



# 21<sup>st</sup> Century Literature from the Philippines and the World

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**CONTENT:**

- 21st Century literature from the region where the school is based in relation to the literature of other regions in various genres and forms in consideration of:
  - various dimensions of Philippine literary history from precolonial to contemporary;
  - canonical authors and works of Philippine National Artists in Literature;
  - names of authors and their works, and backgrounds of the literature from the region where the high school is located
- Study and appreciation of literary texts from the different regions written in different genres covering:
  - Regions in Luzon, Visayas, Mindanao
  - major genres (poetry, fiction, drama, creative nonfiction, as well as hyperpoetry, blogs, mobile phone Texttula, chick lit, speculative fiction, flash fiction, etc.)

**CONTENT STANDARD:**

The learner will be able to understand and appreciate the elements and contexts of 21st century Philippine literature from the regions.

**PERFORMANCE STANDARD:**

The learner will be able to demonstrate understanding and appreciation of 21st Century Philippine literature from the regions through:

1. a written close analysis and critical interpretation of a literary text in terms of form and theme, with a description of its context derived from research; and
2. an adaptation of a text into other creative forms using multimedia;

**LEARNING COMPETENCIES**

Writing a close analysis and critical interpretation of literary texts, applying a reading approach, and doing an adaptation of these, require from the learner the ability to:

- identify the geographic, linguistic, and ethnic dimensions of Philippine literary history from precolonial to the contemporary;

- identify representative texts and authors from each region (e.g. engage in oral history research with focus on key personalities from the students' region/province/ town);
- value the contributions of local writers to the development of regional literary traditions;
- appreciate the contributions of the canonical Filipino writers to the development of national literature.
- differentiate/compare and contrast the various 21st century literary genres and the ones from the earlier genres/periods citing their elements, structures and traditions;
- infer literary meaning from literal language based on usage
- analyze the figures of speech and other literary techniques and devices in the text
- explain the literary, biographical, linguistic, and sociocultural contexts and discuss how they enhance the text's meaning and enrich the reader's understanding
- situate the text in the context of the region and the nation
- explain the relationship of context with the text's meaning
- produce a creative representation of a literary text by applying multimedia skills
  - choose an appropriate multimedia format in interpreting a literary text
  - apply ICT skills in crafting an adaptation of a literary text
  - do self- and/or peerassessment of the creative adaptation of a literary text, based on rationalized criteria, prior to presentation

## LESSON 1

### INTRODUCTION

The focus of the first part of this book is the different genres that exist in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century Philippine Literature such as the following:

- 1.) Poetry
- 2.) Text tula
- 3.) Chick Lit
- 4.) Flash Fiction
- 5.) Speculative Fiction
- 6.) Essay

Some regions may not be mentioned in this part of the book due to the decision of most of its writers to use their native languages. It goes to say that this part will be giving more examples of literary works in English and focusing on the use of literary devices while incorporating the use of social media to give the feel of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century.

What is Literature?

It is the beautiful expression of man's personal interpretations of some aspect of human life, or a wording out in a unique, beautiful, and personal manner of saying what an author thinks is a passionate meaning of life. This is saying that literature not only becomes but is "life itself." -Amador Daguio

This lesson will allow the students to know more about the history of literature in the specified regions. We will look at how certain aspects such as setting, people and language contribute to the flourishing of contemporary regional literature in the Philippines while under the influences of different periods in our history.

Before colonization, the Philippines was greatly influenced by diverse cultures and traditions from traders coming from India and China. The Islamic tradition of our Malayan ancestors from the southern part of the country was established around the 14<sup>th</sup> century, while an upsurge in literature started during the ruling of Spain and the United States that continued and flourished after the American colonization.

### LEARNING COMPETENCIES

- identify the geographic, linguistic, and ethnic dimensions of Philippine literary history from pre-colonial to the contemporary

- identify representative texts and authors from each region (e.g. engage in oral history research with focus on key personalities from the students' region/province/ town)
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- interpreting a literary text apply ICT skills in crafting an adaptation of a literary text
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## **PREPARATORY ACTIVITY**

### **ACTIVITY 1**

List problems or issues that Filipinos of today face or experience and categorize them as indicated in the chart. With a partner, discuss these issues and then prepare to share your conclusions with the class.

Issues presented in your chart are usually the same issues presented in pieces of literary works. As the discussion on literature continues, you will encounter some of these issues and these may be present in some or all of the periods in our Philippine Literature history.

INDIVIDUAL	FAMILIAL	COMMUNAL	NATIONAL

## ACTIVITY 2

Cut out a picture from a magazine or any source of something that represents the pre-colonial literature for you as a student. This is the period when we did not have papers and pens to use. How do you think did our ancestors write their literary works and pieces? How do you think did they communicate their stories? Discuss this in class.

## INPUT

### *Pre-Colonization*

Oral and written literatures were present in our culture even before colonizers came. We had our own alphabet that our Malayan ancestors used. The written literary forms did not last because of the materials used such as:

- 1)leaves,
- 2)bamboo canes, and
- 3) the ground.

Such materials did not last long because of its organic composition. But the oral literature continued by word of mouth like:

- 1) riddles,
- 2) proverbs,
- 3) folksongs and folktales,
- 4) myths and legends, etc.

The way our ancestors lived during the early days is evident in the contents of these literary forms. Work and activity songs described how people earn their livelihood like farming, fishing, pottery and a lot more. An example is the popular song by the Tagalogs-“Magtanim ay di Biro” (Planting Rice is Never Fun).

- **Riddles**

Riddles are generally poetic in form and come in one, two, three or four lines. During the pre-colonial period, riddles serve as a form of folk speech and are about the battle of the wits. Riddles use one or more images to refer to an object to be guessed. The use of obscure words has been invented for the purposes of rhyme and meter.

Very often, obscure or vague words appear as proper names, fictitious names of animals, also to meet the need of rhyme. Sometimes the riddle may be in the form of a direct question. These riddles are called *tigmo* in Cebuano, *bugtong* in Tagalog, *paktakon* in Ilongo and *patotodon* in Bicol.

One prominent element present in riddles is the use of a metaphor. Riddles describe something by comparing it to another that has no significant relation to it but has similarities. Then anyone can try guessing what the thing being described is. What are metaphors?

**Metaphor**-is a figure of speech that uses direct comparison of two unlike things or ideas without using the words “like” or “as”.

*Example:*           Dear Lord:  
                           Let thou be the street cleaner  
                           Whilst I be the road  
                           (Prayer by *NVM Gonzales*)

In the example above, the Lord is being compared t a street cleaner and the one praying compared himself to the road.

Answer the next activity and try to analyze the things being compared in the riddles below.

**ACTIVITY 2**

Below are examples of riddles from different regions and ethnic groups. Choose the best answer from the right and place the letter of your answer on the space provided.

- |       |  |                            |
|-------|--|----------------------------|
| _____ | 1. Ilocano   |                            |
|       | Ajjar tangapakking<br>(When you cut it)                  | A. Sili<br>(chilli pepper) |
|       | Awaya ipagalliuk<br>(It is mended without a scar)        | B. boat                    |
| _____ | 2. Aklanon   | C. pineapple               |
|       | Nagabuka owa’t baba<br>(It opens though it has no mouth) | D. flower                  |
|       | Nagahiyom-hiyom<br>(It smiles quietly)                   | E. water                   |
|       | Matsa may sikreto.                                       |                            |

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>_____ (There seems to be a secret.)</p> <p>_____ 3. Visaya</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Baboy sa lasang<br/>(A wild pig of the forest)</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Ang tunok puro lansang.<br/>(Covered with spikes)</p> <p>_____ 4. Bondoc     J. eyes</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Wada san duay sing-anag-I<br/>(There are two brothers)</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Menkasidkugda.<br/>(They turn their backs on one another).</p> <p>_____ 5. Tagalog</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Nang hatakin ko ang baging<br/>(When I tugged on the vine)</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Nagkagulo ang mga matsing.<br/>(The monkeys went crazy).</p> <p>_____ 6. Badjao</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Daing-daing ai bang kekita,<br/>(What kind of fish is this that)</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Angekit kita?<br/>(When we bite, it bites us?)</p> <p>_____ 7. Aeta</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Muminuddukam<br/>(It wears a crown but isn't a queen)</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">A ningngijjitan<br/>(It has scale but isn't a fish)</p> <p>_____ 8. Tagalog</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Dalawa kong kahon<br/>(My two boxes are opened without a sound)</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Buksan walang ugong</p> <p>_____ 9. Bisaya</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Gipalit ko bisan ug mahal,<br/>(I bought it and it's costly)</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Apan magpulos lamang ug magbitay.<br/>(But I use it for hanging only.)</p> <p>_____ 10. Bisaya</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">May ligon nga balay,<br/>(What house has post on top,)</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Ang haligi atua sa taas,<br/>(A roof at the bottom,)</p> | <p>F. ears</p> <p>G. earrings</p> <p>H. Bell (kampana)</p> <p>I. jackfruit</p> |
|--|--|

Ang atop atua sa ubos,  
(While the rain comes from below?)  
Ang ulan gikan usab sa ubos

### ACTIVITY 3

Group the class into 4-5 students each and let them compose modern riddles (bugtong). Each riddle should contain two lines. They may refer to common school and home equipment and appliances, food and things associated with contemporary life. Once they are done, let the groups try answering the riddles and the group with the least answered riddles wins. Write the riddles on the space provided.

Creativity/use of imagery 40%

Wordings and syntax 30%

Rhyme 30%

1. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
(Answer) \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
(Answer) \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
(Answer) \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
(Answer) \_\_\_\_\_
5. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
(Answer) \_\_\_\_\_
6. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
(Answer) \_\_\_\_\_
7. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

(Answer) \_\_\_\_\_  
8. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

(Answer) \_\_\_\_\_  
9. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

(Answer) \_\_\_\_\_  
10. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

(Answer) \_\_\_\_\_

- **Folk Narratives**

Folk narratives consist of myths, legends and folktales. **Myths** are prose narratives explaining how the world and people came to be in their form. These were the first tools man used to define his world. The origin of the surrounding world has always been the object of interest of prehistoric Filipinos.

- **Proverbs**

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

The extended form, *tanaga*, a mono-riming heptasyllabic quatrain expressing insights and lessons on life is "more emotionally charged than the terse proverb and thus has affinities with the folk lyric." Some examples are the *basahanon* or extended didactic sayings from Bukidnon and the *daraida* and *daragilon* from Panay.

Filipino proverbs or Tagalog proverbs or *salawikain*, echo the values of the Philippines. Though they have been retold and passed down from one generation to another, and the values and lessons they impart to us still hold true to this day.

Example: **If you plant, you harvest.**

*Kung may tinanim, may aanihin.*

It means that your future will be the result of your actions today. Plan ahead.

#### ACTIVITY 4

List down some proverbs or salawikain that you may have heard from your elders. Then give the lesson that it is trying to impart on us.

Proverb1. \_\_\_\_\_

Lesson \_\_\_\_\_

Proverb 2. \_\_\_\_\_

Lesson \_\_\_\_\_

Proverb 3. \_\_\_\_\_

Lesson \_\_\_\_\_

Proverb4. \_\_\_\_\_

Lesson \_\_\_\_\_

Proverb 5. \_\_\_\_\_

Lesson \_\_\_\_\_

- **Folk songs**

The folk song, a form of folk lyric which expresses the hopes and aspirations, the people's lifestyles as well as their loves. These are often repetitive and sonorous, didactic and naive as in the children's songs or *Ida-ida* (Maguindanao), *tulang pambata* (Tagalog) or *cansiones para abbing* (Ibanag).

A few examples are the lullabies or *Ili-ili* (Ilongo); love songs like the *panawagon* and *balitao* (Ilongo); *harana* or serenade (Cebuano); the *bayok* (Maranao); the seven-syllable per line poem, *ambahan* of the Mangyans that are about human relationships, social entertainment and also serve as a tool for teaching the young; work songs that depict the livelihood of the people often sung to go with the movement of workers such as the *kalusan* (Ivatan), *soliranin* (Tagalog rowing song) or the *mambayu*, a Kalinga rice-pounding song; the verbal jousts/games like the *duplo* popular during wakes.

- **Epics**

Epics in the Philippines during the pre-colonization are considered ethno-epics because they are histories of various ethnic groups. The epics come in various names: Guman (Subanon); Darangen (Maranao); Hudhud (Ifugao); and Ulahingan (Manobo). These epics revolve around supernatural events or heroic deeds and they embody or validate the beliefs and customs and ideals of a community. These are sung or chanted to the accompaniment of indigenous musical instruments and dancing performed during harvests, weddings or funerals by chanters. The chanters who were taught by their ancestors are considered "treasures" and/or repositories of wisdom in their communities.

Examples of these epics are the Lam-ang (Ilocano); Hinilawod (Sulod); Kudaman (Palawan); Darangen (Maranao); Ulahingan (Livunganen-Arumanen Manobo); Mangovayt Buhong na Langit (The Maiden of the Buhong Sky from Tuwaang--Manobo); Ag Tobig neg Keboklagan (Subanon); and Tudbulol (T'boli).

**Prose Fiction presents a story that is invented and not literally “true”. It is written to be read rather than acted or performed and the events depicted are told to us by a narrator, not enacted or dramatized. One example of this is a myth.**

**Myth is often a story of origins, how the world and everything in it came to be. It may explain a practice, belief or natural occurrence.**

An example of a myth is the story of “Tungkung Langit and Alunsina” as adapted by F. Landa Jocano. Read the story below and answer the questions that follow.

One of the stories about the creation of the world, which the old people of Panay, especially those living near the mountains, do not tire relating, tells that in the beginning there was no sky or earth ?only a bottomless deep and a world of mist. Everything was shapeless and formless ?the earth, the sky and the sea were almost mixed up. In a word, there was confusion. Then, from the depths of this formless void, there appeared two gods, Tungkung Langit ("Pillar of the Sky") and Alunsina ("The Unmarried One). Just where these two deities came from, it was not known. However, it was related that Tungkung Langit had fallen in love with Alunsina; and after so many years of courtship they got married and had their abode in the highest realm of

ethereal space, where the water was constantly warm and the breeze was constantly cool. It was in this place where order and regularity first took place. Tungkung Langit was an industrious, loving and kind god whose chief concern was how to impose order over the whole confused set-up of things. He assumed responsibility for the regular cosmic movement. On the other hand, Alunsina was a lazy, jealous and selfish goddess whose only work was to sit by the window of their heavenly home and amuse herself with her pointless thoughts. Sometimes, she would go down the house, sit down by a pool near the doorsteps, and comb her long jet-black hair all day long. One day, Tungkung Langit told his wife that he would be away from home for some time to put an end to the chaotic disturbances in the flow of time and the position of things. However, despite this purpose, Alunsina sent the breeze to spy on Tungkung Langit. This made the latter very angry upon knowing about it. Immediately after his return from his trip, he called this act to her attention, saying that it was ungodly of her to be jealous, there being no other creature in the world except the two of them. This reproach was resented by Alunsina and a quarrel between them followed. Tungkung Langit lost his temper. In his rage he divested his wife of powers and drove her away. He did not know where Alunsina went; she merely disappeared. Several days after Alunsina had left, Tungkung Langit felt very lonely. He realized what he had done. Somehow, it was too late even to be sorry about the whole matter. The whole place, once vibrant with Alunsina's sweet voice, suddenly became cold and desolate. In the morning when he woke up, he would find himself alone; and in the afternoon when he came home, he would feel the same loneliness creeping deep in his heart because there was no one to meet him at the doorstep or soothe the aching muscles of his arms. For months, Tungkung Langit was in utter desolation. He could not find Alunsina, try hard as he would. And so, in desperation, he decided to do something in order to forget his sorrows. For months and months he thought. His mind seemed pointless; his heart weary and sick. But he must do something about his lonely world. One day, while he was sailing across the regions of the clouds, a thought came to him. He would make the sea and the earth, and lo! The earth and the sea suddenly appeared. However, the somber sight of the lonely sea and the barren land irritated him. So he came down to earth and planted the ground with trees and flowers. Then he took his wife's treasured jewels and scattered them in the sky, hoping that when Alunsina

would see them she might be induced to return home. The goddess's necklace became the stars, her comb the moon and her crown the sun. However, despite all these Alunsina did not come back. Up to this time, the old folk say Tungkung Langit lives alone in his palace in the skies. Sometimes, he would cry out his pent-up emotion and his tears would fall down upon the earth. The people in Panay today say the rain is Tungkung Langit's tears. Incidentally, when it thunders hard, the old folk also say that it is Tungkung Langit sobbing, calling for his beloved Alunsina to come back, entreating her so hard that his voice reverberates across the fields and the countryside.

### Processing

1. Are there other stories of creation that you have heard before? Please share it in class.
2. How is this story similar or different from the myth given above?
3. Have you heard of the story of Adam and Eve? Do you see any similarities and differences between Adam and Eve and Tungkung Langit and Alunsina? Please discuss them in class.

### ACTIVITY 5

Compare and contrast the story of creation as told by the story of Tungkung Langit and Alunsina to the story of creation that appears in Genesis from the Catholic religion bible.

1. Write the similarities and differences of the god mentioned in Tungkung Langit and Alunsina to the god mentioned in the Catholic bible.
2. What are the similarities and differences in the creation of the universe in both stories?
3. How about the similarities and differences in the creation of man?

	Similarities	Differences
'god'/supernatural being		
creation of the universe		
creation of man		

***Spanish Colonization***

When the Spaniards came in 1521, it paved the way for the use of paper and so written literature in the Philippines was born. The most prominent characteristic of our literature during the Spanish era is the use of religion as the content in the works of the early literature. One great example of this is the idea of goodness that will be rewarded and that evil deeds will be punished.

Religion introduced theater which we would come to know as komedya, the sinakulo, the sarswela, the playlets and the drama. Spain also brought to the country ideas about internationalism that influenced our own Filipino intellectuals and writers for them to understand the meanings of "liberty and freedom."

Literature in this period may be classified as religious prose and poetry and secular prose and poetry.

Religious lyrics from the poems of ladinos (Filipinos who know both Spanish and Tagalog) was included in catechisms during that period. This was a way of teaching Filipinos the Spanish language.

Among the religious poetry from the period is the pasyon in octosyllabic quintillas that played an important part in the Filipinos' way of remembering Christ's agony. Gaspar Aquino de Belen's "Ang Mahal na Passion ni Jesu Christong Panginoon natin na tola" (Holy Passion of Our

Lord Jesus Christ in Verse) put out in 1704 is the country's earliest known pasyon.

Other known pasyons chanted during the Lenten season are in Ilocano, Pangasinan, Ibanag, Cebuano, Bicol, Ilongo and Waray.

Spanish colonization also brought about the romantic tradition that gave birth to metrical romance, specifically the awit and korido in Tagalog. The awit as a popular poetic genre reached new heights in Balagtas' "Florante at Laura", the most famous of the country's metrical romances. Some of the leading poets of the time were Jose Corazon de Jesus (Huseng Sisiw) and Francisco Balagtas. Some secular poets who wrote in this same tradition were Leona Florentino, Jacinto Kawili, Isabelo de los Reyes and Rafael Gandioco.

Much was written during the period both in Spanish and Tagalog about other themes like love for one's country and discontent for Spanish rule. Jose Rizal wrote *Mi Ultimo A Dios* (My Last Farewell) to express his love for his native soil, while Andres Bonifacio wrote a patriotic poem entitled *Pag-Ibig sa Tinubuang Lupa* (Love for the Native Land).

## ACTIVITY 6

The Spanish colonization showed us how our fellow Filipinos fought for our freedom through literature. Cut out a picture from a magazine or newspaper that may symbolize your love for your country. What does your picture symbolize? Give five reasons why you chose the picture as your symbol of your love for your country.

Explains significance well	50%
Resourcefulness	20%
Creativity	10%
Picture is relevant to the topic assigned	20%

### *American Colonization*

Philippine literary production during the American Period in the Philippines was spurred by two significant developments in education and culture. One is the introduction of free public instruction for all children of school age and two, the use of English as medium of instruction in all levels of education in public schools.

Free public education made knowledge and information accessible to a greater number of Filipinos. Those who availed of this education through college were able to improve their social status and joined a good number of educated masses who became part of the country's middle class.

In fiction, the period of apprenticeship in literary writing in English is marked by imitation of the style of storytelling and strict adherence to the way the short story is practiced by popular American fictionists.

It was during the American colonization when the experimental stages happened with the use of free verse while the traditional rhyme and meter were retained. There was abundance in novels that appeared in magazines and newspapers though most of these were in the vernacular due to a struggle in the use of the English language.

From the Balagtas tradition of writing poems, modernist poetry was highlighted and influenced a lot of young writers at that time. Short stories in English with the infusion of Filipino ideals about life and morality blossomed which were shown in the works of Paz Marquez Benitez' "Dead Stars". The use of vivid imagery of Nagrebcan in Ilocos was shown in the work of Manuel Arguilla's "How My Brother Leon Brought Home a Wife".

Many other Tagalog novelists wrote on variations of the same theme, i.e., the interplay of fate, love and social justice. Among these writers are Inigo Ed Regalado, Roman Reyes, Fausto J. Galauran, Susana de Guzman, Rosario de Guzman-Lingat, Lazaro Francisco, Hilaria Labog, Rosalia Aguinaldo, Amado V. Hernandez.

Among the Iloko writers, noted novelists were Leon Pichay, who was also the region's poet laureate then, Hermogenes Belen, and Mena Pecson Crisologo whose Mining wenno Ayat ti Kararwa is considered to be the Iloko version of a Noli me Tangere.

In the Visayas, Magdalena Jalandoni and Ramon Muzones would lead most writers in writing the novels that dwelt on the themes of love,

courtship, life in the farmlands, and other social upheavals of the period. Marcel Navarra wrote stories and novels in Sugbuhanon.

Poetry in all languages continued to flourish in all regions of the country during the American period. The Tagalogs, hailing Francisco F. Balagtas as the nation's foremost poet invented the balagtas in his honor. The balagtas is a debate in verse, a poetical battle done almost spontaneously between protagonists who debate over the pros and cons of an issue.

The separate, yet parallel developments of Philippine literature in English and those in Tagalog and other languages of the archipelago during the American period only prove that literature and writing in whatever language and in whatever climate are able to survive mainly through the active imagination of writers.

## **ACTIVITY 7**

What American influences are present in our culture up to this day? Bring one item in class that will show the American influence in our society. Explain in class why the item represents the American influence in us.

### ***Post War and Contemporary Period***

The flowering of Philippine literature in the various languages continue especially with the appearance of new publications after the Martial Law. Filipino writers continue to write poetry, short stories, novellas, novels and essays whether these are socially committed, gender/ethnic related or are personal in intention or not.

According to Francis C. Macasantos and Priscilla Macasantos in their essay on Philippine Literature in the Post-War and Contemporary Period, they wrote, "The Philippine novel, whether written in English or any of the native languages, has remained social-realist. Edgardo Reyes' *Sa Mga Kuko ng Liwanag* (1966), for instance, is a critique of urban blight, and Edilberto K. Tiempo's *To Be Free* is a historical probe of the western idea of freedom in the context of indigenous Philippine culture. Kerima Polotan Tuvera's novel *The Hand of the Enemy* (1972), a penetratingly lucid critique

of ruling-class psychology, is entirely realistic, if Rizalian in its moments of high satire, although unlike the Rizalian model, it falls short of a moral vision.”

Of course the Filipino writer has become more conscious of his art with the proliferation of writers workshops here and abroad and the bulk of literature available to him via the mass media including the internet. The various literary awards such as the Don Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards for Literature, the Philippines Free Press, Philippine Graphic, Home Life and Panorama literary awards encourage him to compete with his peers and hope that his creative efforts will be rewarded in the long run.

**ACTIVITY 8**

What are the key points or important things to remember per period of our Philippine Literature? Can you give one important idea that describes the periods mentioned? Write your ideas below.

Pre-Colonial Period	Spanish Colonization	American Colonization	Post War and Contemporary

## LESSON 2

### INTRODUCTION

#### 21<sup>st</sup> Century Philippine Literature

The 21<sup>st</sup> Century Philippine Literature covers the new range of developments in digital writings, creative writings and genres. Elsewhere in the world, writers are doing things they did not do much until recently. Think of prose novels being serialized on blogs, with readers suggesting to authors (and authors obediently accepting) that the plot or the characters should be changed. Think of hypertextual poems, where readers move from one website to another because of embedded links in the words, sometimes not returning to the original pages at all. Think of enhanced eBooks, where readers are treated to audiovisual clips that not only support the narrative in a novel, but actually are crucial to the development of plot and character. Think of flash fiction, which has been brought to an extreme with six-word and even one-word short stories.

Before the discussion, it is important to establish the open-mindedness of students in using social media as a platform of interaction. Assign students to have a facebook, twitter or todaysmeet account. In the following activities, the class may be needing the use of these types of social media.

### LEARNING COMPETENCIES

- identify the geographic, linguistic, and ethnic dimensions of Philippine literary history from pre-colonial to the contemporary
- identify representative texts and authors from each region (e.g. engage in oral history research with focus on key personalities from the students' region/province/ town)
- value the contributions of local writers to the development of regional literary traditions
- appreciate the contributions of the canonical Filipino writers to the development of national literature

- differentiate/compare and contrast the various 21st century literary genres and the ones from the earlier genres/periods citing their elements, structures and traditions
- infer literary meaning from literal language based on usage
- analyze the figures of speech and other literary techniques and devices in the text
- explain the literary, biographical, linguistic, and sociocultural contexts and discuss how they enhance the text’s meaning and enrich the reader’s understanding
- situate the text in the context of the region and the nation
- explain the relationship of context with the text’s meaning
- produce a creative representation of a literary text by applying multimedia skills 11.1 choose an appropriate
- interpreting a literary text apply ICT skills in crafting an adaptation of a literary text
- do self- and/or peer assessment of the creative adaptation of a literary text, based on rationalized criteria, prior to presentation

**PREPARATORY ACT**

**ACTIVITY 1**

How often do you engage in/ visit these types of social media? Discuss with a partner the reasons why you like visiting these media sites, and what are the advantages and disadvantages of doing so.

<b>Social media</b>	<b>Everyday</b>	<b>3x a week</b>	<b>2x a week</b>	<b>once/week</b>	<b>never</b>
Facebook					
Twitter					

Instagram					
wattpad					
youtube					
other blogs:					
about kpop					
about movies					
about food					

These platforms of social media are tools that can be used by writers to cover a wider range of readers. With the use of the different types of technology, the writers are able to connect with the readers in a less expensive but easier way of communicating their literary pieces. On the other hand, the pieces of literature are made available to readers. It is dependent on the readers if they want to explore the beauty that the art we call literature will be put to good use or not.

## LECTURE

**Poetry is written by a poet in meter or in verse expressing various emotions which use a lot of techniques like figures of speech. It heavily uses imagery, meter and rhyme. Poetry is generally considered to be the oldest of the arts. Long before our forefathers learned to write, they sang and recite lines of verse.**

**Among the literary genres, poetry is the most closely related to music. Like music, it appeals to the senses and imagination. Like music, too it is meant to be heard. Poets choose words or their sounds as well as for their meanings. They combine these words to create vivid pictures and to express deep feelings.**

Poetry in the Philippines has indeed come a long way — evolving and taking on dramatic turns as it journeys with history — from the ancient times, the monarchic rule of Spain, U.S. colonialism, the birth of the Republic, martial law, to Edsa and present.

Unfortunately, there are now fewer avenues for poets to present their works (although there are still poetry readings), with prose writers dominating the market. Gone, too, are the days when poetry was a regular reading fare, published in regional magazines like *Liwayway* and *Bannawag*, although a number of exemplary works in the vernacular have managed to land in the mainstream. But what’s really popular or what sells today is lyric poetry (read: Parokya ni Edgar, Brownman Revival, Eraserheads etc.).

These days, poets — especially the younger ones — still tend to write about a variety of things, from urban concerns to romance to gender issues. But in the end, whatever one may write about, in whatever theme or format it may take, the poem, to borrow the words of National Artist for Literature Edith L. Tiempo, “thus liberated” remains “firmly, undeniably poetry.”

## ACTIVITY 2

Students are given a person's name, which they must write vertically down the left-hand side of the page. Starting each line with the letters that spell out the person's name, students must write one word per line so that by the end of the line, a message about the person is revealed.

Example:	ANNE
	Always
	Neat
	Never
	Enthusiastic

*Remember:* Make sure that the name given is true and that it tells something about the person. (If you need more space for the letters of the name, you may use the extra space given.)

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

1<sup>st</sup> letter \_\_\_\_\_ -

2<sup>nd</sup> letter \_\_\_\_\_ -

3<sup>rd</sup> letter \_\_\_\_\_ -

4<sup>th</sup> letter \_\_\_\_\_ -

5<sup>th</sup> letter \_\_\_\_\_ -

6<sup>th</sup> letter \_\_\_\_\_ -

7<sup>th</sup> letter \_\_\_\_\_ -

### ***Tagalog Literature***

Tagalog Literature is the literature used in most parts of Luzon. Those who use this type of literature are coming from Southern Luzon, Central Luzon and Metro Manila or NCR.

Among the Southern Tagalog provinces are Cavite, Batangas, Laguna, Quezon, Aurora, Oriental Mindoro, Occidental Mindoro, Marinduque, Palawan and some towns of Rizal province. In Central Luzon, there are three provinces where Tagalog is predominantly used and these are the provinces of Nueva Ecija, Bataan and Bulacan. Metro Manila is comprised of cities composing the national capital region namely Manila, Quezon City, Pasay City, Caloocan City, Mandaluyong City, Pasig City, Marikina City, Muntinlupa City and suburban towns of Malabon, Navotas, Valenzuela, Pateros and Taguig. Some parts of the provinces that are not originally Tagalog cannot escape the onslaught of Tagalog language and culture, like some parts of the Bicol region and Pampanga.

Tagalog region is the birthplace of a rich tradition of Philippine culture in language, politics, economy and literature. Considering this rich and invigorating cultural matrix, it is not surprising that it is the Tagalog region that was destined to be the birthplace of historic men in Philippine politics, culture and literature that includes Francisco Balagtas Baltazar, Jose Rizal, Andres Bonifacio, Apolinario Mabini, Emilio Jacinto, Marcelo H. del Pilar, Jose P. Laurel, Claro M. Recto, Amado V. Hernandez, Lope K. Santos,

Lazaro Francisco, Faustino Aguilar, Jose Corazon de Jesus, Alejandro Abadilla, Modesto de Castro.

The literary tradition in the Tagalog regions is specially outstanding in the field of oral literature like bugtong(riddle), proverbs, and native songs. These oral literatures are always in poetic forms, usually seven-syllabic rhymes, so Asian in form and perspective.

At present, the Tagalog Literature is a blending of the elements of Spanish, American and Filipino culture, sometimes with one of them predominant but never alone. So, when we speak of the soul of the Tagalog literature today, we speak of the harmonious blending of the native and foreign elements: these make up the present day Tagalog literature.

### ACTIVITY 3

How well do you know the Tagalog region? Match the ideas, names or things that represent the Tagalog region from the left to the places within the region given at the right. Write your answer on the space provided.

**Example: balisong = Batangas**

- |   |                |
|---|----------------|
| _____ 1. Barasoain Church                               | A. Nueva Ecija |
| _____ 2. Jose Rizal                                     | B. Batangas    |
| _____ 3. Rizal Park                                     | C. Bulacan     |
| _____ 4. Pahiyas Festival                               | D. Palawan     |
| _____ 5. Puerto Gallera                                 | E. Mindoro     |
| _____ 6. Underground Cave                               | F. Bataan      |
| _____ 7. Aguinaldo Shrine                               | G. NCR         |
| _____ 8. Food Bowl and Rice Granary of<br>Central Luzon | H. Laguna      |
| _____ 9. Dambana ng Kagitingan                          | I. Quezon      |
| _____ 10. Parada ng Lechon                              | J. Cavite      |

One type of poetry that has a wide collection and samples in the Philippines is the narrative poetry. When the writer uses the narrative style, he basically answers the question, “what happened then?”

- **Narrative** poetry tells a story. Its main purpose is to entertain through story telling.

Example: Ballad-tells a story of a particular time and place, usually over many verses.

An example of a narrative poem made by a National Artist for Literature is “Mariang Sinukuan” by Virgilio Senadren-Almario aka Rio Alma.

**One of the most notable Filipino writer is Virgilio Almario aka Rio Alma. He is a National Artist for Literature and has won several awards for his works.**

**Rio Alma** came from a family of peasant farmers in the province of Bulacan, near Manila. His collection of criticism *Ang Makata sa Panahon ng Makina* (The Poet in the Age of Machines) is one of the founding works of modernist criticism in Tagalog. Professor Emeritus in the Department of Filipino and Philippine Literature, he is well known as a scholar in the national language and a promoter of literature in it. His poetry covers a broad range of forms, and is often exuberant in expression and passionate in its sympathy for the poor and the working class. His earlier works ranged from expansive free verse to sonnets, but his more recent work emphasizes formal convention. He founded the Children’s Communication Center (publisher of Adarna Books), conducts the long-running poetry clinic, *Linangan sa Imahen, Retorika, at Arte* (Lira), has been executive director of the National Commission for Culture and the Arts (NCCA), and is currently dean of the college of liberal arts at UP. He was conferred the Order of National Artist for Literature in 2003.



In “**Typhoons**,” (2005) he tells of the “perennial tempests” that visit the land, as he finds himself waking with full amazement to be greeted by clear daylight with each new morning.

**Figure of Speech** is a literary device used as a word or phrase that has a meaning that may be different than its literal meaning. It adds colour and interest, and awakens the imagination.

**Personification** is a figure of speech in which a thing, an idea or an animal is given human attributes. The non-human objects are portrayed in such a way that we feel they have the ability to act like human beings.

### **Typhoons (An Excerpt)**

Rio Alma

(translated by Marne Kilates)

The typhoons' episodes of terror are yearly:  
 Berserk wind and shattered glass  
 Streaming from the mouths of a thousand serpents,  
 Smoke of dark crystal billowing  
 From beyond the ancient shoulders of the bristling land.  
 The heavens crawl with crackling electricity  
 And the verdicts of thunder are without forgiveness or pity.  
 There were nights  
 When we were children watching  
 And listening for the keening  
 And whiplash of wet, demented monsters:  
 Turning wildly they tore every roof,  
 They toppled and smashed every wall and post;  
 The drains and canals choked,  
 The distressed bamboo begged for mercy.  
 We shut our eyes  
 At the final rumbling rape  
 Of our prostrate crops, the helpless land.  
 Tightly we shut our eyes,  
 Tightly, ever tightly...  
 Only to wonder in the morning  
 What power of sun expunged  
 And expelled these armies of the night.

#### Processing

1. What is the event that the author was talking about in his poem?

2. Where do you think did the story happen? Ex. City or rural area, etc.
3. Can you give some details of how strong the typhoon was based on the poem?
4. What happens when the morning comes?
5. Can this story happen in real life?
6. What do you do when there is a typhoon?

### ACTIVITY 5

The poem “Typhoons” used numerous personifications. Can you give the human qualities or traits mentioned in the following lines?

1. The heavens crawl with crackling electricity

What is being personified? \_\_\_\_\_  
What human trait or quality is given? \_\_\_\_\_

2. And whiplash of wet, demented monsters:  
Turning wildly they tore every roof

What is being personified? \_\_\_\_\_  
What human trait or quality is given? \_\_\_\_\_

3. The drains and canals choked

What is being personified? \_\_\_\_\_  
What human trait or quality is given? \_\_\_\_\_

4. The distressed bamboo begged for mercy

What is being personified? \_\_\_\_\_  
What human trait or quality is given? \_\_\_\_\_

5. What power of sun expunged  
And expelled these armies of the night

What is being personified? \_\_\_\_\_  
What human trait or quality is given? \_\_\_\_\_

**Mood** is one element in the narrative structure of a piece of **literature**. It can also be referred to as atmosphere because it creates an emotional setting enveloping the reader. **Mood** is established in order to affect the reader emotionally and psychologically and to provide a feeling for the narrative. It is how a reader feels after reading a story.

Example: Horror movie gives the suspense mood to the audience because of the nature of the story, the music used and the plot. It gives the feeling of suspense to the viewers.

**ACTIVITY 6**

Discuss with three or four of your classmates what you like about the following:

- a. Poem
- b. Its subject
- c. The mood the poem puts in you
- d. What it makes you remember
- e. What it makes you think about

Share your findings with the class.

What I like about	
Title of the poem	
Its subject	
the mood the poem puts you in	
What it makes you remember	
What it makes you think about	

The next example of a narrative poem is that of Dr. Paolo Manalo, a professor in UP Diliman. His work which is shown below is a narrative poem with a different structure and form compared to that of Rio Alma's more traditional poetry style.

**PAOLO MANALO** is a poet born in Manila and an assistant professor of English, literature and creative writing at the University of the Philippines-Diliman. Until recently, he was the literary editor of the *Philippines Free Press*. His first book of poems, *Jolography* (University of the Philippines Press, 2003) received the Don Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards for Literature (2002) and the UP Gawad Chanselor (2004). He was a student at the 15th New York State Summer Writers Institute (2001), a fellow of the UP ICW National Writers' Workshop when it was revamped (2006) and an artist-in-residence at The MacDowell Colony (2006).



At took his postgraduate studies at the University of St. Andrews in Scotland.

Critics say that poetry is as alive as ever, albeit with reduced readership, with contemporary writers taking on varied experimental approaches. Thus works like *Jolography* (from the word *jolog*, which originally referred to Pinoy hip-hop), where poems by Paolo Manalo are in “textese” or Taglish (Tagalog plus English), written in the premise that, in Manalo's words, “the language that we're using is flawed, damaged, corrupted, sold out, negotiated... and yet it's still beautiful.”

*Jolography*, which won First Prize in the 2002 Palanca Awards, has apparently sparked interest, where other young writers even attempted to follow suit.

Below is an example of a 21<sup>st</sup> Century poem written by Paolo Manalo from his collection *Jolography*.

**CoNotations (An Excerpt)**

Paolo Manalo

1. I'm like tripping right now I have suitcase fever.
2. Dude, man, pare, three people can be the same.
3. Except he's not who he says he is, pare. He's a sneeze with Chinese blood:  
Ha Ching!
4. Naman, it's like our Tagalog accent, so they won't think we're all airs; so much weight it means nothing naman.
5. Dude, man, pare, at the next stop we'll make buwelta. So they can see we know how to look where we came from.
6. It's hirap kaya to find a connection. Who ba's puwede to be our guide?
7. Dude, man, can you make this areglo naman?
8. Make it pabalot kaya in the mall. So they can't guess what you're thinking. That's what I call a package deal.

**Processing**

1. Who do you think are the characters in the poem?
2. Using the urban dictionary, define “**CoÑo**”.
3. What do these characters talk about?
4. Is there a story that you can derive from the poem?
5. What are some events or situations mentioned in the poem?
6. What language/s did the author use in the given selection?
7. Have you tried using the same language while talking to friends or other family members?
8. Can you easily understand the meaning of the lines from the poem based on the language used?
9. Who do you think are the types of individuals that use these kind of language?

Code-switching and code-mixing are present in this poem, for example lines 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11 and 12, where Filipino and English words are used in the same sentence. Repetition of the words “dude”, “man”, “pare” and “he’s” also plays a significant role in this poem.

Even when the poem is somewhat ambiguous, it does not confuse coherent reading. It actually enables one to think profoundly and absorb the creativeness of the writer even if the poem is unpredictable in some way.

### ACTIVITY 8

Using your own words and understanding, retell the some of the lines from the poem “**CoÑotations**”. Write your interpretation per line on the space provided.

1. I’m like tripping right now I have suitcase fever.

---

---

2. Dude, man, pare, three people can be the same.

---

---

3. So they can see we know how to look where we came from.

---

---

4. Dude, man, can you make this areglo naman?

---

---

5. Make it pabalot kaya in the mall?

---

---

## DEEPENING

Poets all have different styles of writing but when it comes to the general use of writing style such as the narrative style, they all fall into the same idea- the focus of their story is the timeline when things occurred. Narrative poetry may use the free verse form.

**Free verse** is an open form of poetry. It does not use consistent meter patterns, rhyme, or any other musical pattern. It thus tends to follow the rhythm of natural speech.

Let us take a look at an excerpt from the poem of Robert Frost, an American poet who makes use of realistic depictions of rural life. This is narrative style with free verse form.

### **Birches**

By Robert Frost

An excerpt

When I see birches bend to left and right  
Across the lines of straighter darker trees,  
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.  
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.  
Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them  
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning  
After a rain. They click upon themselves  
As the breeze rises, and turn many-coloured  
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.  
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells  
Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust  
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away  
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.

Processing

1. What are birches?
2. Why do birch trees bend after the winter?
3. When the sun starts to shine again, what happens to the ice crystals on the birch trees?

**ACTIVITY 10**

Knowledge check. Mark your answers with a check at the right columns based on the questions at the left. This will serve as a review of your understanding of the poems discussed.

	Yes	No
Are the three poems similar in structure?		
Are all three poems narrative in nature?		
Do all three make use of rhyming scheme?		
Do all three make us of personification?		
Do all three give the same mood?		
Can you relate with all the poems given?		
Can all three poems happen in real life?		

## APPLICATION

### ACTIVITY 11

Students are asked to write a four-line free verse poem (without meter or uneven length per line) about the four quarters of the student year. Lines should start with the quarters of the school year.

Example: First quarter is meeting new friends

Second quarter is learning more

Third quarter is testing your knowledge

Last one is the application and the hardest of them all.

First quarter \_\_\_\_\_

Second quarter \_\_\_\_\_

Third quarter \_\_\_\_\_

Fourth quarter \_\_\_\_\_

The tradition of Tagalog literature has been bequeathed upon the national consciousness of the Filipinos all over the Philippines. Manila being the center of the country in all aspects of national life of the Filipinos becomes the logical conduit of national consciousness emanating from the literary legacy of the region's gifted minds.

During the long period of Philippine subjugations by foreign dominations — Spanish, American and Japanese — vigorous literary traditions have been nurtured.

In the contemporary Philippine society, Tagalog literature is continuing its role bequeathed upon it by historical development.

## INTRODUCTION

### Text Tula

Poetry comes in a wide variety of forms, such as free verse, blank verse, couplet, sonnet, quatrain, cinquaine, diamante, limerick, haiku, and ballad. Many forms, such as haiku and sonnet, were originally developed in other languages but became popular with poets writing in English. Thus, form in poetry refers to the way words and sentences are structured in a poem, and the kind of sounds that may come within a given structure.

One of the most recent genres in Philippine Literature is the text tula, a poetry genre mastered by Frank Rivera where entire poems are written and read on mobile phones. Though usually short due to the necessity of the number of characters allowed in text messaging, the elements of poetry are still present in this genre.

**Lyric poems** are often divided into stanzas or verses. Stanzas are usually separated by a single blank line. Stanzas within a poem may have the same form or may vary. The poet also tries to develop interesting forms based on variations of rhyme, rhythm and metre.

**Rhyme** is the repetition of sounds in different words. Rhyme can occur within lines (internal rhyme) or - more usually - at the end of lines (end rhyme). A rhyme scheme is a short formula for describing the pattern of rhyme in a poem. End words that rhyme are assigned the same letter.

For example, the rhyme scheme for this poem is aabb.

"Thoughts on Poetic Terms"

Literature 101, it seems to <b>me</b>	a
Has plenty of terms for poetry,	a
I've made lots of notes and done my <b>best</b> ,	b
I'm betting these terms are on the <b>test</b> .	b

Another example of a rhyme scheme or rhyme structure is this:

<b>A</b> fruit	<b>B</b> fright	<b>A</b> loot
<b>B</b> might <b>C</b> jelly	<b>B</b> delight	
<b>A</b> suit	<b>C</b> Nelly	<b>C</b> Kelly
		<b>C</b> telly

## PREPARATORY ACTIVITY

### ACTIVITY 12

Students are given a word for which they must find as many full rhymes as they can. For example, for sport, the list could include taught, caught, report, extort, fort, fraught, sort, fought, port, retort, wart, bought, brought, nought. (Extension: Students use as many full rhyme words as possible in a poem, either as internal rhyme or as line-end rhymes).

Write as many rhyming words as you can for the given words. Write your answer on the space provided.

1. Read - \_\_\_\_\_
2. Night- \_\_\_\_\_
3. Mood- \_\_\_\_\_
4. Brick- \_\_\_\_\_
5. Fun- \_\_\_\_\_
6. Mine- \_\_\_\_\_
7. Car- \_\_\_\_\_
8. Sing- \_\_\_\_\_
9. Day- \_\_\_\_\_
10. Came- \_\_\_\_\_

## LECTURE

### Frank Rivera: ‘Makata sa cell phone

**Frank Rivera** was born on 29 February 1948 in Paete, Laguna. He received his AB English-Filipino degree from the University of the Philippines. His books include *Tuhog-tuhog* (2005); *Jose Rizal: Iba't ibang Pananaw* (2005); *Halik sa Kampilan* (2005); *Makata sa Cellphone* (2005); *TAO: Isang Tagulaylay Sa Ikadalawampu't Isang Siglo* (2004); *Oyayi, Ang Zarzuela* (2004); *Darna, Etc.* (2003); *Sining Kambayoka's Mga Kuwentong Maranao* (2003); *Ambon, Ulan, Baha: Sarsuwelang Pinoy* (2003); *Gothic Telemovies* (2002); *MULAT: Mga Isyung Panlipunan sa mga Dulang Pantelebisyon* (2002); *Mga Dula sa Magkakaibang Midyum* (1982); *Ama at iba pa, Sari-saring Dula* (1982)

among others. His awards include Komisyon sa Wikang Filipino honors; Paete Outstanding Citizen Award; Aliw Awards; Dalitext; Global Filipino Literary Award; Palanca; National Book Award; UP National Fellow; MSU Kambayoka Gador Award; CCP and NCCA Awards; Urian; Philippine Centennial Literary Award; Patnubay ng Sining, Manila; People's Journal Award; Bahag-Hari Television; Catholic Mass Media Award; Manila Film Festival; Film Academy of the Philippines; Star Awards; and the Famas.

Also known as “makata sa cell phone” with his popular “textula” series, Rivera has, to date, authored 21 books of plays for stage, radio, TV and film; plus short stories, essays and four books of poetry published by the UST Publishing House. He has received four National Book Awards while his poems and “textula” are read in political rallies, passed around as text messages, read on radio, posted on social media, printed in tabloid and newspaper columns, recited in school programs and utilized as material in oratorical and declamation contests.

## 2 **Tanagang UAAP** by Frank G. Rivera

The **Tanaga** is a type of Filipino poem, consisting of four lines with seven to nine syllables each with the same rhyme at the end of each line --- that is to say a 7-7-7-7 or 9-9-9-9 Syllabic verse, with an AABB rhyme scheme.

To compare, the Japanese haiku has 17 phonetic units divided into three phrases of 5, 7 and 5 units respectively.

1.

Ayy! Napana ang Tigre  
 Ang dilaw naging verde  
 Di-El-Es-Yu-Yu-Es-Ti  
 Mga Teng ang nagwagi.

2.

Sa mahilig sa bola  
 Hindi bago ang kanta  
 nang mag-dribble si Ama  
 Sa anak ipinasa.  
 Processing

1. What is the text tula about?

2. Is it similar to the traditional poems that you have read before? In what way is it similar or different?
3. Does the text tula have rhyming patterns?
4. How about the verse, do they have a similar number of syllables per line?
5. What are possible venues of social media where we can use text tula?

### ACTIVITY 14

What are the words that rhyme based on the ‘Tanaga’ of Frank Rivera? Enumerate the words and write the rhyme scheme or structure below.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. A _____<br><br>A _____<br>B _____<br>B _____ | 2. A _____<br><br>A _____<br>B _____<br>B _____ |
|---|---|

### DEEPENING

As mentioned previously, haiku is similar to tanaga in the use of rhyming and formal verses (patterned verses). Below are some information and examples of haikus made by international poets.

By the late 1950s, American poets practiced haiku regularly. Some brought the ultra-precise, Basho-influenced Zen mentality to their written observations, while others sought to incorporate modern themes, objects, sense of time, and issues to their works. Note the difference between these haiku by Jack Kerouac and Richard Wright, in both substance and syllable count:

From Book of Haikus Jack Kerouac (1922-1969) <i>Snow in my shoe</i>  <i>Abandoned</i> <i>Sparrow’s nest</i>	From Haiku: This Other World Richard Wright (1908-1960) <i>Whitecaps on the bay:</i>  <i>A broken signboard banging</i> <i>In the April wind.</i>
--	--

Kerouac's poem closely followed the Japanese measure (when translated into Japanese, the haiku has a precise 5-7-5 "on" count), while Wright wrote in the popular 5-7-5 syllable style.

### Processing

1. What are the differences of the haikus written by Kerouac and Wright?
2. Do you find any similarities in what their haikus are about?
3. Can you narrate the poems using your own interpretation? Recite in class.

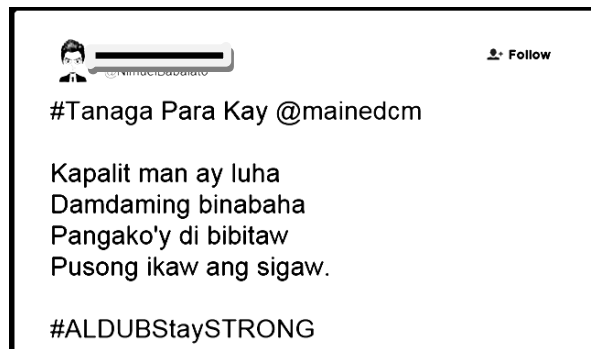
## APPLICATION

### ACTIVITY 16

Text tula is done using a mobile phone. With the use of social media, we can practice expressing our emotions and opinions in a more creative and artistic way while more people have the chance to see it.

Create a twitter account and send your Tanaga/text tula with a hash tag #21CPhilLit. Make it trend on twitter by making sure the whole class sends it at the same time.

Example:



In the meantime, write your Tanaga, with a 7-7-7-7 syllabic verse, on the space provided. You can write as many as four Tanagas. Choose your own subject/ topic.

Creativity 40%

Diction/Wordings 20%

Rhyme 20%

Use of Verse 20%

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
3. _____	4. _____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

## INTRODUCTION

**Chick lit** or **Chick literature** is genre fiction which addresses issues of modern womanhood, often humorously and light-heartedly. The genre became popular in the late 1990s, with chick lit titles topping bestseller lists and the creation of imprints devoted entirely to chick lit. Although it sometimes includes romantic elements, chick lit is generally not considered a direct subcategory of the romance novel genre, because the heroine's relationship with her family or friends is often just as important as her romantic relationships.

Here in the Philippines, industry insiders place its debut to have taken place in 2002, which is about the time Summit Books began publishing English-language novels for young, female urbanites. Since then, chick lit has become one of the top money-makers of the local book industry, with its books having print runs far beyond those of other local titles. The usual print run for other books is 1,000 copies each. Summit, which is credited even by its rivals as having gotten chick lit going, has printed at least 10,000 copies of each of its 12 chick-lit titles. Three of these have enjoyed second print runs.

## PREPARATORY ACT

### ACTIVITY 1

Cut out images and pictures of a person living in the city. Make a collage out of it to show how a city life is like. Compare it to the life of someone living in the rural areas or the province. Identify the images/pictures and explain below why the images that you have are

included in your collage. You may use another sheet of paper if you need more space for your answers.

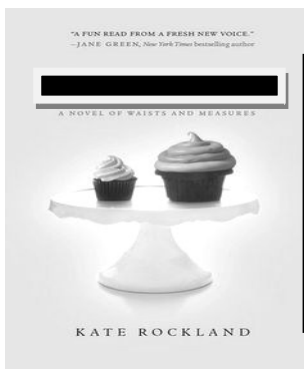
- 1<sup>st</sup> image- \_\_\_\_\_
- 2<sup>nd</sup> image- \_\_\_\_\_
- 3<sup>rd</sup> image- \_\_\_\_\_
- 4<sup>th</sup> image- \_\_\_\_\_
- 5<sup>th</sup> image- \_\_\_\_\_
- 6<sup>th</sup> image- \_\_\_\_\_
- 7<sup>th</sup> image- \_\_\_\_\_

### ACTIVITY 2

Below are book covers for chick lit. Based on what you see from the covers, make a suitable title for the novel. Write your answer on the space provided. Then write the theme of the story.

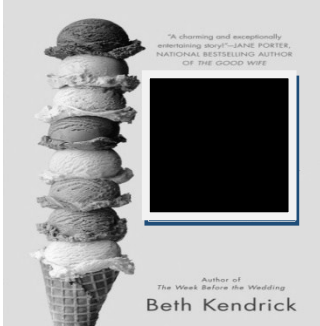
The **theme** in a story is its underlying message, or 'big idea.' In other words, what critical belief about life is the author trying to convey in the writing of a novel, play, short story or poem? This belief, or idea, transcends cultural barriers. It is usually universal in nature.

Example of a theme in Romeo and Juliet is **Love**- Forcefulness of love. Even if they were prevented from seeing each other, they still followed their hearts' desires.



1.

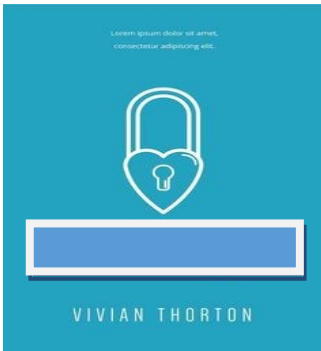
Title: _____ _____
Theme: _____ _____



2.

Title:  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

Theme:  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_



3.

Title:  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

Theme:  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**ACTIVITY 3**

In a one whole sheet of bond paper, draw your idea or concept of an ‘Urban Chick’- a career woman, who lives in a city. How will she look like? Then explain in class why your drawing is as such by answering the following questions:

1. What does an urban chick wear for work?

\_\_\_\_\_

2. How long is her hair?

\_\_\_\_\_

3. What shoes does she wear?

\_\_\_\_\_

4. How does she talk?

\_\_\_\_\_

5. How do her surroundings look like?

\_\_\_\_\_

6. Is this city girl married or not? Why do you think so?

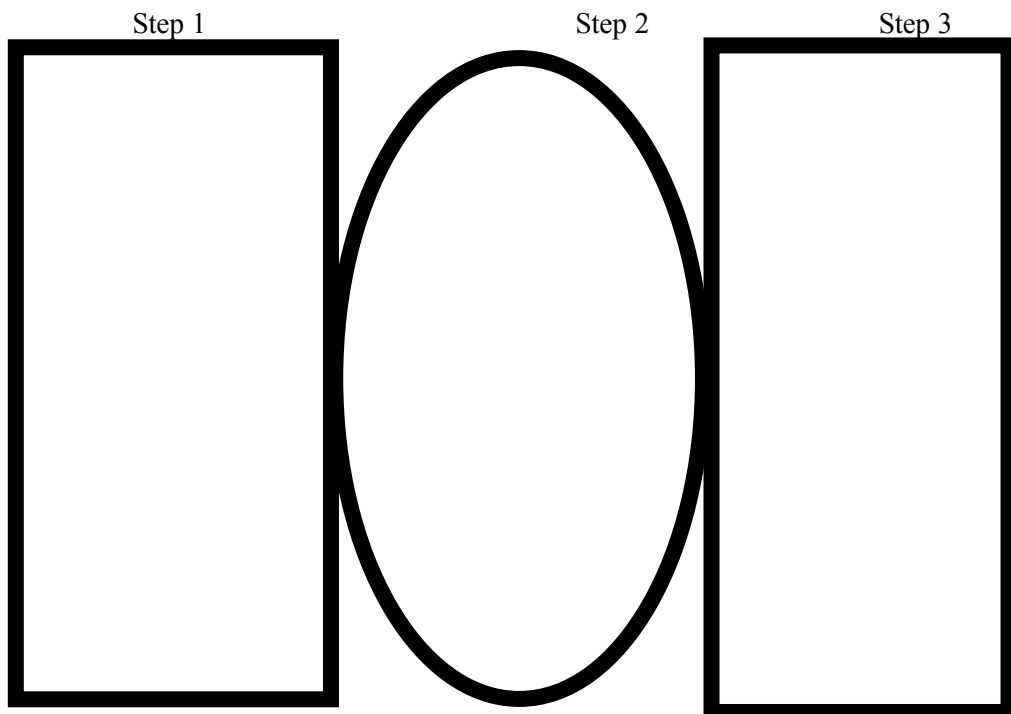
\_\_\_\_\_

**LECTURE**

**The plot of a story** is the main action that runs through the whole story. It begins with a problem or situation and ends when the problem is solved or finished in some way. Below is the opening of a story and the end of a story. Decide what the problem is, then what the steps, or plot actions, should be to link the beginning of the story with the end. You may have new characters or a new setting that should be added in your steps. There is space provided for three steps. You may add more if needed.

**ACTIVITY 4**

**BEGINNING:** Jenny loved going to the mall with her mother. She liked looking in the windows of the stores and watching the people. There was always something exciting happening there. Sometimes there were bands that played, or sometimes there were special displays of plants and flowers. One Saturday at the mall Jenny had stopped to watch the magician performing a magic trick. When she looked up, her mother was not there. In the crowded mall, Jenny was lost.



**ENDING:** In the police office at the mall, Jenny drank the juice that Officer Banks had given her. She was tired and ready to go home, but she was also glad that she had helped find the robber of the shoe store. Suddenly, her mother rushed into the office. Jenny was found!

The plot has five elements in the story.

#### Introduction

The beginning of the story where the characters and the setting is revealed.

#### Rising Action

This is where the events in the story become complicated and the conflict in the story is revealed (events between the introduction and climax).

#### Climax

This is the highest point of interest and the turning point of the story. The reader wonders what will happen next; will the conflict be resolved or not?

#### Falling action

The events and complications begin to resolve themselves. The reader knows what has happened next and if the conflict was resolved or not (events between climax and resolution).

#### Resolution

The Part of the plot that concludes the falling action by revealing or suggesting the outcome of the conflict.

### **ACTIVITY 5**

Make a power point presentation of your favourite fairy tale by presenting its story using the parts of a plot. You should be able to present the five parts of the story through these elements.

Use of design 30%

Correct plotting of elements 50%

Presentation 20%

There are several chick lit available in the country and one of the notable authors of the 21<sup>st</sup> century chick lit is Mina Esguerra who is very vocal when it comes to discussing the ideas and concepts about chick lit.

**Mina V. Esguerra** writes contemporary romance and young adult novellas. She has a bachelor's degree in Communication and a master's degree in Development Communication, put to good use in her work as trainer and content management consultant.

When not writing romance, she is president of communications firm Bronze Age Media, development communication consultant, indie publisher, professional editor, wife, and mother. She created the workshop series "Author at Once" for writers and publishers, and #romanceclass for aspiring romance writers.

Her young adult/fantasy trilogy Interim Goddess of Love is a college love story featuring gods from Philippine mythology. Her contemporary romance novellas won the Filipino Readers' Choice awards for Chick Lit in 2012 (Fairy Tale Fail) and 2013 (That Kind of Guy). Mina lives in Metro Manila, Philippines, with her husband and daughter.

Read the excerpt of the chick lit My Imaginary Ex by Mina V. Esguerra and try to make a plot based on the excerpt given below.

## **MY IMAGINARY EX**

### ***Synopsis***

*"Here's what happens when you play pretend.*

*When Zack asks Jasmine to pretend to be his ex-girlfriend, she gamely agrees, thinking it would be fun. A few years later, she still has to keep convincing people that they were never together! Then one day, she finds out*

*he's getting married—to someone she'd just met once! All of a sudden, things aren't so clear-cut anymore. Can Jasmine sort out her feelings (sometimes, she can't even tell real from pretend when it comes to her and Zack) before it's too late?"*

### **Excerpt**

SAY WHAT?

"THEN WHY DOES he want to marry her?"

"I don't know, Jasmine. You studied psychology. Why does he keep having relationships with girls he isn't actually compatible with?"

"What do you think, Lena?"

She smiled slyly. She looked like she had been waiting to say this the entire evening. "Because he's never gotten over you, and he deliberately gets into doomed relationships until you finally realize you love him too and will save him from himself."

I groaned. "I can't believe you're starting this again."

I wanted to say that she was wrong, that she couldn't *be more wrong*. Zack and I, I had to remind myself sometimes, were never together. There was nothing to "get over." There was no dramatic senior prom, no tearful "let's be friends" reconciliation during high school graduation.

She was mistaken then, and mistaken now.

### **Chapter 1**

LENA WAS ONE of those friends who never called.

That in itself wasn't unusual. Five years since college graduation—people move on. I was only in touch with a handful of people, most of them from my AB Psychology block. Lena was not from that block. We weren't even in the same orgs or the same *barkada*.

I tried to recall how we were friends. For some reason her name triggered stress and anxiety in me, but I couldn't figure out why. And then: *Oh, right. Zack. She was the ex of my friend Zack.*

Then I remembered why my stomach was doing little nervous flips. Lena Mallari was the recipient of one of the longest-running lies I had ever told, and after almost ten years, I could no longer keep my stories straight. So I decided to avoid her as much as possible.

Out of the blue, I got a text from her: Jas, Coffee Bean, 6 tonight. BE THERE. Even if you have other plans, just stop by. Need to talk to you, urgent.

In my first year of college, I told Lena that Zachary Tomas—the cute guy who asked her to the Freshman Night party—was my high school boyfriend. It was not true, but I never came clean about it.

While walking to the coffee shop, I tried to piece together every single detail woven into that story. I couldn't remember it all. Maybe this was the day to just admit it? After all, she and Zack had been broken up for years.

"JASMINE! I THOUGHT you weren't going to show up," Lena smiled widely. "Chai tea latte?"

"Sure."

I watched Lena lean a cylindrical object (yoga mat?) against our table as she stood up and headed to the counter. She was slender and perky, with a head full of lush curly hair. I remember she had a health kick in college, and wasn't surprised she did yoga.

She returned with a tea latte a size larger than what I was used to. Like she was expecting this "meeting" of ours to last longer than I thought. I got nervous.

"You look great!" she gushed, as if we were close friends. "Did you do something different to your hair? It looks so nice."

Oh, you mean actually brushing it? I had a tomboyish ponytail going on in college. Now I actually made an effort to style my hair, which I had grown past my shoulders. The whole production took half an hour each morning, but at least the waves in my hair looked like I wanted them there.

It was nice that she noticed. "Thanks, Lena. It's like you haven't changed at all."

She seemed to take it as a compliment. (It was.) "So... how are you? Where are you working again?"

"I'm good. I'm in HR for a Business Process Outsourcing firm."

"Do you work the night shift?"

"Sometimes. But not usually."

"Were you always there? I thought you worked at a pharma company after college."

"I moved. Been at this office for three years now." I sipped my tea, trying to ignore the awkwardness. "And you?"

"I've actually quit my job! Trying to get my own business running."

Lena started to tell me about the business she started, something to do with designing accessories, and that she had opened a small store. I asked her a few follow-up questions, just to keep her talking about herself, consequently putting less pressure on me to share.

I'd always been introverted, but I got better at talking to people. I discovered that the key was to ask questions. Keep them talking for a while, and you'll hardly need to do anything.

Lena was in mid-sentence when she checked her watch, a frustrated look on her face. "I can't believe this. I said six o'clock."

"Why, Lena? What's up?"

"Jas, I guess I should just start. Do you have a boyfriend?"

"What? Well, no."

"Good. That's good."

I started to panic. "Wait! Are you setting me up with somebody?"

"No, no. Or maybe. Have you talked to Zack lately?"

*Uh-oh!* "No," I said, and that was the truth. "I think the last time I heard from him was... it's got to be months."

"You got an invitation to his wedding, right?"

"Yes." This conversation was becoming even weirder. "Did you?"

"No. We didn't stay friends after college. Do you know anything about his fiancée, Kimmy?"

"I've met her, but I don't really know her."

Lena sighed. "This is going to be harder than I thought then. Jasmine, I was going to ask you to stage some sort of intervention for our Zack."

"What?"

"I want you to get him to break his engagement. Call off the wedding. Do anything, just keep him from marrying that girl."

### Processing

1. What is the story about?
2. What do you think is the theme of the story?
3. Do you think that the problem in the story may happen in real life?
4. How would you picture out the female character in the story?
5. Can you sympathize with the female character?

### Activity 7

The story "My Imaginary Ex" is a novel but only the excerpt was presented on this part. To make the story interesting, try to put an ending on this story based on what you have read so far from the synopsis and excerpt.

Get a partner and talk about the possible ending in the story. How do you think will the lead female character stop the male lead character from marrying someone he doesn't know much? Will you make the two characters fall in love at the end of the story? Will this story be a happily-ever-after type?

After your brainstorming, share in class what you have decided to do with the story and try to get feedbacks whether they will buy your book if the story ends as you have told.

## DEEPENING



The *Nanny Diaries* by Emma McLaughlin and Nicola Kraus was a New York Times Bestseller for many weeks in 2002. Part of the pop genre, chick lit, *The Nanny Diaries* is about the experiences of a college girl, Nan, as she nannies for a wealthy family on the upper east side of Manhattan. The main characters in *The Nanny Diaries* have names that suggest this story is the prototype of the New York City nanny situation. The main character's name is Nan, or Nanny as her charges call her, and she is a nanny. The family that she works for are Mr. and Mrs. X.

Nan gets hired by Mrs. X after a chance encounter at the park. During the interview, Mrs. X suggests that her current nanny, Caitlin, will need to cut back her hours for personal reasons. Nan soon discovers that Mrs. X is firing Caitlin because she asked for time off to travel to see her sister who is ill. Even though Nan—who is a NYU senior—has agreed to two afternoons a week, she is soon at Mrs. X's house looking after Grayer and running errands nearly every day of the week.

As the year progresses, Mrs. X relies more and more on Nan to take care of Grayer and complete projects, plan events and manage many tasks that Mrs. X should be doing herself. While Nan is juggling a full workload with the X family, she is also trying to finish her semester at NYU and her senior thesis project on child development. Nan struggles to balance her full life, but always she puts Grayer's needs and the X family first. Nan's friends and family warn her of the dangers of working so many hours for Mrs. X, who is treating Nan worse and worse.

Tension is building between Nan and Mrs. X. Nan is getting more and more resentful of being taken advantage of and of Mrs. X coming home late, often causing Nan to be late to classes. Also, Nan is frustrated that Mrs. X wants so little to do with her son, Grayer. Though Nan considers leaving the job, she stays because of her relationship with the little boy, Grayer.

Nan discovers that Mr. X is having an affair with a colleague in Chicago. Soon his mistress is also asking Nan to run errands for her. As tension mounts between Mr. and Mrs. X, Nan and the new mistress, the X family takes a vacation to Nantucket. They ask Nan to accompany them to help with Grayer. While in Nantucket Mr. and Mrs. X fight, rely on Nan to watch all of the children of their friends, and Mr.X's mistress continually calls and Nan is asked to field them. Nan is faced with the moral dilemma of keeping Mr. X's secret.

After a rough night of watching all of the children of Mr. and Mrs. X's friends outside of a restaurant, and a massive fight between Mr. and Mrs. X, all Nan wants to do is to go back to the city so that she can pack and look for a new apartment. She asks Mrs. X if she can leave one night early and Mrs. X fires her, telling her to leave right then. Nan has to face what she has been avoiding the entire story: abandoning Grayer. She leaves in the night without being able to say goodbye.

Processing

- 1. Describe the life of Nan after working for Mr. And Mrs. X.
- 2. What is the problem of the story?
- 3. Can you give details when the problem started to build?
- 4. What could be the theme of the story?
- 5. What emotion or feeling did you get after reading the summary?

**APPLICATION**

**ACTIVITY 9**

Based on “The Nanny Diaries”, write the elements of the plot in each box. Use your own words in identifying the parts of the plot for the story.

Introduction	
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Rising Action	
Climax	
Falling Action	
Resolution	

## INTRODUCTION

### SHORT STORY

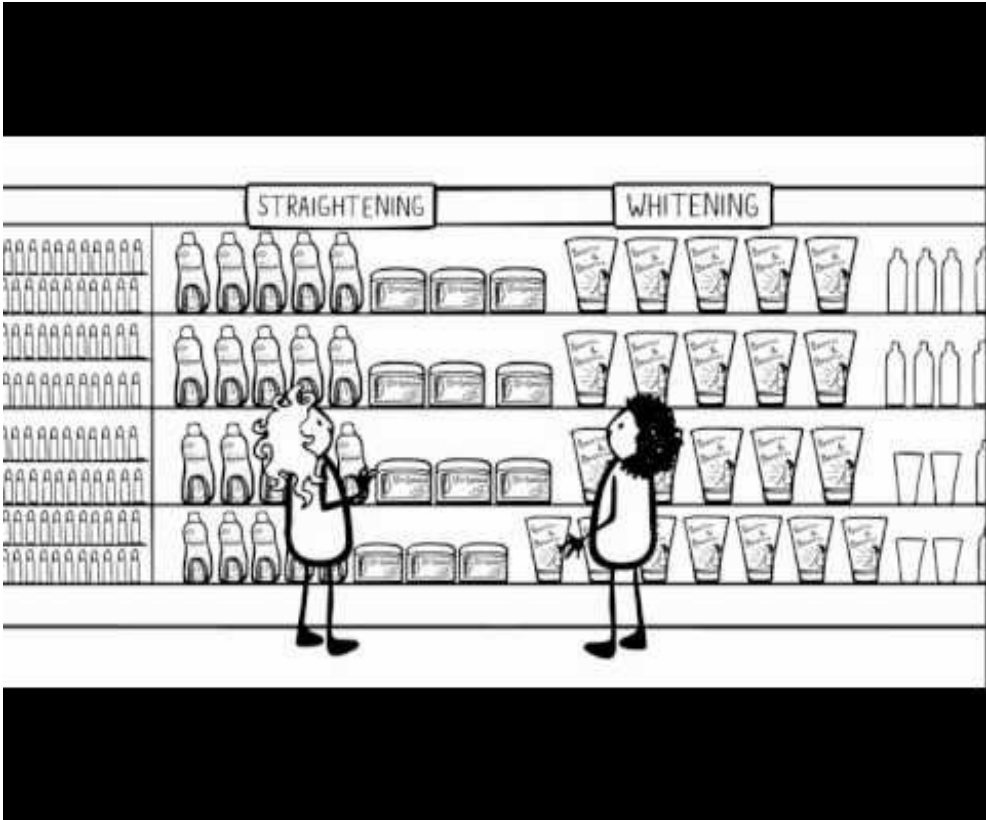
A short story is a piece of prose fiction marked by relative shortness and density, organized into a plot and with some kind of denouement at the end. The plot may be comic, tragic, romantic or satiric. It usually focuses on one important event in the lives of a small number of central characters.

**ACTIVITY 1**

Bring pictures from a magazine and show it in class. Ask the rest of the class to describe what they see in the picture. Based on the descriptions and what they see from the picture, they should be able to make a short story out of it. The students can form 3 students per group. After giving them time to discuss their stories, ask the groups to present it in class. They may ask the rest of the class what the parts of the plot are based on their stories.

**ACTIVITY 2**

What are the two girls doing and planning to do? Describe the things in the picture then write a short story about it.



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## LEARNING COMPETENCIES

### LECTURE

**Style defines writers – who they are, what they have in mind and how they construct reality as seen in their own works, be it in poem or in prose. Style is the technique writers use in his writing.**

**Expository writing style** is a subject-oriented style. The focus of the writer is to tell the readers about the specific subject or topic and in the end the author leaves out his own opinion about the topic.

Examples: how-to manuals, textbooks

**Descriptive writing is** when the author is trying to paint a picture for you. Descriptive writing, by its nature, is poetic, often using sensory details to pull the reader into the writer's world.

Example:

In good descriptive writing, the author will not just say: “The vampire killed his lover.”

He or she will change the sentence, focusing on more details and descriptions, like: “The bloody, red-eyed vampire, sunk his rust-colored teeth into the soft skin of his lover and ended her life.”

**Persuasive writing** is pretty much what it sounds like: the writer is trying to persuade you to see his or her point-of-view. Persuasive writing is subjective since the writer is using his or her opinions to support a central idea. Some forms of persuasive writing include presidential speeches, opinion-based editorials in the newspaper, or texts that serve as 'calls to action.'

**Narrative writing's** main purpose is to tell a story. The author will create different characters and tell you what happens to them (sometimes the author writes from the point of view of one of the characters—this is known as first person narration). Novels, short stories, novellas, poetry, and biographies can all fall in the narrative writing style. Simply, narrative writing answers the question: “What happened then?”

The chosen artist for this selection is one of the latest National Artist for Literature awardees, Cirilo Bautista. He has gained a lot of awards here and abroad.

**Cirilo F. Bautista**, a National Artist for Literature, a poet, fictionist, critic, and writer of nonfiction, was born in 1941. He received his degrees in AB Literature from the University of Santo Tomas (magna cum laude, 1963), MA Literature from St. Louis University, Baguio City (magna cum laude, 1968), and Doctor of Arts in Language and



Literature from De La Salle University-Manila (1990). He received a fellowship to attend the International Writing Program at the University of Iowa (1968-1969) and was awarded an honorary degree--the only Filipino to have been so honored there.

He is a poet, fictionist and essayist with exceptional achievements and significant contributions to the development of the country's literary arts. He is acknowledged by peers and critics, and the nation at large as the foremost writer of his generation.

Throughout his career that spans more than four decades, he has established a reputation for fine and profound artistry; his books, lectures, poetry readings and creative writing workshops continue to influence his peers and generations of young writers.

As a way of bringing poetry and fiction closer to the people who otherwise would not have the opportunity to develop their creative talent, Bautista has been holding regular funded and unfunded workshops throughout the country. In his campus lecture circuits, Bautista has updated students and student-writers on literary developments and techniques.

***Resurrection by Cirilo Bautista***

On a Friday afternoon, Lazaro Corpuz, 38, businessman and head of a corporation that engaged in heavy machinery, emerged from the coolness

of his office on the sixth floor of a building in downtown Manila; while the elevator carried his body to the ground floor, or while the building was going up against the stability of the elevator, his mind was flying somewhere else. Ernie was saying as he dropped ice cubes into his glass of scotch that it was better for Garmel, Limited – oplunk! 0 to chuck their deal with them if they would not honor their contract of two years ago, and – plunk! – anyway that lousy president of theirs was no better at golf than a crippled midget. Lazaro had smiled to himself then, thinking of Ernie’s peculiar manner of stringing illogical facts together whenever he wanted, out of envy or sheer malice, to downgrade someone. In this case, the president of Garmel, Limited, who was a friend of theirs both, having failed to deliver contracted items, became the object of his displeasure. The morning, however, ended well for him and Ernie and the absent president because Ernie took his suggestion of freezing the matter for at least two days until they had heard from the erring company. Lazaro brushed away a bit of white string from the lapel of his dark coat tailored from Italian wool – how the devil it had got there he did not know, his office being air-conditioned and kept clean by a man he had hired to do nothing but vacuum its carpeted floor and dust the bookshelves and the mahogany table – thus he brushed the string away with a little annoyance creasing his forehead. In his expensive suit he felt big and important. Though his friends had ribbed for his western habit, he did not feel compelled to wear the barong Tagalog that Ernie and the rest of his staff favored. What they did not realize was that it was not a habit for him – it was his way of wrapping himself with prestige that his office, he insisted, called upon him to uphold. Inside his air-conditioned [sic] room he enjoyed the aura of superiority his suit gave him, but when walking outside the building, and this he had to admit to himself, he sweated a lot. His physiognomy was such that he sweated a lot, even in the mild season before summer. But then, so what? That was a small sacrifice he had to face, that was a reality he had to face because he, Lazaro Corpuz, had been chosen, out of so many men in the business world, to head a big corporation. He could not let the image of this corporation tarnish because he sweated a lot. Satisfied by this justification, he looked up at the numerals blinking at the top of the elevator door. Damn, they should make elevators go faster. Suppose I have an appointment to fulfill (and he was glad that at the moment he did not have any), the way this box is running I’d surely be late for it. He gazed at his patent leather black

shoes shining against the polished wall of the elevator and again a feeling of satisfaction filled him. Just last night at a cocktail party, a man, he had forgotten whom – and so he was sure it was nobody important – remarked that he knew how to carry his clothes, and though it had elated him no end, he did not allow his elation to show, he merely nodded at the man as though what he had said was an incontrovertible fact, and therefore needed no commentary. Well, he thought, stroking his gray silk tie – cravat, he always referred to it, for he found a secret joy in referring to it thus – he could give any man a run for his money when it came to good grooming. Not only was he handsome – that was another fact – but he could also afford to indulge his delicate taste. There was nothing theologically erroneous about it. He flicked a strand of hair off the cuff of his shirt with a snap of his thumb and forefinger. He worked hard for his money, and it was not his fault that he was a bachelor – and would probably be to the end – and not saddled with a wife and kids. No one could grudge him his pursuit of the finer things in life. It was as though an emblem of some mysterious heraldic origin had appeared before him, golden with some strange inscriptions that said follow Me, and he had followed, and was still following. Along the way he had to shed off the naivete, the crudeness in words and mannerisms, to be worthy of this singular calling. It was a devotion whose outward manifestation took the forms of expensive clothes, the proper residence, the correct circle of acquaintances, the right women. And all his waking hours he had stepped to the silent music which accompanied that emblem, ardor and uprightness his cul-de-sac, ready to joust with any intruder that would deign to break his vigilance. There was a slow, soft sound, and when he raised his eyes from his shoes, he saw the elevator door opening.

“Sir!” There was a voice somewhere near his elbow as he walked along the corridor. He turned around and saw Romero holding several sheets of white paper.

“Oy, romero,” Lazaro said with a slight irritation in his voice. “What is it?” He could not imagine what the office messenger wanted with him.

“I’m sorry to bother you, Sir, but these invoice slips I have –“

“Go see Reyes. He’s in charge of those things.”

His irritation was growing.

“I have seen Mr. Reyes already, Sir – he told me these needed your signature.” Invisibly, Romero was shaking in his shoes. Obviously he did not want to get in Lazaro’s way, but he did not want to displease Reyes either, Reyes being his immediate superior. He realized, however, that Lazaro was the final being whose decisions and orders made the corporation move, and survive. The wretched man, thus noticing Lazaro’s irritation, had the mind to flee before Lazaro could say another word, and before he aggravated the situation, when Lazaro snatched the sheets from his hand and, after glancing at them, said, “Tell Reyes to see me first thing tomorrow,” and with a wave of his hand dismissed the messenger. By God, he said to himself as he resumed walking, what sense has this Reyes got? He should know better than to send a messenger after me. The time I have, my schedule. Again he rejoiced with the knowledge that he had no appointment to meet, at least for that afternoon.

The automatic door hissed ecstatically as he stepped out of the building. Momentarily he shut his eyes against the glaring sun that struck him like a giant machete, then he glanced at his gold wristwatch. Four o’clock. Time enough for a drink. God, how he needed one in this hot sticky place. He was beginning to sweat inside his coat, but with the perseverance of a martyr buttoned it up, saw to it that his tie was straight, and slowly crossed the street. A man was mugged, by mistake, by a group of thugs trailing a businessman who had just withdrawn a great amount from a bank; the peso’s devaluation, beautifully illustrated by a graph, showed its purchasing power declining in a world market; a man was hacked to death while sleeping by his wife who had discovered his affair with her sister. From this last item – literally accompanied by photographs of the bleeding man in bed and of his contrite wife crying in the police station – Lazaro averted his eyes. He had never had the stomach for such bloody things, that was why he never bought those papers, if he could help it, for they seemed to feature nothing but bloodshed; nevertheless, he had not totally outgrown his habit of browsing over their front pages spread out by the windows of the newsstands. Four-fifteen. He refused the offer of a sweepstakes ticket by a thin, almost cadaverous woman who hung by his side for a few hopeful seconds, then, seeing no encouraging signs on his face, turned around to try her luck with

another passerby. He must tell Reyes not to bother him with those little matters of invoice slips. Anyway that was what he was paid for. He could always see the accountant in case of some difficulties. But God, to send a messenger to him, and just when he was about to go home – He dropped a twenty-five-centavo coin in the metal box of a beggar who, by all appearance, was no less healthy than he was, and the clink of the coin was like the sound of heavenly approval of his generosity. As it were, all that was lacking was the blare of clarions or a dance of pyrotechnics to announce his brotherly concern for his fellowmen. As far as he could remember, he had always patronized that beggar. Probably because the beggar stood in front of the hotel where Lazaro usually took his afternoon drink, and the beggar always acknowledged this patronage with a slight inclination of his head which to Lazaro meant, “Much obliged.” Four-twenty. Lazaro touched his tie involuntarily. He returned the doorman’s smile and strode across the hotel lobby. Two Americans in their middle fifties, obviously tourists, were signing the hotel book. Their luggage stood beside the registry table. Turning left, Lazaro caught a glimpse of his image in the giant mirror standing near a door marked “Cocktail Lounge.” He passed his hand over his hair, pushed the door, stood awhile by the doorway to familiarize himself with the dimly lit room, and moved across the carpet to the bar on his right. “Scotch on the rocks,” he said to the barman and took one of the stools lining the counter. It was here, secure and comfortable in this cozy room that caressed him like a womb, where he could sink into the luxury of fanciful cogitation, removed from the pressure of office work. Papers. Papers. Papers. He had examined and signed mountains of them. Well, he could not deny that he relished his work, but a man needed respite now and then. The ice cubes tinkled in the glass as the barman handed him his drink. He took a sip and the coolness and the heat of the liquid snaked down his throat, leaving him with a sensation of seductive warmth. How would he tell Emma that everything was over between them? A charming girl, but a bit on the aggressive side. They had dinner together yesterday – one of those private expensive restaurants – and he had noticed the signs. She frequently spoke of “our friends,” “our summer vacation,” “our life”. Our. He did not like being spoken of in such possessive terms, no, even though the speaker was one whose company and beauty he had greatly enjoyed. He took another sip. No. The barman was shaking a concoction in a chilled glass, his face serious and impassive. No. He must

tell her he hated to belong, to be possessed; he had plans which did not include – and this was what he read in Emma’s recent actions – marriage. He could write her. Dear Emma – I have told you how much I enjoy your company. I always look forward to meeting you for you – and he smiled to himself at this – are on oasis that redeems me from the ennui of my uneventful days. He could imagine her sitting on the iron swing in her garden, a tall glass of iced lemonade on the table by her feet, reading his letter that would be sent by private courier. He knew that garden, he had been there several times before: there was a small fishpond by the brick wall covered by overhanging morning glories. She had told him the yellow and blue angel fish had come direct from [sic] Hong Kong, and indeed he has been captivated by the tiny fish that seemed merely to float, so light and delicate they were in water. A pair of sculpted swans stood near the pond, to its left, while to its right was an imitation, almost life size, of the Venus of Milo. Yes, he could imagine her now going over the unseen letter, I’ve noted your – he did not know how to put it without sounding offensive – predilection for speaking of our affairs seriously. I made it perfectly clear from the start that our friendship would be just that – friendship, and I believe you understood that. She would crease her brows at this point, but what could he do? So, much as I hate it, I have to say goodbye. I know this would pain you, but, believe me, it would pain me more. I must confess it would take me some time to get over the memories of the sweet time we spent together, your smile, your peculiar gestures, your love, yet I hate a life to lead, and must not object to such a sacrifice. He signaled the barman for a fresh drink and crossed his legs. Well, that was that. No used stretching the point. She would understand. He could even send her a bunch of red roses, her favorite, with the letter, to indicate that he was a gentleman [sic] through and through. Not a bad idea. Satisfied, he sipped his second drink with concentration. A voice at his side said, “May I join you?” He turned and recognized Pete.

“Sure,” he said.

Pete dropped his heavy bulk on the nearby stool.

“I say, nothing better to smoothen a day than a cool drink, eh?” [sic] he said.

“How’s business?” Lazaro said Pete occupied a room in Lazaro’s building where his name, with its proper title, in bold letters printed on the door, proclaimed his existencd: Pedro Salgado, Attorney-at-law.

”I can’t complain. A lot of people still get robbed, or embezzled, and I have my hands full settling their problems.”

“Glad to hear that.”

“As a matter of fact, I even get divorce cases.”

“Divorce cases, in this country? Let’s drink to that. Come on, let’s have another round. This one’s on me.” Lazaro gave the order to the barman and when their drinks came they drank in silence, each momentarily absorbed in his own thoughts. Lazaro saw Emma again in the garden. Poor girl, but he had to do it. He remembered they had taken a stroll after dinner. When they came upon a jewelry store, Emma had stopped and looked at the display window. She pointed out a gold wedding band to him. “Wouldn’t that make a perfect wedding ring?” she said. Lazaro knew he was right. That was another sign. Poor girl. He finished his drink. Pete was still nursing his, with his big hand almost hiding his glass. Lazaro checked his watch. Five-fifteen.

“Well, I must go,” he said. He stood up.

“Appointment?”

“No. Home. See you tomorrow.”

“Same time, same place,” Pete said [sic] smiling.

THE DOORMAN opened the glass door and flashed another smile as Lazaro got out of the lobby. The air had grown oppressively hot, and he began to sweat again. The liquor was working in his system already, no doubt about that, for he felt heady, the flesh of his cheeks was taut in reddishness, his lips dry. After reaching almost the end of the block he remembered his car was at the serviceman’s. With a sigh of resignation he walked back to the hotel, trying to ignore the progressive heaviness of his coat that now was like a sheet of copper embracing his trunk. He hurried to the telephone in the

lobby. He fumbled [sic] for a coin in his pocket, found it, inserted it into the slot, and waited for a voice on the other end of the line. He was shaking his head as he put down the phone. Damn it, just when he needed the car it was not ready. He walked out of the hotel, this time not noticing the doorman's smile, and cursed under his breath. He did not enjoy the prospect of a five-minute walk to the jeepney stop and jostling for a seat in one of those infernal machines. He was still cursing as he climbed up the cement steps of the overpass. The neon lights of the tall buildings near the pass cast shadows of diverse patterns on the people who rushed up and down, their faces commonly haggard and unsmiling, for it was the end of the day for them who had just emerged from struggling with time to earn a living. Typists, seamstresses, vendors, teachers, waiters, writers – a little scrutiny of the arms, the hair, the movement of their bodies, would reveal they were there, but Lazaro did not scrutinize: for him they were all the same, a faceless tide of humanity that went by him in a kind of blurred procession, hardly distinguishable each from the other, confounding in their continued motion. He slowed his pace to catch his breath. He took out his silk handkerchief and wiped off the perspiration that dotted his forehead. Damn this heat. Paris, or New York – ah, that was something else. It would be spring at this time in New York with those pleasant smiling people enjoying the air and the oak-leaves and the elm leaves putting on their sheen of green, and in Paris those fascinating ladies in short skirts greeting everyone, their pretty faces lending a touch of beauty to the already intoxicating beauty of the day, would be letting their hair go in the wind – ah, Paris, why had he not stayed there, why did he have to come back to this heat and this dirt and this smog that was Manila? Shaking his head in mournful regret he quickened his pace. Well, there was home to anticipate, or what passed for his home, he being a bachelor – his apartment in New Ermita, with its air-conditioning and record player and refrigerator always stocked with the necessary provisions. He licked his lips thinking of the drink he would have right after arriving home. Ah, the feel of a soft couch under his tired bones... Occupied by these thoughts he barely realized that he had already reached the jeepney stop. With dismay he eyed the long line of people waiting for a ride. Again he cursed under his breath. He hardly had the strength to fight for a seat with that number of people around, and the number, he noticed, increased rapidly. They were spouted out, as it were, by the cavernous mouth of the

underground pass near the church and it seemed to him that all of them headed for the same jeepney stop. Damn it. He stood elbow to elbow with a man on his left and an old woman carrying a basket of cabbages and fish on his right. Well, nothing to do but sweat it out and wait. Lazaro dipped his hand into his pocket for the twenty-five-centavo coin that he would need for his fare; but when his fingers encountered no round, small, serrated object, he searched more carefully; still there was no coin. It took him a while to remember that he had used his last coin in making that call to the serviceman's. Grinning to himself in secret shame at this momentary lapse of memory, he took out his wallet. He hoped the driver would have no objection to breaking a five-peso bill – that was the smallest amount he always carried. He looked into the bill compartment of his wallet, and for the first time he felt a shiver that was like a cold knife against his spine: there was nothing there. No, it could not be. Just this morning he had fifty pesos there, he could not have spent all of it...In growing panic he explored his wallet meticulously, inch by inch. First he removed the various cards – credit cards, calling cards, identification cards, and a small plastic calendar – and transferred them to his left shirt pocket; then he went over the secret bill folder covered by a false flap, brought out some more cards, a few airmail stamps, folded pieces of paper where he had jotted down important phone numbers and addresses – still he could not find any peso bill. Once more, although he knew there would be nothing there, he turned to the coin pocket, inserted his forefingers there, hoping by some miracle to touch a coin – God, even just a single ten-centavo coin – but, God, there was nothing there. No, it could not be. How come... In his mind he reviewed his activities that day in order to find out just how his money had gone. There was that drink – those drinks – in the bar, and before that, lunch, taxi fare to the office – no, he could not have spent fifty pesos for those things. There must be ...Damn it , yes lunch. That's what it went. He had three guests for lunch- prospective buyers-and he had brought them to the Shanghai. He had forgotten exactly how much he spent there, but he knew the place was not exactly a poor man's restaurant. Yes. That was why-and this he recalled vividly –the last peso bill he drew from his wallet was the one he gave to the cashier in the bar, and it seemed there was no change for that , no, none. He was fooled into thinking that some more bills remained in his wallet by those folded sheets of paper. His panic subsided into fear, but even then he tried to get

hold of himself. He must not be put off by this. There must be some way- Well, he could get into a jeepney, just the same, and alight nonchalantly later as though he paid for his fare. If the driver demanded his fare, he could put on an aggrieved face and say the driver must be mistaken, he had already paid, then he could stride off with a show of indignation. Perhaps, the driver would even apologize to him...but how could he really attempt it? Suppose he bungled it, suppose he could not act convincingly, suppose the driver insisted that he has not paid? No, it was dangerous. He could not do it. He could take a taxi and pay the driver at home, but this was out of the question. Taxis in this place, and at this time of the evening were as rare as pearls in a bucket of oysters. No, he had to take a jeep. If only, his hand holding his handkerchief stopped midway to his perspiring forehead, He experienced a surge of hope. Yes, why did he not think of it before? Pete. He must still be in the bar. He had to be. He would not object to a loan of, say, one peso. Lazaro turned around abruptly, almost knocking down a small boy, and pushed his way out of the crowd. Pete, he had to be there. Running, in spite of his drenched coat that stuck to his back, and in spite of the slight, dizziness caused by the liquor he had taken earlier, his legs covered the cement steps of the over pass three at the time, so that when he reached the top of the steps he was puffing. Still he ran getting down the last flight of steps , he ran down the sidewalk, barely aware of the newsboys and newsstands and the ticket seller, he ran past the record shop and the blare of a phonograph player exuding the sounds of the latest pop song, he ran and ran and ran. The doorman had barely the time to open the hotel door for him and bring out his customary smile. He watched in puzzlement as Lazaro barged in and crossed the lobby for the cocktail lounge. The doorman shook his head. Lazaro was shaking in excitement and fear, or in a fearful excitement, running along the corridor and avoiding looking at himself in the giant mirror. Reaching the door of the lounge, he stopped and tried to get hold of himself . He passed his fingers over his hair, arranged a lock of hair that had fallen over his forehead, adjusted his coat , wipe his face with his handkerchief . After achieving a semblance of composure thus, he entered the room. He gave the interior a careful survey; there were more people now occupying the stools of the counter; a man and a woman sat in animated conversation near the right wall where the tables were lighted by the subdued discreet glow of small electric lamps; clinking of glasses punctuated the

formal atmosphere . But his eyes encountered no human form that belonged to Pete . His heart beating fast, he strode to the counter.

‘the usual , sir?’ the barman said.

‘not this time , Joe.’ Lazaro said. ‘but tell me, is Pete still around?’

‘Pete?’ The barman raised his brows

‘I mean Mr. Salgado. Attorney Salgado.’

‘Ah, I’m afraid not, Sir. He left a few minutes after you did’

‘Damn it,’ Lazaro said under his breath.

‘Sir?’

‘No, nothing, thanks jus the same.’

Slowly, crestfallen, he moved out of the room. His legs were lead, and the heaviness spread up to his lungs and head. He could not believe this was happening to him. It was preposterous. He- Lazaro Corpus...He gave the doorman a forced smile as the latter opened the door for him. Outside, he paused by the hotel steps and stared absent-mindedly at the neon lights blazing their messages on top of the opposite buildings. On the top of his building, the image of a beverage bottle changed colors-now red, now blue, announcing in unmistakable terms that it was a nation’s number one drink. Lazaro sighed, put his hands deep in his pockets, gazed at the sidewalk. He was about to walk uncertainly into the night when a glint of metal caught his eyes. The thin hand holding the metal box was familiar to him. Lazaro thought for a while and a smile flitted across his face. He approached the beggar who extended his box to him. The box was already half-filled with coins, Lazaro noticed.

‘You remember me, don’t you?’ Lazaro said.

The beggar smiled

‘Im glad you do. You see- ‘ Lazaro did not know how to put it. ; You see...you know I always drop something in your box whenever I pass by, always.’

The beggar continued to smile.

‘Damn it, can’t you talk?’ Lazaro almost shouted.

The beggar’s eyes widened in fear, but he managed to open his mouth and point out his tongue, at the same time shaking his head.

‘Oh, so you can’ speak. Well, as I was saying, I’ve always been kind to you. This afternoon, I-well-I didn’t know it but I-we;-I spent all my money-‘ Lazaro felt uneasy talking to the beggar. He quickly looked around to see if anyone was watching him. A few people passed by hardly glancing at them.

‘You see,’ Lazaro said turning to the man again. The beggar stood pressed against the wall of the hotel and stared with uncomprehending eyes at Lazaro. The beggar had ceased smiling. ‘You see, I’ve spent all my money and discovered it too late that I have none left to get home. That can happen to anyone, can’t it? Sometimes one forgets, no?’

The beggar held his box close to his chest. He kept staring at Lazaro.

‘It can happen to anyone.’ Lazaro continued. ‘Damn it, it happened to me today. You realize I’m in a fix. Pete-Pete, my friend- has gone home and there’s no one I could-‘ Lazaro winced, embarrassed at having to explain such personal details to this unknown creature before him. ‘What I mean is, could you – could you give me back the twenty-five centavos I dropped in your box this afternoon?’

There was a blanked expression on the beggar’s face.

‘Just twenty-five centavos, man, that’s all I’m asking of you. Surely you won’t refuse me that? Just twenty-five centavos.’

The beggar hugged his metal box and pressed closer to the wall. It was absurd, surely this gentleman was trying to play a joke on him- this

gentleman was drunk. With pleading eyes he looked at Lazaro. Please, the eyes, said, please leave me alone. I'm just a poor man, I can't understand.

Lazaro became irritated at the beggar's reluctance.

'Look.' he said, trying to conceal his annoyance, ' Let's consider this a loan, see? Give me twenty-five centavos and first thing tomorrow I'll give fifty, even a peso, all right?'

The beggar shrank against the wall . The joke was going too far. If only a policeman would come around...

'Damn it, man,' Lazaro finally shouted, and the beggar shrank further in fear, 'can't you understand? I need twenty-five centavos. Do you want me to rob you out of it?'

The beggar's eyes shone in terror and his lips quivered as though he wanted to say something. Confused by Lazaro's anger, and wanting to avoid another outburst from the man, with shaking hands the beggar extended his box to Lazaro. Lazaro smiled and picked up the twenty-five centavos coin from the box. Then he walked away as fast as he could , grasping the coin firmly in his palm. He climbed up the overpass and did not look back, for he was afraid he would see the beggar following him with his eyes. Lazaro slipped the coin into his coat pocket and reaching the top of the over pass, he suddenly felt like laughing out loud; and he did, but the sound came out in short muffled ejaculations, starting strong from the stomach and weakening at the throat, much like a sob.

### Processing

1. What kind of attitude does Lazaro have?
2. Do you think he is happy living on his own?
3. Why do you think did he cry at the end of the story?
4. What is the moral lesson that the story is trying to tell us?
5. What is the mood that the story is evoked from you?
6. What is the story trying to say about the kind of life that Lazaro has?

#### ACTIVITY 4

Now you learned that descriptive writing makes use of picture words to help the readers imagine the scene of the story. Can you identify some of the lines from the story that helped you picture out the scene? The first one has been done for you.

1. brushed away a bit of white string from the lapel of his dark coat tailored from Italian wool
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_
5. \_\_\_\_\_
6. \_\_\_\_\_
7. \_\_\_\_\_
8. \_\_\_\_\_
9. \_\_\_\_\_
10. \_\_\_\_\_

#### ACTIVITY 5

In a one whole piece of short bond paper, draw an image of Lazaro in his coat and tie. How do you see him based on the descriptions from the story? Give the details of how he would look like from head to toe.

##### Deepening

The Lottery by Shirley Jackson (A summary )

On a warm day in late June (the 27th, to be exact), villagers gather in the square to participate in a lottery run by Mr. Summers, who officiates at all the big civic events. The children arrive first and begin collecting stones until their parents call them to order. Mrs. Hutchinson arrives late and chats briefly with her friend, Mrs. Delacroix.

Mr. Summers calls each head of the household (always a grown man) forward to a black wooden box, where each selects a slip of paper. Once the men have chosen, Mr. Summers allows everyone to open the paper and see who has been selected. It is Bill Hutchinson. His wife immediately starts protesting – so we get the sense that they're *not* about to win a couple million dollars.

There are five people total in the Hutchinson family. Mr. Summers places five slips of paper into the box and each member of the family draws. Tess (Mrs. Hutchinson) draws a slip of paper with a big black dot in the center. Not good. The villagers advance on her, and it becomes crystal clear what the prize for the lottery really is: a stoning. Tess protests in vain as the villagers attack her.

### Processing

1. What might the absence or presence of violence in other aspects of village life indicate, in light of the story's conclusion?
2. Do you agree with Mrs. Hutchinson – is the lottery unfair? How or how not? Her friends and neighbors point out that they all take the same risks in participating.

### APPLICATION

#### ACTIVITY 6

Have a Talk Show! Assign roles and have students participate in a talk show featuring main characters and “experts” who can shed light on the issues addressed in the short story. One student (or the teacher) can be the talk show host. Audience members should formulate questions they would like to ask during the show.

## Lesson 3

### INTRODUCTION

#### Cebuano Literature

Cebuano literature refers to the body of oral and written literature of speakers of Cebuano, the mother tongue of a quarter of the country's population who live in Cebu, Bohol, Siquijor, Negros Oriental, and parts of Leyte and Mindanao. As such, it is an important part of Philippine literature.

Cebuanos have a rich oral tradition, including legends associated with specific locales, like the Maria Cacao legends of southern Cebu and folktales like the fable "*Haring Gangis ug Haring Leon*", which warn of abusive behavior by the dominant group. Many of the tales carry lessons, but just as many suggest the value of humor, keeping of one's wit and resourcefulness, as in the Juan Pusong trickster tales.

Writers' groups certainly contributed to literary growth of the Cebuano and Philippine literature, notably the *Lubas sa Dagang Bisaya* (LUDABI) and *Bathalan-ong Halad sa Dagang* (BATHALAD), which have chapters in Mindanao.

Most if not all of these writers have attended the annual Cornelio Faigao Memorial Writers Workshop conducted since 1984 by the Cebuano Studies Center of the University of San Carlos. These workshops, which the Cebuano writers may attend as fellows a few times and as observers any number of times, provide a venue for the old and young, male and female to share works and discuss problems. For lack of regular outlet, they hold formal and informal poetry readings with varied audiences. BATHALAD, WILA and Tarantula conduct workshops both for their own members and for much younger writers in high schools and colleges.

Another important influence of the Spanish period is found in the plays called *linambay* (known also as *moromoro* because of its anti-Muslim theme), a regular fare at town fiestas that involved participation of the whole rural community and attracted audiences from the neighboring towns.

The prose narratives developed into the *sugilanon* or short story, the first example of which is "*Maming*" (1901) by Vicente Sotto, the "*father of Cebuano letters*"; and later into the *sugilambong* or novel. The press contributed much to the development of literature by regularly publishing

works of local writers, especially in the three decades before World War II. The Cebuano writer's craft was honed in early translations of European fiction and imitations of American models, as shown in the works of Juan Villagonzalo, Uldarico Alviola, Angel Enemecio, Flaviano Boquecosa, Sulpicio Osorio, Nicolas Rafols and others. Pre-Commonwealth fiction was mostly nationalistic and didactic in spirit, to be replaced later by more escapist fare like stories of love, detection and adventure. A similar shift was seen in drama, but the more popular plays were a combination of social criticism and entertainment, as in the works of Buenaventura Rodriguez, Piux Kabahar and Florentino Borrromeo.

### **Learning Competencies**

- identify the geographic, linguistic, and ethnic dimensions of Philippine literary history from pre-colonial to the contemporary
- identify representative texts and authors from each region (e.g. engage in oral history research with focus on key personalities from the students' region/province/ town)
- value the contributions of local writers to the development of regional literary traditions
- appreciate the contributions of the canonical Filipino writers to the development of national literature
- differentiate/compare and contrast the various 21st century literary genres and the ones from the earlier genres/periods citing their elements, structures and traditions
- infer literary meaning from literal language based on usage
- analyze the figures of speech and other literary techniques and devices in the text
- explain the literary, biographical, linguistic, and sociocultural contexts and discuss how they enhance the text's meaning and enrich the reader's understanding
- situate the text in the context of the region and the nation

- explain the relationship of context with the text's meaning
- produce a creative representation of a literary text by applying multimedia skills 11.1 choose an appropriate
- interpreting a literary text apply ICT skills in crafting an adaptation of a literary text
- do self- and/or peer assessment of the creative adaptation of a literary text, based on rationalized criteria, prior to presentation

## PREPARATORY ACTIVITY

### ACTIVITY 1

What do you know about Cebu? Literature in this region is focusing on the use of their own language by the start of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century that most of their writers condensed the use of English. Let us know more about Cebu.

Write the letter of your answer on the space provided. Choose the best answer from the given trivia.

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. He became president on August 1, 1944, following the death of President Manuel L. Quezon. He served until May 28, 1946.
- |                     |                       |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| A. Cory Aquino      | C. Diosdado Macapagal |
| B. B. Sergio Osmena | D. Manuel Roxas       |
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. It was a gift of Ferdinand Magellan to Rajah (King) Humabon and Queen Juana of Cebu for their baptism into the Roman Catholic Church in April 1521.
- |                           |                         |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| A. Santo Nino's Relic     | C. Jesus Christ's Relic |
| B. B. Mother Mary's Relic | D. Relic of an angel    |
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. This is a very famous festival in the Philippines wherein they honor the young Jesus Christ.
- |                     |             |
|---------------------|-------------|
| A. Mascara Festival | C. Sinulog  |
| B. B. Pahiyas       | D. Moriones |
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. What is the oldest city in the Philippines?
- |              |                 |
|--------------|-----------------|
| A. Davao     | C. Legazpi City |
| B. B. Manila | D. Cebu         |

5. Cebu is under what region?

- A. Region VII  
B. B. Region VIII  
C. Regio IX  
D. Region X

## ACTIVITY 2

The student must research about Cebu and design a post card to be used by Cebuanos. The stamp might have on it a physical feature, person, or landmark that Cebu is noted for. Students present their post cards to the class, explaining why they chose to use the image they used. On one side, they draw an image representative of a place. On the other side, they write a message that provides readers with several ideas about the place. Post students' cards on a bulletin board.

Creativity 50%

Concept or Idea about Cebu 30%

Message 20%

## LECTURE

### **Narrative Point of View**

#### **The First Person**

A story written in the first person is told by an "I," where "I" can be the main character, a less important character witnessing events, or a person retelling a story they were told by someone else. This point of view is often effective in giving a sense of closeness to the character.

#### **The Second Person**

In second person, the narrator addresses the protagonist as "you." Often, this kind of story has the narrator speaking to a younger version of their self. This point of view is very rare because it is extremely difficult to pull off. The reader may feel that they are the one spoken to, and will find it difficult to accept that they are doing the things the narrator tells them they are doing.

#### **The Third Person**

Characters are referred to as "he" and "she" in third person. In this case the narrator (who may be indistinguishable from the author) is not a character in the story. Depending on the type of third person point of view, the narrator may know -- and be able to tell about -- the thoughts and feelings of all characters, or only one character, or they may only be able to report what is seen or heard.

**Cecilia Manguerra Brainard** grew up Cebu City, Philippines, the youngest of four children to

Concepcion Cuenco Manguerra and Mariano F. Manguerra. The death of her father when she was nine prompted her to start writing, first in journals, then essays and fiction. She attended St. Theresa's College and Maryknoll College in the Philippines; and she did graduate work at UCLA.

She co-founded PAWWA or Philippine American Women Writers and Artists; she also founded Philippine American Literary House. Brainard's works include the World War II novel, *When the Rainbow Goddess Wept, Magdalena*, and *Woman With Horns and Other Stories*. She edited several anthologies including *Fiction by Filipinos in America*, *Contemporary Fiction by Filipinos in America*, and two volumes of *Growing Up Filipino I and II*, books used by educators.

### VERY SHORT STORY

Cecilia Manguerra Brainard

Your world -- or your mind -- does not allow for an afternoon walk to the museum, nor a stop at the chapel for silent prayer, a glass of halo-halo under the ipil-ipil, laughter and stories, for old time's sake.

It allows for a few hours at the Hilton. Face like stone you give a false name to the man at the registry, pay in cash, and ascend to the sun-streamed room, for an afternoon of sad, hot-blooded lovemaking.

Face like stone, you tell your wife whom you have long-ago stopped loving, that you had a late business meeting with some Japanese clients. (It's the same story you had left at your office earlier that day.)

And you wonder why you go about in muted sorrow and anger.

End

Processing

1. Who is talking in the story?
2. Who is the speaker talking to?

3. What is the narrative point of view that was used in the story?
4. Do you agree that the narrator may be the same character being described in the story? Why?
5. What is the reason behind the sorrow and anger of the character?
6. Did you understand the story even when it is short? Will it be better if it were longer?

#### ACTIVITY 4

**Directions:** Read the following passages and determine the narrative perspective, then explain how you were able to identify the point of view.

**Narrative Perspective (point of view):** first-person, second-person, third-person point of view

1. Crispy Treats by LaDanna Wafford

First, wash your hands and gather all of your materials. Once you've done that, follow all of the directions in your cookbook. Put the crispy treats in the oven and cook for 30-35. While your treats cook you might want to clean your work space. When you take the treats out of the oven, pour the honey and lemon sauce on immediately. Once treats are cooled, you and your friends can enjoy.

Narrative Perspective:

---

How do you know?

---

2. To Kill a Mocking Bird by Harper Lee

We lived on the main residential street in town—Atticus, Jem and I, plus Calpurnia our cook. Jem and I found our father satisfactory: he played with us, read to us, and treated us with courteous detachment... Our mother died when I was two, so I never felt her absence. She was a Graham from

Montgomery; Atticus met her when he was first elected to the state legislature (6).

Narrative Perspective:

---

How do you  
know? \_\_\_\_\_

---

3. Alice's adventures in Wonderland by Lewis Carroll, John Tenniel  
Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, "and what is the use of a book," thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations?" So she was considering, in her own mind whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

Narrative Perspective:

---

How do you know?

---

4. *A Retrieved Reformation* by O. Henry

"Annabel," said Jimmy, "give me that rose you are wearing, will you?" Hardly believing that she had heard him right, she unpinned the flower from her dress and placed it in his hand. Jimmy Valentine put on his coat and walked outside the railing toward the front door. As he went he thought he heard a faraway voice that he once knew.

Narrative Perspective:

---

How do you know?

---

5. *There Will Come Soft Rains* by Ray Bradbury

At eight-thirty the eggs were shriveled and the toast was like stone. An aluminum wedge scraped them into the sink, where hot water whirled them down a metal throat which digested and flushed them away to the distant sea. The dirty dishes were dropped into a hot washer and emerged twinkling dry.

Narrative Perspective:

---

How do you know?

---

6. War of the Worlds by H.G. Wells

We were driving along the road from Treguier to Kervanda. We passed at a smart trot between the hedges topping an earth wall on each side of the road; then at the foot of the steep ascent before Ploumar the horse dropped into a walk, and the driver jumped down heavily from the box. He flicked his whip and climbed the incline, stepping clumsily uphill by the side of the carriage, one hand on the footboard, his eyes on the ground. After a while he lifted his head, pointed up the road with the end of the whip, and said: "The idiot!" I was startled by his outburst.

Narrative Perspective:

---

How do you know?

---

7. *Seventh Grade* by Gary Soto

On the first day of school, Victor stood in line half an hour before he came to a wobbly card table. He was handed a packet of papers and a computer rcard on which he listed his one elective, French. He already spoke Spanish and English, but he thought some day he might travel to France, where it was cool; not like Fresno, where summer days reached 110 degrees in the shade.

Narrative Perspective:

---

How do you know?

---

8. *Rikki-tikki-tavi* by Rudyard Kipling

Rikki-tikki heard them going up the path from the stables, and he raced for the end of the melon patch near the wall. "I was not a day too son," he said; for he could see the baby cobras curled up inside the skin, and he knew that the minute they were hatched they could kill a man or mongoose. He bit off the tops of the eggs as fast as he could, taking care to crush the young cobras. Nagaina spun clear round, forgetting everything for the sake of her eggs. She saw she had lost her chance of killing Teddy, and the last egg lay between Rikki-tikki's paws.

Narrative Perspective:

---

How do you know?

---

9. White Fang by Jack London

They spoke no more until camp was made. Henry was bending over and adding ice to the bubbling pot of beans when he was startled by the sound of a sharp snarling cry of pain from among the dogs. Henry grunted with a tone that was not sympathy, and for a quarter of an hour they sat on in silence, Henry staring at the fire, and Bill at the circle of eyes that burned in the darkness just beyond the firelight. An icy wind circled between them and the fire.

Narrative Perspective:

---

How do you know?

---

## DEEPENING

**Lydia Davis** is an American writer noted for her short stories. Davis is also a novelist, essayist, and translator from French and other languages, and has produced several new translations of French literary classics, including Proust's *Swann's Way* and Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. She is a multi-awarded writer in the U.S. and in the international field as well. An example of her work is "How Difficult"

### How Difficult

For years my mother said I was selfish, careless, irresponsible, etc. She was often annoyed. If I argued, she held her hands over her ears. She did what she could to change me but for years I did not change, or if I changed, I could not be sure I had, because a moment never came when my mother said, "You are no longer selfish, careless, irresponsible, etc." Now I'm the one who says to myself, "Why can't you think of others first, why don't you pay attention to what you're doing, why don't you remember what has to be done?" I am annoyed. I sympathize with my mother. How difficult I am! But I can't say this to her, because at the same time that I want to say it, I am also here on the phone coming between us, listening and prepared to defend myself.

### Processing

1. What is the story trying to tell us about the relationship of the mother to her child?
2. Can you describe the child based on the story?
3. Why do you think is the selection entitled "How Difficult"?
4. Can you tell what type of narrative point of view was used? Why?
5. What writing style was used in this story?

## APPLICATION

### ACTIVITY 5

#### Point of View Manual

A manual is a book that shows people how to do something. You will create a manual that shows people how to identify the narrator's point of view.

**Directions**

1. Take your two sheets of white paper and fold them in half lengthwise, so that it forms a book.
2. On the top of five sheets you will write one of the narrative perspective terms.
3. Define each term.
4. Provide an *original* example of each.
5. Explain how to identify each point of view.

**Terms: first-person, second-person, third-person objective**

**Example**

<p><b>1. Term Name →</b></p> <p><b>2. Definition →</b></p> <p><b>3. Example →</b></p> <p><b>4. How to Identify →</b></p>	<p><b>First-Person Perspective</b></p> <p><b>Definition</b> First-person perspective is when the narrator is telling his or her own story.</p> <p><b>Example</b> I went to the store and bought some cotton candy. After eating the delicious treat, I walked home.</p> <p><b>How to Identify</b> Readers can identify first-person perspective because the narrator will use “I” and “We” often.</p>	<p><b>Second-Person Perspective</b></p> <p><b>Definition</b> Second-person definition goes here.</p> <p><b>Example</b> An example of second-person narration goes here.</p> <p><b>How to Identify</b> Here’s where you explain how to identify the point of view.</p>
--	---	---

**Rubric**

**Definitions: Did you include all three definitions? Are your definitions correct?**

**0** ----- **1** ----- **2** ----- **3** ----- **4** ----- **5** ----- **6** ----- **7** ----- **8** ----- **9** ----- **10**  
No definition      Many definitions are missing or incorrect      Some mistakes      Perfect

**Examples: Did you include five original examples? Are your examples accurate?**

**0** ----- **1** ----- **2** ----- **3** ----- **4** ----- **5** ----- **6** ----- **7** ----- **8** ----- **9** ----- **10**  
No examples      Many examples are missing or incorrect      Some mistakes      Perfect

**How to Identify: Did you tell how to identify each perspective? Are your instructions correct?**

**0** ----- **1** ----- **2** ----- **3** ----- **4** ----- **5** ----- **6** ----- **7** ----- **8** ----- **9** ----- **10**  
No instructions      Instructions are sloppy, incorrect, or incomplete      Some mistakes      Perfect

## LESSON 4

### INTRODUCTION

#### HILIGAYNON LITERATURE

*Hiligaynon* is the *lingua franca* of the West Visayas in Central Philippines. Politically labeled Region 6, West Visayas is composed of the provinces of Iloilo, Capiz, Antique and Aklan on the island of Panay; Negros Occidental, the western half of the island of Negros; and the new island-province of Guimaras which used to be a sub-province of Iloilo.

Purely oral, West Visayan literature before the coming of the Spaniards was in *Kinaray-a* which must have been the language in folk literature of the ten Bornean datus who, according to the folk account of the *Maragtas*, got the island of Panay from the aboriginal Ati in exchange for a headgear of gold and a necklace that touched the ground.

The coming of the Spaniards and the conversion of the people to Christianity produced new forms of folk literature. Written literature also started, first with translations of Spanish texts of prayers and lives of the saints.

Important young writers in West Visayas today include: *Hiligaynon*— Alicia Tan-Gonzales, Peter Solis Nery, Edgar Siscar, Resurreccion Hidalgo, Alfredo Siva, Alain Russ Dimzon; *Kinaray-a* — Ma. Milagros C. Geremia Lanchica, Alex C. de los Santos, John Iremil E. Teodoro, Jose Edison C. Tondares, Maragtas S. V. Amante, Ma. Felicia Flores; *Aklanon* — Melchor F. Cichon, Alexander C. de Juan, John E. Barrios.

#### Learning competencies

- identify the geographic, linguistic, and ethnic dimensions of Philippine literary history from pre-colonial to the contemporary
- identify representative texts and authors from each region (e.g. engage in oral history research with focus on key personalities from the students' region/province/ town)
- value the contributions of local writers to the development of regional literary traditions

- appreciate the contributions of the canonical Filipino writers to the development of national literature
- differentiate/compare and contrast the various 21st century literary genres and the ones from the earlier genres/periods citing their elements, structures and traditions
- infer literary meaning from literal language based on usage
- analyze the figures of speech and other literary techniques and devices in the text
- explain the literary, biographical, linguistic, and sociocultural contexts and discuss how they enhance the text's meaning and enrich the reader's understanding
- situate the text in the context of the region and the nation
- explain the relationship of context with the text's meaning
- produce a creative representation of a literary text by applying multimedia skills 11.1 choose an appropriate
- interpreting a literary text apply ICT skills in crafting an adaptation of a literary text
- do self- and/or peer assessment of the creative adaptation of a literary text, based on rationalized criteria, prior to presentation

## PREPARATORY ACTIVITY

### ACTIVITY 1

**A simile** uses figurative language to compare two different things using the words “like” or “as.” For example, when we say or write that someone is “as happy as a clam,” we are using a simile to compare two different things: a person and a clam.

Example: Her handshake was as warm as towels from the dryer.

Figurative language includes special forms that writers use to help readers make a strong connection to their words. A simile is one kind of figurative language. It makes a comparison of two unlike things using the words “like” or “as”.

Circle the simile in each sentence. On the line, explain what is being compared to what.

1. Andrew is as sly as a fox.  
\_\_\_\_\_ is being compared to \_\_\_\_\_.
2. He was as nervous as a cat around a room full of rocking chairs.  
\_\_\_\_\_ is being compared to \_\_\_\_\_.
3. Anastasia had a smile as sweet as sugar.  
\_\_\_\_\_ is being compared to \_\_\_\_\_.
4. After he finished playing the basketball game, his hair was oily like fried chicken.  
\_\_\_\_\_ is being compared to \_\_\_\_\_.
5. Sylvia’s new lotion made her face as smooth as a baby’s skin.  
\_\_\_\_\_ is being compared to \_\_\_\_\_.
6. My two-year-old cousin was as bouncy as a bunny when she got outside.  
\_\_\_\_\_ is being compared to \_\_\_\_\_.

7. The new science book is as heavy as an elephant!  
\_\_\_\_\_ is being compared to \_\_\_\_\_.
  
8. The extra glue was as sticky as syrup on their fingers.  
\_\_\_\_\_ is being compared to \_\_\_\_\_.
  
9. Mr. Hanson, the P.E. teacher, is as strong as an Olympic athlete.  
\_\_\_\_\_ is being compared to \_\_\_\_\_.
  
10. My mom's tea is as hot as the sun!  
\_\_\_\_\_ is being compared to \_\_\_\_\_.

### ACTIVITY 2

Match the following idioms and expressions to their definitions. Write your answer on the space provided.

<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1.) as blind as a bat _____</li> <li>2.) as clean as a whistle _____</li> <li>3.) as cool as a cucumber _____</li> <li>4.) as flat as a pancake _____</li> <li>5.) as free as a bird _____</li> <li>6.) as good as done _____</li> <li>7.) as hard as nails _____</li> <li>8.) as plain as day _____</li> </ol>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>a) Completely do what you want without any worries</li> <li>b) Cleaned perfectly, almost shining</li> <li>c) Very easy to see or understand</li> <li>d) Practically finished</li> <li>e) Something or someone with very bad eyesight</li> <li>f) Relaxed and calm, not worried</li> <li>g) Very ill, sick and vomiting</li> <li>h) Without form or shape, for example a tire without air</li> <li>i) Stern and unyielding</li> </ol>
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### LECTURE

**Speculative fiction** is a broad umbrella category of narrative fiction referring to any fiction story that includes elements,

settings and characters whose features are created out of human imagination and speculation rather than based on attested reality and everyday life. That encompasses the genres of science fiction, fantasy, science fantasy, horror, alternative history, and magic realism.

At the turn of the millennium Speculative Fiction got a much needed boost when the country's most prestigious literary awards body, the Don Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards for Literature added the "Future Fiction" category (in both Filipino and English languages).



Speculative fiction may include elements of one or more of the following genres:

**Fantasy**- Include es elements and beings from human cultural imagination, such as mythical creatures (dragons and fairies, for example), magic and magical elements, sorcery, witchcraft, etc. The Lord of the Rings, Harry Potter

**Science fiction**-Features technologies that do not exist in real life (but may be supposed to do in the future), including time travel, interstellar travel, flying cars and also beings and societies from other planets (aliens) Star Wars, Planet of the Apes

**Horror**-Somewhat similar to fantasy, but focusing on terrifying, evil and often powerful beings, such as monsters and ghosts. Also aims to transmit actual fear and confusion to the reader/watcher. A Nightmare on Elm Street, Case 39

**Utopia**-Takes place in a highly desirable society, often presented as advanced, happy, intelligent or even perfect or problem-free.

**Dystopia**-Takes place in a highly undesirable society, often plagued with strict control, violence, chaos, brainwashing and other negative elements.

**Alternate history**- Focusing on historical events as if they happened in a different way, and its implications on the present.

**Apocalyptic**- Takes place before and during a massive, worldwide disaster.

**Post-apocalyptic**- Focuses on groups of survivors after a massive, worldwide disaster.

One of the 21<sup>st</sup> century speculative fiction writers in the country is Ian Casocot. His work ‘**The Sugilanon of Epefania's Heartbreak**’ is a fusion of magic realism and a love story.

## IAN ROSALES CASOCOT

**Ian Rosales Casocot** was born in Dumaguete City in 1975, and studied in the International Christian University in Tokyo, Japan, and in Silliman University, where he graduated *cum laude* with a Bachelor in Mass Communication degree. He was a fellow for fiction in English in the National Writers' Workshops in Dumaguete, Baguio, Cebu, and Iligan. He is currently working on a Masters Degree in Creative Writing at Silliman University, where he is a faculty of the Department of English and Literature. He has won several Don Carlos Palanca Awards and an NVM Gonzalez Prize for his fiction, and was chosen as one of the authors for the *UBOD New Writers Series 2003* by the country's National Commission for Culture and the Arts (NCCA).

In 2002, he edited *FutureShock Prose: An Anthology of Young Writers and New Literatures*, which was nominated as Best Anthology in the National Book Awards given by the Manila Critics Circle.

In 2005, the NCCA published his first short story collection, *Old Movies and Other Stories*. His children's book *Rosario and the Stories* garnered him an Honorable Mention from the 2006 PBBY-Salanga

Writer's Prize, and his stories "A Strange Map of Time" and "The Sugilanon of the Epefania's Heartbreak" has won top prizes in the Fully-Booked/Neil Gaiman Philippine Graphic/Fiction Awards. His novel "Sugar Land" was longlisted in the 2008 Man Asian Literary Prize. One of his stories, "Old Movies," has been translated to French. He has published in *Story Philippines*, *The Sunday Times*, *Sands and Coral*, *Dapitan*, *Tomas*, *Philippines Free Press*, *Philippine Graphic*, *Sunday Inquirer Magazine*, *Philippine Daily Inquirer*, *SunStar Bacolod*, and *MetroPost*. He is a correspondent of the *Philippine Daily Inquirer*, and writes two weekly columns, "The Spy in the Sandwich," for *StarLife Magazine* of the *Visayan Daily Star*, and "Tempest in a Coffee Mug" for *MetroPost*.

**The Sugilanon of Epefania's Heartbreak (An Excerpt)**  
*by Ian Rosales Casocot*

Old Tolong was quiet when the fourth day came. The humidity had not abated, the rains had not stopped, and the sun shone brightly even at night. It chased the moon all night long, and finally, exhausted, the moon hid behind Cuernos de Negros.

Epefania had started her task early. She did not sleep. Her grandmother had yet to reappear, and she was beginning to worry. Still, she knew what she had to do--or else her own heart would overwhelm her.

She had taken note of the sun chasing the moon all night long, and had gotten up from her bed, proceeded to the mango tree that was now slowly withering, and plucked the remaining fruit sticking out from its shriveled branches. All the rest had yellowed out of season and had fallen, rotten, to the ground. Epefania took the fruit, laid it on a clay plate, and left it where it absorbed into its yellowing fibers the beams of the racing moon.

When morning came, the moon had settled into its hiding place and the sun still glowered balefully in the sky (growing more blinding by the hour). Epefania walked sluggishly towards the spot she had left the mango fruit, and saw that it was ready. She waited for nightfall. The eighteenth hour of the day finally came, and while there was no trace of twilight because of the

stubborn sun, she knew it was time. In the west, she saw the moon peeking out from behind Cuernos de Negros--uncertain whether it should rise, and become prey once more to the ravenous sun. When the first moonbeam peeped out from behind the mountains, Epefania took the mango fruit, and sang her song as she slowly peeled it:

*Didto sa amo, ang akong kasingkasing gahilak:  
Hinaot unta, Mayari, nga imong dunggon ang akong pagbati.  
Ingna ang bulan nga matulog, para makabakon ang dagat.*

(From where I am, my heart sheds profuse tears:  
I implore Mayari, goddess of the moon, to hear my plea,  
And tell the moon to sleep so the sea may rise.)

She began eating the flesh of the mango, the succulent juice slaking her thirst. She ate until all that was left of the fruit was the bony seed, shaped like the crescent of the moon.

That night, the moon died. Behind the mountains, the moon just faded away like a dejected lover, its beams weakening until there was nothing there except a trace of its face. In the distance, where the waves were lapping at the shores of Old Tolong, people could hear the roar of the deep moving closer to the land.

The people of Old Tolong, frightened and wearied by the unnatural tumult, slowly made their way to higher ground, wary of the encroaching sea. Though they no longer had faith in Laon, they must have harbored some sliver of hope, since they were patiently walking to the mountains, though the soles of their feet burned in the heat of what remained of the desert ground, and their skin was peeling from the lashing rain, and their throats grew dryer and dryer. They walked, and Epefania walked with them. But soon she left them and took the familiar path leading to Tiyay's house.

This time, Tiyay was waiting for her outside of her house, her store in shambles, her husband and a daughter ghostly shadows of their former selves. A few feet away stood her son Bangbangin, looking tired and weary,

though still strikingly beautiful despite the overwhelming disasters engulfing the world. "Take him!" Tiyay said in a dull, harsh, defeated voice.

Epefania looked at Bangbangin, and her heart trembled so hard that she feared for her life. The boy looked at her, utter confusion on his face. He spoke plainly, wearily.

"But I don't feel anything for you," Bangbangin said.

Something caught in Epefania's throat when she heard Bangbangin's words. Then she began to cry.

"I feel nothing for you," the young man said once more.

But he had moved slowly towards where Epefania stood, and when he reached her, he found himself embracing the young girl, who went into his arms as to a refuge she could never have.

In a softer voice which seemed to contain all the world's lassitude, he whispered to her, "I feel nothing for you, Epefania. And that is sad."

He felt the girl shudder against his chest. And then she was very still. And everything within her was finally stilled.

First, the sea receded and the land was whole again, and the moon grew bright once more, slowly, like a gentle flutter of new feathers. Then, the sun began to set, and as the heat gradually waned, the rain which had been unable to touch the ground finally fell, and covered every inch of the cracking soil. There was a deafening sizzle when water touched what had been blistering earth, and the thick steam that rose from everywhere quickly ascended to the heavens and filled the skies as newborn clouds. Then at last the rain stopped, and the winds returned, blowing away the tempests from Old Tolong to the faraway corners of the world. When the last of the howling winds had swept past, only the breeze from the top of Cuernos de Negros remained. And the people slowly trickled back home. And for the first time in days, they finally settled into truest sleep. They had survived the universe edging towards collapse.

Bangbangin looked down at the woman in his embrace, but Epefania was no longer there. All that was left was a mango in the palm of his hand, yellow and ripe and pungent with some indescribable need.

Out of the shadows came the figure of an old woman. It was Intan, grown much older, her hair completely white, and her skin gnarled like the bark of a withered mango tree. "Eat it, boy," she told Bangbangin, "eat it, and then plant the seed. Epefania would have wished it so."

And so the boy ate the flesh of the mango fruit, and felt its tender sweetness snaking through every inch of him, spreading like contraband love through his body to become an aching in his nipples, and a surging cocksurenness in his crotch. He ate, and he swallowed, and he slurped the juice that now covered his hands.

And after he had surrendered to the final fullness of the magical fruit, he sank to the ground, and began digging with his hands in the wet soil. When he had dug deep enough, he gently laid the mango seed inside, and slowly covered it with earth. Then he sat back, and to his own surprise, began to weep. His tears fell to the ground and watered the seed in its cocoon of earth. And Bangbangin knew, deep in his heart, that someday it would grow into a majestic tree.

Somewhere in Old Tolong, an orange light brightened one last time...before it finally vanished in a wisp of smoke.

### Processing

1. What is the story about?
2. Did the male character fall in love with the female character at the end?
3. What is the theme of the story?
4. How did you feel after reading the story?
5. What type of speculative fiction is it?

**ACTIVITY 4**

Can you identify some of the similes used in the selection? Write as many similes as you can.

- 1. \_\_\_\_\_
- 2. \_\_\_\_\_
- 3. \_\_\_\_\_
- 4. \_\_\_\_\_
- 5. \_\_\_\_\_

**ACTIVITY 5**

This sheet to record words and similes linked to each sense. Identify the similes and metaphors used in the story that includes words related to the senses. Write your answers on the specific column provided for each sense.

Sight	Hearing	Taste	Smell	Touch

## DEEPENING

"**There Will Come Soft Rains**" is a short story by science fiction author Ray Bradbury which was first published in the May 6, 1950 issue of *Collier's*. Later that same year the story was included in Bradbury's *The Martian Chronicles* (1950).

### *There Will Come Soft Rains*

by Ray Bradbury

In the living room the voice-clock sang, *Tick-tock, seven o'clock, time to get up, time to get up, seven o'clock!* as if it were afraid that nobody would. The morning house lay empty. The clock ticked on, repeating and repeating its sounds into the emptiness. *Seven-nine, breakfast time, seven-nine!* In the kitchen the breakfast stove gave a hissing sigh and ejected from its warm interior eight pieces of perfectly browned toast, eight eggs sunnyside up, sixteen slices of bacon, two coffees, and two cool glasses of milk. *"Today is August 4, 2026,"* said a second voice from the kitchen ceiling, *"in the city of Allendale, California."* It repeated the date three times for memory's sake. *"Today is Mr. Featherstone's birthday. Today is the anniversary of Tilita's marriage. Insurance is payable, as are the water, gas, and light bills."* Somewhere in the walls, relays clicked, memory tapes glided under electric eyes.

*Eight-one, tick-tock, eight-one o'clock, off to school, off to work, run, run, eight-one!*

But no doors slammed, no carpets took the soft tread of rubber heels. It was raining outside. The weather box on the front door sang quietly: "Rain, rain, go away; rubbers, raincoats for today..." And the rain tapped on the empty house, echoing. Outside, the garage chimed and lifted its door to reveal the waiting car. After a long wait the door swung down again. At eight-thirty the eggs were shrivelled and the toast was like stone. An aluminium wedge scraped them into the sink, where hot water whirled them down a metal throat which digested and flushed them away to the distant sea. The dirty dishes were dropped into a hot washer and emerged twinkling dry.

**PROCESSING**

1. What happened with the humans in the story?
2. List three functions that the house performs.
3. Does the view in the story fit with your idea of the future world?
4. How will you describe the setting in the story?
5. Who is speaking in the story?

**APPLICATION**

**ACTIVITY 6**

*“Speculative Fiction is the fiction of ‘what if...?’ What if we had a time machine? What if robots could do the work of humans? What if we had an honest government? What if technology were misused to exert power over the people in a society? What if technology was used to spy on our every move?”* Begin your writing with **“What if...”** Explore the possibilities that your futuristic notion presents. Write an essay about your what if?

For the grading of the essay, a rubric is prepared below.

	<b>3</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>0</b>
<p><b>INTRODUCTION</b> Background/History Thesis Statement</p> <p><b>CONCLUSION</b></p>	<p>Well-developed introduction engages the reader and creates interest.</p> <p>Contains detailed background information. Thesis clearly states a significant and compelling position. Conclusion effectively wraps up and goes beyond restating the thesis.</p>	<p>Introduction creates interest. Thesis clearly states the position. Conclusion effectively summarizes topics.</p>	<p>Introduction adequately explains the background, but may lack detail. Thesis states the position. Conclusion is recognizable and ties up almost all loose ends.</p>	<p>Background details are a random collection of information, unclear, or not related to the topic. Thesis is vague or unclear. Conclusion does not summarize main points.</p>

<p><b>MAIN POINTS</b> Body Paragraphs</p>	<p>Well developed main points directly related to the thesis. Supporting examples are concrete and detailed. The narrative is developed with a consistent and effective point-of-view, showing the story in detail.</p>	<p>Three or more main points are related to the thesis, but one may lack details. The narrative shows events from the author's point of view using some details.</p>	<p>Three or more main points are present. The narrative shows the events, but may lack details.</p>	<p>Less than three main points, and/or poor development of ideas. The narrative is undeveloped, and tells rather than shows, the story.</p>
<p><b>ORGANIZATION</b> Structure Transitions</p>	<p>Logical progression of ideas with a clear structure that enhances the thesis. Transitions are mature and graceful.</p>	<p>Logical progression of ideas. Transitions are present equally throughout essay.</p>	<p>Organization is clear. Transitions are present.</p>	<p>No discernable organization. Transitions are not present.</p>
<p><b>STYLE</b> Sentence flow, variety Diction</p>	<p>Writing is smooth, skillful, coherent. Sentences are strong and expressive with varied structure. Diction is consistent and words well chosen.</p>	<p>Writing is clear and sentences have varied structure. Diction is consistent.</p>	<p>Writing is clear, but sentences may lack variety. Diction is appropriate.</p>	<p>Writing is confusing, hard to follow. Contains fragments and/or run-on sentences. Inappropriate diction.</p>
<p><b>MECHANICS</b> Spelling, punctuation, capitalization</p>	<p>Punctuation, spelling, capitalization are correct. No errors.</p>	<p>Punctuation, spelling, capitalization are generally correct, with few errors. (1-2)</p>	<p>A few errors in punctuation, spelling, capitalization. (3-4)</p>	<p>Distracting errors in punctuation, spelling, capitalization.</p>

## LESSON 5

### INTRODUCTION

#### Ilocano literature

The Ilocano literature is one of the most colorful regional Filipino literatures. It is one of the most active tributaries to the general Philippine literature next to Tagalog, Cebuano, Hiligaynon, Bikol and Pangasinense.

Prior to the Spanish colonial period, the Ilocano literature is purely alive in form of written and oral literature. When the Spaniards arrived in Ilocos Norte in 1572, it took a toll on Ilocano literature. During the Spanish era, Ilocano poetry was heavily influenced by Spanish poetry. Today, Ilocano writers are known to have published their works in foreign countries. Contemporary Ilocano writers are also known to bag numerous major awards in the most prestigious Philippine literature award giving body, the Palanca Awards.

#### Learning Competencies

- identify the geographic, linguistic, and ethnic dimensions of Philippine literary history from pre-colonial to the contemporary
- identify representative texts and authors from each region (e.g. engage in oral history research with focus on key personalities from the students' region/province/ town)
- value the contributions of local writers to the development of regional literary traditions
- appreciate the contributions of the canonical Filipino writers to the development of national literature
- differentiate/compare and contrast the various 21st century literary genres and the ones from the earlier genres/periods citing their elements, structures and traditions
- infer literary meaning from literal language based on usage
- analyze the figures of speech and other literary techniques and devices in the text

- explain the literary, biographical, linguistic, and sociocultural contexts and discuss how they enhance the text’s meaning and enrich the reader’s understanding
- situate the text in the context of the region and the nation
- explain the relationship of context with the text’s meaning
- produce a creative representation of a literary text by applying multimedia skills 11.1 choose an appropriate
- interpreting a literary text apply ICT skills in crafting an adaptation of a literary text
- do self- and/or peer assessment of the creative adaptation of a literary text, based on rationalized criteria, prior to presentation

## PREPARATORY ACTIVITY

### ACTIVITY 1

Write about what being a friend means to you. Describe what friends do and how they behave with each other and with other people. What happens when friends disagree? The rubric from the previous lesson will be used to assess your work for activities 1 and 2.

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**ACTIVITY 2**

Tell the story of your life. Start with your birth and continue the adventure up to the present. Tell about the major events of your life, your family, friends, where you've lived, and what you like to do.

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## LECTURE

**Essay is an** an analytic, interpretative, or critical literary composition usually much shorter and less systematic and formal than a dissertation or thesis and usually dealing with its subject from a limited and often personal point of view.

A famous English essayist Aldous Huxley defines essays as, “a literary device for saying almost everything about almost anything.”

How to write an essay:

The **introductory paragraph** accomplishes three purposes: it captures the reader’s interest, it suggests the importance of the essay’s topic, and it ends with a thesis sentence. Often, the thesis sentence states a claim that consists of two or more related points. In the thesis, You are telling the reader what you think are the most important points which need to be addressed in your essay.

Each **body paragraph** begins with a topic sentence. If the thesis contains multiple points or assertions, each body paragraph should support or justify them, preferably in the order the assertions originally stated in the thesis.

The **concluding paragraph** usually restates the thesis and leaves the reader something about the topic to think about. If appropriate, it may also issue a call to act, inviting the reader to take a specific course of action with regard to the points that the essay presented.

## AUTHOR

**F. Sionil Jose** or Francisco Sionil Jose (born 3 December 1924) is a Filipino journalist and fictionist. He was declared a National Artist for Literature in 2001 and has been called a Philippine national treasure.

In the late fifties Jose founded the Philippine branch of PEN, an international organization of poets, playwrights, and novelists. In 1965 he started his own publishing house SOLIDARIDAD, and a year later he began publishing the remarkable *Solidarity*, a journal of current affairs, ideas, and arts, still going strong today.

His works are available in **28** languages. He has been awarded numerous fellowships and **awards**, most notable being the 1980 *Ramon Magsaysay Award for Journalism, Literature, and Creative Communication Arts*, the most prestigious award of its kind in Asia, and most recently, and the 2004 *Pablo Neruda Centennial Award* from Chile.

## WORK

### **‘Yabang’: Our curse and undoing**

By F. Sionil Jose

*Yabang* — boasting or showing off — is almost second nature to us. In any conversation, the Filipino suddenly pauses, declares, “Modesty aside,” then relates his journey to the top, his awards.

Here now is a caveat to all true believers of whatever institution, ideology and faith. Be not excessively proud of your mansions, your hoard of gold and mega power. Remember always that pride is followed by the fall (Book of Proverbs, 16:18).

Of course, we are all egoists. Egoism is so much a part of our humanity.

The ancient Greeks had a word for it: hubris. Writers particularly are not immune to it — in fact, with it, they flourish because from their very lives, they extract memory and give it precious form as poetry or prose.

It is *yabang* that makes Filipino males manicure their fingernails, splurge on elegant wardrobes and fancy cars and watches, the same way that Imelda and women with royal pretensions stretch their aging skins and festoon themselves with expensive baubles, including thousands of shoes.

It is also *yabang* when Corazon Aquino declared at the beginning of her presidency in 1986 that she wouldn't welcome unsolicited advice.

*Yabang* again when her son, the president, said he would ignore his critics.

Listen, our historians who do not probe deeply into the character of those who shaped our history should celebrate the way Nick Joaquin did with his *A Question of Heroes*. Not that Nick was absolutely correct but by raking into the egos of our heroes, he initiated an insightful way of how to interpret our past.

The revolution of 1896 was subverted by the pompous egos, the rivalry of its leaders, particularly Aguinaldo. Divided and disaffected, they were easily cozened into impotence by Spanish bribery in the Pact of Biak-na-Bato.

The Huk uprising in 1949-1953 was defeated not so much by Ramon Magsaysay and an invigorated Army; it was destroyed by the quarrels among its leaders, conflicts inflamed by conceit more than differences in tactics and ideology.

And again, the defeat of the New People's Army was made inevitable by the vaulting egos of its leaders and most of all, by the tremendous but crippling self-esteem of its founder, Jose Maria Sison.

So it is with our political parties; they splinter soon enough into factions or new parties. This divisiveness argues perhaps for a parliamentary system. It also illustrates clearly what prevents our people from uniting.

Professional societies are sooner or later fractured by the ego of their leaders. Everyone wants to be president, chairman, CEO; no one wants to be a mere

follower. Now we are praying for a messiah to descend from upstairs and deliver us from this despicable chaos. But everyone wants to be that messiah. We all know of General Angelo Reyes' suicide a few years back. That was egoism, too, albeit with the nobility of the brave and conscientious. He had declared that he did not start the corruption in the Armed Forces but that he couldn't stop it. How could he when the highest official of the land was corrupt?

"Men," he told me, "have specific roles in life." Knowing he couldn't fulfill it, the end he chose for himself was the most honorable. How many of our leaders can act like he did?

So then, we must know our own roles. We should also know the roles that others play, and the rules such roles follow. In this manner, social harmony is maintained. It is when we overstep our roles, or act without knowing them, that social anarchy ensues.

The Japanese adhere solemnly to their roles. I was invited to a seminar in the Eighties by the Japan Foreign Office (Gaimusho). It was a small seminar with only about a dozen of us from Asia. At its conclusion we were invited to visit Kyoto to see a portion of the Imperial Palace that was closed to the public but opened only for us. About a dozen officials from the Foreign Office went with us. When we arrived in Kyoto, the guard was shown the list of those who could enter the premises. He allowed only us participants — the Gaimusho VIPs and former ambassadors meekly followed the guard's orders; they did not pull rank or intimidate him.

Now here comes the Mayor of Makati and that imbroglio with the Dasmariñas Village security guards. He should have understood their role as well as his. As mayor, was there an emergency or something truly urgent that required him to undermine the role of the guards? And so today, although the 2016 elections are still so far away, the mayor's father, Vice President Jejomar Binay, is already the object of negative speculation: Will he be like his son? Will the Binays who are already in seats of power be *mayabang*, too? *Abangan!*

All dictators, the rich and famous, to the lowest security guard who holds a gun, easily forget that power is transitory. Death, the great leveler, tells us we cannot take anything with us — not the proud mansions and giant coliseums we build, least of all a single medal. How was it in ancient Rome? When Caesar was paraded before cheering Romans, a man walking behind him chanted: “Remember, you are mortal!”

How wonderful it would be if our bloated politicians listened to a broken record reminding them they are just plain water absurdly reducible into a bar of laundry soap.

Why do you think so many insignificant blogs and Facebook entries muddle the Internet? Why do our newspapers devote a lot of their pages to our social butterflies?

A hyper ego can easily morph into narcissism, and in its crudest form as celebration of the self, it actually becomes a form of masturbation that, in its escalating practice, drains the body of its creative juices. An example of this corroding narcissism is the poet Jose Garcia Villa. By the time he was 50, he was artistically dead, unable to produce anything creative and original.

To avoid this kind of self-destruct, the self must be tamed, channeled into enterprises that transcend the individual’s aspirations, his ego. It can be used not for just his glorification but for ennobling others, a community, a nation, or humanity as a whole. In the end, the egoist must be able to sacrifice, to give himself to others. The best example of this kind of egoism is no other than Jose Rizal. To emulate him we can escape the narrow compass of our own character. Indeed, writers are not excluded in the “selfie” addiction. But if writers know their roles, they will write better, think more deeply, because they will then be driven by a sense of inferiority, not so much because the greatest writers are looking over their shoulders, but because as artists, they can never compete with the Creator.

This profound humility is expressed by traditional Asian artists; they purposely dent a beautiful pot, or make slight errors in the composition of

their paintings, their carvings, calligraphy, as a form of homage to the Almighty.

Please do not accuse me of *yabang*, too. Physical necessity demands I must now wear a beret. Since I lost my hair, I easily catch cold when the temperature drops. The beret is also convenient. In normal weather, I just tuck it in my pocket. As for my cane, way back when I fell on my face and dislocated an elbow, my doctor, Vince Gomez, told me to walk always with one.

All of us nurture dreams, some of which are modest, some reach for the stars. An inner humility should inform us then that as earthlings created in God's image, we are insignificant specks of dust in the infinite vastness of the universe.

I am now too old and addicted to comfort and therefore incapable of epic heroism and sacrifice. But I still like to think that when it comes to humility, I am number one.

Processing:

1. Define 'mayabang'. When is someone mayabang?
2. What does this article say about our Philippine history?
3. Do you agree with the point of view of the author about the yabang that Filipinos have?
4. Can you identify the writing style used in this essay?
5. Give supporting details or examples of the writing style used from the article.
6. Can you identify the theme or the idea that the author wants to tell his readers about life?

#### ACTIVITY 4

Can you identify the parts of the essay from article above? Summarize the parts of the essay and write your answers on the columns provided. Use only one example for the body paragraph.

Introduction	Body	Conclusion

## DEEPENING

Francis Bacon was an English philosopher, statesman, scientist, jurist, orator, and author. He served as an attorney general and Lord Chancellor of England.

### Of Love

by Francis Bacon

**“THE stage is more beholding to love, than the life of man. For as to the stage, love is ever matter of comedies, and now and then of tragedies; but in life it doth much mischief; sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury...It is impossible to love, and be wise ... Love is a child of folly. ... Love is ever rewarded either with the reciprocal, or with an inward and secret contempt. You may observe that amongst all the great and worthy persons...there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love: which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion...That he had preferred Helena, quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas. For whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection quitted both riches and wisdom. There is in man’s nature, a secret inclination and motion, towards love of others, which if it be not spent upon someone or a few, doth naturally spread itself towards many, and maketh men become humane and charitable; as it is seen sometime in friars. Nuptial love maketh mankind; friendly love perfecteth it; but wanton love corrupteth, and embaseth it.”**

**Vocabularies. Give the meaning of the following words:**

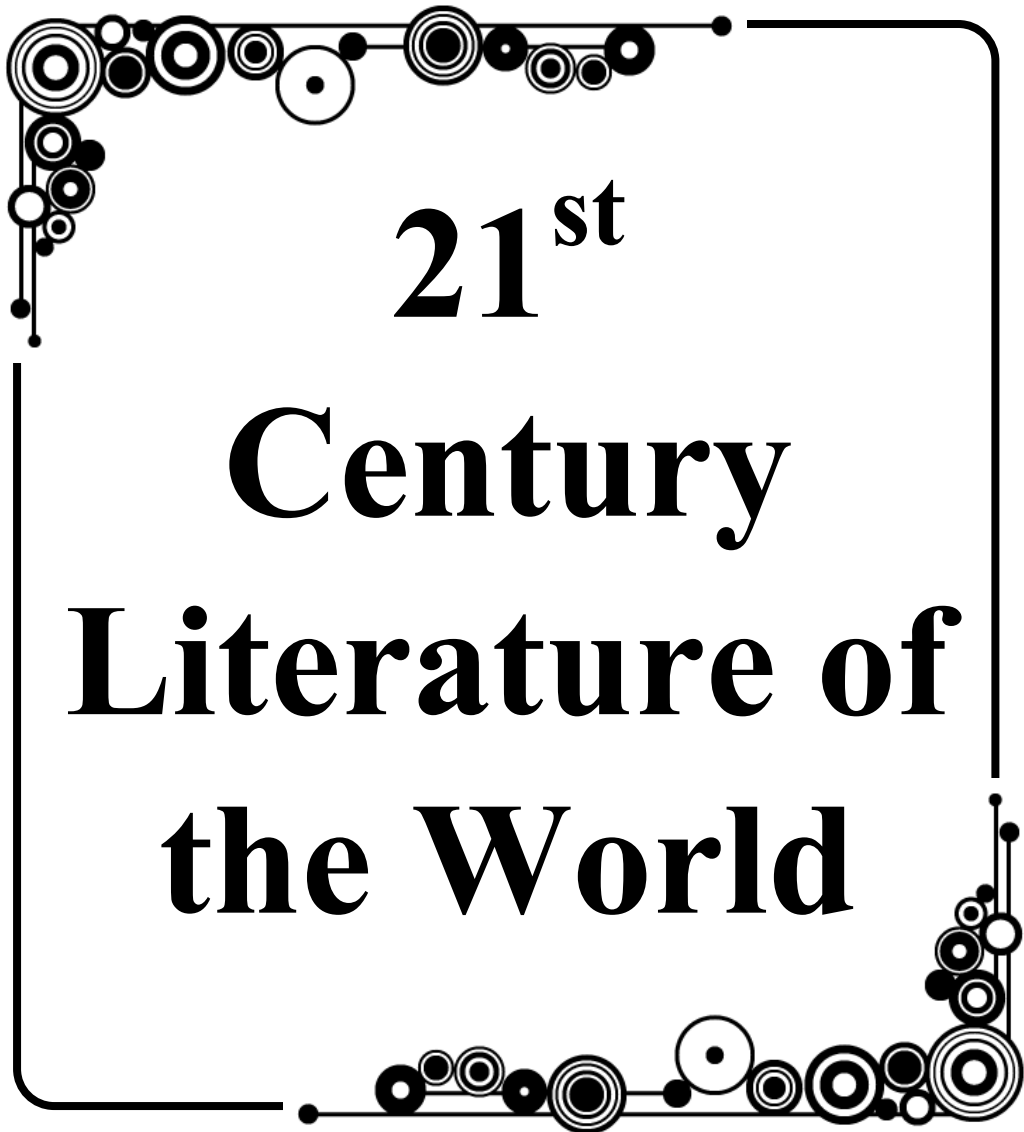
1. Folly-\_\_\_\_\_
2. Reciprocal-\_\_\_\_\_
3. Contempt-\_\_\_\_\_
4. Amorous-\_\_\_\_\_
5. Embaseth-\_\_\_\_\_

Processing

1. What is the theme of the essay?
2. Can you tell who Helena, Juno and Pallas are from Roman Mythology?







**21<sup>st</sup>  
Century  
Literature of  
the World**

**CONTENT:**

- Literary genres, traditions and forms from different national literature and cultures, namely, Asian, Anglo-American, European, Latin American, and African;
- Basic textual and contextual reading approach in the study and appreciation of literature

**CONTENT STANDARD:**The learner will be able to understand and appreciate literary texts in various genres across national literature and cultures.

**PERFORMANCE STANDARD:** The learner will be able to demonstrate understanding and appreciation of 21st century literature of the world through:

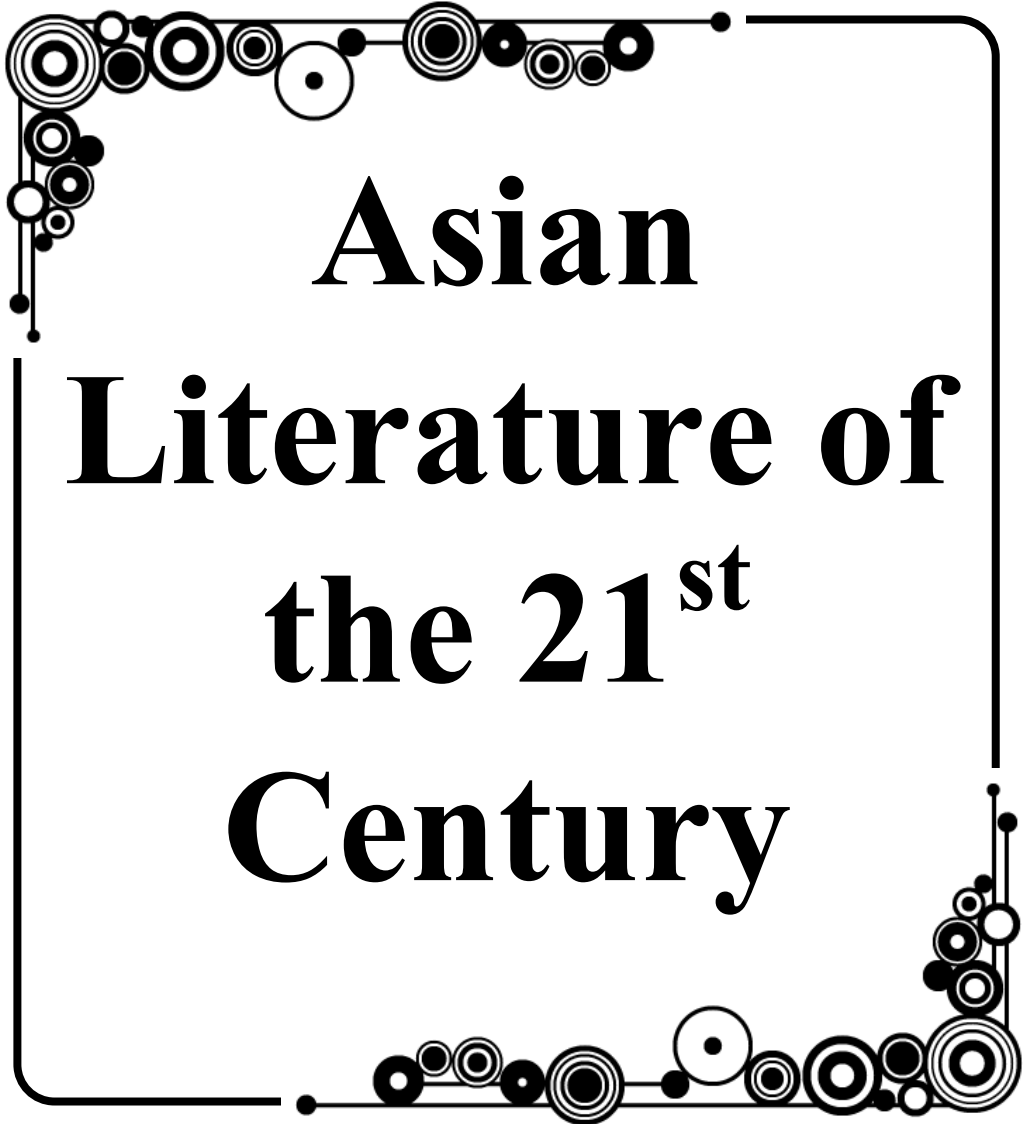
3. a written close analysis and critical interpretation of a literary text in terms of form and theme, with a description of its context derived from research;
4. critical paper that analyzes literary texts in relation to the context of the reader and the writer or a critical paper that interprets literary texts using any of the critical approaches; and
5. an adaptation of a text into other creative forms using multimedia.

**LEARNING COMPETENCIES**

Writing a close analysis and critical interpretation of literary texts, applying a reading approach, and doing an adaptation of these, require from the learner the ability to:

- Identify representative texts and authors from Asia;
- Explain the texts in terms of literary elements, genres, and traditions;
- Situate the texts in the context of the region, nation, and the world;
- Appreciate the cultural and aesthetic diversity of literature of the world;
- Compare and contrast the various 21st century literary genres and their elements, structures, and traditions from across the globe;

- Distinguish the literary uses of language from the non-literary and understand their use as well as the formal features and conventions of literature;
- Identify the figures of speech and other literary techniques and devices in the text;
- Explain the biographical, linguistic, and socio-cultural contexts and discuss how they enhance the text's meaning and the reader's understanding;
- Examine the relationship between text and context;
- Understand literary meanings in context and the use of critical reading strategies; and
- Produce a creative representation of a literary text by applying multimedia skills.
  - choose appropriate multimedia form of interpreting a literary text
  - apply ICT skills in crafting an adaptation of a literary text
  - do self- and/or peer-assessment of the creative adaptation of a literary text, based on rationalized criteria, prior to presentation



# Asian Literature of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century

## INTRODUCTION

The literature of Asia is a rich collection of stories that both reflect the beliefs, culture, and feeling of the people. It covers East, Central, West and South East Asia. Due to the enormity of the coverage of its literature a reader or a researcher may further divide its collection based on the country of origin, religion, literary genre, language or historical perspective.

Like the literature of other regions, Asian literature can be classified as lyric, drama or narrative and it usually reflect predominant culture and philosophies of a particular epoch.

The literature of India, China, and Japan has been the most popular among other Asian countries due to its longevity and influence over other countries. India, whose majority of literature is written in Sanskrit, for example, has a literary collection that can be traced to date back to 800 B.C. Classic Indian literature would reflect their predominant faith: Hinduism. While modern Indian literature, like the works of Rabindranath Tagore, would focus more on subject matters that can be related to society and national issues.

Chinese literature, on the contrary, does not include epic poems but rather stresses on everyday issues of society. Its collection which includes *The Book of Songs*, said to have been compiled by Confucius and *The Tao Te Ching*, the central book of Taoism, both focuses on the duties, behaviour, and actions a person must do in order to belong harmoniously to his society.

One of the greatest collections of poetry, the *Man'yōshū*, is perhaps one of the most celebrated pieces of literature of Japan. More popular to readers when in terms of Japanese literature are the works of Matsuo Bashō, a famous haiku writer, and Murasaki Shikibu's *The Tale of the Genji*.

Modern Japanese texts include the works of Motokiyo, Kawabata, Tanizaki, Mishima, Ryunosuke, and Murakami.

With upcoming writers from different Asian countries, its literature promises to be even richer and responsive to the changes of the 21<sup>st</sup> century.

## PHASE 1

Your journey towards learning about Singaporean literature begins here. Be ready to experience different activities that are designed to help deepen your understanding about the particular country's literature that will lead to your understanding of the people. Be reminded that your final task for the first selection is to write and tell a story. So, have a detective's keen sense and a writer's heart.

## ACTIVITY 1

Read the informative text below to gain input about the literature of Singapore and then identify the points in which Singaporean literature is similar with Philippine literature and the points that in which they differ. Use the graphic organizer given for your answer.

### Singaporean Literature

**Retrieved from** <http://www.focussingapore.com/information-singapore/literature/#sthash.vqk6LwVU.dpuf> retrieved on January 7, 2016

The literature of Singapore comprises a collection of literary works by Singaporeans in any of the country's four main languages: English, Chinese, Malay and Tamil. While Singaporean literary works may be considered as also belonging to the literature of their specific languages, the literature of Singapore is viewed as a distinct body of literature portraying various aspects of Singapore society and forms a significant part of the culture of Singapore. A number of Singaporean writers such as Tan Swie Hian and Kuo Pao Kun have contributed work in more than one language. However, this cross-linguistic fertilisation is becoming increasingly rare and it is now increasingly thought that Singapore has four sub-literatures instead of one.

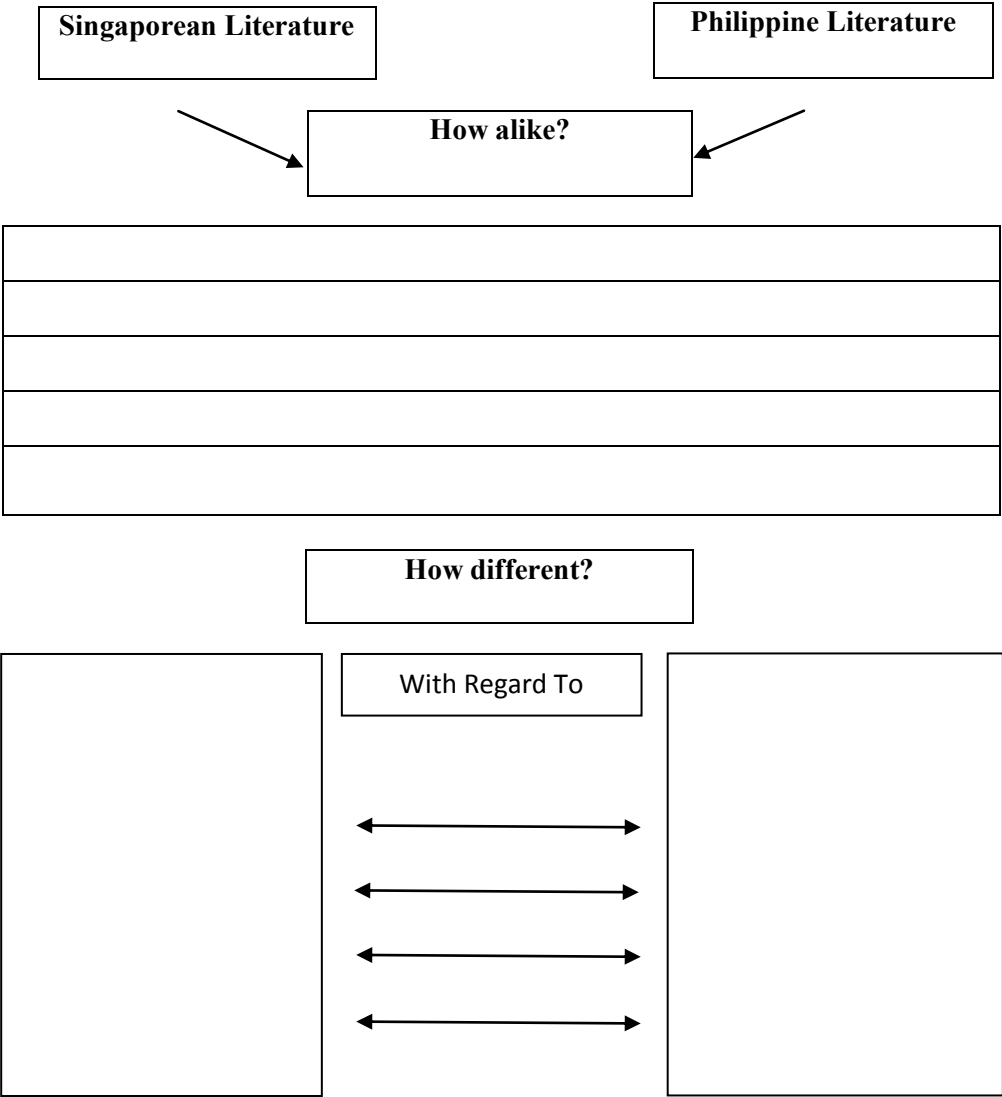
Singaporean Poetry Singaporean literature in English started with the Straits-born Chinese community in the colonial era; it is unclear which was the first work of literature in English published in Singapore, but there is evidence of Singapore literature published as early as the 1830s. The first notable Singaporean work of poetry in English is possibly F.M.S.R., a pastiche of T. S. Eliot by Francis P. Ng, published in London in 1935. This was followed by Wang Gungwu's *Pulse* in 1950.

With the independence of Singapore in 1965, a new wave of Singapore writing emerged, led by Edwin Thumboo, Arthur Yap, Robert Yeo, Goh Poh Seng, Lee Tzu Pheng and Chandran Nair. It is telling that many critical essays on Singapore literature name Thumboo's generation, rightly or wrongly, as the first generation of Singapore writers. Poetry is the predominant mode of expression; it has a small but respectable following since independence, and most published works of Singapore writing in English have been in poetry.

There were varying levels of activity in succeeding decades, with poets in the late 1980s and early 1990s including Simon Tay, Leong Liew Geok, Koh Buck Song, Heng Siok Tian and Ho Poh Fun. In the late 1990s, poetry in English in Singapore found a new momentum with a whole new generation of poets born around or after 1965 now actively writing and publishing, not only in Singapore but also internationally. Since the late-1990s, local small presses such as Firstfruits and Ethos Books have been actively promoting the works of this new wave of poets. Some of the more notable include Boey Kim Cheng, Yong Shu Hoong, Alvin Pang, Cyril Wong, Felix Cheong and Alfian bin Sa'at (also a playwright). The poetry of this younger generation is often politically aware, transnational and cosmopolitan, yet frequently presents their intensely focused, self-questioning and highly individualised perspectives of Singaporean life, society and culture. Some poets have been labeled Confessional for their personalised writing, often dealing with intimate issues such as sexuality.

Beginning as a short story writer, Penang-born Catherine Lim has been Singapore's most widely read author, thanks partly to her first two

books of short stories, *Little Ironies: Stories of Singapore* (1978) and *Or Else, The Lightning God and Other Stories* (1980). These two books were incorporated as texts for the GCE 'O' Levels. Lim's themes of Asian male chauvinistic gender-dominance mark her as a distant cousin to Asian-American writers such as Amy Tan. She has also been writing novels, such as *The Bondmaid* (1998) and *Following the Wrong God Home* (2001), and publishing them to an international audience since the late 1990s.



## PHASE 2

### ACTIVITY 2

Look at the pictures below and write a short photo essay about it. Remember to relate the pictures to real life situations to make your short photo essay believable. Use the spaces below for your answer.



### ACTIVITY 3

The author of the literary selection that you will be learning is a well-decorated person both in education and in writing. And having the chance to write a report about her is a rare opportunity. However, you are fortunate to have been given the chance to write a character sketch with her as your focus. Read the information bullets below and start drafting your character sketch. Use the activity sheet for your character sketch.

Catherine  
Lim Poh Imm



- The doyen of Singapore stories having written more than nine collections of short stories, five novels and a poetry book.
- She began as a teacher, then project director with the Ministry of Education and a specialist lecturer with the Regional Language Centre (RELC).
- As a writer, she would like her stories to convey respect and regard for human values
- She has won national and regional book prizes for her literary contributions.
- In 1994, she also gained controversial fame for writing a political article entitled "One Government, Two Styles on the Great Affective Divide", in which she noted that some Singapore leaders lacked greater feelings for the people.
- She was the eighth child among her 13 siblings.
- Her family was Taoist and believed in ancestor worship. However, Lim and her siblings were sent to English-stream schools. Lim herself was educated at an English convent where she imbedded the English culture and learnt the language well.
- However, with her divorce later on in life, she gradually became a free thinker, or a secular humanist, as she preferred to be called.
- Lim received her Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Malaya in 1963.
- She is best known for her collection of short stories, *Little Ironies: Short Stories of Singapore* and *Or Else, The Lightning God and Other Stories*
- Upon becoming a full-time writer, Lim gave talks regularly at local and international seminars, conferences, arts/ writers' festivals and even on cruise ships worldwide.
- "I write because I enjoy it. I write about things that interest me—human behaviour, human relationships, the not-so-pleasant abilities people possess to deceive one another, seek revenge, inflict pain. And their capacity to bear it all as well".



## ACTIVITY 4

Below is the text “Taximan Story” read the text below and answer the questions that will follow.

### **The Taximan’s Story**

*By Catherine Lim “Little Ironies” – Stories Of Singapore*

Take me to National University of Singapore, please make it fast cause I got a meeting to attend and I need to be there on time. Very good, Madam. Sure I will take you there in plenty good time for your meeting, Madam. This way better, less traffic, less car jams. Half hour should make it, Madam, so not to worry.

Have you been taxi man for a long time? What did you say, Madam? I said have you been taxi man for a long time? Ha, ha, Yes, yes, I’ve been taxi man for 20 years now, Madam. A long time ago, Singapore not like this—so crowded, so busy. Last time, more peaceful, not so much taxi men or so much cars and buses.

Oh, you must been working so hard! Yes Madam, I can make a living. So, so. What do? I must work hard if wants to success in Singapore. People like us, no read, no write, we must sweat to earn money for wife and children.

Do you have a big family? Yes, Madam, quite big family—eight children, six sons, and two daughters. Big family! Haha! No good, Madam. In those days where got Family Planning in Singapore? People born many, many children, every year, one child is no good at all. Two children, three children, enough, stop. Our government say stop!

Lucky for me, all my children big now. Four of my sons working— oneA businessman, two clerks, a teacher in Primary School, one in National Service one still schooling. My eldest daughter, she is twenty plus, stay at home, help the mother.

Is your daughter already married? No, not married yet – very shy, and her health not so good, but a good, obedient girl. My other girl—Oh, Madam! Very hard for father when daughter is no good and go against her parents. Very sad like punishment from God.

Today, young people not like us when we are young. We obey. Our parents say don't do this, we never do. Otherwise, the cane. My father cane me, I was big enough to be married, and still got caning. My father he was very strict, and that is good thing for parents to be strict. If not, young boys and girls become very useless. Do not want to study, but run away, and go to night clubs and take drugs and make love. You agree with me, Madam?

Yes! I absolutely agree with you. Today, young people they are very trouble to their parents. Madam, you see this young girl over there, outside the coffee house? See what I mean, Madam? Yes . They are only schoolboys and schoolgirls, but they act as big shots, spending money, smoking, wearing latest fashion, and making love. Yes, that's true. Even though you're just a taxi man you are aware about the behavior of the teenagers today. Ah, madam, I know! I know! As taxi man, I know them and their habits.

Madam, you are a teacher, you say? Yes .You know or not that young schoolgirls, fifteen, sixteen year old,they go to school in the morning in their uniforms and then afterschool, they don't go home, they have clothes in their schoolbag, and they go to public lavatory or hotel and change into these clothes, and they put make-up on their face. Their parents never know.They tell their Mom go school meeting, got sports and games, this, that, but they really come out and play the fool. .

Ah, Madam, I see you surprise but I know, I know all their tricks a lot As I take them in my taxi. They usual is wait in bowling alley or coffee house or hotel, and they walk up, and friend, the European and American tourists, and this is how they make fun and also extra money.

Madam, you believe or not when I tell you how much money they got? I say! Last night, Madam, this young girl, very pretty and make-up and wear sexy dress, She told me take her to orchid mansions--this place famous, Madam, fourth floor flat--and she open her purse to pay me, and I say! All American

notes--ten dollar notes all, and she pull one out and say keep change! As she has no time already

Madam, I tell you this, every month, I got more money from these young girls and their American and European boyfriends in my taxi, more than I get from other people who bargain and say dont want go by meter and wait even for ten cents change. Phui!!Some of them really make me mad. But theseyoung girls and their boyfriends don't bargain, they just pay, pay, and they make love in taxi so much they dont know if you go round and round and charge them by meter!

I tell you, Madam, some of them don't care how much they spend on taxi. It is like this: after 1 a.m. taxi fare double, and I prefer working this time, because naturally, much more money. I go and wait outside Elroy Hotel or Tung Court or Orchid Mansions, and such enough, Madam, will have plenty business. Last Saturday, Madam, no joking, on one day alone Imake nearly one hundred and fifty dollars! Some of it for services. Some of tourists dont know where, so I tell them and take them there, and thats extra money.

You surely know a lot of things. Ah Madam, if I tell you all, no end to the story. But I will tell you this, Madam. If you have young daughter and she say Mummy I got meeting today in school and will not come home, you must not say, Yes, yes, but you must go and ask her where and why and who, and you find out. Today young people not to trust, like young people in many years ago.

Why are you telling this? Oh, Madam, I tell you because I myself have a daughter--oh, Madam, a daughter I love very much, and she is so good and study hard. And I see her report cards and her teacher write 'Good work' and Excellent' so on, so on. Oh, Madam, she my favorite child, and I ask her what she want to be after left school, and she says go to University.

None of my other children could go to University, but this one, she is very smart and intelligent--no boasting, Madam--her teachers write Good' and Excellent, and so on, so on, In her report cards. She study at home, and help the mother, but sometimes a little lazy, and she say teacher want her to go back to school to do extra work, extra coaching, in her weak subject, which is math, Madam.

So I let her stay back in school and day after day she come home in evening, then she do her studies and go to sleep. Then one day, oh Madam, it makes me so angry even now-- one day, I in my taxi driving, driving along and hey! I see a girl looking like my Lay Choo, with other girls and some Europeans outside a coffee-house but I think, it cannot be Lay Choo, how can, Lay Choo is in school, and this girl is all dressed up and make-up, and very bold in her behavior, and this is not like my daughter at all.

Then they go inside the coffee-house, and my heart is very, very--how you describe it, Madam, My heart is very susah hati' and I say to myself, I will watch that Lay Choo and see her monkey tricks. The very next day she is there again I stop my taxi, Madam, and I am so angry. I rush up to this wicked daughter and I catch her by the shoulders and neck, and slap her and she scream, but I don't care. Then I drag her to my taxi and drive all the way home, and at home I thrash the stupid food and I beat her and slap her till like hell. My wife and some neighbors they pull me away, and I think if they not pull me away, I sure to kill that girl.

I lock her up in her room for three days, and I ashamed to tell her teacher, so I just tell the teacher that Lay Choo is sick, so please to excuse her. Oh, Madam, how you feel in my place? Make herself so cheap, when her father drive taxi all day to save money for her University.

Is everything between you and your daughter okay now? What is it, Madam? I said is everything between you and your daughter okay now? Yes, yes, everything okay now, thank you. She cannot leave the house except to go to school, and I tell her mother always check, check in everything she do, and her friends--what sort of people they are...

Can you wait for me until my meeting is done? What, Madam? Oh, so sorry, Madam, cannot wait for you to finish your meeting. Must go off, please to excuse me. In a hurry, Madam. Must go off to Hotel Elroy--there plenty people to pick up. So very sorry, Madam, and thank you very much. Oh, that's ok. Here's the payment. Thank you for sharing your story to me.

My youngest daughter have a similar behavior Similar like the other schoolgirls that act like gangster since you're a teacher, did you know something strange about the girls. After school time, they don't really go home but they go to hotels and other places for sure

If you have a daughter, don't accept her trust. But you only do that when she wants to go out Just like my naughty daughter who really got caught. For that, I scolded her so loud that I don't even care so I just shout.

-----end-----

Processing Questions:

1. Who are the characters presented in the story? Can you describe them?
2. Which among the statements of the taxi driver appealed to you the most? Why?
3. What themes are discussed in the story?
4. Do you think the characteristics and personality of the taxi driver is true for all taxi drivers? Explain your answer.

### PHASE 3

#### ACTIVITY 4

Sometimes, the text is a reflection of the life and times of the author and is inseparable from their life and their experiences. Thus some texts are best read if you know the background of the author.

Your task for this activity is to compare the life experiences of Catherine Lim and the details from the selection. Use the table below for your responses.

<b>Catherine Lim's Life and Times</b>	<b>Details from the Text</b>

## ACTIVITY 5

Work with your group and develop your own questionnaire about jeepney/karatig/fx drivers. Make sure that your questionnaire will gather as much information about their profession so as to properly know the field. You can use the template below as a model.

### **Taxi/Jeepney/FX Driver Story**

**This questionnaire is used to help the group collect information in order to complete the activity in the module. Please answer all the questions by providing the appropriate information needed. Rest assured that the data will be treated with utmost confidentiality**

**Name:**  
**Years in profession:**  
**Address:**  
**(Other pertinent information)**

**Questions: (Write as many questions as needed in your questionnaire)**

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.

**The researchers thank you for your participation in this questionnaire.**

## PHASE 4

## ACTIVITY 6

Work with your group, use your questionnaires and talk to a jeepney/karatig/fx driver about the experiences and the challenges in their profession. Make sure to ask follow up questions to get as much details as possible. After completing this, create a powerpoint presentation about the driver that you selected and present it to the class. You will be rated based on the following:

**Assessment Rubric for PowerPoint Presentations**

	<b>Exemplary</b>	<b>Accomplished</b>	<b>Developing</b>	<b>Beginning</b>
<b>Organization</b>	Information presented in logical, interesting sequence	Information in logical sequence	Difficult to follow presentation-- student jumps around	Cannot understand presentation-- no sequence of information
<b>Subject Knowledge</b>	Demonstrates full knowledge by answering all class questions with explanations and elaborations	At ease with expected answers to questions but does not elaborate	Uncomfortable with information and is able to answer only rudimentary questions	Does not have a grasp of the information. Cannot answer questions about subject
<b>Graphics</b>	Explain and reinforce screen text and presentation	Relate to text and presentation	Occasionally uses graphics that rarely support text and presentation	Uses superfluous graphics or no graphics
<b>Research</b>	Uses a variety of sources in reaching accurate conclusions	Uses a variety of sources in reaching conclusions	Presents only evidence that supports a preconceived point of view	Does not justify conclusions with research evidence
<b>Screen Design</b>	Includes a variety of graphics, text, and animation that exhibits a sense of wholeness. Creative use of navigational tools and buttons	Includes a variety of graphics, text, and animation. Adequate navigational tools and buttons	Includes combinations of graphics and text, but buttons are difficult to navigate. Some buttons and navigational tools work	Either confusing or cluttered, barren or stark. Buttons or navigational tools are absent or confusing
<b>Oral Presentation Elocution/Eye Contact</b>	Maintains eye contact and pronounces all terms precisely. All audience members can hear	Maintains eye contact most of the time and pronounces most words correctly. Most audience members can hear presentation	Occasionally uses eye contact, mostly reading presentation, and incorrectly pronounces terms. Audience members have difficulty hearing	Reads with no eye contact and incorrectly pronounces terms. Speaks too quietly

# JAPAN

## PHASE 1

### Japanese Literature

Japanese literature has been influenced heavily by the Chinese literature from the ancient period all the way to the Edo period (1603-1868) which corresponds to the early modern Japanese literature. Japanese literary works also reveal elements of Indian and later of Western elements but above all, they reveal a distinct style which has also greatly influenced both Eastern and Western literatures.

Japanese Literature can be divided into four periods: the ancient, classical, medieval and modern.

Ancient literature in Japan deals primarily with myths and legends. Tales like the creation of Japan, wherein the islands came from the gemstones imbued in the swords of gods are very prominent during this period. The celebrated writers during this period are Ono Yasumaro, Nihon Shoki, and Man'yōshū which wrote based on real events in the country.

The classical literature in Japan occurred during the golden age, the Heian period. During this period, Murasaki Shikibu, one of the greatest Japanese writers, wrote the seminal text, Tale of Genji. Tale of Genji, considered the world's first novel, is a very charming and accurate depiction of the Japanese court during the Heian period under the reign of Empress Akiko. It clearly shows the women in Prince Genji's life and it paints them in their refinements, talents in the arts, drawing, poetry and the beauties of nature. Other notable authors from this period are Sei Shōnagon and Konjaku Monogatari.

History and literature were intertwined during the Medieval period due to the influence of the civil wars and the emergence of the warrior class. Thus, war tales are very prominent during this period. Stories like Tale of the Heike

deals with the conflict between two powerful Japanese clans. Besides war stories and tales, the popular form of Japanese poetry, the renga, saw its rise.

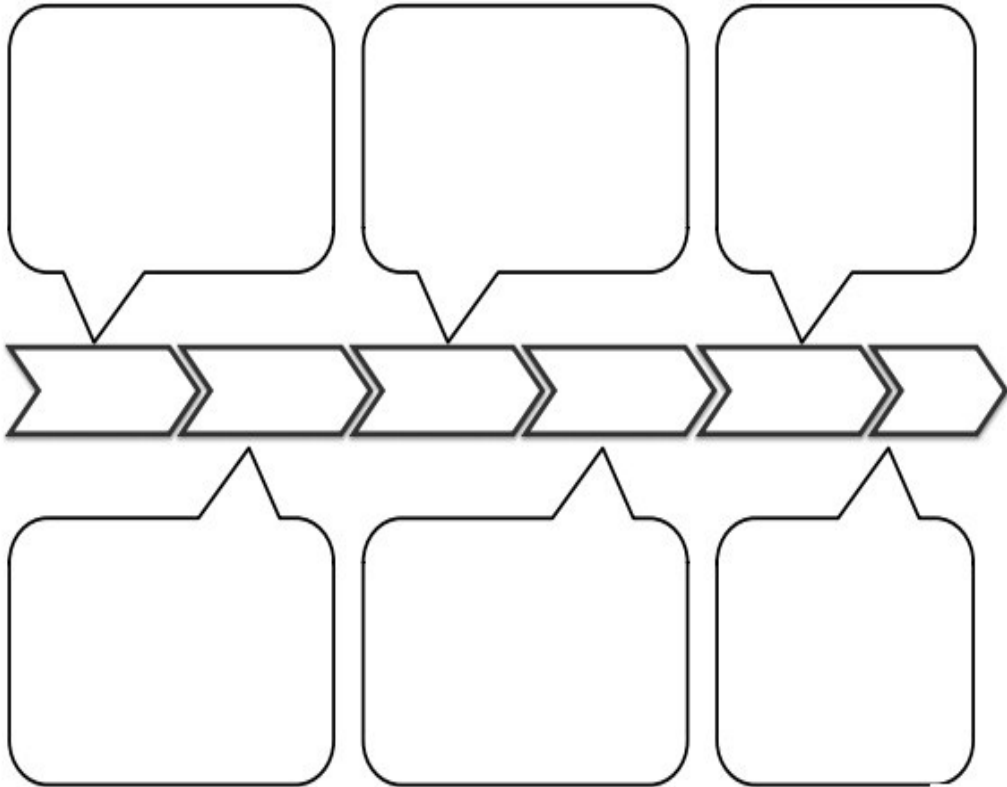
Modern literature can be further divided into early modern, which happened during the Edo period, and modern, which starts during the Meiji period, when Japan opened its doors to the West. The early modern gave way to the rise of new genres like the Japanese drama, kabuki, the poetry form known for its simplicity and subtlety, haiku, and the yomihon, a type of Japanese book which put little emphasis on illustration.

The modern period also marked the emergence of new styles of writing. Japanese writers started to romanticize and tried experimenting with different genres and subject matters. The Second World War heavily affected Japanese literature but soon, the distinct Japanese style of writing managed to regain its popularity. Some of the prominent modern Japanese writers are Yasunari Kawabata, Kobo Abe, Takiji Kobayashi, and Haruki Murakami to mention a few.

### **ACTIVITY 1**

After reading the introduction, you are now ready to create a timeline about the important details to remember about Japanese literature. Use the template for your answer.

# Timeline



## ACTIVITY 2

Complete the table by putting a check (/) that corresponds to your answer. After doing this activity, work with your group, share your responses and create a generalization. Be ready to present it to the class.

5	Excellent
4	Very Satisfactory
3	Satisfactory
2	Poor
1	Very Poor

A. How would you solve a problem?	5	4	3	2	1
1. I usually think on my own.					
2. I ask opinion to people.					
3. Listen to others story.					
4. Ignore.					
5. I hear the side of the people I trust.					
6. I use trial and error.					
7. I let others to solve it for me.					
8. I act based on experience.					
9. Make an immediate action without thinking					

B. How do you give an advice?	5	4	3	2	1
1. I put myself on their shoe.					
2. Reflect myself with the problems I've been through.					
3. Make an example in explaining my view.					
4. Give them positive outlook in life.					
5. Make them feel the value of situation.					

**PHASE 2**

**ACTIVITY 3**

Read the excerpt from Haruki Murakami's *Kafka on the Shore* then complete the tasks that follow.

**The Boy Named Crow (an excerpt from *Kafka on the Shore*)**

*by Haruki Murakami*

"So you're all set for money, then?" the boy named Crow asks in his typical sluggish voice. The kind of voice like when you've just woken up and your mouth still feels heavy and dull. But he's just pretending. He's totally awake. As always.

I nod.

"How much?"

I review the numbers in my head. "Close to thirty-five hundred in cash, plus some money I can get from an ATM. I know it's not a lot, but it should be enough. For the time being."

"Not bad," the boy named Crow says. "For the time being."

I give him another nod.

"I'm guessing this isn't Christmas money from Santa Claus."

"Yeah, you're right," I reply.

Crow smirks and looks around. "I imagine you've started by rifling drawers, am I right?"

I don't say anything. He knows whose money we're talking about, so there's no need for any long-winded interrogations. He's just giving me a hard time.

"No matter," Crow says. "You really need this money and you're going to get it--beg, borrow, or steal. It's your father's money, so who cares, right? Get your hands on that much and you should be able to make it. For the time being. But what's the plan after it's all gone? Money isn't like mushrooms in a forest--it doesn't just pop up on its own, you know. You'll need to eat, a place to sleep. One day you're going to run out."

"I'll think about that when the time comes," I say.

"When the time comes," Crow repeats, as if weighing these words in his hand. I nod.

"Like by getting a job or something?"

"Maybe," I say.

Crow shakes his head. "You know, you've got a lot to learn about the world. Listen--what kind of job could a fifteen-year-old kid get in some far-off place he's never been to before? You haven't even finished junior high. Who do you think's going to hire you?"

I blush a little. It doesn't take much to make me blush.

"Forget it," he says. "You're just getting started and I shouldn't lay all this depressing stuff on you. You've already decided what you're going to do, and all that's left is to set the wheels in motion. I mean, it's your life. Basically you gotta go with what you think is right."

That's right. When all is said and done, it is my life.

"I'll tell you one thing, though. You're going to have to get a lot tougher if you want to make it." "I'm trying my best," I say.

"I'm sure you are," Crow says. "These last few years you've gotten a whole lot stronger. I've got to hand it to you."

I nod again.

"But let's face it--you're only fifteen," Crow goes on. "Your life's just begun and there's a ton of things out in the world you've never laid eyes on. Things you never could imagine."

As always, we're sitting beside each other on the old sofa in my father's study. Crow loves the study and all the little objects scattered around there. Now he's toying with a bee-shaped glass paperweight. If my father was at home, you can bet Crow would never go anywhere near it.

"But I have to get out of here," I tell him. "No two ways around it."

"Yeah, I guess you're right." He places the paperweight back on the table and links his hands behind his head. "Not that running away's going to solve everything. I don't want to rain on your parade or anything, but I wouldn't count on escaping this place if I were you. No matter how far you run. Distance might not solve anything."

The boy named Crow lets out a sigh, then rests a fingertip on each of his closed eyelids and speaks to me from the darkness within.

"How about we play our game?" he says.

"All right," I say. I close my eyes and quietly take a deep breath.

"Okay, picture a terrible sandstorm," he says. "Get everything else out of your head."

I do what he says, get everything else out of my head. I forget who I am, even. I'm a total blank. Then things start to surface. Things that--as we sit here on the old leather sofa in my father's study--both of us can see.

"Sometimes fate is like a small sandstorm that keeps changing directions," Crow says.

Sometimes fate is like a small sandstorm that keeps changing directions. You change direction but the sandstorm chases you. You turn again, but the storm

adjusts. Over and over you play this out, like some ominous dance with death just before dawn. Why? Because this storm isn't something that blew in from far away, something that has nothing to do with you. This storm is you. Something inside of you. So all you can do is give in to it, step right inside the storm, closing your eyes and plugging up your ears so the sand doesn't get in, and walk through it, step by step. There's no sun there, no moon, no direction, no sense of time. Just fine white sand swirling up into the sky like pulverized bones. That's the kind of sandstorm you need to imagine.

And that's exactly what I do. I imagine a white funnel stretching up vertically like a thick rope. My eyes are closed tight, hands cupped over my ears, so those fine grains of sand can't blow inside me. The sandstorm draws steadily closer. I can feel the air pressing on my skin. It really is going to swallow me up.

The boy called Crow softly rests a hand on my shoulder, and with that the storm vanishes.

"From now on--no matter what--you've got to be the world's toughest fifteen-year-old. That's the only way you're going to survive. And in order to do that, you've got to figure out what it means to be tough. You following me?"

I keep my eyes closed and don't reply. I just want to sink off into sleep like this, his hand on my shoulder. I hear the faint flutter of wings.

"You're going to be the world's toughest fifteen-year-old," Crow whispers as I try to fall asleep. Like he was carving the words in a deep blue tattoo on my heart.

And you really will have to make it through that violent, metaphysical, symbolic storm. No matter how metaphysical or symbolic it might be, make no mistake about it: it will cut through flesh like a thousand razor blades. People will bleed there, and you will bleed too. Hot, red blood. You'll catch that blood in your hands, your own blood and the blood of others.

And once the storm is over you won't remember how you made it through, how you managed to survive. You won't even be sure, in fact, whether the storm is really over. But one thing is certain. When you come out of the storm you won't be the same person who walked in. That's what this storm's all about.

On my fifteenth birthday I'll run away from home, journey to a far-off town, and live in a corner of a small library. It'd take a week to go into the whole thing, all the details. So I'll just give the main point. On my fifteenth birthday I'll run away from home, journey to a far-off town, and live in a corner of a small library.

It sounds a little like a fairy tale. But it's no fairy tale, believe me. No matter what sort of spin you put on it.

Processing question:

1. Who are the characters presented in the text above? Describe them.
2. What is the primary conflict? Give details to support your answer.
3. Do you think the advice given was an acceptable one?
4. What do you think does the line mean “*And you really will have to make it through that violent, metaphysical, symbolic storm. No matter how metaphysical or symbolic it might be, make no mistake about it: it will cut through flesh like a thousand razor blades.*”?
5. Do you think all of us have experienced the storm that the text is talking about?

#### ACTIVITY 4

Work with your group and work on the task that is given to you by your teacher.

- A. Write an advice to the boy about his decision to run away.

- B. Compose a song that will tackle the importance of giving advice. Perform it on front of the class.
- C. Create a continuation of the excerpt. Show what Kafka will do after hearing those philosophical advice or insights of Crow.
- D. Put up a role play that will portray the effect of giving an advice to an individual.

### PHASE 3

#### ACTIVITY 5

The following figures of speech are used in writing to show comparison. Read the input then identify if the following are used in the excerpt above. Extract the part that shows the figure of speech and then identify what it means. Write your answer on the space given below.

**Allegory** is a symbolism device where the meaning of a greater, often abstract, concept is conveyed with the aid of a more corporeal object or idea being used as an example. Usually a rhetoric device, an allegory suggests a meaning via metaphoric examples.

**Allusion** is a figure of speech whereby the author refers to a subject matter such as a place, event, or literary work by way of a passing reference. It is up to the reader to make a connection to the subject being mentioned.

**Analogy** is a literary device that helps to establish a relationship based on similarities between two concepts or ideas. By using an analogy we can convey a new idea by using the blueprint of an old one as a basis for understanding. With a mental linkage between the two, one can create understanding regarding the new concept in a simple and succinct manner.

**Metaphor** refers to a meaning or identity ascribed to one subject by way of another. In a metaphor, one subject is implied to be another so as to draw a comparison between their similarities and shared traits. The first subject, which is the focus of the sentences is usually compared to the second subject, which is used to convey a degree of meaning that is used to characterize the first.

**Simile**, one of the most commonly used literary devices; referring to the practice of drawing parallels or comparisons between two unrelated and dissimilar things, people, beings, places and concepts. By using similes a greater degree of meaning and understanding is attached to an otherwise simple sentence. Similes are marked by the use of the words ‘as’ or ‘such as’ or ‘like’.

1. Sentence

---

Meaning

---

2. Sentence

---

Meaning

---

3. Sentence

---

Meaning

---

4. Sentence

---

Meaning

---

5. Sentence

---

Meaning

---

### ACTIVITY 6

Associate the object/s given below to describe the person who serves as your motivation/inspiration to reach your goals in life. Write your answers beside each photo and elaborate your answers.



### ACTIVITY 7

Read introduction to *Memoirs of a Geisha* and then complete the graphic organizer below by supplying it with the information needed.

**An introduction to *Memoirs of a Geisha* by Arthur Golden**  
*Written by Ai is Baka*

A young nine year old girl, Chiyo, lives in a rather poor fishing village, Yoroido, on Japan's coast. Along with her older sister, Satsu, she is sent to the geisha (Japanese for artisan) district called Gion.

Split from the only family she has left Chiyo is sent to the Nitta Okiya while her sister is transported else where and becomes less of a role. And Okiya is a house (sort of a compound) where a geisha lives and is taken care of.

Here at the Nitta Okiya Chiyo meets another girl about her age nicknamed Pumpkin. Together Pumpkin and Chiyo struggle through the daily life of being treated as nothing more than slaves to the resident geisha, Hatsumomo. Hatsumomo, the story's resident villain, tries her hardest to make Chiyo's life as miserable as possible.

On one particular occasion Chiyo feeling so depressed collapses on a bridge in tears over her life's woes. Much to her surprise a high society passer by stops to question why she is so sad. Here little Chiyo meets The Chairman for the first time. He shows her kindness in a world which has been naught but cruel to her and from that point on Chiyo makes it her goal to break free from the social class she was born into and become a geisha worthy of The Chairman.

After much work and hardship Chiyo is allowed to attend school where young girls are taught all the important practices associated with the life of a geisha. She learns tea ceremony, how to play the shamisen (like a little banjo or acoustic guitar), as well as quite possibly the most important act, how to dance.

The word geisha in Japanese is derived from a term referring to art so a geisha is like an artisan, or an artist.

After some more altercations with Hatsumomo, Chiyo is taken under the wing of one of Gion's most popular geisha, Mameha. Mameha also happens to be Hatsumomo's arch-rival as a geisha. Mameha takes a long time to introduce Chiyo as her apprentice however once she does she is already blessed with fame for being associated with someone of Mameha's class. Here is the part of the story where Chiyo's name changes to Sayuri (her geisha name).

Mameha introduces Sayuri to many numerous figures in Gion life and it come to a point where men are fighting for the highest bid on Sayuri's mizuage. All this time Sayuri is struggling with the common life lessons learned when one is growing up into a young woman. It is very much a

coming of age story. Through all trials of adversity Sayuri faces her one goal is always to see The Chairman again.

Finally the day comes when she is invited, along with Mameha, to a party at a teahouse at which The Chairman is attending. For the next couple of weeks she attends multiple parties which the chairman attend all the while seemingly coming closer to achieving her goal. Tension has been growing concerning World War II and the society in Gion is beginning to feel the effects of war. Rations are set up and many part of the giesha district have begun to close. Geisha are fleeing to other parts of the country hoping to avoid getting caught in an attack. Sayuri and all of her friends are split apart until after the war and once everyone returns to Gion it is realized the effects of the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

All geisha who fled to these cities obviously died and it is a loss greatly felt by the community. Sayuri desperately attempts to attain the love of the Chairman and the climax of the story is whether or not she does meet her goal.

The image shows a template for nonfiction notes. It is enclosed in a dashed border. At the top left, there is a line for 'Name'. Below it is a line for 'Book Title'. In the top right corner, there is a box with the text 'NONFICTION Notes'. Below this box, there are two overlapping shapes representing sticky notes. The left one is labeled 'Topic/main idea' and the right one is labeled '5 New Words'. At the bottom, there is a section labeled 'FACTS.' with three numbered lines (1., 2., 3.) for writing.

### ACTIVITY 8

Watch the movie adaptation of *Memoirs of a Geisha* and complete the movie review graphic organizer below.



Name:	<h1>My Movie Review</h1>	
		
I thought this movie was ..		
Reason #1	Reason #2	Reason #3
Conclusion:		

### ACTIVITY 9

Sequence of important events from the film *Memoirs of a Geisha*.

	Chiyo and her sister Satsu, are taken away from their parents by Mr. Tanaka to become geishas.
	Satsu and Chiyo are separated from each other ( because they are taken to two different geisha homes)
	The sisters eventually find each other and come up with a plan to run away, but Satsu runs off with a boy instead.
	Mameha makes Chiyo her ‘ little sister ‘ and Hatsumomo does the same for Pumpkin.
	Several men compete to win Sayuri’s ( formerly known as Chiyo ) virginity, which will hopefully clear all her debts.
	More men compete for Sayuri, but this time, it is for becoming her danna ( wealthy man who provides for a geisha )
	Hatsumomo is no longer a part of Sayuri’s life, so Sayuri can’t be harmed by her anymore.
	The chairman tells Sayuri about his feelings for her.

### ACTIVITY 10

You will be divided the class into five (5) groups. Your group must think of a "hugot line" or quotation that will suit the film *Memoirs of A Geisha*. Transfer your “hugot line or quotation” into paper and be liberal in adding designs to show your creativity. Be ready to present your work in front of the class in the most artistic way possible. You will be rated based on the criteria below.

<b>Message and Creativity</b>	<b>30%</b>
Presentation (Clarity, Creativity, Mastery)	<b>30%</b>
Connection to the film <i>Memoirs of a Geisha</i>	<b>30%</b>
Impact	<b>10%</b>
<b>Total</b>	<b>100%</b>

#### PHASE 4

Story telling can be done in a very creative way. If you remember your childhood, at one time or another, you played with paper dolls or puppets in order to tell a story. Now, you are going down memory lane and you will be given a chance to make the characters from the story come to life. You will create paper dolls for the characters in *The Boy Named Crow* and *Memoirs of a Geisha*. To make the activity more interesting, you will create a story in which the characters encounter and had a scene. Exciting isn't it.

Before you begin, here are some tips on how to create paper dolls.

Find a suitable person big enough to trace from magazines, books, comics etc. Try to find one that has well-defined arms and legs, so that you can put clothes on it easily. Trace the image of the person. Adjust lines as needed; you may need to make certain parts stand out more for the clothes to fit well; pay special attention to the shoulders and arms. You may also print out the paper doll sample in this article

Paste the doll onto cardstock to make it last longer.

Color in the doll. Draw eyes, nose, mouth etc. Choose a suitable hair color.

Retrace the body or parts of it again on new paper. This time you are trying to create the clothes, so think about t-shirts, shorts, skirts, jackets etc., and trace the relevant parts of the body.

Draw the clothing items. Color in (see "Tips" for some other suggestions). There are also numerous clothing ideas in the images provided in the second half of this article.

Draw tabs around the edge of the clothes.

Cut out the clothing pieces. When you cut the clothing out, make sure to include tabs at the edges of the clothing which will permit you to attach the clothes to the paper doll.

Make as many outfits as you want. Make as many dolls as you want so that they can be friends. There are lots of ideas shown next. You can also print out the sample clothes in this article.

Try different combinations; mix and match. Don't forget to make accessories and even pets.

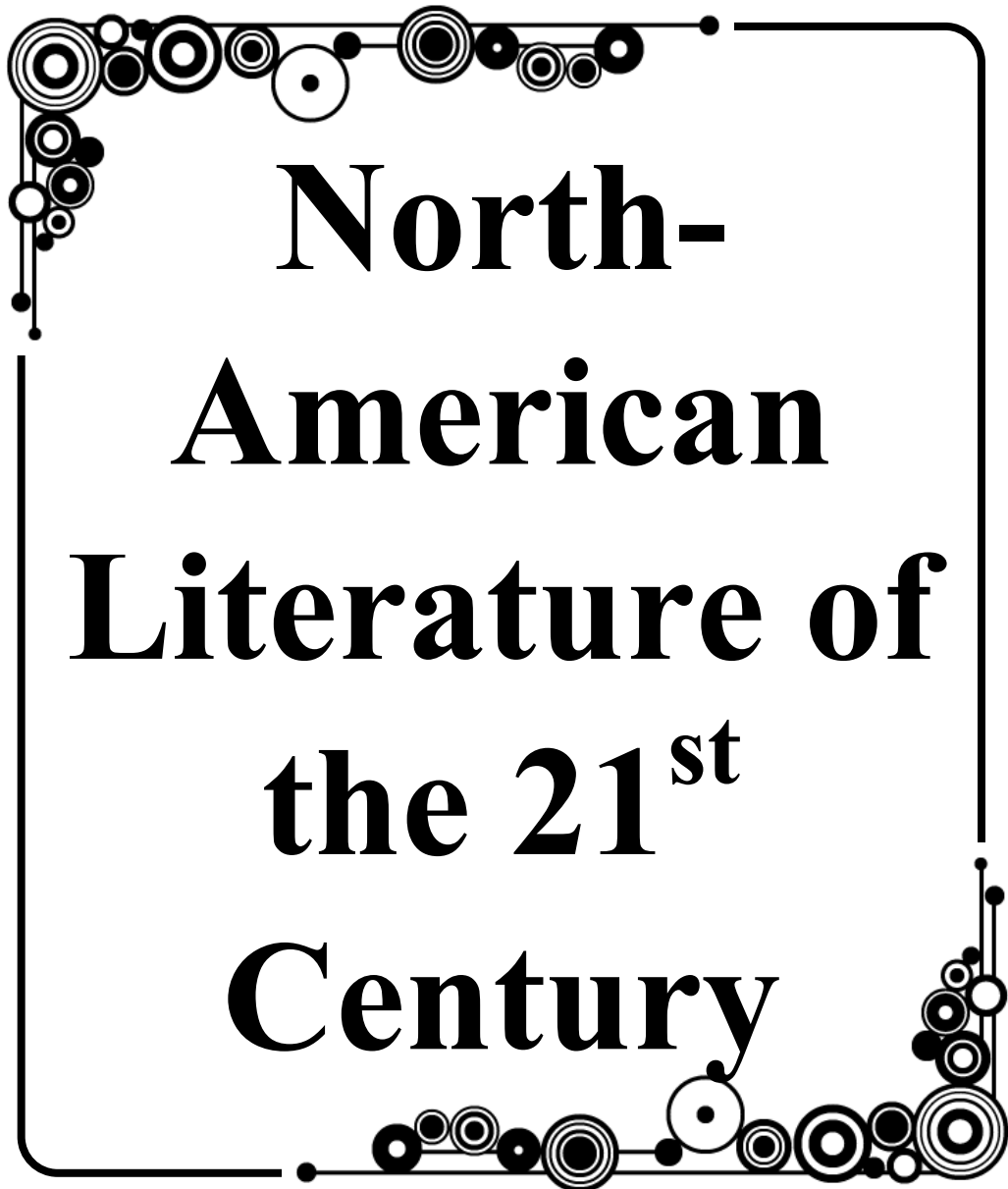
Remember that the paper dolls must reflect the characters from the two stories. Your work will be rated based on the following criteria:

Originality and Creativity of Story : 40%

Relevance to the texts: 35%

Paper dolls: 25%

If you're ready, work with your groups and start creating your. Remember to enjoy learn as if you were just playing.



**North-  
American  
Literature of  
the 21<sup>st</sup>  
Century**

## INTRODUCTION

During its early history, America was a series of British colonies to what is now known as the United States. Thus, the literary tradition of the country can be connected to the British literary tradition. However, the modern day American writing is completely separated from the earlier tradition because of its diverse nature and the breadth of its production.

The earlier American writings will include, Captain John Smith's *A True Relation of Virginia* which discussed the advantages of colonial rule to both the colonies and the colonist audiences. Political writings like the works of Samuel Adams, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine are hailed for its wit and its contribution to building the nation that it is today. Furthermore, the political writings of Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, John Jay, and Thomas Jefferson influenced their very Constitution.

The list of influential American writers will go on and include Washington Irving, with his works *Salmagundi*, *A History of New York* by *Diedrich Knickerbocker*, *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, and *Rip Van Winkle* to name a few; James Fenimore Cooper and his classic, *The Last of the Mohicans*; Edgar Allan Poe, who is considered the father of short stories, wrote *The Raven*, *The Cask of Amontillado*, *The Falls of the House of Usher* and a lot more of other seminal works; Herman Melville's *Moby Dick* and Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* comprise the Dark Romanticism subgenre.

To continue the shortlist of celebrated American writers, you also have to take note of the works of Walt Whitman and Emily Dickinson who are honoured as two of the greatest 19<sup>th</sup> century poets; the proponents of realism, Mark Twain and Henry James, should be remembered for their writing style changed the way American's write their language. The two writers created characters who speak like real people and sound distinctly American with accents native to their region.

At the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, American novelists started experimenting in style and in subject matter. Writers like Edward Bellamy, Upton Sinclair, and Henry Adams discussed political and educational issues

and the power of corporations in their works. American writers also expressed their disillusionment following upon the war. F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote, *The Great Gatsby* which shows how the dreams and ambitions of the youth may quickly disappear and ultimately lead to disappointment.

There are many other influential writers that should be in the list but this introduction might go on for a while. Therefore, as a final note, it must be noted that the history of American Literature is very rich in content and tradition and definitely shaped the writing style of contemporary writers.

## PHASE 1

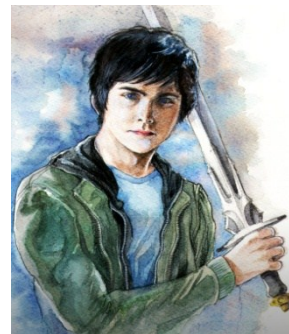
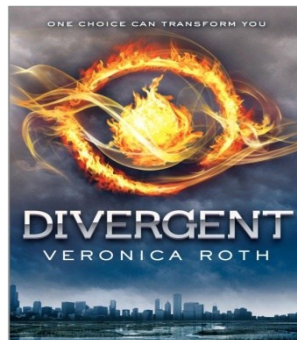
### ACTIVITY 1

Double Matching Type: Look at the given photos below and connect them by matching column A with column B and column C. Use any line that you want to use to connect them. Then, on the space given below the images, write your reason for connecting the images.

COLUMN A COLUMN B



COLUMN C





Explanation:

1. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## ACTIVITY 2

Read the informative excerpt about Contemporary American literature to complete the Frame routing graphic organizer below.

**Contemporary American Literature**, an excerpt  
By Kathryn VanSpanckeren  
(Retrieved from the U.S. Department of State publication, *Outline of American Literature*, retrieved on January 14, 2016)

The United States is one of the most diverse nations in the world. Its dynamic population of about 300 million boasts more than 30 million

foreign-born individuals who speak numerous languages and dialects. Some one million new immigrants arrive each year, many from Asia and Latin America.

Literature in the United States today is likewise dazzlingly diverse, exciting, and evolving. New voices have arisen from many quarters, challenging old ideas and adapting literary traditions to suit changing conditions of the national life. Social and economic advances have enabled previously underrepresented groups to express themselves more fully, while technological innovations have created a fast-moving public forum. Reading clubs proliferate, and book fairs, literary festivals, and "poetry slams" (events where youthful poets compete in performing their poetry) attract enthusiastic audiences. Selection of a new work for a book club can launch an unknown writer into the limelight overnight.

On a typical Sunday the list of best-selling books in the New York Times Book Review testifies to the extraordinary diversity of the current American literary scene. In January, 2006, for example, the list of paperback best-sellers included "genre" fiction – steamy romances by Nora Roberts, a new thriller by John Grisham, murder mysteries – alongside nonfiction science books by the anthropologist Jared Diamond, popular sociology by *The New Yorker* magazine writer Malcolm Gladwell, and accounts of drug rehabilitation and crime. In the last category was a reprint of Truman Capote's groundbreaking *In Cold Blood*, a 1965 "nonfiction novel" that blurs the distinction between high literature and journalism and had recently been made into a film.

Books by non-American authors and books on international themes were also prominent on the list. Afghan-American Khaled Hosseini's searing novel, *The Kite Runner*, tells of childhood friends in Kabul separated by the rule of the Taliban, while Azar Nafisi's memoir, *Reading Lolita in Teheran*, poignantly recalls teaching great works of Western literature to young women in Iran. A third novel, Arthur Golden's *Memoirs of a Geisha* (made into a movie), recounts a Japanese woman's life during World War II.

In addition, the best-seller list reveals the popularity of religious themes. According to *Publishers Weekly*, 2001 was the first year that Christian-themed books topped the sales lists in both fiction and nonfiction. Among the hardcover best-sellers of that exemplary Sunday in 2006, we find Dan Brown's novel *The DaVinci Code* and Anne Rice's tale *Christ the Lord: Out of Egypt*.

Beyond the *Times'* best-seller list, chain bookstores offer separate sections for major religions including Christianity, Islam, Judaism, Buddhism, and sometimes Hinduism.

In the Women's Literature section of bookstores one finds works by a "Third Wave" of feminists, a movement that usually refers to young women in their 20s and 30s who have grown up in an era of widely accepted social equality in the United States. Third Wave feminists feel sufficiently empowered to emphasize the individuality of choices women make. Often associated in the popular mind with a return to tradition and child-rearing, lipstick, and "feminine" styles, these young women have reclaimed the word "girl" – some decline to call themselves feminist. What is often called "chick lit" is a flourishing offshoot. *Bridget Jones's Diary* by the British writer Helen Fielding and Candace Bushnell's *Sex and the City* featuring urban single women with romance in mind have spawned a popular genre among young women.

Nonfiction writers also examine the phenomenon of post-feminism. *The Mommy Myth* (2004) by Susan Douglas and Meredith Michaels analyzes the role of the media in the "mommy wars," while Jennifer Baumgardner and Amy Richards' lively *ManifestA: Young Women, Feminism, and the Future* (2000) discusses women's activism in the age of the Internet. Caitlin Flanagan, a magazine writer who calls herself an "anti-feminist," explores conflicts between domestic life and professional life for women. Her 2004 essay in *The Atlantic*, "How Serfdom Saved the Women's Movement," an account of how professional women depend on immigrant women of a lower class for their childcare, triggered an enormous debate.

It is clear that American literature at the turn of the 21st century has become democratic and heterogeneous. Regionalism has flowered, and international, or "global," writers refract U.S. culture through foreign perspectives. Multiethnic writing continues to mine rich veins, and as each ethnic literature matures, it creates its own traditions. Creative nonfiction and memoir have flourished. The short story genre has gained luster, and the "short" short story has taken root. A new generation of playwrights continues the American tradition of exploring current social issues on stage. There is not space here in this brief survey to do justice to the glittering diversity of American literature today. Instead, one must consider general developments and representative figures...

### **Creative Nonfiction: Memoir and Autobiography**

Many writers hunger for open, less canonical genres as vehicles for their postmodern visions. The rise of global, multiethnic, and women's literature – works in which writers reflect on experiences shaped by culture, color, and gender – has endowed autobiography and memoir with special allure. While the boundaries of the terms are debated, a memoir is typically shorter or more limited in scope, while an autobiography makes some attempt at a comprehensive overview of the writer's life.

Postmodern fragmentation has rendered problematic for many writers the idea of a finished self that can be articulated successfully in one sweep. Many turn to the memoir in their struggles to ground an authentic self. What constitutes authenticity, and to what extent the writer is allowed to embroider upon his or her memories of experience in works of nonfiction, are hotly contested subjects of writers' conferences.

Writers themselves have contributed penetrating observations on such questions in books about writing, such as *The Writing Life* (1989) by Annie Dillard. Noteworthy memoirs include *The Stolen Light* (1989) by Ved Mehta. Born in India, Mehta was blinded at the age of three. His account of flying alone as a young blind person to study in the United States is unforgettable. Irish American Frank McCourt's mesmerizing *Angela's Ashes* (1996) recalls his childhood of poverty, family alcoholism, and intolerance in Ireland with a surprising warmth and humor. Paul

Auster's *Hand to Mouth* (1997) tells of poverty that blocked his writing and poisoned his soul.

### **The Short Story: New Directions**

The story genre had to a degree lost its luster by the late 1970s. Experimental metafiction stories had been penned by Donald Barthelme, Robert Coover, John Barth, and William Gass and were no longer on the cutting edge. Large-circulation weekly magazines that had showcased short fiction, such as the *Saturday Evening Post*, had collapsed.

It took an outsider from the Pacific Northwest – a gritty realist in the tradition of Ernest Hemingway – to revitalize the genre. Raymond Carver (1938-1988) had studied under the late novelist John Gardner, absorbing Gardner's passion for accessible artistry fused with moral vision. Carver rose above alcoholism and harsh poverty to become the most influential story writer in the United States. In his collections *Will You Please Be Quiet, Please?* (1976), *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love* (1981), *Cathedral* (1983), and *Where I'm Calling From* (1988), Carver follows confused working people through dead-end jobs, alcoholic binges, and rented rooms with an understated, minimalist style of writing that carries tremendous impact.

Linked with Carver is novelist and story writer Ann Beattie (1947- ), whose middle-class characters often lead aimless lives. Her stories reference political events and popular songs, and offer distilled glimpses of life decade by decade in the changing United States. Recent collections are *Park City* (1998) and *Perfect Recall* (2001).

Inspired by Carver and Beattie, writers crafted impressive neorealist story collections in the mid-1980s, including Amy Hempel's *Reasons to Live* (1985), David Leavitt's *Family Dancing* (1984), Richard Ford's *Rock Springs* (1987), Bobbie Ann Mason's *Shiloh and Other Stories* (1982), and Lorrie Moore's *Self-Help* (1985). Other noteworthy figures include the late Andre Dubus, author of *Dancing After Hours* (1996), and the prolific John Updike, whose recent story collections include *The Afterlife and Other Stories* (1994).

Today, as is discussed later in this chapter, writers with ethnic and global roots are informing the story genre with non-Western and tribal approaches, and storytelling has commanded critical and popular attention. The versatile, primal tale is the basis of several hybridized forms: novels that are constructed of interlinking short stories or vignettes, and creative nonfictions that interweave history and personal history with fiction.

### **The Short Short Story: Sudden or Flash Fiction**

The short short is a very brief story, often only one or two pages long. It is sometimes called "flash fiction" or "sudden fiction" after the 1986 anthology *Sudden Fiction*, edited by Robert Shapard and James Thomas.

In short short stories, there is little space to develop a character. Rather, the element of plot is central: A crisis occurs, and a sketched-in character simply has to react. Authors deploy clever narrative or linguistic patterns; in some cases, the short short resembles a prose poem.

Supporters claim that short shorts' "reduced geographies" mirror postmodern conditions in which borders seem closer together. They find elegant simplicity in these brief fictions. Detractors see short shorts as a symptom of cultural decay, a general loss of reading ability, and a limited attention span. In any event, short shorts have found a certain niche: They are easy to forward in an e-mail, and they lend themselves to electronic distribution. They make manageable in-class readings and models for writing assignments.

### **Drama**

Contemporary drama mingles realism with fantasy in postmodern works that fuse the personal and the political. The exuberant Tony Kushner (1956- ) has won acclaim for his prize-winning *Angels in America* plays, which vividly render the AIDS epidemic and the psychic cost of closeted homosexuality in the 1980s and 1990s. *Part One: Millennium Approaches* (1991) and its companion piece, *Part Two: Perestroika* (1992), together last seven hours. Combining comedy, melodrama, political

commentary, and special effects, they interweave various plots and marginalized characters.

Women dramatists have attained particular success in recent years. Prominent among them is Beth Henley (1952- ), from Mississippi, known for her portraits of southern women. Henley gained national recognition for her *Crimes of the Heart* (1978), which was made into a film in 1986, a warm play about three eccentric sisters whose affection helps them survive disappointment and despair. Later plays, including *The Miss Firecracker Contest* (1980), *The Wake of Jamey Foster* (1982), *The Debutante Ball* (1985), and *The Lucky Spot* (1986), explore southern forms of socializing – beauty contests, funerals, coming-out parties, and dance halls.

Wendy Wasserstein (1950-2006), from New York, wrote early comedies including *When Dinah Shore Ruled the Earth* (1975), a parody of beauty contests. She is best known for *The Heidi Chronicles* (1988), about a successful woman professor who confesses to deep unhappiness and adopts a baby. Wasserstein continued exploring women's aspirations in *The Sisters Rosensweig* (1991), *An American Daughter* (1997), and *Old Money* (2000).

Younger dramatists such as African-American Suzan-Lori Parks (1964- ) build on the successes of earlier women. Parks, who grew up on various army bases in the United States and Germany, deals with political issues in experimental works whose timelessness and ritualism recall Irish-born writer Samuel Beckett. Her best-known work, *The America Play* (1991), revolves around the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth. She returns to this theme in *Topdog/Underdog* (2001), which tells the story of two African-American brothers named Lincoln and Booth and their lifetime of sibling rivalry.

# The FRAME Routine

Key Topic

is about...

Main idea

Main idea

Main idea

Essential details

Essential details

Essential details

So What? (What's important to understand about this?)

## The Hunger Games

American writer Suzanne Collins is the author of the bestselling *The Hunger Games* series and *The Underland Chronicles*.

Collins recalled that *The Hunger Games* trilogy was born while she was watching television late one night. Flipping through the channels, Collins was suddenly struck by the lack of distinction between reality TV and coverage of the Iraq war. "We have so much programming coming at us all the time," she says. "Is it too much? Are we becoming desensitized to the entire experience?...I can't believe a certain amount of that isn't happening."

For Collins, *The Hunger Games* and her other books touch on the very subjects—necessary and unnecessary wars—that her own father often discussed with her. "If we introduce kids to these ideas earlier, we could get a dialogue about war going earlier and possibly it would lead to more solutions," she says. "I just feel it isn't discussed, not the way it should be. I think that's because it's uncomfortable for people. It's not pleasant to talk about. I know from my experience that we are quite capable of understanding things and processing them at an early age."

The series' first book, *The Hunger Games*, was released in 2008. Its two sequels, *Catching Fire* and *Mockingjay*, were published in 2009 and 2010, respectively. Overall, the series has been a fantastic success, selling more than 50 million print and electronic copies.

A film version of the first book, with a screenplay written by Collins, was released in 2012.

## PHASE 2

### ACTIVITY 3

Watch the movie *The Hunger Games*, and then complete the activities that follow.

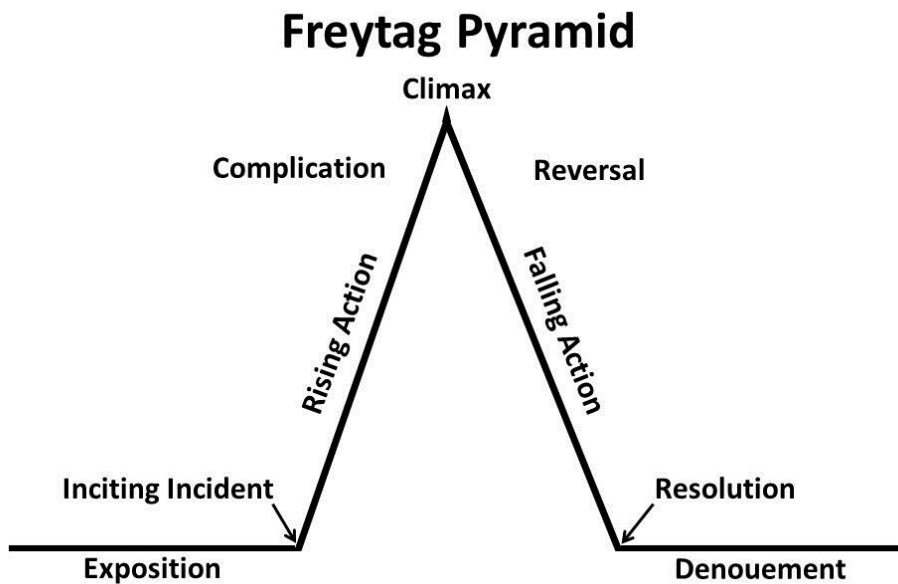


**Plot** refers to the series of events that occur in the story. The plot is the underlying pattern of the story that gives it unity and order. In traditional narrative, the plot can be broken down into the following elements:

- **exposition**- the introduction of the characters and the situation
- **inciting incident** – the main conflict is introduced
- **rising action** - the chain of events that build from the conflict
- **climax** - the moment of crisis in which the outcome will be determined
- **falling action** – the problems are solved.
- **resolution** – the main conflict is answered.
- **denouement** - the outcome or the conclusion - the unraveling or the untangling of the conflict

#### ACTIVITY 4

Work with your group to identify the parts of the plot in the movie *The Hunger Games*. Use the graphic organizer below to indicate your answers.





## PHASE 4

### ACTIVITY 6

**Setting** refers to the time and location in which the story takes place. These two elements together create the entire social and environmental context of the story. Closely related to the setting is the **Atmosphere**, the aura or mood of the story.

**Local color** is the use of superficial elements of setting, dialect, and customs.

Read the following descriptions about each district in *The Hunger Games* and create a visual representation of a district of your choice. Use the blank sheet for your illustration and be ready to present it to the class. You will be rated based on the following criteria:

- Artistry – 30%
- Creativity – 30%
- Interpretation – 30%
- Neatness – 10%

District 1 - *"District 1 makes the luxury goods that decorate and beautify our great Capitol. Its excellent taste and craftsmanship keep Capitol residents bewigged and bedazzled year-round."*

District 2 - *"Our nation would be nothing without District 2's superb stonework. It builds and fortifies our cities and its citizens are known individually for their strength."*

District 3 - *"Panem is one of the most advanced nations in mankind's history, thanks to the efforts of District 3. Its computers keep us all connected and its electronic gadgets keep us all entertained."*

District 4 - *"Do you like seafood? Shrimp and crabmeat? Often overlooked, District 4 plays an essential role, bringing us the bounty of the sea. These citizens are adept with nets and tridents, and can swim like fish themselves."*

District 5 - *"Electric, solar, and nuclear - District 5 harnesses the energy of the earth and the sky in order to power our great nation."*

District 6 - *"Our hovercraft, our high-speed trains, and our cargo trains come to us from District 6. Ironically, the citizens here have little love for travel."*

District 7 - *"This beautiful district is lush with trees, from which these citizens supply our lumber and paper. The people of District 7 are hardworking and down-to-earth."*

District 8 - *"From the simple, lovely fabrics of the districts to the brocades favoured in the Capitol, District 8 makes it all."*

District 9 - *District 9 is Panem's bread bowl, giving us the fertile harvest we need to keep rising as a nation. Its amber waves of grain are an inspiration to us all."*

District 10 - *"The gentle lowing of cattle is the first thing a visitor to District 10 hears. This region raises strong, healthy livestock, which becomes the meat that helps us raise strong, healthy children of Panem."*

District 11 - *"Known for its bountiful orchards, District 11's workers spend their days among rustling fruit trees and sizeable farms."*

District 12 - *"One of the outer districts, this is nonetheless a crucial one. These brave and hardy workers descend deep into the earth each day to mine the coal that keeps our nation running."*

## PHASE 1

The idea of the afterlife is truly one of the concepts that fascinate writers. As weavers of dreams and ideas, writers would like to contribute to the picture of what is going to happen after death, or to put it simply, is there really life after death.

The poem below is a perfect poem, and one of Dickinson's most compressed and chilling attempts to come to terms with mortality. Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow to identify how Dickinson see the afterlife.

### **Death**

*Emily Dickinson*

Because I could not stop for Death,  
He kindly stopped for me;  
The carriage held but just ourselves  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,  
And I had put away  
My labor, and my leisure too,  
For his civility.

We passed the school, where children strove  
At recess, in the ring;  
We passed the fields of gazing grain,  
We passed the setting sun.

Or rather, he passed us;  
The dews grew quivering and chill,  
For only gossamer my gown,  
My tippet only tulle.

We paused before a house that seemed  
A swelling of the ground;  
The roof was scarcely visible,  
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries, and yet each  
Feels shorter than the day  
I first surmised the horses' heads  
Were toward eternity.



## PHASE 2

Reading poetry often requires more concentration and greater care than reading prose. Here are some suggestions to help you in studying a poem:

1. Read in sentences rather than lines. Line breaks do not automatically mean that the sentence is over. Always follow the punctuation to see where the poet ended the thought in a sentence.
2. Check the meaning of unfamiliar words. Study the multiple meaning of words and check the context in which they appeared.
3. Analyze the structure of unclear sentences. A poem can sometimes be compared to a puzzle and the key to unlocking its mystery is to understand the unclear sentence. Sometimes, it will be helpful to put the sentence into your own words to see if your version complements the context of the poem.
4. Note the poetic devices used and their purpose. Check how the imagery and figurative language were used. Look for the speaker and the tone to get a deeper understanding of the poem.
5. Try to get the overall idea of the poem. Sometimes, there will be statements that will summarize the message of the poem. Be sensitive to make your studying easier.

## PHASE 2

### Activity 3

Below is a biography of John Ashbery, one of America's most famous and most decorated poets, of the modern century. Read the biography and complete the graphic organizer below.

#### **Biography of John Ashbery**

Retrieved from <http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/john-ashbery>.

Retrieved on January 15, 2016

John Ashbery is recognized as one of the greatest American poets. He has won nearly every major American award for poetry, including the Pulitzer Prize, the National Book Award, the Yale Younger Poets Prize, the

Bollingen Prize, the Ruth Lilly Poetry Prize, the Griffin International Award, and a MacArthur "Genius" Grant. Ashbery's poetry challenges its readers to discard all presumptions about the aims, themes, and stylistic scaffolding of verse in favor of a literature that reflects upon the limits of language and the volatility of consciousness. In the *New Criterion*, William Logan noted: "Few poets have so cleverly manipulated, or just plain tortured, our soiled desire for meaning. [Ashbery] reminds us that most poets who give us meaning don't know what they're talking about." The *New York Times Book Review* essayist Stephen Koch characterized Ashbery's voice as "a hushed, simultaneously incomprehensible and intelligent whisper with a weird pulsating rhythm that fluctuates like a wave between peaks of sharp clarity and watery droughts of obscurity and languor."

Ashbery's first book, *Some Trees* (1956) won the Yale Younger Poets Prize. The competition was judged by W.H. Auden, who famously confessed later that he hadn't understood a word of the winning manuscript. Ashbery published a spate of successful and influential collections in the 1960s and '70s, including *The Tennis Court Oath* (1962), *The Double Dream of Spring* (1970), *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror* (1975) and *Houseboat Days* (1977). *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror*, considered by many to be Ashbery's masterpiece, won the Pulitzer Prize, the National Book Award, and the National Book Critics Circle Award, an unprecedented triple-crown in the literary world. Essentially a meditation on Francesco Parmigianino's painting "Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror," the narrative poem showcases the influence of visual art on Ashbery's style, as well as introducing one of his major subjects: the nature of the creative act, particularly as it applies to the writing of poetry. This is also, as Peter Stitt noted, a major theme of *Houseboat Days*, a volume acclaimed by Marjorie Perloff in *Washington Post Book World* as "the most exciting, most original book of poems to have appeared in the 1970s." Stitt maintained in the *Georgia Review* that "Ashbery has come to write, in the poet's most implicitly ironic gesture, almost exclusively about his own poems, the ones he is writing as he writes about them." Roger Shattuck made a similar point in the *New York Review of Books*: "Nearly every poem in *Houseboat Days* shows that Ashbery's phenomenological eye fixes itself not so much on ordinary living and doing

as on the specific act of composing a poem...Thus every poem becomes an ars poetica of its own condition."

Critics have noted how Ashbery's verse has taken shape under the influence of abstract expressionism, a movement in modern painting stressing nonrepresentational methods of picturing reality. "Modern art was the first and most powerful influence on Ashbery," Helen McNeil declared in the *Times Literary Supplement*. "When he began to write in the 1950s, American poetry was constrained and formal while American abstract-expressionist art was vigorously taking over the heroic responsibilities of the European avant garde." True to this influence, Ashbery's poems, according to Fred Moramarco in the *Journal of Modern Literature*, are a "verbal canvas" upon which the poet freely applies the techniques of expressionism. Ashbery's experience as an art critic in France during the 1950s and '60s, and in New York for magazines like *New York* and the *Partisan Review* strengthened his ties to abstract expressionism. But Ashbery's poetry, as critics have observed, has evolved under a variety of influences besides modern art, becoming in the end the expression of a voice unmistakably his own. Ashbery's influences include the Romantic tradition in American poetry that progressed from Whitman to Wallace Stevens, the so-called "New York School of Poets" featuring contemporaries such as Frank O'Hara and Kenneth Koch, and the French surrealist writers with whom Ashbery has dealt in his work as a critic and translator.

Ashbery's style—self-reflexive, multi-phonetic, vaguely narrative, full of both pop culture and high allusion—has become "so influential that its imitators are legion," Helen Vendler observed in the *New Yorker*. Although even his strongest supporters admit that his poetry is often difficult to read and willfully difficult to understand, many critics have commented on the manner in which Ashbery's fluid style conveys a major concern in his poetry: the refusal to impose an arbitrary order on a world of flux and chaos. In his verse, Ashbery attempts to mirror the stream of perceptions of which human consciousness is composed. His poetry is open-ended and multi-various because life itself is, he told Bryan Appleyard in the *London Times*: "I don't find any direct statements in life. My poetry imitates or reproduces the way knowledge or awareness come to me, which is by fits and starts and by indirection. I don't think poetry arranged in neat patterns would reflect that

situation. My poetry is disjunct, but then so is life." His poems move, often without continuity, from one image to the next, prompting some critics to praise his expressionist technique and others to accuse him of producing art that is unintelligible, even meaningless.

Ashbery's poetry—and its influence on younger poets—remains controversial because of just this split in critical opinion: some critics laud what Paul Auster described in *Harper's* as Ashbery's "ability to undermine our certainties, to articulate so fully the ambiguous zones of our consciousness," while others deplore his obscurantism and insist that his poems, made up of anything and everything, can mean anything and everything. Reflecting upon the critical response to his poem, "Litany," Ashbery once told *Contemporary Authors*, "I'm quite puzzled by my work too, along with a lot of other people. I was always intrigued by it, but at the same time a little apprehensive and sort of embarrassed about annoying the same critics who are always annoyed by my work. I'm kind of sorry that I cause so much grief."

In more recent Ashbery works, such as *Girls on the Run* (1999), *Chinese Whispers* (2002), *Where Shall I Wander?* (2005) and *A Worldly Country* (2007), critics have noted an infusion of elegy as the poet contemplates aging and death. In the *Nation*, Calvin Bedient stated: "For all his experimentation, Ashbery writes (as the important writers have always done) about happiness and woe. If the woe he knows is treated comically, it's still woe." While praising the poems in *Chinese Whispers* for their "light touch and consistent pacing," *Library Journal* reviewer Barbara Hoffert noted that in "these autumnal pieces a sense of calm predominates" as "things repeatedly fall, ebb, dissipate, or descend." In the *Times Literary Supplement*, Stephen Burt compared late-Ashbery to Wallace Stevens, another poet of old age: "if [Ashbery's poems] do not even seek the kinds of formal completion we find in Stevens, they make up for it in their range of tones—befuddled, affectionate, bubbly, chastened, sombre, alarmed, and then befuddled again." But, Burt declares, "Ashbery seems more contemporary, more topical, now than when he started writing, though the culture has changed around him more than he has changed: he has become the poet of our multi-tasking, interruption-filled, and entertainment-seeking days."

Mark Ford, also writing in the *Times Literary Supplement*, compared Ashbery's poetry to Walt Whitman's. "Like Whitman's, it is essentially a means of involving the reader in the poem on what Whitman calls 'equal terms'. . . . Ashbery's evasions might be seen as motivated by a similar desire to achieve a greater—and more democratic—intimacy by short-circuiting conventional modes of address." Nicholas Jenkins concluded in the *New York Times Book Review* that Ashbery's poetry "appeals not because it offers wisdom in a packaged form, but because the elusiveness and mysterious promise of his lines remind us that we always have a future and a condition of meaningfulness to start out toward." In 2008, the Library of America published *John Ashbery: Collected Poems, 1956-1987*, the first collection of a living poet ever published by the series.

**Bibliography Graphic Organizer**

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

**Early Life:**

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**Who?**

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**Birthdate:**

\_\_\_\_\_

**Death Date:**

\_\_\_\_\_

**Character Traits (adjectives):**

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**What is he/she famous for?**

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**Where in the world is \_\_\_\_\_?**

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**Fun Facts:**

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#### ACTIVITY 4

Go back to the suggestions on how to study poetry above as you read the poem, *My Philosophy in Life* by John Ashbery and answer the questions that follow.

### **My Philosophy in Life**

*John Ashbery*

Just when I thought there wasn't room enough  
for another thought in my head, I had this great idea--  
call it a philosophy of life, if you will. Briefly,  
it involved living the way philosophers live,  
according to a set of principles. OK, but which ones?

That was the hardest part, I admit, but I had a  
kind of dark foreknowledge of what it would be like.  
Everything, from eating watermelon or going to the bathroom  
or just standing on a subway platform, lost in thought  
for a few minutes, or worrying about rain forests,  
would be affected, or more precisely, inflected  
by my new attitude. I wouldn't be preachy,  
or worry about children and old people, except  
in the general way prescribed by our clockwork universe.

Instead I'd sort of let things be what they are  
while injecting them with the serum of the new moral climate

I thought I'd stumbled into, as a stranger  
accidentally presses against a panel and a bookcase slides back,  
revealing a winding staircase with greenish light  
somewhere down below, and he automatically steps inside  
and the bookcase slides shut, as is customary on such occasions.  
At once a fragrance overwhelms him--not saffron, not lavender,  
but something in between. He thinks of cushions, like the one  
his uncle's Boston bull terrier used to lie on watching him  
quizzically, pointed ear-tips folded over. And then the great rush  
is on. Not a single idea emerges from it. It's enough  
to disgust you with thought. But then you remember something

William James

wrote in some book of his you never read--it was fine, it had the  
fineness,

the powder of life dusted over it, by chance, of course, yet  
 still looking  
 for evidence of fingerprints. Someone had handled it  
 even before he formulated it, though the thought was his and  
 his alone.

It's fine, in summer, to visit the seashore.  
 There are lots of little trips to be made.  
 A grove of fledgling aspens welcomes the traveller. Nearby  
 are the public toilets where weary pilgrims have carved  
 their names and addresses, and perhaps messages as well,  
 messages to the world, as they sat  
 and thought about what they'd do after using the toilet  
 and washing their hands at the sink, prior to stepping out  
 into the open again. Had they been coaxed in by principles,  
 and were their words philosophy, of however crude a sort?  
 I confess I can move no farther along this train of thought--  
 something's blocking it. Something I'm  
 not big enough to see over. Or maybe I'm frankly scared.  
 What was the matter with how I acted before?  
 But maybe I can come up with a compromise--I'll let  
 things be what they are, sort of. In the autumn I'll put up jellies  
 and preserves, against the winter cold and futility,  
 and that will be a human thing, and intelligent as well.  
 I won't be embarrassed by my friends' dumb remarks,  
 or even my own, though admittedly that's the hardest part,  
 as when you are in a crowded theater and something you say  
 riles the spectator in front of you, who doesn't even like the idea  
 of two people near him talking together. Well he's  
 got to be flushed out so the hunters can have a crack at him--  
 this thing works both ways, you know. You can't always  
 be worrying about others and keeping track of yourself  
 at the same time. That would be abusive, and about as much fun  
 as attending the wedding of two people you don't know.  
 Still, there's a lot of fun to be had in the gaps between ideas.  
 That's what they're made for! Now I want you to go out there  
 and enjoy yourself, and yes, enjoy your philosophy of life, too.  
 They don't come along every day. Look out! There's a big one...

Processing Questions:

1. Who is the persona in the poem? Describe the persona.
2. What are the figures of speech that were used in the poem?
3. What is the effect of the figures of speech to the message?
4. What is the main idea that the poem would like to share with the readers?
5. Can you relate the philosophy of the poet to your own? Explain your answer.

### ACTIVITY 5

Use your creativity and put your own flavour to the poem by creating a rap for it. Work with your group to arrange the poem and make it your own. Make sure that the message of the poem is intact and your presentation and product creative. You will be rated with the following criteria:

Arrangement : 30%

Performance : 30%

Creativity : 30%

Impact : 10%

### PHASE 3

Poetry and poets have been described in various way: Thomas Hardy, for instance, says that poetry is emotion put into measure. The emotion must come by nature, but the measure can be acquired by art. . S. Eliot believes that immature poets imitate; mature poets steal; Thomas Babington Macaulay, on the other hand, said “Perhaps no person can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind.”; William Wordsworth expressed that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful words recollected in moments of tranquillity.

Amidst the many beliefs and opinions about poetry, it is important to have a common definition of it. Thus, let’s consider the idea that poetry is an imaginative response to an experience reflecting a keen awareness of language. Speaking of language in poetry, it uses two kinds of language: literal and figurative: the literal means that the words were taken exactly as it is and figurative, when the language is used figuratively to create a special effect.

Elements of poetry that must be remembered are the speaker, theme, diction, imagery, rhyme and rhythm, meter, verse, stanza, and line breaks.

There are also different kinds of poetry: the **lyric poem** which is a comparatively short, non-narrative poem in which a single speaker presents a state of mind or an emotional state. Lyric poetry retains some of the elements of song which is said to be its origin: For Greek writers the lyric was a song accompanied by the lyre; and the **narrative poetry** gives a verbal representation, in verse, of a sequence of connected events, it propels characters through a plot. It is always told by a narrator. Narrative poems might tell of a love story, the story of a father and son, or the deeds of a hero or heroine.

In the 21<sup>st</sup> century world that is fast-moving and where the “faster, the better” almost always applies. Many reading materials are stripped-down so they can be read and digested swiftly. But poetry is a different kind of writing that demands a different kind of reading, a more personal kind of reading. In poetry, sometimes a single sentence is as rich and complex as an entire paragraph of prose and readers must pay great attention to sound. For all these reasons, a reader must not apply the kind of reading that he does for prose to poetry.

### Activity 6

One of the most remembered parts in answering slum books, back when you were young, was the question: “What’s your motto?” Now, it’s time to go down memory lane and think of your motto. However, instead of writing “Time is gold.” Or “Live life to the fullest.” Make it more poetic! Edit your motto and write in a couplet, a two line poem that rhymes. Interesting and challenging, isn’t it? Write your poetic motto on the space below.

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## PHASE 4

You've been in quite a journey at this point in your life. You have experienced a lot to have a perspective that is uniquely yours. You have your own way of coping with challenges and trials, your own unique way of handling success, your own way of giving and loving. It will be very beautiful to be able to share your philosophy with others. So, for this activity, you will be sharing your philosophy to others by writing your own poem.

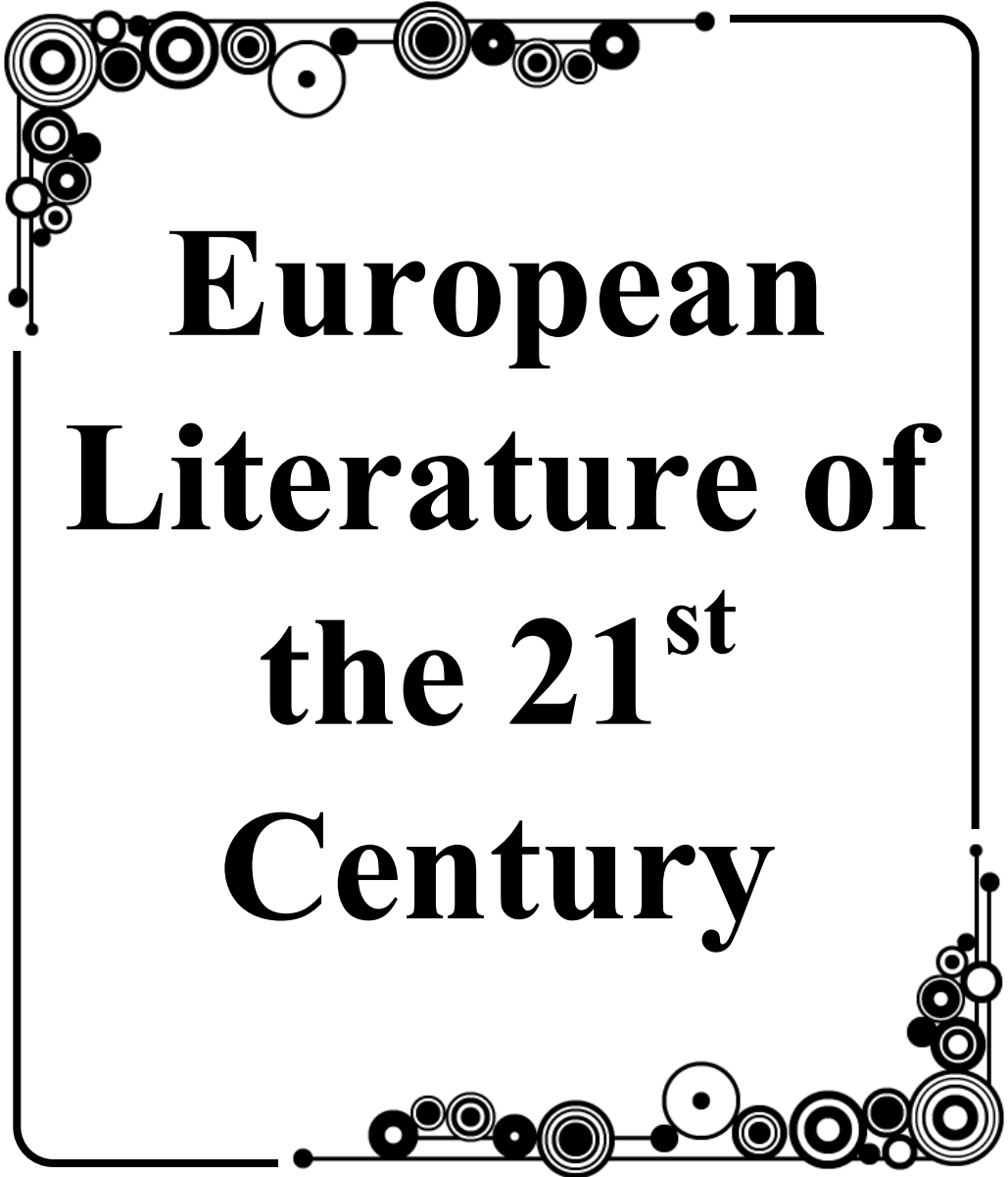
As you complete this activity, be guided by the following rubric.

### RUBRIC FOR POETRY

CATEGORY	Excellent - 4	Good - 3	Satisfactory -2	Needs Improvement - 1
<b>THE WRITING PROCESS / EFFORT</b>	Student devoted a lot of time and effort to the writing process and worked hard to make the poem a good read. The poem has no errors.	Student devoted adequate time and effort to the writing process and worked to get the job done. The poem may have one or two errors.	Student devoted some time and effort to the writing process but was not very thorough. Does enough to get by. There are several errors.	Student devoted little time and effort to the writing process. It appears that the student does not care about the assignment. The poem has many errors.
<b>TITLE</b>	The poem has a title that clearly relates to the poem and adds interest to the theme or message of the poem	The poem has a title that relates to the poem	The poem has a title	The poem has no title
<b>NEATNESS</b>	The final draft of the poem is readable, clean, neat and attractive. It is free of erasures and crossed-out words. It looks like the author took great pride	The final draft of the poem is readable, neat and attractive. It may have one or two erasures, but they are not distracting. It looks like the author took	The final draft of the poem is readable and some of the pages are attractive. It looks like parts of it might have been done in a hurry.	The final draft is not neat or attractive. It looks like the student just wanted to get it done and didn't care what it looked like.

	in it.	some pride in it.		
<b>STYLE</b>	The poem is written with a great sense of style. The poem has been well thought out and makes sense to the reader.	The poem is written with a defined with style. Thoughts are clear to read and understandable.	The poem is written somewhat with style. Thoughts are clear to a degree.	The poem lacks style and the thoughts did not come out clearly on paper.
<b>VOCABULARY</b>	The poem is filled with descriptive vocabulary that appeals to the reader.	The poem includes many descriptive elements and is appealing.	The poem includes some descriptive words and phrases.	The poem lacks description and does not allow the reader to visualize the poem.

TOTAL SCORE: \_\_\_\_\_



# European Literature of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century

## INTRODUCTION

The history and catalogue of the European literature is so rich that it is quite close to impossible to describe it and give justice to its entire list of great works and even greater writers in an introduction. However, to give learners a little background information, European literature refers to the literature in many languages; among the most important of the modern written works are those in English, Spanish, French, Dutch, Polish, German, Italian, Modern Greek, Czech, Russian, Bosnian and works by the Scandinavians and Irish. Important classical and medieval traditions are those in Latin, Ancient Greek, Old Norse, Medieval French and the Italian Tuscan dialect of the renaissance are also part of its collection.

The Medieval Period (500-1500) of European literature already saw masterful works like *Beowulf*, *The Song of Roland*, *The Nibelungenlied*, and seminal work of Geoffrey Chaucer, *The Canterbury Tales*. The mentioned works of art was followed by even more popular titles, because during the Renaissance Period, writers like Edmund Spenser (*The Faerie Queen*), John Milton (*Paradise Lost*), and William Shakespeare (*Romeo and Juliet*; *Macbeth*) took the level of its literary standard into a whole new high.

Following the Medieval Period was the Age of Enlightenment (1700-1800) and at its center was a celebration of ideas – ideas about what the human mind was capable of, and what could be achieved through deliberate action and scientific methodology. Many of the new, enlightened ideas were political in nature. Writers like Voltaire and Jean-Jacques Rousseau were the torchbearers of Enlightenment literature and philosophy. Rousseau was a strong advocate for social reform of all kinds. His most important work, however, was *Émile*, a massively influential piece of non-fiction that argues for extensive and liberal education as the means for creating good citizens. Rousseau's work on behalf of social empowerment and democracy would remain influential long after his passing. Espousing similar political positions, Voltaire employed dry wit and sarcasm to entertain his readers while making convincing arguments for reform.

No other period in English literature displays more variety in style, theme, and content than the Romantic Movement (1798-1870) of the

eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Romanticism is concerned with the masses and not with the middle class, the individual more than with society. The individual consciousness and individual imagination are especially fascinating for the Romantics. With writers like Mary Shelley and her masterpiece, *Frankenstein* and Lord Byron's *Don Juan*, the focus of literature shifted from the scientific to the mysterious.

Then came the Victorian Period. The name given to the period is borrowed from the royal matriarch of England, Queen Victoria, who sat on throne from 1837 to 1901. The Victorian writers exhibited some well-established habits from previous eras, while at the same time pushing arts and letters in new and interesting directions. Victorian novelists and poets like Charlotte and Emily Bronte, Lord Tennyson, Robert Browning, Gustave Flaubert, George Eliot, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, and Thomas Hardy wrote with simplicity, truth and tempered emotion.

Realism (1820-1920), the next period in European literature, is precisely what it sounds like. It is attention to detail, and an effort to replicate the true nature of reality in a way that novelists had never attempted. There is the belief that the novel's function is simply to report what happens, without comment or judgment. Seemingly inconsequential elements gain the attention of the novel functioning in the realist mode. Famous writers during this period were Franz Kafka, William Butler Yeats, T. S. Eliot, and Vicente Biasco Ibanez, among others.

Naturalism (1870-1920) sought to go further and be more explanatory than Realism by identifying the underlying causes for a person's actions or beliefs. In Naturalism, the environment played a large part in the narrative structure. The locale shapes the personalities of the characters without them even realizing it. Emile Zola, one of the most influential writers in this period of literature, provided inspiration and model in writing during this period.

*Crime and Punishment* is a profound example of how some of the principles of existentialist (1850-Today), the next literary period. Dostoyevsky's story shows that thinking can be perverted, leading to ethical decay and personal destruction. Another writer, Franz Kafka, has also been

associated with twentieth century existentialism. But the name most related to existential literature is Albert Camus. The characters in his work are caught in situations that are way out of their control and getting out of the situation is almost futile. The influence given by these authors are still reflected in this generation if you read the works of Chuck Palahniuk, Stanley Kubrick, and David Lynch.

The Modernist Period (1910-1965) in Literature presented a new way of living and seeing the world. Writers are now free to try new concepts in writing like the use of the unreliable narrator, among others. Modernism was set in motion, in one sense, through a series of cultural shocks where the poets who took fullest advantage of the new spirit of the times, and stretched the possibilities of their craft to lengths not previously imagined.

All these period in literature influenced and led to what is now seen in the works of 21<sup>st</sup> century European writers.

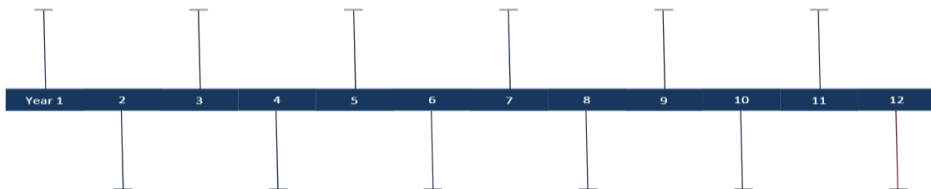
## PHASE 1

### ACTIVITY 1

Create a timeline to note the important periods in European literature as written in the introduction. Use the space given to indicate your answer.

**TIMELINE**

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### ACTIVITY 2

Read the summary of the myth of Europe and then work with your group and share stories and legends on how the Philippines was created. Choose a representative to share your groups input to the class. Remember to use visual aids for your presentation.

According to Greek mythology, the Phoenician maiden named ‘Europa’ was one of the many objects of affection of Olympian chief god Zeus. At first sight of Europa, the god was infatuated by her striking beauty and grace. Not being one to ignore his desires, Zeus immediately comes up with a cunning plan. In order to avoid the anger of his jealous wife Hera, and to get his way with the girl, Zeus transformed into a beautiful white bull. While the young maiden was gathering flowers, she saw the bull, and – fascinated by its handsome flanks and gentle behavior - caressed him and got onto his back. Zeus took that opportunity to abduct Europa and swim to the island of Crete. He there revealed his true identity, raped and impregnated her. Europa gave birth to Minos, who would become king of Crete.

## PHASE 2

### ACTIVITY 3

Read the summary of Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone and complete the graphic organizer below.

#### **HARRY POTTER AND THE SORCERER'S STONE**

*J. K. Rowling*

Retrieved from <http://www.sparknotes.com/lit/harrypotter/summary.html>, retrieved on January 4, 2016.

Mr. Dursley, a well-off Englishman, notices strange happenings on his way to work one day. That night, Albus Dumbledore, the head of a wizardry academy called Hogwarts, meets Professor McGonagall, who also teaches at Hogwarts, and a giant named Hagrid outside the Dursley home. Dumbledore tells McGonagall that someone named Voldemort has killed a Mr. and Mrs. Potter and tried unsuccessfully to kill their baby son, Harry. Dumbledore leaves Harry with an explanatory note in a basket in front of the Dursley home.

Ten years later, the Dursley household is dominated by the Dursleys' son, Dudley, who torments and bullies Harry. Dudley is spoiled, while Harry is forced to sleep in a cupboard under the stairs. At the zoo on Dudley's birthday, the glass in front of a boa constrictor exhibit disappears, frightening everyone. Harry is later punished for this incident.

Mysterious letters begin arriving for Harry. They worry Mr. Dursley, who tries to keep them from Harry, but the letters keep arriving through every crack in the house. Finally, he flees with his family to a secluded island shack on the eve of Harry's eleventh birthday. At midnight, they hear a large bang on the door and Hagrid enters. Hagrid hands Harry an admissions letter to the Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Harry learns that the Dursleys have tried to deny Harry's wizardry all these years.

The next day, Hagrid takes Harry to London to shop for school supplies. First they go to the wizard bank, Gringotts, where Harry learns that his parents have left him a hefty supply of money. They shop on the wizards' commercial street known as Diagon Alley, where Harry is fitted for his school uniform. Harry buys books, ingredients for potions, and, finally, a magic wand—the companion wand to the evil Voldemort's.

A month later, Harry goes to the train station and catches his train to Hogwarts on track nine and three quarters. On the train, Harry befriends other first-year students like Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger, a Muggle girl chosen to attend Hogwarts. At school, the first-years take turns putting on the “Sorting Hat” to find out in which residential house they will live. Harry fears being assigned to the sinister Slytherin house, but he, Ron, and Hermione end up in the noble Gryffindor house.

As the school year gets underway, Harry discovers that his Potions professor, Snape, does not like him. Hagrid reassures Harry that Snape has no reason to dislike him. During their first flying lesson on broomsticks, the students are told to stay grounded while the teacher takes an injured boy named Neville to the hospital. Draco Malfoy, a Slytherin bully, snatches Neville's prized toy and flies off with it to the top of a tree. Harry flies after him. Malfoy throws the ball in the air, and Harry speeds downward, making a spectacular catch. Professor McGonagall witnesses this incident. Instead of punishing Harry, she recommends that he play Quidditch, a much-loved game that resembles soccer played on broomsticks, for Gryffindor. Later that day, Malfoy challenges Harry to a wizard's duel at midnight. Malfoy doesn't show up at the appointed place, and Harry almost gets in trouble. While trying to hide, he accidentally discovers a fierce three-headed dog guarding a trapdoor in the forbidden third-floor corridor.

On Halloween, a troll is found in the building. The students are all escorted back to their dormitories, but Harry and Ron sneak off to find Hermione, who is alone and unaware of the troll. Unwittingly, they lock the troll in the girls' bathroom along with Hermione. Together, they defeat the troll. Hermione tells a lie to protect Harry and Ron from being punished. During Harry's first Quidditch match, his broom jerks out of control. Hermione

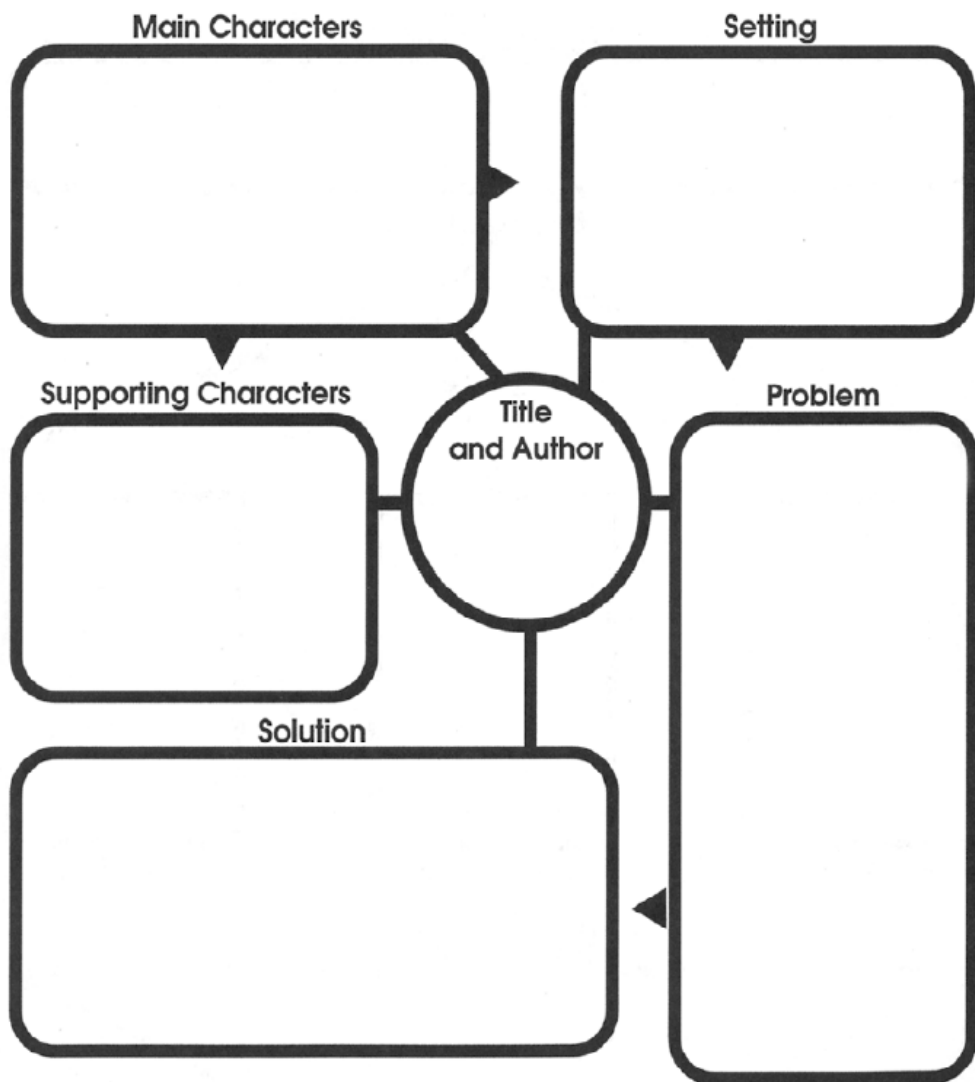
notices Snape staring at Harry and muttering a curse. She concludes that he is jinxing Harry's broom, and she sets Snape's clothes on fire. Harry regains control of the broom and makes a spectacular play to win the Quidditch match.

For Christmas, Harry receives his father's invisibility cloak, and he explores the school, unseen, late at night. He discovers the Mirror of Erised, which displays the deepest desire of whoever looks in it. Harry looks in it and sees his parents alive. After Christmas, Harry, Ron, and Hermione begin to unravel the mysterious connection between a break-in at Gringotts and the three-headed guard dog. They learn that the dog is guarding the Sorcerer's Stone, which is capable of providing eternal life and unlimited wealth to its owner and belongs to Nicolas Flamel, Dumbledore's old partner.

A few weeks later, Hagrid wins a dragon egg in a poker game. Because it is illegal to own dragons, Harry, Ron, and Hermione contact Ron's older brother, who studies dragons. They arrange to get rid of the dragon but get caught. Harry, Ron, and Hermione are severely punished, and Gryffindor is docked 150 points. Furthermore, part of their punishment is to go into the enchanted forest with Hagrid to find out who has been killing unicorns recently. In the forest, Harry comes upon a hooded man drinking unicorn blood. The man tries to attack Harry, but Harry is rescued by a friendly centaur who tells him that his assailant was Voldemort. Harry also learns that it is Voldemort who has been trying to steal the Sorcerer's Stone.

Harry decides that he must find the stone before Voldemort does. He, Ron, and Hermione sneak off that night to the forbidden third-floor corridor. They get past the guard dog and perform many impressive feats as they get closer and closer to the stone. Harry ultimately finds himself face to face with Quirrell, who announces that Harry must die. Knowing that Harry desires to find the stone, Quirrell puts Harry in front of the Mirror of Erised and makes him state what he sees. Harry sees himself with the stone in his pocket, and at that same moment he actually feels it in his pocket. But he tells Quirrell that he sees something else. A voice tells Quirrell that the boy is lying and requests to speak to Harry face to face. Quirrell removes his turban and reveals Voldemort's face on the back of his head. Voldemort, who is

inhabiting Quirrell's body, instructs Quirrell to kill Harry, but Quirrell is burned by contact with the boy. A struggle ensues and Harry passes out. When Harry regains consciousness, he is in the hospital with Dumbledore. Dumbledore explains that he saved Harry from Quirrell just in time. He adds that he and Flamel have decided to destroy the stone. Harry heads down to the end-of-year banquet, where Slytherin is celebrating its seventh consecutive win of the house championship cup. Dumbledore gets up and awards many last-minute points to Gryffindor for the feats of Harry and his friends, winning the house cup for Gryffindor. Harry returns to London to spend the summer with the Dursleys.



ACTIVITY 4

Watch the movie adaptation of Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone and prepare a comic strip highlights of the movie.




**PHASE 3**

**ACTIVITY 6**

Archetypes are universal symbols that encapsulate the collectively-inherited unconscious idea, pattern of thought, image, etc., that is universally present in people. Psychologist Carl Gustav Jung described several archetypes that are based in the observation of differing but repeating patterns of thought and action that re-appear time and again across people, countries and continents.

Below are some of the archetypes that Jung listed. Study the input given and tell how the following archetypes were used in Harry Potter and the Sorcerer’s Stone. Use the table below for your answers.

Archetypes	Use and Explanation
Water	
Sun	
Color	
Circle	
Numbers	
Archetypal Woman	
The trickster	
Garden	
Tree	
Desert	
Mountain	
Hero, The Quest, and Initiation	
Season	

### ACTIVITY 7

Read the following information on the different archetypes for characters. Then use the table to specify which character in Harry Potter and the Sorcerer’s Stone subscribes to the given archetype.

<b>Eight Male Archetypes</b>	
Chief - leader; tough; decisive; goal oriented; over-bearing; top of his field	
Bad boy – rebel; the boy from the wrong side of the track; bitter; crash idealist; charismatic, street-smart, hates authority.	
The best friend – kind, responsive, decent, regular, Mr. nice guy; doesn’t enjoy confrontation, values teamwork	
Charmer – fun, irresistible; not too responsible or dependable; rouge, not crazy about hard work	
The lost soul – tortured, secretive, unforgiving; vulnerable, creative but loner.	
The professor – logical, introverted, inflexible, boring; genuine about feelings, honest, faithful	
The swashbuckler – man of action, physical endearing, fearless, explorer	
The warrior – reluctant rescuer, knight-in-shining-armor; relentless, hero, doesn’t go along to get along	

<b>Eight Female Archetypes</b>	
Boss - leader; tough; decisive; goal oriented; over-bearing; top of her field	
The Survivor – sizing up everyone, mysterious, manipulative, tough	
The spunky kid - rebel; bitter; crash	

idealist; charismatic, street-smart, hates authority.	
The Free Spirit - – fun, irresistible; not too responsible or dependable; rouge, not crazy about hard work	
The waif – damsel in distress; childlike innocence	
The librarian – proper but with underlying passion	
The crusader - woman of action, physical endearing, fearless, explorer	
The nurturer – takes care of everyone	

## PHASE 4

Using your knowledge about the archetypes found in Harry Potter and the Sorcerer’s Stone, write a critical paper about the impact of the archetypes to the story. Your paper will be rated based on the following rubric:

### Rubric for Critical Analysis Essay Maximum: 100 points

X	5	4	3	2	Comments
<b>INTRODUCTION and CONCLUSION</b> (Background History/Thesis Statement)	There is a well-developed introduction with an attention grabber that grabs the reader's interest and continues to engage the reader up until the thesis statement. The thesis statement should clearly state the experience or event that will be described as well as the effect on the writer. Conclusion should effectively wrap up and re stresses the importance of the thesis.	Introduction creates interest. Thesis states the position. Conclusion effectively summarizes the topic.	Introduction adequately explains the background, but may lack detail. Thesis states the topic, but key elements are missing	Background details are a random, unclear collection of information. Thesis is vague and unclear. Conclusion is not effective and does not summarize main points.	
<b>MAIN POINTS</b> (Body Paragraphs)	Well developed main points/topic sentences that relate directly to the thesis. Supporting examples are concrete and detailed. The analysis is developed with an effective point of view.	Three or more main points relate to the thesis, but some may lack details. The analysis shows events from the author's point of view, but could use more descriptive language.	Three or more main points are present, but lack details in describing the event. Little descriptive language is used.	Less than three ideas/main points are explained and/or they are poorly developed. The story tells; it doesn't show	
<b>ORGANIZATION</b> (Structure and Transitions)	Logical Progression of ideas with a clear structure that enhances the thesis. Transitions are effective and vary throughout the paragraph, not just in the topic sentences.	Logical progression of ideas. Transitions are present throughout the essay, but lacks variety.	Organization is clear. Transitions are present at times, but there is very little variety.	Writing is not organized. The transitions between ideas are unclear or non-existent.	
<b>STYLE</b> (Sentence Flow, Variety, Diction)	Writing is smooth, skillful, and coherent. Sentences are strong and expressive with varied structure. Diction is consistent and words are well chosen.	Writing is clear and sentences have varied structure, Diction is consistent.	Writing is clear, but could use a little more sentence variety to make the writing more interesting.	Writing is confusing and hard to follow. Contains fragments and/or run-on sentences.	
<b>MECHANICS</b> (Spelling, Punctuation, Capitalization)	Punctuation, spelling, and capitalization are all correct. No errors.	Punctuation, spelling, and capitalization are generally correct with few errors (1-2)	There are only a few (3-4) errors in punctuation, spelling, and capitalization.	Distracting errors in punctuation, spelling, and capitalization.	

## PHASE 1

Detective story is an exciting type of popular literature with a very gripping story telling technique in which a crime is introduced, investigated and ultimately solved. Writers like Edgar Allan Poe, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Dan Brown, James Patterson and John Grisham are some of the more popular names when it comes to detective story writing.

Elements for detective stories would usually include a an almost flawless crime, an innocent suspect, law officers that are inept, the cunning detective who will reveal the real culprit, and the denouement where the detective explains how he solved the puzzling crime.

The most popular detective work is Conan Doyle’s Sherlock Holmes. Holmes enigmatic appeal drew millions of fans into following his adventures along with his companion, Dr. Watson. Holmes’ popularity still remains 126 years after his first appearance even generating new versions like the Japanese anime, Detective Conan, the BBC’s famous television show Holmes, and Hollywood blockbusters which stars Robert Downey Jr.

The popularity of detective stories relies heavily on the suspense it creates and the readers’ anticipation for the revelation. By far, serial writers of the 21<sup>st</sup> century have not failed their fans yet.

**Activity 1**

Associate words with the picture given below.



## ACTIVITY 2

You will now get your chance to be detectives and question your teacher about the mystery story below. The paragraph below and all the key words is your key to unlock the mystery. The only way to do it is by asking your teacher. However, she only answers with a YES or NO. So, make your questions count.

### **The Story**

A man got on a train and sat down in a compartment which was empty except for one lady. She took her gloves off. A few hours later the woman was found dead and the man was arrested by the police. They held him for 24 hours and were then legally forced to let him go free.

KEYWORDS: GARDEN, LOVER, 30 YEARS, VANISH, JAIL

PHASE 2

Read the story A Study in Emerald then complete the tasks that follow.

# A STUDY IN EMERALD

Written by Neil Gaiman illustrations and lay-out by Jouni Koponen

## I. The New Friend.

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### THE STRAND PLAYERS

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*Fresh From Their Stupendous European Tour, where they performed before several of the **CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE**, garnering their *plaudits* and *praise* with *magnificent dramatic performances*, combining both **COMEDY** and **TRAGEDY**, the **Strand Players** wish to make it known that they shall be appearing at the **Royal Court Theatre, Drury Lane**, for a **LIMITED ENGAGEMENT** in April, at which they will present "*My Look-Alike Brother Tom!*" "*The Littlest Violet-Seller*" and "*The Great Old Onea Come*," (this last an Historical Epic of Pageantry and Delight); each an entire play in one act! Tickets are available now from the Box Office.*

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It is the immensity, I believe. The hugeness of things below. The darkness of dreams.

But I am woolgathering. Forgive me. I am not a literary man.

I had been in need of lodgings. That was how I met him. I wanted someone to share the cost of rooms with me. We were introduced by a mutual acquaintance, in the chemical laboratories of St. Bart's. "You have been in Afghanistan, I perceive," that was what he said to me, and my mouth fell open and my eyes opened very wide.

"Astonishing," I said.

"Not really," said the stranger in the white lab-coat, who was to become my friend. "From the way you hold your arm, I see you have been wounded, and in a particular way. You have a deep tan. You also have a military bearing, and there are few enough places in the Empire that a military man can be both tanned and, given the nature of the injury to your shoulder and the traditions of the Afghan cave-folk, tortured."

Put like that, of course, it was absurdly simple. But then, it always was. I had been tanned nut-brown. And I had indeed, as he had observed, been tortured.

The gods and men of Afghanistan were savages, unwilling to be ruled from Whitehall or from Berlin or even from Moscow, and unprepared to see reason. I had been sent into those hills, attached to the \_\_\_\_\_th Regiment. As long as the fighting remained in the hills and mountains, we fought on an equal footing. When the skirmishes descended into the caves and the darkness then we found ourselves, as it were, out of our depth and in over our heads.

I shall not forget the mirrored surface of the underground lake, nor the thing that emerged from the lake, its eyes opening and closing, and the singing whispers that accompanied it as it rose, wreathing their way about it like the buzzing of flies bigger than worlds.

That I survived was a miracle, but survive I did, and I returned to England with my nerves in shreds and tatters. The place that leech-like mouth had touched me was tattooed forever, frog-white, into the skin of my now-withered shoulder. I had once been a crack-shot. Now I had nothing, save a fear of the world-beneath-the-world akin to panic which meant that I would gladly pay sixpence of my army pension for a Hansom cab, rather than a penny to travel underground.

Still, the fogs and darkneses of London comforted me, took me in. I had lost my first lodgings because I screamed in the night. I had been in Afghanistan; I was there no longer.

"I scream in the night," I told him.

"I have been told that I snore," he said. "Also I keep irregular hours, and I often use the mantelpiece for target practice. I will need the sitting room to meet clients. I am selfish, private and easily bored. Will this be a problem?"

I smiled, and I shook my head, and extended my hand. We shook on it.

The rooms he had found for us, in Baker Street, were more than adequate for two bachelors. I bore in mind all my friend had said about his desire for privacy, and I

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forbore from asking what it was he did for a living. Still, there was much to pique my curiosity. Visitors would arrive at all hours, and when they did I would leave the sitting room and repair to my bedroom, pondering what they could have in common with my friend: the pale woman with one eye bone-white, the small man who looked like a commercial traveller, the portly dandy in his velvet jacket, and the rest. Some were frequent visitors, many others came only once, spoke to him, and left, looking troubled or looking satisfied.

He was a mystery to me.

We were partaking of one of our landlady's magnificent breakfasts one morning, when my friend rang the bell to summon that good lady. "There will be a gentleman joining us, in about four minutes," he said. "We will need another place at table."

"Very good," she said, "I'll put more sausages under the grill."

My friend returned to perusing his morning paper. I waited for an explanation with growing impatience. Finally, I could stand it no longer. "I don't understand. How could you know that in four minutes we would be receiving a visitor? There was no telegram, no message of any kind."

He smiled, thinly. "You did not hear the clatter of a brougham several minutes ago? It slowed as it passed us – obviously as the driver identified our door, then it sped up and went past, up into the Marylebone Road. There is a crush of carriages and taxicabs letting off passengers at the railway station and at the waxworks, and it is in that crush that anyone wishing to alight without being observed will go. The walk from there to here is but four minutes..."

He glanced at his pocket-watch, and as he did so I heard a tread on the stairs outside.

"Come in, Lestrade," he called. "The door is ajar, and your sausages are just coming out from under the grill."

A man I took to be Lestrade opened the door, then closed it carefully behind him. "I should not," he said, "But truth to tell, I have had not had a chance to break my fast this morning. And I could certainly do justice to a few of those sausages." He was the small man I had observed on several occasions previously, whose demeanour was that of a traveller in rubber novelties or patent nostrums.

My friend waited until our landlady had left the room, before he said, "Obviously, I take it this is a matter of national importance."

"My stars," said Lestrade, and he paled. "Surely the word cannot be out already. Tell me it is not." He began to pile his plate high with sausages, kipper fillets, kedgerie and toast, but his hands shook, a little.

"Of course not," said my friend. "I know the squeak of your brougham wheels, though, after all this time: an oscillating G sharp above high C. And if Inspector Lestrade

of Scotland Yard cannot publically be seen to come into the parlour of London's only consulting detective, yet comes anyway, and without having had his breakfast, then I know that this is not a routine case. Ergo, it involves those above us and is a matter of national importance."

Lestrade dabbed egg yolk from his chin with his napkin. I stared at him. He did not look like my idea of a police inspector, but then, my friend looked little enough like my idea of a consulting detective – whatever that might be.

"Perhaps we should discuss the matter privately," Lestrade said, glancing at me.

My friend began to smile, impishly, and his head moved on his shoulders as it did when he was enjoying a private joke. "Nonsense," he said. "Two heads are better than one. And what is said to one of us is said to us both."

"If I am intruding –" I said, gruffly, but he motioned me to silence.

Lestrade shrugged. "It's all the same to me," he said, after a moment. "If you solve the case then I have my job. If you don't, then I have no job. You use your methods, that's what I say. It can't make things any worse."

"If there's one thing that a study of history has taught us, it is that things can always get worse," said my friend. "When do we go to Shoreditch?"

Lestrade dropped his fork. "This is too bad!" he exclaimed. "Here you were, making sport of me, when you know all about the matter! You should be ashamed –"

"No one has told me anything of the matter. When a police inspector walks into my room with fresh splashes of mud of that peculiar mustard yellow hue on his boots and trouser-legs, I can surely be forgiven for presuming that he has recently walked past the diggings at Hobbs Lane, in Shoreditch, which is the only place in London that particular mustard-coloured clay seems to be found."

Inspector Lestrade looked embarrassed. "Now you put it like that," he said, "It seems so obvious."

My friend pushed his plate away from him. "Of course it does," he said, slightly testily.

We rode to the East End in a cab. Inspector Lestrade had walked up to the Marylebone Road to find his brougham, and left us alone.

"So you are truly a consulting detective?" I said.

"The only one in London, or perhaps, the world," said my friend. "I do not take cases. Instead, I consult. Others bring me their insoluble problems, they describe them, and, sometimes, I solve them."

"Then those people who come to you..."

"Are, in the main, police officers, or are detectives themselves, yes."

It was a fine morning, but we were now jolting about the edges of the rookery of St Giles, that warren of thieves

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and cutthroats which sits on London like a cancer on the face of a pretty flower-seller, and the only light to enter the cab was dim and faint.

"Are you sure that you wish me along with you?"

In reply my friend stared at me without blinking. "I have a feeling," he said. "I have a feeling that we were meant to be together. That we have fought the good fight, side by side, in the past or in the future, I do not know. I am a rational man, but I have learned the value of a good companion, and from the moment I clapped eyes on you, I knew I trusted you as well as I do myself. Yes. I want you with me."

I blushed, or said something meaningless. For the first time since Afghanistan, I felt that I had worth in the world.

## 2. The Room.

**VICTOR'S VITAE**

Victor's "Vitae"! An electrical fluid! Do your limbs and nether regions lack life? Do you look back on the days of your youth with envy? Are the pleasures of the flesh now buried and forgot? Victor's "Vitae" will bring life where life has long been lost: even the oldest warhorse can be a proud stallion once more! Bringing Life to the Dead: from an old family recipe and the best of modern science. To receive signed attestations of the efficacy of Victor's "Vitae" write to the V. von F. Company, 1b Cheap Street, London.

It was a cheap rooming house in Shoreditch. There was a policeman at the front door. Lestrade greeted him by name, and made to usher us in, and I was ready to enter, but my friend squatted on the doorstep, and pulled a magnifying glass from his coat pocket. He examined the mud on the wrought iron boot-scraper, prodding at it with his forefinger. Only when he was satisfied would he let us go inside. We walked upstairs. The room in which the crime had been committed was obvious: it was flanked by two burly constables.

Lestrade nodded to the men, and they stood aside. We walked in.

I am not, as I said, a writer by profession, and I hesitate to describe that place, knowing that my words cannot do it justice. Still, I have begun this narrative, and I fear I must continue. A murder had been committed in that little

bedsit. The body, what was left of it, was still there, on the floor. I saw it, but, at first, somehow, I did not see it. What I saw instead was what had sprayed and gushed from the throat and chest of the victim: in colour it ranged from bile-green to grass-green. It had soaked into the threadbare carpet and spattered the wallpaper. I imagined it for one moment the work of some hellish artist, who had decided to create a study in emerald.

After what seemed like a hundred years I looked down at the body, opened like a rabbit on a butcher's slab, and tried to make sense of what I saw. I removed my hat, and my friend did the same.

He knelt and inspected the body, inspecting the cuts and gashes. Then he pulled out his magnifying glass, and walked over to the wall, examining the gouts of drying ichor.

"We've already done that," said Inspector Lestrade.

"Indeed?" said my friend. "Then what did you make of this, then? I do believe it is a word."

Lestrade walked to the place my friend was standing, and looked up. There was a word, written in capitals, in green blood, on the faded yellow wallpaper, some little way above Lestrade's head. "Rache...?" said Lestrade, spelling it out. "Obviously he was going to write Rachel, but he was interrupted. So -- we must look for a woman..."

My friend said nothing. He walked back to the corpse, and picked up its hands, one after the other. The fingertips were clean of ichor. "I think we have established that the word was not written by his Royal Highness --"

"What the Devil makes you say--?"

"My dear Lestrade. Please give me some credit for having a brain. The corpse is obviously not that of a man -- the colour of his blood, the number of limbs, the eyes, the position of the face, all these things bespeak the blood royal. While I cannot say which royal line, I would hazard that he is an heir, perhaps... no, second to the throne, ... in one of the German principalities."

"That is amazing," Lestrade hesitated, then he said, "This is Prince Franz Drago of Bohemia. He was here in Albion as a guest of Her Majesty Victoria. Here for a holiday and a change of air..."

"For the theatres, the whores and the gaming tables, you mean."

"If you say so." Lestrade looked put out. "Anyway, you've given us a fine lead with this Rachel woman. Although I don't doubt we would have found her on our own."

"Doubtless," said my friend.

He inspected the room further, commenting acidly several times that the police, with their boots had obscured footprints, and moved things that might have been of use to anyone attempting to reconstruct the events of the previous night.

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Still, he seemed interested in a small patch of mud he found behind the door.

Beside the fireplace he found what appeared to be some ash or dirt.

"Did you see this?" he asked Lestrade.

"Her majesty's police," replied Lestrade, "tend not to be excited by ash in a fireplace. It's where ash tends to be found." And he chuckled at that.

My friend took a pinch of the ash and rubbed between his fingers, then sniffed the remains. Finally, he scooped up what was left of the material and tipped it into a glass vial, which he stoppered and placed in an inner pocket of his coat.

He stood up. "And the body?"

Lestrade said, "The palace will send their own people." My friend nodded at me, and together we walked to the door. My friend sighed. "Inspector. Your quest for Miss Rachel may prove fruitless. Among other things, Rache is a German word. It means revenge. Check your dictionary. There are other meanings."

We reached the bottom of the stair, and walked out onto the street. "You have never seen royalty before this morning, have you?" he asked. I shook my head. "Well, the sight can be unnerving, if you're unprepared. Why my good fellow – you are trembling!"

"Forgive me. I shall be fine in moments."

"Would it do you good to walk?" he asked, and I assented, certain that if I did not walk then I would begin to scream.

"West, then," said my friend, pointing to the dark tower of the Palace. And we commenced to walk.

"So," said my friend, after some time. "You have never had any personal encounters with any of the crowned heads of Europe?"

"No," I said.

"I believe I can confidently state that you shall," he told me. "And not with a corpse this time. Very soon."

"My dear fellow, whatever makes you believe –?"

In reply he pointed to a carriage, black-painted, that had pulled up fifty yards ahead of us. A man in a black top-hat and a greatcoat stood by the door, holding it open, waiting, silently. A coat of arms familiar to every child in Albion was painted in gold upon the carriage door.

"There are invitations one does not refuse," said my friend. He doffed his own hat to the footman, and I do believe that he was smiling as he climbed into the box-like space, and relaxed back into the soft leathery cushions.

When I attempted to speak with him during the journey to the Palace, he placed his finger over his lips. Then he closed his eyes and seemed sunk deep in thought. I, for my part, tried to remember what I knew of German royalty,

but, apart from the Queen's consort, Prince Albert, being German, I knew little enough.

I put a hand in my pocket, pulled out a handful of coins – brown and silver, black and copper-green. I stared at the portrait stamped on each of them of our Queen, and felt both patriotic pride and stark dread. I told myself I had once been a military man, and a stranger to fear, and I could remember a time when this had been the plain truth. For a moment I remembered a time when I had been a crack-shot – even, I liked to think, something of a marksman – but my right hand shook as if it were palsied, and the coins jingled and chinked, and I felt only regret.

## 3. The Palace.

The Queen's consort, Prince Albert, was a big man, with an impressive handlebar moustache and a receding hairline, and he was undeniably and entirely human. He met us in the corridor, nodded to my friend and to me, did not ask us for our names or offer to shake hands.

"The Queen is most upset," he said. He had an accent. He pronounced his S's as Z's: Mozt. Upzet. "Franz was one of her favourites. She has so many nephews. But he made her laugh so. You will find the ones who did this to him."

"I will do my best," said my friend.

"I have read your monographs," said Prince Albert. "It was I who told them that you should be consulted. I hope I did right."

"As do I," said my friend.

And then the great door was opened, and we were ushered into the darkness and the presence of the Queen.

She was called Victoria, because she had beaten us in battle, seven hundred years before, and she was called Gloriana, because she was glorious, and she was called the Queen, because the human mouth was not shaped to say her true name. She was huge, huger than I had imagined possible, and she squatted in the shadows staring down at us, without moving.

*Thizsz muzzst be zsolved.* The words came from the shadows.



"Indeed, ma'am." said my friend.

A limb squirmed and pointed at me. *Zstepp forward.* I wanted to walk. My legs would not move.

My friend came to my rescue then. He took me by the elbow and walked me toward her majesty.

*Isz not to be afraid. Isz to be worthy. Isz to be a companion.* That was what she said to me. Her voice was a very sweet contralto, with a distant buzz. Then the limb uncoiled and extended, and she touched my shoulder. There was a moment, but only a moment, of a pain deeper and more profound than anything I have ever experienced, and then it was replaced by a pervasive sense of well-being. I could feel the muscles in my shoulder relax, and, for the first time since Afghanistan, I was free from pain.

Then my friend walked forward. Victoria spoke to him, yet I could not hear her words; I wondered if they went, somehow, directly from her mind to his, if this was the Queen's Counsel I had read about in the histories. He replied aloud.

"Certainly, ma'am. I can tell you that there were two other men with your nephew in that room in Shoreditch, that night, the footprints were, although obscured, unmistakable." And then, "Yes. I understand.... I believe so..... Yes."

He was quiet when we left the palace, and said nothing to me as we rode back to Baker Street.

It was dark already. I wondered how long we had spent in the Palace.

Fingers of sooty fog twined across the road and the sky.

Upon our return to Baker Street, in the looking glass of my room, I observed that the frog-white skin across my shoulder had taken on a pinkish tinge. I hoped that I was not imagining it, that it was not merely the moonlight through the window.

#### 4. The Performance.



**LIVER COMPLAINTS?! BILIOUS ATTACKS?! NEURASTHENIC DISTURBANCES?! QUINSY?! ARTHRITIS?!** These are just a handful of the *complaints* for which a professional **EXSANGUINATION** can be the *remedy*. In our offices we have sheaves of **TESTIMONIALS** which can be inspected by the public *at any time*. Do not put your health in the hands of *amateurs*!! We have been doing this for a very long time: **V. TEPES - PROFESSIONAL EXSANGUINATOR.** (Remember! It is pronounced *Tsep-pesh!*) Romania, Paris, London, Whitby. **You've tried the rest - NOW TRY THE BEST!**

That my friend was a master of disguise should have come as no surprise to me, yet surprise me it did. Over the next ten days a strange assortment of characters came in through our door in Baker Street – an elderly Chinese man, a young roué, a fat, red-haired woman of whose former profession there could be little doubt, and a venerable old buffer, his foot swollen and bandaged from gout. Each of them would walk into my friend's room, and, with a speed that would have done justice to a music-hall "quick change artist", my friend would walk out.

He would not talk about what he had been doing on these occasions, preferring to relax, staring off into space, occasionally making notations on any scrap of paper to hand, notations I found, frankly, incomprehensible. He seemed entirely preoccupied, so much so that I found myself worrying about his well-being. And then, late one afternoon, he came home dressed in his own clothes, with an easy grin upon his face, and he asked if I was interested in the theatre.

"As much as the next man," I told him.

"Then fetch your opera glasses," he told me. "We are off to Drury Lane."

I had expected a light opera, or something of the kind, but instead I found myself in what must have been the worst theatre in Drury Lane, for all that it had named itself after the royal court – and to be honest, it was barely in Drury Lane at all, being situated at the Shaftesbury Avenue end of the road, where the avenue approaches the Rookery of St. Giles. On my friend's advice I concealed my wallet, and, following his example, I carried a stout stick.

Once we were seated in the stalls (I had bought a threepenny orange from one of the lovely young women who sold them to the members of the audience, and I sucked it as we waited), my friend said, quietly, "You should only count yourself lucky that you did not need to accompany me to the gambling dens or the brothels. Or the madhouses – another place that Prince Franz delighted in visiting, as I have learned. But there was nowhere he went to more than once. Nowhere but –"

The orchestra struck up, and the curtain was raised. My friend was silent.

It was a fine enough show in its way: three one-act plays were performed. Comic songs were sung between the acts. The leading man was tall, languid, and had a fine singing voice; the leading lady was elegant, and her voice carried through all the theatre; the comedian had a fine touch for patter songs.

The first play was a broad comedy of mistaken identities: the leading man played a pair of identical twins who had never met, but had managed, by a set of comical misadventures, each to find himself engaged to be married to the same young lady – who, amusingly, thought herself



engaged to only one man. Doors swung open and closed as the actor changed from identity to identity.

The second play was a heartbreaking tale of an orphan girl who starved in the snow selling hothouse violets – her grandmother recognised her at the last, and swore that she was the babe stolen ten years back by bandits, but it was too late, and the frozen little angel breathed her last. I must confess I found myself wiping my eyes with my linen handkerchief more than once.

The performance finished with a rousing historical narrative: the entire company played the men and women of a village on the shore of the ocean, seven hundred years before our modern times. They saw shapes rising from the sea, in the distance. The hero joyously proclaimed to the villagers that these were the Old Ones whose coming was foretold, returning to us from R'lyeh, and from dim Carcosa, and from the plains of Leng, where they had slept, or waited, or passed out the time of their death. The comedian opined that the other villagers had all been eating too many pies and drinking too much ale, and they were imagining the shapes. A portly gentleman playing a priest of the Roman God tells the villagers that the shapes in the sea were monsters and demons, and must be destroyed.

At the climax, the hero beat the priest to death with his own crucifer, and prepared to welcome Them as They came. The heroine sang a haunting aria, whilst, in an astonishing display of magic-lantern trickery, it seemed as if we saw Their shadows cross the sky at the back of the stage: the Queen of Albion herself, and the Black One of Egypt (in shape almost like a man), followed by the Ancient Goat, Parent to a Thousand, Emperor of all China, and the Czar Unanswerable, and He Who Presides over the New World, and the White Lady of the Antarctic Fastness, and the others. And as each shadow crossed the stage, or appeared to, from out of every throat in the gallery came, unbidden, a mighty "Huzzah!" until the air itself seemed to vibrate. The moon rose in the painted sky, and then, at its height, in one final moment of theatrical magic, it turned from a pallid yellow, as it was in the old tales, to the comforting crimson of the moon that shines down upon us all today.

The members of the cast took their bows and their curtain calls to cheers and laughter, and the curtain fell for the last time, and the show was done.

"There," said my friend. "What did you think?"

"Jolly, jolly good," I told him, my hands sore from applauding.

"Stout fellow," he said, with a smile. "Let us go backstage."

We walked outside and into an alley beside the theatre, to the stage door, where a thin woman with a wen on her cheek knitted busily. My friend showed her a visiting card,

and she directed us into the building and up some steps to a small communal dressing room.

Oil lamps and candles guttered in front of smeared looking-glasses, and men and women were taking off their make-up and costumes with no regard to the proprieties of gender. I averted my eyes. My friend seemed unperturbed. "Might I talk to Mr Vernet?" he asked, loudly.

A young woman who had played the heroine's best friend in the first play, and the saucy innkeeper's daughter in the last, pointed us to the end of the room. "Sherry! Sherry Vernet!" she called.

The young man who stood up in response was lean; less conventionally handsome than he had seemed from the other side of the footlights. He peered at us quizzically. "I do not believe I have had the pleasure...?"

"My name is Henry Camberley," said my friend, drawing his speech somewhat. "You may have heard of me."

"I must confess that I have not had that privilege," said Vernet.

My friend presented the actor with an engraved card.

The man looked at the card with unfeigned interest. "A theatrical promoter? From the New World? My, my. And this is...?" He looked at me.

"This is a friend of mine, Mister Sebastian. He is not of the profession."

I muttered something about having enjoyed the performance enormously, and shook hands with the actor.

My friend said, "Have you ever visited the New World?"

"I have not yet had that honour," admitted Vernet, "although it has always been my dearest wish."

"Well, my good man," said my friend, with the easy informality of a New Worlder. "Maybe you'll get your wish. That last play. I've never seen anything like it. Did you write it?"

"Alas, no. The playwright is a good friend of mine. Although I devised the mechanism of the magic lantern shadow show. You'll not see finer on the stage today."

"Would you give me the playwright's name? Perhaps I should speak to him directly, this friend of yours."

Vernet shook his head. "That will not be possible, I am afraid. He is a professional man, and does not wish his connection with the stage publically to be known."

"I see." My friend pulled a pipe from his pocket, and put it in his mouth. Then he patted his pockets. "I am sorry," he began. "I have forgotten to bring my tobacco pouch."

"I smoke a strong black shag," said the actor, "but if you have no objection –"

"None!" said my friend, heartily. "Why, I smoke a strong shag myself," and he filled his pipe with the actor's



tobacco, and the two men puffed away, while my friend described a vision he had for a play that could tour the cities of the New World, from Manhattan Island all the way to the furthest tip of the continent in the distant south. The first act would be the last play we had seen. The rest of the play might perhaps tell of the dominion of the Old Ones over humanity and its gods, perhaps telling what might have happened if people had had no Royal Families to look up to – a world of barbarism and darkness – “But your mysterious professional man would be the play’s author, and what occurs would be his alone to decide,” interjected my friend. “Our drama would be his. But I can guarantee you audiences beyond your imaginings, and a significant share of the takings at the door. Let us say fifty per-cent!”

“This is most exciting,” said Vernet. “I hope it will not turn out to have been a pipe-dream!”

“No sir, it shall not!” said my friend, puffing on his own pipe, chuckling at the man’s joke. “Come to my rooms in Baker Street tomorrow morning, after breakfast-time, say at ten, in company with your author friend, and I shall have the contracts drawn up and waiting.”

With that the actor clambered up onto his chair and clapped his hands for silence. “Ladies and Gentlemen of the company, I have an announcement to make,” he said, his resonant voice filling the room. “This gentleman is Henry Camberley, the theatrical promoter, and he is proposing to take us across the Atlantic Ocean, and on to fame and fortune.”

There were several cheers, and the comedian said, “Well, it’ll make a change from herrings and pickled-cabbage,” and the company laughed.

And it was to the smiles of all of them that we walked out of the theatre and out onto the fog-wreathed streets.

“My dear fellow,” I said. “Whatever was –”

“Not another word,” said my friend. “There are many ears in the city.”

And not another word was spoken until we had hailed a cab, and clambered inside, and were rattling up the Charing Cross Road.

And even then, before he said anything, my friend took his pipe from his mouth, and emptied the half-smoked contents of the bowl into a small tin. He pressed the lid onto the tin, and placed it into his pocket.

“There,” he said. “That’s the Tall Man found, or I’m a Dutchman. Now, we just have to hope that the cupidity and the curiosity of the Limping Doctor proves enough to bring him to us tomorrow morning.”

“The Limping Doctor?”

My friend snorted. “That is what I have been calling him. It was obvious, from footprints and much else besides, when we saw the Prince’s body, that two men had been

in that room that night: a tall man, who, unless I miss my guess, we have just encountered, and a smaller man with a limp, who eviscerated the prince with a professional skill that betrays the medical man.”

“A doctor?”

“Indeed. I hate to say this, but it is my experience that when a Doctor goes to the bad, he is a fouler and darker creature than the worst cut-throat. There was Huston, the acid-bath man, and Campbell, who brought the procrustean bed to Ealing...” and he carried on in a similar vein for the rest of our journey.

The cab pulled up beside the kerb. “That’ll be one and tenpence,” said the cabbie. My friend tossed him a florin, which he caught, and tipped to his ragged tall hat. “Much obliged to you both,” he called out, as the horse clopped out into the fog.

We walked to our front door. As I unlocked the door, my friend said, “Odd. Our cabbie just ignored that fellow on the corner.”

“They do that at the end of a shift,” I pointed out.

“Indeed they do,” said my friend.

I dreamed of shadows that night, vast shadows that blotted out the sun, and I called out to them in my desperation, but they did not listen.

### 5. The Skin and the Pit.

This year, step into the Spring -  
with a spring in your step!  
**JACK'S. Boots, Shoes  
and Brogues.** Save your soles!  
Heels our speciality. JACK'S. And do  
not forget to visit our new clothes and fittings  
emporium in the East End - featuring evening  
wear of all kinds, hats, novelties, canes,  
swordsticks &c. **JACK'S OF  
PICCADILLY.** *It's all in the Spring!*

Inspector Lestrade was the first to arrive.

“You have posted your men in the street?” asked my friend.

“I have,” said Lestrade. “With strict orders to let anyone in who comes, but to arrest anyone trying to leave.”

“And you have handcuffs with you?”

In reply, Lestrade put his hand in his pocket, and jangled two pairs of cuffs, grimly.

“Now sir,” he said. “While we wait, why do you not tell me what we are waiting for?”

My friend pulled his pipe out of his pocket. He did not put it in his mouth, but placed it on the table in front of him. Then he took the tin from the night before, and a

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Neil Gaiman

glass vial I recognised as the one he had had in the room in Shoreditch.

"There," he said. "The coffin-nail, as I trust it shall prove, for our Master Vernet." He paused. Then he took out his pocket watch, laid it carefully on the table. "We have several minutes before they arrive." He turned to me. "What do you know of the Restorationists?"

"Not a blessed thing," I told him.

Lestrade coughed. "If you're talking about what I think you're talking about," he said, "perhaps we should leave it there. Enough's enough."

"Too late for that," said my friend. "For there are those who do not believe that the coming of the Old Ones was the fine thing we all know it to be. Anarchists to a man, they would see the old ways restored – mankind in control of its own destiny, if you will."

"I will not hear this sedition spoken," said Lestrade. "I must warn you –"

"I must warn you not to be such a fathead," said my friend. "Because it was the Restorationists that killed Prince Franz Drago. They murder, they kill, in a vain effort to force our masters to leave us alone in the darkness. The Prince was killed by a rache - it's an old term for a hunting dog, Inspector, as you would know if you had looked in a dictionary. It also means revenge. And the hunter left his signature on the wallpaper in the murder-room, just as an artist might sign a canvas. But he was not the one who killed the Prince."

"The Limping Doctor!" I exclaimed.

"Very good. There was a tall man there that night – I could tell his height, for the word was written at eye level. He smoked a pipe – the ash and dottle sat unburnt in the fireplace, and he had tapped out his pipe with ease on the mantel, something a smaller man would not have done. The tobacco was an unusual blend of shag. The footprints in the room had, for the most part been almost obliterated by your men, but there were several clear prints behind the door and by the window. Someone had waited there: a smaller man from his stride, who put his weight on his right leg. On the path outside I had several clear prints, and the different colours of clay on the bootscraper outside gave me more information: a tall man, who had accompanied the Prince into those rooms, and had, later, walked out. Waiting for them to arrive was the man who had sliced up the Prince so impressively..."

Lestrade made an uncomfortable noise that did not quite become a word.

"I have spent many days retracing the movements of his highness. I went from gambling hell to brothel to dining den to madhouse looking for our pipe-smoking man and his friend. I made no progress until I thought to check the newspapers of Bohemia, searching for a clue to the Prince's

recent activities there, and in them I learned that an English Theatrical Troupe had been in Prague last month, and had performed before Prince Franz Drago..."

"Good lord," I said. "So that Sherry Vernet fellow..."

"Is a Restorationist. Exactly."

I was shaking my head in wonder at my friend's intelligence and skills of observation, when there was a knock on the door.

"This will be our quarry!" said my friend. "Careful now!"

Lestrade put his hand deep into his pocket, where I had no doubt he kept a pistol. He swallowed, nervously.

My friend called out, "Please, come in!"

The door opened.

It was not Vernet, nor was it a Limping Doctor. It was one of the young street Arabs who earn a crust running errands – "in the employ of Messrs. Street and Walker", as we used to say when I was young. "Please sirs," he said. "Is there a Mister Henry Camberley here? I was asked by a gentleman to deliver a note."

"I'm he," said my friend. "And for a sixpence, what can you tell me about the gentleman who gave you the note?"

The young lad, who volunteered that his name was Wiggins, bit the sixpence before making it vanish, and then told us that the cheery cove who gave him the note was on the tall side, with dark hair, and, he added, he had been smoking a pipe.

I have the note here, and take the liberty of transcribing it.

*My Dear Sir,*

*I do not address you as Henry Camberley, for it is a name to which you have no claim. I am surprised that you did not announce yourself under your own name, for it is a fine one, and one that does you credit. I have read a number of your papers, when I have been able to obtain them. Indeed, I corresponded with you quite profitably two years ago about certain theoretical anomalies in your paper on the Dynamics of an Asteroid.*

*I was amused to meet you, yesterday evening. A few tips which might save you bother in times to come, in the profession you currently follow. Firstly, a pipe-smoking man might possibly have a brand-new, unused pipe in his pocket, and no tobacco, but it is exceedingly unlikely – at least as unlikely as a theatrical promoter with no idea of the usual customs of recompense on a tour, who is accompanied by a taciturn ex-army officer (Afghanistan, unless I miss my guess). Incidentally, while you are correct that the streets of London have ears, it might also behoove you in future not to take the first cab*

## A Study in Emerald



Neil Gaiman

that comes along. Cab-drivers have ears too, if they choose to use them.

*You are certainly correct in one of your suppositions: it was indeed I who lured the half-blood creature back to the room in Shoreditch.*

*If it is any comfort to you, having learned a little of his recreational predilections, I had told him I had procured for him a girl, abducted from a convent in Cornwall where she had never seen a man, and that it would only take his touch, and the sight of his face, to tip her over into a perfect madness.*

*Had she existed, he would have feasted on her madness while he took her, like a man sucking the flesh from a ripe peach leaving nothing behind but the skin and the pit. I have seen them do this. I have seen them do far worse. And it is not the price we pay for peace and prosperity. It is too great a price for that.*

*The good doctor – who believes as I do, and who did indeed write our little performance, for he has some crowd-pleasing skills – was waiting for us, with his knives.*

*I send this note, not as a catch-me-if-you-can taunt, for we are gone, the estimable doctor and I, and you shall not find us, but to tell you that it was good to feel that, if only for a moment, I had a worthy adversary. Worthier by far than inhuman creatures from beyond the Pit.*

*I fear the Strand Players will need to find themselves a new leading man.*

*I will not sign myself Vernet, and until the hunt is done and the world restored, I beg you to think of me simply as,*

Rache.

Inspector Lestrade ran from the room, calling to his men. They made young Wiggins take them to the place where the man had given him the note, for all the world as if Vernet the actor would be waiting there for them, a-smoking of his pipe. From the window we watched them run, my friend and I, and we shook our heads.

"They will stop and search all the trains leaving London, all the ships leaving Albion for Europe or the New World," said my friend, "Looking for a tall man, and his companion, a smaller, thickset medical man, with a slight limp. They will close the ports. Every way out of the country will be blocked."

"Do you think they will catch him, then?"

My friend shook his head. "I may be wrong," he said, "But I would wager that he and his friend are even now only a mile or so away, in the rookery of St. Giles, where the police will not go except by the dozen. And they will hide up there until the hue and cry have died away. And

then they will be about their business."

"What makes you say that?"

"Because," said my friend, "If our positions were reversed, it is what I would do. You should burn the note, by the way."

I frowned. "But surely it's evidence," I said.

"It's seditious nonsense," said my friend.

And I should have burned it. Indeed, I told Lestrade I had burned it, when he returned, and he congratulated me on my good sense. Lestrade kept his job, and Prince Albert wrote a note to my friend congratulating him on his deductions, while regretting that the perpetrator was still at large.

They have not yet caught Sherry Vernet, or whatever his name really is, nor was any trace of his murderous accomplice, tentatively identified as a former military surgeon named John (or perhaps James) Watson. Curiously, it was revealed that he had also been in Afghanistan. I wonder if we ever met.

My shoulder, touched by the Queen, continues to improve, the flesh fills and it heals. Soon I shall be a dead-shot once more.

One night when we were alone, several months ago, I asked my friend if he remembered the correspondence referred to in the letter from the man who signed himself Rache. My friend said that he remembered it well, and that "Sigerson" (for so the actor had called himself then, claiming to be an Icelander) had been inspired by an equation of my friend's to suggest some wild theories furthering the relationship between mass, energy and the hypothetical speed of light. "Nonsense, of course," said my friend, without smiling. "But inspired and dangerous nonsense nonetheless."

The palace eventually sent word that the Queen was pleased with my friend's accomplishments in the case, and there the matter has rested.

I doubt my friend will leave it alone, though; it will not be over until one of them has killed the other.

I kept the note. I have said things in this retelling of events that are not to be said. If I were a sensible man I would burn all these pages, but then, as my friend taught me, even ashes can give up their secrets. Instead, I shall place these papers in a strongbox at my bank with instructions that the box may not be opened until long after anyone now living is dead. Although, in the light of the recent events in Russia, I fear that day may be closer than any of us would care to think.

S \_\_\_\_\_ M \_\_\_\_\_ Major (Ret'd)  
Baker Street,  
London, New Albion, 1881.



PHASE 3

Read the review of Neil Gaiman's *A Study in Emerald* and then complete the task that follows.

**The Adventure of The Devil's Foot: Neil Gaiman and the Great Detective**

*by Niall Alexander*

The last time international treasure Neil Gaiman tangled with the classic canon coined by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, he came away with a Hugo Award in 2004 for writing the year's Best Short Story, and something of cherry on top, too: namely the 2005 Locus Award for Best Novelette.

If he hadn't had it already, he could have had my heart as well.

Indubitably, the widespread recognition given "A Study In Emerald" was both hard-earned and well-deserved. It was a slow burn of a story, certainly, but when it caught its light was surely bright; brilliant, I'd go so far as to say. "A Study In Emerald" was a thing of poise and power — harmonious in one moment with the Sherlock Holmes and the Dr Watson we knew from the tales of discovery and derring-do and delightful, decisive deduction we loved, and in the next... not.

Of course "A Study In Emerald" was no mere Sherlock Holmes story. Unexpectedly, it set the great detective and his beloved biographer against the oeuvre of another turn-of-the-century novelist: one of Conan Doyle's most celebrated contemporaries, namely the dark fantasist H. P. Lovecraft. In the introduction to his lattermost short story collection, *Fragile Things*, Gaiman reflects that he "suspected there was something deeply unpromising about the set-up [given that] the world of Sherlock Holmes is so utterly rational, after all, celebrating solutions, while Lovecraft's fictional creations were deeply utterly irrational, and mysteries were vital to keep humanity sane."

However, for all the author's professed apprehensions, somehow this shocking collision of the sacred and the profane — of the ineffably sensible

and the unspeakably absurd — somehow “A Study In Emerald” came together, and marvelously, moreover. Gaiman gave us a Baker Street bewitched, complete with a monarchy of monsters, wherein “there are those who do not believe that the coming of the Old Ones was the fine thing we all know it to be. Anarchists to a man, they would see the old ways restored — mankind in control of its own destiny, if you will.” This is seditious talk in Gaiman’s fantastically ghastly reimagining of the Sherlock Holmes stories, wherein things are not at all as they appear, to excellent, nay *unforgettable*, effect.

I wouldn’t dare give more than this and that away, but suffice it to say, if you’ve read “A Study In Emerald” — a course of action I really would recommend — you’ll recall that despite appearances to the contrary, it wasn’t, strictly speaking, a Sherlock Holmes story at all. In a sense, then, Gaiman’s latest hot tip for the next round of genre awards for short fiction chronicles the author on relatively untarnished territory. And this time, there isn’t a tentacle in sight!

#### ACTIVITY 4

Now is the time to be a literary critic yourself. Did you feel the same after studying Neil Gaiman’s short fiction like Niall Alexander? Use the table below to show the points where you and Niall Alexander are agreed on and the points where you differed. Write your explanation to support your response.

Points in the story that we agreed on	Points in the story that we differed with	Explanation

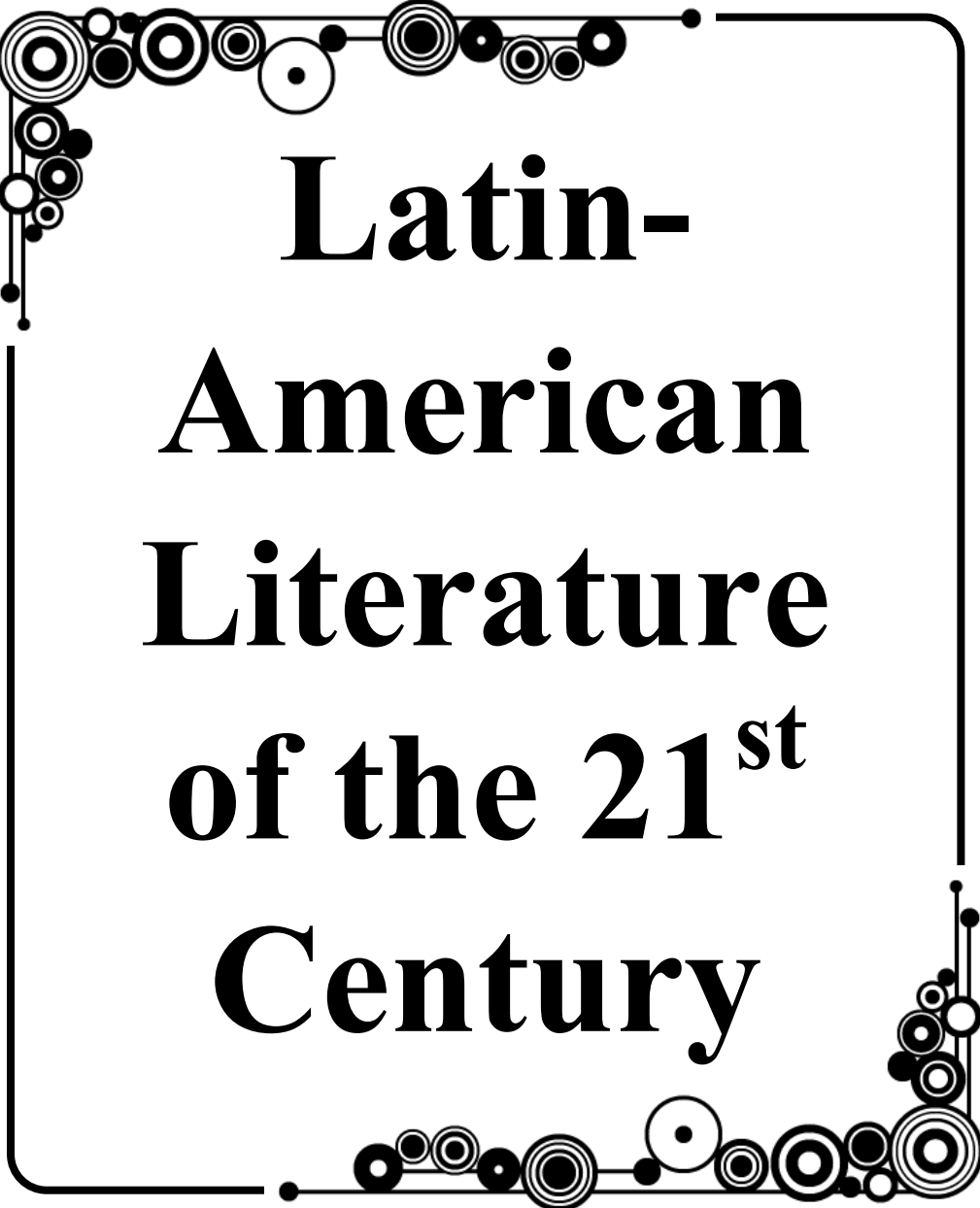

**PHASE 4**

Look for the stories *A Study in Scarlet* by *Sir Arthur Conan Doyle* and *Cthulhu Mythos* by *H.P. Lovecraft* and create a comparison essay with the story *A Study in Emerald* by *Neil Gaiman*. A comparison essays focuses on the similarities of the stories but also takes notes of its differences. Your essay will be rated based on the following rubric:

**Comparison and Contrast Rubric**

<b>CATEGORY</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>Purpose &amp; Supporting Details</b>	The paper compares and contrasts items clearly. The paper points to specific examples to illustrate the comparison. The paper includes only the information relevant to the comparison.	The paper compares and contrasts items clearly, but the supporting information is general. The paper includes only the information relevant to the comparison.	The paper compares and contrasts items clearly, but the supporting information is incomplete. The paper may include information that is not relevant to the comparison.	The paper compares or contrasts, but does not include both. There is no supporting information or support is incomplete.
<b>Organization &amp; Structure</b>	The paper breaks the information into whole-to-whole, similarities -to-differences, or point-by-point structure. It follows a consistent order when	The paper breaks the information into whole-to-whole, similarities -to-differences, or point-by-point structure but does not follow a consistent order when discussing	The paper breaks the information into whole-to-whole, similarities -to-differences, or point-by-point structure, but some information is in the wrong	Many details are not in a logical or expected order. There is little sense that the writing is organized.

	discussing the comparison.	the comparison.	section. Some details are not in a logical or expected order, and this distracts the reader.	
<b>Transitions</b>	The paper moves smoothly from one idea to the next. The paper uses comparison and contrast transition words to show relationships between ideas. The paper uses a variety of sentence structures and transitions.	The paper moves from one idea to the next, but there is little variety. The paper uses comparison and contrast transition words to show relationships between ideas.	Some transitions work well; but connections between other ideas are fuzzy.	The transitions between ideas are unclear or nonexistent.
<b>Grammar &amp; Spelling (Conventions)</b>	Writer makes no errors in grammar or spelling that distract the reader from the content.	Writer makes 1-2 errors in grammar or spelling that distract the reader from the content.	Writer makes 3-4 errors in grammar or spelling that distract the reader from the content.	Writer makes more than 4 errors in grammar or spelling that distract the reader from the content.



# Latin- American Literature of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century

## INTRODUCTION

Tasting the sweet liberty at last, Latin-American writers needed to express the thoughts and feelings that they kept for a very long time and during this moment Romanticism developed in their regions. However, the harsh reality in returned shortly after and that is why magic realism emerged.

Since the 1960s, Latin-American writing has been searching for the perfect novel that can be introduced to the world as the epitome of what the region has to offer. And then it came. *One Hundred Years of Solitude* by the Colombian writer Gabriel Garcia Marquez set the example and is now read and studied all over the world.

*One Hundred Years of Solitude* takes readers to Macondo, a fictional town, which Marquez said to have been inspired by his very own hometown, founded by the Buendia family. The novel was a perfect harmony between magic and reality as the founding of Macondo is the founding of America: origins, colonization, struggles, and history. This novel is so successful that it has become one of the most translated works and also one of the most read in Spanish.

Another Latin-American author who established himself in the world is Julio Cortazar who wrote *Rayuela*, a novel that can be read in various ways. It consists of 155 chapter, divided into three parts: On the side there, this side, and both sides. Cortazar allowed the readers to start from whichever part he wants to start and thus creating his own meaning to the story.

Different writers emerged after the region finally found its distinct voice. Mario Vargas Llosa even won the coveted Nobel Prize for Literature in 2010. Many of his works influenced writers' belief on what is distinctly Peruvian. Llosa is considered as one of the most influential writer during the Latin-American Boom.

## PHASE 1

### ACTIVITY 1

Read the following text about Magical Realism and complete the task that follows.

#### **Magical Realism in a Nutshell**

*By Dr. Lois Parkinson Zamora*

An old man with enormous wings appears in a Colombian village; a girl of unearthly beauty ascends to heaven while hanging out her sister-in-law's sheets; it rains for four years, seven months and eleven days until boredom turns to apocalypse and a biblical hurricane sweeps the town away. In fiction described by the term "magical realism," miracles, myths, and monsters mix with the mundane, and fantastical events are narrated as if they were everyday occurrences.

#### **What is *Real*?**

These are all events from Gabriel García Márquez's fiction—which is considered to be *the* defining example of magical realism, despite the author's refusal of the label. He protests that he is not a magical realist but a realist, and that there isn't a single thing in his fiction that hasn't really happened to him or someone he knows. The Colombian author's point is well taken: the question of what is *real* is at the heart of magical realism. García Márquez implies that our notions of reality are too limited—that reality includes magic, miracles and monsters, and that we don't need to go around inventing special terms to describe it. By making things happen in his fictional world of Macondo that do not happen in most novels (or in most readers' experiences either), the author asks us to question our assumptions about our world, and to examine our certainties about ourselves and our community. Because the magical events in Macondo are presented matter-of-factly, our own sense of what is possible is amplified and enriched. Ordinary objects and events are enchanted. As the gypsy Melquíades says in the first paragraph of the novel, "Things have a life of their own. It's simply a question of waking up their souls."

## **Bridging the Cultural Divide**

García Márquez also suggests that cultures and countries differ in what they call "real." It is here that magical realism serves its most important function, because it facilitates the inclusion of alternative belief systems. It is no coincidence that magical realism is flourishing in cultures such as Mexico and Colombia, where European and indigenous cultures have mixed, with the result that ancient myths are often just beneath the surface of modernity.

It's not just in Latin America where Western and non-Western cultures have converged. Toni Morrison, a Nobel laureate alongside García Márquez, writes novels that depend upon African cultural sources to describe American settings. American writers Leslie Silko and Louise Erdrich incorporate Pueblo and Ojibway cultural traditions.

As these examples suggest, women's fiction may be especially attuned to the "magic" in real places and people. The Chilean writer Isabel Allende proposes the wonderful world of clairvoyant women in her magical realist novel *The House of the Spirits*, and the Mexican writer Laura Esquivel makes the kitchen the site of magic in *Like Water for Chocolate*. To enter into the fictional worlds of these women writers is to enter into "real" worlds like García Márquez's Macondo, where magic comes naturally, as a simple, everyday occurrence.

## **Turning Proof on its Ear**

Magical realism engages belief systems that defy rational, empirical (scientific) proof. So, too, do science fiction and fantasy and gothic romance. But the crucial difference is that magical realism sets magical events in realistic contexts, thus requiring us to question what is "real," and how we can tell. Magical realism undermines our certainties, and we eventually accept (often without authorial explanation) the fusion, or co-existence, of contradictory worlds—worlds that would be irreconcilable in other modes of fiction. Magical realist fiction is not "either/or" but "both at once."

Based on the input given on the text above, check which of the following statements are features of Magical Realism.

- The elements of the magical and the ordinary are interwoven seamlessly.
- It follows the traditional time structure.
- Objects and setting may take on lives of their own.
- It seems that the readers are inside a maze.
- It contains ambiguities, contradictions, and inconsistencies.
- Magic occurs because of the use of devices similar to fantasy.
- Gabriel Garcia Marquez took credit for the developing Magical Realism.

## PHASE 2

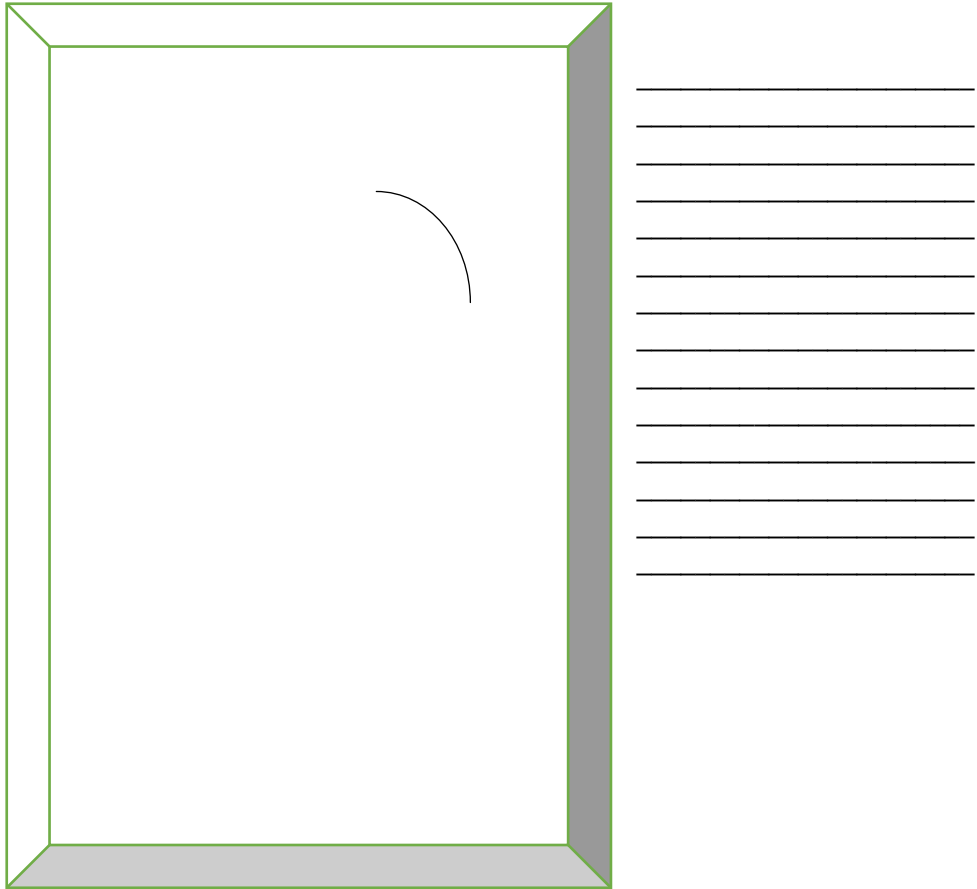
### ACTIVITY 2

Match Column A with Column B to match the words with their definitions. Write the letters only on the space given before each number.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>_____ 1. arsenic</p> <p>_____ 2. caste</p> <p>_____ 3. amorphous</p> <p>_____ 4. chink</p> <p>_____ 5. anguish</p> <p>_____ 6. conjecture</p> <p>_____ 7. debilitated</p> <p>_____ 8. accentuated</p> <p>_____ 9. corporeal</p> <p>_____ 10. absurd</p> | <p>a. an educated guess</p> <p>b. agony</p> <p>c. social rank</p> <p>d. stressed</p> <p>e. gaps filled in with chunks</p> <p>f. shapeless</p> <p>g. ridiculous</p> <p>h. having material substance</p> <p>i. enfeebled</p> <p>j. a poison</p> |
|--|---|

**ACTIVITY 3**

Use the curve line inside the mirror-like shape below as your starting point to draw your biggest insecurity (Any body parts, achievements, issues). Then, in two or three sentences, write on the blank the reason why it is your biggest insecurity. Be ready to share your output to the class.



**ACTIVITY 4**

You will be divided into two groups, the Blessing and the Burden group, and you must answer this question: “Do you think beauty is a blessing or a burden?” The Blessing group will be pro beauty while the burden group is con beauty. Observe proper discipline while completing this activity.

## ACTIVITY 5

Read the story below and complete the tasks that follow.

### **Eva Is Inside Her Cat** by **Gabriel Garcia Marquez**

All of a sudden she noticed that her beauty had fallen all apart on her, that it had begun to pain her physically like a tumor or a cancer. She still remembered the weight of the privilege she had borne over her body during adolescence, which she had dropped now--who knows where?--with the weariness of resignation, with the final gesture of a declining creature. It was impossible to bear that burden any longer. She had to drop that useless attribute of her personality somewhere; as she turned a corner, somewhere in the outskirts. Or leave it behind on the coatrack of a second-rate restaurant like some old useless coat. She was tired of being the center of attention, of being under siege from men's long looks. At night, when insomnia stuck its pins into her eyes, she would have liked to be an ordinary woman, without any special attraction. Everything was hostile to her within the four walls of her room. Desperate, she could feel her vigil spreading out under her skin, into her head, pushing the fever upward toward the roots of her hair. It was as if her arteries had become peopled with hot, tiny insects who, with the approach of dawn, awoke each day and ran about on their moving feet in a rending subcutaneous adventure in that place of clay made fruit where her anatomical beauty had found its home. In vain she struggled to chase those terrible creatures away. She couldn't. They were part of her own organism. They'd been there, alive, since much before her physical existence. They came from the heart of her father, who had fed them painfully during his nights of desperate solitude. Or maybe they had poured into her arteries through the cord that linked her to her mother ever since the beginning of the world. There was no doubt that those insects had not been born spontaneously inside her body. She knew that they came from back there, that all who bore her surname had to bear them, had to suffer them as she did when insomnia held unconquerable sway until dawn. It was those very insects who painted that bitter expression, that unconsolable sadness on the

faces of her forebears. She had seen them looking out of their extinguished existence, out of their ancient portraits, victims of that same anguish. She still remembered the disquieting face of the greatgrandmother who, from her aged canvas, begged for a minute of rest, a second of peace from those insects who there, in the channels of her blood, kept on martyrizing her, pitilessly beautifying her. No. Those insects didn't belong to her. They came, transmitted from generation to generation, sustaining with their tiny armor all the prestige of a select caste, a painfully select group. Those insects had been born in the womb of the first woman who had had a beautiful daughter. But it was necessary, urgent, to put a stop to that heritage. Someone must renounce the eternal transmission of that artificial beauty. It was no good for women of her breed to admire themselves as they came back from their mirrors if during the night those creatures did their slow, effective, ceaseless work with a constancy of centuries. It was no longer beauty, it was a sickness that had to be halted, that had to be cut off in some bold and radical way.

She still remembered the endless hours spent on that bed sown with hot needles. Those nights when she tried to speed time along so that with the arrival of daylight the beasts would stop hurting her. What good was beauty like that? Night after night, sunken in her desperation, she thought it would have been better for her to have been an ordinary woman, or a man. But that useless virtue was denied her, fed by insects of remote origin who were hastening the irrevocable arrival of her death. Maybe she would have been happy if she had had the same lack of grace, that same desolate ugliness, as her Czechoslovakian friend who had a dog's name. She would have been better off ugly, so that she could sleep peacefully like any other Christian.

She cursed her ancestors. They were to blame for her insomnia. They had transmitted that exact, invariable beauty, as if after death mothers shook and renewed their heads in order to graft them onto the trunks of their daughters. It was as if the same head, a single head, had been continuously transmitted, with the same ears, the same nose, the identical mouth, with its weighty intelligence, to all the women who were to receive it irremediably like a painful inheritance of beauty. It was there, in the transmission of the head, that the eternal microbe that came through across generations had been accentuated, had taken on personality, strength, until it became an invincible

being, an incurable illness, which upon reaching her, after having passed through a complicated process of judgment, could no longer be borne and was bitter and painful . . . just like a tumor or a cancer.

It was during those hours of wakefulness that she remembered the things disagreeable to her fine sensibility. She remembered the objects that made up the sentimental universe where, as in a chemical stew, those microbes of despair had been cultivated. During those nights, with her big round eyes open and frightened, she bore the weight of the darkness that fell upon her temples like molten lead. Everything was asleep around her. And from her corner, in order to bring on sleep, she tried to go back over her childhood memories.

But that remembering always ended with a terror of the unknown. Always, after wandering through the dark corners of the house, her thoughts would find themselves face to face with fear. Then the struggle would begin. The real struggle against three unmovable enemies. She would never--no, she would never--be able to shake the fear from her head. She would have to bear it as it clutched at her throat. And all just to live in that ancient mansion, to sleep alone in that corner, away from the rest of the world.

Her thoughts always went down along the damp, dark passageways, shaking the dry cobweb-covered dust off the portraits. That disturbing and fearsome dust that fell from above, from the place where the bones of her ancestors were falling apart. Invariably she remembered the "boy." She imagined him there, sleepwalking under the grass in the courtyard beside the orange tree, a handful of wet earth in his mouth. She seemed to see him in his clay depths, digging upward with his nails, his teeth, fleeing the cold that bit into his back, looking for the exit into the courtyard through that small tunnel where they had placed him along with the snails. In winter she would hear him weeping with his tiny sob, mud-covered, drenched with rain. She imagined him intact. Just as they had left him five years before in that water-filled hole. She couldn't think of him as having decomposed. On the contrary, he was probably most handsome sailing along in that thick water as on a voyage with no escape. Or she saw him alive but frightened, afraid of feeling himself alone, buried in such a somber courtyard. She herself had been against their leaving him there, under the orange tree, so close to the house. She was

afraid of him. She knew that on nights when insomnia hounded her he would sense it. He would come back along the wide corridors to ask her to stay with him, ask her to defend him against those other insects, who were eating at the roots of his violets. He would come back to have her let him sleep beside her as he did when he was alive. She was afraid of feeling him beside her again after he had leaped over the wall of death. She was afraid of stealing those hands that the "boy" would always keep closed to warm up his little piece of ice. She wished, after she saw him turned into cement, like the statue of fear fallen in the mud, she wished that they would take him far away so that she wouldn't remember him at night. And yet they had left him there, where he was imperturbable now, wretched, feeding his blood with the mud of earthworms. And she had to resign herself to seeing him return from the depths of his shadows. Because always, invariably, when she lay awake she began to think about the "boy," who must be calling her from his piece of earth to help him flee that absurd death.

But now, in her new life, temporal and spaceless, she was more tranquil. She knew that outside her world there, everything would keep going on with the same rhythm as before; that her room would still be sunken in early-morning darkness, and her things, her furniture, her thirteen favorite books, all in place. And that on her unoccupied bed, the body aroma that filled the void of what had been a whole woman was only now beginning to evaporate. But how could "that" happen? How could she, after being a beautiful woman, her blood peopled by insects, pursued by the fear of the total night, have the immense, wakeful nightmare now of entering a strange, unknown world where all dimensions had been eliminated? She remembered. That night--the night of her passage--had been colder than usual and she was alone in the house, martyred by insomnia. No one disturbed the silence, and the smell that came from the garden was a smell of fear. Sweat broke out on her body as if the blood in her arteries were pouring out its cargo of insects. She wanted someone to pass by on the street, someone who would shout, would shatter that halted atmosphere. For something to move in nature, for the earth to move around the sun again. But it was useless.

There was no waking up even for those imbecilic men who had fallen asleep under her ear, inside the pillow. She, too, was motionless. The walls gave off a strong smell of fresh paint, that thick, grand smell that you don't smell with your nose but with your stomach. And on the table the single clock,

pounding on the silence with its mortal machinery. "Time . . . oh, time!" she sighed, remembering death. And there in the courtyard, under the orange tree, the "boy" was still weeping with his tiny sob from the other world.

She took refuge in all her beliefs. Why didn't it dawn right then and there or why didn't she die once and for all? She had never thought that beauty would cost her so many sacrifices. At that moment--as usual--it still pained her on top of her fear. And underneath her fear those implacable insects were still martyring her. Death had squeezed her into life like a spider, biting her in a rage, ready to make her succumb. But the final moment was taking its time. Her hands, those hands that men squeezed like imbeciles with manifest animal nervousness, were motionless, paralyzed by fear, by that irrational terror that came from within, with no motive, just from knowing that she was abandoned in that ancient house. She tried to react and couldn't. Fear had absorbed her completely and remained there, fixed, tenacious, almost corporeal, as if it were some invisible person who had made up his mind not to leave her room. And the most upsetting part was that the fear had no justification at all, that it was a unique fear, without any reason, a fear just because.

The saliva had grown thick on her tongue. That hard gum that stuck to her palate and flowed because she was unable to contain it was bothersome between her teeth. It was a desire that was quite different from thirst. A superior desire that she was feeling for the first time in her life. For a moment she forgot about her beauty, her insomnia, and her irrational fear. She didn't recognize herself. For an instant she thought that the microbes had left her body. She felt that they'd come out stuck to her saliva. Yes, that was all very fine. It was fine that the insects no longer occupied her and that she could sleep now, but she had to find a way to dissolve that resin that dulled her tongue. If she could only get to the pantry and . . . But what was she thinking about? She gave a start of surprise. She'd never felt "that desire." The urgency of the acidity had debilitated her, rendering useless the discipline that she had faithfully followed for so many years ever since the day they had buried the "boy." It was foolish, but she felt revulsion about eating an orange. She knew that the "boy" had climbed up to the orange blossoms and that the fruit of next autumn would be swollen with his flesh, cooled by the coolness of his death. No. She couldn't eat them. She knew that under every orange tree in the world there was a boy buried, sweetening the

fruit with the lime of his bones. Nevertheless, she had to eat an orange now. It was the only thing for that gum that was smothering her. It was the foolishness to think that the "boy" was inside a fruit. She would take advantage of that moment in which beauty had stopped paining her to get to the pantry. But wasn't that strange? It was the first time in her life that she'd felt a real urge to eat an orange. She became happy, happy. Oh, what pleasure! Eating an orange. She didn't know why, but she'd never had such a demanding desire. She would get up, happy to be a normal woman again, singing merrily until she got to the pantry, singing merrily like a new woman, newborn. She would, even get to the courtyard and . . .

Her memory was suddenly cut off. She remembered that she had tried to get up and that she was no longer in her bed, that her body had disappeared, that her thirteen favorite books were no longer there, that she was no longer she, now that she was bodiless, floating, drifting over an absolute nothingness, changed into an amorphous dot, tiny, lacking direction. She was unable to pinpoint what had happened. She was confused. She just had the sensation that someone had pushed her into space from the top of a precipice. She felt changed into an abstract, imaginary being. She felt changed into an incorporeal woman, something like her suddenly having entered that high and unknown world of pure spirits.

She was afraid again. But it was a different fear from what she had felt a moment before. It was no longer the fear of the "boy" 's weeping. It was a terror of the strange, of what was mysterious and unknown in her new world. And to think that all of it had happened so innocently, with so much naivete on her part. What would she tell her mother when she told her what had happened when she got home? She began to think about how alarmed the neighbors would be when they opened the door to her bedroom and discovered that the bed was empty, that the locks had not been touched, that no one had been able to enter or to leave, and that, nonetheless, she wasn't there. She imagined her mother's desperate movements as she searched through the room, conjecturing, wondering "what could have become of that girl?" The scene was clear to her. The neighbors would arrive and begin to weave comments together--some of them malicious--concerning her disappearance. Each would think according to his own and particular way of

thinking. Each would try to offer the most logical explanation, the most acceptable, at least, while her mother would run along all the corridors in the big house, desperate, calling her by name.

And there she would be. She would contemplate the moment, detail by detail, from a corner, from the ceiling, from the chinks in the wall, from anywhere; from the best angle, shielded by her bodiless state, in her spacelessness. It bothered her, thinking about it. Now she realized her mistake. She wouldn't be able to give any explanation, clear anything up, console anybody. No living being could be informed of her transformation. Now--perhaps the only time that she needed them--she wouldn't have a mouth, arms, so that everybody could know that she was there, in her corner, separated from the three-dimensional world by an unbridgeable distance. In her new life she was isolated, completely prevented from grasping emotions. But at every moment something was vibrating in her, a shudder that ran through her, overwhelming her, making her aware of that other physical universe that moved outside her world. She couldn't hear, she couldn't see, but she knew about that sound and that sight. And there, in the heights of her superior world, she began to know that an environment of anguish surrounded her.

Just a moment before--according to our temporal world--she had made the passage, so that only now was she beginning to know the peculiarities, the characteristics, of her new world. Around her an absolute, radical darkness spun. How long would that darkness last? Would she have to get used to it for eternity? Her anguish grew from her concentration as she saw herself sunken in that thick impenetrable fog: could she be in limbo? She shuddered. She remembered everything she had heard about limbo. If she really was there, floating beside her were other pure spirits, those of children who had died without baptism, who had been dying for a thousand years. In the darkness she tried to find next to her those beings who must have been much purer, ever so much simpler, than she. Completely isolated from the physical world, condemned to a sleepwalking and eternal life. Maybe the "boy" was there looking for an exit that would lead him to his body.

But no. Why should she be in limbo? Had she died, perhaps? No. It was simply a change in state, a normal passage from the physical world to an easier, uncomplicated world, where all dimensions had been eliminated.

Now she would not have to bear those subterranean insects. Her beauty had collapsed on her. Now, in that elemental situation, she could be happy. Although--oh!--not completely happy, because now her greatest desire, the desire to eat an orange, had become impossible. It was the only thing that might have caused her still to want to be in her first life. To be able to satisfy the urgency of the acidity that still persisted after the passage. She tried to orient herself so as to reach the pantry and feel, if nothing else, the cool and sour company of the oranges. It was then that she discovered a new characteristic of her world: she was everywhere in the house, in the courtyard, on the roof, even in the "boy" 's orange tree. She was in the whole physical world there beyond. And yet she was nowhere. She became upset again. She had lost control over herself. Now she was under a superior will, she was a useless being, absurd, good for nothing. Without knowing why, she began to feel sad. She almost began to feel nostalgia for her beauty: for the beauty that had foolishly ruined her.

But one supreme idea reanimated her. Hadn't she heard, perhaps, that pure spirits can penetrate any body at will? After all, what harm was there in trying? She attempted to remember what inhabitant of the house could be put to the proof. If she could fulfill her aim she would be satisfied: she could eat the orange. She remembered. At that time the servants were usually not there. Her mother still hadn't arrived. But the need to eat an orange, joined now to the curiosity of seeing herself incarnate in a body different from her own, obliged her to act at once. And yet there was no one there in whom she could incarnate herself. It was a desolating bit of reason: there was nobody in the house. She would have to live eternally isolated from the outside world, in her undimensional world, unable to eat the first orange. And all because of a foolish thing. It would have been better to go on bearing up for a few more years under that hostile beauty and not wipe herself out forever, making herself useless, like a conquered beast. But it was too late.

She was going to withdraw, disappointed, into a distant region of the universe, to a place where she could forget all her earthly desires. But something made her suddenly hold back. The promise of a better future had opened up in her unknown region. Yes, there was someone in the house in whom she could reincarnate herself: the cat! Then she hesitated. It was difficult to resign herself to live inside an animal. She would have soft, white fur, and a great energy for a leap would probably be concentrated in her muscles. And she would feel her eyes glow in the dark like two green coals. And she would have white, sharp teeth to smile at her mother from her feline heart with a broad and good animal smile. But no! It couldn't be. She imagined herself quickly inside the body of the cat, running through the corridors of the house once more, managing four uncomfortable legs, and that tail would move on its own, without rhythm, alien to her will. What would life look like through those green and luminous eyes? At night she would go to mew at the sky so that it would not pour its moonlit cement down on the face of the "boy," who would be on his back drinking in the dew. Maybe in her status as a cat she would also feel fear. And maybe in the end, she would be unable to eat the orange with that carnivorous mouth. A coldness that came from right then and there, born of the very roots of her spirit quivered in her memory. No. It was impossible to incarnate herself in the cat. She was afraid of one day feeling in her palate in her throat in all her quadruped organism, the irrevocable desire to eat a mouse. Probably when her spirit began to inhabit the cat's body she would no longer feel any desire to eat an orange but the repugnant and urgent desire to eat a mouse. She shuddered on thinking about it, caught between her teeth after the chase. She felt it struggling in its last attempts at escape, trying to free itself to get back to its hole again. No. Anything but that. It was preferable to stay there for eternity in that distant and mysterious world of pure spirits.

But it was difficult to resign herself to live forgotten forever. Why did she have to feel the desire to eat a mouse? Who would rule in that synthesis of woman and cat? Would the primitive animal instinct of the body rule, or the pure will of the woman? The answer was crystal clear. There was no reason to be afraid. She would incarnate herself in the cat and would eat her desired orange. Besides, she would be a strange being, a cat with the intelligence of a beautiful woman. She would be the center of all attention. . . . It was then, for

the first time, that she understood that above all her virtues what was in command was the vanity of a metaphysical woman.

Like an insect on the alert which raises its antennae, she put her energy to work throughout the house in search of the cat. It must still be on top of the stove at that time, dreaming that it would wake up with a sprig of heliotrope between its teeth. But it wasn't there. She looked for it again, but she could no longer find the stove. The kitchen wasn't the same. The corners of the house were strange to her; they were no longer those dark corners full of cobwebs. The cat was nowhere to be found. She looked on the roof, in the trees, in the drains, under the bed, in the pantry. She found everything confused. Where she expected to find the portraits of her ancestors again, she found only a bottle of arsenic. From there on she found arsenic all through the house, but the cat had disappeared. The house was no longer the same as before. What had happened to her things? Why were her thirteen favorite books now covered with a thick coat of arsenic? She remembered the orange tree in the courtyard. She looked for it, and tried to find the "boy" again in his pit of water. But the orange tree wasn't in its place and the "boy" was nothing now but a handful of arsenic mixed with ashes underneath a heavy concrete platform. Now she really was going to sleep. Everything was different. And the house had a strong smell of arsenic that beat on her nostrils as if from the depths of a pharmacy.

Only then did she understand that three thousand years had passed since the day she had had a desire to eat the first orange.

#### Processing Questions:

1. Who is the main character in the story?
2. What is the most important part of the story?
3. What are the symbolic words in the story and what do they stand for?
4. What is the main idea that the story would like to share with readers?

### ACTIVITY 6

Color Eva's hair based on your interpretation of her personality from the details given in the story. After coloring her hair, share to your classmates why you chose that hair color.



**Black:** serious, distinctive, elegant, bold  
Powerful, sophisticated, expensive, night, death

**Dark Grey:** conservative, classic, responsible, dull, somberness, authority

**Light Grey:** neutral, logical, rich, practical, reserved, trust

**Blue:** authority, nautical, dignity, security, confident, classic, stability, trust

**Light Blue:** calming, patient, cool, water, contentment, trusting

**Teal:** serene, sophisticated, water, coolness

**Green:** healthy, fertile, freshness, environmentally conscious, nature, reliable, appetite

**Light Green:** calm, soothing, refreshing, young

**Yellow:** youth, friendly, positive feelings, sunshine, surprise, cowardice, energetic, caution

**Orange:** fun, cheeriness, sunset, exuberance, Spontaneous, optimistic, speed

**Amber/Gold:** history, autumn, earthiness, tradition, conservative

**Brown:** earthy, wholesome, delicious, rich, rustic, warn, natural

**Dark Red:** rich, refined, tasty, expensive, luxurious

**Red:** aggressiveness, passionate, sexy, strength, powerful, assertive, vitality, fear, speed, danger

**Hot Pink:** exciting, playful, tropical, flirtatious

**Light Pink:** romantic, sweet tasting, femininity, innocence, softness, youthful

**Purple:** sophistication, mysterious, spirituality, dramatic, wealth, royalty, youth, creative

**Light Purple:** romantic, sentimental, nostalgic, fragrant

**Ivory/Cream:** classic, soft, comforting, natural, smooth

**White:** purity, truthfulness, faith, pristine, contemporary, refined, airy

**Silver Metallic:** sleek, modern, classy

**Gold Metallic:** rich, expensive, valuable, prestigious

## PHASE 4

### ACTIVITY 7

Create an acrostic using the word BEAUTY to narrate your personal experiences being discriminated and treated unfairly because of your physical features or flaws. See the example below as your guide:

L – ots of people don’t like me  
E – ven if they don’t know me they judge the clothes I wear

O – ut of style, they say  
 N – ot stylish and it does not fit well  
 A – ware that they talk behind my back, I kept it all inside  
 R – espect is what I give them still  
 D – on't let anyone hold you down.

### Activity 8

Work with your groups and create a 15-minute film adaptation of the story *Eva is Inside Her Cat*. You will be rated by the following rubric:

Short Story Film Adaptation Essay Rubric

evaluation category	extremely well	well	average	Not well	not at all
	A	B	C	D	F
<u>title and introduction</u> : engage reader, explain general concept of film, include short story title and author					
<u>character</u> : demonstrate understanding of how character functions in short story and film					
<u>setting</u> : demonstrate understanding of how setting functions in short story and film					
<u>plot/conflict</u> : demonstrate understanding of how plot and conflict function in short story and film					
<u>irony</u> : demonstrate understanding of how character functions in short story and film					
<u>symbolism</u> : demonstrate understanding of how character functions in short story and film					
<u>conclusion</u> : provide closure and reflects the thesis of the essay					
<u>overall essay</u> : clearly unified around topic, all content is relevant, nothing is missing					
<u>style</u> : address the rhetorical situation, appeals to logos, ethos, pathos, makes convincing adaptation plan for audience					

Comments and Grade:

## PHASE 1

### ACTIVITY 1

Read the sonnet below and answer the questions that follow.

#### SONNET 18

*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

Processing Questions:

1. What figure of speech is used in the poem?
2. What is the problem of the persona in the poem?
3. Why is summer inept to compare for the love of the persona?
4. How will the love of the persona avoid death?
5. What is the rhyme scheme of the poem? Write the pattern on the sonnet.

## ACTIVITY 2

Listen to your teacher as she reads the short biography of Pablo Neruda. While listening, restore the missing words in the text.

### Biography of Pablo Neruda

Born Ricardo Eliecer Neftalí Reyes Basoalto in the town of Parral in southern \_\_\_\_\_ on July 12, 1904, Pablo Neruda led a life charged with \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ activity. In 1923 he sold all of his possessions to finance the \_\_\_\_\_ of his first book, *Crepusculario* (“Twilight”). He published the volume under the \_\_\_\_\_ “Pablo Neruda” to avoid conflict with his family, who disapproved of his occupation. The following year, he found a publisher for *Veinte poemas de amor y una canción desesperada* (“Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair”). The book made a \_\_\_\_\_ of Neruda, who gave up his studies at the age of twenty to devote himself to his craft.

In 1927, Neruda began his long career as a \_\_\_\_\_ in the Latin American tradition of honoring poets with diplomatic assignments. Neruda’s outspoken sympathy for the \_\_\_\_\_ cause during the Spanish Civil War led to his recall from Madrid in 1937. He then moved to Paris and helped \_\_\_\_\_ Spanish republican refugees in Chile.

Neruda returned to Chile in 1938 where he renewed his \_\_\_\_\_ activity and wrote prolifically. Named Chilean Consul to Mexico in 1939, Neruda left Chile again for four years. Upon returning to Chile in 1943, he was \_\_\_\_\_ to the Senate and joined the \_\_\_\_\_ Party. When the Chilean government moved to the right, they declared communism \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ Neruda from the Senate. He went into hiding. During those years he wrote and published *Canto general* (1950).

For the next twenty-one years, he continued a career that \_\_\_\_\_ private and public concerns and became known as the people’s poet. During this time, Neruda received numerous \_\_\_\_\_ awards, including the International Peace Prize in 1950, the \_\_\_\_\_ Peace Prize and the

\_\_\_\_\_ Peace Prize in 1953, and the Nobel Prize for \_\_\_\_\_ in 1971.

Diagnosed with cancer while serving a two-year term as \_\_\_\_\_ to France, Neruda resigned his position, ending his \_\_\_\_\_ career. On September 23, 1973, just twelve days after the defeat of Chile's democratic \_\_\_\_\_, the man widely regarded as the greatest Latin American poet.

## PHASE 2

Read Sonnet XVII by Pablo Neruda and answer the questions that follow.

From 100 Love Sonnets	From Cien Sonetos de amor
<b>XVII</b>	<b>XVII</b>
<p>No te amo como si fueras rosa de sal, topacio o flecha de claveles que propagan el fuego: te amo como se aman ciertas cosas oscuras, secretamente, entre la sombra y el alma.</p> <p>Te amo como la planta que no florece y lleva dentro de sí, escondida, la luz de aquellas flores, y gracias a tu amor vive oscuro en mi cuerpo el apretado aroma que ascendió de la tierra.</p> <p>Te amo sin saber como, ni cuándo, ni de donde,</p> <p>te amo directamente sin problemas ni orgullo: así te amo porque no sé amar de otra manera,</p> <p>sino así de este modo en que no soy ni eres, tan cerca que tu mano sobre mi pecho es mía, tan cerca que se cierran tus ojos con mi sueño.</p>	<p>I don't love you as if you were a rose of salt, topaz, or arrow of carnations that propagate fire: I love you as one loves certain obscure things, secretly, between the shadow and the soul.</p> <p>I love you as the plant that doesn't bloom but carries the light of those flowers, hidden, within itself, and thanks to your love the tight aroma that arose from the earth lives dimly in my body.</p> <p>I love you without knowing how, or when, or from where</p> <p>I love you directly without problems or pride: I love you like this because I don't know any other way</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">to love,</p> <p>except in this form in which I am not nor are you, so close that your hand upon my chest is mine, so close that your eyes close with my dreams.</p> <p style="text-align: right; padding-right: 20px;">—Translated and © Mark Eisner 2004, from City Lights' <i>The Essential Neruda</i></p>

Questions	Answer/Explanation
1. Who is the persona talking to in the poem?	
2. What do rose of salt, topaz, and carnation symbolize?	
3. What do you think does the 3 <sup>rd</sup> and 4 <sup>th</sup> line mean?	
4. What sense does the second stanza appeal to?	
5. What is the central idea of the poem?	

### ACTIVITY 3

Work with your group and complete the task assigned to you.

- Group 1 – Choose the most striking part of Sonnet 17 and create a flier. Personalize your flier using artworks, colors, and design.
- Group 2 – Make a talking display of the poem. Create paper dolls and tape a dialogue between the persona and his lover.
- Group 3 – Put your own melody to the poem and perform it in class.

### PHASE 3

One of the most popular poetic forms is the fourteen line, iambic pentameter poem with a traditional rhyme scheme: the sonnet. There are two kinds of sonnet: the Italian/Petrarchan and the English/Shakespearean. Although both consist of 14 lines, the Italian sonnet is divided into two parts: the octave “eight” and the sestet “six”. The octave which raises the idea or argument of the sonnet has the rhyme scheme abbaabba; while the sestet which extends the idea usually has the rhyme scheme cdecde.

The English sonnet on the other hand is divided into three quatrains, four-line stanzas, and a couplet. The rhyme scheme is abab cdcd efef gg. The quatrains of the English sonnet opens and develops the idea and the couplet concludes it.

#### ACTIVITY 4

Go back to the sonnet 17 and identify its rhyme scheme. Tell whether it followed the pattern of the Italian or the English. If not, what is the effect of the rhyme scheme to the idea presented in the sonnet.

From 100 Love Sonnets	From Cien Sonetos de amor
<b>XVII</b>	<b>XVII</b>
<p>No te amo como si fueras rosa de sal, topacio o flecha de claveles que propagan el fuego: te amo como se aman ciertas cosas oscuras, secretamente, entre la sombra y el alma.</p> <p>Te amo como la planta que no florece y lleva dentro de sí, escondida, la luz de aquellas flores, y gracias a tu amor vive oscuro en mi cuerpo el apretado aroma que ascendió de la tierra.</p> <p>Te amo sin saber como, ni cuándo, ni de donde,</p> <p>te amo directamente sin problemas ni orgullo: así te amo porque no sé amar de otra manera,</p> <p>sino así de este modo en que no soy ni eres, tan cerca que tu mano sobre mi pecho es mía, tan cerca que se cierran tus ojos con mi sueño.</p>	<p>I don't love you as if you were a rose of salt, topaz, or arrow of carnations that propagate fire: I love you as one loves certain obscure things, secretly, between the shadow and the soul.</p> <p>I love you as the plant that doesn't bloom but carries the light of those flowers, hidden, within itself, and thanks to your love the tight aroma that arose from the earth lives dimly in my body.</p> <p>I love you without knowing how, or when, or from where I love you directly without problems or pride: I love you like this because I don't know any other way to love,</p> <p>except in this form in which I am not nor are you, so close that your hand upon my chest is mine, so close that your eyes close with my dreams.</p>
<p>—Translated and © Mark Eisner 2004, from City Lights' <i>The Essential Neruda</i></p>	

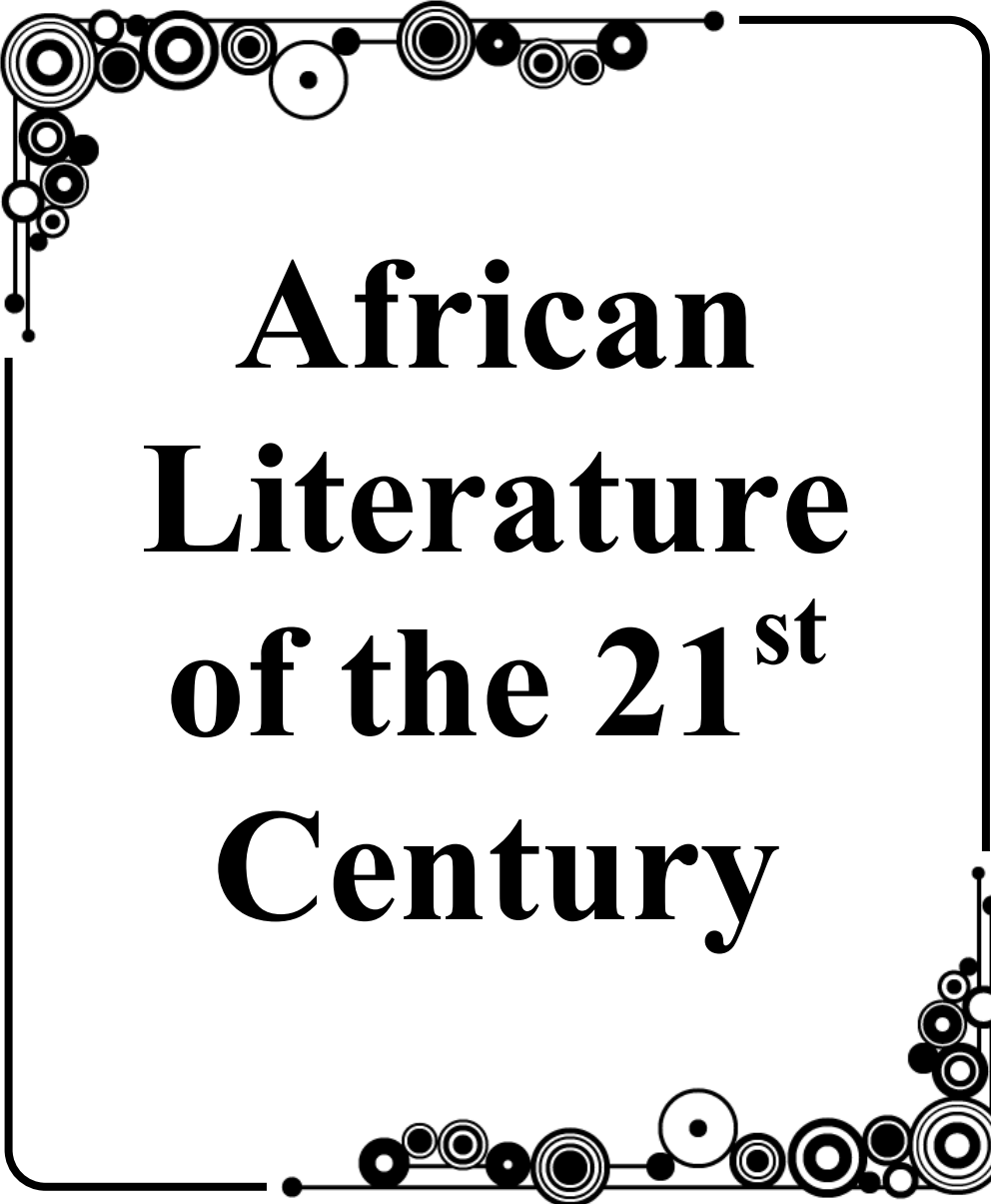
**PHASE 4**

**ACTIVITY 5**

The best way to appreciate sonnets is really for you to write your own. It can be very challenging but it is worth the while. Your task is for you to choose someone you love or someone you deeply care for that you are going to write your sonnet for. In this activity, take note of the following requirements: iambic pentameter, rhyme scheme, content, stanza, and artistic presentation.

*Sonnet Grading Rubric – 40 points*

	<b>5 points</b>	<b>4 points</b>	<b>3 points</b>	<b>2 points</b>	<b>1 point</b>
<b>Iambic Pentameter</b>	Flawless use of iambic pentameter	1-2 errors	3 errors	4 errors	More than 4 errors
<b>Rhyme Scheme</b>	abab cdcd efef gg	1 error in rhyme	2 errors	3 errors	4 or more errors
<b>Quatrains &amp; Couplets</b>	3 Quatrains 1 Couplet	1 error	2 errors	3 errors	4 or more errors
<b>Artistic Presentation</b>	Very original, Very attractive, Neat	Original, Attractive, Neat	Somewhat original and attractive, lacking in neatness	Not original, lacking in neatness	On plain white paper, sloppy
	<b>20 points</b>	<b>15 points</b>	<b>10 points</b>	<b>5 points</b>	<b>1 point</b>
<b>Content</b>	Clear subject, speaker, tone, and message	Demonstrates use of speaker and tone.	Contains a subject, and message. Speaker and tone may be unclear.	May not contain a subject or message. Does not demonstrate use of a speaker. Tone is unclear	Does not contain a subject or message. Does not demonstrate use of a speaker. Tone lacks control.



# African Literature of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century

## INTRODUCTION

The development of African literature, from its oral tradition up to the current trends, reflects the history of its people, the continents feelings and the minds of its population.

Having been denied sharing their unique culture to the rest of the world, African literature takes pride in their identify as a people along with their rich heritage. The *Dark Continent* enjoys a vast collection of masterpieces, both in oral and written literature, which are highly diverse and at the same time common.

The writings on black Africa started in the middle ages when Arabic was introduced to them and then it moved forward in the 1800s with the coming of the alphabet. With the birth of the Negritude (which literally means ‘blackness’) movement in 1934, African writers committed to look into their own culture, traditions, and values that can be applied in the modern world. The drive of writers to write and excite political freedom grew and the dignity of African traditions has been asserted. The Negritude movement opened the avenue for writers to celebrate what is truly African.

## PHASE 1

### ACTIVITY 1

Look at the given pictures below and write words that will describe them.



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*Ten Pounds Reward.*  
**RUN AWAY,**  
From my plantation, the 18th instant,  
*Two Negroes:*  
A fellow, named JACK, about 6 feet high, with a downcast look, branded on his buttock S S; and a wench, about 5 feet 8 inches high, was born in New Providence, speaks very good English. Whoever will bring them to my plantation on Great Ogechee, or deliver them to the gaoler in Savannah, shall receive the above reward.

*Samuel Stiles.*

September 25. 1783

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## ACTIVITY 2

Read the information bullet and the poem below and complete the task below.



### **Negritude**

- ▶ literally means ‘blackness’
- ▶ the literary movement of the 1930s-1950s that began among French-speaking African and Caribbean writers living in Paris as a protest against French colonial rule and the policy of assimilation.
- ▶ Its leading figure was Leopold Sedar Senghor (1<sup>st</sup> president of the Republic of Senegal in 1960).

### **The basic ideas behind Negritude**

- ▶ Africans must look to their own cultural heritage to determine the values and traditions that are most useful in the modern world.
- ▶ Committed writers should use African subject matter and poetic traditions and should excite a desire for political freedom.
- ▶ Negritude itself encompasses the whole of African cultural, economic, social, and political values.
- ▶ The value and dignity of African traditions and peoples must be asserted.

### **David Diop**

- ▶ Rejects the idea that any good could have come to Africa through the

colonial experience and in his belief that political freedom must precede a cultural and economic revival.

- ▶ one of the most talented of the younger French West African poets of the 1950s

**Africa**

*David Diop*

Africa my Africa  
 Africa of proud warriors in ancestral savannahs  
 Africa of whom my grandmother sings  
 On the banks of the distant river  
 I have never known you  
 But your blood flows in my veins  
 Your beautiful black blood that irrigates the fields  
 The blood of your sweat  
 The sweat of your work  
 The work of your slavery  
 Africa, tell me Africa  
 Is this your back that is bent  
 This back that breaks under the weight of humiliation  
 This back trembling with red scars  
 And saying yes to the whip under the midday sun  
 But a grave voice answers me  
 Impetuous child that tree, young and strong  
 That tree over there  
 Splendidly alone amidst white and faded flowers  
 That is your Africa springing up anew  
 springing up patiently, obstinately  
 Whose fruit bit by bit acquires  
 The bitter taste of liberty.

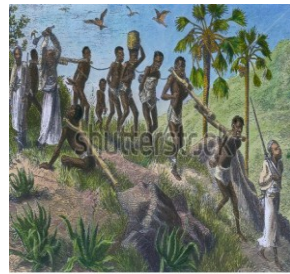
Identify which ideas of negritude are reflected in the poem. Use the table below for your answers.

Cultural Heritage	Desire for Political Freedom	Value and Dignity

**PHASE 2**

**ACTIVITY 3**

Look at the image below and write your perception about it.



## ACTIVITY 4

Read the short story below and then complete the tasks that follow.

### **Everyday Use**

*Alice Walker*

I will wait for her in the yard that Maggie and I made so clean and wavy yesterday afternoon. A yard like this is more comfortable than most people know. It is not just a yard. It is like an extended living room. When the hard clay is swept clean as a floor and the fine sand around the edges lined with tiny, irregular grooves, anyone can come and sit and look up into the elm tree and wait for the breezes that never come inside the house.

Maggie will be nervous until after her sister goes: she will stand hopelessly in corners, homely and ashamed of the burn scars down her arms and legs, eyeing her sister with a mixture of envy and awe. She thinks her sister has held life always in the palm of one hand, that "no" is a word the world never learned to say to her.

You've no doubt seen those TV shows where the child who has "made it" is confronted, as a surprise, by her own mother and father, tottering in weakly from backstage. (A pleasant surprise, of course: What would they do if parent and child came on the show only to curse out and insult each other?) On TV mother and child embrace and smile into each other's faces. Sometimes the mother and father weep, the child wraps them in her arms and leans across the table to tell how she would not have made it without their help. I have seen these programs.

Sometimes I dream a dream in which Dee and I are suddenly brought together on a TV program of this sort. Out of a dark and soft-seated limousine I am ushered into a bright room filled with many people. There I meet a smiling, gray, sporty man like Johnny Carson who shakes my hand and tells me what a fine girl I have. Then we are on the stage and Dee is embracing me with tears in her eyes. She pins on my dress a large orchid, even though she has told me once that she thinks orchids are tacky flowers.

In real life I am a large, big boned woman with rough, man working hands. In the winter I wear flannel nightgowns to bed and overalls during the day. I can kill and clean a hog as mercilessly as a man. My fat keeps me hot in zero weather. I can work outside all day, breaking ice to get water for washing; I can eat pork liver cooked over the open fire minutes after it comes steaming from the hog. One winter I knocked a bull calf straight in the brain between the eyes with a sledge hammer and had the meat hung up to chill before nightfall. But of course all this does not show on television. I am the way my daughter would want me to be: a hundred pounds lighter, my skin like an uncooked barley pancake. My hair glistens in the hot bright lights. Johnny Carson has much to do to keep up with my quick and witty tongue.

But that is a mistake. I know even before I wake up. Who ever knew a Johnson with a quick tongue? Who can even imagine me looking a strange white man in the eye? It seems to me I have talked to them always with one foot raised in flight, with my head fumed in whichever way is farthest from them. Dee, though. She would always look anyone in the eye. Hesitation was no part of her nature.

"How do I look, Mama?" Maggie says, showing just enough of her thin body enveloped in pink skirt and red blouse for me to know she's there, almost hidden by the door.

"Come out into the yard," I say.

Have you ever seen a lame animal, perhaps a dog run over by some careless person rich enough to own a car, sidle up to someone who is ignorant enough to be kind to him? That is the way my Maggie walks. She has been like this, chin on chest, eyes on ground, feet in shuffle, ever since the fire that burned the other house to the ground.

Dee is lighter than Maggie, with nicer hair and a fuller figure. She's a woman now, though sometimes I forget. How long ago was it that the other house burned? Ten, twelve years? Sometimes I can still hear the flames and feel Maggie's arms sticking to me, her hair smoking and her dress falling off her in little black papery flakes. Her eyes seemed stretched open, blazed open by the flames reflected in them. And Dee. I see her standing off under the sweet

gum tree she used to dig gum out of; a look of concentration on her face as she watched the last dingy gray board of the house fall in toward the red.hot brick chimney. Why don't you do a dance around the ashes? I'd wanted to ask her. She had hated the house that much.

I used to think she hated Maggie, too. But that was before we raised money, the church and me, to send her to Augusta to school. She used to read to us without pity; forcing words, lies, other folks' habits, whole lives upon us two, sitting trapped and ignorant underneath her voice. She washed us in a river of make believe, burned us with a lot of knowledge we didn't necessarily need to know. Pressed us to her with the selfish way she read, to shove us away at just the moment, like dimwits, we seemed about to understand.

Dee wanted nice things. A yellow orange dress to wear to her graduation from high school; black pumps to match a green suit she'd made from an old suit somebody gave me. She was determined to stare down any disaster in her efforts. Her eyelids would not flicker for minutes at a time. Often I fought off the temptation to shake her. At sixteen she had a style of her own: and knew what style was.

I never had an education myself. After second grade the school was closed down. Don't ask my why: in 1927 colored asked fewer questions than they do now. Sometimes Maggie reads to me. She stumbles along good naturedly but can't see well. She knows she is not bright. Like good looks and money, quickness passes her by. She will marry John Thomas (who has mossy teeth in an earnest face) and then I'll be free to sit here and I guess just sing church songs to myself. Although I never was a good singer. Never could carry a tune. I was always better at a man's job. I used to love to milk till I was hooked in the side in '49. Cows are soothing and slow and don't bother you, unless you try to milk them the wrong way.

I have deliberately turned my back on the house. It is three rooms, just like the one that burned, except the roof is tin; they don't make shingle roofs any more. There are no real windows, just some holes cut in the sides, like the portholes in a ship, but not round and not square, with rawhide holding the shutters up on the outside. This house is in a pasture, too, like the other one. No doubt when Dee sees it she will want to tear it down. She wrote me once

that no matter where we "choose" to live, she will manage to come see us. But she will never bring her friends. Maggie and I thought about this and Maggie asked me, "Mama, when did Dee ever have any friends?"

She had a few. Furtive boys in pink shirts hanging about on washday after school. Nervous girls who never laughed. Impressed with her they worshiped the well-turned phrase, the cute shape, the scalding humor that erupted like bubbles in Iye. She read to them.

When she was courting Jimmy T she didn't have much time to pay to us, but turned all her faultfinding power on him. He flew to marry a cheap city girl from a family of ignorant flashy people. She hardly had time to recompose herself.

When she comes I will meet—but there they are!

Maggie attempts to make a dash for the house, in her shuffling way, but I stay her with my hand. "Come back here, " I say. And she stops and tries to dig a well in the sand with her toe.

It is hard to see them clearly through the strong sun. But even the first glimpse of leg out of the car tells me it is Dee. Her feet were always neat looking, as if God himself had shaped them with a certain style. From the other side of the car comes a short, stocky man. Hair is all over his head a foot long and hanging from his chin like a kinky mule tail. I hear Maggie suck in her breath. "Uhhnnh, " is what it sounds like. Like when you see the wriggling end of a snake just in front of your foot on the road. "Uhhnnh."

Dee next. A dress down to the ground, in this hot weather. A dress so loud it hurts my eyes. There are yellows and oranges enough to throw back the light of the sun. I feel my whole face warming from the heat waves it throws out. Earrings gold, too, and hanging down to her shoulders. Bracelets dangling and making noises when she moves her arm up to shake the folds of the dress out of her armpits. The dress is loose and flows, and as she walks closer, I like it. I hear Maggie go "Uhhnnh" again. It is her sister's hair. It stands straight up like the wool on a sheep. It is black as night and around the

edges are two long pigtails that rope about like small lizards disappearing behind her ears.

"Wa.su.zo.Tean.o!" she says, coming on in that gliding way the dress makes her move. The short stocky fellow with the hair to his navel is all grinning and he follows up with "Asalamalakim, my mother and sister!" He moves to hug Maggie but she falls back, right up against the back of my chair. I feel her trembling there and when I look up I see the perspiration falling off her chin.

"Don't get up," says Dee. Since I am stout it takes something of a push. You can see me trying to move a second or two before I make it. She turns, showing white heels through her sandals, and goes back to the car. Out she peeks next with a Polaroid. She stoops down quickly and lines up picture after picture of me sitting there in front of the house with Maggie cowering behind me. She never takes a shot without mak'ing sure the house is included. When a cow comes nibbling around the edge of the yard she snaps it and me and Maggie and the house. Then she puts the Polaroid in the back seat of the car, and comes up and kisses me on the forehead.

Meanwhile Asalamalakim is going through motions with Maggie's hand. Maggie's hand is as limp as a fish, and probably as cold, despite the sweat, and she keeps trying to pull it back. It looks like Asalamalakim wants to shake hands but wants to do it fancy. Or maybe he don't know how people shake hands. Anyhow, he soon gives up on Maggie.

"Well," I say. "Dee."

"No, Mama," she says. "Not 'Dee,' Wangero Leewanika Kemanjo!"

"What happened to 'Dee'?" I wanted to know.

"She's dead," Wangero said. "I couldn't bear it any longer, being named after the people who oppress me."

"You know as well as me you was named after your aunt Dicie," I said. Dicie is my sister. She named Dee. We called her "Big Dee" after Dee was born.

"But who was she named after?" asked Wagero.

"I guess after Grandma Dee," I said.

"And who was she named after?" asked Wagero.

"Her mother," I said, and saw Wagero was getting tired. "That's about as far back as I can trace it," I said. Though, in fact, I probably could have carried it back beyond the Civil War through the branches.

"Well," said Asalamalakim, "there you are."

"Uhhnnh," I heard Maggie say.

"There I was not," I said, "before 'Dicie' cropped up in our family, so why should I try to trace it that far back?"

He just stood there grinning, looking down on me like somebody inspecting a Model A car. Every once in a while he and Wagero sent eye signals over my head.

"How do you pronounce this name?" I asked.

"You don't have to call me by it if you don't want to," said Wagero.

"Why shouldn't I?" I asked. "If that's what you want us to call you, we'll call you."

"I know it might sound awkward at first," said Wagero.

"I'll get used to it," I said. "Ream it out again."

Well, soon we got the name out of the way. Asalamalakim had a name twice as long and three times as hard. After I tripped over it two or three times he told me to just call him Hakim.a.barber. I wanted to ask him was he a barber, but I didn't really think he was, so I didn't ask.

"You must belong to those beef.cattle peoples down the road," I said. They said "Asalamalakim" when they met you, too, but they didn't shake hands. Always too busy: feeding the cattle, fixing the fences, putting up salt.lick shelters, throwing down hay. When the white folks poisoned some of the herd the men stayed up all night with rifles in their hands. I walked a mile and a half just to see the sight.

Hakim.a.barber said, "I accept some of their doctrines, but farming and raising cattle is not my style." (They didn't tell me, and I didn't ask, whether Wangero (Dee) had really gone and married him.)

We sat down to eat and right away he said he didn't eat collards and pork was unclean. Wangero, though, went on through the chitlins and com bread, the greens and everything else. She talked a blue streak over the sweet potatoes. Everything delighted her. Even the fact that we still used the benches her daddy made for the table when we couldn't effort to buy chairs.

"Oh, Mama!" she cried. Then turned to Hakim.a.barber. "I never knew how lovely these benches are. You can feel the rump prints," she said, running her hands underneath her and along the bench. Then she gave a sigh and her hand closed over Grandma Dee's butter dish. "That's it!" she said. "I knew there was something I wanted to ask you if I could have." She jumped up from the table and went over in the corner where the churn stood, the milk in it crabber by now. She looked at the churn and looked at it.

"This churn top is what I need," she said. "Didn't Uncle Buddy whittle it out of a tree you all used to have?"

"Yes," I said.

"Un huh," she said happily. "And I want the dasher, too."

"Uncle Buddy whittle that, too?" asked the barber.

Dee (Wangero) looked up at me.

"Aunt Dee's first husband whittled the dash," said Maggie so low you almost couldn't hear her. "His name was Henry, but they called him Stash."

"Maggie's brain is like an elephant's," Wangero said, laughing. "I can use the chute top as a centerpiece for the alcove table," she said, sliding a plate over the chute, "and I'll think of something artistic to do with the dasher."

When she finished wrapping the dasher the handle stuck out. I took it for a moment in my hands. You didn't even have to look close to see where hands pushing the dasher up and down to make butter had left a kind of sink in the wood. In fact, there were a lot of small sinks; you could see where thumbs and fingers had sunk into the wood. It was beautiful light yellow wood, from a tree that grew in the yard where Big Dee and Stash had lived.

After dinner Dee (Wangero) went to the trunk at the foot of my bed and started rifling through it. Maggie hung back in the kitchen over the dishpan. Out came Wangero with two quilts. They had been pieced by Grandma Dee and then Big Dee and me had hung them on the quilt frames on the front porch and quilted them. One was in the Lone Star pattern. The other was Walk Around the Mountain. In both of them were scraps of dresses Grandma Dee had worn fifty and more years ago. Bits and pieces of Grandpa Jattell's Paisley shirts. And one teeny faded blue piece, about the size of a penny matchbox, that was from Great Grandpa Ezra's uniform that he wore in the Civil War.

"Mama," Wangero said sweet as a bird. "Can I have these old quilts?"

I heard something fall in the kitchen, and a minute later the kitchen door slammed.

"Why don't you take one or two of the others?" I asked. "These old things was just done by me and Big Dee from some tops your grandma pieced before she died."

"No," said Wangero. "I don't want those. They are stitched around the borders by machine."

"That'll make them last better," I said.

"That's not the point," said Wangero. "These are all pieces of dresses Grandma used to wear. She did all this stitching by hand. Imag' ine!" She held the quilts securely in her arms, stroking them.

"Some of the pieces, like those lavender ones, come from old clothes her mother handed down to her," I said, moving up to touch the quilts. Dee (Wangero) moved back just enough so that I couldn't reach the quilts. They already belonged to her.

"Imagine!" she breathed again, clutching them closely to her bosom.

"The truth is," I said, "I promised to give them quilts to Maggie, for when she marries John Thomas."

She gasped like a bee had stung her.

"Maggie can't appreciate these quilts!" she said. "She'd probably be backward enough to put them to everyday use."

"I reckon she would," I said. "God knows I been saving 'em for long enough with nobody using 'em. I hope she will!" I didn't want to bring up how I had offered Dee (Wangero) a quilt when she went away to college. Then she had told they were old-fashioned, out of style.

"But they're priceless!" she was saying now, furiously; for she has a temper. "Maggie would put them on the bed and in five years they'd be in rags. Less than that!"

"She can always make some more," I said. "Maggie knows how to quilt."

Dee (Wangero) looked at me with hatred. "You just will not understand. The point is these quilts, these quilts!"

"Well," I said, stumped. "What would you do with them?"

"Hang them," she said. As if that was the only thing you could do with quilts.

Maggie by now was standing in the door. I could almost hear the sound her feet made as they scraped over each other.

"She can have them, Mama," she said, like somebody used to never winning anything, or having anything reserved for her. "I can 'member Grandma Dee without the quilts."

I looked at her hard. She had filled her bottom lip with checkerberry snuff and gave her face a kind of dopey, hangdog look. It was Grandma Dee and Big Dee who taught her how to quilt herself. She stood there with her scarred hands hidden in the folds of her skirt. She looked at her sister with something like fear but she wasn't mad at her. This was Maggie's portion. This was the way she knew God to work.

When I looked at her like that something hit me in the top of my head and ran down to the soles of my feet. Just like when I'm in church and the spirit of God touches me and I get happy and shout. I did something I never done before: hugged Maggie to me, then dragged her on into the room, snatched the quilts out of Miss Wangero's hands and dumped them into Maggie's lap. Maggie just sat there on my bed with her mouth open.

"Take one or two of the others," I said to Dee.

But she turned without a word and went out to Hakim~a~barber.

"You just don't understand," she said, as Maggie and I came out to the car.

"What don't I understand?" I wanted to know.

"Your heritage," she said, And then she turned to Maggie, kissed her, and said, "You ought to try to make something of yourself, too, Maggie. It's really a new day for us. But from the way you and Mama still live you'd never know it."

She put on some sunglasses that hid everything above the tip of her nose and chin.

Maggie smiled; maybe at the sunglasses. But a real smile, not scared. After we watched the car dust settle I asked Maggie to bring me a dip of snuff. And then the two of us sat there just enjoying, until it was time to go in the house and go to bed.

Processing Questions:

1. Where is the story set? What is its effect to the story?
2. Who is the narrator in the story?
3. Why does Dee demand to take various household objects with her to decorate her apartment?
4. What is the conflict in the story and how was it resolved?
5. At the end of the story, who does not understand the meaning of heritage?

Research Alice Walker’s biography and identify the details in the text *Everyday Use* that shows relation to the author’s life. Use the table below for your answers.

Alice Walker’s Bio	Details in <i>Everyday Use</i>


### PHASE 3

Read the short input about the feministic approach to criticism and then write an essay about the manifestations of the approach to Alice Walker’s *Everyday Use*.

Feministic writing covers a range of movements and ideologies to achieve a common goal which includes establishing equal opportunities to women in fields like education and employment. All criticism in literature has political implications, but the feministic criticism is openly political because it is cause-orientated. Cheryl Torsney said that the important thing to remember about this criticism is that it is not a single method, but a patchwork or a quilt of different methods stitched together for a common conviction: that one can read, write and interpret as a woman.

The two concepts of Feminist criticism:

- Woman as writer – how do women write
- Woman as written – how are women written and represented in the text of men and in the text of women.

The threefold purpose of the Feministic Criticism:

- Expose patriarchal premises and resulting prejudices
- Promote discovery and re-evaluation of literature by women
- To examine social, cultural, and psychosexual contexts of literature and criticism

**PHASE 4**

Create a video campaign about women empowerment and upload it on Youtube. You will be rated by the following rubric.

**Video Campaign: Women Empowerment**

	<b>40</b>	<b>30</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Content</b>	Covers topic in-depth with details and examples.  Subject knowledge is excellent.	Includes essential knowledge about the topic. Subject knowledge appears to be good.	Includes essential information about the topic but there are 1-2 factual errors.	Content is minimal OR there are several factual errors.
<b>Originality</b>	Video shows a large amount of original thought. Ideas are creative and inventive.	Video shows some original thought. Work shows new ideas and insights.	Uses other people's ideas (giving them credit), but there is little evidence of original thinking.	Uses other people's ideas, but does not give them credit.
<b>Presentation</b>	Well-rehearsed with smooth delivery that holds viewers' attention.	Rehearsed with fairly smooth delivery that holds viewers' attention most of the time.	Delivery not smooth, but able to maintain interest of the viewers' most of the time.	Delivery not smooth and viewers' attention often lost.
<b>Workload</b>	The workload is divided and shared	The workload is divided and shared	The workload was divided, but none	The workload was not divided OR

	equally by all team members.	fairly by all team members, though workloads may vary from person to person.	person in the group is viewed as not doing his/her fair share of the work.	several people in the group are viewed as not doing their fair share of the work.
<b>Enthusiasm</b>	Facial expression and body language show a strong interest and enthusiasm about the topic throughout the video, but it is not overdone.	Facial expression and body language show a strong interest and enthusiasm about the topic throughout the video, but it is somewhat overdone	Facial expression and body language show some interest and enthusiasm about the topic throughout the newscast.	Facial expression and body language depict apathy or boredom with the topic.
<b>Overall Grade</b>				
<b>Additional Comments:</b>				

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