embody or validate the beliefs of our ancestors, their belief, way of living, and customs. These stories are also referred to as “lost”, because they were soon forgotten by due to the influenced of Spanish and western colonization.

Epics are presented in grand languages (mostly in poetry form), and are either chanted or sung during community events such as harvests, funerals, weddings, by bards (poets or storyteller) chosen for their wisdom or age.

Since most epics are passed down from one generation to another through oral traditions, anthropologists and historians are having difficulties retrieving these stories since it is a challenge to look for someone who can recite the full stories, and for most times these stories have changed and morphed by the storyteller to one degree or another.

Biag ni Lam-ang, an Ilocano epic, is considered as the oldest recorded Philippine folk epic. This is also the only complete epic come down to us from the Christian Filipino groups.

Hinilawod was discovered by the renowned anthropologist F. Landa Jocano. It took Jocano three weeks to complete the recording of the 30-hour epic poem. This epic has more than 28,340 verse, and can take about three days for it to be performed, given that there is only sleep and meal interruption, and three weeks when done only in evening hours after supper. This is one of the longest epic known, which is even longer than *The Illiad* which has 15,700 verse.

Examples: (Summary only)

Biag ni Lam-ang

This Ilocano epic tells the adventures of Lang-ang, a man with supernatural powers. He goes to war at nine months old and seek the killer of his father. He embarks on a quest with his animal friends and meets his future wife, Innes Kanoyan. He is swallowed by a fish and resurrected from death by his animal friends.

Hinilawod

This epic is of the Sulod, a group of people living in the mountains of Central Panay. It tells the story of three very strong men, Labaw Dongon, Humadapnon, and Dumalapdap. They are the sons of Datu Paubari, the ruler of Halawod, and the goddess Alunsina. The exploits of each son concerns beautiful women that he wants to have as a wife.

Darangan

This Maranao epic depicts the adventures of a brave warrior named Bantugan. He owns a magical sword protected by a spirit. After a battle, he rests and accidentally falls into the water. A crocodile finds him and brings him to the enemies. He fights, regains his strength, and wins the war.

FOLK SPEECH

Folk speeches are the shortest form of literature from the pre-colonial period. These includes proverbs, riddles, and short poems.

▪ **Proverbs (Salawikain)**

This form of literature uses metaphors drawn from the surrounding nature and everyday life. Salawikain embodies general truth or observation on human rules of conduct or morals.

They also express norms or codes of behavior, community beliefs or they instill values by offering nuggets of wisdom in short, rhyming verse.

Most of the Philippine proverbs are brief prose statements, or may appear as rhyming couplet (two stanza) from five to twelve syllables.

The longer Tagalog proverbs employ the quatrain (four stanza), and less frequently, the three-line and five-line stanzas.

Examples:

| Cebuano | Waray-waray | Tagalog |
|---|--|--|
| <i>Ang gaba dili magsaba.</i> | <i>Bisan an gikukusi nga uran, may paglurang.</i> (Even the strongest rains have an end.) | <i>Hanga't makitid and kumot, matutong mamaluktot.</i> |
| <i>Unaha usa og slhig imo tunkaran, ayha manghinlo sa uban.</i> | <i>Diri tanan nga kaupayan, may dara nga katam is.</i> (Not all goodness brings sweetness.) | <i>Pagkahaba-haba man daw ng prusisyon, sa simbahan parin ang tuloy.</i> |

▪ **Riddles (Bugtong)**

This form of literature is the most amusing form of folk speech. Riddles or Bugtong use images as metaphor to another objects to be guessed. This form of literature sharpens the senses and the enriches one's imagination. Most Riddles are generally poetic in form and comes in one, two, three, or four lines.

These are presented as a game and considered as forms of entertainment during the earlier times. Talinghaga or metaphor is dominant in any riddles as it discloses subtle comparison between unlike things, thus, wit and observation are required in this mental exercise.

Riddles or Bugtong in the Visayans are usually called as Tigmo, Paktakon for the Ilonggo, Patigo in Waray-waray, and Atotoddon in Bicolanos.

Examples:

| Cebuano/Tigmo | Waray-waray/ Patigo |
|--|--|
| Baboy sa lasang, ang tunok murag lansang. <i>answer:</i> <i>Nangka/Langka/Jackfruit</i> Kabayo ni Adan, dili mokaon ko dili sakyan. <i>answer:</i> <i>Kaguran</i> Sa layo murag motor, sa doul doctor. <i>answer:</i> <i>Lamok</i> | Umagi si Juan, nabuka an dalan. <i>answer:</i> <i>Zipper</i> Kun sano ko gin hoypan, nag iha an kinabuhi. <i>answer:</i> <i>kandila</i> Hataas kon nalingkod, hamubo kon matindog. <i>answer:</i> <i>Ayam/Iro/Aso</i> |
| (taken from: { HYPERLINK "http://www.bisdakwords.com/cebuano-riddles" }) | (taken from: { HYPERLINK "http://in-a-lighter-note.blogspot.com/2012/05/patigo-bugtong-in-vernacular-version.html?m=1" }) |

■ Folk Poetry

Folk Poetry are generally quatrains (four lines) consisting of 5-12 syllables per line which are used to be chanted. Example of this are Tanga, Diona, and Dalit

Tanaga

Tanaga is Tagalog folk poetry which consists of four lines with seven syllables each with the same rhyme at the end of each line – that is to a 7-7-7-7 syllabic verse, with an AAAA, AABB, ABAB, or ABBA rhyme scheme. Most Tanagas present a human experience or a situation by means of a metaphor. It also employs a language that is different from the one used in ordinary conversation.

Examples:

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <i>Sa gubat na madawag,</i> | <i>Parang talang marikit</i> |
| <i>Tala'y mababanaag,</i> | <i>May taglay na pang-akit,</i> |
| <i>Iyon ang tanging hangad,</i> | <i>Hangad niyang makamit,</i> |
| <i>Buhay na'y igagawad.</i> | <i>'Wag sanang ipagkait.</i> |

- Bannie Pearl Mas

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Dyona

Dyona is a pre-Hispanic rhyming poem of three lines with seven syllables in each line expressing a complete thought.

Examples:

*Mayag aco sa masiguing,
Ang malubay na aquin
Malayo and marating*

*Ang payong ko'y si inay,
Kapote ko si itay,
Sa maulan kong buhay.
- Raymond Pambit*

Dalit

This is an indigenous form of poetry that was made popular during the Spanish colonization, and was used by the friars to spread Catholicism. This poem is composed of four lines with eight syllables in each line.

Examples:

*Mga tao kung magtaka,
Kung anong inaakala.
Kadalasan ay masama-
Ang ugat ng kaluluwa.*

*Isda akong gagasapsap,
Gagataliptip kalapad,
Kaya nakikipagpusag,
Ang kalaguyo'y apahap.*

FOLK SONG

Folk songs are songs are handed by down orally through generations. They embody joy, faith, varied hopes and odds of life; and they reflect the various aspects of life and activities of the people. They are also spontaneous outbursts of the lyric feeling from the soul of the people.

Folk songs composed of lines often described as *repetitive*, *didactic*, and *sonorous*. Some examples of famous folk song are:

| Parungparong Bukid | Si Pilemon | Lubi-Lubi (Waray) |
|---|---|--|
| <i>Paruparong bukid na lilipad-lipad Sa gitna ng daan papaga-pagaspas Isang bara ang tapis Isang dangkal ang manggas Ang sayang de kola Isang piyesa ang sayad May payneta pa siya — uy! May suklay pa man din — uy! Nagwas de-ohetes ang palalabasin Haharap sa altar at mananalamain At saka lalakad nang pakendeng-kendeng.</i> | <i>Si Pilemon, Si Pilemon namosol sa kadagatan Nakakuha, nakakuha ug isda'ng tambasakan Guibaligya, Guibaligya sa merkado'ng guba Ang halin puros kura, ang halin puros kura igo ra i panuba.</i> | <i>Lubi-Lubi Lubi-lubi, lubi lingkuranay Ayaw gad pagsak-i, kay hibubo-ay. Ayaw gad pagsak-i, Lubi-lubi Kon maruruyag ka kumaon hin silot Didto la nga didto la Kan Nanay nga didto la. Kan Tatay nga didto la, pakigsabot. Agidaw-gidaw an bukaw Naglupad-lupad ha igbaw Agidaw-gidaw an gitgit Naglupad-lupad ha langit</i> |

| | | |
|--|--|--|
| | | <p><i>Agidaw-gidaw an bukaw Naglupad-lupad ha igbaw Agidaw-gidaw an gitgit Linmupad ha langit</i></p> <p><i>Enero, pebrero, marso, abril, mayo, Hunyo, hulyo, agosto, Setyembre, oktubre, Nobyembre, desyembre, Lubi-lubi.</i></p> |
|--|--|--|

Another form of folk song is the Lullaby

Lullaby

Lullaby also known as Oyayi or Hele are soothing songs often sung to put babies to sleep. These Folksongs are handed down orally from generation to another, and hearing them again somehow brings a sense of nostalgia. The text or the lyrics of the song also express a meaningful message that often impart and describe a mother's high hope for her child when he or she grows up.

Since these lullabies are sung and are passed down from one generation to another, the child is not only pacified to sleep, but he/she is also acquainted with his/her own culture as well as stories, lesson, and values from the family.

Examples

| | |
|--|---|
| <p><i>Sanggol ko</i></p> <p><i>Sanggol kong anak na giliw Matulog ka nang mahimbing Marami akong gawain Huwag sanang abalihin. Iyang duyang hinihigan Lampi't banig mo ay gutay Mahirap nga tayong tunay Luha't hapis ang karamay.</i></p> <p><i>Akong ina mo ay dukha At balo sa nag-aruga Ulila na 'tang mistula Sa ama mong makalinga.</i></p> <p><i>Kung lumaki't magkaisip Ikaw bunso'y magbabait Mag-aaral na masakit</i></p> | <p><i>Ili-ili tulog anay (Visayan Lullaby)</i></p> <p><i>Ili-ili tulog anay, Wala diri imong nanay. Kadto tienda bakal papay. Ili-ili tulog anay.</i></p> <p><i>ili ili tulog anay wala diri imo nanay kadto tienda bakal papay Ili-ili tulog anay.</i></p> <p><i>mata kana tabangan mo. ikarga ang nakompra ko. kay bug-at man sing putos ko. tabangan mo ako anay..</i></p> <p><i>kay bug-at man sing putos ko.. tabangan mo ako anay...</i></p> |
|--|---|

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| | |
|--|--|
| <p><i>Ng kabanalang malinis.</i></p> <p>You can listen to the lullaby here: { HYPERLINK "https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u cGYvuc-WZ8" }</p> | <p><i>ili ili tulog anay wala diri imo nanay kadto tienda bakal papay Ili-ili tulog anay...</i></p> <p>You can listen to the lullaby here : { HYPERLINK "https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=reff H9YQzXk" }</p> |
|--|--|

The Philippines already has its own existing Literature way before the colonizers arrived. These literary works are mostly in oral form like epic, riddles, songs, etc. We also have superstitious beliefs that we still carry up until now. Learning about our ancient literature is very important especially now that we are already in the 21st century, because it allows us to learn about how we Filipinos came to be, and how our past affects the present that we have. I am hoping that as learners, you will also do your share in preserving our own Literature.

SPANISH COLONIAL PERIOD (1565-1897)

After learning about the different literary form of the Pre-colonial period, we now know that even before the coming of the Spaniards we already have our own culture, tradition, beliefs, and literature. We even have our own alphabet known as the Alibata, which was different from the

Then, Spaniard came to the Philippines on the year 1596 and colonized our country for over 300 years. Because of colonization, a lot of our own ancient and native literature and records of our civilization (which were written on perishable materials) were either burned by the Spaniards in the belief that they were works of the devils. Only few of our own Literature, those that were passed down through oral traditions, had reached the hands of historians and anthropologists, who took interest in preserving and printing the works of our ancient Filipino.

During the Spanish colonial period, the colonizers used the cross to impose influence and impose their religion and beliefs to the natives. During the 300 years of Spanish colonization, not only was our own history altered, but our traditions, lifestyle, and beliefs also drastically changed.

The theme used in our native literature, which usually focus on nature, family, and environment shifted to Christian faith, miracles, and teachings of the church. Most of the literature during the Spanish colonization were religious and secular in nature, and during the latter part became propaganda and revolutionary.

Religious Literary Works

Most literary works with religious themes were written in forms of prose like novenas, biographies of saints, prayer books, and plays like Zarzuela, Pasyon, and Senakulo.

Doctrina Cristiana (The Christian Doctrine)

This is the first book printed in the Philippines, which was written by Fr. Juan de Placencia and Fr. Domingo Nieva in Tagalog and Spanish. This book contains different prayers like Pater Noster (Our Father), Ave Maria (Hail Mary), Regina

Coeli (Hail Holy Queen), the Ten Commandments, and The Commandments of the Catholic Church among others.

Pasion

This book is about the life and suffering of Jesus Christ, and this book is read only during the Lenten Season.

Senakulo

Senakulo is a dramatic performance to commemorate the passion and death of Jesus Christ. This is written in octosyllabic (written with eight verse per stanza). The full length of the performance can take about three nights. There are two kinds of Senakulo, the Hablada and the Cantada. Hablada has three lines that are spoken more deliberately showing the rhythmic measure of each verse, and each stanza shows a more dignified theme; while Cantana is chanted like the Pasyon.

Secular or Non-religious works

Literary works that talk about tales of valiances and adventures also flourished during this period. Some of these works are:

Corrido/Kurido

These are metrical tales and romances that follow a structure of a poem. More often, these stories are tales of chivalry where a knight saves a princess. Example of this is the Ibong Adarna and the Florante at Laura.

Prose Narrative

This form of literature is used as an instructional materials; to teach the Filipinos about proper decorum. Pagsusulat n Urbana at Feliza (1864) is a prime example of this literary form. This book was written by Modesto de Castro, the so called Father of Classic Prose in Tagalog. The story focuses on the exchange of letters between the two sisters, Urabana and Feliza. This book has greatly influenced the behavior of the society because the letters dealt with good behavior.

Karagatan

This literary form is a poetic vehicle of a socio-religious nature celebrated during a person's death. Here, a religious performance based on a legend about a princess who dropped her ring into the middle of the sea and who offered her hand in marriage to anyone who can retrieve it is shown.

Moro-moro

Like the Senakulo, the Moro-moro is presented on a stage. This is usually performed during town fiestas to entertain the people, and to remind them of the Christian religion. The plot is usually the same that of a Christian princess or a nobleman's daughter who is captured by the Moros. The father then organizes a rescue party where the fighting between the Christians and the Moros is shown. The Moros are then defeated by some Divine Intervention and the Moros are converted to Christianity.

Balagtas

This literary form is taken from the name of Francisco Balagtas, who is known as the master of traditional Tagalog poetry, and is also well-known for his work Florante at Laura, the most famous metrical romance of the country. Balagtas

is one of the traditional Filipino art forms where two protagonist debate over a certain theme or topic – one of the contestant supports it and the other argues against it. Since this is performed orally, the presenter should have eloquence in poetry. There are three performers in Balagtasan, the Lakambini (female) or Lakandiwa (male) who introduces the contestants and acts as referee in case the debates gets heated, and the two contestants- for or against the topic.

You can watch a Balagtasan performance here: { HYPERLINK
"https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WeG6uSpu-zc" }

The exposure of the Filipinos to European ideals of liberalism, the martyrdom of GomBurZa, the Cavite Mutiny in 1872 and the Spanish Revolution in 1868 led to Filipino consciousness (Martin, Guevarra, del Campo, 2016). This gave birth to two crucial and historic movements during this time – the Propaganda movement and the

Revolutionary movement which awakened nationalism. The Propaganda movement was reformatory in objective and its members were Jose Rizal, Marcelo H. Del Pilar, and Graciano Lopez-Jaena. They have published news, editorial, and satires that attacked Spanish rule.

Due to Jose Rizal's novels, the *Noli Me Tangere* and the *El Filibusterismo*, the evil doings of the Spaniards as they ruled the Philippines were exposed, and this paved way to the revolution against the Spain. Gregorio Del Pilar's essay and editorial in *Diariang Tagalog*, and Graciano Lopez-Jaena's article in *La Solidaridad* showed the bursting flame of Nationalism amongst the Filipino people.

Lopez Jaena's *Fray Botod* (1876) exposed how some friars were greedy, immoral, and ambitious. Del Pilar's *Dasalan at Tocsohan* (Prayers and Jokes) was similar to that of a catechism but sarcastically done against the Spanish priests.

Revolutionary Literature also loomed with exposes that sparked revolution and resistance among the Filipinos. Andres Bonifacio's *Katungkulang Gagawin ng mga Anak ng Bayan* (Obligations of our Countrymen) outlined the obligations of Filipinos toward nationalism. Apolinario Mabini's essay titled *El Desarrollo y Caida de la Republica Filipina* (The Rise and Fall of Philippine Republic) highlighted the establishment of Philippine Republic and its subsequent downfall due to disunity among the Filipinos. Emilio Jacinto's collection of essays called *Liwanag at Dilim* (Light and Darkness) was on work, faith, freedom, government, and patriotism.

Some works during the revolutionary literature:

- **Noli Me Tangere by Jose Rizal** - This novel gave spirit to the Propaganda Movement, which paved the way to the revolution against the Spaniards. In this book, Rizal courageously exposed and revealed the evils of the Spaniards in the Philippines.
Noli also gave Philippine literature the immortal characters Maria Clara, Juan Crisostomo Ibarra, Elias, Sisa, Pilosofong Tasio, Doña Victorina, Kapitana Maria, Basilio and Crispin, Rizal had a powerful pen in the delineation of these characters.
- **El Filibusterismo**- This novel is the sequel to *Noli Me Tangere*. This time, Rizal tried to expose the evils in the society, in the government, and those in the church.

Noli Me Tangere was considered as the novel of society, while El Filibusterismo was dubbed as the novel of politic.

More examples:

Pag-ibig sa Tinubuang Lupa ni
Andres Bonifacio

*Aling pag-ibig pa ang hihigit kaya
sa pagkadalisa'y at pagkadakila
gaya ng pag-ibig sa tinubuang lupa?
Alin pag-ibig pa? Wala na nga, wala.*

*Ulit-ulitin mang basahin ng isip
at isa-isahing talastasing pilit
ang salita't buhay na limbag at titik
ng isang katauhan ito'y namamasid.*

*Banal na pag-ibig pag ikaw ang nukal
sa tapat na puso ng sino't alinman,
imbit taong gubat, maralita't
mangmang
nagiging dakila at iginagalang.*

*Pagpupuring lubos ang nagiging
hangad
sa bayan ng taong may dangal na
ingat,
umawit, tumula, kumatha't sumulat,
kalakhan din nila'y isinisiwalat.*

*Walang mahalagang hindi inihandog
ng pusong mahal sa Bayang
nagkukupkop,
dugo, yaman, dunong, katiisa't pagod,
buhay ma'y abuting magkalagot-lagot.*

*Bakit? Ano itong sakdal nang laki
na hinahandugan ng buong pag kasi
na sa lalong mahal kapangyayari
at ginugugulan ng buhay na iwi.*

*Ay! Ito'y ang Inang Bayang tinubuan,
siya'y ina't tangi na kinamulatan
ng kawili-wiling liwanag ng araw
na nagbibigay init sa lunong katawan.*

*Sa kanya'y utang ang unang
pagtanggap
ng simoy ng hanging nagbigay lunas,
sa inis na puso na sisinghap-singhap,*

sa balong malalim ng siphayo't hirap.

*Kalakip din nito'y pag-ibig sa Bayan
ang lahat ng lalong sa gunita'y mahal
mula sa masaya't gasong kasanggulan.
hanggang sa katawan ay mapasa-
libingan.*

*Ang nangakaraang panahon ng aliw,
ang inaasahang araw na darating
ng pagka-timawa ng mga alipin,
liban pa ba sa bayan tatanghalin?*

*At ang balang kahoy at ang balang
sanga
na parang niya't gubat na kaaya-aya
sukat ang makita't sa ala-ala
ang ina't ang giliw lampas sa saya.*

*Tubig niyang malinaw sa anaki'y
bulog
bukal sa batisang nagkalat sa bundok
malambot na huni ng matuling agos
na nakaka aliw sa pusong may lungkot.*

*Sa aba ng abang mawalay sa Bayan!
gunita ma'y laging sakbibi ng lumbay
walang ala-ala't inaasam-asam
kundi ang makita'ng lupang tinubuan.*

*Pati na'ng magdusa't sampung
kamatayan
wari ay masarap kung dahil sa Bayan
at lalong maghirap. O! himalang
bagay,
lalong pag-irog pa ang sa kanya'y
alalay.*

*Kung ang bayang ito'y nasa panganib
at siya ay dapat na ipagtangkilik
ang anak, asawa, magulang, kapatid
isang tawag niya'y tatalikdang pilit.*

*Datapwa kung bayan ano ang bayan
ng ka-Tagalogan
ay nilalapastangan at niyuyurakan*

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No.

*katwiran, puri niya't kamahalan
ng sama ng lilong ibang bayan.*

*Di gaano kaya ang paghinagpis
ng pusong Tagalog sa puring nalait
at aling kaluoban na lalong tahimik
ang di pupukawin sa paghihimagsik?*

*Saan magbubuhay ang paghihinay
sa paghihiganti't gumugol ng buhay
kung wala ring ibang kasasadlakan
kundi ang lugami sa kaalipinan?*

*Kung ang pagka-baon niya't pagka-
busabos
sa lusak ng daya't tunay na pag-ayop
supil ng pang-hampas tanikalang
gapos
at luha na lamang ang pinaa-agos*

*Sa kanyang anyo'y sino ang tutunghay
na di-aakayin sa gawang magdamdam
pusong naglilipak sa pagka-sukaban
na hindi gumugol ng dugo at buhay.*

*Mangyari kayang ito'y masulyap
ng mga Tagalog at hindi lumingap
sa naghihinalong Inang nasa yapak
ng kasuklam-suklam na Castilang
hamak.*

*Nasaan ang dangal ng mga Tagalog,
nasaan ang dugong dapat na ibuhos?
bayan ay inaapi, bakit di kumikilos?
at natitilihang ito'y mapanuod.*

*Hayo na nga kayo, kayong nanga
buhay
sa pag-asang lubos na kaginhawahan*

***May Bagyo Ma't Rilim (Author
Unknown)***

*May bagyo ma't, may rilim
Ang ola'y, titiguisin,
Aco'y, magpipilit din:
Acquing paglalacbayin
Toloyin cong hanapin
Dios na ama namin.*

*at walang tinamo kundi kapaitan,
kaya nga't ibigin ang naaabang bayan.*

*Kayong antayan na sa kapapasakit
ng dakilang hangad sa batis ng dibdib
muling pabalungit tunay na pag-ibig
kusang ibulalas sa bayang piniit.*

*Kayong nalagasan ng bunga't
bulaklak
kahoy niyari ng buhay na nilanta't
sukat
ng bala-balakit makapal na hirap
muling manariwa't sa baya'y lumiyag.*

*Kayong mga pusong kusang inuusal
ng daya at bagsik ng ganid na asal,
ngayon magbangon't baya'y itanghal
agawin sa kuko ng mga sukaban.*

*Kayong mga dukhang walang tanging
sikap
kundi ang mabuhay sa dalita't hirap,
ampunin ang bayan kung nasa ay
lunas
sapagkat ang ginhawa niya ay sa
lahat.*

*Ipahandog-handog ang buong pag-
ibig
hanggang sa mga dugo'y ubusang
itangis
kung sa pagtatanggol, buhay ay
mapatid
ito'y kapalaran at tunay na langit.*

*Cun di man magupiling
Tocsong mabaomabaoin,
Aco'y, mangangahas din:
Itong libro'y, basahin,
At dito co hahangoin
Acquing sasandatahin.*

*Cun dati mang nabulag
Aco'y, pasasalamat,
Na ito ang liunag
Dios ang nagpahayag*

*Sa Padreng bagsiulat
Nitong mabuting sulat.*

*Naguiua ma't, nabagbag
Daloyong matataas,
Aco'y magsusumicad
Babagohin ang lacas;
Dito rin hahaguilap
Timbulang icaligtas.*

Cun lombo ma't, cun pilay

*Anong di icahacbang
Naito ang aacay
Magtuturo nang daan:
Toncod ay inilaan
Sucat pagcatibayan.*

Note: Look at how the words are spelled,
this is how the words are mostly spelled
during the early Spanish period.

THE AMERICAN COLONIAL PERIOD

After 300 years of colonization, the Filipino Revolutionists finally won against the Spaniards. However, not long after we were then colonized by the Americans. During this period, the Philippines had a great leap in terms of education and culture. The Americans introduced the public school system which practiced the use of English and Filipino as medium of instruction.

The Western civilization also had a great influence on the literature written during this period. The literary works still follow the old structure used before the American colonization, but the contents now progressed to free writing and societal concerns. Some poems also focused on non-traditional themes just like the work of Jose Corazon de Jesus, *Mga Gintong Dahon* (1920). This collection of poems tackled themes on grief induced, insanity, passion-laying, and lover's suicide. Some drama also became popular, as it was used to mock the Spanish rule and to immortalize the Filipino Revolutionist who fought for the freedom of the Philippines.

There were three groups of writers during this period, the English writers, Filipino writer, and the Spanish writers. Those who write in Spanish continued to write on nationalism; the writers in Tagalog (like Lope K. Santos, Amado V. Hernandez, and Jose Corazon de Jesus) wrote about their lamentations on the conditions of the country and their attempt to arouse love for one's native tongue; the writers in English (Jose Garcia Villa, Nick Joaquin, and N.V.M Gonzales) on the other hand, imitated the methods and themes of the Americans.

By this period, many Filipino writers had acquired the mastery of English writing and now confidently and competently wrote on a lot of subjects although the all-time favorite theme among readers like love and youth continued to persist. Writers also explored other literary forms such as novels and dramas.

Some Literary works produced during this period includes:

- *Filipino Poetry* edited by Rodolfo Dato (1924), where the first poems in English were anthologized.
- *Dead Star* by Paz Marquez Benitez (1925), this is considered as the first modern short story in English.
- *A Child of Sorrow* (1921) by Zoilo M. Galang is the first Filipino novel written in English.

Some combination of writing in a borrowed tongue while dwelling on Filipino customs and traditions earmarked the literary output of major Filipino fictionists. Some of these works includes

- *His Native Soil* (1940) which was written by Juan C. Laya, won first prize in the First Commonwealth Literary Awards in 1940.
- *How My Brother Leon Brought Home a Wife* by Manuel Arguilla, this story scanned the scenery as well as the folkways of Ilocandia.
- *Children of Ash Covered Loam* by N.V.M. Gonzales, presented a panorama of Mindoro, in all its traditions and customs while configuring its characteristics.

Examples:

Be Beautiful, Noble, Like the Antique

Ant by Jose Garcia Villa

*Be beautiful, noble, like the antique ant,
Who bore the storms as he bore the sun,
Wearing neither gown nor helmet,
though he was archbishop and soldier:
Wore only his own flesh*

*Salute characters with gracious dignity:
Though what these are is left to
Your own terms. Exact: the universe is
Not so small but these will be found
Somewhere. Exact: they will be found*

*Speak with great moderation: but think
With great fierceness, burning passion:
Though what the ant thought
No annuals reveal, no his descendants
Break the seal.*

*Trace the tracelessness of the ant,
Every ant has reached this perfection.
As he comes, so he goes,
Flowing as water flows,
Essential but secret like a rose.*

We Filipinos are Mild Drinkers

by Alejandro R. Roces

We Filipinos are mild drinkers. We drink only for three good reasons.

We drink when we are sad.

We drink when we are very happy.

And we drink for any other reason.

In 1945, the Liberation Forces landed in the Philippines. We Filipinos were very glad to see the Americans back, not so much because they were Americans but because they were not Japanese.

In our barrio, drunk Americans became a common site. A favorite story in the barrio then was that of a Yank soldier who stumbled with a bottle of whiskey in his pocket. According to the story, the first thing the G.I. did was to feel his pocket. Finding it was wet, he alarmingly looked at his hands: then, with a sigh of relief, he exclaimed: "Thank God, it is blood! I thought it was my whiskey!"

My first acquaintance with groggy GIs began one late afternoon. I was plowing our rice field with our carabao named Carpio. Disabled tanks and shot-down planes still cluttered the fields. I was barefooted and stripped to the waist. My hempen trousers were rolled up to my knees. My bolo was at my side.

An American soldier was walking on the highway. When he saw me, he headed toward me. I stopped plowing and waited for him. I noticed he was carrying a half-pint bottle of whiskey. Whiskey bottles seemed part of the American uniform.

"Hello, Joe" I said

"Any bars in this town?" he asked.

That was usually the first question American soldiers asked when they visited our barrio.

"I'm sorry, Joe," I replied. "There are no bars in this barrio."

"Oh well! You know where I could buy more whiskey?"

"No Joe, I am sorry. We do not drink whiskey."

"Here have a swig. You have been working too hard." he said, offering me his half-filled bottle.

"No, thank you, Joe." I said. "We Filipinos are mild drinkers."

" Well, don't you drink at all?"

"Yes, Joe, I drink but not whiskey."

"What the hell do you drink?"

"I drink lambanog"

"Jungle juice, eh?"

"I guess that is what the GIs call it."

"You know where I could buy some?"

"I have some you could have, but I do not think you will like it."

"I'll like it all right. Don't worry about that. I have drunk everything -- whiskey, rum, brandy, tequila, gin, champagne, saki, vodka."

He mentioned many more that I cannot spell.

"Say, you sure drink a lot, don't you?"

"I not only drink a lot, I drink anything. I drank Channel no. 5 when I was in France. In New Guinea, I got soused on William's Shaving Lotion. When I was laid up in a hospital I got pie-eyed with medical alcohol. On my way here in a transport I got soused on torpedo juice. You ain't kidding when you say I drink a lot. So let's have some of that jungle juice, eh?"

I unhitched Carpio from the plow and massaged the back of his neck.

"You sure loved that animal, don't you?" Joe remarked.

"I should." I said. "It does half of my work."

"Why don't you get two of them?"

I made no answer.

After kneading the neck of the bull. I led him to the mud hole. Joe followed me. The beast lay in the mud and was going: "Whooooooooosh! Whooooooooosh!"

Flies and other insects flew from its back and hovered in the air. A warm miasmic smell rose from the mire. When the first American troops invaded the Philippines in 1898, carabaos used to chase the Yankee soldiers off the fields. Now even the lowly water buffalo recognizes the American as a friend.

I scooped the turbid water and splashed it on his back. He rolled over and was soon covered with slime. An expression of perfect contentment came into his eyes. Then he swished his tail and Joe and I had to move back to keep from getting splattered. Presently I turned to Joe and said: "Let us go."

We then left Carpio in the splash and proceeded toward my house. Joe was curiously looking around.

"This place is full of coconut palms." he said.

"Don't you have coconut trees in America

"No." he replied. "Back in God's country we have the pine tree."

"What is it like?"

"Oh, it is tall and stately. It goes straight up to the sky like a skyscraper. It symbolizes the States."

"Well." I said, "the coconut tree represents the Philippines. It stands up to the sky, but then its leaves sway down to earth as if remembering the land that gave it life."

In a short while we arrived in my nipa hut. I took the bamboo ladder and leaned it against a spiny tree. Then I climbed the ladder and picked some kalamansi.

"What is that?" Joe asked.

"Philippine lemon," I answered. "We will need this for our drinks."

"Oh chasers."

"That is it Joe. That is what the soldiers called it."

I filled my pockets with kalamansi and then went down. I went to the garden well and washed the mud from my legs. Then we climbed up into my hut. The rubescent sun was fast sinking against a roseate sky. Dusk came with the setting of the sun. So I filled a coconut shell with oil, dipped a timsin wick in the fluid, then lighted the wick. It produced a wavering, dull yellow light. I unstrapped my bolo and hung it on the wall.

"Please sit down Joe." I said.

"Where?" Joe asked looking around.

"Right there." I said, pointing to the floor.

Joe sat down on the floor. I sliced the kalamansi in halves, took some rough salt and laid it on the foot high table. Then I took my bottle of lambanog from the kitchen and handed it to Joe. Joe removed the dalino stopper from the bottle, sniffed the contents, and then said:

"It smells OK. What is the stuff made of?"

"That is from the coco palm, Joe." I said.

"Oh, is this jungle juice?"

"No Joe, that drink is not from the fruit. That is tapped from the tree itself."

"I see." Joe said.

Lambanog is a potation procured from the coconut bud, with pulverize mangrove bark thrown in to forfend spontaneous combination. It has many uses. We use it as a remedy for snake bites, as a counter-active for malaria chills, as an insecticide and for tanning carabao hide. If you imbibe enough of it, your senses amalgamate and you get to hear three-dimensional rondalla music in color.

"Would you like some water to mix with your drink?" I asked Joe.

"Nope" Joe said, holding his palm before me. "There are two things that all red-blooded Americans love naked. One of them is his drink."

Joe punctuated this statement with a knowing look.

I poured some lambanog into two polished coconut shells and gave one of the shells to Joe. I diluted my drink with some of Joe's whiskey. It became milky. We were both seated

on the floor. I poured some of my drink on the bamboo floor. It went through the slits to the ground below.

"Hey what are you doing?" Joe asked. "throwing good liquor away?"

"No Joe" I said. "It is the custom here always to give back to the earth a little of what we have taken from the earth.

"Well" he said, raising his shell, "here's to the end of the war!"

"Here is to the end of the war" I said, also lifting my drink.

I quaffed my drink down and followed it with a slice of kalamansi dipped in unrefined salt. It made my stomach all sunshine. Joe lushed his drink but reacted in a peculiar way. His eyes popped out like a frog and his hand clutched his throat. He looked as if he swallowed a centipede.

"Quick, a chaser!" he said.

I gave him a slice of kalamansi dipped in coarse salt. He squirted it to his mouth. But it was too late. The kalamansi did not help him. I don't think even a fire extinguisher could have helped him.

"What is wrong Joe?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said. "The first shot always affects me this way." He was panting hard and tears were rolling down his cheeks.

"Well the first drink always acts like a mine sweeper," I said. "but this second one will be smooth.

I filled his shell for the second time. Again I attenuated my drink with Joe's whiskey. I gave Joe his bowl. I noticed that he was beaded with perspiration. He had unbuttoned his collar and loosened his tie. Joe took his stuff but did not seem very anxious. I lifted my shell and said:

"Here is to America!"

I was trying to be a perfect host.

"Here is to America!" Joe said.

We both consumed our cordials. Joe again reacted in a funny way.

His neck stretched out like a turtle's. And now he was panting like a carabao gone amok. He grasped his tie, threw it to one side, and said:

"Oh Christ, for a while i thought it was my tongue!"

After this he started to tinker with his teeth.

"What is wrong Joe?" I asked, still trying to be the host of hosts.

"Plenty! This damned stuff has loosened my bridgework."

As Joe exhaled, a moth flying around the thickening flame fell dead. He stared at the dead moth and said:

"And they talk of DDT."

"Well, how about another draw?" I asked. "It is what we came here for."

"No thanks." he said, "I'm through."

"Surely, you will not refuse my hospitality?"

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"OK. Just one more."

I poured the juice in the shells and again thinned mine with whiskey. I handed Joe his drink.

"Here's to the Philippines!" he said.

Joe sipped his drink. I could not see very clearly in the quivering light, but I could have sworn that I saw smoke come out of his ears.

"This stuff must be radioactive!" he said.

He threw the remains of his toddy on the wall and yelled:

"Blaze goddamn you, blaze!"

Then just as I was beginning to get thirsty, Joe began to act in a very unaccountable manner. He fell into the delusion that I was a Japanese. Warning me not to try to escape, he demanded my unconditional surrender. He wanted to know why I had bombed Pearl Harbor and committed so many atrocities when Americans had never done them any harm. I had a difficult time trying to convince him that I was anything but a Nipponese and that I had never dropped bombs on Pearl Harbor or anywhere else, for that matter. In short, that I was what I was - Just a poor Filipino boy trying to get along.

I tried offering him another drink. He declined, saying that he could not be bribed with sake but that he was going to make things easy for me at the War Crimes Commission if I fixed him up with some geisha. He said he was privy to all the war atrocities that I had perpetrated, but he was a personal friend of General Douglas MacArthur, I need not worry. He had no racial prejudice, he said, and insisted on proving this point with a Japanese josan.

Then, desperately impatient for his kimono girl, he grabbed my arm, pulled me toward him, and offered me black market goods in exchange -- cigarettes, chocolates, canned goods and jeeps.

It was at this stage that Mother walked into the house.

Mother was ten years older than the century. And even in the glimmer, she bore no resemblance to a geisha. Nevertheless, Joe mistook her for one.

With great effort he got up on his feet and wobbled toward Mother.

Mother ran out of the house screaming with Joe in hot pursuit. She unofficially broke several Olympic records that evening. They located her twenty minutes later. Some say she was still running amain when they found her.

Her screams alarmed the entire barrio. Everyone came out armed with rifles, pistols, spears, bolos and knives. They all thought that Japanese interlopers had penetrated the village.

Joe narrowly escaped being shot for a straggler. He staggered from side to side then his legs turned to noodles and he collapsed on the ground -- flat as a starfish.

Our wassail was over. It just just goes to show you that one man's drink is another man's poison.

I knew that the soldiers had to be back in their garrison at a given hour. And since Joe had been a compotator, I felt it my obligation to take him back to camp. Our drinking together was like a bloodless compact.

I tried to lift him; it was like hefting a carabao.

Four friends had to help me carry Joe. The white man had become the brown man's burden! IN VINO VERITAS! We placed him on a carabao-drawn sled. I took my bolo from the house, strapped it on my waist, and proceeded to take Joe back.

After two hours, I arrived at the plane field. I found out which tent he belonged to and took him there. His friends helped me to take him to his cot. They were glad to see their bottle-fatigued buddy back.

Everyone thanked me for taking him home. As I was leaving, one of his friends called me and said: "Hey you! How about a can of beer before you go?"

"No thanks." I said, "We Filipinos are mild drinkers."

THE JAPANESE PERIOD AND THE REPUBLIC

When the Japanese came to invade the Philippines, our literature came to halt. The use of the English language was banned, and the Filipino language was mandated under the Japanese rule and the freedom of speech and press were denied. The atmosphere during this period did not provide an impetus for writing. Primarily, the writers during this period were more concerned of surviving the war, disease, and famine than writing.

However, the restrictions imposed by the Japanese had an advantageous effect on Filipino Literature, which experienced renewed attention now that the language used is already Filipino. Juan Laya, who used to write in English, now turned to writing in Filipino.

The Tagalog short story reached its maturity during this period. The best works were compiled by the *Liwayway* magazine editors in *Ang Pinakamabuting Maikling Kathang Pilipino* ng 1943, which came out in 1944. It is a collection of stories that won a contest sponsored by the Japanese. The top four stories were *Lupang Tinubuan* by Narciso G. Reyes, *Uhaw ang Tigang na Lupa* by Liwayway Arceo, *Nayon at Dagat-dagatan* by NVM Gonzales, and *Suyuan at Tubigan* by Macario Pineda.

During the Japanese period, the Filipino Literature was given a break, and many writers wrote plays, novels, and poems with themes circling on life in the province, art, and nationalism. Many plays were also reproduced from English to Filipino. This period also made the Filipinos feel the spirit of nationalism, thus there were a lot of essays composed to glorify the Filipino while figuratively attacking the Japanese.

Example of Literary Work produced during this period:

Lament for the Littlest Fellow – Edith L. Tiempo

*The littlest fellow was a marmoset.
He held the bars and blinked his old man's eyes.
You said he knew us and took my arm and set
My fingers around the bars with coaxing mimicries*

*Of squeak and twitter. "Now he thinks you are
Another marmoset in a cage." A proud denial
Set you to laughing, shutting back a question far
Into my mind, something enormous and final.
The question was unasked but there is an answer.
Sometimes in your sleeping face upon the pillow,
I would catch our own little truant unaware;
He had fled from our pain and the dark room of our rage,
But I would snatch him back from yesterday and tomorrow.
You wake, and I bruise my hand on the living cage.*

THE CONTEMPORARY PERIOD

The Philippine Literature during this period was now characterized by the use of native language as the main language for expression. The period primarily began in the 1960s but was fully established after the martial-law dictatorship in 1986.

The writers during this period somehow experienced some kind of “struggle of mind and spirit” posed by the sudden emancipation from the enemies. Although, Filipinos already learned to express themselves more confidently, post-war problems like economic stability and threats of mortality and new ideas were encountered.

On the good side, with the appearance of new publication after the Martial Law years, many literary works from various languages of the Philippines started to flourish.

The writes continued to write poetry, novellas, novels, short stories, and essays whether these are socially committed, ethnic/gender related, or are for personal intentions.

Filipino writers also became more conscious of their art with the proliferation of writers workshop locally and internationally.

Various literary awards such as the Philippine Free Press, Home Life and Panorama, Philippine Graphic, and the Don Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards for Literature encouraged and inspired the writers to compete and hope that their creative efforts will be rewarded.

The State of Literature during this Period

The earlier part of the post-liberation period was faced with struggles of both mind and spirits, this was the result of the sudden emancipation from the enemy.

- a. *Heart of The Islands* (1947) – a collection of poems by Manuel Viray
- b. *Philippines Cross Section* (1950) – a collection of prose and poetry by Maximo Ramos and Florentino Valeros
- c. *Prose and Poems* (1952) – by Nick Joaquin
- d. *Philippine Writing* (1953) – by T.D. Agcaoili
- e. *Philippine Havest* – by Amador Daguo
- f.
- g. *Who Spoke of Courage in His Sleep* – by NVM Gonzales
- h. *Speak Not, Speak Also* – by Conrado V. Pedroche

- i. Other poets were Toribia Maño and Edith L. Tiempo, Jose Garcia Villa's *Have Come, Am Here* has won acclaim both here and abroad

Philippine literature in Tagalog was revived during this period. Most themes found in the literary works of this period dealt with the Japanese brutalities, and of the poverty experienced under the Japanese government and the brave guerilla exploits.

The New Filipino Literature during this Period

a. *Period of Activism (1970-1972)*

Most writers of this period were young people who became activists because of their desire for change. They were fired with nationalism which was clearly expressed and emphasized in their works.

The Literary Revolution

The youth has become completely rebellious during this period. This was shown not only in their bloody actions in the streets but also in the expressions found in their literature. Many campus papers also showed rebellious emotions, and the artists of that time have helped developed awareness in our society. They used their pens to raise their voices the equivalent of the word MAKIBAKA (To dare!).

Writing During the Period of Activism

The mockery and disrespect for the poor has reached its peak during the period of mass revolution. The Bomba films that were rampant during this period were discredited as our full expression and desire for changes started to come out.

b. *Period of the New Society (1972-1980)*

During this period, almost all themes of the literary works produced dealt with progress and development of the country- family planning, green revolution, environment, drug addiction, and pollution.

The Period of New Society tried to stop pornography, in movies and in writings, and those that gives bad influence on the moral and values of the people. All school newspapers and organizations were also stopped.

Most of the poetry written during this period dealt with patience, and showed high regards for native tradition, culture, customs, and the beauties of nature and the surroundings.

The Play under the New Society

During this period, the government led in reviving old dramas and plays, like the *Cenaculo*, *Tagalog Zarzuela*, and the *Embayoka of the Muslims* which were presented the Folk Arts Theater, the Cultural Center of the Philippines, and the rebuilt Metropolitan Theater.

Radio and Television

Radios were still patronized and used during this period. Series like *Ang Palad Ko*, *Mr. Lonely*, and *Si Matar* were played as a form of recreational activity, most especially by people who do not have televisions.

Filipino Films

For the areas of Films, the Pista ng mga Pilikulang Pilipino was held, and during the span of the festival, which usually last for a month, only films from the Philippines were shown in all theatres in Metro Manila.

1. *Maynila...Sa Mga Kuko Ng Liwanag* written by Edgardo Reyes and filmed under the direction of Lino Brocka. Bembol Roco was the lead role.
2. *Minsa'y Isang Gamu-Gamu*, Nora Aunor was the principal performer here.
3. *Ganito Kami Noon...Paano Kayo Ngayon* led by Christopher de Leon and Gloria Diaz.
4. *Insiang*: by Hilda Koronel
5. *Agila*: led by Fernando Poe Jr., Jay Ilagan and Christopher de Leon
- 6.

Comics, Magazines and other Publications

In the period of the New Society, new forms of newspapers were donned. News on discipline, culture, tourism, and economic progress were favored more than the sensationalized reports of rape, robberies, and killings.

c. Period of the Third Republic (1981-1985)

After years of military rule and some changes in the life of the Filipino, the Martial Rule was at last lifted on January 2, 1981.

Filipino Poetry •

The poems of this period were revolutionary and romantic. Many writers were not afraid to openly critic the government. The appeal of the people to government were filled with fiery, violent, profane, colorful and insulting languages.

Filipino Songs •

Many Filipino songs of this period dealt with themes revolving around true-to-life experiences like grief, aspirations for freedom, poverty, and love of God, fellowmen, and the country.

Philippine Films during the Period

The yearly Festival of Filipino Films continued to be held during this period. The people's love for sex films also was unabated. Below is the table of the list of Philippine Films during the Third Republic.

| Film | Director | Cast | Genre |
|----------------------|-------------|--|-------|
| Kontrobersyal (1981) | Lino Brocka | Philip Salvador, Gina Alajar, Charo Santos | Drama |

| | | | |
|------------------------|------------------|--|--------------------|
| Relasyon (1982) | Ishmael Bernal | Vilma Santos, Christopher de Leon | Drama |
| Dugong Buhay (1983) | Carlo J. Caparas | Ramon Revilla, Bong Revilla, Imelda Ilanan | Action |
| Ang Panday (1984) | Ronwaldo Reyes | Fernando Poe, Jr, Marianne dela Riva, Max Alvarado | Action/ Fantasy |
| Tinik sa Dibdib (1985) | Leroy Salvador | Nora Aunor, Dina Bonnevie, Phillip Salvador | Drama |

d. Rebirth of Freedom (1986-present)

During this period, the history of the Philippines, together with its literature took another twist. The Filipino has again regained the independence they lost twenty years ago because of Martial Law. The revolution at the streets of EDSA from February 21-25, 1986, which was also known as the People Power or LAKAS ng Bayan has prevailed.

Newspapers and other Publications

The Newspaper that were branded as crony newspapers became instant oppositions. This was true of the Bulletin Today newspaper which also became an opposition paper.

Books

The revolution of 1986, and the spirit that carried the Filipino to another period in the Philippine history is still documented just as they have been in the countless number of people who participated in body and spirit for the realization of independence.

Example of the works produced during this period:

The Legend of the Seafoam by J. Neil Garcia

In the beginning there was always mist shrouding and blurring the edges of things untouched by clovenness, water and sky knew nothing of horizons; land and air rootlessness and sleep. In the beginning the void stirred awake from itself, remembering

to dream of difference. Out of this wish two beings churned loose, and arose: Tungkung Langit, omnipotent Lord of the sky, and his wife, Alunsina. She was his liling consolation as he was her all: at sunrise, he returned from his labors at creation to find her singing beside a pond which had been her desire turned to water.

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*He loved her enough bequeath her
this one power: a gilt of crystal grief
and pain that grew lucent in her breast
and flowed shimmering to her lips. As
she sang,
she strummed the water's anxious skin
with her fingers, and he felt the cool
touch*

*of ripples spreading faintly from his
brow
to his mind's very bottom. But still,
Tungkung Langit alone wielded
heaven's
towering staff, for he was lord over all
that covered in its shadow. Alunsina
thought little of its massiveness that was
his shape, but of what hid there
while he was not looking, she had
mastered
the trick of seeing the space between his
stares
as he searched for more emptiness to fill,
more
black regions to banish from his sight
that craved light and more light. She
had felt
the doubt in his limbs as they tore apart
ancient waters from their springs had
heard
the muffled sigh in his breath as it blew
out
heaving mist like a candle whose flame
was darkness. And so, when he told her
in the brilliant clasp of sunrise how her
songs
tired him so, how darkly woeful he
found them
as depths that lurked wanton under
the formless words that he despised
she knew more than he did of the folly
inside his heart. While Tungkung Langit
was stern-eyed blowing fire into the
sun's
from the sky which had been her home.*

*At first he thought it refreshing
not to listen to her songs, not to find her
lying
on her side by crystal ponds that cooled*

*the air of celestial palaces. But soon,
he was weary of the heat sputtering
from within his fervent imaginings. Soon
he craved
her fingers to put out the flame on his
brow
to heal the gap leering at him from
within
the binding magnificence of his mind.*

*In his solitude her absence spoke to him
more loudly than any creation
he could ordain! Fire frantic by her loss
he sought her from the bottom of the
surface
of things he had caused: from sunrise
to sunrise, from order to order,
light to more light in the universe
of his own proud invention. She was not
there.*

*And so he remembered, who she was:
Alunsina who haunted everything
he had shaped as shadow haunted light.
He threw the pall of his sorrow
over half of the sky leaving only a hole
through which he might see her and the
glint
of countless pinpricks to guide her home.*

*But she remained lost to him the way
dew
was lost to the newly formed earth in the
haze
of the very first sunset. And then,*

*he gathered her liquid sadness from all
the ponds she had orphaned in her wake
and cast it into the hollows down below.*

*Perched on the crest of a rainbow,
Tungkung Langit wept a rain full of life
that took root everywhere it fell:
on land it crept, through air it flew,
and across the ocean it swam, all in the
same
fitful rhythm of loss. He pressed
his mouth to the soil where quivered
flowered sighing their mottled fragrance
into his face. For all this he only grew
more forlorn: she was nowhere in the
exuberance
for which he was everywhere called
Almighty
by the progeny he had enfleshed. If only*

*they knew the formless grief enwombing
him,
the pain whence they themselves had
throbbed
within his heart's seething mist!*

*After staying in a fire-lit cave
where his longing had moved the fingers
of an upright creature across a wall,
Tungkung Langit lifted himself up
to the evening. He would have thought
the moonlit sky beautiful had he not
noticed the glimmer of ripples
over the surface of a freeze-blown sea.*

*For a moment he could see her lying
across the horizon, her head resting
on a hand while the other strummed the
water's
trembling skin. She would seem to be
singing
to waves that rushed headlong to shore
as if
desiring seamlessness. From across the
sea
he called her name an eternity of times
into the rising wind, Alunsina,
Alunsina. But no sooner had he spoken
than she vanished as the foam swirling
lucent among storm-swept rocks.*

Learning Tasks (Application)

Make a graphical timeline in your notebook focusing on how the literatures for each literary period (from Pre-colonial to Contemporary) proliferated. (Note: Limit four timelines only and you can have your own graphical design)

Pre-
Colonial
Period

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| | |
|---------------------|--|
| | |
| Spanish Period | |
| American Period | |
| Contemporary Period | |

Learning Task No. 2: Folklore with a twist

I have given different example of stories that we have, from myth, legend, to fable, and these stories are big part of what and who we are as Filipinos. For this activity, I want you to look for any folklore (myth, epic, legend, etc.) and reimagine the plot, character, and setting of the story adding some modern twist to the content of the story.

For example the character of a manananggal, instead of living in a secluded area can be a famous girl studying in a prestigious school. You can add any elements that you like, just be creative in your work.

Addition: Your story should not be less than 300 words, and make sure to add your own title. Write/encode this in an A4 bond paper.

Learning Check (Assessment)

- I. Read the following questions carefully. Identify what is being described in the statement and write your answers in your exercise notebook.

- _____ 1. This is the work of creative imagination used to express and communicate different feelings and ideas.
- _____ 2. These stories are used to explain how things occurred; they are mostly connected to the idea of gods and goddesses.
- _____ 3. These are stories believed to be historically based but are exaggerated to the point of being fictional.
- _____ 4. These tales narrate the foolishness of the main character who likes to cheat and play tricks on other human. The main character in these tales are often clever but are downright fool.
- _____ 5. This folk story is one considered as the oldest recorded epic, and the only complete epic handed to us from the Christian Filipino group.
- _____ 6. These are short verses used to express norms or codes of behavior and community beliefs.
- _____ 7. What is the first book printed in the Philippines that contains different prayers, including the commandments of the Catholic Church.
- _____ 8. This is a dramatic performance to commemorate the passion and death of Jesus Christ, and is written in octosyllabic form (written with eight verse per stanza).
- _____ 9. These form of literature is one of the traditional Filipino art forms where two protagonist debate over a certain theme or topic, one supporting the topic and the other arguing against it.
- _____ 10. This books is the first collection of poems written English.
- _____ 11. In Alejandro Roces' *We Filipinos are Mild Drinkers*, what does Joe call the Lambanog?
- _____ 12. These literary work exposed the dark side of Spanish colonization, and sparked the revolution and resistance among the Filipinos.
- _____ 13. This period enriched the spirit of Nationalism, thus literary works

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produced are addressed to glorify the Filipino while figuratively attacking the colonizers.

- _____ 14. Most writers of this period are young people who turned to activism, writing literary pieces fired with nationalism and desire for changes.
- _____ 15. This is the period where the writers experienced some kind of “struggle of mind and spirit” posed by the sudden emancipation from the enemies.

II. Using your *own words* answer the following in three to five sentences only (write your answer in your exercise notebook). Note: Plagiarized answers will automatically get a failing mark

1. In your perspective as a student, what do you think is the importance of Literature as an integral aspect of life?

2. In the myth of Tungkong Langit and Alunsina, was it right for Alunsina to leave and never come back?

3. Juan Tamad is one of the most famous characters in the Filipino folktales who is often associated with the personality of the Filipino people. Based on the Story of Juan Tamad and the Guava Tree, is Juan really lazy? Why or Why not?

4. Why is it important for us to know and learn about our pre-colonial literature?

5. What values can we learn from Andres Bonifacio's *Pag-Ibig sa Tinubuang Lupa*?

6. How are Filipinos portrayed in the story of Alejandro Roces' *We Filipinos are Mild Drinkers*?

7. As a student, how can you help spread and promote our own literature?

8 – 9. Write at least one example of the following forms of poetry:

- Dyona: _____
- Dalit: _____
- Tanaga: _____

*Instructions on how to submit student output***Online Submission for all the activities:**

1. In your Microsoft word file make sure type in the upper left corner your name, grade, section, and date of submission.
2. Format should be 1 inch margin each side, Times New Roman/Arial, and the font size should be 12 pts.
3. Save your document in a PDF form, with the file name **Section_LastName_FirstName_Module1_Activities** (ex. HUMMS_Juanillo_Kay_Module1_Activities)
4. Submit your document to my email { [HYPERLINK "mailto:juanillokay@gmail.com"](mailto:juanillokay@gmail.com) }, make sure to fill out the subject line with **Module 1 Activities for CLP**, and include a short introductory message expressing polite and kind words like “Good morning, Ma’am! Here is my...”.
5. If you have any question or concern, feel free to message me through my e-mail or cellphone number +639353630108.

For Offline Submission:

1. Answers should be written in your notebook, and make sure to indicate the Module number for each activity.
2. After answering, place your notebook (and/or other activities) inside a short plastic envelope.
3. On the plastic envelope, write your name, section, and class schedule, including the name of your instructor, and the department where it will be submitted.

Example:

| |
|---|
| <p style="text-align: center;">Dela Cruz, Juana STEM A – M-Th 11-12 Ms. Kay T. Juanillo Department of Liberal Arts and Behavioral Science</p> |
|---|

4. You can leave your envelope at the VSU Main Gate – Guard Post on or before the deadline set by your instructor.

Module Posttest

I. Write the letter of your correct answer on the space provided before the number.

1. These are sacred narrative explaining how the world and man came to be in their present form.

| | |
|------------|-----------|
| a. Legends | b. Myths |
| c. Epics | d. Fables |
2. This is a song of revelry.

| | |
|-----------|-----------|
| a. Epic | b. Uyai |
| c. Diyona | d. Legend |
3. This is the novel that gave spirit to the Propaganda Movement.

| | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| a. El Filibustresmo | b. La Solidaridad |
| c. Noli Me Tangere | d. <i>Fray Botod</i> |

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4. This is the first Filipino novel written in English.
- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------------|
| a. His Native Soil | b. Dead Star |
| c. A Child of Sorrow | d. Children of Ash Coveren Loam |
5. What does *In Vino Veritas* mean?

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- { HYPERLINK "<https://www.scribd.com/presentation/326609743/Philippine-Literature-During-the-Spanish-Period>" }
- { HYPERLINK "<https://www.slideshare.net/josephestroga/philippine-literature-during-american-period>" }
- { HYPERLINK "<https://ncca.gov.ph/about-ncca-3/subcommissions/subcommission-on-the-arts-sca/literary-arts/philippine-literature-during-the-american-period/>" }
- { HYPERLINK "http://www.seasite.niu.edu/tagalog/Literature/literary_forms_in_philippine_lit.htm" }

Module 2: Literary Genres, Elements, and Techniques

Module Overview

This module will discuss the different category of literary composition, their specific form, content, and style. It will also discuss the different characteristics of these genres that distinguish them from one another. Additionally, this module will tackle the different elements and techniques used by the writers/poet/playwright in creating their literary works.

Module Pretest

I. Write the letter of your correct answer on the space provided before the number.

1. This is a story about a person's life written by someone else?
 - a. journal
 - b. essay
 - c. autobiography
 - d. biography
2. These are long stories composed of different chapters.
 - a. play
 - b. novels
 - c. short story
 - d. mystery
3. This a literary work that has rhythm, stanzas, and lines.
 - a. prose
 - b. fiction
 - c. poem
 - d. fable
4. This is the struggle between opposing forces and the basis of plot in literature.
 - a. rising action
 - b. conflict
 - c. climax
 - d. exposition
5. This is the language that communicates ideas beyond the ordinary, literal meaning of words.
 - a. irony
 - b. simile
 - c. figurative language
 - d. metaphorical language

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Lesson 2.1: Literary Genres

Learning Outcomes

1. Define the different classifications of Literature.
2. Identify the different literary genres.
3. Distinguished the different genres from one another.
4. Create their own literary pieces.

Materials and Equipment Needed

Laptop/Netbook
Module
Exercise Notebook

Learning Activities (Activating Prior Knowledge)

Before we proceed with our discussion I want you to choose first the literary genres in which the story most likely belongs. Then explain how you got your answer.

science fiction, historical fiction, and realistic fiction, autobiographies, biographies, informational writing, and essays, myth, fairytale, legend, tall tale, and fable

1. *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* by Jules Verne

The story of a German professor who believes there are volcanic tubes going toward the center of the Earth. He, his nephew Axel, and their guide Hans climb down a crater and have many wild adventures, encountering dinosaurs and prehistoric man. They eventually return to surface again in southern Italy.

Genre: _____

Explain your Answer

2. *Sleeping Beauty* retold by Charles Perrault

A beautiful princess pricks her finger on a sewing needle, after being cursed by a wicked fairy. The princess falls into a deep sleep. One hundred years later, a prince fights his way through the enchanted forest and awakens the beautiful sleeping princess with a kiss.

Genre: _____

Explain your Answer

3. The Big Book of Science, Grades 5-6 by Mortini School Publishing

This science book for grades 5 and 6 puts the "fun" in "fundamental." Students complete a variety of exercises to develop their science skills using materials that can be found at home. This version contains over 62 practice activities.

Genre:

Explain your Answer

4. *The Fox and the Grapes* retold by Aesop

One day a fox came upon a grape orchard and found a bunch of beautiful grapes hanging from a high branch. "Boy those sure would be tasty," he thought to himself. He backed up and took a running start, and jumped. He did not get high enough. He went back to his starting spot and tried again. He almost got high enough this time, but he still could not reach the grapes. He tried again and again, but he just couldn't get high enough to reach the grapes. Finally, he gave up. As he walked away, he put his nose in the air and said: "I am sure those grapes are sour anyway." It is easy to hate what you cannot have.

Genre: _____

Explain your Answer

Learning Probe (Analysis)

Based on the activity above, we tried to identify where each literary work belongs to. It is important for us to know the literary genre belongs to as to it could help us generate a meaningful prediction about what we might learn from the book.

Understanding the genre of a certain literary work can also help us recognize what we are reading, thus we can quickly adjust our reading style. We also learn how to navigate through each kind of text to find the information that we need. Say for example, we can learn that narrative text tells a story, persuade text is written to convince somebody, about something, and informational text is to give readers some facts.

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There are people who like to read specific genres, like mystery or thriller genres, thus when they buy/read a book they will also choose a book/story that belongs to the category/genre that they like. What about you? What is your favorite literary genre?

Learning Time (Acquire New Knowledge)

Literature is an important aspect of life that helps us grow both personally and intellectually. It can lead us to doors of knowledge and experiences. Literature also links us to the philosophical, religious, and cultural world of which we are a part of. In understanding deeper the significance and nature of Literature in our lives, it is important to learn about the different genres, elements, and techniques that make up the literary works that we have.

Literature has two types: *Oral Literature* and *Written Literature*. Oral Literature is the way of preserving a piece of Literature handed down through word of mouth from one generation to another. Most of the Literature from the pre-colonial period were collected and preserved through this form. Written Literature, on the other hand, are literary works that have been created from the use of pen or any writing materials by a literary genius.

Literary genre is also known as a category of literary composition, which may be determined by tone, content, literary technique, even by length. There are three major literary genres: *drama*, *prose*, and *poetry*. They are different from one another yet also contain many similar elements. Each of these literary genres can be distinguished by its form: Prose is in sentences and paragraphs, Poetry is in lines and stanzas, and Drama is written in dialogue.

To further differentiate each genre, we will discuss them one by one, including their different subgenres.

DRAMA

Drama, also referred to as *plays*, typically is a genre of Literature which is intended to be performed. It is a portrayal of fictional or non-fictional events through the performance of written dialogue, either in prose or poetry. Drama involves actors and actresses that present an action/dialogue in front of a live audience. As narrative mode, there is an assumption that drama requires the collaboration and participation between the actors/actresses and the audience.

Drama, however, is not only limited to acting/live performance, it is still possible to read a work of drama, but *the full expression of the work can fully be achieved in the context of performance*.

Drama is one of the first forms of storytelling in human history. Dating back at least the 5th century of BC in Ancient Greece. It became an important part of celebrations for gods; and competitions were held for the best new work of drama. The two iconic mask, the laughing face and the sad face, are symbols of the two of the ancient Greek Muses: *Thalia*, the Muse of Comedy and *Melpomene*, the Muse of Tragedy.

Drama remains popular in many other parts of the world as well. Different kinds of drama have continued to be an important part of a civilization's culture throughout the different periods of history.

One of the primary reasons why many people continue to support and appreciate this form of literature, is because of its unique way of presenting a narrative or story in real time.

William Shakespeare is one of the most noted dramatists/playwrights in all of history of Literature. He is known to have written thirty-three plays, divided into comedy, tragedy, and history. Some of his works includes: Romeo and Juliet, Midsummer Night's Dream, Hamlet, Macbeth, and Twelfth Night.

There are different types of Drama and the common types are:

- **Tragedy**

This is generally serious in tone, focusing on a protagonist who experiences an eventual downfall. This also shows darker themes, such as pain, death, and disaster. An example of this would be William Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.

- **Comedy**

Comedies are lighter in tone and employs humorous dialogues and situations. Most drama of this type usually ends happily. The intention of the playwright in comedies is to make the audience laugh, hence they use events, characters, and dialogue witty. An example of comedy would be Every Man in His Humor by Ben Johnson. You can read the drama here: { [HYPERLINK "https://warburg.sas.ac.uk/pdf/emh105b2777740.pdf"](https://warburg.sas.ac.uk/pdf/emh105b2777740.pdf) }

- **Farce**

Farce is a kind of drama that centers on ridiculous plot that involves exaggerated and improbable events. Farce often do not show much character development, but instead rely on physical humor, skillful exploitation, and absurdity. Most Farce only shows a single setting where all the events occur. This type of drama was creating during the 15th century Europe as a way of making serious things like religious text, foolish. An example of Farce is William Shakespeare's The Comedy Errors. You can read this drama through this site: { [HYPERLINK "https://shakespeare.folger.edu/downloads/pdf/the-comedy-of-errors_PDF_FolgerShakespeare.pdf"](https://shakespeare.folger.edu/downloads/pdf/the-comedy-of-errors_PDF_FolgerShakespeare.pdf) }

- **Melodrama**

This is a kind of drama that involve exaggerated conflicts faced by the characters, and allows for intense emotional response from the audience. Melodramas serves as a form of entertainment for the readers/listeners when they want to escape reality and be consume the struggles experienced by the characters. A popular book under this type is The Count of Monte Cristo by Alexander Dumas.

- **Musical**

In this type of drama, the playwright not only narrates a story through acting and dialogue, but also through dance and music. Dramas can have different themes ranging from serious political topics, fairytales, and different societal issues.

- You can watch Musical play through this sites:
 - Into the Woods the Musical –

- { HYPERLINK
"https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kqCsQCsinK4" }
- Tangled the Musical
{ HYPERLINK
"https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iyFHjQndReY" }
- Rated:PG An Advocay on Positive Discipline and Children's Rights| PETA
{ HYPERLINK
"https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mG0OptDrchE" }

Drama Structure

Plays are organized into **dialogue**, **scenes**, and **act**. A play can be made up one act or multiple acts. Each act is divided into scenes, in which a character or characters, come on or off stage and speak their line. A play can have only one character or many characters. The main character is the **protagonist** and a character who opposes him/her is the **antagonist**.

Plot for Dramas/Plays typically follow this pattern:

- **Rising Action** – complications the protagonist must face, composed of any number of conflicts and crises.
- **Climax** – the peak of the rising actions and the turning point for the protagonist.
- **Falling Act** – the movement towards a resolution.

PROSE

Prose is a literary genre where the language used has no formal metrical structure. It possesses ordinary grammatical structure and natural flow of speech, rather than rhythmic structure like the traditional Poetry. The standard style of writing used is prose is also the same with most of the spoken dialogues and factual writing and discourse that we use. The language used is also common in newspaper, magazines, encyclopedia, and many other forms of communication.

Prose can be divided into two category: *Fiction*, *Heroic Prose*, and *Non-Fiction*

Fiction

According to the definition given by Merriam Webster, "Fiction is a form of prose, especially novels, that describes *imaginary* events and people". This includes stories that are based on made-up and fabricated stories and characters. It narrates stories that are sometimes bigger than the actual story itself. Fiction may be based on accounts of actual events, however, the place, situation, and/or characters are presented in a fictitious way.

Kinds of Prose under Fiction:

Novel

Novels are book of long narrative work of fiction that may contain some form of realism. As compared to short stories, Novel presents a whole picture of the different aspects of the character's life. Most of the time, novels present stories of human experiences. A novel is also a strong tool to present different philosophical, social, historical, moral, and cultural perspectives. However, you should note that all novels are fictional. Although they may contain characters, settings, and events that

are the same or based on real-life, the writers are still using their creative imagination by altering some of the elements to make it appealing to the readers/listeners.

Some types of Novels include

a. Romance

The Romance novel is a genre developed in Western culture, mainly in English-speaking countries. This kind of novel is primarily focused on the relationship and romantic love between two people. Most novels of this genre have emotionally satisfying and optimistic ending.

Some examples of romance novels are:

- *The Notebook* by Nicholas Sparks
- *The Sweetest Thing* by Barbara Freethy
- *Diary ng Panget* by HAVeYouSeenThisGirl
- *She's Dating the Gangster* by Bianca Bernadino

b. Mystery/Thriller

This type of novel features elements of mystery that should be solved. The readers may be given clues to the mystery throughout the story. One main purpose of this novel is to build suspense to the readers.

Examples:

- *V is for Vengeance* by Sue Grafton
- *Smaller and Smaller Circles* by F.H. Batacan
- *Dwellers* by Eliza Victoria

c. Horror Novels: Mystery and Fear

This type of novels is getting popular today. It features mysterious and gruesome events and situations. This kind of novel is intended to provoke fear in the reader/listener.

Examples:

- *The Unloved* by John Saul
- *The Devil Tree* by Steve Vernon
- *Cubao Pagkagat ng Dilm* by Tony Perez

d. Historical Novels

Historical novels are stories that are set in the past. The setting of the story is usually real and is drawn from history, often involving actual historical people and events, however, the principal characters tend to be fictional. Although these stories are fictional, writers still attempt to capture the manner and social conditions of the people or time(s) presented in the story.

Examples:

- *The Friar's Daughter* by Kansas Girard
- *The Three Musketeers* by Alexandre Dumas
- *The Book of Negroes* by Lawrence Hill

Short Story

Short stories are fictional work that are shorter in length than novels and are longer than fables. Since a short story is shorter in length, it usually focuses on one plot, one main character (with few additional minor characters), and *one central theme*; whereas novels can have numbers of plots and themes, with variety of prominent characters.

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One of the best short stories written in English Literature is *The Happy Prince* by Oscar Wilde, while short stories of Nick Joaquin and Jose Garcia Villa are still popular today. These days, many contemporary writers have explored different themes and style in their works. Many local artists from different regions have also started writing using their own language as a medium.

Example of a short story in Cebuano:

Absent, Ma'am

by Ferdinand Balino

(This short story was recognized as the second best short story during the 2007 Don Carlos Palanca Memorial Award for Literature – Cebuano Short Story Category.)

DIHANG nasayod kong panawgon na ni Ma'am Fuentes ang mosunod nga mga ngalan, ako na lang giatubang ang akong dagway sa wala pa mahuman nga bungbong sa among classroom.

"Buhay, Daisy...?"

"Absent, Ma'am."

"Buhay, Rose...?"

"Absent, Ma'am."

Niining bahina, milapos na gyod ang akong panan-aw sa wala pa mabungbong nga bahin sa classroom. Ang pagpangataktak ra sa bukbok sa kawayang bahin sa bungbong ang mopahinundom nakong di gyod ko kalikay sa mosunod nga pangutana.

"Again, it has been two days. Do you know where they are?"

"Sick, Ma'am." Sus, ako ra gyoy makalitok niining tubaga. Naanad na intawon kog balik-balik niini, sama sab sa pagsulat og "I'm sorry for being absent today because I am sick." Bitaw, akoy tigtabang nilang Rose nga mosulat sa ilang excuse letters, apan wala na mi kasulat alang sa uban pa nilang mga pag-absent kay nahutdan na mig mga katarongan. Matingala na hinuon si Ma'm nganong sigeg "because I am sick" silang Rose.

Apan mao lagi, "Sick, Ma'am" ra gyod ang akong matubag aron makalikay sab ko nga mag-iningles! Puyde man pod gyod nakong matubag si Ma'm sa tinuod nga hinungdan sa pag-absent nilang Rose apan "speak English" man pod lagi. Mouk-ok gyod ang akong dila niining pinulongana, panington kog bugnaw nga mora bag usa ka dakong mata ang kalibotan nga nagtan-aw nako kon mag-iningles ko.

"Sick again? Rose has already had seven absences and Daisy, six. And the reason is always sick. Lani, aren't they your neighbors? What's happening to them?"

Pastilan! Ambot nganong "speak English" man gyod ni si Ma'm nga Math teacher man unta!

"Ma'am, they buys... bought (past tense man diay ni), buys (ay, singular man diay ni), buy shoes today in the town." Hayyy, Ma'am, stop asking na, uy.

Mayna lang kay wala na mangutana pag-usab si Ma'm. Kasabot gyod nganong absent silang Rose kay wala ra ba niya pasudla sa klase si Rose kay nagtsinelas ra. School policy daw. Ambot ba ning eskulhahana, public man unta, naa pa gyod dinhi sa kabukiran, apan nganong estrikto man gyod sa mga yuniporm, ID, sapatos, ug uban pa.

Nagpuli-puli na man gani silang Rose ug Daisy sa sapatos sa ulahi pero puli-puli pod lagi og absent.

Sa pagkatinuod lang, miabsent baya ko kas-a kay gipahulam nako si Rose og sapatos, total, wala pa man koy absent-absent. Amiga gyod nako si Rose kay kaedad-edad ra nako, kinse anyos. Katarongan nako, unsa pa diay, “for being sick today”. Gipal-otan intawon si Rose kay medyo gamay ang akong sapatos alang sa lapad niyang mga tiil, aw, unsa pa man diay ang dahomon sa tiil namong mga mag-uuma!

“Lani, I would like to talk to you after the class.”

Talk, estorya, makig-estorya si Ma ’m? Ginoo ko, Iningles na sab ni! Apan human man kaha sa klase, di na ni mag-iningles no! Nindot ra ba maminaw kang Ma ’m kon magbinisaya siya kay mogawas ang tono sa iyang pagka Bol-anon.

Tuod man, nakig-estorya siya nako human sa klase. Gihangyo ko niya nga among adtoon ang balay nilang Rose inigpaniudto.

Medyo layo sa amoa, singko pesos ang plete sa habalhabal matag tawo. Apan ginalakaw ra ni namo padulong sa eskuylahan sa kapin o kulang traynta minutos kay wala man intawon miy ikaplete. Mao nga magabalon na lang mig paniudto. Ang dili makabalon (kay unsaon man, kulang pa ang kasagarang pamahaw nga bulad), mouli gyod sa ilang lagyong mga balay ug lagmit dili na kabalik sa hapon labi na kon mobundak ang kusog nga ulan kay mobaha ang sapa nga labangonon padulong sa eskuylahan.

Pag-abot sa dalan, baryo lagi, basketball court ra nga donated by sa mayor ang sementado. Puwerte gyod nakong kapyot kang Ma ’m. Apan si Ma ’m, morag wala lang, anad na man god sa sakay-sakay. Apan malingaw ko niya kon mountol ang habalhabal kay maka-“ay, kabadyo!” siya.

Tungod kay sudlonon pa ang amoa, dili na makalahos ang habalhabal ug kinahanglang molakaw pa mi. Naagian namong naniudto ang mga nanghurnal sa pagtanom og kamatis sa usa ka luna. Giagda mi nilag paniudto. Kini si Ma ’m, suod ni sa mga tawo mao nga nakigpaniudto na sab ug amo na lang gipagawas ang among mga balon nga adto man unta namo kaonon sa ilang Rose. Bulad ug sardinas amoa, piniritong isda kang Ma ’m, apan nag-isigdalitay gyod matag usa.

Nagsugod nag estorya samtang nagkaon. Sus, kini si Ma ’m, modalikyat gyog hapit sa mga tapok-tapok sa tindahan inighuman sa klase. Usahay, hunahuna nako, mora pog nakaeskuyla ang mga mulupyo kay maghisgot sila og bayanihan ug mga kasulbaran sa mga suliran sa mga mag-uuma. Pananglit, makig-atubang daw sila sa mga tag-iya sa dagkong yuta bahin sa pagpataas sa suhol sa paghurnal. Motabang daw si Ma ’m sa pagkuwenta sa angayang madawat nga suhol.

Gipalingkod mi ni Noy Junior sa bag-o niyang gipanday nga lingkoranan nga kawayan. Pagkabut-an gyod niya, uy. Tiaw mo, dili na daw siya maminyo kay siyay nagbuhi sa unom pa ka manghod. Baynte tres pa man unta pero morag trayntahon na ang dagway. Naa pay nagsunod niya nga duha ka manghod nga babaye ayha silang Rose ug Daisy apan nanimpalad sa lungsod isip mga katabang. Ang kamanghoran siyete anyos ug wala nay namat-an nga inahan kay nagtalinugo sa pagpanganak ug wala na kaabot sa ospital kay puwerteng layoa. Mga silingan ug paryente na lang ang napuli-pulig atiman sa bata.

Ang ilang papa namatay sab usa ka tuig human mipanaw ang ilang mama. Gipatay, maoy saktong pulong. Gabii kadto dihang dunay miabot nga duha ka tawo nga nagbonete. Gigaid si Noy Junior sa punoan sa ilang nag-inusarang duryan samtang pugos nga gikuha ug gipasakay sa motor ang ilang amahan. Nadunggan gyod nako ang mga siyagit nilang Rose ug ang pagtiyabaw sa ilang kamanghoran nga giduyogan sab sa pagpaghot sa ilang iro.

Daw naamang ang mga silingan niadtong tungora; mga iro ray nagkinambiyohay og paghot nga puwerte nang alingugngoga. Apan taudtaod, nag-isigtagboay na ang mga siga sa mga plaslayt sa balay nilang Rose, ang mga tambag sa mga silingan morag nagpakalma sa nagkalawom ug daw ginahuyop sa tugnaw nga hangin sa kagabhion. Naglisod kog katulog niadtong tungora, daw makabungog ang mipuling kahilom nga matugaw lang sa mga nanaglumbaay nga huni sa mga mananap.

Nakit-an na lang sunod adlaw ang patayng lawas sa ilang papa daplin sa national higway padulong sa lungsod. Dako ang pagduda sa mga mulupyo nga gisalbeyds kini tungod kay nabantog nga lider sa mga mag-uuma nga nagpetisyon batok sa pagsulod sa dakong kompaniya sa logging sa ilang lugar kay makahatag daw og dakong kadaot sa kinaiyahan ug mga umahan. Napugngan ang maong kompaniya apan dunay hungihong nga duna na poy laing kompaniya sa saging nga nagplanong mosulod.

“Ma’m, sus, nangabsent ra ba gyod silang Rose kay namalit og sapatos,” sulting Noy Junior bisan wala pa kapangutana si Ma’m nganong wala nay sulod-sulod sa klase ang iyang mga igsoon.

“Sus, morag ako man tingali ang angayng basolon kay wala nako sila pasudla,” pahayag ni Ma’m.

“Makasabot man mi sa kahintang ninyong mga titser, Ma’m. Napugos ra man pod mog patuman sa balaod.”

“Sus, mao nga duol gyod ang akong kasingkasing ninyo, uy, kay taas mog salabotan.”

“Kon makaeskuyla ra unta ang tanang kabos, Ma’m, daghang makaonor!” pasiaw ni Noy Junior.

“Ug daghan mig palitong mga medal!” pasiaw sab ni Ma’m.

Giagda mig paniudto ni Noy Junior apan sayod mi nga nahutdan na silag pagkaon.

“Giandam na diay namo ang mga kahoy alang sa pagrepir sa eskuylahan, Ma’m,” pahibalo niya

“Sus, kinsa may di maulaw ninyo, uy, nga kamo na man gyod ang nagtukod sa eskuylahan,” sulting Ma’m.

“Kita gyoy mopanday sa atong kaugmaon, Ma’m.”

Taudtaod, nanamilit na mis Ma’m. Gipadad-an siyag mga dahon sa gabon ni Noy Junior alang kuno sa iyang UTI. Granyulon untang Noy Junior apan wala pa kuno siya kapalit og asukal. Si Ma’m na lang kuno ang mobuhat.

Naagian gihapon namo ang mga manghurnalay nga nagpadayon na sa pagpananom.

“Lakaw na mo, Ma’m?!” siyagit sa usa.

“O, lakaw na mi!” siyagit sab ni Ma’m.

Tinahod gyod ni si Ma’m sa katawhan, uy. Pinangga gyod kay tiaw nimo, gitukoran siya sa mga mulupyo og gamayng balay. Taga lungsod ni siya ug mouli-uli ra kada Sabado.

Samtang naghulat mig masakyan, taudtaod naay miabot, si Uncle Yoyong. Uncle ang tahod namo niya bisan dili namo paryente kay inila nga tig-atiman sa mga problema sa mga mag-uuma.

“Maayong hapon, Ma’m. Nakabalita na ba ka?” pangutana niya.

“Maayong hapon sab. Unsa man diay ang balita?”

Gitan-aw ko ni Uncle Yoyong. Buot pasabot, dili ko niya padunggon sa ilang panag-estoryahan. Nagpalayo sila si Ma’m.

*Gipauna na lang ko ni Ma'm sa eskuylahan kay mobalik daw sila ilang Noy Junior.
Gikulbaan ko, morag dunay kabalaka sa tingog ni Ma'm.*

*Sa mga estorya-estorya sa mga mulupyo nga akong naagian, nasayran nako ang tanan.
Wala na ko molahos sa eskuylahan. Mora kog naglutaw pabalik sa amoa. Sama sa
among naandan kon lapokon ang dalan, gikitbit nako ang akong sapatos.*

*Daw gigukod ko sa akong nadunggan ug gusto nakong biyaan kini sa akong pagdagan.
Halos magkadagma-dagma na ko hinungdan nga nahulog sa tunaan sa kabaw ang
paresan sa akong sapatos. Sus, mitulo na gyod sa tunaan ang nagsagol nakong singot ug
luha!*

*Gihugasan nako sa sapa ang akong sapatos ug didto ra nako masayri nga hapit na kini
magnganga. Nakahinumdom hinuon ko sa pagpaanod-anod ni Rose sa iyang nagnganga
sab nga sapatos niining sapaa nga mora na dawg halwan nga katukbonon sa paon. Na,
unsa bang hitaboa, naanod hinuon kay nabuhian man niya! Among gigukod pero wala na
namo maapsi tungod sa kapaspas sa pagkaanod niini. "Da, uy, pulihan na lang natog
bag-o," ang walay bisan unsa mang pagmahay nga sulting Daisy dihang nahibaloan kini.
Kon nasayod lang si Rose, gigakos gyog maayo sa iyang Ate ang maong sapatos sa
paglabang sa maong sapa dihang siya ang migamit niini.*

*Wala na nako maagii ang mga manghurnalay apan duna pay mga semilya sa kamatis nga
wala pa matanom ug daw nagdanguyngoy na kay nabiyaang nainitan sa Adlaw. Tua diay
sila ilang Noy Junior, kuyog silang Ma'm ug Uncle Yoyong. Naabtan nakong naglingkod
si Noy Junior sa yuta atubangan sa ilang gamayng luna nga bag-o pa niyang
gilimpisahan, nagsigeg sikma, hilak, ug bira sa iyang buhok samtang gihapuhap ni Uncle
Yoyong ang iyang abaga. Sige sab siyag kuniskunis sa iyang mga kalunggo sa palad nga
halos magdugo na.*

*Mas natataw ang awaaw niadtong hapon sa himalatyong pagtingog sa radyo nilang
Noy Junior. "Kini Ang Akong Suliran" na diay. Ambot ba nga bisan naminaw sa
paborito nilang programa ang mga manghurnalay apan makita man sa ilang panagway
nga naghunahuna gyod sila, labi na silang Uncle Yoyong ug Ma'm nga nagsigeg masahe
sa iyang ulo, kon unsaon pagtabang kang Noy Junior.*

*Taudtaod, nanamilit na ang mga manghurnalay kay ipadayon pa daw nila ang pagtanom
samtang nagpabilin pa silang Uncle Yoyong ug Ma'm.*

*Mitindog si Noy Junior, daw gilatas-latasan sa iyang panan-aw ang halapad nga mga
umahang gitamnan og mga mais, radis, kentaki, kamatis, mais, atsal, ug pipila ka
rambutan, ug misangko ngadto sa bukirong dapit. Gimingaw hinuon ko sa akong ate, da.
Lagmit tua siya sa maong bukid, anaa sa giingong "mga sundalo sa katawhan".*

*Ako ra ba tong sigeg pangutana niya nganong mopabukid siya nga makatabang-tabang
man unta siya sa among panginabuhian (pero sa pagkatinuod lang, sa akong hunahuna
kaniadto, para matabangan kog eskuyla). Tungod sa kapit-os, tungod sa kawalay yuta,
tungod sa pagpahimulos— mao kini ang akong mahinumdomang pagpasabot niya. Bata
pa kuno ko, maamgohan ra kuno nako diha sa kasinatian ang iyang baroganan.*

*Pero bisan sa akong mga sulat niya, ako gyong gibalik-balik nga gusto ko katiwas
og high school, ug gipaibog pa gyod nakong mo-second year na ko. Na, gibalosan hinuon
ko nga bisan elementarya ra siya, mitaas man sab ang iyang kahimatngon. Hinaot kuno
nga magamit nako ang akong grado sa pagserbisyo sa mga kabos.*

Pila ka adlaw ang milabay...

"Buhay, Daisy...?"

"Present, Ma'am."

“Bu...”

Kadiyot nga kahilom. Mipatigbabaw hinuon ang akong ubo nga resulta tingali sa pila ka adlaw na nakong pagpulaw.

Ah, unsa pa may Rose Buhay nga tawgon ni Ma'm? Gihatod na sa iyang lubnganan ang patayng lawas sa akong pinanggag amiga. Nabanggaan kini sa usa ka trak sa kompaniya sa logging dihang nalisang kini human sa gipusil-patay sa gibantog nga mga vigilantes ang usa ka gisuspetsahang drug user nga batan-ong lalaki. Namili daw silang Daisy og ukay-ukay nga sapatos niadtong tungora ug midagan kini sa pagkadungog sa mga buto. Nahimuot pa daw gani siyag maayo sa boots nga made in Korea ug unsa kaha daw kon mao na lang ang iyang paliton kay puyde pa pangdaro.

“Morag mas taas pa man ang kinabuhi niini kontra nako,” dugang komedya pa daw niya.

“Ayaw gyod mog absent bisan wala moy sapatos, Class, ha?” sulting Ma'm nga midagayday ang luha samtang nagpadayon sa pagtawag sa uban pa nakong mga klasmeyt.

Hala, nakabinisaya si Ma'm. Sa pagkatinuod lang, sa haya ni Rose, nagsige gyod siyag pangayog pasaylo ilang Noy Junior. Puwerte na gyong hubaga sa iyang mga mata sa paghilak. Ang mga gako ra sa mga mulupyo ang nakapakalma niya. Ikahimuot na lang gyod ni Noy Junior ang iyang balik-balik nga sulting way sala si Ma'm.

Nagduko nga naghilak sab si Daisy samtang nagsikad-sikad sa iyang mga suot nga tsinelas. Sa hayang Rose baya, namatikdan nakong naglikay siya kang Ma'm. Wala hinuon ko niya estoryahi nga gibasol niya si Ma'm pero akong mabati ang iyang pagmahay. Moduko na lang si Ma'm kon agi-agian ra siya ni Daisy. Ug kon mag-uban silag hikay sa mga buluhaton sa haya, walay tingogay ang duha.

Pagkahuman sa klase, wala damha nga giduol niya si Ma'm ug gitunol ang ID ni Rose. “Handomanan nimo, Ma'm,” sulti niyang dunay pahiyom. Gigakos gyod siyag hugot ni Ma'm ug gihalok-halokan ang iyang mga aping. “Makasapatos ra mo, makasapatos ra mo,” sulting Ma'm.

Sa among pag-uli, naagian namong dagko na ang mga semilya sa kamatis nga gitanom sa mga manghurnalay. Sa dihang nakita namo nga dunay nakabuhing baboy nga nagsigeg ungod sa yuta, giabog namo kini ug gigukod-gukod nga nagtiniil ra. Nagpatay mig kinatawa samtang gibalikan namo ang mga tanom nga natumban sa baboy aron ibalik kinig pabarog.

Naabtan namong nagpayl si Noy Junior og mga kahoy sa ilang balay. Nangandam na daw ang mga mulupyo sa pagrepir sa eskuylahan. Mobalik daw siyas bukid pagkaugma aron manguhag dugang itamong mga kahoy kay nagamit ang uban sa lungon ni Rose. Lagmit magkita daw sila sa akong ate ug basin duna daw koy ipadalang mga panginahanglan niya. Gisulatan na lang nako si Ate, nangomosta niya, gisaysay ang nahitabo kang Rose, nga hinaot magkita mi kadugayan. Ug nag-P.S pa gyod ko: Kasabot-sabot na baya ko ron, Te.

Sa misunod nga mga adlaw, absent na pod ming Daisy. Wala intawon mi maghimog excuse letter. Kay ngano pa nga absent man pod si Ma'm. Kuyog mi sa lungsod, miduyog sa lihok-protesta batok sa pagkuyanap sa mga plantasyon sa saging nga moabot daw sa among kabanikanhan ug alang sa pagpangayo na sab og hustisya sa kamatayon ni Rose nga wala lang tagda sa kompaniya sa logging. Ug, uy, nagtsinelas ra si Ma'm! Pero sagdi lang, sulti niya, makasapatos ra ming mga mag-uumang kabos kadugayan ug walay lain kondili kami ang mopasapatos sa among mga kaugalingon.

USA ka tingklase, mibundak ang kusog nga ulan ug puwerteng haguros sa hangin samtang nag-roll call si Ma'm. Pero wala na mi matugaw pa, di sama kaniadtong mangabasa mi sa salibo kay wala pa mahuman ang bungbong ug gibukbok pa gyod ang kawayang bahin niini. Aron madunggan ang among mga tingog taliwala sa tagaktak sa ulan sa sin nga atop, nagpakusganay mig tubag og "Present, Ma'am!". Puwerte gyod namong kinataw-anay ug nahimuot nga gikusgan na lang pod ni Ma'm ang pagtawag sa among ngalan.

(KATAPOSAN)

Story taken from: { HYPERLINK

"http://bismag.pbworks.com/w/page/9015508/Absent%2C%20Ma%E2%80%99am" }

Kinds of Heroic Prose:

Heroic Prose

Heroic prose are literary works that is either written down or preserved through oral traditions, which is meant to be recited.

Fable

Fables are short allegorical stories which promises to illustrate or teach a lesson/moral.

These are short allegorical tale that emphasizes. The characters in fables are usually inanimate objects or animals that are portrayed like human beings, though they keep their animal traits intact. The moral or lessons of these fables are highlighted at the end of the story in the form of proverbs or saying.

Examples:

- The Monkey and the Turtle
- Ang Daga at ang Leon

Ang Daga at and Leon

Isang daga ang nakatuwaang maglaro sa ibabaw ng isang natutulog na leon. Kanyang inaakyat ang likuran ng leon at pagdating sa itaas ay nagpapadausdos siya paibaba.

Sa katuwaan ay di niya napansin na nagising ang leon. Dinakma ng leon ang daga at hinawakan sa buntot na wari bagang balak siyang isubo at kainin. Natakot at nagmakaawa ang daga.

"Ipagpaumanhin mo kaibigan. Hindi ko sinasadyang gambalain ka sa pagtulog mo. Wala akong masamang hangarin. Nakatuwaan ko lang na maglaro sa iyong likuran. Huwag mo akong kainin," ang sabi ng daga.

Nabakas ng leon sa mukha ng daga ang tunay na pagmamakaawa.

"Sige, pakakawalan kita pero sa susunod ay huwag mong gambalain ang pagtulog ko," sabi ng leon.

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“Salamat kaibigan. Balang araw ay makagaganti rin ako sa kabutihan mo,” sagot ng daga.

Lumipas ang maraming araw at minsan sa pamamasyal ng daga sa kagubatan ay kanyang napansin ang isang lambat na nakabitin sa puno. Lumapit siya upang mag-usisa at agad niyang nakilala ang leon na nahuli sa loob ng lambat na ginawang bitag ng nangagaso sa kagubatan.

Dali-daling inakyat ng daga ang puno at nginatngat ang lubid na nakatali sa lambat. Agad namang naputol ang lubid at bumagsak ang lambat kasama ang leon sa loob. Mabilis na bumaba ang daga at tinulungan ang leon na nakawala sa lambat.

“Utang ko sa iyo ang aking buhay,” laking pasasalamat na sabi ng leon sa kaibigang daga.

Aral

- Ang paghingi ng paumanhin ay hindi nakakapag-pababa sa dangal ng isang tao.
- Huwag maliitin ang kakayahan ng iba. Maliit man ang iyong kapwa ay may kakayahan pa rin itong makatulong sa paraang hindi madalas inaasahan ng iba.

Story taken from: { HYPERLINK "<https://pinoycollection.com/ang-daga-at-ang-leon/>" }

Fairy tale

Fairy tale are stories that involve fanciful creatures or extraordinary adventures. Most of the contemporary fairy tales that we have often incorporate moral or ethical undercurrent to the story.

The characters found in these stories often involve kings, princesses, poor farmers, and queens that are generally guided by supernatural or magical events, and often revolve around charms, spells, and magic. The Grimm Brothers, Perrault, and Hans Christian Andersen are known to have written some of the most famous collections of fairy tales.

Examples:

- Rapunzel by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm
- The Little Mermaid by Hans Christian Anderson

Myth

Myths are traditional stories that tries to explain natural occurrences without using factual or real explanation. Myths are mostly very old stories, they are created before the world of science, technology, and philosophy became more precise, as they are today. Thus, these stories not only explain natural phenomena, but also describes rituals and ceremonies to the people. They exist in every society, and is one of the basic elements of human culture that functions as a medium to teach moral values.

Examples: Myth of Creation, Pandora’s Box

Legend

These are stories inherent in a nation that talks about human actions or events that has not been proved nor documented in real history. They are retold, especially through oral tradition, as if they are real events (Legend of Bigfoot, which is based on

real sightings but their existence remains unproved today) that could be possible and true. The details in legends are altered and adapted over time so they will stay interesting for the readers. In the 21st Century, these stories are also being modernized and has been adapted to different media like animation and comics.

Example:

Urban Legend of San Juanico Bridge

Ever wondered how bridges can support excessive weight? The San Juanico Bridge is one of the monumental projects under Former President Ferdinand Marcos' rule. This is also the longest bridge in the Philippines (connecting Samar and Leyte).

There were stories before that said children were offered for a ritual to ensure the strength of bridges.

Rumors that then first lady consulted a fortune-teller who said the bridge would not be finished unless the blood of children is poured at the structure also spread. So she ordered to kill children in the said place to mix their blood in the cement for the bridge to be sturdy.

Story taken from : { HYPERLINK

"<https://filipinotimes.net/entertainment/2017/05/30/top-5-urban-legends-in-the-philippines-that-never-get-old/>" }

{ HYPERLINK "<https://www.wheninmanila.com/5-freaky-pinoy-urban-legends-we-really-wish-arent-true/>" }

Kinds of Prose under Non- Fiction

Non-Fiction is a form of prose that involves real people, events, and places. Most non-fiction stories are written to provide factual information or to explain a certain concept or topic.

Essay

Essay is a piece of writing that is based on a single subject matter, are often written from an author's personal point of view. There are different types of essays ranging from Literary and Non-Literary. Essays can consist of a number of elements, including: political manifestos, Literary criticism, learned arguments, recollections, observations of daily life, and reflections of the author.

An example of Personal Essay is the work of Nora Ephron entitled "A Few Words about Brest". This was published in Esquire magazine in 1975, and is known as the best-know essay of Ephron, who was a great screenwriter and essayist. The essay tackles her experience of being flat-chested in the '50s with incredible humor and pathos, the ending of the essay is also shocking and unforgettable.

Read the essay here: { HYPERLINK "<https://genius.com/Nora-ephron-a-few-words-about-breasts-annotated>" }

Autobiography/ Biography

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This form on prose is a story about a person's life. However, the difference of course is the point of view of the writer.

- *Biography*

Biography is a written account of another person's life. Here the person concern is NOT the person writing the story. Some people may ask somebody to write their life story because they can't write well. Biographies entail basic facts, such as family and death. A person who write biographies, is called "biographer".

- *Autobiography*

Autobiography is a story of the a person's life. However, rather than being written by somebody else, an autobiography comes through a person's own words, or to put simple, the person concern is the person writing the story. This form of Literature is not merely a collection of anecdote, it is can also be a revelation about the author's self-discovery.

Daily Journals

A daily journal is a continued series of writings made by a person in response to their life experiences and events. It may also contain ideas and reflections on what took place and expresses emotions and understandings about them. This is kept regularly for private use and is similar to, but sometimes less personal than, a diary.

Academic/Research Paper

This form of Literature is not a social commentary or an opinion, rather, this is written to persuade and influence the readers to a certain idea or solutions that are based on evidence. Writers present informed argument, data, and results of investigations. Most research papers also involves questionnaire for the data gathering, and follows a certain format: Introduction, Review of Related Literature, Methodology, Results and Discussion, and Conclusion.

News Articles

This is the most literal form of prose. It discusses current or recent news of either general interest (like daily newspapers) or of a specific topic (political or trade news magazines). News articles also include accounts of eyewitnesses to the happening scene//events. This may also contain photographs, statistics, or graphs.

POETRY

This is often considered the oldest form of Literature. It is a form of Literature that uses aesthetic and often rhythmic qualities of language. Before the system of writing was created, oral stories from the past were commonly in poetic form to make them easier to remember and recite.

In poetry, words are combined to form sounds, images, and ideas that might be too complex or abstract to describe directly.

Most people think that poetry is only about rhymes and counting syllables, however, other types of poetry are free-form that they do not have rhymes or common patterns.

There are also kinds of poetry that cross genre lines, such as Prose Poetry. Generally, however, a piece of writing can be considered as a form of poetry when there is a sort of rhythm, and when it focuses on the ways the words, syllables, and phrases sound when put together.

Kinds of Poetry:

- Lyric Poetry
- Narrative Poetry

Lyrical Poetry

This is a kind of poetry where a single speaker presents a state of mind or emotional state. The persona of the poem is presented in the first person to express his/her emotions. Lyric has been derived from lyre, a musical instrument used to accompany the poetry during different festivities, thus some of the elements of this poetry were retained from its origin.

Subcategories of Lyric Poetry

- ***Sonnet***

The term Sonnet is derived from the Italian word “Sonetto”, which means “Little songs” or small lyrics. Sonnet is a short rhyming poem with 14 lines, and is written in iambic pentameter. Original sonnet form was invented in 13/14th century by Dante and an Italian Philosopher name Francisco Petrarch. As of today, there are already different types of Sonnet, but the most know are the Petrarchan Sonnet and the Elizabethan Sonnet.

- Petrarchan Sonnet

This type of Sonnet was introduced by Francisco Petrarch during the 14th Century. This sonnet is divided into two parts: An octave, consisting of the first eight lines, and a sestet, comprised of the final six lines. The rhyme scheme can be: ABBA ABBA CBECBE or ABBA ABBA CDCDCD
Example:

On His Blindness *by John Milton*

*When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my Soul more bent*

*To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
“Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”
I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent*

*That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need
Either man’s work or his own gifts; who best*

*Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er Land and Ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait."*

- Shakespearean Sonnet

Sonnet, sometimes called the Elizabethan Sonnet, is generally written in iambic pentameter, and is divided into three four-line stanzas called quatrains, along with a final two-line couplet. The rhyme scheme of this sonnet is ABAB CDCD EFEF GG.

Example of Shakespearean Sonnet

Sonnet 18

by William Shakespeare

*Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;*

*Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;*

*But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:*

*So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.*

• Villanelle

This form of Lyric Poetry is an old form of poetry. It is a highly structured and highly structured 19 line French poem with two repeating rhymes and two refrain. The poem is made up of five tercets followed by a quatrain. The rhyme scheme of this poem is ABA ABA ABA ABA ABA ABAA. Notice there are only two rhyming sounds here. In addition, line 1 gets repeated in lines 6, 12, and 18. Line 3 gets repeated in lines 9, 15, and 19. Yes, there are so many rules in this poem, but the repetitions help in creating a deeper and intense emotion in the poem. *Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night* by Dylan Thomas is probably the most famous villanelle. It follows the rules of the form perfectly.

Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night

Dylan Thomas

*Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,

*Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.*

*Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.*

*Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

- **Sestina**

Sestina is another old poetic form from the 12th Century. Like villanelle it has a lot of repetition, but unlike villanelle, Sestinas don't have to rhyme. The sestina has six stanzas of six lines each, and a closing stanza of three lines called "envoi" or "tornada". The six words that end the lines of the first stanza get repeated at the line endings of each of the remaining stanzas, and all six words appear in the poem's final three lines. The pattern is thus:

1st stanza- 1 2 3 4 5 6
2nd stanza- 6 1 5 2 4 3
3rd stanza- 3 6 4 1 2 5
4th stanza- 5 3 2 6 1 4
5th stanza- 4 5 1 3 6 2
6th stanza- 2 4 6 5 3 1
7th stanza - (6 2) (1 4) (5 3)

Though this pattern sounds complicated, it is easy to understand in action. See the examples below to analyze the repetition pattern.

Alaforde by Ezra Pound

LOQUITUR: En Betrains de Born.

Dante Alighieri put this man in hell for that he was a stirrer-up of strife.

Eccovi!

Judge ye!

Have I dug him up again?

The scene is his castle, Altaforte. "Papiols" is his jongleur. "The Leopard," the device of Richard (Cœur de Lion).

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I

*Damn it all! all this our South stinks peace.
You whoreson dog, Papiols, come! Let's to music!
I have no life save when the swords clash.
But ah! when I see the standards gold, vair, purple, opposing
And the broad fields beneath them turn crimson,
Then howl I my heart nigh mad with rejoicing.*

II

*In hot summer have I great rejoicing
When the tempests kill the earth's foul peace,
And the light'nings from black heav'n flash crimson,
And the fierce thunders roar me their music
And the winds shriek through the clouds mad, opposing,
And through all the riven skies God's swords clash.*

III

*Hell grant soon we hear again the swords clash!
And the shrill neighs of destriers in battle rejoicing,
Spiked breast to spiked breast opposing!
Better one hour's stour than a year's peace
With fat boards, bawds, wine and frail music!
Bah! there's no wine like the blood's crimson!*

IV

*And I love to see the sun rise blood-crimson.
And I watch his spears through the dark clash
And it fills all my heart with rejoicing
And prys wide my mouth with fast music
When I see him so scorn and defy peace,
His lone might 'gainst all darkness opposing.*

V

*The man who fears war and squats opposing
My words for stour, hath no blood of crimson
But is fit only to rot in womanish peace
Far from where worth's won and the swords clash
For the death of such sluts I go rejoicing;
Yea, I fill all the air with my music.*

VI

*Papiols, Papiols, to the music!
There's no sound like to swords swords opposing,
No cry like the battle's rejoicing
When our elbows and swords drip the crimson
And our charges 'gainst "The Leopard's" rush clash.
May God damn for ever all who cry "Peace!"*

VII

*And let the music of the swords make them crimson
Hell grant soon we hear again the swords clash!
Hell blot black for always the thought "Peace"!*

This is a perfect sestina in which Pound uses repetitive ending words, “peace,” “music,” “clash,” “opposing,” “crimson,” and “rejoicing,” respectively. As we know, sestinas have six stanzas with six lines in each stanza, which repeat the final words of first stanza, and this repetition occurs in the remaining poem to.

- **Acrostic Poem**

This is a kind of poetry that spells out a name, word, or phrase with the first letter of each line of your poem. The name or word spelled acts as the theme or message of the poem. Sometime a word or phrase can also be found down the middle or end of the poem, but the most common is at the beginning. Acrostic Poem also do not follow a specific rhyme scheme, therefore, they are easier to write.

Examples of Acrostic Poem

Edgar Allan Poe's *An Acrostic*

*Elizabeth it is in vain you say
"Love not"-thou sayest it in so sweet a way:
In vain those words from thee or L.E.L.
Zantippe's talents had enforced so well:
Ah! if that language from thy heart arise,
Breath it less gently forth-and veil thine eyes.
Endymion, recollect, when Luna tried
To cure his love-was cured of all beside-
His follie-pride-and passion-for he died.*

On one of the chapters of *Through the Looking Glass*, Lewis Carroll wrote an acrostic poetry of real little girl named Alice Pleasance Liddell.

*A boat, beneath a sunny sky
Lingering onward dreamily
In an evening of July -
Children three that nestle near,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Pleased a simple tale to hear -
Long has faded that sunny sky:
Echoes fade and memories die:
Autumn frosts have slain July.
Still she haunts me, phantomwise,
Alice moving under skies
Never seen by waking eyes.
Children yet, the tale to hear,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Lovingly shall nestle near.
In a Wonderland they lie,
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die:
Ever drifting down the stream -
Lingering in the golden gleam -
Life, what is it but a dream?*

- **Haiku**

The haiku is a Japanese form that arose in the 17th century, most famously in the writing of Matsuo Bashō. This poem is considered as the shortest poem with only one tercet (three lines). The first and the last lines of this poem has five moras (a sound unit similar to syllables when translated to English). Typically a haiku has 17 syllables, arranged in three lines, first 5 syllables, then 7, then 5.

“The Old Pond”

by Matsuo Bashō (English Translation)

*An old silent pond
A frog jumps into the pond—
Splash! Silence again.*

- **Elegy**

Elegy is a form of Literature that is written in honor of someone who has died or something that is lost. This is a poem of mourning, often for a particular person, but it can be about a group of people or about a broader sense of loss. Elegies often move from mourning toward consolation.

Example of Elegy:

O Captain! My Captain!

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"https://poets.org/poet/walt-whitman" \t  
"_self" }
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(This written by Walt Thitman in 1865 to commemorate the death of President Abraham Lincoln.)

*O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.*

*O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up- for you the flag is flung- for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths- for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.*

*My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,*

*The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.*

- **Limerick**

This is a form of Lyric poetry that is often humorous and sometimes obscene, obscene, in five line, with strict rhyme scheme of AABBA. It has two longer lines, two short ones, and a closing longer line that makes a joke, often a ribald one.

Examples of Limerick:

To Miss Vera Beringer by Lewis Carroll

*There was a young lady of station
'I love man' was her sole exclamation;
But when men cried: 'You flatter',
She replied, 'Oh! no matter
Isle of Man is the true explanation.'*

Anonymous:

*There was a young girl from St. Paul,
Wore a newspaper-dress to a ball.
The dress caught on fire
And burned her entire
Front page, sporting section and all.*

- **Ode**

Odes are lyric poems that started during the ancient Greece. It is lyrical in nature and are meant to be sang or chanted, however, it is not very lengthy. Odes present a highly solemn and serious tone and subject matter, which is usually in elaborated patterns of stanzas. This poem is also written to address a particular person, event, or thing, and is often meant to praise or glorify its subject.

Example of Ode is the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* by John Keats, please visit this site to read the poem: { [HYPERLINK](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44477/ode-on-a-grecian-urn) "<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44477/ode-on-a-grecian-urn>" }

Narrative Poetry

Narrative Poetry is a type of Poetry which tells a story. It has full storyline with all the elements of storytelling like characters, setting, plot, and theme. Although it is not totally important for Narrative poetry to rhyme, its meter and objectives should be clear and specific. Narrative poetry includes, Epic, and Ballad.

- **Epic**

This a lengthy narrative poem in grand language celebrating the adventures and accomplishments of a legendary or conventional hero. Examples are the: Epic of Gilgamesh, The Odyssey, and Illiad.

- **Ballad**

This is a poem narrating a story in short stanza. Traditional ballads are of unknown authorship, having been passed on orally from generation to the next. The metre of this poem is simple, and the repetition- of words, lines, and stanzas – are typical feature of ballad. The stanza also consists of four line, rhyming in ABCB.

Examples of Ballad:

Tam Lin (Unknown)

Scottish traditional ballad

” ‘O I forbid you, maiden all,
That wears gold in your hair,
To come or go by Carterhaugh
For young Tam Lin is there.

Stagolee (By John Hurt)

Blue ballad with roots in American folk music

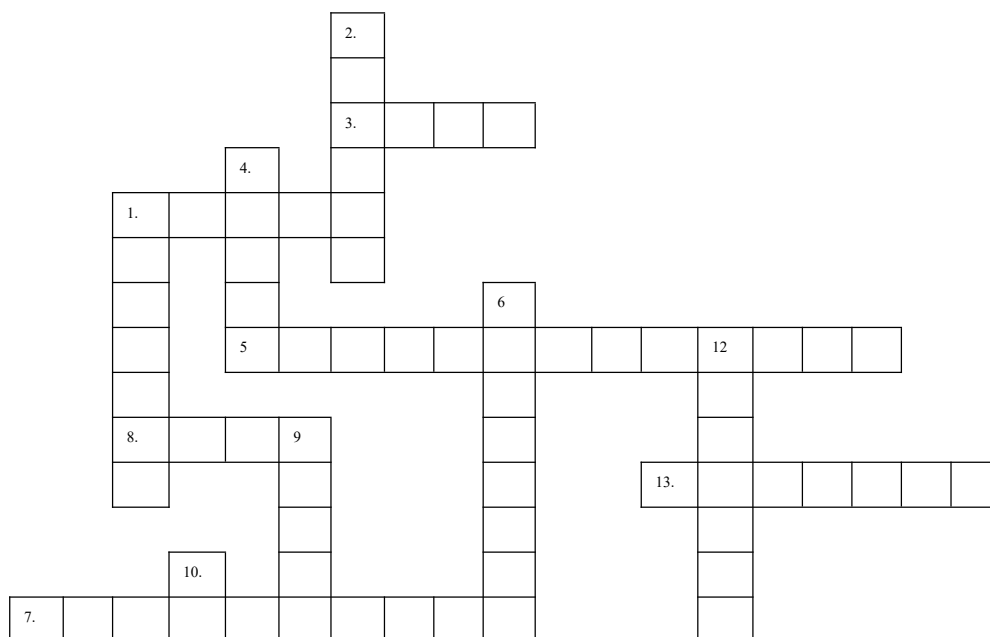
“Stagolee was a bad man
They go down in a coal mine one night
Robbed a coal mine
They’s gambling down there”

*Learning Tasks (Application)***Poetry Wrting****Instructions:**

- Using an A4 Bond Paper, write your own:
 - Autobiography (not less than 100 words)
 - Acrostic Poetry
 - 2 Haiku (One in your native language, and one in English)
- You can have your literary works handwritten or encoded.
- Use a separate bond paper for your poems, and add some design for creativity
- You can use any font style that can help you express your creativity and feelings.

*Learning Check (Assessment)***Crossword Puzzle**

Directions: Use the clues below to fill in the crossword puzzle with the correct words.


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1. A kind of drama that centers on ridiculous plot and involves improbable events.
3. The most literal form of literature.
5. This is a literary work of a person's life where the person concern is the one writing the story.
7. This is a highly structured a highly structured 19 line French poem with two repeating rhymes and two refrain.
8. This is a form of literature that is handed down through the word of mouth.
11. These are stories used by our ancestors to explain how things occurred.
13. A continued series of writings made by a person in response to their life experiences and events.
14. A lengthy literary work in grand language celebrating the adventures and accomplishments of a legendary hero.

1. These are stories that involve imaginary events and people.
2. A short rhyming poem with 14 lines.
4. This is the first form of storytelling in history.
6. If Prose is to paragraphs, then Drama is to_____.
9. These are fictional stories that are believed to be based on real historical events.
10. A literary work written to honor someone who died
12. A literary work that spells out a name of a person.

*Instructions on how to submit student output***Online Submission for all the activities:**

1. In your Microsoft word file make sure type in the upper left corner your name, grade, section, and date of submission.
2. Save your document in a PDF form, with the file name **Section LastName_FirstName_Module2.1_Activities** (ex. HUMMS_Juanillo_Kay_Module2.1_Activities)
3. Submit your document to my email { HYPERLINK "mailto:juanillokay@gmail.com" }, make sure to fill out the subject line with **Module 2.1 Activities for CLP**, and include a short introductory message expressing polite and kind words like “Good morning, Ma’am! Here is my...”.
4. If you have any question or concern, feel free to message me through my e-mail or cellphone number +639353630108.

For Offline Submission:

1. Answers should be written in your notebook, and make sure to indicate the Module number for each activity.
2. After answering, place your notebook (and/or other activities) inside a short plastic envelope.
3. On the plastic envelope, write your name, section, and class schedule, including the name of your instructor, and the department where it will be submitted.

Example:

Dela Cruz, Juana
STEM A – M-Th 11-12
Ms. Kay T. Juanillo
Department of Liberal Arts and Behavioral Science

4. You can leave your envelope at the VSU Main Gate – Guard Post on or before the deadline set by your instructor.

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Lesson 2.2: Literary Devices

Learning Outcomes

1. Identify the different literary devices used in a literary work.
2. Differentiate literary elements and techniques.
3. Use the different literary elements and techniques in writing a literary text.

Materials and Equipment Needed

Laptop/Netbook
Module
Exercise Notebook

Learning Activities (Activating Prior Knowledge)

Read the short story, and answer the following questions below.

The Littlest Dragon

The littlest dragon on the mountain was called Sparkle, because his hide was pure white, and sparkly. Some of the dragons were blue, some were green, and some were red. But Sparkle was the only all-white dragon in their group.

One sunny day, Sparkle climbed up to the top of the mountain. He sat down on a big rock and looked out at the ocean. The mountain was on an island with long sandy beaches. Sparkle shook his head. He was worried. It was almost time for their group of dragons to fly south for the winter, and Sparkle had not yet learned to fly. His mom had tried to teach him. His dad had tried to teach him. His big sister had tried to teach him. But every time Sparkle jumped up and flapped his wings, he just tumbled down the hill. Sparkle heard a sound, and turned to look. A gray seagull had flown down, and was perched on the rock beside the little dragon. It was a big seagull, but compared to Sparkle it was quite small. The seagull was about as big as one of Sparkle's feet.

"Why were you shaking your head?" the seagull asked.

"I have a bit of a problem," said Sparkle. "But who are you?"

"I am Sage," the seagull said. "I am called Sage because I am very wise. What is your problem? Maybe I can help you with it."

Sparkle lowered his large head. "I can't learn to fly," he said.

"Everyone has tried to teach me. But when I jump up in the air, I just tumble down the hill."

Sage moved his head slowly up and down, thinking. Then he looked at Sparkle.

"Will you show me your take-off?" he asked.

Sparkle stood up. He jumped as hard as he could and started flapping his wings. He tumbled down the hill.

Again Sage moved his head slowly up and down. "I think I have the answer!" Sage cried. "You're trying to push yourself up with your legs. You have to pull yourself up with your wings! You have to start by raising your wings up high. Then move your wings down hard. You only have to jump a little bit."

Sparkle climbed back up the hill. He looked at Sage for a minute. He raised his wings up high. Then he pushed his wings down hard, and jumped just a little bit. He felt the air moving under his wings, and he flapped them some more. Then he stretched his wings out and soared. Sparkle was flying!

Sage flew up and joined his new friend, Sparkle. They flew up high. They flew down close to the ocean. They sailed around in circles. After a while, Sage called, "Time for me to go home, Sparkle!"

"Goodbye, Sage!" Sparkle called back. "And thank you for this gift of flying! You are very wise!"

1. *Who* are the characters in the story?
2. *Where* does this story mostly take place?
3. *What* problem does one story character have?
4. *How* is one of the character's problem solved?

Learning Probe (Analysis)

In the activity above, we tried to identify the basic elements of a story like *character*, *setting*, and *plot*. However, these are not the only elements that we can identify in different literary works. There are more elements and techniques used by writers, and learning about these elements can help us understand deeper and appreciate better the literary works that we are reading. At the same time, being familiar with the various elements that combine together in good storytelling can help you write better. This can help you weave together the threads that are needed in writing your own story.

Learning Time (Acquire New Knowledge)

Literary Devices

Literary Devices refers to the typical structures used by writers in their works to convey his or her message(s) in a simple manner to his or her readers. When employed properly, the different literary devices help readers to appreciate, interpret and analyze a literary work.

Literary Devices have two aspects. They can be treated as either ***Literary Elements*** or ***Literary Techniques***.

LITERARY ELEMENTS

Literary Elements have an inherent existence in literary piece and are extensively employed by writers to develop a literary piece. This is a constituents of all the narrative works, which are necessary features of verbal storytelling that can be found in any spoken or written narrative. Writers simply cannot create his desired work without including *Literary Elements* in a thoroughly professional manner.

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Classification of Literary Elements:

Theme

Theme is the *main idea or point that is central to the story*. This is the underlying meaning or focus of a literary work. This is different from the subject or topic of the literary work because theme involves a statement or opinion about the topic being talked about. Therefore, the theme became the basis for developing the whole story. However, not all literary works have themes, at the same time, a literary work can have more than one theme that could be major or minor. When you say *Major Theme*, this refers to the most important idea of the story that the author returns to time and again. On the other hand, *Minor Themes* are ideas that may appear from time to time.

Some of the most common themes found in literary works are:

- Love will triumph over evil
- Heroes must undergo trial before they claim their success
- Arrogance and pride can bring destruction

There are different ways to identify the theme of the story, and they are expressed by the authors through:

1. *Sharing to the readers the feelings of the main characters.* With this, the readers are able to go through the mind of the character.
2. *Presenting them in the character's thoughts and conversations.* The author think thoroughly the kind of words or language his/her character will use, on reason for this is to develop the story's theme. The things the characters say are much similar to what they are thinking about. As readers, we need to look for the thoughts that are repeated throughout the story.
3. *Expressing them in the personality and attitude of the different characters.* The most important theme of the story is usually illustrated through the main character.

One good way to identify the major theme is to ask yourself “What did the main character learn in the course of the story?”

Plot (also known as Narrative Arc)

Plot is the element that shows the series of events that make up a story. These events relate and connect to each other in a pattern or sequence. Every part or event shown in the story are interconnected, and has a specific purpose of serving as a driving force in every literary work. Each part of the plot helps in establishing connections, suggesting causes, and showing relationships.

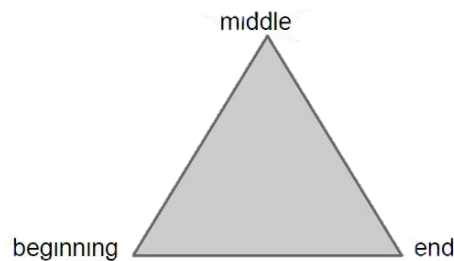
The plot in longer stories like novels involves a higher level of narrative organization compared to what normally occurs in fable and short stories

According to E.M. Forster in *Aspects of the Novel* (1927), **a story** is a “narrative of events arranged in their time-sequence,” whereas **a plot** organizes the events according to a “sense of causality.”

Without plot, J.K. Rowling's most famous work would just be the story of a boy going to a magical school. The Odyssey would just be a warrior sailing home quietly after the Trojan War, and arriving in time to have dinner with his wife.

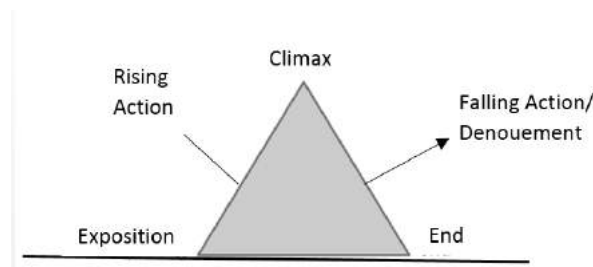
Aristotle's Unified Plot

Aristotle established this simple plot that shows the beginning, middle, and end.



Freytag's Pyramid

Gustav Freytag, a 19th Century playwright and novelist, noticed that there is a common simplified plot found in stories and novels, so he developed his own diagram to analyze them. Then he modified and developed further the Unified plot created by Aristotle by adding rising action and falling action/denouement, making it a five part design.



Parts of Plot

Freytag's Pyramid

The plot of a story can be mapped using Freytag's elements of plot:



1. Exposition

The exposition is the beginning of the story where the setting is established and the characters are introduced. The readers are also introduced to other information that will later be necessary for them to

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understand the unfolding of the story. Plot is sometimes referred to as the basic situation, where needed background information are presented, and the conflict or main problem is introduced.

2. *Rising Action*

The rising action is the part of plot where the series of events are build up towards the conflict. The main characters are almost fully established by the time rising action of a plot occurs. Here we are shown about the problems which compel our heroes to fight back against the things/person that stands in their way. Without it, we would not know just what strength (or weakness) our protagonists are capable of. In this part of the story, the tension, excitement, or crisis is encountered by the characters.

During the rising action, events in the story become complicated; the conflict is revealed.

- **Conflict** - This is essential to a plot as it ties incidents together, and helps the plot move. Additionally, conflict is not merely limited to arguments, it may also be in the form of struggles the main character is facing. Within a story, there may be one central struggle, or there may be many minor obstacles with one central or dominant struggle.

There are two kinds of conflict:

o **Internal**- Struggle within one's self.

- Man vs. Self - Struggles with own's physical limitations, choices, and soul

o **External** - Struggle with a force outside one's self.

- Man vs. Character - Struggles against other people.
- Man vs. Nature - Struggles against animals, weather, environment, etc.
- Man vs. Society - Struggles against ideas, practices, or customs of others

As fiction evolved and psychological theories, technological advances, and urbanization occurred, the list expanded to include ***Man vs. Technology*** and ***Man vs. Alter Ego***. In the age of film, these others exist, but as the 20th century unfolded, the list expanded yet again. Today, we add ***Man vs. Alien Society***, ***Man vs. Biotechnology***, and ***Man vs. Cloned Self*** to the ever-growing list

3. *Climax*

Then, we have the climax, the height of the action and moment of greatest trial. This is usually where the main character makes the single big decision that defines the outcome of their story and who they are as a person. If the characters we so love did not go through this, their most terrible struggle, we would not know how they react when all hope seems lost, and how amazing they are to keep on going even through their darkest hour.

Climax is the main point of the plot, this is the turning point where the highest interest and emotions are shown, leaving the readers/listeners wondering what is going to happen next.

4. *Falling Action*

After climax comes Falling action/denouement, this is where we see just how far our heroes have come, where the obstacles they face which would have defeated them before pale in comparison to the challenges they've overcome.

Falling action, or the winding up of a story, occurs when events and complications begin to resolve. The result of the action of the main characters are put forward.

This part of the plot is an opposite of the Exposition, here any remaining questions or mysteries are solved by the characters or are explained by the authors. Sometimes, the author would also leave some the readers to think about the theme or the future possibilities for the characters.

5. Resolution (often called as Denouement)

Finally, there is the resolution or the conclusion, the rest at the end of the road, and closure for the characters we've grown to love. HIn this part we will know if the character/s we are rooting for is able to achieve a happy or tragic ending.

Characters

This is a person, animal, or an object in fiction or drama. Characters are described, or **characterized**, based upon their personalities, actions, appearance, and thoughts. One of the main functions of the characters in the story is to prolong or extend the plot, making it interesting and readable for the audience. The audience will enjoy the literary piece more, if they can feel and relate to the characters, as if they exist in real life.

We can try to classify these characters into specific **roles** and **personality traits**.

A. Characters Based on Roles

In analysing the characters, you should not focus on what the characters *do*, instead, you should focus on what the characters represent.

Almost any literary character fits into one of these roles:

- **Protagonist:** The protagonist is the leading character of the literary piece, they are often characterized as the "hero" or the "good guy. However, you should not think that not all Protagonist are heroic or good (take for example in Edgar Allan Poe's The Tell-Tale Heart, where the narrator/protagonist killed an old man because of his creepy crazy eyes. You can read the story here: {

HYPERLINK

"https://americanenglish.state.gov/files/ae/resource_files/the_tell-tale_heart_0.pdf" }

To put simply, the protagonist is the character (or group of characters) who is main focus of the story.

- **Antagonist:** On the other hand, the Antagonist is the opponent or the one in conflict with the main character. They are sometimes the "bad guy" or the "evil" in the story, however the same with the protagonist, this is not always true, an antagonist may not be bad or villainous. Additionally, an antagonist

is not always a person, it could be a situation or event that causes obstacles in the path of the protagonist towards his/her goals.

- **Catalyst:** The catalyst is the character who is neither clearly the protagonist nor the antagonist, but they still play an important role in helping the plot of the story move. The catalytic character is one who forces the protagonist toward some objective or transformation. Without the catalyst, the the stories we love, despise, debate so much would not exist, or would be less interesting.

Take for example, the character of Mercutio in William Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. Mercutio was the one who teased and pushed Romeo towards Juliet. If he did not die at the hand of Juliet's cousin, the family conflict between the Montague and the Capulet will not exist, and the story of Romeo and Juliet will not be as tragic and interesting as it is.

- **The Sidekick:** The sidekick is the character who often possesses a weaker personality in comparison to the main character/s. This is the charcter who sticks by the main character's at all times, and would usually do what the main character directs him/her to do.

The character of Sancho Panza in the story of Miguel de Cervantes' Don Quixote, who accompanied Don Quixote in his quest. Sancho Panza was an important character in the story as he provided the humor and compassion that gives the story its humanity.

Another example of this are the characters of Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger. They have helped Harry Potter in achieving his goal, and although they are sidekicks, they still played an important role in the story.

B. Characters Based on Personalities

Aside from the Characters based on role, there are also certain types of characters who are described based on the personality they possess. These personality traits, although typical of the roles the characters play, may not always be associated with any of the roles.

Say for example, it is not necessary that the main character in the story should have a deep and fully developed personality. It is possible that the main character's friend or enemy will have more intense personality that the audience know more about.

- **Flat Character :** The flat character has few traits that are easily recognizable. They are characters who do not change during the course of the story, and typically represents a stereotype or generalization.

Say, for example, the common traits we have with stepmothers who like to humiliate her stepchild, the mother who plays favorite, and the school bully, these are all flat characters. There are not much facets presented tho this character's personality that are shown to the readers.

One example of this this the character of Mr. Filch in Harry Potter. He is the caretaker of Hogwart's, and not much is known about him, he is considered as

a flat character because his only role in the story is to find students who are breaking the school rules.

- **Round Character:** A Round Character is someone who has more facet to his/her personality. This character undergoes a complex development throughout the story, therefore his/her character is sometimes difficult to fully identify up until the end of the story.

The personality of this character is not consistent, which makes it more relatable and realistic

An example of round character would be Harry Potter. In the story, we learned much about Harry - his background, his feeling, and how the circumstances of his parents' deaths link him to Voldemort.

- **Static Character:** A static character's personality does not change throughout the story. Save from the initial introduction, he/she does not undergo significant change in character, personality, or perspective. Therefore, there is not much to learn about the character.

However, static characters are still important because they help highlight the changes dynamic characters make. They can also help move the plot along when the dynamic character is not able to.

Sherlock Holmes is one of the few protagonist with a static character. We know him as charismatic and confident, but his personality and perspective do not change throughout the story.

We also have the characters of Dolores Umbridge in Harry Potter, we can see that until her demise, her personality of being sadistic, controlling, elitist from the start of her appearance in the book never changed until the end.

- **Dynamic Character:** This character is someone who undergoes a significant internal change throughout the course of the story. These changes occur because of the changes in the situations or plot, and when the character learns a lesson or changes. The changes may occur from being weak to strong, or from strong to weak. Some would assume that the dynamic personality would be the protagonist, this is true for most literary works, but it is not always the case.

This personality is very evident in the character of Neville Longbottom from Harry Potter. He started as a petrified student but towards the end of the story he became someone who had led the student's to fight against Voldemort, the character feared by all.

Additionally, a dynamic character should not be confused with the round character. A dynamic is the one who changes significantly throughout the story, while the round character is simply the one who is interesting and layered. Therefore, a character can be round without being dynamic, or they can be round and dynamic at the same time.

- **Foil:** A foil is the character whose personality and qualities exhibit a great contrast to the other character. Is opposite of the other characters. They are added to the story to help highlight the quality and importance of another character, most especially that of the Protagonist (however, it is not necessary that the foil is the antagonist).

An example of this is the character of Draco Malfoy. We can observe that he is the exact opposite of Harry Potter, and Malfoy's lust for evil reinforced Harry's determination to use his power for the greater good.

There are more characters that may not fit with the descriptions given above. The types given is only an attempt to classify the different kinds of character. You may notice that as you read a certain certain, the characters can be defined by the role he/she plays while also fitting the personality that was mentioned. There can be overlapping dimensions to the character, and it is upon the reader to give his/her inferences.

Setting

Setting is defined as the *time and place* where the story occurred. This element can help set the mood and influence the character's behavior, dialogue, foreshadowed events, and emotional response. It also reflects the society where the character lives, and soemtimes, it also plays a big part in the story.

For nonfiction works, Setting is an important element as it provides a framework for what is being discussed. Additionally, setting does not only serve as a backdrop for action, *it is also an interactive aspect of the fictional world that fills the story with meaning, mood, and thematic connotation.*

In a broader term, Setting is more than just the time and place, it could also be the region, geography, climate, culture, colonial influences, and interiors. If used properly, Setting can transport the readers to different worlds, and can give them an idea of how the characters came to be or why they behave the way they do.

Point of View or Narrative

The Narrative or Point of View (POV) is the element that provides the readers a lens to the world inside the story. The POV is the angle that shows us the opinion or feelings of the characters in different situations. This lements allows the readers to "hear" and "see" what is taking place inside the story, poem, essay, or any literary work.

For the POV, the author will create a narrator that will narrative the story. Here we can see the narrator's perspective (through the narrator's eyes and mind), so that the readers will understand what is happening in the story. However, ***do not mistake the narrator*** as the author of the story, rememeber, that the narrator and his/her POV are only tools that the author used to tell the story in a certain way. The narrator of the story does not necessarily express the opinion of the author.

Different Types of Narrative/Point of View

- **First person:** In this Point of View, the narrator is physically present in the story as one of the characters, who can interact with other characters. The first person POV uses the pronoun "I" (as if reading a journal or memoir), however, he/she might not be the protagonist or even one of the major characters, he/she only serves as someone who speaks directly to the readers, acting as a guide throughout the story. This kind of narration, brings the reader closer to the action and motivations of the different characters in the story.
- **Second Person:** Another point of view is the Second Person Point of View, here the narrator uses the pronoun "you" in telling the story. This kind of POV may imply that the narrator is actually an "I" who tries to separate him/herself from the event that he/she is narrating. This kind of POV is not very common in long stories like novels, therefore, we see them mostly in poems, speeches, instructional writing, self-help books, and persuasive articles.

An example of a narrator talking in the second person POV: "You feel the salt air on your skin. You feel alone and isolated on the beach; yet, you feel deep inside of yourself that you are not alone."

- **Third Person Point of View**

This POV is where the narrator describes what he/she has seen, as a spectator. If the narrator is one of the characters in the story, then we are reading what he/she observes as the story unfolds. There are three possible perspectives in point of view:

- ***Third Person Limited:***

This point of view, the narrator follows a single character at any given time. The readers can see the actions of the story from a perspective that is centered on the character being talked about, however, the story is told by an unseen narrator. As readers, we will also not get enough idea of the narrator's thoughts and feelings, but *not* the emotions and thoughts of other characters. The focal character described by the narrator may change, but there will only be one main character at any particular time or chapter.

An example of this is the popular story of *A Game of Thrones* by George R.R. Martin; each chapter of the books focuses on different focal character, but the whole work is narrated in the third-person limited point of view.

- ***Third Person Omniscient***

In this point of view, the narrator is speaking from a god-like perspective (all seeing and knowing). The narrator is disconnected from the characters, but he/she knows and sees all. The omniscient narrator can describe not only the thoughts and emotions of one character but of all the characters in the story.

This POV was common in the literature of the late 1800s and early 1900s, but has become less popular in modern literary works. Some examples of literary works with this kind of point of view are: *A Tale of Two Cities* by Charles Dickens and *The Old Man and the Sea* by Ernest Hemingway.

▪ **Third Person Objective:**

In this narration, the perspective is opposite of the third-person omniscient, instead of seeing *all* the character's thoughts and emotions, the readers would not see *any* thoughts and emotions, only actions. In other words, the narrative is told in a way the reporter describes an event or situation.

An example of this narration in literary work is *Hills Like White Elephants* by Ernest Hemingway and the Gospel of Mark which can be found in the second book of the New Testament.

Mood

Mood happens when authors use descriptive words/adjectives to create a certain feeling or mood in the reader of the story; *it's what the reader feels towards the subject of a story*. Examples of mood might be: ominous, happy, depressing, exciting, and jubilant among many more. Mood is the general feeling or atmosphere that a piece of writing creates within the reader. Mood is produced most effectively through the use of setting, theme, voice and tone.

Setting often helps create mood in the reader. Often, the descriptive elements that surface early in a story establish a mood that can foreshadow the events of the story. Thus, a reader might leave the opening passages — the exposition phase of the tale — expecting suspense or lightheartedness or dire peril.

Tone

Tone encompasses the attitudes toward the subject and toward the audience implied in a literary work. Tone may be formal, informal, intimate, solemn, somber, playful, serious, ironic, guilty, condescending, or many other possible attitudes. Each piece of literature has at least one theme, or central question about a topic, and *how* the theme is approached within the work is known as the tone.

It is important to recognize that the speaker, or narrator, of a piece of literature is not to be confused with the author. Likewise, the attitudes and feelings of the speaker, or narrator, should not be confused with those of the author. In general, the tone of a piece only refers to the attitude of the author if the writing is non-literary in nature.

Tone and mood are not the same, although variations of the two words may on occasions be interchangeable terms. The tone of a piece of literature is *what the speaker or narrator feels towards the subject*, rather than what the reader feels.

All pieces of literature, even official documents, have some sort of tone. Authors create the tone of their piece of writing through the use of various other literary elements, such as { [HYPERLINK "http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Diction"](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Diction) } { [HYPERLINK "http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Diction"](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Diction) } (or word choice); { [HYPERLINK "http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Syntax"](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Syntax) } { [HYPERLINK "http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Syntax"](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Syntax) } (the grammatical arrangement of words in a text for effect); { [HYPERLINK "http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Imagery_\(literature\)"](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Imagery_(literature)) } { [HYPERLINK "http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Imagery_\(literature\)"](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Imagery_(literature)) } (or vivid appeals to the senses); **details**, (facts that are included or omitted); and/or { [HYPERLINK "http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Metaphor"](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Metaphor) } \l "Terms_and_categorization" }

HYPERLINK "<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Metaphor>" \l "Terms_and_categorization" } (language that compares seemingly unrelated things throughout the composition).

In many cases, the tone of a piece of work may change and shift as the speaker or narrator's perspective on a particular subject alters throughout the piece.

Irony

This is the difference or gap between what is said and what is actually meant in a text. This literary element is used wherein a contradictory statement or situation is different from what appears to be true. One of the best example of irony in literature is the story of "The Gift of the Magi" by O. Henry, where the newly wed couple purchased a gift for each other by selling their prized possession, however the gift they received from each other are intended for the prized possession they both sold. (You can read and download the story here: { HYPERLINK "https://americanenglish.state.gov/files/ae/resource_files/1-the_gift_of_the_magi_0.pdf" })

The three forms of irony are:

- **Verbal irony:** This is when a character or narrator says something but means exactly the opposite. An example might be, "Boy, she is really pretty" said about a muddy dog with burs in her fur.
- **Situational irony:** This is the difference between what appears to be and what actually is true. It is often demonstrated by an actual result being different than what is expected. For example, a story's main character could find the bad guy & bring him to justice, but walk out of the police station and be killed by a train. It is kind of like a surprise ending.
- **Dramatic irony:** This occurs when the reader/observer knows something that the character in a written text does not know. For instance, a woman might think that her husband has forgotten her birthday, but the reader/audience knows that he has really bought her a diamond ring that is hidden in her dessert at dinner.

Symbolism

This occurs when something specific is used to represent something abstract. It is when an object is meant to be representative of something or an idea greater than the object itself. Some symbols are conventional, which means that they mean the same to almost all readers. Owl means wisdom or knowledge, Cross represents Christ or Christianity, and the color Blue represents melancholy.

Foreshadowing

This is clues in the text that hint as to things that will happen later in the plot. Foreshadowing is usually more subtle and works on the symbolic level. For example, if a character must break up a schoolyard fight among some boys, it might symbolically foreshadow the family squabbles that will become the central conflict of the story. You usually can find foreshadowing anywhere from the exposition to the falling action

Author's Style

This is the literary element that describes the ways that the author uses words — the author's word choice, sentence structure, figurative language, and sentence arrangement all work together to establish mood, images, and meaning in the text. Style describes how the author describes events, objects, and ideas.

Stanza

This refers to a smaller unit within a poem or a verse within a song, stanzas are available in even the first section of the poem. They are usually grouped together by the rhyme pattern and/or number of lines that they have.

| | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| Couplet – 2 lines | Sestet – 6 line stanza |
| Tercet – 3 lines | Septet – 7 lines stanza |
| Quatrain – 4 lines | Octave/Octet – 8 line stanza |
| Quintain/Quintet – 5 lines | |

Rhyme

This is the repetition of similar sounding words, occurring at the end of the lines in poems or songs. A rhyme is employed for the specific purpose of rendering a pleasing effect to a poem, which makes it recital an enjoyable experience.

Common rhyme schemes are:

AAAA
AABB
ABAB
ABBA

Example following the rhyme scheme AABB

“Humpty Dumpty sat on a *wall*,
Humpty Dumpty had a great *fall*.
All the King’s horses, And all the King’s *men*
Couldn’t put Humpty together *again*!”

LITERARY TECHNIQUES

Literary Techniques, on the contrary, are structures usually words or phrases in literary texts that writers employ to achieve not merely artistic ends but also readers a greater understanding and appreciation of their literary works. This is a strategy used in the creation of a narrative to make it complete, complicated, or interesting.

| Literary Techniques | Definition | Examples |
|------------------------|--|---|
| <i>Simile</i> | This is a technique of showing comparison between two different things. To make the comparison, similes most often use the connecting words "like" or "as". | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • He’s as thin as a rail! • Her cheeks are red like a rose. <p><i>Othello</i>: She was false as water. <i>Emilia</i>: Thou are rash as fire -Othello (By William Shakespeare)</p> |
| <i>Metaphor</i> | This is a technique of making comparison by directly relating one thing to another unrelated thing. Unlike similes, metaphors do not use words such as “like” or “as” to make comparisons. It also asserts that two things are identical in comparison rather than just similar. | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Laughter is the best medicine. • { HYPERLINK "https://literarydevices.net/a-dream/" } is a wish your heart makes. (Walt Disney’s <i>Cinderella</i>) • Your heart is my piñata. (Chuck Palahniuk) • Time is a drug. Too much of it kills you. (Terry Pratchett) |
| <i>Personification</i> | This is a literary technique of giving human attributes/ characteristics to idea, animals, or inanimate objects. | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Fear gripped the patient waiting for a diagnosis. |

| | | |
|--|---|--|
| | | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • That piece of chocolate cake is calling my name • Can you see that star winking at you? • My heart danced when he walked in the room. • My heart danced when he walked in the room. |
| Hyperbole | This involves an { HYPERLINK "https://literarydevices.net/exaggeration/" } of ideas for the sake of emphasis. | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • I am so hungry I could eat a horse. • I have a million things to do today. • Her brain is the size of a pea. |
| Onomatopoeia , pronounced on-uh-mat-uh-pee-uh | This is the use of words that sound mimics the thing described, making the description more expressive and interesting. | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The buzzing bee flew away. • The sack fell into the river with a splash. • The books fell on the table with a loud thump. |
| Oxymoron | This is the way pairing two words together that are opposing and/or contradictory. The combination of these contradicting elements serves to reveal a paradox, confuse, or give the reader a laugh. | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Silent scream • Terribly good • Wise fool • Close distance • Quiet roar • Student teacher • Passive aggressive |
| Imagery | This technique uses descriptive language or details that appeal to the senses – sight, hearing, smell, touch, and taste. It helps the readers to create pictures in the mind and make | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>Taste</i>: The familiar tang of his grandmother's cranberry sauce reminded him of his |

| | | |
|-----------------|--|---|
| | descriptions come alive. | <p>youth.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>Sound</i>: The concert was so loud that her ears rang for days afterward. • <i>Sight</i>: The sunset was the most gorgeous they'd ever seen; the clouds were edged with pink and gold. • <i>Smell</i>: After eating the curry, his breath reeked of garlic. • <i>Touch</i>: The tree bark was rough against her skin. |
| Idiom | <p>This refers to a set of expression or phrase where two or more words are used in a new way, giving the words a whole new meaning.</p> <p>Remember, the the words or phrases used as expressions should not be taken literally but should be interpreted figuratively.</p> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • It's raining cats and dogs • Wear my heart upon my sleeve <p>Every cloud has its silver lining but it is sometimes a little difficult to get it to the mint.-(By Don Marquis)</p> |
| Allusion | <p>This is a literary technique used to reference another object outside of the work of literature. The object can be a real or fictional person, event, quote, or other work of artistic expression.</p> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Hey! Guess who the new Newton of our school is?" – "Newton", means a genius student, alludes to a famous scientist Isaac Newton. • The rise in poverty will unlock the Pandora's box of crimes. – This is an allusion to one of Greek Mythology's origin myth, "Pandora's box". • That you were Romeo, you were throwin' pebbles |

| | | |
|------------------------|--|---|
| | | <p>And my daddy said, "Stay away from Juliet" – Love Story, Taylor Swift; Romeo and Juliet here refer to the famous characters of William Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • |
| <i>Paradox</i> | <p>This is a statement that appears to be self-contradictory or silly, but which may include a latent truth. It is also used to illustrate an opinion or statement contrary to accepted traditional ideas.</p> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Your enemy's friend is your enemy. • I am nobody • Truth is honey, which is bitter. • "I can resist anything but temptation." – Oscar Wilde <p>"All animals are equal, but some are more equal than others." - Animal Farm (By George Orwell)</p> |
| <i>Epigraph</i> | <p>This is a short quotation, phrase, or poem that is placed at the beginning of another piece of writing to encapsulate that work's main themes and to set the tone.</p> <p>Not all works have epigraphs. In fact, most don't. Epigraphs are most common in longer works, like novels and books of poetry</p> | <p>The epigraph of Mary Shelley's <i>Frankenstein</i> is taken from Milton's <i>Paradise Lost</i>, and establishes the book's main theme (i.e., the relationship of contempt between creators and their creations): "<i>Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay / To mould me Man, did I solicit thee / From darkness to promote me?</i>"</p> |
| <i>Sarcasm</i> | <p>This is a literary technique that is meant to mock, often with satirical or ironic remarks, with a purpose to amuse and hurt someone, or some section of society, simultaneously.</p> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • "I didn't attend the funeral, but I sent a nice letter saying I approved of it." (Mark Twain) • Oh yes, you've been sooooo helpful. Thanks sooooo much |

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| | | |
|----------------------------|---|---|
| | | for all your heeeelp. |
| <i>Repetition</i> | This is a literary technique that involves intentionally using a word or phrase for effect, two or more times in a speech or written work. For repetition to be noticeable, the words or phrases should be repeated within close proximity of each other. | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Time after time • Sorry, not sorry • “You is smart. You is kind. You is important.” (The Help) • The sad truth is that the truth is sad. (Lemony Snicket) |
| <i>Alliteration</i> | This is where a number of words, having the same first consonant sound, occur close together in a series. | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • But a better butter makes a batter better. • A big bully beats a baby boy • Alice ate all of the apples in the afternoon. • "She sells seashells by the sea-shore. |
| <i>Assonance</i> | This is the repetition of the same or similar vowel sounds within words, phrases, or sentences. In this literary technique, the internal vowel sounds in words that do not end the same are repeated. | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • She seems to beam rays of sunshine with her eyes of green. • They're some creeps who I wouldn't meet if you paid me a heap of cash! |
| | | • |
| <i>Consonance</i> | This refers to repetitive sounds produced by consonants within a sentence or phrase. Typically this repetition occurs at the end of the words, but may also be found within a word or at the beginning. | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mike likes his new bike. • Toss the glass, boss. • Norm, the worm, took the garden by a storm this morn. |

Learning Tasks (Application)

Short Story Writing

In our discussion for this lesson, we learned about all of the necessary elements and techniques that make up a story, and the important role that each individual element plays. For this activity, you will use each of these elements effectively in the story that you will write.

In order to write your short story, you will go through Prewriting and Drafting. These steps will help you gather ideas for your characters, plot, theme, etc. to lead you to your final work.

Prewriting

Before you begin writing, one of the most important part of writing a short story is for you to get to know the characters you will develop. In any piece of paper, you can write and examine the characters that will become a part of your story, their dislike, dreams, fears, appearance, how they will develop, or any characteristic that will help build your characters. Make sure to use your imagination in creating your characters.

You can use this chart to help you develop your character/s.

| | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| Character | |
| Appearance | |
| Actions | |
| What the Character Says | |
| Thoughts | |
| Likes | |
| Dislikes | |
| Dreams | |
| Fears | |
| What Others Think of the Character | |

Drafting

In the drafting stage, you will now create a plot for your story. Here you need to keep a central conflict in mind that will help you shape your story. Remember the different stages of Freytag's Pyramid: *Introduction, Rising Action, Climax, Falling Action, and Resolution*.

To make it a little bit easier, you can draw your own plot diagram, and fill in the events from the beginning to end. Make sure to identify the different events, and include some details from the story.

Once you are done, you can now begin writing your rough draft.

You can now use your character sketch and plot diagram in your writing process.

General rules for our Short Story Writing:

- The short story should not be less than 200 words.
- Make sure to develop a strong character.
- Include the necessary elements in your story.
- The theme should be revealed at the end of the story.
- Write your short story in an A4 bond paper, and observe proper margin.
- You can use any font size and style that you like for your story (you can also include graphic arts or drawing to make it look more creative)
- For online submission make sure to save your short story in PDF form; for offline submission you can send a hardcopy of your work by following the instructions given on the next page.
- Unleash the creativity within you!

Learning Check (Assessment)

Read the short story entitle “Ang Bata na Dili Matulog” by Macario Tiu, then answer the following questions below. For online submission, your answers should be in an A4 bond paper, observe proper spacing and margin, font style should be Tahoma or Arial, and font size should be 12 (Make sure to save it in PDF format). For offline submission, you can have your answers encoded following the format given above, or you can have it hand written in your activity notebook.

ANG BATA NA DILI MATULOG
ni Macario Tiu

Napungot na si Tinang kay alas diyes na sa gabii, wala pa matulog ang bata.

*“Katulog na, Bingbing. Katulog na. Dali na diri sa katre. Gabii na kaayo.”
“Di ko,” tubag sa bata.*

Nagpasu-paso kini sulod sa kuwarta. Matag karon ug unya iyang bungkagon ug hipuson ang mga dulaang plastik nga gibutang ibabaw sa bangko. Sus, kalami kuriton ning bataa, sa hunahuna pa ni Tinang. Apan igo na lang siyang makapanlingo sa kalagot.

Tua, gihulbot na pod ang mga magasin sa butanganan niini ilawom sa lamesa.

“Bingbing, dali na. Ayaw na panghilabot dinha.”

*Wala motubag ang bata. Nagpakli-pakli kinig usa ka magasin. Mitindog si Tinang gikan sa katre ug gipalong ang suga. Nangitngit ang servant’s quarters, gawas sa hayag gikan sa suga sa kusina nga milusot sa rehasrehas ibabaw sa pultahan.
“Tuga,” reklamo sa bata nga yungit pa mosulti.*

“Dili. Katulog na!” “Tuga, tuga,” sulti pa sa bata nga nagtindak-tindak sa iyang tiil.

“Bahala ka dinha, basta matulog na ko,” sulti ni Tinang nga mihigda pagbalik sa katre.

“Diri na! Katulog na!” Gikan sa gawas kalit lang mingiyaw ang dakong tingog sa iring.sa

“Mumu. Mumu,” ingon sa bata, ug misuksok kini ilawom sa katre. “Ayaw dinha. Gawas dinha. Naunsa ba ning bataa!” Mikawas si

Tinang sa katre ug gipasiga ang suga. Miluhod siya ug gikawayan ang bata.

“Dali diri. Gawas dira! Hugaw dira, daghag abog dira!”

Misamot hinuog uk-ok ang bata.

“Hala ka, paakon hinuon ka dinha. Naa na! Naa na sa imong likod!” ingon ni Tinang sa tingog nga kunohay nahadlok.

Dungan sa iyang pagsulti, mingiyaw pag-usab ang iring.

“Mama, Mama!” singgit sa bata nga naghangus-hangos ug kamang pagawas sa ilawom sa katre.

Hugot kaayo kining migakos kaniya, giumod ang nawong sa iyang dughan.

“Mao nay imo. Gahi kag ulo. Sige, dili pa gani ka matulog, ipapaak tika sa mumu,” dugang panghadlok ni Tinang. Sa iyang kalagot, nakalimot na hinoon si Tinang nga masuko ang lola sa bata kon iya kining hadlok. Niadtong miaging adlaw man god, nakita sa lola nga nataranta ang bata nga misuksok sa ilawom sa kabayo-kabayo sa plantsahan dihang midahunog ang ayroplano. Udtong dako kadto.

“Mumu, mumu,” ingon sa bata dihang nakabati sa ayroplano.

“Tinang, nganong mahadlok man ning bata sa ayroplano?” pangutana pa sa lola nga namalantsa niadtong tungora.

“Ambot niana, Tiya. Hadlokan man nang bataa.” “Unsay ambot? Dili man na mahadlok ug ayroplano kaniadto.”

“Natingala bitaw ko, Tiya.” “Ayaw baya hadloka-hadloka nang bata. Dili na maayo. Kanang mumu-mumu, ayaw na ipanghadlok sa bata. Tan-awa, bisag udtong dako, mahadlok sa tingog sa ayroplano.”

“Dili man nako na hadlok, Tiya.”

“Maayo. Dili ko gusto nga hadlok ang bata sa mga ungu-ungo. Dili kana maayo. Modako silang hadlokan.”

Sa tinuod lang, iyang hadlok ang bata aron lang kini mohigda ug matulog, ilabi na kon moabot na ang alas diyos sa gabii. Mao kini ang oras nga ting-abot sa ayroplano gikan sa Manila. Kon makadungog na siya sa dahunog sa ayroplano unya wala pa matulog ang bata, moingon dayon siya: “Hala, naa na ang mumu.

Kaonon na sa mumu ang batang dili matulog.” Ang lain pang gikahadlok ang bata mao ang miyaw sa iring. Walay sipyat gayod nga mo-uk-ok ang bata sa kinadul-ang lamesa, bangko o katre kon makabati kinig miyaw sa iring. Iya man gong hadlok kanunay ang bata nga tingog kadto sa ungo ug nga kini mokaog bata nga dili matulog. Mao usab kini iyang ipanghadlok kondili mokaon ang bata. Busa, bisan ganig adlaw, basta makabati kinig miyaw sa iring, mataranta kini ug mangitag tagoanan. Mingiyaw pag-usab ang iring.

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Mihilak na ang bata. Hapit na maluok si Tinang tungod sa kahugot sa paggakos niini sa iyang liog. Nabati niya ang pagpangurog sa nipis nga lawas sa bata. Maayo gani kay gaan ra ang bata, dili bug-at kugoson.

“O, tulog ka na, ha?” hait ang tingog ni Tinang. “Dili pa gani ka matulog, tawagon nakog balik ang ungo.”

Dihang iyang gibutang ang bata sa katre, wala na kini maghilak. Nagsid-ok-sidok na lang. Gitan-aw ni Tinang ang relo sa lamesa: alas diyes imedya na. Gipalong niya ang suga ug mitupad paghigda sa bata.

Taud-taod miingon ang bata: "Papa away Mama. Tumbag Mama. Away."

"Ayawg banha. Katulog na," singhag ni Tinang.

Wala na motingog ang bata. Gipiyong ni Tinang ang iyang mga mata ug nanghuyab. Sulod sa pipila ka minuto nakatulog na siya. Wala na niya mabati ang pagdahunog sa ayroplano, ug wala na usab niya mabatyagan ang pagdutdot sa bata sa iyang dughan.

Pagkaugma niana, gisuroy ni Tinang si Bingbing sa iyang amiga nga si Minda, usa usab ka katabang sama kaniya nga nagpuyo usa ka bloke gikan sa ilang balay. Naglingkod ang duha ka managhigala sa sementadong hagdanan samtang nagestoryahanay.

Gisabak ni Minda ang usa ka palangganang plastik nga puno ug bugas. Namili kinig tipasi. Si Bingbing nalingaw pagdula-dula sa iyang manyikang panapton.

"Sus, Nang Tinang, madayon na gyod ang pagbulag ni Ma'am ug ni Sir," sulti ni Minda nga nangakha-kakha sa bugas.

"Ngano, misugot na diay si Sir nimo nga magbulag na sila?" tubag ni Tinang.

"Aw, wala man siguro siyay mahimo. Dili na man gyod makig-uli si Ma'am sa iya. Bisag unsa na lay buhaton ni Sir. Nakig-estorya na na siya sa ginikanan ni Ma'am. Nagpatabang na gani siya sa mga pari sa eskulahan. Pero dili na gyod mosugot si Ma'am."

"Unsa ba gyod diay ang nahitabo, Minda?" pangutana ni Tinang nga mitabang na pagpilig tipasi.

"Kahinumdom ka ba niadtong nag-away sila? Duha na ka bulan karon?"

"Wala pa ko dinhi."

"Aw, husto no. Abi nimo, Nang Tinang, gabii na kaayo to. Naglalis man to sila. Hubog kaayo adto si Sir. Unya nabatian na lang nako nga naglagubo sulod sa ilang kuwarta. Sus, nakuyawan ko adto, uy."

"Mao gyod nang mga lalaki. Basta mahubog."

"Ingon pa ni Cita, kay nakabati man siya sa estoryahanay ni Ma'am ug ni Mrs. Dizon—dili kuno mapasaylo ni Ma'am si Sir kay gidapatan kuno siya. Sige kunog hilak. 'Alang kanako, ang lalaking manakit ug babaye ang pinakaubos nga klase sa tawo.' Mao gyod kuno na ang pulong ni Ma'am."

"Kausa ra siya nadapatan, dili na siya makig-uli?"

"Dili na. Igo na daw ang kausa, ingon niya."

"Maayo siya kay maestra. Makasugakod siya pagbuhi sa iyang kaugalingon ug sa iyang mga anak."

"Sus, ako? Dili sab ko mosugot kulatahon, uy! Bulagan dayon nako! Magminyo god ta aron malipay, unya kulatahon na hinuon? Aw, purbahi lang, kay putlon gyod nako, hahaha. Ikaw, Nang Tinang, di ba minyo ka man? Buotan ba ang imong bana?" Nakalitan si Tinang sa pangutana ni Minda.

"Aw, oo. Oo," ingon niya.

“Nay, gatat. Inom gatat,” kuhit sa bata sa abaga ni Tinang. “Uy, mouli na mi, Minda. Gigutom na ning akong alaga.”

Sa mga misunod nga adlaw, dugay makatulog si Tinang. Daghan siyag mahinundoman. Ang iyang mga anak.

Kon makahinundoman siya ang iyang kinamanghoran, si Teresa, motubod dayon ang luha sa iyang mga mata, apan pugngan niya ang iyang kaugalingon. Dili na siya mohilak. Kinahanglan nga magmalig-on siya. Ug aron nga dili kaayo siya maguol, iyang patoohon ang iyang kaugalingon nga si Teresa anaa sa maayong kamot ni Nanay niya Minyang. Nahinangop na kaayo siya sa bata; gusto niya kining gakson, idaitol ang yagpis nga lawas niini sa iyang dughan. Kon si Belinda ang iyang mahinundoman, dili niya kapugngan ang mahimuot.

Sa iyang hunahuna iyang makita si Belinda nga magpiku-tae padulong sa sapa, ang mga buhok niini gikimpitan ug mga dahon sa kamoteng kahoy. Ganahan kining magpaguwapa sa iyang kaugalingon.

Nag-eskuyla na kaha ni karon, maoy pangutana ni Tinang sa iyang kaugalingon. Abtikon nga bata si Belinda, nagdamgo nga mahimong nars. Bata pa kaayo kini aron makasabot nga pobre kaayo sila ug nga dili na kini makaeskuyla lampas sa elementarya. Ug si Junior. Kon mahunahunaan niya si Junior daw kumoton ang iyang kasingkasing sa kasakit. Buotan kini nga bata, naanad sa buluhaton sa uma bisag bata pa kaayo. Apan hilomon kini ug kanunay mag-inusara, dili gani motan-aw sa mata sa tawo kon makig-estorya. Iya kining gikalibgan, ug sa tanto niyang pagtuki iyang nakita nga ang mga mata ni Junior nagsalamin ug kahadlok! Managsama kaha ang ilang gibating kahadlok?

Si Berto! Magsagol ang mga pagbating mohasmag kaniya kon mahinundoman siya sa iyang bana. Gimingaw siya. Naluoy siya. Apan gikasilagan usab niya kini, ug gikahadlok. Labaw sa tanan iya kining gikahadlok. Usa ka gabii niana, wala na makaantos sa hinubog nga pagpandagmal kaniya, iya kining gisuklan. Apan mas kusgan gayod ang lalaki bisag kini hubog, ug nagpungasi lang ang mga suntok ug sipa ang iyang nadawat. Unsa kahay magtukmod kang Berto aron siya kulatahon kon kini mahubog?

Dili niya kini masabtan. Nganong dili na lang kini matulog kon mahubog? Unsa kining kaligtogot nga nagbukal sulod sa iyang dughan? Nganong siya man ang pahimungtan sa kon unsa man nang iyang kasuko? Unsa ang klaseng sakit kini? Wala siyay tubag. Maayo na lang gani kay dili hilabtan ni Berto ang mga bata.

Apan kanunay sila makasaksi sa pagpangulata sa iya, ug nasayod siya nga silang tanan hadlok sa ilang amahan. Ang iyang katahap mao nga si Teresa nahimong masakiton tungod niini. Si Teresa nga dili na gani makahilak tungod sa kahadlok, ug motikulo na lang sa daplin. Si Belinda nakat-on na paglikay sa kagubot.

Kon moabot na si Berto nga hubog, magdali-dali kinig gawas sa balay. Ambot hain moadto – motago ba sa lugot o sa sapa, bisag tungang gabii. Mas hadlok pa siya sa iyang amahan kaysa ngitngit.

Si Junior mao ang motawag ug hinabang. Kon magsugod nag pagpangaway si Berto, modagan dayon kini aron kuhaon si Nanay niya Minyang kinsa nagpuyo tunga sa kilometro gikan sa ilang balay. Nasayod siya nga gusto siyang panalipdan ni Junior, apan siyang pa lang ang panuigon niini. Dako ra kaayo si Berto alang kaniya. Ug busa ang kahadlok sa iyang mga mata. Nahinundoman si Tinang sa iyang gibating tumang kaluoy sa iyang kaugalingon samtang naglubog sa banig sa sobrang bun-og. Ang iyang

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nawong nanghupong, ug halos napilot ang iyang mga mata. Niadtong higayona, mitiyabaw siya sa tumang kalagot, kalagot sa gidangatan sa iyang kinabuhi.

Mihilak siya dili lamang tungod sa gibating kasakit sa iyang kaugalingon, kondili tungod sa kaamgohan nga dili niya mapanalipdan ang iyang mga anak. Dili gani niya mapanalipdan ang iyang kaugalingon. Ug busa mihukom siya nga molayas gikan sa ilang uma. Molayas gikan kang Berto! Gikan sa kaminyoon nga wala na niya masabti! Dugay niya kining gihinuktokan, gitimbang-timbang. Gilig-on niya ang iyang kaugalingon aron kini matuman. Kay sa pagkatinuod, kapila na siya makahukom nga molayas.

Matag tokar sa sakit ni Berto – kay sakit man kini segun sa iyang panaghap – makahukom dayon siya nga molayas. Apan modaog ang iyang kabalaka alang sa iyang mga anak ug magduha-duha siya sa iyang buhaton.

Sa laing bahin, si Berto mangayog pasaylo kaniya, motulo ang tiunay nga mga luha sa pagbasol. Moluhod pa gani kini sa iyang atubangan, mosaad nga dili na moinom bisag usa ka tulo sa tuba ug mopasalig nga dili ug dili na kini modagmal kaniya. Tuod man, sulod sa pipila ka adlaw, magpakita kinig kausaban, atimanon siya pag-ayo, ug busa mabag-o usab ang iyang hukom nga molayas. Unya aron lang diay mahitabo pagusab ang pagpangulata. Usab, ug usab, ug usab.

Apan nasangko ra gayod ang iyang pailob ug pagsalig. Dihang natibuok na ang iyang hukom, mihilak siya ug mihilak hangtod nga wala na siyay ikahilak. Gusto niyang mahaw-as ang tanan niyang emosyon, pabinhoron ang iyang mga pamatyag aron mahimo niya ang unang lig-ong tikang pagawas sa ilang uma.

Misakay siya ug bus bisag walay tinong kaadtoan. Mikanaog na lamang siya dihang miabot na siyag laing probinsiya. Salamat na lang kay gidawat dayon siya sa tag-ya sa kan-anan nga nahimutang daplin sa haywey nga hugopanan sa mga biyahedor. Nahimo siyang tighugas ug plato, tiglimpiyo, tiglabang ug serbedora. Didto niya nakaila ang iyang Sir karon, ang amahan ni Bingbing, nga usa ka medrep nga taga-Dabaw ug kanunay magkaonan didto. Iya lang tong gitawon kon naa ba siyay kaila nga nanginghanglan ug katabang sa Dabaw kay wala pa siya makataak sa maong siyudad.

“Ako, nanginghanglan kog yaya. Gusto nimong magyaya sa akong anak?” pangutana sa iyang Sir. Misugot dayon siya. Gikapoy na siya sa iyang trabaho sa kan-anan kay dugay manira. Naanad na siya matulog ug sayo sa bukid. Gawas pa, kanunay siya kuyawan kay naay maghubog sa kan-anan. Kon naa ganiy hubog, tugkan gayod siyag nerbiyos. Sa Dabaw na niya nahibaloan nga bulag diay ang iyang Sir sa iyang asawa. Tigbiyahian ang iyang Sir, mao nga ang inahan ni Sir maoy nagbantay sa balay. Si Bingbing tua magpuyo sa iyang Mama, apan usahay, papuy-on usab kini uban kang Sir. Dihang miabot na si Tinang aron magyaya, mas dugay-dugay na ang turno ni Sir sa pag-atiman sa bata. Sa pagkatinuod, wala siyag problema sa bata. Wala pay tres anyos, but-an na. Dili palahilak, dili manyahon. Magdula lag iyang kaugalingon. Apan lisod kini pakanon. Mas ganahan pa ni mosupsup sa iyang duha ka tudlo. Ug samot nang lisod kini patulgon. Ambot nganong dili matulog ang bata.

Morag naay gihulat o unsa ba. Mao ra nay diperensiya sa bata. Sa iyang kabahin, gusto niyang matulog ug sayo kay naanad na siya nga matulog ug sayo sa ilang uma. Gawas pa, dili siya gustong magtukaw kay daghan siyag mahinumdoman. Mga pait nga butang. Apan adunay kaugalingong hunahuna ang bata, ug dili kini motuo bisag kasukan. Mao nay iyang kalagotan. Kay dili man niya batasan nga mangusi ug bata, iya na lang kining hadlokong ug mumu.

Nakamata si Tinang dihang nakabati siya ug kasaba sa may sala. Saba sa mga bildong nangabuak. Gitanaw niya ang relo sa iyang kiliran: alas tres sa kaadlawon. Nabati niya ang tingog sa iyang Sir. Nagsinggitsinggit kini.

Hubog!

Karon pa siya nakasinati nga nahubog ang iyang amo. Wala ra ba si Tiya, tua sa iyang anak babaye kay umanakay. Nangurog ang tibuok lawas ni Tinang. Nangurog ug nangurog.

“Putang ina ka!” Mao kini kanunay ang isinggit sa iyang amo.

*“Putang ina ka! Wala kay pulos nga babaye. Nganong imo kong gibiyaan?”
Nakahinumdom siya kang Berto. Nakapanguros si Tinang.*

“Ginoo ko, ginoo ko! Luwasa ako!” “Mama?” milutaw ang hinay nga tingog ni Bingbing sa iyang tupad.

“Katulog! Piyong! Ayawg banha! Naay mumu!” Wala magkadimao ang sulti ni Tinang. Nabati niyang nagkaduol ang lakaw sa lalaki. Nabati niyang nangatumba ang mga bangko. Sa iyang kahadlok, mikawas siya sa katre ug misuksok sa ilawom niini. Ang bata mikanaog usab.

“Bingbing, balik katulog,” ang hagawhaw niyang mando. Apan ang bata wala magpatuo. Nabati niyang nangabuak ang mga baso ug plato.

“Bingbing, dali diri. Dali!” Apan ang batang babaye nagbarog hinuon atbang sa pultahan.

“Ayaw!” gilabay sa bata ang iyang gamayng tingog ngadto sa kangitngit.

“Ayaw!” Naabli ang pultahan. Gipiyong ni Tinang ang iyang mga mata.

“Ginoo ko. Ginoo ko,” mao ray iyang nasulti samtang nalukot sa ilawom sa katre, ang iyang lawas naputos sa singot.

“Hawa! Ayaw away Mama!” nabati niyang singgit sa bata. Kahilom nga walay kataposan. Mitikuko ug samot si Tinang. Gusto niyang mahilis. Gusto niyang mahanaw. Taud-taod misara pagbalik ang pultahan. Nabati niya ang nagkalayong mga tunob. Apan nahadlok gihapon siya nga ibuka ang iyang mga mata. Unya nabati niya ang gamay nga kamot nga nangapkap sa iyang kamot. Hinay siyang gibitad niini. “Wala na,” nabati niya ang gamay nga tingog.

“Ayaw hadlok. Wala na.”

Didto pa lamang gibuka ni Tinang ang iyang mga mata. Mikamang siya paggula sa katre, nagkurog lang gihapon sa kahadlok.

“Wala na,” sulti sa bata, ug giduot niini ang ulo ni Tinang sa iyang gamay nga dughan. Hugot niyang gigakos ang bata ug mihilak. Mihilak siya ug mihilak.

Questions: (answers should be least than 3 sentences)

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Plagiarized answers will automatically get a zero.

1. Who are characters in the story, and what are his/her situation and chief characteristic?
2. What sort of conflict is the main character facing? How is this conflict revealed?
3. What is the climax of the story and at what point in the story does the climax occur?
4. Does the plot have unity? Explain your answer.
5. Is the ending of the story happy, unhappy, or indeterminate? Explain.
6. At the end of the story, is the main character different from how he/she was at the beginning of the story? In what way has the character changed? And what has caused this change?
7. What is the main theme of the story? What do think is the author trying to tell?
8. What can you say about the title of the story? Is it appropriate for the story? If not what other title can you suggest?
9. Is the use of the native language effective in expressing the author's idea? Why do you think did the author use this language?
10. Did you like the story? Why or why not?

*Instructions on how to submit student output***Online Submission for all the activities:**

1. In your Microsoft word file make sure type in the upper left corner your name, grade, section, and date of submission.
2. Save your documents in a PDF form, with the file name **Section_LastName_FirstName_Module2.2_Activities** (ex. HUMMS_Juanillo_Kay_Module2.2_Activities)
3. Submit your document to my email { HYPERLINK "mailto:juanillokay@gmail.com" }, make sure to fill out the subject line with **Module 2.2 Activities for CLP**, and include a short introductory message expressing polite and kind words like “Good morning, Ma’am! Here is my...”.
4. If you have any question or concern, feel free to message me through my e-mail or cellphone number +639353630108.

For Offline Submission:

1. Other activities can be written in your notebook (refer to the instructions given for each activity), and make sure to indicate the Module number for each activity.
2. After answering, place your notebook (and/or other activities) inside a short plastic envelope.
3. On the plastic envelope, write your name, section, and class schedule, including the name of your instructor, and the department where it will be submitted.

Example:

| |
|---|
| <p style="text-align: center;">Dela Cruz, Juana STEM A – M-Th 11-12 Ms. Kay T. Juanillo Department of Liberal Arts and Behavioral Science</p> |
|---|

4. You can leave your envelope at the VSU Main Gate – Guard Post on or before the deadline set by your instructor.

Module Posttest

- I. Write the letter of your correct answer on the space provided before the number.

1. This is the author’s unique way of choosing words?

- | | |
|--------------|----------|
| a. symbolism | b. motif |
| c. style | d. theme |

2. It is an extended narrative with complicated plot.

- | | |
|---------|-----------|
| a. play | b. novels |
|---------|-----------|

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- c. script d. essay
3. This is the arrangement of events in the story.
- a. summary b. theme
- c. plot d. conflict
4. This turning point or peak of the story.
- a. rising action b. conflict
- c. climax d. exposition
5. It is a literary work intended to be performed on stage in the form of dialogues
- a. show b. drama
- c. script d. comedy

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Module 3: Notable Writers from the Philippines

Module Overview

This module will tackle the important literary artist from the Philippines who contributed to the preservation and intensification of our literature, culture, and traditions. Moreover, this will tackle the different National Artist from the Philippines, the authors from the Visayan Region.

Module Pretest

Answer the question below

Why is it necessary to get to know our country's literary writers?

Lesson 3.1: The National Artist for Literature and their Literary Works

Learning Outcomes

1. Get to know the National Artist for Literature.
2. Appreciate their contribution to the preservation of our culture.
3. Identify and read their literary works.
4. Understand and analyze their literary works.

Materials and Equipment Needed

Laptop/Netbook
Module
Exercise Notebook

Learning Activities (Activating Prior Knowledge)

Without researching, list down three (3) Filipino writers, and include at least two (2) of their literary works.

| Filipino Writer | Literary Works |
|-----------------|----------------|
| | 1. |
| | 2. |
| | 1. |
| | 2. |
| | 1. |
| | 2. |

Learning Probe (Analysis)

The Philippines has been shaped by centuries of colonization. Because of the impact of colonialism, many Filipinos, especially the youth of today, no longer know most of our own products, be it in literature, music, and art. We know a lot of other country's music and artist but we don't really appreciate our own. Lucky for those who are exposed to our culture and tradition as they can still relate to what is really happening to the Arts and Literature of our country. I have asked you to write three writers that you know, including their literary works, because I want to know if you are still familiar with our own literature. If you were not able to answer the activity

above, then it is time for you to take a serious reading and understanding of this lesson.

Learning Time (Acquire New Knowledge)

The literary artists that we have in our country play an essential role in contributing to the development and well-being of our culture and society. Every literary artist serves as a custodian, or a secretary who keeps the records of the things we experienced in the past and the things we are experiencing in the present moment. They reflect and interpret all that is around them – culture and tradition - and preserve them through his/her language. Without these literary artists, we will about know much about our history, therefore we will also lose a big part of who we are as Filipino.

The National Artist Award is the highest recognition given to Filipinos who have made significant contribution to the development of Philippine arts and letters. The following artists that we will discuss are just some of the most important people in the world of Philippine Literature.

Resil B. Mojares



Dr. Resil B. Mojares is a Filipino literature professor, historian, and critic. He was a founding director (1975-1976) of the University of San Carlos' Cebuano Studies Center, a pioneering local studies center in the Philippines. Under Dr. Mojares, Cebuano Studies Center became the forefront of cultural conservation in the Province of Cebu. It also actively supports different research into the Social Sciences and Humanities, and has served as a public-access library helping to spread cultural awareness to the Cebu community.

As a writer, his eye is trained to topics particularly on politics and history, ranging from the American occupation of Cebu to stories about folk culture and urban infrastructure to the lives of the political elite, while exploring and uncovering the place of the Filipino in the past and present times. He also explored the ideas of the Nationalistic Soul, the soul of the Filipino as buried under the years of time and influence. According to him, "There are three reasons for 'soul drift' or 'soul loss— shock, seduction and sin. The shock—the trauma—was obviously the experience of colonialism. However, colonialism turned out to be not just an invasion but a prolonged seduction. In surrendering to it, we turned our backs, not only on our old selves, on what we were before the invasion, but on many of our own kind".

Resil Mojare has authored a number of books including House of Memory: Essays, The War Against the Americans: Resistance and Collaboration in Cebu Province, Aboitiz: Family and Firm in the Philippine, Vicente Sotto, The Maverick Senator (Cebuano Studies Center, 1992); and Waiting for Mariang Makiling: Essays in Philippine Cultural History.

Due to his immense contribution to the world of Visayan literature, Dr. Mojares has been acclaimed by various writers and critics as the *Visayan Titan of Letters*. In 2018, he was awarded as a National Artist for Literature, a conferment which represents the Philippine state's highest recognition for artists.

His works left a significant impact to the Philippine's cultural, political, and historical thinking. His dedication to his work and craft have gotten the proverbial shovel in the quest in our quest to recover the Filipino soul.

Sample work of Dr. Resil B. Mojares:

“Heart and Liver”

(An Essay from the House of Memory, February 13, 1994)

How did it come to pass that we should love with our hearts instead of the liver? The pre-Spanish Filipino, like many of his contemporaries in Southeast Asia, believed that the liver (atay) is the seat of love. More: it is the bodily center of a person's being, the source of power, courage, and strength. It is named in Philippine languages—atay, atey, hatay, ati—and has spawned numerous derivations that signify what is treasured, affective and elemental.

In Tagalog, emotion is dalamhati (literally, “inside the liver”) and intense feelings of grief, yearning, and happiness are pighati, lunggati, and luwalhati. Metaphorically, atay is used to refer to the best of anything, so that the most fertile land is atay ng lupa, and the softest, most “feeling” part of the hand or leg is atay ng paa or, in Cebuano, atay-atay. In old Tagalog, a proud and powerful man is called pagmamayatay (“he who claims to have the liver”). In Cebuano, one speaks of glowing praise as makapadaku sa atay (“enlarges the liver”) and of what causes a sharp, rending emotion as makapakitbi sa atay (“curdles the liver”).

So elemental is the liver that among the Bagobo, Manobo and Mandaya, one eats a piece of an enemy's liver to gain his power and enhance one's strength. The asuwang knows what the best body part is and aims straight for the liver (the body's bloodiest organ) instead of the heart.

Such native knowledge is not particular to Filipinos but found among early peoples in other parts of the world. Ancient medical theorists, like the second-century Greek physician Galen, ascribed to the liver great powers both physiological and mystical. It is then no surprise that our own native expressions have equivalents in other languages, like English (to be “liverish” is to feel an internal discomfort and to be “lilylivered” is to be wanting in courage).

In contrast, the mythology of the heart is not as attractive nor is its chemistry as complex. The most versatile organ, the liver has some 200 different functions: it manufactures bile, removes poisons, processes nourishing sugars, forms antibodies, purifies the blood, enhances its flow, and more. It has amazing recuperative powers for when a part of it is damaged it can grow new cells to replace lost ones. If there is a chemistry to love, there is no better place for it than this wonderful chemical capital of the body, the liver. Beside it, the heart is a rather dull organ.

I'm sure all this is not convincing anyone to barter the heart for the liver. I don't expect anyone would be sending a Valentines card with a drawing of the liver instead of the heart. The merchandising possibilities do not look attractive— jaundice yellow instead of the signature red, and instead of Cupid shooting arrows into a heart, a witch or sorcerer digging in for the liver? And I have to admit it does not sound romantic to speak of one love-struck as giatay. (Though, come to think of it, being “struck by pestilence”— which is what giatay means—is not at all an inaccurate metaphor for love.)

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No.

We have come to fancy the simpler, softer, sanitary imagery of the heart. Yet, turning away from the more darkly visceral symbolism of the liver, we may have missed out on the denser, earthier, more dangerous and labyrinthine qualities of love.

Your Hallmark messages of a tame and prettified love do not quite grab the heart, er, I mean, liver, as this old Palawanon verse: On the areca tree by the wayside, / I etched a sign: / My liver hungers for you.

Essay taken from : { HYPERLINK "<https://backpackingwithabook.com/heart-and-liver-by-resil-mojares-feb-13-1994/>" }

Ramon Muzones



Ramon Muzones was a lawyer by profession and a Hiligaynon poet, short story writer, essayist, critic, grammarian, editor, lexicographer, and novelist who authored more than 60 novels. Most of these novels were serialized in Hiligaynon magazine and other regional publications where they were avidly read by thousands. In October 2018, he was posthumously awarded as a National Artist for Literature, he was the first Hiligaynon and the only writer in regional language to win this award.

A number of Muzones works represented groundbreaking “firsts” in Hiligaynon Literature. His other novel *Dama de Noche* (1980) was known as the longest serialized Hiligaynon novel; he also wrote the first feminist novel in Hiligaynon, *Bag-ong Maria*, the first comedy novel, *Tamblot*, and the first Hiligaynon political satire, *Si Tamblot Kandidato Man*. He also wrote *Shri-Bishaya* (1969), *Malala nga Gutom* (Malignant Hunger, 1965), *Babae Batuk sa Kalibutan* (Woman Against the World, 1959), and *Ang Gugma sang Gugma Bayaran* (Love with Love Be Paid, 1955)

His most popular work, *Margosatubig*, considered to be the first Hiligaynon bestseller; this novel shows a mythopoeic imagining of the Philippines, and its struggle for independence. *Margosatubig* tells a story of a fictional city with the same name, a Muslim sultanate of Maguindanao and Sulu whose leadership is highly contested, and its savior and rightful heir, *Salagunting*. The novel reflects the qualities of the country’s language and ethnic structure that could enrich the future Filipino novels.

Ramon Muzones brought about the most radical changes to Filipino Literature, while ushering in the ideals of modernism. With his literary career that spanned more than fifty years (1938-1990), his literary works cover the whole story of Hiligaynon novel from its rise in the 1940s to its decline in the 1970s. Muzones also explored variety of types and proved adept in all literary fashions. Through this, he was able to extend not only remarkable versatility and inventiveness in the scope and style of Hiligaynon Literature, but he was also able to enrich the Hiligaynon Literature’s dramatis personae.

Cirilo F. Bautista



Cirilo F. Bautista is a fictionist, poet, and essayist whose achievements contributed to the development of the

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country's literary arts that helped strengthen the Filipino's sense of Nationalism. He was considered as one of the country's most passionate authors, who would hold regular funded and unfunded workshops throughout the country. His devotion to the study of literature paved a way for more Filipinos to develop their creative talent.

Cirilo Bautista was instrumental in the formation of Bienvenido Santos Creative Writing Center. He was also the moving spirit behind the founding of the Philippine Literary Art Council in 1981, the Iligan National Writers Workshop in 1993, and the Baguio Writer's Group.

Bautista's works demonstrate flair and complexity in his unique poetic language. Having published 18 books written in different form of anthology, epic, poetry, and fiction, Cirilo Bautista was able to demonstrate his craft as he easily shifts from writing in English to Filipino. His first book, *The Cave and Other Poems*, has continually churned out works worthy of recognition all over the world.

Through the years, Bautista has also received numerous awards in the Philippines and abroad, including the Hall of Fame in the field of Literature, which was given after he won nine awards from Don Carlos Palanca Awards for Poetry, Fiction, and Essay. Then in 2014, he was recognized as one of the Philippine National Artists for Literature.

All through Bautista's career that spanned more than four decades, he has established a reputation for profound and fine artistry; his books, poetry readings, lectures, and creative writing workshops continue to influence and inspire his peers and the generation of the young writers.

Bautista's major works are *Summer Sun* (1963), *Words and Battlefields* (1998), *The Trilogy of Saint Lazarus* (a reinvention of the epic and is a narrative in modern idiom of Philippine history, 2001), *Galaw ng Asoge* (2003), *Sugat ng Salita*, *Kirot ng Kataga*, and *Bullets and Roses: The Poetry of Amado V. Hernandez*.

Example of Cirilo Bautista's work

Patalim

by Cirilo Bautista

*Araw-araw
sinusubok naming mag-asawa
ang talim
ng aming balaraw*

*Halimbawa
kung umiiyak
ang bunsong anak
at hindi kumikilos
ang sintang mahal
sasaksakin ko siya sa likod
at patawang pagmamasdan
habang duguang
pasususuhin niya
ang bunso.*

*Kung pundi ang bumbilya
sa aming kusina
at ako'y abala*

sa paglikha ng tula,

*hindi niya ako titigilan
ng saksak sa batok
hanggang ang ilaw ay di
napapalitan.*

*Patas lang ang aming labanan
lagot kung lagot walang
dayaan.*

*Kaya sa katapusan ng araw
magbibilang kami
ng sugat at tila mga gulanit na kaluluwa
ay magtatawanan
magsusuntukan pa.
Ganito kami lagi sapagkat
labis ang pag-ibig namin sa
isa't-isa*

Offering for Picasso

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by Cirilo Bautista

*This poem
is for Picasso
who didn't have hair and looked like
cheese.*

*He divided up
the bodies of people
and a new form of art was born in the
world.*

*A circle of yellow
became the sun
a rainbow sprouted in an intestine*

*exposed,
a lost bicycle
when pounded and earrings thrown
let grow in the world to a thousand
green beans:*

*Now that he's gone
Picasso, what machine
would keep order in our dreams? What
charm
would vaccinate
against the blood of war and
abandonment
so that the tattered world would again
be beautiful?*

You can also read Cirilo Batista's Short Story entitled "Resurrection" here { [HYPERLINK](http://www.angelfire.com/il/friendsinternational/cfb/SSresurrection.html)
"http://www.angelfire.com/il/friendsinternational/cfb/SSresurrection.html" }

and his essay on The Philippine Poetry in English here: { [HYPERLINK](http://www.angelfire.com/il/friendsinternational/cfb/ESSpoetry.html)
"http://www.angelfire.com/il/friendsinternational/cfb/ESSpoetry.html" }

Lazaro A. Francisco



Lazaro Francisco
National Artist for Literature

Lazaro Francisco, also known as Ka Saro, is a novelist, essaying, and playwright, who is recognized for his masterful use of Tagalog and the choices of subject matter and story line he applies to his work. Most of his works focus on the challenges of farmers in the hand of their tenant before the agrarian reform, imperialism, the judicial system, survival of democracy, communism, even the maltreatment of children. Additionally, he also wrote love stories which were published on Liwayway Magazine and were faithfully followed by his readers. Eleven of his novels, which focuses on social realist tradition in the Philippine are now acknowledge as classics of the Philippine Literature. They embody the author's strong commitment to nationalism.

However, aside from his literary works on social relevance, Lazaro became more known for his use of Tagalog as a language in his literary works. He also established the Kapatiran ng mga Alagad ng Wikang Pilipino (Brotherhood of the Disciples of the Filipino Language) in 1958, to better advocate Tagalog as a National Language.

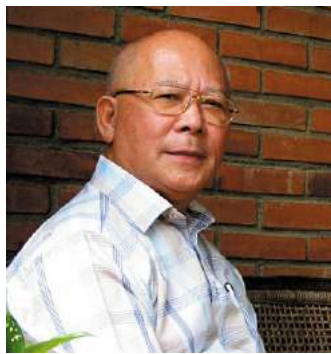
Ka Saro's reputation of using Tagalog without sacrificing the content of his work, earned him the title of "Master of Tagalog Novel". His masterpiece novel, *Ama, Bayang Nagpitiwakal, Maganda Pa Ang Daigdig* and *Daluyong*, affirm his eminent place in the Philippine Literature. His literary works have contributed so much to the formation of Nationalism. Because of this, he received various awards and recognition such as "Foremost Filipino Novelist of His Generation" and "Champion of the Filipino Writer's Struggle for National Identity" which was given

by the University of the Philippines, and in 2009, he was awarded as a Philippine National Artist for Literature.

Some of Ka Saro's novels are "Binhi at Bunga" (1925), "Cesar" (1926), "Ama" (1929), "Bayang Nagpitiwakal" (1931), "Sa Paanan ng Krus" (1934), "Ang Pamana ng Pulubi" (1935), "Bago Lumubog ang Araw" (1936), "Singsing na Pangkasal" (1939), "Ilaw sa Hilaga" (1947), "Sugat ng Alaala" (1951), and "Maganda pa ang Daigdig" (1956), "Daluyong" (1961)

You can read on of Ka Saro's short story entitle "Lihim ng Isang Ouso" here:
{ HYPERLINK "http://malacanang.gov.ph/75548-maganda-pa-ang-daigdig-by-lazaro-francisco/" }

Bienvenido Lumbera



Bienvenido Lumbera is a Filipino poet, critic and dramatist who was proclaimed as a National Artist in Literature in April 2016. HE was also an awardee of different prestigious giving award body such as the Ramon Magsaysay Award for Journalism, Literature and Creative Communications, National Book Awards from the National Book Foundation, and the Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards.

Lumbera is widely known as one of the pillars of contemporary Philippine Literature, cultural studies, and film, having written and edited a number of books on literary history, literary criticism, and film.

Bienvenido Lumbera was also a leading scholar and critic of Tagalog Literature. He restored the poems and stories of vernacular writers to an esteemed place in the Philippine literary canon. He also introduced to Tagalog literature what is now known as Bagay Poetry, a landmark tendency that has helped change the vernacular poetic tradition; and he also pioneered the creative fusion of fine arts and popular imagination in his **Tales of the Manuvu and Rama Hari**.

The first published poems of Lumbera, however, was in English since this was the medium of instruction at the Ateneo where he worked, but due to his passionate nationalism, he decided to include more vernacular readings in his literature and drama course, and delivered some of his lectures in Filipino.

According to Lumbera, Language is the key to national identity. Until we, Filipinos, learn to use our language, the gap between the well-educated classes and the vast majority of Filipinos will not be bridged.

Some works of Bienvenido Lumbera are: **Likhang Dila, Likhang Diwa** (poems in Filipino and English), **Balaybay, Mga Tulang Lunot at Manibalang; Sa Sariling Bayan, Apat na Dulang May Musika, "Agunyas sa Hacienda Luisita, and Pakikiramay, .**

Example of Bienvenido Lumbera's poem entitle "Eulogy to Roaches:

A EULOGY OF ROACHES
Bienvenido Lumbera

*Blessed are the cockroaches.
In this country
they are the citizens who last.
They need no police*

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*to promulgate their peace
because they tolerate
each other's smell or greed.
Friends to dark and filth,
they do not choose their meat.
Although they neither sow
nor reap, a daily feast
is laid for them in rooms
and kitchens for their pick.
The roaches do not spin
and neither do they weave.
But note the russet coat
the sluggards wear: clothed
at birth, roaches require
no roachy charity.
They settle where they wish
and have no rent to pay.*

*Eviction is a word
quite menacing to them
who do not have to own
their dingy crack of wall
Not knowing dearth or taxes,
they increase and multiply.
Survival is assured
even the jobless roach;
his opportunities
pile up where garbage grows.
Dying is brief and cheap
and thus cannot affright.
A whiff of toxic mist,
an agile heel, a stick
—the swift descent of pain
is also final death.*

Alejandro Roces



Alejandro Roces is one of the most notable short story writer and essayist, and is considered as the country's best writer of comic short stories. He was given the citation by the Cultural Center of the Philippines Centennial Honors for the Arts for his invaluable contribution to the field of cultural dissemination, granting him the award { [HYPERLINK "https://www.oocities.org/rocesphil/ccpawards.htm"](https://www.oocities.org/rocesphil/ccpawards.htm) } "self" }. He was given the highest recognition as a National Artist for Literature in 2003.

Alejandro's work mostly focused on the neglected aspects of the Filipino cultural heritage. As a champion of Filipino culture, Roces brought to public attention the aesthetics of the country's fiestas. He was instrumental in popularizing several fiesta celebrations like, Ati-atihan and Moriones. Aside from his literary contribution, he also led the campaign to change the country's Independence Day from July 4 to June 12; he also campaigned changed for the change of language used in the country's stamp, passport, and currency from English to Filipino. Additionally, Alejandro Roces was also the one who recovered the original manuscript of Jose Rizal's *Noli Me Tangere*, *El Filibusterismo* and *Mi último Adiós* which were stolen from the National Archives.

Moreover, his short story "We Filipinos are Mild Drinkers" had won the Best Short Story at the University of Arizona; his other story "My Brother's Peculiar Chicken", on which he was widely anthologized, was listed as Martha Foley's Best American Stories among the most distinctive for years 1948 and 1951; his story entitled "Of Cocks and Kites" earned him the reputation as the country's best writer of humorous stories; and his collection of short story "Something to Crow About" was recently brought to life by critically acclaimed play in the same title, this staged version was the first Filipino Zarzuela in English.

Alejandro Roces was able to make great contribution to the country's culture and literature, when he was asked for an advice on becoming a good literary figure

Alejandro Roces said, "You cannot be a great writer; first, you have to be a good person"

Sample of Alejandro Roces' work entitled *My Brother's Peculiar Chicken*

My Brother's Peculiar Chicken

My brother Kiko once had a very peculiar chicken. It was peculiar because no one could tell whether it was a rooster or a hen. My brother claimed it was a rooster. I claimed it was a hen. We almost got whipped because we argued too much.

The whole question began early one morning. Kiko and I were driving the chickens from the cornfield. The corn had just been planted, and the chickens were scratching the seeds out for food. Suddenly we heard the rapid flapping of wings. We turned in the direction of the sound and saw two chickens fighting in the far end of the field. We could not see the birds clearly as they were lunging at each other in a whirlwind of feathers and dust.

"Look at that rooster fight!" my brother said, pointing exactly at one of the chickens.

"Why, if I had a rooster like that, I could get rich in the cockpits."

"Let's go and catch it," I suggested.

"No, you stay here. I will go and catch it," Kiko said.

My brother slowly approached the battling chickens. They were so busy fighting that they did not notice him. When he got near them, he dived and caught one of them by the leg. It struggled and squawked. Kiko finally held it by both wings and it became still. I ran over where he was and took a good look at the chicken.

"Why, it is a hen," I said.

"What is the matter with you?" my brother asked. "Is the heat making you sick?"

"No. Look at its face. It has no comb or wattles."

"No comb and wattles! Who cares about its comb or wattles? Didn't you see it in fight?"

"Sure, I saw it in fight. But I still say it is a hen."

"Ahem! Did you ever see a hen with spurs on its legs like these? Or a hen with a tail like this?"

"I don't care about its spurs or tail. I tell you it is a hen. Why, look at it."

The argument went on in the fields the whole morning. At noon we went to eat lunch. We argued about it on the way home. When we arrived at our house Kiko tied the chicken to a peg. The chicken flapped its wings and then crowed.

"There! Did you hear that?" my brother exclaimed triumphantly. "I suppose you are going to tell me now that hens crow and that carabaos fly."

"I don't care if it crows or not," I said. "That chicken is a hen."

We went into the house, and the discussion continued during lunch.

"It is not a hen," Kiko said. "It is a rooster."

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"It is a hen," I said.

"It is not."

"It is."

"Now, now," Mother interrupted, "how many times must Father tell you, boys, not to argue during lunch? What is the argument about this time?"

We told Mother, and she went out look at the chicken.

"That chicken," she said, "is a binabae. It is a rooster that looks like a hen."

That should have ended the argument. But Father also went out to see the chicken, and he said, "Have you been drinking again?" Mother asked.

"No," Father answered.

"Then what makes you say that that is a hen? Have you ever seen a hen with feathers like that?"

"Listen. I have handled fighting cocks since I was a boy, and you cannot tell me that that thing is a rooster."

Before Kiko and I realized what had happened, Father and Mother were arguing about the chicken by themselves. Soon Mother was crying. She always cried when she argued with Father.

"You know very well that that is a rooster," she said. "You are just being mean and stubborn."

"I am sorry," Father said. "But I know a hen when I see one."

"I know who can settle this question," my brother said.

"Who?" I asked.

"The teniente del Barrio, chief of the village."

The chief was the oldest man in the village. That did not mean that he was the wisest, but anything always carried more weight if it is said by a man with gray hair. So my brother untied the chicken and we took it to the chief.

"Is this a male or a female chicken?" Kiko asked.

"That is a question that should concern only another chicken," the chief replied.

"My brother and I happen to have a special interest in this particular chicken. Please give us an answer. Just say yes or no. Is this a rooster?"

"It does not look like any rooster I have ever seen," the chief said.

"Is it a hen, then?" I asked.

"It does not look like any hen I have ever seen. No, that could not be a chicken. I have never seen like that. It must be a bird of some other kind."

"Oh, what's the use!" Kiko said, and we walked away.

"Well, what shall we do now?" I said.

"I know that," my brother said. "Let's go to town and see Mr. Cruz. He would know."

Mr. Eduardo Cruz lived in a nearby town of Katubusan. He had studied poultry raising in the University of the Philippines. He owned and operated the largest poultry business in town. We took the chicken to his office.

"Mr. Cruz," Kiko said, "is this a hen or a rooster?"

Mr. Cruz looked at the bird curiously and then said:

"Hmmm. I don't know. I couldn't tell in one look. I have never run across a chicken like this before."

"Well, is there any way you can tell?"

"Why, sure. Look at the feathers on its back. If the feathers are round, then it's a hen. If they are pointed, it's a rooster."

The three of us examined the feathers closely. It had both.

"Hmmm. Very peculiar," said Mr. Cruz.

"Is there any other way you can tell?"

"I could kill it and examined its insides."

"No. I do not want it killed," my brother said.

I took the rooster in my arms and we walked back to the barrio.

Kiko was silent most of the way. Then he said:

"I know how I can prove to you that this is a rooster."

"How?" I asked.

"Would you agree that this is a rooster if I make it fight in the cockpit and it wins?"

"If this hen of yours can beat a gamecock, I will believe anything," I said.

"All right," he said. "We'll take it to the cockpit this Sunday."

So that Sunday we took the chicken to the cockpit. Kiko looked around for a suitable opponent. He finally picked a red rooster.

"Don't match your hen against that red rooster." I told him. "That red rooster is not a native chicken. It is from Texas."

"I don't care where it came from," my brother said. "My rooster will kill it."

"Don't be a fool," I said. "That red rooster is a killer. It has killed more chickens than the fox. There is no rooster in this town that can stand against it. Pick a lesser rooster."

My brother would not listen. The match was made and the birds were readied for the killing. Sharp steel gaffs were tied to their left legs. Everyone wanted to bet on the red gamecock.

The fight was brief. Both birds were released in the centre of the arena. They circled around once and then faced each other. I expected our chicken to die of fright. Instead, a strange thing happened. A lovesick expression came into the red rooster's eyes. Then it did a love dance. That was all our chicken needed. It rushed at the red rooster with its neck feathers flaring. In one lunge, it buried its spurs into its opponent's chest. The fight was over.

"Tiope! Tiope! Fixed fight!" the crowd shouted.

Then a riot broke out. People tore bamboo benches apart and used them as clubs. My brother and I had to leave through the back way. I had the chicken under my arm. We ran toward the coconut groves and kept running till we lost the mob. As soon as we were safe, my brother said:

"Do you believe it is a rooster now?"

"Yes," I answered.

I was glad the whole argument was over.

Just then the chicken began to quiver. It stood up in my arms and cackled with laughter. Something warm and round dropped into my hand. It was an egg.

(taken from: { HYPERLINK "<http://malacanang.gov.ph/75520-my-brothers-peculiar-chicken-by-alejandro-r-roces/>" })

Edith L. Tiempo



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No.

Edith L. Tiempo became a National Artist for Literature in 1999. She was a well-known fictionist, poet, and literary critic, and is one of the finest Filipino writers in English. Her works are often characterized by the remarkable fusion of style and substance of insight and craftsmanship. Her two most anthologized poems, “The Little Marmoset” and “Bonsai show intricate verbal transfiguration of significant experiences. As a fiction writer Edith L. Tiempo was morally profound, the language she used has been described as descriptive but unburdened by scrupulous detailing.

Another contribution of Edith L. Tiempo in helping the Philippine literature prosper is the Silliman National Writers Workshop in Dumaguete City, which has produced some of the country’s best writer. This institution was founded and directed by Edith L. Tiempo, together with her husband Edilberto K. Tiempo

Published works of Edith L. Tiempo include *A Blade of Fern* (1978), *The Native Coast* (1979), and *The Alien Corn* (1992); the poetry collections, *The Tracks of Babylon and Other Poems* (1966), and *The Charmer’s Box and Other Poems* (1993); and the short story collection *Abide, Joshua, and Other Stories* (1964)

Bonsai

Edith Tiempo

*All that I love
I fold over once
And once again
And keep in a box
Or a slit in a hollow post
Or in my shoe.*

*All that I love?
Why, yes, but for the moment-
And for all time, both.
Something that folds and keeps easy,
Son’s note or Dad’s one gaudy tie,*

*A roto picture of a queen,
A blue Indian shawl, even
A money bill.*

*It’s utter sublimation,
A feat, this heart’s control
Moment to moment
To scale all love down
To a cupped hand’s size*

*Till seashells are broken pieces
From God’s own bright teeth,
And life and love are real
Things you can run and
Breathless hand over
To the merest child*

N.V.M. Gonzalez

Nestor Vicente Madali Gonzalez, commonly known as N.V.M Gonzales was a Filipino short story writer, essaying, and poet who articulates Filipino spirit on urban landscapes. He won the First Commonwealth Literary Contest in 1950, he also received the Republic Cultural Heritage Award in 1960 and the Gawad CCP Para sa Sining in 1990. Gonzales had a great contribution in appropriating the English language to express, shape, and reflect the culture and sensibility of the Philippines. In 1997, Gonzalez was conferred as a National Artist for Literature.

Due to Gonzales help in shaping the Philippine novels and short story, and for clearing the English idioms and traditions by establishing an authentic vocabulary he was conferred by the University of the Philippines the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters, honoris causa. At the University of the Philippines, he became one of the two faculty members who was able to teach without holding a degree.

Most influential works of N.V.M Gonzalez include the following: The Winds of April, Seven Hills Away, Children of the Ash-Covered Loam and Other Stories, The Bamboo Dancers, Look Stranger, on this Island Now, Mindoro and Beyond: Twenty -One Stories, The Bread of Salt and Other Stories, Work on the Mountain, The Novel of Justice: Selected Essays 1968-1994, A Grammar of Dreams and Other Stories.

Sample work of NVM Gonzales:

The Bread of Salt
by NVM Gonzalez

Usually I was in bed by ten and up by five and thus was ready for one more day of my fourteenth year. Unless Grandmother had forgotten, the fifteen centavos for the baker down Progreso Street – and how I enjoyed jingling those coins in my pocket!- would be in the empty fruit jar in the cupboard. I would remember then that rolls were what Grandmother wanted because recently she had lost three molars. For young people like my cousins and myself, she had always said that the kind called pan de sal ought to be quite all right.

The bread of salt! How did it get that name? From where did its flavor come, through what secret action of flour and yeast? At the risk of being jostled from the counter by early buyers. I would push my way into the shop so that I might watch the men who, stripped to the waist worked their long flat wooden spades in and out of the glowing maw of the oven. Why did the bread come nut-brown and the size of my little fist? And why did it have a pair of lips convulsed into a painful frown? In the half light of the street and hurrying, the paper bag pressed to my chest I felt my curiosity a little gratified by the oven-fresh warmth of the bread I was proudly bringing home for breakfast.

Well I knew how Grandmother would not mind if I nibbled away at one piece; perhaps, I might even eat two, to be charged later against my share at the table. But that would be betraying a trust and so, indeed, I kept my purchase intact. To guard it from harm, I watched my steps and avoided the dark street comers.

For my reward, I had only to look in the direction of the sea wall and the fifty yards or so of riverbed beyond it, where an old Spaniard's house stood. At low tide, when the bed was dry and the rocks glinted with broken bottles, the stone fence of the Spaniard's compound set off the house as if it were a castle. Sunrise brought a wash of silver upon the roofs of the laundry and garden sheds which had been built low and close to the fence. On dull mornings the light dripped from the bamboo screen which covered the veranda and hung some four or five yards from the ground. Unless it was August when the damp, northeast monsoon had to be kept away from the rooms, three servants raised the screen promptly at six-thirty until it was completely hidden under the veranda eaves. From the sound of the pulleys, I knew it was time to set out for school.

It was in his service, as a coconut plantation overseer, that Grandfather had spent the last thirty years of his life. Grandmother had been widowed three years now. I often wondered whether I was being depended upon to spend the years ahead in the service of this great house. One day I learned that Aida, a classmate in high school, was the old Spaniard's niece. All my doubts disappeared. It was as if, before his death, Grandfather had spoken to me about her, concealing the seriousness of the matter by putting it over as a joke, if now I kept true to the virtues, she would step out of her bedroom ostensibly to say Good Morning to her uncle. Her real purpose, I knew, was to reveal thus her assent to my desire.

On quiet mornings I imagined the patter of her shoes upon the wooden veranda floor as a further sign, and I would hurry off to school, taking the route she had fixed for me past the post office, the town plaza and the church, the health center east of the plaza, and at last the school grounds. I asked myself whether I would try to walk with her and decided it would be the height of rudeness. Enough that in her blue skirt and white middie she would be half a block ahead and, from that distance, perhaps throw a glance in my direction, to bestow upon my heart a deserved and abundant blessing. I believed it was but right that, in some such way as this, her mission in my life was disguised.

*Her name, I was to learn many years later, was a convenient mnemonic for the qualities to which argument might aspire. But in those days it was a living voice. "Oh that you might be worthy of uttering me," it said. And how I endeavored to build my body so that I might live long to honor her. With every victory at singles at the handball court the game was then the craze at school - I could feel my body glow in the sun as though it had instantly been cast in bronze. I guarded my mind and did not let my wits go astray. In class I would not allow a lesson to pass unmastered. Our English teacher could put no question before us that did not have a ready answer in my head. One day he read Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Sire de Maletroits Door*, and we were so enthralled that our breaths trembled. I knew then that somewhere, sometime in the not too improbable future, a benign old man with a lantern in his hand would also detain me in a secret room, and there daybreak would find me thrilled by the sudden certainty that I had won Aida's hand.*

It was perhaps on my violin that her name wrought such a tender spell. Maestro Antonino remarked the dexterity of my stubby fingers. Quickly I raced through Alard-until I had all but committed two thirds of the book to memory. My short, brown arm learned at last to draw the bow with grace. Sometimes, when practising my scales in the early evening. I wondered if the sea wind carrying the straggling notes across the pebbled river did not transform them into Schubert's "Serenade."

At last Mr. Custodio, who was in charge of our school orchestra, became aware of my progress. He moved me from second to first violin. During the Thanksgiving Day program he bade me render a number, complete with pizzicati and harmonics.

"Another Vallejo! Our own Albert Spalding!" I heard from the front row.

Aida, I thought, would be in the audience. I looked around quickly but could not see her. As I retired to my place in the orchestra I heard Pete Saez, the trombone player, call my name.

“You must join my band,” he said. “Look, we’ll have many engagements soon, it’ll be vacation time.”

Pete pressed my arm. He had for some time now been asking me to join the Minviluz Orchestra, his private band. All I had been able to tell him was that I had my schoolwork to mind. He was twenty-two. I was perhaps too young to be going around with him. He earned his school fees and supported his mother hiring out his band at least three or four times a month. He now said:

“Tomorrow we play at the funeral of a Chinese-four to six in the afternoon; in the evening, judge Roldan’s silver wedding anniversary; Sunday, the municipal dance.”

My head began to whirl. On the stage, in front of us, the principal had begun a speech about America. Nothing he could say about the Pilgrim Fathers and the American custom of feasting on turkey seemed interesting. I thought of the money I would earn. For several days now I had but one wish, to buy a box of linen stationery. At night when the house was quiet I would fill the sheets with words that would tell Aida how much I adored her. One of these mornings, perhaps before school closed for the holidays, I would borrow her algebra book and there, upon a good pageful of equations, there I would slip my message, tenderly pressing the leaves of the book. She would perhaps never write back. Neither by post nor by hand would a reply reach me. But no matter, it would be a silence full of voices.

That night I dreamed I had returned from a tour of the world’s music centers; the newspapers of Manila had been generous with praise. I saw my picture on the cover of a magazine. A writer had described how, many years ago, I used to trudge the streets of Buenavista with my violin in a battered black cardboard case. In New York, he reported, a millionaire had offered me a Stradivarius violin, with a card that bore the inscription: “In admiration of a genius your own people must surely be proud of.” I dreamed I spent a weekend at the millionaire’s country house by the Hudson. A young girl in a blue skirt and white middie clapped her lily-white hands and, her voice trembling, cried “Bravo!”

What people now observed at home was the diligence with which I attended to my violin lessons. My aunt, who had come from the farm to join her children for the holidays, brought with her a maidservant, and to the poor girl was given the chore of taking the money to the baker’s for rolls and pan de sal. I realized at once that it would be no longer becoming on my part to make these morning trips to the baker’s. I could not thank my aunt enough.

I began to chafe on being given other errands. Suspecting my violin to be the excuse, my aunt remarked:

“What do you want to be a musician for? At parties, musicians always eat last.”

Perhaps, I said to myself, she was thinking of a pack of dogs scrambling for scraps tossed over the fence by some careless kitchen maid. She was the sort you could depend on to say such vulgar things. For that reason, I thought she ought not to be taken seriously at all.

But the remark hurt me. Although Grandmother had counseled me kindly to mind my work at school, I went again and again to Pete Saez’s house for rehearsals.

She had demanded that I deposit with her my earnings; I had felt too weak to refuse. Secretly, I counted the money and decided not to ask for it until I had enough with which to buy a brooch. Why this time I wanted to give Aida a brooch, I didn't know. But I had set my heart on it. I searched the downtown shops. The Chinese clerks, seeing me so young, were annoyed when I inquired about prices.

At last the Christmas season began. I had not counted on Aida's leaving home, and remembering that her parents lived in Badajoz, my torment was almost unbearable. Not once had I tried to tell her of my love. My letters had remained unwritten, and the algebra book unborrowed. There was still the brooch to find, but I could not decide on the sort of brooch I really wanted. And the money, in any case, was in Grandmothers purse, which smelled of Tiger Balm." I grew somewhat feverish as our class Christmas program drew near. Finally it came; it was a warm December afternoon. I decided to leave the room when our English teacher announced that members of the class might exchange gifts. I felt fortunate; Pete was at the door, beckoning to me. We walked out to the porch where, Pete said, he would tell me a secret.

It was about an asalto the next Sunday which the Buenavista Women's Club wished to give Don Esteban's daughters, Josefina and Alicia, who were arriving on the morning steamer from Manila. The spinsters were much loved by the ladies. Years ago, when they were younger, these ladies studied solfeggio with Josefina and the piano and harp with Alicia. As Pete told me all this, his lips ash-gray from practising all morning on his trombone, I saw in my mind the sisters in their silk dresses, shuffling off to church for the evening benediction. They were very devout, and the Buenavista ladies admired that. I had almost forgotten that they were twins and, despite their age, often dressed alike. In low-bosomed voile bodices and white summer hats, I remembered, the pair had attended Grandfather's funeral, at old Don Esteban's behest I wondered how successful they had been in Manila during the past three years in the matter of finding suitable husbands.

"This party will be a complete surprise," Pete said, looking around the porch as if to swear me to secrecy. They've hired our band."

I joined my classmates in the room, greeting everyone with a Merry Christmas jollier than that of the others. When I saw Aida in one corner unwrapping something two girls had given her. I found the boldness to greet her also.

"Merry Christmas," I said in English, as a hairbrush and a powder case emerged from the fancy wrapping, it seemed to me rather apt that such gifts went to her. Already several girls were gathered around Aida. Their eyes glowed with envy, it seemed to me, for those fair cheeks and the bobbed dark-brown hair which lineage had denied them.

I was too dumbstruck by my own meanness to hear exactly what Aida said in answer to my greeting. But I recovered shortly and asked:

"Will you be away during the vacation?"

"No, I'll be staying here," she said. When she added that her cousins were arriving and that a big party in their honor was being planned, I remarked:

"So you know all about it?" I felt I had to explain that the party was meant to be a surprise, an asalto.

And now it would be nothing of the kind, really. The women's club matrons would hustle about, disguising their scurrying around for cakes and candies as for some baptismal party or other. In the end, the Rivas sisters would outdo them. Boxes of meringues, bonbons, ladyfingers, and cinnamon buns that only the Swiss bakers in

Manila could make were perhaps coming on the boat with them. I imagined a table glimmering with long-stemmed punch glasses; enthroned in that array would be a huge brick-red bowl of gleaming china with golden flowers around the brim. The local matrons, however hard they tried, however sincere their efforts, were bound to fail in their aspiration to rise to the level of Don Esteban's daughters. Perhaps, I thought, Aida knew all this. And that I should share in a foreknowledge of the matrons' hopes was a matter beyond love. Aida and I could laugh together with the gods.

At seven, on the appointed evening, our small band gathered quietly at the gate of Don Esteban's house, and when the ladies arrived in their heavy shawls and trim panuelo, twittering with excitement, we were commanded to play the Poet and Peasant overture. As Pete directed the band, his eyes glowed with pride for his having been part of the big event. The multicolored lights that the old Spaniard's gardeners had strung along the vine-covered fence were switched on, and the women remarked that Don Esteban's daughters might have made some preparations after all. Pete hid his face from the glare. If the women felt let down, they did not show it.

The overture snuffled along to its climax while five men in white shirts bore huge boxes of goods into the house. I recognized one of the bakers in spite of the uniform. A chorus of confused greetings, and the women trooped into the house; and before we had settled in the sala to play "A Basket of Roses," the heavy damask curtains at the far end of the room were drawn and a long table richly spread was revealed under the chandeliers. I remembered that, in our haste to be on hand for the asalto, Pete and I had discouraged the members of the band from taking their suppers.

"You've done us a great honor!" Josefina, the more buxom of the twins, greeted the ladies.

"Oh, but you have not allowed us to take you by surprise!" the ladies demurred in a chorus.

There were sighs and further protestations amid a rustle of skirts and the glitter of earrings. I saw Aida in a long, flowing white gown and wearing an arch of sampaguita flowers on her hair. At her command, two servants brought out a gleaming harp from the music room. Only the slightest scraping could be heard because the servants were barefoot. As Aida directed them to place the instrument near the seats we occupied, my heart leaped to my throat. Soon she was lost among the guests, and we played The Dance of the Glowworms." I kept my eyes closed and held for as long as I could her radiant figure before me.

Alicia played on the harp and then, in answer to the deafening applause, she offered an encore. Josefina sang afterward. Her voice, though a little husky, fetched enormous sighs. For her encore, she gave The Last Rose of Summer"; and the song brought back snatches of the years gone by. Memories of solfeggio lessons eddied about us, as if there were rustling leaves scattered all over the hall. Don Esteban appeared. Earlier, he had greeted the crowd handsomely, twisting his mustache to hide a natural shyness before talkative women. He stayed long enough to listen to the harp again, whispering in his rapture: "Heavenly. Heavenly ..."

By midnight, the merrymaking lagged. We played while the party gathered around the great table at the end of the sala. My mind traveled across the seas to the distant cities I had dreamed about. The sisters sailed among the ladies like two great white liners amid a fleet of tugboats in a bay. Someone had thoughtfully remembered and at last Pete Saez signaled to us to put our instruments away. We walked in single file across the hall, led by one of the barefoot servants.

Behind us a couple of hoarse sopranos sang "La Paloma" to the accompaniment of the harp, but I did not care to find out who they were. The sight of so much silver and china confused me. There was more food

before us than I had ever imagined. I searched in my mind for the names of the dishes; but my ignorance appalled me. I wondered what had happened to the boxes of food that the Buenavista ladies had sent up earlier. In a silver bowl was something, I discovered, that appeared like whole egg yolks that had been dipped in honey and peppermint. The seven of us in the orchestra were all of one mind about the feast; and so, confident that I was with friends, I allowed my covetousness to have its sway and not only stuffed my mouth with this and that confection but also wrapped up a quantity of those egg-yolk things in several sheets of napkin paper. None of my companions had thought of doing the same, and it was with some pride that I slipped the packet under my shirt. There. I knew, it would not bulge.

“Have you eaten?”

I turned around. It was Aida. My bow tie seemed to tighten around my collar. I mumbled something, I did not know what.

“If you wait a little while till they’ve gone, I’ll wrap up a big package for you,” she added.

I brought a handkerchief to my mouth. I might have honored her solicitude adequately and even relieved myself of any embarrassment; I could not quite believe that she had seen me, and yet I was sure that she knew what I had done, and I felt all ardor for her gone from me entirely.

I walked away to the nearest door, praying that the damask curtains might hide me in my shame. The door gave on to the veranda, where once my love had trod on sunbeams. Outside it was dark, and a faint wind was singing in the harbor.

With the napkin balled up in my hand. I flung out my arm to scatter the egg-yolk things in the dark. I waited for the soft sound of their fall on the garden-shed roof. Instead, I heard a spatter in the rising night-tide beyond the stone fence. Farther away glimmered the light from Grandmother’s window, calling me home.

But the party broke up at one or thereabouts. We walked away with our instruments after the matrons were done with their interminable good-byes. Then, to the tune of “Joy to the World,” we pulled the Progreso Street shopkeepers out of their beds. The Chinese merchants were especially generous. When Pete divided our collection under a street lamp, there was already a little glow of daybreak.

He walked with me part of the way home. We stopped at the baker’s when I told him that I wanted to buy with my own money some bread to eat on the way to Grandmother’s house at the edge of the sea wall. He laughed, thinking it strange that I should be hungry. We found ourselves alone at the counter; and we watched the bakery assistants at work until our bodies grew warm from the oven across the door, it was not quite five, and the bread was not yet ready.

Nick Joaquin



Nicomedes Marquez Joaquin, more commonly known as Nick Joaquin, is regarded as one of the most distinguished Filipino writer in English. His literary works are considered to be unparalleled even until now. His works are mostly in English, which

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some critic would describe as his baroque Spanish-flavored English or his reinventions of English based on Filipinisms. Aside from the language that he used, Nick Joaquin was a very significant figure in Philippine literature as his work involved exploration of the Philippine colonial past under the Spanish colonization. He eloquently proved that it was alright to recognize our own history and acknowledge the Filipino in the Spanish colonial era.

Joaquin's literary works mostly depicted subject that shows nostalgia of the past, legends, churches, the mysterious, the power of the basic emotions over culture, the freedom of the will against fate, the mutability of the human body compared to the spirit, and the like. His short stories, *May Day Eve* and *The Summer Solstice*, which were published after the World War II, are just some of the readings that became standard readings in the schools in the Philippines. According to Jose Garcia Villa, another National Artist, Nick Joaquin was the only Filipino writer with a real imagination of power and depth and great metaphysical seeing, who knows how to express himself in great language.

Nick Joaquin was able to write a number of plays, novels, poem, essays, and short stories including reportage and journalism. As a journalist, he used the pen name Quijano de Manila, which is an anagram for his surname. Among his great works are: *The Woman Who Had Two Navels*, *A Portrait of the Artist as Filipino*, *Manila, My Manila: A History for the Young*, *The Ballad of the Five Battles*, *Rizal in Saga*, *Almanac for Manileños*, *Cave and Shadows*.

As a clever observer of history, Nick Joaquin was able to witness the transformation of the Philippine society from the American colonial period, World War II, Post-war era, the Marcos dictatorship, and the present republic where he was able to write different literary works that allowed us to understand better our nation and people. As an important writer of Philippine Literature, Nick Joaquin was conferred the National Artist for Literature in 1976. Today, his literary works are immortalized in the hundreds of articles produced, both in academic readings and research.

Example of Nick Joaquin's work:

Palindrome

*People say that the world is crooked,
Crooked in a sense that it makes everything feel so surreal,
Surreal for someone who was swept up in the waves of time,
Time wherein we started out as mere acquaintances in the most peculiar way possible,
Possible only through the thing we insistently called 'love'*

*Love which was just an abstract word,
Word that came to life when I knew you,
You showed me what love truly means,
Means to make someone feel more than special,
Special in a way that entices you to always treasure moments,
Moments when you know that you found 'the one' in the endless sea of people,*

The Martyr

*Being in love means never having to say you're sorry
After all, at some point in your life
That love was the most important thing to you,
That love might be the one that you hoped would last forever,
That love made you believe that destiny does exist,*

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*And that love made you question,
Why you were afraid to fall in love in the first place.*

*At that time in your life,
Everything just seemed so perfect,
Everything seemed so beautiful,
Everything seemed to glow for you,
And you were my everything.*

*I wouldn't even think twice about sacrificing my own happiness for yours,
I was even willing to bare up this walled but crumpled heart of mine,
Just so I could be with you.
All I ever did was care for you.
All I ever did was to make you happy.
And all I ever did was love you.*

*Being in love means never having to say you're sorry
But I needed to ask forgiveness from the one who was hurt the most...
Myself.*

Derailed

*There comes a time in each of our lives
wherein we lose track of ourselves, and lose sight of our rails.*

*Where the illuminated road that always seemed to be there, suddenly lost its light, and with it, our senses that
come to a halt.*

*The senses that gave us our How's and Why's, the force that drives us to get back up every time we fall down,
the feeling that makes us see the light in a pitch black void.*

*The eventual flame that was so overwhelming at one point, now seems nothing but a scant flicker drowning in a
sea of gloom.*

*An everlasting ember that will continue to burn despite all the pouring setbacks, 'till we pave our way to a new
set of tracks.*

Bury Me

*How can you stop yourself from feeling?
When you gradually feel yourself betraying you?
How can you understand yourself?
When you always keep parts of you hidden?*

*How can things remain hidden?
When all you ever do is push things down,
And keep them locked up in your own abyss?
How can you stay true to others?
When you can't even stay true to yourself?*

*How can you live?
When a part of you is already dead?*

You can also read/other Nick Joaquin's work:

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The Summer Solstice: { HYPERLINK "<http://malacanang.gov.ph/75510-the-summer-solstice-by-nick-joaquin/>" }

May Day Eve : { HYPERLINK

"<http://www.seasite.niu.edu/Tagalog/Literature/Short%20Stories/May%20Day%20Eve.htm>" }

Ang Larawan: The Musical: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UaoTEShi0dQ>

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Jose Garcia Villa



Jose Garcia Villa, is considered as one of the finest contemporary poets of all time. He was the first Filipino National Artist for Literature, conferred in 1973, and an award-winning poet here in Philippines and in United States. Jose Garcia Villa introduced the “reversed consonance rhyme scheme” in writing poetry, as well as the extensive use of punctuation marks, especially commas, where readers pause for every word, slowing the pace of the poem resulting to what he called as "a lineal dignity of pace and movement".

This style made him earn the name “Comma Poet”. Jose Garcia Villa has become the arbiter of literary taste in the growing body of English language works being produced.

Villa’s first poem, “Have Come, Am Here” had received critical recognition when it appeared in New York in 1942, that soon afforded him to receive honor and awards from Bollingen Foundation Fellowship (1951-52), Shelley Memorial Award (1958), Philippines Pro Patria Award (1961), Philippines Cultural Heritage Award (1962), and Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship (1963). He was appointed Presidential Adviser on Cultural Affairs by the Philippine government in 1968.

In some of his works, Garcia used the pen name Doveglion (Dove, Eagle, Lion) which is derived from E.E. Cummings’ “Doveglion, Adventures in Value”, a poem dedicated to Villa. Villa’s works have been collected into the following books: Footnote to Youth, Many Voices, Poems by Doveglion, Poems 55, Poems in Praise of Love: The Best Love Poems of Jose Garcia Villa as Chosen By Himself, Selected Stories, The Portable Villa, The Essential Villa, Mir-i-nisa, Storymasters 3: Selected Stories from Footnote to Youth, 55 Poems: Selected and Translated into Tagalog by Hilario S. Francia.

Reversed Consonance Rhyme Scheme

Reversed consonance is a poetic style added by Villa in the world of poetry. This style, referred to the rhyme scheme where last sounded consonants of the last syllable, or the last principal consonant of a word, are reversed for the corresponding rhyme. Thus, a rhyme for near would be run; or rain, green, reign.”

Example (taken from Jose Garcia
Villa’s *Anchored Angels: Selected
Writings* #

*In my desire to be Nude
I clothed myself in fire:—
Burned down my walls, my roof,
Burned all these down.

Emerged myself supremely lean
Unsheathed like a holy knife.*

*With only His Hand to find
To hold me beyond annul.

And found Him found Him found Him
Found the Hand to hold me up!
He held me like a burning poem
And waved me all over the world*

Comma Poems

In this literary style, Villa included coma after each word in the poem. A he explained in the preface to his *Volume Two*, “The commas are an integral and essential part of the medium: regulating the poem’s verbal density and time movement: enabling each word to attain a fuller tonal value, and the line movement to become more measured.”

*Example (taken from Jose Garcia
Villa’s Anchored Angels: Selected
Writings #136)*

*The, hands, on, the, piano, are, armless.
No, one, is, at, the, piano.
The, hands, begin, and, end, there.*

*There, no-one’s, hands, are, there:
Crystal, and, clear, upon, the, keys.
Playing, what, they, play.*

*Playing, what, they, are.
Playing, the, sound, of, Identity.
Yet, how, absurd, how, absurd, how,
absurd!*

Another Literary work of Jose Garcia Villa:

The Fence

*They should have stood apart, away from each other, those two nipa houses.
There should have been a lofty impenetrable wall between them, so that they should not
stare so coldly, so starkly, at each other—just staring, not saying a word, not even a cruel
word. Only a yard of parched soil separated them, a yard of brittle-crust earth with
only a stray weed or two to show there was life still in its bosom.*

*They stood there on the roadside, they two alone, neighborless but for themselves, and
they were like two stealthy shadows, each avid to betray the other. Queer old houses. So
brown were the nipa leaves that walled and roofed them that they looked musty, gloomy.
One higher than the other, pyramid-roofed, it tried to assume the air of mastery, but in
vain. For though the other was low, wind-bent, supported without by luteous bamboo
poles against the aggressiveness of the weather, it had its eyes to stare back as haughtily
as the other—windows as desolate as the souls of the occupants of the house, as sharply
angular as the intensity of their hatred.*

*From the road these houses feared no enemy—no enemy from the length, from the dust, of
the road; they were unfenced. But of each other they were afraid: there ran a green,
house high, bamboo fence through the narrow ribbon of thirsty earth between them,
proclaiming that one side belonged to one house, to it alone; the other side to the other,
and to it alone.*

*Formerly there had been no bamboo fence; there had been no weeds. There had been two
rows of vegetables, one to each house, and the soil was not parched but soft and rich. But
something had happened and the fence came to be built, and the vegetables that were so
green began to turn pale, then paler and yellow and brown. Those of each house would
not water their plants, for if they did, would not water their water spread to the other side
and quench too the thirst of pechays and mustards not theirs? Little by little the plants
had died, the soil had cracked with neglect, on both sides of the fence.*

*Two women had built that fence. Two tanned country-women. One of them had caught
her husband with the other one night, and the next morning she had gone to the bamboo
clumps near the river Pasig and felled canes with her woman strength. She left her baby
son at home, heeded not the little cries. And one by one that hot afternoon she shouldered
the canes to her home. She was tired, very tired, yet that night she could not sleep. When
morning dawned she rose and went back to the back of the house and began to split the*

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bamboos. Her husband noticed her, but said nothing. By noon, AlingBiang was driving tall bamboo splits into the narrow ribbon of yard.

Pok, Pok, Pok, sounded her crude hammer. Pok, Pok, Pok-Pok, Pok, Pok.

When her husband asked her what she was doing, she answered, "I am building a fence."

"What for?" he asked.

"I need a fence."

And then, too, even AlingSebia, the other woman, a child-less widow, asked inoffensively, "What are you doing, AlingBiang?"

"I am building a fence."

"What for?"

"I need a fence, AlingSebia. Please do not talk to me again."

And with that AlingSebia had felt hurt. Out of spite she too had gone to the bamboo clumps to fell canes. After she had split them, tried though she was, she began to thrust them into the ground, on the same straight line as AlingBiang's but from the opposite end. The building of the fence progressed from the opposite end. The building of the fence progresses from the ends centerward. AlingBiang drove in the last split. And the fence completed, oily perspiration wetting the brows of the two young women, they gazed proudly at the majestic wall of green that now separated them.

Not long after the completion of the fence AlingBiang's husband disappeared and never came back. AlingBiang took the matter passively, and made no effort to find him. She had become a hardened woman.

The fence hid all the happenings in each house from those who lived in the other. The other side was to each a beyond, dark in elemental prejudice, and no one dared encroach on it. So the months passed, and each woman lived as though the other were nonexistent.

But early one night, from beyond the fence, AlingBiang heard cries from AlingSebia. Unwilling to pay any heed to them, she extinguished the light of the petrol kink and laid herself down beside her child. But, in spite of all, the cries of the other woman made her uneasy. She stood up, went to the window that faced the fence, and cried from there: "What is the matter with you, AlingSebang?"

Faintly from the other side came: "AlingBiang, please go the town and get me a hilot (midwife)."

"What do you need a hilot for?" asked AlingBiang.

"I am going to deliver a child, AlingBiang, and I am alone. Please go, fetch a hilot."

AlingBiang stood there by the window a long time. She knew when child it was that was coming as the child of AlingSebia. She stood motionless, the wind brushing her face coldly. What did she care of AlingSebia was to undergo childbirth? The wind blew colder and pierced the thinness of her shirt. She decided to lie down and sleep. Her body struck against her child's as she did so, and the child moaned:

Ummm—

The other child, too, could be moaning like that. Like her child. Ummm. From the womb of AlingSebia—the wrong womb.

Hastily AlingBiang stood up, wound her tapiz round her waist, covered her shoulders with a cheap shawl.

Ummm. Ummm. The cry that called her. Ummm. The cry of a life

She descended the bamboo steps. They creaked in the night.

The fence grew moldy and inclined to one side, the child of AlingBianggrew up into sickly boy with hollow dark eyes and shaggy hair, and the child that was born to AlingSebia grew up into a girl, a girl with rugged features , a simian face, and a very narrow brow. But not a word had passed across the fence since that night.

The boy Iking was not allowed to play by the roadside; for if he did, would he not know were on the other side of the fence? For his realm he had only his home and the little backyard. Sometimes, he would loiter along the narrow strip of yard beside the fence, and peep surreptitiously through the slits. And he could catch glimpses of a girl, dark-complex-ioned, flat-nosed on the other side. She was an ugly girl, even uglier than he was, but she was full-musclcd, healthy. As he peeped, his body, like a thin reed pressed against the fungused canes, would be breathless. The flat-nosed girl intoxicated him, his loose architecture of a body, so that it pulsed, vibrated cruelly with the leap in his blood. The least sound of the wind against the nipa wall of their house would startle him, as though he had been caught, surprised, in his clandestine passion; a wave of frigid coldness would start in his chest and expand, expand, expand until he was all cold and shivering. Watching that girl only intensified his loneliness—watching that girl of whom he knew nothing except that form them it was not right to know each other.

When his mother caught him peeping, she would scold him, and he would turn quickly about, his convex back pressed painfully against the fence.

“Did I not tell you never to peep through that fence? Go up.”

And he would go up without answering a word, because the moment he tried to reason out things, prolonged coughs would seize him and shake his thin body unmercifully.

At night, as he lay on the bamboo floor, notes of a guitar would reach his ears. The notes were metallic, clanking, and at the middle of the nocturne they stopped abruptly. Who played the raucous notes? Who played the only music he had ever heard in his life? And why did the player never finish his music? And lying beside his mother, he felt he wanted to rise and go down the bamboo steps to the old forbidden? fence and see who it was that was playing. But AlingBiang would stir and ask, “Are you feeling cold, Iking? Here is the blanket.” Poor mother she did not know that it was she who was making the soul of this boy so cold, so barren, so desolate.

And one night, after AlingBiang had prepared his bedding beside her, Iking approached her and said: “I will sleep by the door, nanay. I want to sleep alone. I am grownup. I am fifteen.” He folded his mat and tucked it under an arm carrying a kundiman-cased pillow in one thin hand, and marched stoically to the place he mentioned.

When the playing came, he stood up and went down the stairs and moved towards the bamboo fence. He leaned against it and listened, enthralled, to the music. When it ceased he wanted to scream in protest, but a strangling cough seized him. He choked, yet his neck craned and his eye strained to see who had been the player.

His lips did not move, but his soul wept, “It is she!”

And he wanted to hurl himself against fence to break it down. But he knew that even that old, mildewed fence was stronger than he. Stronger—stronger than the loneliness of his soul, stronger than his soul itself.

Pok, Pok, Pok—Pok, Pok, Pok.

The boy Iking, pallid, tubercular, watched his mother with sunken, hating eyes from the window. She was mending the fence, because now it leaned to their side and many of the old stakes had decayed. She substituted fresh ones for these, until finally, among the weather-beaten ones, rose bold green splits like stout corporals among squads of unhealthy soldiers. From the window, the boy Iking asked nervously: “Why do you do that, mother? Why—why...”

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"It needs reinforcing" replied his mother. Pok, Pok, Pok...

"Why-why!" he exclaimed in protest.

His mother stopped hammering. She stared at him cruelly.

"I need it," she declared forcefully, the veins on her forehead rising out clearly. "Your mother needs it. You need it too."

Iking cowered from the window. He heard again: Pok, Pok, Pok—Pok, Pok, Pok.

That night no playing came from beyond the fence. And Iking knew why.

Phthisical Iking. Eighteen-year-old bony Iking. Lying ghastly pale on the mat all the time. Waiting for the music from the other side of the fence that had stopped three years ago.

And tonight was Christmas Eve. Iking's Christmas Eve. He must be happy tonight—he must be made happy tonight...

At one corner of the room his mother crooned to herself. A Biblia was on the table, but no one read it; they did not know how to read.

But they knew it was Christmas Eve. AlingBiang said, "The Lord will be born tonight."

"The Lord will be born tonight," echoed her son.

"Let us pray, Iking."

Iking stood up. His emaciated form looked so pitiful that his mother said, "Better lie down again, Iking. I will pray alone."

But Iking did not lie down. He move slowly to the door and descended into the backyard... His mother would pray. "Could she pray?" his soul asked... He stood motionless. And then he saw the fence—the fence that his mother had built and strengthened—to crush his soul. He ran weakly, groggily, to it—allured by its forbidding, crushing sternness. He peeped hungrily between the splits—saw her...

His dry lips mumbled, tried to make her hear his word, "Play for me tonight!"

He saw that she heard. Her ugly faced turned sharply to the fence that separated him and her. He wept. He had spoken to her—the first time—the first time...

He laid himself down as soon as he was back in the house. He turned his face toward the window to wait for her music. He drew his blanket closer round him so that he should not feel cold. The moonlight that poured into the room pointed at his face, livid, anxious, hoping, and at a little, wet, red smudge on the blanket where it touched his lips.

Cicadas sang and leaves of trees rustled. A gorgeous moon sailed westward across the sky. Dark-skinned bats occasionally lost their way into the room. A pale silken moth flew in to flirt with the flame of kerosene kinke.

And then the cicadas had tired of singing. The moon was far above at its zenith now. The bats had found their way out of the room. The moth now lay signed on the table, beside he realized now that the fence between their houses extended into the heart of this girl.

"The Lord is born," announced AlingBiang, for it was midnight.

"He is born," said her son, his ears still ready for her music because the fence did not run through his soul.

The moon descended... descended..

At two a.m. Iking's eyes were closed and his hands were cold. His mother wept. His heart beat no more.

Two-three a.m.—only a few minutes after—and from beyond the fence came the notes of a guitar.

The notes of a guitar. Metallic. Clanking. Rauous. Notes of the same guitar. And she who played it finished her nocturne that mourn.

Aling Biang stood up from beside her son, approached the window, stared accusingly outside, and said in a low resentful voice, “They are mocking. Who would play at such a time of morn as this? Because my son is dead.”

But she saw only the fence she had built and strengthened, stately white in the matutinal moonlight.

Other literary works of Jose Garcia Villa can be read here:

Footnote to Youth (short story): { HYPERLINK

"<https://marananerica.files.wordpress.com/2014/07/footnote-to-youth-by-jose-garcia-villa.pdf>" }

Between God’s Eyelashes I Look at You (Poem): { HYPERLINK

"<https://www.poemhunter.com/poem/between-god-s-eyelashes-i-look-at-you/>" }

God Said, I Made A Man (Poem) : { HYPERLINK

"<https://www.poemhunter.com/poem/god-said-i-made-a-man/>" }

Learning Tasks (Application)

As we have discussed the different National Artists, we also learned about their contributions to our culture and identity as Filipinos.

For this task, I want you to write an essay pertaining to the love for our own nation following the theme, “***My Country, My Identity***”.

The essay should not be less than 150 words, and it should have all the parts of an essay (Introduction, Body, and Conclusion). Make sure to write your own title for your work.

General instructions:

- Your essay should be written in an A4 bond paper.
- Format: Arial/Tahoma, 12pts, 1.15 spacing, 1 inch margin each side.
- For online submission, make sure to save your file in PDF Form.
- Do not forget to write your name, section, class schedule, and date of submission at the uppermost part of the paper.

Learning Check (Assessment)

For this activity, make sure that you have read and understood the literary works given during our discussion. Answer the following questions in not less than 3 sentences. Each item is equivalent to ten (10) points (5 point for content, 3 for the arrangement of thought and ideas, and 2 points for grammar)

For those who will submit online, write your answers in an A4 paper, and make sure to save your file in PDF form. For those who will submit offline, you can either write your answers in your activity notebook or you can have it encoded in an A4 bond paper. *Note: Those who will be caught plagiarizing their answers will automatically get a mark of zero.*

1. What are your thoughts on Resil Mojares’ essay entitled *Heart and Liver*?
2. Write a short analysis on Cirilo Bautista’s *Patalim*.
3. What do you think is the symbolism of the cockroaches in the poem of Bienvenido Lumbera’s *A Eulogy of Roaches*? Why do you think did Lumbera use cockroaches as the subject of this poem?
4. What is the conflict in Alejandro Roces’ *My Brother’s Peculiar Chicken*? Were they able to resolve it? How?
5. What is the main theme of Edith L. Tiempo’s *Bonsai*? What is the message she is trying to tell her readers?
6. In Edith L. Tiempo’s *Bonsai*, what are the things that the speaker considers important?
7. What lesson can we get from NVM Gonzales’ *The Bread of Salt*?
8. Did you notice something from Nick Joaquin’s *Palindrome*? What kind of style did he use, and what effect did it bring to the poem?

9. Write a short reflection on any of Nick Joaquin's poem (refer to example given on previous pages).
10. What is the symbolism of the fence in Jose Garcia Villa's *The Fence*?

Instructions on how to submit student output

Online Submission for all the activities:

1. In your Microsoft word file make sure type in the upper left corner your name, grade, section, and date of submission.
2. Save your documents in a PDF form, with the file name **Section_LastName_FirstName_Module3.1_Activities** (ex. HUMMS_Juanillo_Kay_Module3.1_Activities)
3. Submit your document to my email { [HYPERLINK "mailto:juanillokay@gmail.com"](mailto:juanillokay@gmail.com) }, make sure to fill out the subject line with **Module 3.1 Activities for CLP**, and include a short introductory message expressing polite and kind words like "Good morning, Ma'am! Here is my...".
4. If you have any question or concern, feel free to message me through my e-mail or cellphone number +639353630108.

For Offline Submission:

1. Other activities can be written in your notebook (refer to the instructions given for each activity), and make sure to indicate the Module number for each activity.
2. After answering, place your notebook (and/or other activities) inside a short plastic envelope.
3. On the plastic envelope, write your name, section, and class schedule, including the name of your instructor, and the department where it will be submitted.

Example:

Dela Cruz, Juana
STEM A – M-Th 11-12
Ms. Kay T. Juanillo
Department of Liberal Arts and Behavioral Science

4. You can leave your envelope at the VSU Main Gate – Guard Post on or before the deadline set by your instructor.

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Lesson 3.2: Literary Artist from the Visayas Region and their Literary Works

Learning Outcomes

1. Get to know the authors from the Visayas.
2. Identify and read their literary works.
3. Appreciate their contribution to the preservation of our culture.
4. Write a literary work using the native language.
5. Write a literary analysis.

Materials and Equipment Needed

Laptop/Netbook
Module
Exercise Notebook

Learning Activities (Activating Prior Knowledge)

Have you heard of the song Duyog by Jewel Villaflores? If you haven't, please listen through this link { HYPERLINK "<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FjhSt-ulymQ>" }.

Duyog is an example of a Cebuano song that has been streaming through our local radio stations. After listening, what can you say about the song? Were you able to understand it? Do you know what the word “Duyog” means? Is the language used by Jewel Villaflores effective in expressing what she feels?

Learning Probe (Analysis)

There are a lot of songs from the different regions in the Visayas; however, not many are familiar with these songs, nor do they like listening to it. Yet, many of our local artists are still creating music that are relatable to the Visayan people by adding lyrics and tunes that are catchy. Now, even the people from the Luzon area are already intrigued and interested in our songs, even translating these to their own language. Somehow, the Visayan music is already gaining popularity all over the country, and we are hoping that our own Literature will also be valued and cherished like this by the Filipino, most especially from those where the literary pieces come

from. As Cebuano, Waray-waray, or Leyteño it is our responsibility to promote and make sure that our Literature will continue to thrive and flourish.

Learning Time (Acquire New Knowledge)

As we read stories written by international authors, it is also important to support the local writers that we have. The literary artists from the Visayas Region have helped enriched and preserved our culture and history. With their literary works, we are able to connect better to our roots, traditions, and language. Their stories, poems, and essays talk about things, places, and events that we can recognize; thus we feel excited to read the incredible stories that talk about things we are already familiar with.

For this lesson, we are going to discuss some of the writers from the Visayas Region who gained awards and recognition not only in the Philippines, but also across the globe.

TIMOTHY R. MONTES

Timothy R. Montes is a writer from Borongan, Eastern Samar. He studied Creative Writing Program at Siliman University under the guidance of Edith L. Tiempo. Montes became a regional fictionist, one of his first collection of short stories is “The Black Men”, which was published by Anvil in 1994.



One of his known short stories is the “Turtle Season”, which was awarded as the first placer during the 2001 Don Carlos Palanca Memorial Award for Literature. Timothy Montes is also a recipient of the Writers Prize from the National Commission for Culture and the Arts.

Timothy Montes’ literary works are a great contribution to the contemporary literature of the Philippines. Some of his works include: A Sense of Place, Land of the Morning, Love Sermon and Disputation, Of Fish, Flies, Dogs, and Women, The Assassin’s Tale, Under the Waves, and Young Writers and the Tradition in the Philippine Folk Literature in English.

You can read Timothy R. Montes’ Literary works here:

The Doubter: { [HYPERLINK "https://medium.com/@buglas.writers/the-doubters-4cf09262a0e8"](https://medium.com/@buglas.writers/the-doubters-4cf09262a0e8) }

Turtle Season: { [HYPERLINK "https://www.sushidog.com/bpss/stories/turtle.htm"](https://www.sushidog.com/bpss/stories/turtle.htm) }

The Assassin’s Tale: { [HYPERLINK "https://journals.ateneo.edu/ojs/index.php/budhi/article/view/554/551"](https://journals.ateneo.edu/ojs/index.php/budhi/article/view/554/551) }

The Double Bind in Writing (Nonfiction) : { [HYPERLINK "https://dagmay.online/2016/12/04/the-double-bind-in-writing/"](https://dagmay.online/2016/12/04/the-double-bind-in-writing/) \l "more-4211" }

CORAZON ALMERINO

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Corazon “Cora” Almerino is a Visayan writer, prolific in the use of Cebuano language in her literary works. Her collection of poems were included in Sinug-ang: A Cebuano trio published by Women in Literary Arts in 1999. Almerino’s wrote poems that are humorous yet inspiring, which inspired by the Cebuano culture and tradition.

Example of Cora Almerino’s literary works:

Binangkal, Penelope

Penelope, kaon og binangkal.
Walay pulos kanang magsige’g
Ginansilyo – kanang magsige’g
Paabut nianang tawo nga galisud
Og tultol sa iyang panimalay.*

*Wala to siya gilamat uy. Daghan tong
Gihapit-hapit. Daghan pud
Ang nangapyot ato niya.*

*Barug dinha ug sulunga
Ang tindahan nilang Nang Kikay
Ug pakyawa ang iyang mga
Binangkal. Kon kahibalo ka
Moluto, hala, pagluto og
Daghan.*

*Haay, Penelope. Kon tinuod man gani
Nga nasaag o gilamat gyud siya,
Dili gihapon niya mapanas
Ang mga gabii sa imong pagtukaw,
Ang imong mga daman,
Ang imong kahingawa.*

*Kit-kita ug ub-uba
Unya ang mga binangkal.
Kit-kita gyud. Ub-uba.*

Ang sobra, tipigi.

*Inig uli ato niya, inig tungtong
Niya tungod nianang pultahan,
Gubata dayon og binangkal.*

Taken from : { [HYPERLINK](https://www.oocities.org/phil_poetry/almerino_penelope)
"https://www.oocities.org/phil_poetry/
almerino_penelope" }

Tubag sa Manananggal (human huk mi sa Ginoo)

– Cora Almerino

*Sige Lord, ibutang ko sa impierno.
Sunoga ang akong lawas ug mga pako.
Pero sa dili pa ko nimo isugba,
Paminawa sa ko.*

*Manananggal bitaw ko.
Inig gabii dili ko makadulog
Sa akong bana, kay mamalbal ko.
Inig buntag dili ko makahugas
Sa mga plato; dili ko makalaba
Dili sab ko makaluto kay mamawi
Kos a akong katulog. Tam-is ra ba
Kaayo ang akong pagkahinanok,
Kay layo ang kab-ot sa akong
Mga pako. Walay manghulga nako
Og asin o abo. Walay holy water
Nga molimpyo sa akong lawas.*

*Lami kaayo ang mga tawo,
Ug tanan kabahin nila.
Lami kaayo. Kana bang kagumkom.
Aslom-aslomag. Parat-parat. Tam-is...*

*Manananggal bitaw ko Lord.
Akong mga pako makakab-ot
Og mga bitoon. Akong dila
Motila sa kinahildamang dapit.*

Taken from: { [HYPERLINK](https://eggwrites.wordpress.com/2015/03/06/sangpit-sa-bana-sa-babayeng-taas-ug-lupad/)
"https://eggwrites.wordpress.com/201
5/03/06/sangpit-sa-bana-sa-babayeng-
taas-ug-lupad/" }

MYKE OBENIETA



Michael or Simply Myke Obenieta is a Visayan writer who writes both in English and Cebuano. He is known as one of the ringleaders of the literary cult

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nologies for sustainable communities and environment.

called Tarantula in the late 90s. Obenieta has published at least a hundred poems, as well as feature article in various local, national, and international anthologies and magazines, including The Poem and the World (Washinton Press), The Best of Young Blood (Anvil Publishing), *Caracoa: Hereos and History Centennial Issue* (Philippine Literary Arts Council), New Writers Speak Up, Mantala (NAtional Commission for Culture and Arts), and Likhaan Best in Philippine Poetry and Fiction 1996 and 1997.

Myke Obenieta has been recognized as the Most Creative Editor in 2005 in house Awards of Sun Star Cebu. His work in Sun Star Cebu has been nominated also for Best Column Writing in the Catholic Mass Media Awards in 2005. Obenieta is also the president of Bathalan-ong Halad sa Dagang (Bathalad), a group of Cebuano writers in the Visayas and Mindanao, and is publisher of BISIBIS (Balak, Inigmat, Sugilanon, ug Inigat sa Bisdak), a quarterly Cebuano literary folio.

Example of Myke Obenieta's literary works:

Kay Ang Kahilom Usa Usab Ka Siloy

(alang sa akong inahan, samtang gabasa sa mga inenglis nakong balak)

*Haw-ang ang tanang garay, tanang pasumbingay,
Kon motugbaw ang pako sa panghupaw ni nanay:
Pastilan, pa-ita ining gredwan ra ta,
Kilawon unta'ng inengles kon kasabot pa...*

*Mitugdon sa iyang dila ang agiw sa naugdaw
Nga mga balhibo sa ugis ug langyaw
Nga langgam. Inanay naabo ang bulok
Sa iyang matang nagkaawop, nagpirok-pirok.*

*Samtang iyang gipahiluna ang karaang antipara
Samtang gapunsisok ang mga anunugba
Sa among bag-ong plorisin. Kaniadtong lunhaw
Ang akong pagtilok sa gamut ug liso, tataw*

*Ug sarang na ang siga-sayaw sa among lamparilya.
Sa among amakang bungbong misalida
Ang iyang kamot, mipasundayag og pako tadlas
Sa akong alimpatakan. Aron dili ka*

maihalas

*Sama nako, matod niya, basa gyu'g taman...
Tin-aw gihapon hangtud karon, dili daman,
Ang dam-ag sa iyang tingog. Ug ako nagtuo
Nga kadtong gipaagiw nga letra sa alpabeto*

*Nga iyang gisagol sa sabaw isip palihi
Niadtong punga-punga pa ang akong ikasulti
Mao'y mipikas sa akong dila pinaagi sa mga pulong
Nga duna'y pako, hangtud ako karon napakong*

*Sa panganod. Apan bisan nanghupaw si nanay,
Nagkayuring sa langyaw kong garay, wala'y
Laing tingog sama kalunsay sa iyang pahiyom
Gawas sa pagsiloy sa among kahilom.*

Nabuntagan

*Pinahangad akong tagay sa tigtimpla sa kasubo ug kalipay. Magtiwas mi hangtod
makadlawnan sa akong pagpangukoy*

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*nganong
niawas ang lawod gikan sa dili maihap
nga
mga mata. Gakipat-kipat ko kay gaaso
ang among gisumsoman: kasingkasing
sa unggoy nga giuhaw, gilapwaan,
giasal
kay gadanguyngoy kuno sa iyang asoy
kabahin sa kaagi sa akong kadugo.*

*Galutaw akong dunggan sa kalawom
sa gitug-an niyang' mga tigmo. Kalami
unta
ikilaw og buwak, usapon nga pinakagot
ug
itutho dayon sa buyog nga giuhaw
duyog
sa gakumbira nga mga langaw ibabaw
sa mga mumho ug sinuka gikan
sa kamabaw sa akong katingala.*

*Gaduka nako. Apan dihang nituyhakaw
ang daygon sa mga manok pahinungod
sa pagbalik sa kahayag, kalit mitaghoy
ang akong katagay ug gidalitan ko niya
og hagit nga gasakdap sa iyang
pangutana--
Kahibalo ba kuno ko mamingwit og*

langgam?

*Niadtong adlaw ko nakatilaw og tagam
kay
naumod. Nakahalok sa yuta tadlas sa
tahas
nga mobarog gikan sa akong
pagsukarap,
moagwanta sa pagtilap og lapok
hangtod mahimo kong hinganta.*

gamingaw

*Wala'y maskara, daghan
og dagway ang pag-inusara.
Wala'y kalainan sa bola nga
ginama sa tipak sa samin,
gatuyok ibabaw sa baylehan
diin usa ka buta ang huni
nga hubo sa kasubo, galukso
likay sa mga bildong labaw
ang kahait sa luha. Wala
mosayaw kadtong igo rang
nanabon sa ilang nawong.*

More Literary works of Myke Obenieta
can be read here: { [HYPERLINK](http://bisdakobenieta.blogspot.com/)
"http://bisdakobenieta.blogspot.com/"
}

Merlie M. Alunan



Merlie M. Alunan is a Filipina poet who has received various recognitions from prestigious award giving body including the Lillian Jerome Thornton Award for Nonfiction, Don Carlos Palanca Memorial Award for Literature, National Book Award, Sunthorn Phu Literary Awards, and Ani ng Dangal.

Throughout her career, Merlie M. Alunan has spent time in different places in the Visayas and Mindano, thus acquiring a level of fluency in the major Visayas languages. She has also taught in several universities all over the Visayas such as, Siliman University, Divine Word College in Tagbilaran City (now Holy Name University), and at the University of the Philippines Visayas Tacloban College (UPVTC). At UPVTC, Merlie Alunan initiated a creative writing workshop and intensified her advocacy to encourage the youth to write in the native language.

Merlie M. Alunan became sharply aware of the lack of models for the aspiring Waray writer and the literal absence of any reading materials in the language, thus one of the specific advocacy of her workshop is to encourage the writers to use

the Waray language in their literary works. Since then, she has published a collection of oral narratives such as *Susumaton* which was issued by Ateneo de Manila.

Merlie M. ALunan has also authored different poetry collection: *Tales of the Spider Woman*, *Amina among the Angels*, *Hearthstone*, *Sacred Tree*, *Pagdakop sa Bulalakaw ug uban pang mga Balak*, and *Running with Ghosts and Other Poems*, which won the 37th National Book Award for poetry in 2017.

Examples of Merle M. Alunan's literary works:

TALE OF THE SPIDERWOMAN

*Pyres of leaves burn away summer.
Cicada shells pile under the marsh
grass,
still memorial of seasons past.
I've no words for these—
lean boys and slender girls pass by my
window
drinking the sun on their golden skin.
Apple-breasted women with melons in
their bellies
snitch sprigs of basil from my herb pots,
and curious-eyed strangers scan the
veiled glass
for glimpses of my blurred face, but
hurry off
with any stranger's indifference.*

*How endless the mazes I inhabit,
layer on layer of silence shield me.
Odd monsters breed here, I warrant.
I myself daily grow smaller and smaller
until
almost invisible. Fuzz on my skin, my
eyes
multiply a hundredfold in this darkness
and split the light in thousand prisms—
and now I can see what's before and
after.
I become light as air, my sweetness
distils
to fatal potency. I practice a patience*

vaster than ten worlds. I wait.

*'If, at last, the merest rumor of your
scent
warms the air drifting to my door,
I shall shake my thin thighs loose.
My hair will grow back in the usual
places,
my eyes regain their focus, my ears
will hear words and speeches again.
Cicadas will chirr live under the marsh
grass.
Perhaps it would be June,
the green returning to the trees.*

*When your shadow crosses my door,
please enter without fear.
But remember not to ask where I'd been
or what had fed me in this empty room
curtained with fine webs of silk.
Ignore the seethe of all my memories.
Come, take my hand.
I am human at your touch.*

DUWA-DUWA, WITITK-WITIK SA HANGIN

*Sa bata pa ta, ato ang kalibotan sa dula.
Tanang matang sa dula.
Ginokdanay. Bulan-bulan. Siatom. Tatsi.
Luto-luto. Pusil-pusil. Tagol-tago.
Munika. Yoyo.
Gikan sa pagsidlit sa adlaw ngadto sa*

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*pagsawop.
Bisa'g sa atong damgo nagduwa lang
gihapon ta.

Sa kita nagkahamtong, magaduwa lang
gihapon ta.
Basketball, football, tennis, ug unsa pa
diha.
Sa nagkagulang na, mausab ang atong
pagaduwaan,
unya usahay di ta kahibawo kun
tinuoray ba gyud
ang atong mga gipangbuhat o duwa-
duwa ba hinuon.*

*Tungod sa kalisod sa kinabuhi, tungod
sa mga kakuyaw,
kasakit, kabalaka sa mga panghitabo sa
inadlaw-adlaw,
makalimot na tang mokatawa. Di na ta*

*kahibawo makighagwa.
Sa atong kaugalingon ug sa atong mga
minahal.
Moaslom ang atong pagbati, masakit ta.
Ang makatambal niana usahay, duwa.
Di nato hikalimtan nga naay gamayng
bata
nikuyog gikan sa atong kagahapon, ug
karon
nagpahipi luyo sa mga kunot sa atong
nawong,
nagtago ilawom sa atong mga uban.
Kining bataana mangita gyud ug lingaw,
Ug kun malingaw siya, malingaw sad ta.*

*Ang arte usa ka paagi sa pagduwa.
Tihol-tihol, ambak-ambak,
Kuris-kuris sa papel, witik-witik sa
hangin,
Duwa-duwa ni Kiti ug ni Merlie.*

Essay written by Merlie M. Alunan

Writing the National Literature (Why Warays Must Continue Writing in Waray)

(An Essay by Merlie M. Alunan))

*More than a hundred years after Jose Rizal's Noli Me Tangere and El
Filibusterismo, and Francisco Baltazar's Florante at Laura, how goes Philippine
Literature? Racked as ever by schisms and controversies, and infected, no doubt, by the
sociopolitical and economic ills plaguing the country.*

*Writers continue to grapple with certain pervading issues. To write in English or Filipino?
Or to write in any of the 100 or so languages spoken across the islands, some of them by
populations so small, they could only be found in an island one could cover on foot in,
say, half a day, or in small remote towns of a few hundred houses.*

The Myth of Isang Bansa, Isang Wika

*Imaginably, we might have been overwhelmed a hundred years ago by our poly-lingual
situation. Only Filipino and English, we ruled, to hasten national unity. Thus the anomaly
of Isang bansa, isang diwa, isang bansa, isang wika became the catchword of the last fifty
years. Cebuano, Warays, Ilonggos, Ilocanos, Pangasinenses, Pampangos, have not taken
kindly to this rule. But resistance, by and large, have been weak. We have not had
language wars, and so far, Filipino has over-run the airwaves north to south, east to west
via radio, television and print without protest.*

*The dominance of English and Filipino has already been systematized in academe and in
government. All the languages of the country have already been reduced to minority
status—it remains for media to complete the rout. One might well ask, however, But
aren't all our other languages alive and well despite the dominance of English and
Tagalog (or Filipino, if one is so minded to call it). Cebuanos continue to speak Cebuano,
the Warays have not stopped using Waray, and occasionally Ilocano and Hiligaynon
make it to some national ad on TV? You go to the places where these languages are
spoken, to the market places, especially, and you will find these languages being used in
the thick of the commerce. Doesn't this prove that our languages are alive. Oh yes, but
barely.*

All that's left of most of our languages are in these lively market scenes. Most of the songs and stories told in these languages are forgotten, or vaguely remembered or spoken about glibly or in tones of reverence though no one knows much about them anymore. Or if they are remembered at all, not much thought is being given to them. They have lost their value in the face of more immediate and popular attractions. After all, no self-respecting fan of River Maya or Parokya ni Edgar or Eminem or Sting would be caught dead singing Ahay, Kalisod except for a joke. Or for sentimentalism, in memory of a piece of anachronism for which one can no longer find any use in the contemporary lifestyle.

Economics of Scale

The economics of scale govern publications in general, whether of books or newspapers. It's the argument very often used to boost English and Filipino—these are the national lingua franca, read and understood by majority in the countryside and used in academe, from the elementary level to graduate school. English and Filipino threaten to engulf all other literary productions in the country, north to south, east to west, as scholars, book writers and publishers undertake sporadic retrieval and translation of extant literature in the Philippine languages.

Language is one of the most sensitive issues in Philippine Literature today. What does Philippine Literature consist of? After almost a hundred years of concentration on English and Filipino, we are now saying what we should have said at the very start of our nationhood—Philippine Literature consists of all that have ever been thought and written by all Filipinos, no matter what language he/she uses.

The bodies of literature from the languages of our country comprise the entire body of our national literary heritage. Literature embodies our national memory. That explains the reverence we pay to the novels of Jose Rizal. These novels distil the memory of our people at that point in our history. In the process of devaluing the languages spoken in our countryside we are also devaluing the memories captured in these languages.

Writing the National Literature

In what language should the national literature be written? And who is to write it? Any language spoken by the people, anywhere in this country should be part of the national literature. Any Filipino, no matter what language he uses, may write the national literature. One among us, using the language closest to our soul, will write the piece that will reflect the spirit of our race.

If the work happens to be in English or Filipino, well and good. If the work happens to be written in Ilocano or Cebuano, or Hiligaynon, it is no less for being so. We are obliged as Filipinos to know as much of our country as possible, including learning as many of the languages spoken from end to end of our archipelago, without prejudice. That is part of the "rich cultural heritage" we are so proud to talk about.

Language displays the rhythms, the tones, the attitudes of our people. In the variations of our languages are refracted the diversity of our nature as a people. This diversity is part of who we are and what we are, and we cannot be unified until we embrace it as a distinct part of our nationhood. We can only fully appreciate the genius of our race if we begin sharing the collective memory of our people with understanding and pride. Jose Rizal wrote the sad annals of our awakening to national consciousness. So far his two books,

the Noli and the Fili form the foundation of our collective memory.

But there are many more pages to discover, in the many tongues spoken across our seven thousand islands. To discover the national soul which is our common birthright, we have to read beyond Rizal. More than that, we have to continue collecting that memory, writing in the languages by which we live our day to day experiences. That is why Warays must continue writing in Waray, in the tradition began by their ancestors, continued by such lovers of the language as Iluminado Lucente, Eduardo Macabenta Sr., Pablo Rebadulla, Francisco Aurillo, Casiano Tinchera, Vicente de Veyra, and many others.

To continue writing in Waray is to contribute to the growth of the National Literature.

Literary works are taken from: { [HYPERLINK "http://merliealunan.blogspot.com/"](http://merliealunan.blogspot.com/) }

ADONIS DURADO



Adonis Durado is an award winning Cebuano poet, visual journalist, and graphic designer. He has received different literary awards, including the Emmanuel Lacaba Prize for Cebuano Poetry, the Outstanding New Writer Award, and the Writer of the Year (sponsored by Bathalad Foundation).

Durado has published four books of Cebuano poems to his name: *Dili Tanan Matagak Mahagbong* (2008), *Minugbo Alang sa Mugbo og Kalipay* (2009), *Lisay sa Bugan* (2016), and, *Pahinungod sa Di*

Hintungdan, which was a finalist of the 2019 International Book Awards. His poetry is described to glorify the richness of and popular speeches, which is earthy playful, reckless, disciple, vulgar, sly, comic, and subversive. He also uses the Cebuano language in his literary works, as he believed that he has more mastery in this language than English or Tagalog.

Adonis Durado has rightfully mastered the art of evoking emotions through a stack of carefully constructed phrases. Although his language is a bit vulgar for some, no one can deny that Durado is one of the most exciting poets now in our country.

Example Adonis Durado's Poems:

Dili Tanan Matagak Mahagbong

*Pananglit mangalibang ang galupad nga panon
Sa langgam luyo sa libon nga panganod,
unsa kahay mahitabo ngadto sa ilang mga iti?
Motaguktok kaha kini og tibuok kung ugaling
Matungod sa atong atop? O mokalit og kahanaw,
Sama sa bulalakaw, mangapulog sa dili pa
Makaabot sa gasawo tang mga kamot?*

*sa bahikik sa mamusuhayng istambay,
sa tsimosa, usyuserang ga-inagik-ikay,
ug dayog huong sa malipayong silong.
sa unahan, gakatawang misawp ang
adlaw,
gadalig uli batang gikomedyahan sa
gutom*

ANG BABAYNG WAY BILBIL

*Ang babayng way bilbil kay morag
baybay nga way kimba.
Morag sigay nga way bukobuko,
tabugok nga way ata.
Sa bilbil mahibaw-an nganong bawron
ang kadagatan,
Nganong gansang-gansangon ang mga
batu sa hunasan.*

*Ang babayng way bilbil kay morag
kawayang way buku.
Morag dapaw nga way katul, langub
nga way tangu.
May misteryo ang bilbil nga susama sa
misteryo sa lasang:
Engkanto sa pusod sa busay, minu sa
pus-on sa pangpang.*

*Ang babayng way bilbil kay morag dan
nga way kurbada,
Morag bungtod nga way subida,
simbahan nga way kampana.
Ang babayng bilbilon morag sugilanong
puno sa pasumbingay:
Sa gaawas-awas nga bilbil, magbunok
ang akong pauraray*

You can read more of Adonis Durado's Poems here: { [HYPERLINK
"http://balakero.blogspot.com/"](http://balakero.blogspot.com/) }

Learning Tasks (Application)

We have read the literary works from our local authors that are written in their native languages. For many years, artists from all parts of the Visayas have strived hard just to put the Visayan literature on the pedestal. Through literature, we are able to showcase the beauty of our own language, while showing the wits and serious humor of the Visayan people. Now, it is your turn to show that our language can be used to fully express our ideas and feelings.

For this activity, I want you to write a poem in any topic that you want to talk about using the Visayan Languages (Cebuano, Waray, or any of its variation). Make use of the literary techniques discussed in the previous lessons.

General instruction:

- The poem should be at least four stanzas with four lines each.
- Your poem can be written with a strict rhyme scheme or it can be in free verse.
- Write your poem in an A4 bond paper, you can choose any font style and size that you like.
- You can also include some graphic arts or illustrations to make it look more creative.
- For questions do not hesitate to contact your instructor.

*Learning Check (Assessment)***Activity I.** Write your answer in an A4 bond paper.

1. Write a short reflection (at least two paragraphs) regarding Merlie Alunan's essay entitled *Writing the National Literature (Why Warays Must Continue Writing in Waray)*.
2. As a 21st century learner, how can you promote the literary works written in our native language?

Activity II.

Choose one poem from the examples given on the previous pages, and write a literary analysis.

What is a literary analysis?

Literary analysis means closely studying a literary work, interpreting its meaning, and exploring why the author made certain choices. Your goal here is not simply to explain the events described in the text, but to analyze the writing itself and discuss how the words and symbols work on a deeper level (incorporate your learnings about the different literary elements and techniques).

For more information, please visit this site: { HYPERLINK
"https://www.scribbr.com/academic-essay/literary-analysis/" }

Literary Analysis Rubrics (70 points)

Focus and Unity (10)

Organization (10)

Content (20)

Development and Support of Ideas (15)

Style (5)

Grammar (10)

General instructions:

- Your literary analysis should be written in an A4 bond paper.
- Please observe proper format: Tahoma/Arial, 12pts, 1.15 spacing, 1 inch margin each side.
- Do not forget to write your name, section, class schedule, and date of submission at the top most part of your paper.
- For those who will submit online, do not forget to save your file in PDF form.
- Plagiarized work will automatically get a mark of zero.

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Instructions on how to submit student output

Online Submission for all the activities:

1. In your Microsoft word file make sure type in the upper left corner your name, grade, section, and date of submission.
2. Save your documents in a PDF form, with the file name **Section_LastName_FirstName_Module3.2_Activities** (ex. HUMMS_Juanillo_Kay_Module3.2_Activities)
3. Submit your document to my email { HYPERLINK "mailto:juanillokay@gmail.com" }, make sure to fill out the subject line with **Module 3.2 Activities for CLP**, and include a short introductory message expressing polite and kind words like “Good morning, Ma’am! Here is my...”.
4. If you have any question or concern, feel free to message me through my e-mail or cellphone number +639353630108.

For Offline Submission:

1. Other activities can be written in your notebook (refer to the instructions given for each activity), and make sure to indicate the Module number for each activity.
2. After answering, place your notebook (and/or other activities) inside a short plastic envelope.
3. On the plastic envelope, write your name, section, and class schedule, including the name of your instructor, and the department where it will be submitted.

Example:

| |
|---|
| Dela Cruz, Juana STEM A – M-Th 11-12 Ms. Kay T. Juanillo Department of Liberal Arts and Behavioral Science |
|---|

4. You can leave your envelope at the VSU Main Gate – Guard Post on or before the deadline set by your instructor.

Module Posttest

Without looking at the module , complete the items below.

| Filipino Writer | Literary Works |
|-------------------|--|
| Jose Garcia Villa | 1. |
| | 2. |
| | 1.Binagkal, Penelope |
| | 2. Tubag sa Manananggal Human Hukmi sa Ginoo. |
| Adonis Durado | 1. |
| | 2. |

References and Additional Resources

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visayan-titan-of-letters" }

{ HYPERLINK "https://www.paperbackswap.com/Resil-Mojares/author/" }

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{ HYPERLINK "http://gwhs-stg02.i.gov.ph/~s2govnccaph/about-culture-and-
arts/culture-profile/national-artists-of-the-philippines/alejandro-roces/" }

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arts/culture-profile/national-artists-of-the-philippines/edith-l-tiempo/" }

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}

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artists-of-the-philippines/nvm-gonzalez/" }

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{ HYPERLINK "http://pinoylit.webmanila.com/filipinowriters/njoaquin.htm" }

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arts/culture-profile/national-artists-of-the-philippines/jose-garcia-villa/" }

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"https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/13988134.Adonis_Durado" }

{ HYPERLINK "https://peoplepill.com/people/adonis-durado/" }

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{ HYPERLINK "<http://godgeleng4literature.blogspot.com/2016/12/michael-obenieta-region-vii-m-ichael.html>" }



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